

1/5

Sc. 1

INT. LOFT - DAY

CLOSE ON THE FRONT DOOR

As it opens to reveal CLEA HOPKINS, early 30's. A warm, genuine smile, she is a woman of substance with a hint of a bohemian nature:

"CLEA"

START →

CLEA

Mr. Bohm?

REVERSE on Martin in the doorway. Jeans, t-shirt, barefoot, coffee mug in his hand. He stares, suspiciously --

MARTIN

Who wants to know?

CLEA

(extends her hand)

Clea Hopkins, Child and Family Services.

Hearing this, Martin's jaw tightens. Ready for a fight.

MARTIN

What happened to "Miss" Lebowski?

And he says "Miss" with utter disdain.

CLEA

She's on maternity leave.

MARTIN

(deadpan)

You're kidding. God help us all.

CLEA

Well... those things happen...

She's not about to let his demeanor dampen her warmth. Martin makes a big show of looking down the hallway in both directions. Stares back at her defiantly --

MARTIN

Where are the men in white suits?

CLEA

I'm sorry?

MARTIN

You're here to take my son, right?

Touch

Mar 25, 2017 12:54 PM - Mar 25, 2017 12:54 PM

CLEA

I've come to do an assessment of his current situation to determine a proper course of --

MARTIN

Bullshit! The kid's had three strikes against him since he was eight. And you people have been circling the building ever since --

This is a macho display, as he takes a step forward. She holds a hand out to stop him.

CLEA

Take a deep breath, Mr. Bohm, I'm just following protocol based on the recommendation of the facility where your son's been --

MARTIN

Facility?! He'd have been safer if I'd left him in a cardboard box in Times Square every day! And if you think I'm going to just let you walk in here now and take my--

CLEA

(surprisingly tough)

I'm here to do my job! I told you, I've come to evaluate your home situation and report my findings!

(then)

Now, either you let me in to do that, or you leave me no choice but to file a hostile encounter report. Trust me, you don't want that.

A Mexican standoff. A long beat, then Martin acquiesces, and swings the door open. As she steps through, she hands him a folded NEWSPAPER.

CLEA (CONT'D)

Your paper.

He takes the NEWSPAPER and lets her in.

— END

Mar 25, 2011 12:34 PM - Mar 25, 2011 12:34 PM

# Sc. 2

INT. LOFT - DAY

Clea sits on the sofa staring at the notebook. Martin paces in front of her, completely lit up by this.

→  
**START**

CLEA

...There are strange coincidences around us all the time. And autistic children often have a heightened--

MARTIN

(snaps, impatient)  
-- Ability for numbers! You think I don't know that?!

CLEA

I'm sorry. Of course you do.  
(then, confessing)  
This is only my third solo case and I'm still new at... I'm sorry.

MARTIN

Great, I get the one with the training wheels.

CLEA

Mr. Bohm, your son has a diagnosis of Childhood Disintegrative Disorder, the most severe form of autism. There is no positive outcome for this...

(off Martin's silence)

It's not uncommon for the guardian to feel a lack of human connection to these children...

MARTIN

Unless that's exactly what he's trying to do. Connect!

Martin starts to pace.

CLEA

Mr. Bohm... Please.  
(then)

The truth is, the State believes that it is time for Jacob to be institutionalized to keep him from harming himself or others.

MARTIN

But if he's finally communicating...!

- Mar 25, 2011 12:54 PM - Mar 25, 2011 12:54 PM

She looks at him, frustrated that she's not getting through.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Jake climbed that tower three times. And each time the security camera's caught him at exactly 3:18.

CLEA

I don't see what any of this has to do with--

MARTIN

For two weeks now he's set every clock in the house to this time.

Martin crosses to a nearby dresser, turns a clock around. Sure enough it reads, "3:18".

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And then there's this.

He yanks open a drawer, pulls out another NOTEBOOK, just like the one that we've seen Jake using. Hands it to Clea. She opens it and leafs through the pages.

Every page is scrawled from top to bottom with the same three digits over and over - "318, 318, 318, 318, 318, 318...." Page after page after page. Clea looks up, intrigued.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

He's trying to say something. And I didn't even realize it.

Clea stares at him for a long beat, then --

CLEA

What you're talking about is just wish fulfillment.

MARTIN

You're saying I'm making it all up.

CLEA

I'm saying that human connection is a powerful need. It can drive us to see meaning where there isn't any.

MARTIN

Three cases into a career and you've got it all figured out, don't you? You know it all.

5/5

CLEA

I know enough to recognize someone who's underwater, who's given up too much. A career, a wife... Your life is now dominated by a child that you can no longer control. Have you ever truly communicated with him? Does he even know who you are?!

That stops him in his tracks with no clever comeback.

CLEA (CONT'D)

That's not your fault. No one is judging you for that.

He looks at her and we see tears starting to well in his eyes.

CLEA (CONT'D)

There's a board and care facility fifteen blocks from here. The best in the city. At the end of his two week evaluation period you will be given a chance to make your case for custody. It will be based on your ability to control, care for, and communicate with him.

Martin slumps down onto the arm of the sofa.

CLEA (CONT'D)

Once he's out of the house, I think you'll see that you'll both be better off with this arrangement.

Martin lowers his eyes as he listens to this.

CLEA (CONT'D)

Sometimes you just have to get out of a bad situation to finally see what's best for everyone.

**- END**

And she says this with a kind of understanding that tells us she's speaking from experience. Off Martin looking at her, tears in his eyes --

- Mar 25, 2011 12:54 PM - Mar 25, 2011 12:54 PM