

BOBBIE SUE

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FADE IN:

EXT. COFAX HOUSE - DAY

On the front lawn of a working class suburban home, EIGHT strapping, sandy-haired YOUNG MEN line up opposite each other in descending ages from early 20s to 10.

By the time we get to the youngest, we can tell these are all brothers and they are about to show no mercy in an informal game of TACKLE FOOTBALL.

But past the youngest boy, last in the line-up, is little BOBBIE SUE. She's 8 years old, the only girl. But under that bob haircut is a gameface to put her brothers to shame.

Her 16 year-old brother, CHIP, lined up opposite her, gives her the EVIL EYE.

CHIP

Get ready to eat my dust, Bobbie Sue.

YOUNG BOBBIE SUE

I got eight brothers, bitch. Which one are you?

DADDY COFAX, paunchy, middle-aged, and dressed in his high school coach's uniform, hikes the ball and the kids scramble.

Chip is HOOFING it, going long. Daddy Cofax lets the ball FLY. Chip lays out his arms, ready to catch the sweetest pass. The ball just TOUCHES his hands, and Bobbie Sue APPEARS two steps ahead of him. She lays down a shoulder, taking the HIT like a man, and Chip goes FLYING end over end.

Daddy Cofax is all SMILES.

DADDY COFAX

Thataway, Bobbie Sue!

Chip, SPRAWLED on the ground and GASPING for air, looks up to see Bobbie Sue STRUT in close to GLOAT.

YOUNG BOBBIE SUE

(mock concern)

You okay, Chip? You know, when you went end over end like that, I think I caught a glimpse of your vagina.

CHIP

Fuck you, Bobbie Sue.

EXT. COFAX HOUSE - DUSK

The Cofax boys still PLAY in the front yard. Several of them throw the football, one tries to BURN AN ANT with the last of the sunlight through a magnifying glass, and two just take turns punching each other in the face.

Daddy Cofax and Bobbie Sue SIT on the front steps of the porch WATCHING the boys with peaceful grins on their faces. Daddy POPS open a BEER and gives Bobbie Sue a SWIG.

DADDY COFAX

Bobbie Sue, there's nothing any of them can do that you can't. I want you to remember that.

BOBBIE SUE

Pee standing up?

DADDY COFAX

(shrugs)

A little practice...

(beat)

The point is, people are gonna try and tell you different. But don't you listen.

BOBBIE SUE

I know, Dad.

DADDY COFAX

Your mother would be real proud.

They sit in SILENCE a moment as her brother still tries to catch an ant on fire with a magnifying glass.

BOBBIE SUE

Tell me about Mom again.

DADDY COFAX

She was just like you...

Daddy Cofax hesitates with his beer to his lips. An older brother wheels an acetylene tank up to the boy with the magnifying glass, drops a face shield and lights a blow torch. As he FRIES the ant...

DADDY COFAX (CONT'D)

...taller maybe.

We pull back, revealing each brother performing a stupid feat of masculinity as we launch into a TITLE SEQUENCE...

CUT TO:

INT. COFAX HOUSE - DAY

With little Bobbie Sue at his side, Daddy Cofax holds a TROPHY with "SPELLING BEE 1st PLACE" engraved on its base. He places the trophy on the mantle next to a picture of Bobbie Sue. He SMILES down at her and musses her hair.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Bobbie Sue, FIVE YEARS LATER, sits against the window on her way to junior high. A FAT BULLY walks up and SCOWLS at her.

FAT BULLY
Move your ass!

One of Bobbie Sue's brothers POPS his head above a seat. He nods - *Need help?* Bobbie Sue WAVES him off.

BOBBIE SUE
(to Bully)
Seriously tubs, pretend this is a buffet line and keep moving.

With wild-eyed anger, the Bully LUNGES at Bobbie Sue.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

The bus PASSES and we see the bully's face FLATTENED against the glass in anguished pain. Behind him, Bobbie Sue is "death-locked" on his crotch, LIFTING him off the seat by his balls.

CUT TO:

INT. COFAX HOUSE - DAY

On the mantle next to Bobbie Sue's picture now sits SIX trophies of assorted sizes for a variety of accomplishments: District Wrestling Championship, Debate Team President, State Jr. Marathon 1st Place, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Another FIVE YEARS LATER and Bobbie Sue skims a TEXTBOOK while walking down a crowded high school hallway. Unlike most of the other girls, she sports no make-up or mid-90's fashion sense, but she does have a striking natural beauty.

By some lockers, a group of JOCKS terrorize two GEEKS. The ALPHA-JOCK leans with both hands on a BASEBALL BAT. The jocks laugh, and even the Geeks chuckle out of self-preservation.

Bobbie Sue passes between the two groups and nonchalantly KICKS the baseball bat from the jock's hands, he FALLS - THE BAT RAMS INTO HIS NUTS. He CRUMPLES to the floor in pain.

Ignoring the fallen Jock, the boys all STARE longingly and lustfully as Bobbie Sue WALKS ON still buried in her book.

JOCK
Damn she's hot!

GEEK
I heard she was raised by wolves.

CUT TO:

INT. COFAX HOUSE - DAY

The trophies are MULTIPLYING like rabbits - ten, twelve, fifteen. All different accomplishments: Academic Decathlon National Champion, Boston League Hockey MVP, Speech State Champion. It is beginning to look precarious.

CUT TO:

INT. HARVARD LAW SCHOOL - DAY

Another FIVE YEARS LATER and Bobbie Sue STANDS in an auditorium filled with LAW STUDENTS. The large banner above the stage reads: "HARVARD SCHOOL OF LAW: CLOSING ARGUMENT DEBATE FINALS." The crowd is in the middle of uproarious APPLAUSE as Bobbie Sue accepts a ridiculously LARGE TROPHY. She HOLDS IT high above her head in victory while her brothers and father WHOOP IT UP in the front row.

CUT TO:

INT. COFAX HOUSE - DAY

The mantle is now OVERLOADED with trophies. With an adult Bobbie Sue at his side, Daddy Cofax SQUEEZES the new trophy into place, almost PUSHING off several more. After a few adjustments, he steps back and smiles at Bobbie Sue. She wraps her arms around him as he musses her hair.

And then the mantle COLLAPSES under the strain sending trophies CRASHING to the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Adult BOBBIE SUE COFAX stands in the middle of the courtroom, and as usual, all eyes are on her. She's grown to a BREATHTAKING 30 year-old woman. And from the way she commands the room, it is clear she took her Daddy's advice that she can do anything she sets her mind to.

Over at the defense table, the DEFENDANT, a middle-aged man, and his two lawyers, JACK and LARRY, look NERVOUS. Jack, young, good-looking, scribbles on a pad as Larry, older, fatter, less hair, leans over to whisper to his client.

In the witness box, Bobbie Sue's CLIENT, a frail but attractive woman, waits for her next question.

BOBBIE SUE

And when he gave you the device, did he explain the risks involved?

CLIENT

Risks?

Bobbie Sue TURNS to her client, feigning surprise.

CLIENT (CONT'D)

It was... just a thigh exerciser.

Bobbie Sue MARCHES over to her table and HOLDS UP a bizarre, rather dangerous-looking contraption.

BOBBIE SUE

A prototype thigh exerciser. Never tested. Given to you for your endorsement.

CLIENT

He said I could be the next post-career Suzanne Sommers.

BOBBIE SUE

And he never explained the risks?

CLIENT

No.

Bobbie Sue sets the thigh exerciser down and STROLLS over toward the jury.

BOBBIE SUE
Will you please tell us what happened
when you first used the device?

Bobbie Sue LEANS on the railing of the jury box and catches
the eye of a cute JUROR.

CLIENT
(embarrassed)
Do I have to?

Bobbie Sue SMILES at the jury.

BOBBIE SUE
No.

She gives the cute juror a WINK - he BLUSHES.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
I've got photos.

Bobbie Sue steps to her table and reveals a LARGE POSTER. She
sets the poster on an easel in front of the jury. We can't
see what they see, but they all RECOIL IN HORROR.

INT. COURTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Bobbie Sue and her client sit opposite the defendant and his
two lawyers.

JACK
We're prepared to settle for five
hundred thousand.

LARRY
It's a sizable offer.

JACK
More than you can possibly hope to
get from that jury.

Bobbie Sue smiles and leans in closer to Jack.

BOBBIE SUE
Twenty minutes ago, Larry here...
(pointing to Larry)
offered me fifty bucks for my
underwear.

LARRY
What!? Come on, Ms. Cofax!

JACK

I don't see how this is relevant.

BOBBIE SUE

Hey, if Larry wants to be queen for a day, it's fine by me.

Bobbie Sue pulls out a fifty dollar bill.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

But I'm fifty bucks richer and three ounces of nylon and lace lighter.

(beat)

Point is, I know a good deal when I see one. And five hundred grand is a slap in the face.

(to her client)

Come on. We'll take our chances with the jury.

Bobbie Sue stands and we see, for the first time, the client is in a WHEELCHAIR. Bobbie Sue rolls her toward the door.

CLIENT

(whispering)

When did you give him your panties?

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

The JURY FOREMAN stands to render the VERDICT.

JURY FOREMAN

We the jury find for the plaintiff and recommend one million dollars in compensatory damages.

Bobbie Sue LEAPS to her feet, POINTING at the jury.

BOBBIE SUE

Yeah, you do!

She PUMPS her fist and turns to the defense team.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Suck it! Ain't no second place in this house!

JUDGE JUDITH ROBERTS, a serious-minded, competent judge, BANGS her gavel.

JUDGE ROBERTS

Ms. Cofax. Please restrain your outbursts.

BOBBIE SUE

(mock respect)

If it pleases the court, I'd like to
do a victory lap around the
defendant's table.

JUDGE ROBERTS

It does not please the court. Sit
down.

Bobbie Sue sits down, but leers at the defendant and his
lawyers. POINTING at her CROTCH, she MOUTHS the words, "Suck
my dick, bitches."

JUDGE ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Ms. Cofax. I can see you.

Bobbie Sue faces forward.

BOBBIE SUE

Sorry, judge.

INT. BLIND JUSTICE BAR - NIGHT

It's an old school lawyer bar, lots of mahogany, pinstripes
and single malt scotch.

Bobbie Sue is at the bar, SURROUNDED by other LAWYERS, and
still GLOATING. She's got three drinks in front of her and
the thigh exerciser on the bar.

BOBBIE SUE

And he says, "But if you rub it, it
turns into a briefcase."

The lawyers all LAUGH and Bobbie Sue POUNDS another drink.
One of the lawyers finishes his and FALLS OVER. They all look
at him on the floor a moment, then laugh even harder.

Another lawyer picks the thigh exerciser up from the bar,
turning it over in his hands, fascinated.

LAWYER #1

How the hell did you get one million
dollars out of this thing?

BOBBIE SUE

God bless the visual aid, my friend.

LAWYER #2

When are you gonna get tired of
chasing ambulances and come work for
the big boys?

BOBBIE SUE

You guys had your chance.

(to Lawyer #1)

You tell one dick joke in an interview and suddenly you're a "loose cannon".

LAWYER #3

Come on, you know you want it.

BOBBIE SUE

No shit. You think I want to chase ambulances for the rest of my life? But who'd have me? I'm damaged goods.

LAWYER #2

We'd take you in a heart beat.

Bobbie Sue smiles and pats Lawyer #2 on the arm.

BOBBIE SUE

(sarcastic)

Aw, that's sweet.

(beat)

But get past the thrill of watching me in action, and you'll realize I'm not the one you bring home to the senior partners. To them, I'm like Vegas. Nice place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there.

Bobbie Sue takes another drink and Lawyer #1 PERKS UP, remembering something important. He turns to Lawyer #2, TALKING OVER Bobbie Sue.

LAWYER #1

Hey, what about Fleet Tech's big class action suit? What would you give to be on that team?

LAWYER #2

Two hundred women whining about men running a company with their dicks? Let me at 'em.

The men LAUGH and, feeling excluded, Bobbie Sue FROWNS. But then the crowd parts. She SEES Jack from the courtroom down the bar talking to a gorgeous, younger WOMAN.

BOBBIE SUE

Excuse me, boys. Gotta go run that victory lap.

As she walks toward Jack, the lawyers all watch her go.

LAWYER #1
She is a piece of work.

LAWYER #2
I feel so cold when she walks away.

LAWYER #3
Rumor has it, she was raised by
wolves!

Lawyer #2 raises an eyebrow - *Are you serious?*

LAWYER #3 (CONT'D)
Well, that's the rumor.

Bobbie Sue steps down the bar and slips in between Jack and his date, INTERRUPTING their conversation.

BOBBIE SUE
Hey, Jack. Buy you a drink?

WOMAN
(angry)
Excuse me.

Bobbie Sue turns to see the woman.

BOBBIE SUE
Oh, I didn't even see you there.
(to Jack)
She blends in doesn't she? Fake tan,
dark mahogany.

JACK
(annoyed)
What are you doing?

WOMAN
(to Jack)
You know this woman?

Bobbie Sue puts her arm around Jack and the woman.

BOBBIE SUE
Let me buy us all a drink.
(to bartender)
Frank, two Glenlivet's and a Shirley
Temple for the little lady.

The woman SHAKES OFF Bobbie Sue's arm and gets to her feet.

WOMAN
Who the hell do you think you are?

Bobbie Sue moves in close to the woman.

BOBBIE SUE

I'm the one who cleaned the court
with your would-be one night stand's
ass today. And from what I can tell,
you're the set of implants he's
claiming as a consolation prize.

WOMAN

(to Jack)

Are you going to let her talk to me
like that... um...

JACK

Jack.

WOMAN

...Jack.

JACK

(half-heartedly)

Bobbie Sue...

BOBBIE SUE

(interrupting)

By the way, are they saline or
silicone? Cause if they're silicone
we have a case.

(pulling out a card)

Here's my card.

The woman is SHOCKED. She looks to Jack, but Jack is no help.
The woman STOMPS from the bar. Bobbie Sue turns to Jack.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

She's cute. I like her.

JACK

I did too.

BOBBIE SUE

Aw, don't take it so hard. You would
have been thinking of me anyway.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobbie Sue and Jack BURST into his bedroom TEARING at each
other's clothes. Before Bobbie Sue is even indecent, Jack's
pants are around his ankles and she's CLIMBING on top of him.

BOBBIE SUE

Okay, baby. Show me what you got.

JACK
Oh, I'm gonna show you...

But before he can finish his sentence, Bobbie Sue lets out a
TOE CURLING SCREAM.

JACK (CONT'D)
(confused)
Are you all right?

BOBBIE SUE
Oh, yeah. Ohhh, yeah.

It becomes OBVIOUS Bobbie Sue is DONE.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Was it good for you?

Bobbie Sue smiles, dreamy, and gives Jack a little post-
coital KISS.

JACK
Was what good?

Bobbie Sue is off of him and straightening up her clothes.

BOBBIE SUE
Listen, baby. I gotta get up early
tomorrow, so let's just call it a
night. Okay?

Jack is SPEECHLESS, sitting on the edge of his bed, his pants
still around his ankles.

JACK
Are you kidding me? I was just
getting started.

Bobbie Sue moves in, taking his face tenderly in her hand.

BOBBIE SUE
Let's not spoil it by getting needy.

She turns and HEADS for the door.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
I'll call you.

JACK
(as the door SLAMS)
You don't even have my number!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Two POLICE OFFICERS SHOVE a YOUNG MAN into the back of a patrol car. Before shutting the door, they pause AWKWARDLY, allowing the young man his line. He FACES the camera.

YOUNG MAN

Sure, I had a few drinks. But
intoxicated? Where's my justice?

EXT. STATE SUPREME COURT - DAY

Bobbie Sue is RUNNING up the steps briefcase in hand. INTENSE music looming. Halfway up she TURNS dramatically. The picture FREEZES on a serious looking Bobbie Sue. The words "CALL COFAX!" FLASH across the screen.

INT. COUPLES HOME - DAY

A HUSBAND sits in a RASCAL SCOOTER as his WIFE feebly attempts to PULL him up some stairs. She can't make the first step. They are HORRIBLE ACTORS. The wife gives up and buries her face in her hands. The husband turns to the camera.

HUSBAND

The man said he was a doctor, but he
was just a chiropractor. Where's my
justice?

EXT. STATE SUPREME COURT - DAY

We see the exact SAME SHOT of Bobbie Sue running up the steps and turning dramatically. "CALL COFAX!"

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

A MAN stands alone on an empty sidewalk FACING the camera.

MAN

The bus driver touched my dangly
bits. Now I'm too scared to ride the
bus. Where's my just...

The crummy EDITING, unfortunately, CUTS him off.

EXT. STATE SUPREME COURT - DAY

The EXACT same footage of Bobbie Sue. "CALL COFAX!" Then the picture unfreezes. Bobbie Sue faces the camera.

BOBBIE SUE

I got your justice. I got it right
here.

She TURNS her head DRAMATICALLY to another camera angle.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

If you've been wronged, injured or
mistreated in any way and feel
there's even the slightest chance you
could get financial compensation,
then call me, Bobbie Sue Cofax.

She awkwardly GRINS at the camera and the picture FREEZES. A
THEME SONG plays as "CALL COFAX! 617-555-6734" appears.

CHORUS (O.S.)

Bobbie Sue will sue for you... Call
Cofax!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

We pull back from Bobbie Sue's frozen image to see that it is
displayed on a FLAT SCREEN TV in the opulent conference room.

Sitting at the other end of the room are THREE AGING LAWYERS
in leather chairs: REGINALD STEVENS, round, stern-faced;
WINSTON SMITH, thinner, older, on the downhill slope to
senility; and JOE BAKER, SR., the meanest of the bunch. They
are AGHAST at what they've just seen.

JOE BAKER, JR. (35) STANDS before them with a remote in his
hand. He's handsome, immaculate, and soaked with charm.

STEVENS

Is this some kind of joke?

SMITH

(too loud)

I miss radio!

Everyone tries to IGNORE Mr. Smith, who's clearly there in
name only.

JOE

It's no joke, Mr. Stevens. In the
seven years since she left Harvard,
Bobbie Sue Cofax has won every case
she's ever tried.

STEVENS

From what I understand we don't have any malpractice or DWI cases on the books.

JOE

Fleet Tech is our largest client. We billed more than 10 million from them last year alone.

(pointing at Baker Sr.)

Hell, dad plays golf with Bill Bradley, their CEO, every Sunday.

BRADLEY

Joe. What the hell does Bobbie Sue Cofax have to do with Fleet Tech?

Joe APPROACHES the stodgy old men gravely.

JOE

They've got 212 angry women on their backs, the largest class action sexual harassment and discrimination suit in Massachusetts history. We're going to have a court room filled with sniveling man-haters. Who's going to face them?

STEVENS

Well, I'm sure one of us could...

BAKER

(interrupting)

Reginald, you've been divorced three times.

STEVENS

Technically, the second was annulled...

JOE

Baker, Stevens and Smith already has an image problem. We've got fewer female junior partners than any other law firm in the city. Have you seen today's paper?

Joe TOSSES the Boston Globe onto the table. Smith grabs it, looking at the paper's date.

SMITH

(shocked)

Two thousand and what?!

JOE
Below the fold.

Stevens TAKES the paper from Smith and TURNS it over.

STEVENS
(shocked)
18th century law firm defends 19th
century company. Baker, Stevens and
Smith is coming out of the dark ages
to defend the reprehensible Fleet
Tech.
(beat)
They misspelled chauvinist pigs.

BAKER
(beating the table)
We'll sue their asses for libel and
poor grammar!

JOE
No. We'll show them how progressive
we are. We need a woman in that court
room. One who thinks like a man.

STEVENS
What about Susan Sullivan?

JOE
With all due respect, she's a tax
attorney. And if she wins, she'll
expect a promotion. Besides, can you
imagine her in a courtroom?

The men all CHORTLE.

SMITH
(too loud, still laughing)
Laughing makes me winkle!

INT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH - DAY

Joe STRUTS out of the conference room and WINKS at ROSALIND
WILKS, the prim, middle-aged secretary. She blushes.

He passes into a large, richly-appointed central hallway.
SECRETARIES busy themselves at their desks in the center of
the room, occasionally crossing to the lawyer's offices along
the walls. Everything is burgundy and dark wood.

PHIL (30), a lawyer, sidles up to Joe as he makes his way
through the room.

PHIL
Did they go for it?

JOE
You bet your ass.

PHIL
(giddy)
This is going to be great! Finally,
some excitement around here. No
offense.
(beat)
Have you seen her commercial?

JOE
I just showed it to the old men.

PHIL
She is so sexy. Once, I saw her bitch
slap two bikers in a bar fight.

JOE
(quieter)
Well, Phil you'll have to fly stand-
by because if we do land her here,
she's got a round trip ticket on Joe
Air. First class, if you know what I
mean.

Phil laughs, and Joe goes with it.

JOE (CONT'D)
Soon after check in, I'll be looking
to board her immediately...
(pauses, thinking)
...so she should return to her seat
cause things are gonna get bumpy.
(on a roll)
And, after she handles Fleet Tech,
her return flight will be departing
pretty quick...

Joe motions toward the exits like a flight attendant. Phil
STOPS walking, Joe moves on.

PHIL
(confused)
Is she the plane, or...never mind,
good metaphor!

JOE
(calling out to no one)
All aboard!

Joe passes his gorgeous, young secretary, LINDA.

JOE (CONT'D)
Linda, set up a meeting with Bobbie
Sue Cofax.

Linda reaches for the phone as Joe passes into his office.

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S OFFICE - DAY

The cramped office is the POLAR OPPOSITE of the moneyed charm of Baker, Stevens and Smith. Metal file cabinets line the walls, papers cover every flat surface, and the only decoration on the bare white walls are Bobbie Sue's diplomas.

Bobbie Sue TYPES away on an oversized desktop computer when the phone RINGS. She answers.

BOBBIE SUE
(hi-pitched, feminine)
Law offices of Bobbie Sue Cofax. May
I help you?
(beat)
Let me see if she's available.

Bobbie Sue holds the phone away from her ear for a beat, then in her normal, aggressive tone...

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Cofax here. How can I help?

Bobbie Sue checks her watch.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
I'm due in court in half an hour. Can
I meet him after?
(beat)
Great. I'll have my secretary pencil
him in.

Bobbie Sue hangs up the phone and stares at it for a beat.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Joe sits in a sparsely filled courtroom gallery watching Bobbie Sue questioning a witness. Judge Roberts once again presides. We have yet to see the witness.

BOBBIE SUE
I find it hard to believe, Ms.
O'Brien, that you were unaware of my
client's medical condition.

Bobbie Sue gestures to her CLIENT, an obese woman weeping at the prosector's table. Bobbie Sue turns to the gallery.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

I don't think there's a person here who doesn't recognize someone with hypo-active thyroid leading to morbid obesity. And yet you...

Bobbie Sue SPINS, pointing directly at the UNSEEN witness.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

...Ms. O'Brien, and your organization, insisted on goading my client with ungodly manipulation to purchase and consume your product. Practically force feeding my client a product which, it has been established, is directly linked to obesity, heart disease and type-two diabetes. And you did this all in the name of profit.

We finally see the witness chair. A 9 YEAR-OLD GIRL dressed in a GIRL SCOUT UNIFORM sits TERRIFIED.

GIRL SCOUT

We were saving up for a trip to the Smithsonian.

BOBBIE SUE

A sight-seeing vacation. Nice. At what cost, Ms. O'Brien? At what cost?!

GIRL SCOUT

She loves those thin mints.

BOBBIE SUE

You have the nerve to blame the victim?

(to Judge Roberts)

Permission to treat the witness as hostile.

Judge Roberts SHAKES her head in disbelief. The girl scout starts to WHIMPER.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

You should be ashamed to wear that uniform.

Joe smiles to himself. He's impressed.

EXT. COURT HOUSE - LATER

Bobbie Sue is grinning and shaking hands with her grateful, obese client and turning to walk from the courthouse. Behind her we see the girl scout CRYING into her mother's arms.

As Bobbie Sue STRUTS from the court house, Joe walks to her side, keeping perfect stride with her.

JOE

That was quite an impressive performance, Ms. Cofax.

BOBBIE SUE

(without looking at him)

The truth tells itself. I'm just a damn fine piece of mouth.

JOE

Could I buy you a drink?

Bobbie Sue GLANCES at him without slowing her pace.

BOBBIE SUE

You work on that line all day? It feels fresh.

JOE

I'm Joe, Joe Baker, of Baker, Stevens, and Smith. My secretary arranged a meeting.

Bobbie Sue STOPS to shake Joe's hand, and it is clear it's a firmer grip than he expected.

BOBBIE SUE

Oh, of course. Guess I expected someone older.

JOE

I'm a junior partner. Dad's the Baker of Baker, Stevens and Smith.

BOBBIE SUE

Send a boy to do a man's job, huh?

There's an AWKWARD BEAT, then Bobbie Sue BURSTS into a laugh. Joe catches up, laughing too. She slaps him hard on the back.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

How about that drink?

INT. BLIND JUSTICE BAR - LATER

The bar is less crowded. Bobbie Sue sits with Joe at a table near the back, a couple of drinks ahead of him.

BOBBIE SUE

I interviewed with you guys my last year at Harvard.

JOE

Really? I don't remember...

BOBBIE SUE

Yeah. I did. My half-day interview took about 15 minutes.

JOE

That's all yesterday. We've been watching you. Seeing you progress. Mature. Bloom into one hell of a lawyer. You're strong, fierce, and obviously smarter than just about anyone in the room.

BOBBIE SUE

Wow, Joe. When you kiss ass, you use tongue.

Joe smiles, relaxes.

JOE

Look. All of that is true. Especially that part about being smart. You've seen the papers. We need more women like you.

BOBBIE SUE

More women like me?

JOE

Okay. We need at least one woman like you.

Bobbie Sue relishes the thought.

BOBBIE SUE

Look, Joe, I was never good at poker. I want the job. I'm not gonna lie. I never wanted to be out here on my own. I'm good at what I do, but I'm getting sick and tired of nickels and dimes.

JOE

(surprised)

You settled more than three million in damages last year. That's a lot of nickels and dimes.

BOBBIE SUE

What, are you stalking me? Don't forget I only get a percentage, and that's after counter suits, back door deals with slippery judges and overhead. Don't let the slick commercial fool you.

Joe raises an eyebrow - it's not that slick.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

I work for a living.

JOE

I tell you what, come by the office in the morning. Meet the partners. See if it feels right.

BOBBIE SUE

Aw, shit. I know how that goes, Joe. They'll take one look at me and think you've lost your mind. Frankly, I can't spare the fifteen minutes.

JOE

Times have changed, Bobbie Sue. They already see things my way. The "boy's only club" is a thing of the past. Hell, we might even install a ladies bathroom in the company gym.

BOBBIE SUE

No need. I pee standing up.

Joe laughs. So does Bobbie Sue. The moment lingers. Joe's smile DROPS a little.

JOE

You're serious, aren't you?

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bobbie Sue BURSTS through the door of her modern loft apartment with a celebratory WHOOP! She FLIPS a switch and *Under My Thumb* by the Rolling Stones BLARES through speakers. She DANCES around her apartment. She's an awful dancer.

BOBBIE SUE

Who's the man? I'm the man! Who's the man? I'm the man.

Eventually she turns the music down and DIALS into her phone.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Dad. I got the break. They finally came knocking.

INT. COFAX HOUSE - NIGHT

Daddy Cofax is older, but basically the same. Behind him we see Bobbie Sue's rabble of brothers, now all grown men, WATCHING pro-wrestling on television.

DADDY COFAX

Honey, that's great! I knew those fuck knots would get wise.

Behind him we see two of the brothers start to WRESTLE.

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BOBBIE SUE

(losing some enthusiasm)

Yeah, well, tomorrow I meet the partners. So I still have time to screw it up.

INT. COFAX HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Behind Daddy Cofax one of the brothers has another in a headlock and is jumping up and down.

DADDY COFAX

Robby, don't injure his spine. I'm not paying for another surgery.

(to phone)

So Bobbie Sue, you like this firm?

Another brother jumps from the couch on the other two.

BOBBIE SUE (O.S.)

Dad, they're the biggest, oldest firm in Boston.

The brother in the headlock reaches out, grabs a half-filled BEER BOTTLE, SMASHES it on the coffee table and STABS his brother in the arm.

DADDY COFAX
Okay, okay, but do you like them?

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BOBBIE SUE
Dad, they're lawyers. No one likes them.

DADDY COFAX (O.S.)
Is that blood, Chip!? You sew up your brother right now!

BOBBIE SUE
I'll call you tomorrow.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

Bobbie Sue cozies up to a cup of tea talking with an UNSEEN friend. We may be in a coffee shop...

BOBBIE SUE
Some people find me off-putting. A little intimidating, especially men. Honestly, I just treat guys like they treat me. But I really want this job. These guys are pros. I mean, they'll suck your blood faster than a tick on a hard-on.

A WOMAN, also unseen, clears her throat, obviously offended.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
(to unseen woman)
What?

Bobbie Sue looks back to her "friend" and rolls her eyes.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Anyway, I feel like this is the break I've been waiting for.

We pull back to see we are in a nail salon and Bobbie Sue's friend is a Vietnamese manicurist.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
For the first time I feel...

We see Bobbie Sue from the MANICURIST'S POINT OF VIEW...

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
(English gibberish)
Blah doe ga so ah blah kron blon doa
nop. Gum ploy nape sah blah rapter -

We're back on Bobbie Sue, who is really "connecting" with the manicurist.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
You know what I mean?
(sigh)
It is so good to talk to someone who
really listens.

The manicurist holds up two different polish colors.

MANICURIST
Thu phai dac sen?

Bobbie Sue's smile deflates. She points out one of the polishes and leans back in her seat.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

The three partners and Joe sit at one end of the long table. Stevens' cigar smoke spirals in the low light of the room.

BAKER
(into intercom)
Send her in, Ms. Wilks.

JOE
I should warn you, she can be a
little brash.

STEVENS
Ha! A bucking filly, huh?

JOE
Rabid might be a better word.

SMITH
(too loud)
With turnips!

The double doors at the far end of the room creak open. Bobbie Sue STEPS IN. She's dressed in a black business dress which is both intimidatingly professional and breathtakingly sexy. She walks the length of the table, owning the room.

She SHAKES the hand of each partner in turn.

BOBBIE SUE
Nice to meet you boys.

She sits down and inhales deeply.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Cohiba. Nice.

STEVENS
You smoke cigars?

BOBBIE SUE
Only when I'm drinking.

Everyone LAUGHS.

JOE
Too bad it's 9:30 in the...

Bobbie Sue STOPS laughing and CUTS Joe off.

BOBBIE SUE
(interrupting)
I don't mind.

There's an awkward PAUSE. Then Baker turns to Joe.

BAKER
Joe, pour the lady a drink.

Joe gets to his feet and walks to the bar as Stevens opens a box of cigars for Bobbie Sue.

BOBBIE SUE
Make mine neat, would you Joe?

Stevens lights her cigar.

STEVENS
I think I'll join you. Splash of water in mine.

BOBBIE SUE
(cigar in mouth)
Water? What's next, growing tits and some lactating?

The men are STUNNED into silence.

SMITH
(too loud)
A nice rabbit stew!

Bobbie Sue gives Smith a DOUBLE TAKE, but let's it lie. Joe hands Bobbie Sue her drink.

BOBBIE SUE

So, who wants to hire a lawyer?

BAKER

Ms. Cofax. We have a long tradition of providing the finest legal support to some of the largest, most influential corporations in the world. That means, hiring the very best lawyers with a range of expertise.

STEVENS

Frankly, we lack a take charge litigant. No offense to Joe and his team, but what we need is someone who knows the law and shows no mercy to their opponent. Legally speaking.

BOBBIE SUE

No need to soften me up, boys. I'm already sitting at the table.

BAKER

I presume you've heard about our client Fleet Tech and the recent class action suit filed against them.

Bobbie Sue takes the cigar from her mouth and stares hard at the old men.

BOBBIE SUE

Yeah. What about it?

STEVENS

Well, I think we'd all be interested in how you might approach such a case. Given it's...nature.

BOBBIE SUE

(slightly mocking)

It's...nature? What? Cause it's a bunch of whining women? The law's the law, boys and Fleet Tech has the right to counsel. I do my job, and I do it better than most.

Bobbie Sue sits back, ready to show her skills.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Tell me what you know.

JOE

212 female employees are claiming sexual discrimination against Fleet Tech.

BOBBIE SUE

Yeah, I read the papers. What's the damage? How exposed are they?

Joe sits and slides a thin folder over to Bobbie Sue.

JOE

Internal memos show that women were systematically paid lower wages, assigned meager tasks, and purposefully passed over for promotions again and again. Basically sexism was the unwritten policy of the company.

Bobbie Sue flips through the file.

BOBBIE SUE

(shaking her head)

And the whiny slits want to sue.

SMITH

(too loud)

Malt liquor?

BOBBIE SUE

Where does Bradley stand?

JOE

CEO and majority shareholder. He is Fleet Tech. And a jury is sure to despise him. In the last ten years he's wriggled out of four separate sexual harassment suits.

Bobbie Sue leans over and elbows Stevens.

BOBBIE SUE

I don't know about you, but I like my sex a little harassed.

She closes the file and takes a slow drag on her cigar. She looks the four men in the eyes and switches into game mode.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Have you counter sued for detriment of character and frivolent lawsuit?

BAKER

Might that be seen as a little too aggressive?

BOBBIE SUE

You want a wart gone, you burn it off. I'd recommend filing those suits this morning and adding individual suits against each employee participating in the suit for mental anguish of our boy.

STEVENS

That would never stand.

BOBBIE SUE

Doesn't have to. Let it get thrown out. The threat's enough. Make them sweat. Women hate to sweat.

Bobbie Sue SWIGS the last of her drink.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Next we get those Norma Rae's off their Oprah asses and collect some depositions. With a woman running the defense, there's no way they'll go to court. We'll throw them a settlement bone and go out for steaks.

Bobbie Sue leans back and smokes her cigar, waiting for the men's response. For a minute everyone is SILENT. Bobbie Sue can't tell how she's been received, but she keeps her cool. Finally Stevens removes his cigar and speaks slowly.

STEVENS

Well, I think we've found the perfect man for the job.

Smiles all around as Bobby Sue shakes each hand again.

BOBBIE SUE

So when do I start?

JOE

The sooner the better. How about first thing tomorrow morning?

BOBBIE SUE

I'll drink to that.

Everyone laughs.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
(suddenly straight-faced)
No, seriously.

She slides her empty glass toward Joe.

INT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH - DAY

Bobbie Sue is just leaving the meeting, saying goodbye as she squeezes out. She keeps her composure until the doors close, then does a victory leap and shout witnessed only by the secretary. Ms. Wilks looks at her with disapproval.

MS. WILKS
Good meeting?

BOBBIE SUE
Like an ass slap to the soul, Betty.

MS. WILKS
My name is Rosalind.

BOBBIE SUE
I'm sure it is.

Bobbie Sue walks out, ecstatic.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe is walking back from the door. Bobbie Sue has just left. He's smiling at Baker, Stevens and Smith.

BAKER
Quite the specimen.

STEVENS
I stand corrected, Joe. She's perfect
for the case.

BAKER
She's certainly full of life...

SMITH
(too loud)
And spunk...

BAKER
And when the case is over...

STEVENS
She's gone...

BAKER
Is that clear, Joe?

JOE
Crystal clear.

SMITH
Bury her in Jersey!

BAKER
We're not going to kill her, Smith.

SMITH
No, no, no.
(brightens)
Bury her alive.

EXT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH - MORNING

It's her first day at the new firm and Bobbie Sue is dressed to kill. She pauses for a moment at the large glass doors leading into the building. This is it. She takes a breath and walks in full of purpose and pride.

INT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A security guard sits behind a large round desk.

SECURITY GUARD
Good morning, Ms. Cofax. Welcome to the firm.

BOBBIE SUE
(serious)
Morning.

Once past the guard she allows herself a gleeful smile.

The elevator doors are just closing, but she swings her briefcase between the doors and steps inside. She stands with FOUR MEN. She can sense their stares.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Like that scent? It's called pheromones. God made it.

INT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH - CONTINUOUS

The doors slide open and Bobbie Sue steps out into the bustling offices of Baker, Stevens and Smith.

LAWYERS and their SECRETARIES are busy with morning office work, typing notes, briefing lawyers, delivering paperwork.

Bobbie Sue is greeted at the elevator by HUNTER PUNTS (25) handsome, smiley and slightly effeminate.

HUNTER

Ms. Cofax, good morning. I'm Hunter.
Your office is this way.

He leads her past the desks and down the hall. Heads turn and the murmuring starts. Bobbie Sue notices the curious looks but keeps her game face on.

They pass Phil and RICH (32), a confident young lawyer and one of the only black employees of the firm.

RICH

She looks younger than on the ad.

PHIL

If she gives me half a chance, I'm
going to cheat on my wife.

Hunter is walking fast, handing her papers as they walk.

HUNTER

So the new schedule will arrive by
ten. I've set an appointment with
your prosecuting team for tomorrow
lunch... and here's your office.

Hunter opens the office door and Bobbie Sue steps in.

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The floor to ceiling window overlooks downtown Boston. A large polished oak desk sits in the center of the room. Hunter pauses and allows Bobbie Sue a moment to absorb it all. She walks to the window and stares out.

BOBBIE SUE

(to herself)
Welcome to the big league.

HUNTER

The latest briefs are on your desk.
Do you need anything else?

Bobbie Sue turns to Hunter.

BOBBIE SUE

Great. No. Thanks....who are you?

HUNTER

Hunter. Hunter Punts.

BOBBIE SUE

Yeah, heard that, but who are you?

HUNTER

I'm your office assistant.

BOBBIE SUE

I have a secretary?!

HUNTER

I prefer the term office assistant.

BOBBIE SUE

(overlapping)

You people have any coffee in this place? I take mine black. The stronger the better.

HUNTER

No problem.

As Hunter places a folder on her desk, Bobbie Sue gives him a slap to his butt.

BOBBIE SUE

And see if you can find me a bagel.

Hunter huffs and heads out. Bobbie Sue plops down in her leather chair and throws her feet onto the desk.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Bobbie Sue, you have arrived...

Bobbie Sue leans too far back and the chair falls over. Hunter reenters and Bobbie Sue pops up from behind the desk.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

And... uh, order a new chair. This one's broken.

Cake's Short Skirt Long Jacket erupts onto the sound track as we cut to...

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bobbie Sue working through a pile of papers on her desk.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

She laughs along with a table full of male LAWYERS. She slaps one on the back, and he spits up his scotch.

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S OFFICE - DAY

She sits on her desk skimming a volume of case histories, but manages to catch a lingering glimpse of Hunter's ass as he walks from the office.

INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

She passes a MALE INTERN bent over a copier. She's engrossed in a file, but the intern JUMPS from an unseen pinch on his ass. He turns to see Bobbie Sue. She blows him a kiss.

INT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH - DAY

Bobbie Sue struts down the hall as SUSAN SULLIVAN, mid-40s, tall, attractive, appears from an office. Phil sidles up to her. The music fades to the background as they both watch Bobbie Sue disappear down the hall.

SUSAN

That's her?

PHIL

Every inch of her.

SUSAN

My kind of woman.

PHIL

What? No.

(confused, deflated)

Really?

Susan shakes her head and frowns at Phil.

SUSAN

Trust me.

INT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH - DAY

The music slams back into the foreground as Bobbie Sue steps from her office. From the looks of it, it's a HOT DAY in the office, as she walks in SLOW-MOTION towards the water cooler.

Gawking male interns STOP mid-stride, lawyers PEEK from their doors.

Bobbie Sue seductively THROWS BACK her head and lets the water FALL from the cup to her mouth.

Phil leans on his door frame, RUBBING his face.

Bobbie Sue POURS water over her hair, face and chest.

Rich's eyes nearly EXPLODE, as he DROPS a stack of papers.

Bobbie Sue gargles water, SHOOTING streams up as if her mouth were a fountain.

Phil's jaw DROPS. He SLAMS a fist against his door frame. A distracted intern WALKS HIS CROTCH into the corner of a desk.

Bobbie Sue, SEEMINGLY UNAWARE of the scene she's causing, WALKS BACK to her office as the music slowly fades out.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Joe Baker is sitting with Phil and Rich. The three are enjoying a business lunch of lobster and martinis.

PHIL

She's like a Wonder Woman woman.

JOE

A what?

PHIL

You know. Wonder Woman's tribe.

RICH

Amazons?

PHIL

Was that it? That doesn't sound right.

RICH

Wonder Woman was an Amazon.

PHIL

Okay fine, point is, she's hot.

JOE

She's okay.

RICH

She's a little uppity.

Joe and Phil glance at Rich but say nothing.

PHIL
She scares me. In a tingly way.

JOE
I'll let you know what she's like.

RICH
You and her?

PHIL
Susan said...

JOE
(interrupting)
She's wrong. Give me a week. I'll hit it.

PHIL
Do I hear, "office pool"?

RICH
I want in on that...the bet, I mean.

PHIL
(to Joe)
One week would be some crazy odds.
Even for you.

JOE
I'll cover the spread...like a hot
slice of man toast with a side crock
of butter. If you know what I mean...

Phil and Rich laugh half-heartedly, but Joe is on a roll.

JOE (CONT'D)
Odds are she'll be play'n the one-
armed bandit, and the house always
wins. 'Cause Vegas knows who "shaves"
the points. It'll be all comp'd hotel
rooms and limos.

Joe rolls some air dice.

JOE (CONT'D)
All aboard!

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S OFFICE - LATER

Bobbie Sue is working through a pile of papers, head down.
Susan appears in her doorway.

SUSAN
Well, hello.

Bobbie Sue looks up.

BOBBIE SUE
Can I help you?

Susan steps inside. Bobbie Sue stands and shakes her hand.

SUSAN
I'm Susan. Susan Sullivan.

BOBBIE SUE
Bobbie Sue Cofax.

SUSAN
Right, the new hot shot litigator.

Bobbie Sue takes her seat and Susan moves closer, sitting on the corner of Bobbie Sue's desk.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I'm a tax attorney, but I have a feeling we play for the same team.

Susan raises her eyebrows. Bobbie Sue is all smiles.

BOBBIE SUE
You guys have a league? Tell me it's kickball, I hear it's making a comeback.

SUSAN
(mildly flustered)
No, I mean...
(suggestive, leering)
We have the same specialty.

BOBBIE SUE
I know nothing about tax law.

Bobbie Sue frowns. So does Susan.

SUSAN
You're not a member of the tribe?

BOBBIE SUE
Excuse me?

SUSAN
Don't speak in tongues?

BOBBIE SUE
(confused)
What are you talking...

SUSAN
Not a Lesbyterian?

BOBBIE SUE
Uh...I'm Catholic.

SUSAN
You're not a sister of Dorothy?

BOBBIE SUE
Is she in accounting?

SUSAN
So you've never plugged the dyke?

BOBBIE SUE
(confused)
Like the Little Dutch Boy?

SUSAN
(excited)
Yes!

BOBBIE SUE
No.

Susan is off the desk, FRUSTRATED.

SUSAN
You're not a todger dodger, a bean
flicker, muff muncher, kitty puncher,
a Jodi Foster fan?

BOBBIE SUE
I like Jodi Foster.

SUSAN
Really, really like her?

BOBBIE SUE
She was good in Sommersby. Man, that
Richard Gere is hot.

INT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH - DAY

Susan STORMS OUT of Bobbie Sue's office with Bobbie Sue
TRAILING after her.

BOBBIE SUE
Let's do lunch sometime!

Susan is GONE. Bobbie Sue SHRUGS and heads back to her desk.

INT. OFFICE GYM - DAY

Joe, Rich and Phil are JOGGING around the indoor track.

PHIL
Everything is different. In the
mornings I put on my clothes and
wonder, "Will she like these colors?"

JOE
Nothing's changed. You're still a
freak.

RICH
I don't like it. This is a man's
firm. I don't mind women having their
own firms. Separate. But the
same...equal, you know?

Joe and Phil give Rich another look. Phil leans over to Rich.

PHIL
You know you're black, right?

RICH
(shaking his head)
That's some racist shit, man.

PHIL
(to Joe)
Hey, the office bookie posted the
odds. Ten to one, you bag her in the
first week.

JOE
What? That's crazy. That red-headed
intern from the seminary was seven to
one. What about precedent?

PHIL
It's a whole new ballgame. Hell, week
two is still at five to one.

JOE
It just means when I win, I win big.

INT. OFFICE GYM LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Joe, Rich and Phil UNDRESS by the lockers.

PHIL

Maybe I'll wear the dark grey suit tomorrow. I bet she likes earth tones.

JOE

Pin stripes. GQ says vertical lines are slimming.

Bobbie Sue WALKS OUT of the showers DRAPED in a towel.

BOBBIE SUE

Pinstripes are for Yankees fans.

The three men JUMP and throw hands over their PRIVATES.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

It's not what you wear, it's how you wear it.

She slaps Phil's ass as she walks past and into the lockers. Phil smiles.

BOBBIE SUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hit those showers, boys. First round is on me.

INT. BLIND JUSTICE BAR - NIGHT

The bar is PACKED, the drink is flowing and the music is pounding. Phil is in a corner pressing his mouth into a cell phone, trying to talk over the music.

PHIL

Honey, no. It's work. A big case. I've got to stay... Yes, I'm at a bar. I'm collecting evidence... you've seen Law and Order...

At a nearby table Bobbie Sue sits with Joe, Rich and a handful of other LAWYERS from the firm.

BOBBIE SUE

Then the farmer hears, "A good goat'll do that."

The table ERUPTS in laughter. Joe just stares, smiling at Bobbie Sue. He's obviously planning his move.

INT. BLIND JUSTICE BAR - LATER

Standing at the bar, Bobbie Sue is ordering another scotch. Joe SQUEEZES next to her.

JOE

Hey, Cofax! This place is getting a little crowded. Might be time for a change.

BOBBIE SUE

What do you have in mind?

JOE

My place, few drinks.
(leering)
You're dreams coming true.

There is a long beat, then Bobbie Sue BURSTS out laughing. Joe offers a chuckle, but Bobbie Sue is really letting loose.

She has to GRAB the bar to steady herself, laughing right in Joe's face. Joe is no longer in on the joke. Her scotch arrives and she TURNS back to the table.

BOBBIE SUE

Hey, guys! You've got to hear this...

Joe STAYS by the bar, trying to DISAPPEAR.

JOE

(to himself, defeated)
All aboard...

INT. BLIND JUSTICE BAR - LATER

Like Marian in RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK, Bobbie Sue sits across from Rich, several rounds into a DRINK OFF. Lawyers CROWD around.

Bobbie Sue, VERY DRUNK, slowly lifts a shot. She HESITATES, resting her head on the back of her hand. The lawyers, thinking the bout is over, start SETTling bets.

BOBBIE SUE

Wait! Wait.

She shoots back the shot and SLAMS the empty glass upside down on the table. Rich SMILES and lifts his next shot. His hand TREMBLES. He sips the drink down.

RICH

Jesus was a black man.

Rich FALLS to the floor, STILL smiling. Bobbie Sue JUMPS UP in VICTORY. She collects her winnings, HOLDING them up.

BOBBIE SUE
Who wants a margarita!?

The lawyers all CHEER.

INT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH - MORNING

It's the next morning. All the lawyers CRAWL into work with killer HANGOVERS. The office looks like a WAR RECOVERY HOSPITAL. GROANS fill the air. One INTERN fights a GAG REFLEX as he swigs from a bottle of Peptobismal.

Baker, Stevens and Smith walk from the elevator. They're SHOCKED at the shape of their lawyers.

STEVENS
My God, what happened?

Coming from behind is Joe. He looks as bad as everyone else.

BAKER
You too? Is everyone a wreck? We have depositions today. Where's Cofax?

In the background, Smith grabs the bottle of Peptobismal from the intern and starts to chug it.

JOE
I doubt you'll see her today.

The elevator DINGS, making Joe FLINCH in pain. Out BOUNCES Bobbie Sue looking FRESH and AWAKE.

BOBBIE SUE
Morning, everyone!

The office CRINGES at the volume of her voice.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Let's get to lawyering!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Bobbie Sue sits across the table from two lawyers, SARAH BOYD, competent, no nonsense, and WILLIAM PRAIL, nerdy, intelligent.

Between them is SERENA NORMAN, an attractive, blue-collar worker. Serena DABS A TEAR from one eye. Bobbie Sue SEEMS very sympathetic and understanding.

BOBBIE SUE

Wow, I didn't even know that term could be meant as sexual, I'll have to remember that.

Bobbie Sue JOTS down the term...for future use.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

So, what was the final straw? What made you decide you'd had enough?

SERENA

When they asked some of the girls to pose for a calendar. They said it was for The Don McDonald House.

BOBBIE SUE

Who's Don McDonald?

SERENA

I thought it was the clown, you know, the one who helps sick little kids. But it was just this guy in shipping who wanted a calendar of some of the girls.

Bobbie Sue PICKS UP the CALENDAR on the table to PERUSE it.

BOBBIE SUE

He wasn't even sick!?

Our attention DRIFTS to a LARGE MIRROR behind Bobbie Sue.

INT. LISTENING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe and the three old men stand before the TWO-WAY MIRROR watching Bobbie Sue work.

BOBBIE SUE (O.S.)

That's not right.

Baker and Stevens are NOT HAPPY as they watch Bobbie Sue hand Serena a tissue.

STEVENS

Who the hell's side is she on!?

Smith PICKS up a REMOTE CONTROL and POINTS it at the mirror.

SMITH
(too loud)
It's on every channel!

BOBBIE SUE (O.S.)
Hey, look you're Miss June.

Joe, still hung-over, SQUINTS.

JOE
Why must everyone yell?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Serena WIPES her eyes as Bobbie Sue, from across the table,
PATS her other hand.

BOBBIE SUE
I mean if this Don guy in shipping
would have been sick and the calendar
was to help raise monies for his
recovery, that's one thing right?

SERENA
I guess.

BOBBIE SUE
Because nude pictures like that are
okay, as long as the cause is worthy
enough...

Serena NODS, but Sarah, her attorney, is CATCHING ON.

SARAH BOYD
Look, my client is not here...

Bobbie Sue CUTS HER OFF.

BOBBIE SUE
You grew up in South Boston, right?

SERENA
(suspicious)
Yeah.

BOBBIE SUE
Hey, don't get me wrong. I'm a
Southie, too.

SERENA
Really?

BOBBIE SUE
We've both come a long way.

Serena NODS, as Bobbie Sue LOOKS AROUND at the plush conference room.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
(pointing to Prail)
I mean that guy's suit is worth more
than two months of my old man's
salary.
(to Prail)
You got robbed. No offense.

Both Bobbie Sue and Serena LAUGH. Bobbie Sue LEANS IN.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Where we're from, we girls use what
we got. Am I right?

Serena, TRUSTING Bobbie Sue, gives a little shrug.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
And you've got a lot more than most
girls in South Boston.

SERENA
What do you mean?

Bobbie Sue POINTS to Serena's BREASTS.

BOBBIE SUE
Don't tell me you haven't relied on
the twins a time or two to help out.

Sarah Boyd goes to SPEAK but Bobbie Sue HOLDS UP a hand.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
I mean, your looks have guys stop,
and hold the door open for you.

SERENA
Sure.

BOBBIE SUE
And at work, it's probably helped
open a door or two there, right?

Bobbie Sue HOLDS UP the calendar.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
I mean versus, let's say, Miss July?

SERENA

Mary Chenowith? She's a bitch and that's been photoshoped. And yeah, this...

(indicating her figure)

...is going to get farther than that fat cow.

With that, Serena's lawyers DROP their heads and Bobbie Sue GRABS her stuff and HOPS UP to leave.

BOBBIE SUE

No further questions, see you at the next one.

Serena is CONFUSED by the abrupt ending, she LOOKS to her lawyers. Bobbie Sue is already out the door.

SERENA

What? She's a cow.

INT. LISTENING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The men are ALL SMILES with Bobbie Sue's performance.

JOE

I told you. She's like a ninja.

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S OFFICE - LATER

Linda, Joe's secretary, leans over Bobbie Sue's desk. Bobbie Sue busily signs several documents as Linda waits patiently.

LINDA

I just don't understand why he hasn't called.

BOBBIE SUE

(without looking up)

What time is it?

LINDA

Five o'clock.

BOBBIE SUE

(rolling her eyes)

The Red Sox are in Anaheim.

Bobbie Sue looks up and Linda gives her a blank stare.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

They're kicking ass at eighty-four
and fifty for the season and they're
only a game and a half behind the
Yankees.

LINDA

Are we still talking about my
boyfriend?

BOBBIE SUE

The game started an hour ago. He's
not gonna call for another two hours
at least.

(beat)

Don't confuse team loyalty for
disinterest in you. Classic chick
mistake.

Linda still pouts, taking it in. Bobbie Sue looks down and
signs the last document.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Lester's on the mound.
He'll call at 7:30. Guaranteed.

Joe breezes through the door.

JOE

Great work today, Bobbie Sue.

Linda gathers up the documents.

LINDA

(quietly)

Thanks, Bobbie Sue.

Linda hurries out as Joe saunters up to Bobbie Sue's desk and
picks up the Don McDonald calendar.

BOBBIE SUE

It was a piece of cake. Just because
I don't act like a sniveling priss
doesn't mean I don't know how they
think.

Joe, HEAD COCKED SIDEWAYS, is DISTRACTED by the calendar.

JOE

So, what are your plans tonight?

BOBBIE SUE

I usually like to spend time gloating
in victory...

JOE

Why don't you join me at the club?
It's a hell of a lot nicer than that
dive bar you hang out in.

BOBBIE SUE

The Club?
(mocking)
Do you have a secret password and
everything?
(beat)
And what do you mean "dive bar". Beer
costs 10 bucks at that place.

JOE

Well, the beer is free at the club.

Bobbie Sue STARES him down for a beat.

BOBBIE SUE

What time should I be there?

JOE

We'll be there at eight.

BOBBIE SUE

I'll be there at seven.
(beat)
And hey, do I have to be a member of
this thing?

JOE

You already are.
(beat)
And maybe afterwards you and I can
make a little club of our own. What
do you say?

BOBBIE SUE

I think you'll have better luck with
the calender

Joe TRIES to act surprised that he still has it. He sets it
on her desk and heads to the door.

INT. HUNTER'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Joe is out by Hunter's desk. The area is bustling with
people. Bobbie Sue comes over Hunter's INTERCOM.

BOBBIE SUE (O.S.)
Humper, make Joe a copy of the girly
calendar from the Fleet Tech case.
He'd like it for some hands on work.

The dozen or so EMPLOYEES within ear shot LOOK at Joe. Joe
QUICKLY heads for his office. Hunter smiles.

HUNTER
(calling after Joe)
You want color or black and white?

EXT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

It's a dim-lit BROWNSTONE on BEACON HILL. A limousine pulls
up to the curb, and an elderly couple in formal attire steps
out of the building and heads for the car.

INT. THE CLUB FOYER - NIGHT

The cozy foyer of the club reeks of money. Bobbie Sue PUSHES
through the front door and takes it in - she's impressed. A
humorless HOST beckons from behind a podium.

HOST
May I help you?

BOBBIE SUE
Yeah. Is this "the club".

HOST
Your name, please.

BOBBIE SUE
Bobbie Sue Cofax.

HOST
Oh yes.
(disdain)
I've seen your commercial.

As the host SCANS a list...

BOBBIE SUE
If you could just point me in the
direction of the free beer.

JOE (O.S.)
Bobbie Sue.

Bobbie Sue turns to see Joe approaching. The Host looks up.

HOST

You can go right in, Ms. Cofax.

JOE

You look delicious. We were just sitting down to dinner. Why don't you join us?

INT. THE CLUB RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bobbie Sue sits with Joe, Baker, Stevens and Smith at an elegant table in a quiet, luxurious dining hall. Bobbie Sue, as usual, is anything but quiet.

BOBBIE SUE

And he says, I just fucked your cat and shit in your purse. I'm done!

There is a moment of SHOCKED SILENCE... then the table ERUPTS in laughter.

Stevens SLAPS Bobbie Sue on the back, and Bobbie Sue slaps him back so hard he stops laughing.

BAKER

Ms. Cofax, I must say I misjudged you. The way you handled that deposition... it was masterful.

STEVENS

You keep that up and those simpering man-haters will be begging to settle.

SMITH

(too loud, to Bobbie Sue)
And I have an excellent tailor!

BOBBIE SUE

Boys, boys, enough. You're embarrassing yourselves. Anyone of you could have done the same, if you had the balls to speak truth to weakness. I'm just laying it out like I see it, and damn if most of the time people don't see it the same way.

JOE

I don't think just anyone could...

BOBBIE SUE

Maybe I got something in common with the plaintiffs.

(MORE)

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Maybe we share the same plumbing. But
that only gets you so far.

Bobbie Sue LEANS IN, conspiratorially.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Let's face it, Fleet Tech isn't the
exception. They just got caught with
their pants down.

The men stare in STUNNED silence, searching for something to
say, when BILL BRADLEY (60) appears at their table.

BILL BRADLEY
Evening boys.

BAKER
(relieved)
Bill!

BILL BRADLEY
(nodding at Bobbie Sue)
Is this our new secret weapon I've
been hearing so much about?

BAKER
I'd like you to meet...

Bobbie Sue is on her feet and shaking Bill's hand.

BOBBIE SUE
Bobbie Sue Cofax.

STEVENS
You're in good hands, Bill.

Bill looks down at Bobbie Sue's hand, still holding his.

BILL BRADLEY
I can see that.

BOBBIE SUE
Oh, you old dog. No wonder those
women are suing you for everything
you've got!

Bill HESITATES, then LAUGHS, and the others laugh with him.

BILL BRADLEY
I was just heading for the lounge.

BAKER
We'll join you.

INT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

Bobbie Sue STROLLS with the men down the plush hallway. She is still at Bill Bradley's side.

BILL BRADLEY

I love women. Too much. And I want to see them succeed. But on their own merits, you understand. Call me old fashioned, but I believe equality is something you earn.

BOBBIE SUE

Tell that to the founding fathers.

The group pauses in front of a door marked, MEN'S LOUNGE.

BILL BRADLEY

What do you mean?

Before Bobbie Sue can respond, Baker butts in.

BAKER

Well, this is where we part ways.

BOBBIE SUE

Part ways?

BILL BRADLEY

Pleasure was mine.

STEVENS

See you at the office, Cofax.

Baker, Stevens, Smith and Bradley all turn into the door, as they disappear inside we hear...

BAKER

She's got a good head on her shoulders.

BILL BRADLEY

And a nice rack below them...

Joe steps BETWEEN Bobbie Sue and the door.

JOE

The ladies lounge is right over there.

BOBBIE SUE

Ladies lounge?

JOE

It's old fashioned, I know. They're basically the same. Just separate.

BOBBIE SUE

Are you kidding me?

JOE

It's tradition. Don't worry. You'll have a great time. The drinks are just as free in the ladies lounge.

INT. THE LADIES LOUNGE - NIGHT

The ladies lounge resembles a women's nursing home. Those not dozing off are playing cards, knitting, chatting loudly.

A few younger LAWYERS and WIVES are sprinkled in, but mainly it's the OLD MATRIARCHS.

Bobbie Sue breezes in and it all goes QUIET - the ones not sleeping, stare at her.

BOBBIE SUE

Aww, fuck me.

Susan APPEARS at Bobbie Sue's side.

SUSAN

Best offer I've had all night.

BOBBIE SUE

I need a drink.

INT. THE LADIES LOUNGE - LATER

Bobbie Sue, a LIT CIGAR in her mouth, and Susan sit at a card table surrounded by drinks and stodgy old ladies in various states of undress.

From what we can tell, they are all DRUNK and halfway through a game of strip-bridge. And with all that free beer, Bobbie Sue is finally starting to slur her words.

BOBBIE SUE

So, the guy says, look lady...

She's cut off by MRS. STEVENS, who's down to a BRA and BLOOMERS.

MRS. STEVENS
Is this the joke about the feline
defecating in the handbag?

Bobbie Sue, JAZZED for the punch-line, is DEFLATED.

BOBBIE SUE
Yes. Well, actually no, the cat
doesn't... never mind.

Bobbie Sue THROWS down her cards, FRUSTRATED. She looks at Susan, who by the looks of it, is VERY BAD at Bridge.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Free beer or not, this is bullshit.

SUSAN
Yeah. I suck at this game.

BOBBIE SUE
No, this separate lounge crap. I
mean, what are they doing in there?

OLD LADY
That's what they always ask about us.

BOBBIE SUE
But aren't you tired of being
shuttled off to the ladies lounge?

OLD LADY #2
That's the way it's always been.

BOBBIE SUE
My god, you sound like sheep.

Bobbie Sue is on her feet.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Well, I'm not going to take it.
(beat)
Who's with me?

One old lady THROWS down her cards.

OLD LADY #3
Count me in!

BOBBIE SUE
All right! Who else?

The half-naked women all look at each other.

SUSAN

Bobbie Sue. I don't think this is
such a good idea.

Mrs. Stevens throws down her cards and gets to her feet,
INDIGNANT and PANTLESS.

MRS. STEVENS

Come on, girls! Let's show 'em who
wears the pants in this joint!

INT. THE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Bobbie Sue leads a dozen half-naked LADIES through the club,
crouching behind potted plants and sneaking around corners.

They reach the door to the men's lounge, and Bobbie Sue
notices a display of VINTAGE PISTOLS on the wall. She
wrenches one loose and turns to find the Host between her and
the door to the lounge.

HOST

Excuse, me, Ms. Cofax. But where do
you think you are...

Before he can finish, Bobbie Sue CLOCKS him with a round
house PUNCH and lays him out cold.

BOBBIE SUE

Come on, girls!

And they all rush through the door.

INT. MEN'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

The MEN are all seated in plush leather chairs or around
poker tables. Joe, along with Baker, Stevens, and Bill
Bradley, are sipping scotch on a set of leather sofas. Smith
is fast asleep.

BAKER

Joe, it's physically impossible. She
has to sit down to do it.

STEVENS

How could she aim?

Just then Bobbie Sue RUSHES the room with the women close
behind WHOOPING and HOLLERING. They overturn tables, raid the
bar, generally cause unbridled panic. Several club EMPLOYEES
race after the women, trying to round them up, but find it
difficult and distasteful to grab a half-naked old woman.

Bobbie Sue leaps onto a poker table with her pistol raised.

BOBBIE SUE
Poker? I don't even know her!

She kicks a pile of chips and let's off a round into the
gabled ceiling.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
There's a new sheriff in town, boys.
And her name is Bobbie Sue!

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Bobbie Sue wakes up, groggy, unsure of her surroundings. She looks under the covers, notices she is mostly undressed, then tries to piece together what happened.

Shaking off the attempt, she climbs out of bed.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Bobbie Sue stands at the sink looking at the various feminine grooming products.

BOBBIE SUE
(to herself)
What is this guy? Married?

She shrugs, grabs a toothbrush, and starts brushing her teeth. Just then, Susan pulls back the shower curtain and steps out, wrapping herself in a towel.

SUSAN
Morning. Sleep okay?

Bobbie Sue freezes as Susan exits. She is VERY confused.

INT. SUSAN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Bobbie Sue and Susan, both dressed for a day at the office, sit in an awkward silence over breakfast.

BOBBIE SUE
So... How did I get here?

SUSAN
I had the police drop us off.

BOBBIE SUE
Police?

SUSAN

I didn't know your address.

Susan seems undisturbed by the dynamic, but Bobbie Sue is still focused on one thing...

BOBBIE SUE

And then we...

Susan looks up and laughs.

SUSAN

You passed out in the elevator. I had to carry you in here.

(beat)

Nothing happened, Bobbie Sue. You're innocence is intact.

Bobbie Sue is visibly relieved.

BOBBIE SUE

Not that I wouldn't... I mean, all things considered, you're...

Bobbie Sue searches for the right word.

SUSAN

It's okay. You're not my type anyway.

Bobbie Sue raises an eyebrow, a little miffed.

BOBBIE SUE

Oh, well. Then the feeling is mutual.

SUSAN

Yeah. You're more like a guy.

INT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH - MORNING

Bobbie Sue and Susan step off the elevator together laughing.

SUSAN

Go get 'em tiger.

BOBBIE SUE

It's what I do.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bobbie Sue BURSTS into the conference room with renewed passion. Sarah Boyd is there, along with Prail and a new female PLAINTIFF.

BOBBIE SUE
All right, let's get this girly show
on the road.

She throws down her files and sets herself for war.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe stands in a semi-circle of other LAWYERS. They are gathered around a small dry-erase board, where Phil is writing down bets, while Rich takes wads of cash.

LAWYER #1
Put me down for two hundred.

JOE
You got it.

LAWYER #2
He's crazy.

LAWYER #3
It can't be done.

LAWYER #4
I heard she can change her gender at
will. Like a warlock.

LAWYER #2
I'm gonna want proof.

JOE
It'll be written all over her face.
(beat)
We'll have to fire her just so I can
shake her off.

They all laugh.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bobbie Sue is steely-eyed, staring down the plaintiff who squirms in her seat, mortified.

SARAH BOYD
That is out of line!

Bobbie Sue turns on Boyd.

BOBBIE SUE
You see a judge in this room? I can
ask anything I want.
(MORE)

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
(to plaintiff)
It's real simple, honey. Orgasm
equals consent.

INT. LISTENING ROOM - DAY

Stevens and Baker, arms folded, watch Bobbie Sue's attack.
Joe, Phil and Rich all stand in the background.

BAKER
She's an animal.

STEVENS
The club is holding us responsible
for the damages. It's outrageous!

BAKER
Boys will be boys. Besides, with the
way she's tearing through these
depositions, she'll be gone soon
enough.

Our attention drifts back to Joe, Phil and Rich as they
whisper among themselves...

RICH
How the hell are you gonna pull this
off?

JOE
Don't worry. I have a time-tested
plan.

PHIL
(light going off)
Drugging her...That's good.

Joe and Rich give Phil a double take, alarmed.

JOE
What? No!
(to Rich)
She wants to think she's the one in
control. So I'm gonna to play hard to
get, give her a challenge. Let her
seduce me. If she wants to walk in
the lead, fine. Like a dog on a
leash.

Joe fixes on Bobbie Sue through the mirror.

JOE (CONT'D)
'Cause I've got a year's supply of
kibble just wait'n for her bits.

This time, Phil and Rich are struggling to keep up.

JOE (CONT'D)
On a scale of one to ten she'll be my
"K-nine." She'll be rubbing my belly,
making my leg twitch like a...
(unsure, hesitating)
...dog.
(recovering)
If you know what I mean.

RICH
Not really. Who's the dog?

PHIL
Yeah, yeah, and she'll be begging for
your milk bone.

Joe turns on Phil.

JOE
What do you mean?

PHIL
You know, your milk bone.

JOE
That's doesn't make any sense.

PHIL
(trailing off)
It's a metaphor.

Rich shakes his head and exits.

JOE
Well, as I was saying, she'll be
rubbing my soft, furry little
belly...Oh yeah, she might be a
stray, but there's a pound in her
future all right. She'll be riding
that gravy train...

Baker, Stevens and Phil all stare at Joe who is still
transfixed by Bobbie Sue.

JOE (CONT'D)
(pumping his fist)
All aboard!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bobbie Sue sits opposite a new female PLAINTIFF.

BOBBIE SUE
Hey, you expect time off to have a
baby, why not give male employees
time off to make one?

The lawyers and the plaintiff stare at Bobbie Sue in
disbelief.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Sounds like a double standard to me.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Bobbie Sue is staring down yet another new PLAINTIFF. This
time, Bobbie Sue has her shirt unbuttoned to the navel. The
plaintiff can't help looking at her chest.

BOBBIE SUE
Now, Ms. Cavanaugh...

Bobbie Sue notices her stare.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
What? What are you...

She looks down, then back up at the plaintiff.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Oh, are they distracting?

PLAINTIFF
No, no. I just...

BOBBIE SUE
You just what? Undressed me with your
eyes?

PLAINTIFF
No. I...

BOBBIE SUE
Maybe I should... sue you for sexual
harassment.
(beat)
You should be ashamed of yourself.

Sarah Boyd rolls her eyes and throws her pencil in the air.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bobbie Sue is grilling the last in a long line female PLAINTIFFS.

PLAINTIFF
What kind of proof?

BOBBIE SUE
Hickies, pinch marks, bruising...

Bobbie Sue stands, revealing a polaroid camera.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
If you could just remove what's left
of your dignity for a few photos.

SARAH BOYD
Ms. Cofax!

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S OFFICE - EVENING

Bobbie Sue has her head on her desk, exhausted, when Joe walks in.

JOE
Hey champ.

Bobbie Sue looks up, tries to smile.

BOBBIE SUE
Fuckin-A.

JOE
You look like you could use a drink.

Bobbie Sue shakes off the fatigue and stands.

BOBBIE SUE
Sure. I got time for a drink. Wanna
hit "The Club".

Joe moves over to a bookcase.

JOE
You're banned for life.

BOBBIE SUE
So, that means I get parole in five?

Joe presses one panel of books. It pops open to reveal a hidden MINI-BAR.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

(shocked)

What the hell? I didn't know that was there.

Joe starts to mix them drinks.

JOE

This used to be my office.

BOBBIE SUE

I should read more.

Joe hands Bobbie Sue a drink and leans against the desk. He takes a breath and launches into what is obviously a lie - he is a terrible actor.

JOE

Look, the real reason I came by is to apologize for how I acted at the bar the other night. I came on a little strong. The truth is I'm not attracted to you at all. I mean, not in the least. So it was wrong of me to pretend I was interested.

BOBBIE SUE

Oh, I see.

Bobbie Sue moves in close.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

But I was just beginning to take an interest in you, Joe.

Joe does a little DOUBLE-TAKE.

JOE

Really?

Once again, Bobbie Sue BURSTS OUT laughing. She puts a hand on his shoulder to steady herself.

BOBBIE SUE

(laughing)

You should see the look on your face.

JOE

(trying to play it cool)

What look?

BOBBIE SUE

(laughing harder)

Oh Joe. Was this your plan?

(MORE)

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Play hard to get. What are you?
Thirteen? The old, "pretend not to
like her and she'll fall at your
feet." Why don't you just punch me
during recess?

Joe sips his drink, embarrassed. Bobbie Sue tries to catch
her breath.

JOE

(mumbling)

I don't know what you're talking
about.

BOBBIE SUE

Tell me you didn't use the "like a
dog on a leash" line when you were
talking to the guys.

JOE

(surprised)

You knew about that?

Bobbie Sue does a spit take - *He really used it?*

BOBBIE SUE

Oh, my God!

(beat)

What was the backup plan? The
sensitive guy who isn't interested in
sex, just wants to talk about my
feelings? Wait, wait, maybe you
should write me a little note with
check boxes!

Joe sets down his drink and takes a step toward the door.

JOE

Whatever.

BOBBIE SUE

No. Wait, Joe. Come on. Don't take it
so hard. It was a nice try. Really.

Joe stops but doesn't turn around.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Let me make it up to you. Let me take
you to dinner.

It's Bobbie Sue's turn for a sly smile.

INT. COFAX HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobbie Sue and Joe stand in the entry way of the Cofax house. She has two six packs of Pabst Blue ribbon.

BOBBIE SUE

Daddy!

A knife flies into view and STABS into the wall next to Joe.

BROTHER (O.S.)

Sorry!

We see Daddy Cofax in an apron setting a table for eleven.

DADDY COFAX

Hey, Bobbie Sue!

Daddy Cofax swallows her up in a hug as her brothers all call out a greeting. Daddy Cofax releases Bobbie Sue and Joe sticks out a hand. He pretends to own the room, but looks hopelessly out of place.

JOE

Nice to meet you, sir.

DADDY COFAX

Sir? What are you a fucking butler?

Daddy Cofax laughs loudly and grips Joe around the back of the neck, shaking him for a moment.

BOBBIE SUE

Let me introduce you to the brothers.

Bobbie Sue names each one of the towering, brawny men as she throws a can of beer at them. Joe's fake smile fades a bit with each name.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Robert, Rob, Bob, Bobo, Bobby, Robby.

Robby's beer FLIES past his open hand.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

(to Joe)

Robby is mostly blind. Fireworks accident.

ROBBY

I can still legally hunt.

BOBBIE SUE
Chip and Roberto... hey, where's
Roberto?

CHIP
Feeding the dogs.

JOE
(quietly to Bobbie Sue)
Chip?

BOBBIE SUE
Adopted.

A basement door opens and the sound of a dozen wild dogs
fills the room.

ROBERTO
Down! Down! No more! Back! Back!

Roberto squeezes through the door, slams it shut and turns,
smiling, to the others.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
Evening.

BOBBIE SUE
(to Joe)
Roberto's a private dog catcher.

She BULLETS a beer at Roberto. He catches it with one hand.

JOE
Private dog catcher? Doesn't the city
usually take care of that?

ROBERTO
Not if I get 'em first.

DADDY COFAX
Who's hungry.

INT. COFAX HOUSE - LATER

The family and Joe crowd around a table devouring plates of
pasta. Joe still tries to put up a front.

BOBBIE SUE
Daddy, this is excellent.

ROB
Yeah, nice job, pops.

DADDY COFAX
Amazing what you can do with a little
imagination and a can of Spam.

JOE
(laughing)
Spam...

Everyone stares, stone-faced. Joe swallows his laugh.

JOE (CONT'D)
... is delicious. I love the stuff.

Joe takes a huge bite.

DADDY COFAX
You play any sports, Joe?

JOE
Ah, yes. I play golf every weekend.

The brothers all snicker.

CHIP
Yeah, but do you play any sports?

JOE
Golf, technically, is a sport.

ROBERT
And a bull's cock is technically
beef. Doesn't mean I want to eat it.

Joe tries to change the subject.

JOE
So, you must be proud of your
daughter. Very talented lawyer.

DADDY COFAX
I'm proud of all my kids. Each of
them followed their dream.

JOE
So, Roberto, what do you do?

BOB
I'm Bob. He's Roberto. And I'm a high
school football coach.

Each of the brothers answer the question.

ROBERT
Coach.

BOBBY
Coach.

ROBBY
Coach.

CHIP
Coach.

ROBERTO
Dog catcher.

JOE
That's right.

BOB
And Robby's just blind all day.

ROBBY
I can see enough to kick your big
ass, Bob.

BOB
Yeah? You and what seeing impaired
army?

ROBBY
That's it!

Robby and Bob both JUMP to their feet. Robby HURLS himself
over the table, MISSING Bob completely.

BOB
(shaking his head)
I thought his other senses were
supposed to compensate...

Bob is cut short as Robby YANKS him to the floor. FISTS FLY.
Chip looks thoughtfully at his spoon, then up at Joe, who is
distracted by the fight.

CHIP
Say, Joe.

Joe turns to see Chip smiling like an inbred banjo player.

JOE
Yes?

CHIP
I got an idea.

Joe tries a smile, but it fails miserably.

EXT. COFAX HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobbie Sue and Daddy Cofax sit on the porch swing. Bob and Robby sit on the steps - Bob with a RED PUFFY EYE, quickly turning purple, and Robby with a satisfied GRIN on his face.

The rest of the brothers are in the front yard as Chip and Joe square off, each holding a metal spoon.

CHIP

Here's the rules. Two men. Two
spoons. One winner. One man bends his
head down, the other puts the spoon
in his mouth...

Chip places the HANDLE of the spoon in his mouth.

CHIP (CONT'D)

(spoon in mouth)

...and smacks his opponent as hard as
he can on his skull. They go back and
forth till someone cries mercy,
looses a tooth, or passes out. You
hit first.

Bobo and Rob pump up Joe like a boxer's corner team. Bobby and Roberto do the same for Chip. Robert stands in the middle as a referee.

Chip bows before Joe. Joe looks a little unsure, but places the handle of the spoon in his mouth.

ROBERT

Okay. One, two, three.

With a whip of the neck, Joe mildly WHACKS Chip on the skull. Chip LEAPS up, grabbing his head.

CHIP

Ow! Butter nuts, that hurt!

The brothers behind Joe SLAP his back in congratulations.

CHIP (CONT'D)

Okay, my turn.

Joe is hesitant. He glances at a smiling Bobbie Sue and RALLIES his courage. He bows his head before Chip.

ROBERT

One, two...

Unseen by Joe, Bobby pulls a HUGE metal spoon from behind his back and raises it over Joe's head.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Three!

Chip moves his neck, but Bobby SLAMS the spoon down on Joe's head. Joe SCREAMS out in pain. He stumbles back and almost loses his footing. Bobby quickly HIDES the spoon. Bobbie Sue and the family HIDE their laughter.

The brother's grab Joe and pat him on the back.

BOBO

Come on, soldier. Buck up!

Joe rubs the back of his head, blinking his eyes. He glances at Bobbie Sue. She gives him a thumbs up. Rob sticks the spoon in his mouth. Chip BOWS and awaits the spoon.

Joe, revved up by the brothers cheering behind him and the presence of Bobbie Sue, straightens up. He's ready to fight.

ROBERT

One, two, three!

Using his whole body, Joe SLAMS the spoon down on Chips head.

BOBO

Yes! That's the shit!

Chip is jumping up and down. Joe is rubbing his tooth.

JOE

I think I chipped something.

CHIP

Mother Suck! Man, you're good. You're damn good. My turn now.

We see a quick series of shots, all of Joe, bent over, getting WHACKED with a giant spoon by one of the brothers.

In the last shot, we see Bobby heating the large spoon with a small BLOWTORCH.

ROBERT

One, two, three!

Bobby's spoon, GLOWING RED, SMASHES DOWN on Joe's skull. Joe FALLS to the ground.

ALL THE BROTHERS

Owww.

Joe jumps to his feet, the spoon still stuck to his SMOLDERING SCALP.

ALL THE BROTHERS (CONT'D)

OWWWW!

JOE

Yeah! Yeah! Let's go again!

(beat)

What's that smell?

Bobo DOUSES Joe's head with his beer. The large spoon falls to the ground and Joe looks at the spoon in Chip's mouth.

JOE (CONT'D)

But...

Chip slaps Joe's shoulder.

CHIP

That was fucking incredible, Joey.

ROB

Most guys Bobbie Sue brings home don't make it past round one.

JOE

I'm blistering.

BOBBY

Blister with pride!

CHIP

Can we get this man a beer?

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S CAR - LATER

Bobbie Sue FLIES down the highway as the two head back to downtown Boston. She is LAUGHING HER HEAD OFF as Joe holds an ice pack to the back of his head.

JOE

It's not THAT funny.

BOBBIE SUE

Oh, it's funny.

JOE

The hair is all gone.

BOBBIE SUE

It'll grow back.

JOE

I'm not sure it will.

(beat)

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

How the hell did you survive that house?

BOBBIE SUE

What? My brothers?

JOE

I had my balls handed to me.

BOBBIE SUE

At least you walked away with them.

JOE

Well, it all makes sense now.

BOBBIE SUE

What?

JOE

You. At the office. Making grown men cry. Terrorizing those women in the depositions. You were raised by wolves.

BOBBIE SUE

Watch your mouth.

JOE

And it explains why you're always trying so hard.

Bobbie Sue smiles and condescendingly pats his knee.

BOBBIE SUE

Oh, Joe.

Her smile turns cold, unsettling Joe.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Most men live in fear that everyone will find out they aren't who they pretend to be. Maybe they secretly love musicals, or like the way lace feels against their skin. Maybe sometimes they would rather just cuddle. I don't know.

(beat)

I've never pretended to be anyone but me. I like lace, am a sucker for Gene Kelly, and with the right guy, yeah, I'll cuddle all night.

(MORE)

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

But I also prefer tackle to touch
football, drink my scotch neat, and
never take no for an answer...unless
it's the answer I'm looking for.

(beat)

Men build lives trying too hard. It's
why they're easy marks. I don't try.
I just am.

Joe sits speechless for a beat, then notices his exit.

JOE

Um, you just missed my exit.

BOBBIE SUE

Well, Sir Spoonalot, I think you've
earned it.

JOE

Earned what?

BOBBIE SUE

My place. A few drinks.

(beat)

Your dreams coming true.

Bobbie Sue laughs again as she weaves in and out of traffic.
Joe grips his seat, terrified.

JOE

Oh, DEAR LORD!

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bobbie Sue leads Joe into her apartment. She leaves him by
the door and GRACEFULLY PREPARES the room.

She lowers the lights, strikes a match and LIGHTS a row of
CANDLES. With a flip of a remote the stereo begins playing
Fiona Apple's *Criminal*. With another button cursive NEON
letters spelling "LOVE DRAGON" appear above the bed. She
lights a stick of INCENSE and slowly waves it before her face
as she walks towards Joe.

JOE

Bobbie Sue, I...

She puts a finger to his lips.

BOBBIE SUE

Shhh.

She kisses his cheek.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Joe Baker, I'm going to tie you up
and make you cry.

Joe barely smiles and makes a tiny squeak.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

And tonight, there is no safe word.

She give him an outrageously long and deep KISS.

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

The apartment is a MESS. Clothes are SCATTERED everywhere, the TABLE is OVER TURNED, the CANDLES are MELTED to hardened puddles, and part of the COUCH looks as if it's been CHEWED on by a pack of wolves. An industrial-sized vat of OLIVE OIL is half empty on the floor, and by the foot of the bed lies the THIGH EXERCISER from the earlier case.

Sideways in the bed, Joe sprawls asleep with a HUGE GRIN on his face and hair sticking up in every direction. He slowly blinks his eyes open and sees he is alone in the bed.

JOE

Bobbie Sue?

Bobbie Sue walks from the bathroom completely dressed and groomed for work. She sits on the edge of the bed and smiles sweetly, stroking his cheek.

BOBBIE SUE

Don't worry, it's still early. I've
got some work to do. You sleep in.

She stands and picks up her briefcase. Joe sits up.

JOE

Last night was...

He squirms a bit and comes up with a POTATO MASHER from somewhere beneath the sheets. He tries to recall it but then tosses it aside.

JOE (CONT'D)

Last night was a harrowing journey.
You took me places I thought only
existed on the internet.

Bobbie Sue smiles and Joe quivers.

JOE (CONT'D)
I'm scared, Bobbie Sue.
(reaching out)
Hold me?

Bobbie Sue opens the door to leave.

BOBBIE SUE
There's an egg frittata in the
fridge.

She blows him a kiss and walks out. Joe FALLS back into the fetal position. After a beat, he reaches for his phone on the night stand. He begins typing out a message.

JOE (V.O.)
Dear Bobbie Sue...

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Joe dreamily walks through the apartment eating a frittata. He gazes adoringly at some framed pictures of Bobbie Sue.

JOE (V.O.)
Last night was the most amazing thing
that's ever happened to me.

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S CLOSET - LATER

Joe lovingly flips through her hanging clothes.

JOE (V.O.)
I walked into your life a man, and
somehow you've brought out the boy in
me. The wounded child, healed in your
embrace.

He pulls a shirt to his face and deeply inhales.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Joe walks down the street as if in a dream. He stops, picks a flower from a bush and slips it into his lapel.

JOE (V.O.)
I feel so safe with you. So alive.

INT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH FOYER - MORNING

Joe breezes through the entrance, giddy as a school boy.

JOE (V.O.)
So in love.

He boards the elevator with a few other LAWYERS.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And I always will. Your lover, Sir
Spoonahlot.

INT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors slide open. BING. A visibly love-sick Joe waltzes out and heads towards his office waving casual greetings. He's too in love to notice all the eyes STARING at him. But the WHISPERS and SNICKERING slow his steps.

People peek from behind doors. Young lawyers and secretaries alike seem to be stealing glances and laughing. His SMILE FADES. Susan walks past from the opposite direction.

SUSAN
Morning, Sir Spoonahlot.

JOE
(distracted)
Morning.

Joe gasps - *What did she say?* He gives Susan a double-take, then dashes for his office.

JOE (CONT'D)
Oh, shit.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe slams the door behind him and quickly checks his computer. There in his inbox is an office-wide, forwarded email from Bobbie Sue titled "WHIPPED."

He opens the email and sees the very love note he sent earlier that morning.

JOE
Oh, shit!

Joe rushes to the window next to his office door. He peaks through the blinds. On the far side of the office he sees Bobbie Sue sitting on the edge of a desk surrounded by a crowd of LAUGHING LAWYERS. She's holding her WRISTS together, loosely bound by a tie, and she's making an exaggerated CRYING FACE. The lawyers laugh even harder.

JOE (CONT'D)
OH SHIT!

Rich walks through the door, making Joe jump into the blinds.

RICH
Well, you won the bet, but you sure
as hell lost the war.

Joe scrambles to quiet the blinds and turns on Rich.

JOE
How many people got that message?

RICH
How many people have email?

JOE
Why would she do that!

RICH
You don't know?

JOE
Know what? All I know is this is the
worst thing I can imagine and yet I
have an overwhelming urge to buy her
a plush toy or an assortment of
Gerber daisies.

Joe grabs Rich by the lapels.

JOE (CONT'D)
What in the name of God is happening
to me!

RICH
Joe. She made side bets that she
could have you whipped by the time
the case was settled.

Joe backs off.

JOE
Side bets? She knew about the office
pool?

Joe lunges for the window again and peers out. On the far
side of the office, Bobbie Sue is now collecting stacks of
cash from the surrounding lawyers.

Joe staggers to his desk.

RICH

Sir Spoonalot? I don't even know what that means, but it sounds pathetic.

Joe's phone rings and he jumps in terror. After an agonizing hesitation, he answers.

JOE

Hello?

BAKER (O.S.)

Son, have you checked your email recently?

JOE

I can explain.

BAKER (O.S.)

What's to explain? You and Bobbie Sue did it!

JOE

Yes, but...

BAKER (O.S.)

She found the soft spot and rammed it home!

SMITH (O.S.)

(loudly in the background)

Ram! Ram! Ram!

JOE

She told you about that?

BAKER (O.S.)

What are you talking about?

JOE

What are you talking about?

BAKER (O.S.)

The case. The women want to settle. They're on their way over.

JOE

Oh.

Joe collapses into his chair.

JOE (CONT'D)

That's great.

BAKER (O.S.)

And son.

JOE

Yes, dad?

BAKER (O.S.)

If their lawyers get rough, just
remember how safe she makes you feel.

SMITH (O.S.)

(loudly in the background)

Pussy!

There is wild laughter from the phone. Joe hangs up.

INT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH - DAY

Bobbie Sue, papers in hand, marches through the office, chin
up and confident. Joe appears and falls in next to her,
trying to play it cool.

BOBBIE SUE

Morning, Joe! You ready to go settle
this thing?

JOE

Sounds great. I would have come by
sooner, but I've been hiding in my
office.

(hurt)

I can't believe you sent that email.

BOBBIE SUE

They needed proof.

JOE

Are you telling me you didn't sense
something between us? You didn't
feel...a spark, something big
inside...?

BOBBIE SUE

Um, no, I'd say it was fairly
average.

JOE

That's not what I... What do you mean
average?!

Bobbie Sue stops and faces Joe.

BOBBIE SUE

Look, Joe. Don't play the wounded lover routine. You had every swinging dick in the office playing the odds you could get me in bed before the settlement. Hell, you should be thanking me. From the looks of it, you won big.

JOE

(muffled scream)
That's different!

BOBBIE SUE

(sarcastic)
You mean, like, a double standard?

Bobbie Sue resumes her march to the conference room. Leaving Joe a blubbering mess.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

(calling back to him)
Careful, Joe. You don't want your mascara to run.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bobbie Sue sits across from Boyd and Prail as they sign the last of the settlement documents.

BOBBIE SUE

I guess that wraps it up. Our client is fine with those terms and of course the usual confidentiality agreements will be in effect.

Sarah Boyd stands, defeated and demoralized. Bobbie Sue stands as well and shakes her hand.

SARAH BOYD

Congratulations, Ms. Cofax. You've just set gender equality back thirty years.

Bobbie Sue's smile fades slightly.

BOBBIE SUE

What? Equality? Is that what you think this was about?

SARAH BOYD

Well you didn't think it was about the money, did you?

Bobbie Sue's angry and she points to her own forehead.

BOBBIE SUE

Hey, equality is all up here, you
don't win it in court. Women can do
anything men can do, and they don't
need to sue for permission.

Boyd shakes her head and allows herself a chuckle.

SARAH BOYD

You think your swagger makes you
equal to the men behind that mirror?
(leaning closer)
Sinking to their level is not the
same thing as wielding their power.
Remember that when you crash into
that glass ceiling.

Boyd straightens up, gives the two-way mirror the finger, and
storms out. Bobbie Sue just stands there, speechless.

INT. LISTENING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Baker, Stevens and Smith congratulate each other as Joe
watches Bobbie Sue through the glass. Baker lays a hand on
his son's shoulder.

BAKER

Son, we owe you, nice work. And the
first thing I'm gonna do for you is
get rid of Bobbie Sue.

JOE

About that. Maybe she's worth...

BAKER

(interrupting)
Son, you don't need anymore
embarrassment.

He slaps him on the back and chuckles.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Bobbie Sue sits across from Baker, Stevens and Smith. She is
confident, basking in the glow of victory. The old men seem
grave, unsettling Bobbie Sue.

BAKER

We want you to know the work you did was first rate. You should be proud. Has the press started to call?

BOBBIE SUE

Hell, I feel like I'm running some Indian call center.

SMITH

(too loud)

I love their casinos!

Bobbie Sue jumps. She's still not used to Smith's outbursts.

BOBBIE SUE

(re: Smith)

When does his golden parachute kick in?

Still no smiles from the old men. She shifts in her seat.

BAKER

Ms. Cofax, we'll get right to the point. Because of the scrutiny and publicity this case has generated, we have been advised to implement a zero tolerance policy towards sexual harassment.

BOBBIE SUE

Advised? By who?

STEVENS

And unfortunately we've had several reports of highly inappropriate behavior around the office.

BAKER

Even in your short time here, you've terrorized most of the staff. Grown men weeping in the break room.

STEVENS

We have no choice, Ms. Cofax.

BAKER

Zero tolerance, you understand.

Bobbie Sue goes white, and then red with anger.

BOBBIE SUE
What are you saying?
(beat)
I'm fired?

BAKER
It's a zero tolerance policy.

BOBBIE SUE
I just settled the largest sexual
harassment case in Massachusetts...

Bobbie Sue stops, she looks at the men squirm. She stands,
shaking with anger.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
This was planned all along.

Baker and Stevens look down at the table. Smith is
distracted, discovering his suit has pockets.

STEVENS
Our hands are tied...

BOBBIE SUE
(interrupting)
THAT'S HORSE SHIT!

BAKER
Please collect your belongings and
leave...or else...

BOBBIE SUE
Or else WHAT!

INT. BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH FOYER - DAY

The elevator approaches from an upper floor, and as it gets
closer, the sounds from the elevator car, like a busy bowling
alley, grow.

The doors open and we see Bobbie Sue taking on THREE SECURITY
GUARDS. A fourth GUARD holds a box, the contents of Bobbie
Sue's office.

A flash fills the foyer and we pull back to see dozens of
REPORTERS snapping away at the melee in the elevator. One
guard stops to stare out at the media, and Bobbie Sue takes
the opportunity to LAY HIM OUT COLD.

Finally, she sees the reporters and stops the struggle. She
straightens herself, SNATCHES the box from the guard and
heads to the front door.

NEWS REPORTER
(quietly to camera guy)
Tell me you got that.

Bobbie Sue disappears through the front door as the guards all watch her go.

GUARD #1
Man, I hope she doesn't sue us.

GUARD #2
She's a bad ass.

GUARD #3
Fuck you. You just held the damn box.

GUARD #4
(longingly)
I've never thought I'd wish I needed
a lawyer....

The other three nod dreamily in agreement.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

Bobbie Sue walks the sidewalks, lost in thought.

TRUCK DRIVER (O.S.)
Hey, Bobby Sue!

She looks up to see a TRUCK DRIVER leaning out his window.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
Way to stick it to those whiny
broads!

Bobbie Sue cocks her head, not sure how to respond. She notices a newsstand in front of her. Every paper has a similar headline: SHE-LAWYER WOMAN HATER; BOBBIE SUE COFAX - A TRAITOR TO HER SEX; GOOD RIDDANCE - COFAX GETS THE AXE!

While Bobbie Sue is still gasping over the headlines, two BUSINESSWOMEN pass.

BUSINESSWOMAN
Bitch.

She turns, but they are gone before she can reply. She turns back to the newsstand to pay, and the IMMIGRANT behind the counter slams down the gate with a scowl.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Bobbie Sue stands in a short line waiting to be served. The MAN in front of her finishes and moves to the side. The female BARISTA looks down at Bobbie Sue.

BARISTA
May I help who's next?

BOBBIE SUE
Could I have a tall...

The Barista ignores her, then addresses the WOMAN behind her.

BARISTA
Ma'am, what would you like?

Bobbie Sue is taken aback.

BOBBIE SUE
Excuse me, I'm clearly next.

The Barista ignores her.

WOMAN
I would like a decaf tea...

BOBBIE SUE
(to Barista)
You can't treat me like this.

The Barista keeps smiling at the next woman but points to a small sign: "We reserve the right to refuse service."

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
(to Barista)
You think that's actually legal!?

The Barista finally looks Bobbie Sue in the eye.

BARISTA
So, sue us.

INT. NAIL SALON - DAY

Bobbie Sue once again sits chatting as the same Vietnamese manicurist works on her toes.

BOBBIE SUE
I just don't see where all the animosity is coming from. I was just doing my job.

MANICURIST

Than tu.

BOBBIE SUE

Traitor to my sex? I was just trying
to be the best in my field.

MANICURIST

Vang, van.

BOBBIE SUE

And now it's like the whole city is
against me.

MANICURIST

Co gai ngheo.

Bobbie Sue smiles.

BOBBIE SUE

It's good to know I have at least one
friend left.

MANICURIST

Tat ca lam.

The manicurist puts down her bottle of NAIL POLISH and RUBS
her hand. The job is done and she SMILES like a proud child.

Bobbie Sue sees her toes and her face FALLS. Spelled out on
each foot, one letter per toe nail, is the word B-I-T-C-H in
bright red nail polish.

BOBBIE SUE

What have you done!

MANICURIST

(broken English)

You bitch! You hurt women. You dirty
whore, dirty, dirty whore!

BOBBIE SUE

You do speak English!

MANICURIST

(broken English)

You stink up chair with whore smell.
Get out, devil vagina!

Bobbie Sue stands and stumbles to the door, shocked at the
barrage of insults.

BOBBIE SUE

Wow! That's awful. Did Rosetta Stone teach you that?

MANICURIST

Out! Whore-bitch nob-sliming whore-dog!

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bobbie Sue is on the phone, pacing in her apartment.

BOBBIE SUE

Dad, that's not the point.

INT. COFAX KITCHEN - NIGHT

Daddy Cofax, on the phone, is cooking up Manwiches.

DADDY COFAX

I'm just saying, lead with your left next time. That second guard would've gone down like a sack of bowling balls.

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The doorbell rings and she opens the door still on the phone.

BOBBIE SUE

Everybody hates me!

Joe stands in the doorway with a large stuffed animal and the pathetic look of hope in his eyes. Joe mouths, "Not me".

DADDY COFAX (O.S.)

Hey, not everybody hates you. But what have I always said? If you can't take the shit...

Bobbie Sue snatches the stuffed animal, then slams the door in Joe's face.

BOBBIE SUE

Stay out of the bathroom. I know. But it's like the entire city of Boston is the bathroom. I am living in the bathroom.

INT. COFAX HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Daddy Cofax puts down his ladle and leans against the counter.

DADDY COFAX

Bobbie Sue. I hope you know I did the best I could.

INTERCUT:

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bobbie Sue sits on the couch holding the ridiculously large stuffed animal.

BOBBIE SUE

Oh, Dad. It's not about you.

DADDY COFAX

I just mean, when your mom died, certain things, you know, girl things...great things, died with her.

BOBBIE SUE

(embarrassed)

Dad.

DADDY COFAX

Being a woman...well, it's gotta be tough. Tell you the truth, I don't think I could do it myself.

(beat)

I always said you could do anything the boys could do. But if your mother were still around, she would have said "Yeah, but they can't do half of what you can."

Bobbie Sue pauses.

BOBBIE SUE

I went and visited her grave yesterday.

DADDY COFAX

How was it?

BOBBIE SUE

She didn't say much.

DADDY COFAX

Yeah...she never does.

BOBBIE SUE
Thanks Dad.

DADDY COFAX
Now go get some rest. You've got a
new practice to open.

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bobbie Sue is alone at her desk. Bored. She rearranges her pencils, straightens papers, checks for a dial tone, but it is obvious the phone has not rung in quite some time.

Finally, the phone rings and she brightens.

BOBBIE SUE
(hi-pitched, feminine)
Law Offices of Bobbie Sue Cofax.

CALLER (O.S.)
(obviously disguised)
Is this Ms. Cofax?

BOBBIE SUE
(hi-pitched, feminine)
Let me see if she is available.

Bobbie Sue holds the phone a beat.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
(normal voice)
Hello, what can I do for you?

CALLER (O.S.)
(obviously disguised)
I think I have a personal injury
case. A roller coaster.

BOBBIE SUE
Tell me more.

CALLER (O.S.)
(obviously disguised)
Sure I bought the ticket for the
ride. I knew what I was in for. But I
didn't know how rough it would be.
When I got to the end, I was hollow
inside. Turns out, I was tall enough
for the ride...but my heart wasn't.

BOBBIE SUE
Joe?

JOE (O.S.)

No.

BOBBIE SUE

Stop calling me.

JOE (O.S.)

It's not me.

BOBBIE SUE

I'm hanging up.

As she hangs up...

JOE (O.S.)

All aboard...

INT. BLIND JUSTICE BAR - NIGHT

Bobbie Sue is at the bar, dark sunglasses, well on her way to drunk. Susan Sullivan and Linda sit on stools next to her.

BOBBIE SUE

I was just doing my job!

SUSAN

Isn't that what Goebbels said?

BOBBIE SUE

You know, if a man was in there mixing it up, he wouldn't be public enemy number one.

SUSAN

If a man had been in there, it would have gone to court and Baker, Stevens and Shit-for-brains would have lost the case. Hands down.

LINDA

They picked you because you're a woman.

BOBBIE SUE

You said it sister.

SUSAN

They're all a bunch of spoiled little boys who don't like being told how to behave.

LINDA

Especially in public.

A LIGHT IS GOING OFF in Bobbie Sue's booze-soaked brain.

LINDA (CONT'D)
And if I were you I'd...

BOBBIE SUE
(interrupting)
Sue the bastards!

Bobbie Sue is clear-eyed and EXCITED.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
That's it!

LINDA
I was going to say go to this great
day spa on Newberry...but okay.

BOBBIE SUE
Thanks, girls!

Bobbie Sue slaps some money down on the bar and hurries out.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Baker, Stevens and Smith stand at one end of the conference table. They are all livid. Joe enters and Baker turns on him.

BAKER
Junior!
(mocking)
Have you seen today's paper?

Baker slams down a copy of the Boston Globe. We see the headline: BOBBIE SUE COFAX SUES BAKER, STEVENS AND SMITH.

STEVENS
Your father and I were served with
subpoenas this morning.

SMITH
(too loud)
Sir Penis!

Joe pulls an envelope from his jacket pocket.

JOE
Me too.

BAKER
Who else is she dragging into this
circus?

JOE

Half the junior partners. Most of the secretaries.

BAKER

Good Lord.

SMITH

(too loud)

I'm not wearing any underwear!

STEVENS

Thank God she had the good taste to leave Smith out of this.

Baker moves in close to Joe, trembling with anger.

BAKER

What the hell is she trying to pull?

Joe looks at his shoes for the beat, then, brightening, looks back up at his father.

JOE

You think she wants her old job back?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The small shop bustles with PATRONS sitting at small tables or waiting in line. A few of them watch the television mounted in one corner.

On the screen we see an image of Bobbie Sue from her commercial, then an ANCHORWOMAN.

ANCHORWOMAN

Bobbie Sue Cofax has enlisted her own services to go after her old law firm Baker, Stevens and Smith.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Serena Norman pours milk into a bowl of cereal for her 6 year-old SON while watching a small television on the counter.

ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)

After settling the largest sexual harassment case in Massachusetts history, Cofax was herself dismissed from the firm for alleged sexual harassment of male employees.

Serena straightens up.

SERENA
(to herself)
You've got to be kidding me.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

Three WOMEN jogging on elliptical machines watch the television mounted above them.

ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)
Dogged by the press and women's groups across the country, the so-called "Beatrice Arnold" of women everywhere is turning the tables.

EXT. BOSTON NEWSTAND - DAY

Sarah Boyd pauses to buy a Globe and is struck by the headline.

ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)
She's suing for wrongful dismissal and detriment of character. Well, you know what they say. If you can't join 'em. Beat 'em.
(beat)
The case begins later this week.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Bobbie Sue is on her feet and back in her element. Phil sits nervously in the witness box as Baker, Stevens and Smith squirm at the defense table. The gallery is sparsely populated, mostly with JOURNALISTS. Judge Roberts presides over the questioning.

PHIL
I do not recall.

Phil feigns some pride over his tactical maneuver.

BOBBIE SUE
You do not recall asking if I was double jointed?

PHIL
No. I do not recall that exchange.

Bobbie Sue retrieves a sheet of paper from her desk. As she does so, Sarah Boyd slips into the courtroom and takes a seat at the back of the gallery.

BOBBIE SUE
Maybe this will help...
(reading, robotically)
Cause if you are, I'd like to fold
you up and stuff you in an envelope
and send you special delivery to my
secret hideaway of guilty pleasure.

PHIL
(shocked)
That message was private.

BOBBIE SUE
Not anymore. Exhibit 29, your honor.

Bobbie Sue hands the sheet of paper to the judge. She begins to read as Phil looks from her to Bobbie Sue and back again.

PHIL
Well, she started it!

BOBBIE SUE
Excuse me?

PHIL
You said you liked my pants.

BOBBIE SUE
Your pants?

PHIL
And that shirt, the pink one. You
were clearly sending a message.

BOBBIE SUE
Yes, I was. You're a snappy dresser.
But what's that got to do with your
secret hideaway of guilty pleasure?

Phil stares at her, then addresses the judge.

PHIL
She tortured us, your honor. Every
man in that law firm fell over
themselves just to watch her walk
down the hall. And she encouraged it.

BOBBIE SUE
You felt intimidated?

Phil looks back at Bobbie Sue, betrayed and hurt.

PHIL

Yes.

BOBBIE SUE

Harassed?

PHIL

Yes!

BOBBIE SUE

Why?

Phil is caught off guard.

PHIL

What?

BOBBIE SUE

Why did you feel harassed? Were you afraid that if you didn't say yes to my advances you might suffer professionally?

PHIL

(confused)

I don't... what?

BOBBIE SUE

Or did you feel "harassed" precisely because I wouldn't consummate any of your little fantasies?

Phil looks from the judge to the senior partners and back to Bobbie Sue.

PHIL

(frustrated)

It was a hostile work environment!

BOBBIE SUE

Why? Because I could fire you?

Phil lets down his guard, amused at Bobbie Sue's last question.

PHIL

Fire me? You were a glorified temp!

Phil covers his mouth - he said too much. Sarah Boyd smiles.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Rosalind Wilks, the executive secretary, is on the stand nervously twisting a hanky.

BOBBIE SUE

Ms. Wilks, for the court, would you estimate how often the women's lavatory was stocked with toilet paper.

MS. WILKS

(embarrassed)

I'd rather not say.

BOBBIE SUE

Please, Ms. Wilks. You're under oath.

Ms. Wilks hesitates for a moment, then confesses.

MS. WILKS

They never restock. I bring my own toilet paper.

Ms. Wilks breaks down into tears. The court gasps.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Rich is on the witness stand.

BOBBIE SUE

So you never felt I behaved inappropriately on the job?

RICH

I didn't say that.

BOBBIE SUE

Care to elaborate?

RICH

Working in an environment such as Baker, Stevens and Smith requires a certain degree of conformity...

BOBBIE SUE

Conformity? You mean, acting like everyone else to promote teamwork and reduce problems of miscommunication.

RICH

Exactly.

BOBBIE SUE

So, as a woman entering a predominantly male work environment, I should have suppressed my "natural" tendency to remain passive and nurturing.

RICH

(his temper rising)

That's not what I'm saying. Your case is completely different.

BOBBIE SUE

Perhaps I should have been more aggressive, shared more of the ribald humor of the office...

Rich is steaming. He sets his steely gaze on Bobbie Sue.

RICH

That's not the kind of conformity I'm talking about!

BOBBIE SUE

Oh, you mean, conforming to their image of you? Hiding who you are?

Rich's eyes are ablaze - a damn has burst.

RICH

That's right! You wanna be in the game you play the game! You know how hard it is to hear your co-workers mispronounce Kanye West and not correct them? And yes, I admit it, I like Tyler Perry.

(defeated, trembling)

Sometimes you're just like Martin Lawrence in Wild Hawgs, selling out for that paycheck!

Bobbie Sue approaches and lays a hand on his.

BOBBIE SUE

We'll always have Bad Boys Two. Just remember that.

Rich breaks down into sobs, clutching her hand.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

(to judge)

No further questions.

In the back of the gallery we see Sarah Boyd busily typing out a text message on her phone - her grin widening.

INT. COFAX HOUSE - NIGHT

Daddy Cofax sits in his living room watching the news with four of his sons. On the screen we see a REPORTER outside the courthouse.

REPORTER

After several days of testimony, Bobbie Sue Cofax is steadily building her case that not only is there a double standard at Baker, Stevens and Smith when it comes to appropriate office behavior, but that her reputation for taking no prisoners is well-founded.

The brothers high-five and Daddy Cofax beams.

DADDY COFAX

Thattaway, Bobbie Sue!

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The gallery is half full of WOMEN, a few of whom we recognize from the depositions. Bobbie Sue busies herself at her table when the bailiff enters.

BAILIFF

All rise!

Bobbie Sue gets to her feet as Judge Roberts enters. She turns back, notices the women, then catches Sarah Boyd's eye for a moment.

BOBBIE SUE

Your honor, I'd like to call Joseph Baker to the stand.

Joe Baker, Sr. stands from the defense table, ready to take on Bobbie Sue.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Mr. Joe Baker, Junior.

Baker's smirk turns to a frown as Joe stands in the gallery.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Bobbie Sue paces before Joe pining away in the witness box.

BOBBIE SUE
So it was originally your idea to
hire me?

JOE
(sweetly)
Hi, Bobbie Sue.

BOBBIE SUE
Just answer the question! Why me? Did
it have something to do with your
wager?

JOE
(nervous)
My wager?

BOBBIE SUE
Did you or did you not organize a
betting pool on how quickly you could
get me into bed?

We hear gasps from the audience. Joe tries to smile, play it
off, but he's in agony.

JOE
It was just a bit of office humor...

BOBBIE SUE
Answer the question, Joe!

JOE
Yes.

BOBBIE SUE
Is that why you hired me?

JOE
What?

BOBBIE SUE
To have sex with me? Then fire me?

JOE
No!

BOBBIE SUE
Seems rather convenient. Win your
bet, then kick me to the curb.

JOE

That's not how it was! It had nothing to do with the bet. They were going to fire you anyway.

More gasps, this time from Baker, Stevens and Smith.

BOBBIE SUE

Oh really?

Joe looks to his father, who shakes his head slowly. Joe looks back at Bobbie Sue.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Tell me, Joe. What were the conditions of my employment? Just how did you convince Baker, Stevens and Smith to hire me?

Joe glances at his father again, steels himself, and confesses...

JOE

We needed a woman to win the Fleet Tech case. It was a PR move. Nothing more.

BOBBIE SUE

And after I won?

JOE

They'd invent a reason to fire you.

The gallery buzzes.

BOBBIE SUE

One last question. Beyond the Fleet Tech case, did I have any influence over the firm? Any power at all?

Joe looks to his father who is seething across the room.

JOE

(staring down Baker)
You were a joke to them.

BOBBIE SUE

No further questions

Joe looks back to Bobbie Sue, hopeful.

JOE

But you'll always have power over me.

JUDGE ROBERTS
You may step down.

JOE
Really?

Joe gets to his feet, but he does not step down.

JOE (CONT'D)
I have a question!

For a moment he has the court's attention, then...

JOE (CONT'D)
(to Bobbie Sue)
What are you doing tonight? Say seven
o'clock?

JUDGE ROBERTS
Step down, Mr. Baker.

Joe looks from the judge and back to Bobbie Sue. He mimes a phone to his ear and whispers...

JOE
Just call me.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

Bobbie Sue struts down the street with a new confidence. A few WOMEN recognize her and nudge each other with a smile.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Bobbie Sue approaches the entrance as two WOMEN exit.

WOMAN #1
Hey, it's Bobbie Sue Cofax.

WOMAN #2
Keep up the good work, Bobbie Sue!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Bobbie Sue is in line for coffee. She can tell that most of the CUSTOMERS around her are talking about her, and a smile creeps across her face.

The CUSTOMER in front of her steps away and the same Barista that snubbed her before notices it's Bobbie Sue.

BARISTA
Hi! May I help you?

INT. NAIL SALON - DAY

The manicurist finishes Bobbie Sue's toe nails. She looks down to read, painted out on her toes, Y-O-U G-O G-I-R-L-!

Bobbie Sue smiles and the manicurist gives her a thumbs up.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BOBBIE SUE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Joe digs through a trash can, searching through discarded papers and old food. He finds a strand of dental floss and lovingly caresses it against his cheek. After a moment's hesitation, he runs it between his teeth.

Bobbie Sue exits her building ready for another day in court. As she passes the alley, she notices Joe.

BOBBIE SUE
Joe?

Joe, startled, turns to Bobbie Sue, the floss still hanging from his teeth.

JOE
Bobbie Sue. Hi.

BOBBIE SUE
Is that my dental floss?

Joe pauses, thinking...

JOE
I hope so.

Bobbie Sue sighs and extends a hand.

BOBBIE SUE
(motherly)
Come on in.

Joe's face brightens and he scrambles to her side.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The audience is overflowing with WOMEN as Bobbie Sue prepares for her next witness.

JUDGE ROBERTS

All right, Ms. Cofax. Whom do we have today?

BOBBIE SUE

I'd like to call Bill Bradley to the stand, your honor.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Bill Bradley is on the witness stand, squirming under Bobbie Sue's questions.

BOBBIE SUE

Mr. Bradley. How did you respond when you heard your law firm, Baker, Stevens and Smith had hired a woman to lead your defense against more than 200 women suing your company for sexual harassment?

BILL BRADLEY

It was a brilliant strategy.

BOBBIE SUE

How so?

BILL BRADLEY

Well, it worked didn't it?

BOBBIE SUE

Yes, well, before it worked, you still thought it was brilliant. Why?

BILL BRADLEY

(hesitant)

Because...

Bradley straightens up, confident... he's found the words he think will save him.

BILL BRADLEY (CONT'D)

(lying)

Because, I've always been a great admirer of women's equality with men. As I often say, women can do anything a man can do, and there is no reason a woman shouldn't have led our defense.

BOBBIE SUE

I see. And what about men's equality with women?

BILL BRADLEY

Excuse me?

BOBBIE SUE

You've established your conviction
that women can do anything a man can
do. Does it work the other way
around?

BILL BRADLEY

(confused)

I don't...

BOBBIE SUE

Can men have a baby?

BILL BRADLEY

Well, no...

BOBBIE SUE

Breast feed?

BILL BRADLEY

No.

BOBBIE SUE

Stop traffic if they're topless?

BILL BRADLEY

Depends on the man, but...

BOBBIE SUE

So you don't, in fact, think men are
equal to women?

Baker stands from the defense table.

BAKER

Objection, your honor! How does any
of this have any bearing on the case
at hand. The suit against Fleet Tech
was settled weeks ago.

BOBBIE SUE

Your honor, Mr. Bradley has implied
that my role in his case had nothing
to do with my gender. I intend to
show otherwise.

BAKER

That is simply absurd.

JUDGE ROBERTS

Overruled.

BOBBIE SUE
Thanks, your honor.
(to Bill Bradley)
Where were we?

BILL BRADLEY
(weary)
Men are not equal to women.

BOBBIE SUE
Right. Thanks.

BILL BRADLEY
(panicking)
That's not what I'm saying... It's
just...

BOBBIE SUE
Were you pleased with the job I did
on your case, Mr. Bradley?

BILL BRADLEY
Pleased? Well, yes.

BOBBIE SUE
(pointing at the defense)
Do you think any one of the men
sitting at that table could have done
better?

Bill Bradley looks at his friends - the three old men of
Baker, Stevens and Smith - then hangs his head.

BILL BRADLEY
No.

BOBBIE SUE
And why not?

BILL BRADLEY
Because they're men.

BOBBIE SUE
If you had a strong case why should
that matter?

BILL BRADLEY
Because we had no case! Those damn
women would have eaten us alive!

BOBBIE SUE
No further questions.

Bobbie Sue turns but Bill Bradley isn't finished.

BILL BRADLEY
Don't you turn away from me, you
uppity little skirt!

JUDGE ROBERTS
(stern)
You may step down, Mr. Bradley.

BILL BRADLEY
(to Bobbie Sue)
You're just like the rest of them!
Weak-willed and good for one thing...

Judge Roberts raises an eyebrow.

JUDGE ROBERTS
And what would that be, Mr. Bradley?

BILL BRADLEY
Don't interrupt me, woman!

JUDGE ROBERTS
Bailiff.
(to Bill Bradley)
That's thirty days for contempt.

The Bailiff starts to pull Bill Bradley from the witness
stand, but he's still going strong...

BILL BRADLEY
Contempt? I've got nothing but
contempt! It's a man's world,
sweetheart! Get used to it.

JUDGE ROBERTS
Sixty days. Do I hear ninety?

As Bill Bradley is pulled from the room...

BILL BRADLEY
Fuck you! Mouthy bitch!

Judge Roberts bangs her gavel and with a slight smile...

JUDGE ROBERTS
Ninety days for Mr. Bradley.

The gallery of women is alive with satisfied murmuring and
Bobbie Sue settles into her seat with a huge grin.

INT. COURTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bobbie Sue sits across the conference table from Baker, Stevens and Smith. The old men talk through forced smiles.

BAKER

We're prepared to offer you a handsome settlement, Bobbie Sue.

STEVENS

A handsome settlement.

SMITH

(too loud)

Hand some fecal matter!

BOBBIE SUE

How handsome?

Baker writes a figure on a sheet of paper and slides it over to Bobbie Sue. She raises her eyebrows.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

I can see why you wouldn't want to say a number like that out loud.

She slides the paper back to Baker.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

What else you got?

BAKER

You want more?

STEVENS

It's a handsome offer.

BOBBIE SUE

Look, boys, your offer, while "handsome", just ain't doing it for me. Maybe it's because I've always thought of handsome as something you say to a 13 year-old on his Bar Mitzvah, but I'm looking for more. And unless you can write your collective dignity down on that piece of paper, I've got a closing argument to make.

Bobbie Sue stands and leaves the three men in stunned silence. After a beat...

SMITH
(too loud)
I like her!

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Bobbie Sue stands before the jury. The gallery is standing room only, mostly women.

BOBBIE SUE
Ladies and gentlemen. Sounds nice, doesn't it? Ladies. And gentlemen. Our best versions of ourselves. Women who know their place and men who make sure they remember. As you've seen over the last few weeks, no one ever taught me how to be a lady. I'm loud. I'm offensive. I probably drink too much, and you probably shouldn't bring me home to meet your parents. But I'm a damn good lawyer. And I proved that in the worst way with Baker, Stevens and Smith. I took 212 women and put them through hell because that's what it took to win. But there's one thing I never fully understood. The difference between a men and women isn't what's under the hood... it's power. Who controls whose fate. The good old boys at Baker, Stevens and Smith would like you to believe I am as guilty of sexual harassment as the good old boys of Fleet Tech. But as we've learned, I never controlled anyone's fate. And mine was sealed the moment I took the job. I was a glorified temp.

(beat)
The women of Fleet Tech were intimidated and afraid and they should have been - their jobs were at stake, their futures. The men of Baker, Stevens and Smith were intimidated and afraid cause they wanted what they couldn't have. And after they were done with me, they finally had what they no longer wanted. So I got canned.

(beat)
Ladies. And gentlemen.
(MORE)

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

You're going go in that little room
and you're going decide if that's the
way we want this to go. And if I've
done my job, and I always do, you're
going to come back in here and tell
those men, 'Not on my watch.'

(beat)

But here's what you're not going to
do. You're not going to give me
anything. Not one cent. All I want is
for you to stand up and say they're
wrong. That Baker, Stevens and Smith -
and every other Fleet Tech men's club
- has given the shaft to women and
you're not going to take it anymore.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

The JURY FOREMAN stands to render the verdict.

JURY FOREMAN

We the jury find for the plaintiff.

The gallery ERUPTS IN CHEERS and Bobbie Sue LEAPS to her
feet, pointing at the jury.

BOBBIE SUE

Yeah, you do!

Judge Roberts BANGS her gavel.

JUDGE ROBERTS

Order!

But it's no use, the women in the audience continue to cheer.
Bobbie Sue takes it all in, then turns to the judge.

BOBBIE SUE

Judge. About that victory lap...

Judge Roberts finally smiles.

FADE TO BLACK...

TITLE: **ONE YEAR LATER**

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bobbie Sue sits at her desk pouring over documents. The phone
rings. She answers.

BOBBIE SUE
(hi-pitched, feminine)
Cofax and Boyd. May I help you?
(beat)
Let me see if she's available.

Bobbie Sue holds the phone away from her ear for a beat, then in her normal, aggressive tone...

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Cofax here. How can I help?

Just then, Joe Baker stumbles into the office carrying a heavy box of files. Bobbie sue covers the mouth piece.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Joe, stay near the phone. I can't keep answering it myself.

JOE
Sorry.

BOBBIE SUE
What the hell am I paying you for?

Bobbie Sue returns to the call as Joe starts filing papers.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Don't worry Ms. O'Hanlon, we handle these kind of cases all the time. We'll get those bastards.

Bobbie Sue hangs up the phone.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Boyd!

Sarah Boyd pokes her head in from the next room.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Carrie O'Hanlon from the Quick Lube on Dorchester Ave.

SARAH BOYD
Wage discrimination?

BOBBIE SUE
Peep hole in the women's bathroom.

SARAH BOYD
That's what I'm talking about!

Bobbie Sue holds out a hand and Sarah gives her a high five before disappearing into her office. She notices Joe bending over the file box and stares for a lingering moment.

BOBBIE SUE
Nice filing system, Joe.

Joe turns, realizes Bobbie Sue has been checking him out, then shakes his head.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
What? I was talking about your ass.
What did you think? I was actually
complementing your filing?

Bobbie Sue returns to her paperwork.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
So what'll it be for dinner tonight?

JOE
I invited your dad over for tapas.

Bobbie Sue looks up.

BOBBIE SUE
You got my dad to our house for
tapas? You are some kind of man, Joe
Baker.

FADE OUT.

THE END