

Boston Legal
An Eye For An Eye
Season 1, Episode 5
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It's Halloween in night court, which is filled with people in various costumes awaiting appearances in front of the judge.

Beat Cop: Suspects were first observed at approximately 10:30 pm across the street from the station house. Robin and Catwoman stood guard as Batman soaped an unoccupied police vehicle.

Alan Shore (as Batman): S.U.V. Your Honor. An egregious gas guzzler, and filthy, by the way.

Night Court Judge: Continue, Officer.

Beat Cop: Officer Brody and I approached. An altercation ensued.

Tara Wilson (as Robin): We thought they were hooligans dressed in costume.

Alan Shore: As the Village People perhaps.

Tara Wilson: Hmm.

Beat Cop: Suspects then attempted to evade apprehension by discharging one or more eggs in our direction. Charges are vandalism, resisting arrest and pandering.

Alan Shore: Pandering? Our only tricks were in conjunction with our treating. And I do not look like a pimp.

Beat Cop: You look like an idiot. The cat's a known prostitute, your honor.

Hooker (as Catwoman): I object to that!

Night Court Judge: All right. Masks off now. (the three comply). I know you. Alan Shore.

Alan Shore: Good to see you, Judge. My colleague, Tara Wilson.

Tara Wilson: Hello.

Night Court Judge: Would you care to explain to me why two attorneys are out cavorting with a prostitute?

Tara Wilson: We needed somebody to be Catwoman.

Alan Shore: Someone with a whip.

Night Court Judge: Mr. Shore, while you are a gifted attorney, you bring embarrassment and shame to the legal community.

Alan Shore: You're very kind, sir.

Night Court Judge: Case dismissed.

Morning staff meeting in a conference room at Crane, Poole & Schmidt.

Paul Lewiston: What's this with the Markham settlement?

Brad Chase: He refuses to sign. He keeps redlining us on language. We think that he's postponing until after the new year for tax reasons. I'll keep pushing him as best I can. On a personal aside, I'd like to remind everyone to vote. It's our civic duty. Whatever our politics, at the end of the day, we're Americans. We bleed red, white and blue.

Paul Lewiston: Morgan versus Rayburn.

Alan Shore: Still in trial. Client survived his testimony barely. Tara and I are pushing a settlement. And on a personal aside, I'm bored.

Paul Lewiston: I beg your pardon.

Alan Shore: You people keep assigning me these boring cases. At my old firm, I got murderers. I had clients who would touch themselves in public restrooms. These were people you could root for, not to mention relate to.

Paul Lewiston: Is there some other place you'd rather be, Mr. Shore?

Alan Shore: Yes, I want to be on cable. That's where all the best work is being done.

A paralegal enters and whispers a message to Paul.

Paul Lewiston: Who's doing the Holcomb case?

Tara Wilson: Uh, that's Edwin Poole.

Paul Lewiston (to Lori Colson): Aren't you -

Lori Colson: I just handled the decert motion. I didn't prep the trial.

Paul Lewiston: Surely, Edwin assigned it to somebody.

Lori Colson: Well, um - actually.... (she glances at a vacant-looking Denny Crane).

Paul Lewiston: Denny? Are you handling the Holcomb Pharmaceuticals trial?

Denny Crane: I am.

Paul Lewiston: Are you prepared to try this case?

Denny Crane: I will be.

Paul Lewiston: You will be? Are you aware the trial begins tomorrow?

After the meeting, in Paul's office.

Paul Lewiston: We have a problem, Lori. You at least need to backstop Denny here. I don't -

Lori Colson: I can't. I'm in trial myself today.

Paul Lewiston: In trial on what?

Lori Colson: I, uh, was assigned a case a couple of days ago which I sort of took.

Paul Lewiston: What kind of case?

Lori Colson: Uh, just a ... homicide.

Paul Lewiston: What? Why are you suddenly taking court appointments?

Lori Colson: I just need kind of a change, that's all.

Paul Lewiston: Now everyone here is dissatisfied? What is this?

Lori Colson: The case I did last week, it kind of awakened me a little. I'm feeling the need to connect with people.

Paul Lewiston: Criminal people?

Lori Colson: Please don't trivialize this.

Paul Lewiston: Criminal defense is a far cry from criminal prosecution, Lori. You won't like it.

Lori Colson: How can you possibly know that before I even -

Paul Lewiston: I know you.

Tara Wilson is examining a document in an office, when Alan Shore enters.

Alan Shore: So...shall we?

Tara Wilson: We shall. Do you have Morgan's address?

Alan Shore: I do. But what I meant is, shall we continue where we left off last night?

Tara Wilson: In front of my building, with you peeing in the planter.

Alan Shore: I was about to burst. You should've let me come up.

Tara Wilson: That plant needed watering.

Alan Shore: You should've let me come up, Tara.

Tara Wilson: It was 4:00 am. If I let you up, next thing we know we're in the liquor cabinet. Two minutes after that, passed out. Robin sprawled across Batman. What would they say at the Hall of Justice?

Alan Shore: Was that what you were afraid of? The sprawling?

Tara Wilson: I invited you out to get your mind off Sally.

Alan Shore: You've succeeded. It's back to an old, familiar, wanton place.

Tara Wilson: Alan, we agreed that you and I couldn't work.

Alan Shore: What was the reason again? I've forgotten.

Tara Wilson: It would be trouble. One night out, we lose all control and end up behind bars.

Alan Shore: Which was utterly intoxicating, was it not? Losing control together. What about it, Tara? After all this time, maybe we should undress -

Tara Wilson: We're late.

As they walk out of the office and down the hall, Sally watches them go.

Denny Crane is staring at a stack of thick binders on his desk and lifting them one at a time.

Denny Crane: Thick file.

Paul Lewiston: Of course it's a thick file. It's a class action involving thousands of plaintiffs, and it's complicated, Denny.

Denny Crane: Thick file.

Paul Lewiston: Look, all we can do is throw ourselves at the mercy of the judge. If you and I both go to see him and explain Edwin's situation, maybe he'll give us some time.

Denny Crane: Thick file.

Alan Shore and Tara Wilson are visiting client Bill Morgan at his apartment.

Bill Morgan: \$70,000.

Alan Shore: It's their opening offer.

Bill Morgan (shaking his head): Hmm.

Alan Shore: You seem like a very nice man, Mr. Morgan. You also seem like a hypochondriac.

Bill Morgan: These headaches are real.

Alan Shore: I have no doubt. You've also complained on several occasions that you were suffering from tanapox virus.

Bill Morgan: Because I noticed the characteristic papular lesions. Very tender. Approximately two centimeters in diameter.

Alan Shore: You realize the tanapox virus is endemic to equatorial Africa?

Bill Morgan: Yes.

Alan Shore: Have you enjoyed your many visits to equatorial Africa?

Bill Morgan: I've never been there.

Alan Shore: Ah. Then perhaps you can see the outline of our problem, Mr. Morgan.

Bill Morgan: Look. It's not my fault. I go to the library and I read books. I try to understand how I might get better. But sometimes the books, they scare me even more 'cause they describe diseases I didn't even know I had. Maybe I am a hypochondriac. What do you take for that?

Lori Colson and Sally Heep are interviewing client Jason Binder in a conference room.

Jason Binder: Miss Colson, I have never been in a fight before.

Lori Colson: Okay. We need to be able to call a witness or two who can speak to your nonviolent character.

Jason Binder: I told you - my mother.

Lori Colson: Mothers tend to come off as biased.

Sally Heep: There's gotta be somebody else. Friends, coworkers - There's gotta be somebody.

Jason Binder: Well, I live at home. I work at home. I hardly ever go out. My mother's the only one that - But I gotta warn you. She doesn't make the best impression.

Lori Colson: What do you mean?

Jason Binder: Well, she's got a glass eye, and it doesn't fit so good. And when she gets upset - If you put her on the stand, don't get her upset.

In Judge Katherine Taylor's courtroom, witness Kevin Quinlan is on the stand.

Kevin Quinlan: I went up to the bar to get a few drinks. And when I turned around, that's when I saw Jared and him exchanging words. And I could tell it wasn't friendly.

A.D.A. George Martin: By "him"?

Kevin Quinlan: The defendant. So I started heading back, and the place was really packed, so I was kind of blocked. And that's when I saw Jared push him. And then Jared took a swing, and that was it.

A.D.A. George Martin: What was it? Tell us what you saw.

Kevin Quinlan: The defendant - he just threw a punch right to Jared's throat, and Jared just collapsed to the ground. And when I got there, he was barely breathing, and he was making, like, a sucking noise. And then he just stopped breathing, and I tried to do mouth-to-mouth. And so did another guy who said he knew C.P.R., but he - he just died right there on the floor.

A.D.A. George Martin: Okay. Now, Mr. Quinlan, this is important. Describe the punch as best you can.

Kevin Quinlan: It was a - a short, direct punch. And I could - I could tell by the way he was holding his hand and how he threw the punch that he knew martial arts. It was a kill punch.

Lori Colson: Objection!

Judge Katherine Taylor: Sustained.

A.D.A. George Martin: Why, in your lay opinion, sir, did you regard it as a kill punch?

Lori Colson: Objection.

Judge Katherine Taylor: Overruled. He can answer.

Kevin Quinlan: By hitting the throat, you can make it collapse, and then the person suffocates which is exactly what happened.

A.D.A. George Martin: Okay.

Lori Colson: You didn't actually see the altercation begin. You turned around, and they were having words?

Kevin Quinlan: That's right.

Lori Colson: You couldn't hear what was said?

Kevin Quinlan: No.

Lori Colson: Mr. Quinlan, when the police arrived and questioned you, did you tell them that you recognized my client's punch as a form of martial arts?

Kevin Quinlan: No. I was probab -

Lori Colson: Did you demonstrated to them the fist you just made for the jury?

Kevin Quinlan: I was too shook up.

Lori Colson: In fact, you made no mention of martial arts until *after* it was published in the newspapers.

Kevin Quinlan: And when I read it, it clicked. It all made perfect sense because that's what I saw.

Lori Colson: Hmm. You just forgot to mention it when the police specifically asked you what you saw? How many beers had you had that night, sir?

Kevin Quinlan: Three.

Lori Colson: How many beers had Jared Grant had?

Kevin Quinlan: Three.

Lori Colson: So you admittedly couldn't hear the exchange, you admittedly didn't see the altercation begin, and you'd been drinking?

Paul Lewiston and Denny Crane are paying a visit to Judge Brian Franzetti in his chambers.

Paul Lewiston: Certainly no one could anticipate Edwin Poole's illness.

Judge Brian Franzetti: This unanticipated illness occurred weeks ago. You come to me the day before the trial?

Paul Lewiston: The simple truth is this one fell through the cracks.

Judge Brian Franzetti: The plaintiff has witnesses from out of town.

Paul Lewiston: We'd be willing to assume those costs.

Judge Brian Franzetti: Oh, gee! What a swell bunch of guys!

Paul Lewiston: Your Honor -

Judge Brian Franzetti: Oh, no, no, no, no - I'm sick of this. Your firm has employed a strategy of system heel-dragging. It is immoral.

Paul Lewiston: Edwin Poole is the only one -

Judge Brian Franzetti: Whose fault is that? You people should be sued for malpractice.

Denny Crane: Brian, you and I have a relationship. I think of you as a friend.

Judge Brian Franzetti: Yes, well, that friendship has gotta take a backseat to principle. I'm sorry.

Denny Crane: Well, you know, Brina, given our relationship, I feel entitled to be honest, the way friends are during difficult times. Can I be honest with you, Brian?

Judge Brian Franzetti: Please.

Paul Lewiston: Denny.

Denny Crane: You're a bastard, and a greedy one at that. This is a class action. You get credit for all the consolidated cases in one fell swoop. You're looking to make presiding judge. You need that credit by calendar year's end. That's why you're desperate to move this thing forward - to pad your docket. This is about ambition, not morality, you greedy, sniveling, little wop.

Judge Brian Franzetti: Motion for continuance denied.

Denny Crane: You know what I'm gonna do, Brian? Just to show you there are no hard feelings? I'm gonna sleep with your wife.

In Paul Lewiston's office, he, Denny Crane, and Brad Chase are meeting with the Holcomb clients.

Paul Lewiston: It is our recommendation that you discharge us as counsel. Ask the judge for time to find new attorneys. The only alternative is proceeding tomorrow, which I don't think we want to do.

Derek Ross: Edwin Poole never even gave us this trial date. He told us it was continued indefinitely.

Paul Lewiston: Which is why we're suggesting that you discharge us. He has got to give you time to find new counsel.

Lori Colson and Sally Heep are walking through the halls at Crane, Poole & Schmidt.

Lori Colson: You have to handle this, Sally.

Sally Heep: Me?

Lori Colson: Look, I have this thing about glass eyes. I once had a teacher with a glass eye, and sometimes when he'd get mad, he'd take it out and whack it on his desk. Gave me nightmares.

Tara Wilson approaches them from the opposite direction.

Tara Wilson: Hi there.

Lori Colson: Hey. (then to Sally Heep) What was that?

Sally Heep: Nothing. Someone just seems a little overeager to rekindle the flame with Alan Shore.

Alan Shore and Tara Wilson are meeting with opposing counsel.

Attorney Braxton Mason: The offer was firm at 70.

Alan Shore: Yes. We thought if you'd unfirm it to one and a quarter, we could be done. Your client wouldn't have to testify tomorrow which, of course, would free him up to misdiagnose others.

Attorney Braxton Mason: You don't seem to get it, Mr. Shore. We offered 70 as nuisance change.

Alan Shore: Yes. We just feel Mr. Morgan is a much bigger nuisance than you give him credit for. And I'm an enormous nuisance. We should get something for that.

Lori Colson and Sally Heep approach the door of Helen Binder's apartment.

Sally Heep: I feel nauseous.

Lori Colson: You'll be fine. They reach the door. Knock on it.

Sally Heep: You knock on it.

Lori Colson: Sally!

Sally Heep: If I'm doing the talking, the least you can do is -

The door opens suddenly, and both women scream in surprise.

Helen Binder: You his lawyers?

Sally Heep: Hi.

Helen Binder: Hi.

Sally Heep: I'm Sally Heep. This is -

Lori Colson (looking down): Lori Colson. Hello.

Sally Heep: Uh, we just wanted to ask you a few questions, Mrs. Binder, if we could.

Helen Binder: Oh, come on in.

The three women are now seated in Mrs. Binder's apartment.

Helen Binder: He's a wonderful boy with a gentle heart.

Sally Heep: Yes. Our problem is, you seem to be the only person to truly know him.

Helen Binder (sighs): He thinks I'll make a bad witness on account of the eye. It's glass, you see? Look close.

Sally Heep: Yes.

Helen Binder (looking toward Lori): Hmm?

Lori Colson: Yeah.

Sally Heep: The thing is the prosecution is obviously claiming that Jason's heart is not gentle.

Helen Binder: Has he ever been in trouble? Has he ever been arrested? Has he ever caused problems for anybody? No. He is a nice young man, and it's the way I raised him.

Sally Heep: That's exactly what we'll need you to say. I'm also maybe gonna take you shopping, get your hair done. The more presentable, the -

Helen Binder: He deserved to die - Jared Grant.

Sally Heep: Uh, why do you say that?

Helen Binder: He beat up my Jason.

Sally Heep: Well, he didn't exactly beat him up. There was an altercation.

Helen Binder: He beat him up! The man is evil, and he deserved to die!

Sally Heep: Let's calm down.

Helen Binder: He deserved it, I tell you!

Helen's glass eye bounces onto the coffee table and rolls across and onto the floor.

In Judge Paul Resnick's courtroom, defendant Dr. Steven Rayburn is on the witness stand.

Attorney Braxton Mason: Dr. Rayburn, over these six months that Mr. Morgan was in your care, how many visits did he make to your practice?

Dr. Steven Rayburn: Thirty-eight.

Attorney Braxton Mason: Is that a lot?

Dr. Steven Rayburn: Four times as many as any other patient. We joked he was the office mascot. You name the condition, Mr. Morgan was convinced he had it. Cold, flu, bronchitis, uh, shingles, adult-onset diabetes.

Bill Morgan (to Tara Wilson): I never complained of adult-onset diabetes. That's characterized by excessive thirst. Does it seem to you like I've been drinking a lot today?

Tara Wilson: I'm sure you're fine, Bill.

Attorney Braxton Mason: Mr. Morgan contends your neglect drove him to this state.

Dr. Steven Rayburn: The truth is I bent over backwards to accommodate him. He always needed to be seen immediately. And busy as my practice is, I always made the time.

Alan Shore: I applaud you, sir, for your tireless commitment to my client. What a guy. (he begins to clap)

Attorney Braxton Mason: Objection.

Judge Paul Resnick: Sustained.

Alan Shore: Oh. So, these 38 visits - on the house?

Dr. Steven Rayburn: I'm sorry?

Alan Shore: They were free visits?

Dr. Steven Rayburn: No.

Alan Shore: Oh. So you charged him. That makes sense. So, with all his complaining, his incapacitation, that pinched look on his face, there's nothing wrong with him?

Dr. Steven Rayburn: Nothing clinically, no. It's in his head.

Alan Shore: Traditional home for the migraine, is it not?

Dr. Steven Rayburn: It's psychosomatic. He's a classic hypochondriac.

Alan Shore: I see. Well, there's a diagnosis. Tell me, what treatment did you prescribe for my client's classic hypochondria?

Dr. Steven Rayburn: I'm a general practitioner, not a psychiatrist.

Alan Shore: So you referred him out to whom?

Dr. Steven Rayburn: No one in particular. I did tell him he needed help. I believe I even gave him a list of practitioners.

Alan Shore: Ah. So he kept coming to you. You kept taking his money. You did not treat him. And you referred him to ... no one in particular.

Dr. Steven Rayburn: I'm a G.P. I told him to seek mental treatment. I advised it. I can't force it.

Alan Shore: Once again, he kept coming, you kept taking the money, and you referred him to ... no one in particular.

In Judge Brian Franzetti's courtroom, the Holcomb clients have requested a delay to find new counsel.

Judge Brian Franzetti: So you now want to fire your lawyers?

Derek Ross: Yes, Your Honor. We had no idea trial was about to start. That's how incompetent these people are.

Judge Brian Franzetti: Oh, and I suppose you had no idea that your company was bilking senior citizens?

Derek Ross: Certainly Your Honor intends to keep an open mind with regard to the -

Judge Brian Franzetti: Here's the deal. I give you one day to find new counsel. Twenty-four hours. After that, I'm fining you \$250,000 a day for any further delay.

The Holcomb clients and the Crane, Poole & Schmidt legal team are leaving the courtroom.

Derek Ross: It almost seemed personal. Have you done anything to upset this guy?

Denny Crane: Not that I can think of.

Adam Herbett: Well, look, aside from preparation concerns, we've got a bigger problem. This judge, he's biased.

Paul Lewiston: This is what I propose we do. File an interlocutory appeal asking-

Derek Ross: At 250,000 a day.

Paul Lewiston: While we're filing that appeal, we'll go forward. Should we win, we can suspend the trial. Should we lose, we won't incur the fine.

Derek Ross: But are you people ready to try this case?

Denny Crane: I can try it. Denny Crane.

Paul Lewiston: There were some settlement discussions that broke down. If Denny can open big, that might bring them back to the table which may be the best way to go at this point.

In Katherine Taylor's courtroom, witness Gregory Stone is on the stand.

Gregory Stone: It was four years ago, at a park in Brighton.

A.D.A. George Martin: You met the defendant?

Gregory Stone: Well, I didn't exactly meet him.

A.D.A. George Martin: Well, what then?

Gregory Stone: I beat the crap out of him. (to Judge Taylor) E-excuse me. I was a different person then.

A.D.A. George Martin: Okay, Mr. Stone. We need to be very specific about what happened back then.

Gregory Stone: Well, he tried to get into a game of pickup hoops. Me and another guy in the game, we started dissing him a little. He said something back, and we beat him up pretty good. I'm not proud of it.

A.D.A. George Martin: And you're sure it was Jason Binder?

Gregory Stone: Yeah. When I saw his picture on the news, I remembered his face. It was definitely him.

A.D.A. George Martin: And what about the other guy who beat him up?

Gregory Stone: Jared Grant, the guy he killed.

Lori Colson and Sally Heep are meeting privately with Jason Binder.

Lori Colson: You lied to me. Not only were you in a fight before -

Jason Binder: It doesn't prove anything.

Lori Colson: Now they have a motive, Jason. The victim beats you up four years ago. You take up tae kwon do. You just so happen to encounter him, at which point you kill him?

Jason Binder: It wasn't like that.

Lori Colson: That's why your mom said he deserved to die, because -

Jason Binder: It wasn't like that!

Lori Colson: What am I supposed to argue now?

Sally Heep: Let's have it, Jason. Did you go to that bar to get revenge?

Jason Binder: I went there to stand up to him. You have no idea how haunted I was by - I didn't even put up my hands four years ago. It wasn't getting beat up that stuck with me. It was that I didn't even - I just let myself get beat up.

Lori Colson: So you took up martial arts.

Jason Binder: And I went there to stand up to him. I didn't plan a fight. I certainly didn't go there to kill him. Then when he swung at me, I just - I swung back. I never meant to kill him.

Denny Crane's office, which is a flurry of activity with assistants scurrying and flip charts surrounding his desk.

Denny Crane: Who are we overbilling? Medicare or senior citizens?

Julia: Both, but Medicare isn't suing us.

Denny Crane: "Us"? Meaning the drug company?

Julia: Correct.

Denny Crane: But if the hospitals are doing the overcharging, why are the seniors suing the drug company?

Brad Chase: Denny, we've been over this before. The drug company, our client, has the sweetheart deals with the hospitals. We give them rebates, so they disguise the real cost of the drugs. They then bill Medicare for the higher, allegedly inflated costs.

Denny Crane: Really? What's our defense to that?

Alan Shore, Tara Wilson and Bill Morgan are in a meeting with Attorney Braxton Mason.

Alan Shore: Seventy-five. You've upped your offer by \$5,000.

Attorney Braxton Mason: We feel it's generous, particularly when your client's injuries aren't real.

Bill Morgan: They're real.

Alan Shore: All right, Bill.

Attorney Braxton Mason: You know, Mr. Morgan. I don't typically counsel opposing parties, but I might advise a legal malpractice claim against the attorney who filled your head with million-dollar windfalls.

Alan Shore: You seem to have a little something wedged in between numbers four and five. Hmm. Guess it's just part of your mouth. One last proposal, and it's entirely possible I'm kidding, by the way, depending upon your reaction. 300,000, sealed. We kick back 50 to you under the table.

Attorney Braxton Mason: Mr. Shore, I guarantee you I am not that kind of attorney.

Alan Shore: Really? Gosh, I am.

Attorney Braxton Mason: I should report you directly to the bar, if not the district attorney.

Alan Shore: Well, if that's how you feel, then I was kidding.

Attorney Braxton Mason: I'm going to the judge now.

Alan Shore: Excellent. New trial. That'll certainly cost your client much more than 75,000.

Attorney Braxton Mason: Your offer is rejected.

Tara Wilson: Suppose he does go to the judge.

Alan Shore: Oh, please. He doesn't want a mistrial. He thinks he's won. Plus, he can't prove I wasn't kidding. I'm known to be funny.

In Judge Katherine Taylor's courtroom, Helen Binder is on the witness stand.

Helen Binder: This is a child who wouldn't slap a mosquito. He would shoo it away. He couldn't bring himself to harm a fly or any animal, certainly not a human being.

A.D.A. George Martin: Four years harboring a grudge doesn't suggest a rage to you?

Helen Binder: He was bullied by many people, Mr. Martin, not just Jared Grant.

A.D.A. George Martin: But he killed Jared Grant.

Helen Binder: He got into a fight which had a tragic ending. He never intended to kill, nor could he.

A.D.A. George Martin: He learned a lethal martial artz maneuver that -

Helen Binder: He learned to defend himself. Look at the size of him, for God's sake. What was he to do? Fend people off with a sharp wit?

A.D.A. George Martin: Mrs. Binder, you love your son very much, don't you?

Helen Binder: Of course I do.

A.D.A. George Martin: In fact, he's your only child. He's all you have, isn't he?

Helen Binder: Yes.

A.D.A. George Martin: He lives with you - or did - before his arrest?

Helen Binder: There's something wrong with that?

A.D.A. George Martin: I bet you would do or say anything to keep him from going to prison.

Helen Binder: I'm up here telling the truth.

A.D.A. George Martin: No. You're telling lies to spare a loved one a life sentence.

Helen Binder: No. You're the one that's telling lies! You're the liar here!

A.D.A. George Martin: Your son's a killer!

Helen Binder: No, he is not!

A.D.A. George Martin: Your son is a killer!

Helen Binder: No, he is not!

Helen's glass eye clatters to the ground and rolls all the way across the courtroom floor.

Denny Crane and the team continue to prepare for the Holcomb case in his office.

Denny Crane: What does a rubber glove have to do with it?

Brad Chase: Denny, the alleged fraud goes beyond just prescription drugs. It goes to medical supplies as well.

Denny Crane: I see a rubber glove, I'm heading in the other direction, I'll tell you that.

Paul Lewiston: Denny, do you understand what this case is about?

Denny Crane: I do, Paul.

Paul Lewiston: Can you succinctly tell us?

Denny Crane: The plaintiff thinks he's getting bilked for drugs and supplies. His evidence is we charge hospitals and clinics less for those very drugs and supplies. Our argument is, the mere offering of a discount to a consumer does not constitute the overbilling to another. In fact, since hospitals and clinics with E.R.'s regularly treat those who cannot pay, an argument could be made that we're extending these discounts to those most in need. We're saving lives, damn it. And I will not apologize for my client's billing practices. I salute them. I invite *you* to salute them.

Brad Chase: Okay. Let's turn to the vertical integration between our clients and the hospitals.

Denny Crane: What the hell is that?

Tara Wilson is fixing tea in the break room at Crane, Poole & Schmidt when Lori Colson enters.

Lori Colson: Earl Grey, huh?

Tara Wilson: Hmm.

Lori Colson: That would keep me up till Thursday.

Tara Wilson: Hopefully a few hours at least.

Lori Colson: You and Alan pulling a late one?

Tara Wilson: Might be. We're closing tomorrow.

Lori Colson: What are you doing tonight?

Tara Wilson: Preparing.

Lori Colson: Right. You know, the whole Sally and Alan thing, she's still pretty raw.

Tara Wilson: Meaning?

Lori Colson: Oh, just that if you had any intentions of -

Alan Shore (who has entered the room unnoticed): Eating her? Raw would certainly be problematic. All that kicking and screaming. Rare often works for me. Seared. I'm sorry. Did you mean something else?

Lori Colson: I'm just looking out for a friend.

Alan Shore: I see. Well, given that it was Sally's decision to end our relationship, perhaps you'd consider looking out for me.

Lori Colson: You seem all right.

Alan Shore: Just to clarify, if Tara did have any intention of whatever euphemism you were in search of, it would,

in fact, be none of your business. To put your mind at rest, Tara appears not to have intentions. I do. In fact, just yesterday I was suggesting to her that we engage in a sexual act in her office, but her impenetrable sense of decorum unfortunately prevented us from engaging.

Lori leaves the room.

Tara Wilson: That was unnecessary.

In Judge Brian Franzetti's courtroom, Attorney Goldberg is giving his opening statement.

Attorney Goldberg: It's a scam. They charge the hospital "X" amount of dollars for the drug. The hospital then bills Medicare a portion of which the senior citizens are paying. The evidence will show that the defendant, Holcomb Pharmaceutical, systematically defrauded and bilked senior citizens out of billions and billions of dollars. The elderly are discriminated against every single day in this country. They get their driver's licenses yanked. They are targeted by abusive telemarketers. The prejudice is pervasive. But you know what? They still do get one thing - their day in court.

Paul Lewiston (to Denny Crane): Need I point out that it's your turn to talk.

Denny Crane: Hate old people. Always have. They're babies. Hell, there's a reason half of them are in diapers. The elderly make up a large percentage of the wealth in this country. They run most of the *Fortune* 500 companies. They're running the war, for God's sakes. And most of them are viable, healthy people. What do they do? Retire at age 65 and start draining our resources. We got enormous poverty in this country. We can't educate our kids, partly because these strong-bodied, strong-minded senior citizen farts are living off of Social Security. Why shouldn't we overcharge 'em?

Judge Brian Franzetti: Mr. Crane, I'm not following your argument here.

Denny Crane: That's 'cause you're a moron. Judges ... old people - they all gotta go.

Judge Brian Franzetti: Mr. Crane!

Denny Crane: Tell you what. Slap my client with a million-dollar verdict. We'll pass on the cost to the consumer. The plaintiffs will think they've won, and we won't be out a dime.

Judge Brian Franzetti: Members of the jury, regretfully I must declare this proceeding a mistrial.

Denny Crane: Aw, gee, I'm sorry to hear that. That'll cause a big delay, won't it? Next thing you know, he'll recuse himself because I called him a bad word.

Judge Brian Franzetti: You are in contempt! Bailiff, take Mr. Crane into custody.

Denny Crane: Put me in a cell with Martha, will ya? I gotta have sex with that woman.

In Judge Katherine Taylor's courtroom, the attorneys are making closing arguments.

A.D.A. George Martin: Four years of premeditation. He trained in deadly force. Then he sought out Jared Grant, provoked a fight and inflicted a deadly blow to his trachea.

Lori Colson: Maybe he even did start the fight. We can't know that. There's no proof of that. But even if we're to assume it, we simply cannot make the leap to intent to kill.

A.D.A. George Martin: Why else would he go there? Why else would he punch him in the throat?

Lori Colson: Why would he do it in front of a room full of people? Why not just run him down with a car, if his intent was to kill? Jason Binder went there, as he told you, to stand up for himself. Nothing more.

In Judge Paul Resnick's courtroom, the attorneys are making closing arguments.

Attorney Braxton Mason: It's bad enough that patients are running to the courts suing their doctors for all their ills. Now we have one suing for his imagined ills. This case represents the height in frivolous litigation. What's next? Seeking damages for a bad dream? I hope not.

Alan Shore: "Frivolous." Is that what he said? "Frivolous"? Astonishing. This man, who suffers, day in and day out, from migraines so excruciating he cannot work, can't endure 10 minutes at his computer - a trained software engineer. And here he is subjecting himself to depositions, to examinations, the laborious, mind-numbing blather of attorneys. All for what? Frivolity? For six months Bill Morgan reached out to his doctor, week after week, each time invoiced for thousands and thousands of dollars in sum. And then each time dismissed, patted on the head and sent on his way. Had Mr. Morgan actually received the right medical care, or even been directed to a doctor who could specifically give him that care, psychiatric or otherwise, his current state would most likely have been alleviated. But the defendant couldn't be bothered to care. As Dr. Rayburn told you himself, he treated Bill Morgan like a mascot. Opposing counsel regards him as a nuisance. He's a human being. He's a human being. We teach our children that everyone is entitled to respect and dignity. How pathetic it is when adults can't abide such a basic lesson in humanity. How unconscionable.

In Judge Katherine Taylor's courtroom, the jury has returned with the verdict.

Judge Katherine Taylor: The defendant will please rise. Madam Foreperson, the jury has reached a unanimous

verdict?

Foreperson: We have, Your Honor.

Judge Katherine Taylor: What say you?

Foreperson: In the case of the *Commonwealth versus Jason Binder*, on the charge of murder in the first degree, we find the defendant, Jason Binder, not guilty. On the charge of murder in the second degree, we find the defendant, Jason Binder, not guilty.

Judge Katherine Taylor: The jury is dismissed with our thanks. The defendant is free to go. We are adjourned.

Jason Binder (to Lori Colson): Thank you so much. (turning to Sally Heep) Thank you.

While Jason is hugging his mother, Lori observes him directing a long, menacing stare toward Gregory Stone.

The scene segues to Lori sitting in her office, staring into space. Paul Lewiston enters.

Paul Lewiston: I'm told congratulations are in order.

Lori Colson: You, too. Denny bought you some time, I hear.

Paul Lewiston: My father was a criminal defense attorney. He went into it to champion civil rights, to defend the oppressed, to ... connect with people. But all I ever saw at the supper table was a man struggling to deal with the idea that he helped put murderers back on the street.

Tara Wilson is watching Alan Shore from his office door.

Tara Wilson: Heading home?

Alan Shore: Jail. Incarcerated friend.

Tara Wilson: You run with a dangerous crowd.

Alan Shore: I try.

Tara Wilson: As do I.

Alan Shore: I don't think that's quite true.

Tara Wilson: You don't know me, Alan Shore, not as well as you think.

Alan Shore: No?

Tara Wilson: No. Certainly not as well as I know you.

Alan Shore: How well is that?

Tara Wilson: I know that there are three Alan Shores. The good, the bad and the naughty. The good Alan, the man that I saw today in court, is honorable and decent. But you can't bear the burden of being that man. Thus the bad Alan, who lays to waste everything in his life that seems right. I do have intentions. My intentions are to get beyond the bad which I've tried to do again and again by appealing to the good. But it appears to me that perhaps I should be appealing to the naughty.

Alan Shore: I'm not certain the Tara Wilson I know is up to the task.

Tara Wilson: Again, you don't know me, Alan. (she picks up a folder and hands it to him) File for you.

Alan opens the folder and finds a pair of lace panties.

Denny Crane is sitting in a jail cell, serving his contempt of court sentence. The gate lock buzzes off-screen, and a guard enters the hallway followed by Alan Shore. The guard lets Alan into Denny's cell.

Alan Shore: Your bail was set at six million dollars.

Denny Crane: Funny.

Alan Shore: I brought you a hamburger (he hands a bag to Denny). The guards here are extremely hospitable. I just got a jury verdict for \$320,000. Lori got a not guilty in her murder case. (he pulls two glasses out of his briefcase) You cleverly orchestrated a mistrial. (he pulls out a bottle of Scotch and begins to pour). And a woman I'm infatuated with delivered to me her panties in a manila folder. I think we're obliged to have a drink. (he picks up the glasses and hands one to Denny) Cheers. (he takes a drink).

Denny Crane (not drinking): I wasn't clever. I forgot.

Alan Shore: I beg your pardon?

Denny Crane: I stood up, armed with all of the facts of our client's billing practices, and ... I went blank in front of the jury. I couldn't remember a damn thing.

Alan Shore: Well, that can happen sometimes.

Denny Crane: Beh. You once said you suspected I had Alzheimer's. How does a person know?

Alan Shore: Well, there's no exact diagnostic - they can do certain tests. Denny, you may have gone up on an opening, but to recover like that and go for the mistrial, that's evidence of a man thinking quickly on his feet.

Denny Crane: I want to take the test.

They drink, and the scene fades as Alan reaches over and rubs Denny on the back.

