

Popular: Summer School
Reasonable Doubts (The People v.
Nicole Julian, Part II)
by
The Wild Pikachu

POPULAR: SUMMER SCHOOL

REASONABLE DOUBTS (THE PEOPLE V. NICOLE JULIAN, PART II)

TEASER

FADE IN:

EST. THE HOSPITAL - MORNING

A suitably impressive shot.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Brooke is sleeping. She stirs, opens her eyes, and breaks into a languid grin when she sees Harrison sitting by her side and watching her.

BROOKE

Hi.

HARRISON

Hey.

BROOKE

(stretching)

You're watching me sleep now?

(playfully)

What would Sam think?

HARRISON

(embarrassed)

I—I just didn't want to wake you up.

Brooke looks up at the wall clock.

BROOKE

It's early.

HARRISON

(grimacing)

Yeah...but I can't stay a long time. I'm have to go and testify this morning.

BROOKE

Oh... I guess you're nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRISON
 (looking away)
 No... No, I'm fine. I'm just
 gonna get up on that witness stand
 and...

She reaches out and lays her hand on his arm.

BROOKE
 Harrison...just, don't worry about
 it, okay? I mean...It'll be okay.
 I just—I don't want you to think
 you have to go and... Well, you
 know what I mean. I felt so bad
 for Sam yesterday.

HARRISON
 Yeah.
 (brightening)
 Hey, I heard your dad's going
 through with the adoption?

BROOKE
 Yeah—I can't believe it. Me and
 Sam are going to really be
 sisters.

HARRISON
 Now there's something I bet you
 couldn't have imagined yourself
 saying a couple years ago.

BROOKE
 (laughs)
 No kidding.

There is a moment's easy silence; then Brooke starts.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
 Oh!

She grabs a pen, reaches for a small book, and begins
 scribbling inside it.

HARRISON
 What?

BROOKE
 (still writing)
 This...is a dream journal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRISON

I didn't know you kept one of those things.

BROOKE

I don't, I just started. I've been having really weird dreams, and Jane said it might help me figure them out if I wrote everything down.

HARRISON

Really... So, what'd you dream about?

She gets a faraway look.

BROOKE

I dreamed...I was playing basketball.

HARRISON

(raising an eyebrow)

Oh...

BROOKE

See what I mean? I swear, I've never picked up a basketball in my life. But there I was...

She reaches out and firmly grasps his hands.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

I mean it about this morning, Harrison. Really.

HARRISON

Yeah.

(checks the clock)

Okay...I better go.

He gets up, but Brooke tightens her grip on his hands, holding him back.

BROOKE

Harrison...

He leans over and kisses her on the cheek before gently extricating himself.

HARRISON

Don't worry. It'll be fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

With a little wave, he walks out of the room, leaving Brooke looking distinctly unhappy.

CUT TO:

EST. THE COURTHOUSE - MORNING

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE RESTROOM

Nicole is whistling absently while standing at the mirror, tweaking her high-fashion ensemble and teasing her hair. There is a knock on the door, and Devenport tentatively pokes his head in.

NICOLE
(looking over)
Don't worry, I'm decent. For the moment, anyway.

Devenport steps just inside the door.

DEVENPORT
It's almost time.

Nicole appraises herself in the mirror, then turns to Devenport, spreading her arms and showing off her outfit.

NICOLE
What d'ya think? Is this Prada not to die for?

DEVENPORT
(reproachfully)
Nicole...

NICOLE
(waving him off)
Relax. You said they were putting Harrison on today, right?

She turns back to the mirror, smirking at her reflection.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Things are looking better all the time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

5.

WHITE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - LATER

Jones is walking down the hallway when Harrison, running, comes up behind her.

HARRISON

Miss Jones!

She stops and waits for him to catch up.

JONES

Oh, good morning, Mr. John. I'm glad to see you're a morning person. Sometimes witnesses who are night owls can leave a bad impression on the jury.

HARRISON

Miss Jones, can we talk?

JONES

What is it?

HARRISON

I don't think this is a good idea.

She stops and stares at him.

JONES

(nonplussed)

What?

HARRISON

I just...don't think I should be doing this.

JONES

Okay, let's talk.

She turns off and opens a side door.

JONES (CONT'D)

In here.

They disappear inside.

CUT TO:

INT. MCQUEEN KITCHEN

Sam is sitting at the table, lost in thought. Lily comes up to the patio doors and knocks, but Sam doesn't appear to hear her. Lily peers in, knocks again, and finally opens the door herself.

LILY

Sam?

Sam looks up, startled.

SAM

Oh—hi, Lily.

LILY

You did remember that I was coming over this morning to work on the rally, right?

She dumps a laptop and an armload of papers on the table.

SAM

Yeah...no, I remembered.

LILY

(concerned)

Sam, what is it?

Sam lays her chin on her arms glumly.

SAM

Oh, nothing. I'm just a horrible person, that's all.

Lily laughs in surprise.

LILY

Sam, what's got you in this mood?

SAM

I have a new mantra. Wanna hear it? "I will not be jealous of Brooke, I will not be jealous of Brooke, I will not be jealous of Brooke"...

LILY

You're jealous of Brooke?

SAM

(plaintively)

I know!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM (CONT'D)

She gets run down by Nicole, she almost dies, it's going to take weeks or months for her to recover, and Harrison is being a really good friend and spending every day with her—

LILY

Aha....

SAM

(burying her face)
And I am just the most horrible, terrible person alive!

LILY

(grinning)
Sam! You are not!

SAM

(nodding emphatically)
Yes, I am. I imagine—all kinds of things...

LILY

(peering at Sam)
You don't really think that Harrison and Brooke...

SAM

No! I mean, of course not! It's just...argh!

Sam puts her head down and covers it with her arms. Lily reaches across the table and pats her comfortingly.

LILY

It's all right, Sam. It's natural to be a little jealous. I mean, you're only human, right?

SAM

(peeking out)
It is?

LILY

(encouragingly)
Sure! As long as you don't take it to Nicole-ean heights.

Sam straightens up and scrunches her face at Lily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM

Oh, thank you. I'm never taking anything to Nicole-ean heights, wherever they are.

LILY

Well, I didn't think you were.

The phone rings, and Sam gets up to answer it.

SAM

(into the phone)

Hello? Oh—hi. It's early, isn't it?

She throws a glance at Lily.

SAM (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Oh—he was?... Uh, no, sure, I'll go down there and check on him... Sure... What?

(makes a face)

Okay, hang on.

She puts the phone down and looks askance at Lily, who has the laptop open in front of her.

SAM (CONT'D)

(to Lily)

Can you run a search on that and find out who wrote "Prevalence of Witches"?

LILY

(cautiously)

Ah...sure. Just a sec.

Lily taps a few keys and waits for the results.

LILY (CONT'D)

Okay...Aubrey Clarence Menen.

SAM

(into the phone)

Aubrey Clarence Menen...

(to Lily)

How do you spell "Menen"?

LILY

M-E-N-E-N.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SAM

M-E-N-E-N... Okay... Bye.

Sam hangs up the phone.

LILY

Should I ask what that was all about?

Sam just makes a rude noise and rolls her eyes, as Jane comes down the stairs.

JANE

Good morning, girls.

LILY

Good morning, Mrs. McPherson. I hope you don't mind me taking over your table.

JANE

Oh, anything for a good cause.

Sam steps up to her, smiling sweetly.

SAM

Mom...I don't know when, I don't know how—but someday, I will get you back for starting Brooke on those crossword puzzles.

JANE

Sam! Crossword puzzles are healthy mental stimulation. I remember your father and I doing them every day.

SAM

Uh huh, and do you remember me hiding in my room so I wouldn't get dragged into them??

JANE

It wasn't that bad...

(beat)

Was it?

Sam just shakes her head in frustration, while Jane pours herself a cup of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JANE (CONT'D)

Well, I am taking Mackenzie in for a check-up today, so I will see you girls later. Lily, feel free to take over whatever furniture you want.

LILY

Thanks, Mrs. McPherson.

Sam sits back down, and as Jane heads back upstairs with her coffee, she wags a finger in her direction.

SAM

Revenge is coming, Mom!

Jane waves absently before disappearing.

LILY

Crossword puzzles?

SAM

(throws up her hands)

It's an obsession, I swear.

LILY

Oh!

Lily has a sudden thought and digs through her bag, pulling out a card.

LILY (CONT'D)

Postcard from Carmen. She's having a blast in Cancun. I'm glad she decided to go—at least someone's having a good summer.

SAM

(groans)

Yeah, me too—but do me a favor, will ya? Don't mention Cancun. It reminds me of spring break.

LILY

(deflating)

Oh. Right. So, how are you and Harrison doing?

SAM

(sighing)

I don't know... We're in this, this kind of holding pattern.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SAM (CONT'D)

We've talked a couple times about doing something romantic, but right now, we don't even get a lot of time to talk at all—

LILY

Because he's at the hospital all the time?

Sam squeezes her eyes shut.

SAM

I will not be jealous of Brooke, I will not be jealous of Brooke, I will not be jealous of Brooke...

LILY

(laughing)

Sam, you and Harrison are going to have plenty of time together.

SAM

That's what Harrison says.

LILY

Well, listen to him.

SAM

I know, I know...

LILY

(shuffling papers)

Come on—there's still a ton of work to do on this thing.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Everyone is standing as the judge climbs up behind the bench and takes his seat.

BAILIFF

Be seated.

As everyone sits, the judge picks up his gavel and raps it.

JUDGE HOLMES

Court is back in session. Ms. Jones, are you ready to call your next witness?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES
(standing)
Your Honor, the People have
reconsidered calling Harrison
John.

JUDGE HOLMES
Very well.

As the judge jots down a note, Devenport stands.

DEVENPORT
In that case, Your Honor, the
Defense would like to add Harrison
John to its witness list.

The judge looks up sharply.

JUDGE HOLMES
(beckoning)
Counsel, approach.

Jones and Devenport step up to the bench.

JUDGE HOLMES (CONT'D)
All right, if you two think this
is funny...

JONES
I have no idea what Defense is
doing.

DEVENPORT
Your Honor, the People have
obviously concluded that Mr.
John's testimony would be more
beneficial to our case than
theirs—and, frankly, after
talking to my client, I agree.

JUDGE HOLMES
(nodding)
So ordered. Step back.

The two attorneys walk back to their tables.

JUDGE HOLMES (CONT'D)
Ms. Jones, do the People have any
more witnesses?

JONES
No, Your Honor. The People rest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE HOLMES

(checking his notes)

All right... Well, since it's Friday afternoon, we'll take our weekend break here. Mr. Devenport, will you be ready to present your case on Monday?

DEVENPORT

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE HOLMES

Very well.

(bangs his gavel)

Court is in recess until Monday at nine a.m.

As the judge stands and walks back to his chambers, everyone else gets up and files out of the courtroom. Eventually the last person left in the gallery is a mysterious individual who is sitting in the back corner, wearing a large, floppy hat and oversized sunglasses, and furiously scribbling notes.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. JOSH'S MOTEL ROOM

There is a loud knocking at the door.

JOSH (O.S.)

Coming!

Josh emerges from the motel room's tiny bathroom, toweling off his face. He goes to the door and opens it, to find a uniformed security guard standing there.

SECURITY GUARD

Josh Ford?

JOSH

Yeah, that's me.

Then Josh recognizes the man.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Hey, aren't you from the Institute?

SECURITY GUARD

That's right—I've come to get you.

JOSH

That really wasn't necessary—I coulda taken the bus.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm afraid it was, Mr. Ford. There's been some trouble. They need you to come in right away.

JOSH

All right, just a second.

Leaving the door ajar, Josh throws the towel on his bed, grabs a shirt and throws it on over his undershirt, and snatches his keys and wallet off of the dresser. He steps outside, closing the door behind him.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LAB

which is a shambles. A couple of uniformed officers are carefully picking over the wreckage, while a small group of observers looks on, including Dr. Rutherford; Alan Porter, the chief administrator of the Institute; and a Lt. Spivey. Josh walks in, and pulls up short upon seeing the carnage.

JOSH
What the hell...?

RUTHERFORD
(calling)
Mr. Ford!

Josh walks over to them.

JOSH
What happened?

RUTHERFORD
Obviously, someone broke in last night and had their own party.

LT. SPIVEY
"Snuck in" is more like it.
Whoever did this either had a key,
or was let in by someone.

RUTHERFORD
YOU don't happen to know anything
about this, Mr. Ford?

JOSH
What? No! Hold on—you think I
had something to do with this?!!

LT. SPIVEY
It does seem a bit suspicious, if
you don't mind me saying so.
According to the guard, you didn't
check out last night, and then you
didn't show up for work this
morning...

JOSH
Dr. Bennett said to take the
morning off! We were up half the
night finishing some report that
had to be done!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUTHERFORD
 (cynically)
 Don't you think we can check on
 that?

LT. SPIVEY
 (to Rutherford)
 Where is this Dr. Bennett?

RUTHERFORD
 She hasn't shown up yet, either.
 (to Josh)
 I don't suppose you know anything
 about that, either.

Josh looks even more outraged, but is saved from a response by
 Dr. Bennett, who appears in the doorway.

BENNETT
 They told me outside that— Josh?
 I stopped by your place, but the
 manager said you'd left with
 Security. What happened here?!

Josh waves disgustingly at Rutherford.

JOSH
 He thinks I kidnapped you or
 something.

BENNETT
 What??

LT. SPIVEY
 (breaking in)
 Dr. Bennett? I'm Lieutenant
 Spivey. Do you mind if I ask you
 a few questions?

RUTHERFORD
 (imperiously)
 Mr. Ford here claims that you told
 him to take the morning off.

PORTER
 (interposing)
 Lloyd, please.
 (to Bennett)
 Tina?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BENNETT

Yes, I did. We were here until one a.m., wrapping up the annual CMR so that Fish and Game would have it this morning.

She turns to Rutherford and gives him a look that would freeze molten lava.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

(grating)

I left a note on your desk.

LT. SPIVEY

Well, now that that's cleared up...

BENNETT

Wait, what about the security cameras?

PORTER

The entire system went down last night.

LT. SPIVEY

We're assuming that whoever did this knew enough to disable the security system.

Another uniformed officer enters the room and whispers in Lt. Spivey's ear.

LT. SPIVEY (CONT'D)

Mr. Porter, are everyone's fingerprints on file? Present and past employees?

RUTHERFORD

Mr. Ford's aren't.

BENNETT

(annoyed)

None of the interns' are. That's why they couldn't prove it was Jake Carlin who took the garage apart last year.

LT. SPIVEY

Yes, I pulled the file on that case—I thought it might be helpful. In the meantime...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He looks at Josh significantly.

BENNETT

This is ridiculous! Josh, you don't have to do anything.

JOSH

(testily, throwing up his hands)
No, hey—you want my fingerprints?
Let's do it.

LT. SPIVEY

If you'll go with Officer Martinez here to the station, you should be back in half an hour.

BENNETT

Josh...

JOSH

No, it's fine. Let's just get this over with.

Josh walks out with the officer.

PORTER

Tina, we'll need you to get an accounting of what data's been lost.

She refocuses on Porter.

BENNETT

Unless they got to the mainframe, there shouldn't be any. I know there wasn't any loose data in here last night.

PORTER

Well, that's a relief, anyway. We'll let the police handle the investigation, and the insurance people the equipment loss.

He turns to Rutherford.

PORTER (CONT'D)

I'll be in my office. Keep me posted.

Porter walks out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RUTHERFORD

I'll see about farming work out to
the auxiliary labs.

Before Dr. Bennett can say anything, Dr. Rutherford walks off.
After a moment, she starts after him, but Lt. Spivey steps
across her path.

LT. SPIVEY

Dr. Bennett? I was hoping I could
ask you a few more questions.

Her immediate pursuit waylaid, Dr. Bennett shrugs her
shoulders and allows Lt. Spivey to corral her.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Brooke is in the process of aggravating Sam.

SAM

No, Brooke, not only do I not
remember who the first Duke of
Normandy was, I don't think I ever
knew in the first place.

BROOKE

Wow, you're testy today.

Sam lays her hand on Brooke's.

SAM

I love you like a sister, but I
swear, if you don't stop asking me
these things, no lie, I'm going to
throw that book out the window.

BROOKE

Sam, I'm just trying to get you
involved in something that's
mentally challenging.

SAM

And let me be the first to
congratulate you on becoming my
mother.

BROOKE

(pointing)

Okay, now that was just mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harrison walks in.

SAM

Hey, you. I went down to the courthouse to see you, but the trial was in recess?

HARRISON

Uh, w-why did you do that?

Brooke raises her hand.

BROOKE

I asked her to check on you.

Harrison makes a face.

SAM

What?

HARRISON

I'm not sure I like the two of you teaming up to look after me.

SAM

Would you rather we team up to plot against you?

HARRISON

(considers)

Is there a difference?

Sam's jaw drops.

SAM

(deadpan to Brooke)

Why were we fighting over him?

BROOKE

I have no idea.

HARRISON

Seriously, guys, I'm fine. I'm fine because I didn't testify.

BROOKE

I thought you said—

HARRISON

Yeah, but I talked to the prosecutor and convinced her not to call me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM
Harrison, why?

HARRISON
Come on. There was no way I was
could get up there as a character
witness against Nicole. I mean,
what was I gonna say? "Oh, yeah,
sure, she saved my life by
donating her bone marrow, but
other than that, she's really a
rotten person."

SAM
Well, you could still tell them
about all the horrible things
Nicole's done.

BROOKE
You know—I think maybe Harrison's
right.

SAM
(gaping)
Okay, wanna clue me in?

BROOKE
Look, I agree that Nic has a mean
streak a mile wide, and she can be
really vicious at times. But,
Sam...all the stuff she did—it
was all high school stuff. I
mean, yeah, it was bad for high
school—but you can't add it up
and say it makes somebody a
murderer.

At the sound of a knock on the open door, they look over to
see an unfamiliar man step into the room.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Excuse me, can I help you?

MAN
I don't mean to interrupt, but—
(to Harrison)
—by any chance, are you Harrison
John?

HARRISON
Yeah, that's me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAN

Oh, good.

He pulls a paper out of his jacket and hands it to Harrison.

MAN (CONT'D)

This is for you.

The man nods to Brooke and Sam.

MAN (CONT'D)

Pardon the intrusion, ladies.

Without further ado, the man walks out. Harrison unfolds the paper and glances over it; as he does, he gasps in astonishment.

HARRISON

This is just unreal.

SAM

What?

HARRISON

It's a subpoena.

SAM

You've been subpoenaed?

BROOKE

Wait—I thought you talked to Miss Jones, and—

HARRISON

(cutting her off)

No, Brooke— It's a subpoena—for the Defense.

Sam snatches the paper away from Harrison and looks it over.

SAM

You're going to testify for Nicole???

The three of them stare at each other in disbelief.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. RUTHERFORD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Dr. Rutherford is working behind his desk when Dr. Bennett appears unannounced in his doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENNETT

Well, that was quite a performance.

RUTHERFORD

(looking up)

Excuse me?

BENNETT

(stepping forward)

You accused Josh of kidnapping me? What—you really thought that, rather than telling the truth, he'd...done something to me? Did you really think that was the more likely possibility there?

RUTHERFORD

I didn't exactly mean it that way.

BENNETT

That's not how I heard it.

RUTHERFORD

In any case, I think I have good reason to be suspicious of Mr. Ford.

BENNETT

I think you have no reason to be suspicious of Josh. He's never been anything but hard-working and dependable, and you've been anything but mistrustful and unfriendly.

The phone rings; Dr. Rutherford reaches out and picks it up.

RUTHERFORD

(into the phone)

Lloyd Rutherford.

Dr. Bennett starts to turn to leave, but he holds up a finger for her to wait.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Yes, Lieutenant...? I see... Thank you. Please let me know if you learn anything.

He hangs up the phone, while Dr. Bennett crosses her arms and waits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

That was Lieutenant Spivey. They found a baseball bat just outside the parking lot that they believe was used in the vandalism. They weren't able to match the fingerprints on it to anyone working here—

BENNETT

(breaking in)

Including Josh.

RUTHERFORD

(continuing)

—but they did match them to the fingerprints found after the incident last year.

BENNETT

Well, we all know who did that. Jake Carlin. Now are you willing to admit that Josh had nothing to do with this?

RUTHERFORD

Of course, Mr. Carlin no longer has a key. Someone had to have let him in.

Dr. Bennett throws up her hands.

BENNETT

Josh has only seen Jake once, and that was when he stopped Jake and his pals from harassing me.

RUTHERFORD

As far as you know, that is. And that seems like a very convenient circumstance.

BENNETT

(shaking her head)

I see you aren't over your bout of paranoia yet.

RUTHERFORD

Dr. Bennett—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BENNETT

No, Lloyd. You're stereotyping Josh, and in a particularly vindictive and discriminatory manner. And, frankly, it's not an attractive side to you.

RUTHERFORD

And what about you? You've been paying a great deal of attention to young Mr. Ford—perhaps your judgment has been clouded by his bulging biceps?

Dr. Bennett's eyes narrow dangerously.

BENNETT

(icily)

I think I'd better leave now—before you say something we'll both regret.

Without another word, she spins on her heel and walks out.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. THE LAB - LATER

Josh has been busy sweeping up, and is dumping a dustpan of debris into a trash can when Dr. Bennett appears.

BENNETT

Josh, there's custodial staff to do that. You don't have to clean up this mess.

JOSH

I know. But there's nothing to do, and Mr. Porter said for everyone to call it a day and pick it up again on Monday. So I thought I'd do a little of this.

BENNETT

That sounds like a good idea—calling it a day, that is. What do you say we get out of here?

JOSH

Well—

BENNETT

In fact, why don't we grab an early dinner?

JOSH

Actually I haven't eaten today.

BENNETT

Then let's go.

Josh sets the dustpan aside, and they walk out of the lab.

FLIP CUT TO:

INT. TACO BELL - LATER

Josh and Dr. Bennett are sitting at a table with a tray of food between them.

JOSH

You know, this is funny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENNETT

What is?

JOSH

(gesturing)

This. Scientists—Taco Bell—I guess I never made the connection before.

BENNETT

(munching)

Are you kidding? When I was in college, I lived on this stuff.

She notices Josh checking his watch.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Plans?

JOSH

Huh? Oh—no. It's just, I call my wife every night at seven. Except for last night, 'cause we were working.

BENNETT

(surprised)

I didn't know you were married.

JOSH

(grinning)

Yeah, we're newlyweds. It's been a month now.

BENNETT

You're not wearing a ring.

JOSH

Well, we couldn't exactly afford rings. In fact, I'm working this job so we can afford our own place.

BENNETT

Good for you! So, when's she due?

JOSH

Due? Due for what?

BENNETT

(embarrassed)

Oh—you're not—she's not—?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOSH

Oh! No! I mean...we didn't even do it until after we got married.

BENNETT

(rubs her eyes)

Oh boy, and here I was getting on Lloyd—Dr. Rutherford's case for stereotyping you. Man, do I feel stupid.

JOSH

Come on, you're not stupid. Look, I know lots of young people get married because they have to. Lily and me, we're just different, that's all.

BENNETT

That's your wife? Lily?

JOSH

Yeah. Oh—here, let me show you.

Josh digs his wallet out of his pocket, and shows her a tiny photo of Lily.

BENNETT

She's a very pretty girl.

JOSH

(gushing)

Yeah... Oh, and she's a vegan, and a huge environmentalist, and she's totally into all these causes.

BENNETT

Is she the reason you joined EX-TEAM?

JOSH

She showed me there are bigger things than football. I guess she inspired me.

BENNETT

(chuckling)

You sound like you're in love.

JOSH

I'm sorry—I didn't mean to keep going on like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BENNETT

No, please—it's refreshing.
People in my profession tend to be
married to their work.

(beat)

Myself included.

JOSH

Oh, I'm sure the right guy is out
there for you, Dr. Bennett.

BENNETT

I'd like to believe that. And,
hey...at work I'm Dr. Bennett. At
Taco Bell, it's Tina, okay?

JOSH

Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Brooke is, for once, alone. The phone rings, and she reaches
behind her awkwardly to grab it.

BROOKE

(into the phone)

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM

Actually, just a close-up of George—he could be anywhere.

GEORGE

Hey, Brooke. You sound better.

BROOKE

George? I thought you forgot
about me.

GEORGE

Who, me? Would I do that?

BROOKE

Well, I never hear from you, I
never see you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

I'm sorry—I was there the first night and...it was a little awkward.

Brooke rubs her forehead.

BROOKE

No, I'm sorry—that was dumb of me. Just forget I said anything, okay?

GEORGE

Hey, you need me—say the word, and I'm there.

BROOKE

No, no, never mind. Although...

GEORGE

What?

BROOKE

I just think a little less avoidance might be good for you.

GEORGE

Brooke...

BROOKE

Hey—you called me, you get the lecture.

GEORGE

It's just too soon, Brooke. I still have trouble just thinking of Sam, let alone Sam and Harrison.

BROOKE

You know, she really didn't mean to hurt anyone.

GEORGE

But she did.

(beat)

Maybe I should get tips from you. I mean, from what I hear, you're around the two of them all the time. How do you handle it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROOKE

Actually, I...I try not to think about it too much. I knew Sam and Harrison had a long history. I can't...blame them for wanting to be together.

(beat)

Besides, the last time I let it get to me, I got hit by a car. It kinda gives you perspective.

GEORGE

I guess that's what I need. Perspective.

BROOKE

Well, don't try it the way I did. Hospitals suck.

GEORGE

(grinning)

You do sound better.

BROOKE

I still look like hell, though.

GEORGE

I doubt that somehow.

Mike walks in, carrying a shopping bag.

MIKE

Hi, honey.

BROOKE

(to Mike)

Hi, Dad.

GEORGE

Well, I'll let you go.

BROOKE

(into the phone)

Hey—even if you don't want to come down here, I still expect regular calls from you.

GEORGE

I'll put your room number on my speed dial. Promise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BROOKE

That's more like it.

(beat)

You take care of yourself, okay?
I'm glad you called...I really am.

GEORGE

You work on getting out of that
hospital.

BROOKE

I will. Bye.

Brooke leans over to put the phone away; Mike quickly takes it from her and places it on the bedside table before sitting down.

MIKE

So, where are the other two
musketeers?

BROOKE

(firmly)

I sent them home. They're always
fawning over me, and they don't
have any time to themselves. I'm
starting to feel guilty about it.

MIKE

I'm sure they don't mind fawning
over you.

BROOKE

Sam does.

MIKE

What?! Brooke, did she—

BROOKE

No, Dad, calm down, okay? She's
been wonderful. I know she thinks
she's hiding it, but I can tell
how she feels. I'm taking up all
of Harrison's time—that can't
make her feel good.

Mike chuckles to himself; Brooke peers at him quizzically.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIKE

I'm just thinking about how grown up my little girl has gotten.

BROOKE

How unlike Nic, you mean?

MIKE

No, that's not what I meant.

BROOKE

Come on, Dad. A couple years ago I was as shallow and self-centered as Nic. I was Queen B of Kennedy, and the "B" didn't stand for "Brooke".

MIKE

Brooke—

BROOKE

You know it's true.

MIKE

What I know is that you made some mistakes, but that you learned from them, and became a better person, a more mature person.

BROOKE

And I know how much of that is because of Sam. The more I think about it, the more I realize that, if you hadn't met Jane, and brought Sam, kicking and screaming, into my life...I could very well have ended up just like Nic. I owe her, Dad. And if Harrison wants to be with her, then...then I'm going to do everything I can to make sure that they're happy together.

Mike pats her hand.

MIKE

Honey, you could never have wound up like Nicole, because you were never as self-centered as you think. I'm not saying you should do anything differently. I know you want to be considerate of everyone else's feelings.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MIKE (CONT'D)

I just hope that you leave some consideration for your own.

BROOKE

(shaking her head)

Harrison made his choice, and he chose Sam. Why would I even want to keep him for myself? He loves her, not me. I'm accepting it.

MIKE

(gently)

My experience is, that doesn't make it hurt any less.

Brooke turns away.

BROOKE

I don't care.

There is a moment's awkward silence. Then Mike reaches into the shopping bag.

MIKE

Hey, I brought something from home that might cheer you up.

He pulls a notebook computer out of the bag and sets it on Brooke's tray table.

BROOKE

(brightening)

My laptop!

MIKE

Lily finally came around and showed us how to disconnect it from the fax machine without screwing everything up. And, I took it to Electronics Unlimited and had a wireless modem put in.

Brooke opens up the computer and starts tapping on the keyboard.

BROOKE

Wow, this is great, Dad.

But after a few moments, she does a double-take at the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

INSERT: THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Brooke's e-mail screen, where a box has popped up reading, "You have 361 new messages."

Holy...
BROOKE (CONT'D)

MIKE
(leaning over)
Most of them are probably get-well letters.

BROOKE
Well, I know what I'm doing this weekend.

She stifles a yawn. Mike reaches over and closes the laptop.

MIKE
Why don't you leave that till tomorrow. You need your rest.

BROOKE
I don't know why. I don't do anything except lie around.

MIKE
Your body's still healing, honey. Don't push it.

BROOKE
(sighing dramatically)
All right.

As Brooke slides down on the bed, Mike leans over, kisses her on the forehead, and pulls the covers up around her.

MIKE
Night, sweetie.

BROOKE
(sleepily)
Night, Dad.

He turns out the overhead light, and leaves Brooke to settle down to sleep.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

As hospitals are at night, it's dim, but not dark.

INSERT: THE WALL CLOCK

which reads 2:50 a.m.

ANGLE: BROOKE

turning restlessly in bed.

CUT TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE

Flashes of Brooke's other-worldly experience: the park, the beach, empty streets—and Clarence. Disconnected voices.

CUT TO:

BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Brooke awakens with a start. She reaches out, grabs her dream journal, and begins writing in the dim light. After a few moments she finishes and sets it aside; but instead of going back to sleep she lies there, eyes open, staring at the ceiling. Then she scoots up in bed, pulls her tray table over, and opens her laptop, tapping the keyboard and moving the pointer.

INSERT: THE COMPUTER SCREEN

The webpage of someplace called Reader's Emporium.

Brooke continues to work intently.

DISSOLVE TO:

EST. THE HOSPITAL - MORNING

Not the next morning, but Monday morning (though it doesn't say so.)

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Sam and Harrison walk in, arm in arm, and find that Brooke already has a visitor: Alicia Jones, sitting by the bedside and jotting on a legal notepad. When she sees them, she puts the notepad into her attache case.

SAM

Oh—are we interrupting?

JONES

No, no. We were just going over a few things before the defense starts its case today.

HARRISON

Miss Jones? I got a subpoena—

JONES

—from the defense counsel, yes, I know. Obviously Ms. Julian told her attorney the same things you told me.

SAM

Can they really make Harrison testify on Nicole's side?

JONES

(shrugging)

Sure—they can call anyone they want who has a connection to the case.

(to Harrison)

Look, don't sweat it. All you have to do is get up there and tell the truth.

HARRISON

But—

JONES

(firmly)

No buts. The absolute worst thing you can do is lie under oath. Don't even think about it. And don't worry about helping Ms. Julian. Believe me, you can't help her. Anything you might say about whatever good she may have done in the past won't obviate the hard physical evidence of her guilt. So relax, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRISON
Right. Relax.

JONES
(standing up)
Well, I'm due in court.
(to Brooke)
I'm glad to see you're doing
better.

With a nod to Sam and Harrison, Jones walks out. The two of them sit down on opposite sides of Brooke's bed again.

BROOKE
So, guys?

Sam and Harrison look at each other.

SAM
What?

BROOKE
(prompting)
Last night? Dinner and a movie?
How'd it go?

She glances at them in turn, eyes narrowing.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
You better have gone.

HARRISON
(shrugging)
Oh—yeah. We went.

SAM
Yeah.

BROOKE
And?

SAM
Ah—it was...okay.

HARRISON
Yeah...okay.

BROOKE
(insistently)
And you had fun, right?

HARRISON
Um...yeah, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM
Yeah...we had fun.

BROOKE
And you forgot all about me?

HARRISON
Well...uh...

Brooke sighs and rubs her eyes.

BROOKE
Guys, I tried to give you a night
to yourselves. Please tell me you
didn't spend the whole time
worrying about me.

SAM
Ah...well, we...

HARRISON
Well, not the whole time, ah...

SAM
No, um, there was...

Brooke sighs again, shaking her head.

BROOKE
Guys...

SAM
It's just 'cause we care, Brooke.

HARRISON
Yeah.

A delivery boy stops in the doorway and peers in.

DELIVERY BOY
Uh, I have a delivery for Brooke
McQueen?

SAM
A delivery?

BROOKE
I'm Brooke.

The delivery boy picks up a large shopping bag from Reader's
Emporium and hauls it in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Harrison, would you...?

Harrison takes the bag. The delivery boy hands a clipboard over to Brooke, who scrawls her signature.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

As the delivery boy leaves, Harrison starts taking books out of the bag and setting them on the tray table. Sam pokes through them idly, picking up a couple to examine more closely.

SAM

"Back From the Edge"... "Comas:
The Deepest Sleep"... "Dream-Memory
Meditation Techniques"... Brooke,
what is all this?

BROOKE

Oh...I'm trying to figure out
these dreams I've been having. So
I ordered these online a couple
days ago.

HARRISON

I'm not sure you should be
dwelling on this.

SAM

Harrison's right—what's this
going to accomplish?

BROOKE

I don't know. I just know that
I'm...missing something. I mean,
I was out for a week, and I don't
remember anything. Other people
say they see lights, or hear
voices... Me? Nothing.

HARRISON

Maybe that's because there's
nothing to remember.

BROOKE

There's something. I know there
is. There are times, I can almost
remember... And these dreams, I
think they have something to do
with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

She turns to Harrison.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Harrison, I want you to do me a favor.

HARRISON
Sure. What?

BROOKE
Will you please take Sam and go do something fun with her?

HARRISON
We already did that.

BROOKE
Yes, and now I want you to do it again. And I want you to actually enjoy it this time.

SAM
Brooke...

BROOKE
Unless you'd rather stay here and help me do a crossword puzzle.

SAM
(standing)
Harrison, let's go.

HARRISON
Uh—

BROOKE
Out! Scram!

Harrison reluctantly gets up and takes Sam's hand.

HARRISON
Can we at least come back for lunch?

BROOKE
Oh, all right. But if I see either one of you around here before noon, I'm having the nurses throw you out.
(shooing)
Now, please leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

With a couple of backward glances, Sam and Harrison walk out. Brooke takes a book of the top of the pile, settles back, and begins to read.

CUT TO:

EST. THE COURTHOUSE - MORNING

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

DEVENPORT

(standing)

Your Honor, the Defense calls Miss Nicole Julian to the stand.

Nicole gets up and calmly walks to the witness box. The bailiff approaches and holds out a bible for her to put her hand on.

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the truth,
the whole truth, and nothing but
the truth, so help you God?

NICOLE

I do.

As Nicole sits in the box, Devenport saunters over casually.

DEVENPORT

Miss Julian, what do you remember
about the night in question?

NICOLE

(shaking her head)

Not much. It was the night of our
Junior Prom, but my date cancelled
out on me at the last minute, so I
wasn't planning on going.

DEVENPORT

You must have been upset at that.

NICOLE

Yeah, you could say that.

DEVENPORT

Well, how did you spend the
evening, then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

I had my own party, with two bottles of 1961 Château Latour. very good year, very expensive. Fifteen hundred bucks a pop.

DEVENPORT

You drank two full bottles of wine? Alone?

NICOLE

Yep. Polished 'em off all by myself.

DEVENPORT

You must have been rather intoxicated after that.

NICOLE

I was drunk as a skunk.

DEVENPORT

What else do you remember from that night?

NICOLE

After that, not a lot. I remember getting in the car...and for some reason, it took a long time to get the key to work.

DEVENPORT

Do you remember driving to Brooke McQueen's house?

NICOLE

I don't remember getting there, no.

DEVENPORT

But you remember speaking to Miss McQueen's father.

NICOLE

I...maybe. Bits and pieces.

DEVENPORT

What's the next thing you remember?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICOLE

It was morning, I was sitting in my car, and this policeman was knocking on my window.

DEVENPORT

Do you remember driving to the Moonlight Cafe?

NICOLE

No.

DEVENPORT

Do you remember hitting Brooke McQueen with your car outside the Moonlight Cafe?

NICOLE

No.

DEVENPORT

And since you don't even remember the accident, you couldn't have intended it to happen.

JONES

Objection. Counsel is rehearsing his closing statement.

JUDGE HOLMES

Sustained.

DEVENPORT

I'll rephrase, Your Honor.

(to Nicole)

Did you, in fact, intend to hit Brooke McQueen with your car?

NICOLE

Definitely not.

DEVENPORT

Thank you.

Devenport turns to Jones.

DEVENPORT (CONT'D)

Your witness.

He sits down, while Jones gets up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JONES

Now, Ms. Julian, you say you were upset that your prom date cancelled your plans. But isn't it true that you blamed Brooke McQueen for that happening?

NICOLE

Yeah, I did. Brooke told me that George wouldn't want to go out with me after she got done talking to him, and then he didn't.

JONES

Hmmm...what do you suppose she said to him to make him do that?

DEVENPORT

(standing)

Objection—whatever Miss McQueen may have said to a third party is completely irrelevant.

JUDGE HOLMES

Sustained.

JONES

Did you and Brooke McQueen discuss your prom plans with each other?

NICOLE

Not really. I mean, she knew that I was going with George, and I knew that she was going with Spam and Harrison.

JONES

Spam?

NICOLE

Sam. Sorry. Habit—I always call her "Spam".

JONES

I take it that's not an endearing nickname.

NICOLE

No more than when she calls me "The Wicked Witch of the West", I suppose. I could claim to like Sam McPherson, but that would be perjury.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JONES

In any case...did Brooke tell you that they were meeting at the Moonlight Cafe before going to the prom?

NICOLE

(shaking her head)

No, she didn't.

JONES

Now, we heard Mike McQueen testify that you went to the McQueen home on that night. Your testimony remains that you don't remember that?

NICOLE

I vaguely remember being there. I don't remember what was said.

JONES

Mr. McQueen testified that he told you Brooke had gone to the Moonlight Cafe. Do you remember that?

NICOLE

No.

JONES

But you're certain that you didn't know where Brooke was going to be before you went to the McQueen home.

NICOLE

I'm sure I didn't.

JONES

Well, apparently you were cognizant enough to drive directly from the McQueens' to the Moonlight Cafe.

DEVENPORT

(standing)

I object to counsel's use of the word "directly". She has no way of knowing what route the witness may have taken. And counsel is leading by even implying that she intended to go there at all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JUDGE HOLMES

Sustained. Ms. Jones, you cannot presume intent merely by declaring that it exists. Rephrase your question.

JONES

Isn't it true that when you found out where Brooke McQueen was, you went looking for her?

NICOLE

I don't remember.

JONES

Don't you? After all, you started at one place and ended up at the other.

DEVENPORT

Objection, asked and answered.

JUDGE HOLMES

Sustained.

JONES

Let's talk about the argument you had with Brooke McQueen prior to that night. What happened?

NICOLE

We argued. It wasn't the first time.

JONES

But something else happened, did it? Isn't it true that, during the argument, Brooke slapped you?

NICOLE

Yeah.

JONES

And what was your reaction?

NICOLE

I slapped her back.

JONES

Had that ever happened before?

NICOLE

No, but—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JONES

So this fight was more serious
than any other you had had.

NICOLE

Look, maybe things got out of
hand—

JONES

And, in fact, didn't Brooke
McQueen specifically say that your
relationship was finished.

NICOLE

Yeah, maybe the she did, but—

JONES

Thank you, nothing further.

Jones gives the jury a meaningful look, and walks back to her
seat with a semi-satisfied look on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - LATER

The hallway is a bit crowded, with people filling the benches
along the walls, and more people either milling about or
busily walking by. Jones is standing to one side, reviewing
her notes, when one of her assistants, Jeremy, approaches her.

JEREMY

Alicia!

JONES

Jeremy—did we get those
transcripts?

JEREMY

Right here.

He pulls a thick bundle of papers out of his attache case and
hands them over. She leafs through them hurriedly.

JONES

(muttering)

Good, good... This'll help.

JEREMY

How are things going in there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES
(shrugging)
Could be better. I'd rather have
the defendant be a crack addict
with a dozen priors, but she's
not, so...

JEREMY
Defense kicking up dust?

JONES
A storm worth. Hopefully I've
managed to keep the jury on
track—I just wish intent was more
open and shut.

JEREMY
That the hole they're going for?

JONES
(nods)
No memory, no intent, no homicide.

JEREMY
Well, we knew that was their best
shot.

JONES
Yeah. But he's being a little
better at it than I hoped. And
he's still got Harrison John to
go.

JEREMY
Is that going to be bad?

JONES
It's not going to help. Won't be
able to tell how bad it'll be til
I get in there, though.

She bends down and puts everything away in her attache case.

JONES (CONT'D)
Come on, let's talk over food. I
skipped breakfast this morning—
went over to see Brooke McQueen.

They head down the hallway.

JEREMY
What did you tell her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JONES

What was I supposed to say? I
told her everything was fine. And
I didn't want to spook Harrison
John.

As they disappear down the hallway, a figure steps out from behind a niche—the same mysterious someone who was taking notes in the courtroom. The hat and sunglasses come off, revealing the distinctly worried face of Emory Dick.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END