

Popular: Senior Year  
"Oxford Blues"

by

The Wild Pikachu

POPULAR: SENIOR YEAR

OXFORD BLUES

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. KRUPPS' FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sam comes storming through the foyer, with Principal Krupps not far behind.

KRUPPS  
(calling)  
Sam! SAM!!

Just short of the front door, Sam stops, spins around, and stares Krupps down.

SAM  
You knew! How could you know and not say anything?!

KRUPPS  
(bemused)  
Did you want me to turn you in to the police?

SAM  
I—no! That's not what I mean!

KRUPPS  
So what do you mean, Sam?

Sam's face scrunches up as she thinks about that.

SAM  
How could you know and not say anything to me?!

Off Krupps' surprised look—

SLIDE CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brooke is on the phone with Mr. Osbourne.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKE  
(into the phone)  
So, I guess you know that Sam's in  
jail?

OSBOURNE (V.O.)  
(over the phone)  
So my sources informed me, yes.  
As well as the fact that all  
charges against you and Miss James  
have been rescinded.

BROOKE  
(grating)  
Great. I wish you'd told me.

OSBOURNE (V.O.)  
(surprised)  
I would have thought you would  
have been informed promptly.

BROOKE  
Uh, no, I didn't know Sam was in  
jail until Dad and Jane told me.  
And then they accused me of lying  
about it!

OSBOURNE (V.O.)  
Excuse me?

Brooke flops down on the bed.

BROOKE  
(sigh)  
Are you sure you want to hear all  
the gory details?

OSBOURNE (V.O.)  
If you are in the need to...vent,  
as it were, I am perfectly willing  
to listen.

BROOKE  
Okay, but don't say I didn't warn  
you...

FADE TO WHITE.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. KRUPPS' FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Krupps are still facing each other down.

KRUPPS  
Sam, just come and sit and let's  
talk about this.

SAM  
How am I supposed to trust you?

Krupps gives her a mildly reproachful look.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Okay, that was stupid. But  
still...

KRUPPS  
(patiently)  
Sam, what have I always said to  
you?

Sam shrugs helplessly.

KRUPPS (CONT'D)  
You have tremendous potential. If  
you want to, you can be a shining  
star.

SAM  
(bitter laugh)  
Yeah, I'll be the star of my cell  
block.

KRUPPS  
We'll deal with the legal issues  
in due time.

SAM  
I'm guilty—I stole the money from  
the Student Fund. And I framed  
Brooke and Natalie. Did you know  
that, too?

She reads the expression on his face.

SAM (CONT'D)  
You didn't, did you? Are you  
ready to throw me out now?

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

In reply, Krupps steps over to her and wraps his arm around her shoulders.

KRUPPS

Not even close. Come on—let's go talk.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Brooke is still on the phone with Mr. Osbourne.

BROOKE

(into the phone)

...and then my dad just sent me to my room! Just like that! Can you believe that?!

OSBOURNE (V.O.)

(over the phone)

I assume that's a rhetorical question, Miss McQueen. I am accustomed to accepting your word in such matters.

BROOKE

(slightly exasperated)

Mr. Osbourne—

OSBOURNE (V.O.)

I suspect your stepmother spoke as she did due to the stress of the situation. As for your father, perhaps he was also motivated by the desire to provide support.

BROOKE

Fine. That doesn't give them the right to make me their whipping girl.

OSBOURNE (V.O.)

I was simply attempting to explain their behavior, not justify it.

BROOKE

Well, I don't have to put up with it. And since I'm not under arrest anymore, there's nothing stopping me from going to Oxford, right?

**(CONTINUED)**

CONTINUED:

OSBOURNE (V.O.)  
Indeed, I have spoken with my  
erstwhile colleagues, and  
confirmed that they are quite  
prepared to receive you with open  
arms at any time of your choosing.

BROOKE  
Great.

She pulls herself up off the bed and steps over to her  
computer, which is displaying flights to England.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
I choose tomorrow.

OSBOURNE (V.O.)  
Ah...are you certain?

BROOKE  
Is that okay? With school and  
everything? Is there a problem?

OSBOURNE (V.O.)  
No, of course not. As I said, the  
paperwork is complete and ready to  
be filed.

BROOKE  
And I tried to talk to Dad and  
Jane, like you asked.

OSBOURNE (V.O.)  
Indeed, Miss McQueen. I concede  
the point.

Brooke looks faintly surprised by that.

BROOKE  
I'm booking a flight for tomorrow  
morning. Is that going to be  
okay?

OSBOURNE (V.O.)  
Of course. I shall submit the  
papers promptly tomorrow.

BROOKE  
Great.  
(beat, then a bit sheepishly)  
Um, could I ask for one tiny  
little favor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

But before we hear what that favor is:

DISSOLVE TO:

EST. L.A. SKYLINE - MORNING

Stock shot of the city.

CUT TO:

INT. MCQUEEN LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Jane is shrugging on a jacket while Mike stands nearby.

JANE

Mike, it's settled. She's my daughter, and I'm going to go talk to her. I don't care if I have to stand outside the door and yell.

MIKE

Will you at least let me go with you?

JANE

Honey—how do I put this delicately? You and Principal Krupps...don't get along.

CUT TO:

INT. MCQUEEN KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Jane are still talking; their voices can be dimly heard in the background. Brooke comes down the back stairs, a bag in each hand and one slung over her shoulder. Satisfied that she hasn't been noticed, she walks lightly to the patio doors, quietly opens them, and slips out.

CUT TO:

INT. KRUPPS' STUDY - MORNING

Krupps is, for some inexplicable reason, eating breakfast in the study. He is relaxing in an overstuffed leather wingback chair, in a smoking jacket, looking like something out of Masterpiece Theater—all he needs is a pipe to complete the look. Debonair to the max.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

When Sam trudges in, on the other hand, she looks as if she's been dragged in by the proverbial cat: bedraggled hair everywhere, a robe that isn't tattered but still manages to convey the impression that she's just been through a tornado. Her face is hidden behind the mass of hair.

KRUPPS  
 (looking up)  
 Sam! How are you feeling this morning?

Sam mutters something unintelligible.

KRUPPS **(CONT'D)**  
 If you're suffering from withdrawal symptoms, I know a very good doctor...

Sam pushes her hair out of her face and shakes her head.

SAM  
 No... I think I went through that in jail... It's not that bad—I don't think...most of the stuff I took, I don't think I took enough of to really get hooked on, really.  
 (beat)  
 Hopefully.  
 (beat)  
 I just feel...worn out.

Krupps nods and stands up.

KRUPPS  
 I can imagine. Have something to eat. It'll make you feel better.

Sam's gaze follows Krupps' gesture, to a silver tray laden with breakfast staples: scrambled eggs, bacon, etc.

SAM  
 (raised eyebrow)  
 You cook?

KRUPPS  
 I do many things, Sam.

Just then, the doorbell rings. Krupps shrugs off his smoking jacket and reaches for his suit coat as he walks out of the room.

CUT TO:



EXT. KRUPPS' FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Krupps opens the front door, and—

SAM  
(coming up behind)  
Mom??

Indeed, Jane.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

Brooke and Osbourne are standing beneath a "British Airways" sign, as Brooke's bags are checked in curbside.

BROOKE  
(bouncy)  
This is it... I'm really going to  
Oxford...

She scrunches her eyes shut and clenches her fists, trying to contain herself, but after a moment she gives up and squeals, bouncing up and down.

Osbourne can't help but smile.

OSBOURNE  
Quite so, Miss McQueen. And  
entirely on your own merits, I  
might add.

BROOKE  
If you hadn't—

OSBOURNE  
(waving her off)  
Had I not interceded, there would  
possibly have been a delay in your  
acceptance, yes. But you would  
have been accepted.

BROOKE  
(shaking her head)  
I wouldn't even have tried without  
you. I would've just wallowed in  
self-pity, and ended up getting a  
job at Mr. Cluck's.

OSBOURNE  
(bemused)  
I very much doubt that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSBOURNE (CONT'D)

In any case, I wish you the best  
of luck, and safe travels.

He extends a hand to her, and she responds by throwing her  
arms around him in an unexpected clinch. Then she turns and  
disappears into the terminal building.

CUT TO:

INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

ANGLE: NATALIE

Natalie is lying face up on her bed. As the shot pulls back,  
we see that Harrison is lying next to her (and that both of  
them are fully clothed).

NATALIE

Well...now what?

HARRISON

Hell if I know.

Natalie turns her head to look at him.

NATALIE

Why did you come here?

Harrison responds with a full-body shrug.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

This is a disaster.

HARRISON

(sigh, glum)

Yup.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. KRUPPS' STUDY - LATER

Jane is sitting in one of the wingback chairs, looking entirely uncomfortable, while Sam and Krupps are huddled on the far side of the room.

SAM  
(hushed)  
This is a lousy idea!

KRUPPS  
Maybe so. But you'll never know  
until you try.

Sam chews that over, then—with an overly-theatrical sigh—makes it clear that she's surrendering. Krupps takes her by the shoulders and guides her to another chair, gently sitting her down facing her mother.

KRUPPS (CONT'D)  
I'll be in the other room. Take  
as long as you need.

With that he backs out of the room, closing the door behind him. For a long moment, mother and daughter sit in silence.

JANE  
Sam, I—

SAM  
(cutting in)  
Wait, Mom, I know what you're  
gonna say. You just couldn't wait  
to rush over here to tell me what  
a disappointment I am, and how you  
don't understand how you could  
have gone so wrong raising me, and  
why couldn't I be the perfect  
daughter, like Brooke.

Jane just looks at her, a little sadly.

JANE  
Sam, what I just couldn't wait to  
rush over here to tell you is that  
no matter what happens, you're  
still my little girl, and I will  
always love you and be behind you,  
against anyone or anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam looks like she doesn't know how to react to that. Jane gets up, steps over to Sam, and gets down on one knee in front of her—not taking her hands, but close.

JANE (CONT'D)

Okay, Sam...let's start over. I know Mike and I have made mistakes. Plenty of mistakes. I think I've made more mistakes with you in the last year than I did in the first sixteen years of your life.

Sam gives a little shrug that could mean anything.

JANE (CONT'D)

Sam, you don't have to meet me halfway. I don't care. You don't have to move at all. I just want you to talk to me.

Sam is quiet for a little bit. Finally she blows out a semi-dramatic sigh.

SAM

(grumbling)

It's not totally your fault.

Jane looks vaguely hopeful.

JANE

Really?

Sam eyes her grumpily.

SAM

Don't make me say it again.

Jane lays a hand on Sam's knee.

JANE

Honey, it doesn't matter whose fault it is. Besides, I'm your mother. It's my job to keep you from doing bad stuff.

Sam is still talking grudgingly, but at least she's still talking.

SAM

It didn't seem that bad at the time.

Jane looks at Sam reproachfully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

Sam...  
(off Sam's look)  
It never does, honey.  
(beat)  
It didn't to me, either.

SAM

(not following)  
You?

Jane's look gets a little more condescending.

JANE

I grew up in the seventies, Sam.  
Do you really think I never tried  
anything?

Sam's eyes go wide as she processes that thought.

JANE (CONT'D)

(backtracking)  
I mean, nothing major. Maybe a  
little pot in college. A few  
times. But that's it.

SAM

Really?!

JANE

(wry)  
I'm your mother. Don't make me  
say it again.

SAM

Huh.  
(beat)  
I don't think I ever tried pot.

JANE

(significantly)  
And you're not going to, right?

Sam scrunches up her face at her mother.

JANE (CONT'D)

Sam, eventually we're going to  
have to have a serious talk about  
this.

Sam recoils slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JANE (CONT'D)

But not today.

(beat)

Mr. Krupps said you had a lawyer.

SAM

Yeah, he seems really good.

JANE

Sam, you know if I'd had any idea you were in jail—

SAM

Yeah, I know. I guess I should've told Brooke about that.

Jane does a double-take at that.

JANE

Hold on—I know Brooke talked to you, but...you didn't tell her you were in jail??

SAM

What, and have to listen to Brooke smirk?

JANE

(logically)

You can't hear someone smirk, Sam.

SAM

(scornful)

Trust me, I've been hearing Brooke smirk for months now.

(beat)

I figured you'd be there, and I wouldn't have to. But you weren't, so Brooke and I traded insults for a minute, and then she hung up.

JANE

But that means...

(shoulders drooping)

Oh, no.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

...where we see Lily walking down the corridor, cell phone (uncharacteristically) pressed to her ear, just in time to watch her stop dead in her tracks and say:

LILY  
 (into the phone)  
What?!! You're where?!!  
 (beat)  
 Hang on, I'm conferencing.

"Conferencing" means grabbing Carmen by the arm as she walks by in the opposite direction, spinning her 270 degrees and propelling her through the Novak door.

TRACK TO:

INT. GIRLS' RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Natalie, sitting on the tuffet, rises when she sees Carmen getting pushed through the door, with Lily behind her.

NATALIE  
 (bright)  
 Hey, guys! Did you hear the news?

LILY  
 (to Natalie)  
 What? Hang on.  
 (into the phone)  
 Brooke? Okay, I've got Carmen,  
 I've got Natalie. I'm putting you  
 on speaker.

She holds the phone out.

NATALIE  
 Hey, Brooke, did you hear? They  
 nailed Sam! We're off the hook.

LILY/CARMEN  
 (simultaneously)  
 What?!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AN AIRLINER

Brooke is sitting by herself, in a reasonably comfortable middle seat, with her cell phone to her ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKE  
(irritated)  
When did you find out?

NATALIE  
This morning. Guess they aren't  
as anxious to tell people that  
they aren't under arrest. Imagine  
that.

LILY  
(frustrated)  
Okay, I want to know all about  
this, but—Brooke, you're where?!!

BROOKE  
Calm down, Lily. I'm on a plane.  
I'm going to England.

Carmen looks confused.

CARMEN  
I know you got into Oxford, but...  
doesn't it start in the fall?

BROOKE  
(laughs)  
I'm just going to visit, Carmen.  
A week, maybe two. I had to get  
away from Dad and Jane, and six  
thousand miles sounded like far  
enough.

NATALIE  
(shrugs)  
She's got a point.

On Brooke's end of the line, a passing flight attendant catches her attention.

BROOKE  
Whoops, they're telling everyone  
to turn off their phones. We must  
be getting ready to take off.  
(rushed)  
Okay, I love you guys! See you in  
a couple weeks!

Brooke clicks off the phone and leans back, looking very satisfied with herself.

END INTERCUT.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

INT. GIRLS' RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

CARMEN  
(calling out)  
Bring back tea and crumpets!

Natalie and Lily just stare at her.

NATALIE  
(dubious)  
Did you just ask her to bring back  
food? There's an English place  
like six blocks from here.

CARMEN  
Yeah, but who knows if it's  
authentic? Besides, that's what  
my family does when we travel—we  
bring back food.

Natalie raises an eyebrow at that, but doesn't comment.  
Meanwhile...

CUT TO:

INT. KRUPPS' STUDY - LATER

Krupps walks in to find Sam sitting alone.

KRUPPS  
(neutrally)  
What happened with your mother?

SAM  
We talked. It wasn't a total  
disaster.

Sam nods in a way that's meant to convey a direction, but  
doesn't, really.

SAM (CONT'D)  
She had to go call Mike.  
Something about Brooke. Have I  
mentioned that Brooke occupies a  
lot of their attention?

KRUPPS  
You don't sound as upset about  
that as I would have expected.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM  
 (gamely)  
 Hey, I tried to put her in prison,  
 but that didn't work out.  
 (off Krupps' look)  
 Too soon?

CUT TO:

INT. MCQUEEN LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike is wandering around the living room, phone to his ear.

MIKE  
 (into the phone)  
 Wait, say that again?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KRUPPS' FRONT HALLWAY

...where Jane is on the other end of the line.

JANE  
 (into the phone)  
 Sam didn't actually tell Brooke  
 that she was in jail. She just  
 asked to talk to me, and we  
 assumed the rest.

MIKE  
 (scratching his head)  
 So, Brooke wasn't lying.

JANE  
 Nope.

MIKE  
 (venturing)  
 So, we are—

JANE  
 (sighs)  
 —we are officially the Worst  
 Parents in the World. Again. I  
 think they're just going to award  
 us that title permanently.  
 There's probably a ceremony  
 involved, some kind of plaque,  
 maybe...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE  
(cutting in)  
Jane, we're going to fix this.

JANE  
(slightly hysterical)  
We are? That's a relief. Because  
we've never tried that before.

MIKE  
Honey, it'll be all right. We  
just need to...

Mike trails off as he comes across a small pile of textbooks,  
stacked neatly on an endtable.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Jane, did you see Brooke this  
morning?

Jane shakes her head, though Mike can't see it.

JANE  
She must have gone to school  
early.

MIKE  
Her books are still here.

Jane takes a moment to digest that.

JANE  
You don't think...

But Mike definitely does, as he runs up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike rushes in, looking around anxiously. Everything appears  
to be normal. He takes in the scene, then heads for the  
closet door. Sliding the door back reveals a row of empty  
hangars. Mike's pained expression says it all.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. KRUPPS' HOUSE - LATER

Only a little bit later. Krupps is walking Jane out to the drive.

JANE  
I wish I didn't have to go, but...

KRUPPS  
(reassuring)  
I understand. And I think Sam does, too. I'll try to help with that.

Jane stops and turns to him.

JANE  
Thank you.

Krupps makes a dismissive gesture.

KRUPPS  
I would anyway, of course...but in this case I feel particularly responsible. It was my mistake that led to this. And I am truly sorry about that.

JANE  
It wasn't—

KRUPPS  
(firmly)  
Sam told me she called home and talked to Brooke, and I jumped to conclusions.

JANE  
We all jumped, Mr. Krupps. And we're her parents, we have less of an excuse to.

Krupps looks oddly discomfited.

KRUPPS  
I have to admit...there have been times when I thought that you were...handling Sam badly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE  
 (snorts)  
 Trust me, you weren't the only  
 one.

KRUPPS  
 But, you're her mother, and...I  
 just want to say I regret anything  
 I've done that might have  
 complicated your relationship.

JANE  
 Mr. Krupps.... From what I've  
 heard, you've been there for Sam  
 for months now. I can't say that  
 I completely understand why—

Krupps looks like he wants to say something here, but Jane holds out a hand to forestall him.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 My point is... I appreciate Sam  
 having someone to turn to. Even  
 if it doesn't always seem like it.

KRUPPS  
 (earnestly)  
 I'm not trying to take her  
 father's place. Or even your  
 husband's.  
 (beat)  
 Even if it sometimes seems like an  
 attractive option.

Jane lays a hand on Krupps' arm.

JANE  
 You don't have to replace her  
 father to be a father figure.  
 (beat)  
 As long as you've got Sam's best  
 interests at heart, you're good in  
 my book.

KRUPPS  
 Always.

JANE  
 I have to go try to help find  
 Brooke.  
 (pats his arm)  
 Take care of her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KRUPPS

Of course.

With that, Jane gets in her car.

FLIP CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Mike and Jane are rather morosely walking down the sparsely-populated corridor.

MIKE

I'm still not sure this is a good idea. I mean, Brooke could be—

JANE

I know, honey, but you know how this goes. She hasn't technically been missing for twenty-four hours...

MIKE

I know, I know. And she's almost eighteen. We've been over this before. With Brooke and Sam. Several times. The police probably have a file on us. But—

JANE

Believe me, I would love it if we were a perfect nuclear family. But we have to face facts: our girls have turned to other people, and if we're going to get back on track with them, we have to go to those people. With Sam, it's Principal Krupps. With Brooke, it's—

At just that moment, Lily comes around the corner of an upcoming junction, enthusiastically talking on her cell phone.

LILY

(into the phone)

...are you kidding?! I wish I could see that. Did you get a picture?

Lily is too involved with her conversation to notice Mike and Jane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY (CONT'D)  
 (checking her watch)  
 Uh-oh, I'm almost at my daily  
 limit for cell phone use... No  
 way, I'm not risking my brain!...  
 Okay, okay, I'll talk to you  
 later... Bye, Brooke.

Mike and Jane, having passed by going in the opposite  
 direction, stop short at hearing Brooke's name.

MIKE  
 (spinning around)  
 Lily!

Lily spins around herself, open-mouthed.

LILY  
 Mr. McQueen! Ms. McPherson—I  
 mean, Mrs. McQueen! Sorry—I  
 didn't even see you!

MIKE  
 (urgently)  
 Were you just talking to Brooke?!

LILY  
 (oblivious)  
 Yeah, but only for a couple  
 minutes. I let Josh buy me this  
 cell phone, but I'm strictly  
 rationing my exposure. It's the  
 only way to minimize the dangers  
 of harmful radiation...

At about this point Lily realizes that Mike and Jane aren't  
 quite following her.

LILY (CONT'D)  
 ...what? I've kept up on the  
 latest research...

Mike seems to be having trouble getting words to come out, so  
 Jane steps in.

JANE  
 (deliberately)  
 Lily, honey...where was Brooke  
 calling from, exactly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LILY

Oh, the Admissions Committee? I guess they arranged for her to stay in an apartment with a couple of other girls who are going to be starting in the fall. It's off-campus, right in the town of Oxford. A "flat," that's what they call it in England.

(wistful)

I wish I could go to England. There's some important anti-whaling activity going on there.

The expressions on Mike's and Jane's faces break Lily out of her monologue.

LILY (CONT'D)

Brooke hasn't called you yet, has she? I'm sorry—when she called from the plane it sounded like she wanted to get away. But she just landed, I'm sure she'll call—

Mike holds up a placating hand.

MIKE

It's okay, Lily. As long as we know she's safe.

LILY

I could talk to her the next time she calls...

MIKE

(reassuringly)

No, no, I don't want you putting yourself in the middle of this. We can work it out.

SWEEP CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Standing just inside the double doors at the end of the corridor, Harrison and Natalie still look like a matched set on their crutches.

NATALIE

(low)

It never happened.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HARRISON

Nope.

NATALIE

Never.

HARRISON

Never ever.

NATALIE

Nothing happened.

HARRISON

Not a thing.

Natalie gives Harrison a sidelong glance.

NATALIE

(resigned)

Aw, man...

CUT TO:

INT. KRUPPS' STUDY - LATER

Krupps and Sam are conferring with Armstrong, the high-powered attorney.

ARMSTRONG

I've been reviewing your legal options, Sam.

SAM

(glum)

Lemme guess—jail, jail, or jail.

ARMSTRONG

If you're convicted, that is a possibility.

SAM

(cynical)

A possibility? If I'm convicted??

ARMSTRONG

It's my job to prevent that from happening. Or, failing that, to secure the lightest possible sentence.

(matter-of-factly)

And I am very good at my job.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

KRUPPS

If I might— I did come across a possible course of action.

ARMSTRONG

(gesturing)

By all means.

Krupps hands a brochure to Armstrong, who opens it and scans it briefly.

Armstrong passes the brochure to Sam, who studies it for about half a second before her jaw drops and she turns on Krupps.

SAM

(flabbergasted)

Are you CRAZY?!!

CUT TO:

INT. SOCIAL STUDIES CLASS - LATER

Class is not in session, but Osbourne is busy at his desk when a knock on the doorframe makes him look up, just in time to see Mike and Jane enter. He starts to rise, but Mike puts up his hands in a gesture of surrender.

MIKE

Please...we just want to know what's going on.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. SOCIAL STUDIES CLASS - LATER

As Osbourne is concluding his tale:

OSBOURNE

...and so, Miss McQueen opted to take advantage of the Committee's invitation immediately.

JANE

I can't believe she just took off like that.

OSBOURNE

Miss McQueen had no wish to remain here, and frankly, given the circumstances which she relayed to me, I saw little reason to attempt to dissuade her.

MIKE

I can't believe she got into Oxford and didn't tell us.

OSBOURNE

(drily)

I believe she was attempting to deliver that news when you falsely accused her of lying and sent her away.

MIKE

Oh, right.

(to Jane)

I think they should give us a plaque.

OSBOURNE

Pardon?

MIKE

Nothing. Mr. Osbourne, I'm sure she doesn't want to talk to us right now, but if you could just let us know how to get in touch with her...

In response, Osbourne retrieves a folded piece of paper from a desk drawer and offers it to Mike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSBOURNE

As it happens, I anticipated your coming.

Mike takes the paper.

OSBOURNE (CONT'D)

I would advise that you exercise caution. Your daughter will be living abroad in just a few months. It would be quite easy at this point to create a permanent split.

MIKE

(ruefully)

Any idea how not to do that?

OSBOURNE

I am not a family counselor, Mr. McQueen. I believe my rather feeble attempts to foster communication between you and your daughter may attest to that.

(beat)

However, I might suggest patience. And listening. Your daughter tends to feel that she is not listened to.

MIKE

But not with you.

JANE

(warning)

Mike...

MIKE

No, no... I get it. It's easier for her to talk to you.

OSBOURNE

I believe I understand your apprehension. Rest assured, it is only "easier" for Miss McQueen to speak freely to me precisely because I am not her father. Nor do I have any desire to be. My interest at all times has been to support Miss McQueen, while facilitating reconciliation as best I can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

We—I—appreciate it. I'm working on not letting my ego get in the way.

OSBOURNE

You are her father, there is no other. But if repairing your relationship requires you to swallow your pride, as it were—is that not a small price to pay?

MIKE

That's what I keep telling myself. I just have to be smart enough to listen.

OSBOURNE

Indeed, Mr. McQueen. As always, if I may be of service...

Osbourne stands and offers his hand, which Mike shakes firmly.

MIKE

Thanks. I'd like to think we won't need it, but with our track record...

OSBOURNE

One must maintain a positive frame of mind, Mr. McQueen. That shall be the extent of my advice-giving today.

FLIP CUT TO:

EXT. KRUPPS' FRONT DOOR - LATER

Krupps and Armstrong are standing on the stoop, shaking hands.

KRUPPS

Thanks for your advice, as always, Alexander. Shall we continue this tomorrow?

ARMSTRONG

Of course, I'll have my secretary call and set up a time.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KRUPPS (CONT'D)  
You'd face a jury of your peers,  
just as you're entitled to.

SAM  
(matter-of-fact)  
My peers hate me.

KRUPPS  
That's absolutely not true, Sam.

He reaches for a packet of papers and flips through them.

KRUPPS (CONT'D)  
Your overall numbers are still  
very favorable...in fact, there's  
been hardly any bump in your  
unfavorables at all.

SAM  
(open-mouthed)  
My...?!

She snatches the packet out of Krupps' hands and looks through it.

SAM (CONT'D)  
You've had polling done on me?!

KRUPPS  
(shrugging)  
I have polling done on everyone.  
How else would I be able to  
capture the mood of the school?

Understandably, Sam seems a bit shell-shocked by this.

KRUPPS (CONT'D)  
Sam—bottom line, this is a very  
neat way to deal with your legal  
problems. It'll be handled  
entirely within the confines of  
the school—you won't have to go  
to court at all.

SAM  
What if they convict me? Do I go  
to jail at school too?

FLASH CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FANTASY SEQUENCE

An insanely long, rapid follow shot (ala "The Evil Dead" or similar cheesy Z-grade horror flick), down through the school's basement, then through increasingly ridiculous dark passageways (hissing steam pipes, chains, etc.), finally ending at an ancient iron door with a tiny barred window—where Sam appears, clutching the bars, a horrified expression on her face.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. KRUPPS' STUDY - CONTINUOUS

KRUPPS  
(reassuring)  
Let's cross that bridge when we  
get to it, shall we?

DISSOLVE TO:

EST. L.A. SKYLINE - MORNING

Stock shot. The next morning.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KRUPPS' STUDY

Krupps, Sam and Armstrong are sitting around the table, having another strategy session.

KRUPPS  
(surveying)  
So, we're agreed, then?

Sam looks less than overjoyed, but she nods.

SAM  
I guess it can't be worse than  
going to court, right?

ARMSTRONG  
Honestly?

Krupps throws Armstrong a warning glance, which he apparently doesn't see.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

Probably not. There are still uncertainties, just different ones. Everyone will know you—which can either work for or against you. But if your counsel prepares the right defense, you should have a definite edge.

SAM

(frowning)

Isn't that you?

Armstrong makes a "hands off" gesture.

ARMSTRONG

Not for this. Faculty and students only—no outsiders. I can advise, in an unofficial capacity, but I can't be there.

Krupps gets up and stands behind Sam, hands on her shoulders protectively.

KRUPPS

Not to worry, Sam. I'm going to take care of everything. This is going to go off without a hitch.

FLIP CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

ANGLE: BULLETIN BOARD

A typical cork board filled with various notices. A student moves through the frame, back turned, in fast-motion, and in their wake is a line of lurid posters on colored paper, featuring a grainy mug shot of Sam and the headline "TRIAL OF THE CENTURY!!!"

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. MCQUEEN LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mike is standing in the middle of the room with the cordless phone in his hand. Not doing anything with it, just staring at it, as though he were waiting for it to tell him something.

Jane comes up behind him.

JANE  
It's tough, huh?

MIKE  
(shakes his head)  
I really feel like this is my last chance, Jane. Like if I mess up this time, I'll end up that guy in a rest home with the estranged daughter who hasn't spoken to him in thirty years.

JANE  
(pats his shoulder)  
You won't end up in a rest home.

Mike's only reply is a grimace.

JANE (CONT'D)  
And you won't end up with an estranged daughter, either. You can do this. I believe in you. Brooke is lucky to have a father like you.

MIKE  
(grunt)  
Now if I could just get Brooke to believe that.

JANE  
You will  
(beat)  
Do you know what you're going to say to her?

MIKE  
(shrugs)  
Not really...

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

After a reassuring squeeze from Jane, Mike visibly steels himself, and begins to enter a number into the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. A PARK - DUSK

Brooke is strolling lazily along a path, taking in the scenery, when her cell phone rings. She stops, pull the phone from her pocket and puts it to her ear.

BROOKE  
(into the phone)  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SOCIAL STUDIES CLASS - DAY

Osbourne is sitting at his desk, holding his own phone.

OSBOURNE  
(into the phone)  
Good evening, Miss McQueen.

BROOKE  
(pleased as punch)  
Mr. Osbourne!  
(glances at her watch)  
Did class just let out?

OSBOURNE  
Merely lunchtime. I didn't wish to keep you up by waiting until the end of the day.

BROOKE  
(walking again)  
Oh, don't be silly, Mr. Osbourne. You know I'd stay up to hear from you. Besides, this place is so amazing, I don't think I'm going to sleep at all!

OSBOURNE  
(mock-severe)  
Really, Miss McQueen, you must get proper rest and keep up your strength. It would not do for you to faint on the streets of Oxford.

**(CONTINUED)**

CONTINUED:

Brooke just giggles with delight as she wanders through the darkening park.

CUT TO:

INT. A CLASSROOM - LATER

Natalie is sitting at one of the desks in an otherwise-empty room, crutches propped to one side, when Harrison hobbles in and sits at a nearby desk.

NATALIE

Well?

HARRISON

I think we're okay. Nobody's said anything. I don't think anyone's noticed.

NATALIE

(sardonic)

Yeah, we're very unnoticable. Practically invisible.

HARRISON

You know what I mean.

A brief, awkward silence follows.

NATALIE

How did you get us into this?

HARRISON

"This"?

Natalie makes a "you and me" gesture.

NATALIE

Us.

HARRISON

I'm sorry, but I'm pretty sure "us" was your idea.

NATALIE

Oh.

(beat)

How did you let me get us into this?

HARRISON

(shrugs)

You were persistent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE

Right. That's a bad habit.

Another awkward silence.

HARRISON

I don't think it matters how we got into this. The question is, how do we get out of it?

NATALIE

Last time I asked you that, you had no clue.

HARRISON

Still don't.

NATALIE

Great.

HARRISON

Well...avoiding each other doesn't work, not avoiding each other doesn't work—I don't know what else to try.

NATALIE

(bright)

Wanna elope?

(off Harrison's glare)

Just kidding. Jeez.

DISSOLVE TO:

EST. KRUPPS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A wide shot of the Principal's upscale home, including—tacked up on a convenient surface, handbill-style—one or two "TRIAL OF THE CENTURY!!!" posters.

CUT TO:

INT. KRUPPS' STUDY - AFTERNOON

...where a copy of the now-ubiquitous poster has made it to Sam's hands. She brandishes it at Krupps.

SAM

Have you seen this?! This isn't what I'd call "going off without a hitch"!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a frown, Krupps takes the poster and studies it.

KRUPPS  
(serious)  
Hmmm. This could affect your  
numbers.

SAM  
(agitated)  
My numbers?! This could affect my  
LIFE!! Who would do something  
like this?!

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY HIGH - DAY

ANGLE: COPIER

A close-up of the output tray of a copier, where a stack of "TRIAL OF THE CENTURY!!!" posters is piling up. The stack is picked up by a pair of hands belonging to—Miss Glass, who has a gleam in her eye and an evil grin on her face.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. KRUPPS' STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Krupps pats Sam on the shoulder, almost absently, without taking his eyes off the poster.

KRUPPS  
Don't worry, Sam. I've got  
everything under control.

FLIP CUT TO:

INT. KRUPPS' OFFICE - LATER

Krupps is sitting at his desk, talking on his desk phone.

KRUPPS  
(into the phone)  
I don't understand. What do you  
mean I can't be involved? I'm the  
principal.

INTERCUT WITH:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. A ROOM

An unidentified man (but definitely a bureaucrat) is sitting at his own desk, on the other end of the line.

MAN

(into the phone)

Yes, of course. I'm sorry for the confusion—the principal was originally supposed to act as judge in a trial conducted under the pilot program.

KRUPPS

"Was"?

MAN

Well—

(lower)

There were some allegations of... bias...in a couple of early cases. So we're changed our regulations to have a randomly-selected person serve as judge. He'll be the only outside party involved.

He picks up an 8x10 glossy.

MAN (CONT'D)

In fact, we already have the judge picked out for your upcoming trial.

INSERT - THE PHOTO

A head shot of—Godfrey (of course).

CUT TO:

INT. GIRLS' RESTROOM - LATER

ANGLE: LILY

Lily is wearing a classic slack-jawed expression of complete non-comprehension on her face.

LILY

(blank)

What?

PAN TO CARMEN

—who has an identical look on her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARMEN  
(blancker)  
What??

PAN TO MARY CHERRY

In contrast to the others, Mary Cherry's expression is just her garden-variety cluelessness.

MARY CHERRY  
(blankest)  
What???

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE



ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. GIRLS' RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

The scene now includes Natalie, who makes a rude, exasperated noise, throwing up her hands.

NATALIE

Come on, guys, I need help here!  
Do I need to go over it all  
again?!

CARMEN

(facepalm)  
Please don't.

Natalie just glares at her.

LILY

Nat...I'd really like to help you.  
We all would.

Carmen and Mary Cherry turn to Lily.

CARMEN/MARY CHERRY

(simultaneously)  
We would?

Lily shoots them an extremely dirty look, and they turn back to Natalie, contrite as angels.

LILY

But I don't know how. I mean, if  
you don't want to have anything to  
do with Harrison, why don't you  
just—?

NATALIE

(short)  
Told you. Tried that. Didn't  
work.

She gestures at her leg cast as evidence.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Even when I try to stay away from  
him, the universe just seems to  
keep throwing us together.

The other girls give her skeptical looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I'm serious! It's like my life is a sitcom, and the writers keep going, "Hey, let's put her together with Harrison again! That'll be funny!"

CARMEN

(dismissive wave)

Sitcom? Naw. Hour-long teen dramedy, maybe.

NATALIE

Ooh, I'd kill to be on Dawson's Creek right now.

LILY

Oh, come on. Those shows are nothing but a collection of unrealistic stereotypes.

CARMEN

(defensive)

I think Dawson's Creek is very realistic.

LILY

Okay, maybe once in a while there's an intelligent, environmentally-conscious character...

The other girls give her funny looks.

LILY (CONT'D)

...what?

At this point Mary Cherry puts her foot down (literally).

MARY CHERRY

(stomping her foot)

Y'all are just plum bein' silly, now! Why, if Nat's here life was a TV show, Harrison would be coming through that door to talk to her right this very second!

She points dramatically at the Novak door, and the other girls turn to look expectantly.

A pregnant pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE: THE DOOR

Nothing happens.

Finally the girls turn their attention back to the group.

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)  
(triumphant)  
See? I rest my—

At that moment, the door opens and Harrison pops his head in.

HARRISON  
Uh...hey. Would you guys, uh,  
mind if I...talk to Natalie for a  
minute?

A flurry of looks at Mary Cherry, this Harrison totally misses.

CARMEN  
(dubious)  
Here?

HARRISON  
Well, it is private. And nicer  
than most of the classrooms.

Carmen makes an expression that concedes the point.

LILY  
Nat?

Natalie thinks it over for a moment, then acquiesces with a shrug. Lily responds by herding Carmen and Mary Cherry towards the exit.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Come on, we'll stand guard.  
(to Carmen, as they leave)  
Dawson's Creek?

As the girls exit, Harrison enters, closing the door carefully behind him.

NATALIE  
Didn't we just have this  
conversation?

Harrison comes over and sits down next to Natalie on the tuffet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HARRISON

It feels like we've been having this conversation every Friday for a month now.

NATALIE

So, the point of it this time is...?

HARRISON

I dunno. It bugs me that we can't make this work, you know?

NATALIE

No, I don't know! First of all, I don't know what you mean by "this"—

Harrison makes the same "you and me" gesture that she did before.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

—and second of all, I don't know what you mean by "work"! Friends? More than friends? Which is kind of funny, really, considering I've never even gotten to second base with you.

HARRISON

"Second base"? Do people still say that in Minnesota?

NATALIE

Shut up, you know what I mean.

HARRISON

Natalie, this isn't about sex.

NATALIE

We're teenagers, Harrison. Everything is about sex. Cosmo says so.

Harrison rolls his eyes.

HARRISON

Excuse me for not listening to Cosmo. Natalie, trust me, our relationship is not about sex.

NATALIE

Well, not yet!  
(beat, then indignantly)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Wait a minute—are you trying to tell me you don't find me attractive?!

HARRISON

(flustered)

Yes! I mean, no! Of course I find you attractive! Just—

NATALIE

(breaking in)

Harrison, if you say "not in that way," you're going to have more than a broken leg.

Harrison stops and takes a breath to reset.

HARRISON

What I mean is— Look, just trust me. Sex is not the issue. If this was just about sex, me and Sam would still be together.

Natalie turns that over in her head for a second, connecting the dots. Then she makes a sour face.

NATALIE

Ew. I don't think I needed to know that.

HARRISON

You're the one who brought it up.

NATALIE

Yeah. My bad.

(beat)

So if it's not about sex...what is it about?

Harrison considers the question.

HARRISON

(shrug)

Everything.

NATALIE

(sourly)

You're a big help.

HARRISON

Like you said, we're teenagers. We're not supposed to be good at relationships.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

NATALIE

Well, I've got more bad news: I don't think you get any better at it when you're an adult.

Harrison just grimaces at her.

HARRISON

Maybe I should write a column. Or one of those new Internet blog things. "Dating three girls at once: Not all it's cracked up to be."

Natalie laughs, a bit grudgingly.

NATALIE

(softly)

You know, I could do the honorable thing. Take myself out of the running.

She gives him a long look.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

But I can't do that. Because then you might end up with Brooke. Or Sam. And that's unacceptable to me.

Harrison looks like he's going to say something—but then he catches himself, his head canting with a sudden thought.

HARRISON

That's it! You're a genius!

He grabs her face in his hands and plants a kiss on her forehead.

NATALIE

But, I said I couldn't—

HARRISON

No, not you! Me! I can take myself out of the running!

NATALIE

(dubious)

Didn't you try that already? The monk thing?

HARRISON

(dismissive)

Oh, that was silly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

HARRISON (CONT'D)

I'm not changing my lifestyle—I'm just letting everyone know that I'm not dating anyone right now—say, for the rest of the school year. Then, after graduation, who knows?

NATALIE

You really think that'll work?

HARRISON

(shrugs)

I don't see why not. I mean, none of you can date me without my permission, right?

NATALIE

True.

HARRISON

(pondering)

You know, I've spent years desperately trying to get dates. It's going to be kinda weird turning around and trying to do the opposite.

NATALIE

(drily)

Probably easier to succeed at.

HARRISON

Ummm...not if there are girls chasing after me.

He gives her a very pointed look, which she returns intently, considering.

NATALIE

(gravely)

Well—if you're not dating Sam, and you're not dating Brooke... then I won't push.

Harrison puts one hand over his heart and raises the other melodramatically.

HARRISON

(solemn)

I swear, Harrison John will not be a participant in any date between now and graduation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Natalie thinks it over some more, and finally blows out a sigh.

NATALIE  
It's worth a shot, I guess.

She awkwardly gets up and retrieves her crutches, and together she and Harrison hobble out of the Novak. As they exit:

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
So...even though you're not  
dating, and I'm not pushing...  
We're still friends, right?

HARRISON (O.S.)  
Uh, well, sure.

NATALIE (O.S.)  
(hopeful)  
So you'll still help me keep from  
flunking Spanish?

We just catch Harrison's groan in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. A CLASSROOM - LATER

A typical empty classroom. Standing just inside the doorway are two scruffy janitor-types and Godfrey, who is wearing a black robe that simultaneously: a) is obviously a judge's outfit, and b) looks utterly ridiculous.

GODFREY  
(critically)  
It's a classroom.

JANITOR #1  
(nods)  
We've got a bunch of 'em.

GODFREY  
(still critical)  
It's not very big.

JANITOR #2  
It's the normal size.

GODFREY  
I think we should do this  
someplace bigger. Isn't there an  
auditorium?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JANITOR #1

Yeah. But they got a Chinese checkers tournament scheduled in there.

GODFREY

(looking over)

I'm going up against Chinese checkers?

The janitors both shrug.

JANITOR #2

Tough break.

GODFREY

What about the gym?

JANITOR #1

Jump rope contest.

GODFREY

The lunchroom?

JANITOR #2

The cafeteria staff threatened to put laxatives in everyone's food.

There are three identical disgusted faces at that, and Godfrey sighs.

JANITOR #1

Don't worry, boss. We'll fix it up nice.

Godfrey draws himself up self-importantly.

GODFREY

(quite pompous)

I am not "boss." In this school I am "your honor."

JANITOR #2

(unimpressed)

Whatever you say.

PAN INTO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MONTAGE

A fast-motion montage of the classroom being rearranged, with chairs, desks, tables, etc., getting moved and re-moved—sometimes back to their original places—accompanied by various generic moving men gesturing in apparent frustration.

PAN INTO:

INT. THE CLASSROOM

—transformed—more or less. Godfrey is sitting imperiously behind a raised desk/bench...as the shot pulls back we see that it is raised on stacks of textbooks. The tables for the prosecution and defense are standard lab tables, of course, and the spectator seats are regular chair/desk combos.

GODFREY  
(waving)  
Bring in the accused!

Crickets (literally—insert SOUND EFFECT here).

ANGLE: THE OPEN DOORWAY

A janitor with a wide broom pokes his head in.

JANITOR #3  
It's two A.M.

INSERT - WALL CLOCK

...which confirms the time.

GODFREY  
Right. I knew that.  
(calling after the departing  
janitor)  
I knew that!

DISSOLVE TO:

EST. L.A. SKYLINE - MORNING

Fast-motion sunrise.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CLASS COURTROOM - MORNING

The room is filled up, with numerous anonymous students sitting in the spectator rows (and managing to look like they are in class).

Godfrey is again sitting behind his makeshift bench (and may have been there all night, for all we know), but now he looks overwhelmed by the commotion.

And standing huddled off to the side, in a mostly-unsuccessful attempt to escape notice, are Krupps and Sam.

SAM  
(eyeing Godfrey)  
Why'd they pick him? This is like  
a bad TV show.

KRUPPS  
(sigh)  
I think I might agree with you.

SAM  
(goggling)  
What?! Now you're having second  
thoughts?!!

KRUPPS  
There's been a...complication. It  
turns out I can't be as...involved  
as I thought.

SAM  
What's that supposed to mean??

Just then, Sugar Daddy comes ambling up to them. Pinned to his shirt is a huge tag: "BAILIFF."

SUGAR  
(to Sam)  
Hey, Sam. This whole scene is  
really whack, huh? I mean, if it  
wasn't you, it'd be kinda cool and  
all, but...

SAM  
Yeah...

Sugar Daddy turns to Krupps.

SUGAR  
Yo, Principal K.  
(embarrassed)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUGAR (CONT'D)

Sorry, but the judge guy says you gotta go now.

KRUPPS

It's okay, Mr. Bernardino. How do you like being bailiff?

SUGAR

(grinning)

Man, it's the coolest job ever. I get to tell people where to sit and everything.

Krupps slaps Sugar Daddy's shoulder encouragingly.

KRUPPS

You're doing a fine job. Keep it up. You'll take care of Sam, right?

SUGAR

Word, Mr. Principal.

Krupps nods approvingly, and gives Sam one last reassuring smile.

KRUPPS

Don't worry, Sam. I've made arrangements. Everything will work out.

And with that, Krupps turns and makes his way towards the door, as Sam and Sugar watch him go.

SUGAR

Dude, Principal's got your back.

SAM

Yeah...I don't know how he's going to get me out of this one, though.

She turns to face him.

SAM (CONT'D)

Wanna tell me where to sit?

SUGAR

You got it.

Sugar Daddy leads Sam to a chair at one of the tables.

SAM

(looking around)

I wonder where Brooke is.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM (CONT'D)  
You'd think she'd be here to enjoy  
my downfall.

SUGAR  
(shrugs)  
Haven't seen her today, sorry.

As the hubbub continues—

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A PARK - EVENING

A park in Oxford, just before dusk. Brooke is strolling along, seemingly contemplative, not really paying attention to her surroundings—until a presence in her path causes her to pull up short. She looks up, and her jaw drops.

BROOKE  
DAD??!

Mike is standing there, trying to be as non-threatening as possible.

MIKE  
Hi, honey.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CLASS COURTROOM - LATER

The scene is less chaotic now: most of the seats are filled, and fewer people are milling around. Sam is sitting at the Defense table, trying to take everything in as calmly as possible.

Then her eyes widen when Miss Glass sits down at the Prosecution table. Same goggles at her, and Glass shoots her a nasty grin.

ANGLE: GODFREY

—as he bangs an oversized gavel on his desk/bench a few times—in fact, a few more times than necessary (to comic effect).

GODFREY  
(reading off an index card)  
Hear ye, hear ye!  
(muttering)  
Wait, that's not right...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shuffles through a small pile of index cards on the desk.

GODFREY (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 Dearly beloved...? No...

Finally, he gives up, and bangs the gavel ten or twelve more times.

GODFREY (CONT'D)  
 Um...this court is hereby called  
 to...session? No... Order! This  
 court is called to order  
 (waving officiously)  
 Bring in the accused!

Sam puts up her hand sheepishly.

GODFREY (CONT'D)  
 (covering)  
 All right! Now that the accused  
 has been brought in, we can get  
 started!

Godfrey squints at the tables in front of him.

GODFREY (CONT'D)  
 Where are the lawyers? This is a  
 trial, we've got to have lawyers!

At the Prosecution table, Miss Glass stands up gleefully.

MISS GLASS  
 I'm Bobbi Glass, and I'm  
 persecuting—uh, prosecuting this  
 juvenile delinquent! She's gonna  
 be behind bars for the rest of her  
 miserable life!

Godfrey nods approvingly, while Sam just looks sick. He peers at her.

GODFREY  
 What about you? Where's your  
 lawyer?

Sitting alone at the table, Sam can only shrug helplessly. But at that moment—as if on cue—there is a commotion at the rear of the classroom, near the doorway. Despite his elevated vantage point, Godfrey cranes his neck (comically) to see what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GODFREY (CONT'D)

Hey! What's going on back there?!  
Who are you?!

Everyone turns to see Osbourne, looing (if possible) even more polished than usual, standing in the doorway. He tilts his head deferentially.

OSBOURNE

My most humble and sincere  
apologies, Your Honor. No one  
could see to direct me to the  
proper venue. I assure you, it  
was not my intent to disrespect  
the court in any way.

GODFREY

(flustered)

Ah...no, of course not... The  
court is, uh, pleased by your  
apology.

(beat)

But...who are you?

With that, Osbourne strides forward with perfect certitude and, to the shock of virtually everyone watching, stands behind the chair next to Sam.

OSBOURNE

(formally)

Eric Osbourne, Your Honor. For  
the Defense.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT SIX

THE END