

Boston Legal

Gone

Season 2, Episode 9

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Transcribed by Imamess (Thanks to sueb of JSMP for the Italian transcriptions and translations.)

Alan Shore and Denny Crane are in bed. Sleeping. Alan turns over.

Denny Crane: In his sleep. Denny Crane. Denny Crane. Denny Crane.

Alan turns toward Denny, then gets out of bed and stumbles. He has a rope tied around his leg; the other end is tied to Denny. Alan tries to get up and stumbles again. He tugs on the rope.

Alan Shore: Hey! Hey!

Denny Crane: What the hell do you...

Alan Shore: Get up Denny. We're going to the bathroom.

Denny Crane: Untie the knot. ***He turns over.***

Alan Shore: It takes too long. Let's just...get up!

Denny Crane: I'm not getting up!

Alan Shore: It'll take two seconds. ***He tugs on the rope.***

Denny Crane: It's the middle of the night!

Alan Shore: Just get up!

Denny Crane: I'm not gonna get up.

Alan Shore: Dammit! Get up! ***He tugs violently at the rope. Denny is pulled out of bed on to the floor*** Happy?

Denny tugs on the rope causing Alan to fall on top of him. They lie there, face to face.

Denny Crane: This isn't working for me.

In a subway station Alan and Denny are coming down the stairs. They're both wearing shades.

Alan Shore: I was thinking if I developed some kind of a rip cord I could free myself with one little tug and you therefore wouldn't be inconvenienced by my nocturnal bladder.

Denny Crane: I've been sleeping with you a week. Haven't noticed one night terror.

Alan Shore: That's because I feel so comforted nestled in the safety of your bosom.

Randall Kirk: He's lying at the side of the building. Cha, change please?

Denny Crane: That's what this is all about, isn't it? My breasts.

Alan Shore: You're lactating. Admit it.

The homeless person gets up, picks up a rock and throws it. It hits Denny on the back of the head.

Randall Kirk: Hey! ***Alan and Denny turn back.*** Now if you don't wanna give me no change that's fine. But how about the courtesy of a response?

Denny Crane: You want a response? ***He pulls out a gun and shoots Kirk. He goes down.***

Alan Shore: Denny, what the hell do you...?

Denny Crane: Relax. Paint ball. ***Alan walks over to the man. The man has a glob of white paint on his forehead. Denny salutes Randall with his gun.*** Denny Crane.

Denise Bauer, Helena Perez and her son Tito Perez are walking in a store.

Helena Perez: You don't have to do this.

Denise Bauer: You've been telling for three days that I don't have to do this.

Helena Perez: It's just that a ...

Denise Bauer: It's your birthday present. I want to.

Helena Perez: A bedroom set is more than a birthday present.

Denise Bauer: Okay, could we just stop arguing about this?

Tito Perez: Can I get a toy?

Helena Perez: No. Tito. We're not here for toys.

Salesman: May I help you?

Denise Bauer: Ah. Yeah. We're looking for bedroom furniture?

Salesman: Second floor.

Denise Bauer: 'Kay.

Helena Perez: You know Denise, what I'd really like is a picture frame. **She picks up a picture frame from the counter.** Oh, this is beautiful.

Denise Bauer: We came here to buy a bed. We came here to buy a dress. Or we came here to buy lamps. We are not leaving here with just a picture frame. **She takes the frame out of Helena's hands.** Even though this is really beautiful.

Helena Perez: Can I buy you the picture frame?

Denise Bauer: You have a really hard time accepting gifts, don't you?

Helena Perez: A gift like a whole bedroom? Yeah.

Denise Bauer: Alright. Second floor, lady. Let's do it.

Denise turns to walk on. Helena turns around, her son isn't there.

Helena Perez: Tito! **Denise turns back.** Tito!

Denny Crane: Where is he?

Helena Perez: **She walks up to a salesman.** Have you seen my son?

Salesman. **He shakes his head.** Uh, uh.

Denise Bauer: He's gotta be here. He was here just a minute ago.

Helena Perez: Tito. Tito! **She's frantically looking around!**

Denise Bauer: **She jumps up on top of a counter, sticks her fingers in her mouth, whistles loudly and yells:** Hey! I'm looking for a little boy! Four years old. He's wearing a red and gray jacket and jeans.

Customers murmuring they haven't seen him.

Helena Perez: Tito!

Denise Bauer: Anyone!

Helena Perez: Tito!!!

Denise, Helena and Detective Sean Wilkins are watching the video tape of a surveillance camera. It shows a car, then a man holding a boy by the hand walks up to the car. Helena Perez gasps.

Detective Sean Wilkins: You sure that's him?

Denise Bauer: Positive. His name is Tito.

Helena Perez: **She's crying as she watches the man put the boy into the car.** He's gone. Oh, he's gone.

Denise Bauer: Did you get a plate number?

Detective Sean Wilkins: Partial.

Helena Perez: He has my son. He has my son!

Detective Sean Wilkins: Can I talk to you a sec?

Denise Bauer: Yeah.

They walk into another room.

Detective Sean Wilkins: The FBI will be assuming jurisdiction.

Denise Bauer: Which means what? You're off?

Detective Sean Wilkins: We're not off. This woman is?

They both look through a window into the other room.

Denise Bauer: My housekeeper.

Detective Sean Wilkins: Denise look. We know who took the boy.

Denise Bauer: You do?

Detective Sean Wilkins: Name is Joe Martini. Don't know where he is but the good news is we at least know who we're dealing with. Bad news is he kidnapped a five-year-old two years ago. The child turned up deceased. Mr Martini is a pedophile.

Denise Bauer: Does, does he have an address?

Detective Sean Wilkins: He drifts. Occasionally visits his brother. We've already sent some uniforms to question.

Denise Bauer: Why isn't this man imprisoned? If you know who did it...

Detective Sean Wilkins: He was arrested but we couldn't make the case.

In slow motion Randall Kirk is walking in the hall of Crane, Poole and Schmidt. From down the hall Denny sees him. They face each other.

Randall Kirk: Denny Crane?

Denny Crane: Denny Crane.

Randall Kirk: You shot me.

Denny Crane: I did.

Randall Kirk: You the big lawyer?

Denny Crane: I am.

Alan Shore: ***He comes up.*** What's going on?

Randall Kirk: I'll take you to court for assault, man.

Denny Crane: Sue me.

Randall Kirk: What? I wanna settle. Give me a hundred thousand dollars.

Denny Crane: Seems a little high. How about zip? Does that work for you?

Randall Kirk: I may be homeless but I ain't stupid.

Denny Crane: My mistake.

Randall Kirk: I'll be back. ***He leaves.***

Alan Shore: Denny, I could be wrong, but you might wanna think about settling this.

Denny Crane: You're absolutely right. You could be wrong.

Denise and Brad are in an office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Denise Bauer: Brad. The guy is a pedophile. The first forty-eight hours... They... If we don't...

Brad Chase: What are the police saying?

Denise Bauer: They know who he is; they don't know where he is. Apparently the FBI is all over it, but... this is an Hispanic kid. It's not like the news is gonna make a big deal of it. I hear that you have friends in the FBI.

Brad Chase: I do.

Denise Bauer: Can you help? Please? The first forty-eight hours.

Denise and Brad are talking to Special Agent Kevin Drummond in his office.

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: We think the brother knows where he is.

Denise Bauer: But?

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: He's not talking.

Denise Bauer: A... Can't you charge him with conspiracy? Aiding and abetting?

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: His only crime is being paternally related to the kidnapper. We can't exactly, uh...

Brad Chase: What about harboring a fugitive?

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: Ah. No evidence that the suspect was there after the crime.

Denise Bauer: So, what you're saying is you're nowhere?

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: Look. We're on this, so is the Boston PD, but ah... ***He looks to Brad.*** Take a walk?

Denise Bauer: You can talk in front of me.

Brad Chase: She's good.

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: Anything the FBI or police do, it's state action, we have limitations. What a private citizen does however, no poisonous fruit issues, no civil rights concerns...

Denise Bauer: A child is missing. If you could be a little less cryptic.

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: A lot of kids who live in cults for example, their parents hire PI's to basically kidnap them. Technically it's a crime. Are these parents ever prosecuted? No. Brad you yourself hired some PI's to do an intervention. Legally that was false imprisonment. Did we prosecute? No.

Denise Bauer: *To Brad.* Is he being less cryptic?

Brad Chase: Self help. *He gives her a 'go with it' look.*

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: That brother knows something. I know he knows something. If we weren't under such scrutiny we'd grab him ourselves and encourage him a little. *He takes a badge out of his desk drawer and throws it on the table.* I never saw you take that badge out of my desk drawer. *He throws another one.* Never saw you take that one.

Denise Bauer: Wait. Wait, wait. Are you suggesting that we impersonate FBI officials?

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: I would never suggest that.

Alan and Denny are walking in the hall at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Alan Shore: He's back?

Denny Crane: In the conference room. With a lawyer.

Denny Crane: *To Garrett who is walking by.* You! Kid!

Garrett Wells: Yes sir.

Denny Crane: Fix my tie. *Garrett does so.* Get in the conference room, sit there quietly. Pretend you know something. *To Sara Holt walking by.* You! You know my name?

Sara Holt: Yes sir.

Denny Crane: Maybe one day I'll know yours. In the conference room with the bluebird. No talking!

Alan Shore: Denny. Why don't I join you?

Denny Crane: Why not? Show of force. *To Paul Lewiston and Shirley Schmidt walking by.* Oh! Paul! Shirley! Join me in the conference room for a second, will you? Won't take long.

Shirley Schmidt: What's going on?

Denny Crane: Please.

They go into the conference room. Garrett and Sara are sitting down at the end of the table. Randall Kirk and his lawyer are also there. They both get up.

Denny Crane: Who the hell are you?

Warren Peters: Uh. My name is Warren Peters, sir. And I represent my client, Randall Kirk.

Denny Crane: You work for a firm? Warren?

Warren Peters: Well, actually, I'm a solo practitioner.

Denny Crane: Gee. As you can see I'm not. I work for a firm. One of the largest in Boston. Dripping with talent. This is Paul Lewiston. Right here beside him, Shirley Schmidt. Heard of them?

Warren Peters: Yes.

Denny Crane: What's my name?

Warren Peters: Uh. Denny Crane. I realize you're a powerful man sir, but that does not give you the right to shoot homeless people.

Paul Lewiston: You, you shot this man?

Denny Crane: With a paintball. It happens. Your client tell you that he first hit me on the head with a rock?

Warren Peters: Uh, he tossed a stone in your direction which inadvertently struck you.

Denny Crane: Well, obviously I'm not gonna pay you, son. So you can spend the next three years of your life in discovery, trying to push this case to court at which point I'll call the clerk who happens to be a friend of mine, I'm friends with lots of judges. Or, you can cut your loses now.

You might wanna think about this. No other lawyer would take the case. The reason they wouldn't take it is 'cause it's a money loser. It's what we call a dog. You like dog cases, kid?

Warren Peters: I'm not intimidated.

Denny Crane: Of course you are. Here's what you need to know about the practice of law, son. It all comes down to money. I've got it. He doesn't. I'll win. Denny Crane.

Denise and Helena are in an office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Helena Perez: Why aren't they doing anything?

Denise Bauer: They are, Helena. It's just...

Helena Perez: They could set up road blocks. Somebody's gotta do something.

Denise Bauer: The police are all over this. It's just, they don't know where this man is.

Brad, Smith and Wesson are in an office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Smith: I'm not risking arrest.

Brad Chase: The FBI has told me that won't happen.

Wesson: What about the police?

Brad Chase: As long as we don't cause any physical injuries we're okay.

Smith: Will this man be armed?

Brad Chase: We expect not. He has no record. No history of violence but be ready just the same. Now, hopefully he'll talk, but if not we got a room in the basement, looks just like an interrogation cell. We blindfold him, we take him there.

Denise comes in.

Smith: Brad. You're not gonna go all Mannix on us are?

Brad Chase: I never did that. I'll meet you downstairs. Let's go.

The two men leave.

Denise Bauer: Wha, what did he mean go all Mannix?

Brad Chase: When I was a kid my role model was sort of, Mannix. **Denise gives him a questioning look.** The famous private detective?

Denise Bauer: This a television character?

Brad Chase: I'll let you know how we do.

Denise Bauer: Whoa, whoa, whoa. I'm coming with you.

Brad Chase: No you're not.

Denise Bauer: Yes I am!

Brad Chase: There's no reason for both of us to risk our careers.

Denise Bauer: There is not way I am letting you do this alone.

Brad Chase: I have some experience that will make...

Denise Bauer: You are also up for full partnership.

Brad Chase: As are you.

Denise Bauer: But if I'm willing to take the risk?

Brad Chase: Why are we wasting our time? There's a child missing.

Brad leaves. Denise follows him. Out in the hall she sees Garrett.

Denise Bauer: Garrett! I need you. **He gives her a look.** To do research.

Garrett Wells: **He walks over to her.** Okay.

Denise Bauer: If a person breaks the law, or takes the law into his or her hands in order to save someone, say a kidnapped child? What is the exposure either civil or criminal? I need the answer ten minutes ago.

Garrett Wells: Got it.

He stands there smiling at her.

Denise Bauer: Go.

Alan and Denny are in Denny's office.

Randall Kirk: **He's standing in the doorway.** My lawyer dropped me.

Denny Crane: Bugger.

Randall Kirk: Did you think you've won?

Denny Crane: I do.

Randall Kirk: I'll find another one.

Denny Crane: No you won't. Nobody's going to make any money suing Denny Crane with a client who initiated the conflict by throwing a rock. But hey! If you can find another shark like the last one, you know where to find me. Only. Don't come in personally, okay, sport? I'll file a complaint for stalking.

Randall doesn't reply. After a moment he moves to leave.

Alan Shore: Mr Kirk. I'll represent you.

Randall Kirk: Is this a joke?

Denny Crane: Of course it is.

Alan Shore: No it isn't. I'll be your lawyer.

Denny Crane: I'm confused.

Alan Shore: You're right Denny. No other lawyer will take his case. So it's going to be me.

Brad, Smith, Wesson and Denise are walking down the hallway of an apartment building.

Brad Chase: Shock and awe, boys. Shock and awe.

Denise Bauer: Are we confident he's going to be here?

Brad Chase: He works nights. He's home.

They stand in front of a door. Brad knocks. The door is opened by Marissa Martini. They barge in.

Brad Chase: FBI ma'm, we're looking for Dominic Martini.

Dominic Martini: Ma che' state faciendo. Chi e'? Ma che' volete? (What are you doing? Who's that? What do you want?)

Marissa Martini: (unintelligible)

Brad Chase: **He grabs Joe by the lapels and throw him against the wall.** You're under arrest, for aiding and abetting in felony. Conspiracy to commit kidnapping.

Smith is restraining Marissa.

Dominic Martini: Non so niente! Non ho fatto niente! (I don't know anything! I haven't done anything!)

Brad Chase: **He throws Joe down on the floor.** Now tell us where your brother is!

Marissa Martini: Non gli fate del male. (Don't hurt him!)

Brad Chase: Shut up!! Anybody here speak Spanish?

Smith: I think it's Russian.

Denise Bauer: It's Italian! Senti, cerchiamo tuo fratello, Joe. Ha rapito un ragazzo di quattro anni. (Listen, we're looking for your brother, Joe. He kidnapped a 4-year-old boy.)

Dominic Martini: Non so niente. Lo gia' detto alla polizia. (I don't know anything. I already told that to the police.)

Denise Bauer: E devi sapere qualcosa e se non aiutarci ... (You must know something, and if you don't help us ...)

Dominic Martini: Non so niente! Giuro! (I don't know anything! I swear!)

Denise Bauer: Quando era l'ultima volta che era qui? (When was the last time he was here?)

Dominic Martini: Ma che' ne so? Alcune settimane fa. (How do I know? A few weeks ago).

Denise Bauer: E quando l'ultima volta che parlato con lui? (And when was the last time you spoke with him?)

Dominic Martini: Lo stesso, alcune settimane fa. (The same, a few weeks ago).

Denise shakes her head at Brad.

Brad Chase: Take him.

Marissa Martini: No! Domenico! Domenico! Portatelo qui! Portatelo indietro! (Bring him here! Bring him back!) Domenico!

Shirley, Brad and Denise at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Shirley Schmidt: Have you both lost your minds? Impersonating FBI officers?!

Denise Bauer: With the bureaus consent.

Shirley Schmidt: Officially?

Denise Bauer: No. But...

Shirley Schmidt: You've gotta be kidding.

Brad Chase: We're not gonna do anything crazy.

Shirley Schmidt: You already have!

Denise Bauer: Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: We are lawyers! We sue people. Occasionally we get aggressive and garnish wages. We do not abduct!

Denise Bauer: Denny shoots people.

Shirley Schmidt: **She sighs.** I would never have expected this. Not even from Alan Shore.

Denise Bauer: Shirley. I know this little boy. He was taken partly on my watch. I have to do whatever I could do. I don't care about the risk.

Shirley Schmidt: The firm will have nothing to do with this whatsoever.

Brad acknowledges this comment.

Denise Bauer: Understood.

Shirley Schmidt: From now on I don't even wanna know about it. You two are coming up for partner. There are two things you should constantly be aware of. Your actions reflect on Crane, Poole and Schmidt. What's the other thing?

Denise Bauer: You're Schmidt.

Shirley nods.

Brad and Denise are walking in the hall at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Brad Chase: Let me do the talking. All of it.

Denise Bauer: Why? Because you're Mannix?

Brad Chase: Denise.

Denise Bauer: **To Garrett walking by.** Garrett. What's the answer to my question? Short one.

Garrett Wells: Basically if compliance with the law would result in greater harm than breaking the law the defense of necessity justifies breaking the law.

Denise Bauer: I could kiss you. **Garrett nods.** But I won't.

Brad Chase: Let's go.

Denny and Alan are walking in the hall at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Alan Shore: It's not only about being against you. I'm doing this to help him.

Denny Crane: First of all, you're a lawyer.

Alan Shore: Well, if he waives the conflict.

Denny Crane: And second, you're a witness.

Alan Shore: Denny, look...

Denny Crane: We're friends.

Alan Shore: Yes. We are.

Denny Crane: And we're sleeping together!! **Denny is dismayed to realize several other people have overheard his loud comment.** I'm guarding you against night terrors and this is the payback I get?

Alan Shore: Look...

Denny Crane: No. I'm not gonna look. **He turns and walks off to his office.**

Alan Shore: **He follows Denny.** Denny.

Denny Crane: Get out.

Alan Shore: Why are you being such a bully? Your insurance company will undoubtedly pay.

Denny Crane: That's not the point.

Alan Shore: You shot the man with a gun between the eyes. You could have blinded him. You perhaps could have killed him. He deserves to be compensated.

Denny Crane: Well, he's not gonna be. You wanna take me to court?

Alan Shore: I certainly don't wanna go to court. **Denny doesn't reply.** Denny, I looked at that man, an indigent, sitting across from a roomful of us. Shirley, Paul, you, me. The rich! You know we've got thirty-seven million people in this country living below the poverty line. Thirteen percent of the American population! They don't get education, they don't get health insurance, for God's sake they don't even get rescued when they're dying!! I just... I feel compelled to help him. You must understand that.

Denny Crane: Helping the poor? Yes. Helping him get me? No.

Dominic is sitting in an interrogation room. His hands are tied behind his back. Brad and Denise come in. Denise closes the door.

Brad Chase: You're in a lot of trouble, my friend.

Dominic Martini: Non avete diritto di tenermi qui. Io non ho fatto niente! (You don't have the right to hold me here. I haven't done anything!).

Brad Chase: Spoke to your employer. He informed me you speak English. So I'll regard these protests in a foreign language as your first attempt to deceive the Federal Government.

Dominic Martini: I, I have rights. Sixth amendment. Counsel.

Brad Chase: A four-year-old child is missing. Your brother has him. I'd say that adds up to a bad day for your constitutional rights.

Dominic Martini: I don't know anything about...

Brad Chase: **He starts yelling.** Bad answer! **He kicks a chair violently.** You are gonna help me get this child back or arms are gonna get broken, ligaments severed, electrical devices might even get attached to testicals! And I don't mean mine! You know why I'm gonna get away with this, Dominic?! Because a four-year-old child is missing!!!

Dominic Martini: I don't know where my brother is.

Brad Chase: Think harder!!

Dominic Martini: I swear! I don't know where he is!

Brad Chase: Who does?!

Dominic Martini: I don't know!!

Brad Chase: **Calmly.** Now that response didn't seem very considerate, Dominic. **Dominic doesn't respond.** That's disappointing. **Still no response.** Get out, Denise.

Denise Bauer: Brad. I am...

Brad Chase: Get out please. Now.

Brad starts to take off his jacket. Denise leaves.

Brad Chase: **He folds his jacket and puts it on the table and slowly starts to walk around the table.** Time's up Mr Martini.

Dominic Martini: He sees a priest.

Brad Chase: Excuse me?

Dominic Martini: I know he goes to this priest. Maybe he knows something.

Brad Chase: What's the name of this priest?

Joe Martini: Father Michael Ryan. St Joseph. North End.

Brad, Denise and Special Agent Kevin Drummond are in Drummond's office.

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: He can't break the confessional seal. He's a priest.

Brad Chase: What about searching his office? Sometimes they keep records of confessions.

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: No judge anywhere that'll give us that warrant.

Nobody speaks.

Denise Bauer: What? What are you trying to not say now?

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: Well, if you guys are willing to keep going. Back in our more aggressive days we were known to use a phony warrant now and then. We, of course, don't, now.

He pulls out some papers. How the two of you managed to get one... **He throws the papers across the table towards Brad and Denise.** ...I'll never know.

Denise Bauer: **She thinks for a moment.** I don't know.

Brad Chase: We've gone this far.

Denise Bauer: Really? **He doesn't answer.** Really?

Brad Chase: Let's go.

Paul marches up to Denny.

Denny Crane: Whatever.

Paul Lewiston: It's made the news. It's out there that a senior partner of Crane, Poole and Schmidt assaulted a homeless man. **Denny turns a page in the book he's studying.** You have nothing to say?

Denny Crane: You heard what I said. Whatever.

Paul Lewiston: That's it? That's your response?

Denny Crane: You want a response? Watch it like everybody else.

Paul Lewiston: What do you mean, "Watch it. Like everyone else?"

Denny Crane: I'm going back on Larry King. Tonight

Paul Lewiston: What?

Denny Crane: You saw me the last time. I popped.

Paul Lewiston: First of all, the last time you at least victimized a despicable person. This time...

Denny Crane: Paul. The people wanna hear from me.

Paul Lewiston: Denny this could be a disas...

Denny Crane: **He lifts his hand to stop Paul.** Tivo me.

As Paul leaves he throws up his hands in frustration.

Brad and Denise are walking in a church.

Denise Bauer: We bark, Brad. No biting.

Brad Chase: **He crosses himself.** Got it.

Denise Bauer: Let's keep this under control.

Sister Mary Flagerty: **She walks up to them.** May I help you?

Brad Chase: Good morning, Sister. I'm Special Agent Robb of the FBI, this is Special Agent Beadle. How are you today?

Sister Mary Flagerty: The FBI has already been here.

Denise Bauer: Well, we're back. Where's Father Ryan?

Father Michael Ryan: **He comes down the stairway He's carrying a cat in his arms.** I'm Father Ryan and I've said about all I'm gonna say on this matter.

Denise Bauer: Please, Father. A little boy's life is at stake.

Father Michael Ryan: As I explained to your other agents, if I had communications, they would have occurred inside the confessional, and I would unfortunately be prohibited by canon law from revealing the content of such communications.

Brad Chase: Without revealing any specific exchanges, Father, could you tell us if you've been in receipt of any information pertaining to this abduction?

Father Michael Ryan: I'm afraid I cannot. **He starts to walk away.**

Brad Chase: We have a warrant, Father, authorizing us to search your office premises. Is this your office?

Father Michael Ryan: You can't be serious?

Brad Chase: Is this your office, Father?

Father Michael Ryan: Any records would also be sealed, subject to canon law.

Brad Chase: That you'd have to argue before a district court judge. I can tell you that we are not subject to canon law and we are authorized to conduct a search.

Father Michael Ryan: You will make no such search.

Brad Chase: We have a warrant, Father.

Father Michael Ryan: I don't care. I have documents pertaining to privileged relationships with parishioners. You're not going in there.

Brad Chase: Please step aside, Father. We have a warrant authorizing us to search and please do not make us arrest you for obstruction of justice.

Father Michael Ryan thinks for a moment.

Denise Bauer: We need to search your office, Father, and we need to do it now. Please!
The Father puts the cat down, goes over to the door, inserts his keys into the lock and turns the key to lock the door rather than unlocking it. He checks to make sure the door is locked, pockets the keys and places himself in front of the door.

Denise Bauer: One second. **She goes over to the fire extinguisher case in the wall and breaks the glass with her elbow.**

Father Michael Ryan: What are you doing?

Denise Bauer: **She takes out a large axe and goes over to Brad.** That door is worth a fortune. It was imported from Italy. Threaten to break it down. **She hands him the axe.**

Brad Chase: **He goes to the door. The Father is still standing in front of it.** Please step aside, Father.

Father Michael Ryan: Are you out of your minds?

Brad Chase: I will give you to the count of three. If you do not unlock it...

Father Michael Ryan: I'm calling the police.

Brad Chase: One...

Denise Bauer: Brad.

Father Michael Ryan: You can't come crashing in here...

Brad Chase: ...two...

Denise Bauer: Brad.

???: What's wrong with you?

Father Michael Ryan: Don't you dare.

Brad Chase: ... three... **He starts to swing the axe.**

Father Michael Ryan: **He place his hand in front to the door to guard it.** Okay!!

Brad has the axe already in motion. The axe hits the door. Three fingers fall to the floor. The Father grabs his hands. Three fingers are missing. He screams. Brad screams. Denise screams. The cat takes one of the fingers in its mouth and walks off. Everybody continues screaming.

A siren blares as an ambulance drives off. Shirley, Brad and Denise are waiting around outside the church.

Denise Bauer: The axe was already in motion. The priest just stuck his hand in there.

Shirley Schmidt: How many fingers?

Denise Bauer: Three. We recovered two. The cat ran off with the third.

Brad Chase: It was an accident. I just wanted to make him think that I was about to destroy the door.

Denise Bauer: It was my idea.

Brad Chase: He just stuck his hand out.

Denise Bauer: We're not being arrested if that's what your concern is.

Shirley Schmidt: Look. That's one of my concerns. That priest is going to be suing you and the firm for a number with a lot of zero's in it. Surely that's occurred to you.

Denise Bauer: We might have caught a break there. **She holds up some papers. They look like certificates of some sort.** From the priest's office.

Shirley Schmidt: What's this?

Denise Bauer: Papal Blessings.

Shirley Schmidt: Excuse me?

Denise Bauer: The Diocese sells Papal Blessings complete with the Pope's signature to the tune of thirty bucks a pop. These are counterfeit. The priest's got a printing press and a stack of these back there. He's bootlegging Papal Blessings to the tune of about six figures a year. We've got a rogue priest here.

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: Denise. Brad. A second? **Shirley walks away. Denise and Brad walk over to the Special Agent.** We found the third finger. I've got it here on ice. **He shows them a Ziploc bag with ice. A finger is lying on top.** Evidently if we get it over to the hospital they could still reattach it. I know it's a big favor to ask, but ah, would you deliver it?

Denise Bauer: Excuse me?

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: We've been kinda busy. By the way it would be wrong for you to stop by the priest's hospital room and use the finger to try to extort information out of him. The FBI could never do that, and I would never ask the two of you to do it. Even though the priest likely knows something that could help us. **He lifts the ice bag.**

Brad Chase: **He turns away.** I can't look at it.

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: Okay. It was just a thought. That I never shared.

Denise Bauer: Give me the finger.

Special Agent Kevin Drummond: Stays viable on ice for eighteen hours max. Again, I wouldn't want you to do anything inappropriate.

Denise Bauer: Give me the finger.

Alan and Randall are in the conference room with several papers in front of them.

Alan Shore: This is the general release. You'll need to sign there and initial there.

Randall Kirk: **He signs.** Okay.

Alan Shore: And initial here next to the confidentiality clause.

Randall Kirk: **He signs.** Okay.

Alan Shore: And that should do it. Here's the best part, your check. **He gives Randall a check.**

Randall Kirk: Oh my God! Seventy-five thousand dollars. Man, I ain't never seen this much money at once.

Alan Shore: Mr Kirk, I won't be so arrogant as to give you a life lecture, but however you came into your dire straits I hope you use this money productively to...

Randall Kirk: Oh. Don't you worry. Don't you worry about that. Don't you worry. **Alan gets up.** Whoa, whoa, hold on, hold on. This, this check came from you?

Alan Shore: It's an accounting thing.

Randall Kirk: But it's a personal check from you. Why?

Alan Shore: It's really of no concern.

Randall Kirk: I wanna know why.

Alan Shore: You deserve that settlement. I'm fortunate enough to be able to part with it. The truth is I can afford to value other things more than money. One such item being my friendship with Denny Crane.

Randall Kirk: But, why'd you represent me if you knew...?

Alan Shore: I suppose I thought I could prioritize principal over that friendship, but the reality is I can't. Which means you either accept this check from me or you get yourself another lawyer.

Alan is walking in the hall at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Paul comes up and walks alongside him.

Paul Lewiston: Well?

Alan Shore: Well, what?

Paul Lewiston: You were trying to settle Denny's case. Well?

Alan Shore: It's under control.

Paul Lewiston: And Denny? How do we get him under control?

Alan Shore: Yours?

Paul Lewiston: I'll settle for anybody's. Alan? The wagons are beginning to circle. He shoots a client in the knee. He celebrates it on the Larry King show before a live audience. He then shoots a homeless man with a paintball gun and plans to reprise his role on Larry King.

Alan Shore: What?

Paul Lewiston: Yes. He's been invited back. And why wouldn't he be? He got a seven share. But, the point is this firm isn't just Shirley and me, the other partners are getting fed up. One more embarrassment, God knows what he'll say next.

A gunshot is heard. Alan turns and sees Denny through a window. Denny is holding a gun and there's a glob of red paint on the window.

Alan Shore: I'll take it.

Paul sighs. Alan walks into Denny's office. Denny is aiming his gun at a poster of a young Jane Fonda.

Alan Shore: Why are you shooting Jane Fonda?

Denny Crane: Because I can't shoot you. You're my friend and friends don't hurt each other.

Alan Shore: Denny.

Denny Crane: **He shoots another glob of paint at the poster.** Jane and I used to... You know.

Alan Shore: You and Jane Fonda?

Denny Crane: Hmm. Lest we forget Barberella. Then she turned on me. Went red. They caught her in one of these communist bitch hunts.

Alan Shore: I think you mean witch hunts.

Denny Crane: No. I'm right on this one. **He shoots half a dozen shots at the poster.** Take that Hanoi Jane!

Alan Shore: Why are you going on Larry King?

Denny Crane: Because the American public wants to hear from me.

Alan Shore: No. They want to be entertained by shock and drivel. That's why that show is so happy to exploit you. There's only so much embarrassment the partners at this firm will stand for, Denny.

Denny Crane: What are they gonna do? Get rid of me? I'm the star of the show.

Alan Shore: Even so. Don't go on that program.

Denny Crane: Since when do you care whether this firm is embarrassed or not?

Alan Shore: I don't. I care about you. You've been a gigantic ass about all this. And if you're determined to be absurd, at least have the common sense, if not the decency, to keep it to yourself.

Denny Crane: Contrary to what you and the rest of the world think, I know exactly what I'm doing. **He walks behind his desk. As he's turning his gun goes off.**

Alan Shore: **He is sporting a glob of red paint on his chest.** Indeed.

In a hospital room a nurse is tending the bandaged hand of Father Michael Ryan. Brad and Denise walk in.

Nurse: I'm sorry no visitors, just...

Brad Chase: FBI. Out. **The nurse leaves. Denise closes the door.** Now, first of all I'd like to say that I'm glad to see you're doing okay. And secondly, I deeply apologize...

Father Michael Ryan: Why don't you save your apologizes for the trial?

Denise Bauer: **She looks to Brad, he nods for her to go ahead.** Father Ryan. We've discovered the counterfeit Papal Blessings and the printing press in your office. Your days as a priest are over should this become public. Joe Martini previously kidnapped and killed a five-year-old child. We know that this man regularly comes to you to seek absolution. He probably confessed his prior crime to you. Now he's taken another child. Maybe you know, maybe you don't, but this kid... this kid could still be alive. I don't care about the confessional seal or canon law. I want this boy. And if you care at all about this child or your future as a priest you will help us.

Father Michael Ryan: **He smiles smugly. He lifts his bandages hand. He looks at the hand then back at Denise.** Screw you.

Denise Bauer: **She sighs.** I know the clergy likes to speak hypothetically, so, if there was a child out there in a kidnapper's hands and something were to come into your possession that didn't rightly belong to you but you could use it to help save the child... **She reaches into her handbag and lifts out the Father's finger.** ...would you use it?

Father Michael Ryan: There's a three-room house in Rivier Beach, tiny. He keeps it under an alias Migel Rivera. That's all I know, I swear. Now give me back my finger.

Denise reaches into her handbag, takes out the bag of ice; drops the finger into the bag and hands it to the Father. They leave.

Denise Bauer: **She talking on a cell phone.** Three seven two nine. Yeah. Got it. Jump squad's on its way.

Brad Chase: Ask him if I can suit up.

Denise Bauer: You cannot suit up!

Brad Chase: I have paramilitary training.

Denise Bauer: Are you kidding? The liability alone. You've done enough as Mannix. **She's talking on the cell phone.** Yeah, I'm still here. Okay.

Brad Chase: We're gonna get there before them.

Denise Bauer: They told us to wait. **She presses the elevator button. Brad starts pacing. He looks at Denise.** Don't even think about it.

Denny is escorted into a television studio. Gracie Jane comes up to greet him.

Gracie Jane: Gracie Jane.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane.

Gracie Jane: Gracie Jane.

Denny Crane: You making fun of me?

Gracie Jane: No sugar. I'm guest-hosting the show tonight.

Denny Crane: Oh. Where's Larry?

Gracie Jane: He's out sick.

Denny Crane: I came to talk to Larry.

Gracie Jane: Don't worry. I'll be gentle. **She goes to sit down in her chair.**

Denny Crane: **To someone off to the side.** Find me a glass.

The show is on.

Gracie Jane: Sooo. You're a highjacker?

Denny Crane: No! I shot the man in the forehead with a paintball gun.

Gracie Jane: And the week before that, an indigent in the knees!

Denny Crane: A child rapist scum.

Alan looks concerned as he's watching the show back at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Gracie Jane: Is that your excuse? Highjacker?

Denny Crane: Would you stop calling me that? Where's Larry?

Gracie Jane: I call you that because it is high-priced attorneys like you who are highjacking our legal system. You can read it in my book, 'Highjacked'. **She shows her book.**

Denny Crane: Can we talk about the issues?

Gracie Jane: Sure. Highjacker. It's people like you who are ruining our country.

Denny Crane: I'm not ruining the country. The poor people are ruining the country.

Gracie Jane: You sit there in your two thousand dollar suit blaming poor people?

Paul Lewiston: **He's back at Crane, Poole and Schmidt, watching.** Our Father who art in heaven.

Gracie Jane: Answer the question.

Denny Crane: The poor people have plunged this country into debt. So much so that there are liberals in Washington who wanna take away my tax cuts. Your tax cuts. We worked hard for those tax cuts. And we're supposed to give them up for what? For Medicaid? Education? Teach them how to read. Hell, if they could read they wouldn't be poor. **Watching this, Alan frowns.** If Larry were here he'd get this. But you take Katrina. The poor people have cost us billions and billions.

Gracie Jane: In what way?

Denny Crane: Well the rich got out. Damn poor just hung around. For what? To watch! And now we have to pay for it.

Paul turns away and groans in disgust.

Gracie Jane: Maybe they couldn't get out. Maybe they thought that the Federal Government might rescue them or, failing that. Give a damn.

Denny Crane: How stupid is that? **Watching this, Alan hangs his head.** Now what I committed here was an act of civil disobedience. I shot the guy in the head as a wakeup call. We have got to motivate the lazy slobs in this country to get off their fat lazy asses and go to work! Let's get America back on track.

A door is kicked opened. Men from an FBI SWAT team, wearing padded suits and helmets barge in with their guns out. Brad, Denise and Helena are out on the street watching. Inside the house a man is thrown on the floor and a gun held to his head. Outside, Brad, Denise and Helena are anxiously waiting.. Helena looks to Denise. Denise puts her arm around Helena. The man is brought out. They watch the SWAT team brings the man down the steps and leads him into the back of a van. There is no sign of Tito.

Officer inside the house: Any body here?

Officer inside the house: Officer, up here!

Sirens blare as the van pulls away. A member from the SWAT team comes out. He doesn't have Tito. Brad, Denise and Helena wait anxiously. Suddenly another SWAT team member comes out. He's carrying Tito. He's alive! Helena gasps and rushes toward him. She takes him in her arms and holds him. The SWAT team leads her away. Denise is overcome with emotion. She turns to Brad and leans on his shoulder. He puts his arm around her. Special Agent Kevin Drummond watches them as they walk away.

Denny is in his office pouring a drink. Alan comes in smoking a cigar.

Alan Shore: Who's Gracie Jane?

Denny Crane: Don't wanna talk about it. Everybody thought I was being facetious. That it was inspired satire. Just can't win.

Alan Shore: They got the child back.

Denny Crane: So I heard. Good day.

Alan Shore: Yes. As for our case. I made it go away. You're completely off the hook.

Denny Crane: That was your plan the whole time. Get in good with him, talk him out of it. The old Trojan horse. What you tell him?

Alan Shore: None of your business.

Denny Crane: I wish you had let me in on the game. I can act you know. I won an Emmy.

Alan Shore: Just the same. **Denny walks over to Alan and hands him a check.** What's this?

Denny Crane: A check for seventy-thousand dollars. It's for you. Not for him. I pay my own way.

Alan Shore: How did you know?

Denny Crane: Here's a little secret. I know things. Don't tell.

Alan Shore: That secret seems unbelievably safe. **Denny opens the door to the balcony and walks out. Alan follows.** Denny. When we were coming out of the subway station the other day and Randall asked us for change, did you hear him or even notice he was there before he hit you in the head with a rock?

Denny Crane: Did you?

Alan Shore: No.

Denny Crane: You like poor people, don't you? **Alan doesn't answer.** That comment you made about, "They don't even save them when they're dying." You don't think we let people die in New Orleans because they were poor? Do you?

Alan Shore: **He doesn't answer for a moment.** Don't be silly.

Denny Crane: You do think that.

Alan Shore: He threw a rock, Denny. He'd had enough of being ignored, neglected, he rose up and threw a rock at some rich guy. Thirty-seven million, Denny. You ever wonder what would happen if they all decided to rise up?

Denny Crane: Are we still talking about hurricanes?

Alan Shore: That hurricane was as much a social disaster as a natural one. And the next hurricane to hit could very well be in the form anarchy.

Denny Crane: One week it's clowns, next week it's anarchy. What do you do for fun?

Alan Shore: This. Sleep at my place tonight?

Denny Crane: Haven't decided. Let's see how the night goes.

~ fin ~