

THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES

Written by

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Based on the fairy tale,

The Twelve Dancing Princesses by the Brothers Grimm

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Navigation

TABBY
IZZY
WREN
UMA
NOVEMBER
MINNIE
DEBORAH
LUCY
ZOE
SCARLETT
ALLEGRA
EDEN

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

A GIRL sits in a folding chair. A white wall behind her. The lighting is reminiscent of an interrogation room, but we have no proof we're actually inside of one. The girl has nice skin, is no older than 20 and nothing about her seems particularly unordinary.

Well, Except for the fact that she's covered in blood.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
So, calmly, tell me what happened.

The girl looks down at her blood-stained hands, and then toward **THE VOICE**.

Dear reader, we don't yet know who this voice belongs to, and in what context these questions are being asked. For these scenes, at least for now, we will simply stay on her, and listen.

THE GIRL
What if I'm not calm?

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(ignoring her sass)
I'm told you're an English Major.

THE GIRL
I don't know. Am I still an English Major?

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Good point. Regardless, you studied literature. So, why don't you just tell me the story of what happened.

The girl ponders for a moment.

THE GIRL
Have you ever heard of the fairy tale, The Twelve Dancing Princesses?

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
I didn't mean tell a story, I meant *the* story.

THE GIRL
But this is *the* story. Or at least, it was.

The girl wrings out some of her bloody hair onto the floor.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Okay. Make your point.

THE GIRL
Everything is based on something else these days. There are no more original ideas left. Even in the real world. We're all just copying things we've read or seen or heard about. In our case, we had The Twelve Dancing Princesses.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
So, you're saying that what happened... that it was premeditated? Planned? It was all written down in some old --

THE GIRL
You're getting ahead of yourself. The actual fairy tale was just our jumping off point. The... *tragic* events that transpired along the way were not part of the original story. It became a certain kind of adaptation that I personally would have loved to have avoided. But. C'est la vie.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Okay, I'm listening. The Twelve --

THE GIRL
Dancing Princesses.

A beat, she leans in.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)
To begin, there was this kingdom --

EXT. DUELIN COLLEGE - DAY

A foreboding, old stone building. This is an American institution but it looks like an offshoot of some ancient European estate.

A Sign Reads: Duelin College

Underneath it: Religata Viris

THE GIRL, fresh faced, wide-eyed, and not covered in blood, looks at the sign.

WOMAN (O.S.)
It says *Bonded Men* in Latin.

THE GIRL
Oh. Ew.

A WOMAN sits behind a desk with papers. She's checking in new students. Her name-tag reads: Olivia. She's probably in her late twenties-- preppy, but in a cheap way.

OLIVIA
They say it has historical significance. Like a cute little reminder that this place didn't let anyone identifying as a woman in 'til the late 70's.

THE GIRL
I take you've tried to change it?

OLIVIA
(with a smirk)
What makes you say that?

THE GIRL
Feminine intuition?

OLIVIA
Name?

THE GIRL
Oh, Tabby. Tabatha. But Tabby.
Tabby Pierce.

OLIVIA
You're in The Fox. All girls dorm.
Edge of campus. And lucky for me,
I'm your RA.

THE GIRL
Aren't RA's supposed to be other students?

OLIVIA
I'm in grad school.

Tabby nods.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Can I just say. *Good luck.*

THE GIRL

That sounded ominous. Isn't this supposed to be the first day of the rest of my life?

Olivia hands Tabby her KEY and WELCOME PACKET.

OLIVIA

Just a friendly reminder to use that *feminine intuition*.

INT. DUELIN COLLEGE - HALLWAYS - LATER

Tabby lugs her suitcase down the old, stone hallways.

A GROUP of MALE STUDENTS notice her. They hit each other on the shoulder. They cackle. She's fresh meat. One BOY in particular, who looks like Armie Hammer pre-cannibalism, gives Tabby a nod. She nods and smiles in response.

She walks through a large stone archway toward a building at the edge of the wood.

EXT. THE FOX DORM - CONTINUOUS

Tabby wasn't expecting this much of a trek. Alas, she finally reaches the front door of what looks like an old cottage, covered in ivy and stone. Outside, a copper sign drilled into the stone reads: THE FOX.

Standing there is another GIRL, rummaging through her purse:

WREN- always frazzled, a bit loud, and definitely boy-crazy.

WREN

Sometimes I feel like this bag *literally* steals my shit.

TABBY

A sentient purse with kleptomania. I hear they're very in demand.

Wren pauses and looks at Tabby. Then, she cackles.

WREN

Jesus Christ, I needed that. This place is so stuffy. Holy even. Everywhere I go I feel like I need to whisper. Sorry. I'm Wren Coleman. Art History.

Tabby puts her key into the door.

TABBY
Tabby Pierce. English.

INT. THE FOX DORM - CONTINUOUS

A giant common room with bunks between each window. Six in total. An old chesterfield flanked by leather chairs hover near the fireplace. Doors marked LAVATORY on either side. A giant chandelier hangs over an ornate rug. It feels ancient, but somehow cozy.

TWO GIRLS are already lazily perched on their beds:

NOVEMBER- a legacy, personable and occasionally unhinged.

UMA- hair is constantly in space buns, generally unfazed, and has a flare for violence.

NOVEMBER
(bored)
Look. The new ones are here.

WREN
Oh. Um. I'm Wren. This is Tabby.

UMA
You can go be over there.

Tabby and Wren look at each other and head toward their arbitrarily assigned beds.

WREN
Can I have the top?

TABBY
By all means.

The door opens and TWO MORE GIRLS enter:

IZZY- THE LEADER. Symmetrical and fierce.

DEBORAH- pessimistic and loves to exaggerate.

They notice Tabby and Wren and their mood immediately shifts.

IZZY
FUCK.

NOVEMBER
I know.

UMA
It'll be fine.

TABBY

I'm sorry? What's going on?

UMA

You just reminded Izzy of our two fallen sisters.

WREN

They died?

DEBORAH

Graduation is a form of death.

NOVEMBER

Now they're just in the real world, probably talking about true crime podcasts and charcuterie boards.

UMA

I'm not built for that. Remember last year? Meredith Snow locked herself in the green --

IZZY

(cutting her off)
Shut the fuck up, Uma!

UMA

Shit. Regardless, she's thriving at Goldman now. Even after all that ketamine.

Uma gives them a weak smile. Tabby can't believe what she's hearing. Who are these women?

TABBY

And the other one?

NOVEMBER

What other one?

TABBY

You said two.

DEBORAH

Katie and her trust fund are somewhere in the UK, I think.

WREN

I've always wanted to go to London. The high tea... The accents.

NOVEMBER
The lack of circumcision.

UMA
Ignore November, she's
projecting.

TABBY
November?

UMA
Her parents fucked on Thanksgiving
just like mine fucked during a Kill
Bill double feature.
(pointing to herself)
Uma...

DEBORAH
I wish my parents made love while
doing something interesting. Then,
maybe my name wouldn't be Deborah.

Izzy lets out a laugh.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - LATER

It's freshman orientation and DEAN PADERBORN is giving a
speech. Teachers flank him on either side.

Tabby is next to Wren, lost in the sea of students. The
number of men outweigh women. Wren looks in her WELCOME
PACKET and leans over to Tabby --

WREN
(reading)
Women are not to walk home
unaccompanied after midnight.

TABBY
Really?

WREN
Yeah, there's a hotline you can
call where a male student or
faculty member will show up and
drive you home.

Tabby finds this odd. Dean Paderborn continues --

PADERBORN
Your arrival at Duelin marks a new
chapter in the story of your life,
and while we expect a lot from our
students, ultimately, you get to
decide what happens on these fresh
pages.

(MORE)

PADERBORN (CONT'D)

You have the opportunity to determine the plot, the characters, the stakes of your story, and while I understand that may sound daunting, I hope it encourages you all to seek the best mentors. To choose right from wrong. To take responsibility for your actions. But most of all, remember *that you are not alone.*

The students politely clap.

EXT. DUELIN COLLEGE - LAWN - SUNSET

Izzy, Uma, November and Deborah lie on the fluffy, manicured grass. A new face has joined them,

MINNIE- doe-eyed on the outside and the inside.

IZZY

Where are the rest of the girls?

MINNIE

Probably at The Prince.

UMA

Should we go?

IZZY

That depends, do you want to spend your night dry humping young republicans with mommy issues?

UMA

Sometimes one needs to blow off steam and sometimes that means dry humping young republicans with mommy issues.

(beat)

November?

NOVEMBER

I say we go. Before *tonight.*

Tabby and Wren walk by with a hoard of other freshman. Clearly, orientation is over. Izzy notices them, she quickly turns to her friends --

IZZY

What are their names again?

DEBORAH
Think one was Tabby, like the cat.

IZZY
TABBY!

Tabby and Wren look over at the waving cluster of Foxes.

INT. THE PRINCE - LATER

The Prince is in fact, a local dive bar with very dim lighting filled with young men who look like they've probably spent time on sail boats.

ALL TWELVE GIRLS from The Fox Dorm are in attendance including the freshman: WREN and TABBY. There are FIVE we haven't yet met, but don't worry, we'll get to them eventually.

Wren has found a small group in the corner who seem happy to listen to her talk a mile a minute, while Tabby stands at a table, with no drink in her hand, very not in her element. Then a tap on her shoulder. This is JAKE who radiates fuckboy energy.

JAKE
Do you mind if I say, you look a bit scared?

TABBY
How's this?

She glares at him

JAKE
Now you look *scary*.

TABBY
That's what I was going for.

Jake laughs, not intimidated by her.

JAKE
You know, most freshman are desperate to make friends.

TABBY
Are you saying you want to be my friend?

JAKE
Of course I want to be your friend.
Can I buy you a drink?

Tabby lifts her arm revealing a wristband. She's underage.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Can I show you something?

Jake takes her hand, and tears off the flimsy wristband with ease. He's done this before.

TABBY

Wow, would you look at that.

JAKE

So, may I buy you a drink?

Tabby doesn't answer, but for some reason, Jake takes that as a yes. He heads to the bar. Izzy replaces Jake's empty spot.

IZZY

What'd you say to him?

TABBY

Just glared at him, mostly.

IZZY

And now he's buying you alcohol.
Ha. God, men are so predictable it gets boring, doesn't it?

TABBY

I'm not sure. I went to an all girls high school in the middle of nowhere, and all the boys we had mixers with were pretty miserable.

IZZY

I'm sorry if I was harsh earlier. Seeing you and Wren just reminded me of my own age.

TABBY

You're what, 21?

IZZY (CONT'D)

Practically obsolete.

TABBY (CONT'D)

Do you not like us being there? I mean, I know most colleges don't house freshman with upperclassmen.

(beat, considering)

There seem to be a lot of arbitrary rules here.

IZZY

Structure can be liberating. That was one of the reasons I picked Duelin.

TABBY

I just liked the scholarship money.

Izzy laughs.

IZZY

Even though a lot of what this institution relies on is archaic and hyper-masculine and they care more about the men's rowing team than any women's group on campus... Being part of a place where things stay the same is actually freeing.

She takes a drink

IZZY (CONT'D)

None of us have to spend the extra time worrying about who we're going to live with, or what sorority's cock we have to suck. At the end of these four years we'll all have a fat checkmark that'll help get us into any graduate program, or Fulbright whatever-the-fuck we want... The strictness around here just doesn't seem to matter.

Jake comes back with beers. He sees Izzy.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Jake Matthews!

Jake turns to Ice.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Tabby, last year Jake got into a little bit of trouble stalking our dear Minnie.

ANGLE ON: Minnie surreptitiously watching the interaction, between fake-laughs with a group of friends.

JAKE

I didn't stalk- ugh. That's not what happened and you know it.

IZZY

Oh, so you didn't hide an apple AirTag in her Goyard tote and follow her around for weeks?

(to Tabby)

She didn't find it until end of term, those things are bottomless.

JAKE

Izzy, you're such a bitch.

IZZY

I prefer cunt, but either way, I wanted to paint a picture for Tabby here- before she takes a drink from you.

They both look at Tabby. Then --

TABBY

I'm good.

Jake's anger bubbles to its surface. He slams down the drinks and leaves. Izzy immediately takes one for herself.

Tabby is kind of in awe of this woman, her confidence, her *doesn't-give-a-fuck attitude*. In Tabby's eyes, Izzy is everything she wants to be.

IZZY

School wouldn't do anything about it, of course, but before you went down the Jake Matthews road, figured a warning might be welcome.

(beat)

Speaking of, I hope he didn't roofie this.

The thought doesn't stop her. She takes another drink.

TABBY

Is that actually a thing?

The very tall, handsome Armie Hammer look-alike approaches their table and takes Jake's spot. This is GEORGE.

GEORGE

Was that about Minnie?

IZZY

Naturally.

George gives Izzy a hug and a kiss on the cheek. There's comfort there. A genuine kinship, however, not an ounce of romance. Tabby watches how they interact with one another, almost studying it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You know, he's sticking to his *it was an accident* story, but I put him on probation anyway.

IZZY

Thank you, kind sir.

GEORGE

It's good to see you. How was your summer?

IZZY

It was fine. I interned at Condé Nast then fucked off to Mallorca for a bit. This is Tabby by the way.

(to Tabby)

Sorry, I don't know your last name.

TABBY

Pierce. Tabby Pierce.

GEORGE

George Finch.

George and Tabby shake hands. Eye contact. An instant connection.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Don't tell me Tabby here is a new member of your little fox cult.

IZZY

A group of foxes is called a skulk, not a cult.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Tomayto, tomahto.

IZZY (CONT'D)

(to Tabby)

George and his friends just have it out for us little foxes.

GEORGE

On the contrary! We love you so much we miss you when you go...

IZZY

Our secret rituals?

GEORGE

Exactly.

IZZY

At least ours don't involve moving a boat backwards for no specific reason other than to grunt.

Izzy finishes her drink.

GEORGE

You've won this round.

IZZY (CONT'D)

God, when did hazing become so hard! Just do as your told for the next ten minutes, okay? Christ!

NOVEMBER

(bleeding)

Does anyone have a towel?

CLANG. Minnie opens a TRAPDOOR hidden in the ornate rug. You'd never notice it unless you were looking for it.

INT. PILLOWCASE - TABBY'S POV

WE CAN ONLY SEE TABBY'S BARE FEET. They walk on dimly lit concrete.

TABBY

Shoes would have been nice.

IZZY (O.S.)

Where we're going, you wont need shoes...

INT. THE FOX DORM - TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

The TEN GIRLS guide Tabby and Wren who's heads are still covered by pillow cases. It's pitch black save for the Christmas lights the ladies must have haphazardly strung along the concrete, drippy tunnel.

WREN

Is this more of a *we're going to die* vibe? Or are you just gonna watch us finger each other.

DEBORAH

(ignoring)

Steps ahead.

Steps. Izzy skips up them with ease - muscle memory. She opens the trapdoor above her.

INT. PILLOWCASE - SAME

All Tabby hears is another CLANG, then, sure enough, in front of her dirty feet, steps leading upward. One by one. Finally her feet touch *grass*.

UMA (O.S.)

Just a little further.

Finally. Tabby's pillowcase is ripped off, and we see it:

EXT. THE DEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

An old GREENHOUSE filled with candles and twinkle-lights glows in front of them. A small, yet pristine swimming hole sits invitingly to its right. A pathway from the Greenhouse toward the swimming hole is lined with lanterns. A lot of thought went into this place.

We see a small fire is burning in a pit surrounded by mismatched chairs, blankets and a bucket of unopened wine bottles. A GIANT TREE hangs above, watching over them. It's the feminine clubhouse of your childhood fantasies. It's paradise.

TABBY

What is this place?

UMA

It's called The Den, a little on the nose, but we are Foxes after all.

DEBORAH

Pretty sure they used to teach like, agriculture out here.

IZZY

Let's sit by the fire, have some wine and explain.

(beat)

November, you okay?

November nods, a tampon in each nostril.

EXT. THE DEN - FIRE-PIT - LATER

TWELVE WOMEN sit around a burning fire, wine in hand. Izzy holds court.

IZZY

Have either of you ever heard the story of the Twelve Dancing Princesses?

Wren and Tabby shake their heads.

IZZY (CONT'D)

November, you're the best at it.

November adjusts fresh tampons in her nose --

NOVEMBER

Okay, Amazing. So, to begin, there was this kingdom -

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

You don't have to tell the story again.

TABBY

I'll paraphrase.

EXT. THE DEN - FIRE-PIT - SAME

As November speaks, the tampons slowly fill with blood.

NOVEMBER

(like a ghost story)

And after being locked in their bedroom every night by their evil father, we find out that these twelve princesses have access to this very cool, very underground secret passageway that leads to this amazing Golden Kingdom.

(beat)

And this place rules. Picture like, the best speakeasy ever. It's filled with hot princes, all these crystals, delicious food and goooooood music. Like bop after bop after bop... Also, gold, obviously.

(beat)

Anyway, it's here, in this magical kingdom where our girlies are able to sing and dance and drink and party without their deadbeat daddy King watching over them. It was like their own little oasis.

(beat)

So after these parties, at like, 3am they'd sneak back into their little beds before the King woke up. Problem is, every morning their shoes were so fucked from all that dancing, he totally knew something was up. Like these bitches were clearly not sleeping. So he hatches this plan and hires these soldiers to basically stalk his own daughters.

(MORE)

NOVEMBER (CONT'D)

Eventually one of these military dicks is successful, finds out what the girls have been up to and fucking *tattles*. The King is so pissed he casts a spell that puts each of his daughters into purgatory for basically ever -- but not before he marries the eldest of them off to that shitfuck soldier who ruined everything for them.

The girls are all quiet. November rips out the blood soaked tampons and throws them over her shoulder.

NOVEMBER (CONT'D)

Oh. The End.

A few claps. Tabby isn't sure what to make of this.

UMA

History tells us it's about heeding advice from your elders and mutual respect.

A roommate we have not yet met, **LUCY**, athletic, and blunt when she wants to be, chimes in:

LUCY

But that's all bullshit.
(beat)
I'm Lucy, by the way.

WREN

What's it about then?

IZZY

Leaving women the fuck alone.

TABBY

So, that tunnel you shoved us down... That was our secret passage way?

IZZY

Yes.

TABBY

And The Den is our Golden Kingdom?

IZZY

Yes.

TABBY

We are the Twelve Dancing
Princesses.

IZZY

Seems our Fox ancestors saw
the parallels from the
Brothers Grimm story --

NOVEMBER

And the Barbie Movie.

WREN

But what about the hot princes?

The girls all look to Wren -

WREN (CONT'D)

In the story you said the Golden
Kingdom had hot princes that the
princesses partied with. So... do
men know about this place?

IZZY

Nobody but the people sitting here,
and the women who graduated before
us know about this place.

MINNIE

No princes. No soldiers. No rowers.
No one identifying as a man,
allowed.

UMA

First rule of Fight Club.

TABBY

So, it's like a sorority?

The other 10 girls, in unison:

GIRLS

No.

TABBY

There are more than 12 of us on
campus, it's exclusive, is it not?
Don't you feel bad for not letting
them be part of this place if it's
as great as you say it is?

Another, **SCARLETT**, the pragmatist, pipes up:

SCARLETT

Hi. Scarlett. `

(beat)

It's a liability.

(MORE)

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

The more girls who know, the higher the probability boys will find out.

Then, **EDEN**, scientific, left-brained:

EDEN

Eden. Our dorm, The Fox, is the only one with direct access to it.

IZZY

We are nothing like a sorority. I guess you could call us a secret society, but even that doesn't quite work...

Another, **ALLEGRA**, sensitive and earnest:

ALLEGRA

You weren't picked. Or pinned. Or bidden on- not that we wouldn't have wanted you- the school arbitrarily placed you with us.
(beat, almost forgetting)
Oh! I'm Allegra.

UMA

We don't care what you wear. What you drink. What drugs you do. Who you hang out with. Who you kiss. Who you don't.

Lastly, **ZOE**, plain and easily dismissible, like if Old Navy were a person:

ZOE

Zoe. Alumni of The Fox wont write you recommendation letters.

IZZY

Hell, we don't even care if you come here at all. But this is a place free of judgement. No unwanted glances. No micro aggressions.

MINNIE

No aggressive aggressions.

IZZY

It's just... ours.
(beat, leaning in)
We can do whatever we want.

Wren and Tabby look at each other.

IZZY (CONT'D)

So, can we count on you to keep
this place a secret?

TABBY

And if we don't?

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

Tabby remembers this moment wistfully.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

There are a lot of names to keep
track of.

TABBY

There are only 12 women, are you
saying you can't remember the names
of 12 women?

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Maybe, if I had pictures. Can you
just name the women who were most --

TABBY

Involved? Probably Me, Wren, Izzy,
Uma, and November.

We hear scribbling O.S.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Thank you. So, other than the *no
boys allowed* rule. Nothing else
about this *club* stuck out? No
satanic rituals? No murder of small
animals?

TABBY

No. Nothing like that.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Nothing you did in this *Den* seemed
out of the ordinary?

TABBY

I mean, to you, I'm sure everything
we did would seem out of the
ordinary.

INT. THE FOX DORM - NIGHT

Izzy opens the trapdoor. Each Princess slips into the tunnel.

TABBY (V.O.)
That was the best part. Without
men, no one would judge us for all
of the things we liked.

INT. THE DEN, GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Inside of The Greenhouse are some plants, of course, but mostly it's rugs and old furniture that have either been collected or stolen by past women. Books, old DVDs and records litter the shelves. Even though there's no specific interior-design cohesiveness, it somehow manages to work. Oh, and it's fucking clean.

Tabby twirls in a swivel chair.

TABBY (V.O.)
And we liked a lot of things.

A COSTUME TRUNK is open: The girls are all dressed up, each in a very random outfit, but upon closer look, those smart will notice a theme:

TABBY (V.O.)
We had very specific theme parties.
A favorite of mine was *A Midsummer
Night's Diaz*.

Every girl is dressed as a different Cameron Diaz character. Tabby wears a milkmaid costume a la CHARLIE'S ANGELS.

EXT. THE DEN - SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

The girls all skinny dip in the water. Classical music blares from a portable speaker.

TABBY (V.O.)
We'd swim naked in our little lake
while listening to both Thomas
Newman and Alexandre Desplat's
Little Women scores.

UMA
TURN ON *MEG'S HAIR!*

Scarlett changes the song to Newman's *MEG'S HAIR*.

INT. THE DEN, GREENHOUSE - EVENING

Izzy teaches Tabby how to put on fake eyelashes.

TABBY (V.O.)

And sure, some of it was
heteronormative -- your classic
nail painting, makeover stuff.

Tabby looks in a mirror.

IZZY

Eyelashes really do completely
change the structure of your whole
face. I'd just rather be tea-bagged
by Paddington than have to wear
them on a regular basis.

INT. THE DEN, GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

A WHITE SHEET is tacked up onto the wall.

TABBY (V.O.)

Or we'd watch movies that pertained
to our, specific interests.

A projector shows THE HAND FLEX SCENE from the 2005
adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice*.

SCARLETT

I just came.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Tabby sits in a small, very plain classroom that looks like
it could be straight out of *Dead Poets Society*. A PROFESSOR,
lectures. He holds up a copy of *THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA*.
Tabby looks out the window longingly.

TABBY (V.O.)

The things we spent our nights and
weekends doing together felt more
meaningful than the self-important
lit-bro books about fish that were
being shoved down my throat in
American Lit.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Moby Dick?

TABBY

No! And the fact that there are multiple options to guess from *is* the problem!

(beat)

The Den taught us *important* life lessons --

EXT. THE DEN - SUNSET

The girls have gathered around. Uma hands Wren a giant SABER.

TABBY (V.O.)

Like: how to sabrage a bottle of Veuve on the first try.

UMA

Find the seal.

Wren finds the spot on the BOTTLE where the two pieces of glass meet.

UMA (CONT'D)

Now, in one fell swoop, gracefully-yet-forcefully take the saber and push it down the seal.

Wren does it. The bottle pops and champagne bursts everywhere. The girls cheer.

INT. THE DEN, GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

The girls, all in their sweatpants, each take a pill of ecstasy.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (V.O.)

What about the drugs?

November, who's black eyes are healing, explains --

NOVEMBER

This isn't your normal molly-rock Coachella bullshit, this is classic, Garden State ecstasy and it took me FOREVER to find it.

They all take the pills.

INT. THE DEN, GREENHOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

SLOW MOTION: The girls put glitter on each others faces and dance to *I Love You Always Forever by Betty Who*.

Tabby dances with Wren. You can tell on her face she feels at home. Like she's found her place. Uma grabs Tabby and offers her a small contraption that looks like a BULLET with a small hole in the top.

UMA

Snort!

Tabby does what she's told.

UMA (CONT'D)

Just a little baby bump. Don't worry we test for fentanyl!

Tabby smiles and continues dancing with a new jolt of energy.

TABBY (V.O.)

But even with the drugs and the alcohol, that wasn't the point. The point was, we had this tiny little place where we felt safe. It was our study hall, our common room, our swimming pool, our nightclub, our costume closet, our heaven.

The women take their shirts off, because they can.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

This wasn't like, a --

TABBY

A what?

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

A lesbian thing?

Tabby laughs.

TABBY

No. I mean, the women involved sit on a spectrum of preferences. It is not my place to talk about, or reveal what those are without their permission. But from my perspective, it wasn't sexual by nature.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Okay, it wasn't a lesbian thing.
 And based on the rules you've laid
 out, men were not allowed.

TABBY
 There were other rules, too! Like
 no phones, purses, or personal
 items-- only things that would
 improve The Den were permitted. It
 wasn't just about keeping men out.
 We were creating an *environment*.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Tabatha, obviously the rules were
 broken. *There were men*. There's
 literally a pile of them laying
 somewhere in the woods as we speak!

Tabatha squirms a bit.

TABBY
 We're not there yet.

INT. THE FOX DORM - MORNING

The girls are all hungover, strewn across their beds. Wren
 SLEEP TALKS again, this time singing BETTY WHO:

WREN
 (unconscious - singing)
*I love you, always forever / Near
 and far, closer together /
 Everywhere I will be with you /
 Every sin, I will do for you*

A pillow HITS her head --

LUCY
 Shut the fuck UP.

Wren opens her eyes. Then, an unsolicited KNOCK.

OLIVIA (O.S.)
 It's Olivia! Here to check on you
 ladies.

The women JOLT awake and move into action. Wren wiping the
 drool from her face. They all throw on clothes. They mop off
 last nights makeup --

IZZY
 One second! Just getting dressed.

Izzy motions for the girls to hide alcohol, drugs, anything forbidden in behind the trapdoor. Tabby quickly takes the paraphernalia downstairs and runs back up --

Olivia turns the handle. THE TRAPDOOR shuts with a CLANG. November COUGHS to cover the sound.

Olivia enters. November is still coughing.

OLIVIA

November, are you sick?

NOVEMBER

Doctor said my allergies could get worse with the broken nose.

OLIVIA

Too bad. Mind if I look around? A silly question, I know. It's my job. But it feels polite to ask, I guess? My midwestern sensibilities. I know these random searches can be frustrating. Especially when you're some of the good ones.

Olivia looks through trunks. Then checks in the bathroom. Everyone eyes each other. No one dares speak.

She lands on Minnie's trunk, opening it. Underneath some sheets, she finds a bottle of Don Julio 1942.

MINNIE

Shit.

OLIVIA

Wow, nice tequila.

MINNIE

(almost in tears)

I'm so sorry. It was a gift from my parents on my 21st birthday. I didn't know where else to keep it. It's closed, and full, as you can see.

Olivia drops her shoulders.

OLIVIA

I do see that. Listen. I'm going to tell you a secret. Out of all my dorms, I like you girls the best.

IZZY

Really?

OLIVIA

Really, really. You don't get caught up in all the typical college drama. You keep to yourselves. You focus on your schoolwork. I mean, I barely see any of you. Not that I don't love seeing you. Some of the faculty might think it's strange --

UMA

Faculty talk about us?

OLIVIA

Only a little. You are quite the elusive bunch.

She sees the fear in their eyes.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Oh no. Don't worry. It's like last week with Becky Friedman having to go to the hospital for taking magic mushrooms. She spent the whole night perched on the roof of the library trying to make love with one of the gargoyles. Now I have to write up a report and deal with Dean Paderborn -- it's a whole thing. Trust me, they're talking about that *much* more than you twelve.

She gives the 1942 back to Minnie.

MINNIE

Thank you.

OLIVIA

(really means it)
I'm here to help. Not to punish.

Olivia leaves. The foxes are all relieved.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A group of students discuss THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA. The MALE TA- desperate to be cool- addresses the class. In the group of around 8 students, 6 are men. Tabby is bored.

UNCOOL TA

(passionate)
It's man vs. nature. Humanity vs.
(MORE)

UNCOOL TA (CONT'D)

the wildness of the ocean. It's
about strength and determination.
It's the human experience bottled --

Through the door window, Tabby spots George Finch walk by.
She audibly sighs.

UNCOOL TA (CONT'D)

Do you disagree Ms. Pierce?

All eyes turn toward Tabby. She snaps out of it.

TABBY

I wasn't trying to interject. It
was just a sigh.

UNCOOL TA

It was a purposeful sigh.

TABBY (CONT'D)

What if I was just sighing to
sigh?

Some of the boys chuckle.

UNCOOL TA (CONT'D)

So, you don't have an opinion?

TABBY

I mean, of course I have an
opinion, It's just not the same as
yours.

UNCOOL TA

It's a discussion course. Please --

TABBY

Well. You used the words strength
and determination like they were
attributes instead of flaws.

(beat)

I just think that, at the end of
the day, we're watching this guy
struggle for the sake of
struggling. He can easily stop
trying to catch the fish, in fact I
think he's foolish not to,
therefore I cannot respect him as a
protagonist.

A BOY with neon BOAT SHOES interjects --

UNCOOL TA

That's an interesting perspective,
would anyone like to add --

BOAT SHOES

The book, at it's core, is about never giving up. Are you saying that's a bad thing? It's literally what they teach us in pre-school. It's on every motivational poster. Hell, it's the theme of every sports movie ever made.

(to the TA)

And she's saying that's wrong?

TABBY

(maintaining composure)

No. I'm saying that it's a story about a man and a fish and that's it. It's not about anything else. Santiago is not a hero and the fish is just a fish.

Another BOY in a LINEN SHIRT chimes in.

LINEN SHIRT

(condescending)

I think what Tabby is trying to say is that sometimes Hemingway's directness can make his work feel hard to dissect. Often, it doesn't seem like there's much beneath the surface, but if you read between the lines, you'll find how simultaneously beautiful and destructive nature can be. You'll get there.

Tabby wants to tear this man to pieces.

UNCOOL TA

A great point, Kyle. Let's move on.

EXT. THE DEN - SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

Tabby lies on the dock with *The Old Man And The Sea*. She hates it. She tosses it aside as Izzy approaches.

IZZY

Didn't expect you to end up being here more than anyone else. I used to hold that prestigious spot.

TABBY

(self conscious)

I thought it was open --

IZZY

I'm not negging you. You know, men say this all the time to each other, but *I see myself in you*. I can't imagine Duelin without this place. Feels like neither could you.

TABBY

Understatement of the century... Has anyone ever come close to finding it?

IZZY

Sure. A handful over the years. But we always managed to veer them off course. There are times we have to be more careful than others...

TABBY

Like now?

IZZY

Yeah. I think so. You heard Olivia. The faculty are talking. We need to show face. Nothing drastic- not like Becky Friedman- but just a little bit here and there. Preferably on the weekends.

TABBY

WEEKENDS? But we're supposed to start our Melanie Lynskey marathon and Wren and I were going to try acid for the first time.

IZZY

I know. It's hard. But we all have to make concessions and lay low.

Tabby looks at her.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Come on, it might be good to get out of our little bubble.

EXT. DUELIN RIVER - DAWN

A REGATTA: The crew is racing another IVY on their eight-man sculls. George is rowing stroke-seat, the most important seat on the razor-thin boat.

We glide along as they slowly take over the opposition.

We HEAR the ROAR come up from the CROWD in the viewing section. Everyone is dressed in their New England finest. Men in brightly colored suits and women in hats and dresses.

IN THE STANDS, We notice Tabby with the rest of The Fox. Uma hands her a pair of tiny, golden binoculars. Tabby looks through them and finds George. His arms flex with every gallant push. Tabby smiles.

25 meters left and the crowd is going crazy. Tabby looks around, watching her friends scream, enjoying themselves in a rare, school-sanctioned activity. Finally, she relents --

TABBY
WOO! GO GEORGE!!!

ON GEORGE, it's almost as if he heard her screams, he gives it one last push, passing his competitor completely.

Duelin has won.

EXT. DUELIN COLLEGE - BOATHOUSE - LATER

FLASH: A photo is taken of the DUELIN COLLEGE ROWING TEAM, now dressed in their matching, formal-wear. They hold up the giant GOLDEN TROPHY that will undoubtedly be added to the rest.

Under a pristine tent, Duelin students, parents and alumni mingle, celebrating the big win.

Tabby and Wren watch the boys disperse.

WREN
(hushed)
You know we're only like a quarter-mile from The Den? If you head straight back through those woods, you'd hit it.

Tabby looks at Wren, how and why does she know this?

WREN (CONT'D)
I checked google earth. Don't worry. The trees cover almost all of it. You wouldn't be able to find it unless you knew exactly what you were looking for.

TABBY
That's comforting... I guess.

Through the corner of her eye, Tabby catches George in a rare moment alone.

TABBY (CONT'D)
Be right back.

She innocently approaches George.

TABBY (CONT'D)
Nice grunting out there, old sport.

GEORGE
Well, if it isn't the phantom Tabby Pierce.

TABBY
Phantom?

GEORGE
Haven't seen you much lately and,
if I recall, we had a deal.

TABBY
Is that what you'd call it? Funny,
I don't remember shaking on
anything.

GEORGE
Semantics.
(beat)
Alas, I should have known you'd
succumb to whatever it is those
sirens are offering you.

Tabby frowns.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What. Did I say something wrong?

TABBY
Succumb by definition means I have
failed to resist pressure or
temptation or a negative force. I
have not *failed* to resist a thing.
I have only chosen to enjoy myself.

GEORGE
Remind me not to flirt with English
majors.

TABBY
That was flirting?!

GEORGE (CONT'D)
It was an attempt!

George hands her a champagne glass. She holds up her arm, wristband again. He doesn't try and take it off. He just puts the champagne down.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Alright. Let me try again. I'm going to ask you a question that I already know the answer to.

TABBY

Then why ask?

GEORGE

Humor me.

(beat)

Saturday. The team is throwing a private party at The Prince to celebrate the win. We each get a plus one and, well, would you like to be mine?

Tabby flinches.

TABBY

Saturday.

GEORGE

See, I knew --

TABBY

No. No. I'm in. I'll go with you.

George looks shocked, but then thrilled. Tabby looks over at Wren, who stands alone, staring into the woods.

TABBY (CONT'D)

Question. Do any other teammates need dates?

EXT. DUELIN COLLEGE - CAMPUS PATHWAYS - NIGHT

GEORGE and three others walk through the dimly lit campus to pick up their dates:

HOYT- Punchable face, one-dimensional asshat.

RYAN- British, old money, and the preppiest.

SIMON- perpetually disillusioned.

They wear suits and each carry flowers, like gentleman.

HOYT
Her name is Wren?

GEORGE
Yeah.

HOYT
She's hot?

GEORGE
When you were young, did you think
Mrs. Frizzle from *The Magic School
Bus* was hot?

HOYT
Fuck yeah. Jerked it to her fosho.

GEORGE
She's kind of like that.

Simon laughs.

SIMON
None of you are ready for this.

RYAN
What?

SIMON
Dating a Fox.

HOYT
Who said anything about *dating*?

RYAN
I've managed to sleep with Uma semi-
consistently for the last two years
and never once has she asked to
make it *official*.

SIMON
I think that says more about you
than anything else.

Ryan scoffs.

GEORGE
(to Simon)
You and November seem to be good.

SIMON

That's only because I, unlike you and the rest of the men on this campus, don't care what these women do with their spare time.

RYAN

I don't buy it.

SIMON

Does my dad, the head lawyer for Spirit Airlines, give a flying fuck what my mom does during the day? No. She's out there saving baby owls or talking teens out of getting abortions. She fills her time with whatever she wants and at the end of the day, *none of it matters.*

They think about this.

HOYT

You're not the least bit curious?

SIMON

Absolutely not. And you know why?

GEORGE

Why.

SIMON

The head.

Hoyt and Ryan laugh. George doesn't.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

Tabby does an impression of a Hoyt laughing.

TABBY

Well, that's just what I assume they were saying about us.

INT. THE FOX DORM - NIGHT

The door opens. Tabby, Wren, Uma and November are greeted by George, Hoyt, Ryan, Simon and their flowers. George tries to peek in behind Tabby, who quickly closes the door.

She gives him a look, like *tsk-tsk.*

EXT. THE PRINCE - LATER

A BOUNCER with a list stands outside. He is taking his job very seriously.

BOUNCER

Names?

GEORGE

Georgrge Finch, Ryan Thompson, Hoyt McHale, Simon Farmer. And our plus ones.

Tabby and Wren awkwardly wave. November and Uma's arms are crossed. They've been to a million of these. The bouncer finds their names, unhooks the velvet rope blocking the door, and lets them inside.

INT. THE PRINCE - CONTINUOUS

The first thing Tabby notices: money. This isn't your typical celebratory drinks, but an event. The Prince, which was once a local dive bar, has been cleaned and transformed into something much grander.

Bartenders in uniformed tuxedos shake cocktails. The wood paneled walls have been draped with yards of black velvet. A DJ with state-of-the-art equipment spins in the back of the room.

Guests are already drinking and dancing and shouting over the tragically hip music.

TABBY

Wow.

GEORGE

Can I get you a drink?

Tabby looks down at her arm. No wristband.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

A perk of renting out the place.

TABBY

Why not!

They head toward the bar where they land next to JAKE who notices Tabby. George orders drinks.

GEORGE

Jake, you've met my date Tabby, right?

Tabby remembers.

JAKE

I have. And I'm really sorry.

(beat)

Legit. I was in bad shape when I got the probation and just, yeah. Is Izzy here? I want to say sorry to her, too.

TABBY

No. Some grad school prep thing.

JAKE

Damn. Alright. Well, this round's on me, Okay?

GEORGE

It's open bar.

JAKE

Oh, shit. Well. Thought that counts.

He leaves.

TABBY

I don't like him.

GEORGE

None of us do. Legacy. Might keep him on probation forever.

George laughs at the thought. They take their drinks. They stare at each other.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I have a proposition.

TABBY

Okay.

GEORGE

It involves doing something illegal.

TABBY

I'm listening.

GEORGE

Do you, Tabatha Pierce, want to do molly in the bathroom with me and dance our faces off?

She looks at his waspy-yet-endearing face. For some reason, those words, in this specific moment, was exactly what Tabby wanted to hear.

TABBY

I thought you'd never ask.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Tabby and George separate a baggy filled with MOLLY ROCKS into the palms of their hands. They both pour their portions into their mouths. It tastes disgusting. Tabby chugs her drink. George licks the bag.

They look at each other.

GEORGE

We good?

Tabby abruptly wraps her arms around George's neck and kisses him hard on the mouth. He kisses her back, firmly. He pushes her against the stall and grabs her waist. It's breathy. Finally, they pull away. And look at each other.

TABBY

We good.

She grabs his arm and leads him toward --

INT. THE PRINCE - DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Both Tabby and George are unbelievably sweaty, jumping around to BIRDCAGE by YOU MAN, having the time of their lives. Their arms and hair whip around. Their eyes are glued to each others bodies.

GEORGE

The drugs!

TABBY

What!?

GEORGE

The drugs are good!

TABBY

I've had better!

Tabby turns around and starts grinding on George. She's playing a game with him. Toying with him. He knows it. He turns her back around.

GEORGE
Oh, have you now!?

TABBY
Yeah. Your drugs fucking suck.

He grabs her face and kisses her. She bites his lip. They're both out of their fucking minds. But, it looks fun as shit.

BY THE BAR: Wren, Uma and November watch from the sidelines. They are clearly not on the same level.

HOYT uses a SECRET BOTTLE OPENER from bottom of his shoe to open a MODELO. Wren just looks at him. Like, really?

HOYT
What. It's convenient.

She downs a shot, grabs Hoyt by his tie, and drags him onto the dance floor.

But Tabby and George are in their own little world. She doesn't even notice Wren and Hoyt joining them. They keep dancing. Closer and closer. Then --

TABBY
Where does one go to fuck around here?!

George, looks at her.

GEORGE
Are these the drugs talking?

She puts her mouth next to his ear.

TABBY
You think I'm this little princess who can't be touched. But all I really want is for you to take me somewhere, and rail the living shit out of me.

His eyes widen.

GEORGE
Yep. Okay.

EXT. THE GRASSHOPPER DORM - LATER

George holds Tabby's hand and unlocks the door to another idyllic, old stone building. A sign outside reads THE GRASSHOPPER. This is the ROWING DORM.

INT. THE GRASSHOPPER DORM - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. George leads her through a deserted COMMON AREA, which looks a lot like her own. Same leather. Brick. Ornate rugs. But there are no beds in this room. George walks toward a DOOR - one of many. He opens it.

TABBY

You get your own room?!

GEORGE

Yeah, all the rowers do. Don't you?

She shakes her head.

INT. GEORGE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He leads her inside, loosening his tie. His room is sparse, but the things inside it look expensive. The duvet. The filled bookshelves. The plush pillows.

It's quiet.

TABBY

Must be nice. The privacy.

He grabs two bottles of water from his mini-fridge and hands her one. They both sit on the bed next to each other, and chug them.

GEORGE

I don't... do this a lot. If that's what you're getting at. And I don't have to- how did you put it- *rail the living shit out of you*. If you don't want.

Tabby smirks. She is the one in control. She stands up and takes off her dress in front of him. She's not teasing him anymore.

TABBY

Do you want to rail the living shit out of me?

He nods.

TABBY (CONT'D)

Okay, then.

George grabs her and throws her on his bed. She rips his shirt off and unbuckles his belt -- but before she can reach his zipper --

He yanks her whole body toward the edge of the mattress and pulls down her underwear and without even a moment of hesitation. He kneels and begins to go down on her. Good boy.

She needed this.

Then, the COMMON ROOM DOOR opens. He stops. They listen. A couple of *shhh's*, then, finally --

WREN (O.S.)
You have your own room?!

Tabby and George look at each other, holding laughter. Then, a door slam.

A beat.

TABBY
May we please continue?

George grabs a condom from his dresser. Rips it open and we --

EXT. THE DEN - DAY

THE TRAPDOOR opens and SUNLIGHT bursts inside. Tabby climbs out and closes it behind her. The growth of weeds and dirt make it barely noticeable.

Tabby walks toward --

INT. THE DEN, GREENHOUSE - DAY

Izzy, Uma, November and Minnie lounge on the old furniture. They're watching lesbian porn on the projector.

NOVEMBER
Your right, it is hotter than
straight porn.

MINNIE
Told you.

Tabby saunters in, still wearing last night's makeup and one of George's rowing shirts.

IZZY
Heard this little cutie had quite a
good time last night.

Tabby sits. Very hungover.

TABBY

Sex is fun.

NOVEMBER

Especially when you're rolling.

TABBY

That too. Why are we watching lesbian porn?

UMA

Minnie wanted to prove a point.

TABBY

That it's hotter than straight porn? Doesn't everyone know that?

IZZY

Tabby, you're full of surprises.

For a moment, they all watch the porn, completely hypnotized. Then, Wren arrives. She looks worse than Tabby.

WREN

Hey guys.

EVERYONE

(monotone, focused on porn)

Hey.

Wren pulls up a chair.

WREN

Oh, I've seen this one.

November, Izzy and Uma look at each other.

IZZY

Do we live under a rock?

TABBY

(to Wren)

How was Hoyt?

WREN

Ugh. Fine. I passed out before anything *earth shattering* happened.

UMA

Think you'll see him again?

WREN

He is not my Mr. Darcy.

NOVEMBER

What about you Tab? You and George
Finch a *thingy ding* now?

Tabby shrugs, but smirks at the thought.

UMA

I'd say so.

TABBY

Why's that?

Tabby looks at Uma who is staring toward the TREE LINE. There stands GEORGE, standing in THE DEN. THEIR DEN. At first. Shock. The girls are frozen. Then, **ACTION**. The rest of the scene should feel like a fucking *hurricane*.

UMA

HIDE THE PORN AND THE BOOZE.
ANYTHING THAT LOOKS FUN.

November grabs an armful of liquor bottles. Confused as to where to put them, she just shoves them under a bench.

IZZY

TABBY, WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU
SAY TO HIM?

TABBY

NOTHING! I SWEAR!

NOVEMBER

THERE'S TOO MUCH TO HIDE.
EVERYTHING IN HERE IS FUN!

Minnie grabs a blanket and throws it over the pile bottles. Uma turns off the projector.

IZZY

(to Tabby)

I CAN'T BELIEVE I TRUSTED YOU.
CALLED YOU A FRIEND.

WREN

Tabby, this is bad.

TABBY

Yeah, no shit!

IZZY

OUR LEGACY? DOWN THE FUCKING
DRAIN.

MINNIE

MAYBE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT?

IZZY (CONT'D)

(to Tabby)

I WILL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN. DO
YOU HEAR ME? YOU ARE DEAD TO ME.

Tabby starts to cry.

IZZY

Uma.

Uma steps forward with the broken bottle.

GEORGE

Are you really gonna --

Her hand tightens around it's neck.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Okay. Here's what's happening. And when I tell you, you're going to thank me because it could have been so, so much worse.

IZZY

Thank you? Why the fuck would we ever thank you?

GEORGE

I mean, it's no secret that The Fox is well, secretive. People have been trying to figure out what you girls have up to for years.

(beat, to Tabby)

Myself included. But this morning, after you two left.

(re: Tabby and Wren)

Hoyt, who lives with me in The Grasshopper - the crew dorm, gathered us all in the common room and told us everything.

Everyone looks to Wren.

WREN

(welling up)

But I said nothing!

GEORGE

Well, that's not entirely true.

IZZY

Jesus fucking christ. WREN?!

Now Wren starts to weep. Tabby looks at Izzy, who will not meet her gaze.

GEORGE

I assume, since you all share a room, you know that Wren sleep talks?

Finally, they all understand. Wren bursts into tears and RUNS toward The Greenhouse. Minnie looks to Izzy who nods, a silent directive for Minnie to follow Wren inside.

Now it's just Tabby, Uma, November and Izzy.

UMA

And when you say everything?

GEORGE

Don't worry, we wont tell anyone that you watch Pride and Prejudice and skinny dip.

IZZY

Okay. So you know. Now what?

GEORGE

Well, Hoyt and some of the others wanted to come in hot. Get the whole crew team to swarm the place and have this big GOTCHA moment. But I convinced him out of that.

(beat)

You're welcome.

TABBY

How did you do that?

GEORGE

I reasoned with him.

NOVEMBER

(confident)

George told him if he or any of the crew team ever wanted to fuck any of us again, Hoyt had to do it his way. Am I right?

George grimaces. But nods.

UMA

Fucking gross.

NOVEMBER

True, though.

IZZY

So what is *your way*?

GEORGE

I come with a deal.

(beat)

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

If we, The Duelin College Rowing Team are allowed to come here and party with you girls ONE time- see what all the fuss is about- we will be out of your hair forever.

IZZY

And if we say fuck off?

GEORGE

Well, they know where this place is now. So I guess, if that's your answer... all bets would be off.

Izzy, looks at her friends, then, alone walks toward George, stopping a few feet away. She wipes a tear from her cheek and presents the same, wet hand, to George.

He gives her a look that says in all sincerity: *I'm sorry*. He shakes her hand. They have a deal.

INT. THE FOX DORM - DAY

Every single one of the Twelve Dancing Princesses are there, seated in their bunks. Wren tightly holds a pillow, still deeply ashamed. Izzy stands in the center, having just told the others --

ZOE

What do we even do?

LUCY

Yeah, like, what kind of party is this? I don't think the boys will want to get high and listen to us rant about the murder of Natalie Wood.

ZOE

Walken fucking knows...

DEBORAH

That's actually a great question. We normally party in sweatpants, or in theme --

SCARLETT

Or topless.

MINNIE

We're not going topless.

UMA

I think we just have to throw like...

NOVEMBER

Don't say it.

UMA (CONT'D)

A normal party.

November screams into her pillow.

TABBY

Will that even work? Isn't the whole point that they want to party with us in our *natural habitat*?

MINNIE

They'll think what we do is boring, or weird, or unflattering.

DEBORAH

Fucking male-gaze.

TABBY

But is that a bad thing? We don't want them to *want* to come back. So why don't we throw a Nora Ephron party, or host, like a purity sound bath, or do a bunch of coke and make them watch Scarlett's Jane Fonda DVDs?

ZOE

I want to do all of those things.

The girls all consider her point. It's not a bad idea, then --

IZZY

No. Uma's right.

Tabby feels burned. Is Izzy still mad at her?

IZZY (CONT'D)

We do what we do in secret for a reason. We can't just, let them into our world with unrestricted access. Saturday. Our theme is *normal*. It'll be our version of every shitty Boathouse party they've ever had but without air conditioning and less women. So just put on whatever basic-bitch Reformation dress you own, we'll drink champagne, listen to --

NOVEMBER

Don't say it.

Top 40.

IZZY (CONT'D)

November screams into her pillow again.

IZZY (CONT'D)

This will work. Let's get there early and clear out anything that feels too --

NOVEMBER

Us?

The girls all look at each other, so fucking depressed.

SCARLETT

Why couldn't they just leave us alone?

Izzy looks briefly toward Wren, but then, says nothing.

EXT. THE DEN - DUSK

THE PARTY-- Lights are glowing, champagne bottles ready to be popped, and the FOX GIRLS are drinking... a lot. If it weren't for the colorful dresses, their facial expressions would read more *funeral* than party. Tabby is the only one in BLACK.

Finally, THE ROWERS emerge from the woods in their finest blazers. The women are outnumbered by 2:1. The beat to R.I.C.O by MEEK MILL (FEAT. DRAKE) starts. Cocky, Hoyt speaks first --

HOYT

Like what you've done with the place!

The girls watch them invade their space, each of them hot with anger, especially Tabby, who's eyes are glued to George.

The music abruptly stops.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

Tabby's anger is reflected here.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

So is this *the* party?

TABBY

You mean, is the party I'm describing to you right now the same party that lead to me sitting here?

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yes.

TABBY

No, that's a different party.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Christ! How much do you
party?

TABBY (CONT'D)

What? It's college!

TABBY (CONT'D)

But this party was important, I
swear. You'll understand why in a
second.

(re: her blood-stained
white dress)

Also, I was wearing black.

EXT. THE DEN - SAME

The song immediately begins again.

The ROWERS and FOXES are now feet apart.

JAKE

What? We don't even get a smile?

IZZY

(gritted teeth)

Ladies.

As the lyrics kick in, they all forcibly smile. Everything
dissolves to SLOW MOTION:

Izzy hands Wren a bottle of VEUVE and THE SABER. Her look
says *this is on you*. Wren stands on the tallest chair, takes
the saber, a deep breath, and slashes the top of the bottle.
She did it.

Cheers and *Whoops* from the crowd as the champagne flows out
of the broken bottle. *Clinks* of coupe glasses. Drinking and
laughter. HANDS belonging to our FOXES take the HANDS of our
ROWERS and pull them toward THE GREENHOUSE.

INT. THE DEN, GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

THE PARTY continues, though we notice most of the feminine
decor has been removed. The costume trunk, hand-fulls of
books, DVD's, and records have all been hidden away. The
PROJECTOR silently plays FIGHT CLUB on the sheet. The
furniture has been pushed to the side to make way for

THE DANCE FLOOR-- As couples grind and lights flash, the smiles feel more genuine. The party seems to be going well. The only two people who cannot hide their displeasure are Tabby and Izzy, who wallflower. Our MONTAGE ENDS.

TABBY

Are you still mad at me?

IZZY

No! Are you mad at me?

TABBY

No! I just feel like you've been icing me out.

IZZY

I'm sorry, I know I said some really fucked up shit to you. This whole thing has been such a mind-fuck. Like, what if the girls decide they like this version of The Den better than what we had?

TABBY

That wont happen and you know it.

Izzy gestures to the party, which does, in fact, look fun. Then, UMA walks by.

IZZY

Uma. Can I borrow your bullet?

UMA

Take it. I'm coked to the nines!

Uma hands Izzy the cocaine contraption. She takes a bump and offers some to Tabby, who declines.

TABBY

Too sad to get high.

JAKE MATTHEWS approaches the girls with a bottle of VODKA.

JAKE

Izzy. Do you have a second to talk? I want to apologize.

TABBY

(to Izzy)

He did this to me too. It was actually kind of sweet.

Izzy looks at Jake, and then the bottle of VODKA.

IZZY (CONT'D)

But you weren't. They didn't care.

JAKE

George gave me probation.

IZZY

Is this the part where you're going to apologize?

(beat, woozy)

Woah. I feel... loopy-loo.

Izzy stumbles. Jake catches her.

JAKE

Izzy I'm really sorry about Minnie, I didn't mean to scare her. But it was only because I thought it was your bag I'd been tracking.

Izzy drops the vodka. She understands what's happening, but she doesn't have enough control over her own body.

EXT. THE DEN - SWIMMING HOLE - SAME

GEORGE

You want to know the reason I love rowing? Why I spend all of my free time doing it?

TABBY

The great outdoors? Mutual masturbation?

GEORGE

I'm serious! I love rowing because the motion we learn on day one, will be the same motion we use in the Olympics. Which I will attend barring catastrophe.

(he knocks on wood)

But it's the chance to perfect something so simple. *The swish*. The reason I seem unsatisfied tonight is, well I still have no sense as to why you care so much about *this*.

TABBY

Because It feels more like home here than anywhere else on campus.

He looks into her soul. They lean in for a kiss... but are interrupted by Wren.

WREN

Fuck. Sorry for ruining a moment
but Tabby, can I borrow you? It's
important.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - SAME

Jake gently lies Izzy onto the ground.

JAKE

Shhh. There ya go.

IZZY

(slurring)

Why me?

Jake sits next to Izzy. He begins to unbuckle his belt.

JAKE

Because you're their leader. You
have been since Sophomore year. *If*
I was the one who found out where
The Foxes went, I'd have been the
hero. Not Hoyt! He's already
popular! I'm just the legacy.

Jake stands. His height and weight are much more apparent
now. He towers over Izzy.

JAKE (CONT'D)

If my plan had worked, and that bag
would have lead me to this place,
I'd be a God. You would have never
been able to tell on me, and I'd
still have a seat on the team.

IZZY

(quietly, sleepily)

We don't allow bags.

(beat, weak)

Help.

Jake laughs at her attempt. He unzips his pants.

EXT. THE DEN - FIRE-PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Uma, November and Minnie sit by the fire. November is upset.

NOVEMBER

Simon missed this for *work*. Like
his dad is RICH why does he have a
fucking job?!

Minnie rubs November's back. Wren and Tabby arrive, frantic.

TABBY WREN
Wren. What is going on?! I can't find Izzy. Anywhere.

UMA
Have you checked the dorm? She
might have dipped and gone to bed
early.

TABBY
Last I saw her she was leaving with
that Jake kid.

MINNIE
Jake Matthews?

They immediately understand the severity of the situation.

INT. WOODS - NIGHT - SAME

Jake kneels down onto the forest floor. Izzy can barely
speak, but musters:

IZZY
Just one sec.

Izzy has just enough coordination to grab UMA'S COKE BULLET
from her pocket. Before Jake can stop her, she take a giant
snort.

JAKE
Shit.

He gets on top of her, but Izzy is now AWAKE and she
releases... **A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM.**

EXT. THE DEN - FIRE-PIT - SAME

The SCREAM echoes softly. Tabby, Uma, Minnie, Wren and
November look at each other. They heard it too.

TABBY
That came from the woods.

They all RUN toward the scream. Quickly, Wren spots THE SABER
leaning on the chair right where she left it. She grabs it
and SPRINTS to catch up with the rest of them.

ON GEORGE-- From afar, watching as they disappear into the
woods.

INT. WOODS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

ON IZZY and JAKE-- She's now kicking and screaming. Jake pins her down. He's stronger than her. But she spits in his face.

ON TABBY, UMA, MINNIE, WREN and NOVEMBER-- They SCOUR the forest, weaving between trees.

NOVEMBER
IZZY!!!

IZZY!!!

TABBY

ON IZZY and JAKE-- Focused and not giving up, he tries to take off her underwear with his one free hand.

IZZY
OVER HE --

He has to shut her up. He puts that hand over her mouth, but Izzy bites down. HARD.

JAKE
FUCK!

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

Tabby wipes away a tear. Her bloody hand smears her face.

TABBY
You're going to love this part.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - SAME

The girls spot Jake and Izzy. Running, Wren valiantly takes on speed arriving at the scene first. Before Jake even realizes he has company, WREN STABS JAKE IN THE BACK WITH THE SABER! He SCREAMS, then, silence. Breath.

Underneath Jake, Izzy is frozen. Slowly, blood seeps through his pressed Ralph Lauren shirt. He falls off of her. Pants still unzipped.

JAKE
Wha-- ?

IZZY
Is that... blood?

The rest arrive, surveying what has happened. Tabby instinctively kneels next to Izzy and helps pull her dress down. All at once, realization washes over them.

NOVEMBER
HOLY FUCKING SHIT. YOU
STABBED HIM?!

IZZY (CONT'D)
OH MY GOD. OH MY GOD.

MINNIE
This IS REALLY FUCKING BAD.

UMA
HOW IS IT BAD? IZZY IS ALIVE!

NOVEMBER
I think Minnie means like, the
situation is bad.

Jake stumbles. The saber still in his back. Wren grabs the handle and pushes it further into his body. He yells, weakly.

TABBY
Think you got him the first
time.

WREN
We can't let him stumble out
of the woods. He was RAPING
HER.

JAKE
(bleeding out)
It was consensual.

They all stare at him. Jake cannot argue further. He stops breathing and goes limp. Izzy is in shock. Everyone is. We hear the thumping of FLO RIDA in the distance.

IZZY
For the record it was NOT
consensual.

MINNIE
Wren! You KILLED him.

WREN
Oh, so I should have just let
her get raped?

TABBY
Can we stop saying RAPE?

UMA
Everyone shut the fuck up and
stop drawing attention to
yourselves.

Uma checks Jake's pockets. Sure enough, a baggie of roofies, now covered in blood. Uma takes them.

WREN
It was all I could think of doing!
I'm sorry, okay? I didn't mean to
make you all accessories to murder
or whatever! It was like, a gut
reaction!

IZZY
Wren, that was the nicest thing
anyone has ever done for me. And
it's not your fault you sleep talk.

WREN
Really?

IZZY
Apology accepted.

Wren helps Izzy to her feet. Izzy nods.

UMA
(re: Roofies)
I don't know what to do with these
they're covered in blood and my
dress doesn't have pockets.

TABBY
I'll put them in my bra.

Uma hands Tabby the roofies. They all just stare at Jake's
lifeless body for a minute. Ugh.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You were involved in the murder of
Jake Matthews? The boy who's been
missing for weeks?

Tabby says nothing.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He was stabbed by your friend Wren-
Uh- Coleman. The one who died?

Another tear, she's unable to find the words.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Should we keep going or --

Tabby inhales.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - SAME

MINNIE
Now what?

They all look to Izzy --

IZZY
Well, that rat-faced fuck almost
raped me and was just stabbed by
one of my friends. I don't totally
have the wherewithal to come up
with a fucking plan!

They all look to Tabby, a natural born leader.

TABBY
Me? I'm just a freshman.

UMA
We aren't agist, Tabby.

Tabby thinks. Then. ACTION.

TABBY
Okay. First of all, they're going to notice any second that half of The Fox is gone, if they haven't already -- so anyone who isn't covered in blood, RUN back.

Uma, November, and Minnie all turn --

TABBY (CONT'D)
Wait. Also, for insurance sake, you three need to make sure these boys get more fucked up than they've ever been in their entire lives.

They understand. Izzy takes, yet another, bump of cocaine, then looks to UMA, tossing her the bullet.

IZZY
Saved my life, by the way.

Uma nods. Then they SCATTER, leaving Tabby, Izzy and Wren --

TABBY
We have to hide the body.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

TABBY
Temporarily, of course. We found some very thick brush in the woods, covered Jake up and then realized what we had to do. You know, because we were covered in the blood of a dead guy.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The girls RUN TOWARD --

EXT. THE DEN - SWIMMING HOLE - MOMENTS LATER

Fully clothed, Wren, Tabby and Izzy leap off the dock into the small lake. Behind them, the party is still thumping. Blood from their clothes seeps into the water, but it's so dark out, you can barely notice.

ON GEORGE, drinking outside of The Greenhouse with Hoyt and Ryan. They watch the girls like they're prey.

HOYT
Oh, they're just teasing us now.

RYAN
How dare they.

ON TABBY-- She notices the boys watching.

TABBY
Act like we're having fun.

Tabby, Izzy and Wren start to giggle and splash.

ON HOYT-- using his SHOE BOTTLE OPENER, he pops a fresh brewski.

HOYT
I say we do something about it.
What do you think, boys?

Ryan is in. George shrugs.

HOYT (CONT'D)
LADIES! How's about some company!

ON TABBY--

TABBY
(to Wren and Izzy)
Act fucking normal.
(yelling back)
SURE!

THE BOYS walk over, strip down and SPLASH into the water. Ryan dunks Izzy, who hides her misery beautifully. Hoyt swims after Wren who playfully screams.

Among the chaos, George and Tabby look at each other --

GEORGE
We good?

Tabby grabs him.

TABBY

We good.

They kiss.

TABBY (V.O.)

And things really were good... for
a few days.

LUCY DACUS' cover of LA VIE EN ROSE erupts

INT. THE DEN, GREENHOUSE - DAY

The FOXES redecorate The Greenhouse to it's previous state.
THE PROJECTOR plays BUT I'M A CHEERLEADER, while they
organize their BABYSITTERS CLUB collection.

TABBY (V.O.)

We got our Den Back.

EXT. DUELIN COLLEGE - CAMPUS PATHWAYS

Tabby and George hold hands as they walk through campus. It
seems that they are now, more official.

TABBY (V.O.)

I apparently got a boyfriend.

INT. GEORGE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tabby and George fuck in his bed.

TABBY (V.O.)

A very nice boyfriend.

EXT. THE DEN - SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

Izzy sunbathes on the dock wearing a FACE MASK. Cucumbers
over her eyes.

TABBY (V.O.)

Izzy was taking some much deserved
me time.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

THE ODYSSEY by HOMER is SLAMMED DOWN on her desk.

TABBY (V.O.)
 Sure, my Classical Epics professor
 was the devil incarnate.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

Tabby, annoyed --

TABBY
 If I have to read another billion
 page poem about a muscly guy kills
 monsters and cheats on his wife a
 bunch, I will kill myself.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 The Odyssey?

TABBY
 You got that one, good job,

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Thanks.

EXT. DUELIN COLLEGE - LAWN - DAY

All TWELVE PRINCESSES lie on the lawn, eating fruit, reading
 various books. Completely unbothered, until they hear the
 CLICK, CLACK, CLICK, CLACK of OLIVIA'S HEELS against the
 nearby stone pathway.

They all turn. Olivia in a rush. A worried look on her face.
 She dodges George, who heads straight for our girls.

GEORGE
 (to Tabby)
 Can we talk?

Tabby nods, gets up, and walks away with him.

INT. DUELIN COLLEGE - HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

George pulls Tabby through the gothic corridor and into --

INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

They walk inside, he shuts the door.

GEORGE
 Do you know what happened to Jake
 Matthews?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

CLOSE ON, JAKE MATTHEW'S ROTTING CORPSE being completely saran-wrapped like he's just a roll of cookie-dough.

Tabby, Wren and November rip off the last piece of plastic and then begin to carry the body toward The Den.

WREN

You know, I'm missing my Intro to Byzantine class for this.

TABBY

I'd say this is more important.

OVER TO--

Izzy, Deborah, Zoe, and Lucy take gallons of bleach and buckets of lake water to wash down the bloody area. Scarlett, Uma, Eden and Allegra are tasked with raking dirt and leaves over the spots they've *cleaned*.

IZZY

Sorry for getting you all roped into this mess.

DEBORAH

Don't you dare apologize! I think I can speak on behalf of Lucy, Zoe, Eden, Allegra and Scarlett, and say that we're so happy to be here for you.

LUCY

Seriously. You know, sometimes we feel --

ALLEGRA

A little left out.

ZOE

So it's really sweet of you to include us in this.

IZZY

That's like, the antithesis of why this place exists!

EDEN

But we know it's human nature to gravitate to some over others. Really, don't stress.

IZZY

I never want anyone to feel excluded! You're my foxy ladies!

ALLEGRA

Just hearing you say that really means so much. We all felt so bad we weren't able to be there.

UMA

You were exactly where you needed to be, if they had noticed we were gone, things could have gotten much worse.

They look down at the scene, still a lot of blood.

ZOE

This is going to take a while.

BACK ON-- Tabby, Wren and November.

TABBY

Don't take this the wrong way, but it seems like you feel... totally fine about what you did.

WREN

OH! One-hunny-p! Do you not think all rapists deserve to die?

TABBY

No. I just don't know if I'm capable of killing a person.

WREN

You definitely are. We all are. You can kill anyone with anything.

NOVEMBER

You know, Izzy said it was premeditated. Like he was planning this all along. The whole Minnie thing was an accident and he was really trying to get to her -- to The Den.

WREN

See! Jake Matthews is a predator and deserved what he got. You're welcome, world!

TABBY

I just hope, once this is all dealt with, we can all go back to the way things were.

EXT. THE DEN - MOMENTS LATER

November opens the trapdoor. Still dragging Jake, Tabby and Wren struggle on the decline. Tabby trips and Jake's corpse tumbles down the stairs.

TABBY

My bad.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

November, Wren and Tabby carry Jake through the tunnel.

NOVEMBER

Why are we putting him down here?
 Couldn't we just like chop him up
 or something?

TABBY

If you want to butcher him, be my
 guest, but for now, at least no one
 else knows about this place.

They're all exhausted. Each step comes with a grunt, that eerily reminds us of the ROWERS.

TABBY (V.O.)

Now this next part I wasn't there
 for, but this is how I *imagined* the
 conversation went down --

INT. DEAN PADERBORN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Dean's office is filled with mahogany, and cigars. Paderborn sits in a giant leather chair, clearly perturbed. In front of him are a handful of PROFESSORS and RA'S, Olivia being among them.

Without the glitz and glam of a public appearance, we see Paderborn in his true form: he's a slimy little fuck.

DEAN PADERBORN

Jake Matthews parents are THIGH
 DEEP up my ASS. Of course the ONE
 kid on campus that actually calls
 his mommy and daddy goes missing.
 He has a trust fund for chrissakes!
 Who's to say he's not plowing
 hookers in Thailand or on one of
 Jared Leto's silent retreats?

OLIVIA
Have you spoken to the --

DEAN PADERBORN
Crew Team? They're no help, hated
the kid -- had him on athletic
probation because he ALLEGEDLY
stalked some freckled-faced lesbian
last semester.

Beat he looks at one of the MALE PROFESSORS in the room.

DEAN PADERBORN (CONT'D)
You remember. Was a PR nightmare.
And this will be worse if we don't
find the kid. Search Party starts
at dawn. Meantime I want all you
RA's questioning the kids.

A beat, everyone waits for further instructions.

DEAN PADERBORN (CONT'D)
GO! Fucking sheep.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

Tabby laughs to herself.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
That's quite an impression.

TABBY
It definitely needs some tweaking.

INT. TUNNEL - SAME

November opens the trapdoor and steps out, into the dorm.

Tabby and Wren prop the mummified Jake up against the wall so
he's out of the way. They dust off their dirty hands like a
job well done.

TABBY
I read if you cover the body in
Vaseline and then wrap it again it
wont smell.

WREN
Can we do that tomorrow? I'm like,
soooo exhausted.

They walk toward the steps leading ABOVE --

INT. THE FOX DORM - SAME

November, bloodstained and sweaty from the trek, wipes her dirty forehead on her Gucci t-shirt like it's nothing.

A QUICK KNOCK. THE SOUND OF A KEY TURNING. Oh oh.

November runs toward the open TRAPDOOR. She looks down at Tabby and Wren, puts her finger up to her mouth, and shuts the door. No time to explain.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS slowly, it's Olivia.

OLIVIA

Hiiii guys, so sorry to barge --

She walks into the dorm and sees November. Alone.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Where is everyone?

November walks backward, making a point to stand directly over the trapdoor. THE CAMERA LOWERS beneath the floorboards where Tabby and Wren hold each other, listening. Jake's corpse behind them.

NOVEMBER (O.S.)

It's like a Tuesday afternoon so, I assume they're all in class.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Ha, that's a good point.

NOVEMBER (O.S.)

Anything I can help you with?

WE INTERCUT between Olivia and November in the dorm, and Tabby, Wren and Dead Jake in the tunnel --

OLIVIA

Yes, actually. We're trying to figure out if anyone has seen or heard from Jake Matthews? He's a rower?

Underground, Jake's corpse tips over.

TABBY

Shit

WREN covers her mouth.

NOVEMBER

I don't think I know a Jake Matthews.

OLIVIA

You date a rower, though, right? Simon something?

NOVEMBER

We're on and off.

OLIVIA

Has he mentioned anything?

NOVEMBER

Nope. Not that I can think of.

Olivia looks around the room.

NOVEMBER (CONT'D)

Do they think something bad might have happened to him?

OLIVIA

Well, let's hope not! The school is doing everything they can. The whole nine. If we can't figure it out soon, it won't be me knocking on your door, it'll be the police. God forbid!

NOVEMBER

Why our door?

OLIVIA

Oh, I just meant in general.

Olivia walks over toward November, so she too is standing over the hidden trapdoor.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

If anything comes up, please call me first, okay?

November nods, a little scared. Olivia turns and walks to the door, but before she leaves.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

There's blood on your shirt.

And then she's gone. November rips off her shirt and does a lap around the room. She screams into her pillow. Then a faint knock on the trapdoor from below.

NOVEMBER

Shit. Sorry. Forgot about you guys.

She opens it. Wren and Tabby come bursting out.

TABBY

It was hard to hear but did she say something about blood?

NOVEMBER

There was blood on my shirt.

(in denial)

But my nose was like, just broken. That's like a thing. Right?

Tabby and Wren aren't sure what to say. Then --

Another KNOCK on the door.

NOVEMBER (CONT'D)

Jesus christ. WHO IS IT NOW?

EXT. THE FOX DORM - CONTINUOUS

CONNOR, a tiny young man, 18, stands outside holding an INVITATION.

CONNOR

My name is Connor. I'm a freshman rower. May I please speak to a representative --

The door swings open. November stands there, in her bra, flanked by Tabby and Wren. Conner pauses, staring at November's chest.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

(realizing)

Sorry.

Connor looks down at his invitation.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

The Duelin College Rowing Team would like to cordially invite The twelve residents of The Fox to an urgent meeting held at The Duelin College Boathouse this evening at eight o'clock. Light appetizers and beverages will be served. Attire is semi-formal.

(beat, he stops reading)

(MORE)

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Can I trust that you will pass along this invitation to the others?

TABBY

You're a rower?

CONNOR

I'm the coxswain.

They all nod. Now this makes sense.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Can I trust that you will --

WREN

Yeah, yeah, we'll be there. Go wrap bacon around some dates.

INT. DUELIN COLLEGE - BOATHOUSE - COMMON AREA - NIGHT

The same large room with vaulted ceilings, some university furniture and a view of the river. It's less of the frat party, atmosphere we experienced the last time, and more of a preppy, cocktail party.

Our Twelve Princesses are all clean, dressed in perfect semi-formal attire, sitting quietly. Connor puts out trays of deviled eggs and ahi-tuna in front of them.

Simon hands out martinis, and George steps into the middle of the room. He has not, and will not make eye-contact with Tabby. We recognize all of these men, but focus on George, Hoyt, Ryan and Simon.

GEORGE

By now, most of you probably have some idea why we brought you here. Jake Matthews, our teammate, is missing.

(beat)

Now, I know we all have our own, *unique feelings* toward Jake, but the school is demanding answers.

HOYT now takes the stage.

HOYT

And we *all* know where we last saw Jake...

TENSION. Does he know? Izzy stiffens.

HOYT (CONT'D)

At the party, of course. A party
we're all responsible for.

SIMON

I just want it on the record We know.
that I was at work.

NOVEMBER

Tabby scoffs.

HOYT

Something to say, Tab?

TABBY

How can you say we're all
responsible for a party that you
blackmailed us into having?

HOYT

Blackmail is a very strong word.

Tabby looks at George, who finally --

GEORGE

Just get to the point.

HOYT

End of the day. None of us know for
certain what happened to him. The
last person in this dorm who saw
Jake alive was George who said he
ran off into the woods with our
dear Izzy.

Everyone turns to Izzy, who's surprisingly calm.

IZZY

He was on his little apology tour
after what happened with Minnie.
Was really sweet actually.

Minnie waves.

RYAN

It's kind of cute they think this
is an interrogation.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

Tabby, deadpan.

TABBY

It wasn't an interrogation. It was an ambush.

INT. DUELIN COLLEGE - BOATHOUSE - COMMON AREA - SAME

HOYT

Girls. We don't care what happened to Jake. Really. We don't care if he's dead in a ditch. The guy fucking sucked.

(beat)

And we know it all sounds scary, *missing student*. But don't worry, I was involved with a hit and run in high school and legit *no one cared*.

The girls look at each other, like *what the fuck*.

GEORGE

We just want to make sure that if the school or the police come asking about Jake we all have our stories straight.

(beat, explaining clearly)

The last we saw Jake was Saturday night at around eight before heading to the boathouse. He didn't come because he had a date with some girl we all can't remember the name of.

Every single woman in that room relaxes. As if a giant gust of wind from their sighs left the room. Tabby mouths "thank you" to George.

HOYT

Except, we could, one day, remember the name of the girl he went on a date with. I can think of twelve, actually.

Oh, motherfucker. A long silence.

IZZY

What do you want.

HOYT

We want The Den.

UMA

Over my dead body.

NOVEMBER

No!

DEBORAH

You already have this boathouse.
This is like Versailles in
comparison to The Den. Why do you
need both?

RYAN

Marie Antionette also had *The
Hameau de la Reine*. It was like her
summer home at Versailles. This is
like the same idea.

This hits a very SPECIFIC NERVE.

DEBORAH

Don't you dare mansplain
MARIE ANTIONETTE to US.

LUCY

Do you not think we've seen
Sofia Coppola's underrated
classic?!

EDEN

She literally built that place to
get away from her idiot husband
Louie the Sixteenth which is
exactly what we did with The Den!

CONNOR

(to himself)
She was also beheaded.

The BOYS all laugh and give props to Connor. November grabs
yet another pillow and SCREAMS into it.

HOYT

Okay, okay, no need to get
emotional. Let's all just *relax*.
We'll still share the place, of
course! But, it no longer belongs
only to the women of The Fox.

Tabby stands up, pissed.

TABBY

(to George)
Why aren't you stopping them?!

GEORGE

(sheepish)
Majority rules.

IZZY

No. That wasn't our deal. We shook
on it. One night. That was all.

GEORGE

The situation has evolved.

HOYT

The Search Party starts at dawn. A bunch of us are going, to you know, show our support. We could easily lead them say, around a quarter mile into the woods --

(he points)

That way. See what they find?

Those were the exact words Wren spoke to Izzy at the regatta.

WREN

But doing that would mean we'd *all* lose The Den.

UMA

He's going full psychopath. If he can't have it, none of us can.

A few sobs. Tabby and George finally make eye contact. She has been betrayed.

SIMON

Does anyone need a refill?

PRE-LAP: A KNOCK

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

Tabby looks O.S. toward what we can assume to be a door, which we hear OPEN.

Another, SECOND MALE VOICE echoes --

SECOND MALE VOICE (O.S.)

He's awake and asking questions.

Dear reader, we've heard this voice before, just moments ago. Some might be able to place it. Others might not. I won't tell you, just because it's more fun that way.

Tabby's eyes widen at the news.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

How is he?

SECOND MALE VOICE (O.S.)

In a lot of pain but stable. Mom says broken ribs and a concussion.

Tabby laughs.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You find that entertaining?

TABBY (O.S.)
Considering he killed one of my
best friends, yeah.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Give him something for the pain and
tell him I'll be up soon.

The door closes again.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We don't have infinite time.

EXT. THE DEN - SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

A fountain of urine splashes as one of the ROWERS pees into the precious swimming hole. Tabby, Izzy, Eden and Zoe watch in horror.

TABBY (V.O.)
Okay yeah, shit got dark.

INT. THE DEN, GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

ON THE SCREEN: Pierce Brosnan heroically drives away from an angry volcano. Dante's Peak.

TABBY (V.O.)
And it wasn't even like we were
trying to be difficult. We had
shared interests!

The ROWERS and FOXES sit and watch Pierce Brosnan be hot together. There's even popcorn. Then, The SCREEN goes DARK. Behind them, Ryan changes the INPUT to STREET FIGHTER.

UMA
What the fuck, Ryan. We're watching
that --

RYAN
Flick the bean to Brosnan another
time. On Wednesdays, we Street
Fight.

The Foxes all get up and leave.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Tabby eats alone in the giant room, filled with stained glass and chestnut. George walks by with a tray of food, briefly pausing near Tabby. She feels his presence, but doesn't look up from her book. She cannot escape.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 Sounds like you finally got to see
 what your campus has to offer.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

TABBY
 Way to find that silver lining!

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 You went from dilapidated
 Greenhouse to pristine, historic
 landmarks. Is that not an upgrade?

TABBY
 No. You're right. Good thing the
 emotional needs of female students
 are met by simply staring at Gothic
 Revival Architecture.
 Congratulations. You fixed it.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Now that seems unneces --

TABBY
 What you consider old and historic
 and beautiful. Is masculine. Its
 not universal. Just like an FYI.

EXT. THE DEN - FIRE-PIT - EVENING

TABBY (V.O.)
 Izzy was the last to finally break.

Izzy reads in one of the mismatched chairs. We stay on HER as CONNOR, the tiny Coxswain speaks nearby.

CONNOR (O.S.)
 No, I'm loving it here. Everyone is
 really nice and I've made a great
 group of friends --

Izzy realizes slowly whats happening. She looks up and sees it. CONNOR IS ON A CELLPHONE. The first piece of technology we've seen. Izzy's anger takes over.

She gets up, GRABS THE PHONE FROM HIS HAND, and STRUTS --

EXT. THE DEN - SWIMMING HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Down the dock and dangles the phone over the water. Connor, George, Ryan, Hoyt and the other rowers crowd around.

RYAN
Easy, Izzy.

CONNOR
Please. It's my *mom*.

IZZY
We don't have many rules here,
Connor --

GEORGE
Iz. Come on. It's his *mom*.

IZZY
The *one* I hold sacred is... NO
FUCKING PHONES.

Izzy drops the phone into the water. The men GASP like it was a murder. Connor jumps into the water after his phone.

INT. THE FOX DORM - NIGHT

Izzy cries on the leather chesterfield. She's inconsolable -- the first time we've seen her like this. Uma and November hold her.

UMA
I want them dead.

EDEN
Because we've technically been
involved with a murder, I can't
tell if you're joking or not.

UMA
I can't tell either.

SCARLETT
I don't think we can get away with
murdering an entire crew team. We
don't have the numbers, the
weaponry, or the skillset.

DEBORAH

So, we just let them get away with it? Stick to the status quo?

WREN

No, that's dumb. No offense.

IZZY

Does anyone have any anti-anxiety meds?

TABBY

I do.

The Foxes continue brainstorming while Tabby walks to her TRUNK. She finds a prescription bottle, but underneath it, she sees a familiar BRA. She looks at it for a beat and turns it over. THE BLOODY BAGGY OF ROOFIES sits right there. She had completely forgotten about it.

MINNIE

(continuing...)

There has to be something we can do that's in between letting them get away with it, and straight murder.

Tabby is looking at the answer.

TABBY

Guys. What about these?

They all turn to find Tabby holding up Jake's roofies.

TABBY (V.O.)

It was a good idea in theory. The same weapon Jake used on Izzy but repurposed for the boys who took from us. Poetic in a way.

And their eyes light up...

TABBY (V.O.)

We just wanted to scare them. Thought if they saw what we were capable of, they'd leave us alone.

EXT. RIVER - MORNING

The Duelin Heavyweight Boat glides through the glassy water. George, Hoyt, Simon, and Ryan occupy half the seats.

TABBY (V.O.)

Problem was, any goodwill we had with the crew team was gone after Izzy's phone stunt. We needed to win them back. To be seen again as the mysterious foxy girls we once were.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - MORNING

Tabby stands on the dock in a dress that screams INNOCENCE and VIRTUE. She holds a wrapped gift.

TABBY (V.O.)

It was too easy.

The team glides toward her.

RYAN

As I live and breathe! Is that a little fox on our dock?

TABBY

It is indeed.

They each jump out of their scull, excited for the intrusion. She looks directly at George.

GEORGE

Want to go somewhere and talk?

TABBY (CONT'D)

Actually, I'm here for Hoyt.

A choir of "oooh's" erupt from the boys.

TABBY (CONT'D)

He's the one calling the shots, now right?

HOYT

That you are.

GEORGE

Excuse me, I'm still the captain of this team.

HOYT (CONT'D)

For now.

Hoyt and Tabby walk toward the BOATHOUSE, leaving George and the others. Tabby glances in George's direction briefly before handing Hoyt the gift, and boy, is he upset.

INT. THE FOX DORM - LATER

The girls quietly lounge in the dorm, their only place of refuge now. A KNOCK on the door. Tabby and Wren make eye contact, smiling. They know who it is already.

GEORGE (O.S.)

It's George- uhh- Finch. Is Tabby around?

UMA

Fucking iconic.

IZZY

The student has become the teacher.

Tabby waltzes over to the door, indeed very proud of herself. Her big smile immediately falls the second her hand touches the knob. She opens the door. There stands George.

GEORGE

Hi.

She exits.

EXT. THE FOX DORM - CONTINUOUS

George tries to hide his sadness. Tabby is stoic.

GEORGE

That stunt you pulled.

TABBY

The fact that you're calling anything I did a stunt --

GEORGE

You belittled me in front of my whole team. You knew what you were doing.

TABBY

An unusual or difficult feat requiring great skill. That's a stunt. What *I* did required no skill at all.

GEORGE

That's cold, even for you.

TABBY (CONT'D)

You used to call it flirting.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You know how much this team -- this seat means to me.

TABBY (CONT'D)

And you knew how much The Den meant to me!

GEORGE (CONT'D)

There was nothing I could do about that! Once the news got out about Jake, the train was so far off the tracks I couldn't stop it.

TABBY

(repeating his words)
The situation had evolved.

GEORGE

It had. And I'm sorry. I should have apologized sooner. But it felt like you wanted nothing to do with me. I was respecting your space.

Tabby tries not to laugh at this line --

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

But here, Tabby laughs.

EXT. THE FOX DORM - SAME

They're both tired of fighting.

TABBY

Did Connor like his phone?

GEORGE

He did. He's thrilled.

TABBY

For whatever its worth. I don't think the team gives two shits about Hoyt. It's just a dumb game of follow the leader. If you want them back, you just have to fucking lead. Give them something Hoyt can't.

He smiles at her. There is still sexual tension.

GEORGE

You know what I'm still hung up on?

TABBY

Hmm?

GEORGE

I don't feel like we ever got to experience a true Fox Den party.

TABBY
Yeah, they were something.

GEORGE
That's what I want, and I think the
rest of the guys would want it to.

A long beat. This was her plan all along.

TABBY
Would you like us to show you?

INT. THE DEN, GREENHOUSE - DUSK

The projector shows LAPPING WAVES on loop. HEAVEN by BRANDI CARLILE begins to play. The soothing music juxtaposed by --

INT. THE TUNNEL - SAME

Feet belonging to The Foxes all jump over the corpse of Jake Matthews.

EXT. THE DEN - SAME

CLOSE ON: THE ROOFIES are SMASHED on a table by an unopened wine bottle. Uma uses it like a rolling pin. They become fine powder.

EXT. THE DEN - SAME

All in white, The Princesses set up the party. Weaving through the space, silently. Their movements are reminiscent of a ballet. Eden and Zoe dangle more string lights in the giant tree. Scarlett and Lucy carry a large OAR and place it by the drinks for thematic decoration.

Wren gracefully opens a bottle of HYPNOTIC and dumps it into a crystal punch bowl. November and Uma start gently adding the roofie powder into the blue concoction. Tabby uses the ladle to mix. These women are witches making a potion.

INT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Through the trees, THE ROWERS begin to walk toward the warm glow of the party. George looks to his comrades, who are already beaming. Their walks quicken. Excited to have their alliance back.

EXT. THE DEN - SWIMMING HOLE - CONTINUOUS

At the end of the dock, Tabby holds the empty roofie bag and hands it to Izzy. Who gently throws it into the water -- a symbolic gesture. They watch it float away together in comfort as the boys emerge through the tree-line.

The song ends.

EXT. THE DEN - CONTINUOUS

The women of The Fox converge with the Rowers. Though the men wear their ivy league finest, they are not in white.

GEORGE

Was there a memo we missed?

RYAN

My biggest fear is arriving at a party not up to dress code. I will happily go back and change into white linen.

IZZY

No, no. That won't be necessary. You're all perfectly in theme.

HOYT

And how's that?

TABBY

Guessing is half the fun.
(beat, offering)
Punch?

Hoyt takes the blue punch and sips it.

HOYT

Shockingly, not too sweet!

The men all crowd around the bowl, grabbing their glasses --

NOVEMBER

Where the fuck is Simon?!

They all yell in unison: WORK. November is PISSED.

EXT. THE DEN - FIRE-PIT - LATER

Tabby sits on a pillow staring at the fire. Behind her, the ROWERS and FOXES still mingle. Everyone is still upright. Izzy plops down next to her.

TABBY
How much longer do you think?

IZZY
Any minute now.

George appears next to Tabby and Izzy. He sits with them.

GEORGE
I figured out the theme.

IZZY
I should hope so. You gave Tabby
the idea.

GEORGE
What do you mean?

TABBY
Well, so did Homer. But you called
us sirens. The day at the regatta.

GEORGE
Did I? Funny.

THUD. They turn. CONNOR, the smallest of the bunch, has
fallen to the ground. The boys all crowd around him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(slurring)
What happened to Connor?

IZZY
Oh, he just fell asleep.

George's eyes widen, realizing how ON THEME this really is.

ON THE PARTY-- The PRINCESSES begin to dance and sing the
lyrics to BILLY JOEL'S LULLABYE as ROWERS start dropping like
flies. The girls skip and twirl over their bodies as they
perform for no one but themselves. Not a care in the world.

HOYT
(slurred)
The punch was roofied.

Hoyt FALLS.

ON GEORGE--

GEORGE
(struggling)
You... Tricked me.

He slumps to the ground. Tabby kneels over him.

TABBY
You wanted this, remember? A real
Fox party? Well, a real Fox party
has no men.

George falls asleep. Tabby and Izzy join in singing and dancing as the real LULLABYE, envelopes our scene.

FROM ABOVE: We watch as the girls arrange the men. Then --

BLACK.

Until... We hear...

A SNORT.

EXT. THE DEN - FIRE-PIT - LATER

The outline of Tabby's face is visible. A few blinks and it becomes clear. She kneels, holding out a coke bullet.

REVERSE-- George is awake. He looks around. His arms and legs are bound by zip ties. He sits against Hoyt and Ryan who are also bound.

Under THE BIG TREE he sees his teammates lie helplessly in a pile. George looks *terrified*.

TABBY
Don't worry. They're alive.

Wren and Uma hold cocaine under the noses of both Hoyt and Ryan -- who wake up with a JOLT. Izzy and November join them.

HOYT
What the fuck!?

RYAN
Were am I?

UMA
Still at the party.

Hoyt looks around, realizing --

HOYT
Where's the rest of your cult?

IZZY
I hate that word.

NOVEMBER
I mean, we do look pretty
culty tonight.

WREN
Can't blame them, really.

TABBY
Embrace it, just this once?

UMA

The others are sleeping. They had a great time. Told us to tell you thanks.

GEORGE

They drugged us. You all drugged us. And now we're --

TABBY

Religata Viris. Bonded Men. Literally.

IZZY

I mean, you drugged us first, so, it was only fair.

George looks confused--

HOYT

I don't need drugs to get pussy. Ask Wren.

WREN

Unfortunately that's true.

IZZY

But you know who did need drugs to get pussy? Jake Matthews. He drugged me the night of our very first co-ed party. Luckily these girls found me in time. He gave us a bunch of pills he had leftover and, well, we wanted to share.

RYAN

So, this is some kind of sick revenge on Jake? We genuinely don't know what happened to him --

GEORGE

Ryan, shut the fuck up. They know what happened to him. Because they did it.

IZZY

And then you used it against us. The most traumatic experience of my life was a bargaining chip for you all to take this place from us.

GEORGE

We didn't know he...

IZZY

Doesn't matter. We had a deal.

GEORGE

(can't take it anymore)

We had a deal! We had a deal! Oh grow up, who fucking cares. And you know what else? This place sucks. I honestly don't understand why you girls are so obsessed with it. The Greenhouse? Stuffy! The swimming hole? DIRTY. Hate to break it to you but... it's kind of *redneck*.

Tabby can't believe it. Izzy immediately squeezes her hand.

IZZY

Then why did you have to have it?!

HOYT

Because! Because... we wanted it. It wasn't fair you had something we didn't.

Izzy, Wren and Tabby are HOT WITH ANGER. But Uma, calmly --

UMA

Have you boys ever heard the story of the Twelve Dancing Princesses?

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - UNKNOWN

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

TABBY

Really, you don't have to -- I won't tell it again.

TABBY (CONT'D)

But something very important was happening during this very moment. And we all missed it.

EXT. THE DEN - FIRE-PIT - SAME

Uma tells the story to George, Hoyt and Ryan.

TABBY (V.O.)

While the boys were becoming *enlightened*, Hoyt had a trick up his sleeve.

ON HOYT-- We follow the length of his arm to see that, behind him, he uses the BOTTLE OPENER from the inside of his shoe, to pick the knuckle of the zip-tie.

Uma has finished her story.

RYAN

This is all because of some wacky fairy tale. Folklore?

HOYT

Listen to the message, dipshit. They never wanted us around. It was never a game of cat and mouse. It was the only place they could be free.

GEORGE

I literally tried to tell you that.

HOYT unlocks his zip-tie, but he doesn't move. Pretending to still be bound, he looks at Wren.

HOYT

Why was it so hard for you to share the things you loved with us?

WREN

Because you HATE us! You just heard George. He called this place redneck! We can't do anything without being picked apart. Loving things that are feminine or weird are not appealing to you.

HOYT

I have three sisters! You don't think I fuck with Jane Austen? You don't think I can get down with Little Women?

UMA

Which adaptation?

HOYT

They're both perfect in different ways but Bale will always be my Laurie.

The girls all look at each other.

GIRLS

Right answer.

HOYT

Just as much as I like having sex with women. I also love WOMEN.

(MORE)

HOYT (CONT'D)

Free the nipple. Free Britney. Free everything including **us**. Please.

Wren kneels down next to Hoyt.

WREN

I may have misjudged you--

Are they going to kiss? Is this their romantic moment?

No. Hoyt STABS WREN IN THE NECK with his bottle opener. She starts to choke and bleed... a lot.

IZZY

WHAT THE FUCK?

NOVEMBER

OH MY GOD, YOU STABBED HER!

Hoyt throws the bloody bottle opener at Ryan who manages to take it before UMA can grab it.

Tabby immediately grabs Wren and holds her wound.

WREN

(bleeding)

This really hurts.

TABBY

It's going to be okay.

WREN (CONT'D)

(struggling)

I was stabbed in the neck. It's not going to be okay.

UMA

Hoyt. WHY?

RYAN

Hoyt, I can't go to jail, my face is too feminine!

HOYT

They're crazy! They were going to kill us! What other option did I have?

IZZY

We were never going to KILL you, we just wanted to SCARE you so you'd leave us the fuck alone!

GEORGE

Well, it worked! Congrats.

ON TABBY-- she holds Wren who is coughing up blood all over her white dress.

TABBY

We need to get help.

ON NOVEMBER-- she's up and pacing.

GEORGE

What the hell do you think you're doing with that? Also, how did you get that?

TABBY

It was on theme!

Tabby gets control of the Oar and SLAMS HOYT in the head with it. He's knocked off his knees, unable to move.

IZZY

Nice!

RYAN

Bloody hell.

Tabby aims the oar at Ryan, but he has now broken free! He tosses the bottle opener to George, and it lands *just out of reach*. George falls to the ground, inch-worming for it.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(a-mile-a-minute)

George. What do I do now? Kill one of them? I'm not built for this, man. I'm middle of the boat. You're the captain. Tell me what to do!

GEORGE

(still inching)

Don't kill anyone unless they try to kill you.

Then, Tabby's OAR comes flying toward Ryan's HEAD. He ducks.

RYAN

They're trying to kill me!

TABBY

Not kill, just detain!

Now angry, sets his sights on Tabby and her oar.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You clearly don't know how to handle that thing.

But, behind Ryan, Tabby sees UMA grab two wine bottles from the bucket. Tabby's eyes widen and Ryan turns around to see what she's looking at. Uma stands before him, in a samurai stance, holding the wine as if they were swords.

UMA

I was conceived during a double feature of Kill Bill Volumes One and Two and even though Tarantino is problematic, I was literally made for this.

She lunges at him ungracefully. She is not Uma Thurman in Kill Bill by a long shot. Ryan grabs hold of both her wrists, rendering her useless... Until she remembers she has legs and KICKS him square in the NUTS. He tumbles over.

Uma stands up and starts to beat him senselessly with the wine bottles, successfully knocking him out.

ON NOVEMBER-- she's still looking in pockets for phones.

ON TABBY-- she looks at Wren and then at Hoyt, who's starting to come to. He holds his wounded head, eyes on Tabby.

HOYT

You're dead.

Tabby still has the oar and she tries to hit him again but he's expecting it this time. Hoyt grabs the blade, rips it from her hands and throws it into the fire. Bye, bye, oar.

ON GEORGE-- Inches away from the bottle opener. But just before his bonded hands grab it, A FOOT steps on it.

IZZY

No way.

GEORGE

Izzy, please. I can help you.

IZZY

I can't trust you.

ON HOYT-- who's legs are still tied. He turns around and literally drops his feet in the fire, melting the zip-tie. He screams. Then. He's free.

TABBY

Oh, fuck me.

Hoyt starts to limp menacingly toward TABBY like he's fucking Jack Nicholson in The Shining. Tabby walks slowly backward toward THE GREENHOUSE.

ON GEORGE and IZZY--

GEORGE

If you don't let me go, he's going to kill her. There's no time.

(beat)

Izzy, that's our girl.

INT. THE DEN, GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The WAVES still LAP on the projector. Hoyt has entered the cluttered room -- Tabby has nowhere to hide.

HOYT

You literally ran to the one place
you're stuck inside. Why did you do
that?

Tabby looks for a weapon, anything that could help her.

TABBY

Because I'm just like a really dumb
bitch who doesn't know how to
handle herself during hand-to-hand
combat.

HOYT

At least you're self aware.

It's too late. Hoyt pushes Tabby against the stacks of shelves, and begins to choke her. She tries to grasp anything she can get her hands on: a stiletto, a copy of *Ms. Congeniality*, an old Furby... but she can't get a grip.

She's losing air. But, suddenly, her hand finds a broken section of The Greenhouse. She snaps off a LITERAL PIECE OF THE GREENHOUSE GLASS, and without hesitation, she STABS Hoyt in the neck, exactly where he stabbed Wren. Blood splashes all over Tabby's face and hair.

Hoyt's face reads shock at first, but then, he goes limp like a puppet. He falls to the ground revealing George and Izzy standing in the doorway. George holds the SABER in his hand.

TABBY

Oh, fuck.

GEORGE

No! It's not for you.

TABBY (CONT'D)

Were you going to --

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I was going to kill him for
you, yeah.

TABBY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

No, no. Don't apologize. I'm
glad I... wasn't needed.

George looks at Tabby. Tabby looks at George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We good?

TABBY

We good.

They kiss. Blood gets all over his face.

IZZY
You guys are --

Before Izzy finishes her thought. George stabs Izzy in the chest with the Saber.

IZZY (CONT'D)
(bleeding out)
George?

TABBY
Oh my god! What have you done?!

GEORGE
This is the only way. Trust me.
She's the reason why we're in this
whole mess. Now we can be happy.

TABBY
(crying)
What are you talking about? She's
my best friend! Izzy!

GEORGE
She's not your friend! Don't you
see? Tabby, she corrupted you! This
place. This cult. It all rests on
her shoulders. She's the problem!

Tabby cannot believe what she's hearing. Izzy falls to the ground, eyes filled with tears. Tabby kneels down next to her friend, and holds her.

IZZY
Fuck you, George.

TABBY
Izzy. I'm sorry.

And the last thing Izzy can muster is --

IZZY
Run.

Izzy dies. Tabby cannot speak. She can't believe it. She finally looks up at George, who feels like a completely different person. No remorse.

GEORGE
It's all going to be better now.

He reaches out his hand. Tabby looks at it.

But all she can do is... **Run.**

EXT. THE DEN - NIGHT

She sprints straight toward the woods. George follows her.

And from a distance we hear November --

NOVEMBER

I found it!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Tabby runs as fast as she can, but George is not far behind.

GEORGE

Tabby! Stop running! I'm not going to hurt you. I love you!

With those words. She stops. George finally catches up. We think. Maybe, for a second, his proclamation of love worked?

TABBY

Love me? You don't even know me. Do you know the names of my parents? The town I grew up in? How I got into this school? What my interests are? My goals? What I want to do with my life?

George is out of breath, but realizes... he doesn't know the answers to any of these questions. He feels... bad?

TABBY (CONT'D)

No! You don't! Because you never asked! All you cared about was figuring out what the mysterious Foxes were up to, and when you finally did, it wasn't satisfying enough! You think you're so different from the pile of boys under that tree, from Jake- *a big hero savior man*. But you're just like them! A privileged ASSHOLE.

She sprints OUT OF FRAME. We stay on him as he just stands there, thinking... Then she runs back.

TABBY (CONT'D)

Also, this place isn't redneck!

Tabby kicks him in the balls and SPRINTS away again.

GEORGE

Oh, fuck you, Tabby! You know what?
Now I do want to kill you.

He gets on his feet and continues following her, but the roofies and the dick-punch don't make it easy.

But Tabby keeps RUNNING until, finally, she spots a road ahead. She looks behind her, no George.

EXT. DUELIN COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

A random campus road. To her left she sees one of the many gothic buildings. There's a callbox outside. She sprints for it. Tabby takes the phone and hits the EMERGENCY button.

TABBY

(out of breath)

A man in the woods is trying to
kill me! I need... an escort!

She listens through the phone. She checks her watch.

TABBY (CONT'D)

It's literally 11:59 and I'm
actually in danger! Do I seriously
have to wait on the phone until --

The clock strikes 12.

TABBY (CONT'D)

Oh, now you'll send someone. Thank
you sooooo much, fucking prick.

She hangs up. And realizes, in this quiet darkness, she's entirely *alone*.

She nervously waits. She looks at herself. Still covered in blood. She looks into the woods. No George... A few cars drive by. No one stops for her. Then, finally --

A CAMPUS ESCORT PRIUS pulls up. She dives inside.

INT. CAMPUS ESCORT PRIUS - NIGHT

Tabby, looks at the driver. It's Simon.

TABBY

Oh, fuck. Seriously?

SIMON

Tabby? What's going on? Why are you covered in-- you know what, I don't want to know.

TABBY

You don't want to know!?

SIMON

I like staying out of these things! Would you like me to take you back to The Fox?

TABBY

JUST DRIVE.

Simon drives away, and before he can even pick up speed... GEORGE comes FLYING out of the woods and Simon CRASHES into him. George hits the windshield, shattering it, and goes soaring off the car, into the roadside bank.

SIMON

HOLY SHIT!

TABBY (CONT'D)

Oh, thank god.

SIMON (CONT'D)

That is not the correct response!

TABBY (CONT'D)

He's was trying to kill me!

SIMON (CONT'D)

God dammit, Tabby now I have to get *involved*.

Simon gets out of the car.

SIMON (CONT'D)

At least help me carry him?

INT. CAMPUS ESCORT PRIUS - LATER

Simon and Tabby drive. George groans in the backseat.

TABBY

Where are we going?

SIMON

To my house.

EXT. THE DEAN'S MANOR - LATER

A towering, old mansion on the edge of campus. Simon and Tabby hold George in front of two LARGE DOUBLE DOORS.

TABBY

There's no way this is your house. Aren't we technically still on campus? Isn't your dad some hot shot Spirt Airlines guy?

SIMON

You ever wonder why I never came to The Den? Why I stay out of all the drama? Why I volunteer my weekends to be a campus escort? You're right, my father is a corporate attorney, but my step-father--

The doors open, ominously. Behind them DEAN PADERBORN stands.

DEAN PADERBORN

Oh no. What happened?
(beat, re: George)
Simon. Did you get *involved*.

SIMON

No. I only hit him with my car.

DEAN PADERBORN

Then what is Carrie doing on my doorstep?

SIMON

That's for her to explain.

The Dean's eyes finally settle on Tabby.

DEAN PADERBORN

Let's take you to the garage. I don't want too much blood in the house.

(beat, to Simon)

Take George upstairs. Your mother will handle him.

INT. THE DEAN'S MANOR - DETACHED GARAGE - LATER

Tabby looks at THE VOICE. Who we now know belongs to DEAN PADERBORN. The bad florescent lighting is reminiscent of an interrogation room. Old collectable cars glisten behind him.

TABBY

So, I sat down here and waited for you while I assume Simon or George- if he'd been conscious enough- told you my name and that I'm an english major and that some of your students died so you had context.

(beat)

You're now officially caught up.

Paderborn looks at his watch.

PADERBORN

Excuse me while I make a call.

Paderborn grabs a landline from a nearby wall and dials a number by heart. Tabby just waits.

PADERBORN (CONT'D)

Hi. There's been an incident with The Fox dorm. I have one of them here, but can you --

(beat, listening)

Yes, thank you so much.

TABBY

Who was that?

PADERBORN

It's impolite to ask.

(beat)

So everyone other than Hoyt McHale and Ryan Thompson are alive?

TABBY

The rest were only roofied. And I think Ryan was just knocked out... But you're forgetting Isabel Harris and Wren Coleman.

PADERBORN

I meant rowers. This is going to do a number on their prospects for next season.

TABBY

I'm sorry. You're thinking about ROWING PROSPECTS right now?

PADERBORN

The school is and will always be my top priority.

TABBY

Students have died. My friends are gone. People will want answers --

PADERBORN

I know, I know. It's very sad. But we have a litany of people who manage all things unfortunate. For every rape and murder on campus we have teams of publicists and detectives that will always do what's best for Duelin. By the end, this will all look like a tragic, freak accident. I even see a world where you come back next fall? How does that sound?

TABBY

Come back from where?

PADERBORN

Well, after the regrettable deaths of your classmates, I think we can safely assume you and some of your friends will be taking the rest of the year off. We can send you to that facility where all the celebrities go! My close personal friend, Elton John will call in a favor. I think it's in Utah? Then when you come back, it's like any other school year. Minus the cult.

Tabby flinches at the word.

TABBY

I don't want to be sent away. I want everyone to know what happened. I have witnesses. We weren't alone. The boys can't get away with everything! They took our place. They killed my friends and I'm sitting here telling you everything!

(fucking exasperated)

I mean, shit. I'm literally trying confess to murder! This is my story. The same one you told us to create at orientation. Please. They can't just... die. I can't --

PADERBORN

I understand your frustration. But this school was founded before our country was. Do you think I'm going to let a petulant little freshman completely dismantle the institution we worked so hard to build?

Tabby is starting to get anxious -- she's running out of cards to play. But she has one left.

TABBY

What about Jake Matthews.

PADERBORN

Excuse me?

TABBY

His parents are still looking for him, right? Well, I know where he is. That alone will, at the very least, expose what he did to Izzy, the tunnel. The Den.

PADERBORN

(sighing)

This route will likely be very unpleasant for you.

TABBY

Can't be worse than watching your friends get stabbed by inbred, rowing cunts.

EXT. THE FOX DORM - SUNRISE

Tabby and Paderborn pull up in his RANGE ROVER. Olivia waits for them outside of the building. They both get out. The Dean gives Olivia a look like, *this one's a piece of work.*

OLIVIA

Tabby, can we chat? Just us girls?

TABBY

No.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Okay.

Paderborn moves aside so Tabby can unlock the door. She does. The Dean and Olivia follow.

UMA

Tabby!

NOVEMBER

You're alive!

Tabby says nothing. She walks over toward the piece of carpet where the TRAPDOOR hides. Paderborn and Olivia watch her. The others wake up and see The Dean in their dorm. They see Tabby. They see her near THE DOOR.

SCARLETT
What are you doing?

ZOE
Why is the Dean here?

EDEN
Why are you covered in blood?

She kneels.

NOVEMBER
Tabby. This will ruin everything we worked for.

This hits Tabby, who can only muster --

TABBY
Don't you see? Everything is already ruined.

Tabby opens the door and looks down inside. It's empty. No corpse. Nothing.

TABBY (CONT'D)
Where's Jake? His body was just there today. Where is he?

The girls all look at each other, not wanting to chime in.

OLIVIA
Jake Matthews?

TABBY
(panicked)
Yes, Jake Matthews. Who else? I swear. He was in there earlier. Guys. What happened --

PADERBORN
Well, this was an insane waste of time.

TABBY
No! No. He was just here --

OLIVIA
Where did you say that retreat was?

PADERBORN
Utah. I think.

OLIVIA (CONT'D) PADERBORN (CONT'D)
 Shall I organize? Yes, please. And call, well,
 call everyone.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 On it.

As Olivia and Paderborn leave the dorm. Tabby can't believe it. Her only chance. Gone. Tabby sits down on the ledge of the door. Completely exhausted.

November walks over to her and hands her, her pillow.

Tabby looks at it, and knows exactly what to do. She SCREAMS.

EXT. DUELIN COLLEGE - DAY

This the same shot of the same American institution.

Tabby, newly tanned and refreshed walks with her luggage. She passes by the orientation tables, no longer a freshman.

INT. DUELIN COLLEGE - HALLWAYS - LATER

Tabby drags her suitcase down the old, stone hallways.

A hoard of boys pass her. Most of them whispering with fear in their eyes. One in particular, who looks like Armie Hammer pre-cannibalism, gives Tabby a nod. It's George. **She does not nod back.**

She walks through a large stone archway toward a building at the edge of the wood.

INT. THE FOX DORM - DAY

Tabby enters. The only other person there is OLIVIA, who sits on her bed. Tabby is surprised to see her.

OLIVIA
 How was Utah?

TABBY
 A certain kind of purgatory.

OLIVIA
 Ha.
 (beat)
 You made quite a scene last year,
 wanted to make sure you didn't have
 similar plans.

TABBY

You don't know a thing about what happened last year.

OLIVIA

Ever wonder what happened to Jake Matthews' body? You know, the one thing that saved your dumbass from legitimate jail time?

TABBY

(realizing)

That was you? How did you --?

Olivia just looks at Tabby. Ah.

TABBY (CONT'D)

You lived here.

OLIVIA

A proud member of The Fox.

(beat)

November called me. That night. She suspected I knew more than I was letting on. Trusted me. Wish you had, too.

TABBY

It really felt like I was doing the right thing. Owning up to it.

OLIVIA

I know. At the time, revealing alllll of the reasons things went wrong that night was the only way you could justify what happened. Getting anyone to understand how amazing that place was and why you protected it like your life depended on it was all you had.

(beat)

But it would never have worked. No man would ever understand. You could have explained it every day for the rest of your life and they'd never get it. The whole world is a man's Den... and ours was its own little thing that existed for that sliver in time, and the fact that you got to experience such a unique place, should hopefully bring you joy rather than regret.

TABBY
So you're not mad that it's gone?

OLIVIA
For me at least, it wasn't about
the place, it was the people.

FOUR NEW FRESHMAN GIRLS walk into the dorm.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, I do think they'll
feel what they missed.

Olivia gets up. Tabby thinks about this.

TABBY
Are you not our RA anymore?

OLIVIA
Paderborn promoted me.

Olivia slips out. The Four girls stare at Tabby. The tallest,
most symmetrical brunette--

BRUNETTE
Is it true that girls in this dorm,
like, died last year?
(re: Tabby's deadpan)
Can I just... not get one of their
bunks?

UMA (O.S.)
You would be so fucking lucky.

Uma, November, Minnie, Lucy, Zoe, Scarlett and Eden barge
inside. Like a hurricane.

UMA (CONT'D)
You. Bucket hat. Top bunk. You,
Euphoria makeup. Over there --

As Uma assigns them their beds. Tabby looks around. These are
her friends. They're still the same Princesses. The same
Foxes. That will never change.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. THE DEN - NIGHT

The TRAPDOOR opens and SAND spills off. Tabby and the others
lead the four new freshman, covered in pillowcases. They look
at their surroundings.

UMA
What is this place?

The Den has been transformed into a BASEBALL PRACTICE FIELD. Everything they once knew is completely demolished. It's now, just another fucking stupid place.

The girls each take off their pillow cases.

FRESHMAN
Why did you take us to baseball field?

FRESHMAN #2
Are you going to kill us?

UMA
Who's going to tell them?

TABBY
November?

NOVEMBER
I think I want to hear you tell it.

Tabby sits down on the dust. The others do the same. Once everyone has settled, we push in on Tabby.

TABBY
Okay. Have any of you ever heard the story of the Twelve Dancing Princesses?

CUT TO BLACK.