BAD JUDGE

Pilot

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FADE IN:

INT. MESSY BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A cell phone vibrates and makes noise as its alarm goes off on a night stand littered with empty beer bottles.

A hand reaches out to turn off the alarm and we see the hand is connected to REBECCA WRIGHT - late 30's, hair is a mess, mascara smeared and not wearing any clothes.

She sits up in bed and discovers a man's dress sock and a watch on the night stand next to the empty beers. She notes the watch, it's nice, before tossing it into the night stand drawer with a few other men's watches. Then she slowly looks at her phone.

She notices the time. She's clearly late as she bolts out of bed, and frantically stumbles her way toward the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Wearing sweat pants and a Tupac T-shirt that is far too big for her (essentially pajamas) Rebecca hurriedly checks a prescription Vicodin bottle - empty. She swipes a bottle of Advil and knocks back a few pills straight from the bottle and dry swallows them.

She sits on the toilet, brushing her teeth furiously while peeing and looking at her phone - specifically her calendar. After a few beats she looks up, thinking hard about something, she looks worried...

INT. CVS FAMILY PLANNING AISLE - LATER

Hungover, Rebecca wears big sunglasses and hustles through the aisle until she gets to the pregnancy tests. She picks one up and quick-walks to the front counter.

The line is long. She looks at her watch, gives the security a quick glance to make sure he's not looking then quickly stuffs the pregnancy test into her purse.

And OLD LADY with an empty shopping cart sees the event and silently shakes her head. Rebecca sees the old lady and shoots her a quick, "Don't judge me" look.

Rebecca hustles out of CVS without paying - she's not a thief but she's in a hurry and it's not like she's stealing a car.

EXT. SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY COURTHOUSE (VICTORVILLE) - MINUTES LATER

Rebecca hustles through the front doors.

INT. SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY COURTHOUSE (VICTORVILLE) - SAME

She sprints down a hallway and into a bathroom.

INT. SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY COURTHOUSE (VICTORVILLE) - SAME

She quickly unwraps the pregnancy test, forcefully pees on the stick, flushes, then emerges from the stall to see a woman in a GUCCI SUIT applying lipstick in the mirror.

Rebecca has the pee stick in one hand and her purse in the other. She looks at the sink, then at Gucci Suit. They make eye contact. She has a quick mental debate about whether or not she should wash her hands - screw it. She leaves the bathroom without washing them.

Gucci Suit is grossed out beyond words. She shakes her head in disbelief.

INT. SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY COURTHOUSE (VICTORVILLE) HALLWAY - SAME

She sprints down the hallway again, this time shaking her pregnancy test stick as onlookers react accordingly. She ultimately makes her way into an unmarked room.

INT. UNMARKED ROOM - SAME

The room is clearly an office. There’s a desk, some books on a book shelf, a computer, etc.

Rebecca puts down her bag and goes to get a uniform of some kind out of a dry cleaning bag hanging on the back of the door, all the while shaking her stick.

We now see the uniform is a judge’s robe.

BAILIFF’S VOICE (O.S.)
All rise.

INT. COURTROOM - SAME

Rebecca emerges from her chambers dressed in her robe, the Tupac T-shirt peeking out ever so slightly.

Her COURT CLERK, a well-dressed guy in his late 20's named TEDWARD takes note of her disheveled appearance as she whips her unwashed, unbrushed hair up into a bun, pulls her robe up a little to hide the Tupac T-shirt and in a few seconds she's become the image of authority.

The COURT REPORTER, and lady in her late mid-50's, also takes note and gives a disapproving but silent head shake.

Gucci Suit is sitting at the defense table. She takes note of who her judge is and sighs. She cant belief it. This is going to be a long day.

Everyone stands to face the flag. Rebecca covertly shakes her stick.

BAILIFF
Face the flag of our country, recognizing the principles for which it stands. Department 134 of the superior court is now in session. The honorable Rebecca Wright, judge presiding. Please be seated.

Rebecca looks down at the pregnancy test and sees it's negative. She's beyond relieved. So much so that she actually does a silent "Yes!"

REBECCA
Boom! That's how it's done.

She high fives Tedward and hands him the stick that she peed on. He's disgusted but he takes it, wraps it in a tissue and puts it in his pocket - this is bad, but he's seen worse from her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
So what's on the docket this morning?

CUT TO:

ACT I

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Rebecca sits in the judge's chair as a preliminary hearing is under way. A few PEOPLE litter the courtroom watching the proceedings.

A PROSECUTION TEAM sits at one table led by TOM BARLOW, same age as Rebecca, good looking, on top of his game.

And a defense team sits at another table with the defendant, a middle-aged guy who is twitching and by all accounts looks completely insane. The defense team is led by Gucci Suit.

On the stand is a kind of nerdy looking guy, roughly the same age as Rebecca, intellectual/academic looking, named GARY BOYD.

Tom approaches Gary.

TOM
So, Dr. Boyd, in your expert opinion as one of the most prominent psychiatrists in the state of California, is the defendant fit to stand trial?

Rebecca looks at Gary, something in her is interested in more than just his decision.

GARY
Well it might seem as though he's far from fit to stand trial but... to the trained eye this man is very clearly attempting to appear less than sane in order to avoid a trial.

Rebecca almost seems to be getting turned on by Gary.

Gucci Suit stands up.

GUCCI SUIT
Your honor, with all due respect my client is CLEARLY not fit to stand trial. Look at him.

The DEFENDANT gnashes his teeth and rolls his eyes around looking crazy.

TOM
Objection. The defendant's physical appearance has no relevance.

REBECCA
Overruled.

TOM
What? How can you overrule that?

Rebecca shoots Tom a "Oh hell no" look.

REBECCA
Counselor do you see the robe I'm wearing and the gavel I'm holding?

Tom rolls his yes.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Those are not rhetorical questions.

TOM
Yes. I see them. Permission to approach the bench... your honor?

Rebecca nods her head. Tom goes up to her bench.

TOM (CONT'D)
You can't seriously be thinking about letting this guy not stand trial.

REBECCA
Why don't you go back to your cute little prosecutor table and we'll just see if your case gets thrown out or not.

She points at the prosecutor's table with her gavel and Tom trudges back.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I think what Dr. Boyd was trying to indicate is that the defendant's antics are classic rudimentary level attempts to appear insane when he's clearly not.
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)
If the defendant really wanted to fool us he would be lucid, focused and in complete control of his facial expressions, just with a diminished ability to understand the difference between right and wrong and very probably anything that we're saying.

DEFENDANT
I can do that.

The Defendant immediately alters his behavior to match everything Rebecca said.

Gucci Suit notices and knows her argument is ruined.

TOM
Nothing further your honor.

REBECCA
No? No more objections?

TOM
No.

REBECCA
That time it was rhetorical.
(almost sexually looking at Gary)
Trial is set for two weeks from today.

She bangs her gavel then looks at Gary.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Dr. Boyd, a word with you in my chambers please.

CUT TO:

INT. REBECCA'S CHAMBERS - MINUTES LATER

Gary and Rebecca are going at it like wild animals.

GARY
You know it's not very professional when you start up with Tom.

REBECCA
Screw professional.

Rebecca takes off her judge's robe to reveal the Tupac shirt.

GARY
(fake excited surprise)
I never told you about my Tupac fetish.

REBECCA
Shut up.

She jumps him.

They passionately make out for a few beats before her phone starts ringing in her purse.

Gary feels around for the ringing phone her purse without losing lip contact.

He knocks her purse over, which annoys Rebecca. She breaks their lip-lock and picks up her phone.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Crap. It's Robby's school. I have to take this.

Rebecca answers her phone as Gary bends down and starts picking up the contents that spilled out of Rebecca's purse.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Hello, yes. I see. Yes. Of course. I'll be there as soon as I can.

Rebecca ends the call and squats down with Gary to help pick up the rest of her purse items. Gary finds and picks up the empty pregnancy test box.

GARY
Anything you want to tell me?

REBECCA
Uh... No big deal. It was negative.

GARY
But why would you even have this? We always use condoms.

REBECCA
Yeah, WE do.

Gary looks like someone killed his puppy.

GARY
I know right now we're not exclusive but, you could be a little more considerate.

REBECCA
It was negative - not a big deal.

GARY
You thought you were pregnant! How is that a small deal?

Rebecca finds an empty Vicodin bottle and holds it up.

REBECCA
Ooh. Glad I found this. I need a refill on Vicodin.

Gary is about to lose his mind.

GARY
Are you kidding me right now?

Gary is cut off by a knock at the door. Rebecca snatches up her robe and hurriedly puts it on. Her hair is messed up and the robe is one crooked.

REBECCA
Enter.

Tedward walks in with his eyes closed.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You can open your eyes, Tedward. We're clothed.

TEDWARD
Once bitten, Judge Wright.

REBECCA
That's fair.

TEDWARD
If you guys are finished or at least at a stopping point, there are some matters of the San Bernardino Criminal Court that require your attention.

GARY
What about our conversation?

She kisses Gary on the cheek.

REBECCA
It was great. I'll see you later. You can just leave that prescription with the bailiff. Tedward, walk me to my car.

With that, Rebecca dashes out with Tedward following quickly behind her. Gary is forced to swallow down his anger.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - SAME

Tedward trails Rebecca reading from his iPad. Rebecca hands him the empty pregnancy test box.

REBECCA
Will you get rid of that for me?

TEDWARD
Will you let me know in advance if I might be handling a pee test so I can bring rubber gloves.

REBECCA
Just have some on you at all times.

TEDWARD
A rewarding job in the judicial system. The commercial said that.

REBECCA
Could have been worse.

TEDWARD
Stool sample?

REBECCA
No. It could have been positive.

TEDWARD
Indeed. Okay. First thing: Judge Connors needs you to-

REBECCA
Not interested.

TEDWARD
He’s your boss.

REBECCA
Fine. What does he want?

TEDWARD
Two things. He wants a volunteer to give a speech at UCLA’s law school graduation this weekend.

REBECCA
Law school graduations are like downing half-a-bottle of sleeping pills after an all-nighter - only without the fun.

TEDWARD
Okay. A pass on the speech. This other thing you can't pass on - he needs you file a motion for him because he's out until tomorrow.

REBECCA
Fine. I'll file the motion later this afternoon, but no speech.

CUT TO:

INT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Close on: A hand-drawn image on notebook paper of a male teacher at a blackboard writing the phrase "I'm a douche... for real." The teacher looks ridiculous and there has been a black piece of tape placed over something on the teacher's forehead. Under the image are the words, "Mr. Thorpe."

We cut out to see that Rebecca is looking at the drawing as she sits across from a weasely teacher, MR. THORPE, in a junior high classroom with a junior high aged Latino kid sitting silently next to her - "ROBBY" ROBERTO ZEPEDA.

MR. THORPE
Robby's a bright student but this is unacceptable and I will be taking it up with the principle for further disciplinary action. Suspension is likely.

REBECCA
What's with the tape?

She removes the piece of tape and has to hold back a laugh.

MR. THORPE
As you can see Robby saw fit to add a certain...

REBECCA
Penis to your forehead.

MR. THORPE
Yes.

Rebecca goes into judge mode - just like in court.

REBECCA
Robby, do you want to say anything in your defense?

ROBBY
I was bored. I just started doodling.

REBECCA
Mr. Thorpe, it seems Robby was bored. How are his grades?

MR. THORPE
Uh... he's actually doing very well but grades's aren't the issue.

REBECCA
It seems to me his grades are the only issue.

MR. THORPE
No they're not Ms. Wright. I've dealt with kids like Robby before.

REBECCA
"Kids like Robby?" Are you insinuating that because he's a minority there's something wrong with him, Mr. Thorpe?

MR. THORPE
No, I-

REBECCA
I thought we were past this as a people.

She stands up and takes Robby's hand.

MR. THORPE
I wasn't going to mention Robby's race at all.

REBECCA
You don't have to. For the record, Mr. Thorpe, the only thing I can see wrong with Robby's drawing is the penis is probably too big.

She tugs Robby's hand. He stands and they leave. Mr. Thorpe doesn't even know what hit him.

CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - EVENING

Rebecca is on a small, crappy stage. She's sitting at a drum kit. Another woman roughly her age who is far more rocker-chick than Rebecca is, JENNY BOOTH is at the mic with a guitar strapped on.

No one else is in the bar except the bartender.

Jenny sings "Diamonds" by Rhianna and plays a rock cover version of it with Rebecca.

JENNY
(singing)
Shine bright like a diamond. Shine bright like a diamond. We're beautiful like diamonds in the sky.

Rebecca hammers out a decent drum solo for a few beats.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Not bad, my dude. Not bad at all. We should kick ass Saturday.

Jenny picks up a bottle of beer that was sitting at her feet and walks back toward the drum kit. Rebecca has her own beer.

REBECCA
Today was a real bitch.

JENNY
I can't believe Gary found your pregnancy test.

REBECCA
Oh yeah. I was talking more about the hangover I've had all day.

JENNY
Hair of the dog, my dude.

Rebecca clinks beer bottles with her. They each take a swig.

REBECCA
Cheers to that. Was my life this insane in college?

JENNY
We were undergrad music students. All we did was get high, listen to music and have sex with dudes who did the same. It was fantastic.

REBECCA
God, it really was. What happened?

JENNY
You became little miss super judge.

REBECCA
And you kept banging college-aged potheads.

JENNY
What can I say? I am awesome and so is my life style.

REBECCA
It really is, isn't it?

JENNY
Yes. Other than drawing the penis-pic of his teacher, how's Robby settling in?

REBECCA
Alright I think. I don't know. Sometimes I think I'm doing really well as a foster mom and then he'll tell me that he's been wiping his ass with paper towels for a few days because I forgot to buy toilet paper.

JENNY
My dude, I've been using Taco Bell napkins exclusively for the past two weeks. Not a big deal.

REBECCA
Not to us. But to a kid... and if I'm screwing up on toilet paper, I just wonder what else I'm doing wrong.

Rebecca pounds the rest of her beer.

JENNY
I wouldn't worry. Kids are like dogs - if something's wrong they'll start barking.
(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)
Now pick up those drum sticks. You still don't have that Bone Thugs song down yet and our show's on Saturday.

Rebecca spins a drumstick in her fingers for a beat.

REBECCA
One, two, three, four!

And we cut just before she hits the drums.

CUT TO:

INT. REBECCA'S KITCHEN - LATER

Rebecca walks in. Robby does homework at the kitchen table.

REBECCA
How was your night? You just do homework?

ROBBY
I watched some porn, too.

REBECCA
Ha ha. Seriously are you all unpacked and everything, getting used to place a little bit?

ROBBY
Yeah. I hooked my Xbox up to your TV. I hope that's okay.

REBECCA
Ooh - do you get Netflix on that? I made a guy give me his password to get out of jury duty.

ROBBY
You're not an uptight tight-ass like I thought you'd be at all.

REBECCA
Oh my god. You're so sweet.

She hugs him.

ROBBY
Can I talk to you about what happened wit Mr. Thorpe today?

REBECCA
Sure. How did a guy like that get to be a teacher anyway?

ROBBY
He went to college, got a degree, was interested in teaching, did a year as a student teacher and then found a job as a full time teacher.

REBECCA
Can no one tell when I'm asking a rhetorical question?

ROBBY
Is that a rhetorical question?

REBECCA
Crap, I can't even tell.

ROBBY
So why aren't you beating my ass for drawing that picture like a normal parent would?

REBECCA
I'd never beat your ass for anything.

ROBBY
So you don't care what I do?

REBECCA
Of course I care. I just happen to think there's nothing wrong with standing up to authority when authority is a douche.

ROBBY
Even if you're that authority?

REBECCA
Well, yeah, I guess so.

Robby goes to the fridge and opens it. There are three half empty beer bottles and a bottle of mustard.

ROBBY
Okay, it sucks that all you have to eat is mustard.

REBECCA
That's not just mustard. That's spicy Dijon.

Robby looks at the jar.

ROBBY
It expired last year.

REBECCA
I didn't even know mustard could expire. Look, I'm busy. I work.

ROBBY
Is this another example of authority being a douche?

Rebecca sees this is important to him. She starts to get it.

REBECCA
Jenny was right. You're a barking dog.

ROBBY
What?

REBECCA
Look, it's not like I CAN'T cook dinner. I know in the first few weeks you've been here I haven't cooked that many dinners-

ROBBY
Zero dinners.

REBECCA
Right, zero dinners, but I totally can. So here's what I promise. Once a week, I'm going to cook you a fantastic dinner that's not just mustard.

Robby smiles.

ROBBY
Sweet.

REBECCA
But some mustard will be involved.

Rebecca smiles back at him, then Rebecca's phone buzzes. She looks at it. Her face turns white.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You have got to be f-ing kidding me. I forgot to file the motion.

CUT TO:

ACT II

INT. COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

Rebecca sits in her judge's seat at another pretrial. Tom is at the bench. In the courtroom the defendant sits with his defense team.

TOM
I don't know what you did to piss him off but without Gary, that guy is going to walk.

REBECCA
Gary's hurt feelings aren't my problem. And that guy is a small time pot dealer. Who cares if he walks?

TOM
Uh... I care.

REBECCA
It's the opinion of this court that given the defense's inability to produce their expert witness or any reason for this case to move to trial, not to mention the innocuous nature of Mr. Mintner's alleged crime, this case will be dismissed.

She bangs her gavel.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Tom matches Rebecca pace for pace as she marches down the hall. He's giving her an earful.

TOM
Look I know that even though YOU dumped ME after law school, you love giving me a hard time because you think it's funny that you made judge before me and now I'm assigned to your courtroom and I have to do well here to move on.

REBECCA
Correct on all counts counselor.

TOM
If I'm going to have any shot of going to L.A. County I can't be the prosector on low level pot cases that get dismissed out of hand.

REBECCA
Then you should have produced your witness, Tom. That's what a good lawyer would have done.

TOM
I couldn't because you somehow screwed that up.

REBECCA
Why do you think I had anything to do with it?

TOM
Let's see...

Tom takes out his cell phone and reads from a text.

TOM (CONT'D)
"Tell Rebecca I don't think I can show up to court today because IT'S NOT A BIG DEAL!!!"

REBECCA
I never remembered you as being this whiny in law school.

TOM
And I never remembered you being this much of a bitch.

REBECCA
Hey! I wasn't the one who forced you to put your law career on hold.

TOM
No. You wanted me to put our relationship on hold while you tried to be a rockstar. How'd that work out for you?

REBECCA
Apparently pretty well because now I'm basically your boss. How did settling for the less attractive version of me work out for you?

At this point they're an inch away from each other. We can't tell if he's going to kiss her or slap her, but one of those things is definitely about to happen when-

JUDGE CONNORS
Judge Wright.

Tom turns and sees JUDGE CONNORS - an older guy, clearly the head boss in charge of this whole courthouse.

REBECCA
Judge Connors. How are you?

JUDGE CONNORS
Exhausted from a sleepless night due to my wife's snoring and IBS.

REBECCA
You're nothing if not honest.

JUDGE CONNORS
You forgot to file my motion.

REBECCA
Well technically I didn't forget. It wasn't my fault. I had a kind of a family emergency.

JUDGE CONNORS
I didn't realize it was "kind of a family emergency." I'll just tell that to every member of a jury, 4 lawyers, the defendant, the plaintiff and I myself - all of whom have to be in court for an additional day to avoid a mistrial.

REBECCA
Great so it's all taken care of then. See you later.

JUDGE CONNORS
Judge Wright, you're smart. You're capable. In fact, probably the best judge we have in this courthouse next to me who, as coincidence would have it is your boss. So it's for all of these reasons that I think you're the perfect candidate to deliver the commencement speech at UCLA's law school graduation this Saturday.

TOM
You know I graduated from UCLA's law school as well.

JUDGE CONNORS
Why don't you see if you can get a few more pot cases to actually go to trial before you start thinking about your commencement speech.

REBECCA
The thing about Saturday is that I'm actually in a band that's playing so I can't really make it.

JUDGE CONNORS
Great. So it's all taken care of then. See you at UCLA. See how that works? When you say it to your boss, he ignores it but when your boss says it to you, you have no choice but to do what he says.

REBECCA
And I've also got dinner plans that night. I'm actually cooking so...

JUDGE CONNORS
So you can move your dinner plans to tonight.

REBECCA
Can't I do something else?

JUDGE CONNORS
You could have filed that motion but you didn't. So now you're doing the speech or you spend the rest of your career as a judge in traffic court. Are we clear?

REBECCA
Yeah.

JUDGE CONNORS
Very good. I expect a great speech.

Judge Connors walks off down the hall. As he does, Rebecca sees the POT DEALER from her courtroom walking out the door.

REBECCA
(calling after the Pot Dealer)
Hey, wait a second.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

Rebecca is high, very high. She sings along with a song on her iPod - Queen Latifah's U.N.I.T.Y. - as she pushes a cart down the aisles tossing in junk food, but no real food.

REBECCA
(singing)
U.N.I.T.Y. I ain't a bitch or a ho.
Who you callin'-

Jenny turns the corner of the aisle Rebecca's in. She's wearing a smock that indicates she works at the store.

JENNY & REBECCA
-a bitch?!?.

Rebecca takes her headphones out.

REBECCA
I didn't know you worked today.

JENNY
My dude, I've worked every frickin' day this week. I have to make some scratch for the Metal Skool show.

REBECCA
As Coolio once stated so eloquently, "Life is a trip and then you die still tryin' to get a piece o' that apple pie."

JENNY
What's wrong?

REBECCA
What?

JENNY
I know you well enough to know that when you start quoting Coolio, something's bothering you.

REBECCA
I was going to make dinner for Robby Saturday before our gig but my boss is being a dick and making me do a speech so I have to make dinner tonight instead and I-

Rebecca sees something on the shelf, reaches out and grabs it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Ooh! Nutter Butters.

She opens the bag and starts eating directly from it. She offers Jenny one who accepts.

JENNY
If it makes you feel any better, my boss caught me drinking at work and I had to show him my boobs to keep my job.

REBECCA
Lucky.

JENNY
I know. Flashing some boob is way easier than writing a speech.

REBECCA
I said I'd deliver a speech not write one.

JENNY
Touche. How many people you think will be at our gig?

REBECCA
At least one. I let some music executive guy get out of a DUI if he promised to come.

JENNY
What about Gary?

REBECCA
He's in a pissy mood. Who knows if he'll show?

JENNY
Of all the guys you screw around with he's the only one who sticks around through all of your crap. You know that right?

Rebecca takes a bite of Nutter Butter.

REBECCA
Yeah, yeah. I know.

JENNY
And he's a guy. Everyone once in a while I'm sure he just needs to feel a little like you give a crap about him. You know do a little special thing. Anyway, hi-ho, hi-ho, my dude.

Jenny walks off.

Rebecca eats the last of the Nutter Butters, opens up another pack and starts going to town.

CUT TO:

INT. REBECCA'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Rebecca puts away groceries while smoking her joint.

Robby comes in.

Rebecca notices him and quickly flicks the joint in the sink and turns on the water pretending to wash her hands.

REBECCA
Hey. How was school today?

ROBBY
Not good. I got a D on an essay that was clearly an A because you chewed out Mr. Thorpe.

REBECCA
How do you know that grade had anything to do with the ass chewing I gave him?

ROBBY
He told me it was a flawless essay except for the conclusion paragraph. He said it was "probably a little too big."

REBECCA
Well it's just one essay. It's not like it matters that much.

ROBBY
But it’s an A essay. If I get a D it’s like the douches win.

Rebecca doesn’t like this anymore than Robby.

REBECCA
Alright. I’ll go down there tomorrow and chew some more ass.

ROBBY
You can’t solve a problem by repeating the mistake that caused it.

REBECCA
You’re like a little fortune cookie.

ROBBY
It’ll be fine. I’m sure I can do some extra credit or something.

REBECCA
Hey, look, I got us a bunch of stuff for dinner tonight.

Robby notices a theme - all junk food - as helps her.

ROBBY
I’m not really down for getting type II diabetes tonight.

REBECCA
It’s not all sugar. I got salty stuff, too.

She holds up a package of beef jerky.

ROBBY
I’m a vegetarian.

REBECCA
Are you serious?

ROBBY
Yeah.

REBECCA
Why?

ROBBY
Factory farming is evil.

REBECCA
Well its not evil, it's just not for everybody. I mean it actually was invented for EVERYBODY but some people just don't like it.

She puts the jerky back in the bag, pulls out some Doritos.

ROBBY
It's cool. I can just order a pizza or something.

REBECCA
I could totally go for a pizza right now.

ROBBY
You're totally stoned right now.

REBECCA
What? Come on. I'm a judge. I don't smoke weed.

Robby opens up a cupboard and takes out a bong.

ROBBY
Is this just for tobacco?

She's speechless.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Seriously, it's cool. And you really don't have to worry about dinner or anything. I get that you have your own stuff going. I've learned to take care of myself pretty well.

Robby walks off dejected. Rebecca knows she screwed up and for the first time in the show we see that she feels the sting of disappointing someone else. She holds up the Doritos and beef jerky.

REBECCA
So just to be clear you're not going to count this as me making dinner?

CUT TO:

ACT III

INT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Thorpe erases a dry erase board as Rebecca knocks on the door frame. He turns around.

MR. THORPE
Ah, look who it is. Come to insult me some more? Maybe draw a picture of me yourself with genitalia attached to my forehead that you deem properly miniscule?

REBECCA
No. Actually I came down here to tell you that I think you're a coward and a pile of crap for giving Robby a bad grade because of something I did.

MR. THORPE
Let me get this straight. You're verbally assaulting me because you think I misgraded Robby's paper on purpose to get back at you for verbally assaulting me.

REBECCA
Ding, ding, ding.

MR. THORPE
I didn't get a chance to say what I wanted to say in our first go 'round so I'll say it now. I've dealt with kids like Robby before - spoiled by a single mom whose living the high life off absentee daddy's child support, which teaches the kids that they don't have to work for anything and they're entitled to everything, just like mommy. That's why I gave him a D. I want him to know life won't always be easy for him.

Rebecca is not happy with Mr. Thorpe.

REBECCA
Mr. Thorpe, you think you know me and Robby?

MR. THORPE
Inside and out.

REBECCA
If you know us so well - I'll give you three guesses. You tell me what Robby's dad does or what I do for a living, I'll write you a check for a thousand dollars since money obviously comes so easy for me. But if you can't then you let this whole thing go and you give Robby that A we both know he deserves.

MR. THORPE
Give me five guesses.

REBECCA
Three. Those are the terms of the deal. I suggest you take it.

Mr. Thorpe mulls it over. He takes the bait.

MR. THORPE
Something in finance.

REBECCA
Negative.

MR. THORPE
You don't have a job but you're active with charities.

REBECCA
No.

MR. THORPE
Lawyer.

REBECCA
Close but no cigar. I'm a San Bernardino county judge and I'm not Robby's mom. I'm his foster mom. Robby's real mom and dad are serving 4 years in San Quentin for the illegal production and distribution of Methamphetamine and I was the judge who put them away. I took Robby in so he wouldn't go into the system because I could see that he's a good kid.
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)
He just needs to know that there are a few adults who care about him and who are on his side and you're missing the opportunity to be one of them.

Mr. Thorpe is flabbergasted.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LATER

Rebecca stands next to an electric blue Toyota Matrix in a parking space marked "Mr. Thorpe." She's on her phone.

REBECCA
(into phone)
Yeah, a blue Toyota Matrix. Don't tow it. Just boot it.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GARY BOYD'S OFFICE - DAY

Gary looks over some files at his desk. Rebecca walks in and sits down on the patients' couch.

GARY
What in the hell are you doing just walking in here?!? What if I would have been in the middle of a session?

REBECCA
You were supposed to be in court. I knew you didn't have one.

GARY
Did the bailiff not give you the prescription?

REBECCA
He did. I'm enjoying it right now.

GARY
Then why are you here?

REBECCA
I wanted to give you this.

She holds out a loose piece of legal paper.

GARY
Do I have to pick up your groceries now, too.

REBECCA
Just read it.

He does.

GARY
A handwritten “Special V.I.P. All-Access backstage pass?”

REBECCA
Yeah. Jenny and I are playing a gig tonight. I just wanted to make sure you knew and that you felt you know, special.

GARY
So are you asking me to be your date to this thing?

REBECCA
Date is a little strong, but how about the only guy with V.I.P. access.

GARY
What does V.I.P. access get me?

REBECCA
A free drink and you get to have sex with the drummer.

GARY
See you there.

REBECCA
Good now I have to ask one more guy if he’ll show up.

Off Gary’s surprised look we...

CUT TO:

INT. REBECCA’S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rebecca walks in holding a small bag. Robby play’s video games on TV.

REBECCA
Hey, Robby, I got you something.

Robby pauses his game, looks at the bag.

ROBBY
Something a little better.

She gives him the bag. He looks inside and pulls out a tuxedo.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
It's kind of early for a Halloween costume but James Bond is cool.

REBECCA
It's not a costume. I want you to be my date.

ROBBY
To a James Bond costume party?

REBECCA
No, this has nothing to do with James Bond. It's a black tie thing and - that doesn't matter. What matters is that I know I screwed up with dinner and I know I'm not what you expected me to be and I know I'll never be like a regular mom but I want YOU to know that what I'll always do my best to be is here for you. I'm on your side and I never want you to feel like you're on your own. So I want to take you out so you can see who you're stuck with.

ROBBY
Can I get a martini shaken not stirred?

REBECCA
Only if I'm not looking.

INT. GIANT BANQUET HALL (UCLA LAW SCHOOL GRADUATION) - EVENING

Tom, TOM'S WIFE, Judge Connors and JUDGE CONNOR'S WIFE talk to one another amongst the black tie crowd.

Judge Connors nervously checks his watch.

JUDGE CONNORS
If she is late to this...

TOM
Well, Judge Connors, she was late to her own graduation in this very room and I could probably-

JUDGE CONNORS
I'll say it again. No one wants to hear a speech from a prosecutor who isn't famous.

Just then Rebecca walks in. She's decked out in a beautiful gown. Robby's in his tux on her arm.

They approach the Tom/Judge Connors crew.

REBECCA
Hot date night with wifey at law school graduation? You going to turn up the heat later with some mutual reading in bed?

TOM'S WIFE
Wouldn't you like to know?

JUDGE CONNORS
Well I'm glad you made it on time. I was getting a little worried.

REBECCA
No need to worry at all.

JUDGE CONNORS
How's your speech?

REBECCA
Don't know yet. I'm going to wing it, like I did with my class president speech.

She grabs Tom's drink drains it and walks away with her guys.

TOM
She improvised that? It was a great speech.

Tom's wife hits him.

On the stage the Dean goes to the mic.

DEAN
And now, I'd like to introduce our keynote speaker of the night.
(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)
She graduated from this very law school, I won’t say how long ago, but a while ago and now she’s one of the youngest judges in San Bernardino county under the tutelage of one of our judicial relations board members, Judge Connors-

In the audience Judge Connors nods.

DEAN (CONT’D)
-please welcome Judge Rebecca Wright.

The audience claps.

Rebecca takes the stage. She looks out at Judge Connors who gives her a “this better be good” look.

REBECCA
Good evening. So you’re graduating. You’re moving on to the next phase of your lives with a bunch of hopes and dreams about the future. When I was sitting where you are now I had my own hopes and dreams. I wanted to be a musician. I got my undergrad degree from the music school and I thought law was a completely boring waste of time but it was a good fall back plan.

Judge Connors is getting nervous.

REBECCA (CONT’D)
It turns out I was actually pretty good at it, though, and it was easier to make a career in law than it was in music. But the thing that I never lost sight of and the thing you all should remember is that you can’t get trapped by this. Be free and do the things that make you happy because when you get to be my age and you might have a long and lucrative career or a family or any number of things you use to define success but the only one that really matters is happiness. You never want to look back and wonder if you should have done something that might have made you happier than you are now.
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)
So go out into the world young law students and make friends, make love, make rock and roll and above all make yourselves happy. And the first step in doing that, I think, would probably be for all of you to ditch the stuffy reception that starts right after my speech and instead join me down the street at the Pubhouse where my band will be playing.

She leaves the podium. The room is silent for a beat then caps are thrown into the air to the sound track of wild cheer and applause as the law students follow Rebecca.

Judge Connors tracks her down.

JUDGE CONNORS
What in the hell was that?

REBECCA
I did the speech just like I said I would. I never said I'd stick around for the reception.

She grabs Robby by the arm and they hustle out.

INT. REBECCA'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

ROBBY
(ecited)
Are you really taking me to a bar right now?

REBECCA
Yes I am.

ROBBY
How will get in? Won't that be breaking the law?

Rebecca turns to face Robby, her face an inch from his.

REBECCA
The law? I am the law.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBHOUSE - NIGHT

A huge crowd in caps and gowns drinks beer and makes noise generally.

On a small cramped stage is a small banner for a band that reads “Barely Legal.”

On stage Jenny sets up.

Rebecca enters the bar with Gary and Robby. A BOUNCER inside the bar stops them.

BOUNCER
No kids allowed in here.

Rebecca whips out her badge, shows it to the Bouncer.

REBECCA
I’m a San Bernardino county judge. This child is in my protective custody and he’s going to need to enter this bar for the duration the set as part of an ongoing investigation.

BOUNCER
What kind of investigation could that possibly be?

REBECCA
The kind that will have cops hastling you every night forever if you don’t cut us some slack.

BOUNCER
Understood.

Rebecca takes Robby up to the bar, finds him a seat.

REBECCA
(to the bartender)
Could he have a burger and a Coke?

ROBBY
I’m vegetarian.

REBECCA
I obviously meant a veggie burger.

ROBBY
And technically you said you’d cook dinner.

Rebecca is contemplating this.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
I'm just screwing with you. This is the coolest dinner I could ask for.

She kisses him on the cheek. He smiles. She moves off toward the stage and runs into Gary.

GARY
So the other guy you were talking about was Robby?

REBECCA
Yeah.

GARY
You could have just told me that. I was psychologically preparing myself for a fist fight with some other guy on the drive here.

REBECCA
You were going to start a fight for me?

GARY
No, but I imagined whoever the other guy is to be threatened enough by me that he'd probably start one.

REBECCA
You really are pretty cute.

GARY
I don't need cute. I've got this.

He holds up his hand made "V.I.P. Pass."

She kisses him and heads to the stage where Jenny tunes up her kit.

JENNY
This crowd is insane.

REBECCA
You're welcome.

JENNY
You brought these kids here?

REBECCA
Hell yes.

JENNY
Well this is easily the biggest crowd we've ever played and one of those kids by the foosball table is going to look really good sneaking out of my bed at 8am.

REBECCA
Let's rock and roll.

JENNY
Yes, my dude, let's.

Jenny takes the mic. Rebecca takes her seat at the drums.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, prepare yourselves. We are Barely Legal.

Rebecca raises her drumsticks and counts it down.

REBECCA
One, two, three, four!

They kick into a rock version of Jay Z's 99 Problems, a modern legal anthem.

JENNY
(singing)
If you're havin' girl problems I feel bad for you son. I've got 99 problems and a-

CUT TO:

INT. REBECCA'S CAR - NIGHT

Fresh from the show, Gary drives and Rebecca sits in the back seat with her arm around Robby.

ROBBY
That was really awesome.

REBECCA
So you had fun?

ROBBY
Yeah. It was great. I can't wait to tell all my friends at school that you took me to a bar.

REBECCA
Yeah. You can never do that.

ROBBY
I know. I'm just screwing with you.

REBECCA
Ah. Good one. Did you like our set?

ROBBY
I have pretty good taste in music so - no.

REBECCA
Honesty. I'll accept that.

GARY
I liked it.

REBECCA
You always do.

ROBBY
I know tonight wasn't a normal thing kids get to do but I just want to say that it was seriously cool.

REBECCA
I'm glad you had fun because I don't think we can really do normal but I think we can do happy.

FADE OUT.