

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Maggie's sitting across from PRINCIPAL O'BRIEN. Maggie's reading a report.

MAGGIE

I can't even say these words.

PRINCIPAL O'BRIEN

They're...creative.

MAGGIE

That's one way to put it.

PRINCIPAL O'BRIEN

Adjusting to a new school is tough on children at this age. At any age. So, I don't want to minimize that...but is there anything else going on that we should be aware of?

MAGGIE

I don't even know where to start.

PRINCIPAL O'BRIEN

How about his father?

MAGGIE

Oh. Well. Please. That'll take up your whole day. We're in the middle of a divorce. Oliver's father...was sleeping with his assistant. And our accountant. And her assistant. And my hairdresser. While she was still cutting my hair. That was fun. Now he's filed for custody of Oliver. Full custody. And he won't pay support till he gets his way. Plus he's a lawyer, so. So. I just took Oliver away as fast as I could and took this job at Mission Hills.

The Principal listens supportively

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm a CAT scan tech, so I see a lot of rough situations. Tumors. Cancer. Cysts. Clots. All that. And of course, I know what I see and I can't say anything to people. Which is miserable, as you can imagine.

And I work really late, trying to get our act together. Give Oliver a better education and a semi-normal life. And fight David and this custody shit. Excuse me. That's his name. David. My ex. He never wanted kids anyway. He just doesn't want me to be happy. Oliver's adopted. Do you know that? How would you. I'm not able to have kids. Something about my Fallopian tubes. I think they were just recoiling from David's sperm.

Maggie reaches for a tissue.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Do you mind?

Principal O'Brien shakes his head "no." He

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm sure all of this has permeated into Oliver's little being. And he's acting out, as they say kids do in these situations. Right?

Principal O'Brien smiles.

