

Boston Legal
A Greater Good
Season 1, Episode 9
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Courtroom #1

Mr. Milner: It is also my expert opinion that the document analysis is reliable as these handwriting samples are comparatively similar.

Attorney: I see. Ah well, would you go into more depth . . .

Lori Colson: I am so bored.

Brad Chase: Shhh.

Lori Colson: I need to get back to the office. I have so much work to do on the Meyers case.

Mr. Milner: The sample provided on the top contains the same content as the original on the bottom. Namely, they are both the subject's signature. No pun intended. *chuckles* Namely.

Attorney: So, Mr. Millner, can we . . .

Lori Colson: This is actually killing me. Part of me is dying.

Brad Chase: Shhh.

Bomber: I have a bomb.

A chorus of gasps.

Lori Colson: This is better.

Bomber: Remember me, Judge? Fifteen to twenty for aggravated manslaughter? Well, I got out today. And you know what? I'm still aggravated!

Brad Chase arises, and approaches Bomber.

Bomber: Sit down.

Brad Chase: Do you mind? We're trying to conduct a trial here.

Bomber runs over to the witness chair, and grabs Mr. Milner by the jacket.

Bomber: Get over here!

Mr. Milner whimpers.

Bomber: D—did you hear me? I said I had a bomb!

Brad Chase: No, you don't. And here's why. A—You said manslaughter, which means that you didn't have the guts for murder one the first time around.

Bomber: What?

Brad Chase: B—If you're clever enough to make that aggravation joke, you're clever enough to know that threatening to have a bomb carries a much lesser sentence than actually wearing one. C—That coat is fairly svelte. And D—If you really had a bomb, you wouldn't need to have a hostage. Would you?

Bomber: I do have a bomb.

Brad Chase: Come on. We've got two more expert witnesses to get through by lunch. **To Mr. Milner:** I'm assuming you could speed through your testimony just to keep up with our schedule.

Mr. Milner: Uh, huh.

Bomber: You sit down, or I'll blow this thing!

Brad Chase: You don't have a bomb.

Bomber: Yes, I do!

Brad Chase: No, you don't.

Bomber: Yes, I do!

Brad Chase: Prove it.

Judge Morgan Baker: Mr. Chase, perhaps . . .

Brad Chase: I was a hostage negotiator as a Marine. This man does not have a bomb.

Bomber: I—I do too!

Brad Chase: You're interrupting, sir.

Judge Morgan Baker: Mr. Chase . . .

Brad Chase: Show me the bomb.

Bomber: I'll blow this thing.

Judge Morgan Baker: Mr. Chase.

Brad Chase: Show it to me. **starts to walk toward Bomber**

Bomber: I'm not gonna show you.

Brad Chase: **now right in front of Bomber** I didn't think so.

Bomber: Huh? Fine.

Bomber opens his trench coat and reaches in, as Brad Chase slugs him, knocking him out cold. Judge arises to watch Brad Chase open the trench coat to reveal a large, home-made bomb strapped to his chest and abdomen. A chorus of gasps, including Judge Morgan Baker, who collapses into his chair.

Brad Chase: What do you know?

[credits]

Denny Crane's Office

Denny Crane: What's that thing?

Alan Shore: **wearing a Christmas tree star topper with multiple flashing light modes on his head** It's an ornament. Christmas tree ornament.

Denny Crane: Can't go to court like that.

Alan Shore: Of course not. **worried smile** You okay, Denny.

Denny Crane: **sighs** It's this case. It seems like I've done nothing else but work on it for the last three weeks.

Alan Shore: What in particular about the case is bothering you?

Denny Crane: I don't know what it's about. I—it's . . . well . . . If you, say, were going to briefly describe it to someone who was clueless, what would you say?

Alan Shore: I'd say we represent a big drug company.

Denny Crane: Yes. That's the part I like.

Alan Shore: Then, I'd say they're being sued by a woman who claims she was wrongfully removed from the company's clinical trial of a potent new diabetes medicine.

Denny Crane: That's where I lose track.

Alan Shore: Special pills make woman happy. Company take pills away. Woman sue to get back on special pills.

Denny Crane: Got it.

Martin Jeffries: **entering** Denny.

Denny Crane: Martin. Hey. **shaking his hand** Martin. You remember Alan Shore.

Martin Jeffries turns to Alan Shore just in time to see the Christmas star blinking.

Alan Shore: It's an ornament. I head the office cheer committee.

Martin Jeffries: Since I received no late-night call last night, I assume we didn't settle.

Denny Crane: We informed your in-house counsel.

Martin Jeffries: I like to hear things from you. I feel I have a direct relationship with you.

Denny Crane: We didn't settle.

Martin Jeffries: I don't really understand this. Every legal opinion I've gotten says the merits fall one-sidedly in our favor.

Alan Shore: Legal opinions only go to the law, Mr. Jeffries. I had opportunity to view the plaintiff's videotaped deposition. She comes off as an extremely sympathetic and likable person.

Martin Jeffries: And?

Alan Shore: You don't. Our fear, and the plaintiff's hope is that the jury will like her and feel for her pain, and attempt to alleviate said pain with millions and millions of your dollars.

Martin Jeffries: I was under the impression I hired attorneys who could employ reason and intellect to offset the emotion inuring to the plaintiff's favor. Did I hire the wrong law firm, Mr. Shore?

Alan Shore: Certainly not, sir. You've hired the best.

Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Lori Colson: Paul. **showing him a DVD-ROM** The Meyers age discrimination case—we just got the DVD-ROM delivered. Sixty five hundred pages of McNamara documents. Every useless document they could dump on here.

Paul Lewiston: Well, they're probably not ready and this is meant to slow us down.

Lori Colson: Right. And they want to force us to ask for a continuance because they know Judge Simmons won't give them any.

Paul Lewiston: Well, we won't be asking for one. Uh, Miss Heep? Uh, Miss Wilson? We have a trial next week. Lori will fill you in. I want you to pore through this document. The likelihood is it contains nothing relevant but we can't take any chances. Lori will tell you what to look for.

Sally Heep: I'm sorry. Um, can you get somebody to take my place on this, please?

Paul Lewiston: You have something else more pressing?

Sally Heep: No, but I prefer not to work on this case.

Paul Lewiston: Why not?

Sally Heep: It's personal.

Paul Lewiston: You are making it professional.

Sally Heep: I'm—I'm—I'm just not—I—I—I'm uncomfortable working with Tara.

Paul Lewiston: Because?

Sally Heep: I used to sleep with Alan Shore, and now she does.

Tara Wilson: *pointing at Lori Colson* And she wants to.

Lori Colson: I do not!

Lori Colson's Office

Lori Colson opens the door and waves Tara Wilson in.

Lori Colson: How dare you make a remark to one of *the* most senior partners of this firm that I want to sleep with another associate here? Even if I did want to sleep with Alan Shore, which I assure you I do not, but even if your remark was truthful, it would not make it any less inappropriate.

Tara Wilson: You're right. I apologize.

Lori Colson: Do you bear some ill will towards me?

Tara Wilson: No. I suppose I regressed to the childish defense that everybody else is doing it.

Lori Colson: But I'm not doing it, Tara. I'm not sleeping with Mr. Shore, which you very well know.

Tara Wilson: I only said you wanted to. And again, I apologize. My remark was, as you say, completely inappropriate, however accurate.

Tara Wilson exits, Lori Colson mocking her last words as she leaves.

Courtroom #2

Marybeth Hewitt: I've had type II diabetes since I was 25. It's been the same medicines pretty much the whole time.

Atty. Greg Montero: And when you were invited to participate in a clinical trial of SV113, what did your daily regimen become?

Marybeth Hewitt: I took one pill in the morning when I woke up.

Atty. Greg Montero: That's all?

Marybeth Hewitt: That was it. I had more energy. I was even losing weight. And no more needles. It was a godsend, until they took it away.

Atty. Greg Montero: And how did that happen?

Marybeth Hewitt: My doctor told me that the company had kicked me off the test. He said that I had broken the rules of the trial, but I didn't. I didn't do anything wrong.

Atty. Greg Montero: And after you were taken off the test?

Marybeth Hewitt: My health deteriorated again rapidly.

Atty. Greg Montero: Can you tell us your prognosis today?

Marybeth Hewitt: I'm dying. I've got probably five to six years, unless something changes drastically.

Alan Shore: What reason did the company give for removing you from the SV113 study?

Marybeth Hewitt: Noncompliance. But I complied.

Alan Shore: You're a heavy smoker. Is that correct, Mrs. Hewitt?

Marybeth Hewitt: I quit.

Alan Shore: When did you quit, if I may ask?

Marybeth Hewitt: A week before the study.

Alan Shore: Just like that? Two packs a day, cold turkey?

Marybeth Hewitt: My life depended on it.

Alan Shore: Some of the doctors and clinicians, uh, smelled cigarette smoke on you during your exams.

Marybeth Hewitt: My husband's a chain smoker. It was his smoke they smelled on my clothes.

Alan Shore: Amazing. You smoked two packs a day, you live with a chain smoker, and you're able to just quit, cold turkey.

Atty. Greg Montero: Objection.

Judge Dale Wallace: Sustained.

Alan Shore: Mrs. Hewitt, 177 million people in the world have diabetes. This drug study is the only way to get SV113—the drug you yourself called a godsend—approved for sale. 177 million people are counting on you to follow the rules, Mrs. Hewitt.

Marybeth Hewitt: Which I did.

Alan Shore: With the stakes being so enormously high, with some 70 thousand people dying every year from diabetes, with a desperate need to develop a drug that can save those lives, you realize how important it is for my client not to take any chances, don't you?

Marybeth Hewitt: I followed all the rules.

Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Denny Crane: All in all, I don't think she hurt us.

Alan Shore: She hurt us. I saw the jury. How badly she hurt us . . . Where's our expert?

Denny Crane: Should be waiting in the conference room.

Alan Shore: I'll meet you there.

Denny Crane: Sally. May I offer you one little piece of advice?

Sally Heep: Okay.

Denny Crane: You're an extremely beautiful young woman.

Sally Heep: Thanks for the tip.

Denny Crane: That's not the advice. The advice is be on the ware of lecherous senior partners who are looking for the slightest excuse to plant a big wet one on you.

Sally Heep: Excuse me?

Denny Crane: They lurk. And when beautiful women such as yourself stand under the mistletoe . . .

Sally Heep looks up at the mistletoe installed at the top of the doorway under which she is standing.

Alan Shore: **grabbing Denny Crane before he can make another move** Let's go meet our expert, Denny.

Denny Crane: Mm, boy. I had the blood flow going.

Alan Shore: No doubt.

Conference Room at CP&S

There is a beautiful woman in high heels serving herself water while waiting.

Denny Crane: Dr. Gerard?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Yes.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane; single. Alan Shore.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: **holding out her hand to shake Alan Shore's** Hello.

Alan Shore: Very nice to meet you.

Alan Shore and Denny Crane nod at each other knowingly.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Well, should we get started?

Alan Shore: We should. I'm afraid it's gonna be a very long night. I'll need to go over every inch of you with a fine-tooth comb. **flustered** I beg your pardon. Your testimony. I'll need to go over your testimony with the comb.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Where are we going to do this?

Denny Crane: Right here.

And a little peacock fight breaks out, as the "boys" elbow each other behind their backs, until Dr. G looks at them. Then, they look rather well-behaved, and Alan Shore tucks his right hand into his jacket, the height of decorum, as usual, while Denny Crane smiles charmingly.

The Buddha Bar

Tara Wilson: **talking on her cell phone** It's not my case, Renee. It's Lori's. I have no idea where she is. Hang on. **To Brad Chase:** Do you know where Lori is?

Brad Chase: No. I gotta run. I got that dinner thing.

Tara Wilson: Oh, go.

Brad Chase: Need a ride anywhere?

Tara Wilson: No, thanks. My car's in the garage. All right, so what's the big emergency? Well if you have him on the phone, then ask him.

Atty. Barr: **also talking on his cell phone** I don't want anything. I'm offering. Since we turned over that CD last second, we won't oppose a continuance if you people want it.

Tara Wilson: Say you need to page Lori, ask if she can call him later, and then get his cell phone number.

Atty. Barr: Yeah, that'll be great. My number's (617) 555-0194. Thanks.

Tara Wilson: Well, well, well.

Atty. Barr: Can I get a beer?

Tara Wilson takes her beer glass with her, walks toward AD Atty, and bumps into him, pouring the beer on him.

Tara Wilson: Oh!

Atty. Barr: Oh! Fantastic.

Tara Wilson: Oh, I'm terribly sorry.

Atty. Barr: It's okay.

Tara Wilson: **helping him wipe the beer off his clothes** How embarrassing. I'll pay for the dry cleaning. I assure you.

Atty. Barr: It's okay, really.

Tara Wilson smiles, laughing lightly.

Conference Room at Crane Poole & Schmidt

Alan Shore: So, besides Ms. Hewitt, there were 56 other people removed from the study?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: For a drug of this magnitude, we have to be extremely cautious.

Alan Shore: But what motivated your caution?

Dr. Amanda Gerard looks evasive.

Alan Shore: Please tell me it was more than a hunch. After all, these people do suffer from a crippling, life-threatening disease, Doctor.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: As do I.

Alan Shore: I'm very sorry.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: I understand the promise of a drug like this on a very personal level, Mr. Shore. But if it endangers people . . .

Alan Shore: How does it endanger people? How are these 57 people endangered by SV113? Fifty-seven—that's an exceptionally large number of people to purge, isn't it, Doctor? How were these people endangered?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: They weren't. Marybeth Hewitt and the 56 others were on a different drug. It was a slight variation from SV113 that we had only begun to investigate.

Alan Shore: These people, they knew they were on this other drug?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: No.

Alan Shore: So you gave an experimental, unapproved drug to 57 people, and told them they were taking something else?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: But as soon as we became aware of the side effects . . .

Alan Shore: The headaches?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: **thinking before talking** There was onset of acute liver damage at about 6 weeks. There was one prior subject who went first, and complications . . . Please don't look at me as if . . .

Alan Shore: What could possibly have impelled you to delude these people?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: You can't understand.

Alan Shore scoffs.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: It takes years to get a drug approved. And when you spend your life . . . I thought—the company thought that we had the next polio vaccine . . . or penicillin.

Alan Shore: Except your penicillin turned out to be a poison.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: But as soon as we discovered it, the company shut the study down. That's why Mrs. Hewitt was taken off the drug she thinks was SV113—to prevent liver failure.

Buddha Bar

Atty. Barr: So you're a therapist?

Tara Wilson: *De facto* therapist. I'm really a flight attendant. But everybody tells me their problems.

Atty. Barr: Oh, do you solve them?

Tara Wilson: I do, actually.

Atty. Barr: Well, tell me mine.

Tara Wilson: I'm sorry?

Atty. Barr: My problem. What am I lamenting at this very moment?

Tara Wilson: I'm embarrassed to say, actually.

Atty. Barr: Uh, uh. I insist. Tell me.

Tara Wilson: You're wishing your girlfriend looked like me.

Atty. Barr: Uh, keep going.

Tara Wilson: You hate your job.

Atty. Barr: Which is?

Tara Wilson: I want to say accountant. But I'm gonna to say lawyer.

Atty. Barr: **rolling his eyes and laughing** Oh.

Tara Wilson laughs.

Atty. Barr: Am—am I that obvious?

Tara Wilson: I meet lawyers all the time. They fly a lot. They're constantly in distress over all the horrible things they have to do for their horrible clients. What are you working on right now?

Atty. Barr: A horrible case for a horrible client.

Tara Wilson laughs.

Atty. Barr: It's, ah, age discrimination.

Tara Wilson: Mm. Plaintiff or defense.

Atty. Barr: Defense.

Tara Wilson: Ooh, bad boy.

Atty. Barr: Mm, hmm. Indeed.

Tara Wilson laughs.

Conference Room at Crane Poole & Schmidt

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Whistle-blower?

Alan Shore: Yes. Now, there are all sorts of protections to avail yourself of, should you decide you . . .

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Hold on a second. You're advising a witness to turn state's evidence against your own client?

Alan Shore: I am.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Look. I was the one who pushed the study. I was the one who put those people on that drug.

Alan Shore: And I suspect you were motivated by the drug's promise, while your employer was motivated by greed.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Can't you get disbarred for advising me to . . .

Alan Shore: Undoubtedly. And should you lose your license, we could run off to Bali together and become bartenders.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: My life is here, in medicine.

Alan Shore: Yes. And you are in a unique position to remind your employer they, too, are in the business of medicine, not simply profit. You need to blow the whistle. And what's more, you want to.

Denny Crane's Office

Denny Crane is playing piano and singing "It's a Holly Jolly Christmas."

Denny Crane: "It's a holly jolly Christmas, best time of the year. I dunno if there'll be snow, but have a cuppa cheer. It's a holly jolly Christmas, and when you walk down the street, say hello to friends you know, and everyone you meet." **sees Alan entering** Hey!

Alan Shore: Denny?

Denny Crane: Set to go?

Alan Shore: What are you doing?

Denny Crane: Oh, there's an office Christmas party next week. I do a number. It's good for morale. Helps get me laid. Are we off to court?

Alan Shore: Actually, I have a feeling court won't be going forward today.

Denny Crane: What do you mean? Did something happen? Was I in the room when it happened?

Alan Shore: It seems our client is guilty of a little noncompliance as well. The actual test that . . . We represent big drug company.

Denny Crane: I'm with you.

Alan Shore: Big drug company tell patients they take one pill while slipping them another.

Denny Crane: You know this how?

Alan Shore: Evidently, our expert witness comes armed not only with details but a conscience. She told me. I believe she plans to tell the F.D.A.

Denny Crane: Ohh. Whistle-blower. **comes around the piano to the couch on which Alan Shore is sitting** Did you tell her to whistle-blow?

Alan Shore: I might have mentioned it.

Denny Crane: Do you know how much this client is worth to this firm and to me personally?

Alan Shore: Nuts. I knew there was something I forgot to consider.

Denny Crane: Where is this woman?

Alan Shore: Hopefully with the U.S. Attorney by now.

Assistant: Oh, I'm sorry, uh, Mr. Shore, there's a Dr. Gerard waiting in reception.

Denny Crane: Send her in.

Alan Shore: That's all right. I'll go and greet her.

Denny Crane: Send the woman in here.

Alan Shore: Here's good.

Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Tara Wilson is exiting the elevator.

Lori Colson: Oh, Tara. We have a pretrial conference set on McNamara at two. How are you and Sally doing with the stuff?

Tara Wilson: Remember the document that said McNamara was incorporated in "nineteen efficiency-three"? We thought it was a typo?

Lori Colson: Yeah.

Tara Wilson: Well, code broken. They had a plan called the "Forty Factor," which was designed to phase out workers who were 40 and older.

Lori Colson: And replace them with younger employees who would cost the company less.

Tara Wilson: Right. They actually described the plan in memoranda which were archived on the company's hard drives.

Lori Colson: Gotta love the hubris.

Tara Wilson: But they then got nervous and did a search and replace to substitute the word "efficiency" for "forty."

Lori Colson: And "nineteen forty-three" became "nineteen efficiency-three."

Tara Wilson: Exactly.

Lori Colson: How did you find this out?

Tara Wilson: I had drinks with opposing counsel last night. Quite a talker.

Lori Colson: Wait a second. He admitted this to you?

Tara Wilson: Well, actually, he admitted it to a flight attendant. He didn't know that I was an attorney for the other side.

Lori Colson looks shocked.

Tara Wilson: We're not smiling. Why are we not smiling?

Lori Colson: Tara, we can't use this information.

Tara Wilson: I beg your pardon?

Lori Colson: You tricked another attorney into violating privilege. You can't do that.

Tara Wilson: Last week, you impersonated a doctor.

Lori Colson: Uh! First, that was different. Second, the stakes were life and death.

Tara Wilson: Lori!

Lori Colson: And third, I was wrong. In retrospect, I would never do it again.

Tara Wilson: Well, we have the information, Lori. So if it's a matter of ethics, we absolutely have to tell the client that we have it.

As Tara Wilson takes a bite out of her muffin and goes into her office, Lori Colson sighs, and walks away.

Denny Crane's Office

Dr. Amanda Gerard: I just don't think I can do it.

Alan Shore: Because?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Alan, these people have been very good to me for 10 years.

Alan Shore: Now, by “people,” you mean these corporate people who jeopardize public health and safety on a massive scale in order to line their pockets?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: They were convinced we had a possible cure based on my representations. I would as soon blow the whistle on myself rather than . . .

Alan Shore: Do that then.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: And what good would come of it? Really?

Denny Crane: May I express a thought? I so rarely get one. And I should preface this by admitting that I’m so far up the ass of big business, I view the world as one giant colon. You’re right to prioritize loyalty, Doctor. Loyalties count for something.

Alan Shore: Denny, please don’t . . .

Denny Crane: I’m speaking, Alan. Doctors like science, right? They do the math. Well, do the math on whistle-blowing. Nice concept in theory. Appeals to the altruistic inner self and all that.

Alan Shore starts to object.

Denny Crane: But whistle-blowers end up penniless and ostracized. This thing’ll take years to get to court, while your life will be ruined tomorrow.

Alan Shore: Denny, I . . .

Denny Crane: And if Alan Shore suggests that you won’t get hurt far worse than your company, he’s lying.

Paul Lewiston: *opens the door, stepping in* What’s going on?

Alan Shore: Our client is violating at least a half a dozen criminal laws by secretly testing an unapproved drug—which causes liver failure, by the way—on unwitting human guinea pigs. Dr. Gerard is considering whether to go public. I’m for it, Denny’s against. Do you have a vote? You seem like a man with a scintilla of morality.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Alan, my vote’s the only one that counts, and I’m not going public.

Alan Shore: You say that as if you have a choice, Doctor. You see, the only way our client wins here is with your testimony. So, the clerk will swear you in. You’ll take an oath to God, but as a scientist, you are bound to an even higher standard. To believe in God, all you need is faith. To believe in science, you need to see the truth. You need to speak the truth. Am I right? If asked certain questions under oath, you will answer truthfully, because that’s who you are.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: You don’t know me. And you would never ask me questions that would torpedo your own case.

Alan Shore: Ah. It seems it’s you that doesn’t know me.

Dr. Amanda Gerard picks up her coat and purse and exits.

Alan Shore: Isn’t it exciting?

Lori Colson’s Office

Brad Chase: It’s absolutely unethical, Tara, for God sakes!

Tara Wilson: Please don’t lecture me.

Brad Chase: Hey! There’s nothing wrong with a lecture when it’s called for. Attorneys at Crane, Poole & Schmidt do not go undercover as stewardesses to circumvent privilege. It is fraud. It is wrong. It is dishonest. It holds every member of this firm up to disrepute.

Lori Colson: Breathe.

Brad Chase: And what’s more, it hurts other clients at this firm—mine, Paul’s, Lori’s.

Tara Wilson: How?

Lori Colson: Breathe.

Brad Chase: *stage breath* Our reputation for fair dealing is at play at every settlement conference, every motion, every trial. If that reputation is compromised, the stain runs to all cases, not just the . . .

Lori Colson: Breathe.

Brad Chase: Will you stop telling me to breathe! I know how and when to breathe!

Tara Wilson: This is about Alan Shore. This is about some not-so-latent hostility . . .

Lori Colson: You’re out of line!

Tara Wilson: You’re out of line! You fancy the pants off Alan Shore, so as long as we’re preaching honesty, let’s be truthful about that.

Lori Colson: You know something, Tara. This does involve Alan. What happened in that bar last night? You heard opposing counsel on his cell phone, you sensed an incredible opportunity, and you asked yourself, “What would Alan Shore do?” and you likely did what he would’ve done.

Tara Wilson: Oh, and you’ve never done that—say, last week?

Lori Colson: No, I did. And as I said, I was wrong. That's all. You can go.

Tara Wilson: **arising** What are you gonna do?

Lori Colson: Haven't decided.

Tara Wilson: Well, you can't not use the . . .

Lori Colson: I haven't decided, Tara. You're dismissed.

Tara Wilson exits.

Brad Chase: **loosening his tie** Well, I'm sorry I lost my cool. But you handled that perfectly.

Lori Colson: Thank you. Did that have anything to do with Alan?

Brad Chase: How does he do it? No matter what I do, no matter what anyone else does, it's always about Alan.

Lori Colson: **laughs** It's just a question.

Brad Chase: I should be the example for the young associates around here, not him.

Lori Colson: Well, Tara's Alan's girlfriend.

Brad Chase: Why is that? I mean why is she interested in him? I ask you.

Lori Colson: Do you fancy Tara, Brad?

Brad Chase: No, I'm just speaking in general terms. All the women here . . .

Lori Colson: Yeah, you keep saying, "all the women," but, who specifically, Brad?

Brad Chase: Look, you're missing the point.

Lori Colson: Okay. And the point is?

Brad Chase: I diffuse a human bomb. Does anyone say, "Oh, are you okay, Brad?" Or "Nice job saving lives, Brad." No. It's "Tara circumvented privilege because she's sleeping with Alan."

Lori Colson: I'm the only one talking about Tara and privilege. Is this about me? We're buddies, Brad. Talk to me.

Brad Chase: Okay. I'd like to be more than buddies. I don't bring it up because I sense it's something that you're not interested in pursuing.

Lori Colson: Okay.

Brad Chase: Is it something you'd like to pursue?

Lori Colson: Um. No.

Brad Chase: Right. Anyway, you handled the meeting well.

Denny Crane's Office

Alan Shore: You surprise me, Denny. I thought you'd be with me on this.

Denny Crane: There's a deeper principle involved here, Alan.

Alan Shore: Which is?

Denny Crane: Fishing. There's a fishing lodge in British Columbia. It's called Nimmo Bay. Best fishing lodge in the world. In the Great Bear Rain Forest.

Alan Shore: How does this lodge affect . . .

Denny Crane: Want to buy it. Costs lots of money. If I lose this client, I might not be able to buy it.

Alan Shore: You have plenty of money.

Denny Crane: Yes, to buy other things. This case, this client is earmarked for this fishing lodge.

Alan Shore: Well, if I can't convince you, I guess I can't convince you.

Denny Crane: Alan, I'll ask Dr. Gerard the questions this afternoon.

Alan Shore: I've prepared the direct.

Denny Crane: I'll ask her the questions.

Alan Shore: I'm questioning the doctor.

Denny Crane: No, you aren't.

Alan Shore: Yes, I am.

Denny Crane: No, you aren't.

Alan Shore: Yes, I am.

Denny Crane: No.

Alan Shore: Yes.

Denny Crane: No.

Alan Shore: Yes.

Paul Lewiston: **entering** This time I will cast a vote. Let me make this simple for you, Mr. Shore.

Alan Shore: Please call me Alan. I feel we've grown close.

Paul Lewiston: You will be present in court at the table because your sudden absence would send a strange message to the jury that might compromise our case, but Denny will ask the questions. If you attempt to ask the witness anything at all, you will be fired.

Alan Shore: There's a legal term for this. Ah, yes. Oo-oo-oo-oo.

Paul Lewiston: This is not puffery on my part, Mr. Shore. I have spoken with other senior partners. We are in agreement. The votes are in. If you attempt to undermine our case in any way, your employment will be terminated.

Alan Shore: In that event, I will go to cable.

Paul Lewiston looks at Denny Crane, who gives him a stage wink.

Alan Shore: Denny, you and I should go open our own firm.

Denny Crane: I'll ask the questions, Alan.

Alan Shore: I'll leave you with this one last thought then. Denny Crane.

The Law Library at Crane Poole & Schmidt

Brad Chase is paging through a law book.

Lori Colson: Hey.

Brad Chase: Hey.

Lori Colson: The lawyer from McNamara, the guy Tara duped—he'll be in here at two. I've summoned Tara as well. I'll try to iron things out a little.

Brad Chase: That's good.

Lori Colson: If you could make it, then . . .

Brad Chase: Fine; 2 pm.

Lori Colson: Would you mind looking at me for a second?

Brad Chase turns away from the book and looks up at Lori Colson.

Lori Colson: You and I have a big murder trial scheduled for next week. Are we gonna be okay?

Brad Chase: We're fine.

Lori Colson: Do you plan to speak to me in Marine Talk forever?

Brad Chase: No, sir, sir.

Lori Colson: You're a great guy. You're a smart guy, an attractive guy. Any girl would . . .

Brad Chase: Meeting's at two.

Lori Colson: Right. Two.

Brad Chase goes back to his book, and Lori Colson exits.

Courthouse

Denny Crane and Alan Shore are entering the building at the metal detector.

Alan Shore: Do you even know what to ask?

Denny Crane: Did she examine the plaintiff? Does she feel the plaintiff complied with the study protocol? She'll answer yes or no, we'll get in a bunch of rhetoric about the need for safeguards, and we'll go on to cheesesteak.

Alan Shore: And you can live with yourself. **successfully passes the screening, and walks away, smiling knowingly**

Denny Crane: Denny Crane.

Now Denny Crane steps through the metal detector, and the alarm sounds. Alan Shore smiles and keeps walking.

Security Guard: Arms out, please.

The security guard runs the wand over Denny Crane, and it sounds, also. Denny Crane pulls an ice pick out of one of his pockets.

Denny Crane: Oh, this isn't mine. Why would I be carrying around an ice pick?

Security Guard: Please empty out all your pockets, sir.

Denny Crane: Alan!

Alan Shore is walking away, turning down another hallway.

Security Guard: You'll need to open your briefcase, sir.

Denny Crane: Do you know who I am?

Security Guard: You'll need to open your case.

Denny Crane opens his briefcase to find a very large knife and a picture of himself with Saddam Hussein waving a rifle.

Denny Crane: Alan!
Security Guard: Can you step this way, sir?
Denny Crane: What? Are gonna check my shoes for bombs?
Security Guard: Sir, it's a federal offense to joke about possessing explosives at a security checkpoint.
Denny Crane: I've gotta get upstairs.
Security Guard: Take off your shoes, sir.

Courtroom #2

Martin Jeffries: Where's Denny?
Alan Shore: He got held up. Not to worry.
Judge Dale Wallace: Mr. Shore, are we ready to proceed?
Alan Shore: We are, your Honor. The offense calls Dr. Amanda Gerard.
Dr. Amanda Gerard reluctantly rises, walking to the witness stand.
Alan Shore: We're at the part where you swear under oath.
Fire alarm.
Judge Dale Wallace: Okay, let's evacuate in an orderly fashion, please.
Alan Shore is sniffing the air and smells not smoke, but a big fat Denny Crane rabbit.

Courthouse Hallway

Security Guard: **putting the fire alarm switch back in the "off" position** It is against the law to pull fire alarms, sir.
Denny Crane: My hand slipped. Tell Judge Wallace in Division 3, I need to see him in his chambers now.

Judge Wallace's Chambers

Judge Dale Wallace: What kind of nonsense is this? You put an ice pick in his pocket and a picture of Saddam Hussein? You pull a fire alarm?
Denny Crane: We're at odds as to how to proceed with the witness.
Judge Dale Wallace: Yes. I heard that. You're supposed to be adults, for God's sake. You're lawyers. And on the same side at that!
Alan Shore: Your Honor, there are unusual circumstances in play. I'm interested in truth and justice. My colleague favors a fishing lodge.
Judge Dale Wallace: Look, I don't give a damn what your differences are. First off, your firm is fined \$50,000.
Denny Crane: What?
Judge Dale Wallace: Second, whatever either of you do in that courtroom, you both get held responsible. You understand me? Third, Mr. Crane, since you're the named partner, and it is your client, I'll let you have the floor.
Alan Shore: Your Honor, I have prepared . . .
Judge Dale Wallace: You will keep your mouth shut, Mr. Shore! Now, let's get back inside.

Conference Room at Crane Poole & Schmidt

Tara Wilson enters to find Lori Colson, Brad Chase, and Atty. Barr preparing to start their conference.
Lori Colson: Please have a seat, Tara.
Atty. Barr: Tara. All right, what's—what's going on?
Lori Colson: We have a situation, Mr. Barr. Tara is an attorney who works for this firm. Thinking she worked for the airlines, you gave her information about an efficiency factor employed by your client. This would be considered privileged information.
Atty. Barr: I never revealed who my client was.
Lori Colson: Oh, we already knew who the client was.
Atty. Barr: Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
Lori Colson: Both you and Miss Wilson—that's her real last name—Wilson—both you and she have committed serious violations. **To Atty. Barr:** You would likely lose your job and get a suspension. **To Tara Wilson:** You would get worse. It would be in the best interest of all if this situation didn't become public. My problem, as Tara correctly points out, is having the information. I have an obligation to at least tell my clients, who undoubtedly would elect to use it. But I also have an obligation to safeguard privilege, even when it's on the other side, so, as I've said, we've got a situation. Where we last left off in settlement discussions, our number

was 3.2 million. Yours was 2.1. The deal probably makes somewhere in the middle. My proposal to you, Mr. Barr, is we settle it at three.

Atty. Barr: Well, I don't think I could ever sell it.

Lori Colson: You sell it by telling your client and colleagues that the opposing side knows about the efficiency factor. We've broken the code. How we found out, we won't reveal. That protects you. It protects Tara.

Atty. Barr: And you profit from her deception.

Lori Colson: We profit somewhat from her deception, combined with your stupidity. But if we really wanted to exploit this, we'd go to trial and tell a jury, which, technically, I should advise my clients to do. Yes, our side profits some. Your side gets off with a pretty mild number, given the smoking gun. And you two get off with your careers. Now, if you have a better proposal, I'm listening.

Courtroom #2

Alan Shore is sitting in second chair; Paul Lewiston enters and sits in the visitor's gallery.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: It wasn't just my determination, but the consensus of all the treating doctors. Mrs. Hewitt was smoking.

Denny Crane: And others were excluded too, right?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Yes, 56 others. It is common to weed out subjects as you go along in order to protect the integrity of the study.

Denny Crane: And this was all about the integrity of the study?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Yes.

Denny Crane: I believe you. You strike me as an honest woman. Do you believe in God, Doctor?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: I do.

Denny Crane: "God is my witness." That's what it says in the oath. I like to think God watches over me, too, except, of course, in the privacy of my bedroom committing lewd acts.

Judge Dale Wallace: Mr. Crane!

Denny Crane: Uh, you're a scientist, right, Doctor? You believe in facts, the truth?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Yes.

Denny Crane: Good. Will you tell the court exactly why Marybeth Hewitt was removed from the trial of SV113?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: I just did.

Denny Crane: You said smoking. The plaintiff obviously believes that to be a pretext. I'm asking you to declare one more time—before God, judge, Mr. Shore, me—the truth. Why was she taken off the study?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: She was taken off a different study.

Denny Crane: Excuse me?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Mrs. Hewitt unknowingly was part of a secret test involving a drug unapproved for study. When it was discovered that this drug caused liver failure, she and the 56 others on it were taken off.

Denny Crane: Ah, your Honor, this is obviously an unexpected development. I need some time to confer with my client.

Courthouse Conference Room

Denny Crane: I thought she'd stick to the story. I threw the biggest softball I could right down the middle of the plate. All she had to do was reemphasize it was smoking.

Martin Jeffries: What happens now?

Denny Crane: What happens now? The peat moss hits the fan, you lying bastard. We're dead.

Paul Lewiston: Did you elicit that testimony intentionally?

Denny Crane: What? Of course not! You know me, Paul. I'm not what I once was.

Courthouse Hallway

Dr. Amanda Gerard is walking toward the exit.

Alan Shore: Doctor.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Please don't say you're proud of me.

Alan Shore: They're going to bring criminal charges against you. How about if I say I'll defend you?

Dr. Amanda Gerard: Really? And what's my defense?

Alan Shore: You were misguided by the best and the worst of intentions. This will all be over with in a year.

Dr. Amanda Gerard: A year is too long. My liver is failing. I was the first subject. I began the trial ahead of the others. That's how we discovered the side effects. A year is too long for me, but thanks for the offer.

Balcony Scene

Denny Crane: "It's a holly jolly Christmas. It's the best . . . *readjusting his pitch* It's the best , , , it's the . . . oh, screw it. Mm. "It's a holly . . ."

Alan Shore: Nice performance today, Denny.

Denny Crane: I don't know what you're talking about.

Alan Shore: You could've ever so slightly tipped me off. Would've saved a lot of aggravation.

Denny Crane: Oh, please. If I had included you with so much as a wink, you'd be canned.

Alan Shore: We lost the client.

Denny Crane: Well, there are lesser fishing lodges.

Alan Shore: No repercussions from Lewiston?

Denny Crane: I'm Denny Crane. As far as he knows, I play it straight. You know, they can never tell whether I know what I'm doing or not.

Alan Shore: Yes. Can you tell?

Denny Crane: Not really. Every once in a while, just to keep 'em guessing . . . *putting his cigar in his right ear* . . . I stick a cigar in my ear. Do I look silly? Try it.

Alan Shore puts his cigar in his left ear.

Denny Crane: *sighs* We look good together.

Alan Shore: Yes, we do.

Notes:

IMDb lists Patrick O'Connor as "Expert Witness," and credits names him "Irwin Middleman," but he is clearly called "Mr. Milner" on the DVD, so that is the name used.

IMDb lists Benjamin (John) Parillo as "Andrew Forbes," but he is clearly called "Mr. Barr" on the DVD, so that is the name used.

IMDb lists Ben Bode as "Atty. Greg Montero;" the remaining unnamed attorney is the plaintiff's attorney in the drug study case, so that is the name used.