

Popular: Summer School  
"The Summer of Our Discontent"  
by  
The Wild Pikachu

POPULAR: SUMMER SCHOOL

"THE SUMMER OF OUR DISCONTENT"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. A ROOM

ANGLE: MARY CHERRY

lying on her back.

POV: MARY CHERRY

As the world swims into focus, she sees Sweet Honey Chile grinning down at her.

Mary Cherry shrieks, and discovers that her wrists are handcuffed to the headrail of the bed she's lying on.

MARY CHERRY

(wailing)

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?!!!

Sweet Honey Chile laughs maniacally.

SWEET HONEY CHILE

Since my B.Ho's back wit' her  
mama, I need my own babygirl to  
take care of. And you is it,  
honey! From now on, you be Mary  
Honey Chile!

Mary Cherry screams again, and—

CUT TO:

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM

Mary Cherry is (actually) laid out on a hospital bed, wrapped in a straightjacket, screaming her head off, while a doctor and Cherry Cherry look on from behind a window.

DOCTOR

Frankly, Mrs. Cherry, we have no  
idea what's going on inside your  
daughter's head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERRY CHERRY

Well, hell's bells, Doc, that's not news! I never know THAT!! What the hell am I payin' you people for, anyway?

DOCTOR

We'll run some tests, but—this could take a while.

CHERRY CHERRY

(snapping)

Just find out what's wrong with her! And keep it quiet! Lord knows, she's enough of an embarrassment, without bein' a loon, too.

WHITE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harrison is lying on his back on Sam's bed, while Sam has climbed on top of him and is kissing him feverishly.

HARRISON  
(between kisses)  
Sam— Sam, hold on—

Ignoring him, she moves down to his neck, stripping off his bow tie and beginning to unbutton his shirt.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
Sam, wait...

Finally he resorts to grabbing her by the arms, and physically lifting her up and off of him.

SAM  
(confused)  
What?

HARRISON  
(sitting up)  
This...it's—it's not right.

SAM  
Harrison, I'm throwing myself at you.

HARRISON  
Yeah, and...that's not right.

Sam props herself up on one elbow.

SAM  
It's...it is ME? Am I just totally repulsive?

Harrison makes an expression of disbelief at her.

SAM (CONT'D)  
You're not the first guy to get to this point, and just stop.

HARRISON  
Sam, we're both under a lot of stress because of Brooke, and...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Look, this...it shouldn't be like this.

SAM

(muttering)

You didn't have any complaints about Brooke.

HARRISON

(sighs)

With Brooke, it...just happened.

(beat)

I don't want it to "just happen" with you.

He looks down at her, and finally she nods, rubbing her eyes tiredly.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

So...

She grabs at his arm.

SAM

Wait... Just—just hold me, okay?  
I...I just... I don't think I can be alone right now.

Harrison lies back down and puts his arm around her, while she snuggles into his chest.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL LOUNGE - MORNING

Slivers of lights streak in from around the venetian blinds on the windows. Mike and Jane are both asleep on a sofa; a nurse comes in and taps Mike gently on the shoulder.

NURSE

Mr. McQueen?

Mike starts awake.

MIKE

What—?

As he orients himself, his eyes focus on the nurse, and his expression becomes alarmed.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

NURSE  
(reassuringly)  
She's stable. It's seven o'clock.

MIKE  
Oh—  
(breathes)  
Can I see her?

NURSE  
(nodding)  
For a minute.

He gets up gingerly, so as not to wake Jane, and follows the nurse out.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S CUBICLE

Mike looks at Brooke's still form for a moment through the glass wall, then steps inside. If anything, she is hooked up to more machines than before. He stands at her beside and, reaching down, finds her hand, squeezing it tight.

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. A PARK - DAY

Brooke is walking aimlessly around on the grass, with Clarence watching from nearby.

BROOKE  
(clapping her hands together)  
Okay! Let's do it!

CLARENCE  
Brooke...

BROOKE  
Come on, I don't see anything happening here!

CLARENCE  
Brooke, you can't just—

BROOKE  
You said it was up to me to decide, and I'm deciding. I wanna go home now!

**(CONTINUED)**

CONTINUED:

CLARENCE

It's not exactly that simple.

BROOKE

Why not? I want to wake up now.  
I want to wake up, and—and make  
Harrison tell me why he chose Sam,  
and...rip Nicole's throat out!  
Come on! I've made my choice—  
beam me up, Scotty!

CLARENCE

Brooke, I'm trying to tell you...  
You don't REALLY know.

BROOKE

Oh, I know! Believe me, I know!

She clasps her hands tightly in front of him.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

See this? This is me putting my  
hands around Nicole's neck, and  
squeezing until her eyes bug out

Clarence puts up a placating hand.

CLARENCE

Okay, Brooke, you're a little  
amped right now, but—

Brooke spreads her arms and spins around expectantly.

BROOKE

(calling out)

Hey!! I'm ready to go!!! SOMEONE  
GET ME OUTTA HERE!!!

Clarence sighs, and rubs his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Harrison opens his eyes, and looks down to see Sam curled up  
asleep, her head on his chest. Absently he strokes her hair.  
A few moments later, there are slight noises from outside, and  
Jane appears in her open doorway. Harrison raises his free  
hand in greeting. She takes in the scene, and makes a motion  
indicating "downstairs". Harrison nods in understanding, and  
Jane moves on. Slowly, he extricates his arm. Sam stirs, and  
opens her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM  
(sleepily)  
Hmm?

HARRISON  
Shhh.

SAM  
Harrison?

HARRISON  
I'm here.

Sam lifts her head and looks around.

SAM  
It's morning.

HARRISON  
Mmm-hmm. Your mom's home.

SAM  
Did she—? How did she look?

HARRISON  
She looked... I mean, not like—

Sam nods, and rolls over onto her back.

SAM  
(starting to cry)  
Why? Why did this have to happen  
to her?

Harrison reaches over and brushes a tear away from her cheek.

HARRISON  
She'll get better. She will.

Sam looks down at herself—still in her prom dress.

SAM  
I guess I...I should change.

HARRISON  
(nods)  
I'll—be downstairs.

Harrison gets up and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. A PLAYGROUND - DAY

Brooke walks up and sits glumly down on one of the swings.

BROOKE  
So, what am I doing wrong?

Clarence sits down on the swing next to her.

CLARENCE  
I told you—you don't really know  
yet what you want to do.

BROOKE  
You keep saying that, and I keep  
telling you, I do know!

CLARENCE  
(shakes his head)  
There's a difference between  
knowing—  
(points at her head)  
—and knowing.  
(points at her heart)

BROOKE  
I don't get it. How am I supposed  
to know, then?

CLARENCE  
You'll know. When you know,  
you'll know.

Brooke throws him a sideways glance.

BROOKE  
You know what you sound like,  
right?

CLARENCE  
(shrugs)  
Hey, you get all spiritual, and  
things get fuzzy. It's like an  
occupational hazard.

He gets off the swing and steps behind her.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)  
What you need, is a little more  
fun.

He grabs her swing and pulls her back.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

BROOKE  
 (nervously)  
 Oh, hey, hang on, I never liked  
 swinging, no, wait, don't push me  
 hiiiiii—!!!

She trails off into a shriek as Clarence pushes her skyward.

CUT TO:

INT. MCQUEEN KITCHEN - LATER

Harrison is on the phone when Jane comes down the stairs in a robe and towel.

HARRISON  
 (into the phone)  
 ...yeah, I'll be home soon...  
 Okay...

He hangs up the phone, and notices Jane standing there.

HARRISON **(CONT'D)**  
 I was just calling my mom.

JANE  
 I hope she wasn't worried.

HARRISON  
 (shaking his head)  
 I told her last night I probably  
 wouldn't be home.  
 (gestures)  
 I made coffee.

JANE  
 Oh—thanks.

She pours herself a cup, and then turns back to him.

JANE **(CONT'D)**  
 Harrison—thank you. For taking  
 care of Sam.

HARRISON  
 I'd do anything for her.

JANE  
 (laying her hand on his arm)  
 She's very lucky to have you.

Sam comes down the stairs, in fresh clothes.

**(CONTINUED)**

CONTINUED:

SAM

Mom?

JANE

She's "critical but stable".  
Whatever that means.

HARRISON

No, that's good—that means she's  
not getting any worse.

JANE

Mike saw her for a bit before I  
left. He's staying there until  
someone can take over...Sam?

SAM

(nodding)

I'm on it. Are you gonna be okay?

JANE

I actually slept for a couple  
hours. I'm gonna get dressed, and  
get Mackenzie.

SAM

Are you sure you don't want me to  
watch her? I mean—

JANE

No, it's okay. Mrs. Braxton  
agreed to take her this afternoon.  
You go get to the hospital.

SAM

Okay.

Jane takes her coffee cup and heads back upstairs.

Before Sam or Harrison can do anything else, Carmen rushes up  
to the kitchen doors, knocking and entering in one motion.  
She runs up and hugs Sam.

CARMEN

Sam! Oh, my God! My mom went to  
bed before I got home last night,  
and she didn't give me the message  
until this morning!

She looks from Sam to Harrison.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Is...is it really bad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM  
(downcast)  
Yeah...it's bad. She's in ICU.

CARMEN  
Ohh, no, Sam...

SAM  
Hey, can I ask you...you know  
what's going on with Josh and  
Lily?

CARMEN  
Oh, you mean, Miss Glass making  
them do yard work?

HARRISON  
(shaking his head)  
Wait...isn't that—?

SAM  
—illegal. Carm, Harrison, I need  
you to do me a favor. I need you  
to go to the hospital, and keep an  
eye on Brooke. I have to go do  
something.

CARMEN  
Uh, ah, sure...

SAM  
Thanks.

Sam grabs her bag from the kitchen table and rushes out the door.

HARRISON  
Uh, Sam, do you—?

But she's already gone, leaving him and Carmen to exchange bewildered looks.

CUT TO:

EXT. NICOLE'S CAR

At the edge of the lot, Nicole's car is sitting atop a downed section of chain-link fence. Inside, Nicole is slumped back in the front seat, passed out. A police cruiser pulls up behind, and another joins it a moment later. The two officers get out and approach the rear of Nicole's car.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

One checks the licence plate and nods, while the other goes up to the driver's-side window and raps on it. Nicole starts awake, then winces, touches the bruise on her forehead, and finally rolls down the window.

NICOLE  
(weakly)  
Yes, Officer?

OFFICER #1  
Excuse me, Ma'am. Are you all right? You seem to have had a little accident.

Nicole rubs her head woozily.

NICOLE  
Yeah, I had a run-in with a couple bottles of '61 Château Latour.

OFFICER #1  
Ma'am—are you Nicole Julian?

With an effort, Nicole focuses on him.

NICOLE  
(weak, but annoyed)  
Yeah...I'm Nicole Julian. What's it to you, Dudley Do-Right?

Meanwhile, the other police officer walks onto the collapsed fence, examining the car.

OFFICER #1  
Ma'am, could you step out the car, please?

NICOLE  
(groaning)  
Can't you just write a ticket, and call a tow truck?

OFFICER #1  
(firmly)  
Miss Julian, I really need you to step out of the car.

NICOLE  
Oh, all right...!

Grudgingly, Nicole unsnaps her shoulder belt, throws the door open, and climbs awkwardly out of the car.

**(CONTINUED)**

CONTINUED: (2)

The officer takes hold of her arm, and looks over to his colleague, who is bent down, closely studying the damaged right front end of the car. He straightens up, and nods.

OFFICER #2

Better get the lab boys down here.

The first officer takes his handcuffs and cuffs Nicole's hands behind her back.

OFFICER #1

Miss Julian, you're under arrest.

NICOLE

(scowling)

What?? Aw, come on—is this because of the Dudley Do-Right crack?

The officer leads Nicole away towards his cruiser.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Oh, are you two gonna be in trouble! When my mother finds out how I'm being treated...!!

CUT TO:

INT. A JAIL CELL - LATER

Nicole gets pushed into the cell.

NICOLE

(indignant)

Hey! Where's my phone call?!!

She grabs the bars as the door slams shut.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I WANT A LAWYER!!!

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BOBBI GLASS'S HOUSE

Josh and Lily are both on their hands and knees, working on the yard and sweating under the morning sun, when Sam comes walking up.

LILY

Sam!

Josh and Lily both get up and run over to Sam; Lily hugs her.

JOSH

How's Brooke?

SAM

She's not any better, but she's not any worse, either. Guys—  
(gesturing around)  
—what are you doing?

JOSH

Oh, we have to do this for ten hours a week. It's part of the lease.

As Sam shakes her head in disbelief, Miss Glass comes on onto the porch, holding a tall glass.

GLASS

Hey! Yo kids—quit goofing off and get back to work!

Sam steps around Lily and advances up the walk towards Miss Glass.

SAM

Miss Glass, you can't do this!

GLASS

Miss McPherson—I'm surprised to see you here.

SAM

Miss Glass—you can't turn your tenants into your own personal house workers. It's wrong. What's more, it's illegal.

Lily runs up to Sam's side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY  
(whispering)  
Sam, what are you doing?!

Sam doesn't seem to hear her.

GLASS  
Oh, so you're a lawyer now?

SAM  
My mom is in real estate. I know  
a little something about how  
leases work.

GLASS  
Miss McPherson, not that I'm  
unsympathetic to your current  
plight—but keep your nose out of  
other people's beeswax!

Sam squeezes her eyes shut for a moment.

SAM  
Miss Glass—my sister is in the  
hospital, and there's a really  
good chance she could die; and I  
just found out that two of my good  
friends have been duped by you  
into becoming house slaves. So,  
as you can imagine, I am NOT IN A  
VERY GOOD MOOD RIGHT NOW!

GLASS  
(mocking)  
Ooh, maybe someone should get a  
prescription for Prozac while  
she's at the hospital.

SAM  
Or maybe someone should call the  
county and get a housing inspector  
to come around here!

Lily tugs on Sam arm, futilely.

LILY  
(urgently)  
Sam! Stop it!

GLASS  
(glowering)  
Well, maybe I should tear up that  
lease, if it bothers you so much!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOSH  
No, Miss Glass—

SAM  
They'd certainly be better off!

GLASS  
Fine!

She disappears into the house for a second, then re-emerges holding the lease. As Josh and Lily frantically try to wave her off, she rips the paper in two.

GLASS (CONT'D)  
There!  
(pointing at Lily)  
You two—I want you packed and out  
of here by the end of the day!

She storms back into the house and slams the door shut.

JOSH  
Aw, man, now what are we gonna do?

Lily turns on Sam, stunned.

LILY  
Sam! I can't believe you just did  
that!

SAM  
You'll find a better place.  
Someplace where you don't have to  
pick up leaves, and have Frau  
Glass giving you orders.

LILY  
(miserably)  
We don't have any money, Sam. We  
can't afford any other place.

SAM  
Yes, you can.

Sam reaches into her bag, pulls out an envelope and gives it to Lily. She opens it, starts to pull out a check—and goggles at the sight of it.

LILY  
Oh, my GOD—

Josh looks over Lily's shoulder at the check, and whistles appreciatively.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LILY (CONT'D)  
What—how—how did you—?

SAM  
It's...my college fund.

LILY  
Oh—no, no...

Lily thrusts the envelope back at Sam, who steadfastly refuses to take it.

LILY (CONT'D)  
There is just no way we can take this!

SAM  
Look, I'm not going to need it for at least a year. I know all you two need is a chance to get on your feet, and this is it.

LILY  
Sam, no...

Sam takes Lily by the shoulders.

SAM  
You have to. Please... I have to do this.

Lily shakes her head, uncomprehending.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(tearing up)  
I have to... I have to be able to do something, and—and make something better... Please, you have to let me do this...

Finally Lily nods, sniffing a little herself.

JOSH  
We'll pay you back, ever penny. I swear.

SAM  
(wiping her eyes)  
I know.

Lily turns to Josh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LILY  
Baby, I'll pack—you go and be  
with Brooke.

JOSH  
(nodding)  
I'll be back in a little while.

Lily hugs Sam tightly.

LILY  
Thank you SO much...

Josh leans over and kisses Lily before walking away with Sam.  
Lily watches them go, smiling and hugging herself.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Brooke is strolling down the middle of this dusty dirt road,  
as Clarence follows, rubbing his hand through his hair.

CLARENCE  
I am sure there's a rule against  
pouring sand on your spiritual  
guide's head.

BROOKE  
(unrepentant)  
I told you not to push me high.

CLARENCE  
How can you be afraid of swinging?

BROOKE  
I'm not afraid, I just—don't care  
for it, that's all.

She stops walking, and looks around.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
Well—this is the middle of  
nowhere.

Clarence surveys the scene as well.

CLARENCE  
Yeah, we do seem to have gotten  
off the beaten path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKE  
Any idea why?

Clarence shrugs.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
(rolling her eyes)  
Of course not...

CLARENCE  
Hey, what do I look like, a map?

BROOKE  
Map, guide...what's the  
difference?

CLARENCE  
Plenty, let me tell you.

BROOKE  
Please... So, where are we,  
anyway?

CLARENCE  
Well, technically, we're in the  
same place we were before. It  
just looks different.

She narrows her eyes at him.

BROOKE  
I really think I'm gonna stop  
talking to you.

A noise makes Brooke turn off the road and up a driveway. She sees, standing under a tree, a horse, saddled and ready to ride. Breaking into a grin, she runs up to it and pets its head.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
(soothingly)  
Hey there, boy... What are you  
doing here?

Clarence comes jogging up.

CLARENCE  
Uh, Brooke...

She grabs the saddle and lifts herself up onto the horse's back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARENCE (CONT'D)  
 ...that's not a good idea—

But she has already put her feet in the stirrups and grabbed the reins. With a jerk, the horse takes off, galloping across the road and into the rolling fields beyond.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)  
 Brooke, WAIT!!!

Clarence runs after her for a moment, then spreads his arms and looks heavenward. There is a clopping noise behind him, and another horse appears.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

He leaps onto the horse and gallops off after Brooke.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH AND LILY'S APARTMENT

Lily is finishing the job of packing what little there is in their soon-to-be ex-apartment. Miss Glass comes down the stairs.

GLASS  
 Yo, Esposito—ah, sorry—I mean,  
 Ford.

LILY  
 Actually, I'm thinking of Esposito-  
 Ford... I haven't decided.

GLASS  
 Sure, why not, make things as  
 complicated as possible.

LILY  
 (tiredly)  
 Miss Glass...

GLASS  
 You know...I could go easy on the  
 yard work.

LILY  
 (shaking her head)  
 It's not that... Well, it is,  
 but... This just isn't a good  
 idea, Miss Glass.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

Miss Glass sits down on the sofa, and pats the seat next to her. Lily comes over and obediently sits next to her.

GLASS

I'm only hard on you because— well, it's my primary form of entertainment that doesn't involve tubs of Tropical Fruit Jell-O—but also because...I think you're making a terrible mistake.

LILY

I know. And I know you won't believe me when I say that we really aren't.

GLASS

You think I haven't been where you are? Believe me, I have...

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - A LONG TIME AGO

An incredibly corny, PSA-type flashback, with a teenaged Bobbi Glass standing by the lockers, next to the most stereotypical "bad boy" Lothario imaginable.

GLASS

Oh, Shane, when you hold me, my heart pounds like the pistons of a '67 Chevy!

SHANE

Baby, let's get married. We'll drop out, jump on the back of my hog and go riding off into the wild blue yonder!

GLASS

Oh, but, we don't have any money, and no decent job prospects! How would we live?

SHANE

We don't need money to live, Bobbi. We'll live free on the open road!

**(CONTINUED)**

CONTINUED:

GLASS  
I'm sorry, but I'm just not ready  
for marriage. I want to complete  
my education, and get a good,  
solid job.

DISSOLVE TO:

JOSH AND LILY'S APARTMENT

LILY  
Wow. What happened?

GLASS  
(shrugs)  
He left. Then he drove his hog  
into a bank vault in Sacramento.  
Twenty years in Folsom.

LILY  
Oh.

Lily gets up.

LILY (CONT'D)  
(confidently)  
Well, Josh and I aren't going to  
let anything like that happen to  
us. And we aren't dropping out,  
either. We're both gonna  
graduate—no matter what.

CUT TO:

EXT. A ROCKY GORGE - TWILIGHT

Brooke is riding along this shadow-laden gorge, which opens  
out onto an immense, barren, empty desert. She pulls up short  
at the edge of a wide, shallow stream which lies across her  
path. She looks around, disoriented by the harsh  
surroundings. Then she hears a bitter, cutting laugh. She  
looks ahead again, and sees someone standing nonchalantly on  
the opposite side of the creek, arms crossed—a figure who  
wasn't there a moment before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE  
(contemptuously)  
Well, well, well...look what the  
cat dragged in.

CUT TO:

INT. AN INTERVIEW ROOM

A typical interview room, with a large two-way mirror along one wall. Detective Cavanaugh is sitting at the room's sole table when the door opens and Nicole is led in.

CAVANAUGH  
(standing)  
Miss Julian. I'm Detective  
Cavanaugh.  
(gestures at a chair)  
Please.

Nicole throws up her hands.

NICOLE  
Finally—someone who can tell me  
what the HELL is going on around  
here!

CAVANAUGH  
Please—have a seat. You did have  
a phone call?

Nicole just stands with her hands leaning on the back of the chair.

NICOLE  
(annoyed)  
Yes—finally.

CAVANAUGH  
(sitting)  
You do realize that you don't have  
to talk to me without a lawyer  
present.

NICOLE  
I'm sure my mother's lawyer is on  
his way. Not that I need him for  
anything! Except maybe filing a  
police harassment suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAVANAUGH

Does this mean that you're waiving  
your right to have an attorney  
present?

NICOLE

(sighing theatrically)  
Fine, fine! Consider it waived—  
if it'll get you to start  
explaining!

CAVANAUGH

Well—

NICOLE

I mean—so I got drunk, and I  
drove my car into a fence. Fine  
me, send me to traffic school,  
whatever. What is this, a  
political thing? Is it "Crack  
Down on Teenage DUI Week"?

CAVANAUGH

Um, Miss Julian, I think there's  
been a misunderstanding here—

NICOLE

(throwing up her hands)  
Finally—that's what I've been  
saying!

CAVANAUGH

Miss Julian—the charge you've  
been arrested on is attempted  
murder.

Nicole just gawks at him.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Nicole leans over the table threateningly.

NICOLE

Okay—if that's some kind of sick joke, I'm gonna have your badge.

CAVANAUGH

It's a shield, not a badge. And it's not a joke.

NICOLE

(laughs shortly)

You think I tried to kill somebody?? Look, I'm no saint—but that's just crazy.

CAVANAUGH

Of course, murder charges are pending, if your victim doesn't make it.

NICOLE

Okay, I get it—I'm on some kind of "Candid Camera" show, right? I'm supposed to get all broken up, while everybody laughs. Well, it's not gonna work, so you can just dropped the act.

She starts looking around for hidden cameras.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(waving)

Hellooo! Okay, game over...find someone else to play with!

Finally she folds her arms and leans against the wall, staring him down defiantly.

CAVANAUGH

(referring to his notes)

Just for the record—you're denying that, at approximately 7:40 yesterday evening, outside the Moonlight Cafe, you deliberately struck Brooke McQueen with your car?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

For the first time, some of the smugness drains out of Nicole's face.

NICOLE  
(nonplussed)  
What?

CAVANAUGH  
We have several witnesses at the scene who say that the driver of the hit-and-run vehicle deliberately aimed for Miss McQueen.

NICOLE  
(hollowly)  
Brookie?

CAVANAUGH  
(continuing)  
The car's description matches yours. Two witnesses gave us partial licence plate numbers—which also match yours. We have a statement from Miss McQueen's father that you went to her house and made threats against her shortly before the crime. And we have blood and fibers from your front grille which are being tested right now.

Hearing all this, Nicole has descended into total shock.

NICOLE  
(alternating between confusion and suspicion)  
No... B.??? But—that... No—no—it's a lie. You're lying to me. This is all some kind of twisted mind-game.

The door bursts open and a well-dressed man comes rushing through.

DEVENPORT  
(self-importantly)  
Michael E. Devenport, Esquire.

He glances over at Nicole, who is shaking and hugging herself tightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEVENPORT (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing,  
talking to my client alone?

CAVANAUGH

Your client waived her right to  
have counsel present. For the  
record, she didn't volunteer  
anything substantive, Mr.  
Davenport.

DEVENPORT

It's Devenport. With an "E".

Cavanaugh shrugs indifferently.

DEVENPORT (CONT'D)

She's a minor. Her mother or  
myself should have been present.

CAVANAUGH

She's seventeen. She'll be  
charged as an adult.

DEVENPORT

(loftily)

Assuming that there's anything to  
charge her with at all.

A clerk steps through the open door, and stays long enough to  
hand Cavanaugh an open folder. He peruses it for a moment,  
then looks up at Devenport.

CAVANAUGH

The blood and fibers on the car  
came back as a perfect match for  
the victim's blood and dress.  
Tell your client the D.A.'ll be  
charging her—attempted murder.  
She'll be arraigned on Monday.

Cavanaugh brushes past Devenport and walks out, closing the  
door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DESERT

Brooke is sitting on her horse, staring at the form of Nicole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE  
Whatsa matter? Surprised to see  
me?

Brooke's face darkens as she glowers at her.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
(mocking)  
Is that hostility I sense?  
(beckons)  
You wanna piece of me? Come on...

Brooke lifts up the reins and starts to guide her horse into the water when, from behind her—

CLARENCE  
BROOKE!!! WAIT!!!

Clarence comes galloping up full tilt.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)  
BROOKE!!! STOP!!!!!!

He pulls up alongside Brooke and grabs her arm, pulling her back.

BROOKE  
What is it?

CLARENCE  
(urgently)  
Don't cross the water. That's  
what she wants.

Brooke sticks her thumb in that direction.

BROOKE  
What's she doing here, anyway?

CLARENCE  
She isn't, really. The water's a  
boundary—the other side isn't  
"here". And that's not really  
Nicole. It's Evil.

BROOKE  
So, it's evil. How is that not  
Nicole?

CLARENCE  
No, I mean really Evil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROOKE  
(shrugging)  
Again...?

CLARENCE  
Brooke, listen to me. I'm talking  
about the Evil.

BROOKE  
(eyes wide)  
Ohhhh...

Meanwhile, "Nicole" is still posing arrogantly on the far side of the stream.

NICOLE  
(tsking)  
Sending a boy to do a man's job...  
You must be really low on the  
popularity scale here, if this is  
the best she could do for you.

CLARENCE  
Hey!

NICOLE  
I feel sorry for you, Brooke...  
With the kind of advice you're  
getting, you'll be figuring out  
your destiny for centuries.

BROOKE  
(coldly)  
You know...whoever you are...you  
picked the wrong person to look  
like. Because I don't need to  
listen to Nicole anymore.  
(to Clarence)  
Come on. I don't like this place.

Brooke turns her horse around, and heads back the way she came. Clarence throws a gloating look across the stream before following.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

Sam is sitting on one of a line of seats along the corridor wall. Harrison comes up, hands her a bottle of water, and sits down next to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Thanks.

For a few moments, they just sit there, side by side.

HARRISON

Sam... About...last night...

Sam sighs.

SAM

You were right. I was... Thank you. For...well...you know.

HARRISON

(laughs self-consciously)  
It wasn't easy.

There is another long, awkward silence, and then:

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Sam—what did you mean, last night?

SAM

What?

HARRISON

You said...I wasn't the first guy to make it to your bed and then stop.

(beat)

Did you and George...?

She groans, and buries her face for a moment.

SAM

(wincing)

Yes?

Harrison looks away.

SAM (CONT'D)

We—we didn't...

HARRISON

George...stopped. You...wanted to?

Sam hangs her head before biting the bullet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM  
(sighing)  
Yes.

HARRISON  
Oh. Well...

SAM  
Harrison, it was before you  
dropped your bombshell—I had no  
idea how you felt.  
(beat)  
I really thought George was the  
one.

HARRISON  
(guiltily)  
I'm sorry, I shouldn't... It's  
just—hard.

Sam shakes her head and rubs her eyes, blowing out her breath.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
What?

SAM  
I can't believe...I look back, at  
all the things you did, all the  
times you were there, right with  
me... I just can't believe I  
didn't see it.

HARRISON  
(spreading his hands)  
Hey, I was trying to keep it a  
secret.

SAM  
Still.

Harrison is about to say something else when his cell phone goes off. He plucks it out of his pocket and opens it.

HARRISON  
(into the phone)  
Hello?... Oh, uh-huh... WHAT???

His face twists in surprise, while Sam looks at him expectantly.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Ah, y-yeah... Thanks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Harrison closes the phone numbly.

SAM

What??

HARRISON

(regrouping)

That was the detective—ah,  
Detective Cavanaugh.

Sam clutches his arm.

SAM

Oh, my God...they caught  
somebody?!

HARRISON

(disbelieving)

Yeah—they arrested Nicole.

Sam gasps, her mouth dropping in shock.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. AN EMPTY APARTMENT - EARLY MONDAY MORNING

The front door opens, and a real estate agent leads Josh and Lily inside. They look around, seeming to be slightly overwhelmed.

JOSH  
Wow—this is bigger than my mom's place.

Lily snuggles up to him.

LILY  
It's perfect.

AGENT  
(perkily)  
Of course it is. This is the ideal unit for young newlyweds just starting out. Now, I just need your signatures...

JOSH  
Look, are you sure there aren't some forms or something we have to fill out?

AGENT  
(with a dismissive gesture)  
If Jane McPherson says you're okay, you're okay.

She hands them a clipboard.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
(pointing)  
If you would just sign there...

Still a bit dazed, Josh and Lily sign the papers and hand the clipboard back.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
Fine... Now, I'm going to need a check for the first and last month's rent, plus the deposit.

Josh and Lily look at each other, their grins vanishing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH

Oh—

LILY

(embarrassed)

Our checking account's brand-new—could we get you a money order instead?

AGENT

Of course—drop it by the office before five?

LILY

Great.

The agent hands over a keyring.

AGENT

Well, here are the keys... The electricity and gas are already on, and someone should be by to hook up the phone before lunch.

With that, the agent heads for the door.

LILY

Thank you so much.

JOSH

Yeah—thanks.

AGENT

You two look like you're going to be very happy here.

JOSH

Oh, we are.

After the agent leaves, Lily turns and jumps into Josh's arms.

LILY

Baby, we did it!

JOSH

(grinning)

Yeah, and no Miss Glass.

Lily disengages herself, looking around.

LILY

Wow...I don't even know what to do first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOSH

Oh, that's simple. You go to school, and I'll get our boxes out of Sam's garage.

LILY

Oh, baby, I don't want you to do that all by yourself!

JOSH

It's okay, really. I can handle it. Besides, it's almost finals, and you need to study.

LILY

Josh, you need to study, too.

JOSH

It's more important for you—and I'm not being...uh...

LILY

Self-depreciating?

JOSH

Yeah, I'm not being that. Look, Lily, I know how I'm gonna do on the finals whether or not I miss a day of school. You're the one who has to do good on your finals—you're the brains of this family.

LILY

Josh...

JOSH

(playfully)

Gorgeous, sexy, brains...

LILY

(laughing)

Okay, okay...

She takes one of the keys off of the ring and hands it to him.

LILY (CONT'D)

One for you, one for me.

Josh holds up the key and examines it.

JOSH

My own key to my own place...  
(mock-serious)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOSH (CONT'D)

Hey, isn't your stuff over at Sam's?

LILY

(playing along)

Oh, right... Hmm, maybe my husband will give me a ride over there.

JOSH

(wagging his eyebrows)

"Husband"...I like the sound of that.

Arm in arm, they head for the door.

LILY

I'll come back at lunch.

JOSH

It's a date...

CURTAIN CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

Carmen is at her locker when Lily walks up to her.

LILY

Hey, Carm.

CARMEN

(closing her locker)

Hey, I heard you were getting a new place?

LILY

(gushing)

We got the keys this morning. It's just perfect...Josh is moving everything in today.

(grimaces)

I still feel guilty about taking Sam's money, though.

CARMEN

Well, next to you she's the most stubborn person I know, so I don't think you could've stopped her.

With a shrug, Lily concedes that point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Hey, did you hear—it was Nicole  
that ran down Brooke!

LILY

Yeah, I heard in the parking lot!  
I just—I can't believe it. I  
mean, I knew Nicole was rotten,  
but...I never thought she'd try to  
KILL someone.

CARMEN

Yeah, between her and Mary Cherry,  
it's a miracle we're still alive.

LILY

(confused)

Wait—what about Mary Cherry?

CARMEN

You haven't heard? She went  
totally psycho! Started  
hallucinating and everything.  
Word is, she's locked up in the  
looney ward at the hospital.

LILY

(shaking her head)

Huh—that doesn't sound like Mary  
Cherry. I mean, she's a little  
off, but...

CARMEN

(nods knowingly)

We're lucky she didn't go off and  
shoot up The Novak or something.

LILY

(thinking)

Carmen—are you visiting Brooke  
today?

CARMEN

Yeah, in fact, I'm gonna cut  
history and go right now.

LILY

Good. I need you to do me a  
favor.

CUT TO:

INT. AN INTERVIEW ROOM

A smaller room, with no mirrors. Nicole is sitting in a wooden chair, hugging her knees to her chest, while Devenport paces around.

DEVENPORT  
All right, one more time. The last thing you remember is...?

NICOLE  
(listlessly)  
I remember...getting in the car.

DEVENPORT  
And you don't remember stopping at Brooke McQueen's house, or speaking with Mike McQueen?

NICOLE  
(cocking her head)  
Wait—

FLASHBACK

Two or three momentary fragments of Nicole in the McQueen kitchen.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
(squeezing her eyes shut)  
I think—I remember talking to Brooke's dad...maybe...I don't know.

DEVENPORT  
But you definitely don't remember driving to the Moonlight Cafe?

Nicole shakes her head mutely.

DEVENPORT (CONT'D)  
The next thing you do remember is...?

NICOLE  
It was morning, and this cop was banging on the window.

He stops to jot some notes down on a legal pad on the table.

DEVENPORT  
All right. The arraignment is simple.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVENPORT (CONT'D)

You appear before a judge, you plead "not guilty" and we get a trial date. Now, it's a little early to be talking about defensive strategy, but I think I can get this reduced to vehicular assault—and I think I have a good shot of convincing a jury to acquit you even of that.

NICOLE

(numbly)

Fine. Whatever.

DEVENPORT

Look, Nicole, I know how you must feel, but—

NICOLE

(looking up)

Excuse me? You know how I feel?

She stands up, sending the chair flying back.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

How could you possibly KNOW HOW I FEEL?!!!

DEVENPORT

Ah, Nicole—

NICOLE

(pacing)

Brooke...she sided with that—that sniveling, little brown-haired BITCH over me...her best friend... Trying to make some kind of 90's-sitcom family with her... And then she poisoned my prom date...convinced him to dump me... I was royally pissed off at her!!!

DEVENPORT

I think we would be much better off not bringing this up in court.

Nicole holds out her hands, pleading.

NICOLE

(plaintively)

It didn't mean anything! Do you know how many times B. and I have been pissed as hell at each other?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Finally coming to rest against the corner of the room, she slides down the wall until she is sitting on the floor, crossing her arms on her knees and burying her head in them.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(crying)

I wanted to hurt her. I didn't want to kill her.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH AND LILY'S APARTMENT - NOON

The apartment looks homier but distinctly underfurnished, populated mostly by boxes. On one table is the phone; Josh is in the middle of a conversation.

JOSH

(on the phone)

...no... Yes, i got it... No, not yet... Look, I just need more time, okay?

The front door opens.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

I gotta go.

Josh hurriedly hangs up the phone as Lily walks in.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Hey, baby!

LILY

Hey...!

(looking past him)

We have a phone?

JOSH

(following her gaze)

Yeah, it works and everything.

Oh—I have a surprise. Wait here.

Josh disappears through into the kitchen. Lily wanders over to the table, where a pile of old mail is scattered. Idly she leafs through the envelopes, then looks curiously at one, flipping it open and pulling out the contents.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

ANGLE: THE KITCHEN ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

JOSH (O.S.) **(CONT'D)**  
 Look, I don't want you to, you  
 know, get your hopes up or  
 anything, but...

Josh appears in the entryway, holding a makeshift tray with plates of sandwiches on it.

JOSH **(CONT'D)**  
 I actually fixed lunch!

He stops short when he sees Lily standing there, glaring at him and holding up the envelope and letter.

LILY  
 (accusingly)  
 What is this??

JOSH  
 (grim-faced)  
 Lily...

LILY  
 (injured)  
 How could you keep something like  
 this from me?!!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

A corridor in the psych ward, where Carmen is tiptoeing from doorway to doorway—much like Wile E. Coyote.

CARMEN  
 (muttering under her breath)  
 Man, I can't believe I'm doing  
 this...

Suddenly, she sees two doctors coming down the hall, and quickly ducks into a side room.

DOCTOR #1  
 Anything come back on Mary Cherry  
 yet?

DOCTOR #2  
 Inconclusive. They'll probably do  
 a frontal lobotomy on her.

**(CONTINUED)**

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR #1

Ouch. Isn't that extreme?

DOCTOR #2

It'll put her in an institution  
for the rest of her life. But,  
hey, her mother's loaded.

(wagging his eyebrows)

Can you say "unlimited funding"?

Both doctors laugh, and move off down the corridor. Behind them, Carmen emerges, mouth agape.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END