

Boston Legal
Breast in Show
Season 2, Episode 14
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Thank you to SueB for her help.

Alan Shore is out on the balcony. Alone.

Irma Levin is in her apartment. The phone rings.

Irma Levine: Hello.

Alan Shore: Ms Levine. Alan Shore.

Irma Levine: Hello, Mr Shore. Uh, is there something I can do for you?

Alan Shore: There is. And let me preface my remarks by saying while we don't know each other very well and while I'd rather be speaking to you in person so as to better gauge your reaction, Ms Levine, I've been having certain fantasies about you. **We see Irma walk into a restaurant.** Intense, **Someone points out a table to her.** unabashedly sexual fantasies and I thought we could meet to discuss them. Did you get that?

Irma Levine: I'm wondering.

Irma walks up Alan at his table. He's pouring champagne.

Alan Shore: Ms Levine!

Irma Levine: Mr Shore.

Alan Shore: I took the liberty of ordering champagne.

Irma Levine: Thank you. **She drinks.** Mmmm. So? These fantasies?

Alan Shore: They're many and varied actually. But now that you're here they seem a very poor substitute for reality.

Irma Levine: Well, I'll admit I've been having some fantasies of my own.

Alan Shore: Have you? Tell.

Irma Levine: I walk into a building. My old high school gym? You follow me inside and there are these booths set up. It's election day.

Alan Shore: Why not?

Irma Levine: I go into a very small booth and you follow me in. Your hand, like the breeze, reaches up my inner thighs and I turn around and I say, "It's not right." And you say...

Alan Shore: Shut up and let's do this.

Irma Levine: And you say, "What's not right?" And I say, "It's not right that I should vote and my vote doesn't count due to redistricting."

Alan Shore: What?

Irma Levine: All of our elected officials are redrawing the district voting lines to tilt the elections in their favor. Our officials are stealing our country, Alan. And we need to stop them. And I may need a lawyer.

Alan Shore: And I'm guessing you're not looking for a naked one.

Irma Levine: This could be the worst threat to democracy ever, Alan. And no one is paying attention. We're gonna make them pay attention.

Irma is taking part in a protest rally. She and all the other females are bare-breasted and holding signs.

Alan is watching from the sidelines.

Protestors: **Chanting over and over.** Make our votes count!!!

Alan Shore: **To Irma as she passes by.** Oddly, this was one of my fantasies. And the chilly weather is certainly an added bonus.

Policeman: **Through a loudspeaker.** Pack it up, ladies. Pack it up. All right. Ladies! That's it. Let's go.

Protestor: What do we do now?

Irma Levine: Okay. Everybody stay calm. **To Alan.** Alan? Alan?

Alan Shore: Yes! No problem. Ah. Ah. **A policeman handcuffs Irma.** I forgot what I was going to say. Oh yes! Ah. And I say this with great reluctance. **He takes off his coat and covers Irma.** Here. Don't answer any questions. I'll be down to bail you out as soon as I can.

A.D.A. Holly Raines and Brad Chase are in Brad's office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: And I'm not sucking up. Saving that boy the way you did? You're a real local hero. And a media darling. The camera's loved you.

Brad Chase: **He smiles and chuckles.** Thanks.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Hm.

Brad Chase: Alan Shore has said some very good things about you.

Alan Shore: Well! He's an excellent attorney.

Brad Chase: Uh hm. So tell me. Why do you want to work at Crane, Poole and Schmidt?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: The money. I've served for six years at the D.A.'s office. Working eighty hour weeks, eating dinner outta to-go tins. My furniture is from my parent's garage. And buy my clothes from Janey's Dress For Less. I could tell you some crap about wanting new and exciting challenges and blah, blah, blah. But, why not just be honest? It's the money.

Brad Chase: **He's looking at his computer screen. Holly waits.** What kind of business could you bring to the firm?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Oh, I made a lot of contacts when I was doing white-collar crime. I also know a lot of cops and detectives, and inspectors. And of course I am wired into the D.A.'s office.

Brad Chase: **He's looking at his computer screen.** Uh huh!

A.D.A. Holly Raines: **She gets up and walks around Brad's desk to look at his screen.** That's a website for a ski resort?

Brad Chase: Yeah. It's Whistler. Do you ski?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: No. And it's really a shame because here I am freezing my butt off on Mount *Pendejo*. (A Spanish insult or expletive.)

Brad Chase: *Adios, muchacha.* (Good-bye girl.) **He pushes her resume through a paper shredder.**

Denise Bauer and Daniel Post are walking in the hall at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Denise Bauer: Mr Hopper has finally come around. It took us a long time to get him here, but he's willing to settle.

Daniel Post: I'm thinking of getting them to rename lung cancer after me.

Denise Bauer: Daniel? Are you listening to me?

Daniel Post: Think about it. You know, it makes sense. The Lou Gerhig thing?

Denise Bauer: We're going in now. **They walk into the conference room. Attorney Samantha Fried is waiting. Alone.** Good morning, Samantha. Is Mr Hopper in the rest room?

Attorney Samantha Fried: No. His wife just called. He died this morning.

Denny and Alan are in Denny's office watching the news.

Denny Crane: I can't believe you did this to me.

Alan Shore: What did I do?

Denny Crane: This. **He turns on the TV.**

News reporter: Its complete chaos out here. I've never seen anything like it. What started out as...

Alan Shore: Ha, ha, it was quite a scene. Oh, look! It's me!

Denny Crane: I can see that. You were there in a sea of breasts and you didn't invite me.

Alan Shore: It wasn't a sex thing, Denny. This was a political protest about a serious issue.

Denny Crane: I heard there were two hundred women. That's four hundred breasts. And you kept them all to yourself.

Alan Shore: I have to get to an arraignment.

Denny Crane: The topless woman?

Alan Shore: Yes.

Denny Crane: I'll go with you.

Alan Shore: It's in court. She'll be completely dressed.

Denny Crane: Aww. Why are they pixilating? This is a cable news channel. You can show breasts on cable!

Garret Wells, carrying a stack of books and files, is walking up to his office. He tries to open the door but something is blocking it. It's Catherine Piper's sandwich cart and she's sitting at Garret's desk.

Garret squeezes through the door.

Catherine Piper: Yes, may I help you, dear?

Garrett Wells: This is my office.

Catherine Piper: Oh. I needed a base of operations for my sandwich cart business.

Garrett Wells: But, I...

Catherine Piper: You're a first-year? Right? **Garret nods.** Well, it goes like this. Named partners, senior partners, junior partners, senior associates, sandwich lady, Xerox guy, janitor, first-years.

Garrett Wells: But I...

Catherine Piper: I'm on the phone, dear.

Garrett Wells: Oh. **He leaves.**

Catherine Piper: **Into the phone.** Did she know that when she asked. Oh, no! Ha, ha.

Daniel is in Denise's office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Denise comes in.

Denise Bauer: The lawsuit's been dropped. The claim died with Hopper, and the wife decided not to pursue it any further.

Daniel Post: I wanna see that she gets our original settlement offer.

Denise Bauer: You don't have to do that, Daniel.

Daniel Post: Sure I do. Hey! You busy tomorrow night?

Denise Bauer: Uh. No. Why? What's going on?

Daniel Post: I thought you might wanna go to a funeral.

Denise Bauer: Hopper's?

Daniel Post: No. Mine. We'll go in my limo. I got a TV, I got the uppy downy things so we can make out and the driver can't see us.

Denise Bauer: Yeah. Uh. I love making out on the way to funerals, especially with the guest of honor.

Daniel Post: What's wrong with wanting to see your own funeral? Besides if wait till you're dead you don't get to hear all the great things people say about you. Think about it?

Denny Crane: **He comes in.** Daniel!?

Daniel Post: Denny!

Denny Crane: Lookin' good.

Daniel Post: Thank you. Do you wanna come to my funeral?

Denny Crane: Oh, funerals are sad.

Daniel Post: Oh, this one'll be fun.

Denny Crane: Count me in.

Daniel Post: Tomorrow night.

Denny Crane: No can do. Busy. Rain check?

Daniel Post: Absolutely.

Denny Crane: **He points at Denise.** He's a keeper. **He leaves.**

Daniel Post: Denny's great.

Denise Bauer: Yep.

Daniel Post: He doesn't hear a think anyone says, does he?

Denise Bauer: Nope.

In Judge Barney Fillager's courtroom.

Alan Shore: Ms Raines? How was your interview at Crane, Poole and Schmidt?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Short.

Bailiff: Docket number 667065, Commonwealth versus Irma Levine. One count of disturbing the peace.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Your Honor, at this time the people would like to amend the complaint. We are charging Ms. Levine with Penal Code two-seven-two, section sixteen. Open and gross lewdness and lascivious behavior.

Alan Shore: **He is stunned.** Are you out of your mind?

Judge Barney Fillager: How do you plead Counselor?

Alan Shore: Time out, Your Honor. That charge is a felony. This woman was arrested as part of a political protest, there was nothing lewd and lascivious about it.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Read the statute. She violated it.

Alan Shore: This is absurd. If she's convicted she'll be forced to register as a sex offender.

Irma's eyes grow wide—she is really scared now.

Judge Barney Fillager: Save it for jury, counselor. How do you plead?

Alan Shore: Even more not guilty than we were prepared to plead a moment ago.

Judge Barney Fillager: Conference with the clerk to set the trial date. **He bangs his gavel.** Next case.

Alan Shore: Why are you doing this?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: I'm late.

Alan Shore: There were two hundred women arrested that day. Are you going to charge them all as sex offenders?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: We're gonna see how this case goes first.

His knees at a ninety degree angle, Brad is leaning against the wall in the hallway at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Alan Shore: ***He walks up.*** What the hell happened in your interview with Holly Raines?

Brad Chase: I don't like your tone.

Alan Shore: And you're square. Game over. Now what the hell happened?

Brad Chase: Didn't like her. She was only here for the money.

Alan Shore: Brad! Everyone from the senior partners to the assistant janitor is only here for the money!

Brad Chase: Okay. Look. You had an affair with Tara. You paid your assistant to sleep with you. I'm a partner now, I'm not gonna let you use this firm as an escort service!

Alan Shore: This was not about sex! It was about bribery! I had to offer her an interview to get Catherine Piper off. Now you've made her mad and she's taking it out on another client of mine! ***He notices Brad's position.*** What the hell are you doing?

Brad Chase: Strengthening my quads. Ski season.

Alan kicks out one of Brad's legs. Brad is unbalanced for a moment. He stays up.

Alan and A.D.A. Holly Raines are in her office.

Alan Shore: They say it was caused by stress from the first Gulf war. But, whatever the cause Brad Chase does indeed suffer from a severe case of Irritable Bowel Syndrome and his gastroenterologist has told him to take up sports to strengthen the bulbous maximums muscle to control things back there. And this is the first I've ever heard of it but apparently the high altitude of the ski slopes is also good in helping to prevent leakage. Something to do with the thin air. So. Long story short I will get you another interview with a named partner.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Thank you.

Alan Shore: You're welcome. Now, can you please charge Irma Levine with something reasonable? Or better yet just drop the whole thing.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Can't do it.

Alan Shore: I'll never be able to guarantee you a job but I promise if...

A.D.A. Holly Raines: I know you think this is about me being mad at Crane, Poole and Schmidt, but it isn't. This comes straight from my boss.

Alan Shore: Why does the District Attorney care about this?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: He wants to set an example to discourage these kinds of protests.

Alan Shore: Ms Raines. If you convict Irma of this charge she'll have to register as a sex offender. She'll be lumped into the same group as rapists and child molesters. All because of a political protest. How can this seem even remotely fair to you?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: It's out of my hands.

Paul Lewiston and Garrett are in the library at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Paul hands Garrett as stack of thick books.

Paul Lewiston: Parsons trial. We're trying to plead this out, so I want you to research any cases involving deaths resulting from marital disputes.

Garrett Wells: I'm on it. I do have a slight problem. There's an old woman in my office.

Paul Lewiston: Pardon?

Garrett Wells: The sandwich lady.

Paul Lewiston: Catherine?

Garrett Wells: She's taken over my office.

Paul Lewiston: Am I to understand that you, a lawyer working at one of the most prestigious firms in the Boston area, cannot negotiate with the sandwich lady to get her out of your office?

Garrett Wells: Well, of course I can. I just don't wanna take up the firm's billable time.

Paul Lewiston: You think this will take time?

Garrett Wells: Well, no sir. I'll take care of it. Forget I said anything. Please.

In the hallway at Crane, Poole and Schmidt Alan catches up with Shirley Schmidt.

Alan Shore: Shirley! Just the person I needed to see. I'm in a terrible bind and I need to borrow your breasts.

Shirley Schmidt: All right. But have them home by eleven.

Alan Shore: ***He reaches over to take some of the books she is carrying.*** I'm sure you've followed Irma Levine's in the news.

Shirley Schmidt: I have.

Alan Shore: Then you know the D.A., or whoever is pressuring him is attempting to suppress political protests.

Shirley Schmidt: Naked ones, yes.

Alan Shore: This is not a small issue, Shirley. This type of thing is going on all over the country. They've banned roadside parking and camping in Crawford, Texas to stop people from protesting the war. If you criticize this administration they just might reveal your wife is a CIA agent. Congress is creating a law that forces people with political blogs to either register with the government or face potential prosecution. Little by little people are being silenced. I need your stature. Expertise.

Shirley Schmidt: Cut the crap, Alan. It's about boobs and you need a nice pair at the table.

Alan Shore: You are absolutely delicious when you cut to the heart of the matter like that. They are throwing everything at me, Shirley. I need to throw everything back.

Shirley Schmidt: I'll think about it.

Alan Shore: Think fast.

Shirley Schmidt: If I agree to help you, one condition. I assume during the course of this case breasts will be referred to in many colorful ways.

Alan Shore: One would hope.

Shirley Schmidt: Personally however I don't ever want to hear them referred to as 'hooters'. I hate that word. Oh, and this is a little off topic, but I hate the word underpants too. If I can have your breasts I promise not to say, 'hooters'.

Shirley Schmidt: Thank you, Alan.

Alan Shore: And as for underpants, if you promise not to wear...

Shirley Schmidt: Goodbye, Alan.

In Judge Barney Fillager's courtroom. Alan and Shirley sit at the defense table with Irma. The gallery is full, some press. At the back of the gallery stands Boston D.A. Scott Bodnar. Shirley and Alan take note of his presence. A.D.A. Holly Raines directs Officer Michael Minden, on the stand.

Officer Michael Minden: We advised her to put her clothes back on, but she and her cohorts insisted on marching around topless.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: And Officer Minden, exactly how many times did you advise...

Shirley Schmidt: ***She leans over to Alan and whisper.*** The District Attorney's here.

Alan Shore: ***Under his breath*** Scott Bodnar. Politicians are drawn to cameras like flies are drawn to...

Shirley Schmidt: Politicians.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: And what was your reaction to the defendant's toplessness?

Officer Michael Minden: ***Well rehearsed*** I was shocked. Offended.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Were you the only one offended?

Officer Michael Minden: No ma'am. We've received numerous complaints from the community about the defendant's behavior.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Thank you.

A.D.A. Holly Raines sits. Alan rises for cross.

Alan Shore: Ms Levine and her cohorts, as you so colorfully referred to them, were there as part of a political protest, correct?

Officer Michael Minden: So she says.

Alan Shore: So she says? ***He holds up a "redistricting" protest sign which says, "Make our votes count."*** She was holding this sign.

Officer Michael Minden: Yes.

Alan Shore: Not exactly the stuff erections are made of.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Objection.

Judge Barney Fillager: Sustained.

Alan Shore: Isn't it true that more people paid attention once the protesters took off their tops?

Officer Michael Minden: They drew a bigger crowd, that's for sure.

Alan Shore: Thank you. ***He goes to sit. Then...*** Uh, one last thing. As a beat cop, who regularly pursues rapists, murderers and other violent criminals, and also as one who protects the rights of the KKK and other provocative groups who are legally permitted to protest, can you sit up there and honestly tell us you were offended by a group of bare breasted protesters?

Officer Michael Minden: They broke the law, Mr Shore. I find that offensive.

In his office Denny is watching television. On the TV is D.A. Bodnar, who is giving an impromptu press conference in the halls of the courthouse. Alan comes in.

D.A. Bodnar: ***On TV.*** Shocked. Shocked and appalled that people would so blatantly flaunt our obscenity laws. Our community has set standards...

Denny Crane: Whore. Any place there's a camera there's Bodnar having sex with it. Where have you been keeping your head?

Alan Shore: Around. I didn't see you on the balcony the other night.

Denny Crane: Bev and I had something to do. And we did it again. Alan? I heard that you asked Shirley to be part of your dream team. Why her and not me?

Alan Shore: Shirley has breasts. Ours are just beginning to develop.

Denny Crane: You're starting this case off on the wrong foot.

Alan Shore: How so?

Denny Crane: It's got everything. Sex, politics, everything but one key ingredient, Denny Crane. I'm in.

Alan Shore: Denny, you don't even know what this case is about.

Denny Crane: It doesn't matter. I don't have to know what it's about in order to try it.

Garret marches in to his office where Catherine is sitting behind his desk.

Garrett Wells: I want you outta my office. I'm an attorney, I graduated top of my class at Suffolk University Law School, I passed the bar exam the very first try and I was recruited by the best firms.

Catherine Piper: **A pause.** I killed a man.

Alan, Irma, Denny and Shirley are walking in the hallway in the courthouse.

Denny Crane: **To Irma.** I've seen those on TV.

Further down the hallway D.A. Scott Bodnar is surrounded by camera's and microphones.

D.A. Scott Bodnar: No, I do not believe the jury pool is so tainted Ms Levine could not get fair trial in Boston.

Denny Crane: There's that whore! **He makes his way towards the cameras.** Watch out everybody! The real whore's here!

Shirley Schmidt: **She grabs Denny's arm.** Denny! I don't have a tranquilizer gun so I'm going to have to reason with you. We agreed you could be on this case only if you don't speak.

Denny Crane: Speak in the courtroom. Besides it's opportunities like this that make Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

D.A. Scott Bodnar: ...be allowed to disregard the obscenity laws.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane. Ten cents a dance. Hey, Scott!

D.A. Scott Bodnar: Denny.

Denny Crane: I'd just like to say that most of us begin life suckling on a breast. If we're lucky we end life suckling on a breast. So anybody who's against breasts is against life itself. **A pause.** Denny Crane.

Reporter: Mr Crane! Excuse me! **To D.A. Scott Bodnar.** Sir? Any comments?

In Judge Barney Fillager's courtroom Shirley is questioning Irma.

Shirley Schmidt: Ms Levine? **She points at a color coded map.** Can you tell me what this is?

Irma Levine: It's a map of the Boston area congressional district.

Shirley Schmidt: This is district four. **She tears off a piece from the map.** How would you describe its shape?

Irma Levine: It's shaped like a large intestine.

Shirley Schmidt: Now, why would we, as a people, choose to shape a congressional district like a large intestine?

Irma Levine: We don't. Our elected officials do. Say you voted for the incumbent congressman last election, and I live on the opposite side of the street and I voted against him? His party can draw the line down the middle of the street to include you and exclude me.

Shirley Schmidt: Can they really do that?

Irma Levine: With computer modeling they can be very exact.

Denny Crane: This isn't about boobs at all.

Alan Shore: It's foreplay. Wait your turn.

Shirley Schmidt: Ah. Why did you start this group?

Irma Levine: To protest the war. We had our shirts on then! There were nearly one hundred thousand of us in the streets. A sea of people. But the local news reported that only a few thousand showed up. It's as if our protest didn't even happen.

Shirley Schmidt: So what did you do next?

Irma Levine: We continued to protest with little effect and we eventually learned that in order to get your message heard you had to shock people.

Denny Crane: You had fantasies about this college girl. She nothing but a talker.

Shirley Schmidt: A moment please, Your Honor. **She walks back to the table.** Denny, we're trying to work here. **To Alan.** Give him your keys to play with. And finally, Ms Levine. What do you do for a living?

Irma Levine: I run a women's shelter.

Shirley Schmidt: And if you are convicted and placed on the State's Sexual Offender's registry, what happens to you?

Irma Levine: I would lose everything. My job, my home, my standing in the community.

Shirley Schmidt: So. If one wanted to intimidate people from exercising their first amendment rights this would be a good way to do it?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Objection!

Shirley Schmidt: Nothing further.

Shirley sits. A.D.A. Holly Raines get up.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Ms Levine. Your laudable work for battered women notwithstanding, isn't it correct that you were arrested only when you illegally bared your breasts?

Irma Levine: Yes.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: You could have continued to make that same statement while keeping your clothes on?

Irma Levine: But the message wouldn't have gotten the same coverage.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: So it's your contention that it's alright to break laws so long as you're trying to get a message across?

Irma Levine: I think that's a gross exaggeration.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Our community has set standards and laws for what it deems to be indecent behavior.

Irma Levine: What our elected officials are doing is indecent. My breasts are not.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: You intentionally broke that law. Didn't you?

Irma Levine: I took my top off. In many cultures a woman's bared breasts are not considered indecent!

A.D.A. Holly Raines: But we're in America. In America we're allowed to set our own laws. Are we not?

Irma Levine: Yes.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Nothing further.

Daniel and Denise walk into a bar.

Denise Bauer: Your funeral's in a bar?

Daniel Post: Well, funeral homes close too early. And they don't have beer. **Denise takes off her coat.** Nice outfit, but I do believe I said hockey casuals. **He is sporting a Boston Bruins hockey sweater.**

Denise Bauer: Oh, ha, ha. I'm feeling a little like Alice down the rabbit hole right now, so I'm just gonna go with it.

Daniel Post: That's an excellent attitude. My family's gonna love you!

Denise Bauer: Your family?

Daniel Post: It's my funeral. **He takes her by the hand and leads her into room full of cheering people. All wearing Bruins sweaters.**

Denise, now wearing a Bruins jersey is playing foos ball with Daniel and Terry.

Daniel Post: Come on, come on. Come on!

Denise Bauer: Go! Go! Go spinny man! Go spinny man!

Daniel Post: Wow, you've really picked up the lingo.

Denise scores the winning goal.

Denise Bauer: **To Terry.** Ha! Ha!

Terry: No, no. I had to let him win. It's his funeral.

Daniel Post: Aww, you got beat by a girl and a dead guy. Deal with it.

We hear the clink clink of a glass. Everyone looks up to see Patrick, standing on the bar, tapping his drink with a knife.

Patrick: If I could have your attention...

The crowd quiets.

Patrick: We have gathered here tonight to pay our final respects to... that guy who's eating the Buffalo wings.

The crowd laughs. I know we look at Daniel and everyone here is thinking the same thing. "How much is he leaving me in the will?" **The crowd reacts, laughing.** Seriously, after our folks passed, Daniel was the one there for us. He always has been. And he always will be. To you. Bro. I love you. **Everybody raises their bottles.** Now let's have some zamboni cake!

Everyone moves over to the cake area. Except Denise who takes in the whole happy scene. It's too much for her and she makes her way out the door. Daniel turns and sees her go. Denise is starting to tear up. Daniel comes out after her.

Daniel Post: Hey! Hey, hey, hey! You know, you're wrecking my funeral?

Denise Bauer: I know. We're here, and it's you, and your friends and your family. And it's like a beginning only you're...

Daniel Post: It sucks. That's it. It just sucks.

Denise Bauer: This is, this is good for you. And everyone in there is unbelievable. And I have been trying. I really have. But... you're dying and it's eating me up inside. You go back. It's your party.

Denny is in his office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Alan comes in.

Alan Shore: It's time for court, Denny.

Denny Crane: I'm not going. You took me to the circus and you didn't show me any elephants.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry. But I am gonna call the D.A. to the stand.

Denny Crane: Hm, that'll be fun. But it's not enough. Be careful of Bodnar. I'm not sure you want that whore as an enemy.

Alan Shore: By definition he's my enemy.

In Judge Barney Fillager's courtroom Holly and Alan are in front of the judge.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: He can't call the District Attorney.

Alan Shore: I just did.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: He was never included on our witness list. The Commonwealth has not had ample time to prepare.

Alan Shore: Your Honor, his testimony is relevant. This case is all about the railroading of my client's first amendment rights. And Mr Bodnar seems to be conductor on said railroad.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: It's a cheap stunt.

Judge Barney Fillager: Enough. I'm certain District Attorney Bodnar can take care of himself. I'll allow his testimony.

D.A. Scott Bodnar is in the witness chair.

Alan Shore: District Attorney Bodnar! Alan Shore. Before we start, I just wanna say I love those mailers that you send out come election time. We're all inspired by the story of your roots, your father the Czechoslovakian cobbler your mother the Czechoslovakian cobbler's wife. I also wanna thank you for taking the time to be here. You're a busy man keeping criminals off the streets, fighting for truth, justice and the American way, And yet you make time to be here. Every day. This case must be very important to you.

D.A. Scott Bodnar: It is.

Alan Shore: I guess the question on all of our minds is, why?

D.A. Scott Bodnar: Well, Mr Shore, as you know this was defiance of the law. On a sizeable scale. It was extremely offensive to a large number of people.

Alan Shore: And there were a lot of TV cameras out there. And in here. The point is, Ms Levine's message was getting across! Wasn't it? That's why this case is so important. That's what's so frightening to you. The truth was getting out. The truth about the stranglehold you and other politicians have on our political system. Correct?

Alan Shore: Mr Shore. I was elected to represent the community and to act in their best interest. People have a right to political speech. No matter how extreme. They do not have the right to break the law with lewd and lascivious behavior on the streets of Boston...

Alan Shore: Yes...

D.A. Scott Bodnar: Mr Shore you asked me a question. Please allow me to finish. I don't know what society you live in but our society has made it clear where it stands on indecency. If you're looking for a litmus test? Just ask Janet Jackson.

Alan is stunned.

Paul walks along with Alan in the hallway at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Paul Lewiston: Well, congratulations, Alan. Your drilling of the D.A. on the stand has really paid off. The plea bargain we had set in the Parsons case suddenly got rejected. Gee, I wonder why?

Alan Shore: Mr Parsons did kill his wife. Maybe he should go to jail.

Paul Lewiston: We are now known in the D.A.'s office as those SOB's from Crane, Poole and Schmidt. And for what? You are still losing this case.

Alan Shore: Well, if that's all they're calling us? Clearly I've not done my job.

Alan is waiting in the hallway at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Brad walks up.

Brad Chase: I'm here! What do you want?

Alan Shore: Brad, would you agree that you owe me one for the egregious way you handled the Holly Raines interview?

Brad Chase: Alan, her attitude was...

Alan Shore: The important thing is, I agree that you owe me one. Just follow my lead.

Alan and Brad are in D.A. Scott Bodnar office with the latter.

Alan Shore: Mr Bodnar, we're gonna lose this case.

D.A. Scott Bodnar: Yes, you are.

Alan Shore: And I don't know what to do about it. We could get to the appeals process, but so many of our fine judges are not into the first amendment these days. And if by some miracle we make it to the Supreme Court. Well, they're not that tickled with the first amendment either! So. As you can see. I am in a pickle.

D.A. Scott Bodnar: You didn't need to come down here to explain that to me.

Alan Shore: No. I know. But I did need to explain this. It's Brad here.

D.A. Scott Bodnar: What about Brad here?

Alan Shore: He's decided he's going to run against you for District Attorney.

D.A. Scott Bodnar: **To Brad.** Really?

Brad Chase: **Alan looks at Brad.** Yes.

Alan Shore: I mean, I think he's a natural for politics. Don't you? Look at him. Gorgeous. And tough on crime. The man single-handedly rescued a kidnapped child. **He shows a large poster of Brad.** The Republican Party is bound to love him because he's so demonstratively pro-torture. A man who's not afraid to get his hands dirty while he cuts off the fingers of others. Oh! You're a Republican! Aren't you, Scott?

D.A. Scott Bodnar: Mr Shore.

Alan Shore: I wonder who your party'd rather have carrying its standard? You? Or Captain Handsome? Brad, stand up and take your jacket off. **Brad does so.** Yes. Ooh. Good. Put it over the shoulder. **Brad does so.** Wow!

D.A. Scott Bodnar: I think this job is about more than looks.

Alan Shore: Well. You'd have to think that, wouldn't you? I notice the polls don't have you doing too well with women voters. You are aware my client runs a shelter for battered women? Do you think persecuting her will play well with the distaff side?

D.A. Scott Bodnar: Are you trying to threaten me?

Alan Shore: Not me. It's my friend here. This case has him so incensed! Doesn't it, Brad?

Brad Chase: Yes.

Alan Shore: It's inspired him to pluck his hat from those beautiful blond locks and toss it into the ring. I can just see the two of you in a televised debate. No, really. I can only see him because you see to fade into the background. Tell me, Brad, how many of your clients are millionaires.

Brad Chase: All of them.

Alan Shore: Rich coffers to draw from. It would be much nicer, wouldn't it Mr Bodnar, to run unopposed?

D.A. Scott Bodnar: Well. You've both made some extremely valid points and I think Goldilocks here would be a formidable opponent. I look forward to the campaign. And Mr Shore, I look forward to seeing you in court.

Outside.

Alan Shore: Brad, you know, you don't actually have to run. On the other hand you have made a powerful enemy, and I think you've learned a valuable lesson about following my lead.

Brad Chase: Thanks. Douchbag.

Daniel walks into Denise's office. She's there.

Daniel Post: Hey.

Denise Bauer: Hi. So? How was the rest of your funeral?

Daniel Post: Oh, it was great. I got totally bombed. So? Are, are we okay?

Denise Bauer: **She shakes her head.** Daniel. I am the worst coward there is.

Daniel Post: Yeah. Well. We all voted you that when we were playing quarters.

Denise Bauer: No, I can't keep going.

Daniel Post: Okay, time-out. Um, don't decide anything yet. Okay? Because I got something. Look, I'm going to Switzerland. They've got this experimental treatment in St Moritz that I scammed my way into. And I don't know if it's gonna work. But I figure it's worth a shot. And if it does, I'll be back. And then decide. Okay?

Denise Bauer: Okay.

Daniel gives Denise a kiss then turns to leave.

Denise Bauer: You're going off like a dog, aren't you?

Daniel Post: What do you mean?

Denise Bauer: When a dog knows it's gonna die it goes off into the woods by itself and ah, rich guys go to St Moritz.

Daniel Post: They got beautiful woods there.

Denise Bauer: Yes, they do.

Daniel Post: I'll see you, Guido.

Denise Bauer: See you.

In Judge Barney Fillager's courtroom A.D.A. Holly Raines is giving her closing.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Ms Levine took her shirt off. That is not in dispute. And she did it to make a political point. Now people make political points every day. The TV, in the press, on the internet, expressing opinions of all kinds without breaking the law. For Ms Levine, our country's guarantee of free speech wasn't enough. Our guarantee of freedom of assembly? Wasn't enough. And apparently our guarantee of freedom of the press wasn't enough. None of these freedoms were enough for Ms Levine and the point she had to make. No. She had to break the law by violating our community standards of decency. No one violated Ms Levine's freedom of speech! Ms Levine violated our community laws. Don't let her get away with it.

A.D.A. Holly Raines sits. Shirley Schmidt gets up.

Shirley Schmidt: ***She reads from a sheet of paper.*** Jake Watson convicted of molesting an eight-year-old girl, served two years, then convicted of molesting an eleven-year-old girl. John Bauers, convicted of multiple counts of rape. Calvin Stevens, convicted of sodomizing and molesting over a dozen boys ages six to ten. This is a list of registered sex-offenders. This is the list that the prosecution thinks Ms Levine should be put on. This is the company they think she belongs in. Do you? Do any of you think that a woman who bared her breasts at a political rally poses the same risk to the community as rapists and child molesters? Of course you don't. And I'll let you in on a little secret. ***She looks to the defenses' table.*** Neither do they. You see they arrested Ms Levine and the other women before and charged them with disturbing the peace. When a woman is arrested for sunbathing topless in a public park, she's either charged with disturbing the peace or more likely the cop says, "Hey, lady put your shirt back on." And then he goes off to deal with real crime. So why is Ms Levine different? Because she was protesting redistricting. Now, I know that may sound arcane and theoretical to you. But I assure you that to the politicians in power, there is nothing more dear to their hearts. If Ms Levine had written a scholarly article about redistricting for an obscure journal that nobody would ever have read, the District Attorney wouldn't have cared at all. But she and the other women made their argument topless. People paid attention because let's face it when two hundred women take their tops off people are going to look. But after they've gawked for a minute they might ask, "Why have they taken their tops off?" And then they might find out it's because of redistricting. And then they might say, "Well, what is that?" And then when they find out they might say, "Oh my God! Our politicians have high jacked our Democracy." The prosecutor's charged Ms Levine for violating our community standards. This is Boston. Home of the Tea Party. Home of the people and the spirit of freedom that literally created this country. Our community standard is that we won't be silenced by the King of England, much less the District Attorney! Our community standard is that we speak the truth to power. And if those in power don't like it. Too bad.

Catherine is pushing her sandwich cart down the hallway at Crane, Poole and Schmidt when she sees Garrett sitting in the hallway along the wall.

Catherine Piper: ***She walks up to him.*** Oh, look at you. This is terrible. I'll tell you what I'll do, Garry.

Garrett Wells: Garrett.

Catherine Piper: I'm not in the office all the time. I mean I'm very busy over lunch and morning break and afternoon coffee. That would leave three or four hours when I won't need the office at all. Make yourself at home.

Garrett Wells: Ah. Thanks.

Catherine Piper: So you can be in there all during lunch when you eat your two sandwiches.

Garrett Wells: Two sandwiches?

Catherine Piper: Oh. Yes. You'll be buying two sandwiches off the cart. The ones that aren't moving. Usually it's liverwurst and tongue. Bye.

She leaves.

Garrett Wells: Jokes on you! I like tongue!

In Judge Barney Fillager's courtroom.

Judge Barney Fillager: Will the defendant please rise? ***Shirley, Alan and Irma rise.*** Has the jury reached a unanimous verdict?

Foreman: We have, Your Honor.

Judge Barney Fillager: What say you?

Foreman: In the matter of the Commonwealth versus Irma Levine, on the count of open and gross lewdness and lascivious behavior, we find the defendant, not guilty.

Judge Barney Fillager: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury we thank you for your service. Court's adjourned.

Shirley Schmidt: **She hugs Irma.** Congratulations.

Irma Levine: Oh. You're closing made all the difference. Thank you very much.

Shirley Schmidt: Your welcome. Oh, and about your protest. Next time try pasties.

Irma Levine: Well? Alan? Thank you.

Alan Shore: You're not actually going to say goodbye to me in public courtroom?

Irma Levine: Walk me out?

Alan and Irma walk out through a crowd of clambering reporters. They go into an elevator.

Irma Levine: Excuse me? This elevator's taken. **The door closes. A pause. Irma pulls the button to stop the elevator.**

Alan Shore: Oh my. Suddenly I'm feeling all the hope and the anticipation and the ever so slight trepidation of election day. **Alan places his briefcase on the floor and walks over to Irma.**

Brad is sitting in his office. He looks back at the poster of himself. He smiles smugly.

An alarm rings as a large group of people are waiting outside the elevator. Someone presses the up/down button. Shirley looks at her watch.

Alan is out on the balcony. Denny joins him and hands him a glass of Scotch. They drink..

Alan Shore: **He gags.** Ugh! What is this?

Denny Crane: **He grimaces slightly.** Diet Scotch. It's Bev's idea. She wants me to slim down for the wedding.

They both take another sip and groan at the taste.

Alan Shore: I've been wondering, Denny. Are we drifting?

Denny Crane: Drifting?

Alan Shore: Apart.

Denny Crane: Apart?

Alan Shore: Yes.

Denny Crane: No!

Alan Shore: Good.

They take another sip, still groaning and grimacing at the taste.

Alan Shore: I'm gonna miss you, Denny, once you're married.

Denny Crane: I'm not going anywhere.

Alan Shore: I've been married. Of course you are.

They take another sip and groan.

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