CRUEL INTENTIONS

"Pilot"

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Based on the film by
Roger Kumble
EXT. THE SAN FRANCISCO VALMONT HOTEL - NIGHT

It’s approaching midnight as the CAMERA moves through the coastal fog toward the newest crown jewel of the San Francisco skyline. A chic, modern, five-star high-rise that makes Manhattan’s Plaza Hotel look like a Holiday Inn.

Illuminated in the darkness, on top of the building, is the name VALMONT - a symbol of power, prestige, and wealth.

We drop down through the ornate glass ceiling of the hotel where no expense has been spared for the extravagant festivities. In SLOW MOTION: the party-going elite hoist their glasses of Cristal beginning the New Year’s Eve countdown: 10...9...8...

BASH CASEY (17, rough around the edges handsome) dressed in an Armani tux pushes through the crowd-- 7...6...5...

--his hair is a mess, his brow is covered in sweat, his tie undone, he reaches the edge of the POOL-- 4...3...

--breathing a sigh of relief at the sight of the calm water below him as the revelry CRESCENDOS: 2... 1... HAPPY NE--

What Bash doesn’t see is A MALE BODY falling from the sky-- CRASH!!!

The ceiling SHATTERS, the victim SPLASHES into the pool--

The guests SCREAM and scatter, utter PANDEMONIUM, as they race for the exits, all except for BASH who dives into the deep end of the pool. The victim’s identity is obscured by a SEA OF RED BLOOD... Bash pulls the tuxedo-clad body towards the surface, but it’s already a lost cause.

**Whoever it is was dead long before he hit the water.**

Almost out of breath, Bash breaks through the red haze as a LOUBOUTIN HIGH HEEL steps into frame. He looks up, past her long legs, cleavage, diamond CRUCIFIX...

It’s KATHRYN MERTEUIL (34, Smart. Sexy. Still cruel as hell.)

She’s a regal vision of sophistication in a floor-length Alexander McQueen original.

KATHRYN

What have you done?
Bash looks up as - BOOM! - FIREWORKS, framed by the broken glass above, light up the sky...

FADE TO:

EXT. BEER GARDEN – NEWTON, KANSAS – NIGHT

LEGEND: NEWTON, KANSAS. SIX MONTHS EARLIER.

A far more modest display of fireworks. PAN DOWN to a rooftop beer garden packed with Red State assholes, drunkenly singing along to Toby Keith’s “Courtesy Of The Red White and Blue.” The career bartender, JACK (30ish) moves through the crowd with a bag of ice over his shoulders. The bar is over-capacity and understaffed.

JACK
Excuse me, Picasso...

ON BASH: far from the tuxedo-clad vision we saw by the pool. He sits in a booth, scribbling an impressive sketch of a teenage GIRL in a COMPOSITION BOOK.

JACK (CONT’D)
Sorry to interrupt the creative process, but can you get your head out of your ass - I can’t find your dad and the kitchen’s backed up...

Bash nods, returning to his sketch, as Jack trudges off.

EMILY (O.S.)
My boobs are bigger than that...

PAN UP TO EMILY (16, cute, all-American) - the girl he’s been sketching. She stands in front of him, looking at the sketch.

BASH
I’m better with words.

Emily puts her hand on top of his, flirtatiously.

EMILY
You’re the owner’s son, right?

BASH
Are you asking me to score you a beer?

EMILY
Make it two, and I’ll help you with your sketch.
BASH
I’m not following.

Emily glances behind her, checking to see if anyone’s watching and then lifts her shirt, flashing him.

BASH (CONT’D)
Got it.

TIME CUT: Bash carries two pints of beer over to Emily.

BASH (CONT’D)
So where were we?

TRIPP (18, in a Confederate flag t-shirt) slides into the chair next to Emily, grabbing one of the beers on his way in.

TRIPP
I believe you were leaving.

Tripp shoves a twenty in Bash’s pocket. Bash’s smile fades as he realizes the second beer wasn’t for him.

EMILY
Sorry, but I don’t date the help.
I’ve got my standards.

BASH
And a “C” cup, apparently.

ACROSS THE BAR: ANNETTE HARGROVE CASEY (34, beautiful) struggles with a crate of glasses. Though still a knockout, life has not been easy for this good Christian woman. Bash steps up next to her, lending a hand with the crate.

ANNETTE
Bash, please tell me you didn’t serve beer to your friends.

BASH
Definitely not my friends. Also not beer: Odoul’s...

Bash hands her the twenty dollar bill.

BASH (CONT’D)
For the college fund.

She shakes her head. The DJ transitions into some vintage Shania Twain – “I’m Gonna Get You Good.”

BASH (CONT’D)
Uh oh... Miss Twain is calling your name, Ma.
Bash puts the crate of glasses back down on a table.

ANNETTE
We have to get these glasses--

BASH
Mom, it’s the 4th – I’m celebrating my independence.

ANNETTE
What independence?

BASH
Come on. It’s the American thing to do. Dance with me.

Bash takes his mother’s hand, leading her out onto the dance floor. There’s an uncomplicated sweetness between them.

ANNETTE
Who taught you to dance like this?

BASH
My mom. She’s pretty great when she stops to take a break.

ANNETTE
Really? Well keep hustling the locals and maybe we can get out of here.

BASH
And leave Newton, Kansas? Why would we ever want to do that?

ANNETTE
Hah hah. I meant take a vacation. (off his face)
Look, I know you have your sights set on something bigger than small town life with us local yokels. But for now--

BASH
(deep southern drawl)
--we’re just doing the best we can.

Bash dips his mom, causing her to laugh. She’s no match for her son’s inherent charm. Then, knowing she’ll regret it:

ANNETTE
You remind me so much of your father.
BASH
Speaking of... where is dad?

SMASH TO:

EXT/INT. TREVOR’S TRUCK – CONTINUOUS

A seen-better-days PICKUP TRUCK, flies down the highway--

Bash’s dad, TREVOR CASEY (35), drives. A bobble head Jesus sits on the Dash. He’s got one hand on the wheel...

TREVOR
Oh Jesus...

...and the other hand on the head of a SHIRTLESS STUD, giving him the best (off-screen) head of his life. Trevor MOANS...

THE STUD
You said you wanted fireworks...

TREVOR
(with a grin)
Son, you’ve got a mouth like--

THEN: WHAM! – a SEMI plows into the driver’s side.

The pickup flips over – then bursts into flames.

CAMERA finds the charred bobble head lying on the asphalt...

PASTOR (PRELAP)
Moments like these are a test...

EXT. CEMETERY – A FEW DAYS LATER

An out of tune rendition of All Things Bright And Beautiful. Tearful friends and family. Annette and Bash stand graveside. She grabs his hand as the casket is lowered.

PASTOR (V.O.)
...we must remember that God never gives us--

INT. CASEY HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – LATER THAT NIGHT

Annette refills the PASTOR’s cup of tea.

PASTOR
--more than we can handle. Like Psalm 55:22 says...
“Cast your burden upon the Lord and He will sustain you; He will never allow the righteous to be shaken.”

Exactly. I have faith that you’re going to get through this.

Annette takes a breath, doing the best she can.

Do you have enough faith for Bash, too? He’s at the same age I was... it’s just so easy to lose yourself.

Bash pulls TREVOR’S CLOTHING out of the closet, packing it into a cardboard box. He empties the pockets as he goes... and stumbles onto a hidden BURNER PHONE. What the hell...?

Bash scrolls through the phone’s photo gallery: a treasure trove of HOT MEN, lots of abs, ass and a few dick pics.

He moves back to THE CLOSET, pulling it apart: old clothing, boxes, shoes. Frantic. What else are his parents hiding from him? Just as he’s about to give up something catches his eye--

A HOLE IN THE WALL, barely visible behind the bureau. He shoves it aside, and retrieves a LEATHER BOUND JOURNAL sealed in cellophane. Unable to curb his curiosity, he opens it.

The first page reads: “CRUEL INTENTIONS - THE JOURNAL OF SEBASTIAN VALMONT”

Bash sits on the bed, flipping through page after page, until he lands on one featuring his mother’s face--

CLOSE ON THE ENTRY: “THE BET”

A GASP causes Bash to turn. Annette stands in the doorway, shocked and speechless at the sight of the journal.

Bash, there’s a good explanation--

A good explanation?! (holding up the journal)
Why do you have this?

It’s... it’s complicated.
BASH
It must not be that complicated if I’m named after him.

ANNETTE
I don’t want to talk about this.

BASH
I’m sorry, but I do - this journal says he bet his car for your virginity. Is that true? Is that the same car that’s been sitting in our stupid barn forever?!

Annette hesitates, wrestling with that. Finally, she says:

ANNETTE
Sebastian Valmont was your biological father.

BASH
Valmont? As in the hotel?

ANNETTE
Trevor raised you and he loved you – and that’s all that matters.

BASH
(sarcastic)
All that matters?! You just told me I’m the bastard child of a billionaire. Did you know Trevor was cheating on you with men?

ANNETTE
No! I didn’t. How could you even ask that?

BASH
Because you’ve been lying to me.

ANNETTE
Bash, listen--
(composing herself)
I made the choice to protect you from her. Kathryn Merteuil destroyed my world under the guise of a game.

Annette manages to hold back the tears, but clearly this relationship is a wound that never healed.

BASH
(escalating)
So that’s why we’re hiding out here? Living someone else’s life?
ANNETTE (matching his tone)
No one’s hiding.

BASH
What does Sebastian Valmont have to say about all of this?

ANNETTE (ending the conversation)
Sebastian died before you were born.

BASH
Lucky for me he screwed you first--

SLAP! Annette smacks Bash on the cheek, something she has never done before. Before any tears can fall down Bash’s face, he leaves, SLAMMING the door shut behind him.

INT. CASEY HOUSE – BASH’S ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

The opening strings of The Verve’s Bittersweet Symphony RISE as Bash sits on his bed, scribbling in his COMPOSITION BOOK.

BASH (V.O.)
Dear Mom, While I know you had your reasons, your choice to withhold the truth has left me with more questions than answers. Who is Sebastian Valmont and why were you protecting me from his world?

A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS as Bash learns about the Valmont family, starting with Sebastian’s New York Times obituary from 1999.

BASH (V.O.)
I spent the night reading up on the people who knew him. Like his father, Edward, who channeled his grief into his work, quadrupling his fortune while amassing a global real estate empire.

He finds: an editorial on EDWARD VALMONT, Sebastian’s father, a barrage of international buildings – hotels, nightclubs, and even a football stadium – branded with the Valmont name--

BASH (V.O.)
Some loved Sebastian, most hated him...
--a Page Six article on Kathryn Merteuil - “Scandal! Expelled from Manchester Prep,” and a follow-up piece detailing her new philanthropic life in **SAN FRANCISCO**.

**EXT. CASEY HOME – BARN – LATE NIGHT – SAME**

**OVER MUSIC:** Bash, with a DUFFLE BAG in tow, pulls a dusty tarp off of Sebastian Valmont’s 1956 JAGUAR ROADSTER.

  **BASH (V.O.)**
  ...and I’m almost sorry to say that
  I can’t help but identify with him.

**INT. CASEY HOUSE – BASH’S ROOM – THE NEXT MORNING**

Annette enters to find the bed made. She picks up the letter.

  **BASH (V.O.)**
  The last thing I want to do is hurt you...

**EXT/INT. INTERSTATE 80 – JAGUAR ROADSTER – CONTINUOUS**

WITH BASH as he drives onto the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE.

  **BASH (V.O.)**
  ...but you’ve always said that I’m
  destined for something bigger. Maybe
  the Valmont family can tell me what
  that is...

The CAMERA pulls back, revealing the journal sitting next to Bash on the passenger seat, matching the iconic closing shot of the film, except this time it’s Bash (not Annette) driving the car. The hunt has only just begun as we SMASH TO TITLES.

**END TEASER**
ACT ONE

EXT. BARRETT ESTATE – AFTERNOON – SAME

The Golden Gate Bridge looms in the distance as Bash pulls up in front of a magnificent estate in the Sea Cliff community. He hops out of the car, carrying the journal. He heads for the front entrance. CAMERA moves in on an upstairs window.

INT. BARRETT ESTATE – KATHRYN’S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

Kathryn sits in her arm chair, all poise and charm, not a hair out of place, as she’s interviewed by a JOURNALIST. The Barrett family’s Chief of Staff, CARMEN CASTILLO (30, Latina, stunning and formidable) stands nearby.

JOURNALIST
(recapping his NOTES)
Ms. Merteuil, your story of recovery - from that public moment of disgrace as a student back in New York to now a leader in California’s youth rehabilitation movement is truly inspiring.

KATHRYN
If there’s one thing getting sober has taught me it’s to be of service. Being a teen is much harder than it was twenty years ago... which is why I started the SLAM movement.

JOURNALIST
That stands for Sobriety Learning and Motivation?

KATHRYN
Correct. The work we’re doing at Brighton Prep is a model we hope to implement at schools across the nation.

JOURNALIST
An exemplary citizen, an active philanthropist and married to one of California’s top power attorneys...

ANGLE ON: Kathryn and Pascal’s WEDDING PHOTO on the wall.

JOURNALIST (CONT’D)
...you two are quite the team. It feels like we’re sitting at the dawn of your second act...
KATHRYN
I like to think of it as rewriting the first one.

JOURNALIST
How do you do it all? Where do you find your strength?

KATHRYN
I know this may sound corny, but whenever I feel like I can’t go on, I turn to God, and he helps me through the problem - now more than ever. Although this time around it’s without the cocaine.

JOURNALIST
(laughs)
Of course.
(referencing his notes)
Your teenage drug use was chronicled quite extensively. Looking back, I can imagine you have some regrets that --

CARMEN
(taking charge)
I believe that’s all the time we have for today.

INT. BARRETT ESTATE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER
Carmen escorts the journalist down the stairs...

JOURNALIST
It’s my job to ask tough questions--

CARMEN
And it’s my job to end them.

...where Bash is talking to an all-muscle SECURITY GUARD.

BASH
Buddy, please, if I could just see her for five minutes--

SECURITY GUARD
Not without an appointment--

Bash pushes a few steps INSIDE--

BASH
I drove all the way from Kansas.
SECURITY GUARD
I’ll be sure to ask the Wizard for some brains for ya then.

Before the guard can pull Bash back towards the door:

BASH
Pretty sure she’d like to know that Sebastian Valmont is my father.

JOURNALIST
(to Bash)
Excuse me?

CARMEN
(to the journalist)
Please tell your editor I look forward to approving the feature.

Carmen shoots the guard a Kathryn-like “handle this” look – and he promptly escorts the journalist outside. Carmen closes the door and turns to Bash.

CARMEN (CONT’D)
What the hell is wrong with you?

BASH
I’m sorry. I wasn’t trying to make a scene, I just--

KATHRYN (O.S.)
Is there a problem, Carmen?

Bash looks up. A moment as he sees Kathryn for the first time, perched at the top of the spiral staircase.

CARMEN
Not at all.

Kathryn starts to walk away--

BASH
Kathryn, my name is Bash Casey--

KATHRYN
(dismissing him)
You’ll have to excuse me--

BASH
Does this look familiar to you?

Bash holds up the journal, finally stopping Kathryn.

KATHRYN
Where did you get that?
BASH
It belongs to my mother.

Kathryn descends the staircase--

KATHRYN
It belonged to my step-brother, actually.

BASH
I know that. Sebastian was my father.

KATHRYN
That’s impossible.

BASH
Is it? My mother’s name is Annette Casey... Formerly Hargrove.

Kathryn holds her poker face, but that name still cuts deep.

KATHRYN
May I?

Kathryn holds out her hand. Bash hands her the journal. She flips through the pages... all the memories rushing back.

BASH
“There has never been a single person in human existence quite like Kathryn.” That’s you, isn’t it?

KATHRYN
In another life perhaps.

She closes the journal.

BASH
She never told me about him.

Kathryn understands. Carmen gestures for the door thinking Kathryn is done, but she surprises her--

KATHRYN
Carmen, please alert the staff that Mr. Casey will be staying as our guest.

CARMEN
I’ll have his bags taken up to the North room.

KATHRYN
Oh and --
CARMEN
(re: Bash)
He’ll need something suitable to wear for dinner. He appears to be Miles’ size.

KATHRYN
Excellent.

Carmen exits, taking Bash with her. Kathryn watches them go... finally alone: her stoic veneer cracks. The son of Sebastian Valmont is the last thing she was expecting.

INT. BARRETT ESTATE - EAST WING - MOMENTS LATER

Bash watches as Carmen rummages through the closet of MILES CASTILLO (16, Latino, cute and witty). These digs put Bash’s Kansas bedroom to shame. She holds up a pair of dress pants.

BASH
So this whole wing is yours? How’d you swing that?

CARMEN
By busting my ass and working hard. I wasn’t born into it.

BASH
Sorry I asked.

She tosses a pair of pants in his face.

BASH (CONT’D)
What if these don’t fit?

CARMEN
What do I look like a tailor? Do more crunches, farm boy.

She exits, leaving the boys alone.

MILES
Welcome to Downton Shabby.

BASH
Is she always this pleasant?

MILES
Oh, that’s just her degree from Berkeley talking. Working for Kathryn and Pascal is a 24/7 job, but hey, we get to live here rent free.
BASH
No parents?

MILES
My dad was executed by the cartel before we fled from Colombia.

BASH
Seriously?

MILES
Nah, but it’s a cool story.
(extend a hand)
Miles, Carmen’s kid brother.

BASH
(extend it)
Bash, Edward Valmont’s grandson.

MILES
Seriously?

BASH
Just found out.

MILES
Whoa... You win.

INT. BARRETT ESTATE – KATHRYN’S OFFICE – EVENING

ON KATHRYN, steeling herself as she makes a phone call. It goes straight to VOICEMAIL.

KATHRYN
Annette? Hi. It’s Kathryn Merteuil. I can imagine I’m the last person you’d want to hear from, but your son arrived at my house today...

INT. CASEY HOME – LIVING ROOM – SLIGHTLY LATER

Annette listens to Kathryn’s MESSAGE--

KATHRYN (V.O.)
...I have no doubt you’re worried sick which is why I took the liberty of arranging a first class ticket on the first flight out tomorrow morning.

Annette takes a deep breath. What choice does she have now?
INT. BARRETT ESTATE – DINING ROOM – NIGHT

Kathryn’s brilliant asshole of a husband, PASCAL BARRETT (45, mixed-race, dashing) sits with Kathryn and Bash. Coffee and dessert on the table.

BASH
...I found Sebastian’s journal, got in his car, and the next thing I knew I was knocking on your front door.

PASCAL
That’s... quite a tale. I’m sorry for your loss.

BASH
I appreciate that.

PASCAL
Kathryn, I don’t recall you ever mentioning this Annette woman.

KATHRYN
We weren’t exactly the closest of friends.

PASCAL
(sarcastic)
Wait a minute. Is this the same Annette who made copies of your brother’s diary and handed them out at his memorial service?

BASH
That doesn’t sound like my mom.

KATHRYN
(to Bash)
Ancient history.

PASCAL
And yet here we are.

Pascal polishes off his second high ball glass.

PASCAL (CONT’D)
So, Bash, how can my wife and I assist you?

BASH
I just want to know where I come from.
PASCAL
There’s a lot less mileage in a phone call or a Wikipedia search.

BASH
You’ve never heard of an adopted kid seeking out his birth parents?

PASCAL
Normally there isn’t a multi-billion dollar inheritance at stake.

KATHRYN
Pascal... I’m sure Bash is tired.

PASCAL
Of course. Well, young man, mi casa es su casa. Stay as long as you like.
(extending a hand)
I hope you find the answers you’re looking for.

BASH
(shaking it)
Thank you, sir.

Bash exits. Once Kathryn and Pascal are alone... their facades are quickly dropped.

PASCAL
I sure hope Miss Hargrove was the deflowering of the century for all the trouble she’s causing.

KATHRYN
You need to call Edward.

PASCAL
The hell I do.

KATHRYN
Pascal, you’re his lawyer. You need to control this. Don’t you think he should hear it from you instead of the tabloids?

EXT/INT. GULFSTREAM G650 – CROSS CUT

A THOROUGHBRED stands in the middle of the Gulfstream, bucking around like he’s on the way to the glue factory.

Edward’s right hand man, SULLIVAN PORTER (33, African-American, rugged) exits the cockpit, phone pressed to ear--
SULLIVAN
Can this wait until we’re back on US soil, Pascal?

PASCAL
Where are you?

SULLIVAN
Half way to JFK. Edward fell in love with this thoroughbred and didn’t have the patience to go through customs. Seabiscuit already took a deuce on the floor.

PASCAL
While I thank you for that image... I need to speak to Edward.

SULLIVAN
He’s indisposed...

PASCAL
We have a situation. Get him now.

Sullivan relents and KNOCKS on a bedroom door--

EDWARD (O.S.)
I’m eating!

INT. GULFSTREAM – BEDROOM – CROSS CUT

A BRAZILIAN SUPER MODEL, clearly nearing orgasm, clutches the sheets. There’s ANOTHER KNOCK on the door.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
It’s your lawyer. I wouldn’t salt your game if it wasn’t important.

The patriarch of the family, EDWARD VALMONT (61, sexy & beguiling) regrettably removes his head from between her legs.

EDWARD
(in Spanish)
Hold that thought.

INT. GULFSTREAM – CONTINUOUS

Edward joins Sullivan, taking the phone--

EDWARD
Don’t tell me I’m going to prison...
PASCAL
No. Not yet. But, you may want to sit down.

EDWARD
Spit it out, Pascal. The clock on my Viagra is ticking.

PASCAL
A boy arrived on my doorstep today, claiming to be your grandson.

EDWARD
Oh Christ, not this crap again. You would think I was handing out food stamps.

PASCAL
This time it’s different.

EDWARD
That’s what the leprechaun from Staten Island said when we proved her wrong and took her family for all they were worth... which wasn’t much.

PASCAL
Ms. McGray’s son didn’t show up in a 1956 Jaguar Roadster.

That bombshell lands hard on Edward’s face.

INT. BARRETT ESTATE – NORTH ROOM – NIGHT

Bash stands IN THE SHOWER - the water pouring down over his face. He shakes his head: is being here really a good idea?!

EXT. BARRETT ESTATE – NIGHT

Pascal’s daughter, CASSIDY BARRETT (17, mixed race, jaw-droppingly hot) climbs out of a black Uber, heels in hand. This is her version of a walk of shame... she just woke up a half hour ago. From last night.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: she sees Pascal, still by the bar.

CASSIDY
Are you kidding me...
INT. BARRETT ESTATE - NORTH ROOM - NIGHT

Bash walks out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist - as Cassidy climbs in through the window behind him.

CASSIDY
Hi there...

Startled, Bash turns and accidentally drops the towel.

CASSIDY (CONT’D)
Usually a guy buys me a drink before showing me his penis--

He quickly covers himself.

BASH
Wasn’t supposed to be a show.

CASSIDY
Isn’t everything these days?

BASH
Aren’t you Pascal’s daughter?

CASSIDY
So what if I am?

BASH
Based on how dinner went, I doubt he’d like you in my room while I’m naked.

CASSIDY
Your room? Said the boy with the Walmart luggage. Do you know how many nudes I had to send the electrician to take this window off the security grid?

She notices a STACK OF BOOKS on the bedside table, including his COMPOSITION BOOK and a copy of ATLAS SHRUGGED--

CASSIDY (CONT’D)
What’s with all the paper?

BASH
I like to read.

Cassidy starts to flip through the composition book – past his sketches, like the one of Emily from the bar--

CASSIDY
Did you draw these?
BASH
Excuse me, that’s private--

Bash goes to take the book, but Cassidy tucks it behind her back. Teasing him.

CASSIDY
Is there something in here you don’t want me to see? Don’t be shy. I’m not exactly a prude.

BASH
I know. I’ve seen your Instagram account.

CASSIDY
Have you?

She closes the gap between them.

BASH
I’ve noticed that you always use filters. You don’t need to do that. You’re a very pretty girl.

Cassidy wasn’t expecting that sort of sweetness, but before she can respond the door bursts OPEN-- It’s Kathryn. A moment of deja vu as she looks at Cassidy and Bash. Might as well be a teen version of her and Sebastian.

KATHRYN
Cassidy, I see you’ve met Bash.

CASSIDY
Not officially.

Cassidy hands Bash the composition book.

KATHRYN
I saved you some dinner if you’re hungry.

CASSIDY
(rolling her eyes)
And the award for Best Stepmother of the Year goes to...

Cassidy heads for the door, but not before one last glance in Bash’s direction. He watches her go. Kathryn watches Bash.

BASH
What?

KATHRYN
You remind me so much of...
Kathryn stops herself, not wanting to be too transparent.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
Sleep tight.

Bash nods and Kathryn closes the door.

INT. BARRETT ESTATE – HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS
Kathryn finds Carmen waiting for her--

KATHRYN
Yes, Carmen?

CARMEN
I’ve cancelled tomorrow’s brunch with Planned Parenthood.

KATHRYN
And why would you do that?

CARMEN
A friend tells me Dean Rousouli has called an emergency board meeting at Brighton Prep.

KATHRYN
Without me? That man will never learn.

CARMEN
Which is why I thought you’d like to be in attendance to teach him.

KATHRYN
(sincerely)
What would I do without you?

INT. BARRETT ESTATE – MASTER BATHROOM – LATER
ON KATHRYN, removing her diamond earrings. Her phone BUZZES. It’s a text message from an unknown number. Thanks for the tip. A shirtless Pascal leans in over her shoulder.

PASCAL
Who are you giving tips to?

KATHRYN
We’re all entitled to our secrets. How was Edward?

PASCAL
Changing course as we speak.
KATHRYN
Good.

PASCAL
Good? A blood heir could knock us off the family tree completely. Need I remind you, Kathryn, that you and your mother were excommunicated from the Church of Valmont the minute Sebastian’s journal hit the front page of the New York Post. The only reason why you’re still in the fold is because you’re married to me.

KATHRYN
An arrangement that has worked out well so far – for you and for me.
(moves towards him)
Edward is being indicted on money laundering charges, Pascal. We’ve been waiting for an opportunity like this. The company, what will be our company, will only survive if you convince him to resign.

PASCAL
Don’t you think I’ve tried?

KATHRYN
Well...
She slides her hand into his pants.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
Try harder.

Kathryn’s other hand runs through his hair, yanking it.

PASCAL
(turned on)
After all this time, I’m still astounded by how cruel you can be.

KATHRYN
(whispering)
You haven’t seen anything yet.

She pulls him into a deep sensual kiss. Pascal lifts her up. She wraps her legs around his waist as they move to the bed.

EXT/INT. SAN FRANCISCO – LIMOUSINE – THE NEXT MORNING

Kathryn, Pascal and Bash cruise along the coastline. Bash admires the view. He’s never been in a limo before.
BASH
I gotta say... I’m a little nervous.

KATHRYN
You’re going to be fine.

BASH
What’s Edward like?

PASCAL
Imagine if Donald Trump and the Marquis de Sade had a child...

KATHRYN
He’s kidding, Bash.

PASCAL
Am I? Did you know that during the 2007 Mortgage Crisis, when everyone went belly up, Edward doubled his net worth? Want to know why? He shoots from the hip. He has a junior high school diploma, and now they teach classes about him at Harvard.

KATHRYN
Bash will see for himself soon enough.

PASCAL
Though we should probably warn him about Sullivan...

BASH
Sullivan?

KATHRYN
His right hand man. He’s a bit unorthodox.

PASCAL
Well, he was hired as head of security years ago, but since then he’s become indispensable like a codependent... or a psychotic ex.

KATHRYN
What Pascal means to say is that Sullivan is a little overprotective when it comes to Edward.

PASCAL
Which wouldn’t be a problem if he didn’t know how to kill a man with his bare hands.
Off Bash: Yikes.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO – PRIVATE AIRPORT – RUNWAY – CONTINUOUS

--where Edward, followed by Sullivan, leads his prized thoroughbred off the plane and onto the tarmac. Kathryn, Pascal and Bash get out of the limo.

EDWARD
I know what you’re going to say, but I just had to have her.

PASCAL
The horse or the nineteen year old who is missing a Vogue shoot in Rio this morning?

EDWARD
I thought she was twenty?

PASCAL
We agreed on keeping a low profile before we go to trial.

EDWARD
The heart wants what it wants. (cold)
Don’t you agree, Kathryn?

KATHRYN
Edward, I’d like you to meet Sebastian Casey.

BASH
Nice to meet you, sir.

Bash extends his hand and Edward shakes it with a warm smile.

EDWARD
You do look like him. But only one way to find out if you’re the real deal.

Edward steps back and hands Sullivan a buccal swab.

EDWARD (CONT’D)
Say ah.

Bash resists. Sullivan grabs Bash’s face and forces his mouth open. He jams the swab into Bash’s mouth, causing him to gag.

EDWARD (CONT’D)
Relax...
Sullivan yanks the swab out of Bash’s mouth and hands it to Pascal, who places it in a bag – as Bash catches his breath.

EDWARD (CONT’D)
Apologies for the unpleasantness, but consider it due diligence. I’ve built a kingdom, my boy, and you would be hard pressed to not find wolves waiting at the gate. I promise you that if you’re taking advantage of my dead son’s name, you’re going to wish you were never born. Are we clear?
(off Bash’s nod)
Excellent. Now, I have a great day planned for us.

PASCAL
Edward, as much as I love a good family reunion, the federal government is eagerly awaiting your arrival in New York. You cannot run away from these hearings--

EDWARD
I’m not exactly hiding. They know where to find me.
(to Bash)
How’s your polo game?

BASH
Polo?

EDWARD
(laughing)
Oh, you are too much. I have a feeling we’re going to get along famously...

Edward puts his arm around Bash, leading him to his Bentley. A little grin creeps on Bash’s face as he registers the scope of the moment: the limos, the private plane, the prize stallion on the runway. He’s certainly not in Kansas anymore.

END ACT ONE
ACT TWO

EXT. THE OLYMPIC CLUB/POLO GROUNDS – MORNING – SAME

WHACK! A polo mallet misses striking a ball. Bash loses his balance and falls into the mud.

Edward rides up next to Sullivan on his prized stallion, as Pascal watches with annoyance from the sidelines.

EDWARD
(to Bash)
Winston Churchill referred to polo as the “Emperor of Games.” One that separates the men from the boys.
Mallet up!

Edward raises his mallet and gallops off.

SULLIVAN
Had enough?

BASH
Just getting warmed up.

Bash gets back on the horse.

SERIES OF SHOTS – BASH GETTING KNOCKED AROUND. Missing the ball and losing his balance.

Edward rides over to Pascal. They watch Bash climb back on his horse.

EDWARD
You watching this? Bash is a competitive little bugger.

PASCAL
Yes, along with Sullivan, you’re putting together an impressive Special Olympics team.

EDWARD
Something’s clearly on your mind.

PASCAL
I said to fly here to size up the kid, not play horsey with him.

EDWARD
All right, let’s not get our panties in a bunch.
PASCAL
Edward, the charges against you aren’t simple misdemeanors - my source at the US Attorney’s office tells me they have hard evidence--

(beat)
They know about Dubai.

EDWARD
If they know about Dubai, that would mean you didn’t do your job. (BEAT) What are my options?

PASCAL
As your lawyer, I think the best strategy might be to separate you from the company, just temporarily.

EDWARD
So you’ve suggested before...

PASCAL
I’ve suggested, but now I’m insisting. Most of our intercommunications are protected by attorney-client privilege. If you appoint me in your stead, I could run circles around any prosecutor sent our way. I’m playing the endgame here.

Edward’s attention returns to Bash as he hits the polo ball into the goal. Edward CHEERS:

EDWARD
Atta boy, Bash!

PASCAL
Is that a yes?

Edward smirks, riding off toward Bash. He hasn’t made his mind up yet.

EXT. BRIGHTON PREPARATORY ACADEMY - MORNING - SAME

Kathryn’s LIMOUSINE pulls up. She climbs out, marching up the FRONT STEPS towards the grand archway where a few SUMMER SCHOOL STUDENTS, wearing prep school UNIFORMS (plaid skirts, blue blazers, knee socks) GIGGLE at their phones, as they sneak drags from a cigarette.

ON THEIR PHONES: SELFIES OF BRIGHTON PREP COEDS IN VARIOUS STATES OF UNDRESS.
As Kathryn approaches, the teens scramble to hide the photo and the contraband--

Without missing a step, Kathryn snatches the cigarette, takes a drag, and then flicks it away.

KATHRYN
Amateurs.

INT. BRIGHTON PREP – BOARDROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Brighton’s Dean ROUSOULI (50s, white, portly) holds court, leading a well-attended emergency SCHOOL BOARD meeting.

ROUSOULI
...having an obligation to the Brighton legacy--

The double doors in the back of the room SLAM open as Kathryn walks inside, not one for a subtle entrance--

ROUSOULI (CONT’D)
Kathryn. What are you doing here?

KATHRYN
Well. I thought I could be the first to sign up for the back-to-school bake sale... and then maybe discuss the hundreds of naked photos belonging to Brighton’s student body leaked online?

ASSOCIATE DEAN TRACY PARK (40s, Asian, no-nonsense, lipstick lesbian) chimes in.

TRACY PARK
We are well aware of the crisis--

KATHRYN
Of course you are Ms. Park, so is everyone else in this city. What was my favorite part of this morning’s Chronicle expose? Oh, right: “Brighton Preparatory, an institution once heralded as being #1 for educational excellence, is now #1 for dick pics.”

ROUSOULI
Yes. We were just discussing how best to uncover the student responsible and punish accordingly.
KATHRYN
Of course.

She starts to leave, then turns back.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
But. Just from my own experience, nothing good comes from blaming troubled children.

ROUSOULI
Yes, but this is not the time or place to push your Sober Learning initiative.

KATHRYN
I’m here today only as a concerned parent. My step-daughter is a victim in all of this.

ROUSOULI
(frustrated)
Yes yes, we’re handling it. You’ve made your point--

KATHRYN
Have I? We’ve turned a blind eye to the corruption of minors, allowing them to trade pornographic photos of themselves in our hallowed halls for months--

ROUSOULI
We haven’t done anything. I’m the Dean of Students--

KATHRYN
Now that’s my point: you’re the Dean, “the buck” stops with you.

ROUSOULI
With me?! Kathryn--

KATHRYN
And that seems to be the real problem. Now it appears the board has quorum. Shall we put it to a vote? Show of hands. All those in favor of removing Dean Rousouli effective immediately?

Almost every hand in the room shoots up into the air.
KATHRYN (CONT’D)
All those in favor of electing Tracy Park in his stead?

Every hand shoots up again. Tracy, clearly in on the coup, takes the gavel from a shell-shocked Dean Rousouli.

ROUSOULI
(to Kathryn)
You set me up.

KATHRYN
And you didn’t invite me to the meeting. Ciao.

She spins on her heels and beelines for the door.

EXT. BARRETT ESTATE - SLIGHTLY LATER

Pascal and a muddy Bash approach the front door. Before entering, Pascal turns to Bash:

PASCAL
There’s a hose out back. Make it useful.

He closes the door in Bash’s face.

EXT. BARRETT ESTATE - POOLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Bash, stands in his boxers, holds the hose over him and rinses off the mud. Cassidy and her frenemy, VALERIE YORK (17, African-American, naturally beautiful), exit the house wearing bikinis and stand staring at him.

BASH
Post it on your Instagram. It’ll last longer.

VALERIE
Is this the exhibitionist you were telling me about?

CASSIDY
Yup.

VALERIE
We should bring him to Jay’s. He can be our slave.

BASH
Uh... I’m pretty sure Lincoln abolished slavery back in 1863.
VALERIE
Lincoln’s a douche.

CASSIDY
So is Jay.

VALERIE
Cassidy, this is boring. You guys broke up a million years ago. I’m over it. We’re going to his party.

Ugh, fine. The girls continue walking towards the house. Cassidy stops, turns back to Bash.

CASSIDY
Well, if I have to go... so do you.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB – MARINA – AFTERNOON – SAME

Cassidy, Valerie and Bash walk down the dock, past an impressive array of yachts. They approach Miles, who is in the midst of an “exchange” with some other WEALTHY TEENS.

CASSIDY
Oh, look, it’s the boy that breaks bad in the East Wing.

MILES
Oh, look, it’s the bulimic head case from the third floor.

CASSIDY
Aren’t these parties beneath you?

MILES
Not when there’s money to be made.

Cassidy and Valerie continue walking.

BASH
Are you tending bar?

MILES
God no. I’m the Pharmaceutical rep.

Miles motions to his BACK PACK, which is clearly very full.

BASH
You sure you’ve got enough on you?

MILES
Supply and demand, my friend.

Bash and Miles keep walking, catching up to the girls.
INT. BARRETT ESTATE – FOYER – MOMENTS LATER

The doorbell RINGS. Kathryn opens the front door... it’s Annette, fresh off the plane from Kansas. They haven’t seen each other in 16 years.

ANNETTE
Kathryn Merteuil.

KATHRYN
Annette Hargrove.

ANNETTE
It’s Casey now.
(cutting the bullshit)
Kathryn, where the hell is my son?

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - YACHT CLUB - MARINA - SAME

Bash, Cassidy, Valerie and Miles turn one last corner. Bash stops in his tracks.

BASH
This is a party?

MILES
More like Friday.

BASH
Apparently I’ve been doing Friday all wrong.

REVEAL: JAY HARRISON’S YACHT, a two hundred foot floating mansion. Three-stories. Two Jacuzzis. One helipad. SEXY TEENS stream towards it. The boat’s nameplate reads MINE’S BIGGER.

END ACT TWO
ACT THREE

EXT/INT. BARRETT ESTATE – NIGHT – SAME

Annette still stands in the doorway. She never expected to see Kathryn – the woman who destroyed her world – ever again.

ANNETTE
I intend to pay you back for the ticket as soon as I’m back home.

KATHRYN
That won’t be necessary.

Kathryn heads to the kitchen. Annette reluctantly follows.

INT. BARRETT ESTATE – KITCHEN – CONTINUOUS

Kathryn grabs a Pellegrino from the fridge.

KATHRYN
I heard about your husband’s untimely passing.

ANNETTE
Yes, it was quite a shock. Bash isn’t answering his phone.

MAI LEE (60s, a Vietnamese housekeeper) enters the kitchen.

KATHRYN
Mai Lee, have you seen Bash?

MAI LEE
Mister Bash with Miss Cassidy.

KATHRYN
My step-daughter.
(off her surprise)
I’m sure they aren’t doing anything we didn’t do... well, I didn’t do.

ANNETTE
That doesn’t make me feel better.

Kathryn presses a speed dial button on her phone...

EXT/INT. JAY HARRISON’S YACHT – UPPER DECK – CONTINUOUS

Bash takes in the rave on water. It’s debauchery at its finest.
HALF-NAKED TEENS dance to a pulsing Calvin Harris beat, popping bottles and pills. Cassidy rejects Kathryn’s call as she slides up next to Bash.


CASSIDY
(to Bash)
Try not to gawk. You’re embarrassing me.

JAY
Embarrassing you? What could possibly embarrass Cassidy Barrett?

Valerie takes out her phone and hits record.

VALERIE
(to Bash)
Let the games begin.

CASSIDY
Two lies and a truth: Jay has a big ego. Jay has a big trust fund. Jay has a big c--

JAY
I don’t remember you complaining. (then, noticing Bash) Is this the rebound... and why is he wearing my shirt?

CASSIDY
You must have left it in my closet before you came out of yours.

Bash double takes - Jay’s gay? He never would’ve guessed.

JAY
It looks better on him anyway.

BASH
Excuse me? Does anyone amongst you ever make introductions?

JAY
I love introductions! Let’s see--

Jay puts an arm around Bash, points to the PARTY GUESTS--
JAY (CONT’D)
Lazy eye’s a slut, blue shirt’s a
prick, crew cut has herpes but
doesn’t know it yet – and I’m Jay
Harrison, this is my boat, and
“mine’s bigger” is an
understatement.

EXT. BARRETT ESTATE – VERANDA – NIGHT – SAME

Annette lowers her phone, frustrated.

ANNETTE
Straight to voicemail.

KATHRYN
Have you tried tracking his phone?
(off her confusion)
Welcome to the 21st century.

ON KATHRYN’S PHONE: A Find My iPhone-esque app shows that
Cassidy is in the middle of the San Francisco bay.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
Hm. It would appear they’re out in
the bay.

ANNETTE
At this hour?! We should go get
them.

KATHRYN
Sailing isn’t exactly my forte.

ANNETTE
Look, this might be normal for you
but my son doesn’t disappear.

KATHRYN
And while I’m not a helicopter
parent that doesn’t make me any less
of a concerned one. (BEAT) I’ll have
my assistant make some calls.

Kathryn exits, leaving Annette alone.

INT. BARRETT ESTATE – EAST WING – MOMENTS LATER

Kathryn walks down the hall towards a closed door. Sexy MUSIC
plays from inside. Kathryn KNOCKS tentatively. Then LOUDER.

KATHRYN
Carmen?
No answer. Kathryn braces herself, SWINGS open the door to--

CARMEN’S BEDROOM

--it’s empty.

Kathryn steps inside, border line snooping. The room is immaculate - bed made, floor clean. Nothing out of place...

Kathryn turns off the SLOW JAMS, playing from Carmen’s iPOD alarm clock - and then turns to leave. She’s almost out the door when something stops her cold. She bends down...

REVEAL: A BUTTON - torn from an Oxford dress shirt.

A normal person may have missed something so unassuming, but Kathryn is not a normal person.

EXT. BARRETT ESTATE - VERANDA - NIGHT - SAME

Annette paces, on the phone--

      ANNETTE
        Declined? That’s not...

BEEP - call waiting. Annette glances at her PHONE SCREEN: there’s an incoming call from “THE BAR” - she declines it.

      ANNETTE (CONT’D)
        ... but I don’t want to lose the plane tickets. I need to get home--

BEEP - another incoming call. Again from “The Bar”--

      ANNETTE (CONT’D)
        --Sorry, can you hold for a moment?
           (switching calls)
             Jack, I’ll call you back--

EXT. BEER GARDEN - ROOFTOP DECK - KANSAS - CROSS CUT

Jack, the career bartender we met in the teaser, looks down as A MOB of right wing PROTESTORS pickets the establishment. LOCAL NEWS VANS and a crowd of REPORTERS cover the story.

      JACK
        Annette, the local news broke a story on Trevor. The dead boy they pulled out of the truck was only 17.

      ANNETTE
        Oh my god--
JACK
(freaking out)
There’s reporters, protestors, a social worker even came by...

ANNETTE
Why would a social worker--

JACK
Annette, they’re saying you knew.

ANNETTE
(outraged)
Knew what? That my entire marriage was a sham? No. I didn’t.

JACK
Where’s Bash?

ANNETTE
With me in San Francisco. What should I do?

JACK
Honestly... I don’t know.

Annette doesn’t know either, her world crumbling...

JACK (CONT’D)
My best advice? Don’t come home.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON A PLASMA SCREEN we see CARMEN’S BEDROOM - PULL BACK:
Kathryn rewinding SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE. Nothing interesting until... she confirms her fear--

PASCAL AND CARMEN: Naked and in the throes of passion.

ON KATHRYN: Her face cracks as she absorbs this betrayal. She fast-forwards to the end of their quickie and notices Pascal lingering. This prompts her to turn up the volume.

PASCAL (FILTERED)
...everything I’ve worked for goes up in flames if Bash’s DNA results come back positive.

CARMEN (FILTERED)
(conspiring)
Unless they come back negative.

Kathryn wasn’t expecting this.
EXT/INT. BARRETT ESTATE - HALLWAY/VERANDA - SAME

Kathryn steps outside, back to business so it would seem--

KATHRYN
I’m terribly sorry to keep you waiting. I--

Annette turns. She wipes her eyes, having been crying.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
What’s wrong?

ANNETTE
I’m fine. I really should go find some place to stay...

KATHRYN
Nonsense. We have plenty of rooms.

ANNETTE
Kathryn, I couldn’t possibly--

KATHRYN
I won’t have family staying in a motel.

ANNETTE
Family? Is that what we are now?

KATHRYN
Who would have thought?

Annette smiles, slowly letting her guard down. This was not what she was expecting from Kathryn Merteuil.

EXT. JAY HARRISON’S YACHT - TOP DECK - NIGHT

Cassidy stands alone, a half-full glass in her hands, looking out at the Golden Gate Bridge. Bash walks up behind her.

BASH
Not having fun?

CASSIDY
Jay 2.0 is more than I can take.

BASH
You were in love with that guy?

CASSIDY
He was my first... and only.
(off Bash)
Surprise, surprise...
(MORE)
CASSIDY (CONT'D)
Cassidy Barrett, not the slutty party girl you think she is.

BASH
You don’t know what I’m thinking.

CASSIDY
Sure I do. You think I’m an idiot.

BASH
I don’t. Maybe you just don’t know what love is.

CASSIDY
And you do?

BASH
Are you kidding? I’m the product of a bet gone wrong.

CASSIDY
What are you talking about?

BASH
You never heard this story?
   (off her silence)
Kathryn promised to sleep with my dad if he could take my mom’s virginity.

CASSIDY
But, Kathryn and Sebastian were stepbrother and stepsister...
   (beat)
Oh my god. That is so messed up.

BASH
My mom was nothing but a conquest, so, when it comes to love... total mystery.

CASSIDY
I can relate.

That’s the most honest thing Cassidy’s said to Bash since he showed up in San Francisco.

CASSIDY (CONT’D)
Are we having a moment?

BASH
It would appear so.

As they look out over the party--
CASSIDY
Wanna get lost?

BASH
What do you--

She places a pill on her tongue and kisses him - before taking his hand and pulling him out of frame. CAMERA drifts to the FULL MOON, dissolving to a DISCO BALL...

TIMECUT: It’s Ibiza on the water. Strobe lights, fog, the works. Bash is now dancing alone. Cassidy is gone. He stumbles through the crowd to--

INT. JAY HARRISON’S YACHT – DINING ROOM – SAME

--where an ORGY is taking place. It’s a mess of semi-naked teenagers and lots of hands, lips, kisses, and as much skin as we can show on network TV... we spot Valerie in the mix, but we don’t really see anyone’s face...

...except for Bash. If he was falling down the rabbit hole before, now he’s in fucking Wonderland. Bash turns to go, bumping right into Jay. He starts unbuttoning Bash’s shirt.

JAY
Mind if I take this back?

INT. BARRETT ESTATE – BAR – SAME

Kathryn and Annette sit at the bar--

KATHRYN
Pascal and I got married the following March. Cassidy was my Maid of Honor.

ANNETTE
That’s so sweet.

KATHRYN
It was... when she wasn’t calling me “The Whore Who Stole Daddy.”

ANNETTE
Sorry.

KATHRYN
We got past it.

ANNETTE
Do you ever think of having one of your own?
KATHRYN
We tried...

Annette knows what that means.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
If it does happen I would love to have a boy like Bash. He is quite the gentleman. The kind of man his father became once he met you.

Kathryn goes to pour Annette another drink. She stops her.

ANNETTE
No. Two is my limit. (BEAT) You aren’t going to join me?

KATHRYN
I’ve been sober for fifteen years.

ANNETTE
Congratulations. I know a lot of people who continue to struggle. That’s really incredible.

KATHRYN
One day at a time. I was able to make all of my amends... except one.

ANNETTE
Sebastian?

KATHRYN
You. (BEAT) I caused you so much pain.

ANNETTE
My hands aren’t exactly clean in all of this. I humiliated you.

KATHRYN
An eye for an eye...

ANNETTE
"...and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you, do not resist an evildoer. If anyone strikes you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.” Matthew 5:38-5:39.

(off Kathryn)
The Bible tends to be misquoted.

KATHRYN
God is quite the teacher.
ANNETTE
(don’t fuck with me)
Not to mention a vindictive son of a bitch... when put upon.

A moment between the women, finding common ground.

ANNETTE (CONT’D)
If only Sebastian could see us now.
He would be...

KATHRYN
...sick to his stomach?

The two share a little laugh. And then--

ANNETTE
I just hope you’re not mistaking my kindness for weakness.

Kathryn hands Sebastian’s journal to Annette.

KATHRYN
(re: the journal)
Annette, I know better than to underestimate you. (BEAT) But if we don’t let go of the past, the past will never let go of us.

Annette nods, forgetting for a moment that Kathryn never does or says anything without an agenda.

INT. BARRETT ESTATE – MASTER BEDROOM – LATER

Pascal searches the wet bar for a corkscrew, wine bottle in hand. He turns. Kathryn is there, holding the corkscrew.

KATHRYN
Missing something?

PASCAL
(STARTLED) Jesus. What are you trying to do? Kill me?

KATHRYN
Wouldn’t that be something.

PASCAL
I was looking for you.

KATHRYN
We have a guest.
Ah, yes. If the high school reunion is over you can get rid of Ms. Annette Hargrove. Send her to the Castro so she can find another husband.

Kathryn smiles.

Where do we stand?

Our future is safe.

Edward is ready to resign?

He’s coming around.

I trust you know what you’re doing.

Kathryn kisses him.

That was impulsive.

Without missing a beat she SLAPS him across the face.

No, sweetheart, that was impulsive.

Forgive me. I was under the impression you liked playing dirty.

She turns, exiting with a smirk on her face. Hell hath no fury like Kathryn Merteuil scorned. Game on.

END ACT THREE
Jay and Cassidy sit in bed. They are clad in bathrobes and sipping champagne. Jay gets a text.

JAY
Well, it looks like Dean Rousouli will be filing for unemployment due to all the photos of Brighton T&A trending on Twitter.

CASSIDY
Boo hoo.

JAY
I wonder who leaked those.
(off her smirk)
Don’t look at me. If I wanted to show someone my penis, I wouldn’t go to nearly so much trouble.

REVEAL: Bash waking up beside them. Completely naked.

CASSIDY
Uh oh. Sleeping Beauty is awake.

BASH
What the... Where are my clothes? What the hell did you give me?!

CASSIDY
I just introduced you to our friend Molly.

BASH
(not joking)
The girl or the drug?

Cassidy giggles. This is obviously new for him.

BASH (CONT’D)
Did we...?

JAY
Have a menage? No. Unfortunately... you passed out.

CASSIDY
But, we all cuddled.

BASH
Cuddled? That’s it?
JAY
Rohypnol is so tacky. We’re not barbarians.

BASH
I thought you two hated each other.

JAY
A détente was reached.
(re: Bash)
We found common ground.

Bash gets out of bed and throws on his clothes.

JAY (CONT’D)
Don’t tell me I’ve upset you?

BASH
Not upset. I’ve just never been in bed with a Republican before.

JAY
You’re missing out. Marco Rubio’s got a mouth like a Hoover.

BASH
Thanks again for the night I’ll never remember.

JAY
Auf Wiedersehen.

He leaves, closing the door behind him.

JAY (CONT’D)
He’s got a little fight in him. Maybe I’ll take him hiking up Brokeback Mountain.

CASSIDY
Okay, enough.

Cassidy follows Bash.

JAY
(calling after her)
That you get offended at?

Jay shrugs, downing the rest of Cassidy’s champagne.

EXT. JAY HARRISON’S YACHT – TOP DECK – CONTINUOUS
Cassidy catches up to Bash, tying her bathrobe...
CASSIDY
Are you leaving without me?

BASH
You and Jay seemed pretty cozy.

CASSIDY
Jealous?

BASH
Depends on which version of you I’m talking to. Last night, I thought we understood each other. Now, you’re back to playing games.

CASSIDY
Blame it on the alcohol. This is the real me.

BASH
Champagne toasts in bed with your ambiguously gay boyfriend screams reality.

CASSIDY
Ex-ambiguously gay boyfriend.

BASH
Oh, that’s right, I forgot. You don’t do vulnerable.

CASSIDY
Now you’re catching on.

BASH
Because when you take away the money and the fake Instagram friends, you’re just an ordinary girl who craves attention.

CASSIDY
I do not crave attention--

BASH
Shame, too. It’s the least attractive thing about you.

OFF CASSIDY: No one has ever spoken to her that way.

INT. BOXING GYM – DAY

Edward and Sullivan are in the ring, sparring--
SULLIVAN
Keep your guard up. Don’t lose focus.

Edward jabs and misses. Sullivan returns some light jabs.

SULLIVAN (CONT’D)
(off Edward)
You seem off, sir.

EDWARD
Pascal was supposed to bury those Middle Eastern deals. I’m not supposed to be pulling subpoenas from orifices I didn’t even know I had!

SULLIVAN
Accusations aside, all evidence is circumstantial.

EDWARD
Oh really? Where the hell did you get your law degree? Equinox?
(off Sullivan’s look)
I’m sorry about that. You were saying?

SULLIVAN
The Feds are desperate.

EDWARD
Desperate is being a guest in the Anne Frank house when your name is Goldstein. If they weren’t desperate, why is my lawyer once again trying to stage an internal coup?

SULLIVAN
I doubt Pascal came up with that on his own. He doesn’t have the cojones.

Sullivan’s phone DINGS. It’s an incoming e-mail.

SULLIVAN (CONT’D)
(looking at the screen)
Bash’s DNA results are in...

Edward looks at Sullivan, ready for the news. Off them--
INT. BARRETT ESTATE – HALLWAY/NORTH ROOM – DAY – SAME

Bash makes his way down the hall and enters the guest room. He’s exhausted. He kicks off his shoes and is about to collapse on the bed when--

ANNETTE
Do you know how worried I’ve been?

Startled, Bash spins around.

BASH
Mom--

ANNETTE
Don’t start.

BASH
How did you get here?

ANNETTE
I drove the tractor.
(then, seriously)
Bash, you cannot just up and leave in the middle of the night.

BASH
I left you a note.

ANNETTE
You shouldn’t have come here.

BASH
I needed to see for myself. (BEAT)
Sorry if I scared you.

ANNETTE
We’ve got bigger problems now.

Annette hands her phone to him. ON THE SCREEN: an article from the local Kansas news. The headline reads: *She Knew!* – along with a staff yearbook photo of Annette.

BASH
But this is a mistake, we can explain--

ANNETTE
Too late for that. Jack said the town is armed with pitchforks – I already lost my job...
BASH
(rage rising)
That’s absurd - those fanatics -
what about your side of the story?!

Annette puts her hand on his shoulder, her maternal nature
taking over as she calms him.

ANNETTE
It’s going to be okay. I reached out
to my cousin in London--

BASH
You want to go to London?

ANNETTE
Well, we can’t go back to Kansas.
(before Bash can speak)
And staying here is not an option.

A soft KNOCK on the door frame. Bash and Annette turn to see
Kathryn - how long has she been listening?

KATHRYN
I couldn’t help but overhear--

ANNETTE
We’re fine.

KATHRYN
You’re upset.

Kathryn approaches.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
Just know that you two can rely on
me... for anything. After everything
we’ve been through...

She places a comforting hand on each of them.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
...I owe you that much.

EDWARD (O.S.)
(bellowing)
Bash Casey! SE-BASTIAN CASEY GET
YOUR ASS DOWN HERE!

The three exchange a look before heading for the door--

INT. BARRETT ESTATE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

An unhinged Edward is waiting for them - DNA results in hand.
They appear at the top of the staircase. Edward races up the stairs towards them.

EDWARD (CONT’D)

YOU!

Pascal joins them.

PASCAL

What’s going on?
(sotto to Kathryn)
And why is she still here?

EDWARD

I have the DNA results.
(to Bash)
You son of a bitch. Do you have anything to say for yourself?

Carmen enters from Kathryn’s office, catching Pascal’s eyes. A look and nod between them: She took care of it.

EDWARD (CONT’D)

Well I do...

Edward throws his arms around Bash, pulling him in for a hug.

EDWARD (CONT’D)

I’m Willy Wonka, you just got the keys to the whole f-ing chocolate factory and I’m going to teach you everything I know.

Kathryn watches as Pascal and Carmen’s jaws practically hit the floor, knowing this wasn’t what they were expecting.

EDWARD (CONT’D)

I believe this calls for a big celebration.

PASCAL

I’m not sure that’s appropriate.
(off Edward’s glare)
Considering the investigation...

EDWARD

Right. Something small, then.
EXT. THE SAN FRANCISCO VALMONT HOTEL – THAT EVENING


BASH
This is Edward’s idea of “small”?

KATHRYN
He spares no expense when it comes to those he cares about.

His phone DINGS. A text from Annette: *On our way.*

INT. LIMO – NIGHT

Annette sits across from Sullivan, who is on the phone.

SULLIVAN
Her fitting ran late, but we’re pulling now. (BEAT) Yes. Of course.

He hangs up.

ANNETTE
I look ridiculous. Will this dress turn back into a pumpkin if I don’t return it by midnight?

SULLIVAN
It’s yours.
  (off her surprise)
I believe I had the same look on my face when Edward gave me my first Rolex.

ANNETTE
Did you ever get used to it?

SULLIVAN
I’ll let you know when I get there. (BEAT) And, for what it’s worth, you look stunning.

Off their shared smile--

EXT. THE SAN FRANCISCO VALMONT HOTEL – NIGHT

Edward taps his champagne glass, just as Annette and Sullivan join the festivities.
EDWARD
The media has their own opinions of me. I guess that is freedom of the press. However, the one thing they never mention is my dedication to my family. Family is the cornerstone of Valmont International. It was my intention to build a legacy for my son. Sadly, he passed before his time. (BEAT) But, today, I am happy to announce that the Valmont name will live on. To my grandson, Sebastian Casey Valmont--

Edward raises his glass towards Bash, who stands poolside beside Miles. Bash wears an Armani tux, the first he’s ever worn in a shot that mirrors the opening of our teaser. The water is clear blue, but in a few months, it’ll be blood red.

EDWARD (CONT’D)
Bash, like you, I came from nothing... but I see in your eyes so much potential. And, it is that potential that will allow you to crush your enemies and take no prisoners. The Valmont future is incredibly bright. Welcome home.

ON SULLIVAN, THEN TO PASCAL: The two exchange forced smiles, before turning their attention back to Edward.

ON KATHRYN: She raises her glass in Bash’s direction... but behind her smile, the wheels are turning. Bash raises his glass in return.


ANNEtte
She’s cute.

BASH
Mom, come on--

ANNEtte
I think the real question is: can she two step to Shania Twain?

Bash throws her a look.

ANNEtte (CONT’D)
Go ahead. I’ll be okay. This isn’t my first rodeo.

ON CASSIDY as Bash walks up.
CASSIDY
Look who’s the center of attention--

BASH
I didn’t ask to be.

Jay approaches.

CASSIDY
You didn’t have to. You’re a Valmont now.

JAY
So naive. So cute.

BASH
I was cute before I was a Valmont.

Bash sees Edward beckoning him from across the pool, he leaves Cassidy and Jay alone. They watch him walk away.

JAY
Thoughts? Feelings?

CASSIDY
I want him.

JAY
I want him too.

CASSIDY
Completely infatuated?

JAY
In the worst way.

CASSIDY
Too bad for you he doesn’t play on your team.

JAY
I’m good at recruiting.
    (getting an idea)
    Wanna race?

CASSIDY
You’re going to lose.

JAY
Care to make a wager on that?

CASSIDY
Happy hunting.

NEARBY: Kathryn greets Tracy Park--
KATHRYN
Dean Park.

TRACY
Still getting used to the title...

KATHRYN
I very much enjoyed your performance at the board meeting the other day.

TRACY
That played out exactly how you anticipated.

KATHRYN
Naturally, I want to do everything I can to make sure you’re set up for success.

TRACY
I’m well on my way...

KATHRYN
Wonderful.

Kathryn starts to return to the party--

TRACY
...except. You know? Never mind – it’s a party...

KATHRYN
Please. In the spirit of Brighton Prep’s new era, let’s talk freely.

TRACY
Well, in regards to the nude photos, we traced the IP address...
   (off Kathryn’s poker face)
   ...they were all dumped onto the Brighton server by your step-daughter. It was Cassidy.

Tracy braces for the worst, expecting Kathryn’s wrath--

KATHRYN
I’m aware.

TRACY
You are?

KATHRYN
The girl tends to make poor choices, but she is my stepdaughter and I will defend her at all costs.
TRACY
Forgive me, but--

KATHRYN
Look, Cassidy aside, this Brighton PTA crap is nothing more than a show starring me and my SLAM initiative. Susie Homemaker plays very well with The Valmont Boys Club, but really I’ve been studying up on their company... the thing women have yet to learn is that nobody gives you power. You just have to take it.

(beat)
Anyhoo, I look forward to having your full support when the State Board of Education votes on my SLAM initiative this fall.

TRACY
But, I never--

KATHRYN
Pledged your allegiance?
(whispering)
I’m on my knees begging to differ.

Kathryn leaves Tracy. She spots Pascal, across the pool, talking to Carmen. Kathryn notices his hand resting on the small of her back. The betrayal is still fresh. Kathryn feels her blood pressure rising and beelines towards the exit.

ON ANNETTE: noticing Kathryn’s early departure. Her gaze moves to Bash. She is glad for him, but the moment is overwhelming her. She needs a break, too. She steps away from the party and out onto A NEARBY LANDING.

EDWARD (O.S.)
Annette Hargrove... This meeting is long overdue.

Edward approaches, startling her. He takes her hand in his, kissing it. He’s charming, but there’s something DARK ABOUT IT. She pulls away quickly, noticeably uncomfortable.

EDWARD (CONT’D)
I read your tween virginity article not long after Sebastian’s passing. (then) “Why I Plan To Wait?” How many young men fell for that garbage?
ANNETTE

It wasn’t garbage. You have no idea what you’re talking about. I loved your son and he loved me too.

EDWARD

Everything in life is fleeting, my dear. Even Sebastian knew that.

Edward moves even closer to Annette.

EDWARD (CONT’D)

(with venom)

Here’s what I know now: You and my grandson will stay in San Francisco indefinitely. You will keep this conversation between the two of us. And if you interfere with my plans for Bash...

Edward leans in one more time, erasing all personal space.

EDWARD (CONT’D)

...you will lose your son. It would only be fair. You are, after all, the reason I lost mine.

Edward is so close to Annette, we aren’t sure if he is going to throw her over the edge...

ANNETTE

Please--

EDWARD

If you insist.

He kisses her on the lips.

EDWARD (CONT’D)

Valmont men have exceptional taste.

Edward walks off into THE ELEVATOR. OFF ANNETTE: horrified...

END ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

INT. SAN FRANCISCO VALMONT HOTEL – ELEVATOR – NIGHT – SAME

Edward rides down alone in THE GLASS ELEVATOR. It makes an unexpected stop. The doors open - Kathryn steps on.

EDWARD
(cold)
Of all the gin joints...

The doors close. The elevator continues down.

KATHRYN
Do we think it might be time to break the ice?

EDWARD
It’s not the ice that was broken.

KATHRYN
I owe you an apology.

EDWARD
My former stepdaughter and her impeccable manners--

Kathryn presses a button stopping the elevator.

KATHRYN
I know Pascal’s been making noise about your resigning--

EDWARD
Yes, he wants the reins, Kathryn, I’m not an imbecile--

KATHRYN
Far from it. That’s why I’m saying you cannot resign. And you certainly cannot appoint Pascal. He doesn’t have what it takes.
(takes his hand)
Stepping down, even temporarily, will only make you look guilty. This is your company, Edward. It’s nothing without you.

EDWARD
It’s nothing without a Valmont.

KATHRYN
I completely agree. Bash will need to be ready for what comes next.
Kathryn starts the elevator again.

    EDWARD
    And my Dubai problem?

    KATHRYN
    Someone needs to take the fall.

    EDWARD
    (embracing her)
    Music to my ears.

    KATHRYN
    All I’ve ever wanted was to be a real part of your family.

A charged moment between the two as Edward tucks a piece of Kathryn’s hair behind her ear... The elevator doors open. Sullivan’s been waiting for Edward. Moment over.

    SULLIVAN
    The car’s out front and I have New York holding.

Sullivan holds out his phone. Edward takes it and exits. The doors are about to close, but Sullivan forcefully stops them.

    SULLIVAN (CONT’D)
    Happy with the results of Bash’s test? I made sure it wasn’t tampered with.

    KATHRYN
    I knew you wouldn’t let me down.

The glass elevator doors close. As it rises, we PULL BACK to see Kathryn looking out over the city... This is her world.

EXT/INT. BARRETT ESTATE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn approaches the front door, entering to find Carmen waiting for her.

    CARMEN
    I was about to lock up for the night. Will you be needing anything else?

    KATHRYN
    You’ve already done enough.

She takes Carmen’s hands in her own, squeezing them.
KATHRYN (CONT’D)
Tampering with Bash’s DNA test was not the finest move from someone who graduated Summa Cum Laude.

Kathryn opens her hands. Carmen looks down to find THE BUTTON sitting in her palm.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
Or should I say Summa Come Loudly?

CARMEN
Kathryn, I--

KATHRYN
Crossed the line? Oh well, water under the bridge. Best of luck at Taco Bell.

Kathryn turns to go.

CARMEN
I’m not going anywhere.

KATHRYN
Have I taught you nothing? Using sex as a career move will only get you so far.

CARMEN
You would know.

KATHRYN
That’s your best retort?

CARMEN
No, my best retort is what I’ll tell the press. Five years in your employment and living under your roof, one learns where all the bodies are buried and this place... is like a tomb. Who’s to say I don’t have a journal of my own? Remember, I know all your secrets.

KATHRYN
And I know yours.
   (dead serious)
I don’t think I’ve had this much fun in years.

Carmen watches her climb the stairs, unintimidated.
EXT. BARRETT ESTATE - GUEST HOUSE - LATER

Carmen escorts Annette toward a guest house on the property.

CARMEN
I had the staff see to your bags.

ANNETTE
Thank you.

They notice Bash and Miles saying goodbye in the doorway.

ANNETTE (CONT’D)
They’re getting on so well.

CARMEN
Miles and I were outsiders here once too.
(stopping her)
You’re going to need a friend. You both are.

ANNETTE
Did Kathryn put you up to this?

CARMEN
Not at all. And I would think you of all people know what this family is capable of.

INT. BARRETT ESTATE - GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

Annette follows Bash into the foyer.

BASH
Can you believe this? We could fit everything we own in here... and this is just the guest house!
(off her)
You okay?

ANNETTE
I’m fine... who am I kidding, I’m far from fine because I know how badly you want all of this. It may look shiny, but it’s nothing but rust underneath.

BASH
Wouldn’t Sebastian have wanted more for you? For us? Take a look around, this is the American dream.
ANNETTE
Dreams can turn into nightmares pretty quickly. Trust me, I know.

BASH
But I’m just starting to figure out who I am. I need to be here.

ANNETTE
Then, so do I. If only to protect you... and believe me, Kathryn isn’t the only one who can keep her friends close and enemies closer. I will not go down without a fight.

BASH
Mom, lighten up.

ANNETTE
You know I love you, right?

BASH
More than anything.

Annette takes the journal from her bag and hands it to him--

ANNETTE
You remind me so much of Sebastian.
(beat)
But, you’re half of me, too.

BASH
I know. That’s what makes me smarter than everyone else.

He kisses her cheek and heads upstairs. Annette notices an envelope with her name on it. Inside, she finds a VALMONT INTERNATIONAL BLACK AMEX CARD in her name – along with a noted: Love, Edward. Annette is about to bend the card, but she can’t bring herself to do it.

EXT. BARRETT ESTATE - GUEST ROOM - BALCONY - SAME

Bash steps out onto the balcony, opening the journal. MUSIC RISES – as Bash begins to read out loud...

BASH
At the age of 17 I find myself at a crossroads between the life my father wants for me and the life I want for myself.
(to himself)
Sounds familiar.
(he continues reading)
(MORE)
BASH (CONT'D)
Kathryn seems to believe that I can be both...

Bash’s words turn into VOICE OVER, carrying us into:

INT. BARRETT ESTATE - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn sits down at her vanity with an ENVELOPE - a piece of mail, sent expressly from KANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

BASH (V.O.)
...but there has never been a single person in human existence quite like Kathryn Merteuil. She is brilliant, as evidenced by the fact that she has fooled each person she had to...

As Bash speaks, Kathryn opens the envelope-- INSIDE: that morning’s KANSAS CITY STAR. The headline reads: SCANDAL ROCKS TOWN. There’s a post-it note stuck to the top of the paper. It reads simply: “Thanks for the tip”

Kathryn, still the puppet master, reaches for her necklace. She opens it to REVEAL: A KEY INSIDE. She slides the key into the vanity drawer-- INSIDE THE DRAWER: a worn photo-album. Kathryn pulls out the album, flips through the pages:

--A MANCHESTER PREP CLASS PHOTO FROM 1999

--A 1999 MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENT: ANNETTE HARGROVE marries TREvor CASEY in small church ceremony

--PHOTOS OF BASH throughout the years

--A GRAND OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT FOR CASEY’S BAR

--A PHOTO OF TREvor in flagrante with a YOUNG MAN

--An article about 15-YEAR-OLD BASH from the school newspaper: HONOR ROLL STUDENT RECEIVES DEANS AWARD

Make no mistake: Kathryn has been watching Annette and Bash for years. Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.

She flips to the last page of the scrapbook and tucks the article safely inside, before putting it back in the drawer. Locks it. Returns the key to the locket around her neck.

She looks back into the mirror and takes off her make-up, effectively taking off her mask. She takes a long look at her reflection – it’s unclear if she likes what she sees...
Kathryn reaches for a CRUCIFIX hung on the wall beside her. Her fingers graze Jesus - as if silently praying - before removing him from the cross completely. **REVEAL:** The cross is hollow. Hidden within is a **VIAL OF COCAINE.**

She empties the vial, snorting the line off the vanity. To the world, to her family, she is reformed... but it's clear our Marsha Fucking Brady has only gotten better with age.

**THEN:** Kathryn closes her eyes, getting lost in fantasy... she sighs. **ANGLE ON:** a pair of **BLACK BOOTS** approaching Kathryn. We PAN UP from his boots, past the MAN’s trench coat, his turtle neck all the way up to his black Ray Ban sunglasses.

**KATHRYN**

Took you long enough.

Kathryn turns around and sees **SEBASTIAN VALMONT.**

**KATHRYN (CONT’D)**

I assume you’ve come here to make some arrangements.

She stands up, pulling him into a passionate kiss. Their lips and hands are everywhere - his neck, her chest - clothes fall to the floor - and then, just as he’s about to push inside her, she pulls back, just far enough to see his face--

**--WHICH HAS NOW MORPHED INTO BASH’S FACE.**

**SMASH TO:**

**EXT. BARRETT ESTATE - GUEST HOUSE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS**

**CLOSE ON BASH:** still on the balcony with the journal. He sees Kathryn’s SHADOW behind the closed curtain of her bathroom, catching a glimpse of her bare shoulder.

Bash looks back at the journal, finish reading:

**BASH (V.O.)**

“Kathryn’s been able to manipulate everyone she knows.”

Bash takes his pen and boldly writes in his father’s journal:

**Except for me**

He closes the journal and looks up at the window. It’s dark now and so is Bash’s smile, leaving us to wonder who’s playing whom. At least we know the game has only just begun... **FADE TO BLACK.**