

CRUEL INTENTIONS

"I"
Episode 101

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FADE IN:

**CLOSE ON LUCIEN BELMONT, 20, OUR SOON TO BE FAVORITE
CHARISMATIC NARCISSIST. IN SLOW MOTION...**

Staring at his own reflection in a wall mirror. He smiles at himself as he pitches forward, the muscles in his back bunch and contract...

As time begins to catch up with us and we start to hear the sound of his movements. A rustle of sheets, a breathy sigh...

INT. COLLEGE DORM - BEATRICE'S ROOM - NIGHT

WE WIDEN OUT to reveal Lucien in bed, but not alone. He's been eye-fucking himself while he's been actually fucking BEATRICE WORTH, 21, a mousy little co-ed, beneath him.

She's staring up at him as he looks off to the side... still staring at himself, but now, in the SCREEN OF HIS PHONE, as we realize LUCIEN HAS BEEN RECORDING THIS WHOLE ENCOUNTER --

The recording, and their tryst, are interrupted as Lucien's phone, propped on the nightstand, buzzes loudly...

BEATRICE

Um, Lucien? Are you gonna get that?

LUCIEN

Shh.

He's still very much in the zone --

BEATRICE

Sorry.

The phone quiets, a beat. And then it starts to buzz again, erratically, this time with a flurry of texts --

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Are you sure you don't wanna just check? It sounds like maybe it's important...?

Lucien sighs and climbs off her. He stands, turning off the recording as he checks his messages... He looks at Beatrice, tipping his head down. An indication. Ah. She gets it...

And begins to jerk him off. Beatrice watches his face.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

LUCIEN

Hm?

Poor Beatrice just wants to be included, but Lucien's focus is on typing out his response.

BEATRICE

Oh, you were smiling, so.

LUCIEN

What'd we say about talking?

She gets the hint, her hand moves faster as he presses send, gripping the phone tight, head falling back, as he cums...

BEATRICE

So. That was...

LUCIEN

Yes, Beatrice, it certainly was.

Another loud buzz from his phone. He opens his eyes to find Beatrice leaning back, obviously looking for reciprocation.

But Lucien starts to gather up his clothes.

BEATRICE

Wait, you're leaving?

LUCIEN

I'm sorry to have to dine and dash, as it were...

BEATRICE

You didn't really do much dining.

As he pulls on his pants and heads for the door --

LUCIEN

This was great. Really meaningful.

And, as he's already halfway out the door --

BEATRICE

Text me!

As Beatrice stares after him, longingly, but also, a little bit (rightfully) pissed off... WE CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

The doors swing open as Lucien, now fully dressed, swans into a swanky black-tie party with A NEW GIRL on his arm:

LUCIEN

Why don't you go get us some
drinks, hmm? A crab puff?
A personality, maybe?

She smiles blankly and glides away. He snags a champagne
flute from a passing tray and looks out across the party,
sipping his drink --

It's a classy affair, a buzz in the air as everyone chats
about some as yet unknown "upcoming election." A JAZZ QUARTET
plays something that everyone will recognize as "Bittersweet
Symphony" (but not enough to cost us money).

**NOTE: WE'LL ALSO PERIODICALLY HEAR A DISTANT [SMASH] OF AN
UNKNOWN PROJECTILE UNTIL, WELL, YOU'LL SEE.

Anyway, as Lucien scans the crowd --

BLAISE

Some clambake, huh?

BLAISE POWELL, 21, a smooth criminal, sidles up beside him,
sipping his own drink. They survey the party together.

BLAISE (CONT'D)

You look very good tonight.

LUCIEN

I know I do, Blaise.

BLAISE

I look good, too, by the way.

They both take a drink. [SMASH - to no acknowledgment].

BLAISE (CONT'D)

Look at them all, scurrying around
like they make any difference to
this election at all. Just tiny
little ants chasing breadcrumbs.
All you'd need's a magnifying
glass...

LUCIEN

How drunk are you?

BLAISE

I want you to do terrible things to
me until I beg you to continue.

LUCIEN

So... not at all? Or very?

Blaise sees CELESTE "CECE" CALLOWAY, 21, a scattered genius, across the room as she spots them. He grabs more champagne.

BLAISE

Say what you will but at this point
in the night it's an evolutionary
necessity.

LUCIEN

How Darwinian.

They toast as CeCe, frantic, makes a beeline for them --

BLAISE

And here's our little missing link
now--

As they meet her halfway --

BLAISE (CONT'D)

CeCe, darling!

CECE

(to Lucien)

The candidate's been looking for
you.

LUCIEN

Oh, she has? I had no idea.

CECE

I texted you.

LUCIEN

Did you?

CECE

Yes. Like, a lot.

LUCIEN

That's right.

As Lucien walks away -- [A SMASH] -- CeCe finishes to Blaise:

CECE

We had a whole conversation.

(then)

I think we're in great shape, don't
you think we're in great shape?

BLAISE

I don't know, I've seen you in a
swimsuit...

CECE

(ignoring him)

I mean, really strong. I mean, if we end up with a fraction of what I think we will --

BLAISE

You'll be Dwayne "the Rock" fuckin' Johnson.

CECE

According to the numbers, we're leading by twenty-six.

BLAISE

And that's according to your fake numbers from your fake polling?

CECE

Democracy is a beautiful thing, Blaise.

BLAISE

Especially when you consider how easy it is to get people to exercise their democratic right exactly how you want them to.

Across the room they spot ROURKE REYNOLDS, 21, an alpha type, enter the party with GEMMA DAVENPORT, 21, a thoroughbred. CeCe's smile immediately drops.

CECE

What's this? What's Rourke doing here with her?

They watch Rourke whisper something to Gemma. She giggles. As CeCe takes off through the party, Blaise following --

BLAISE

Gemma Davenport. Say. Isn't she running against your girl--?

CECE

He wasn't supposed to be in town tonight, let alone here, at our victory lap, squiring around the competition like a goddamn billboard for the opposition!

BLAISE

Oh, we are in a little bit of a twist about this, aren't we?

CECE

Did you know about this?

BLAISE

If my grandmother had wheels would she be a bike?

CECE

What? I don't care about your grandmother. What am I supposed to tell Caroline?

AND WE DRIFT TO FINALLY LAND ON CAROLINE MERTEUIL, 21, the queen of everything, on a love seat, unaware of the ensuing drama, holding court for a small but captivated AUDIENCE:

CAROLINE

It's about knowing how to game the system to get us what we want. And trust me, I always get what I want.

Lucien, holding a fresh glass of champagne, slides in beside her, a little too close to be considered proper.

LUCIEN

You certainly do, dear sister.

CAROLINE

Step-sister.

Caroline pushes him away, as Lucien offers her his glass. Before she can take it, he drinks half, then re-offers it.

LUCIEN

To your impending presidency, Sweet Caroline.

CAROLINE

Don't call me that.

LUCIEN

Can't think of anyone who could deserve it less. Delta Phi won't know what hit 'em.

She takes the glass.

CAROLINE

You smell like Ivory soap and desperation. You've been off fucking a poor person.

LUCIEN

Seems like someone's jealous
without Rourke around to see to her
needs...

He swings an arm around her shoulders. [SMASH]. His fingers
coast along her collarbone as CeCe rushes over to Caroline.

CECE

Sorry to interrupt whatever this is
but we have a small issue.

CAROLINE

How small?

CECE

On a scale of small to substantial,
it's closer to substantial.

CAROLINE

Tell me.

CECE

Rourke's here.

CAROLINE

Rourke, my boyfriend, Rourke?
That's great, where is he?

CECE

Um, thing is, he didn't come alone.

Caroline notices the PARTYGOERS around them starting to
conspicuously eavesdrop.

CECE (CONT'D)

He brought Gemma Davenport--

CAROLINE

Shut up.

CECE

Y'know, who's running against you--

CAROLINE

I said shut up, CeCe. That means
stop talking.

CECE

And I get that, but I just think
that if we could have an open
dialogue right now we could start
to troubleshoot...

Caroline stands, smoothing her dress. Lucien stands too, grabbing two more flutes of champagne, downing them both.

CAROLINE

I need to speak to Rourke. Now.

Caroline walks off, single minded in her pursuit of Rourke. CeCe and Lucien trail her, talking over each other.

CECE

What do you think this means? Realistically? I mean, pulling something like this so close to the election?

LUCIEN

Good ol' Rourke. What do we think, horse head in his bed?

As they make their way through the party, the sound of the far off [SMASHES] gets more noticeable.

CECE (CONT'D)

Okay, hypothetically... is he cheating on you? Did you break up...?

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Or a spider. A bunch of spiders. That seems infinitely worse to me than a horse's head.

CECE (CONT'D)

Or are you still together but it's just that Alpha Gamma's backing Gemma Davenport instead of you now?

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Seems like he'd be afraid of spiders. The macho guys usually are. Could do snakes though. Very phallic.

CECE (CONT'D)

If they've jumped the fence, we could have real trouble...

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Right here in River City?

CeCe finally registers Lucien talking --

CECE (CONT'D)

Can you shut up?

(to Caroline)

I'm just saying, if it's more than a fidelity issue, it might be a problem.

CAROLINE

CeCe, please stop talking.

CECE

Why me? What about him? He's not even being helpful.

LUCIEN

I think that depends on what one finds helpful.

They reach the door to the basement, where Blaise is waiting.

CAROLINE

Did you know?

BLAISE

What does it mean to really know
anything anyway these days?

She pushes past him and they all head downstairs, Blaise and Lucien almost gleeful -- she's gonna tear Rourke apart.

[SMASH]. The door flies open and they enter into a RAUCOUS FRAT PARTY, more akin to what we're used to. Kegs, drugs...

AND FRIGHTENED PLEDGES, lined up facing the wall. Some shirtless, some naked, painted with Alpha Gamma letters.

They're playing a game of chicken, trying not to flinch as BROTHERS take turns throwing FULL BEER CANS past their heads.

ANOTHER SMASH -- A CAN explodes against the wall between two PLEDGES' heads, to CHEERS. THAT'S WHAT THAT SOUND WAS!

Caroline finally sees Rourke, across the room with a traitorous arm draped around GEMMA, chatting.

CECE

See, that feels like an
endorsement. Or worse.

They watch Caroline watch Rourke. SMASH! Another can, just missing our PLEDGES, combusts against the wall. Cheers.

ANGLE ON: THE LINE OF PLEDGES AS THEY COWER (INCLUDING ONE IN PARTICULAR, SCOTT STACKHOUSE, 19, sweet and dumb) --

BLAISE

(eyeing Scott)

Aw, I'm going to miss this pledge
class. So young, so supple.

LUCIEN

So eager to be tortured.

Rourke finally looks away from his CRONIES to find Caroline watching him, AS THEY LOCK EYES --

A FINAL SMASH. But this one's different. It didn't hit the wall. With a sickening THUD, Scott crumbles to the ground.

FRAT BROTHER (O.S.)

Oh fuck!

AND AS SCOTT STARTS TO SEIZE UNCONTROLLABLY AND PEOPLE LOOK ON IN HORROR... Caroline turns to CeCe, Lucien, and Blaise:

CAROLINE

Well, this is an absolute disaster.
For me.

AND OFF THAT INSANE STATEMENT WE...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

OVER BLACK:

CHYRON UP: THREE MONTHS LATER

PRE-LAP AUDIO --

WELCOME GIRLS
(robotically)
We've been waiting for you all
summer and we're so glad you're
finally here!

I/E. DELTA PHI - MORNING

ON TWO GREETERS, 19, pulling open the big wooden doors to reveal the terrifying, slightly arrhythmic clapping of a group of DELTA PHI SISTERS cracked out on school spirit:

WELCOME GIRLS
(chanting)
D-E-L/ T-A-P/ H-I! HI! HI! HI! HI
FROM DELTA PHI! WE'RE SAYING HI,
HELLO, COME AND JOIN THE ROW,
BECAUSE WE'RE HOT, THEY'RE NOT--

ANGLE ON: CECE, watching with dismay, shaking her head.

CECE
No, no, no. This is amateur hour.
Do you not understand that this is
more than just door stack?

Off their blank looks --

CECE (CONT'D)
Twenty-eight percent of female
Senators were in sororities, did
you know that? And twenty percent
from the House of Representatives.
Plus Nancy Walton, before Walmart.
And you are all meant to be
ushering in and welcoming our new
potential members. You are meant to
be impressing them, you are meant
to be enticing them. But I am not
excited by this. I am not
captivated by this. Do you know
what I am?

The Welcome Girls shake their heads - no.

CECE (CONT'D)

I am embarrassed. Because half of you are clapping in three-four time when clearly it's four-four, and why, oh why am I still hearing Tanya's piercing little soprano like a goddamn dog whistle?

TANYA

I have a deviated septum.

CECE

We all have a deviated septum, Tanya! Drop an octave or drop the fuck out!

TANYA

Sorry.

They straighten, terrified, because unbeknownst to CeCe...

CECE

Don't apologize to me. This isn't about me. This is about the rampant unprofessionalism that, let me tell you, is not going to fly when Caroline gets here, because...

WE WIDEN OUT TO REVEAL Caroline, now standing behind her, beside ROURKE. *That's why they're so scared!*

CECE (CONT'D)

She is your President. And you serve at the pleasure of the President--

CAROLINE

CeCe.

CeCe jumps, and turns to find Caroline.

CECE

Caroline!

As Caroline gives Rourke a quick peck goodbye --

CAROLINE

Thanks for the ride.

ROURKE

Of course. I, too, serve at the pleasure of the President.

And he hops in his car and pulls away... to pull into the driveway of the ALPHA GAMMA FRAT HOUSE across the street --

CECE

I don't understand.

He hops out and waves, Caroline waves back, blows a kiss.

CECE (CONT'D)

You forgave Rourke? Why didn't you tell me?

CAROLINE

You didn't ask.

Caroline heads into the house, and CeCe trots after her --

CECE

But so... you and Rourke?

CAROLINE

All's well that ends well. I won. Gemma lost.

As Caroline and CeCe walk through the house, SORORITY GIRLS mill around them with purpose, readying the house for rush...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Plus she conveniently decided to spend her senior year abroad in Madrid. Or was it Moldova?

CECE

Moldova's like, really dangerous.

CAROLINE

So I've heard.

CECE

Well, good. That's good then. Good for you. And good for us.

CAROLINE

Yes it's a heel clickin' good time all around.

CECE

Keeps our ties with Alpha Gamma strong. I mean, now that Rourke's President, too... Oh you guys are like a power couple! Like the Clintons.

CAROLINE

That's not the compliment you think
it is, CeCe.

CECE

You'd be Bill.

CAROLINE

Still.

As they head up the stairs, toward the bedrooms --

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Everything's running smoothly?

CeCe nods.

CECE

Rush camp has started and we expect
to have a full and final breakdown
of Potential New Members by end of
day. As of now, we're operating on
preliminary data for slideshow day,
but it's better than nothing...

CeCe follows Caroline, flipping through her folders --

CECE (CONT'D)

And we've done full-timed welcome
day, conversation day, and
preference day practices. So now
we're just deciding between themes,
which I have here if you want to
take a look.

She hands Caroline one as they cross into her room.

CECE (CONT'D)

And I'll grease the squeaky wheel
with the Welcome Girls, I don't
want you to worry about that. We're
on track. This rush, your rush, is
gonna go down in Delta Phi history.

CAROLINE

If there's a rush at all.

CECE

Sorry...?

CAROLINE

I'm just saying, it's strange you feel so confident about all this considering our current optics issue.

CECE

Optics issue... I--?

CeCe takes back the list, scans it quickly.

CECE (CONT'D)

No, I took plantation night off.

CAROLINE

This is not about plantation night.

A beat. CeCe looks back down at the list, unsure.

CECE

...Is it toga night? I mean, I didn't think that was cultural appropriation. Unless... are the Greeks easily offended? Wait, we are the Greeks--

CAROLINE

No, CeCe. I'm referring to the real, legally significant, rush-threatening optics issue that has nothing to do with fucking toga night.

Caroline snatches the list, rips it in half and WE CUT TO:

INT. DEAN SHEFFIELD'S OFFICE - EARLIER

AS DEAN SHEFFIELD, 50s, a stalwart educator, sits with --

DEAN SHEFFIELD

Can you tell me where you were during spring formal last year?

ROURKE

All due respect? No.

QUICK CUTS NOW, AS HE TALKS TO OTHER STUDENTS:

- A RANDOM AG BROTHER, who shrugs. Not talking.

- **DEAN SHEFFIELD, ACROSS FROM A DELTA PHI SISTER.**

DEAN SHEFFIELD

Did you see anything unusual, any illicit activity at the event?

DELTA PHI SISTER

Illicit or explicit?

DEAN SHEFFIELD (PRE-LAP)

...Of an illegal nature.

- **THREE ALPHA GAMMA BROTHERS, WHO LOOK BETWEEN THEM.**

AG BROTHER #1

Do we like, need a lawyer?

DEAN SHEFFIELD (PRE-LAP)

We're hoping for your cooperation. This isn't an official legal investigation yet.

- **ON BLAISE, SITTING IN THE OFFICE ACROSS FROM THE DEAN.**

BLAISE

Erroneous. Strike it from the record!

DEAN SHEFFIELD

Mr. Powell, please. We just need to know if you saw any activity that might have contributed to Scott Stackhouse's injury last year.

BLAISE

...he was injured?!

AND THE QUICK CUTS END WITH: **SCOTT STACKHOUSE...** As he sits staring vacantly, sandwiched between his parents, CONGRESSMAN and MRS. STACKHOUSE, 60s, both perfectly cornfed.

CONGRESSMAN STACKHOUSE

This has been deeply traumatic for our entire family. It's been months. Why have we yet to see repercussions?

DEAN SHEFFIELD

Well, Congressman Stackhouse, like I said, the investigation is ongoing. We've interviewed the students, but you know how these things are.

(MORE)

DEAN SHEFFIELD (CONT'D)

They're all very committed to their code of silence. Unless, Scott can remember...?

They look at Scott. He shrugs. He might... not be all there.

CONGRESSMAN STACKHOUSE

That's alright, bud.

(then)

Dean Sheffield, this happened to my son. I wanna see some punishment.

DEAN SHEFFIELD

Sir, punishment will not be an issue. Every fraternity and sorority on campus has been placed on probation until we can find the responsible party. We have doubled campus police. We have hired compliance officers to monitor on campus and off campus conduct--

CONGRESSMAN STACKHOUSE

You know I've given a lot to this university.

DEAN SHEFFIELD

I do, Congressman. And we are extremely grateful. I promise you, these kids will know that we are on them, at all times.

As they reach across the desk to shake hands WE MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DEAN SHEFFIELD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A FLASHBULB, as Congressman Stackhouse and Dean Sheffield shake for REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS by the idling car.

DEAN SHEFFIELD

Thank you, sir. Mrs. Stackhouse.

NEWS REPORTER

Congressman, will you be supporting federal anti-hazing legislation?

CONGRESSMAN STACKHOUSE

As parents, we're handling this directly with the administration. But what I can say is that we are working to ensure no student will ever be damaged like this again.

He smiles as the flashbulbs go off. Scott and his father hug.
MORE PICTURES. And as everyone disperses, Blaise approaches.

BLAISE

Our wounded warrior returns.

The Congressman turns from loading his wife into the car --

CONGRESSMAN STACKHOUSE

Blaise! Good to see you, son.

BLAISE

Likewise, sir.

As they shake hands --

CONGRESSMAN STACKHOUSE

You know, we feel so much better
knowing Scott has you to look out
for him.

BLAISE

That's what best friends are for.

Scott grins, fist bumping Blaise.

SCOTT

Yeah. Totally. You're the man.

BLAISE

I really admire you too, Scott.
(to Congressman)
He's always had such a... tenacity.
He must get that from you, sir.
Which is why I'm so looking forward
to coming to work for you after
graduation...

CONGRESSMAN STACKHOUSE

Well, you know, like I said over
the summer, any friend of Scott's
has a place in my administration.

BLAISE

I appreciate that, sir.

They shake hands. And as the Congressman disappears into his
SUV, Blaise, quietly overjoyed, throws an arm around Scott:

BLAISE (CONT'D)

C'mon. Let's get you settled.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

ON THE ICONIC TOP SHOT of a FANCY JAGUAR CONVERTIBLE crossing a bridge...

INT. FANCY JAGUAR - MOMENTS LATER

Transporting a sullen Lucien in the passenger seat, KATHRYN MERTEUIL (SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR, PLEASE), drives.

KATHRYN

I hope you realize you're being very melodramatic.

Lucien watches the passing scenery.

LUCIEN

So sorry I forgot to thank you for the ride in my own car.

KATHRYN

You know, there's a saying about gift horses and their big mouths that might be of interest to you.

LUCIEN

I don't recall it having anything to do with mouth size.

KATHRYN

(ignoring him)

You wanna drive this car like you did all summer, join Formula 1. It would certainly cost us less than the trouble you've caused.

LUCIEN

This is unwarranted.

KATHRYN

I'll admit, the devil-may-care reckless little fuckboy thing you have going on is very cute. I always was a sucker for that type. But you're a senior in college now. This is it, it's time.

LUCIEN

You're taking my car, at least spare me the lecture. You're not even my real mother.

KATHRYN

Okay, but your real father is doing what's best for you. He's thinking of your future because you can't or don't seem to want to.

LUCIEN

I like that I'm treated like just another one of his investments.

KATHRYN

Well, he's poured a lot of time and money into you. Ergo...

LUCIEN

Y'know, I wish I could remember that thing that separates raising a kid from creating a hedge fund... Rhymes with glove, maybe?

KATHRYN

Oh please, you know he loves you.

LUCIEN

LOVE! That's it. Thank you, that would've driven me crazy all day.

Kathryn pulls up, idling outside the Delta Phi and Alpha Gamma houses. She turns and places a hand on Lucien's thigh.

KATHRYN

We both love you. Very much.

LUCIEN

Look, Kathryn--

KATHRYN

I know I'm just your step-mother, but some things are thicker than blood, Lucien. And I've always thought of you as a little bit... mine.

Her hand skates higher and she squeezes, possessively.

LUCIEN

I'm wondering, will you be paying Caroline, your actual daughter, a visit while you're here? Or is one pseudo-parental ambush your limit?

He smiles and slips out of the car, coolly, and rounds to the trunk for his suitcase. She follows him.

KATHRYN

I have a lunch meeting in DC.

LUCIEN

Well... I guess I'll tell her you
said hi then.

ANGLE ON: A BIRD'S EYE POV as Kathryn kisses Lucien's cheek
before getting back in the car and speeding away.

CECE (O.S.)

All impressive stats, according to
the formula.

INT. DELTA PHI - CAROLINE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Caroline turns from the window, hiding any hurt --

CAROLINE

Oh, good. Another formula.

She returns to scanning one of CeCe's many lists --

CECE

Well, for this one I figured out a
way to calculate PNM worth based on
a breakdown of value. Legacy
status, powerful connections,
general attractiveness level --
keep the dogs in the kennel, y'know
what I mean?

Caroline doesn't laugh.

CECE (CONT'D)

And um, financial standing. Y'know,
for donation potential.

Caroline flips a page. Flips back. Looking for something --

CAROLINE

Where's Annie Grover?

CECE

Like, the Vice President's
daughter, Annie Grover?

CAROLINE

Were you dropped on your head as a
child or is there some other
relevant Annie Grover?

CECE

No, sorry. I just left her off
because she's deep legacy at Sigma.
So I'm sure she's rushing them.

Caroline looks back out the window, her back turned.

CECE (CONT'D)

Um, plus... she's not even rich.
Like, her dad's on a government
salary, so...

CAROLINE

There are more important things
than money, CeCe.

CECE

...Since when?

Lucien enters and immediately starts stripping.

LUCIEN

Don't mind me, I feel just filthy
from the drive in.

Caroline turns to see...

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Miss me?

CAROLINE

Like a hole in the head.

LUCIEN

So hostile.

Caroline notices CeCe staring at Lucien, half-naked.

CAROLINE

Didn't you have some vague work-
study obligation to be getting to?

CECE

What?

CAROLINE

Leave now.

CECE

Oh, yeah. Bye.

Lucien, now completely naked, walks into the bathroom:

LUCIEN (O.S.)
Bye!

CECE
Oh. Bye!

CAROLINE
Love you.

CECE
Love you, too!

CeCe skitters away as Caroline, follows Lucien into...

INT. DELTA PHI - CAROLINE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Lucien's already behind the shower curtain.

CAROLINE
So. Nice ride in?

LUCIEN
Terribly boring actually. And long.

CAROLINE
It's an hour and a half.

LUCIEN
It felt longer. She wanted me to
pass along a hello, by the way.

CAROLINE
Clearly.

LUCIEN
Caroline...

CAROLINE
Tell me, brother of mine. What do
you know about Annie Grover?

Lucien pulls back the shower curtain, as he soaps up --

LUCIEN
The Vice President's daughter?

CAROLINE
No, the muppet baby. What's wrong
with everyone?

LUCIEN

Well, what should I know? She's got no social media, and outside of a few mediocre profiles in Good Housekeeping, Reader's Digest, and some third boring publication I can't think of, I know nothing.

CAROLINE

Doesn't sound like nothing to me.

LUCIEN

Well, it is, and she is. Possibly the most nothing girl I've ever had the pleasure of not knowing.

CAROLINE

You're being harsh.

LUCIEN

Oh, Caroline, you know what they say about glass houses.

CAROLINE

That they're great for indoor sunbathing.

Caroline pulls the shower curtain closed on him --

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Maybe there's something to be said for a nice, nothing kind of girl.

LUCIEN

What is this? What do you want.

CAROLINE

What, you can't tell me you don't wanna take a stab at the VP's daughter's cherry?

Lucien pokes his head out.

LUCIEN

I've fucked a lot of virgins, Caroline. And a lot of high-ranking ones at that. Cough it up.

CAROLINE

Fine. I want her. I want to have her lock, stock, and smoking barrel.

LUCIEN

There it is.

CAROLINE

I'd do it myself if I could, but you happen to have the... natural charisma that I think a girl like Annie Grover might respond to.

LUCIEN

You flatter me.

CAROLINE

Lucien, I don't know if you've noticed, but we find ourselves a little on the line this year because of this ugly Scott Stackhouse business.

LUCIEN

Honestly, I don't get what the big deal is. I think that beer can knocked something loose, he's actually smarter now.

CAROLINE

Regardless, you know what they're not gonna do? Kick the Vice President's daughter's sorority off campus.

LUCIEN

Fine. So say I deliver. I get her to rush Delta Phi for you. What's in it for me?

CAROLINE

Is the thanks of a grateful sister no longer enough?

LUCIEN

How grateful are we talking here?

Caroline draws a heart around herself in the steamed mirror.

CAROLINE

I'll give you what you want.

LUCIEN

Official verbal definition being...

CAROLINE

Me.

She pulls back the shower curtain. Lucien smiles at her -- there's real longing behind it, deeper than lust for him.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

The way you've always wanted... For
up to an hour.

Caroline's gaze drops down to what we'll assume is his hard dick. She looks back up at him and smiles.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes.

And as Caroline pulls the curtain closed on him... WE CUT TO:

EXT. MANCHESTER COLLEGE - MOMENTS LATER

AS CECE, walking through campus, catches sight of the pomp and circumstance of A MOTORCADE OF COP CARS AND SUVs rolling down the main road...

We can't see who it is, but if the American flags are any indication... THIS IS SURELY THE ARRIVAL OF ANNIE GROVER.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. ALPHA GAMMA - DAY

On COMPLIANCE OFFICERS and CAMPUS POLICE in the street, patrolling everything...

INT. ALPHA GAMMA - ROURKE'S ROOM - DAY

As Rourke attempts to tap a keg, he yammers to Blaise --

ROURKE

I really had to take one for the team to get Caroline back, y'know, but I did what I had to.

BLAISE

Well that Gemma Davenport thing was... Really. Something else.

Blaise wanders around the room, conspicuously checking out Rourke's various knick knacks.

ROURKE

It was a momentary lapse of judgment. I wanted out. I thought I wanted out. And Gemma seemed like a good way to expedite the process...

BLAISE

Fuck Gemma to fuck over Caroline. Ill advised, but I can admit there's a certain poetry...

ROURKE

It doesn't matter. Gemma's out of the picture. And the important thing is, I've got Caroline eating out of the palm of my hand.

BLAISE

Like a Clydesdale with a carrot.

ROURKE

Rides like one, too. Y'know what I mean?

BLAISE

God, I really wish I didn't.

BLAISE QUICKLY POKETS SOMETHING.

BLAISE (CONT'D)

Anyway, we've got everything set for the open house today. Just need you to sign this check to cover some of the extra expenses, in case you were worried.

ROURKE

I'm not worried. You're the best social chair we've ever had, for real.

As Rourke signs the check --

BLAISE

They also serve who only stand and wait.

A beat. Rourke hands the check over.

ROURKE

Alright, faggot.

As Blaise heads out of Rourke's room...

BLAISE

Always a delight, Rourke!

INT. ALPHA GAMMA - CONTINUOUS

WE TRACK WITH HIM as he makes his way through the house, passing BROTHERS getting settled and ready for rush. As he heads down, all the way to the basement...

He makes his way through the lowest level of the house to A LARGE ORNATE DOOR -- AG insignia splashed across it. He opens the door, pulling out his phone...

BLAISE

(into phone)

I got it.

HE PULLS A KEY FROM HIS POCKET -- the pocket we saw him slip something into while in Rourke's room.

BLAISE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Well, just get over here and we can play I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

As he stares at a safe with a two-key safe-deposit style lock... WE CUT TO:

INT. PROFESSOR CHADWICK'S OFFICE - DAY

As CeCe rifles through papers on a desk. PROFESSOR HANK CHADWICK, 40s, almost too good looking to teach, enters.

HANK
Hello?

CECE
Oh, hi Professor Chadwick.

HANK
Forgive me if this is a stupid question, but who are you?

CECE
Sorry. I'm Celeste Calloway. People call me CeCe, but I'll answer to either.

HANK
CeCe.

CECE
Yes.

HANK
I'm sorry, one more time though, who are you and why are you going through my desk?

CECE
I'm CeCe, I'm your TA.

HANK
I don't have a TA.

CECE
You didn't have a TA. You do now.

HANK
No, I'm pretty sure I don't.

CECE
You're the only professor with a lecture size of over 100 students without a TA, did you know that?

HANK
I did not. Why do you?

CECE

I'm concerned that your students aren't getting enough one-on-one discussion time. If every one of your students participated in every class for only thirty seconds apiece, and that's not even counting any of the time taken up by your lecture itself, you'd run over fifteen minutes.

HANK

Did you take my class?

CECE

No, I'm a finance major.

HANK

Poli Sci minor?

CECE

No.

HANK

But you want to TA for me?

CECE

Yes. Brass tacks? I need this. I was supposed to have an internship over the summer, but I became otherwise engaged--

HANK

Otherwise engaged with what?

CECE

Sorry, please, if you wouldn't interrupt, I'd really like to just get this out, it's a little embarrassing.

He motions for her to continue - *please, go ahead.*

CECE (CONT'D)

As I was saying, I had an internship all lined up, but I became aware, or rather, my mother became aware that a very sought after surgeon had a last-minute opening in his summer schedule for a rhinoplasty-- mind you, it wasn't anything desperate, but well, when there's an opening there's an opening, ya know?

He opens his mouth to respond. She rambles on.

CECE (CONT'D)

But well, the recovery time was more complicated than we anticipated -- a nasty sinus infection -- don't worry, I'm fine now, but it had me out of commission for nearly the whole break. So now, suddenly, I've found myself entering my senior year with no work experience and truthfully, a little bit of an Afrin addiction. Which does not look great on a resume come time to apply to grad school. Although I doubt I'd mention the Afrin thing to a potential employer, although never say never, because here I am, with you, mentioning it. But as you can see, I'm in a tough situation and the fact of the matter is, I really need this job.

A long beat, he looks a little dazed.

HANK

Well, your nose looks great, but I still don't need a TA.

CeCe drops to her knees before him, he looks around --

CECE

Professor Chadwick, I swear to you, if you let me do this, you will not regret it.

HANK

If you could please get up--

CECE

I promise you I will cut your workload in half. I'll do anything. I'll shadow you -- I'm very observant and a very fast learner -- If you'd let me, I'd as good as become an extension of you. Just give me a chance. I swear I can learn to grade like you, to write like you, I'll even think like you.

A beat. Hank, despite himself, is charmed by her. Won over.

HANK

Two conditions. One, please get up.

He helps her to her feet. Then... holds out a hand to shake.

HANK (CONT'D)

And the other... I don't want you
to think like I think. I want you
to think like you think.

They smile at one another, still holding hands AND WE CUT TO:

INT. ALPHA GAMMA - ROURKE'S ROOM - DAY

Caroline smooths her hair down in the mirror as Rourke lounges in his bed, post-coital.

ROURKE

Where're you going?

CAROLINE

Oh, you know. Things to see, people
to do.

ROURKE

Huh?

CAROLINE

(ignoring him)

You're stopping by later, yes?

ROURKE

Sure, I'll stop by.

Caroline gives him a sweet kiss.

CAROLINE

It's important. You're our house
sweetheart, it means a lot to me
that I can rely on you.

ROURKE

For sure.

CAROLINE

I'm so glad we're back in this
together.

ROURKE

Yeah. Me too.

CAROLINE

We're a united front. You and me.

ROURKE

Yeah, a real power couple. Like the Clintons.

CAROLINE

(sotto)

What's wrong with you fucking people. Find a new reference...

She shoots him a look as she leaves, and we track with her...

INT. ALPHA GAMMA - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As she heads off, WE LAND AND PUSH IN ON THE DOOR TO...

BLAISE (PRE-LAP)

I wouldn't show you this unless I had complete and total trust in you...

INT. ALPHA GAMMA - BLAISE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blaise sits with Scott in bed. Scott looks at his lap.

BLAISE

So consider this an example of that.

SCOTT

What is it?

BLAISE

Our brains.

But he's not talking about his dick -- he holds a large, LEATHER BOUND BOOK inscribed with the Alpha Gamma letters.

SCOTT

Huh?

BLAISE

It's a record. A written history of brothers, past, present, and future.

SCOTT

Future... like, stuff that hasn't happened yet?

BLAISE

How do I simplify... it's like a logbook.

(MORE)

BLAISE (CONT'D)

A bunch of stories that we've written down, a greatest hits album of all the best, worst behavior of any and all Alpha Gammas.

SCOTT

But why?

BLAISE

For posterity.

Scott thinks on this long and hard. He clearly does not know what posterity means. Blaise continues:

BLAISE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I wanted to go through and see if anyone had added an account of what happened to you at formal. There wasn't anything, but if there had been, we might've been able to track down who did this to you. Y'know, make 'em pay.

SCOTT

Eh, it doesn't really matter.

BLAISE

It does matter. You shouldn't have to go to parties with whoever did this to you, constantly reminded of that trauma...

SCOTT

No, seriously, it's fine. I really don't remember.

BLAISE

Really? Still? Nothing's jogged your memory? Not even a little?

SCOTT

Nope. I remember facing the wall, some shouting, then I woke up in the hospital. And now... I think and I think, but nothing's there. It's like, completely empty.

BLAISE

Not like that's really a new thing.

Scott ignores that, puts his hand on Blaise's crotch --

SCOTT

I still remember this, though.

BLAISE

Well, good. But if during today's
barbecue anything comes up for you,
if you feel the slightest bit
uncomfortable, you just come find
me, okay?

And as Scott nods, tackling him to the bed... WE CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS CHURCH - AFTERNOON

Lucien leaning against an old oak tree, sunglasses on and watches as ANNIE GROVER, 18, a good little girl, stands with her PARENTS, VICE PRESIDENT GROVER AND ELLEN GROVER, 50s, milquetoast, greeted with fanfare by PRESS, FACULTY, and STUDENTS.

They smile for the cameras as they enter the church... BUT ANNIE looks back and holds Lucien's gaze for a beat. AND OFF THAT FRISSON OF ROMANTIC POTENTIAL...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. DELTA PHI - AFTERNOON

CeCe inspects a row of SISTERS, all dressed up for the welcome party in tasteful clothes (some more than others).

CECE

We are elegant. We are modest. We do not do big, we do not do flashy.

As she passes a SISTER, snapping her BLACK BRA STRAP --

CECE (CONT'D)

That means discrete undergarments. Nudes. Neutrals. No lace, no obvious seams. Remember, we are dressing to impress our future Deltas.

As Black Bra scurries off, too, CeCe passes ANOTHER SISTER.

CECE (CONT'D)

Makeup should be simple. But we will be perspiring a fair amount so you will want to reapply. I do not want shine. I do not want shimmer. If I wanted an oily face, I'd find a McDonald's fry cook...

CeCe looks pointedly at A FEW SISTERS --

CECE (CONT'D)

You know your targets. Greet them, wow them, move them along, but make sure they want us so bad they can taste it.

CeCe rounds on them again, points at ANOTHER SISTER --

CECE (CONT'D)

You, your target.

ANOTHER SISTER

Abbey Holbrook. Brook like river, rowed crew, already D1.

CeCe looks to the NEXT SISTER --

NEXT SISTER

Cassie Cartwright. Cassie like
casserole, mom owns a fancy vegan
cleanse meal plan service.

CECE

Good. Roll call is at 5 o'clock
sharp. See you all at welcome.

As the SISTERS start to disperse --

CECE (CONT'D)

Miranda, hang back a second.

MIRANDA, a SISTER with no reprimands thus far, does as told.

MIRANDA

I have another bra.

CECE

It's not that. I need you to add
someone to your list. A VIP. Annie
Grover.

MIRANDA

The Vice President's daughter?

CECE

Were you dropped on your head as a
child?

MIRANDA

No. Isn't she pref'd at Sigma?

CECE

So?

MIRANDA

So, do we really wanna start
poaching legacies?

CECE

We're not poaching anyone, if she
happens to show up, we have to be
prepared.

MIRANDA

Does Caroline think this is a good
idea?

CeCe is under Caroline's instruction, but Miranda doesn't
have to know that. She straightens up a little.

CECE

This isn't about what Caroline
thinks. This is about what I think.

And as CeCe walks off, a spring in her step... WE CUT TO:

INT. FRESHMAN DORM - ANNIE'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Annie Grover, in front of her open closet, on the phone:

ANNIE

...yes. I'm as settled in as I can
be in the roughly thirty minutes
since you left.

(then)

Yes. I'll let you know when I
leave. It's cute we pretend
anything I do is at all a mystery
to you and Dad, though.

(then)

Yeah. The white top with the lacy
thing and the--

(then)

I promise. Yes. I know how much you
loved-- Uh huh. No, it'll be good.

(then)

I'll be fine. I love you, too.

As she hangs up, pulling her shirt over her head to change...
she turns to find Lucien, still and silent, watching:

LUCIEN

Hello.

She grabs for her shirt to cover up as SANDY, 40s but looks
20s, ANNIE'S CLEAN-CUT SECRET SERVICE AGENT, immediately
rushes Lucien, pinning his arms.

SANDY

IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

LUCIEN

Whoa, whoa, easy there. I could
have a promising career in
something I'd need arms for.

SANDY

ON THE FLOOR, NOW!

LUCIEN

I'm sorry, I don't know if you
realize this, but an open door in a
college dorm is a clear invitation.

SANDY

Annie?

LUCIEN

A little help here?

ANNIE

You can let him go. I'll handle it.

As Sandy releases Lucien, leaving them (marginally) alone --

LUCIEN

Now, just out of curiosity, how do you know you can handle me?

ANNIE

I have Secret Service. And I know who you are. You have quite the reputation.

LUCIEN

As do you.

ANNIE

I'm sure.

LUCIEN

So what have you heard exactly?

Annie shrugs.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Come now, I'm dying to know.

ANNIE

Well, I'm not going to make the mistake of having sex with you.

LUCIEN

That couldn't be in my file.

As they stare at one another, smiling a little... Maybe there's more to Annie than Lucien thought... WE CUT TO:

I/E. ALPHA GAMMA - EVENING

As Blaise stands at the door with A COMPLIANCE OFFICER, 50s, clearly ineffectual. Blaise smiles wide, charming:

BLAISE

Forget the party, inspect me.

COMPLIANCE OFFICER

That's not necessary. All seems up to snuff with you boys. So, I'm going to go now.

BLAISE

We'll feel free to come back at any point. Consider me compliant, officer!

As Blaise shuts the door and makes his way out to...

BLAISE (CONT'D)

CLEAR! WE'RE CLEAR!

THE PARTY, as it roars back to life. A classic kegger, prohibition style, ready to be hidden at any moment.

Blaise finds Rourke doing lines:

ROURKE

Fuck yeah, baby!

BLAISE

Good stuff?

ROURKE

The best. You want a bump?

Blaise waves Rourke off, continuing through the party until he finds Scott, eating a hot dog. Scott swallows, beaming.

SCOTT

Hey.

BLAISE

Hey.

SCOTT

You want some?

BLAISE

No thanks. But hey, have you seen Lucien around at all?

SCOTT

Nah, I've just been over here eating hot dogs.

BLAISE

Yeah, that checks out. You enjoy...

And as Scott shrugs and takes another bite, Blaise heads off through the crowd... WE CUT TO:

INT. DELTA PHI - LATE AFTERNOON

As the welcome party begins, SISTERS break off to schmooze their targets. Caroline observes, as CeCe materializes --

CECE

So... The Annie Grover experiment.

CAROLINE

Is this a band you're forming?

CECE

I have satellite people out looking, but nobody's made contact.

CAROLINE

Satellite people?

CECE

It's like Google Earth, but instead of aerial photography, it's just people around campus. Under the radar people. People you'd never notice... I've been creating a network for years.

CAROLINE

You're a very odd person.

CECE

Thank you.

CAROLINE

It's not... okay.

CECE

But so, the point is, no one can find Annie... you're not worried?

CAROLINE

Do I look worried?

As Caroline walks away, *maybe a little worried..?* WE CUT TO:

EXT. MANCHESTER COLLEGE - EVENING

Lucien, walking through the quad with Annie.

ANNIE

You don't have to walk with me. I have Secret Service.

LUCIEN

Yes, we've met. I'm just trying to be a gentleman here.

Annie snorts a little at that.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

What, you think I fancy myself some kind of bad boy?

ANNIE

Well, I don't think a bad boy would "fancy himself" anything.

LUCIEN

Ergo...

Annie doesn't take the bait. Lucien's smile drops.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Fine. If you're going to pretend everything you've heard about me is true, I'll have no choice but to do the same for you.

ANNIE

Wow. Whatever will I do?

LUCIEN

I suppose continue being the cookie-cutter little girl who some political publicist has beaten any shred of individuality out of...?

Annie slows, but Lucien continues at his pace.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Seriously. Your big issue is anti-kill shelters.

He notices and spins around, walking backwards.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Is there a big pro-kill shelter movement out there that I'm unaware of, or are you actually that terrified of having an opinion?

He's clearly touched a nerve as they reach FRAT AND SORORITY ROW, where Campus Police and Compliance Officers loiter.

ANNIE

Okay, what do you want from me?

LUCIEN

Nothing.

ANNIE

Why am I having a difficult time believing that?

LUCIEN

Believe what you want. I just thought... well, I know what it's like to have everyone have a pre-conceived notion of who you are.

ANNIE

Is this where you try to seduce me with the "we're not so different, you and I" talk?

LUCIEN

Y'know what? If I really wanted to fuck you, trust me, we'd be fucking already.

Annie rolls her eyes, but then Lucien looks at her, serious:

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

I just thought maybe you could use a friend, but forget it.

And as they stand, at a crossroads, *are they going to the rush parties or not...*? WE CUT TO:

EXT. ALPHA GAMMA - EVENING

AS WE PICK UP CAROLINE, WHO ENTERS THE PARTY WITH PURPOSE, looking for...

ROURKE

Look who's here! Our Alpha Gamma sweetheart!

The brief roar of cheers subsides as:

CAROLINE

We need to talk.

ROURKE

Talk? About what?

CAROLINE

You promised me a lot of things, Rourke. Over the summer, and many times since.

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

First and foremost being that you would no longer disappointment me. And yet, here I stand, before you. Disappointed.

ROURKE

Oh. I was supposed to... Right.

CAROLINE

Yes... you were supposed to. We agreed you'd stop by.

ROURKE

Okay, Caroline, baby, listen--
(off her glare)
You gotta-- okay, come with me.

CAROLINE

I'm not going anywhere. Unfortunately, I've run out of patience. The way I see it, the only way forward is for you to admit what you did last year.

ROURKE

Really? We're gonna go through all this again? You haven't dragged me over the coals enough for--

CAROLINE

I'm not talking about Gemma. I want you to admit what you really did.

Rourke stares blankly, trying to figure out what he's done.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I want you to admit to what you did to Scott Stackhouse.

AND AS EVERYONE TURNS TO LOOK, off Rourke's confusion and that masterful gaslight...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

I/E. CAMPUS BAR - NIGHT

A BOUNCER, 50s, grizzled, stares at Annie and Lucien.

BOUNCER
No ID, no entry.

LUCIEN
She left it at home.

BOUNCER
Yeah? At the White House?

ANNIE
I don't live at The White House.

BOUNCER
I know who you are, you're not 21.

ANNIE
You believe everything you read
online?

Lucien looks at her, impressed. Then:

LUCIEN
Look... what do you say we just...
keep this between friends.

Lucien holds out a hand (and a hundred). The Bouncer shakes
it and takes it, stepping aside...

BOUNCER
Tell your father I'm a fan.

And as they head inside...

ANNIE
Thanks. Sorry, that was...
embarrassing.

LUCIEN
So you're not a cheap date. It's no
problem.

ANNIE
Yeah just... sometimes I wish I
didn't have to be who I am all the
time.

LUCIEN

Well, who would you wanna be?

Annie smiles at him, at her own words from earlier, as they head over to the bar --

ANNIE

I dunno, are you sure you're ready to unlock the sick and twisted Pandora's Box that is my mind?

LUCIEN

Oh, so this is where you seduce me with the "we're not so different, you and I" talk?

They smile at one another, charged when... the BARTENDER, 40s, interrupts:

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

Lucien tears his eyes away to glance at the menu...

LUCIEN

So, Queen of Darkness, what'll it be? Peach Julep? French 75? Some infused mojito something...?

ANNIE

I'll have a dirty martini.
(off Lucien)

I'm a little sheltered, I'm not Brie Larson in *Room*.

Lucien smiles at that. Then:

LUCIEN

Fine, the lady will have a dirty martini. And I will have a strawberry daiquiri. Extra cherries, if you can.

Annie narrows her eyes at him.

ANNIE

You having fun?

LUCIEN

Just trying to illustrate that all is not always as it appears.

The BARTENDER, annoyed, pulls out the blender and WE CUT TO:

INT. ALPHA GAMMA - ROURKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Rourke slams the door behind Caroline --

CAROLINE

I tried to protect you. I tried to have your back--

ROURKE

You know that's not what happened. I didn't do anything!

CAROLINE

Poor Scott really couldn't afford to lose any more brain cells...

ROURKE

I was with Gemma!

CAROLINE Who's in

Europe now and conveniently, a little afraid of me, so. Good luck getting in touch.

ROURKE

You're not fucking serious.

CAROLINE

I know you're upset. You're worried about what this means. For you, for your future. For your cushy little internship at Apple. But I'm sorry, I can no longer be complicit.

Caroline's phone starts to BUZZ in her pocket. She silences it as Rourke rounds on her, getting angry.

ROURKE

You're a fucking vindictive, jealous little cunt. I should've known you'd do something like this.

CAROLINE

We could lose our chapters. Hundreds of years of history, legacy, down the drain. I just don't think I can stand idly by in silence anymore.

Caroline's phone RINGS again. Rourke stalks up to her.

ROURKE

Well you know what I think? I think you've got nothin' on me.

And as Rourke storms out, slamming the door against the wall, Caroline answers her STILL RINGING phone:

CAROLINE
(on phone)
What?

INT. DELTA PHI - COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

CeCe has her phone to her ear, back turned to the party --

CECE
(on phone)
It's CeCe.

INTERCUT CAROLINE/CECE

CAROLINE
I know.

CECE
Right. So, she's here.

CAROLINE
Who?

CECE
A compliance officer.

Behind CeCe, a FEMALE COMPLIANCE OFFICER, flanked by CAMPUS POLICE, is taking an investigative sip of tea. MORE enter...

CECE (CONT'D)
Now a bunch of 'em... They're testing the tea!

CAROLINE
Testing the tea?

CECE
Someone must have reported us.

CAROLINE
We didn't do anything, CeCe.

CECE
But so, what do I do?

CAROLINE
Do whatever they ask. Cooperate fully. Give them a tour. We're completely above board, we have nothing to hide.

CECE

Right.

CAROLINE

Good.

CECE

But what about, y'know?

CAROLINE

What?

CECE

The basement girls...

CAROLINE

What's a basement girl?

CECE

Okay. Say there are a couple of legacies in the basement...

CAROLINE

There are a couple of legacies in the basement.

CECE

No, it's not the beginning of a joke, I'm telling you I have some legacies in the basement and I'm asking for your help. What do I do with them?

CAROLINE

I can't make every decision for you, CeCe. Just... take care of it. I trust you.

CECE

You do?

CAROLINE

No.

CECE

(devastated)

Oh.

CAROLINE

Keep your phone close.

And as Caroline hangs up, CeCe glances between the Compliance Officers and the door to the basement and WE CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS BAR - NIGHT

As Lucien and Annie drink their drinks. He watches her:

LUCIEN
How's your martini.

ANNIE
Good. Nice and... dirty.

Lucien takes a big sip of his daiquiri, silently gloating.

LUCIEN
Do you want a sip?

ANNIE
No.

LUCIEN
You sure?

ANNIE
I'm sure.

Lucien wordlessly pushes his daiquiri to her. She grabs a new straw, takes a sip...

ANNIE (CONT'D)
It's good.

LUCIEN
You wanna keep it, don't you?

Annie smiles innocently and pushes her martini glass to him.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)
At least you gave it the old college try.

ANNIE
You know that's about baseball and not actually about college?

LUCIEN
(ignoring her)
So was it worth it? Trying to impress me?

She takes another sip, hiding her smile.

ANNIE
Absolutely it was not.

She glances down, notices the time on her phone --

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I should probably go soon anyway.

LUCIEN

Seriously? To the Sigma Rho Nu
welcome?

Annie takes another coy sip.

ANNIE

My mother loved that sorority.
Still has some of her closest
friends from it.

LUCIEN

How sweet.

ANNIE

What's your problem? It's not like
you're not a part of all this.

LUCIEN

Yeah but I had options. You're
basing your entire life on your
mother being in Sigma.

ANNIE

Okay, but it's philanthropic,
community building. It sets you up
for the future. I mean, the
networking opportunities alone--

LUCIEN

Yes, the Vice President's daughter
certainly must struggle with that.

She shoots him a glare.

ANNIE

It's women supporting women.
Sisterhood. I don't expect you to
understand.

LUCIEN

Trust me, I love sisters.

ANNIE

But...?

LUCIEN

I dunno, you really wanna live your
life based solely on what your
mother wants for you?

(MORE)

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

I mean, just because it was right for her doesn't mean it's right for you.

ANNIE

Is it really such a crime for me to love my parents? To want them to be proud of me?

LUCIEN

Nah, it's just very modern of you.

ANNIE

You don't love your family?

LUCIEN

Maybe they don't love me.

ANNIE

They're your family.

LUCIEN

I know it's difficult to fathom for Little Miss *Chasing Liberty*, but things are a tad more complicated for me.

ANNIE

I think it's very likely that there's a world in which I could somehow fathom complicated.

LUCIEN

So what, you want me to open up about my childhood bedwetting and my fear of shopping mall mannequins?

ANNIE

Really? Shopping mall mannequins?

LUCIEN

Terrifying to me.

ANNIE

Because they're all expressionless?

LUCIEN

Like why not just give them faces.

They smile at one another. And then Lucien looks away -- *is this a crack in his cool guy façade?*

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Look, I'll be honest. I do love my family. Even though it's complicated, they're all I have. And I'd do anything for them. Even though I'm not sure I should.

Lucien, uncomfortable with the amount of sincerity he's just used, clears his throat. He fiddles with her straw wrapper.

ANNIE

And you don't think I could understand that?

Annie reaches out to place a hand on his. Lucien looks away.

LUCIEN

Look, take it from someone marginally older and incontestably wiser. Now is the time to figure out what you really want.

A beat, as Annie studies him. Calculating.

ANNIE

And you know what I really want?

LUCIEN

No, but I don't think you do either. Not yet.

He holds out the straw wrapper, which he's now fashioned into a paper ring and presents it to her with a charming smile.

Annie considers it. Looking between the ring and Lucien. As she reaches out and takes it, gingerly... WE CUT TO:

I/E. ALPHA GAMMA - NIGHT

Rourke is in a rage, barreling through the party:

ROURKE

Everybody get the fuck out! If you don't live here, I don't wanna see you!

BLAISE

Okay! Way to show your dominance...

Blaise leads him into the kitchen. Rourke smashes around, looking for a glass. Giving up, he just takes a swig --

BLAISE (CONT'D)

Why the one-man rendition of Stomp?

ROURKE

I want her gone.

BLAISE

(mocking)

Are you and Caroline fighting again?

ROURKE

She's a fucking psychopath, dude. I want her banned from this house.

BLAISE

But she's the house sweetheart...

ROURKE

She's no fucking sweetheart. I'm telling you. I never want to see that fucking bitch again.

Caroline suddenly appears beside Blaise, as if summoned.

BLAISE

Oh, here she is now.

CAROLINE

You really shouldn't speak about women like that.

(to Blaise)

He's just a little touchy because I was just trying to get him to finally come clean--

BLAISE

Cleanliness is next to godliness.

CAROLINE

At this point it's just sad that he's continuing to deny what he did to Scott at formal last year...

ROURKE

(to Blaise)

See? This bitch is fucking crazy.

CAROLINE

Forcing all of us to run this ridiculous cover up while we languish on social probation...

Blaise looks between Caroline and Rourke. Then:

BLAISE

Well, she's got a point. If you cooperate, this can all end more simply for you.

ROURKE

What the fuck, man? Everyone knows I didn't do shit to Scott!

BLAISE

Come out with your hands up and I'm sure I could persuade the Stackhouses to drop any pesky assault charges...

And as other BROTHERS, including SCOTT, start to overhear the commotion and make their way inside to see the drama...

ROURKE

What does she have on you, dude?

BLAISE

We saw you do it, *dude*.

Rourke, in a blind rage now, feeling backed into a corner, grabs Blaise by the lapels.

ROURKE

Tell the fucking truth!

As Scott immediately steps up --

SCOTT

Don't touch him.

Scott and Blaise look at each other as Rourke backs away. He turns to Scott --

ROURKE

You know what happened, you know I didn't do this. They're trying to...

He looks helplessly at the gathering CROWD, at Caroline and Blaise --

ROURKE (CONT'D)

You're fucking liars. You're liars and if you do this to me, if you try to take me down like this, I swear I'm not going quiet... I have shit on all you motherfuckers.

He looks around, wild-eyed, for...

ROURKE (CONT'D)

Lucien. Where the fuck is-- Lucien!

As Lucien, who's finally just arrived, steps forward:

LUCIEN

Oh, that's me. Present!

As Rourke grabs Lucien by the scruff of his neck WE CUT TO:

INT. DELTA PHI - NIGHT

As CeCe stands, body blocking the door to the basement, in a standoff with the COMPLIANCE OFFICERS and CAMPUS POLICE:

CECE

Okay, I feel we've been very upfront through this whole process, but I need you to respect my authority as rush chair of this sorority now--

COMPLIANCE OFFICER

Miss, please step aside.

CECE

There are simply some places that I am not able to grant you access to as they are sacred to the sisterhood, and if you want to get past me, you'll need a search warrant--

COMPLIANCE OFFICER

That... won't be necessary.

CECE

Well, you tell me your next move, lady, because I'm staying put. This is my Tiananmen Square. My Redwoods. I'm not moving, so by all means, you want another Kent State on your hands...

The Compliance Officer stares her down, glances back at the Campus Police. As CeCe holds her ground... WE CUT TO:

INT. ALPHA GAMMA - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Rourke pushes Lucien forward, toward the familiar insignia adorned doorway that we saw Blaise enter through earlier...

The Crowd from the kitchen, including Caroline, Blaise, and Scott have all followed to watch.

As the door swings open, we see the familiar safe-deposit-lockbox-style safe, certified and secure -- Rourke fishes out his key. THE ONE WE SAW BLAISE STEAL EARLIER.

ROURKE
(to Lucien)
Gimme your key.

OH, SO THAT'S WHO HAS THE OTHER ONE! Lucien stalls.

LUCIEN
Can't we just let bygones be
bygones and go back up to the
party?

ROURKE
Gimme your fucking key, Lucien.

Lucien rolls his eyes. Shrugs. And tosses Rourke the key.

LUCIEN
If you're sure.

ROURKE
Fuck you.

As Rourke engages the two-lock mechanism, each key sliding home, the safe pops open... behind him, Lucien, Blaise, and Caroline all smirk.

Because they know what Rourke's about to discover...

ROURKE (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is it?

The safe is empty.

PRE-LAP AUDIO: THE SOUND OF WOOD, CRACKING -- SMASH! CUT TO:

INT. DELTA PHI - MOMENTS LATER

As CAMPUS POLICE kick down the door that CeCe has been so stridently protecting --

CECE
...This is a huge invasion of our
privacy, and I will be filing a
complaint!

And as the COMPLIANCE OFFICER looks out over the basement --

WE SEE THE BASEMENT GIRLS, sequestered away, all hard at work hand-lettering invitation cards. They all stare, owl-eyed.

CECE (CONT'D)

I want to reiterate that there are certain aspects of the sisterhood that must remain confidential, and as such, these girls have access to very sensitive materials. The recipient list of our invitation cards being some of them...

Off the Compliance Officers blank look, observing --

CECE (CONT'D)

And for crying out loud, since when is it illegal to have the ugly girls in a basement? Honestly we're not running a sweat shop here...

But CeCe trails off, because she's just received an urgent TEXT MESSAGE. As she reads it... WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. ALPHA GAMMA - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Rourke turns to Lucien, Blaise, and Caroline as he realizes they're all fully in on this together...

ROURKE

Where the fuck is the book?

Lucien scratches the back of his neck.

LUCIEN

Yeah, look. I really wish I could help you out, it's just... I don't want to.

ROURKE

I know you two assholes have it.

Lucien and Blaise exchange a look. Caroline's not paying attention, texting. But then she looks up.

CAROLINE

It doesn't seem like they know what you're talking about, Rourke.

Rourke gets in Lucien's face.

ROURKE

WHERE THE FUCK IS THE BOOK?

LUCIEN

Oh! You mean our secret book? The one you could surely use as blackmail to incriminate us all in, well, all manner of nefarious goings on...? That secret book?

BLAISE

We simply couldn't tell you that.

LUCIEN

Yeah. Would really defeat the purpose of having it be secret.

It's the last straw. Rourke, pushed to the edge, looks at Caroline. At Blaise. At Lucien. The betrayal bubbling...

And he grabs Lucien by the collar, SUCKER PUNCHING HIM IN THE FACE. AND THE CROWD GOES WILD. *FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!*

Lucien laughs the whole time, gleeful in his beating like only a really kinky motherfucker could be...

And as Rourke continues to pummel him, Caroline watches, until... SHE'S GOT ONE FINAL TRICK UP HER SLEEVE --

COMPLIANCE OFFICER

CAMPUS POLICE, CLEAR OUT! MOVE!

THE PERFECTLY-TIMED COMPLIANCE OFFICERS, READY TO CATCH ROURKE RED-HANDED, JUST LIKE CAROLINE WANTED!

CAMPUS POLICE

OUT OF THE WAY! BEHIND YOU!

CAMPUS POLICE pull Rourke off Lucien and push him through the crowd. As they pass Scott and Blaise, Blaise squeezes Scott:

BLAISE

You okay? Nothing... coming up for you?

Scott looks at Blaise, then at Rourke. And like a horse lead to water, a flash of realization crosses Scott's face --

SCOTT

Rourke did it. He threw the beer can. He did this to me last year.

ROURKE

No, no. Look at him-- he's fucking retarded! They fuckin' set me up!

Rourke glances around, frantic for an ally, searching the faces of all his Brothers who he knows could tell the truth.

But they're looking to Caroline. To Blaise. To Lucien. And as Rourke is perp-walked past Caroline...

CAROLINE

Did you really think you could
cross me and then walk away clean?

As Rourke realizes the true gravity of his mistake last year:

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I don't fuck losers.

Rourke is lead away, a prisoner to the gallows as WE CUT TO:

INT. DELTA PHI - CAROLINE'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

As Caroline's door swings open to reveal Lucien, lounging against the door frame, looking a little worse for wear.

LUCIEN

I believe congratulations are in
order.

CAROLINE

What ever are you talking about?

LUCIEN

You can drop the act, we're all
happy to have danced your little
Swan Lake.

CAROLINE

And I'm free of Von Rothbart
forever.

Caroline reclines, content, as Lucien circles around her.

LUCIEN

But according to Dean Sheffield
we're still on thin ice with
very... hot skates.

Lucien slides his fingers along Caroline's arm. Caroline traps his hand against her collarbone.

CAROLINE

I know that. And I'm handling it.

Lucien crosses the room --

LUCIEN

Thus, my continued pursuit of Annie Grover?

(then)

What's this really about?

CAROLINE

What everything's about. Power. Namely, my having it.

LUCIEN

And that hinges on Annie Grover? Really?

Caroline looks at him with an appraising eye --

CAROLINE

What, did you like Annie Grover, Lucien?

LUCIEN

Don't be stupid. If you want Annie, you'll have Annie. But that would mean...

As Lucien stalks closer, longing clear on his face, ABOUT TO KISS HER -- when CeCe enters, already mid-conversation:

CECE

Speaking of Annie, she was a no show yesterday at Sigma. So the field for her bid is actually wide open.

Caroline and Lucien exchange a look --

CECE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I just thought you were going to be... visibly happier about that. It's fine.

A beat. Caroline tears her gaze from Lucien, claps for her.

CAROLINE

Well done, CeCe.

CECE

Well, okay, but there is also bad news. But before I tell you, it's not as bad as it seems.

Caroline stands and grabs the print out that CeCe's holding --

CAROLINE
(reading; ignoring CeCe) "THE
GREEK WAR: Campus Movement Calls
for End to Toxic Fraternity,
Sorority Culture, Plus an Inside
Look at its Leaders."

Lucien leans over her shoulder and sees the name and picture
of the author -- BEATRICE WORTH. THAT'S RIGHT, THE GIRL
LUCIEN WAS FUCKING IN THE TEASER...

Caroline looks at Lucien, an eyebrow raised.

LUCIEN
No such thing as bad publicity?

CAROLINE
Just bad news.
(to Lucien)
You'll need to finish the job.

Lucien salutes her with a grin.

LUCIEN
O Captain, my Captain.

And as Lucien leaves them to dissect the article...

CAROLINE
So, Beatrice Worth...

INT. FRESHMAN DORM - ANNIE'S ROOM - DAY

As Lucien knocks on Annie's door. A SECRET SERVICE AGENT
loiters, watching him. Lucien waves, and the door opens.

ANNIE
Lucien. What do you want?

Lucien looks a little thrown by her demeanor.

LUCIEN
Oh, we're back to the cold
shoulder? I dunno. Feels like we
beat that horse to death pretty
good last night.

Off her lack of amusement --

LUCIEN (CONT'D)
Which is not as sexual as it
sounds. Hello to you, too, by the
way. May I come in?

Annie steps in front of Lucien, blocking his entrance.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

What's happening here?

ANNIE

You should go.

LUCIEN

What, did your mother lay into you for skipping out on Sigma or something?

ANNIE

No.

LUCIEN

Okay... so, what's the problem?

ANNIE

The problem is, I know exactly who you are, and exactly what you want from me.

And as Annie slams the door shut in Lucien's face, he stares, dumbstruck. Because Annie Grover might just have his number... *and might be more interesting than he thought...*

While Annie, in her room, reveals she isn't alone; she actually has a guest: BEATRICE WORTH!

AND OFF A MOMENT OF WORDLESS ACKNOWLEDGMENT... *IS THIS A NEW ALLIANCE? AN OLD FRIENDSHIP? HAS LUCIEN ACTUALLY BEEN PLAYED BY ANNIE...?* I guess we'll find out!

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE