

# CRUEL INTENTIONS

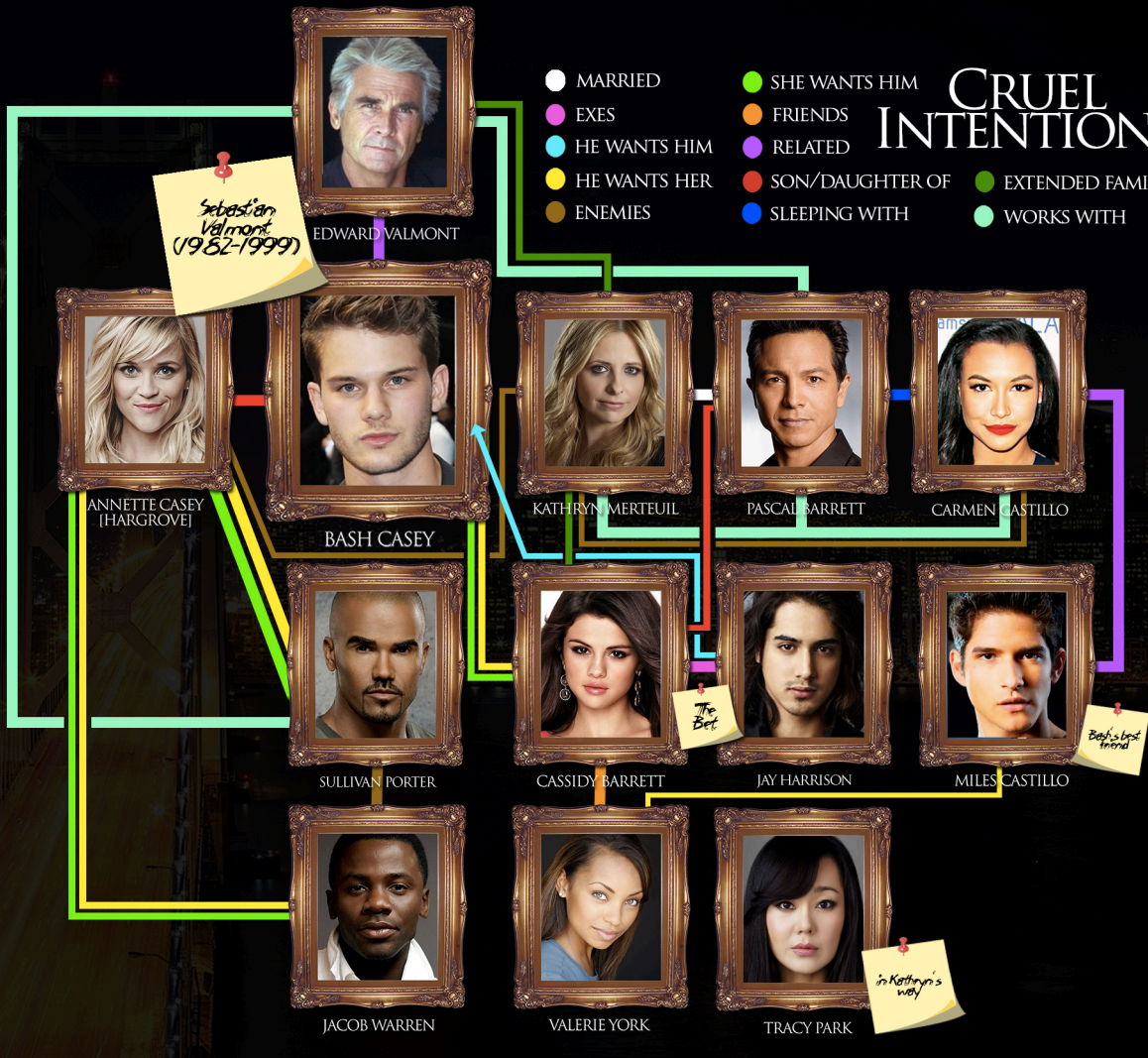
"Pilot"

Written by  
Roger Kumble, Jordan Ross & Lindsey Rosin

Based on the film by  
Roger Kumble

# CRUEL INTENTIONS

- MARRIED
- SHE WANTS HIM
- EXES
- FRIENDS
- HE WANTS HIM
- RELATED
- SON/DAUGHTER OF
- ENEMIES
- SLEEPING WITH
- EXTENDED FAMILY
- WORKS WITH



TEASER

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...

ANNETTE

"Cast your burden upon the Lord and  
He will sustain you; He will never  
allow the righteous to be shaken."

PASTOR

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

Annette takes a breath, doing the best she can.

ANNETTE

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

INT. CASEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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.

ANNETTE

Bash, there's a good explanation--

BASH

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

ANNETTE

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.  
(extending a hand)  
Miles, Carmen's kid brother.

BASH  
(shaking 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.

**AJAY "JAY" HARRISON (17, Indian, total hottie)** Cassidy's ex-boyfriend and host of the rager, approaches. Six pack. Aviators. Buzzed.

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.

PASCAL  
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.

KATHRYN  
Where do we stand?

PASCAL  
Our future is safe.

KATHRYN  
Edward is ready to resign?

PASCAL  
He's coming around.

KATHRYN  
I trust you know what you're doing.

Kathryn kisses him.

PASCAL  
That was impulsive.

Without missing a beat she SLAPS him across the face.

KATHRYN  
No, sweetheart, that was impulsive.  
(off his surprise)  
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

ACT FOUR

INT. JAY HARRISON'S YACHT - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

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-ambigulously 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.

EDWARD  
WHERE THE F-

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

Trays of champagne. Passed hors d'oeuvres. A string quartet. Bash stands beside Kathryn, taking in the scene.

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.

ACROSS THE POOL: Cassidy waves - a little peace offering. Bash nods back.

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 note: *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.