

HEROES (Claire and her Dad conversation)

[INT. BENNET RESIDENCE – KITCHEN – DAY]

(Claire is reading the newspaper.)

CLAIRE: Dad ...

(Mr. Bennet is standing in front of the stove cooking breakfast.)

CLAIRE: ... you mind if I talk to you about something?

CAPTION:

CLAIRE BENNET
ODESSA, TEXAS

(He puts the spatula down and picks up the pitcher of orange juice. He grabs a glass.)

MR. BENNET: You pregnant?

CLAIRE: What? No.

(He pours a glass of orange juice.)

MR. BENNET: You doing drugs?

CLAIRE: Dad!

(He puts the glass and the pitcher down on the counter and heads back to the stove.)

MR. BENNET: Actually ... I already know what it's about.

CLAIRE: You do?

MR. BENNET: It's about wanting to know who you really are. Your mother told me that you've been asking about your birth parents.

CLAIRE: Well, I think it's time that I knew.

MR. BENNET: Well, I have a few questions first. Not the least of which is why now?

CLAIRE: I'm just wondering, that's all. You know, what they're like, what they can do.

MR. BENNET: What they can do?

CLAIRE: Yeah, like hobbies and ... skills.

(He picks up the frying pan and walks back to the counter where he fills Claire's plate.)

MR. BENNET: You know, I don't ... mean this to be condescending. Even though you're gonna say I'm being condescending. But I really do believe that this is an adult decision.

CLAIRE: You're right. That is condescending.

MR. BENNET: Claire, there are gonna be issues. You're going to have issues. They're going to have issues. It's very complex, emotionally.

CLAIRE: Yeah, well, so am I.

MR. BENNET: Well, exactly.

(He offers her the breakfast plate. She takes it from him.)

MR. BENNET: Look, here's my advice, if you'll indulge me. Just ... keep things light and fun as long as you can. Like cheerleading.

CLAIRE: Being a cheerleader is hard work. Hard, treacherous work.

MR. BENNET: Of course it is, sweetheart.

CLAIRE: I don't wanna be late.

MR. BENNET: Hey ... (He kisses her cheek.) I just don't want you to be in such a hurry to grow up, okay? Trust me. I actually know a few things.

(Claire doesn't say anything. She turns and leaves. We hold on Mr. Bennet. After a moment, he turns and looks at the newspaper on the counter.)

CUT TO: