

Boston Legal
Truth Be Told
Season 1, Episode 6
Written by Scott Kaufer
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An elevator door opens, and the occupants exit into the offices of Crane, Poole & Schmidt.

Jack Fleming: Roberta's mad at me, sweetheart. Can you feel it?

Roberta Sloane: I'm not mad. I just wonder if with only two days left this is the most optimal use of your time especially since we're missing vital one-on-one interface with the swing voters at the Faneuil Hall event this morning, not to mention -

Samantha Fleming: Roberta. Roberta, we have plenty of time for all that. We'll just be here 20 minutes.

Roberta Sloane: And then we'll need to get you straight down to the harbor for the E.P.A. announcement which will have crews from every local station.

Stu Himelfarb: Cable news.

Roberta Sloane: Probably make tomorrow's *Globe* above the fold. So, 20 minutes, right?

Jack Fleming: Wh - yes, 20 minutes.

The group approaches a conference room where Alan Shore and Tara Wilson are waiting. Samantha and Alan make eye contact through the glass window and smile at each other.

Samantha Fleming: And that's another thing. Who the hell is Alan Shore?

Samantha Fleming enters the conference room first.

Alan Shore: Hello, Samantha.

Samantha Fleming: Alan. Hmm. (they embrace)

Alan Shore: Samantha Fleming, this is Tara Wilson.

Samantha Fleming: Hello.

Tara Wilson: Pleasure. Do you get any sleep at all?

Samantha Fleming: Yes, about three hours a night.

Jack Fleming enters the room.

Jack Fleming: Twenty minutes.

Roberta Sloane: Jack, don't you think I should be part of the meeting?

Jack Fleming: No. Samantha and I will take this one alone. Oh. (he hands her his overcoat to hold)

A political advertisement is playing on a video screen in the conference room.

Commercial on TV: The accusations were shocking. Money laundering. Tax evasion. Obstruction of justice. The verdict: guilty on all counts. And now, believe it or not, Jack Fleming wants to be our next mayor. Ask yourself, would you rather have a candidate with convictions or a candidate who's been convicted? (the ad ends with a black and white photo of Jack Fleming behind bars) Paid for by the committee to re-elect Mayor Thomas Snyder.

Alan Shore: In your defense, I suppose black and white makes us all look a bit like Moe Howard.

Jack Fleming: Well, it gets me ticked off every time I see the damn thing, and there is not a word of truth in it.

But apparently, that doesn't matter. You know, I've got three Harvard law professors and a former U.S. attorney on my campaign steering committee all saying that there is no way that I can get that ad yanked off the air. So ... I doubt if you've got a silver bullet here, Al. No offense.

Alan Shore: Alan. None taken.

Samantha Fleming: The ad is completely false. Jack was never convicted of those charges. It was a third generation family real estate trust. He was a passive beneficiary, a victim of a trustee whose greed got the trust prosecuted, not Jack personally. I know you can help us.

Jack Fleming: You should feel flattered, Alan. My - my wife seems to hold you in very high esteem.

Alan Shore: And I her. As you know, in college not a day went by that I didn't long to sleep with you. I hope I'm not being inappropriate.

Jack Fleming: As a matter of fact, you are.

Alan Shore: Then my apologies. When you spoke about truth a moment ago, I guess I mistook that as a preference for full disclosure.

Samantha Fleming: Uh, boys, we don't have time for this. Alan, I know it's gonna be tough to get an injunction

on this thing.

Alan Shore: You've read the First Amendment then.

Samantha Fleming: Three days ago, we had a double-digit lead. Then they put this thing on the air, and our overnight polls dropped six points in 72 hours. If we don't move fast, we're going to lose, all because of this late hit. These lies. Please help us.

Alan Shore and Tara Wilson are walking in the hallway at Crane, Poole & Schmidt.

Tara Wilson: Let me see if I understand this. In college, you longed to have sex with her.

Alan Shore: Yes.

Tara Wilson: You ached to feel her naked body pressed up against yours.

Alan Shore: Yes. Well said.

Tara Wilson: And yet, nothing between the two of you ever happened?

Alan Shore: We suffered from bad timing. You're wondering if that's our destiny - yours and mine. Twenty years of unrequited foreplay.

Tara Wilson: Is that what you want?

Alan Shore: Is that what you want?

Tara Wilson: Well, it just seems that our timing might also -

Paul Lewiston approaches, cutting off Tara in mid-sentence.

Paul Lewiston: Mr. Shore, I saw you in the conference room with Jack Fleming. What were you two doing?

Alan Shore: Tai chi, actually.

Paul Lewiston: I hope it is clear to you that it would be an unacceptable conflict of interest for you to represent Jack Fleming in any matter. This firm is extremely close to Mayor Snyder.

Alan Shore: Then this firm should take a shower, don't you think? He is a callous, smug and brutish man who hates the poor and abuses the powerless.

Paul Lewiston: You're not following me. We earn a great deal of money working for the city, due primarily to Mayor Snyder's good will. One would think that was obvious.

Alan Shore: One would. (Paul walks away) Well. (turning to face Tara) Now I have to take the case.

Denny Crane is sitting in a hospital examining room with a doctor.

Dr. Thomas Lee: Now, I'm going to ask you a series of -

Denny Crane: Denny Crane!

Dr. Thomas Lee: Why did you just say that?

Denny Crane: Well, isn't that how you guys usually begin a mental examination, by determining if the subject knows his own name?

Dr. Thomas Lee: Well, yes.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane.

Dr. Thomas Lee: Got it. And who am I, Dr. Crane?

Denny Crane: You are Dr. Thomas H. Lee, neurologist.

Dr. Thomas Lee: Good. Can you tell me what day of the week this is?

Denny Crane: Monday. And a particularly crisp and beautiful one, too, I might add.

Dr. Thomas Lee: Good. And who is the current president of the United States?

Denny Crane: That would be Ernest Borgnine. (there is an uncomfortable pause) Ah. I'll bet you get lunatics in here every day that - that say that stuff for real, right? (Dr. Lee takes some notes in silence) The current president of the United States is George Walker Bush, son to George Herbert Walker Bush, whose father was the late United States Senator Prescott Bush, who, as an undergraduate at Yale, once wrestled my father in the nude. But that's a story for another day. Let's stick to the issues at hand. Denny Crane.

At the John Joseph Moakley United States Courthouse, Lori Colson is in Judge Rose Olsheim's courtroom.

Lori Colson: Flight risk? Your Honor, my client can barely walk. He weights 300 pounds and suffers from acute rheumatoid arthritis.

Adrian: Plus, I think I got a touch of the gout, Judge. I ain't going nowhere.

A.D.A. Richard Kirkland: He was moving at a pretty good clip when he left that jewelry store.

Adrian: It was a one-time adrenaline rush.

Judge Rose Olsen: Your O.R. motion is denied, Miss Colson. Bail set at 50,000. We'll take 15, folks.

The defendant groans as he struggles to get up from his chair.

Bailiff: This way. (he leads the defendant away)

A.D.A. Richard Kirkland and Lori Colson are left alone in the courtroom. He approaches Lori.

A.D.A. Richard Kirkland: You got a minute?

Lori Colson: Sure.

The two attorneys have moved to a private meeting room.

A.D.A. Richard Kirkland: I need a good lawyer. You available?

Lori Colson: Flattered. What's up?

A.D.A. Richard Kirkland: Well, Marcy and I split up.

Lori Colson: Yeah. I was so sorry to hear that. I can recommend somebody, Richard, but I don't do matrimonial work.

A.D.A. Richard Kirkland: No, no. I already found somebody for that part. There's something else. (he pauses and sighs) Five years ago when my son was born, we saved his umbilical cord blood.

Lori Colson: You mean in the delivery room?

A.D.A. Richard Kirkland: Right. We got it stored in one of those cryo-labs just in case Zachary ever needs to use it to treat a cancer he develops, God forbid. Welcome to parenting in the new millennium. Anyway, the account, it was opened in Marcy's name which, at the time, I didn't think twice about. But now, the lab is saying that makes her the responsible party, not the two of us jointly. She's refusing to release the cord blood. She won't let it be used.

Lori Colson: Your son is sick?

A.D.A. Richard Kirkland: I'm sick. Multiple myeloma. It was diagnosed six months ago.

Lori Colson: Oh, Richard, I -

A.D.A. Richard Kirkland: Chemo hasn't worked so far, and they're saying that I need a bone marrow transplant. But they can't find a suitable donor.

Lori Colson: And your son's cord blood would work instead?

A.D.A. Richard Kirkland: They think so.

Lori Colson: It's just sitting there in a freezer?

A.D.A. Richard Kirkland: Just sitting. Without it, they give me six months. Maybe. Do you think I got a lawsuit?

Lori Colson: Let's meet with her first, hope we don't have to file.

A.D.A. Richard Kirkland: Good. Okay. Thanks.

Sally Heep is with her client, Mark Shrum, as he provides a deposition.

Male Attorney: And then what happened, Mr. Shrum?

Mark Shrum: Well, when I couldn't get the Pop Tart out of the toaster, I unplugged it. And then I jammed a fork down the slot, and I guess I must've jiggered it around pretty good because -

Sally Heep: Give us a moment, please. (quietly) Mark, what did I tell you about volunteering extraneous information?

Mark Shrum: Not to.

Sally Heep: Right. This is a deposition. You answer the questions truthfully but never volunteer anything. So don't add stuff like "jiggering forks around pretty good." Just answer every question with as few words as possible.

Mark Shrum: Got it. Sorry. (the two turn back to the questioners)

Male Attorney: All right, Mr. Shrum, when you repeatedly manipulated the fork around in the toaster slot, and then received an electrical shock and second degree burns, whose fault would you say that was?

Mark Shrum: (hesitantly) Mine? (Sally turns to him again) I can't answer any shorter. That was one word.

Paul Lewiston and Denny Crane have just entered Denny's office.

Paul Lewiston: Denny, we really do need to talk. The partners are concerned.

Denny Crane: About what?

Paul Lewiston: Well, your billables. Do you realize that so far this year, you've only billed 1,400 hours which is 200 hours less than you had billed up to this point in calendar '03, which was, as you know, a year that saw a marked decline -

Denny Crane: (lifting the cover off an elegant place-setting on his desk) Breakfast?

Paul Lewiston: I already ate. In short, Denny, you are coming in light by about 700,000 a year, which means that since calendar '99 alone, you have cost us 3.5 million.

Denny Crane: You ever forget things?

Paul Lewiston: Things? Like what?

Denny Crane: I don't know. People's names, where you put the car keys, whether or not you showered ... what a case you're arguing is all about?

Paul Lewiston: Not really.

Denny Crane: Well, you should get it looked at just the same. You could have what is called mild cognitive impairment. It's a precursor to Alzheimer's.

Paul Lewiston: Denny, you are theoretically our foremost rainmaker, but you haven't brought in a new seven-figure client in two years. You haven't filed a class action in five years. Care to guess how much Lisby, DeRusen and Floren billed as lead counsel in the tobacco class action? 127 million. It's raining cash out there, Denny. We're not getting wet.

Denny Crane: You could do crossword puzzles.

Paul Lewiston: Excuse me?

Denny Crane: It's a great brain stimulator. So is learning new skills. You know what else helps? Speaking from time to time in a foreign language. (speaking quietly in French). *Un bon après-midi. En parlement plutôt passé. Un bon après-midi.* (translation: A good afternoon. It's been said before. A good afternoon).

Tara Wilson is walking down the hallway when she spots something through a window. She enters a library area to find Denny Crane pecking at a computer keyboard.

Tara Wilson: (incredulously) What are you doing?

Denny Crane: Researching a case citation.

Tara Wilson: Have you ever used a computer before?

Denny Crane: An entirely new experience.

In Judge Gordon Kolodny's courtroom.

Attorney Gellman: Bottom line, Your Honor, if Mr. Fleming feels aggrieved by the way he's portrayed in my client's campaign commercials, then let him counter it with commercials of his own. As Justice Brandeis said, the best antidote to false speech is more speech.

Alan Shore: It's not surprising Brandeis would say that. He was a well-known drunk and pedophile.

Attorney Gellman: No, he wasn't.

Alan Shore: That's right. He wasn't. I made it up. Does anyone have a problem with me making provably false accusations about honorable people just so my side can win? Because that's certainly their strategy.

Samantha Fleming: (speaking quietly to Tara Wilson) He's amazing.

Tara Wilson: Yes. We're quite fond of him.

Attorney Gellman: Mr. Shore is asking that you impose prior restraint on speech. And not just any speech, but the robust dialogue of a political contest. We don't do that in this country.

Alan Shore: If they took a song from the Beatles catalog and used it in a campaign commercial without permission, would you order the commercial off the air? Of course you would.

Attorney Gellman: It's an absurd analogy, Your Honor.

Alan Shore: What if they ran a campaign commercial with footage of this young woman right here showering? (he points to the court reporter) Footage secretly taken with a lipstick camera mounted in her health club locker room.

Attorney Gellman: This is ridiculous.

Alan Shore: The point is, in all of those cases, we absolutely would see injunctive relief granted because those are rights worth protecting. And so is the right of Jack Fleming to have the truth told about his life.

Attorney Gellman: But how do we determine the truth, Your Honor? Would Mr. Shore have us establish a government department of veracity? Mr. Fleming already has a remedy available. It's called a slander suit.

Alan Shore: I'm curious. When one wins a slander suit, does the court award votes? Because that's the issue here. They're trying to cost him the election now even if they have to pay him a few dollars years from now.

Judge Gordon Kolodny: Well, this has been fascinating, gentlemen. Kind of like debate night at Mensa. Mr. Gellman, that TV spot you're defending is emphatically vile. But, Mr. Shore, he's right. Political speech is not subject to prior judicial review. And thank the Lord, or it's all I'd ever do. (he slams his gavel) We're adjourned.

A cluster of shouting reporters and camera crews is waiting as they exit the courtroom and walk down the corridor to the privacy of an elevator.

Stu Himelfarb: Well, that was discouraging.

Alan Shore: It was. I'm sorry.

Samantha Fleming: You tried.

Jack Fleming: What now?

Roberta Sloane: I'm gonna recommend we do a gang bang sit-down with the four local anchormen. Obviously, you by Jack's side doing the whole "stand by your man" thing. Very important when accusations go to character like this. We answer every question, dominate the airwaves. The message: our guy is a superior piece of manpower. Feedback?

Jack Fleming: Sounds good. (to Samantha) That copacetic on your end?

Samantha Fleming: Mmm, sure.

Alan Shore: Copacetic on my end, too. (to Tara Wilson) Your end? (he glances down at Tara's rear end)

Lori Colson, Richard Kirkland, and Marcy Kirkland are in a diner.

Waitress: Got it. Right back with your coffee.

Marcy Kirkland: Thank you.

Lori Colson: Well, we're very grateful that you agreed to meet with us.

Marcy Kirkland: Did I have a choice? You were pretty insistent on the phone.

Lori Colson: Sorry. It's just a situation of some urgency. And I know you said you didn't want to retain counsel, but I would respectfully suggest -

Marcy Kirkland: We've spent enough on lawyers. Had a five-star divorce, didn't we, Richard? Look, I have to pick up Zach from a play date, so -

Richard Kirkland: Well, what I came to say, it's simple, Marcy. I'm sick, and I need your help.

Marcy Kirkland: I can't let you use Zach's cord blood. I told you that when you called. What if he gets sick and needs it himself? We saved it for a reason.

Lori Colson: Marcy, I can certainly understand your feelings, but perhaps -

Marcy Kirkland: Do you have children, Miss Colson?

Lori Colson: No.

Richard Kirkland: You wanna protect Zach, and I understand that. But how about protecting him from losing his father?

Marcy Kirkland: He's not gonna lose you. You're strong. You'll beat this.

Richard Kirkland: No. Not without a compatible donor. This isn't some simple transfusion we're talking about. They need an exact match, and they can't find one. They've tried, Marcy. Don't you get it?

Marcy Kirkland: Well, they should keep trying.

Richard Kirkland: But I'm running out of time!

Marcy Kirkland: Please don't yell at me.

Richard Kirkland: (sighs) I'm sorry. I was thinking on the way over her about the day Zach was born and holding him and feeling as if I was part of some continuum. Feeling as if - It's stupid, but feeling as if I had thrown my DNA forward into the future. You know, like some biological javelin. He's my flesh and blood, Marcy. I would never do anything to put him at risk. I've read all the literature. I mean, the chances of Zach ever needing to use this are about one in 2,700. But I need it ... now ... to live. I am his flesh and blood, too, Marcy.

Marcy Kirkland: Please, don't ask me about this again. Either of you. (she leaves the restaurant)

Lori Colson: It's okay.

Alan Shore is studying a document on his desk when Paul Lewiston enters.

Paul Lewiston: I understand you provided representation to Jack Fleming after all, contrary to my explicit instructions.

Alan Shore: I did. But please understand, ordinarily, I place great value on all thing explicit.

Paul Lewiston: Is it your feeling that Denny Crane will protect you from me?

Alan Shore: It is. To the extent that he recalls who I am.

Paul Lewiston: Well, perhaps it will jog his memory when I devote a large portion of next month's senior partners meeting to a discussion of your situation here. (Tara Wilson has entered the office, and Paul passes her as he exits.) Miss Wilson.

Tara Wilson: Was that man threatening you again?

Alan Shore: Yes. It seems to be his job description.

Tara Wilson: CNN said the election was too close to call. Fleming is up two points, but it's within the margin of error.

Alan Shore: I think that's what I'll call my autobiography - "Within the Margin of Error".

Tara Wilson: Will I be in it?

Alan Shore: Depends on who ghosts it. I'll certainly lobby on your behalf. .

Tara Wilson: Well ... I'll expect a chapter minimum.

Alan Shore: Well, I would imagine you could earn a chapter quite easily - (he leans close)

Sally Heep enters the office, interrupting the exchange.

Sally Heep: I was wondering if you could help me with this product liability issue. Never mind.

Alan Shore: No, please. I'm all yours.

Sally Heep: Hardly.

Sally Heep exits Alan's office, walks down the hallway, and enters a library area and picking out a book. Denny Crane is there.

Denny Crane: Ever used a computer?

Sally Heep: Denny. Um, yes. Yes, I have.

Denny Crane: Remarkable machine.

Sally Heep: Let me ask you a question. A manufacturer of toasters should anticipate that their written safety instructions will be ignored to the extent that they're counterintuitive and should plan for that contingency, right?

Denny Crane: In an ideal world.

Marcy Kirkland is crossing a street with her car key out. She spots Lori Colson waiting for her.

Marcy Kirkland: What are you doing here?

Lori Colson: I was afraid you'd hang up if I tried calling you. Can we talk?

Marcy Kirkland: I have nothing else to say.

Lori Colson: I think I know your secret.

The next shot is of the two women sitting in Marcy's car.

Marcy Kirkland: It was only one time. Richard and I just had a huge fight. I went to spend the weekend at my sister's, and there was a guy there, this houseguest of hers. We were all drinking wine, and suddenly, he and I were alone. And it just happened. I agonized about whether or not to have the baby. And in retrospect, I can't imagine not, you know? But I promised myself that Richard would never, ever find out. You can't tell him.

Lori Colson: *You* should tell him. He deserves to know. Especially now.

Marcy Kirkland: No, now would be the worst time. Being Zach's father is what he lives for.

Lori Colson: If you won't tell him, I will. I'm his attorney. I have an obligation.

Marcy Kirkland: Just tell him I won't release the cord blood. Tell him to keep trying to find a match. He needs to keep trying. If Zachary's blood could save him, of course I would let him have it. And it tears me apart that I can't tell him that, but I can't. (sighs) How did you figure it out?

Lori Colson: Occupational hazard. I watch people's eyes. When Richard was telling you how he felt the day Zach was born -

Marcy Kirkland: Promise me you won't tell him.

Lori Colson: I have an obligation.

It's a stormy wet evening. Alan Shore exits his bedroom in his pajamas and robe to respond to a knock at the door. He opens the door to find a rain-soaked Samantha Fleming.

Alan Shore: Samantha. You're wet.

Samantha Fleming: It's raining. He's screwing her. That media consultant, Roberta? She left a detailed message on his cell phone. Didn't know I was borrowing it.

Alan Shore: Come in. Get dry.

Samantha Fleming: Buy me a drink?

Later, the two of them are in a quiet drinking establishment. Jackpot's "Far Far Far" plays in the background.

Samantha Fleming: Maybe if he'd done it with somebody extraordinary. Roberta, she's - (shakes her head and sighs) She's just so -

Alan Shore: Sufficient.

Samantha Fleming (she nods in agreement, chuckles, and then snuffles): I'm sorry.

Alan Shore: It's fine. This is my regular place. I bring crying women here all the time.

Samantha Fleming: Oh, really? (she laughs and sighs) Well, I guess I'm that cliché. The credulous political wife. Cheated on, humiliated, didn't see it coming. I have to do that interview with him tomorrow. Stand by my man. He doesn't know that I know. What do I do?

Alan Shore: What do you want?

Samantha Fleming: I want out. I guess I am out. I guess I've been out. I do want him to win the election. I do. He'd be a great mayor. He really does care about people.

Alan Shore: As long as they're strangers to him.

Samantha Fleming: You really don't like him. Is that why you made that joke in your conference room when you-

Alan Shore: When I said not a day in college went by that I didn't long to sleep with you?

Samantha Fleming: Yeah.

Alan Shore: It wasn't a joke. I had a place all picked out back then. A motel out on Route 9. The Aloha Inn.

Samantha Fleming: Oh.

Alan Shore: I thought you might appreciate the tropical ambience.

Samantha Fleming: I'm imagining a lot of rattan and plastic orchids.

Alan Shore: There's a neon sign out front that blinks "Aloha" in orange, then "Inn" in pink, then the hula girl's skirt in green, over and over and over.

Samantha Fleming: Sounds lush.

Alan Shore: And all night long, the rooms are flooded with the glow of that neon. And I always wondered how you would look naked in all that pink, green and orange.

The next morning at the bustling Fleming campaign headquarters. Alan Shore walks in and sees Samantha Fleming sitting on a couch alone, seemingly staring into space. Alan walks up behind the couch and leans over.

Alan Shore: Hi.

Samantha Fleming: Hi.

Alan Shore: You okay?

Samantha Fleming: Mm-hmm.

The scene shifts to the actual focus of Samantha's gaze - Roberta Sloane fussing over Jack Fleming while he is being made up for an interview.

Alan Shore: I'm going to see if the candidate can squeeze me in for a moment. (he walks over to Jack Fleming) A moment of your time?

Roberta Sloane: Are you joking? We're about to start.

Alan Shore: It's a pressing matter. Perhaps we could duck in there.

Jack Fleming, mystified, follows Alan into an adjoining room and closes the door behind him.

Jack Fleming: You've got 30 seconds.

Alan Shore: Then I'd better jump right in. Do you have a favorite movie about politics? Mine is *The Candidate*.

Jack Fleming: Okay, we're done here.

Alan Shore: I still have 20 seconds left. I especially like that scene after Redford wins the election when he asks his top adviser, "Marvin, what do we do now?"

Jack Fleming: Good-bye, Mr. Shore.

Alan Shore: You're a married man, Jack, having a furtive, sexual relationship with your media consultant. Which begs the question, "Marvin, what do we do now?" Of course, your name isn't Marvin, and Redford had already won. You, on the other hand, could still lose if anything unpleasant were to come up.

Jack Fleming (after pausing for several seconds to take in what he's just heard): Does she know?

Alan Shore: Use her name.

Jack Fleming: Does Samantha know?

Alan Shore: Samantha knows.

Fleming silently walks over to a chair, sits down and sighs heavily.

Alan Shore: (pulling a document out from his overcoat) This is a memorandum of agreement. By all means, read it when you have a free moment. (placing the document on a table in front of Fleming) But I'll need your signature right now, I'm afraid. So here are the headlines. Samantha will do you little dog and pony show out there and all other events with you from now through the inauguration, should you be lucky enough to have one. She, of course, smiling at all times exactly like Pat Nixon. And in return, after the divorce, she gets a meaningful role in every high-level appointment and every major policy initiative during your first term. She put you here. She's earned it.

Jack Fleming: I would never, ever give her that. Do you understand?

Alan Shore: Perfectly. So then, we'll handle this transaction in the only currency that's really available to us.

Samantha gets the house in Nantucket, 75% of all funds in the various bank accounts as of close of business yesterday, the mutual funds in their entirety, and 60% of all other assets as determined by the forensic

accountants that we will hire and you will pay for. (a pause) Oh. (he chuckles as he takes a pen out from his coat, uncaps it and places it on the table). Uh, be sure to date it on the bottom there.

After a long hard stare at Alan, Fleming picks up the pen and signs the memorandum.

Paul Lewiston is in Lori Colson's office.

Paul Lewiston: You can't lie to a client.

Lori Colson: I know. I told her. It's just the news will crush him, Paul. And to what end? What good will have been done?

Paul Lewiston: He will have been dealt with truthfully by his attorney. That's the good.

Lori Colson: I know all the law school arguments. Let's talk real world here.

Paul Lewiston: Okay, real world. If I learned that an attorney in this firm knowingly told a lie to a client - a lie central to the matter the client had retained us to handle - I would personally report it to the ethics committee of the state bar, regardless of whatever respect or affection I might feel for the attorney in question.

There is a knock on the door, and Richard Kirkland steps into the office.

Richard Kirkland: Oh, I'm sorry.

Paul Lewiston: I was just leaving.

Lori Colson: Hey.

Richard Kirkland: Hi. (He nods as Paul leaves the office) Thanks for seeing me on such short notice. I know I could've just faxed this over, but I wanted to massage some of the language with you. Clearly, you're gonna be a better judge on whether the arguments here are too inflammatory -

Lori Colson: Richard.

Richard Kirkland: - which is the obvious pitfall filing appellate papers against your ex-wife.

Lori Colson: Richard, listen.

Richard Kirkland: I'll just shut up and let you read it. I'm sorry.

Lori Colson: Look, there's something I need to tell you, and I don't know how to begin.

Paul Lewiston is outside the office, watching as Lori Colson continues to speak. Her words are inaudible, but whatever she is saying has a devastating effect, as Richard sinks into a chair with his hand to his head. Paul walks away.

A smiling Sally Heep flounces into the lobby of Crane, Poole & Schmidt.

Sally Heep (to the receptionist): You said my client was here, Mark Shrum?

Receptionist: He was here. Mr. Crane came out of get him.

Sally Heep: Denny got him?

Sally walks determinedly down the hall to Denny Crane's office, where she sees Denny speaking to Mark Shrum. As she watches incredulously, Denny picks up a box of cigars and offers one to her client. Sally shakes her head helplessly.

Lori Colson and Richard Kirkland are seated in her office.

Richard Kirkland: I don't understand how Marcy could do this.

Lori Colson: She feels deeply ashamed. But the priority now has to be finding you a suitable donor.

Richard Kirkland: But how could Marcy destroy the cord blood?

Lori Colson: It wasn't intentional. She was having it transferred last week from one lab to another. I guess she wanted to hide it from you. There was a shipping glitch. It went 36 hours without being refrigerated. She's devastated. I talked to Denny Crane. He's a trustee of Boston General. He's having their chief of oncology call you tomorrow.

Richard Kirkland: Thank you. That's very kind.

Lori Colson: They'll find you a match. I know they will. You're gonna get through this.

Richard Kirkland: Let's hope.

It's election night at Fleming campaign headquarters. Jack and Samantha Fleming are watching the television coverage while campaign aides circulate nervously, many speaking on cell phones.

TV Anchorman: And at other times, often obnoxious, this refusal of Mayor Snyder to agree to debate his challenger. Of course, there was one joint campaign appearance, the candidates sharing the same stage. At one point several weeks ago, when the Snyder camp called a debate in which the ...

Alan Shore approaches Roberta Sloane, who is drinking a cup of coffee.

Alan Shore: It feels good, doesn't it?

Roberta Sloane: What feels good?

Alan Shore: Having sex with a candidate. If he wins - I bet the orgasms are even better if he wins. I'm jealous.

Roberta walks away in disgust.

TV Anchorman: And we're ready to make a call in the race for mayor of Boston.

Campaign Aide: Okay, everybody, this is it!

TV Anchorman: Based on exit polling, we are now projecting that Mayor Thomas Snyder has lost his bid to win reelection.

The room explodes into cheers. Even Alan Shore smiles and claps while Roberta Sloane seems about to faint, and Jack Fleming jumps up from the couch and raises his arms triumphantly. Only Samantha Fleming shows little reaction. She remains seated for a few seconds before standing up and facing Jack with a terse smile. Jack notices her and after a moment of hesitation, they embrace. Then Jack gives Samantha a nod of thanks. She walks away and is met by Alan Shore, who gives her a kiss on the cheek.

Samantha Fleming: Let's go.

Alan Shore: He'll want you downstairs in the ballroom basking in the adulation. Part of the deal.

Samantha Fleming: New deal. This is where I get off. Coming?

TV Anchorman (in the background): But one thing we do know tonight. The Thomas Snyder era is coming to an end, and Boston's new mayor will be Jack Fleming. Stan Forrester is standing by at the Fleming victory party at the Hyatt where a very happy crowd is waiting for the mayor-elect and his wife to make their way down to the ballroom. Can you hear me, Stan?

As Alan helps Samantha with her coat, Jack spots them from across the room and gives Alan a look of contempt. Alan meets his stare with one of equal contempt while Samantha exits with a look of satisfaction on her face.

Paul Lewiston is in Denny Crane's office.

Paul Lewiston: Denny, I'm worried about you. You're speaking French to the messengers. You got crossword puzzles spread out all over the conference table. You walk into reception, hijack one of Sally Heep's clients - actually have a meeting with him in your office! Did you even know what his case was about?

Denny Crane: I took that test the other day. The one where they ask you a bunch of questions to see if you've turned into an imbecile. Then they do a scan of your brain. You know what they found out? That I have a lot of blue and yellow and red stuff colliding up there. The damn M.R.I. photo looks like a hurricane. I don't remember what was the good color and what was the bad color, but the point is this. They discovered that I remember some things, and I forget others. And that's the way it's gonna be. You wanna know what that man's case is all about? He stuck a fork in a toaster. It's a little pissant lawsuit. But I remember what you said the other day.

Paul Lewiston: What was that?

Denny Paul: Seriously, Paul. You have to have that test. You said that we weren't filing enough class action suits. That we were missing out on a gold shower.

Paul Lewiston: I - I believe I said a money shower.

Denny Crane: I heard the fact pattern of the Sally Heep case. I was able to persuade Mr. Shrum that there was a greater good to be achieved. And, long story short, happily, the toaster company was open to my argument.

Paul Lewiston: What argument?

Denny Crane: That an attorney like Denny Crane, with extensive class action experience, could easily turn Mr. Shrum's case into a lucrative opportunity. On the other hand, if they were to give Denny Crane their on-going legal business, augmenting the fine work done by the in-house counsel, then Denny Crane would be unavailable to represent Mr. Shrum, who incidentally is going to receive \$50,000 from the company as a goodwill gesture. So don't you worry too much, Paul, about Denny Crane.

Denny picks up a remote on his desk, and turns on the television. Jack Fleming is giving his victory speech.

Jack Fleming (on TV): And I also want to say to my wife Samantha, who unfortunately could not be here tonight - she's a little under the weather - Samantha, I love you, and I wish you could be right up here beside me right now. (the crowd on TV applauds as Paul leaves Denny's office) That's right. Sure we do. Okay. Thank you all. God bless you, Boston.

Paul Lewiston meets Lori Colson as she prepares to leave her office for the day.

Paul Lewiston: You did the right thing.

Lori Colson: Yes, I did. I lied to him.

Paul Lewiston: Lori. You realize you have exposed this firm to a potentially enormous liability award and imposed on me certain excruciating ethical obligations?

Lori Colson: You'll do the right thing, too.

Jazzy piano music plays as the scene pans across a gaudy neon hula dancer beside a flashing sign for the "Aloha Inn". The song is "At Last", a duet performed by Lou Rawls and Dianne Reeves. The scene shifts to a disheveled bed, where a woman is sleeping. Alan Shore is sitting in a chair beside the bed, watching the colors from the neon light flashing on the woman's bare shoulder. He stands up and sits beside her, leaning down to kiss her shoulder. She stirs and moans softly. He kisses her cheek, and she moans again.

Alan Shore: We should've done this much sooner.

The woman turns her face to him, and it is revealed to be Tara Wilson.

Tara Wilson: Let's do it again.

They kiss, and the scene ends with another shot of the flashing neon signs.

The lyrics of "At Last", heard in this scene:

At last

My love has come along

My lonely days are over

And life is like a song

At last

The skies above are blue

My heart is wrapped up in clover

The night I looked at you

You, you, you smile

And then the spell was cast.

And here we are, we are in heaven

For you are mine ... at last.