"Melrose is Like A Box of Chocolates..."

Episode 2 - Production #2395095

Written By
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Directed by: Charles Correll

FIRST DRAFT
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MELROSE PLACE

"Melrose Is Like A Box Of Chocolates"

CAST

SYDNEY ANDREWS
BILLY CAMPBELL
MATT FIELDING
JAKE HANSON
MICHAEL MANCINI
JANE MANCINI
ALISON PARKER
JOBETH REYNOLDS
KIMBERLY SHAW
AMANDA WOODWARD

HAYLEY ARMSTRONG
BROOKE ARMSTRONG
PETER BURNS
PAUL GRAHAM
CALVIN HOBBS
ALYCIA BARNETT
REAL ESTATE AGENT
RICHARD HART
JOHN HIMMEL
DR. RALPH ETTLINGER
MELROSE PLACE
"Melrose Is Like A Box Of Chocolates"

LOCATIONS

EXTERIORS:

MELROSE PLACE COURTYARD
ARMSTRONG ESTATE - TENNIS COURT
MATT'S LAWYER'S OFFICE
BEVERLY HILLS MEDICAL BUILDING
MACKENZIE HART DESIGNS

INTERIORS:

JANE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM/LIVING ROOM
SYDNEY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM
WILSHIRE MEMORIAL - PSYCH WARD/KIMBERLY'S ROOM/CAFETERIA/
PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE/CORRIDOR/HOBB'S OFFICE
D & D ADVERTISING - BULLPEN/AMANDA'S OFFICE/CONFERENCE
ROOM/CORRIDOR/RECEPTION AREA
MATT'S LAWYER'S OFFICE
BEVERLY HILLS DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MICHAEL & PETER'S OUTER
OFFICE
BILLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM
ARMSTRONG MANSION - LIBRARY
SHOOTERS - JAKE'S OFFICE
RICHARD'S HOUSE
JO'S APARTMENT
PAUL'S BEDROOM
MELROSE PLACE
"Melrose is Like a Box of Chocolates..."

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1 INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - DAY DAY ONE

Jane is making breakfast for two, as the DOORBELL RINGS. She wipes her hands on a towel, then calls out as she crosses to answer it --

JANE
Alison, breakfast is ready.

Jane opens the door to BILLY, surprised to see him --

JANE
Billy.

BILLY
Hi -- I was on my way to work, thought I'd check on Alison.

JANE
Well, she's doing okay. Coping.

BILLY
That's good. I'd like to talk to her.

Jane hesitates, running interference. He presses.

BILLY
C'mon. Just let me in.

Just then ALISON appears, playing the part of the pitiable young blind woman to the hilt.

ALISON
No, don't.

(then, to Billy)
Billy, I haven't changed my mind. I want you to leave me alone.

Billy's thrown by the coldness in her voice --

BILLY
Alison, we're friends. I care about you.

ALISON
You have a wife, Billy. Try caring about her... Anyway, I'm going to be fine. Because I would rather spend the rest of my life in the dark, than have to see you with Brooke.

(CONTINUED)
Jane stifles a reaction, aware that Alison's blindness is only temporary. Stung by Alison's rebuff and feeling guilty, he looks to Jane for support, but doesn't get it.

BILLY
Okay, I'll go. For now. But Alison, I'll always care about you... whether you like it or not.

And Billy exits. Jane closes the door and turns to Alison.

JANE
That was quite a speech. When do you plan on telling Billy your blindness is only temporary?

ALISON
It's really none of his business.

Jane's face breaks out in a grin.

JANE
I know what you're up to, Alison. And I gotta tell you, the way you're manipulating poor Billy is inspired.

ALISON
I don't know what you're talking about.

She starts toward the kitchen. Jane takes her arm and guides her over to the table and into a chair.

JANE
You're playing your pity card. Pushing Billy away with one hand, while drawing him in with the other.

She takes Alison's hand, shows her where her food is.

JANE
Oatmeal's at twelve o'clock... juice... coffee... silverware's at three.

ALISON
Thanks.

As they start to eat --

ALISON
Jane... I'm not manipulating Billy. It's just... Well, I'm sick and tired of not getting what I want.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Tell me about it. For years, I watched Michael, and Sydney, and Amanda get everything their little hearts desired because they didn’t care how low they had to sink or who they had to hurt. But like you, I finally wised up.

(beat)
So what do you want, besides Billy?

Alison smiles, takes a moment to consider.

ALISON
Well... I sort of want my old job back.

JANE
Then go for it. Demand that Amanda hire you back.

ALISON
Jane, I can’t even button my blouse. How can I design an ad campaign?

JANE
To hell with the blindness. You’re good at what you do.

ALISON
I don’t know.

JANE
Sure you do. And you’re going to promise me -- no, we’ll promise each other -- that from now on, we look out for number one. Promise?

Jane reaches across the table and takes Alison’s hand.

JANE
Thelma and Louise forever.

ALISON
(beat)
Okay. But no driving off cliffs.

Off their exchange of conspiratorial grins.

FADE OUT.

END OF PROLOGUE
FADE IN:

EXT. MELROSE PLACE COURTYARD - DAY

The blown out sections of the building are now boarded up. The remaining units, although smoke damaged from the fire, seem to be coming back to life.

INT. SYDNEY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

O.S. SYDNEY sings in the shower. Amanda, dressed in pajamas and downing a cup of coffee, checks the clock -- it's after eight. She shakes her head, marches down the hall and pounds on the closed bathroom door.

AMANDA
Hurry it up. I'm going to be late.

No reply. After an impatient beat, Amanda throws open the door --

INT. SYDNEY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Steamier than a wet sauna. The shower still running. Sydney still in it.

AMANDA
Sydney, you've been in that damn shower for twenty minutes. I've got a nine o'clock meeting.

Sydney pokes her wet head out from behind the curtain.

SYDNEY
Just can't get the 'ol motor running in the morning without a hot shower.

(beat)
And while we're on the subject, I've been thinking, I should really get first dibs on the phone, the TV, and the bathroom. After all, it is my apartment.

Amanda reaches into the shower and shuts off the water.

SYDNEY
Hey, what do you think you're doing?!

AMANDA
If you don't get out now, I'm tossing your ass out on the street.

As Syd grabs a towel and Amanda turns to go, mocking her --

(CONTINUED)
AMANDA
And, Sydney, "while we’re on the subject", since you’re living rent-free, you can pay the utilities... including all the hot water you waste getting your motor running.

And Amanda exits. We’re off Sydney, realizing she’s not in Amanda’s league and never will be.

EXT. MELROSE PLACE COURTYARD - DAY

MATT and JO, carrying containers of coffee, cross the courtyard and head up the stairs to her apartment.

MATT
... Look, if I’m inconveniencing you in any way, just say the word, and I’ll get a hotel room.

JO
Don’t be silly. I love having a roommate.

MATT
(bitter)
Even if he’s an alleged murderer?

JO
Matt, anyone who knows you, knows that’s bull. Paul Graham murdered his wife. And your lawyer’s going to prove it.

(beat)
Besides, you’re doing me a favor. After all that’s happened lately, I don’t want to be alone.

Matt’s not so sure. Suddenly, their attention is diverted by JAKE who stumbles into the courtyard, just beginning to sober up from a hard-core, all-night binge. Jo takes one look at him and --

JO
Jake, are you alright?

JAKE
(overly effusive)
Yeah, I’m great. Never better.
(regards Matt)
Hey, Matt. I was bummed to hear you were in jail, but looks like you’re out now.

MATT
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Jake arrives at his door, takes out his key and unlocks it.

JAKE
Hey, before I forget. I'm throwing a party Wednesday night at Shooters. Drinks are on the house.

JO
What are we celebrating?

JAKE
You're a smart lady, you figure it out.

As the cryptic Jake disappears inside his apartment, Jo and Matt watch him go —

MATT
What was that all about?

JO
Beats me... Ever since Jess died, Jake's been acting really weird.

Matt considers this for a moment, then...

MATT
Yeah, well, there's only so much a guy can handle before he self-destructs.

Jo, suddenly concerned about Matt's state of mind, watches him hurry up the steps. We're off her, as she tosses one last glance at Jake's apartment —

EXT. ARMSTRONG ESTATE - TENNIS COURT - DAY

HAYLEY is just finishing up a lesson with his hunk of an INSTRUCTOR as Brooke walks up. She's in her work clothes.

HAYLEY
Thanks, Steve. I'll see you next week.

The Instructor nods, gathers up his rackets and exits as Hayley moves over to a bench and grabs a bottle of water.

HAYLEY
I hope you brought your suitcases with you.

BROOKE
Sorry to disappoint you, Daddy, but Billy and I are deliriously happy living at his apartment.

HAYLEY
Then, I'm deliriously happy for you.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He smiles, not meaning a single syllable of it. She knows it, but lets it slide, steeling her resolve --

BROOKE
Let's not fight, okay?
(off his look)
I just stopped by to see how you were doing... And to find out if you'd talked to your lawyer yet.

Hayley starts to gather up his belongings --

HAYLEY
Howard can meet with us the day after tomorrow. Two o'clock.

BROOKE
(beams; excited)
I guess if I've waited this long, I can wait a couple more days. How much do you think mother left me?

HAYLEY
Brooke, maybe you shouldn't start counting your money until --

BROOKE
Daddy, face it, mother loved me. And more than anything, she wanted me to be financially secure. And now that I've satisfied the last condition of her will by getting married, I'm going to be.

HAYLEY
You mean you and Billy.

BROOKE
(an afterthought)
Right.

Hayley realizes Brooke hasn't told Billy about the inheritance. He starts toward the house. She follows, shifting gears --

BROOKE
Daddy, I hate to ask you this... especially after all you spent on my beautiful wedding... but I'm a little short. I was wondering, could I please have an advance on next month's allowance?

HAYLEY
You want an allowance, ask your husband.
BROOKE
Daddy, be serious.

HAYLEY
You married the wrong guy, dear. And for better or worse, you're Billy's responsibility now.

Off Brooke's petulant and angered expression, as Hayley continues toward the house.

EXT. WILSHIRE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. WILSHIRE MEMORIAL PSYCH WARD - DAY

PETER BURNS walks down an empty corridor, silent except for his echoing footsteps. He approaches an LAPD OFFICER who is standing guard outside Kimberly's locked door.

PETER
Dr. Peter Burns.

The LAPD Officer consults the list on his clipboard, notes Peter's name and unlocks the door. Peter steps through --

INT. KIMBERLY'S PSYCH WARD ROOM - DAY

KIMBERLY, who is lying on the bed as he enters, jumps up and goes to him, folding herself into his arms.

KIMBERLY
Where have you been? I've been going crazy in here. I'm so scared.

PETER
I know.

Peter holds her for a beat, but his concern seems more platonic than anything. Finally, breaking their embrace --

PETER
We need to talk.

KIMBERLY
No. I don't want to hear anymore how I blew up that building. Blinded poor Alison. Killed some other woman I don't even know...

PETER
Kimberly...

She starts to pace, growing agitated --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KIMBERLY
I've been going over and over it, and
I didn't do it.

His look says otherwise.

KIMBERLY
I'm a doctor. I've dedicated my life
to saving lives. I don't know how to
make a bomb, or blow up a building...
Besides, only a crazy person would do
those things.

PETER
That's right.

She gives him a hard look --

KIMBERLY
What are you saying? You think I'm
crazy?

He reaches out to her, wanting to guide her to the bed --

PETER
Kimberly, sit down.

But she resists, throwing off his touch. Backing away from
him. He draws a deep breath, this is not easy --

PETER
In the next few days, you're going to
be indicted by a grand jury. Charged
with first degree murder, among other
things. At your trial, Michael,
Sydney, Amanda... everyone who lived
in that building is going to testify
against you... I'm going to have to
testify against you.

Tears well in her eyes.

PETER
Kim, if you're not "crazy", at best,
you'll spend the rest of your life in
prison. You could even get the death
penalty.

KIMBERLY
No... no...

Again he reaches out to her. This time she doesn't resist.

PETER
Listen to me. I don't want to lose
you. So you have to do this for me.
For us... Accept that you are insane.
Plead insanity.

(CONTINUED)
KIMBERLY
I can't.

PETER
Then I can't help you.

Off Kimberly's terrified look, as she buries her head in Peter's shoulder.

EXT. D & D ADVERTISING - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - DAY

INT. D & D ADVERTISING - BULLPEN - DAY

Jane leads a blind but determined Alison through the bullpen. At her cubicle, Brooke spots her first. Then Billy, following Brooke's gaze, sees her and immediately crosses over. Brooke follows, staking out her territory.

BILLY
Alison, what are you doing here?

ALISON
I'm here to see Amanda... no pun intended.

Brooke looks from Alison to Jane, not pleased to see them.

BROOKE
Alison, it's Brooke. Amanda has a full schedule. Do you have an appointment?

Alison, despite the blindness, hits her mark, shoving Brooke aside --

ALISON
Get out of my way, Brooke.

She continues forward as Brooke regains her balance, turns to Billy --

BROOKE
(sotto)
Guess she lost her manners along with her eyesight.

BILLY
(admonishing)
Brooke.

BROOKE
Sorry. I know she's going through a rough time. It's just... she's your ex-fiancé.

(CONTINUED)
11 CONTINUED:

Billy fixes her with a reassuring smile, then returns his
attention to the departing. As Brooke tries, but doesn’t
succeed, in rising above her baser emotions --

ANGLE - JANE AND ALISON

Alison is grinning as she lets Jane lead her toward
Amanda’s office.

ALISON
That felt so good.

JANE
Just keep reminding yourself... the
best defense is a good offense.

Off Alison’s confirming nod.

12 INT. D & D ADVERTISING - AMANDA’S OFFICE - DAY

As Jane KNOCKS and enters with Alison on her arm. Amanda
looks up from her desk.

AMANDA
Alison, what a surprise. I’m so glad
to see you up and around... Jane.

Amanda crosses to Alison and gives her a warm hug.

AMANDA
So, what do the doctors have to say?
I hope it’s good news.

Alison remains emotionally distant and cool.

ALISON
They advised me to take it one day at
a time.

AMANDA
Well, that’s good advice. Not easy to
follow but --
(off Alison’s
aloofness)
I hired a contractor. Told him to
start rebuilding your apartment
A.S.A.P.

ALISON
Thanks.

An awkward, silent beat -- Amanda wanting to be close,
Alison wanting to keep her distance.

AMANDA
Would you two like to sit down? I
could get you some coffee.

(CONTINUED)
12 CONTINUED:

ALISON
I'd rather stand.

AMANDA
Okay.

Alison takes a beat, then --

ALISON
Amanda, I want my job back. And if you refuse to give it to me, I intend to sue you for discrimination against the visually challenged.

Amanda is impressed by Alison's bravado and stifles a smile. Then, with genuine regard and affection --

AMANDA
Alison, you don't have to threaten me. I meant what I said at the hospital. I feel responsible for what happened to you. I mean this whole thing with Kimberly... well, it's forced me to re-examine my behavior toward certain people, especially you. I have a lot to make up to you. So, if you want your job back -- it's yours.

ALISON
Just like that?

AMANDA
Yes. I'd be thrilled to have you at D & D. You're an asset to any company.

(beat)
So, when would you like to start?

Jane beams. Alison thrown, takes a beat.

ALISON
I'm sorry. It's just... I wasn't expecting it to be this easy.

AMANDA
Sorry to disappoint you. So, how does tomorrow afternoon sound?

ALISON
It sounds great. Just great.

Off Alison's triumphant smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. WILSHIRE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - NIGHT MORNING ONE
PAUL GRAHAM sits with an attractive Nurse at a table in the BG, while at another table MICHAEL and Peter eat dinner with the Chief of Staff, CALVIN HOBBS.

HOBBs
(to Peter)
... I may have cut you some slack, but if supervising Kimberly's recovery starts to interfere with your other work at the hospital, all bets are off.

PETER
I understand.

MICHAEL
Well, I don't. Why are you wasting your time treating a lunatic?

PETER
I don't want to discuss this with you, Mancini.

That doesn't stop Michael.

MICHAEL
You're a surgeon. What are you going to do for her? Cut out the bad part of her brain? There won't be anything left.

PETER
Did you ever love her, Michael? Or were you just using her?

MICHAEL
Takes one to know one.

As their tempers escalate --

HOBBs
Gentlemen, time out.

They look over at him.

HOBBs
Seems to me, if you intend to be partners, you should at least try to get along with each other.

Michael and Peter exchange another look, then slowly nod.

MICHAEL
You're right.
(to Peter)
I was out of line. I apologize.

(CONTINUED)
14 CONTINUED:

PETER
Apology accepted.
(shifting gears; beat)
Speaking of our partnership... Dr. Hobbs, Michael and I are looking for office space.

MICHAEL
Preferably here at the hospital.

HOBBs
Well, unfortunately, I don't have any vacant offices, but if something opens up --

Just then Hobbs' attention is diverted by an entering Matt. Matt's eyes scan the room, clearly looking for someone.

Peter turns to Michael and Hobbs --

PETER
He's got a lot of nerve showing his face here.

MICHAEL
(a stern rebuke)
Why? He hasn't been convicted of anything.

HOBBs
Actually, Fielding is here to see me...

Hobbs waves, catching Matt's attention. As Matt starts over --

HOBBs
... he's dropping off some papers. Filing for a leave of absence. And then, good riddance.

As Michael reacts to Hobbs' hard-heartedness --

ANGLE MATT
almost to their table when suddenly he becomes aware of Paul. He walks right past our guys and over to Paul who looks up, both irritated and nervous, knowing Matt is a loose cannon.

MATT
Enjoy it while it lasts, Paul. Because the truth is going to come out. And everyone will know you're a cold-blooded murderer.

Paul plays to room, freaking, leaping to his feet.

(CONTINUED)
PAUL
Stay the hell away from me, Fielding.
Or I won’t be responsible for my actions.

Matt just shrugs this off and turns to the Nurse --

MATT
Take my advice. Watch your step.
Paul kills everybody he gets involved with.

Now Paul loses it, lunging at Matt who fights back, landing a few well-deserved punches as we --

ANGLE MICHAEL, PETER AND HOBBS
Michael is up and moving toward Matt. He looks back at Peter and Hobbs, who like everyone else, are riveted by the fisticuffs.

MICHAEL
I could use some help here.

Peter and Hobbs seem amused, don’t budge.

PETER
He’s not my friend.

Michael tosses him a critical look before hustling over to Matt and separating him from Paul.

MICHAEL
C’mon, Matt. This guy’s not worth it.

Paul fires a look at Michael who muscles Matt toward the exit --

MATT
(to Michael)
I want to kill him.

MICHAEL
Yeah, well, don’t say it too loud or people will think you really mean it.

Off Michael and Matt, as they disappear into the corridor --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

15 EXT. MELROSE PLACE COURTYARD - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - DAY

DAY TWO

16 INT. SYDNEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sydney and Amanda are eating breakfast, in silence, when the DOORBELL RINGS. Amanda glances up from her newspaper --

AMANDA
Can you get that?

Sydney starts to say something, but thinks better of it. She puts down her coffee cup and crosses over to the door, opening it to Peter.

PETER
Morning, Syd. Is Amanda in?

SYDNEY
For you? I'm not sure. But I can ask.

She heels around, coming face-to-face with Amanda who exchanges a look with Peter.

PETER
I need to talk to you. Please.

Amanda takes a beat to consider, then turns to Sydney who anticipates her every word.

SYDNEY
You want me to go for a walk, right?

AMANDA
The exercise will do you good.

SYDNEY
Well, it's not like it's my apartment or anything.

She brushes out past Peter who is ushered into the living room by Amanda --

AMANDA
Come in.

He sits on the sofa as Amanda continues to stand --

PETER
In case you're worried, I didn't come here to talk about us. I realize I blew it with you, and...

(CONTINUED)
AMANDA
Get to the point, Peter.

PETER
I had myself assigned to Kimberly’s case.

AMANDA
Really? Couldn’t fraternizing with a mad bomber be detrimental to your career?

PETER
Yes, but my career’s not so all-important anymore. I’ve come to realize people matter, too.

AMANDA
Then, you must be the new and improved Peter Burns.

He can tell Amanda’s not buying the changed man routine --

PETER
Look, Amanda, I know I have a credibility problem with you. But I honestly care what happens to Kimberly... And while she’s not a well woman at the moment --

AMANDA
That’s an understatement.

PETER
-- she doesn’t deserve to be locked up for the rest of her life.

AMANDA
Why not? She’s a female terminator who kills everything in her path.

PETER
She was pushed to do what she did. Pushed hard. By Michael. And Sydney. You. Me.

Slowly, Amanda nods --

AMANDA
I’ll admit I feel some responsibility for what happened... If I’d steered clear of Michael --

(CONTINUED)
And if I'd only been honest with Kim about my residual feelings for you -- (off Amanda's look)

We've all got our regrets. Question is, what do we do about it?

You tell me.

PETER

Amanda, if you file stalking charges against Kimberly, on top of all the other charges she's facing, the court won't show any leniency.

You're asking me not to file?

No. I'm begging you.

Well, when you put it that way... I'll think about it.

Off Amanda's look, not sure how she feels about this --

17 EXT. MATT'S LAWYER'S OFFICE BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY

18 INT. MATT'S LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Matt stands opposite ALYCIA BARNETT, his lawyer. Her mood is dark.

... that scene you caused in the cafeteria didn't help your case. As a matter of fact, it made it a lot worse.

I didn't know it could get any worse.

As far as the police are concerned, it was a lover's quarrel. Further proof that you and Paul conspired together to murder his wife.

Look, I'm sorry. I know it was a mistake. But I honestly lost it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
MATT (cont'd)
some bimbo nurse, acting like he
didn't have a care in the world --

ALYCIA
(cuts him off)
I don't care why you did it. Just
don't do it again.

MATT
(sufficiently
castigated)
Sure... You have my word.

ALYCIA
Good. Now sit down.

She waits for Matt to sit, then --

ALYCIA
I heard from a source down at Parker
Center that Paul has been brought in
for questioning, at least twice.

Matt’s look brightens.

MATT
That’s good, right? Sooner or later
he’s bound to crack.

ALYCIA
Not necessarily... If Paul were to
admit his guilt, but implicate you --

MATT
Why would he do that?

ALYCIA
By branding you the mastermind behind
the murder plot, he might be able to
cut himself a deal.
(off his look)
Immunity in return for his testimony
against you.

MATT
(getting upset)
But his testimony would be a total

ALYCIA
You and I know that. But if a jury of
your peers doesn’t...

MATT
I spend the next twenty-five years to
life behind bars... If you ask me, the
whole damn system stinks.

Off Matt, disheartened and terrified.
Brooke intercepts Amanda as she streams past her cubicle.

BROOKE
Amanda, I heard a rumor which I was hoping you could confirm or deny --

AMANDA
(smiling)
Yes, Alison is coming back to work.

BROOKE
Have you forgotten all the trouble we went to getting her out?

AMANDA
What we did to Alison was down and dirty. We owe her.

(off her look)
Besides, she needs to work. To focus on something other than her handicap.

BROOKE
Fine. Let her enroll in a school for the blind and learn how to crochet --

AMANDA
(firm)
I've already made my decision. So henceforth, your responsibilities will be shared fifty-fifty with Alison.

BROOKE
I won't share anything with that woman.

AMANDA
(ignoring)
Alison will handle client communications. You'll oversee copy and design.

BROOKE
And just what title do you intend on giving her?

AMANDA
Same as before. Senior Ad Executive.

BROOKE
But I'm only a Junior Exec --

AMANDA
Seniority does have its privileges.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Brooke remains silent as a fellow worker strides past, then --

BROOKE
What's going on with you, Amanda? Are you getting soft?

AMANDA
No, I'm growing up a little. You should try it.

Brooke gives her a look -- no thanks.

AMANDA
We start breaking the Tyde-Wear campaign at two. Don't be late.

Off Brooke's grim expression as Amanda turns and exits.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MEDICAL BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Only a few shorts blocks from Rodeo Drive. Toney. Expensive. Quite the place to hang a shingle.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael and Peter follow a REAL ESTATE AGENT through the suite of offices and examination rooms. As they move into a large, windowed office--

MICHAEL
(to Peter)
... if you have all this extra energy, channel it into our partnership. Don't waste it on a nut-burger like my soon-to-be ex-wife.

Peter remains silent, reining in his anger. Michael looks around at the space. Likes what he sees.

MICHAEL
I could really get used to this.

He moves over to the window, looks out through the blinds.

MICHAEL
Nice view of the hills, too.
(to Peter)
What do you think?

Peter regards the Real Estate Agent.

PETER
Could you give Dr. Mancini and I a few minutes to talk things over?

(CONTINUED)
REAL ESTATE AGENT
Sure. But you should know, there are already two bids in. If you want the space, we’re going to have to move quickly.

Peter nods. Waits for the Real Estate Agent to exit before turning back to Michael --

PETER
On the subject of Kimberly, I don’t think it’s wise to go ahead with the divorce.

MICHAEL
Well, call me stupid then, but the sooner I’m free, the happier I’ll be.

PETER
She can’t handle the stress of a divorce right now.

MICHAEL
What is your deal with Kimberly?

PETER
I just don’t want to see her get screwed. That’s why I’m advising her to plead not guilty by reason of insanity.

MICHAEL
You’re her doctor. Her lover. And now her lawyer. I hope she has you on a retainer.

PETER
(ignoring)
She refuses to believe she’s insane. If you rock the boat now --

MICHAEL
(cutting him off)
You gotta have an angle. I just wish I could put my finger on it. It can’t be love. Maybe lust. Nah.

Peter stares back at Michael, as if a sense memory has been triggered. His temper flares.

PETER
Listen, you ungrateful little twit. Those are my coattails you’re riding. Without me, there is no partnership. So, if you want this to work, get off my back about Kimberly.
MICHAEL
(playing it smart)
Fine. Whatever you say. But I got
dibs on this office.

Peter's not entirely satisfied. Off Michael's big grin, a
lot more concerned with his own well-being than Kimberley's.

EXT. MACKENZIE HART DESIGNS - DAY

INT. MACKENZIE HART DESIGNS - DAY

OPEN on a satisfied Jane pouring over some new designs,
making some last refinements with her pencil. A beat,
RICHARD HART approaches, ad-libbing greetings to several
assistants. He hovers over Jane, studying the designs.
His expression dims.

RICHARD
This is too radical.

JANE
Then think of it as cutting edge.

Annoyed, he grabs one of the sketchings out of her hand.

RICHARD
Jane... this is not the way "we" do it
at MacKenzie Hart.

JANE
It is now.

Richard looks over at the Assistants who are now staring at
the two of them.

RICHARD
Why don't you ladies take a break?

The Assistants nod and exit. Richard turns back to Jane
who smiles --

JANE
Lighten up, Richard. A re-hash of
Mack's tired old designs won't get us
a spread in VOGUE.

RICHARD
Well, that's not your call, is it?

JANE
Fine. You can just go into the
antique clothing business. And while
you're at it, maybe you can bring back
the bell bottom.

(CONTINUED)
RICHARD
I resent the hell out of that. Mack was a star... she set the trends in American fashion... who are you to criticize her?

JANE
You didn't used to feel that way.

RICHARD
That's right. But you've changed, Jane. Your ego is so overblown, you can't even see that this isn't about you or us, but about the inadequacies of your designs.

Jane tosses down her pencil.

JANE
Screw you, Richard. If you've got problems with my work, then get some hacks in here to finish the line.
(rising)
But I'm not hanging around for the wake.

Richard, registering a confusion of emotions, watches as Jane storms out. We're off her, smiling to herself, clearly having calculated her every word and move as she continues to manipulate Richard.

DISSOLVE TO:

25 EXT. D & D ADVERTISING - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - NIGHT

NIGHT TWO

26 INT. D & D ADVERTISING - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda, Brooke, Billy and Alison in mid-meeting, seated around the table. In front of them, yellow pads, empty take-out pizza boxes and soda cans.

BILLY
... we went the celebrity spokesperson route the last two years.

AMANDA
And it was effective. Sales were up six percent.

ALISON
But they were up across the board in the industry... It's time to try something new. And fresh.

(CONTINUED)
Billy stares at Alison. She's got courage. A green-eyed Brooke just looks at him, realizes how she has to play this and turns on the charm.

BROOKE

Like what?

ALISON

I don't know... computer generated graphics. The locations could be digitized images, but the models could be real.

Alison reaches for her soda, can't find it. Billy takes her hand, places it around the can.

ALISON (to Billy) BROOKE

Thanks. It's a very interesting idea, Alison.

Amanda is surprised at Brooke's new attitude. Decides to press the issue to see what she's up to.

AMANDA

Tyde-wear is a conservative clothing manufacturer. They're still resisting the catalogue business.

BROOKE

But their resort wear is evolving.

ALISON


BILLY

But is that what our target consumers are buying?

Alison shifts uncomfortably, wavering between insecurity and feeling pleased with herself. This is not lost on Brooke who sees the chance to earn "brownie" points.

BROOKE

I don't mean to speak for Alison, but maybe campaign should be designed to broaden Tyde-Wear's appeal, reach out to younger consumers.

BILLY

And risk disenfranchising the existing ones?

ALISON

Billy, a lot of companies have tried it.

(CONTINUED)
BROOKE
And some of them have been successful.
Of course others have failed.

Amanda stares at her, realizing now that the devious little bitch is trying to covertly undercut Alison.

BROOKE
But Alison has been at this longer. I guess we have to trust her instincts.

AMANDA
(after a beat)
Well, I always have... Alison, you've got the floor.

Brooke smiles, pats Alison on the shoulder --

BROOKE
(sotto)
Good call.

Alison doesn't want to, but she can't resist a smile. Then shyly --

ALISON
I'm sorry, Amanda... But I really need to use the restroom first.

AMANDA
Of course. We could all use a ten minute break.

Alison stands. But that's as far as she can get on her own. This is difficult for her.

ALISON
I'm going to need some help getting there.

AMANDA
No problem... Brooke, could you please take Alison to the ladies room?

All Brooke's well laid plans are forgotten, as she exhibits a silent, visceral, negative reaction to this benign request. Billy and Amanda just stare at her.

AMANDA
Is there a problem?

BROOKE
(almost staccato)
Yes... I can't... You'll have to take her.

Alison can't handle being the subject of this conversation.

(CONTINUED)
ALISON
I know the way. That's okay.

She inches toward the door. Amanda stops her --

AMANDA
No, it's not.
(a look to Brooke)
I thought we were all going to try to work together?

Brooke looks from Amanda to Alison and back again. Then, she just loses it, storming out of the room, with tears in her eyes. Billy jumps up to follow --

AMANDA
Wait, Billy. Let me go.

He watches as Amanda exits into --

27 INT. D & D ADVERTISING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Amanda hurries after a clearly upset Brooke.

AMANDA
Brooke... stop acting like a green-eyeded bride and go apologize to Alison.

Brooke, her raw nerves evident, turns back.

BROOKE
I can't play Ann Sullivan to her Helen Keller.

AMANDA
You can, if you want to keep your job.

The two women stare each other down. Who will be the first to blink?

BROOKE
Fine. I quit.

AMANDA
Don't be ridiculous...

AMANDA
No, it's for the best... I'm coming into a great deal of money. I don't need to work. And... this way... you can hire someone else to nursemaid Alison...

(CONTINUED)
Amanda watches as Brooke continues down the hall. Off her shock and dismay.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

28 EXT. MELROSE PLACE - DAY  DAY THREE

29 INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Billy, getting dressed for work, sits on the edge of the bed as Brooke lingers under the bed sheets, in a sour mood.

BILLY
Just talk to me, Brooke. Tell me what's going on.

BROOKE
I quit my job. There's nothing more to tell.

BILLY
Something set you off last night. And it wasn't Alison.

Finally, she sits up, fixing him with a deep look. In that moment, she realizes she trusts him enough to confide in him. So with difficulty --

BROOKE
It has to do with my mother.

BILLY
Your mother?... You've never talked about her.

BROOKE
I know... Billy, when she died, it was after this long illness. And even though Daddy hired round-the-clock nurses, I took care of her most of the time... I mean, I don't know if someone close to you has ever been terminal, but taking care of them is like the only way to still have a relationship with them.

(off Billy's look)
I loved her so much. We were really close... And when she was too weak to do it on her own, I bathed her and...

(beat)
... anyway, when Amanda asked me to help Alison... it just hit a nerve. I didn't know I would react that way... but I... I couldn't do it.

Billy leans in and gives her a kiss.

(CONTINUED)
29 CONTINUED:

BILLY
I'm sorry.

(off her slow nod)
Y'know, you could have been honest
about your feelings last night.
Amanda and Alison would have
understood. You were among friends.

BROOKE
Billy, believe me, they're not my
friends. You're the only friend I've
got.

And she looks at him with such that he just melts, leaning
forward to kiss her.

BILLY
I love you.

And off their passionate embrace as he pushes her down on
the bed --

30 EXT. WILSHIRE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - 30
DAY

31 INT. WILSHIRE MEMORIAL - PSYCHIATRISTS' OFFICE - DAY 31

OPEN on a Rorschach inkblot, as DR. RALPH ETTLINGER holds
it up to Kimberly, seated on the chair opposite him. A
court ordered psychiatrist, Ettlinger is a cold fish.

KIMBERLY
This isn't going to work, doctor.

ETTLINGER
Just tell me what you see. Whatever
pops into your head.

She considers his order, then smiling --

KIMBERLY
Okay. I see a depressed, middle-aged
Freudian, with unexpressed homosexual
leanings --

Ettlinger doesn't blink, just holds up another ink blot.

KIMBERLY
What I need is someone to talk to.
Someone who will listen. Not a robot
head shrinker.

ETTLINGER
Kimberly, as I told you before, I'm
not your head shrinker.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
ETTLINGER (cont’d)
I’ve been appointed by the court to run some tests, to determine whether you’re fit to stand trial.

As Kimberly rises --

KIMBERLY
Then I demand to see a real shrink.

ETTLINGER
Dr. Burns will be here shortly and you can take it up with him. Now sit down.

She doesn’t sit, eying his desk and the obsessively neat stacks of pads and pencils. She finally looks back at him.

KIMBERLY
Okay, you win. But I can draw better pictures than Hermann Rorschach.

She looks to Ettlinger for understanding.

KIMBERLY
So, how about a pencil and paper? I’ll draw pictures and you can decipher their hidden meaning.

Ettlinger’s voice becomes more urgently insistent.

ETTLINGER
I asked you to sit down.

As Kimberly starts to pace, her eyes fill with tears --

KIMBERLY
Doctor, I’m a unique person. I can’t be pigeonholed by standard issue inkblots. Don’t you see? I’m losing my identity here.

As Ettlinger studies her for a beat, gets to his feet and crosses to the desk --

ETTLINGER
Alright. Calm down. We’ll try it your way.

Ettlinger hands her a sharp pencil, then reaches across the desk for a note pad. Suddenly and with premeditation, Kimberly grabs the pencil like a knife and stabs Ettlinger in the hand. His eyes meet hers -- he’s in shock, in horrific pain. She drops the pencil and makes her escape.
INT. WILSHIRE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Kimberly races down the hallway, disappearing around a corner just as Peter approaches from the opposite direction. A few more steps and he reaches the open office door, doing a double-take as he sees the wounded Ettlinger on the phone.

ETTLINGER
The bitch stabbed me. Escaped.
(pointing)
That way.

Peter moves off in pursuit --

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Kimberly racing down various corridors, searching for a way out. A few wrong turns slows her just enough for Peter to catch up. He spots her, at the end of a hall, next to an EMERGENCY EXIT. She pushes open the door, sounding the alarm --

PETER
Kimberly!

She reacts, turning to him --

PETER
Stop running! It’ll be okay!

KIMBERLY
I won’t spend my life locked up in an insane asylum! I’d rather die!

Peter inches forward like a hostage negotiator, never breaking eye contact --

PETER
Don’t do this.

KIMBERLY
Why? Because you care about me?... No one cares!

SEVERAL ARMED SECURITY GUARDS rush up behind him. He keeps them at bay, continuing to edge forward.

PETER
Let me handle this.
(then, to Kim)
See, I care about you, Kimberly. I won’t let anyone hurt you.

KIMBERLY
That’s bull. You might have slept with me, but you don’t really care about me. You don’t love me. I need to be loved again! Can you tell me that you love me?! Can you?!

(CONTINUED)
He knows what he has to say to persuade her. But it’s a lie. He wavers. Finally --

PETER
Yes... Kimberly, I love you.

It’s just what she needed to hear. She starts toward him. And as Peter takes her in his arms, worried that he may have promised too much --

EXT. ARMSTRONG ESTATE - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - DAY

INT. ARMSTRONG ESTATE - LIBRARY - DAY

Brooke and JOHN HIMMEL, the Armstrong family attorney, are seated on the sofa across from Hayley, backs to the door.

BROOKE
I think I’ve waited long enough for my inheritance.

Brooke’s tone establishes her confidence. She looks at Hayley --

BROOKE
Let’s get on with this.

HAYLEY
It’s not quite two o’clock, dear.

She looks to Hayley. Suddenly, he smiles --

HAYLEY
There he is...

Brooke’s mascara’d eyes go wide as she follows Hayley’s look over to the door and sees Billy. Not happy, she fights to maintain her composure.

BROOKE
Billy? What are you doing here?

BILLY
Your father called me. What’s going on, Brooke?

She crosses to him, kissing him on the lips.

BROOKE
Just some boring, family business. Nothing you’d be interested in.

HAYLEY
(interrupting)
Well, if you’ll take your seats, we can get started.

(CONTINUED)
BROOKE
Daddy, Billy has better things to do
with his time.

Billy picks up on the looks going between Brooke and
Hayley, decides to stay.

BILLY
Not really.

He sits down on the sofa next to Himmel.

BILLY
(shaking hands)
Billy Campbell.

HIMMEL
John Himmel. Congratulations on your
marriage.

BILLY
Thanks.

Brooke reacts with angry unease, but under Hayley's
unrelenting stare she finally takes her seat. He gestures
to Himmel to begin --

HIMMEL
Well, as you all know, pursuant to
Mrs. Armstrong's will, at the time of
her death, a trust fund was set up for
her only child, Brooke.

Billy angles a look at Brooke. He wasn't aware of this.

HIMMEL
It was her further wish that the
monies in the fund be given to you
upon your marriage.

He holds out a check to Brooke.

BILLY
Why didn't you tell me about this?

She doesn't answer, taking the check from Himmel. Her
expression pales.

HER POV - THE CHECK

It reads: PAY TO THE ORDER OF BROOKE ARMSTRONG CAMPBELL,
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND NO CENTS.

BACK TO BROOKE

The wind knocked out of her sails.

(CONTINUED)
BROOKE
Ten thousand dollars?! How the hell am I supposed to live on ten thousand dollars?!

A flicker of self-satisfaction crosses Hayley’s features, but he doesn’t let it into his voice.

HAYLEY
I’m sorry if you’re disappointed, but the money was never intended as a dowry. Simply a wedding present.

Billy, stares at Brooke, on his feet. Splits. She rises, charging after him.

BROOKE
Billy, please let me explain! Billy!

But he’s gone. Out the door. She wheels around to face her father, full of venom.

BROOKE
Why are you so determined to destroy my happiness?

HAYLEY
Don’t blame me for your troubles. Marriage is built on trust. And as far as Billy’s concerned... well, he just can’t trust you, can he?

Off Brooke, realizing that her marriage may be in trouble.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 EXT. MELROSE PLACE COURTYARD - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - NIGHT NIGHT THREE

36 INT. BILLY’S APARTMENT – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Billy’s changing out of his work clothes as Brooke leans in the door. A long, silent beat.

BROOKE
Are you going to talk to me again? Ever?

He’s so angry he can hardly bring himself to look at her.

BILLY
Did you marry me just for the money?

BROOKE
Did you marry me just because you couldn’t have Alison?

(CONTINUED)
36 CONTINUED:

BILLY
(shakes his head)
I can't talk to you.

He brushes his past her into the hall. Following, she
tries a softer tack --

BROOKE
Billy, I could have married Lowell. I
could have married anyone. But I
chose you. I love you.

37 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He grabs his jacket off the back of the sofa and starts for
the door.

BILLY
I'll meet you at Shooters.

BROOKE
(pleading)
I didn't want the money for myself. I
wanted it for us.

As he throws open the door --

BILLY
Well, you should have talked to me.
Then you'd know I don't want your
family's money... In this family,
we stand on our own.

And he blows out of there. Off Brooke's worried look --

38 EXT. SHOOTERS - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - NIGHT

39 INT. SHOOTERS - NIGHT

Jo and Matt are seated at a table, drinking beers, in
mid-serious conversation.

JO
... Look, Matt, your lawyer was
probably just covering her ass.
Presenting a worse case scenario.

MATT
No, she told me to prepare myself.
And my parents. Those were her exact
words.

(beat)
Jo, if she doesn't find a crack in
Paul's story, I'm going to be facing
serious jail time.

(CONTINUED)
JO
Just stop thinking that way. You're not going to jail.

Under which Jo catches the attention of a passing Waitress.

JO
My friend and I will have another draft.

She nods and moves away. Jo reassuringly pats Matt on the back, then tosses a look over at --

JAKE

several sheets to the wind and flirting with Amanda at the bar. He looks over. Their eyes meet. Jo's the first to look away, she doesn't get what his problem is. We stay with Jake and Amanda. Amanda eyes him critically as he pours himself another beer.

AMANDA
Maybe you should slow down.

JAKE
And maybe you should lighten up. This is a party, Amanda. Eat, drink, and be merry.

CAMERA ANGLES DOWN the bar to Jane who is talking with Brooke and a sullen Billy.

JANE
(to Brooke)
... Now that I'm designing for MacKenzie Hart, if you're interested, I'm sure I can get you wholesale plus twenty-five percent.

BROOKE
Jane, that would be great. I love a bargain.

BILLY
(a dig)
Yeah. Brooke, is really watching her pennies these days.

Brooke eyeballs him with annoyance. Billy could care less. He looks around --

BILLY
(to Jane)
Do you know if Alison is coming?

This really irks Brooke, which doesn't go unnoticed by Jane.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
No, she’s not. Just getting through
the day exhausts her.

BILLY
Well, maybe I’ll call her and say good
night.

Feeling Jane’s eyes on her, Brooke feigns a smile as Billy
moves off past an entering Michael who looks around, sees
Matt, eyes him with amusement. Then, crossing over to his
table --

MICHAEL
Jo... Matt...
(leans in to Matt)
Do me a favor, pal. Don’t try and
punch anyone’s lights out tonight. I
had a long day in the O.R. I’m not in
the mood to save your butt again.

Matt rolls his eyes. Just then, Sydney, with jacket in
hand and carrying her purse, sweeps past, headed for the
door. Jake, still behind the bar, spots her --

JAKE
Where the hell are you going?

SYDNEY
Home. My shift’s over.

JAKE
(a look to Amanda)
What is everyone’s problem?
(back to Sydney)
C’mon, Syd. At least let me buy you a
drink.

Sydney stops and turns toward him --

SYDNEY
Unlike you, Jake, when tragedy
strikes, I don’t kick up my heels and
wrap my lips around a bottle. See you
tomorrow.

JAKE
(an ultimatum)
Not unless you have a drink with me.

Sydney and Amanda exchange a look, then --

AMANDA
You’re not serious?

JAKE
What’s it going to be, Syd?

(Continued)
There's a long beat as Sydney chooses her words carefully --

SYDNEY
If you want to self-destruct, go ahead. But I'll be damned if I'm going to help you.

Sydney starts out. Jake laughs to himself, calls out --

JAKE
You're fired.

Too late. I quit.

And as Sydney exits in a cloud of dust, Amanda turns to Jake --

AMANDA
Jake, she was just being a friend.

Just then, a FAVORITE SONG of Jake's starts to play on the jukebox. Without answering her --

JAKE
Will you excuse me?

And clearly inebriated, he crosses to Jo's table --

JAKE
(to Jo)
Dance with me.

Jo studies him --

JO
Thanks, but I left my dancing shoes at home.

She turns back to Matt. But Jake is insistent, grabbing her hand and pulling her out onto the dance floor --

JO
Jake!

She pulls free --

JO
I meant what I said. I don't want to dance with you when you're drunk.

INTERCUT MATT
Like everyone else, he's staring at them. But unlike the others, he's wound too tight, ready to explode. Jake tosses his head back, laughs.

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
How come "no" wasn’t in your vocabulary when you were with my brother?

Shocked, she just stares at him.

JAKE
I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that. Let’s just dance.

And once again he pulls her toward him. Holding her too tight. Starting to lead her around the floor.

JO
(fighting him)
What is your problem?! Let go of me.

ANGLE MATT

Needing to beat the crap out of someone, anyone. He leaps to his feet and charges past Michael to Jo’s rescue. As Michael reacts --

Matt muscles Jake away from Jo. A pissed Jake wheels around to face him. Matt takes a swing at him. Jake fights back, landing a jab of his own, lashing out at his own demons... at his brother. But suddenly, Jake just gives up. Allows Matt to use him as a punching bag.

Michael sets down his beer and rushes over, as does Billy. But their help is not necessary as Matt realizes Jake isn’t fighting back. Matt stops and stares at him.

CLOSER JAKE

Breathless, as he looks around and sees everyone staring at him. Matt. Michael. Billy. Jo. Amanda. Jane. Brooke. The guilt and anger he’s been suppressing is now on display for all to see. He bolts into his office, slamming the door behind him. They watch him go. A concerned Jo quickly turns and follows --

40 INT. JAKE’S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

As Jo cautiously opens the door and enters, pausing in the doorway. Jake is sitting at the desk. Sobs choke out of him. Past the point of embarrassment, he slowly raises his head and looks into Jo’s questioning but loving eyes. A beat, then the truth pours out of him --

JAKE
I killed my brother... I killed my brother...

Jo moves around the desk and takes him in her arms, comforting him.

(CONTINUED)
40 CONTINUED:

Oh, Jake...

Off his torment.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

41 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MEDICAL BUILDING – ESTABLISHING (STOCK) – DAY  DAY FOUR

42 INT. MICHAEL AND PETER’S OFFICE – OUTER OFFICE – DAY

CAMERA PANS across a row of JOB APPLICANTS, serious babes, waiting to be interviewed. A beat, the door to Michael’s office swings open and an equally STUNNING BLOND, in a tight mini-skirt, walks out. Michael follows a few steps back. Peter behind him.

MICHAEL

We’ll be in touch.

She gives a wave and exits as Michael turns his attention to the remaining beauties, making eye contact with a TALL BRUNETTE.

MICHAEL

I believe you’re next, Miss...

Suddenly Peter steps forward --

PETER

We’re sorry to have wasted your valuable time, ladies. But the position has been filled.

Michael spins around. What the hell is he talking about?

PETER

Thanks for coming.

The disappointed women nod and stream out. An incredulous Michael watches them go --

MICHAEL

Are you out of your mind? This was the most fun I’ve had since I graduated medical school.

Peter checks his watch, starts to edge toward the door --

PETER

I’ve got a bypass scheduled.

(beat)

We hire a receptionist with a high babe quotient, we’ll spend all our time chasing skirt and competing with each other.

MICHAEL

So?

(CONTINUED)
42 CONTINUED:

G  

Peter
So you're going to call the employment agency and have them send over someone neither one of us could possibly be attracted to.

And Peter sweeps out past an entering Sydney --

Sydney
Hi.

Peter
Hi. (to Michael)
I'm counting on you, Mancini.

And he's gone. Sydney looks around.

Sydney
Wow. This is really nice. Can I have a tour?

Michael
What are you doing here, Syd?

Sydney
Passing time... I quit my job last night, remember?

Michael
Yeah, right before the big fight...
If you ask me, it was smart move.
Hansen's off the deep end.

Sydney
Jake's just going through a rough time because of his brother.

(beat)
Well, you're probably busy so, if you hear of any job openings...

Suddenly struck by an idea --

Michael
How would you feel about working for me and Peter?

Sydney
Well, I don't have any medical training. What are the necessary qualifications?

Michael
Don't worry, Syd. You're perfect.

Off her big innocent smile --
A somber Richard is out on the deck when the DOORBELL RINGS. His mood lightens as he crosses to the front door and opens it to Jane. She looks like a million bucks.

RICHARD
I was afraid you wouldn't come.

JANE
The thought had crossed my mind. You were way out of line the other day.

There's a beat as a look passes between them.

JANE

RICHARD
Jane, I'm sorry. The last thing I wanted was to hurt you. It's just...

He starts back into the living room. She follows.

RICHARD
... you don't understand my relationship with MacKenzie. It was more than business. Mack walked into my lecture hall at Harvard and it was like I had known her my whole life. She was my best friend. My lover. My teacher.

He sits down on the sofa, fighting back tears of loss.

RICHARD
We may have had problems in our marriage, but our bond as friends... that never changed... we trusted each other... always told each other the truth...

He looks up at Jane --

RICHARD
... until I fell in love with you. If I'd only been honest with her, Mack wouldn't have followed me to your apartment and...

Utterly miserable and overwhelmed with guilt, he starts to cry. Jane, genuinely moved, kneels down and takes him in her arms.

JANE
Richard, you're not responsible for what happened. It was Kimberly. She killed MacKenzie.
CONTINUED:

Several beats as he tries to regain his composure.

JANE
I’ve been so insensitive to your feelings. Your loss. I hope you can forgive me.

His look says he can. And as he rests his head on her shoulder, emotionally torn between a dead woman and Jane.

44 EXT. D & D ADVERTISING - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - DAY

45 INT. D & D ADVERTISING - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Billy and Amanda approach Brooke, seated on the sofa, waiting. She stands. There’s tension in the air.

AMANDA
(cool)
Thanks to Billy, you’ve got five minutes for the mea culpas.

As Amanda sits down on the sofa --

BROOKE
Thank you, Amanda.

Brooke smiles gratefully at Billy, who’s still upset with her.

BILLY
I’ve got work to do.
(quietly; to Brooke)
Good luck.

As Billy moves off --

AMANDA
Four minutes and thirty seconds.

Brooke sits down next to her --

BROOKE
Amanda, you were right. I let my personal feelings get in the way of my professional objectivity.

She tries to read Amanda’s reaction, but it’s inscrutable.

BROOKE
I’m sorry for walking out on you. And for all the things I said... I would do anything, even answer phones, if you could just find it in your heart to hire me back.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Amanda can't resist a small smile.

AMANDA
What about all that money you were coming into?

Masking the disappointment over her paltry inheritance --

BROOKE
Money or no money, I need a career to feel fulfilled. I realize that now.

Amanda considers her --

AMANDA
Well, lucky for you, I've grown soft -- that was what you accused me of, right?

(off her contrite nod)
You can come back to the agency...

(off Brooke's relief)
... but not as an executive.

BROOKE
As what then?

Amanda grins.

AMANDA
Alison's assistant. Take it or leave it.

BROOKE
Well, I guess I've grown soft, too. I'll take it.

Off Brooke, swallowing her pride --

EXT. HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - DAY

INT. HOBBS' OFFICE - DAY

Hobbs is behind his desk. Peter and Dr. Ettlinger are also present.

ETTLINGER
... Kimberly Shaw is competent to stand trial.

PETER
What the hell do you base that opinion on, doctor?
ETTLINGER

On the fact that she's vicious, sadistic, and still has the "marbles" to manipulate even you, doctor.

PETER

Well, I guess it's a lot easier for you guys to drop kick the tough cases into the court system than to try and cure them?

Etlinger flashes both irritation and a bandaged hand.

ETTLINGER

First, I'm attacked by a pencil-wielding patient. Now, by a love struck surgeon.

HOBBS

Peter, he has a point...

PETER

(insistent)

I'm not in love with Kimberly. We're friends. And if my friend has to face a long, drawn out trial, she will go off the deep end. Maybe never come back.

ETTLINGER

Doctor Burns, she's already there.

As Peter exchanges a severe look with him --

PETER

(a plea; to Hobbs)

Calvin, please. Kimberly's not just a patient. She's a doctor. On staff at this hospital. If there's even a doubt as to her sanity, don't we owe her another session, with a new psychiatrist?

Hobbs sits back in his chair, considering this.

HOBBS

Okay. I'll see what I can do.

ETTLINGER

You're wasting your time.

PETER

(feigning confidence)

Look, if it makes you happy, just put it in your report.

Etlinger harpoons Peter with a pissy look and exits. Off Peter, as he regards Hobbs, not certain he's doing either of them a favor.
INT. JO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Matt is standing, with the phone in hand, about to dial as Jo unlocks the front door and enters. Juggling bags of groceries, she looks over at him.

JO
Hi. Thought I'd cook us dinner.

He quickly hangs up the phone. And looking like he's been caught with his hand in the cookie jar --

MATT
Great. Let me help you with those.

He crosses over and takes the bags from her.

JO
Matt, is something wrong?

MATT (evading)
No. I've just got too much time on my hands...

(closer to the truth)
I feel like I should be doing something.

She follows Matt who carries the groceries into the kitchen.

JO
You're doing exactly what you're supposed to be doing -- letting your lawyer handle things.

MATT
Yeah, but... Jo, maybe the only way out of this, is to... I don't know... confront Paul again... make him confess --

JO (emphatic)
No... Matt, trust me on this. I've been there. If I had just listened to my lawyer, and not been so damn bullheaded, maybe I would still have my baby.

MATT
(beat)
Yeah, well... I guess you're right.

JO
I know I am. Don't talk to Paul. Don't see him. The last thing you need right now is more trouble.

Matt tries to look agreeable for her benefit. A beat.

(CONTINUED)
MATT
Look, why don’t I put away the groceries... since you’re going to be the one slaving over the hot stove.

JO
Thanks. It’ll give me time to jump in the shower.

And she exits. Matt waits a beat, then -- his mind already made up -- he crosses to phone, picks it up and dials. He steels himself. Finally --

MATT
Hello, Paul...

INTERCUT: INT. PAUL’S BEDROOM - DAY
Paul, on the other end, is stunned.

PAUL
Leave me alone. Or I swear, I’ll call the cops.

MATT
Don’t. I just want to apologize for the scene I caused in the cafeteria. (off Paul’s silence) I still love you, Paul.

PAUL
You need a wake-up call, pal. You killed my wife.

MATT
I know you still love me, too. That’s why I have to tell you... Paul, my lawyer turned up some evidence linking you to Carol’s murder.

Paul reacts sharply, not knowing whether to believe him.

PAUL
That’s bull.

MATT
I couldn’t live with myself, if I did anything to hurt you.

Now clearly unnerved, trying to send him a message.

PAUL
Don’t call me here again.

Off Matt’s devious grin as he hears the panicked CLICK at the other end.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. MELROSE PLACE Courtyard - Establishing (Stock) - Night

At least half the complex is bathed in darkness.

INT. JANE’S APARTMENT - Night

BG, we hear the shower running. Billy arranges several containers of Chinese takeout on the dining room table. Suddenly, he hears Alison scream.

BILLY

Alison?!

He races down the hall to the bathroom and throws open the door to reveal --

INT. JANE’S BATHROOM - Night

A naked Alison lying on the floor. She’s sobbing.

ALISON

I slipped getting out of the shower.

Billy rips a towel off the rack and covers her, helping her to her feet. Now they’re face-to-face. Their bodies close. Feeling the heat, they lean in, both anticipating a kiss. A long, sensuous beat, broken by a breathless and moral Billy as he pulls away. Before either one of them can say anything, the front door opens and --

JANE’S VOICE

Hi, honey. I’m home.

Billy regards Alison and starts to beat a fast exit. She can hear him leaving.

ALISON

Billy...

But it’s too late, as he hurries back down the hall into --

INT. JANE’S LIVING ROOM - Night

Jane has tossed down her purse and keys and crossed to the table, nibbling on the food as Billy appears.

JANE

How did you know Chinese was my favorite?

Clearly upset, he continues over to the door.

BILLY

I gotta go.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

JANE
Aren't you going to stay for dinner?

BILLY
I can't.

And he bolts out the front door. Jane doesn't get it. Just then, Alison appears, wrapped in her robe.

JANE
What's up with Billy?

Alison can't resist a smile.

ALISON
Guess he's not used to seeing me naked anymore.

JANE
Alison, you are so bad.

And as our "Thelma" and "Louise" exchange a look --

INT. BILLY’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Billy unlocks the door and enters. Brooke, reading on the sofa, looks up. Without a word, he crosses to her, stripping off his shirt as he goes, pushing her down on the sofa. She's confused --

BROOKE
Billy?...

He silences her with a kiss. Only now, mistakenly believing he has forgiven her, does she embrace him with equal passion. We're out on Billy, working off his sexual frustration from the close encounter with Alison --

INT. JO’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jo is slaving over the hot stove. Matt is nowhere to be seen. The DOORBELL RINGS. Calling out --

JO
I'll get it.

-- she tosses aside a potholder, crosses to the door and opens it to a sobered up Jake. An awkward moment, then --

JAKE
Look, I'm sorry about last night. I was a real jerk.

She can't help but smile -- he seems so genuinely apologetic.

(CONTINUED)
JO
Yeah, you were. But who hasn’t been, at one time or another?

Jake nods. And then with total sincerity --

JAKE
I need you, Jo.

Tears well in her eyes. He’s touched her heart.

JO
I need you, too.

Off their emotional embrace --

EXT. ARMSTRONG ESTATE - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - NIGHT

INT. ARMSTRONG ESTATE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Hayley, in a monogrammed robe and silk pajamas, is drinking a brandy as a blue-jeaned Brooke KNOCKS and enters. He looks up at the clock, it’s after midnight.

HAYLEY
It’s awfully late for a social visit. Where’s Billy?

BROOKE
Back at the apartment. I snuck out after he fell asleep.

HAYLEY
(a dig)
Trouble in paradise, so soon, dear?

BROOKE
No. Billy’s forgiven me for not telling him about the inheritance. Or lack thereof.

(beat)
Will you forgive me, Daddy?

He regards her.

HAYLEY
Of course. You’re my daughter. And I love you.

Brooke moves over, giving him a big hug. Then --

BROOKE
I love you, too, Daddy... Could I have a brandy, too?

Hayley nods. As he crosses to the bar --

(CONTINUED)
BROOKE
It almost seems like old times, being here with you. Drinking by the fire.
(Off his smile)
I’ve got some good news. I’m back at the agency.

HAYLEY
That’s my girl.

BROOKE
Yeah, Amanda was great about it. Of course, now I’m working for Alison again.

HAYLEY
That can’t be easy for you.

He hands the brandy to Brooke.

BROOKE
Well, I’m trying to be mature about things. I mean, the poor thing is blind.

As he sits down behind his desk --

HAYLEY
I’ve always liked Alison. I was very sorry to hear about what happened.

BROOKE
Well, I feel bad for her, too. Even though I know she’s still in love with my husband.

HAYLEY
I’m sorry. I wish things could have turned out better.

BROOKE
Sorry enough to float me a loan? I know what I just said, but the truth is, I can’t be happy with Alison around. I have to get of D & D. Out of that damn apartment building. Away from her.

HAYLEY
Sure.

Brooke brightens as she observes Hayley take out his check register. As he writes out a check --

HAYLEY
How do you intend to explain a hundred thousand dollars to your husband?

(Continued)
She can’t resist a big smile --

**BROOKE**
I don’t. I’m going to set up a separate checking account, at another bank.

Satisfied, he rips out the check, starts to hand it to her. Suddenly, at the last instant, he pulls it just out of reach --

**BROOKE**
Daddy!

**HAYLEY**
There is, however, one small condition to the money. Brooke. You don’t get it until you file for divorce.

Off Brooke’s shock and indecision --

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**