

**Boston Legal**  
**Questionable Characters**  
**Season 1, Episode 7**  
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**Broadcast: November 21, 2004**  
**Transcribed by olucy**

*Middle of the night, outside a convenience store. An unidentified man puts a ski mask over his head, takes out a revolver, and enters the store.*

**Michael Shea:** Give me the money!

**George Keene:** Agh!

**Michael Shea:** C'mon, c'mon, hurry up. You do what I say, you're not gonna get hurt.

**George Keene:** Okay, okay, okay. *The clerk is starting to gather money.*

**Michael Shea:** Go. Come on, come on. Let's go.

*While the masked man is looking towards the door to see if anyone is coming, the clerk takes a gun out of the drawer, aims and shoots the robber, who falls backward, knocking over merchandise. He awkwardly gets up and stumbles out the door.*

*Outside the Aloha Inn, the sign and neon hula girl are blinking orange, pink and green. Inside, clothes are strewn across the floor. Tara Wilson wakes up next to Alan Shore, leans over him to look at a watch on the nightstand. Alan wakes up.*

**Tara Wilson:** Oh. I should go.

**Alan Shore:** Why?

**Tara Wilson:** Because it's 5 a.m. I really should go.

**Alan Shore:** Early meeting?

**Tara Wilson:** I need—*Alan leans up and begins kissing her.* I need to go home. I need to change my clothes. *Alan starts to roll over, and she with him.* I need to check my mail. I need to feed my cat. *Alan has pulled the sheet over his head, is completely hidden and is nuzzling the rest of her body while she laughs.* I'm going to be so late for work.

**Alan Shore:** *(under the sheet, muffled)* I'll write you a note.

*Later that morning. Tara hurriedly gets on the elevator, puts on some makeup and checks herself in her compact mirror, trying to gather her composure. She approaches the reception desk, where Lori Colson is checking messages.*

**Tara Wilson:** Morning.

**Lori Colson:** You're late.

**Tara Wilson:** Missed morning roll call, did I?

**Lori Colson:** You had the Sapchek deposition at 9:00.

**Tara Wilson:** Oh, God, Lori forgive me. I—

**Lori Colson:** I called you three or four times? Where were you?

**Tara Wilson:** In the shower.

**Lori Colson:** New shampoo?

**Tara Wilson:** Excuse me?

**Lori Colson:** Your hair smells a little different. I'm always on the lookout for a new conditioner, so I'm a bit of a serial hair sniffer.

**Tara Wilson:** I—I use, um, several different shampoos. I'm not sure which one I used today. Anything else?

**Lori Colson:** No. I like this jacket. I liked it more yesterday.

**Alan approaches the reception desk.**

**Alan Shore:** Morning. Tara, looking even lovelier than ever. Lori looking...at your watch.

**Tara smirks and leaves. Lori's cell phone rings and she answers.**

**Lori Colson:** This is Lori Colson.

**Michael Shea:** Lori, hey. It's me. It's Michael Shea.

**Lori Colson:** Michael, what's wrong? Where are you?

**Michael Shea:** Um, listen. ***Groans as he's lifted onto a gurney.*** I'm at Boston General, I'm in the emergency room, all right? I got—somebody shot me.

**Lori Colson:** What?

**Michael Shea:** Listen, I'm gonna explain to you when you get here. But could you just please hurry? There's cops all over the place. I think one of the doctors must've called them. But they're asking me all sorts of questions. Could you just hurry?

**Lori Colson:** Okay. Don't say anything. I'm on my way. I'll be right there.

### **Credits.**

***Inside the hospital emergency room, filled with medical personnel and some police officers, one of whom stops Lori Colson as she enters.***

**Police Officer:** Help you?

**Lori Colson:** I need to see Michael Shea.

**Police Officer:** You family?

**Lori Colson:** I'm his attorney. I understand you've been questioning my client.

**Police Officer:** Take it up with the A.D.A.

**ADA Mark Wills:** Lori Colson. So it is true. You switched to the dark side.

**Lori Colson:** Mark, where's Michael Shea?

**ADA Mark Wills:** Mr. Shea is indisposed at the moment. Genius got himself shot in the chest.

**Lori Colson:** He called me less than 10 minutes ago. He asked for counsel.

**ADA Mark Wills:** He didn't ask me.

**Lori Colson:** Are you charging him?

**ADA Mark Wills:** Not yet. We're still investigating.

**Lori Colson:** Investigating what?

**ADA Mark Wills:** I don't need to tell you that.

**Lori Colson:** If he's not arrested, I can see him. I don't need to tell *you* that.

**ADA Mark Wills:** Your client's on his way to surgery right now. You're welcome to see him as soon as he's out.

**Lori Colson:** ***(loudly)*** Michael? Michael Shea? Can you hear me?

**Michael Shea:** Lori? That's my lawyer right there. Hey, could you let her in please?

**Lori Colson:** You heard him, Mark. These people are witnesses.

**Michael Shea:** Lori.

**Lori Colson:** ***(to doctor)*** Can you give us a minute?

**Doctor Randall:** Yeah.

**Lori Colson:** Michael, what is going on?

**Michael Shea:** I didn't do anything.

**Lori Colson:** You got shot, Michael. The police are here.

**Michael Shea:** Lori, I was walking home. A guy comes out of nowhere. I just—I didn't want to give up my money. He shot me.

**Lori Colson:** Michael, the police think that you're a suspect, not a victim. If you did something—look at me! I need you to tell me the truth.

**Michael Shea:** Lori, I didn't do anything, okay? I swear.

***Inside Judge Clark Brown's courtroom.***

**Clerk:** Docket ending 477—People versus Walter Mack.

**Alan Shore:** Your Honor, while this case is marked for trial, in fact, the defendant would like to accept a plea.

**Judge Clark Brown:** Is that so?

**ADA Allison Hayes:** The people have offered reckless endangerment. In exchange, we'd recommend probation.

**Judge Clark Brown:** That's a reduced charge. You're aware of that?

**ADA Allison Hayes:** Yes, Your Honor.

**Judge Clark Brown:** Up here. Both of you. ***Alan and ADA Hayes approach the bench.*** ***(to ADA Hayes)*** I don't like this. Your office gets behind, so you just let criminals walk?

**Alan Shore:** It's reassuring to see that you haven't formed any conclusions about my client's guilt or innocence.

**Judge Clark Brown:** You know what my mother always says? If it smells funny, I'm not eating it.

**Alan Shore:** Exact opposite of my motto.

**Judge Clark Brown:** This deal smells funny.

**ADA Allison Hayes:** If I may, Your Honor, the object here is to enhance the quality of life for the tenants in Mr. Mack's building. And he is prepared to make considerable—

**Judge Clark Brown:** No. The object here is to send a message to every landlord in Boston. Treat people like animals, we will cage you like one.

**Alan Shore:** I don't mean to pry, Your Honor, but is everything okay at home?

**Judge Clark Brown:** Step back. Both of you.

**Alan and ADA Hayes return to their tables.**

**Judge Clark Brown:** Mr. Mack, I will accept your plea under one condition. You are to build a sign to be worn around your neck. Said sign to read "I am a slumlord." Because sir, that's what you are.

**Walter Mack:** Judge, you don't know what I'm up against. The elevator in the Green Street building – some kids blew up the electrical system just for fun. I paint over their graffiti, it's back that day. I'm doing the best I can. Truly I am.

**Judge Clark Brown:** You are to stand in front of your Green Street property wearing said sign for no less than four continuous hours.

**Alan Shore:** Your Honor, I cannot allow my client to be subjected to an extra-judicial penalty whose only purpose is to humiliate.

**Judge Clark Brown:** Get used to it, Mr. Shore. This is nothing new. From the top of my head, I can remember the case of a woman who didn't strap her daughter into a car seat. The judge made her write a mock obituary for the child. A drunk driving defendant was forced to put a warning sign on his car. A woman was ordered to place an ad in the paper admitting that she had bought drugs. Tell me, when did it become wrong to feel scorn for a criminal?

**Alan Shore:** This sentence goes beyond scorn, Your Honor. And I have known my client for years. He is not a criminal.

**Judge Clark Brown:** I'm not at all interested in your opinion, Mr. Shore. You don't want the deal, go to trial. But if you lose, your defendant will go to prison, and deservedly so. Talk it over. You have 60 seconds.

**Alan Shore:** It's your call, Walter.

**Walter Mack:** I'll do it. In four hours, this will all be over.

**Same day, inside the hospital emergency room, Lori is talking to ADA Mark Wills in front of three police officers.**

**Lori Colson:** He says he got jumped on the way home.

**ADA Mark Wills:** You believe him?

**Lori Colson:** I have no reason not to.

**ADA Mark Wills:** Look, we had a robbery a few blocks away. A guy wearing a ski mask. Owner gets a shot off, hits the guy in the chest. Eleven minutes later, your guy shows up here.

**Lori Colson:** So did two other gunshot victims within the same 20-minute timeframe. Both young males. I asked. Michael Shea doesn't do stick-ups.

**ADA Mark Wills:** You don't know that. We ran his raps—prior assault, gun possession.

**Lori Colson:** Can I talk to you for a minute?

**ADA Mark Wills:** Yeah. **Lori motions him away from the officers to talk in private.**

**Lori Colson:** Okay look, I know this guy. We flipped him on that receiving case.

**ADA Mark Wills:** He was your informant?

**Lori Colson:** Yes. For over a year. He was a big help to us, Mark. I don't think he would do this.

**ADA Mark Wills:** Well, we're gonna know soon enough.

**Lori Colson:** Meaning what?

**ADA Mark Wills:** Hospital's under court order. When that bullet comes out, it goes to our lab. If the slug matches the store owner's gun, he's guilty.

**Same day, Alan Shores walks into the offices of CP&S and is met by Denny Crane, who starts walking with him.**

**Denny Crane:** You look upset. I can tell these things. I'm a people person.

**Alan Shore:** Ever appear before a raving loon named Clark Brown?

**Denny Crane:** Oh, many a time. Raving loon. 70 years old, still lives with his mother. What did he do to tick you off?

**Alan Shore:** Humiliated a client for reasons of pure bile and sport.

**Denny Crane:** Said there was a precedent for it. Cited a bunch of cases where the judges shamed the defendant.

**Alan Shore:** Right. How'd you know?

**Denny Crane:** Because the judge in all those cases –

**Alan Shore:** Judge Brown.

**Denny Crane:** Raving loon.

**Same day, inside the emergency room, where Lori Colson is talking to her patient at his bedside.**

**Michael Shea:** They want the bullet?

**Lori Colson:** Mm-hmm. That's why they're here—so they can match it against the store owner's gun.

**Michael Shea:** I don't feel so good.

**Lori Colson:** Will it match, Michael? What exactly am I dealing with here? **They are suddenly joined by a doctor with an x-ray.**

**Dr. Randall:** You're a lucky man, Mr. Shea. If that shot were six inches lower, I'd be talking to a corpse.

**Michael Shea:** So I'm not dying?

**Dr. Randall:** No, you're stable. Once we remove the bullet, you'll be fine.

**Michael Shea:** What if you don't?

**Dr. Randall:** Don't what?

**Michael Shea:** If you don't remove it? You just said I'm stable, right?

**Dr. Randall:** Well, for now. But that bullet could puncture your heart wall, Mr. Shea.

**Michael Shea:** Okay, well, I think I'll risk it.

**Dr. Randall:** What do you mean, you'll risk it?

**Lori Colson:** Uh, I need a moment with my client.

**Dr. Randall:** We have to get him up to surgery.

**Lori Colson:** One quick moment. Thank you. **The doctor leaves.**

**Michael Shea:** Okay, I'm sorry. I screwed up. It's big.

**Lori Colson:** Michael—

**Michael Shea:** Lori, you know my record. I'm on probation. They get me for this, I'm gonna go back. It's gonna be 30 years.

**The doctor rejoins them.**

**Dr. Randall:** We're out of time. This removal isn't optional.

**Lori Colson:** For us it is. Step back, please. My client doesn't consent to this procedure. And if you ignore his wishes, I'm afraid the consequences could be significant for this hospital, and you personally.

**Dr. Randall:** You can't be serious.

**Lori Colson:** Try me. You can patch him up. But that bullet stays where it is.

**Same day, Lori is talking to Paul, who is seated at his desk in his office.**

**Lori Colson:** I mean, it's a balancing test, right? Legitimate state interest in recovering probative felony case evidence versus the right to refuse invasive and potentially deadly surgery. I can argue it. Maybe even win.

**Paul Lewiston:** But?

**Lori Colson:** But am I suppose to use all of my legal skills so Michael Shea can leave a bullet in his body and die from it?

**Paul Lewiston:** Now, the doctor didn't say he would necessarily die, right?

**Lori Colson:** He said the bullet could puncture the heart wall. What are you saying? That it's all right to walk around with a nine-millimeter slug in your chest?

**Paul Lewiston:** Well, as you know, my policy is to always remove bullets immediately after I'm shot. Lori, is your client competent?

**Lori Colson:** I suppose.

**Paul Lewiston:** Is he being clear in communicating his wishes to you?

**Lori Colson:** Yes.

**Paul Lewiston:** Have you vigorously presented alternative courses to him?

**Lori Colson:** Paul, I've done all of those things. Legally, I'm covered. Am I doing the right thing?

**Paul Lewiston:** You're doing what your client wants within the bounds of the law. End of inquiry.

**Tara Wilson is descending the stairs at CP&S and Lori meets her.**

**Lori Colson:** Oh, Tara. There you are. Listen, I need some help.

**Tara Wilson:** I just emailed you. I went through the transcript and found at least seven places where Sapchek had misrepresented himself.

**Lori Colson:** Uh, no. New case. My client has a bullet in his chest and doesn't want it out. The D.A. will be arguing as to reasonable search. We need to show otherwise.

**Tara Wilson:** There's a bullet in his chest, and he doesn't want it out.

**Lori Colson:** It ties him to a crime and 30 years of prison. As soon as you can.

**Same day, in a run-down part of town, Walter Mack is talking to a court officer in front of his Green Street property.**

**Court Officer:** Again, Mr. Mack, I'm here as a court officer to verify your compliance. As you know, it is Judge Brown's order that you are to walk a distance of 50 feet, turn, retrace your steps, and turn again, and so forth for four hours. Do you understand?

**Walter Mack:** I understand.

**The court officer takes a large "sandwich board" and slips it over Walter Mack's head. The whiteboard says "I am a slum lord" in huge magenta letters. Bystanders are laughing and taunting him. "Go on, then." "Well. Well. Well."**

**Tenant #1:** No! Oh, ain't that cute.

**Tenant #2:** Yeah. (*looking at Mack's sign*) Tell us something we don't know.

**Tenant #3:** Take a look at this.

**Tenant #4:** Hey, you know who that is? That's Walter Mack. Lookin' good Walt! Nice sign! He's sportin' it, bro. **They're both laughing.**

**Tenant #3:** Hey, put a little sumpthin-sumpthin into it. C'mon. Smile, Walter!

**Heckling and jeering continues as a couple people chant "march, march, march."**

**Tenant #1:** Ooh! That evil look!

**Tenant #2:** Pink is your color. Sidney Poitier wannabe.

**Same day, inside Judge Christine Wilcox's courtroom. Lori is sitting at a table with Tara, across from ADA Mark Wills.**

**ADA Mark Wills:** We need the bullet, Your Honor. We can't prove our case without it. We're entitled to retrieve it.

**Lori Colson:** Retrieve it? Nice euphemism. Judge, they want to take a knife and slice open my client. This is a patently unreasonable search.

**ADA Mark Wills:** It is not unreasonable. Read the cases. The court has to apply a balancing test.

**Judge Christine Wilcox:** What exactly am I balancing, Mr. Wills?

**ADA Mark Wills:** The risk and intrusion to the defendant against society's interest in solving this crime.

**Lori Colson:** The risks, Your Honor, are significant. We're talking about cutting the skin, extensive probing, retracting the tissue—

**ADA Mark Wills:** Oh, come on. You have the doctor's statement. In his words, this is a simple procedure.

**Judge Christine Wilcox:** You must admit, Miss Colson, the law doesn't protect defendants from all intrusions. The state can, for example, take blood from a drunk driving suspect.

**Lori Colson:** Taking blood is a minor intrusion. This is a surgery under general anesthesia where there are tangible, foreseeable risks. Cardiac arrest, hypocapnea, hypotension—

**ADA Mark Wills:** Yeah, all of which are *hypothetical* at best. Look at the statistics. He's not in danger.

**Lori Colson:** Your Honor, this is over the line. They want to drug my client until he is unconscious. Then they want to cut him open.

**ADA Mark Wills:** It's a small incision. Recovery is minimal.

**Lori Colson:** If we can force people onto an operating table so the State can troll for evidence, the Fourth Amendment means nothing.

**Judge Christine Wilcox:** Sit. Sit. Mr. Wills, other than this bullet, do you have anything at all to connect Mr. Shea to this crime?

**ADA Mark Wills:** Uh, no, Your Honor. But this entire line of arg—

**Judge Christine Wilcox:** Well, I suppose I could find probable cause based solely on the nature and timing of Mr. Shea's wound, but that wouldn't be enough.

**ADA Mark Wills:** If I could just be heard—

**Judge Christine Wilcox:** You *were* heard. The depth and location of the wound, the use of general anesthesia, the potential of nerve damage, cardiac arrest, however small, the risks are real. I find that kind of intrusion unreasonable.

**Same day, inside a jailhouse, Alan is being let into a jail cell by a security guard.**

**Alan Shore:** What's wrong? What happened?

**Denny Crane:** There's nothing wrong.

**Alan Shore:** Denny, you're sitting in a jail cell. Something has happened and something is wrong.

**Denny looks away from Alan, and thrusts out his arm, holding a piece of paper, which Alan takes and reads.**

**Alan Shore:** "I have been arrested for solicitation." **Denny looks humiliated.**

**Later that day, outside of Mr. Mack's Green Street property, where he is still pacing with the sandwich board. People are still shouting and jeering.**

**Tenant #1:** You know we got no hot water, Walter.

**Tenant #2:** My mother's 83 years old. For a solid week she had to walk six flights to go outside!

**Walter is now surrounded and penned in by the crowd that has gathered to jeer at him.**

**Walter Mack:** (to court officer) What do I do?

**Court Officer:** Okay. Okay, folks. Why don't we all just take a step back and give the man some room?

**Walter Mack (on his cell phone):** Alan, it's Walter Mack.

**Tenant #2:** Oh, he's calling somebody!

**Walter Mack:** You've gotta help me out. It's not safe out here. **He looks up to see a couple of guys on the fire escape above him.** There are a couple of guys that look like gang members who said they were gonna—

**One of the guys on the fire escape throws a glass bottle, hitting Walter on the head. Glass breaks and Walter falls to the ground. The crowd continues to jeer. "Nice shot." The court officer bends over to check on Walter. He's on his cell phone.**

**Court Officer:** I need an ambulance. 142 Green. Send the police now.

**Same day, inside Denny's jail cell.**

**Alan Shore:** Denny, I have an emergency of my own now. A client has been attacked. I need to get going, so you have to tell me what has happened and you need to do so quickly. Denny, please.

**Denny Crane:** There are two things I hoped to experience in my lifetime that I was sure I never would. The first was the Red Sox winning the World Series. Then when that happened, I thought "By God, I should experience the other."

**Alan Shore:** The other being a hooker?

**Denny Crane:** No. I didn't know she was a prostitute. The other was sex with a one-legged woman.

**Alan Shore:** I beg your pardon?

**Denny Crane:** My father, God rest his soul, told me the best sex he ever had was with one-legged women. Something about positional play. I don't know. I've always wondered. So there I was driving down the street, and I saw her. A woman with long, flowing hair...an incredible, magnificent limp. So I pulled the car over. I said, "Excuse me, madam. Do you have a wooden leg?" And she said, "Why? Do you have one at the moment?" I smiled and I said, "As a matter of fact—" And she said, "I'm expensive." So I told her I'd buy her a trip to Belize, first class. She pulled out her badge and arrested me. Both her legs were real. **Alan stifles a chuckle and Denny looks at him indignantly.**

**Same day, Denny and Alan are sitting inside a judge's chambers.**

**Judge:** You thought she had one leg?

**Denny Crane:** A trip to Belize is a fair and square deal, Bill. Hell, if I had a nickel for every woman I promised to marry in exchange for sex—actually, I do.

**Judge:** I'm supposed to believe this? Your father told you your best sex was to be had with amputees. You saw this woman limping and you were simply overcome?

**Alan Shore:** You're leaving out the most important factor, Your Honor.

**Judge:** Which is?

**Alan Shore:** The Red Sox. For years, many years, they have, at one time or another made each and every one of us insane. Last October, when they lost the seventh game to the Yankees, crime went up in this city. It's already been predicted we'll have a flood of August babies next year from celebration-induced pregnancies. The Red Sox make us lose ourselves. And in the wake of that team giving us what our hearts have yearned for all our lives, our parents' and grandparents' lives, we have fallen victim to a delirium that makes us believe anything, *anything* is possible. Including, but not limited to the notion that God put a fetching, one-legged woman in this man's path to commemorate the end of a wretched, horrid curse.

**Denny Crane:** You know me, Bill. I have hookers all the time. They come to my house. Why would I pull over to the side of the road?

**Judge** (incredulous): Go. Beat it.

**Alan Shore:** Thank you, sir.

**Denny Crane:** Buy you a drink, counsel?

**Alan Shore:** I'd love to, but I have to tend to some business with a much less reasonable judge.

**Denny Crane:** Thank you, Bill. Who's your daddy?

**Still same day, inside the hospital emergency room, Lori Colson is helping Michael Shea put on his shirt. Michael groans in pain.**

**Lori Colson:** Sorry.

**Michael Shea:** So, uh, I'm not under arrest?

**Lori Colson:** No. Without the bullet, the D.A. doesn't have enough to charge you.

**Michael Shea:** Thanks.

**Lori Colson:** Listen, Michael—

**Michael Shea:** Okay, wait. Don't—don't say it. You're disappointed in me. Think I don't get that?

**Lori Colson:** I'm sure you do, but I don't understand why—

**Michael Shea:** Look, I tried. Okay, Lori? This might come as a shock to you but there's no entry-level office training program for felons, okay? The only work out there for me is cleaning toilets. So if you're gonna lecture me now—

**Lori Colson:** I wasn't about to do that. I just wanted to say that—

**Michael Shea:** What?

**Lori Colson:** I don't want you to die. I've known you for a long time, and I like you. I don't want you to die.

**Same day inside Alan's office, he's putting papers into his briefcase when Tara walks in. She sits in a chair.**

**Tara Wilson:** What are you doing now?

**Alan Shore:** Going to raise a ruckus. Care to join me? **Alan is putting on his coat.**

**Tara Wilson:** No thanks.

**Alan Shore:** Do you want something?

**Tara Wilson:** Nothing.

**Alan Shore:** Tara, clearly you want something.

**Tara Wilson:** I just came to tell you that we won our motion, which is fabulous. Our client gets to keep a bullet in his chest, and he's probably gonna die. But a victory is a victory, right?

**Alan Shore:** You really think he's going to die?

**Tara Wilson:** The thing is in his chest. The doctor said if it isn't removed—

**Alan is opening a little black book and righting something on a post-it note.**

**Alan Shore:** Self-imposed death sentence in order to avoid a prison sentence. The irony is palpable.

**Tara Wilson:** I agree. And yet he is stuck.

**Alan Shore:** **(handing her the post-it note)** Or not.

**Tara Wilson:** And this is?

**Alan Shore:** A discretionary option.

**Same day, inside Judge Clark Brown's chambers.**

**Judge Clark Brown:** My deputy gave me a full report. Needless to say, I'm outraged.

**Alan Shore:** That's refreshingly humane of you.

**Judge Clark Brown:** I don't follow.

**Alan Shore:** Perhaps I don't follow.

**Judge Clark Brown:** I was quite explicit in my order. Four continuous hours in front of the building. Your guy barely lasted 20 minutes.

**Alan Shore:** At which point, he was attacked with a glass bottle, sending him to the emergency room with a gaping wound in his head.

**Judge Clark Brown:** Do you know what my mother would call you? A namby-pamby. Weak and spineless. Belly-aching about some trumped-up medical excuse. Well, your guy's in violation of his sentence.

**Alan Shore:** Your Honor, is something not registering? Walter Mack was attacked. Next time it could be considerably worse.

**Judge Clark Brown:** If you're so worried, take an extra marshal. But I want him back out there today, or the plea agreement is tossed. Is *that* understood?

**Alan Shore:** It is not. Not at all. **Alan turns and walks out.**

**Judge Clark Brown:** Good-bye, Mr. Shore.

**Same day, Lori is talking to Paul in his office.**

**Lori Colson:** I don't know what to do. I feel so helpless.

**Paul Lewiston:** What about Alan Shore?

**Lori Colson:** What about him?

**Paul Lewiston:** He's been known to accomplish things. Maybe you should seek his help.

**Brad Chase enters the doorway.**

**Brad Chase:** You're not going to find him. Oh, Alan Shore is taking Judge Brown before a disciplinary panel.

**Paul Lewiston:** When?

**Brad Chase:** Now.

**Paul Lewiston:** Excuse me. **Paul grabs his coat and quickly leaves.**

**Same day, inside the courtroom of the disciplinary panel.**

**Chairwoman Nora Lang:** This is highly unusual, Mr. Shore. Seeking to discipline a judge for imposing a sentence your client agreed to.

**Alan Shore:** I suspect we'd all agree to a good beating in order to avoid a prison sentence. But, Your Honors, we're not in Singapore.



**Chairwoman Nora Lang:** Still, given his consent—

**Alan Shore:** He didn't consent to land in a hospital bed with a concussion and 12 stitches across his skull. And now, astonishingly, Judge Brown expects him to go back for more.

**A door closes and Paul comes into the courtroom.**

**Paul Lewiston:** Pardon the interruption, Your Honors. Paul Lewiston of Crane, Poole and Schmidt. A word with my colleague. **(to Alan, in a low voice)** Stop this now.

**Alan Shore:** This doesn't concern you, Paul. You should leave immediately.

**Paul Lewiston:** I am afraid Mr. Shore has inadvertently overstepped his authority in regard to this matter. Pursuant to a signed letter of retention Walter Mack is, in fact, a client of our firm, not Mr. Shore specifically.

**Alan Shore:** That's ridiculous. I have personally represented Walter Mack for years.

**Paul Lewiston:** Crane, Poole and Schmidt bears no ill will toward Judge Brown whatsoever. Nor do we seek to second-guess his sentencing of our clients.

**Alan Shore:** And yet here I am, both second guessing and bearing ill will.

**Paul Lewiston:** Alan, you are out of line.

**Alan Shore:** You interrupt my hearing and accuse me of being—

**Chairwoman Nora Lang:** Gentlemen. Gentlemen! Next time I suggest you settle on a position before convening an emergency panel. We are adjourned.

**Everyone is leaving the courtroom. Judge Brown walks up to Alan.**

**Judge Clark Brown:** In my courtroom, with your client, tomorrow, namby-pamby.

**Same day, inside CP&S, Alan Shore is returning, and Paul Lewiston meets him in the hallway.**

**Paul Lewiston:** It's not my habit to ambush colleagues in the middle of a proceeding. But you gave me no choice, Alan. I cannot allow an associate to declare war on behalf of this firm. Certainly not against a highly influential jurist.

**Alan Shore:** I'm giving notice. I believe two weeks is standard. Now step aside, Paul, before I push you to the ground and go to the bathroom on you.

**He walks away and gets on the elevator as Michael Shea is getting off of it. Michael Shea walks up to the receptionist. He's sweating.**

**Michael Shea:** Lori Colson?

**Receptionist:** She's out of the office.

**Michael Shea:** I gotta see her. You gotta call her. Please.

**Tara sees him and comes up to him.**

**Tara Wilson:** Michael? Are you all right? You look awful.

**Michael Shea:** I'm thinking that maybe we can get some kind of plea? Is it too late?

**Tara Wilson:** I don't know, but Michael we've gotta get you to a hospital.

**Michael Shea:** No. Hey, no. I won't. Okay? I will die first. **He starts to slump to the floor.**

**Tara Wilson:** Michael. **(she tries to catch him).** Michael, sit down. **She helps him to a chair.** Sit down. Stay there.

**Michael Shea:** Okay.

**Tara runs into her office, grabs the post-it note out of a folder, grabs her jacket and leaves.**

**The next day, inside Judge Clark's courtroom.**

**Judge Clark Brown:** I don't see a defendant, Mr. Shore.

**Alan Shore:** I'm sure we can drum one up. The building is teeming with them.

**Judge Clark Brown:** I believe I made myself clear. But perhaps an order of contempt will help move things forward.

**Alan Shore:** Your Honor, if I could be berated in just a moment, might we first take care of one brief ceremonial matter? Your mother has been waiting ever so patiently.

**Judge Clark Brown:** Excuse me?

**Alan Shore:** **(pointing to a woman in a wheelchair in the galley)** Is this lovely woman not your mother?

**Judge Clark Brown:** Mother! What are you doing in my courtroom?

**Alan Shore:** I was obviously thrilled to find her available to attend this long-overdue presentation which I am honored to make on behalf of the entire Bar Association Subcommittee on Judicial Excellence. To the Honorable Clark Brown, jurist, scholar and humanitarian. May I approach?

**Judge Clark Brown:** You may not.

**Alan Shore:** I think I will. Many congratulations.

**Judge Clark Brown:** I take it this is your horrific penmanship.

**Alan Shore:** It is. But in my defense, I was driving to court at the time.

**Judge Clark Brown:** And I suppose you think presenting me with some cockamamie award you invented is going to help your case.

**Alan Shore:** The award is for your mother, Judge. As for my case, as I see it, you can hold me in contempt, you can send my client to prison, you can dream up elaborate and humiliating sentence ad infinitum but unfortunately nothing that you do will negate the ego-crushing, utterly emasculating effect your mother clearly has on you as I must confess she had on me after a mere 20 minutes. It was all I could do to resist dining and ditching the woman. Obviously your issues with Esther, oedipal or otherwise can't help but inform your appetite for shame and humiliation. And it's entirely understandable. But you're smarter than your mother. You're stronger than your mother. Show the old battle-ax one can be powerful and yet still be fair and just. My client, Walter Mack, has suffered enough. Let him fix his building and move on with his life. Move on with yours. You're a judge. You have all the power.

**Judge Clark Brown:** Get away from my bench!

**Alan Shore:** Yes sir. **Alan goes back to his table and stands.** You have ignored a direct order of the court. I expect a handwritten letter of apology delivered to my chambers by end of day. As for your client, he will complete the repairs as listed on the plea agreement in one week's time. If he complies to the last detail, I shall spare him any further consequences.

**Alan Shore:** Thank you sir.

**Judge Clark Brown:** Well, you're dismissed. Next matter.

***That night. Inside an operating room. A doctor in blue scrubs is talking to Tara.***

**Dr. Kodash:** It was my second coke bust, but somehow Alan got it kicked to misdemeanor possession. No time served. Lost my license to practice. Could've been a lot worse, though.

**Michael Shea, laying on a gurney, is coming to and realizing where he is.**

**Tara Wilson:** Everything's gonna be fine, Michael. You passed out in my car. You're gonna be fine.

**Michael Shea:** I told you no hospitals.

**Tara Wilson:** Actually, we're not at a hospital. Um, not exactly. This is Dr. Kodash, he's a friend of my colleague's.

**Michael Shea:** Yeah?

**Tara Wilson:** Michael, he's very discreet.

***Suddenly you hear dogs barking. Tara looks behind her, and there are cages of dogs and cats lining the wall.***

***Alan enters CP&S and walks to his office. Paul sees him and glares. When Alan gets to his office, Denny is sitting there in a chair.***

**Denny Crane:** Tell me about the raving loon.

**Alan Shore:** State bird of Minnesota, actually.

**Denny Crane:** I heard about your run-in with Paul Lewiston. Did you really threaten to pee on him?

**Alan Shore:** Forgive me, Denny. I'm not in my usual good humor.

**Denny Crane:** He never wanted you here from day one. That in mind, you can leave and give him the victory he's aiming for. Or you can stay. Your very presence torturing him, hour after hour, day after day. That's what I do. **He turns to leave and stops at the door.** For the record, I hate sentiment. But before you got here I was beginning to loathe this place.

**Lori Colson sitting at her desk. Tara enters.**

**Tara Wilson:** Hey. I couldn't find you last night. Everything all right?

**Lori Colson:** Fine. I left the hospital and was too depressed to work so I went home and took an extraordinarily long bath.

**Tara Wilson:** Well, you missed some excitement.

**Lori Colson:** Oh?

**Tara places a tiny plastic bag containing the bullet on Lori's desk. Lori stares at it.**

**Tara Wilson:** You're not interested as to how I came upon this?

**Lori Colson:** I have a pretty good idea.

**Alan is alone smoking a cigar on the balcony. Lori comes to the doorway.**

**Alan Shore:** Oh dear. Am I in trouble?

**Lori Colson:** Let me guess. You send my client to a mob doctor working in the backroom of some underworld casino you frequent. **Alan chuckles.**

**Alan Shore:** I'm sorry to say the reality is far less colorful, but I applaud your imagination.

**Lori Colson:** You're amazingly inconsiderate, you know that?

**Alan Shore:** I do. How does it show?

**Lori Colson:** I have known Michael Shea for five years, Alan, and as ridiculous as it sounds, he's somebody I happen to care about. You don't even know him.

**Alan Shore:** We could all have lunch, if you'd like

**Lori Colson:** You sent him off to commit yet another crime.

**Alan Shore:** There's no crime, Lori. Just a bullet. Turn it in if you want.

**Lori Colson:** Of course I'm not gonna do that. But I shouldn't even be in this position. And Tara shouldn't either. Why would you corrupt her like that?

**Alan Shore:** Tara's a grown up, capable of making all sorts of grown-up decisions.

**Lori Colson:** Don't be glib with me. Tara adores you. Of course she's gonna follow your lead until one day she slips up, somehow blows it, and her career is over.

**Alan Shore:** And yet here I sit, years of evildoing under my belt, and still a happy camper.

**Lori Colson:** I suppose you're the exception. But to what end? I mean, you conspire to conceal evidence? You take on a judge to help out a slumlord. You know, sometimes you're in the right, Alan. But other times it seems like you just can't control yourself. I think you're lost. **She leaves.**

**Denny's in his office drinking scotch with a cigar sticking out of his left ear. Alan knocks at his door, enters, and pours himself a scotch.**

**Alan Shore:** Am I lost, Denny?

**Denny Crane:** Depends what you're looking for.

**Alan Shore:** Lori Colson thinks I'm lost.

**Denny Crane:** Screw her. Have you?

**Alan Shore:** That's impolite talk, Denny. Everything okay?

**Denny Crane:** Oooh. I'm the one that's lost, Alan.

**Alan Shore:** How so?

**Denny Crane:** Empty, I should say. All my life I wanted the Red Sox to win the World Series. It was like a quest, you know? Something burning inside. And now the bastards have done it. And I feel like—I don't know—like my pilot light went out.

**Alan Shore:** I know what you mean. We've been comfortable aspiring to championship. I don't know how comfortable we are as champions.

**Denny Crane:** What do we do now?

**Alan Shore:** I don't know.

**Denny Crane:** Must be awful rooting for the Yankees. **Alan laughs.**

**Alan Shore:** Listen, Denny. Would you do me a favor?

**Denny Crane:** Name it.

**Alan Shore:** Friend of mine. She's wanted to meet you. She's here now. You sure you don't mind?

**Denny Crane:** No, bring her in.

**Alan Shore:** Sarah. **A woman wearing a long, floor-length dress walks in, with a noticeable limp.**

**Sarah:** Hello, Denny. Denny looks at her in amazement.

**Alan Shore:** Solid ash. The same wood they use to make Manny's bat.

**Denny Crane:** You're a corrupting influence.

**Alan Shore:** Yes, I've been told. ***Louis Armstrong's I Get Ideas starts playing in the background.***

**Denny Crane:** Sarah, join us for a drink?

**Sarah:** I'd love to.

**Denny Crane:** Toast, to us, to love, but most of all---

**Alan Shore:** To the Boston Red Sox.

**Sarah:** The Red Sox. ***Alan kisses her on the cheek and leaves Sarah and Denny alone.***

**Denny Crane:** Is it really made of ash?

**Sarah:** I think so.

**Denny Crane:** Give you any trouble dancing?

**Sarah:** Not a bit.

**Denny Crane:** Maybe we could go dancing later.

**Sarah:** I'd love that.

***Credits.***