

VALLEY TRASH

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - DAY

Old Dirty Bastard's "Shimmy Shimmy Ya" plays over a series of shots of iconic Valley spots: The "Welcome to Van Nuys" sign in front of the courthouse, the famous Van Nuys "Muffler Man" statue, Nat's Early Bite Coffee Shop, K's Donut Emporium, Skateland, Star Video Store...leading us to...

EXT. THE HARMAN'S HOUSE - VAN NUYS - MORNING

A small house covered in bright red Bougainvillea.

INT. THE HARMAN'S HOUSE - VAN NUYS - MORNING

The music continues playing as we see different shots of the kitchen (tidy, but cramped), the family room (mismatched furniture in front of a giant flat screen TV), Abby & Benji's room (a twin bed with a trundle pulled out).

INT. THE HARMAN'S HOUSE - CAL AND JULES' BEDROOM - MORNING

CAL (Southern, charming, rough around the edges) lies in bed next to JULES (low-maintenance, a good hang). The music stirs them awake. Cal rolls toward Jules and tries to start something, but stops confused. He pulls the covers down revealing Jules is FULLY DRESSED FOR WORK, including her shoes.

JULES

Did it when I got up to pee in the middle of the night. Got me an extra twelve minutes of sleep.

CAL

Damn, honey. That's genius.

She steels herself then pops out of bed and heads into...

INT. THE HARMAN'S HOUSE - CRAMPED BATHROOM - MORNING

ABBY (14, confident) and BENJI (11, cheerful) brush their teeth in front of the mirror, singing along to the song.

ABBY

Oh baby I like it raw...

BENJI  
Oh baby I like it wahhhhhhhh.

Benji can't pronounce his "R's."

ABBY  
Go like this with your lips.  
(mushes her lips together)  
Rrr-aw.

BENJI  
(mushes his lips together)  
Oh baby I like it...www-wwwwwah.

He just can't get it. She pats his head. Just then, Jules enters.

JULES  
That sounded close, Benj!

She reaches for her toothbrush and accidentally knocks it into the toilet.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Ah, crap. I gotta get to work!

Without missing a beat, Jules takes Abby's toothbrush out of Abby's mouth and uses it.

ABBY  
Mom! Gross.

JULES  
Oh please. Once when you were four,  
you pooped in my pony tail.

Cal enters, in pants and an unbuttoned shirt. He slicks back his hair in the mirror before putting on his Cowboy hat.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Did you get better looking since  
two minutes ago?

CAL  
(with a wink)  
It's possible.

She goes to kiss him, but instead of giving him a peck on the cheek, they share an intense french kiss. They bump up against a wall, knocking off a framed picture.

ABBY  
This one bathroom thing is rough.

Abby and Benji maneuver their way around their making-out parents.

BENJI  
What does liking something "wah"  
mean anyway?

ABBY  
Um...it's like, y'know raw foods?  
It's a diet thing.

Abby and Benji exit. Jules pries herself away from Cal.

JULES  
Late for work. The kids need  
breakfast! Something healthy!

CAL  
You got it!

INT. K'S DONUT EMPORIUM - LATER MORNING

Through the glass case, we find Cal, Abby and Benji choosing their morning donut. The owner, KAY (50's, Korean) watches.

KAY  
Benji, nice shirt. I haven't seen  
that one yet.

REVEAL: Benji wears a shirt that says "Van Nuys to Meet You!"

BENJI  
Thanks, Kay. I made it myself.  
You'd be shocked by how little Van  
Nuys merch there is online.

ABBY  
*Would* she though?

KAY  
How's the fancy new school, Abby?  
Any better?

Abby shoots her a death stare and lets out a long groan.

KAY (CONT'D)  
That bad, huh?

CAL  
Abby, it's only been three days.  
You've got to give it more time.  
(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

Princeton Prep only accept 2% of kids who apply and one of 'em is you! This is a life changing opportunity.

ABBY

It is life changing. It's changing my life from awesome to crappy.

Cal sighs.

KAY

Here, kid. Take a bear claw on the house.

Kay hands Abby a giant, sprinkled, BEAR CLAW.

CAL

Uh uh uh! Plain donuts. No sprinkles. Your mom said healthy.

EXT. CITY STREETS - LATER MORNING

Cal, Abby and Benji hop in Cal's 1979 white VW Rabbit. It's a major beater. In a time travel-esque transition, we FOLLOW the Rabbit through the 80's feeling Valley (where it blends in perfectly) all the way into the present day, bougie Westside (where it suddenly sticks out like a sore thumb.)

EXT. PRINCETON PREP ACADEMY - LATER MORNING

The school is large, pristine and hulking. It looks like a well-funded, miniature college campus. It's buzzing with the morning rush. A few STUDENTS enter the gates on motorized, Bird scooters. OTHERS walk in practicing their MANDARIN. The school's emblem is engraved on the entry archways: "Home To The Brightest Young Minds In the Country."

INT. CAL'S WHITE VW RABBIT - MOMENTS LATER

As Cal drives through the large, semi-circle drop-off area Abby's face visibly darkens. This is the worst part of her day. She looks across the lot where a beautiful black girl, SONDRRA (the Princess of Gaban) gets out of a Rolls Royce accompanied by two ARMED GUARDS who speak into their radios.

ARMED GUARD

The dove is in the nest.

At the other end of the lot, a TEENAGE BOY gets out of his mother's Tesla while operating a giant drone that flies over the student body. We see that the footage is synced to his YOUTUBE CHANNEL which plays on his iPhone.

Abby then lays eyes on mean girl SYDNEY MAYBACH, sitting in her mom's red convertible Porche. Sydney has white-girl dreds and a bad attitude. Their eyes meet. Sydney gives her the middle finger as she exits her moms car.

ABBY

I can't go in there, dad. The people here suck. They're all super competitive, snobby freaks.

CAL

Come on, now. That can't be true.

Just then, Sydney's mom, SUZANNE MAYBACH, zooms her convertible right next to Cal's rabbit. Suzanne leans out the window and addresses the CROSSING GUARD.

SUZANNE

Excuse me?! Hello?! Person in ugly vest?!

(re: Cal's Rabbit)

There seems to be...a homeless family living in that car?

CROSSING GUARD

Uh...that's a fellow parent's vehicle Mrs. Maybach.

Aghast, Suzanne looks into the Rabbit at Cal and Abby. Cal gives her a friendly nod. Suzanne forces a disturbed smile then ZOOMS off the lot, nearly running over a STUDENT.

ABBY

See?

CAL

Eh, she probably just hasn't had her morning coffee yet.

(then)

Ab, You're telling me you can't find anyone here you like? You're like me, gift of gab, use it.

ABBY

Dad -- you don't get it. These kids are operating on a whole other level. They don't have time to "gab".

(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

Yesterday I tried to see if some kids wanted to catch the new Rock movie, no presh, and they all looked at me like I was on fire. One girl said she had twenty minutes free on Sunday between her Ancient Religion tutor and Equestrian Club. She had no time for The Rock.

CAL

Maybe she's a Vin Diesel fan?  
(off Abby's look)  
You just need to find your people. We got a second mortgage on the house to send you here. Your mom's working weekends. Hell, I even sold my snakeskin boots. Do you know how hard it is to find copperhead skin?

ABBY

Damn near impossible.

CAL (CONT'D)

Damn near impossible.

CAL (CONT'D)

Exactly. You got this. I love you.  
Now git!

Abby groans and gets out of the car.

EXT. PRINCETON PREP ACADEMY - CONTINUOUS

Abby tries to shut the door but it's janky. It just pops back open. She tries again. No dice.

CAL

Use your body weight!

Doing a run and jump, she finally manages to slam the door shut. Cal drives off and Abby turns to see Sydney standing with her clique, HALLIE (a waif with a pixie cut) and DEREK (gay, a mustache and a top knot). Sydney is holding her iPhone, having filmed the entire embarrassing incident.

SYDNEY

Valley Trash caught in the wild!

Sydney hits UPLOAD on her phone and we GO INTO THE INSTAGRAM ACCOUNT: It's called "Valley Trash" and it's only pictures and videos of Abby.

-The BOOMERANG of Abby trying to shut her dad's car door.

-A SUPERZOOM using the "bummer" filter (black and white, sad music, leaves falling) of a tag hanging out of the back of Abby's t-shirt that says "K-mart."

-A PICTURE of Abby drinking from a water fountain with the caption: "Tap.Water." followed by a bunch of barfing emojis.

EXT. PRINCEPTON PREP - CONTINUOUS

Abby stands humiliated. A small crowd of STUDENTS has gathered, watching.

SYDNEY

Aw, it looks like Valley Trash  
might cry.

Abby, refusing to back down, takes a step forward.

ABBY

At least I don't have a tattoo on  
my arm that looks like the guy had  
a seizure while doing it.

REVEAL a tattoo on Sydney's arm of colored dots and lines.

HALLIE

That's a recreation of a Jackson  
Pollock you philistine.

SYDNEY

(off Abby's blank stare)  
Jesus. How the hell did you get in  
here? Poor and dumb?

Abby's face turns bright red. Sydney's phone PINGS.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Oooh! Mr. Jenson just liked my  
'gram! He's my favorite teacher.

ABBY

Screw this.

Abby turns on her heels and walks defiantly off campus.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Abby hops on a bus that says it's headed to "VAN NUYS." As the bus drives away, we see Cal's big, smiling face on the side of it. The ad reads: "Problemas? Call 222-222-2222."

**END OF COLD OPEN**



ACT ONE

EXT. CAL'S SHITTY LAW OFFICE - VAN NUYS - MORNING

A tiny storefront office on the second floor of a cruddy strip mall. Above it sits a billboard with Cal's face on it -- the same ad that was on the bus. Below the office is a check cashing place and a Yoshinoya.

INT. CAL'S SHITTY LAW OFFICE - VAN NUYS - MORNING

It's cramped, hot and a little disorganized. A Harman family portrait hangs on the wall. Cal sits at his desk across from a new client, JUAN SANCHEZ (50's, neat).

CAL

So, Mr. Sanchez, your hot dog cart is across the street from the AMC. Let me guess: they want you gone because everybody's buyin' your delicious dogs and none of theirs?

JUAN

Exactly. And yesterday I received this cease and desist letter.

He hands a piece of paper to Cal, who holds it in his hand as if his palm were a scale.

CAL

Thick letterhead. Heavy. You got some class A SOB's on your tail.

JUAN

I know. How much would it cost to get them off because...I'm on a tight budget. As in...no budget.

Cal can see in Juan's eyes how nervous he is about the cost.

CAL

Well, you're in luck. I enjoy nothing more than stickin' it to the man. As far as payment is concerned, my business is mostly referral based. You told me you got a big family right? Some of 'em must be in need of legal counsel?

JUAN

You have no idea. The women in my family don't believe in laws.

CAL

Fantastic. You send them my way, I will take this on at cost.

Cal holds out his hand and Juan shakes it. Just then, DINA KASTAROS (50's, heavy set, Greek) enters. This is Cal's tough as nails private investigator. Sucking on a vape pen, she walks over to Cal's desk and drops down a file.

DINA

(Greek accent)

You were right about that landlord. Major creep. My brothers would have field day.

Cal looks inside the file and his eyes go big.

CAL

Bang-up job, Dina. And I love your brothers but let's stay inside the legal lines on this one, huh?

DINA

(shrugs)

Up to you. I'll be at the Yoshinoya if you need me.

She exits. Cal takes out his legal pad.

CAL

So Juan, how long have you had your cart?

But before Juan can answer, Cal's phone RINGS.

CAL (CONT'D)

Hold that thought.

(into phone)

You got Cal.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VAN NUYS' HIGH SCHOOL - SAME TIME

PRINCIPAL JAN JEFFRIES (40's, downtrodden) looks out her office window where she can see Abby talking to friends.

PRINCIPAL JEFFRIES

Mr. Harman, Principal Jeffries from Van Nuys High. I'm sorry to bother you but, Abby is here. I thought she was attending Princeton Prep?

CAL

She is. You sure it's my Abby? Abby  
Harman?

PRINCIPAL JEFFRIES

There's only one. Also, she seems  
to be running for class president  
and I think she's in the lead...

EXT. VAN NUYS HIGH SCHOOL - LATER MORNING

Compared to Princeton Prep, this place is small and dingy.  
Through the fence, Cal can see Abby sitting at a table in the  
courtyard with a line of KIDS waiting to talk to her. She's  
confidently talking to a TEEN BOY.

ABBY

Thanks for your vote, Russ. And if  
you could only use my family's Hulu  
password on Mondays, that'd be  
great.

They shake hands. Cal interrupts by WHISTLING the family bat  
call (a parakeet-type sound.) Abby immediately turns and sees  
him. She sheepishly walks over to him.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Technically, I haven't done  
anything wrong. I'm at school. And  
I'm learning.

CAL

(amused by her)  
C'mon. Let's go talk this one out.

INT. ERNIE'S TAEKWONDO STUDIO - LATER DAY

Cal and Abby, both wearing their Karate gi's, practice  
roundhouse kicks in the dojo.

CAL

Hiya!

ABBY

Hiya!

Cal gets a stack of wood boards and he and Abby switch off  
holding them for the other to break.

CAL (CONT'D)

Honey, I know you're having trouble  
making friends. Hiya!

Cal breaks a board.

CAL (CONT'D)

But look how popular you were at your old school! Just do whatever you did there at the new joint.

ABBY

Kids at Princeton Prep aren't the same, Dad. They don't even act like kids. They watch clips of Rachel Maddow for fun and go off campus to have working lunches at Spago. Hiya!

Abby breaks a board. ERNIE, the owner, walks by.

CAL

Hey, Ernie! How's Linda's neck? Still messed up from the accident?

ERNIE

Stiff in the mornings. But with the amount of settlement money you got her she's doing a lot of retail therapy so -- worth it!

Cal gives him a thumbs up. Ernie exits. Cal turns to Abby.

CAL

I still don't think any of this is enough to make you cut and run. There's gotta be more. What's really goin' on?

ABBY

(sighs)

There's this girl. Sydney Maybach. She and her friends started an Instagram called Valley Trash where they upload embarrassing photos of me all day long.

CAL

Okay, not ideal. But hell, no press is bad press. Take my bus ads. Jerks draw...penises...on my face all the time. Devil horns, eyepatches that make me look like a pirate, which I don't mind actually, but I still get just as many calls.

ABBY

But you don't have to see those jerks every day! Sydney is crazy.

(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

She has white girl dreds. She is not afraid of cultural appropriation! Plus, rumor is she ran over one of those guys dressed like Spiderman on Hollywood Blvd and had NO REMORSE!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - FLASHBACK

Sydney and her crew careen down the street in her dad's BMW. She accidentally drives up onto the sidewalk and clips a shitty, AMATEUR SPIDERMAN. He goes FLYING. She doesn't stop.

HALLIE

Sydney! You hit that Spiderman guy!

SYDNEY

Eh.

In the REARVIEW MIRROR, shitty AMATEUR HULK runs over to help Spiderman.

INT. TAEKWONDO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

CAL

Damn. Hope he had a good lawyer.  
(then)  
Well, it seems to me like you got two options. Option A: wait for Sydney to come up to you again, and when she does, you palm punch her in the face a couple times and show her what Valley Trash really is.

ABBY

I like that option. That's good.

CAL

Or...option B: maybe you cut this girl some slack.

ABBY

What? Why?

CAL

Everybody's fighting their own battle and for all we know, Sydney's is extra hard. From what I've seen at drop-off, it doesn't seem like she comes from a very loving home. And take it from me baby, that can be tough.

ABBY

Yeah. I guess I don't really know what that's like.

CAL

(playful)

Hell no you don't!

(then)

Give it time. She'll get bored and let up. I think in this case, you go with option B.

ABBY

Gah! Fine. I'll take the stupid empathy route. Board!

Cal holds up another board, she cracks it with her foot.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Hiya!

(then)

These are breaking pretty easy today.

CAL

(with a smile, whispers)

I baked 'em.

INT. THE HARMAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Cal, Abby and Benji hang out at the kitchen table.

BENJI

What about a shirt that says "Pretty Fly for a Van Nuy guy"?

Abby shakes her head "no." Benji has a notebook and crosses that one off of a long list of Van Nuys puns. Just then, Jules enters. She kicks off her shoes, takes off her skirt and tucks her blouse into her pantyhose. She pulls out a frozen bag of veggies and pokes air holes in it with a fork.

JULES

What a day! Is it too much to ask that any of the walking pieces of Melba toast I work for reply to my g-cal invite? How hard is it? Click yes or no!

Jules tosses the bag in the microwave. Cal stands up and rubs her shoulders.

CAL

I know I'd click yes.

They kiss. She opens the fridge door, pops a Coors Light and takes a long, satisfying sip. She turns to Abby.

JULES

Heard you had a hard day of your own. Wish I could offer you a cold one, honey. God do they help.

(then)

You know what we need? Some quality family time around the dinner table.

The microwave BEEPS.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HARMAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The family is all huddled around the massive TV with their dinner plates in their laps. Benji looks at his veggies.

BENJI

Why would anyone like it wah?

CAL

What now?

ON THE TV SCREEN:

RYAN SEACREST

It's time for the audience to text in your votes for who should advance to the next round of...American Idol.

Cal, Jules, Abby and Benji all whip out their phones.

JULES

Wait! Wait! We need to get on the same page about who we're voting for. Otherwise, we'll just cancel out each others votes.

They all take a beat, then shout their idea at the same time.

JULES/CAL/ABBY/BENJI

Jojo./Obviously Lexi./Marquis for sure./ Kelly B.

We go out on them playfully arguing over who to vote for.

EXT. PRINCETON PREP - DROP-OFF - THE NEXT MORNING

Abby is body slamming Cal's car door, trying to get it shut.

CAL  
Careful not to break it now!

She finally manages to slam it shut. She leans in the window.

ABBY  
(with a smile)  
Hate you for making me go here!

CAL  
Your future bank account won't!

He shoots her a winning smile and drives off. As soon as he's gone, Abby turns to see Sydney, sitting in her mother's red Porche convertible, filming her with her iPhone.

SYDNEY  
Hey Valley Trash! Come here!

Abby starts walking toward Sydney, talking to herself.

ABBY  
Empathy. Empathy. Empathy.

SYDNEY  
You're actually doing what I ask!  
You're like an obedient dog. Can  
you shake? What about sit?

ABBY  
Palm punch. Palm punch. Palm Punch.

She approaches the Porche. Sydney still films. She's about to hit her when Sydney's mom, SUZANNE turns to Sydney.

SUZANNE  
You look so fat in those pants.  
(then, to Abby)  
Oh. Girl-I-thought-was-homeless.  
Did your dad not give you any money  
for lunch? Sorry but the school  
doesn't allow panhandling, sweetie.

Something inside Abby clicks. She punches into the car skipping Sydney's face and landing on Suzanne's!

SUZANNE (CONT'D)  
Gahhhh!

Her Gucci sunglasses lay sideways on her face and a yapping Pomeranian jumps out of the car. The whole parking lot stands with their mouths agape. Abby Harman just palm punched a mom!

**END OF ACT ONE**



ACT TWO

INT. JP MORGAN STANLEY - JULES' CUBICLE - DAY

A plaque sits on her desk reading: "Jules Harman, Office Manager." Jules sits at her desk typing an email when a financial analyst, TED (tall, white, rich) enters eating a Fage yogurt cup and plops down next to her.

JULES

Hi, Ted. What can I do for ya?

TED

(re: yogurt)

I just ate the last of these.

JULES

I'm....proud of you?

TED

Order more? Thanks.

Jules smiles and nods. Ted gets up, leaving his empty cup on her desk. Jules, seething, is staring at the cup when her cell phone rings. It says "Princeton Prep."

INT. PRINCETON PREP - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER

Abby, Jules, Cal, Sydney and a 22-year-old man, JEREMY, sit across the desk from PRINCIPAL WELCH (40's, a stickler for the rules.) Jeremy has a an open laptop.

CAL

(whispers to Abby)

Why is Sydney's dad so young?

JEREMY

Oh. I'm not her dad. I'm Jeremy.  
One of Sydney's father's  
assistants. He was unable to attend  
so I'm here to take detailed notes.

PRINCIPAL WELCH

I see, well, we do like to have at  
least one parent in attendance for  
meetings like these. May I ask  
where Mrs. Maybach is?

SYDNEY

She had to be rushed to the  
hospital.

JULES

Oh my god! Did Abby break her nose?

SYDNEY

No. She has fresh Botox and had to make sure the poison didn't spread to the wrong area of her face.

PRINCIPAL WELCH

Oh. Well. We have a no tolerance policy when it comes to violence.

JULES

But Sydney was bullying Abby. Ab, show him the valley trash account!

PRINCIPAL WELCH

Abby mentioned that but the account's been taken down so we have no proof. We do however have many eye-witnesses who saw what happened at drop-off this morning.

(then)

This matter will be reviewed by our disciplinary board and they will decide on a punishment, which will most likely be expulsion.

Abby jumps out of her seat doing an involuntary karate kick.

ABBY

YES!

(then, sitting down)

I mean, oh no. What a shame.

CAL

There's gotta be something we can do, Mr. Welch. We could pay for something. Something for the athletics program? Maybe a new...basketball?

PRINCIPAL WELCH

I'm sorry. Not at this time. Thank you all for being here.

Principal Welch notices Jeremy typing every word he says.

PRINCIPAL WELCH (CONT'D)

Can you erase that last part? I'm worried it may come off as sarcastic since he wasn't actually here.

Jeremy keeps typing.

PRINCIPAL WELCH (CONT'D)  
You're still typing. Please stop  
typing. Oh god.

Jeremy keeps typing every word he says.

PRINCIPAL WELCH (CONT'D)  
(flustered)  
Thank you for your contributions!

INT. PRINCETON PREP - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Everybody files out. Cal is genuinely upset.

CAL  
Damn it! After all this, she's gonna  
have to go back to her old school.  
What a waste.

JULES  
Did you tell Abby to palm punch  
Sydney's mom?

CAL  
Of course not! I gave her the  
option to palm punch Sydney, but we  
landed on the other option--  
empathy.

JULES  
Why was palm punch even an option?!

ABBY  
Maybe this isn't so bad. I mean,  
that family is the worst. They  
deserved it! Honestly, I chalk this  
up to a win for the Harmans.

CAL  
I can't deal with this right now.  
I've got a meeting with a client in  
fifteen minutes.

JULES  
And I have to get back to work.  
Sadly, I don't have a "Jeremy."

Cal and Jules both head off. Abby turns to find a glass case full of pictures of famous past alumni and their amazing achievements. It's truly impressive. There's famous politicians, artists, scientists....and Tori Spelling?

ABBY  
Peace out, Tori!

Abby heads off.

INT. FANCY LAW FIRM - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER DAY

Mr. Sanchez sits across a large table of FANCY LAWYERS. This office is a lot different than Cal's with its floor to ceiling windows, leather chairs and air conditioning. Cal hustles in, shaking off what just happened with Abby.

CAL  
Hey, all. Sorry I'm late. Kid stuff.

The head lawyer, HOWARD (pleasant) nods. Cal sits next to Juan and takes a water glass off the table.

CAL (CONT'D)  
This crystal? Nice.

He takes a long sip.

HOWARD  
Shall we begin?

CAL  
We shall! My client and I have reviewed your Cease and Desist letter. Great letterhead by the way. I might have to steal your font.

An EARGER, YOUNG LAWYER, pipes up.

EAGER LAWYER  
It's actually copyrighted so...

CAL  
Well, shoot. That puts an end to that pipe dream!  
(then)  
Now, I'm sure y'all assumed that Mr. Sanchez would be scared off by this letter without ever even seeking counsel.

HOWARD  
We didn't assume a thing, Cal.

CAL

Uh huh. Either way, it seems like a waste of time to drag this thing through the courts. Anyone with eyes can see that Juan is a good guy just trying to make an honest living. And I'd hate to have to call my buddy down at the LA Times and have him run a story about the big, bad corporation that's trying to press it's boot onto the neck of this god-fearing everyman. Optics don't seem ideal on that one.

HOWARD

I hear ya. But I don't envision that story ever being a problem. AMC has one of the best PR firms in the country on retainer. Remember last year when someone spliced in Michael Fassbender from "Shame" into the Mary Poppins re-make?

CAL

What? No.

HOWARD

Exactly.

A beat. What's Cal's next move?

CAL

There must be some wiggle room. Otherwise, why'd y'all agree to take the meeting?

HOWARD

You're right. There is a reason we asked you down here.

(beat)

Would you take a selfie with us? My kid LOVES your bus ads!

LAWYER 2

Mine too! Truly. She thinks they're hilarious!

Cal forces a smile as the lawyers all come onto his side of the table and start snapping selfies with him.

HOWARD

(taking a selfie video)

Look honey! I'm with the 222-222-2222 guy!

Off Cal's humiliation and Juan's worry.

INT. THE HARMAN'S HOUSE - CAL AND JULES' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jules sits in bed reading People magazine when Cal enters and flops on the bed, face down.

CAL  
(still face down)  
I've had better days.

Jules crawls over and helps him pull off his boots.

JULES  
You and me both. Bed whiskey?

CAL  
Darlin', you are singin' my tune.

Jules reaches into her bedside table and pulls out a fifth of Jack Daniels and pours a shot into two cups. They hold them up to toast, their little tradition.

JULES  
A toast to those who wish me  
well...

CAL  
...And all the rest can go to hell.

They clink cups and down their shots in one. Cal sighs.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Damn. I can't believe we're back to  
square one with this school thing.  
I really thought Abby was starting  
to come around.

JULES  
Maybe it was a mistake for us to  
send her there in the first place.  
I mean, it might not be the right  
place for her if everyone there  
makes her feel less than.

CAL  
It is absolutely the right place.  
Kids who go to Princeton Prep  
intern at the White House. Kids who  
go to Van Nuys intern at White  
Castle! And you can feel "less  
than" anywhere. Hell, I felt that  
way today.

JULES  
Hey, me too!

They high-five.

CAL  
But if Abby coulda made it through Princeton Prep, it woulda been the last time in her whole life she'd ever feel that way. She wouldn't be like us. I wanted that for her.

JULES  
Well, she's not expelled yet. Let's stay positive. I mean, all she did was...hit a mom in the face? Oof.

CAL  
Not great.

JULES (CONT'D)  
It's a toughie.

INT. THE HARMAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Jules and Cal enter dressed for the day to find Abby making toast and excitedly talking on her cell phone.

ABBY  
Jen, trust me. They're 100% going to expel me. I'll be back at Van Nuys High with you Monday latest.

Cal and Jules exchange a look.

CAL  
Hey Abby, we'd like a word --

ABBY  
One sec, Dad. On the phone.  
(into phone, laughing)  
Haha yes! Ms. Reiter! Please tell me she still burps in between all her words.  
(imitating Ms. Reiter)  
Hamlet (BURPS) killed (BURPS) his

Suddenly, Cal swipes the phone out of Abby's hands.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Dad! What the hell?

CAL  
Sit. Down.

Abby, completely taken aback, sits. Cal's angry.

CAL (CONT'D)

Abby, you know I love you more than life itself, and your mom and I worship the ground you walk on, but baby, you are acting like every trailer trash fool I ever knew.

ABBY

What? Why? Cause I'm going back to my old school? They already said I could come pick up my homework. I'm not gonna miss a thing.

CAL

Not gonna miss a thing? You're gonna miss out on your entire future!

ABBY

(rolling her eyes)  
Dad, don't be so dramatic.

JULES

Hey! Don't you roll your eyes at him. Who the hell do you think you're talking to?

ABBY

Ugh! Why is this such a big deal?! You guys didn't go to some fancy school and you turned out fine!

CAL

You're meant to be more than "fine"! You're so smart, so talented. Hell, you almost got elected president at a school you don't even go to. You're cut out to be more than a two-bit lawyer.

JULES

Or an office manager. Trust me. Buying Greek yogurt for an uptight, pasty necktie would not be your jam.

ABBY

So what? Are you guys saying you're not happy?

JULES

(trying to be patient)  
Of course we're happy.



CAL

Abby, I'm from a trailer park in South Texas. Your mom was the first one in her family to graduate college! We made it all the way out to this cute little house in the San Fernando Valley.

JULES

And we made two perfect kids.

CAL

We rose above our circumstances and found our way here. Now we're handing the baton to you. You're going to go so much further than we ever could. And an education from Princeton Prep? That's your ticket.

ABBY

Well, there's gotta be a different ticket cause, I just...I couldn't let Sydney or her awful mom win.

CAL

But if you get expelled, they do win. And we lose. Sure, kids will talk about you at school for a few days, but in the end, Sydney's charmed life goes on and you're the one that pays the price.

Cal grabs Abby and Jules' hands.

CAL (CONT'D)

We need to prove all these jerks wrong about us. It's time to show 'em that the Harman's are winners that deserve to be here.

Abby sighs, still somewhat on the fence.

ABBY

Well, I still think I should go to Van Nuys and get my homework. I can't do anything about Princeton Prep anyway. It's out of my hands.

CAL

The only thing that's out of your hands is this phone. I'm takin' it. I forgot to charge mine.

(to Jules)

(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

C'mon honey, I'll give you a lift  
to work.

They exit, leaving Abby conflicted.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Abby sits on the bench when a bus headed to "Van Nuys" pulls up. Cal's face is on the side, but his teeth are blacked out and somebody drew boobs on his chest. She stares at it for a beat, Cal's words ringing in her ears. She sighs.

INT. PRINCETON PREP - PRINCIPAL WELCH'S OFFICE - DAY

Abby sits across the desk from Principal Welch.

ABBY

I am so, so sorry for what I did.  
Is there anything I can do to keep  
myself from getting expelled?

PRINCIPAL WELCH

I appreciate the apology but, Mrs.  
Maybach really wants you gone. I  
thought you hated it here anyway?

ABBY

Hate? Pfft. No. It's an acquired  
taste. Like cilantro. I used to  
hate it because it tasted like soap  
but now I like that is tastes like  
soap.

(off his look)

Look, the truth is, this place is a  
challenge. But I think I owe it to  
myself and my family to give it a  
real shot.

PRINCIPAL WELCH

Well, like I said, you'd have to  
convince the disciplinary board.

ABBY

Any advice on how I could do that?

PRINCIPAL WELCH

It's not appropriate for me to take  
sides. But, if "somebody" were to  
get proof of Sydney bullying other  
students prior to you, establishing  
a pattern of behavior, that might  
give you a little bit of leverage.

ABBY

But how would the "somebody" know  
who those other students are?

Principal Welch writes a note then gets up from his desk.

PRINCIPAL WELCH

Maybe this "somebody" comes across  
a list of names and takes a photo  
of it while someone else is in the  
restroom...

ABBY

What if the "somebody" doesn't have  
a camera because their parents took  
their phone?

PRINCIPAL WELCH

Maybe the "somebody" knows how to  
use a pen and paper.

Abby takes a pen out of her pocket and starts scribbling the  
names on her hand, but the pen doesn't work.

ABBY

What if the "somebody's" pen is out  
of ink?

PRINCIAPAL WELCH

(losing it)

Here just take this list and go!  
Somebody else really does have to  
use the restroom!

He shoves the list in her hand and exits.

INT. K'S DONUT EMPORIUM - LATER DAY

Benji is in the back booth being quizzed by Kay, who's behind  
the counter holding flashcards.

KAY

The Nile River flows in which  
direction?

(then)

This is what they're teaching you?  
Who cares?

BENJI

North?

KAY

(doesn't even look)  
Sure.

She tosses a donut hole at him which he catches in his mouth like a seal. Just then, Abby enters.

ABBY

Benj, Dad took my phone so I need to borrow yours. He and mom were right. It's time to show these people who the Harmans really are.

He hands it over. She looks at it.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Your Instagram handle is "Van Nuys of the Tiger?"

BENJI

Pretty on brand, right?

CUE: EYE OF THE TIGER

EXT. PRINCETON PREP - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Abby films ELLA, an uptight student during soccer practice.

ELLA

Sydney told everybody that I'm superstitious and refuse to change my underwear. Ever. So now anytime there's even a hint of a bad smell people immediately blame my crotch.

ABBY

That's insane. If anything, you smell amazing.

ELLA

I know!

(then)

Hey, you were right. Talking about it does feel good.

They exchange a smile.

EXT. PRINCETON PREP - PARKING LOT - DAY

Abby films SONDRA who is flanked by her two SECURITY GUARDS.

SONDRA

Sydney told the entire school that my father was the Nigerian Prince behind the money transfer scam. Kids still won't accept my Venmos!

ABBY

Ugh! What are you supposed to do,  
carry around cash?!

SONDRA

Right?! By the way, what you did to  
Sydney's mom was badass. You're  
your own bodyguard. That's crazy.

INT. PRINCETON PREP - SMALL SPACE - LATER

Abby films a CHUBBY BOY as he eats a spicy tuna wrap.

CHUBBY BOY

Sydney made an instagram account  
called "Fat Kids Eating." She takes  
pictures of me every time I eat.

ABBY

That is actual torture.

CHUBBY BOY

Tell me about it. I have lunch in  
here now and she somehow STILL  
MANAGES TO GET THE SHOT!

We REVEAL: they are in a bathroom stall.

INT. PRINCETON PREP - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Abby, Cal, Jules, Sydney and Suzanne sit across the table  
from Principal Welch and the DISCIPLINARY BOARD, comprised of  
TWO MEN and the head, SALLY LEDGIN (smart, rich). The video  
Abby made finishes playing on a giant flat screen TV.

ABBY (ON THE TV SCREEN)

(re: chubby boy's chin)

You have a little tuna...

Sally presses pause on unflattering still of Abby's face.  
Sydney and her mom look caught.

CAL

Not exactly the "safe space"  
advertised on the brochure.

SALLY LEDGIN

Wow. This is unacceptable. I am  
horrified this type of behavior is  
happening at Princeton Prep.

PRINCIPAL WELCH

This is shocking. I am shocked.

Abby can't stand the awful still of her face any longer.

ABBY

I'm sorry. Would you mind turning that off?

(off Sally's blank stare)

No? That's okay. Totally get it. Bigger fish.

JULES

This seems just as bad or worse as what Abby did. Children are being bullied. If my daughter is getting expelled, so is hers.

SUZANNE

Okay, wait. Yes, Sydney can be tough, but I think expelling her is a little hasty. I would hate to have to stop my donations for the school's new gymnasium.

Sally isn't sure what to do. Principal Welch pipes in:

PRINCIPAL WELCH

Perhaps instead of expelling either student, we could discipline them? Show them the error of their ways by having them both attend six months of mandatory peer support?

Cal and Jules look confused. Abby whispers to them:

ABBY

It's what they call "detention."

SALLY LEDGIN

Principal Welch, excellent suggestion. Turn this into a learning lesson. Would this be satisfactory to our parents?

Cal and Jules both nod enthusiastically. Suzanne sighs.

SUZANNE

That's fine. Sydney, let's go.

Sydney and Suzanne exit. Sally Ledgin turns to Abby:

SALLY LEDGIN

I'm curious. How did you get those kids to open up like that?

ABBY

The gift of gab. I got it from my dad.

She and Cal exchange a smile.

EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jules, Abby, Cal all file out.

ABBY

That was awesome! How should we celebrate?!

JULES

Hmm. I know. By you going to class?

Principal Welch comes out and Cal and Jules corner him.

CAL

Thank you so much for helping Abby with this.

PRINCIPAL WELCH

I don't know what you mean. She did this all on her own. Right, Abby?

ABBY

(with a smile)

I don't even know what you're talking about right now.

JULES

Can I ask...why did you...not help Abby in this way?

PRINCIPAL WELCH

I graduated from here. Class of '92. I know how tough it can be for us scholarship kids.

He winks at Abby, then walks off. Cal calls after him:

CAL

Y'all have scholarships here?!

INT. PRINCETON PREP - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

This locker room is fancy -- complete with digital lockers and personal quaffing stations. Abby is changing into her P.E. clothes when Sydney approaches her.

SYDNEY

Look -- I just want to say....what you did to my mom? I have dreamed of doing that every day for the past ten years. It was...a beautiful thing to watch.

ABBY

Oh. Um. Well, thanks? I'm kind of shocked she didn't sue. She seems like a real "suer."

SYDNEY

She was actually planning on it and then weirdly changed her mind.

EXT. FANCY HOTEL - ROOFTOP BAR - FLASHBACK - PREVIOUS EVENING

Mrs. Maybach sits at a table sipping martinis with Jeremy -- Mr. Maybach's assistant. She has her hand on his thigh. We REVEAL Dina, sitting at a different table discreetly taking pictures on her phone. She texts them to Cal, then leans back in her chair, satisfied. A WAITER approaches.

DINA

More free bread please.

INT. PRINCETON PREP - LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ABBY

Hey, maybe going forward you could ease up on the student body?

SYDNEY

No. There's just so much low hanging fruit.

ABBY

Okay. Very honest.

Just then, Hallie and Derek enter.

HALLIE

What are you doing talking to Valley Trash?

SYDNEY

Oh. I was just trying to get a closer look at her weird, off-brand sports bra.

(to Abby)

What is that? Costco?



Her friends laugh and head out. Sydney follows, as she does, she turns back to Abby and whisper calls:

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
 You understand why I had to do  
 that, right?  
 (then)  
 See ya in peer support.

EXT. PARKING LOT - VAN NUYS - LATER DAY

Jules hustles Abby and Benji out of her 1994 Volvo. They all hold microwave bags of popcorn.

JULES  
 Hurry! We're gonna miss the show!

INT. VAN NUYS COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jules and the kids rush in and take their seats. Cal stands next to Juan, who looks nervous. Howard and the other fancy lawyers sit at the opposing counsel table looking smug. This is the show.

JUDGE  
 Mr. Harman, would you like to make  
 any final remarks to the court?

CAL  
 Your Honor, I sure would.

Jules squeezes Abby's leg. They're his biggest fans.

CAL (CONT'D)  
 My client is a hard working family  
 man who, just like the rest of us,  
 is trying to achieve the American  
 Dream. All of his permits are in  
 order and according to our city  
 founders, he isn't doing a darn  
 thing wrong. That is, other than  
 ruffling the feathers of AMC who by  
 the way, are inflicting not only  
 their unfair business practices  
 upon him but loads of intentional  
 emotional distress. Your Honor, my  
 client is not unlike Prometheus,  
 chained in agony to the stony  
 cliffs, lashed by rain and storm,  
 his voice hoarse from shouting:  
 "Hot dogs, hot dogs, Kaiser roll  
 fifty cents extra, relish, free!"

Jules leans over to Abby and whispers:

JULES

He's a modern day Atticus Finch!

CAL

Mr. Sanchez has committed no crime other than making the best damn hot dogs this side of Ventura Blvd. I implore you to throw this baseless case out and allow this man to get back to doin' what he does best. And allowing...

(re: fancy lawyers)

...these men to get back to doing what they do best -- using their considerable power to bully and intimidate the little guy. Thank you for your time.

Jules, Benji and Abby all jump up in their seats, cheering. Way too early. The judge hasn't said anything yet.

JUDGE

I still have to make my ruling.

The family sits down, embarrassed.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

The court rules in favor of the defendant. This case is dismissed.

The judge bangs his gavel. The family CHEERS again. Howard and the rest of the fancy lawyers all grumble as they attempt to shuffle past a beaming Cal.

CAL

Oh hey, guys, real quick.

Cal gets next to them and takes a selfie with them.

CAL (CONT'D)

This one's for my kids.

He smiles from ear to ear. They're all miserable. The lawyers head off as Jules and the kids run up to Cal and hug him.

JULES

We need to celebrate. Let's go have something naughty, something we never get....

INT. K'S DONUT EMPORIUM - LATER NIGHT

Cal, Jules, Benji and Abby all walk in.

JULES

Donuts!!!

Cal, Benji and Abby all look at each other, wide eyed, silently agreeing to keep the secret.

KAY

Hey it's ---

CAL

Hello, I'm Cal.

He awkwardly shakes her hand and pleads with his eyes.

CAL (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you. This is Benji.

BENJI

Hello, nice lady.

Kay smiles awkwardly. Beat. Jules turns to Cal.

JULES

So you guys come here, what? Two, three times a week?

Kay holds up her hand indicating "5".

CAL

Kay!

KAY

This isn't on me!

JULES

(laughing, to Cal)

It's a good thing you're as hot as a two dollar pistol.

BENJI

"Van Nuys Likes It Wah."

Abby looks at him, stunned.

BENJI (CONT'D)

I looked it up.

Abby laughs.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**TAG**

INT. CAL'S RABBIT - PRINCETON PREP - THE NEXT MORNING

Cal pulls in while Abby stares out the window at all the KIDS hustling their way into school. She sighs, a little hesitant.

CAL

You okay?

ABBY

I don't know. Just because I finagled a way to get to stay here doesn't mean the kids are all going to magically start liking me.

CAL

Hey, you know what people see when they look at you? They see the girl who smacked up a mom. A true badass. And as my main man Tony Soprano said -- "You don't have to like me -- "

ABBY

"But you will respect me."

The two share a smile.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Love you, dad.

CUE: "Motivation" by Normani

Abby steps out of the car, and with one swift kick, slams the door shut.

Cal watches proudly as Abby, head held high, confidently walks up the steps of the school.

We play this as a super triumphant moment for Abby -- we're CLOSE ON her, inside her head, the song is pumping, then we

CUT TO A WIDE SHOT:

Nobody is even paying attention to her. They're all dealing with their own stuff. It just looks like a girl walking into school. Which it is. But we know, it's so much more.

**END OF PILOT**