

Boston Legal
The Cancer Man Can
Season 2, Episode 11
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Alan Shore, Denise Bauer, Brad Chase, Paul Lewiston, Shirley Schmidt and Denny Crane are at a banquet. An Emcee is at the podium. Behind him are larger-than-life pictures of Denny Crane. The evening is obviously in honor of Denny Crane.

Emcee: ... not only a patron of the arts, Denny Crane is a generous contributor of his time, energy and enthusiasm.

Denny Crane: What the hell kind of charity is The Children's Group?

Shirley Schmidt: We're teaching children to read.

Denise Bauer: No. We're buying them food.

Alan Shore: I thought we were providing them with old people to play with.

Paul Lewiston: I believe it's a children's theatre group.

Denny Crane: How can kids with Muscular Dystrophy do theatre?

Brad Chase: They don't have Muscular Dystrophy.

Denny Crane: Then what the hell are we doing here? Judas Priest there's a game on. **He gets up.**

Alan Shore: Don't be long, Denny, your speech is up next.

Shirley Schmidt: And you might wanna actually practice it considering you're the honoree.

Denny Crane: Not to worry. **He points to his head.** It's all up here. **He leaves.**

Paul Lewiston: Please tell me there's no press here tonight.

Denny walks into a bar and sits down next to a beautiful, middle-aged woman.

Denny Crane: Scotch. Single malt. Straight. **He notices the woman.**

Beverly Bridge: Nice night.

Denny Crane: Suddenly it is.

Back to the banquet.

Emcee: He's often told me that writing a check is easy. It's only money.

Denise Bauer: Shouldn't we go look for him?

Alan Shore: He'll be here. Denny's never one to miss the spotlight.

Emcee: But rolling up your sleeves and getting dirty out on the front line? That is not easy.

Shift to the coat room. There's movement behind the coats. Two pairs of feet are visible on the floor. A male and a female are groaning. Seems like there's a couple having sex in the coat room!

Emcee: I'll wrap this up before his head swells too much.

Shift to the coat room again. A hand is holding on to the top rod of the coat rack. There is a shout of victory!

Shirley Schmidt: The Emcee's winding down people.

Paul Lewiston: I knew we should have tagged him.

Shift to the coat room again. A hand is holding on to the top rod of the coat rack. There is laughter and another shout of victory! Is that Denny shouting "Crane!"?

Emcee: Ladies and gentlemen... **The members of the Crane, Poole and Schmidt table look around anxiously.** ... The Children's Group applauds and honors, Mr Denny Crane!

Denny comes forward from backstage to a big round of applause.

Shirley Schmidt: **She breaths a sigh of relief.** Dear Lord.

Denny Crane: Thank you. Thank you. There's no doubt we do it all for the children.

Alan, Denny, Shirley and Paul are milling around just outside the Coat Check.

Denny Crane: And? What did you think of my speech?

Alan Shore: Excellent.

Denny Crane: Thank you for writing it for me.

Beverly Bridge: **She comes up and hands Denny her business card.** Give me a call sometime. You know how to use a business card, don't you? You just flip it out of your pocket and...

Denny Crane: Blow.

Beverly walks away. Shirley walks up to the Coat Check.

Alan Shore: *Chuckles at Denny.* You look puzzled?

Denny Crane: I am. A woman I just had sex with hands me here card and I have no desire to throw it away.

Alan Shore: You had sex with her here?

Denny Crane: Hot, sweaty sex right there in the Coat Check room.

Shirley overhears this. She is disgusted. The Coat Check attendant hands Shirley her coat.

Shirley Schmidt: Keep it. *She walks away.*

Paul and Denise are in Paul's office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Denise Bauer: Daniel Post, CEO, Christberg, Pelem Incorporated.

Paul Lewiston: He has stage four metastasized lung cancer.

Denise Bauer: Never fun.

Paul Lewiston: A major pharmaceutical company was testing a new cancer drug and Post used his friendship with the CEO of that company to get himself put into the test group and to make sure that he got the actual drug, not the placebo.

Denise Bauer: Hmm. The rich are different from you and me.

Paul Lewiston: Ha. Certainly from you. So! Post is being sued by another cancer patient who was in the same study and who ended up getting the placebo.

Denise Bauer: What's the cause of action?

Paul Lewiston: What you'd expect. Conspiracy. Intentional infliction of emotional distress. We're going to court today.

Denise Bauer: Today?

Paul Lewiston: I thought I could handle it myself, but ah... *He looks away.*

Denise Bauer: Olivia died of cancer. Didn't she?

Paul Lewiston: Yes. At any rate. I'm hoping you can second-chair.

Daniel Post knocks on the door frame.

Daniel Post: You ready?

Paul Lewiston: Ah, Denise Bauer, attorney. Daniel Post...

Daniel Post: Daniel dying of cancer? Is that the way you describe me?

Denise Bauer: Rich guy dying of cancer.

Paul Lewiston: Denise will be second-chairing. I just filled her in on the case.

Denise Bauer: Actually you left out our defense. Do we have one?

Daniel Post: Ha. I like her.

Denise Bauer: I'm not sure if the jury is going to like me, Mr Post. I have a client who tried to buy his way into a cancer study. Can you tell me what possessed you to do that?

Daniel Post: I got cancer. Are you really my lawyer or did the Make a Wish Foundation finally come through?

Alan is in his office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. There's a knock on the door. Jerry Espenson comes in.

Jerry Espenson: Uhm. Alan? Do you have a minute?

Alan Shore: What can I do for you, Jerry?

Jerry Espenson: They are meeting soon to vote on this year's partnerships. This will be my third time to be up for partner. My last time.

Alan Shore: I see.

Jerry Espenson: I was wondering if maybe you could tell me where I stand?

Alan Shore: You know the right people around here and I know... Well. No one.

Alan Shore: Jerry you are an extraordinary attorney.

Jerry Espenson: I am. I constructed a chart that reveals my involvement is typically the key variable in the firm's winning a case. Bingo. It was my research that was the determining factor in the Simmons versus Orago oil victory. Not to mention two hundred, fifty-two other cases. Because of my research! Bingo! But still I wonder if the senior partners are aware of my contributions.

Alan Shore: Jerry you know I have tremendous affection for my own intelligence. And even I think that you are smarter than me.

Jerry Espenson: Oh, I am.

Alan Shore: I'll see what I can find out.

In Judge Rose Olsheim's courtroom. Peter Clark is on the stand being questioned by Attorney Samantha Fried.

Attorney Samantha Fried: How long have you worked for Devlin-McGregor Pharmaceuticals, Mr Clark?

Peter Clark: Eight years.

Attorney Samantha Fried: And what was your position?

Peter Clark: I was a lab technician in oncological protocols.

Attorney Samantha Fried: You worked on a drug to cure cancer?

Peter Clark: Trade name in numitrox. It was specifically designed to hinder the rapid cellular mutations in the lungs.

Attorney Samantha Fried: And did Devlin-McGregor conduct a double-blind study to test numitrox?

Peter Clark: Sort of.

Attorney Samantha Fried: Why do you say, "sort of" sir?

Peter Clark: The test was corrupted.

Paul Lewiston: Objection. Foundation.

Judge Rose Olsheim: Overruled.

Attorney Samantha Fried: On July 9th of this year you received a call from your supervisor. What did he want?

Peter Clark: Well he told me to insure that patient 1123 received the numitrox and not the placebo.

Attorney Samantha Fried: Why?

Peter Clark: He didn't say. I subsequently discovered that patient 1123 is Mr Post. It seemed fairly obvious.

Paul Lewiston: Objection.

Judge Rose Olsheim: Sustained.

Attorney Samantha Fried: What made you come forward? Doing so has cost you your job. Correct?

Peter Clark: It did.

Attorney Samantha Fried: Then why?

Peter Clark: Because some things are more important than a job.

Denise Bauer: Mr Clark. How many patients were involved in the experiment?

Peter Clark: Ah, two thousand.

Denise Bauer: And statically speaking how would it change the likelihood of one person out of the two thousand receiving the drug over the placebo if another person was directed to get the drug?

Peter Clark: Not much.

Denise Bauer: Because there was no guarantee that any of the volunteers would receive the actual drug, the odds were originally fifty-fifty?

Peter Clark: Well the odds would change minimally.

Denise Bauer: ***She walks back to her table to get a calculator.*** Instead of fifty-fifty, the odds would change from forty-nine point nine five to fifty point zero five.

Peter Clark: Sounds right.

Denise Bauer: So virtually no change at all?

Peter Clark: Well if you're dying Ms Bauer, point zero five is everything.

Alan walks up to Shirley in the corridor at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Alan Shore: Shirley? I want to ask you about Jerry Espenson. He's up for partner.

Shirley Schmidt: I can't discuss that with you.

Alan Shore: Why not?

Shirley Schmidt: Well that determination is for partners only and you're not a partner. I'm sure you'll understand, Alan.

Alan Shore: Absolutely. ***He turns and walks in the other direction.***

Alan and Denny are in Denny's office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Denny Crane: Jerry Espenson? You mean Hands? Not a chance. He's a weirdo.

Alan Shore: Denny, he's not a weirdo, and he doesn't like to be called Hands.

Denny Crane: How could you not? ***He spreads his fingers and flutters his hands in front of himself mockingly.*** The hands.

Alan Shore: A peccadillo to be sure. We all have them.

Denny Crane: I don't have any peccadillo.

Alan Shore: What's your name, Denny?

Denny Crane: Denny Crane.

Alan Shore: Ah! Yes. My point is Jerry Espenson deserves to be made a partner.

The tune from the Star Trek Communicator starts playing.

Alan Shore: What is that?

Denny Crane: Bev bought me a camera phone. **He pulls it out of his pocket and opens it.**

Alan Shore: The woman you enjoyed in the coat room?

Denny Crane: We can send each other pictures. This damn thing takes forever to load.

Alan Shore: Things going well with Bev then?

Denny Crane: She said she wanted to fulfill every single one of my fantasies. I made a list. Had to type it myself. My assistant threatened to quit.

Alan Shore: Denny you're glowing.

Denny Crane: She's an amazing woman, Alan. It's like having a one-night-stand, but every night, with the same woman.

Alan Shore: I'm thrilled for you, Denny. Now about Jerry.

Denny Crane: He's not a rainmaker, Alan. Shirley says he's not bringing in enough money. Weird toast.

Alan Shore: Would you at least let me have a glance at his performance review then?

Denny Crane: **He takes a file folder off the table and holds it against his chest.** Well, it's highly confidential. **He hands the file to Alan.** Just don't tell anybody where you got it.

Denny Crane: Whoa. Pictures finally loaded. Look at this.

Alan Shore: She's very limber for a woman her age.

Denny Crane: Alan. I'd like to be alone with my phone. Just fifteen minutes.

Alan is in the lunch room at Crane, Poole and Schmidt reading from a folder. Shirley is with him.

Alan Shore: Poor people skills.

Shirley Schmidt: Just hands it to you.

Alan Shore: Not presentable.

Shirley Schmidt: That's my Denny.

Alan Shore: Not a team player. I can see why it's confidential. It's revolting and mean.

Shirley Schmidt: You don't have all the facts, Alan.

Alan Shore: Apparently I do. Apparently at this firm being white and male isn't even enough you also need be a golden retriever with a pedigree to be considered for partner.

Shirley Schmidt: I'm telling you...

Alan Shore: It's a wonder you slipped under the radar, Shirley, with your vagina and all.

Shirley Schmidt: Jerry's had a few blowups, Alan.

Alan Shore: Yes.

Shirley Schmidt: One in front of a client.

Alan Shore: Yes, it's on his permanent record back in 2000. Also says he made a couple of clients feel awkward. Would that be perhaps because he's an awkward guy? Also says he doesn't play golf. Actually he doesn't kiss any ass whatsoever, he just does his job.

Shirley Schmidt: And no one's denying that. But partners need to bring in clients. That's how we make our money. Partners need to attend social dinners and make public speaking engagements and they need to do it without being...

Alan Shore: Different. Very dangerous, Shirley. Very dangerous.

In Judge Rose Olsheim's courtroom.

Robert Hopper: You know how the obituaries always things like, "So and so died after a brave struggle with cancer?" I'm not brave. I'm terrified. Cancer can make a coward out of anybody.

Attorney Samantha Fried: So when you heard about the trials for this new drug?

Robert Hopper: I leapt at it. I'm not a fool. I know it was a random chance I'd even get the drug and not the placebo. Okay. I was willing to leave that to fate. He wasn't.

Denise Bauer: Mr Hopper, when you began the tests, did you stop taking chemo or any other treatments for your cancer?

Robert Hopper: No. But there were other promising tests I didn't enter because of Devlin-McGregor.

Denise Bauer: I see. And did Devlin-McGregor ever guarantee that you would receive the actual drug?

Robert Hopper: No they did not.

Denise Bauer: Isn't it true that you've already sued Devlin-McGregor for this matter and received a sizable settlement?

Attorney Samantha Fried: Objection! Relevance.

Judge Rose Olsheim: I'm going to allow it.

Robert Hopper: *Denise motions for him to continue.* Yes but I spent every penny on medical treatments. But the money isn't the reason I'm doing this. I'm doing this because I feel I have a moral obligation to stand up to people like Daniel Post. People like that? With money and power? They think they can get away with murder. And now he's murdering me.

Denise Bauer: No further questions, Your Honor.

Judge Rose Olsheim: Court will resume at ten AM.

Paul Lewiston: Denise, are you trying to make the jury hate our client?

Daniel Post: If so. You're doing a good job. I'm starting not to like me either.

Denise Bauer: Mr Post, I...

Daniel Post: Denise. I'm kidding. You're doing an excellent job. I have a few questions. Uhm, are you free for a bite?

Denise Bauer: Um. Couldn't you just ask me now?

Daniel Post: Well. Yeah. Then it wouldn't be a date. ***He smiles and leaves.***

Denise Bauer: *She turns to Paul.* Our client just asked me out to dinner.

Paul Lewiston: Well, good. Then you can use the time to convince him to settle.

Alan and Jerry are in Alan's office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Alan Shore: Jerry. It's not looking like a lock.

Jerry Espenson: What's the problem?

Alan Shore: Generally its poor people skills.

Jerry Espenson: You mean I'm odd? Does it say in my file I'm odd?

Alan Shore: No.

Jerry Espenson: Alan, I would appreciate candor here. Even should you deem it hurtful!

Alan Shore: According to your file you've occasioned clients to feel uncomfortable. Some have even expressed reservations about being alone with you so... ***Jerry hits the table with both his open palms.*** Evidently you also once pushed opposing counsel over some dispute.

Jerry Espenson: *He sighs deeply.* He made fun of me! As conditioned as I've become to ridicule sometimes... ***He gets up to leave.*** ...so I'm out.

Alan Shore: It's not over.

Jerry Espenson: I, I deserve this more than Brad. He cuts off a priest's fingers! And I lose out because I push a bully? It's not right.

Alan Shore: It's not over. Jerry I give you my word I'll do what I can.

Shirley knocks on Denny's office door. Denny opens the door. He has a disheveled appearance. He's straightening his suspenders, his tie is loose and his collar is open.

Shirley Schmidt: Shirley. I'm sorry. ***He is breathless.*** Didn't hear you knock.

Denny Crane: Gee! I wonder why that could be. Maybe because you were too busy having sex on your desk?

Shirley Schmidt: How did you know? I had the door closed.

Denny Crane: Ah. But you neglected to draw all the blinds.

Shirley Schmidt: Oversight. We were both facing the same way.

Denny Crane: I'm all so horribly aware which way you were facing.

Beverly Bridge: *She comes forward.* Oh goodness me. I'm so rude. ***She offers Shirley her hand.*** I'm Beverly Bridge.

Shirley Schmidt: *They shake hands.* Shirley Schmidt. ***To Denny.*** Did you finished the notes on the partnership candidates?

Denny Crane: I've been busy.

Shirley Schmidt: The vote's tomorrow. Fifty of the most senior partners will be there. ***Beverly goes back into the office.*** This is unprofessional, Denny. You're setting a very bad example for the rest of the firm.

Denny Crane: Understood. And from now on, in this office, those blinds go down before anybody else does. ***Shirley leaves. Denny closes the door and turns back to Beverly.*** She's jealous.

Beverly Bridge: Poor thing.

Brad is in the lunch room. Jerry comes in.

Jerry Espenson: Hi Brad.

Brad Chase: Ha hey, Jerry. How's it going?

Jerry Espenson: Oh. Little nervous about that partner thing. You?

Brad Chase: I can't say I'm not.

Jerry Espenson: Had any indication?

Brad Chase: Not really. Paul seems to think it looks good but I certainly didn't help my chances by...

Jerry Espenson: Lewiston? He says it looks good for you?

Brad Chase: Well he couldn't make any promises.

Jerry Espenson: Did he mention how it looks for me?

Brad Chase: No we didn't really discuss you.

Jerry Espenson: Do you ever?

Brad Chase: I beg your pardon?

Jerry Espenson: Do people discuss me? Do they talk about me being odd because of my behavior?

Brad Chase: Jerry, everyone here knows you to be a fine lawyer. That's all I've ever heard discussed.

Jerry Espenson: It's in my file that I'm violent because I pushed another lawyer once.

Brad Chase: How do you know it's in our file?

Jerry Espenson: I have a mole. **Brad shows surprise.** Right here on my neck. **He turns his head to expose his neck. He chuckles.** It's not like me to make a joke. I hope it's in my file I'm funny. That's a good social skill.

Denise and Daniel are having a glass of wine in the lounge of a restaurant.

Denise Bauer: Given the evidence, a credible witness, and documented proof that you were administered the actual drug and not a placebo...

Daniel Post: Question.

Denise Bauer: Go.

Daniel Post: When do you see yourself liking me?

Denise Bauer: Uhm. Mr Post. Daniel. Uhm. Plaintiff's attorney has been very effective in turning the jury against you. You come off as someone of privilege who has everything the jury wants but doesn't have.

Daniel Post: Except the girl.

Denise Bauer: Bottom line. It's in your best interest to settle.

Daniel Post: How about we negotiate a settlement?

Denise Bauer: I'm not following.

Daniel Post: I agree to settle the case, if you agree to stop talking about it, and declare this an official date?

Denise Bauer: Have you ever done anything nice for anybody? Ever?

Daniel Post: Pum, pum, pum. See, you gotta look under the hood. Not until you agree.

Denise Bauer: Agreed.

Daniel Post: The answer is yes, but my mom told me that it's impolite to brag about one's good works.

Denise Bauer: Then don't brag. Tell.

Daniel Post: What's to say? I, Uhm... My company sent thousands of pounds of supplies down to New Orleans before FEMA even put its pants on. I fund a charter school for learning disabled kids here in South Boston. I don't think the government does enough to help its people, so I give as much as much as I can. Do you know why I can do that?

Denise Bauer: Because you're a rich guy who throws his weight around.

Daniel Post: Goes hand in hand. Money gives me connections, connections let me do what I want. Get what I want.

Denise Bauer: You really don't care what anybody thinks? Do you?

Daniel Post: I have stage four lung cancer. I don't give a damn what anybody I don't know, thinks about me. Life's too short. Really.

Denise Bauer: One more question. Why are you really settling? Did Mr Hopper's testimony get to you?

Daniel Post: It did. Like, don't get me wrong. I, I, I would do it again. It was a chance. So I took it. And, uh, as it turns out the numitrox didn't work as well as I'd imagined so given that I have less time as I'd hoped I don't intend to waste that fighting a lawsuit. So I'll settle. Now. More wine?

Alan is reading the newspaper his office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Denny comes in. He seems preoccupied.

Alan Shore: You look distressed. You're Guns and Ammo magazine late again?

Denny Crane: She hasn't called. All day.

Alan Shore: Ah. Bev.

Denny Crane: It's nearly four. **He starts pacing.** She hasn't called the office. She hasn't called my cell phone. I checked the machine at home at 9:15, 9:30, 9:45.

Alan Shore: Okay, I sense the pattern.

Denny Crane: I've done something. I bought her a gift. I bought her a gift!

Alan Shore: Well, in time, I'm sure she'll forgive you.

Denny Crane: Don't you see? I didn't, I didn't give her money like I do most women. I didn't have a personal shopper pick something out. I shopped. And I Denny Crane, thought about what she would like. Maybe I'm, I'm having a stroke. Maybe it's the mad cow.

Alan Shore: Maybe you're in love.

Denny Crane: I am delirious with joy.

Alan Shore: Denny. You enjoy being with Bev, she enjoys being with you. Why don't you just have fun in the moment. And leave it at that!

Denny Crane: I knew you wouldn't understand, you heartless bastard!

Denny leaves. Melissa Hughes comes in.

Melissa Hughes: Wow! He's got it bad.

Alan Shore: You shouldn't eavesdrop. Yes he does. Very.

Melissa Hughes: You wanted me to tell you when that partnership voting thing was. Starts in twenty minutes.

In the lecture room at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Mark Halpern is at the podium in front of a roomful of people sitting at tables facing him.

Mark Halpern: And now we turn our attention to our next candidate, Brad Chase. **Two large screens, one on each side of Mark, now display a picture of Brad.**

Alan Shore: **He comes in from the side, marches up to the podium.** Excuse me. Sorry to interrupt. I have an urge announcement to make regarding National Security. I don't think our country is being run very well. **There is a slight murmured from the audience.** That concludes the National Security announcement. Now! On to other business. I'm looking at a group of partners in a world class law firm. Each of whom owes some of their success to Jerry Espenson. When any of you is stumped and you need someone with an Encyclopedic knowledge of the law and the creative spark to know how to apply it, who's door do you knock on?

Shirley Schmidt: Mr Shore, we appreciate your input but you are not a partner.

Alan Shore: Yes, but that's only because I can't be trusted. I have here the confidential report on Jerry Espenson. Known to some of you who should know better as, Hands. **Paul and Shirley look to Denny who shrugs his shoulders.** Ah, this report while acknowledging, ah, the Jerry, ah, works very hard and has an astute legal mind also makes some veiled references to inappropriate behavior. But really this is about money! Isn't it? And whether Jerry Espenson brings in enough? And don't we all just love our money? **Denny nods his head in agreement.** You people must realize that once the rainmakers have brought in the million-dollar accounts, those clients expect excellent representation for their money. And Jerry is a big part of what they're paying for. My God! Why isn't being brilliant enough? Why can't a lawyer be a valuable asset to this firm without being a smiling Ken-doll with an aggressive handshake? Does everyone at the firm have to be this guy?

Shirley Schmidt: Mr Shore, you have no standing at this meeting. We would like to ask you to leave please now.

Alan Shore: Jerry Espenson has given fifteen years of his life to this firm. His work has been essential.

Alan walks into his office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. He is followed by Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: How dare you invade the province of a private partnership meeting?

Alan Shore: I'm sorry. I didn't think an invitation was forthcoming.

Shirley Schmidt: There's a lot you don't know about the business of running a law practice, Alan. The first rule...

Alan Shore: It's a business. I understand that Shirley. But it's a service business, you don't peddle widgets, you don't push stocks, you sell your people, and as far as your people go I'll take Jerry Espenson over...

Shirley Schmidt: Don't give me...

Alan Shore: Well you need to hear it! I said nothing when you fired Sally Heep, who's only infraction was to sleep with me! I made not a peep when you deftly ushered Lori Colson out of the firm! I even understood when you fired Catherine Piper, a woman I profoundly adore! I swallowed all of it because I know it's a business. But to abuse a talented, selfless employee only because his social skills lack the polish! To allow him to work tirelessly under the delusion that he could make partner! A delusion you carefully nurtured so as to make piles of money off of him in the short term. That's a betrayal, Shirley. Not just of Jerry, but of you! And your character! Which up till now I have considered undeniably decent.

Shirley Schmidt: Are you finished?

Alan Shore: No. Jerry Espenson, no doubt, will go off quietly into the night as the meek often do. But somebody around here has to get angry about it. Otherwise you'll just go off and blithely do it again.

Shirley Schmidt: We have not yet made a decision concerning Jerry Espenson, when we do I will call you first to tell you, "It is none of your concern!"

Shirley Schmidt: There's a saying Shirley, perhaps you've heard it. 'All it takes for evil to succeed is for good people to say, "It's a business."

Attorney Samantha Fried, Robert Hopper, Paul, Daniel Post and Denise are in a conference room at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Daniel Post: I've been given a death sentence. You're the one person in this room that knows exactly what that's like. And there was this drug. And I thought it could help me so I used all my power and my influences to make sure I got it. But I didn't think it through. I didn't think there might be consequences for other people. In this case, for you. And I see now that I hurt you. And I am sorry.

Denise Bauer: ***She pushes a piece of paper across the table towards Samantha Fried.*** This is the offer. It's the only one we're going to make and it expires when we walk out the door.

Attorney Samantha Fried: ***She looks at the paper then pushes it toward Robert. He looks at it and pushes it back to her.*** This is a very generous offer. Think about your family.

Robert Hopper: I don't care.

Attorney Samantha Fried: This could be very long and drawn out...

Robert Hopper: That's exactly what it should be.

Daniel Post: What do you want?

Robert Hopper: If I take your money I won't be hurting you. The only thing that will really hurt you now is if I take your time. And that's exactly what I'm going to do.

Robert gets up to leave, his attorney goes with him. Paul goes after them.

Paul Lewiston: I need to talk to you.

Attorney Samantha Fried: You'll talk to me.

Paul Lewiston: No I won't. **To Robert.** You have a wife. You have a family. You owe something to them but you also owe something to yourself. I know this road. Do not allow anger to consume the last days of your life.

Denny and Bev are in a restaurant.

Denny Crane: Bev.

Beverly Bridge: Yes, Denny Crane.

Denny Crane: Would you like some money?

Beverly Bridge: Ha! I, I, I don't...

Denny Crane: Bev. I'm afraid.

Beverly Bridge: Of?

Denny Crane: Myself, of course. As god-like as I seem to you and other people, there's a, there's a mortal inside this god-like shell. I don't trust myself. Bottom line, I'm not a one-woman man.

Beverly Bridge: You know, Denny, we're both much too old for this. And too smart.

Denny Crane: We are?

Beverly Bridge: Is there a powerful man out there who hasn't felt what you're feeling? No! Ha. So why fight it? People don't change their stripes and you don't want me to change you. And I certainly don't want you to change me. Therefore, Denny Crane, as long as we're together feel free to have sex with anyone else you want.

Denny Crane: Bev!? I love you.

Beverly Bridge: Ha, ha, ha.

Paul and Brad are in Paul's office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Paul Lewiston: Brad. It was a very close vote, but... **Brad braces himself.** ... you made it. You are now officially a partner at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Congratulations.

Brad Chase: Thank you, Paul. I will not let you down.

Denny Crane: ***He comes in.*** Brad! On your knees.

Brad Chase: What?

Paul Lewiston: Denny! Must we do this every single time?

Denny Crane: My name on the door. The answer would be, "Yes." **To Brad.** On your knees. **Brad kneels.** **Denny touches Brad on his right shoulder.** I hereby dub thee... **And on the left shoulder.** ...Brad Chase.

Brad Chase: Thank you, my lord?

Shirley is in her office. Jerry comes in.

Jerry Espenson: You wanted to see me, Shirley?

Shirley Schmidt: Yes. Jerry, out of courtesy I'll be brief. I'm very sorry but you won't be making partner.

Jerry Espenson: But I've done everything I've been asked.

Shirley Schmidt: Your work here is considerable. It's just not enough.

Jerry Espenson: Not enough?

Shirley Schmidt: I won't lead you on. There will be no further opportunities for partnership, however we certainly appreciate all your hard work and we welcome you to stay as counsel. The choice is yours.

Jerry Espenson: Okay.

Denise is in her office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Daniel knocks on the door jam and comes in.

Daniel Post: You free for dinner? Cause I got a private chef that makes a mean breakfast in bed. **Denise gives a soft chuckle.** You see where I'm going with this?

Denise Bauer: A friend of mine just made partner so we're gonna celebrate. You know, cake. Rain check?

Daniel Post: Sure, sure. I, I got nothing but time. **He turns to leave, then turns back again.** Oh wait, you know that's not true. **He looks back to see Robert come in.**

Robert Hopper: Mr Lewiston tried to impress upon me that I not consume the rest of my life with anger.

The truth is anger can satisfy. While despair is rather empty.

Daniel Post: You don't seem very satisfied.

Robert Hopper: This isn't simply about vengeance, Mr Post. If you were the only one out there corrupting medical testing perhaps I'd take your money, or if not, your apology. But there are others like you. Maybe this will send a message. Maybe that will be the final legacy of my anger.

Denise Bauer: The guy acts like he's the only one dying around here. **Daniel gives a derisive chuckle.**

At himself maybe? About that dinner.

Jerry is in his office packing his stuff into a box.

Jerry Espenson: Not enough. Not enough. Where's my coffee mug?

In the conference room everybody yells, "Surprise!" when Brad comes in.

Brad Chase: Oh no! Ha, ha, ha! **Points to the table on which sits a cake with, "Congratulations Partner"** Look at that! Ha, ha, ha!

Back to Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: It's not enough. It's not enough! It's not enough!! **He marches down the corridor.**

Back to Brad's celebration. Brad serves Garrett Wells a piece of cake.

Brad Chase: **To Shirley.** My initials on the briefcase. Nice touch.

Back to Jerry walking down the corridor and into the conference room. He stands in the doorway and watches people eating cake and enjoying themselves. Brad notices him.

Brad Chase: Jerry. Why don't you come on in? Have a piece of cake. **Jerry walks toward the cake.** Here I'll get it for you.

Jerry Espenson: No. I can do it

Brad Chase: Okay.

Jerry Espenson: **He cuts a piece and looks to Shirley.** How's that Shirley? Is that enough? **He makes another cut.** How about that? **He makes another cut.** Is that enough? **He makes another cut. And another. And another.** Is that?!

Shirley Schmidt: Look Hands. I mean Jerry...

Jerry Espenson: **He runs screaming to Shirley, grabs her and holds the knife to her throat.**

Everybody stand back!! I swear I will kill her. **Everybody is shocked speechless.** I wanna be made partner. I'm gonna draw up an agreement and you're gonna sign it, Shirley. It'll include a 'hold harmless' clause for this assault.

Garrett Wells: But this is a crime! ‘Hold harmless’ clauses are for insurance and real estate. Not for crimes.

Shirley Schmidt: Don’t say, “Crime.” We’re just talking here.

Garrett Wells: It certainly won’t cover attempted murder.

Shirley Schmidt: Don’t say, “Murder.”

Jerry Espenson: **To Garrett.** You! Sub-standard-first-year. Go pull the criminal law tree. There’s twenty-two ALR third, twelve, twenty-eight reference cases that hold that extreme emotional conditions diminish ones responsibility for the a crime. **Denny gets up from his chair.** You! What do you think you’re doing? Going to get one of you guns?

Denny Crane: No! Why would I do that? **Under his breath to Paul.** The one day I don’t wear my sock holster.

Jerry Espenson: **To Brad.** You! Sub-standard-partner. Get me Rosenberg versus Caplin. Two seventy-three mass four eleven the fact that a case can be construed to uphold employment contract even though it’s entered into under duress. **To Melissa.** You! Hot-secretary-that-makes-me-nervous. Get me a copy of the firm’s partnership agreement and prepare to make some changes.

Shirley Schmidt: Jerry. This is never gonna work.

Jerry Espenson: **He gets a firmer grip on her and holds the knife closer to her throat.** Quiet down.

Shirley Schmidt: Don’t stand. Go.

Garret, Brad and Melissa hurry out of the room.

Denny Crane: **Under his breath to Garrett.** Get my guns.

Brad Chase: **He and Garret are walking down the corridor.** I’m calling the police.

Garrett Wells: Which guns should I get?

Brad Chase: No guns! Just go get the damn cases!

Back to Jerry still holding the knife to Shirley’s throat. He’s dictating to Melissa.

Jerry Espenson: Sub section one. Upon his or her motion named partner may unilaterally reconsider the rejection of a senior associate for partnership. Did you get all that?

Melissa Hughes: **Writing frantically.** Yes. Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: Please type it up. Clackity, clack.

Back to Garrett carrying three thick books He hurries past Alan in the corridor.

Alan Shore: What’s going on?

Garrett Wells: Hands went nuts. **He hurries off. Alan follows him into the conference room. Garret places the books on the table in front of Jerry.** I found the cases you wanted. They’re excellent.

Jerry Espenson: Thank you.

Alan Shore: **He comes in.** Jerry? What are you doing?

Jerry Espenson: Taking matters into my own hands. That’s right people, I said, “Hands.” See? I can be just as funny as you jesters. Why aren’t you all laughing?

Alan Shore: Don’t do this Jerry. Please. Stop now before this gets too out of han... **He catches himself.** ...control. I will help you.

Jerry Espenson: Like you did with the partnership?

Alan Shore: **He walks up to Jerry.** You don’t wanna throw away an entire life’s worth of work over one emotional outburst! I don’t wanna see the most gifted legal mind I have ever encountered rotting in a prison cell. Now put down the knife, Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: **A pause.** On one condition. You represent me once I’m arrested.

Alan Shore: I can’t. That’s a conflict of interest.

Jerry Espenson: I don’t care. You know that the firm can waive that conflict. And I know that you’ll honor that waiver because, if nothing else, you’re a man of your word.

Shirley Schmidt: **Alan looks at her.** Make the deal.

Alan Shore: I’ll represent you. Now hand me the knife. **A pause. Jerry hands him the knife. Everybody is visibly relieved.**

Denny Crane: Hmm. Everyone! This is the cake I want for my birthday.

Moments later. Alan and Shirley are still in the conference room. Shirley is looking at a computer screen. Through the window a handcuffed Jerry is being lead away by two policemen.

Shirley Schmidt: This is really good work. I assume it’s clear to you now why we couldn’t make Jerry partner?

Alan Shore: I have to be with my client.

Denise and Daniel are walking on the street.

Denise Bauer: Well, there's, ah, not much to tell really. We were married for ten years and in love for, well, probably half that?

Daniel Post: It's probably hard lovin' a golf-bum.

Denise Bauer: Ha. You wanna know something really awful? When we first got married I knew, deep down, that he would never amount to anything. And somehow I was okay with that!

Daniel Post: So what are your plans now? You uhm, dating?

Denise Bauer: Occasionally. **Daniel stops to look at her.** Actually? Not at all.

Daniel Post: A little problem with commitment, huh? I know the feeling. I'm uh, I'm not looking for a long-term relationship either.

Denise chuckles. They kiss. They smile at each other.

Alan and Denny are smoking cigars out on the balcony.

Denny Crane: What I don't understand is how he got his hands from the cake to Shirley's neck so quickly.

Alan Shore: You know, Denny? I can't actually talk about this with you, now that Jerry's my client.

Denny Crane: You're aren't really gonna represent him? Are you?

Alan Shore: I gave him my word.

Denny Crane: Oh, please. We're lawyers. He's a wack job. By the way, ah, did I tell you? Bev and I are getting married.

Alan Shore: **He's startled.** No! I would have remembered that.

Denny Crane: Yeah. Well. She's the one.

Alan Shore: Yes. She seems like the one. Congratulations, Denny.

Denny Crane: I wanna assure you that my impending nuptials won't change anything between us. No impact whatsoever. **He looks at his watch.** Oh! I gotta go. We're registering for flatware.

Denny leaves. Alan is alone out on the balcony.