

Popular: Summer School
"Heat Wave"
by
The Wild Pikachu

POPULAR: SUMMER SCHOOL

HEAT WAVE

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

ANGLE: MIKE

An extreme close-up.

MIKE

This is a bad idea. This is a very bad idea. In fact, this idea isn't happening.

BROOKE (O.S.)

Dad, you're going.

MIKE

This is insane. My daughter's in the hospital. I must be nuts to think of leaving her and globe-trotting halfway around the world.

BROOKE (O.S.)

Dad, I'm not dying, and you're going. And Barbados isn't halfway around the world.

Mike gets up from his chair and begins pacing back and forth alongside Brooke's bed, while she divides her time between nosing through her crossword puzzle book and watching him tolerantly.

MIKE

This is a bad idea. You're just starting physical therapy. What if you need me for something?

BROOKE

I have Sam. I have Harrison. I have Sam and Harrison. In fact, I can't seem to get rid of Sam and Harrison. Dad, I love you, but you're going to drive me crazy. If you don't go on this trip, I'm going to have to take drastic measures.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Brooke...

BROOKE

(sternly)

Dad—you're going, and that's final.

She looks up from her book.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

(offhandedly)

Any idea who was catcher for the Mets in 1979?

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE AND JANE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Suitcases are in various stages of being packed. Jane is rushing around, while Sam lays on the bed, playing with Mackenzie. Finally Jane stops and confronts her.

JANE

All right, this is really a bad idea, isn't it?

Sam sighs and rolls her eyes at the ceiling.

SAM

Mom, we have this same conversation every time you take a vacation. The last one turned out okay, right? You met Mike.

JANE

Last time, I didn't have a two-month old baby! This is nuts—I'm taking a baby to Barbados!

SAM

Besides being needlessly alliterative, what's wrong with that? I'm sure they have babies there already.

JANE

What if she gets sick? What if she comes down with some rare tropical disease? Or...a fungus?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
She's not a plant, Mom. Hey—if
you feel that guilty about it,
leave Mac—take me.

JANE
Ha ha.

Jane resumes her rushing around.

SAM
You need a break. I need a break.
Mackenzie needs a break.

She holds Mackenzie up in front of her face and mock-throws
her voice.

SAM (CONT'D)
(baby voice)
Mom, I need a break. Take me to
Barbados.

JANE
Sam, don't use your sister as a
puppet.

A noise catches Jane's attention.

JANE (CONT'D)
Is that the air conditioner? It's
seven a.m.!

SAM
Yeah, and it's already eighty
degrees outside. Barbados is
actually going to be cooler than
L.A.

From downstairs, the front door closes.

MIKE (O.S.)
Honey! I'm home!

SAM
That is so Nick at Nite.

Jane gives Sam a dirty look.

JANE
Up here!

CUT TO:

INT. THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jane comes out of the bedroom and practically runs into Mike.

JANE
Mike—this is a bad idea, right?

MIKE
It's a very bad idea. But, Brooke is going to officially disown me if we don't go.

JANE
Sam, too.

MIKE
(nods towards the bedroom)
Did you—?

JANE
Oh—no. I'm going to.

MIKE
Okay.

Mike turns and heads for the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE AND JANE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane comes in and sits on the bed next to Sam, who is still idly playing with Mackenzie.

JANE
Sam—since it appears that we are, indeed, going, I want to talk to you about something.

SAM
(sitting up)
Shoot.

JANE
Look...I realize that this is far from the first time that I've left you alone to fend for yourself. But it's the first time when you've been...involved...with someone.

Sam jumps up and backs away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Oh, no... Even having this conversation in the abstract was one of the most horrifying experiences of my life.

JANE

I'm not going to lecture you, Sam. You're seventeen years old—old enough to make your own choices. I just want you to be responsible.

SAM

(edgily)

All right, I'll be responsible, okay? I'm begging you—don't go there.

JANE

All I'm saying is, if you and Harrison—

SAM

Argh!

JANE

—if you decide to do something, I want you to take all the necessary steps.

SAM

(panicked)

Mom, stop!! You're totally freaking me out!!

Jane leans over, opens the nightstand drawer, and lifts up a box of condoms for Sam to see.

JANE

Just so you know where they are.

Sam stares wide-eyed at Jane, then covers her ears and runs from the room. A few moments later, Mike pops his head around the door frame.

MIKE

Did it work?

JANE

(nodding)

Oh, yes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE (CONT'D)

I don't think we have to worry
about Sam and Harrison doing
anything while we're gone.

WHITE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EST. L.A. SKYLINE - DAY

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Well, folks, the heat is officially upon us. Look for highs near one hundred at the beaches, and climbing well over the century mark inland. The forecast for the next few days: hot, hot, hot!

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

Sam, Mike, Jane and Mackenzie—in a bassinet—are standing outside the Departure Lounge.

JANE

Now, Sam, you won't forget, the gardeners come on Tuesdays now...

SAM

(wearily)

No, I won't forget the gardeners, or the patio furniture, or the car, or anything else. I'll take out the garbage, do the dishes, feed the cat...

JANE

We don't have a cat.

SAM

I'll feed it anyway. Will you just go and try to have a good time, please?!

JANE

(stroking Mackenzie's hair)

Maybe we should just stay home. What if she doesn't like flying?

SAM

Then, she'll scream for the entire trip, and everyone will hate you.

Jane throws an exasperated look at Sam, who shrugs gamely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
(nonchalantly)
So, Sam...any plans?

SAM
Who, me? When was the last time I
had plans?
(beat)
Carmen's flight is due here in—
(checks her watch)
—about an hour. Lily and I are
supposed to meet her so...I
thought I'd just hang around here
till then.

MIKE
What about Harrison?

SAM
He's with Brooke, of course. I'm
kinda sending Harrison in as an
advance guard these days. That
way, she gets all the crossword
clues out of her system, and I
don't have to deal with them.

JANE
(fretting to Mike)
Do you think it's too late to
cancel the reservations?

SAM
Mike, would you...?

Mike gently catches Jane by the shoulders.

MIKE
Come on, Jane, it's time to go.

Gathering up Mackenzie and their carry-on bags, Mike guides
Jane towards the x-ray machines.

JANE
(turning back)
And—absolutely no parties!

Sam throws up her hands.

SAM
Who am I gonna invite to a party?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

(waving)

See you in two weeks, Sam. Take care of yourself.

SAM

Don't worry. I'll look after Brooke...everything'll be fine.

After she watches Mike and Jane disappear into the departure area, Sam shakes her head and strolls off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

EST. THE HOSPITAL

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Harrison walks in to a frightening sight: Brooke is sprawled sideways across her bed, head hanging over the edge, eyes closed.

HARRISON

Brooke!!!

Her eyes fly open and focus on him; suddenly she giggles, while he shrugs helplessly.

BROOKE

You look funny upside down.

HARRISON

(struggling to calm down)

Brooke, what are you doing?!

BROOKE

Meditating. It's supposed to clear my surface thoughts and let my unconscious flow.

(winces)

But all it did was give me a headache.

(beat)

Also, I think I'm stuck.

Harrison rushes over and lifts Brooke's head up, gently turning her back onto the bed. Suddenly she winces again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Ow!

HARRISON
What?

BROOKE
I have a pain in my leg.

A moment later, her eyes widen.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Oww... Ow! OWWW!!!

Flailing wildly, she grabs Harrison's arm.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
(screaming)
AHHHHHH!!! Harrison, help!!!
MAKE IT STOP!!!!

Harrison frantically leans as far as he can towards the door, shouting over Brooke's rising shrieks.

HARRISON
HELP!!! NURSE!!!!!!

FLIP CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A doctor is just finishing injecting a vial of clear liquid into Brooke's arm.

DOCTOR
Is that better?

Bathed in sweat, Brooke drops her head back onto her pillow, breathing heavily.

BROOKE
Yeah...better... Oh my God, that hurt.

While the doctor examines Brooke's leg, Harrison gently pries her hand off of his arm, and gingerly rubs the deep marks that are left.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
(looking over)
Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRISON

No, it's okay.

DOCTOR

Looks like you pinched a nerve.
From now on, no calisthenics
unless your therapist is
supervising. Otherwise, you could
be in here another six months or
so.

BROOKE

Oh, I promise. Definitely.

DOCTOR

All right. By the time that wears
off, the nerve should be relaxed.
But let the nurse know if you need
something more.

BROOKE

Thank you, Doctor.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH AND LILY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The room is, to put it mildly, a mess: cans, wrappers and bags litter the floor. Mary Cherry, dressed in a trailer-trash outfit of white T-shirt and boxers, is stretched out on a recliner, snoring loudly, while the television blares in front of her. Lily lets out a little sigh when she comes in, gingerly steps over the trash and turns the television off.

MARY CHERRY

(opening one eye)

Hey, I was watchin' that.

LILY

No you weren't. You fell asleep
during Springer again. Mary
Cherry, it's been two weeks—you
can't just mope around like this
forever.

MARY CHERRY

(slurring)

Wash'me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY

Well, I can't afford all this junk food, so if you want to go on living here, you're going to have to think about a job.

MARY CHERRY

I'm un-employ-a-ble.

LILY

Nobody's that unemployable. Not even you, Mary Cherry. Look, I'm going to the airport to pick up Carmen. Will you at least clean yourself up and go look for a job today? And, maybe pick up a little around here.

MARY CHERRY

(waving listlessly)

'Kay, fine, whatever.

Lily shakes her head and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

At the arrival gate, Sam spots Carmen in the line of deplaning passengers and waves.

SAM

Carmen!

Carmen breaks ranks and rushes over, hugging Sam.

CARMEN

Hola! Muy amigo! Hasta que la su casa!

SAM

(shaking her head)

What are you saying?

CARMEN

(grinning)

I have no idea! But it sounds so—Latin!

Laughing, the girls start walking towards the baggage area.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

So, tell me, did you meet any gorgeous Latin guys?

CARMEN

(sighs)

Oh! It's like, the whole country is filled with them! Well, and old guys in really big sombreros. But still...

Carmen pants, and Sam breaks up giggling.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Okay, Sam, 'fess up. You were kidding about Mary Cherry, right?

SAM

No, unfortunately I was completely serious. Mary Cherry has, in fact, encamped at Lily's.

CARMEN

(shaking her head)

What's up with that?

SAM

You know, I'm as clueless as everybody else.

CARMEN

So, you think Mary Cherry's some kind of project.

SAM

That's what I thought. Lily says no, but—

Lily appears, waving and jogging down the concourse towards them.

LILY

Hey, guys! Carm!

CARMEN

Lil!

Carmen hugs Lily.

LILY

Sorry I'm late. I got a little held up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARMEN

Yeah, Sam told me already.

LILY

Oh, you're not going to start,
too, are you? Look, Mary Cherry
just needs a place to stay until
she and her mother patch things
up.

SAM

Yeah, but it's been two weeks.
And Josh is coming home soon.
What's going to happen then?

LILY

(sourly)

You know, I'm not so sure that
Josh is going to be welcome when—
if—he does come back.

Sam and Carmen trade worried glances.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPORT CAFE - LATER

Sam, Carmen and Lily are sitting around a table.

SAM

All right—what's this about Josh?

LILY

I—it's just...I don't know. I think something's going on.

SAM

(cautiously)

Going on?

LILY

I mean, okay, at first, everything was fine. We talked every night, for hours sometimes. Then...I don't know, something changed.

SAM

Something...what?

LILY

I don't know exactly. I think...I think he might be...involved with someone.

CARMEN

(gasps)

You think he's cheating on you??

SAM

Lily, that's impossible.

LILY

I don't want to think it, but... Look, he hardly ever calls anymore, he's always "busy" when I try to call him... Plus, I think he bought a present for another woman up there.

SAM

Whoa, wait...what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY

One day, I called the place, and I accidentally got a message from Josh to deliver some jewelry to some girl named Tina. I mean, I don't know what to think.

SAM

Okay, I don't know exactly what's going on, but I promise, it's not what you think. Trust me.

CARMEN

I don't know, Sam. It seems awfully suspicious.

SAM

(emphatically)

It's not. Believe me. Josh loves you more than anything.

LILY

You know, I want to believe that, but... Face it, Mary Cherry and I could be roommates for a long time.

SAM

That's not going to happen. You can trust me on that, too.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

The girls emerge, luggage trailing behind. Carmen stops short after a couple of steps.

CARMEN

Holy—!! It wasn't this hot in Mexico!

LILY

I know. I think about all the pollutants millions of air conditioners are spewing out, and...ugh.

SAM

Listen, Lily, can you take Carmen home? I need to—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY
 (waving her off)
 Go, be thy sister's keeper. Come
 on, Carm.

Lily and Carmen trudge off through the heat.

SAM
 I'll call you!

Sam ducks back inside, and pulls out her cellphone.

CUT TO:

EST. THE INSTITUTE

During a cool, ocean-breezy day.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LAB

Josh is hunched over his terminal, working (relatively) fast.

RODRIGUEZ (O.S.)
 (calling)
 Josh! Phone!

JOSH
 I'm busy!

RODRIGUEZ (O.S.)
 She says it's urgent!

JOSH
 (sighing)
 All right!

Josh gets up and walks over to the wall phone.

JOSH **(CONT'D)**
 (into the phone)
 Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

SAM
 Josh? It's Sam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH
(concerned)
Sam? What—is it Lily? What
happened?!

SAM
No, Josh, nothing happened.
Except maybe to your marriage.

JOSH
What?

SAM
What's going on up there? One
minute I'm helping you get Lily a
ring, and the next you disappear
on her.

JOSH
Yeah, I got the ring, but— Sam,
things are just really busy here.
We're working eighteen-hour days,
and we still can't keep up. I
haven't even had time to call Lily
lately.

SAM
Okay, who's Tina?

JOSH
Tina—Dr. Bennett? She's kinda my
boss here. I got the ring from
this shop her uncle has—well,
he's not a real uncle, he's a
family friend—and she got me a
real bargain on it, too.

SAM
(rubbing her eyes)
All right... I'll hold things
together down here—but you have
to find some time soon, Josh.

JOSH
I'll try, I promise—

RODRIGUEZ (O.S.)
Josh!!

JOSH
I really—I gotta go.

Josh hangs up the phone and rushes back to his terminal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sam looks at her dead cellphone, sighs, and puts it away.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

George pokes his head through the door, and Brooke waves him in. He steps inside cautiously, looking around.

BROOKE
Thanks for coming.

GEORGE
Hey, I said I would. Didn't expect you to be alone, though— not from what I've heard.

BROOKE
(shrugs)
What can I say? I had a sudden urge to read the new Jackie Collins book, and Harrison was sweet enough to run down to the bookstore and get it. And a few other things...he'll be a while.

GEORGE
You sent him out in this heat, just so we wouldn't run into each other? Well...thanks for doing that, Brooke.

BROOKE
Ah...don't thank me just yet.

GEORGE
What's that mean?

Before Brooke can answer, Sam comes whirling through the doorway.

SAM
Okay, what's so—

She pulls up short at the sight of George; they glance at each other uneasily—and then both turn and stare at Brooke accusingly.

GEORGE
Brooke, you didn't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam makes an exasperated sound at Brooke, turns and flees the room. Brooke folds her arms and looks at George expectantly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Brooke—

In reply, she re-crosses her arms and fixes an even more intent stare upon him. Finally he sighs, throws up his arms and jogs out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

George jogs up behind Sam, who is walking briskly away.

GEORGE

Sam! Sam, wait!

She ignores him until he catches her elbow, spinning her around.

SAM

(shaking free)

George...let's not do this, okay? Look, I know how you feel—you've made it painfully clear to me. I just...I just don't think I can take any more emotional flagellation right now. Can't we just drop it? Move on?

GEORGE

I don't think we can, Sam. Can we just talk?

SAM

George...

GEORGE

Please?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - LATER

George sets two cokes down on the little corner table where Sam is sitting, and sits down across from her. Sam picks up her glass and swirls it aimlessly for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
 (downcast)
 Honestly, George, I don't know
 what else I can say.

GEORGE
 Honestly? I think you could start
 with the truth.

SAM
 What are you talking about?

GEORGE
 Come on, Sam. You know what I'm
 talking about. The truth. I
 think you owe me that. Not to
 mention yourself.

Sam shakes her head, refusing to look at him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 The truth is, it didn't start
 after spring break, in the nurse's
 office. The truth is...you knew.
 You knew all along.

Sam looks around and upward, running her hand through her hair
 nervously. When she does speak, she still looks anywhere but
 at him.

SAM
 When...when Harrison...when he
 told me...how he felt...I...I...

GEORGE
 You felt—

SAM
 (breaking down sobbing)
 I was...so...scared... All I
 could think was, what if...it
 didn't work, and I...I...then it
 would be over, and...

GEORGE
 You were in love with him. You've
 always been in love with him.

SAM
 (nods tentatively)
 I...never thought about it
 before...but...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Finally she sweeps the hair out of her face and looks up at him.

SAM (CONT'D)

When Harrison...asked me to choose, I... You were the safe choice. If I'd chosen Harrison, I might have lost him completely... I couldn't risk that. So...I chose you.

(shaking her head)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

He reaches out and lays his hand on hers.

GEORGE

I forgive you.

Suddenly she looks over his shoulder; he turns to see Harrison standing near the cafeteria entrance, looking at them strangely. George gets up, walks over, and silently claps Harrison on the shoulder before walking out. Harrison goes over to Sam and leans over her.

HARRISON

What—? Did he...?

SAM

(wiping her eyes)

No, it's all right. I think...I think we're okay now.

(beat)

What are you doing here?

HARRISON

When I came back, Brooke said... you might need someone.

SAM

(standing up)

Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Harrison and Sam walk in, and without saying a word, Sam goes over and hugs Brooke.

BROOKE

Does this mean you worked things out with George?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
(shaking her head)
How did you do that??

BROOKE
(shrugs modestly)
It wasn't that hard to figure.
After all, you told me.

SAM
I did?

Brooke nods sagely. Sam reaches out and takes Harrison's hand.

SAM (CONT'D)
(heartfelt)
Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET

Mary Cherry is walking forlornly down a crowded sidewalk, looking in the windows of the boutiques that line the street. She stops at one window, staring at a particularly dazzling dress behind a loud sign proclaiming "SALE! 50% OFF!"

MARY CHERRY
(sighs)
Even if it was a hundred percent
off, I still couldn't afford it.

Suddenly her attention is attracted to a small, plain sign in the corner of the window, which she bends down to read closely.

INSERT: THE SIGN

which says simply: "MODELS WANTED"

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)
A model?
(straightening up)
I could do that. I could be a
model...

DISSOLVE INTO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FANTASY SEQUENCE

Scenes of Mary Cherry strutting down a runway, with flashbulbs popping all around; doing a glamour photo shoot; standing on a stage with a bouquet of flowers, blowing kisses and waving to her admirers—

SHATTER CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

A rollerblader ducks under Mary Cherry's waving arms.

ROLLERBLADER
(calling back)
Hey, watch where you're swingin',
man!

Mary Cherry reorients herself.

MARY CHERRY
(determinedly)
I'm gonna be a model!

With that, she marches into the boutique.

CUT TO:

INT. BOUTIQUE MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATER

Mary Cherry is sitting before the manager's desk, while the manager listens impassively.

MARY CHERRY
—I realize I don't have much
experience working—except for one
day at my high school cafeteria,
but anyway—I been preparin' for
this job my whole life! I read
every magazine there is, I watch
"E! Fashion Emergency"
religiously—

While she has been talking, the manager has gotten up, come around her desk, and now grabs hold of Mary Cherry's chin, turning her face this way and that.

MANAGER
(calling)
Fredrico!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Into the room strolls a tall, thin, balding man with a distinctly snobbish air about him.

MANAGER **(CONT'D)**

What do you think?

Fredrico bends down to peer at Mary Cherry's face from several angles, then straightens.

FREDRICO

(smacking his lips)

Magnifique! Window for this one.

MANAGER

Are you sure? She's new.

FREDRICO

(emphatically)

Window.

MANAGER

(sighs)

All right.

(to Mary Cherry)

Fredrico will get you outfitted.

Mary Cherry stands up, blinking.

MARY CHERRY

I'm—I'm hired?!! Oh, thank you!

Thank you!

She clasps the startled manager's hands and pumps them wildly.

MARY CHERRY **(CONT'D)**

Thank you from the bottom of my newly-rejuvenated heart! Thank you!

Fredrico takes her arm and leads her away.

MARY CHERRY **(CONT'D)**

(over her shoulder)

Thank you!!

FLIP CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOUTIQUE - LATER

Mary Cherry is standing in the front window, wearing that dazzling dress, frozen in a mannequin-like pose and with an artificial grin plastered on her face.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. JOSH AND LILY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The front door bursts open and Mary Cherry rushes in.

MARY CHERRY
Lil Lily! Lil Lily!

Lily comes out of the kitchen, holding a pair of chopsticks and a white take-out box.

LILY
Mary Cherry, where have you been?
I got no-MSD vegan Chinese, and
it's starting to get cold.

Mary Cherry waves a paper in Lily's face.

MARY CHERRY
Lookit! Lookit this!

LILY
(swatting at the paper)
All right!

Lily takes the paper and cocks her head to look at it.

LILY (CONT'D)
This is a W-4 form.

MARY CHERRY
It means I got a job!

LILY
(reading)
Millicent's House of Glamour...
Yeah, I guess you did. So, what
are you doing there?

MARY CHERRY
(thinking)
Um...I'm a model. But, don't come
visit me, because, it's a real
glamorous job, and I have to be my
most glamorous self, and you,
well, you would just be a
distraction, so don't come visit
me, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY
 (laughing)
 Don't worry, Mary Cherry. If you
 don't want me to bother you at
 work, I won't. Believe me, I want
 you to keep this job.
 (earnestly)
 I'm really proud of you.

Mary Cherry beams for a moment.

MARY CHERRY
 So, I have to fill out this paper
 and take it back tomorrow, but...I
 don't know how.

LILY
 I can help you. This form is for
 taxes.

MARY CHERRY
 (brightening)
 Oh, I know about those! Mama's
 always evadin' 'em.

Shaking her head and rolling her eyes, Lily puts her arm
 around Mary Cherry's shoulder and ushers her towards the
 kitchen.

LILY
 I think I need to explain some
 things...

CUT TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. A TELEVISION STUDIO

A full house audience is seated before the centerpiece of the
 studio, a gaudy game show set.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 And now it's time for everyone's
 favorite destiny-deciding game
 show: "Will She...or Won't She"!
 Here's your host...Wink
 Martindale!

Wink Martindale emerges from behind the curtain, waving to the
 applauding audience.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINK MARTINDALE

Good evening, and welcome to "Will She...or Won't She". Let's meet tonight's contestant: She's an incoming senior at Kennedy High, an aspiring journalist, and—so far—a virgin, please say hello to Sam McPherson!

ANGLE: SAM

Standing behind a podium, she gives an embarrassed little wave to the audience as they applaud.

WINK MARTINDALE (CONT'D)

And now let's meet the object of Sam's affection, the boy at the center of the debate—ladies and gentlemen, Harrison John!

Harrison comes out, waving to the crowd.

WINK MARTINDALE (CONT'D)

Well, Sam, are you ready? Let's play...

AUDIENCE

(on cue)

Will she...or won't she!

As the audience applauds yet again, Wink takes center stage.

WINK MARTINDALE

Before we start, why don't you tell us your opening position, Sam?

SAM

(thinking)

Well...I think I want to... No, I definitely want to, but...I'm not sure. It's complicated.

WINK MARTINDALE

Of course it is, otherwise you wouldn't be on the show. Now it's time to hear both sides, starting with the argument against.

Wink makes a sweeping gesture towards the side of the set, where Bobbi Glass is standing and staring at Sam crossly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLASS

The downside of sex is brutal and straightforward: loss of social standing, AIDS, STD's, not to mention the B-A-B-Y factor! Don't you kids listen to anything I try to teach you?!

Sam shrugs gamely.

WINK MARTINDALE

And now, to present the case in favor, Sam's mother, Jane McPherson.

Sam whips her head around to the other side of the set, where Jane is standing, hands clasped in front of her, looking like the ideal picture of maternal wisdom.

SAM

Mom?!

JANE

Sam, sex can be a wonderful thing, an expression of love between two people. You should consider before doing it only for instant gratification, or because you just don't want to wait any longer.

(smiling beatifically)

I only want you to be happy, Sam.

SAM

(to Wink)

That wasn't much of an argument.

WINK MARTINDALE

Nobody said the playing field was level.

(to the audience)

Well, we've heard the pro and the con, and now it's time to decide. And for that we need our lovely assistant Janice.

(calling)

Janice?

From behind the curtain comes a typically gorgeous game show hostess, carrying an oversized deck of cards in both hands. She walks over to Sam and spreads the deck in front of her.

WINK MARTINDALE (CONT'D)

Pick a card, Sam, any card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Sam plucks a card from the deck and hands it to Janice, who walks it over to Wink. He carefully sets it on an easel, face down.

SAM
(confused)
Hang on...that's it? After all
that...it just comes down to—
picking a card?

WINK MARTINDALE
(smiling)
That's right, Sam—your destiny is
all random choices. Now, here's
the moment of truth: you can go
with the card you've selected, or
you can make your own choice and
walk away right now. What's it
gonna be?

SAM
(thinking furiously)
Uh...I think...I mean...I—I
choose—

Suddenly Wink holds up his hand to cup the earpiece he's wearing.

WINK MARTINDALE
Hold everything, folks, I'm being
told by our director that...
there's a challenger in the
audience?

He peers out into the studio audience.

WINK MARTINDALE (CONT'D)
Will the challenger stand up and
identify herself, please?

From an aisle seat about halfway back, Brooke stands, grinning and issuing her homecoming-queen wave to the audience members around her.

BROOKE
I'm Brooke McQueen. You know, it
really doesn't matter if Sam will
or won't, because, you see—
(wags her eyebrows)
—I already did.

She reaches down and holds up her own oversized card, which has "PRIOR RELATIONSHIP" written on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WINK MARTINDALE

Ohh, it looks like Brooke McQueen
has played her trump card. That
means—

(pointing)

—Brooke gets Harrison!

Brooke jumps up and down, clapping.

SAM

But—hold on—she can't do that,
can she?

Wink leads a round of applause as Harrison and Brooke hold
hands at the front of the stage.

WINK MARTINDALE

Johnny, why don't you tell us
what's in store for the happy
couple?

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Well, Wink, Harrison and Brooke
can look forward to a meaningful
relationship, and many years of
romantic bliss.

SAM

Ah—but—what about me??

WINK MARTINDALE

Sorry, Sam. But we have some nice
parting gifts for you.

Harrison and Brooke walk up the center aisle as the audience
throws flower petals down on them.

SAM

No...that's not fair...wait—!!

CUT TO:

INT. SAM AND BROOKE'S BEDROOM

Sam starts awake, and rubs her hands over her face.

SAM

(groaning)

I have GOT to stop watching
"Providence".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks over at the bedside clock, and, after a moment of thought, reaches for the phone and dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HARRISON'S BEDROOM

Harrison, sitting up in bed, picks up the phone when it rings.

HARRISON

Hello?

SAM

It's me. I woke you up, didn't I?

HARRISON

Uh, no...actually, I was just sitting here...thinking.

SAM

Yeah.

There is a long pause.

SAM (CONT'D)

Listen, could you...would you... come over for dinner tomorrow night?

HARRISON

Ah, sure. I mean, I'd love to.

SAM

Okay.

HARRISON

(after another long beat)
Okay.

SAM

Well... Goodnight.

HARRISON

Goodnight, Sam. See you tomorrow.

SAM

Right.

Sam hangs up the phone and lies back, staring at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

EST. L.A. SKYLINE - MORNING

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The hottest day of the year is
here! Temps could reach one-ten
in the valleys. You heard right,
folks—one hundred ten degrees!
So stay cool, and be careful out
there!

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Brooke is reading, while Sam sits quietly by her bedside, hands folded in her lap. After sneaking a couple of glances over at Sam, Brooke sets her book down and focuses her attention on her.

BROOKE
Okay, Sam, what's going on?

SAM
(shaking her head)
W-what?

Brooke cocks her head quizzically.

BROOKE
Are you mad at me?

SAM
(awkwardly)
No...why?

BROOKE
Because you haven't said two words
this morning.

SAM
I'm sorry. It's...

BROOKE
(concerned)
Sam? What is it?

SAM
It's...kind of awkward.

BROOKE
(imploring)
Sam! Tell me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
(sighs)
It's...about Harrison.

Brooke's eyes go wide for a moment.

BROOKE
Ohh... Well—no, it's all right.
You can talk to me about Harrison.
Please.

Sam hems and haws for a couple of moments.

SAM
I...Harrison's coming over for
dinner tonight.

BROOKE
Well, that's good. I mean, God
knows I keep trying to get you two
to spend more time together—
alone.

She peers at Sam closely.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
It's not good?

SAM
Dinner is good. Except that I
can't cook, and I need to see if
Carmen will fix something for
me...

BROOKE
So?

SAM
(takes a deep breath)
It's...after dinner... After
dinner, I think...

BROOKE
Oh...

She reaches over and touches Sam's hand.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM

I am so not sure. I mean, I haven't said anything to Harrison. I don't even know how he feels.

BROOKE

He loves you, Sam.

SAM

Still, I'm seriously considering just jumping him at the dinner table.

Brooke giggles.

SAM (CONT'D)

Plus, there's this whole...weird vibe.

BROOKE

(rolling her eyes)

Don't tell me... Before they left, Dad and Jane gave you a speech, right?

SAM

Yeah, Mom did, but...it was really...strange...

BROOKE

Uh-huh. Something like, "you can make your own decisions, we trust you to do what you think is best"? Way over the top?

SAM

Over the top?? Yeah! Jane actually showed me where she and Mike keep their condoms!! Can you believe that?! I just, I had to totally bail. I just could not handle it.

BROOKE

(laughing)

I know this trick. They wanna get you so freaked that you won't do anything while they're gone.

SAM

(groans)

I shoulda known that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SAM (CONT'D)

I can't believe, I'm seventeen years old, and my own mom is faking me out.

BROOKE

Don't worry about it. You'll have Harrison over, you'll have a nice dinner, and after... The only thing is—I'm gonna want details. especially if you jump him on the dining room table.

This time Sam joins in Brooke's giggling.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOUTIQUE

Mary Cherry is once again posing in the front window, while the manager and Fredrico stand on the sidewalk outside, looking over and discussing the window arrangement. Unfortunately for Mary Cherry, a beetle picks that moment to alight on her nose. Trying desperately not to attract attention, she wrinkles her nose as unobtrusively as she can, but as the beetle crawls around, finally—she sneezes.

When she looks back up, she sees the manager and Fredrico glaring at her.

FREDRICO

(wagging his finger)

You know rules! No moving!

MARY CHERRY

But—but—

FREDRICO

No more window for you!

Mary Cherry whines and slumps her shoulders.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BROOKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Brooke watches a male nurse push a wheelchair into her room and park it by her bed.

NURSE

Hi, Brooke. I'm Steve, and I'll be your chauffeur today. Ready to go downstairs?

BROOKE

(clapping her hands together)
Ready as I'll ever be.

Brooke throws her covers aside and awkwardly tries to swing her legs over the side of the bed.

NURSE

Here—let me.

The nurse reaches over, sweeps Brooke up in his arms and expertly sets her down in the wheelchair.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Usually if you can just jump out of bed, you don't have to go to P.T.

BROOKE

(sighs)
Yeah, I guess.

NURSE

Hey, before you know it, you'll be cheering your lungs out again.

BROOKE

How'd you know I was a cheerleader?

NURSE

(grinning)
With a face like that? How could you not be?

Brooke giggles as the nurse wheels her off.

CUT TO:

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY

The nurse wheels Brooke into the room and parks the wheelchair.

NURSE

All right. Don't work too hard.
I'll be back later.

BROOKE

Thanks.

As the nurse leaves, a grizzly, fifty-ish man in another wheelchair pushes himself over.

HARDY

Fresh meat, I see.
(sticks out his hand)
Welcome to Hell.

Brooke shakes his hand tentatively.

HARDY (CONT'D)

Nathan Hardy.

BROOKE

Brooke. Brooke McQueen.

HARDY

(looking her over)
What are you in here for?

BROOKE

I had a fight with my former best friend, and she decided to take her car and run me down on prom night.

HARDY

(making a face)
Ouch. When I went to high school, we just glued each other's lockers shut.

BROOKE

So, what's your story?

HARDY

I was a rock climber. Went all over the world. Then one day a grapple snapped, and I became a rock faller.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARDY (CONT'D)

Let me tell you, you go down a helluva lot faster than you go up.

BROOKE

Oh...I'm sorry.

HARDY

Don't be. Most people who take a fall like I did—

(snaps his fingers)

—lights out. Me, I'm still here. Either that, or I really am dead, and I'm going to be tormented in this place for eternity.

BROOKE

Naw... I've been dead—or close, anyway—I'm pretty sure this isn't it.

A tall, solidly-built female doctor emerges from a back room.

HARDY

(nodding)

There's Dr. De Wolf. In a couple of hours, you'll wish you'd never met her.

The doctor walks over to them.

DE WOLF

Spreading good cheer again, Nathan?

HARDY

Hey, I consider it my patriotic duty to inform new POWs about the cell block guards.

Another nurse enters the room.

HARDY (CONT'D)

Oop—my ride's here. Good luck, kid—you're gonna need it.

The nurse wheels Hardy out, leaving Brooke shaking her head.

DE WOLF

(extending her hand)

I'm Dr. Nadia De Wolf. Did he tell you that you were going to wish you'd never met me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Brooke shakes the doctor's hand.

BROOKE

Yeah.

DE WOLF

He's right. But it'll pass.

Dr. De Wolf circles around Brooke and takes hold of her wheelchair.

DE WOLF (CONT'D)

Let's get you started on some preliminary exercises, shall we?

The doctor wheels Brooke off.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOUTIQUE

Mary Cherry is posing—in a much plainer outfit—on the main floor of the boutique when, to her horror, the front door opens and Cherry Cherry sweeps in with a (small) entourage.

CHERRY CHERRY

Lor' sakes! And I thought Texas was hot! It's like bein' in a pot of three-alarm chili—extra spicy! You better be right about this here place.

FLUNKY

I assure you, Mrs. Cherry, the house designer is simply to die for.

CHERRY CHERRY

That's what you said about the last place! This better turn out, or you're gonna be the one dyin' for somethin'!

The manager comes over to them.

MANAGER

Can I help you?

CHERRY CHERRY

Cherry Cherry here. I wanna see some high-fashion merchandise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She snaps her fingers, and her flunky holds up a wallet—from which an accordion of platinum cards dangle. The manager's eyes light up.

MANAGER

Right this way, Ma'am...!
(calling)
Fredrico!

The manager leads Cherry Cherry off, while Mary Cherry does her best not to move a muscle.

FLIP CUT TO:

INT. THE BOUTIQUE - LATER

Both of Cherry Cherry's flunkies are loaded down with bags, and as the group makes its way for the door, Cherry Cherry walks right past her daughter. She stops short, steps back, and proceeds to take a long look. Mary Cherry refuses to even move her eyes, even when Cherry Cherry flicks her nose. Finally, Cherry Cherry shrugs, and continues towards the door. Just as she's about to leave, though, she stops, and sighs audibly.

CHERRY CHERRY

Dang!

With that, she spins and marches back to Mary Cherry.

CHERRY CHERRY **(CONT'D)**

Mary Cherry, what do you think
you're doin' now?!!

Fredrico steps over.

FREDRICO

(pointing)
That one does not move.

Cherry Cherry reaches into her handbag, pulls out a wad of bills and hands it to him.

CHERRY CHERRY

Here's ten thousand dollars.

FREDRICO

(to Mary Cherry)
You—five-minute break.

Mary Cherry relaxes and lets out her breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY CHERRY

Mama! I didn't expect to see you here!

CHERRY CHERRY

I'm looking for somethin' to wear for the fall season. All the places in Texas are too—Texan. I'm tired of lookin' like every other...thirtysomethin'...Southern belle in the joint! Now, just what in Hades are you supposed to be?!

MARY CHERRY

This is my job now, Mama.

CHERRY CHERRY

Standin' around like a dam' crash test dummy?! That's the dumbest job I ever heard of!

MARY CHERRY

Well, I got it on my own!

CHERRY CHERRY

Well, that explains it!

MARY CHERRY

Mama!

CHERRY CHERRY

And here I was gonna un-disown you...but since you seem to be doin' just fine on your own...

MARY CHERRY

Oh, no, Mama! I'm not doin' fine! I'm doin' awful! Please let me come home! Please please pleeeeeease!!!

Mary Cherry drops to her knees and clutches at Cherry Cherry's skirt.

CHERRY CHERRY

Aw...all right. I didn't really change my mind.

(grins)

I just wanted to make ya beg.

MARY CHERRY

You mean—?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHERRY CHERRY
That's right—you're a Cherry
again.

Mary Cherry leaps up and throws her arms around her mother.

MARY CHERRY
(grating)
Mary Cherry, if you don't git offa
me in two seconds—

Mary Cherry hurriedly composes herself.

CHERRY CHERRY
All right, now get in the car, and
let's go home.

MARY CHERRY
Right, Mama.

As they walk off, the manager rushes up.

MANAGER
Hey!

CHERRY CHERRY
(over her shoulder)
She quits!

Cherry Cherry gives her daughter a meaningful look.

CHERRY CHERRY (CONT'D)
Right, Mary Cherry?

MARY CHERRY
Right, Mama.

They walk out together, leaving the manager and Fredrico
sputtering in their wake.

CUT TO:

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY - LATER

The large room is mostly empty, so nobody is disturbed when
Brooke's wail pierces the air. Brooke is lying on one of the
tables, drenched and panting, while Dr. De Wolf works on
flexing her left leg.

DE WOLF
Okay, we're doing fine...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brooke screams again as Dr. De Wolf bends her leg.

BROOKE
(raggedly)
Please... Stop... I can't...

DE WOLF
It'll get better in time, Brooke.

BROOKE
I don't want it to get better, I
want it to STOP HURTING!!!

Unheeding, Dr. De Wolf flexes Brooke's leg again; Brooke shrieks and pounds her fist into the padded table.

BROOKE **(CONT'D)**
No more... Oh God, please...

DE WOLF
(soothingly)
Just one more...

Dr. De Wolf works Brooke's leg one more time, eliciting a final ear-splitting scream.

DE WOLF **(CONT'D)**
There. You've made a fine start,
Brooke. I think you'll make quick
progress.

BROOKE
(panting)
Oh...no...I am...never...coming
back here...again...

Dr. De Wolf pats Brooke's leg.

DE WOLF
Everyone says that. Don't worry,
it's only every day for the first
couple of weeks.

Brooke groans pathetically.

DE WOLF **(CONT'D)**
All right, we'll try one round on
the bars, just to get you
acclimated, and then I'll send you
back to your room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dr. De Wolf pulls Brooke up and helps her over to a set of parallel bars. She makes sure the Brooke has a grip on them, then walks to the other end.

DE WOLF (CONT'D)

Okay, this is simple, Brooke. One end to the other.

Brooke looks up at her.

BROOKE

(pleading)

I don't think I can...

DE WOLF

(cajoling)

Just support yourself with your arms, and put as much weight on your leg as it will stand. Just take little, baby steps.

ANGLE: THE DOORWAY

as Harrison pokes his head in, then comes through.

Meanwhile, Brooke hesitantly tries to take a step. She steps down on her left leg, and it crumples under her, sending her crashing through the bars and onto the floor.

HARRISON

Brooke!!

Harrison sprints over, sliding to the floor to gather Brooke up. After a feeble attempt to push him away, she collapses into him, sobbing. Harrison looks up at Dr. De Wolf in anguish.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

What happened?! She's hurt!

DE WOLF

(nodding)

She's had a rough session. The first day is always rough.

Dr. De Wolf retrieves Brooke's wheelchair and parks it next to her.

DE WOLF (CONT'D)

The second day will be easier. Come on, help me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Together Harrison and Dr. De Wolf lift Brooke up and get her into the wheelchair, where she sits dully. Dr. De Wolf takes Harrison by the shoulder and leads him a few steps away.

DE WOLF (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Look, it's going to be a long haul for her. It would help if she had someone she can count on, here, with her.

HARRISON

I can do that.

Dr. De Wolf takes a paper out of her lab coat and hands it to him.

DE WOLF

Here's her schedule.

HARRISON

Thanks, Doctor. You can count on me.

She looks over her shoulder at Brooke.

DE WOLF

Right now, she needs rest. It's going to take a lot for her to overcome her injuries. I'm going to call her floor nurse and have her room declared off-limits for the rest of the day.

HARRISON

Can I at least get her settled in?

Steve, the nurse, comes in to get Brooke.

DE WOLF

Sure. Go ahead.

The nurse wheels Brooke out, with Harrison walking beside her.

CUT TO:

EST. L.A. SKYLINE - EVENING

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Whew! It was a scorcher today, folks—and the heat just continues on into the night!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Don't expect the A.C. to go off
anytime soon— temperatures will
still be in the high eighties at
the midnight hour!

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH AND LILY'S LIVING ROOM

The doorbell rings, and Lily walks over to answer it. When she opens the door, she is surprised to see Mary Cherry standing on her stoop.

LILY
Mary Cherry, did you lose your
key?

MARY CHERRY
Nope, I just wanted to return it
to you.

Mary Cherry holds up the door key and drops it in Lily's hand. Lily peers around Mary Cherry at the limo parked in the street.

LILY
Does this mean...?

MARY CHERRY
Yup! Mama re-inherited me!

LILY
Well...that's wonderful, Mary
Cherry.

Mary Cherry takes a breath.

MARY CHERRY
Lil Lily...I wanted to thank you,
for everything you did for me
while I was on the skids... And,
I hope we can still be friends,
even though I am once again richer
than you could ever dream of
becoming.

LILY
(chuckling)
Yeah...we can still be friends.

Mary Cherry suddenly envelopes Lily in a bear hug. After a startled moment, Lily hugs her back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY CHERRY
Oh! I almost forgot!

She breaks away and digs into her handbag.

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)
Mama said it turned out to be a
good thing, me protestin' and all.

LILY
(raising an eyebrow)
Really?

MARY CHERRY
She said they could put a
"positive P.R. spin" on the whole
thing, and come out lookin' better
than ever. So she wanted me to
give this to you.

She pulls out a check and hands it to Lily.

LILY
(gaping)
Ten thousand dollars to the L.A.
Homeless Fund!

MARY CHERRY
Tax deductible, of course.

Lily laughs and shakes her head.

LILY
Mary Cherry...I wouldn't have it
any other way.

MARY CHERRY
(awkwardly)
Well...I gotta go.

Mary Cherry heads down the walk.

LILY
Take care of yourself!

MARY CHERRY
Don'tcha worry your pretty li'l
head about that! If there's
anything we Cherrys know how to
do, it's take care of ourselves!
Tell Joshua I said howdy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LILY

I will!

Mary Cherry climbs into the limo, and Lily waves from the doorway as it rambles off down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. MCQUEEN DINING ROOM

Sam and Harrison are nervously sitting across the short end of the table from each other, over the remains of dinner.

HARRISON

Ah...it was really good.

SAM

(shrugs)

Carmen actually fixed everything... I stirred.

HARRISON

Well... I-it was very well stirred.

Sam titters.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

I'm, uh, sorry about...dessert. I wasn't thinking...

SAM

Oh, no, I like melted ice cream soup.

It's Harrison's turn to laugh nervously. Sam gets up and walks around the table.

HARRISON

Man, can you believe it's still so hot out there?

Sam holds out her hand; Harrison takes it and scoots out of his chair.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

(fingering his collar)

Whoo... And, pretty hot in here, too...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
Harrison...will you come upstairs
with me?

Without waiting for an answer, Sam turns and heads for the stairs, still holding on to Harrison, who follows docilely.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM AND BROOKE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harrison and Sam sit down, side by side, on Sam's bed; and for a long moment, nothing happens.

HARRISON
(turning)
Sam...look, this is a really big
step. I mean, it's not like I
don't want to...believe me, I want
to...I just—I don't want you to
do anything you'll regret later,
because you feel like you have to
or something—

She puts her finger to his lips to shush him.

SAM
(softly)
Harrison...can I ask you to do
something?

HARRISON
Ah...sure?

SAM
Would you please...stop being so
damn considerate?

HARRISON
Ah, I—

Sam leans in and kisses him; and after a moment, he kisses her back. After several long moments, she breaks away and stands up.

SAM
Hold that thought. In fact,
expand on that thought. I'll be
right back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

While Harrison looks at her strangely, she turns and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE AND JANE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam walks in and heads straight for the nightstand. Taking a breath, she opens the drawer and pulls a condom out of the box, holding it up in the dim light.

SAM
(smiling to herself)
Yes...she will.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END