

The Judge

Hank: Why did you pull me out of Boy Scouts?

Judge: As punishment for blowing up the McGraw's mailbox with M-80's.

Hank: I was 13. That you remember. That.

Judge: Old enough for you to know better.

Hank: You didn't come to my high school graduation. Or college.

Judge: Ohhh. Boo-fucking-hoo.

Hank: Why?

Judge: Why? Jail time, truancy. I wasn't going to reward anything. None of your shit.

Hank: I graduated from law school for Christ sakes.

Judge: As opposed to what? Dropping out?

Hank: Fuck you.

Judge: Let me tell you something okay? Here (throws him towel). I put a roof over your head, money in your pocket, and clothes on your back, food in your mouth. Who paid for that college education I never showed up to kiss your ass over? Your mother! She's a housewife. Why couldn't you swallow your goddamn pride and just come home to her? You tell me why.

Hank: You'd invite people at the end of parole back to court. You'd recognize those who had did their time, turned their lives

around, and made something of themselves. Everyone in court would applaud; you'd make sure they did. You'd tell them how proud you were. Proud of fucking strangers.

Judge: Is that all you wanted, Henry? Was a kind word and "atta-boy?" Then to use your words, you should have come the fuck home. We all waited. Quietly. But you never came. Okay? And I was the one she blamed because you wouldn't come home. Me. Now, was I tough on you? Yes. How'd you turn out Henry? Waiting tables? A bum?

Hank: You put me in Juvenile Detention.

Judge: No, no, no, no. You put yourself there.

Hank: Did I?

Judge: Yes.

Hank: The prosecutor recommended community service. That was your call!

Judge: No, it wouldn't have helped you.

Hank: I didn't need help. I needed you!

Judge: You were high. You rolled a car with your brother in it. He had a major league career ahead of him. A ninety mile-an-hour fastball. And he runs a tire shop. You crippled him, you stole his future, and you call me an asshole?

Hank: Fuck. What do you want from me? I was just 17, that's what happened.

Judge: Ohhh.

Hank: I was 17.

Judge: I was 13, I was 17. You were headed down the wrong path.
I did what I thought was right.

Hank: You know, I didn't just graduate from law school. I
graduated first in my class.

Judge: Good.

Hank: I was first in my class. I did really well dad.

Judge: You're welcome. (walks out)

Hank: Fuck. Tear this house down. Come on, tear this fucking
house down.