

Popular: Summer School
The Camera Never Lies (The People
v. Nicole Julian, Part III)
by
The Wild Pikachu

POPULAR: SUMMER SCHOOL

THE CAMERA NEVER LIES (THE PEOPLE V. NICOLE JULIAN, PART

III)

TEASER

FADE IN:

EST. THE INSTITUTE - MORNING

CUT TO:

INT. THE LAB

Everything has been replaced, and the lab looks much like it did before. Josh is once again sitting at one of the terminals, pecking away, when Dr. Bennett comes in.

BENNETT

Morning, Josh.

JOSH

(turning)

Oh—good morning, Dr. Bennett.

BENNETT

Listen, I'm sorry about leaving you stranded this morning. I just didn't think you wanted to come in at six-thirty.

JOSH

You don't have to apologize—it's not like I expect you to have to drive me around all the time.

BENNETT

Okay.

A security guard pokes his head through the doors, makes a note of Josh and Dr. Bennett's presence, and jots on the clipboard he's carrying before disappearing again.

JOSH

That's like the third time this morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENNETT

Oh—the security system isn't up yet. Whoever took the place apart smashed all the fuses, and there weren't enough spares on site. It'll be done today, though.

JOSH

I hope so.

(beat)

Dr. Bennett...you don't think I had anything to the break-in, do you?

BENNETT

No! Of course not! And, I apologize for Dr. Rutherford. I've never seen him act this way before. Believe me, we've had words over it.

JOSH

I really wish you wouldn't make a big deal about it. I can handle it.

BENNETT

(insistently)

No, Josh—I am the number-two researcher at this facility, and if I see Dr. Rutherford doing something detrimental to the workplace, it is absolutely my place to call him on it.

JOSH

Okay.

(turning back to the keyboard)

Man, I wish they hadn't decided to change all the programs. I was just getting used to this, and now I have to learn everything all over again.

BENNETT

Ha. You think YOU have it bad? Try this.

She holds up a two-inch thick book.

JOSH

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BENNETT

The manual for the new DNA
sequencer.

She walks over to a large piece of equipment and works a few
switches and buttons on it.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

It's not even the same company.
It's gonna take a month to figure
out how everything works on this.

JOSH

(grinning)

All right, I guess I should stop
complaining.

(beat)

Uh, Dr. Bennett? Can I talk to
you sometime? It's something...
well, it's something personal.

BENNETT

(browsing)

Well, if I read this right, I
have...six point seven minutes
before this monster's finished its
initialization sequence.

She turns and leans back against the machine, giving him her
full attention.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

So, what's up?

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Sam walks in, passing a doctor who is just leaving.

BROOKE

Hey, Sam.

SAM

(sitting down)

Hey. So, did the doctor have
anything interesting to say?

BROOKE

He said, it looks like I'll start
physical therapy in a couple of
weeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Brooke! That's great! Maybe you'll be out of here in time for school.

BROOKE

Yeah, I thought so too. He said it was going to be a lot of hard work, though.

SAM

Yeah, I remember when Harrison was going through that, it was pretty rough. Anything you need me for, just ask, okay?

Brooke picks up her crossword puzzle book.

BROOKE

There is something I've been stuck on...

SAM

(shying away)

Oh, no! Anything but that!

BROOKE

(sighing dramatically)

Oh, fine.

(beat)

Hey, where is Harrison, anyway?

SAM

(thinks)

Uh...I don't know.

BROOKE

Isn't that weird?

SAM

Just because we're together, doesn't mean we're joined at the hip, you know.

BROOKE

I'm sorry. I'm interfering.

SAM

The truth is, he wanted to be alone this morning.

BROOKE

Because of the testifying thing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM
(nods)
He was a basket case last night.

BROOKE
I wish this whole thing were over.

SAM
(sighs)
That makes two of us.

WHITE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. THE LAB - NOON

Josh and Rodriguez are in the lab; Josh is standing at one of the tables, straightening up some papers. Dr. Bennett comes in.

BENNETT
(to Josh)
Ready to go?

JOSH
(looking around)
Uh...yeah.

BENNETT
(to Rodriguez)
If Dr. Rutherford wants me, I'm helping Josh with something over lunch.

RODRIGUEZ
You got it, Doc.

As she and Josh start to walk out, she stops and turns back.

BENNETT
On second thought, if Dr. Rutherford wants me, tell him to stuff it until I get back.

With that, Josh and Dr. Bennett leave. A moment later, the phone on the wall rings. Rodriguez walks over and picks it up.

RODRIGUEZ
(into the phone)
Hello? Oh—I'm sorry, but you just missed him. He went to lunch with Dr. Bennett. Do you want to leave a message?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CIVIC CENTER

As a group of protesters mills about, Sam and Harrison are handing out picket signs to the demonstrators and leaflets to passers-by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE: LILY

Off to the side, cellphone in hand.

LILY
Uh, no...no message. Thanks
anyway.

She closes the phone and puts it away.

ANGLE: SAM AND HARRISON

SAM
(aside to Harrison)
Hey, are you okay?

HARRISON
Who me? I'm...just terrific.

Lily comes walking up to them.

SAM
That was short. How's Josh?

LILY
He was at lunch. I'll catch him
later.
(to Harrison)
How are you?

HARRISON
You know, it's nice that
everyone's so worried about me,
but really, I'll be fine. I'm
sorry about having to miss your
rally, though.

LILY
(smiling)
Don't worry about it. Putting
Nicole behind bars is as good a
cause as I can think of.

HARRISON
I just hope I don't do something
to keep her out.

SAM
Hey, the prosecutor said that
wasn't gonna happen, right? So,
we're fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRISON
That's what I said.

Sam sounds like she's trying to convince both of them.

SAM
Right.

Their attention is attracted by a honking horn, and they look up to see a pink stretch limo pull up to the curb. The driver gets out, rushes around to the back door, and opens it; whereupon Mary Cherry steps out, looking around.

MARY CHERRY
Yoo hoo! Lil Lily!

SAM
I don't believe it. She actually showed.

Lily swats Sam on the arm and waves.

LILY
Over here!

Mary Cherry comes trotting over.

MARY CHERRY
Am I too late?

LILY
You're just in time. We're starting in a few minutes.

MARY CHERRY
(looking around)
All of these people are here just to carry signs and walk around?

LILY
It's more than just walking around, Mary Cherry. These people are taking a stand for something they really believe in.
(beat)
So, ready to get to work?

MARY CHERRY
You know, I was thinkin', what could I, a humble neophyte at this whole protestin' thing, most do to help? Then I thought, well, dummy, it's lunchtime, of course.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)
 (pointing)
 So I brought lunch.

They all follow Mary Cherry's pointing finger to an open spot nearby, where two catering trucks have pulled up, and a bunch of people are busily setting up a half-dozen food-laden tables.

HARRISON
 (appraisingly)
 Nice spread.

MARY CHERRY
 (pleased)
 Why, thank you, Joe.

SAM
 All right, the food is nice, but
 let's not forget that we have a
 message to get out?

Mary Cherry makes a pooh-poohing motion.

MARY CHERRY
 Oh, I thought of that, too.

LILY
 (cautiously)
 You did?

MARY CHERRY
 I sure did! You told me that
 attractin' attention was the most
 important thing, and if there's
 one thing we Cherrys are good at—
 besides looking glamorous, making
 hordes of moolah, and marryin' the
 most eligible bachelors—it's
 gettin' the attention we deserve.
 And sure enough, I came up with
 the most sure-fire way to get
 everyone's attention.

She points skyward, and the rest of them look up. High above them, a small plane is circling, trailing a huge banner which reads: "ENERGY PRICES SUCK". Lily, Sam and Harrison all stare, open-mouthed.

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)
 (anxiously)
 Well?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LILY
Mary Cherry... I love it!

Mary Cherry jumps up and down, clapping.

MARY CHERRY
You do?

HARRISON
(doubtfully)
You do?

LILY
It's perfect!

SAM
(even more doubtfully)
It is?

Lily elbows Sam, pointing up.

LILY
That will make the news.

Mary Cherry's attention has been captured by something else, though.

MARY CHERRY
Do my eyes deceive me, or are those television cameras over there?

Lily looks; sure enough, a couple of local stations are setting up their equipment on the plaza.

LILY
Well, of course, Mary Cherry. The whole point of scheduling the rally at noon is so TV stations can cover it live.

Mary Cherry puts her hand to her heart.

MARY CHERRY
Why, Lil Lily...all this time I only thought of you as a tree-huggin', bean-spout eatin' do-gooder...to find out that you, too, are versed in the art of publicity-mongering... I have sadly underestimated you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Before Lily can figure out whether to be insulted or complimented, a thought strikes Mary Cherry, and her eyes widen in panic.

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)

Oh my Gawd—I'm going to be on television??!

Her hands fly to her head.

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)

My face!! My hair!!!

Shrieking, she runs back to the limo and jumps in. A few moments later, curious, the gang wanders over and peers in the open door. Inside, a couple of assistants have turned the back into an impromptu dressing room; one is expertly applying makeup to Mary Cherry's face, while the other works on her hair. From the other seat, an artiste type supervises.

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)

Shame on you, Lily! You never told me there would be cameras.

(beat)

Well, don't just stand there like a piece of roadkill—get in here! You can't go on TV looking like that!

LILY

Mary Cherry, I really don't—

MARY CHERRY

Oh, hush, and get in!

Mary Cherry reaches out, grabs Lily by the arm, and drags her into the limo.

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)

(to the artiste type)

Pierre, this is Lil Lily. She's a very good friend of mine, and you have to make her not look hideous in five minutes.

Pierre reaches out and examines Lily's face before she can stop him.

PIERRE

Well, I can't promise miracles... but I think we can do something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

He holds out his hand, snapping his fingers, and has a kit placed on it. He selects a brush and begins to apply makeup to Lily's cheeks, while she makes a few sputtering noises of protest.

CUT TO:

INT. A STORE - LATER

A narrow, mom-and-pop general store kind of place, warmly lit, walls stacked to the ceiling with all sorts of things, in no particular order. A bell attached to the front door rings as it opens and Dr. Bennett and Josh walk in. As Josh looks around, a large, stocky, sixty-ish man emerges from the back room. He spreads his arms when he sees them.

GUIDO

Ahh! Tina Bennettori! My little farfalla!

JOSH

(aside to Dr. Bennett)
Bennettori?

BENNETT

The old family name. When my grandparents came to America, they decided they didn't want a name that sounded like a pasta dish.

JOSH

Oh.

BENNETT

Uncle Guido, my friend Josh here needs to see some wedding rings.

Guido looks back and forth between them.

GUIDO

Perhaps the two of you...?

BENNETT

(patiently)

No, Uncle Guido, Josh is already married, to someone else. A high school classmate, back in L.A.

GUIDO

Ah, young love...so romantic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH

Yeah, young love, small bank account.

BENNETT

I thought maybe you could help Josh find something nice, that he can afford.

GUIDO

Of course, of course...

Guido disappears into the back room.

BENNETT

Uncle Guido's an old family friend. He and my grandfather had a restaurant in Little Italy up in San Francisco about thirty years ago. Then he semi-retired and opened up this place. This is where my wedding ring came from.

JOSH

Your ring?

BENNETT

Oh—it didn't work out. But the ring was nice.

Guido comes out carrying a few jewelry cases, which he sets down on a nearby counter. He points at Dr. Bennett and then sets his hand waist-high.

GUIDO

I knew this one when she was this tall.

BENNETT

That was about the time my mother banned him from our house for life.

GUIDO

(waving her off)

Ah, a simple misunderstanding. So, young man—a diamond for your lady, perhaps? Even a small diamond can be dazzling in the right setting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOSH
 (shaking his head)
 Lily wouldn't want a diamond.
 (aside to Dr. Bennett)
 Working conditions in South
 African mines.

BENNETT
 Ah.

GUIDO
 Perhaps a sapphire then? Very
 nice stones, the most brilliant
 blue.

He picks a ring out of the topmost case and shows it to Josh,
 who takes it gingerly.

JOSH
 Hey, that is nice. You know, I
 think she'd like something like
 this.

GUIDO
 Very good. And for you, very
 cheap. Three ninety-nine—

Dr. Bennett clears her throat loudly.

GUIDO (CONT'D)
 —Two ninety-nine, very little
 markup.

She eyes him severely.

GUIDO (CONT'D)
 What am I saying? You must
 forgive an old man. Two-fifty.
 Practically my cost. And for the
 gentleman...

He reaches down and pulls up another ring.

GUIDO (CONT'D)
 The traditional gold band.
 (eyeing Dr. Bennett)
 For you, no charge.

JOSH
 Wow, thanks.

GUIDO
 Now, let me see your finger...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Guido takes Josh's ring finger and wraps a strip of paper around it, marking off a measurement.

GUIDO (CONT'D)

Very good... And now, if you could tell me the lady's size?

Josh suddenly seems at a loss.

JOSH

Uh...I don't know.

BENNETT

Josh?

JOSH

Well, Lily's not really into jewelry. But I can find out.

(to Guido)

Can I call you with it later today?

GUIDO

Of course, of course. It does this old man's heart good, to see such youthful passion.

Dr. Bennett leans over and kisses Guido on the cheek.

BENNETT

Thank you, Uncle Guido.

GUIDO

Ah, anything for you, farfalla. Perhaps a kind word to your mama, yes?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CIVIC CENTER - LATER

The protest is in full swing, with people marching around, waving their signs. The TV cameras, however, are focused on something else: namely, Mary Cherry, who is putting on a bravura performance.

MARY CHERRY

...yes, I, Mary Cherry, daughter of Cherry Cherry, head of Cherry Cherry Enterprises, have decided to devote my time to this worthy cause...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE: LILY, SAM AND HARRISON

watching the scene.

LILY
At least we're getting coverage.

SAM
She's getting coverage. Let's
hope she mentions what we're
demonstrating for.

Mike comes up behind them.

LILY
Mr. McQueen! What are you doing
here?

MIKE
Harrison's mom got held up, so I'm
pretty much a glorified taxi
service now.
(to Harrison)
You ready?

HARRISON
Oh...sure. Thanks.

SAM
You mind dropping me at the
hospital on your way?

MIKE
That's not a problem.

SAM
(to Lily)
You don't mind me cutting out
early, do you?

LILY
Naw, go on. I got it covered.

A loud screeching noise in the distance makes them all turn.

MIKE
What the...?

Another pink limo, about twice as long as Mary Cherry's, comes roaring down the street, screeching to a halt in front of them. The door opens, and Cherry Cherry climbs out. She storms over to the conglomeration of cameras.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHERRY CHERRY
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!!!

MARY CHERRY
M-Mama? What are you doing here?

CHERRY CHERRY
The question is, what in tarnation
are you doing?!

MARY CHERRY
Why, I'm, I'm—

CHERRY CHERRY
You're makin' a complete ass of
yourself, that's what you're
doin'! Now get in the car—we're
going home!
(to the cameramen)
Turn them dangd things off!
There's nothin' to see here!

Without waiting for a response, Cherry Cherry turns and starts stomping back towards the limo; but Lily runs over to intercept her.

LILY
Now, hold on, Mrs. Cherry. You
should be proud of your daughter—
she's doing something for a worthy
cause.

CHERRY CHERRY
Worthy cause? Hell, Cherrys don't
care about worthy causes, unless
of course they're tax-deductable!

Cherry Cherry looks back to see that Mary Cherry hasn't moved.

CHERRY CHERRY (CONT'D)
What are you doin', standin' there
like one of them wax statues?! I
said, get in the car!

Mary Cherry looks around, fidgeting.

MARY CHERRY
(blurting)
No!

Cherry Cherry turns and fixes an icy glare at Mary Cherry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHERRY CHERRY
WHAT did you say??!

MARY CHERRY
I—I—I said no! I'm not going.
I'm—I'm—TAKING A STAND!

For a long moment Cherry Cherry just stands there, looking like she's going to explode.

CHERRY CHERRY
(hissing)
Well, you can take your stand
right out the door, little missy.

MARY CHERRY
(quails)
Mama?

CHERRY CHERRY
You heard me—I'm throwin' you out
of the house! Also, I'm
cancellin' your credit cards and
freezin' your bank accounts! As
of this moment, YOU ARE NO LONGER
A CHERRY!!!

Cherry Cherry turns and stalks off, leaving a shocked crowd in her wake.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MIKE'S CAR - MOVING

Sam and Harrison are in back; Mike checks his rear-view mirror, and notices Harrison looking distinctly queasy.

MIKE
(to Harrison)
You okay?

HARRISON
Everyone keeps asking me that.

SAM
You look terrible.

HARRISON
Well, gee, thanks, Sam. I'm glad
I can always count on your brutal
honesty.

SAM
(laughing)
You'll do fine. Just remember the
fate of the world rests on your
shoulders.

HARRISON
(ironically)
Okay, you're really making me feel
better here.

SAM
Harrison, relax! It's a done
deal—Nicole is going to prison
for a long, long time; this is
just a last-gasp attempt to buy
some sympathy with the jury, and
it's not gonna work.

HARRISON
You're sure it's not gonna work.

SAM
Come on—Nicole can put a up a
good-girl act for, like, maybe ten
minutes. Then everyone sees
through her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRISON

I hope so. I'd hate to think of helping her stay out of jail.

SAM

Nobody can help her stay out of jail, Harrison. Trust me.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS
as Mike's car pulls up outside the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S CAR

SAM

Okay. Harrison, everything is going to be fine. Really.

She leans over and kisses him, then opens the door and climbs out.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS
Sam waves to Mike as the car pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
Brooke is sitting up in bed when Sam walks in.

SAM

Hi.

BROOKE

Hey—I think I saw you on TV.

SAM

(rolls her eyes)
Please tell me you're kidding.
They didn't really show all that, did they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKE
Yeah, they did.
(sighs)
Poor Mary Cherry.

SAM
Honestly, sometimes I really feel
sorry for her. Having a mother
like that.

BROOKE
(reaching)
Well...Lily looked good, anyway.

Sam throws her a strange look but doesn't bother to say anything.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
So what happened to Mary Cherry?

SAM
Oh... Well, since she didn't have
any money for a hotel, Lily was
gonna take her home with her.

BROOKE
Really? What's with that?

SAM
Don't ask me—I have no idea
what's going on there.

There is a moment of not-quite-awkward silence.

BROOKE
How was Harrison?

SAM
A little high-strung. He's so
worried that he's going to help
Nicole's cause somehow. Believe
me, he couldn't do any worse than
I did.

BROOKE
(to herself)
Maybe I should've told him what
she said...

SAM
Hmm? Nicole said something about
Harrison? What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROOKE
Oh—never mind. It's just too
vicious. Just...she deserves
whatever she gets.

The phone rings, and Sam picks it up and hands it to Brooke.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LAB

JOSH
Hey, Brooke.

BROOKE
(grinning)
Josh! How come I don't hear from
you lately?

JOSH
I'm sorry. Usually by the time I
finish talking to Lily, it's too
late to call you. But she tells
me everything.

BROOKE
Well, I'm glad you have your
priorities straight. How are you
doing up there?

JOSH
You know, it's better than I
thought it would be. I mean, it's
not too hard, but I really seem to
know what I'm doing most of the
time.

BROOKE
See? I knew you could do it. You
just had to relax a little.

JOSH
Yeah... Uh, hey, Brooke?

BROOKE
Hmm?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH

Is Sam there? I tried her cell,
but it was turned off.

BROOKE

Oh! Yeah, she's right here.

She hands the phone over to Sam.

SAM

Josh?

JOSH

Hey, Sam? I, uh, kinda need a
favor—but, I need for Lily not to
find out about it.

SAM

(severely)

Josh, you promised—no more
secrets!

JOSH

Oh, no, it's a good secret! I'm
getting Lily a ring. 'Cause, you
know, we couldn't afford one when
we got married.

SAM

Josh! That's so thoughtful!

JOSH

Yeah, the only thing is, I don't
know her ring size. And, you
know, I can't exactly just ask
her.

SAM

Gotcha. I'll find out. Don't
worry—she won't suspect a thing.

JOSH

Thanks, Sam.

SAM

No problem—I need to go over
there and check on her anyway,
make sure Mary Cherry isn't
driving her crazy.

JOSH

(puzzled)

Huh? What about Mary Cherry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM
Ah...nothing. I'm sure
everything'll be back to normal
before you get home.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH AND LILY'S LIVING ROOM

The front door opens and Lily and Mary Cherry walk in.

MARY CHERRY
...I mean, I can't believe she did
that!

LILY
Mary Cherry, chill out. It's just
a phase, right? She'll calm down,
and everything'll go back to
normal.

MARY CHERRY
But she's never disowned me
before!

LILY
(wearily)
Somehow I find that hard to
believe.

Meanwhile, Mary Cherry is looking around critically.

MARY CHERRY
Lil Lily, how can you stand to
live like this?

LILY
(confused)
Like what?

MARY CHERRY
Like...like this! What this place
needs is the Cherry touch.

LILY
Now, hang on, Mary Cherry...

But Mary Cherry already has her cellphone out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY CHERRY
Oh, it's the least I can do!
Don't you worry about a thing!

CUT TO:

EST. THE COURTHOUSE - LATER

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

Harrison is sitting on the witness stand.

DEVENPORT
Mr. John, you have leukemia, is
that correct?

HARRISON
Yes. I'm in remission now.

DEVENPORT
And when were you first diagnosed?

HARRISON
Last October.

DEVENPORT
And you spent several weeks in the
hospital at that time, is that
right?

HARRISON
Yes.

DEVENPORT
In fact, there was a time when
your prognosis wasn't very good at
all.

HARRISON
Yes, the standard treatments
weren't working.

DEVENPORT
I see. So what caused your
disease to go into remission?

HARRISON
I...had a bone marrow transplant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVENPORT

Do you believe that this
transplant saved your life?

JONES

(rising)

Objection—the witness isn't
qualified to render a medical
judgment.

DEVENPORT

You Honor, I think Mr. John is
familiar enough with his own
condition to be able to answer a
general question.

JUDGE HOLMES

Overruled.

(to Harrison)

Answer the question, Mr. John.

HARRISON

I...yeah. Yes.

DEVENPORT

(nodding)

And who was the donor in this
procedure?

HARRISON

(hesitating)

Nicole Julian.

DEVENPORT

Ah... So, Nicole Julian gave her
bone marrow to you in an operation
which saved your life?

HARRISON

(reluctantly)

Yes.

Devenport pauses to let the jury mull that over, strolling
back to his table.

DEVENPORT

Let me turn to something else now.
Do you recall an e-mail you sent
to Nicole earlier this year?

HARRISON

I didn't mean to send that. It
was a mistake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEVENPORT
So you do recall it?

HARRISON
(uncomfortably)
Yes.

DEVENPORT
And do you recall what you wrote?

HARRISON
Not...exactly.

DEVENPORT
(picking up a piece of paper)
Well then, let me refresh your
memory.
(to Judge Holmes)
Your Honor, I'd like this marked
as Defense Exhibit five.

JUDGE HOLMES
So ordered.

Devenport carries the paper over and sets it down in front of
Harrison.

DEVENPORT
Would you read the highlighted
portion, please, Mr. John?

HARRISON
(reading haltingly)
You are the biggest bitch I have
ever known... You are the
splinter in a finger that won't
come out... The pus in a pimple
on an otherwise perfect
complexion... If you have
children...

DEVENPORT
Go on, Mr. John.

HARRISON
If you have children...I fear for
their lives...for they will no
doubt turn out to be corrupt,
hideous monsters...just like you.

DEVENPORT
Now, Mr. John—is that, in fact,
what you wrote?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HARRISON

Yeah, but I wrote that before the transplant.

DEVENPORT

Ah, so this letter represents your feelings towards Nicole BEFORE she saved your life?

HARRISON

Yeah...yes.

DEVENPORT

(raising an eyebrow)

Still, she must have been rather upset to receive something like that.

HARRISON

Yeah, she was pretty pissed.

DEVENPORT

And what was her reaction, exactly?

HARRISON

She said that would tell the whole school about the letter and that I wrote it.

DEVENPORT

I see... Well, it's been some time since I attended high school, but it seems to me that that might be quite an embarrassment. Fairly damaging to your reputation?

HARRISON

Yeah, definitely.

DEVENPORT

So, was it? Damaging to your reputation?

HARRISON

I...she...she didn't do it.

DEVENPORT

She didn't tell anyone about the letter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HARRISON

No, she read the letter, she just...didn't tell anyone who wrote it.

DEVENPORT

I see.

Devenport takes a wide swing across the front of the jury box.

DEVENPORT (CONT'D)

So, Mr. John, during the past few months, Nicole Julian's actions towards you include saving your life, and shielding you from public humiliation at her own expense?

HARRISON

Uh...yes.

DEVENPORT

(nodding)
Nothing further.
(to Jones)
Your witness.

Devenport sits down. Judge Holmes looks at Jones expectantly.

JUDGE HOLMES

Ms. Jones?

Jones, who has been playing with her pen, looks up and opens her mouth as if to say something, then closes it and shakes her head.

JONES

No questions, Your Honor.

JUDGE HOLMES

Very well.
(to Harrison)
You may step down, Mr. John.

As Harrison steps out of the witness box and stiffly walks back to the gallery, studiously avoiding Nicole's smug grin, the judge checks his notes.

JUDGE HOLMES (CONT'D)

We'll take our afternoon break here.

(bangs his gavel)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JUDGE HOLMES (CONT'D)

Court is recessed for twenty
minutes!

As the judge leaves, everyone stands and begins to mill about. Harrison doesn't bother to stop at the gallery, but walks straight out the courtroom doors. A few moments later Emory, again wearing the floppy hat and sunglasses, makes his way across the back row of seats and hurriedly heads out after him.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. JOSH AND LILY'S LIVING ROOM

There is a knock at the front door; after a few moments, it opens, and Sam walks in.

SAM

Lily?! I thought you were—

She stops dead in her tracks, staring open-mouthed at the inside of the apartment—which now looks more like a resort. Beach furniture, complete with umbrellas, lies around; a tanning bed sits along one wall; and, in the middle of the living room, Mary Cherry lies stretched out on a massage table, getting rubbed down by a muscular masseuse.

MARY CHERRY

(looking up)

Well, hey, Sammy!

SAM

Mary Cherry? Wha—how—where's Lily?!

MARY CHERRY

(waving)

Oh, she's in the kitchen fixing drinks. C'mon in and sit down—you look tense. Sven can work out your kinks for you.

SAM

(dumbly)

Sven?

MARY CHERRY

Why don'tcha put on a suit and take a dip in the spa while you're waiting?

SAM

SPA???

Lily emerges from the kitchen, wearing a sarong and carrying a tray with two tall glasses.

LILY

Mary Cherry, I'm not sure these pina coladas came out right—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stops short when she sees Sam.

LILY (CONT'D)
 (cheerily)
 Oh, hey, Sam!

SAM
 (thoroughly confused)
 Uh...

Lily takes the tray over to Mary Cherry, who picks up one of the glasses and takes a sip.

MARY CHERRY
 (critically)
 It's just a tad heavy.

LILY
 (nodding)
 That's what I thought.

MARY CHERRY
 The pineapple? Needs a light touch. You'll get it—all it takes is practice. And just a smidgen of cinnamon. That's the Cherry secret.

LILY
 Cinnamon?

Mary Cherry nods knowingly. Meanwhile, Sam, who has been watching this exchange in utter disbelief, runs her hands through her hair anxiously.

SAM
 (aggrieved)
 All right, Lily, enough with the body snatchers, WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!!

LILY
 I don't know what you're talking about, Sam. All right, I admit, I was a little overwhelmed at first. But, this is kinda cool.

SAM
 This...it's just...so...not you!

LILY
 Sam, I'm a red-blooded teenage American female.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LILY (CONT'D)

Just because I'm a committed
activist doesn't mean I don't
deserve to kick it once in a
while.

Mary Cherry, finished with her massage, sits up and hops off
the table.

MARY CHERRY

Well, I'm off to the spa.

(to Sam)

Are you sure you don't want a
massage?

SAM

(holding up her hands emphatically)

No! Thank you!

MARY CHERRY

(shrugs)

Suit yourself.

With that, Mary Cherry disappears through the kitchen. Sam
grabs Lily's arm.

SAM

Seriously, did she drug you?

LILY

(laughing)

Sam, I'm not "going Mary Cherry"
if that's what you're worried
about. I'm just...taking a break,
that's all.

SAM

(rubbing her eyes)

I'm sorry. I'm being judgmental.
It's just—I wasn't expecting it.
I'll deal, I promise.

LILY

Hey, it's just a little vacation.

(conspiratorially)

And, you know, it's actually fun
having a taste of Mary Cherry's
lifestyle—for a little while.

Sam smiles in spite of herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SAM

Well, just don't get hooked on it. I have a feeling that once she and her mother are patched up, she's going to forget all about this buddy-buddy thing.

LILY

Oh, I don't know. I kinda think I'm starting to get through to her.

SAM

Yeah, just as long as you get through to her faster than she gets through to you.

LILY

Sam...

SAM

Sorry, sorry.

(beat)

Hey, do you have the phone contact list from today?

LILY

Ah...sure, I'll get it. See? I'm not a bubble-headed blonde yet.

After Lily goes into the other room, Sam picks her way over to a dresser sitting in the corner. Rummaging through the drawers, she pulls out a small jewelry box, opens it, and pockets a simple ring from it. Returning the box to the dresser, she hurriedly makes her way back to her original spot before Lily re-emerges. She hands Sam a bunch of papers.

LILY (CONT'D)

Anything I can do?

SAM

(shaking her head)

Just a couple of follow-ups. Don't worry about it—you just enjoy yourself. I guess...you really do deserve it, after all the work you've done lately.

LILY

Thanks. And thanks for, you know, not totally freaking out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SAM
I'm pretty sure that's what that
was.

LILY
Well, okay, for not staying
freaked out, then.

Sam takes another dubious look around the room.

SAM
Right. Okay, I'm outta here.

Lily walks Sam to the door.

SAM (CONT'D)
Look, just...be careful.

LILY
(laughing)
Sam!

SAM
(sighs)
Don't pay any attention to me.
This is just...a little weird.

LILY
(reassuringly)
I will be fine. I will have fun.
I will not turn into Mary Cherry.

Sam walks out, and Lily closes the door behind her. She looks around, makes a satisfied sound, and bounces off towards the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY

Harrison is walking briskly away when Emory comes running up behind him.

EMORY
Captain! Captain, a moment, if
you would!

HARRISON
(turning)
Emory? What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

I have been following the proceedings with great interest, hoping to joyously celebrate that glorious day when the hellspawn Julian is forever cast in the pit of fire and brimstone.

HARRISON

(sourly)

Well, that's starting to look like it might not happen.

EMORY

Which is precisely why I must speak with you.

HARRISON

Emory, I'm really not in the mood...

EMORY

Please, I require your advice on a matter of the greatest urgency.

HARRISON

(sighs)

All right, what is it?

EMORY

Hypothetically speaking... If a certain person had...certain information...about a certain matter...

HARRISON

You've totally lost me.

EMORY

I mean...if a person had certain...evidence...pertaining to a certain legal situation...

Harrison studies Emory with a dawning suspicion.

HARRISON

Emory...do you know something about this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMORY

Hypothetically...if, say, a certain someone were out, for a romantic evening with his paramour, and he were, say, to be carrying a camcorder, to record certain activities...and this person happened to be present at a certain place...

Harrison grabs Emory by the shoulders, wide-eyed.

HARRISON

Emory—are you trying to tell me that you have Nicole hitting Brooke on tape?!!

EMORY

Er...well, that is...the gist of it, yes.

Harrison releases Emory and begins pacing aimlessly, holding his head in anguish.

HARRISON

Why didn't you say anything before now?!!!

EMORY

(defensively)

The case seemed open and shut. The demon would be vanquished, and my involvement would be totally unnecessary.

Harrison suddenly stops and turns to face Emory.

HARRISON

Do you have the tape?

EMORY

Ah...yes, it's right here...

Emory reaches into a fanny pack and pulls out a small cartridge; Harrison snatches it away and grabs him by the elbow.

HARRISON

Come on, we have to find Miss Jones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Harrison drags Emory back down the hallway.

FLIP CUT TO:

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM

inside the courthouse, where Harrison, Emory and Alicia Jones are sitting around a table. In one corner of the room is a TV cart with a television and VCR.

JONES

Mr. Dick, I can't begin to tell you how much easier this would have been if you had only come forward before.

She fits the camcorder cartridge into a VHS adapter, slides it into the machine, and turns the television on. From the TV comes the muted sounds of Emory and April.

EMORY

You have my most humble and sincere apologies, Madam. The truth is, there are certain... activities... on there that might prove of embarrassment to the lovely Miss Tuna. And, possibly others as well.

JONES

I assure you, Mr. Dick, I have been in this business for a long time, and I've seen enough human behavior that I'm not going to be shocked by anything—

She does a double-take at the screen.

JONES (CONT'D)

—is that a rubber chicken??

EMORY

(gesturing urgently)
No, no—past that, past that!

HARRISON

(hurriedly)
Uh, maybe we should fast forward?

Jones nods and hits the fast-forward button on the remote in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the fast-motion images go by, Harrison winces a couple of times, and even Jones raises an eyebrow. After a few moments, though, Emory shouts.

EMORY
(pointing)
There!

Jones stops the tape and backs it up a bit, and they all lean in to watch.

INSERT: THE TELEVISION SCREEN

The picture is shaky, more or less centered on April and apparently shot by Emory as they were walking side-by-side.

APRIL
—hope I look presentable. My
previous record with these social
encounters is...well, it's been a
disaster!

EMORY (O.S.)
My dear, you outshine the
constellations in the sky.

APRIL
Oh, stop...
(pointing)
Look!

The scene swings around to show a view of the Moonlight Cafe, from across the street. The camera steadies and zooms in on Brooke storming out towards the street, with Sam a few steps behind. At the screeching of tires, the scene swings again, picking up Nicole's car as it finishes its turn. The camera follows the car until it hits Brooke, sending her flying into the air and onto the street. For a few moments the picture stays mostly steady, showing Sam running over to Brooke's body and screaming for help; then it breaks up into an undecipherable display, apparently as Emory lets it go and it swings from a strap.

By the time Harrison and Emory recover from watching the gruesome scene, Jones has her cellphone out.

JONES
(into the phone)
It's me. Get hold of Judge
Holmes' clerk.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES (CONT'D)
I need to see him and defense
counsel in his chambers—now.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE HOLMES' CHAMBERS - LATER

Devenport and Jones are sitting before the judge's desk.

DEVENPORT
You Honor, this is ludicrous! The
People have rested their case!

JONES
Exception clearly exists for newly-
discovered evidence.

JUDGE HOLMES
She has a point, Mr. Devenport.

DEVENPORT
Oh, please! A new witness
conveniently steps forward now?
(to Jones)
I think his credibility is just a
tad impeachable, don't you?

JONES
I admit, the delay may have eroded
the boy's credibility—but it
doesn't affect the videotape.

JUDGE HOLMES
(rifling through a legal volume)
I believe the tape is pertinent
enough to be allowed. I'll give
the jury special instructions in
the morning.

DEVENPORT
I'll need time to prepare a cross
for this witness.

JONES
Don't bother—there won't be a
witness to cross.

JUDGE HOLMES
Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES

I'm not putting Emory Dick on the stand. I intend to introduce the tape *res ipsa loquitur*.

DEVENPORT

Now, hold on just a second! Your Honor, if she's allowed to do that—I move for a mistrial.

JUDGE HOLMES

(severely)

Both of you, be quiet. I'll take both motions under advisement, and issue my rulings in the morning.

(to Devenport)

I warn you, Mr. Devenport, that if I grant your motion it will be without prejudice—in three months we'll do this all again, and in that case the tape will be in.

DEVENPORT

(standing)

Understood, Your Honor.

Jones gets up and the two lawyers walk to the door.

JUDGE HOLMES

A moment, Ms. Jones.

Devenport walks out. Jones turns back to face the judge, who leans back and looks at her speculatively.

JUDGE HOLMES **(CONT'D)**

You aren't pulling a fast one on me, are you, Alicia?

JONES

(snorting)

You really think if I'd had any idea this was out there, I would've held onto it this long?

JUDGE HOLMES

(considering)

Okay.

Jones nods and walks out.

CUT TO:

EST. THE INSTITUTE - NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT. THE LAB

Josh is hunched over a terminal, while Dr. Bennett is deeply involved with one of the new pieces of equipment.

BENNETT

Hey, did you every find out your wife's ring size?

JOSH

Oh, yeah, I called one of our friends, and she found out for me. I already let Guido know.

BENNETT

That's good. I hope she likes it.

Suddenly the machine clanks.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Dammit!

JOSH

(looking up)
What? Did I do something wrong?

BENNETT

Oh—no, it's not you. It's not even this damn analyzer.
(holding up a sheaf of papers)
It's this. I've never seen runs like this before.

JOSH

Is it bad?

BENNETT

Could be.
(beat)
Sorry about the hours. I just don't think this can wait.

JOSH

Hey, it's okay. It's not like my calendar is full.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENNETT

I need to check a couple of the remote monitoring stations. Hold down the fort for...twenty minutes or so?

JOSH

Sure, no prob.

BENNETT

I'll swing by Taco Bell on my way back and bring dinner.

JOSH

Okay, great.

After Dr. Bennett leaves, Josh gets up, stretches, and saunters out.

CUT TO:

INT. THE INSTITUTE GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The garage is in semi-darkness, but a junction box on the wall is brightly illuminated by a flashlight. Jake Carlin and his two friends are gathered around the box; Jake is pulling fuses out and stomping on them. When the last one is out, he motion to the others.

JAKE

Come on.

A few moments after they walk out, Josh pokes his head around the corner of some shelving. He comes out, steps over to the junction box, and picks up one of the smashed fuses, scowling.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LAB

Jake and his friends come through the doors; Jake struts around the lab, smirking.

JAKE

Look at all the pretty new toys.

JAKE'S FRIEND

I don't like this, man. We should've waited longer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE
(threatening)
Hey—this is my show!

The doors fly open behind them, and Josh steps through.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Well, look who decided to invite
himself—

Without waiting for Jake to finish, Josh charges him. They both hit the floor, and Josh wrestles the bat away from Jake and comes up with it.

GUARD (O.S.)
Freeze!

Everyone stops and turns to see one of the security guards standing in the doorway, gun drawn.

GUARD (CONT'D)
(to Josh)
Drop the bat!

Josh tosses the bat aside and spreads his hands.

JOSH
Hey, it's me—Josh. I work here?
They were gonna trash the place
again.

JAKE
Ha! Sure.
(thumbing at Josh)
HE let us in!

JOSH
That's a lie!

GUARD
All of you, stay put!

Without taking his eyes off of them, the guard reaches for and pulls up his radio.

GUARD (CONT'D)
(into the radio)
I got intruders. I need backup.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. THE LAB - LATER

The guard is still holding his gun on Josh, Jake and his friends when Lt. Spivey comes in, followed in short order by two uniformed policemen and Dr. Rutherford.

LT. SPIVEY
(to the guard)
What's going on here?

GUARD
I found these four here. That
one—
(points at Josh)
—had a bat. Said he took it away
from that one.
(points at Jake)

JAKE
(pointing at Josh)
Look, he's behind this whole
thing. He let us in both times.

JOSH
Oh, come on!
(to Lt. Spivey)
I was trying to stop them!

Dr. Bennett bursts into the room.

BENNETT
What's happening? Josh?

RUTHERFORD
It seems we have a little problem.

JOSH
Hey, you don't have to take my
word for it. Check the security
camera.

JAKE
(sneering)
The cameras are broken, doofus.

Josh matches Jake's sneer.

JOSH
Not anymore, doofus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of the policemen walks over to a console and punches a couple of buttons.

POLICEMAN

Hey, Lieutenant, you oughta see this.

Lt. Spivey and Dr. Rutherford both walk over to the console.

JOSH

(to Dr. Bennett)

I was stretching my legs, and I saw Jake here pulling the fuses out of the box again. So I plugged in some spares and—good as new.

Lt. Spivey looks up from the console and nods at Jake and his friends. The two officers advance on them with handcuffs.

JAKE

(snarling)

This isn't over, prep!

RUTHERFORD

Oh, I think it's over, Mr. Carlin. Now that you're under arrest, the police will be able to see if your fingerprints match those from the vandalism last year. I would be greatly surprised if they don't.

Jake growls in reply.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

And I assure you, the Institute will press full charges against you and your companions.

One of the officers hands a card key to Lt. Spivey, who shows it to Dr. Rutherford.

LT. SPIVEY

This look familiar?

RUTHERFORD

(appraisingly)

A blank card key... Mr. Carlin must have stolen it while he was working here, and had a duplicate key made.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LT. SPIVEY

Well, that explains how he kept getting in.

(to the policemen)

Let's get 'em in the cars.

Lt. Spivey and the two policemen haul Jake and his friends away. The security guard holsters his gun.

GUARD

(pointing at Josh)

What about him?

RUTHERFORD

Mr. Ford is an employee. No need to worry about him.

The guard nods and walks out. Dr. Rutherford approaches Josh.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

Well, Mr. Ford, it appears that I owe you a sizable apology. I regret having pre-judged you in the same mold as Mr. Carlin.

JOSH

Uh, no, it's okay...I mean, I accept.

RUTHERFORD

Perhaps some way can be found to make it up to you.

BENNETT

Josh was telling me that he and his wife are registered to attend Cure the Bay next month.

RUTHERFORD

Indeed? The Institute is rather heavily involved in that effort. I imagine you could be sent in an official capacity—all expenses paid, of course.

JOSH

Well, I...thank you, Dr. Rutherford!

RUTHERFORD

Perhaps afterward the two of you would join my wife and I for dinner?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOSH
I'm sure we'd love that, Sir.

RUTHERFORD
Well, it's settled, then. And now, I think we all deserve some rest.

BENNETT
I'm afraid I have to overrule you there. I just got back from checking Eight and Twelve.

She hands a bunch of printout to Rutherford, who goes through it quickly.

RUTHERFORD
Yes...I see...

BENNETT
Sorry, Josh, it looks like another long night of number-crunching.

JOSH
Oh, hey, it's okay... Anything I can do to help.

RUTHERFORD
(looking up)
Well, I now see that your hands are quite capable, Mr. Ford. Carry on, then.

BENNETT
Good night, Dr. Rutherford.

After Rutherford leaves, Dr. Bennett runs over and hugs Josh.

BENNETT (CONT'D)
You did it!

JOSH
(a bit stunned)
Yeah...I did. I mean...it was all just instinct.

BENNETT
You have good instincts, then.

JOSH
I guess... Wait 'til I tell Lily.

Dr. Bennett disengages herself, a bit awkwardly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BENNETT

When we have a spare moment, we'll
have to celebrate. But right
now—

She hands him the printouts.

JOSH

Right. Work.

FADE TO:

EST. L.A. SKYLINE - MORNING

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH AND LILY'S LIVING ROOM

Lily and Mary Cherry are in bikinis and sunglasses, stretched
out on deck chairs under bright tanning lamps, drinks in hand.

MARY CHERRY

My mama always said, nothin' beats
margaritas in the morning.

LILY

I have to hand it to you, Mary
Cherry—you do know how to relax.

MARY CHERRY

Well, it takes years and years of
practice to learn how to properly
do nothin'. But you have lots of
potential, Lil Lily.

LILY

Hey, where'd all this stuff come
from, anyway?

MARY CHERRY

Home.

LILY

(looking over)

Won't your mother be upset that
you took it?

MARY CHERRY

(scoffing)

Oh, all this junk is out of the
East Wing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)

The only people who ever step foot
in there are the servants, and I—
(rubs her fingers together)
—have an arrangement with them.

LILY

Wait a minute... I thought you
didn't have any money.

MARY CHERRY

Well, I don't.

LILY

But, if you don't have any more
money to bribe the servants with,
then...

The front door bursts open and an ear-piercing whine fills the
room. The girls look up to see Cherry Cherry standing in the
doorway, whistle in her mouth.

CHERRY CHERRY

THIEF!!!

EFFECT CUT TO:

INT. JOSH AND LILY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Workers carting out the last of Cherry Cherry's purloined
things.

MARY CHERRY

But, Mama! What am I to do?

Cherry Cherry eyes her as if she were a bug.

CHERRY CHERRY

Frankly, my dear—

LILY

(breaking in)
Oh, please—don't say it.

CHERRY CHERRY

Well, I don't!
(to Mary Cherry)
As long as you don't do it with my
money, or any of my things!

With that, she reaches out, rips Mary Cherry's necklace off,
and storms out. Lily and Mary Cherry wind up sitting side by
side on the floor, chins in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY
Well, it was fun while it lasted.

MARY CHERRY
(panicked)
You don't understand, Lily! I
can't live like this! I tried
bein' poor—I was no good at it!

LILY
Yeah, I remember.

MARY CHERRY
And, this isn't just for a couple
of days! What—what if I'm doomed
to grow up poor?!!
(gasps)
Or worse—MIDDLE CLASS?!!!

LILY
I think you're gonna have to work
your way up to middle class, Mary
Cherry.

Mary Cherry starts bawling loudly. Lily awkwardly tries to pat her shoulder reassuringly.

LILY (CONT'D)
We'll figure something out.
(long beat)
Look, I'm going to call Josh. Are
you okay?

Mary Cherry nods, sniffing. Lily gets up off of the floor and walks across the empty room to the phone. She picks it up and dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LAB

After a couple of rings, Rodriguez picks up the phone.

RODRIGUEZ
'Lo?

LILY
(surprised)
Oh, uh, is Josh there, please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODRIGUEZ
 (looking around)
 Sorry, they aren't in yet. I hear
 they had a late night last night.

LILY
 Uh—

RODRIGUEZ
 Oh, hey, are you from the jewelry
 place? I got a message: Just
 have the ring delivered to Josh
 Ford, or Tina Bennett. It's the
 same address.

LILY
 (confused)
 Um...no...I'm not from the jewelry
 place.

RODRIGUEZ
 (embarrassed)
 Oh! Sorry. Do you want to leave
 a message, then.

LILY
 Uh, no. No message.

She hangs up the phone, and stares numbly at it.

CUT TO:

EST. THE COURTHOUSE

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Jones is sitting across from Devenport and Nicole.

DEVENPORT
 All right—do you mind telling us
 why we're here?

JONES
 I'm going to get the tape in. I
 know it, and you know it.

DEVENPORT
 Look, even if you do get the tape
 in—what does it prove?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVENPORT (CONT'D)

We've stipulated that the event happened. Your tape isn't going to show intent any more than any of your witnesses have.

JONES

Oh, I could have experts testify that your client's car accelerated after it turned the corner. I could do that—but I really don't have to.

She flicks on the television and starts the tape. As Nicole's car roars down the street, she puts the VCR into slow-motion, and finally freezes on a single frame.

JONES (CONT'D)

All I really have to do is show them that.

Devenport peers at the screen. The shot is almost a perfect profile of Nicole, hunched over the wheel, a Cheshire cat grin lighting her face. Nicole cocks her head as she looks at the picture.

NICOLE

(curiously)

Is that me?

JONES

I'm thinking intent isn't really an issue at this point.

Devenport leans back and thinks for a few moments.

DEVENPORT

What are you offering?

JONES

Felonious vehicular assault, plus intent, plus felony DUI. And she does the max—eighteen to twenty-five.

DEVENPORT

Oh, I don't think so.

She picks up a paper in front of her.

JONES

No? You get your mistrial, I re-file as attempted murder one, with the one-strike option.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JONES (CONT'D)
Twenty-five to life. What—
(nods to the screen)
—you think I can't sell that to a
jury?

DEVENPORT
Drop the intent to cause great
bodily harm.

JONES
(considering)
I'll drop the DUI, and recommend
no position on parole. Fourteen
to twenty. She plays her cards
right, she could be out in seven
and a half years.

Nicole eyes her warily.

JOSH
That's as low as I'm going, Ms.
Julian. Do we have a deal—or do
I go swinging for the fences?

Devenport leans over and whispers in Nicole's ear; she makes a
face at him, and nods once.

DEVENPORT
Deal.

FLIP CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

JUDGE HOLMES
...having entered a plea of guilty
to the charge of felonious
vehicular assault with intent to
cause great bodily harm, and in
accordance with the agreement
reached with the People, I hereby
sentence you to the custody of the
California Department of
Corrections, for a period of time
of not less than fourteen, nor
more than twenty years.
(bangs his gavel)
This court stands adjourned.

Before the bailiff can approach, Nicole takes Devenport's
legal pad, scribbles on it, tears off the top sheet and hands
it to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the bailiff puts handcuffs on her, Nicole smirks at Sam, who, along with Mike, have been watching from directly behind her.

NICOLE
Well, it looks like you won after
all, Spam. Congratulations.

Sam just glares at her back as the bailiff leads her away.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The doors open, and people begin to stream out, Sam and Mike first among them. They walk down the hallway together; not jubilant, but subdued.

SAM
Somehow...I thought this would
feel better.

MIKE
Yeah. Me too.

There is a long, awkward silence as they continue down the hallway.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'm heading over to see Brooke.
Coming?

SAM
Of course.

MIKE
At least this is all over. Now we
can concentrate on helping Brooke
recover.

SAM
And breaking her of that awful
habit.

MIKE
Habit?

SAM
Crossword puzzles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
(chuckles)
Sam...it can't be that bad.

SAM
You have no idea. I swear to God,
if she's still spouting clues when
she comes home, I'm gonna want my
own place.

Mike laughs as they step into the elevator.

SAM (CONT'D)
I'm serious! Wait till she asks
you what the longest river in
Ecuador is—you'll see...

The elevator doors close.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Brooke is alone when Devenport walks in.

DEVENPORT
Miss McQueen?

BROOKE
(looking up)
Yes?

He advances to the side of the bed and holds out his hand;
which Brooke shakes.

DEVENPORT
I'm sorry, we've never actually
met. I'm Michael Devenport.
I'm—I was Nicole Julian's
attorney.

BROOKE
Oh.

DEVENPORT
I'm sorry for disturbing you,
but—

He reaches into his suit and pulls out a folded piece of
paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVENPORT (CONT'D)

She wanted me to give this to you.

Brooke takes the paper shakily.

DEVENPORT (CONT'D)

I...hope you get well soon, Miss
McQueen.

With that, Devenport turns and hurries away, while Brooke unfolds the paper.

INSERT: THE PAPER

Scrawled on the yellow page is:

B.

I'm sorry.

Nicole

Shaking her head, Brooke wads up the paper and tosses it across the room, where it ricochets neatly into the wastebasket. Then, sniffing, she curls up and pulls the covers up to her chin.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

Mike, Sam and Harrison are all sitting around the bed, talking and laughing.

HARRISON

...no, I swear, not only am I not going to tell you, but I am going to spend the rest of my life trying to forget what I saw on that tape!

SAM

(nudging him)
Aw, it couldn't be that bad!

HARRISON

Believe me, I think I'm permanently traumatized. I will definitely never look at a rubber chicken the same way again!

Amid another uproar of laughter, a nurse walks in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
(guiltily)
Uh-oh.

NURSE
All right, I think the patient
needs a little break.

BROOKE
(laughing)
The patient definitely needs a
little break.
(to Mike)
Dad, take these two out for pizza
or something.

MIKE
(salutes)
Yes, Ma'am.

Mike gets up and kisses Brooke on her forehead.

MIKE **(CONT'D)**
I'll see you later, honey.

Mike, Sam and Harrison file out of the room, leaving the nurse to tidy up around the bed. After sweeping up, she picks up the wastebasket and starts to leave.

BROOKE
(holding out her hand)
Excuse me? Can I see that for a
second?

The nurse brings the wastebasket over to Brooke's side; she reaches in and fishes out the crumpled note from Nicole.

BROOKE **(CONT'D)**
Thanks.

As the nurse leaves, Brooke smooths the note out on her tray table. After a few moments, she folds it neatly into quarters again, and tucks it away into a nearby book before leaning back in bed and staring at the ceiling in quiet contemplation.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END