

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - LATE

(**The first time a character is mentioned it should be capitalized and the character should be briefly described.)

~~Molly~~ MOLLY (**Briefly describe her here) . . . is in her bedroom. The light is amber in a Victorian decorated space. Molly is seen talking to herself in front of a full length mirror in a granny nightgown and high heels. She is twisting back and forth to observe her shoes from all sides.

MOLLY

Yes, Your Honor. My name is Molly O'Shields

A look of satisfaction comes over her, she nods and clicks her heels twice like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz. She removes her shoes by jumping up and down and turns around looking at the floor to pick up a pink fuzzy, bunny slipper. She slips it on and looks down again for the other slipper but it is nowhere to be found. She calls the dog.

MOLLY

Come here, Willie.

The dog peeks out from under the bed with the missing slipper in his mouth.

MOLLY

(continuing; strained smile)

Come here good boy. Gimme that.

As she speaks, the dog turns and crawls further under the bed, holding onto his treasure.

Molly flops her arms in frustration and turns to look in her closet.

There has clothes hanging on the door, on the floor, on the dresser. Scanning the room there are clothes thrown about everywhere. She reaches in and pulls out a suit. She holds it to her body and nods in approval. She hangs it above the pair of high heels, sets her alarm clock, removes the one slipper and whips it under the bed.

MOLLY

Here you go!

She turns out the light, pulls down her comforter and slips into bed. The dog jumps up and rolls into a ball at her feet. She realizes that her slippers are unattended and quickly tries to dive under the bed to retrieve her it but the dog is under the bed in a flash. She gets back into bed and stares at the ceiling, biting her lip when the phone rings. This causes the dog to jump back up.

ALEX is on the other end of the line. (**Describe ALEX here.)

(**Do we see Alex on his side of the conversation. If not you must put (O.S.) next to Alex's name which means off-screen. Also maybe we should see him at some point later on.)

MOLLY

Hello?

ALEX

Hi, babe

MOLLY

Helloooo.

(*** This banter is a little trite and dated. The “wassup” thing is passé. I know she calls him on it but this should be more current.)

ALEX

Hellooo to you. So wassup, wassup?***

MOLLY

How many times do I have to tell you not to talk like that. You sound retarded.

ALEX (~~EXASPERATED~~)

(exasperated)

I can't get it right with you.

MOLLY (~~SIGHS AND SQUEEZES HER EYES~~)

(sighs and squeezes her eyes)

That sounds retarded too.

ALEX (~~WHINES~~)

(whiney)

Aw c'mon

Molly sticks her finger in her mouth as if to gag. (***)Maybe rolling her eyes would be better. People usually do the gag thing in front of other people. Who is Molly doing that for? Herself?)

ALEX

So, how was your day?

MOLLY

It dragged on forever. Can't stop thinking about court tomorrow. I've never been a witness before.

ALEX

Why did you agree to do this anyway? Divorce court is nasty and the husband's attorney ~~will try to~~ rip your testimony to shreds.

MOLLY

Oh great.

ALEX

Beside, you panic when you speak in public.

The dog walks over to Molly and starts nudging her. Clearly annoyed, she pushes the dog off the bed.

MOLLY

It seemed like the right thing to do. Her psychiatrist won't go. She's desperate and too depressed and hopeless to go it alone. I can't let her go alone. She needs me.

ALEX

Oh yeah. I forgot. The Mother Teresa thing. I'm worried ~~about~~ for you.

MOLLY
Why?

~~I never told~~ You know ~~this before but~~ I testified in a divorce case once. Things went fine . . .

MOLLY
Until...

ALEX
The cross-examination.

The dog jumps back up and the pushing continues until she shoves him off the bed again.

MOLLY
So what happened?

ALEX (~~LOOKING HORRIFIED~~)
(horrified)

He slaughtered me. His position was that since I'm not a medical doctor, but only a SOCIAL WORKER, my testimony was bogus. My Ph.Ds didn't count. The judge agreed. I was sooo mortified. I can't tell you. I'll never do that again. I don't know what you're gonna do. Be careful. Let me know what happens. Will ya?

Molly rolls her eyes.

MOLLY (~~TO HERSELF~~)(V.O.) (**V.O. means voiceover.)
Why did he tell me this?

MOLLY (~~SARCASTICALLY~~)
(sarcastic)
Oh Jeez. Thanks for the heads up.

ALEX
Speak to you tomorrow hon. Sleep well.

MOLLY
Not a chance. Good night.

ALEX
Love you.

MOLLY (~~BEGRUDGINGLY~~)
(begrudgingly)
Love you too.

She drops the phone on the cradle. The dog jumps up again. This time she smiles at him, apologizes and pats his head. He lays down. She rolls over, anxious and deep in thought. The dog kicks her so hard from the back that she falls out of bed. Two seconds later.

MOLLY (~~GROWLING~~)**
You BOTH stink!

(**Don't overuse parentheticals...By the context the reader will know Molly is saying this in a perturbed manner.)

INT. THE CLINIC - MORNING

~~The Scene opens with a quick scan of~~ The waiting room, a drab ~~room~~ space filled with missed matched chairs and a box of toys in the corner. Magazines are strewn over a table in the middle of the room.

The elevator doors open and Molly stumbles off with several bags slipping off her shoulder. Her hair is still wet, no make up, sunglasses sliding sideways off her head. The clock behind the front desk reads 9:20 am. The front desk staff ~~which includes CLEO (**describe Cleo here)~~ They all look her over in dismay and turn to look at each other. Molly approaches the front desk.

CLEO (~~FRUSTRATED,SINGING VOICE~~)
(frustrated singing voice)

Molly, your schedule's not in. Your clients want to know if they should come. Walter's looking for you and you're late ~~again~~.

Molly looks frazzled as she goes to the front desk. She picks up her phone messages. Scans them and smiles at Cleo.

MOLLY
Your hair looks nice! What's that list?

Cleo yells to Molly as she rushes down the hallway to her office.

CLEO
~~Well, you're twenty minutes late which means you're early for you. The~~ This list is Walter's new idea. I have to write down the times everyone gets here ~~and you're twenty minutes late which is early for you And~~ but you're still dead.

Molly walks into her office.

MOLLY
~~Maybe that's not such a bad idea. Anything's gotta be better than this. (**How does the list make things better? -Confusing)~~

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE. - CONTINUOUS

~~Once in her office, (**Briefly describe her office)~~
Molly throws down her stuff and drops off her coat. She opens the window and plops down in her chair to read messages when she gets beeped. She begins typing on the computer as she picks up the phone.

(**Is Cleo on the phone? If so then you must put (O.S.) next to Cleo's name which means off screen)

CLEO (~~SARCASTICALLY~~)
(sarcastic)
Are you going to put your schedule in or should I guess what you're doing all day? And why are you so dressed up? Are you interviewing?

MOLLY
It's almost done.

CLEO
Good. Now make a copy of it and give it to me.

MOLLY (~~TOO SWEETLY~~)
(too sweetly)
I love you.

CLEO

Oh, I love you too. What's the matter with you today, you didn't stop to talk and you haven't been sarcastic or rude or anything.

MOLLY

Sorry about not insulting you. I have to be in court by two o'clock and I'm pretty nervous.

CLEO

I hope you put that on your schedule too.

MOLLY

Thanks so much for the support. When I get a call from a Dr. Lipschitz find me and put the call through back here.-

CLEO

Gotcha.

(*****When did Molly leave her office to talk to Cleo. I thought she was on the phone with her?**)*****

*****Molly returns to her office with an armload of charts. On the wall in her office is a collection of battery operated plastic clocks. Each of them has the name of a different medication on it. The clocks were culled from drug reps. They are all randomly set to different times .One clock is set at high noon. It has a Viagra logo in the middle. Only one has the correct time--10am. Molly never looks at any of them to check the time but she periodically glances nervously at her wristwatch.**

CLEO

Dr. Lipschitz is on the phone.

Molly nervously checks her watch.

MOLLY (**NERVOUSLY CHECKS HER WATCH**) (*****put in action section.**)

Okay put him through.

Molly puts her phone on speaker, drops the charts on her desk, and speaks as she fumbles through the pile and pulls out a chart, furiously leafing through it. **DOCTOR LIPSHITZ is on the line. He has a dry expressionless nasal voice.**

MOLLY

Hello, this is Molly O'Shields. How can I help you?

LIPSHITZ (**DRY,EXPRESSIONLESS,NASAL**)-(*****Put in description above**)

Yes, hello. This is Dr. Lipschitz and I am calling in regard to the appeal you made to BMH on behalf of your client, Mrs. Rodiguez. Can I put you on hold while I pull up her file?

MOLLY

Of course, Dr. Lipschitz.

Doris, DORIS a staff social worker, (*****briefly describe Doris**) walks into Molly's office and begins talking to the back of Molly's head as she looks at the wall of clocks.

DORIS

Molly, any chance you have a clock for me? Mine broke

Molly uses a **hadn hand** signal to shush Doris.

MOLLY (**WHISPERING**)

(whispering)

Doris, **I'm on the phone with Lip-shits.** I really don't HAVE any spare clocks.

DORIS (~~INCREДУLOUSLY~~)
(incredulously)

Are you kidding? You can't spare one of your clocks?

Molly anxiously looks at the wall of clocks and bites her lip.

MOLLY (~~STAMMERS~~)
(stammers)

I-I-I can't, sorry.

Molly waves Doris away and checks her wristwatch for the time while Doris stands in the doorway. She stares at Molly in disbelief.

LIPSCHITZ

As you know, your client Mrs. Rodriguez has utilized her 20 sessions. We have made a determination that she no longer requires mental health services based on the information that you have submitted.

Molly turns to Doris who is still standing in the doorway. She covers the receiver with her hand and speaks to Doris.

MOLLY (~~EMPHATIC, HARSH WHISPER~~)
(emphatic, harsh whisper)

Would you get out of here!

Molly turns quickly around taking her hand off the receiver.

MOLLY (~~APOLOGETICALLY~~) (**this parenthetical may not be needed it's understood that she is saying it apologetically.)

Oh no, not you Dr. Lipschitz. Now, what were you saying?

LIPSCHITZ

What additional information can you give me that would justify a re-examination of our decision?

Molly rolls her eyes and takes a deep breath.

MOLLY

As you know, Mrs. Rodriguez is a 56 year old woman who lives with her mother.

There's a buzz on the intercom.

CLEO (O.S.)

There's an emergency walk-in. What should I do?

Molly nervously checks her watch.

MOLLY (~~*** NERVOUSLY CHECKS HER WATCH~~) (**Put this in action section)
Give it to the person on emergency coverage.

The wall clock with the correct time reads 10:30am

MOLLY (~~SPEAKS INTO THE PHONE~~)
(into the phone)

She believes our relationship helps her to hold on.

LIPSCHITZ

Your client's presentation remains unchanged for the past five years. I am authorizing alternate week sessions for the next two months to be reduced to once a month for four months at which time she should be transferred to a self help group and be terminated. How does that sound to you?

Molly hesitates and makes a face at the phone***, while drumming her fingers on the TA.

MOLLY ~~(DRUMS HER FINGERS ON THE TA)~~ (**put in action above)

I guess that's fine. Maybe you're doing me a favor. There is no improvement. She's still depressed. I'm not helping her. I'm thinking though that she will probably react to your decision the way she did with her last insurance company. She found out where the reviewer's office was and then she barged in and knocked everything off her desk. She told her that if she killed herself her son had been instructed to sue the reviewer personally.

LIPSCHITZ

On second thought, even though I am probably putting off the inevitable, I am authorizing weekly sessions for the next six months.

MOLLY

Thanks alot, coward.

LIPSCHITZ

I'll speak to you in six months.

MOLLY

She be all yours then.

LIPSCHITZ

We'll see about that.

As Molly hangs up, she pushes back her chair, smiles and folds her arms across her chest. Her expression changes to confused wondering. She is worried that her success with Lipschitz has left her with an impossible client.

She turns to a pile of papers on her desk and sees the gold rim of a clock sticking out from underneath. She slips it out , scoops up her makeup bag and runs to the door.

MOLLY (HURRIEDLY)

(hurriedly)

DORIS!

Molly is seen in the bathroom attempting to put on mascara but her hands are trembling, she sighs and grabs her shaky hand with the other one.

INT. HER OFFICE - CONTINUING

The clock with the correct time reads 10:45am. Molly is sitting at her desk preparing of an intake. She is scanning a folder when Walter sticks his head in the doorway.

WALTER

You catching up on paperwork?

Molly peers at him then reverts her gaze to the piles of charts and papers on her desk.

MOLLY

Yep. That's the very next thing I'm gonna do... after everything else is done.

Walter looks exasperated. She smiles sweetly at him as he glares at her. He is furious. The speaker phone buzzes

CLEO (O.S.)

You're intake is here.

MOLLY (~~TO WALTER~~)

(to Walter)

Okay, that's your cue to go.

Walter walks away shaking his head.

Molly picks up the intake packet and scans the first page. She walks to the reception area and shrugs her shoulders, hands up looking at Cleo as if to say: "Where are they?" Cleo points to the corner of the waiting room.

INT. CLINIC RECEPTION AREA – CONTINUOUS

There is a haggard woman sitting with her arms folded, frowning looking at her adolescent son. Seated next to her is a teenage boy wearing a sweat shirt, baggy pants, eyebrow ring, baseball cap turned sideways. He is staring at the floor. Molly walks over and extends her hand to the mother. Mother and son stand up. Mom introduces herself and her son. She rolls her eyes and sighs as the son shakes hands with Molly. (**Do these characters have names, if so I think Molly would ask them what their names are. Also this scene is very weak. We must understand Molly's abilities better. There is nothing here that makes her seem like a character that the audience will root for. This is the chance to show her in her element. Ending the scene with her just saying "Shit" is not adequate)

MOLLY

Hello, I'm Ms. O'Shields. I'd like to speak with her son alone. Is that all right with you?

MOTHER (~~ANXIOUS AND SCARED~~)

(anxious and scared)

There are some things that I'd like to tell you.

MOLLY

That's fine. I'll speak with you after I spend some time with him. Will you come in with me?

SON (~~SHAKING HIS HEAD LIFELESSLY~~)

(shaking his head lifelessly)

Whatever.

Molly and her client walk into her office. They sit down simultaneously. Molly places her hands on her lap.

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

MOLLY (~~QUIETLY~~)

(quietly)

So why do you think you're here?

The teenager remains silent and looks bored as he looks around the room.

MOLLY

Well, somebody thinks there's a problem.

Teenager remains silent and unresponsive.

MOLLY

Your mom looks pretty upset. Do you like her?

SON (~~BORED~~)
(bored)

Yeah.

MOLLY

So what's her problem?

SON

My old man left a long time ago. My mom is always crying. My little brother is a dick. Not really, just a freak. Everybody thinks I'm the problem but I'm not.

MOLLY

So if you're not the problem, then what's the deal?

SON

Forget it. You can't help me.

MOLLY

Probably not but I'd like to hear about it.

SON (~~ANGRY BUT SCARED~~) (**Too many parentheticals the context should give you an inkling of his attitude)

Did you see my mother's face? Her boyfriend lives with us. He's really dick. My mother works in a hospital practically twenty-four hours a day. He doesn't work at all. Her blood pressure is through the roof and she won't take any medication. What's going to happen to my little brother if something happens to her? I'll be all right. It's just him.

The boy drops his head into his hands, elbows on his knees.

MOLLY

SHIT.

The boy jerks his head up and looks straight in her eyes.

INT. CLINIC LOBBY – CONTINUOUS

Mom is seen ~~walng~~ walking to the elevator with Molly.

MOTHER (~~CRYING BUT RELIEVED~~) (**Too many parentheticals, the context should be enough to explain her relief.) (Crying)

Okay. Thanks. We'll see you next week.

She and Molly smile at each other and shake hands. The boy, standing by the elevator, catches Molly's eye and almost imperceptively gives her a nod. Molly turns, takes a deep breath, and checks her watch as she skirts down the hallway.

INT. THE CONFERENCE/LUNCH ROOM - NOON

There are nine women sitting around a table. There are wrappers, fast food boxes, soda cans... on the table. Cleo and ~~Barbara~~ BARBARA (**Briefly describe Barbara here) are seated next to each other

CLEO

Then he goes: 'I'm an aquarius. Our signs are compatible.' Then I go: 'Yeah my ex-husband was an aquarius. And we were compatible too... til we got divorced.'

Both women laugh again.

BARABARA

My boyfriend goes: 'You should keep your opinion to yourself and then I go: 'you should be thanking me for my opinion!'

Both women laugh again.

~~Ivana~~ IVANNA and ~~Cecelia~~, CECELIA (**Describe them here including accents) overhear this conversation as they stand and stare at the coffee machine. They look at each other and frown.

IVANNA (~~THICK ROMANIAN ACCENT~~)(**Explain this in the action above)

What is this with the "he goes, then I go"? Where are they going?

CECILIA (~~THICK SPANISH ACCENT~~)(**Explain this in the action above)

Oh, that's nuthin'. Can ju understand a Brooklyn accent? What's THAT all about? Who taught them to talk like that? It's a secret code.

Molly quickly enters the room coffee mug in hand. She looks panic stricken.

MOLLY

What are you two doing? You look like a idiots waiting for the coffee machine to talk or something. The lights GREEN. So, let's move it! Make the coffee.

IVANNA

Where's your lunch?

(**Describe TERRY here and explain where is she sitting in relation to the other women)

TERRY (~~SARCASTICALLY~~)
(sarcastically)

Oh, she's probably got a baked potato or some other weird crap in the refrigerator.

CECILIA

Ju, get a load of the way she's dressed?

MOLLY

I'm going to divorce court again. But this time it's not for me and this time I'm being paid to go rather than paying for it.

The women laugh.

MOLLY (~~SMIRKING~~)
(smirking)

Remember how much fun that was, ladies? Don't think it is gonna be much better today!

~~Pam~~ PAM (**describe Pam here) sits down with a frozen dinner.

PAM

I'm sure you'll do fine.

MOLLY

I don't know. Last night Alex told me my testimony will be tossed out because I'm just a social worker.

CECILIA (~~LAUGHS~~)

(laughs)

Don't tell me you're scared!

MOLLY

Not everyone is as fearless as you.

~~MOLLY~~

(~~continuing~~; ~~BECOMES SERIOUS~~ (becoming serious))

Okay, ladies. The same rules apply for lunch while I'm out. I want the details when I get back. If any of the men try to sit down for lunch and you gotta make them so uncomfortable they leave. I want to know who said what. Don't disappoint me.

The women all laugh. Molly turns to ~~Marie~~ MARIE (**Briefly describe Marie here) .

MOLLY

I probably won't be back for supervision. Finish up your paperwork and I will co-sign it when I get back. Okay you guys, keep your fingers crossed.

WOMEN (IN UNISON)

Good Luck, Molly!

Molly takes a deep breath and gestures as if to shoot herself in the head.

Ivanna flashes her long fingernails.

IVANNA (~~FLASHING LONG FINGERNAILS~~) (**Put in the action above)

You come to this country and you learn the language. Then you go to some club and meet a cute guy and he says: "Howya dooooin'?" He tells you he's from Brooklyn and then he 'axskes' "where're you from?".

She gestures ~~boardly~~ boredly.

IVANNA (CONTINUING)

What's THAT all about?

~~Miriam~~-MIRIAM (**Briefly describe Miriam here) stumbles over her words, simultaneously using her hands to speak in sign language.

MIRIAM (~~INCREDULOUSLY~~)

(incredulously)

Wait, wait, wait. Are you two actually talking about not understanding someone else's accent?

Ivanna and Cecelia smile at each other.

CECILIA

Jess.

IVANNA (~~ROLLING HER R'S~~) (**Does she always roll her r's if so describe her in the action when Ivanna is previously described)

Of course.

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

~~Back in Molly's office, she~~ Molly starts to pack up her bags. The front desk buzzes her.

FRONT DESK (**Who is at the front desk...Cleo?)

Teresa has something she wants to show you. She said it is okay for you to walk into her session.

INT. TERESA'S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

Molly taps on ~~Teresa's~~ TERESA'S door and walks into the office. (**Briefly describe Teresa here) There is a five year old pixie named MISTY who is sitting on the floor finger painting seriously.

TERESA (SWEET SOFT VOICE)

Molly, I wanted you to see the beautiful colors Misty is using today.

MOLLY

That's wonderful, Misty. You're doing a great job.

MOLLY (~~TO TERESA, WHISPERING~~)

(to Teresa, whispering)

This is fabulous. Great colors! Good job!

Molly turns to Misty.

MOLLY

What do you want to call your picture?

Misty turns her face up to Molly. Misty's face turns to stone. She looks back at her work.

MISTY (~~TO MOLLY, WITH CONTEMPT~~)

(to Molly, with contempt)

I hate you.

(**What is Molly's reaction to her contempt?)

TERESA

Misty, I asked Molly to come here to see your wonderful art work.

MISTY

So now I hate her and you.

~~With that,~~ Misty rubs her hands into the black paint, stands up and walks over to Molly.

MOLLY (~~HORRIFIED~~)

Misty, don't!

Misty slaps her hand onto Molly's skirt, leaving a perfect impression of a tiny hand on it.

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Molly is ~~seen~~ driving around a very busy, full parking lot talking to herself.

MOLLY (~~TO HERSELF~~)

Where am I? What am I doing here? I don't even have enough quarters for the meter. I don't belong in court.

Molly pulls into a spot and starts to rummage through her purse. She takes out five nickels. She gets out of the car and pushes the remote which sets off the panic button instead of locking the car. She continues to push the panic button while the alarm sounds. A small Indian woman, in a sari and a red dot on her forehead, impatiently grabs the remote. She pushes the correct button. The alarm stops and she shoves the remote back into Molly's hand.

Molly smiles thinly as the woman walks away, annoyed

~~MOLLY (SMILES THINLY) (**Put in action above)~~

~~As the woman walks away, annoyed~~

MOLLY (SMILES THINLY)

Thanks. Would you happen to have a quarter for five nickels?

Molly enters the Court House.

INT. COURTHOUSE – CONTINUOUS

At the end of a dingy hallway, there is a young female ~~DEFENSE attorney~~-ATTORNEY dressed in a dark suit, holding a dossier. Next to her is a plump, middle-aged woman wearing a frumpy dress, appearing obviously nervous. Her face lights up when she sees Molly approaching.

~~***Defense Attorney extends her hand to shake Molly's hand.~~

~~DEFENSE ATTORNEY (HAND EXTENDED) (**Put in action above)~~

~~You must be Molly. Thanks for coming.~~

~~(***What is Molly's reaction? Does she say anything here?)~~

MRS. SEGAL (~~NERVOUS~~)

(nervous)

I'm so glad you came. This has been going on for days. He's trying to prove that I should be working.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Let me proceed from here. This is the third day of testimony. The reason we can't wrap this up is because of Mr. Segal's contention that his wife can support herself. Mrs. Segal and I have asked you to come here today to testify regarding her mental health status and capability of maintaining full time employment. First, I will call you to the witness stand and ask you about your credentials, the nature and longevity of your relationship with Mrs. Segal. After that, you will be cross-examined.

MRS. SEGAL

I hate her.***

~~(***Who is she talking to here? Molly, or the Defense Attorney. This is confusing)~~

The lawyer puts her hand on Mrs. Segal's arm

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

You have to stop talking like that.

The lawyer turns to Molly.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (CONTINUING)

Mr. Segal's attorney will try to discredit or minimize your testimony. You need to be careful but you also need to be truthful. I will not ask you to lie.

MOLLY

I won't do that anyway. There is simply no way Mrs. Segal can support herself.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Are you ready?

Molly nods her head.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Okay, let's go.

INT. COURTROOM – CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Segal, Molly and the lawyer walk down the middle aisle of the court and sit in the front row. The lawyer approaches the bench and calls Molly to the witness stand. The ~~bailiff~~ BAILIFF approaches Molly. (**What happened to the JUDGE? Is the Judge in the room?)

BAILIFF

State your name

MOLLY

Well, my license has Molly on it but I was baptized Mary Margaret.

*****Bailiff looks confused.**

BAILIFF (~~LOOKS CONFUSED~~) (**Put in action above)

Well we'll use Molly since that is your professional name. Molly, put your right hand on the Bible. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

*****Molly is nervous and her hands are shaking.**

MOLLY (~~HANDS SHAKING~~) (**Put in action above)

I do.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Please list for the court your credentials and areas of expertise.

Molly takes a deep breathe.

MOLLY (~~TO HERSELF~~)(V.O.)

Don't pass out.

MOLLY (CONTINUING)

I am a licensed clinical social worker employed as a supervisor at the Brookside Mental Health Clinic. My responsibilities include providing clinical services to clients of all ages and the supervision of the clinical staff. I am certified by the State of New York to supervise graduate students. I have a working relationship with the Crime Victim's Board, foster care, the local schools, probation, parole and the Coalition Against Child Abuse and Neglect. I am a member of the county Crisis Response Team and a Project Liberty worker. I am a certified traumatologist and am affiliated with the clinical society of New York State.

~~The scene shifts back to the conference room/lunchroom.——~~

CUT TO:

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM/LUNCHROOM - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Women are still eating and talking. Walter schuffles in carrying a paper bag and smiles at the staff.

WALTER

Good afternoon, ladies.

Cleo looks around the room.

CLEO ~~(SMILING)~~

~~(smiling)~~

Hey, remember childbirth? How many of you had an episiotomy?

All the women groan.

Walter is in the process of sitting down as Cleo speaks. His butt barely hits the seat when he hears her question to the women. He bolts upright, picks up his lunch and quickly exits the room.

BARABARA

Nice one, Cleo.

High fives all around the table.

INT. COURTROOM - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

The cross-examination begins. The husband's lawyer, ~~Ms. LoCastro~~, MS. LOCASTRO is a severe, drab looking woman. She is dressed in a suit. She speaks dramatically and makes a lot of faces. She stands behind a podium and frequently reads from the papers in front of her. She addresses Molly.

LO CASTRO ~~(GLARINGLY, GRIMACING)~~

~~(glaringly, grimacing)~~

Hello, I am Ms. LoCastro. I am Mr. Segal's attorney, representing him in this matrimonial matter. You have stated on several occasions that Mrs. Segal suffers from a chronic mood disorder. Can you describe for the court what a chronic mood disorder is?

MOLLY ~~(TO HERSELF, NERVOUSLY)~~-(V.O.)

~~(nervously)~~

This woman HATES me. Stay calm, Molly.

MOLLY (CONTINUING)

According to the DSM IV, a mood disorder is described as a condition in which an individual is unable to modulate affect which potentially can cause him or her to be unable to function effectively in most, if not all areas of his or her life.

MOLLY ~~(TO HERSELF)~~-(V.O.)

What the hell am I talking about? I have lost my mind.

Molly looks at Ms. Lo Castro who is grimacing as if she is in pain. Molly then glances at her client whose is biting her nails and staring intently back at Molly. Lo Castro addresses the bench.

LO CASTRO

Your Honor, can you ask her to use less words? I don't know what she's talking about.

The Judge turns to Molly.

JUDGE

Ms. O'Shields, can you answer the question in simple terms?

MOLLY

Yes, Your Honor, but does she have to make those faces at me?

The Judge looks at Molly suppressing a smile and turns away from her.

LO CASTRO

Now, Ms. O'Shields, I am assuming that you are being paid to be here today? Is that correct?

MOLLY

Yes it is.

LO CASTRO (~~SMIRKING~~)

(smirking)

Please inform the court how much you are being paid by your client.

MOLLY

Well, actually we didn't discuss it. But I will be charging her usual hourly rate.

LO CASTRO (~~LOOKS DELIGHTED~~)

(delighted)

And what is that?

MOLLY

Twenty-five dollars an hour.

Ms. Lo Castro flops over the podium like a rag doll. She looks exhausted as she addresses Molly.

LO CASTRO (~~SMUGLY~~)

(smugly)

Now, Ms. O'Shields, everybody gets depressed. Even I get depressed. Sometimes I don't feel like getting out of bed in the morning. I have no energy. Are you telling me that just because I get depressed I shouldn't have to go to work either? That anytime anyone of us feels depressed someone else should pay our bills?

***Molly glares at the attorney.

MOLLY (~~GLARING BACK~~)-(***Put in action above)

Frequently people use the word depression when what they are talking about is feeling sad, what is sometimes called the blues. Now if you are telling me that you feel so bad that you don't brush your teeth or change your underwear for days at a time, that you are incapable of experiencing pleasure in anything, that your family can't tolerate your company and that you believe that everyone, yourself included, would be better off if you didn't exist, then you are suffering from a major depression. Otherwise you have to pull yourself up by your boot straps like everyone else. Did you change your underwear today?

MOLLY (~~NOW IN THE ZONE~~)-(V.O.)

Okay bitch, bring it on.

LO CASTRO

Your honor, we have heard a lot of testimony regarding Mrs. Segal's so-called condition from Ms. O'Shields.

Lo Castro turns to Molly.

LO CASTRO (CONTINUING)

No offense to the witness, but she's just a social worker. Why should we accept her diagnosis? She's not a doctor.

The Judge turns to Molly.

JUDGE

Answer the question.

Molly pauses her a few seconds.

MOLLY (~~TO HERSELF~~)-(V.O.)

Remember to breath. This is it.

She grips her knee above the painted hand print. The scene shifts back to the clinic, where Molly describes what happened next in court.

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM/LUNCHROOM - ~~CONTINUING~~ NEXT DAY.

MOLLY (~~V.O.~~)

So I said, I can't answer that, Your Honor. And the Judge said, and why not? Well, I said, I didn't make that determination. You would have to contact the New York State Department of Education in Albany. They're the ones who have established the criteria and testing that make my diagnosis credible. So then Lo Castro says, " I have no further questions, Your Honor".

The staff jumps up whooping,clapping and hugging each other. Molly watches the staff smiling and enjoying their victory.

Epilogue: The Victory Dance.

On a black screen: "Molly's client, Mrs. Segal, was awarded life time maintenance. And apparently Molly arrived home too late for her own ticker tape parade."

INT. MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Molly's living space is dark. She unlocks the door and opens it to let in the light from the outside. The dog is silhouetted against the light. He is waiting for her in front of the door. Molly steps in, drops her keys on the table and turns on the light. Her shoulders drop, eyes widen and jaws drop wide open. The dog is sitting at attention with her shredded bunny slipper in his mouth. He is sitting in the middle of a snow storm of pape towels which have been ripped to shreds. Molly leans over to him.

MOLLY (~~PLEADING~~)

(pleadingly)

Hey Willie, good boy. Please give me that.

The dog jumps up and scoots into the next room the slipper clenched in his mouth.

Molly is heard growling.

THE END