



Dear Not-So-Secret Diary  
season one, episode eight  
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[Home](#)  
[Episodes](#)  
[Characters](#)  
[Background](#)  
[News](#)  
[Feedback](#)

### Marquette Cove High School

Vanessa Watson cleared off her desk, preparing to take her lunch break. She was starting her break earlier than usual, since she had a larger lunch than normal. Vanessa was eating for two now — she was already four months into her pregnancy.

Vanessa sat down in the plush chair behind her desk, and opened one of the drawers on her right. Inside were three plastic-wrapped chicken sandwiches, minus the chicken. Vanessa was already to the point where poultry disgusted her.

She placed the sandwiches onto her desk and unwrapped the first one. But before she could take a bite, Vanessa heard a knock at her door.

"Hey, how's he doing?" Ryan Phillips asked as he walked into the classroom. "Or...uh, she?"

"Go away, Ryan," Vanessa said, sighing.

"I'm just trying to clear the air," Ryan assured her.

"And I'm very tired. Can we do that later?"

"We're going to have to talk sometime."

"No, we don't."

"Vanessa, if this is my —"

"It is not your baby, Ryan."

"But we should still do a paternity test, right? Just to be sure."

"I don't need a test to tell me that you're not the father."

"I just want to be sure."

"Ryan, I know who the father is."

"Then why won't you tell me?"

"It's none of your business."

"Like hell it isn't!" Ryan shouted, slamming his fist into the chalkboard on the wall.

Vanessa rolled her eyes. "Ryan, please leave."

"I'll find out who the father is," Ryan said. "One way or another."

Ryan stormer out of the room, slamming the door behind him. The force of the slam caused a book to fall from one of the shelves located near the door.

Vanessa reluctantly slid out of her chair and walked over to the bookshelf. She bent over and picked up the book. It was one of [Alexis Lopez's](#) books that she had left behind earlier.

Alexis didn't have Vanessa's economics class until eighth period, which is why Vanessa had placed the book on the shelf until she could see Alexis.

Vaness flipped through the pages in the book, stopping on the last page. Glancing at the last few lines, Vanessa gasped and dropped the book.

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*Love is eternal. Life is forever.  
Yet things shall always remain...guasti cose.*

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### **Emerald Café**

Samantha Clark took a sip from her glass of Coke, smiling at her friend, Allison Gellar.

"Ryan and I used to come here for lunch all the time," Samantha said. "But he's been so busy lately."

"Well, we've all been busy this quarter," Allison said. "I've had more counseling sessions in these past two months that I had all of last semester."

"I know," Samantha said, nodding. "Did you hear about Nicholas Brennan?"

"The boy who shot his girlfriend and the night janitor?"

"Yeah, the police haven't found him yet."

"He just disappeared?"

"Without a trace. They've got police doing surveillance around town."

"Well, that must be quite the change from their not working at all," Allison joked.

Samantha laughed. "Come on now, they caught that serial burglar last week, didn't they? And it only took them *nine* months this time."

"What *is* a serial burglar anyway? I mean —" Allison was interrupted by the ringing of her cell phone. "Excuse me."

Allison reached into her purse and removed her cell phone.

"Hello?"

"Allison, I need you to come back to the school as soon as you can."

"Who is this?"

"Vanessa."

"How did you get this number?" Allison demanded.

"Allison, can you stop being annoying for two seconds? This is serious."

Allison sighed. "What's the problem?"

"It's a problem with Alexis Lopez. She's one of Ryan's students."

"God, can't you leave well enough alone, Vanessa? What Ryan does is none of your business."

"Just get here, dammit," Vanessa snapped, hanging up the phone.

Allison turned off her cell phone and shoved it back into her purse. She frowned and pulled out a ten-dollar bill to cover the cost of her lunch.

"I've got to go," Allison said.

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### **Marquette Cove High School Mr. Hanley's Office**

"Are we going to spend all day talking about **Antonio**?" Michael Hanley asked.

"Sorry," Vincent Moore apologized. "I was rambling again, wasn't I?"

"Just a tad," Michael said, smiling.

"You wanted to talk to me about something?"

"Yes, I wanted to see how you were doing," Michael said.

"You did?"

"Things have been very tough for you this year, haven't they? One of your friends died recently, and your mother nearly died as well," Michael said.

Vince frowned and glanced down at Michael's desk.

"Yeah, she did," Vince responded weakly.

"When is she coming home?"

"In September," Vince replied. "Maybe earlier. But that's a long way from now."

"Eleven months. Not that far away," Michael said.

"I guess not."

"Vince, I know that our families have had their share of difficulties with each other in the past, but I wanted to speak with you privately to let you know that I wish the best for you and your family."

"Thank you. I appreciate it."

"The next three years are going to be very tough for you."

Vince's eyes widened when Michael made that comment. "What do you — what do you mean by that?"

### **Miss Watson's Classroom**

"Oh my God," Allison gasped, looking at the pages in Alexis's book. "I mean...wow."

"Now do you see why I called you?" Vanessa asked.

"Yes, I do," Allison said. "I should...I should set up a meeting with her."

"If any of it's true —"

"No, it can't be," Allison said, cutting Vanessa off. "Ryan would never engage in a sexual relationship with one of his students. He's not that kind of person."

"How well do you really know him?"

"Well, not as well as *you* obviously," Allison said. "Of course, the same could be said about most of the men you know."

Vanessa rolled her eyes. "Shut up, Allison."

"I'm going to set up a meeting with Alexis for later today," Allison said. "Does she have any free periods?"

"No, but she can meet with you during eighth. She has my class then," Vanessa said.

"Well, it's not as if she'll miss anything."

Vanessa glared at Allison.

"Sorry," Allison apologized. "Reflex."

### **Mr. Hanley's Office**

"The next three years of high school," Michael said, clarifying. "The years before college?"

"Oh. Yeah," Vince said.

Vince checked his watch.

"My lunch period is starting in a few minutes," Vince said. "And I've really got to get some studying done. The weekend and all."

"Sure, go ahead," Michael said. "I'll talk to you next week."

"All right," Vince said.

Vince stood up, but before leaving, he had one more question to ask Michael.

"So, Antonio is actually *enrolled* here?"

Michael narrowed his eyes at Vince.

"Leaving now," Vince said.

He walked towards the door and opened it up, revealing Vanessa standing in the doorway.

"Miss Watson," Vince said, greeting her.

"Vince," Vanessa responded.

Vince left the room, and Vanessa walked inside. She closed the door and sat down in the chair Vince had been seated in.

"Hello Michael," Vanessa said.

"Vanessa," Michael said, smiling. "What can I do for you?"

"It's about Ryan Phillips," Vanessa replied. "He's been...he's been asking me about the father of my child."

"And what does that have to do with me?"

"Well, it is *yours*," Vanessa said. "Or have you forgotten?"

**executive producer  
Ira Madison**

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**on the next *guasti cose*...**

Damon attempts to blackmail Alec and Jessica.

Antonio makes a startling discovery.

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