

Popular: Summer School  
"Out of It"

by  
The Wild Pikachu

POPULAR: SUMMER SCHOOL

"OUT OF IT"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. AN AMBULANCE - NIGHT

With the sounds of screeching tires and the siren wailing, the ambulance races through the streets of L.A.

ANGLE: BROOKE

her face bloody and bruised, covered by an oxygen mask, as paramedics work on her.

PARAMEDIC #1 (O.S.)  
She's shocky—B.P.'s sixty over  
forty!

PARAMEDIC #2 (O.S.)  
God—I got a mess down here!!

PARAMEDIC #1 (O.S.)  
Pulse is fifty-six and thready!

PARAMEDIC #2 (O.S.)  
Dammit! She's bleeding out  
somewhere!

PARAMEDIC #1 (O.S.)  
Her B.P.'s still dropping!!  
(to the driver)  
WHERE ARE WE?!!!

AMBULANCE DRIVER (O.S.)  
Five minutes!

PARAMEDIC #1 (O.S.)  
We got maybe two!!!  
(to Brooke)  
Come on, come on, hang in there—!

Alarms start beeping insistently.

PARAMEDIC #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
She's in arrest!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARAMEDIC #2 (O.S.)  
We're losing her!!!

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. A MEADOW - DAY

A truly pastoral meadow, overflowing with wildflowers, surrounded by gently rolling hills, under clear blue skies and a brilliant sun. It is in this tranquil scene that Brooke suddenly finds herself.

BROOKE  
(looking around)  
Well—this is...strange.

WHITE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MOONLIGHT CAFE - NIGHT

Flashing red and blue police lights illuminate the street outside the restaurant, as uniformed officers pour over the scene.

ANGLE: THE VALET

talking to one of the officers.

VALET

It's crazy, man! It was like he was aiming right at that poor girl!

POLICEMAN #1

The driver made no attempt to stop?

VALET

That's what I'm saying! I'm telling you—I heard him gun the engine!

Meanwhile...

ANGLE: SAM

trying to talk to another officer.

SAM

(crying)

—I don't know!

Grey...silver...something!!

It—it just happened so fast!

POLICEMAN #2

(gently)

I'm sorry, Ma'am...you didn't see a licence plate?

SAM

No!! All I saw was...Brooke...

Sam breaks down completely, hugging herself. Harrison comes jogging up to her.

HARRISON

Sam—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When he touches her shoulder, she recoils violently away from him. Harrison looks shocked, but presses on:

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
Sam, I got through to your mom.  
She's trying to find Brooke's dad.

Sam looks up at him, and collapses into his arms, sobbing.

SAM  
(to the policeman)  
Please!! We have to get to the  
hospital!!

A middle-aged man in a suit walks up to them, and flashes an ID case at the policeman.

CAVANAUGH  
Hello, I'm Detective Cavanaugh.

HARRISON  
Uh, Harrison John.  
(gesturing)  
Sam McPherson.

POLICEMAN #2  
(to Cavanaugh)  
These two were having dinner with  
the victim just prior to the  
incident.

Cavanaugh looks them over.

CAVANAUGH  
Come on, kids. We can do this at  
the hospital.

SAM  
Thank you.

He herds them towards an unmarked sedan.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM

Dr. Wilmore, a large fifty-ish man, is striding briskly down the corridor when a nurse meets him and matches his pace. She hands him a clipboard.

WILMORE  
What've we got?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE

Female, seventeen. Vehicle impact. Internal bleeding, collapsed lung, ruptured spleen—we don't know about her kidneys yet—broken ribs, fractured femur, probable skull fracture. She was thrown at least twenty feet. Spiked a couple minutes ago—almost bought it in the ambulance.

WILMORE

Okay—set her up in Three. And get LaRue down here—I'm gonna need her.

The nurse jogs off, and Dr. Wilmore quickens his step.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harrison and Sam come bursting through the doors, arm in arm, with Cavanaugh a step behind. Sam rushes up to the nurse's desk. A nurse is sitting behind the desk, but she is busy chatting on the phone, and doesn't bother to look up at Sam's approach.

SAM

Excuse me? Excuse me!

The nurse puts a hand up to shush Sam, still not bothering to look up. Sam throws her hands up in despair. Then Cavanaugh appears at her side.

CAVANAUGH

Allow me.

He takes his ID out of his jacket pocket, reaches over and holds it in front of the nurse's face. She immediately puts the phone down and looks up at him.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

Brooke McQueen. Car accident. A few minutes ago.

NURSE

Sir—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAVANAUGH  
I don't need your 520's. Just  
tell me what's going on.

The nurse taps a few keys on her keyboard, and looks through  
the papers on the desk.

NURSE  
They're working on her—that's all  
I can tell you.

CAVANAUGH  
Okay.

He turns to Sam and Harrison

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)  
"Working on her" is good. In my  
experience, "working on her" is  
much better than "not working on  
her".

His beeper goes off. He pulls it from his belt and looks at  
the message.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)  
I have to take this. I'll be back  
in a few.

HARRISON  
Thanks.

CAVANAUGH  
(delicately)  
She might think about sitting  
down.

Harrison nods, and as Cavanaugh walks off, he guides Sam to a  
seat, sitting down next to her and wrapping his arm around her  
protectively. She buries her face in his chest.

SAM  
This is so wrong...

HARRISON  
She's gonna be okay, Sam. She's  
gotta be okay.

She looks up at him, crying again.

SAM  
Why? Why??

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He can only shake his head helplessly.

A moment later, the doors fly open and Jane rushes in. Sam leaps up and runs into her arms.

SAM (CONT'D)

Mom!!

JANE

(comforting)

Oh, baby...what happened?

SAM

(sobbing)

It just—came out of  
nowhere...just—ran her down...

JANE

(rocking her gently)

Shh...

(to Harrison)

I tracked down Mike. He's on his  
way. Thank you—for being here.

HARRISON

(at a loss)

There's a detective here.  
He's...been helpful.

On cue, Cavanaugh walks back into the waiting room.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Oh—Detective Cavanaugh, this is—

JANE

Jane McPherson.

Jane holds out her hand awkwardly; Cavanaugh takes it briefly.

CAVANAUGH

So, you are...?

JANE

I'm...Brooke's father's fiancée.  
And the mother of his child. Uh,  
new child—we just had a baby.

CAVANAUGH

Oh. Well, congratulations.

(to Sam)

So, you and Miss McQueen—you're  
going to be step-sisters?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

Sam nods.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

I see...

(musing)

I had a step-sister once. If I'd gotten hit by a car...she probably would've buried me right there in the street.

(returning to the present)

But, that's just me.

He looks over the group.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

Well, I'm going to have to talk to all of you at some point.

Harrison? You mind going first?

HARRISON

Ah, yeah, fine.

(thinks)

Oh—can I have a couple minutes?

CAVANAUGH

Sure. I'll go find a room.

HARRISON

(to Jane)

I'll be right back.

Cavanaugh and Harrison walk off in different directions, while Jane sits Sam down and huddles with her.

CUT TO:

INT. BOBBI GLASS'S BEDROOM

Miss Glass is snoring soundly on top of the covers when the phone rings. After a few rings, she grumbles, and without pulling off her sleep mask, reaches over, and snatches it up.

GLASS

(snarling)

If this is that weirdo selling knock-off Old Navy pullovers again, I'm gonna track you down and break your face, you pile of sewage!!

As she listens, she pushes up her mask, and her expression changes completely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLASS (CONT'D)

Oh. I see... I see... No—I  
mean, yes.

Numbly, she replaces the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH AND LILY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Miss Glass, dressed as usual, comes banging down the steps, flicking the light on. Josh and Lily, who are asleep in their bathrobes on their individual beds, look up, blinking and disoriented.

LILY

(tiredly)

Miss Glass, you can just come  
barging in here anytime you  
want—!

GLASS

This isn't a social call, kids!  
(a bit softer)  
I got some bad news.

Josh and Lily look at each other with trepidation.

CUT TO:

INT. A SMALL WAITING ROOM

Off the main hallway, the room has only a few chairs and a tiny table. Cavanaugh is sitting there, with a few papers strewn across the table, when Harrison pokes his head through the doorway and knocks.

CAVANAUGH

Come on in.

Harrison steps into the room and sits across the table from Cavanaugh, who picks up his notebook and flips to a fresh page.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

Just a couple of things... You  
and Miss McPherson, and Miss  
McQueen, were having dinner at the  
Moonlight Cafe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRISON  
Right. We were going to the  
junior prom after.

CAVANAUGH  
(raising an eyebrow)  
The three of you?

HARRISON  
(embarrassed)  
Yeah—I know, that must sound a  
little weird...

CAVANAUGH  
Hey, I'm not the dating police.  
(flips a few pages)  
You were inside when it happened,  
correct?

HARRISON  
Yeah. I heard the crash, and I  
ran out, and that's when I saw...

CAVANAUGH  
(holding up a hand)  
Okay.  
(rifles through more pages)  
All right, what I've got from  
other witnesses is that the three  
of you were sitting at the table,  
and then Miss McQueen got up, and  
ran out. She was upset?

HARRISON  
Yeah.

CAVANAUGH  
And Miss McPherson ran after her?

HARRISON  
Yeah.

CAVANAUGH  
(spreading his hands)  
Care to tell me what that was  
about?

HARRISON  
(uncomfortably)  
That's kinda a long story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAVANAUGH

That's all right. You're not gonna bore me. Look, my philosophy is, the more I know about the victim and what was going on right before the incident, the better I am at putting the pieces together and closing the case. So you just tell me whatever I need to know to understand.

HARRISON

(sighs)

Okay. It all started a few weeks ago...

EFFECT CUT TO:

INT. MISS GLASS'S CAR

Miss Glass is in the driver's seat, while Josh and Lily are ensconced in the back.

JOSH

Thanks for driving us to the hospital, Miss Glass.

GLASS

(gruffly)

I was already up. Besides, with all you LOSERS in my class, I have to hang onto the ones that actually have a fighting chance of passing!

She starts the engine, and the car lurches ominously.

LILY

(tentatively)

Uh...are you sure this is safe?

GLASS

(jovially)

Don't worry, you're as safe as a rock-a-bye baby!

JOSH

(to Lily)

Wasn't that the baby who fell out of the tree?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLASS  
Yeeeeh-HAWWW!!!!

With the sound of a whip cracking, Miss Glass puts the pedal to the metal, and the car screeches off, accompanied by Lily's rising shriek from the back seat.

EFFECT CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM

The doors open and Mike comes storming in. Jane and Sam jump up and hug him.

MIKE  
What happened? Where is she?

SAM  
We—we don't know...

Mike breaks out of their grip and walks purposefully over to the nurse station.

MIKE  
Excuse me, I need to find out  
about Brooke McQueen.

NURSE  
Sir, I can't—

MIKE  
(hissing)  
I'm her father!

NURSE  
(insistently)  
Sir, the doctor will be out as  
soon as he can spare a minute,  
okay? I promise...they're doing  
everything they can.

After a tense moment, Mike relents and walks back to Jane and Sam.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SMALL WAITING ROOM

where Harrison and Cavanaugh are still talking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAVANAUGH  
(consulting his notes)  
So, basically, you had a thing for  
both these girls.

HARRISON  
Ah...yeah.

CAVANAUGH  
And, when you found out they were  
both using you to get at each  
other, you told them both to take  
a hike.

HARRISON  
Right.

CAVANAUGH  
But then, they decided not to  
fight, and ask you to go to the  
prom with both of them...together.

HARRISON  
Uh huh...

CAVANAUGH  
Which...brings us to the Moonlight  
Cafe.

HARRISON  
(unhappily)  
Yeah.

CAVANAUGH  
So?

Harrison runs his hand through his hair nervously.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. MOONLIGHT CAFE - NIGHT

Harrison, Brooke and Sam's fateful meeting.

SAM  
Harrison, this isn't working.

HARRISON  
Hey, you guys are the ones that  
proposed this, this—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKE  
(cutting him off)  
Look, we know. It just— It  
hurts too much.

HARRISON  
(dreading the moment)  
You want me to choose?

They both nod.

SAM  
Yeah.

HARRISON  
Well, I knew this was coming...  
So...I'm prepared.

BROOKE  
(a bit shocked)  
You know...which one of us you  
want to be with?

HARRISON  
This is really hard. Someone's  
gonna get hurt, and I hate that  
more than anything. But...yeah.

For a long moment, no one speaks. Or breathes. Finally:

SAM  
(with a forced grin)  
Well?

Harrison takes a deep breath and blows it out.

HARRISON  
Brooke—

Instantly Brooke's eyes light up; and Sam winces and turns  
away.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
I had a crush on you since...since  
I don't even know when. For  
years, you were like this perfect,  
unattainable goal for me. And  
then... Then I got leukemia. And  
I found out that there was so much  
more to you... You were there,  
when I didn't think I was gonna  
make it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRISON (CONT'D)

And when you told me that you  
had...feelings...for me? I—I  
didn't...

Hearing all this, Sam miserably sinks further down in her seat  
and buries her face in her hands.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Brooke, what we shared during  
spring break...that was...the most  
important, special thing...anyone  
has ever given me. And—and I  
know that it wasn't just sex.  
That...bond...will always be  
there, between us.

He looks skyward for a moment, and takes one more deep breath,  
before:

HARRISON (CONT'D)

But...

Brooke's face falls; and Sam looks up at him curiously.

BROOKE

(confused and hurt)

But??

SAM

But?

Harrison steels himself—again—before turning to Sam.

HARRISON

Sam...we've been best friends  
since first grade. You were  
there, when my mom took the  
training wheels off my bike, and  
the first thing I did was crash it  
into a tree. And—and you helped  
make that dinosaur diorama, when I  
won the fifth-grade science fair,  
remember that?

Sam laughs in spite of herself.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

And when my mom and dad split  
up... Sam, you've been the most  
important person in my life...my  
whole life.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

SAM  
(tearing up)  
Harrison...

HARRISON  
I said that I couldn't be just  
friends with you anymore, Sam.  
I—I had to know. And I still do.  
I have to know, if...if we can be  
more than friends. If we can make  
it work.

BROOKE  
(breaking in)  
Wait...you don't think we could  
work?

HARRISON  
Brooke, I didn't say that.

BROOKE  
Yes, you did! You're just—giving  
up on us, just like that! I  
thought you had feelings for me!

HARRISON  
(flustered)  
Brooke—

BROOKE  
Don't you?!!

HARRISON  
I do! I mean—

SAM  
Whoa!

BROOKE  
If you have feelings for ME, why  
are you choosing HER?!!

SAM  
You have feelings for HER??? What  
kind of feelings are we talking  
about??

HARRISON  
Sam, I—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SAM

Wait, are you doing this out of  
some kind of PITY?!! Because of  
what happened with George???

HARRISON

Sam, that's not why! I  
mean—yeah, I feel responsible for  
that, but—

SAM

So that IS what this is about!!

HARRISON

No!!

BROOKE

So, you're dumping me so you can  
run off and do this little  
experiment with Sam?!!

HARRISON

Brooke, no—I love Sam!

SAM

You do??

HARRISON

I think.

SAM

You don't KNOW?!

HARRISON

(rubbing his eyes)

Okay, this is not going the way  
I'd hoped...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SMALL WAITING ROOM

CAVANAUGH

And that's when Miss McQueen ran  
out

HARRISON

(sighs)

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAVANAUGH

I'm no Ann Landers, kid. I can't tell you how to solve your dating problems, but... My gut tells me, this is just going to wind up being wrong place, wrong time.

(closes his notebook)

Anyway, thanks for clearing that up.

Harrison takes the cue and gets up.

HARRISON

Sure.

CAVANAUGH

You should go find out how your friend is doing.

HARRISON

Yeah. Thanks.

Harrison walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Just as Harrison walks back into the waiting room, there is a screech of tires from outside. A moment later, Miss Glass comes through the doors, followed by Josh and Lily. While Josh and Lily huddle with Sam and Harrison, Mike comes over and shakes Miss Glass's hand.

MIKE

Miss Glass? I—appreciate your being here.

GLASS

Well...

(conspiratorially)

Don't tell her I said so, but your kid's got a good head on her shoulders.

Dr. Wilmore steps into the room.

WILMORE

Mr. McQueen?

At the sight of the doctor, Mike rushes to the forefront, with everyone else close behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE  
I'm Mike McQueen.

WILMORE  
Dr. Leonard Wilmore.

MIKE  
How is she??

WILMORE  
I'm not going to pull any punches,  
Mr. McQueen. Your daughter's in  
very bad shape. She has numerous  
internal injuries, the worst of  
which we've managed to stabilize  
for the moment. She has a severe  
skull fracture, and she hasn't  
responded to us at all. It's  
really too soon to say, but—there  
may be brain damage.

MIKE  
(breaking down)  
Oh, God...

WILMORE  
We're going to transfer her up to  
ICU at some point, but, frankly,  
I'm worried about moving her right  
now. I wish I tell you something  
else, but—we're not very  
confident of her making through  
the night.

MIKE  
Can I see her?

WILMORE  
(nodding)  
Just for a few moments.

Dr. Wilmore takes Mike by the arm and leads him away.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke is lying on a bed, unconscious, hooked up to a  
respirator and a dozen other machines. The curtain  
surrounding her bed parts, and Dr. Wilmore motions Mike  
through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILMORE  
Just a few moments.

Dr. Wilmore closes the curtain, leaving Mike alone with Brooke. He gingerly steps to her side, and, crying, strokes part of her face that isn't covered.

MIKE  
Oh, baby...

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. THE MEADOW

Brooke looks around uncertainly.

BROOKE  
Hello?!? Hel-loooo!!! Anyone  
here?!?

Looking down, she sees that she's standing on a narrow dirt path that winds away in both directions. Sighing, she picks one and starts walking.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
(to no one in particular)  
You know, not that I'm not having  
a good time—because I'm  
not—but...

Suddenly she notices a card stuck in the tall grass. She bends over and picks it up.

INSERT: THE CARD

an ornate invitation.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
Brooke McQueen, you are cordially  
invited to dinner and drinks at  
Chez Destiny, immediately. Casual  
attire...?

She looks up, confused, and—

CUT TO:

INT. CHEZ DESTINY

—suddenly finds herself standing in the foyer of an elegant restaurant. Then from behind her:

HOSTESS

Name?

Brooke spins around and sees, standing behind a small podium, the hostess—who bears an uncanny resemblance to Gwynneth Paltrow (natch).

BROOKE

Excuse me?

HOSTESS

(patiently)

Name?

BROOKE

Oh—McQueen. Brooke McQueen.

HOSTESS

(looking through a list)

McQueen, McQueen...oh, yes, here we are.

(looking up)

I'm sorry, Ms. McQueen, but your table isn't quite ready yet. We'd be happy to have you wait at the bar in the meantime.

BROOKE

Oh—but...

HOSTESS

It's all right.

Brooke shrugs and takes a step in that direction, then turns back.

BROOKE

Hey...you look...?

HOSTESS

(smiling)

I get that a lot.

Brooke shrugs again, and perches herself on a stool at the bar, which is otherwise empty. Looking around, she notices that all the tables are empty, too—in fact, the entire place seems deserted. What she doesn't notice is a wine glass being set in front of her, until she sees it sitting there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKE  
Oh, no, that's all—

She stops in mid-sentence as she looks up and sees—

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
(shocked)  
Clarence???

Indeed, Clarence, decked out in a bartender's uniform,  
grinning at her.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CHEZ DESTINY - CONTINUOUS

where Brooke is staring in disbelief at Clarence.

CLARENCE

Yep—it's me. In the flesh.  
Well...not exactly IN the flesh...  
but—you know what I mean.

BROOKE

But—but—you're dead.  
(gaping)  
Oh, God—I'm—?

CLARENCE

Relax. You haven't kicked the  
bucket yet. No, you're...in  
between.

BROOKE

(confused)  
In between...what?

CLARENCE

(shrugging)  
Life and death, here and there,  
yin and yang... But, come on—we  
can talk more over dinner.

He comes around the end of the bar to join her.

BROOKE

But—

CLARENCE

(with a dismissive motion)  
Aw, it's a crummy job anyway. And  
this—  
(looking around)  
—this isn't quite your style.  
Now, THIS—

CUT TO:

INT. A BURGER JOINT

where they are now standing.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CLARENCE  
—is more like it.

He guides her to a booth, and sits across from her.

BROOKE  
How do you do that?

CLARENCE  
What?

BROOKE  
Go...?  
(snaps her fingers)

CLARENCE  
I admit, it takes a little getting  
used to. But look at the money  
you save, just on gas.

A waitress appears and sets down two full plates and tall  
glasses.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)  
(to the waitress)  
Thanks.  
(pointing to Brooke's plate)  
Double cheeseburger deluxe, no  
onion, extra pickles, extra  
mustard, fries, plenty of ketchup,  
and a double-chocolate milkshake.  
Your perfect dream meal.

BROOKE  
(grinning)  
How'd you know?

CLARENCE  
(gesturing up)  
I've got...connections.

BROOKE  
Oh. Oh, but I couldn't—

CLARENCE  
Sure you can. It's one of the  
perks—no matter what you eat, you  
never gain any weight.

BROOKE  
(lighting up)  
Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Without any more encouragement, she digs into the food.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

(munching)

So...tell me more...about this "in between" thing...what do I do?

CLARENCE

First, you eat. You are hungry, aren't you?

BROOKE

Starved.

CLARENCE

Well, that's a common reaction.

BROOKE

So, this kind of thing is common?

CLARENCE

Oh, no. Most people, they're gone, just like that. But you... you're right on that line. You could go either way.

(leaning back)

But, like I said, there's no rush. This is a seriously important journey you're on. Better take the time to do it right.

FADE TO:

INT. EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM

The others are milling around when Mike comes back, ashen-faced. Jane rushes up to him.

JANE

Mike?

MIKE

(choking)

She's so still...

Detective Cavanaugh, who has been talking to the nurse, walks over to the group, and holds out his hand to Mike

CAVANAUGH

Mr. McQueen? Detective Cavanaugh. I'll be working your daughter's case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike shakes his hand numbly.

JANE

Do you know anything?

CAVANAUGH

I know I've got a hit-and-run  
driver out there somewhere.  
But—the night is young.

He turns to face everyone.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

All right... I'm going to need a  
statement from Miss McPherson  
sometime, but, ah, we can do that  
later. I think I've got all I  
need on that front for right now.

(scratching his head)

Look—you all seem like nice  
people. So I'm gonna tell you  
something. I've worked cases like  
this before, and I know, there's  
gonna be some recriminations, some  
guilt, some "what if I'd done  
this", and so on. I want to tell  
you—nobody here is to blame for  
what happened. There's only one  
person who's responsible for Miss  
McQueen being in this emergency  
room—and I am going to do  
whatever it takes to find that  
person.

(directly to Mike)

You got my word on that.

MIKE

Thanks.

CAVANAUGH

Okay, then.

Cavanaugh heads for the doors, then stops and turns back.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

Oh—Harrison? Mind walking me  
out?

HARRISON

Ah—sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cavanaugh waits for Harrison to catch up, and together they go out.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Cavanaugh stops at his car, which is parked just outside the doors.

HARRISON

So, ah...

CAVANAUGH

Look—technically, I'm supposed to only keep family members in the loop. But...I'll give you a heads-up if anything happens.

HARRISON

Thanks.

CAVANAUGH

You know that speech in there—that was you.

HARRISON

Yeah, I figured that.

CAVANAUGH

It's true. Oh, and, um...good luck with—  
(nods towards the doors)

HARRISON

Yeah. Thanks.

Cavanaugh gets in his car and drives off. A few moments later Sam appears by his side.

SAM

Harrison?

Harrison doesn't turn to face her.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

HARRISON

(casually)  
For—for what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Come on.

(pause)

I didn't mean it.

HARRISON

You know, Sam... Sometimes, when people's defenses are down... that's when they do things that they really do mean.

SAM

Not this time.

She takes his arm.

SAM (CONT'D)

Harrison, please. I need you. I really need you right now. Don't hold one little flinch against me.  
(hopefully)  
Okay?

Harrison turns and wraps his arms around her.

CUT TO:

EXT. A DESERTED CITY STREET - DUSK

in the middle of what appears to be an equally deserted city. Brooke and Clarence are ambling down the middle of the street.

BROOKE

So...I'm on a journey, huh?

CLARENCE

That's the general idea.

BROOKE

Any idea where I'm going?

CLARENCE

Every journey has a destination.

She looks askance at him.

BROOKE

Any idea where I'm SUPPOSED to be going??

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARENCE  
(shrugs)  
The end?

BROOKE  
(annoyed)  
You're not being much help, here.

Clarence holds up his hands defensively.

CLARENCE  
Hey, I'm strictly limited in what  
I can do! I can guide—I can't  
push.

BROOKE  
So, guide already. All I'm doing  
is walking around! I don't even  
know what the he—

Clarence quickly clears his throat.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
(backtracking)  
—what's supposed to happen! For  
the last time, what do I do?!!

CLARENCE  
You got it exactly right.

BROOKE  
Huh?

CLARENCE  
You wait for something to happen.

They walk on for a few moments in silence.

BROOKE  
(snaps her fingers)  
Oh, wait. I just remembered  
something.

CLARENCE  
Hmm?

BROOKE  
I HAVE to wake up. I have to wake  
up, and recover—  
(scowling)  
—so I can go kill Nicole!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARENCE

I gotta warn you—revenge? It usually doesn't work out that well.

Brooke stops walking and glares at him, hands on hips.

BROOKE

(steaming)

She ran me down with her car.

CLARENCE

Hey, I'm right with you there. It was a major no-no. But you gotta have faith, Brooke. You know—"what goes around comes around"? Don't worry—Nicole will get what she deserves.

BROOKE

(disgruntled)

She's never gotten what she deserved before.

CLARENCE

She's never done anything this bad before.

CUT TO:

EXT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT

as Nicole's car goes racing past.

CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S CAR

Inside, Nicole is all smiles now.

NICOLE

I did it! I DID IT!!! I knocked  
off the Queen B.!!! WHAM!!!  
Score one for Nicole!  
WHEEEEE!!!!

Absently—and drunkenly—she spins the steering wheel, and the car goes screeching into an empty parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Now I'M on top!! Nobody messes  
with Nicole Julian!! NOBODY!!!

Unfortunately for Nicole, she doesn't see the chain-link fence  
looming in front of her until the last instant, and then—

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. A VIDEO ARCADE

Darkened; all the power off.

ANGLE: AN AIR HOCKEY TABLE

As the lights and various machines come on, the table begins to hum. Then Clarence comes up to the table, with Brooke a few steps behind.

CLARENCE

Wow! Look at this... Air hockey!  
Isn't this cool?!

BROOKE

(bemused)

Clarence, what are we DOING here?

Clarence flips a paddle at her, which she snatches out the air. He pulls up a puck and sets it on the table's cushion of air.

CLARENCE

Well, YOU'RE getting beat at air  
hockey.

With that, he slaps the puck into the slot at Brooke's end of the table with a loud KA-CHINK.

BROOKE

(looking down, then up)

Hey!!!

CLARENCE

Okay, okay, we won't count that  
one.

He brings the puck back up, and then, with one sudden movement, slaps it towards the slot again—but Brooke slams her paddle down and stops the puck halfway through. Grinning, she wags her finger at him.

BROOKE

Aha, you didn't think I was paying  
attention, did you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARENCE  
Ooh, a challenge...  
(beckoning)  
Come on, let's see what you got.

Giggling, Brooke sends the puck back towards him.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

of Clarence and Brooke playing a fast and furious game of air hockey.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM

The doors open, and Sam is stunned to see George walk through. She jumps up to face him, arms crossed.

SAM  
What are you doing here?

Harrison steps up behind her.

HARRISON  
I called him.

She turns, throws up her hands and gives him a look of disbelief.

GEORGE  
Hey, Brooke is MY friend, too, Sam. At least Harrison was big enough to put our stuff aside, and let me know that she was in the hospital.  
(to Harrison)  
Thanks.

HARRISON  
Yeah.

GEORGE  
So...how bad is it? She's going to be all right, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM  
(quavering)  
They said...she might not make it  
though the night.

GEORGE  
Oh, man...

George looks like he's going to take a step towards Sam, but he stops himself and sits down heavily instead. Harrison takes Sam by the arms and holds her.

CUT TO:

EXT. A DESERTED SMALL-TOWN STREET

Brooke and Clarence are relaxing on a wrought-iron bench, in front of a storefront window, watching absolutely nothing go by.

BROOKE  
So why can't I just stay here?

CLARENCE  
Because "here" isn't a  
destination. It's part of the  
journey.

BROOKE  
You know, I still don't get this  
"journey" thing. I don't seem to  
be going anywhere.

CLARENCE  
You never know. Sometimes the big  
things are the little things, and  
the little things are the big  
things.

Brooke peers at him quizzically.

BROOKE  
I don't remember you being this  
obtuse when you were alive.

CLARENCE  
Oh, I was. You just never  
noticed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKE  
(quietly)  
I never got a chance to. I wish I  
had.

CLARENCE  
Hey, now, no regrets about me. My  
destiny was to die young, come  
here, and help other people,  
starting with Harrison.

BROOKE  
(curious)  
You helped Harrison?

CLARENCE  
Oh, yeah, that was my first job,  
convincing Harrison not to commit  
suicide.

BROOKE  
(goggling)  
Harrison WHAT???

CLARENCE  
It's a long story. Basically I  
showed him that life was worth  
living. You know, the whole "It's  
a Wonderful Life" thing? It's  
corny, but it works. So anyway,  
he didn't commit suicide, he went  
into remission, and—

Brooke buries her face in her hands in anguish.

BROOKE  
Oh, God, Harrison...

CLARENCE  
—proceeded to royally screw up  
his life. Hey, I can only do so  
much here.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - LATER

INSERT: A WALL CLOCK

reading 12:30 a.m.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam, snuggled up next to Harrison, catches George looking at them darkly for a moment before turning away.

SAM  
(looking up at Harrison)  
Still glad you called him?

HARRISON  
(stolidly)  
I still think he should be here.

Sam grimaces, and lays her head back on Harrison's chest.

Dr. Wilmore steps into the room; his presence causes everyone to scramble to their feet.

WILMORE  
(to Mike)  
All right. She SEEMS to be stable—for the moment—so we're moving her up to ICU. I have to warn, you, though—it's going to be VERY touch and go for the next twelve hours or so. She could trip over at any time. Now, nobody's going to be able to see her at least until morning, and then only her immediate family. So I suggest that you all get some rest. What she needs now—is your prayers.

MIKE  
Thank you. We're staying.

WILMORE  
Of course. If anything happens...

MIKE  
(nodding)  
Thank you.

Dr. Wilmore turns and leaves. Mike turns to the rest of them.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Well, you heard what the doctor said. Now, I can't order anyone to go home—

GLASS  
Well, I can!  
(to Josh and Lily)  
Taxi's leaving, kids!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOSH

Miss Glass is right. We should go.

GLASS

That's right, you need to be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. You got mulching to do tomorrow!

Miss Glass steps up to Mike and claps her hand on his shoulder.

GLASS (CONT'D)

(awkwardly)

I hope she makes it.

MIKE

Thank you.

Sam shoots Lily a quizzical look, and mouths "mulching?" at her. Lily just rolls her eyes and shakes her head fatalistically.

GLASS

Come on, kids!

Miss Glass, Josh and Lily file out.

JANE

Well, I can do that, too.

(to Harrison)

Harrison, take Sam home.

SAM

Mom! No!!

JANE

Sam, no arguing. You need to get some sleep. We'll stay here tonight; you can come back in the morning.

SAM

I'm a teenager—I can go longer without sleep than you!

JANE

(sternly)

Sam—go.

Harrison takes Sam by the shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HARRISON  
Your mom's right.

SAM  
Wait— What about Mackenzie?

JANE  
Mrs. Boreland has her for the  
night—don't worry about her.

Sam reaches out and hugs her mother tightly; finally Harrison  
prods her reluctantly out the door.

Then George steps up to Jane and Mike.

GEORGE  
I'm...sorry about this. My  
family—we'll all be praying for  
Brooke.

JANE  
Thank you so much. I know this  
must have been difficult...

GEORGE  
(shaking his head)  
I'm not going to let a little  
thing like...I'm not going to get  
it get in the way of what's  
important.  
(pause)  
If there's anything at all that  
you need...

Jane nods, and George turns and walks out. She guides Mike to  
a seat and hold him.

JANE  
Mike...?

Mike, who has been putting up a brave front for everyone,  
begins to lose it now.

MIKE  
(choking)  
My little girl...my baby...if...

JANE  
Shhh. No if—no if. She's going  
to make it. She is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Jane holds Mike as he sobs uncontrollably into her shoulder.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. JOSH AND LILY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Josh and Lily come trudging down the steps, with Miss Glass right behind them.

JOSH  
Thanks for the ride, Miss Glass.

GLASS  
(glowering)  
Don't mention it. I mean it.  
Don't.

LILY  
(smiling wanly)  
We won't.

GLASS  
Well...goodnight. And remember to  
give McQueen a shout out to the  
Big Kahuna.

LILY  
We will. Goodnight, Miss Glass.

JOSH  
Goodnight, Miss Glass.

Miss Glass tromps back up the steps. Sighing, Lily snuggles into Josh's arms.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
I can't believe it. I mean,  
Brooke might

Lily puts her finger to Josh's lips.

LILY  
Don't say it.

JOSH  
I still can't believe it.

LILY  
Yeah, it kinda puts our problems  
in perspective, doesn't it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH

No kidding. A few overdue bills  
don't seem such a big deal. Baby,  
I don't know what I would do if  
anything ever happened to you.

LILY

Me either...

For a long moment they just stand there, holding each other  
tightly.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE AND SAM'S BEDROOM - LATER

Sam leads Harrison into the bedroom, and they sit, side by  
side, on her bed. For a long moment neither of them speaks.

HARRISON

(slapping his knees)  
Well—it's late, and you need to  
get some sleep.

Harrison starts to get up, but Sam puts her hand on his  
shoulder.

SAM

Wait.

HARRISON

Really, Sam, I—

SAM

Don't.

HARRISON

(confused)  
Don't what?

SAM

Don't...go.

HARRISON

Sam?

She turns and looks into his eyes.

SAM

Please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRISON

I—I don't...

SAM

Stay with me. Tonight. Please.

HARRISON

B-but—

SAM

(desperately)

Please?

She leans over and kisses him, and slowly they fall back onto the bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A BEACH - MORNING

Brooke and Clarence are walking barefoot on the sand.

BROOKE

(despairingly)

Why? That's what I don't understand. Why? Why???

CLARENCE

Why...

BROOKE

Why HER???

CLARENCE

Ah...

BROOKE

He loves me. I know he loves me.

CLARENCE

Let me clue you in to one of the universe's dirty little secrets: Love? Lots of questions; not many answers.

Brooke sits down on the sand, facing the ocean.

BROOKE

(almost to herself)

I KNOW he loves me...

Clarence sits down next to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARENCE

Brooke... You can't put yourself  
inside Harrison's head. Nobody  
can.

BROOKE

(plaintively)

He chose her. Why?

CLARENCE

News flash: he's torn between the  
two of you.

BROOKE

(not listening)

If I just knew why...

CLARENCE

Okay, you remember the part about  
me guiding you? Well, I'm gonna  
guide you away from this subject,  
okay? Because the only thing that  
you're gonna get from thinking  
about this is more heartache. You  
need to think about YOU.

She gets up and takes a couple of steps, turning and facing  
him angrily.

BROOKE

How am I supposed to do that?! I  
don't even know what I'm doing  
here!! I've been at this for...  
for who knows how long—

CLARENCE

It hasn't been all that long...

BROOKE

—and I haven't done anything!  
Not anything important!

CLARENCE

Everything you do here is  
important, Brooke. Everything is  
part of the journey.

BROOKE

(frustrated)

Enough with the journey! I'm sick  
of the journey!!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

YOU— you said that your destiny  
was to help people. Well...what's  
MY destiny?! Huh???

CLARENCE

Your destiny...  
(considers)  
...remains to be seen.

Brooke throws up her arms.

BROOKE

There you go again! You sound  
like a bad fortune cookie!!!

She bends down into his face, gesturing emphatically.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

I don't even know if I'm supposed  
to live, or I'm supposed to die.

Clarence looks up at her quizzically, as if he were having to  
explain something perfectly obvious.

CLARENCE

Well...Brooke...that's pretty much  
up to YOU.

Brooke's face twists into puzzlement as she absorbs that  
statement.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END