

Boston Legal
Ivan the Incurable
Season 2, Episode 22
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At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Shirley Schmidt and Ivan Tiggs exiting elevator

Shirley Schmidt: Thank you for walking me to work. Can I interest you in a cup of...? **Ivan interrupts Shirley with a kiss.** I see you don't need coffee. **Ivan tries again, but is rebuffed.** Ivan, I'm...ah... I'm feeling a little exposed.

Ivan Tiggs: Wherever that is, could you put my hand there? Besides, it's not even seven. No one else is ev...

Denny Crane: *Walking into the hallway* One question. Who was on top?

Ivan Tiggs: Me. Her. Me and then her. A little early, aren't you now, Denny?

Denny Crane: I'm an early riser. As I recall, Shirley, so are you.

Shirley Schmidt: I was just desperate to get out of your bed, Denny.

Denny Crane: *He laughs.* Toodles.

Shirley Schmidt: See me for lunch?

Ivan Tiggs: I'll pick you up. ***They part, Shirley Schmidt headed for her office, while Ivan heads back to the elevator.***

Shirley enters her office; Missy is awaiting her arrival

Shirley Schmidt: Missy. I... How are you?

Missy Tiggs: I hope you don't mind my coming here. It's about Ivan.

Shirley Schmidt: Of course.

Missy Tiggs: I know it's crazy, but... I think Ivan is cheating.

Shirley Schmidt: Cheating? On you? His wife!

Missy Tiggs: Part of me thinks it's so silly. ***She laughs and snorts.***

Shirley Schmidt: Ohh, God... So, he hasn't said anything to you?

Missy Tiggs: Oh, of course not. But you know my man of La Mancha. He's a wanderer, Shirley, and I just have this feeling that his eye has wandered. ***Shirley's look says, "Not just his eye..."*** Would it be awfully horrible of me to ask you to talk to him?

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, I'll talk to him.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Jerry "Hands" Espenson enters the building with a big social smile and a salute.

Brad Chase: Jerry!

Jerry Espenson: Brad! ***Stage handshake.*** How are the kids?

Brad Chase: I don't have any kids.

Jerry Espenson: Great!

Alan Shore is in his office; reading a newspaper.

Jerry Espenson: *He comes in.* Oh.

Alan Shore: Jerry! What a nice surprise. ***He gets up to shake hands.***

Jerry Espenson: Alan! A pleasure. What did you have for breakfast?

Alan Shore: Umm, English muffin. ***He realizes his hand is in jeopardy of being in a permanent handshake with Jerry.*** I see your... ***He extracts his hand with some difficulty.*** ...behavior modification is going well.

Jerry Espenson: Oh, it is. I've been working very hard to deal with my Asperger's syndrome. I've been learning to connect to people, to make eye contact, to shake hands, to show an interest in them even if I have none.

Alan Shore: A skill I never mastered. ***He eases Jerry into a chair.*** What brings you by, Jerry?

Jerry Espenson: Well, I'm a solo practitioner now, mostly finance and bankruptcy, but my behavioral therapist suggested that I place myself in more and varied social situations so that I might better practice my new social skills. So I got myself assigned a trial from the courts.

Alan Shore: Congratulations!

Jerry Espenson: Only, now that I'm actually gonna try a case in a courtroom, it's well... well. **He gets up to pace. His Asperger's mannerisms are back in full force.** Alan, I'm a wreck!

Alan Shore: **He tries to calm Jerry.** What's the case?

Jerry Espenson: Attempted murder. **He continues pacing.**

Alan Shore: Jerry?

Jerry Espenson: Yes, it's daunting. But I know the Massachusetts penal code backwards and forwards, procedure, rules of evidence, objectionable conduct.

Alan Shore: Jerry, litigation is about more than knowledge of the law. It's about confidence... **Jerry hangs his head and groans.** ...and strategy, cheap theatrics. **Again, Jerry hangs his head and groans. Alan strokes his neck and back to comfort him.** Why don't I see if I can rearrange some things? Perhaps, if you permit, I could join you as co-counsel?

Jerry Espenson: Bingo! I mean, that would be nice.

Alan, Jerry and Andre Mkeba are in a prep room at the jailhouse.

Andre Mkeba: Three years ago, I received my permanent resident card. It allowed me to bring my son, Dembe, over from Senegal. He was here exactly one month, enrolled at Boston Community College to study engineering. One night, a man approached him, begging for a dollar. Dembe pulled out his wallet, and when he did, the man shot him in the face. Took his wallet and ran. He was caught, but the police used an illegal search warrant, so the case was dismissed. The judge banged his gavel and that was it.

Alan Shore: It's unimaginable.

Jerry Espenson: Mr. Mkeba is a bus driver—Route 48, Jackson Square Station via Green Street and Stonybrook Stations.

Andre Mkeba: I drive the night shift. I recently pulled over at Green Street, opened my doors, and there he was. The man murdered my son 3 years ago. He got on, paid his fare. He was 6 inches from my face. He didn't even notice me! At the next stop, I pulled over and it was as if my body took control of me. I picked up the club I keep under my seat. I walked down the aisle to him, and I said, "You know me!" And I began hitting him as hard as I possibly could. I couldn't stop pounding him.

Jerry Espenson: It took four witnesses to pull him off.

Alan Shore: I see.

Andre Mkeba: I know what I did was wrong. I know that. But if I go to jail, I worry about my family back in Senegal.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in the kitchenette. A new paralegal, Audrey, is searching for something in the refrigerator. Brad enters, and they walk into each other

Audrey Pugliese: Ohh...

Brad Chase: Ah... I was just going for the 2 percent.

Audrey Pugliese: Ah, um...

Brad Chase: A lot of milk choices these days.

Audrey Pugliese: Yeah

Brad Chase: Have we met?

Audrey Pugliese: Audrey Pugliese, paralegal transfer from M and A. I... put a brownie in here this morning and now it's...

Brad Chase: Oh, Denny probably took it

Audrey Pugliese: You're kidding me.

Brad Chase: No, he has some boundary issues. Your best bet is to hide it in the crisper

Audrey Pugliese: **She laughs.** Thanks. **Clears her throat.**

Brad Chase: See ya.

Audrey Pugliese: See ya.

Alan and Jerry enter Judge Robert Thompson's courtroom. Alan has to grab the back of Jerry's coat to redirect him to the stage left table.

Jerry Espenson: He's not supposed to be pacing, Alan. A judge normally sits.

Alan Shore: Some judges have their quirks, Jerry. This is his. He runs a very busy courtroom. **A.D.A.**

Douglas Kouper and a female assistant walk up to the stage right table. Ah, Mr. Kupfer! Jerry, you're in luck. Mr. Kupfer is my favorite opposing counsel. He's smart, eloquent, a pleasure to watch, and every time I go up against him, he obligingly loses.

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer You know, if the US really wanted to torture detainees, they could sentence them to be you for a day. I imagine it's excruciating.

Alan Shore: **Snarky laugh.** You have no idea.

Court Clerk: Docket Number 4175, Commonwealth of Massachusetts vs Ande Mkeba. The charge is attempted murder.

Judge Robert Thompson: How do you plead?

Jerry Espenson: Uh, Jerry Espenson for the defendant. We plead—that is, um—not guilty. Your, your Honor.

Alan Shore: By reason of temporary insanity.

Judge Robert Thompson: Bail?

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer The Commonwealth seeks remand.

Alan softly clears his throat.

Jerry Espenson: Your honor, the crime Mr. Mkeba is charged with committing was the result of a unique and volatile confluence of events that is unlikely to occur again. I'm sorry, could you sit down, please?

Judge Robert Thompson: I beg your pardon?

Jerry Espenson: You're distracting, not just to me, but everyone, isn't he?

Alan Shore: Jerry?

Judge Robert Thompson: There is nothing in the Constitution that says a judge has to sit on his ass all day, Mr. Espenson.

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer Your honor, the defendant is a flight risk. He has strong ties overseas.

Alan Shore: The man can't afford a flight, and the strong ties Mr. Kupfer refers to is Mr. Mkeba's family, who will starve if Mr. Mkeba is not allowed to continue driving his bus.

Judge Robert Thompson: Oh, very well. Bail is set at \$50,000. **He bangs his gavel.**

Alan Shore: **To Ande.** We'll have you out by the end of the day.

Jerry Espenson: I just got overwhelmed.

Alan Shore: Your first time can be emotional. We'll try not to let it happen again.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Shirley is in her office.

Ivan Tiggs: **He enters carrying a grocery bag.** I brought wine, cheese, and condoms. I thought we'd picnic.

Shirley Schmidt: Missy came to my office today.

Ivan Tiggs: Ah! So just the wine and cheese.

Shirley Schmidt: She's fairly certain of two things: 1) that you're having an affair and 2) that you're still married to her.

Ivan Tiggs: A slight technicality. Look, Missy and I are done, Shirl, I swear. However, it is possible that Missy and I were not on the same page when I broke the news to her.

Shirley Schmidt: And what did your page say?

Ivan Tiggs: Missy, our marriage is over. I see now that we've made a mistake. I think it's time to admit it and move on and seek our happiness elsewhere.

Shirley Schmidt: And what page is Missy on?

Ivan Tiggs: Don't wait up; I'm going out with the guys.

Shirley Schmidt: I should have known, Ivan, I *know* you. You laid the oldest line in the married man's playbook on me, and I swallowed it.

Ivan Tiggs: Look, Shirl, if you wanna stab me with your letter opener right now, that's how I'd prefer to go anyway. But know that I am going to tell her. It's just not that easy.

Shirley Schmidt: Ivan, tell her.

Ivan Tiggs: And then...

Shirley Schmidt: There's no then, Ivan. We're only dealing in now. Tell her.

Ivan wants to say more, but he knows not to; picks up his bag of food and walks out.

In Judge Robert Thompson's courtroom.

Kevin Armus: He was driving the bus. Made another stop or two. Each time, he kept looking back at me. Then he put on the, ah, emergency lights, pulled over. I thought there was something wrong with the bus. But then he... he... he stands up, gets right in my face and starts to beat the crap out of me for no reason.

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer Did he say anything to you?

Kevin Armus: He said something like, "You killed my son." Something like that. I... I don't know what the hell he's talking about.

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer And, ah, how did the defendant appear to you at this time?

Kevin Armus: Like he totally knew what he was doing. Come on, he parked the bus, looked me right in the eye and tried to kill me.

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer: Thank you. Nothing further.

Jerry realizes he is up next. He is not prepared.

Alan Shore: **Quietly.** Jerry? It's your witness.

Jerry Espenson: You take this one. I'll do the next one.

Alan Shore: This one's yours, Jerry. You prepared for this. You are ready .Just stand up...

Jerry Espenson: No.

Alan Shore: You can do this.

Judge Robert Thompson: Counselors? The suspense is killing me.

Alan Shore: **He gets up.** Mr. Armus, you just testified you didn't know what my client meant when he accused you of killing his son. That's not entirely true, is it?

Kevin Armus: I don't know what you mean.

Alan Shore: Let me be very clear, then. You murdered Mr. Mkeba's son, didn't you?

Kevin Armus: No.

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer Objection.

Judge Robert Thompson holds up his hand, nodding his head.

Alan Shore: You shot him in the face to steal his wallet.

Kevin Armus: Hey, I didn't do it.

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer Your Honor, all charges were dropped.

Judge Robert Thompson: Mr. Shore... ?

Alan Shore: It goes to insanity, your Honor. This man murdered Mr. Mkeba's son in cold blood. Anyone can understand why a father goes into an uncontrollable rage when his son's murderer steps onto his bus.

Judge Robert Thompson: **Gesturing for the three lawyers to approach the bench.** Counsel, approach.

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer Your Honor, Mr. Shore knows full well that the case against Mr. Armus was thrown out.

Alan Shore: Because of a faulty warrant, and the incompetent twits in your office couldn't fix it.

Judge Robert Thompson: Children, enough. Objection sustained. And no more games, Mr. Shore. **Waves the three back to their tables)** Step back.

Jerry aspergers quickly back to his table.

Alan Shore: **He tries to make small talk with A.D.A. Kouper.** I like your shoes.

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer Don't start, okay?

Alan Shore: Mr. Armus, when my client grabbed you, how many people did it take to pull him off?

Kevin Armus: Yeah, like five or six guys at least.

Alan Shore: Five or six grown men to pull one man off you?

Kevin Armus: He was beating the crap out of me. He wouldn't stop.

Alan Shore: As though he had completely lost control.

Kevin Armus: Yeah, that's ri... **A.D.A. Kupfer's face shows disappointment at Armus' slip of supporting the idea that Andre may have lost control.** I don't remember much after that. I blacked out and they took me to the hospital.

Alan Shore: Nothing further. **He walks back to the table.**

Jerry Espenson: That was great. I'll do the next one.

Alan Shore: You will do the next one. **He smiles as he sees Jerry is happy, and may well do the next one.**

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in the Library: Brad walks in as Audrey is searching for a book

Brad Chase: Hey! Audrey!

Audrey Pugliese: Hey, you! God, I... I'm so glad I got out of M and A. Criminal law is a lot more interesting. There's so much more to learn. Ha, ha.

Brad Chase: Yeah, I like it. Look, as a sort of welcome-to-the-department type of thing, would you like to grab some dinner?

Audrey Pugliese: Oh...

Brad Chase: It's just that I know this little Basque place and they serve family-style with long benches. It's a lot of fun.

Audrey Pugliese: I would love that.

Brad Chase: I'll make a reservation for...

Audrey Pugliese: Eight?

Brad Chase: Eight it is.

Audrey Pugliese: Great. Sounds perfect; I'll meet you there. And then afterwards, maybe we can go back to my apartment.

Brad Chase: That sounds like a plan. We could review penal code.

Audrey Pugliese: Great. And I'll show you my vagina.

Brad suddenly looks very disturbed/stricken.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Denise Bauer is in her. Office. Brad comes in.

Brad Chase: You speak Italian, right?

Denise Bauer: Sì. Parlo Italiano.

Brad Chase: So let me ask you this. In Italian, does the word... uh... vagina mean something else?

Denise Bauer: Something else?

Brad Chase: You know. Could it have some meaning other than... you know? Like, is it another term for some sort of ancient seacraft? I asked out Audrey.

Denise Bauer: The new paralegal? I'm surprised. You're usually so sensitive to all the rules around here.

Brad Chase: Believe me, there was no sexual harassment involved, at least on my part. But on her part—oof—somebody not as cool as me could write her up.

Denise Bauer: What do you mean?

Brad Chase: She said yes, then she asked me if later I wanted to see her...

Denise Bauer: Seacraft.

Brad Chase: Uh huh. As a friend, who's also a girl, I would really like to know—would you ever say anything like that?

Denise Bauer: Probably not.

Brad Chase: That's what I thought your answer would be. But I still like her.

Denise Bauer: Brad, what Audrey said is a little odd, but if you really like her, it's not a deal-breaker; it's just a—a word. So... anchor's away.

At Crane, Poole and Shirley is in her office; Missy Tiggs arrives; she knocks on the open door.

Shirley Schmidt: Missy...

Missy Tiggs: I spoke with Ivan and he told me everything.

Shirley Schmidt: **Shocked.** I don't know what to say.

Missy Tiggs: You don't have to say anything, except maybe you're welcome, because I owe you a super-huge thank you!

Shirley Schmidt: You do?

Missy Tiggs: After I spoke with you, I spoke with Ivan. It turns out, I was just being a nervous bride. He's not having an affair. Ivan reassured me that everything is fine.

Shirley Schmidt: Of course he did. **Her look says, "Scammed us both".**

Missy Tiggs: The thing is, I have a tiny confession to make. I know I shouldn't, but I still have a squinch of a doubt when it comes to Ivan's fidelity. I just don't wanna doubt him for the rest of my life. You have such a clear mind. What should I do?

Shirley Schmidt: **She has ideas, but they're not exactly legal.** I think I may have an answer.

Alan and Jerry are in Jerry's office (with the Peabody award and geckos flashed). Jerry is practicing his technique for Alan, hands plastered to his sides.

Jerry Espenson: Now, Mr. Mkeba, how did you feel when you were beating him with the club?

Alan Shore: No, you don't wanna say that.

Jerry Espenson: Right, right. OK. So then I'll say, "How did you feel during this... during this." And,... ah... that will elicit testimony that he wasn't in control of his emotions and he couldn't determine right from wrong, and therefore, not guilty by reason of temporary insanity. Bingo. Oh, sorry. **He bends over his desk to make a mark on his legal pad.** Only allowed eight "Bingos" a day

Alan Shore: You're well under your quota. It's always good to have a few spare "Bingos" in your back pocket.

Jerry Espenson: I felt a little stiff.

Alan Shore: Well, fortunately, a courtroom is a rather formal place. The jury won't expect you to be loose and casual.

Jerry Espenson: Good.

Alan Shore: Jerry, keep in mind that when you're questioning the witness, *you* are in charge of what you're doing. If you need to take a moment to gather your thoughts, take the moment. Don't ever feel rushed.

Jerry Espenson: Okay. Good morning, Mr. Mkeba. *He bows slightly toward Alan/Mkeba.* Mr. Mkeba, where are you from?

Alan Shore: Senegal

Jerry Espenson: Senegal. Right. He may say the city that he comes from, too. But, whatever he says, I can deal with it.

Alan is nodding, but not so sure.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Shirley is in her office. Ivan enters.

Ivan Tiggs: A post-nup?

Shirley Schmidt: My idea. I'm clever.

Ivan Tiggs: She gets my cigarette boat.

Shirley Schmidt: Only if you cheat.

Ivan Tiggs: My box seat at the symphony, my season tickets to the Crimson games. I went to Harvard. Does she look like she went to Harvard?

Shirley Schmidt: No, but with 80% of your net worth, she'll be able to make a sizeable endowment. Who knows? Maybe they'll rename the "Ivan Tiggs Theater." The "Ivan Tiggs Can't Keep It in His Pants Theater" has a nice ring to it.

Ivan Tiggs: My golf membership. My custom-made suits. So, basically, if I screw around, she gets my life.

Shirley Schmidt: Not your *whole* life. Just the parts you love. **They exchange looks.** So what do you love, Ivan? Maybe you should give it some thought.

Denise Bauer is walking in the hallway of at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Brad Chase walks up to her.

Brad Chase: She keeps saying it.

Denise Bauer: Excuse me?

Brad Chase: Audrey. We went out on Friday, again on Saturday. We spent all Sunday morning together. We're supposed to see each other tonight. And we're... you know.

Denise Bauer: Having sex?

Brad Chase: Yes. It's great. Really great. But she keeps saying that word... a lot.

Denise Bauer: As in...

Brad Chase: As in oh, boy, my "that" really feels good. Or, wow, you sure know your way around my "that." At first, I thought, "Maybe she just likes to talk dirty." Maybe this is a lead-in for something else. But there is no "something else." It's just "that"—again, and again, and again.

Denise Bauer: **She shrugs.** Hm.

Brad Chase: I think I need to end it.

Denise shakes her head, as Brad walks away.

In Judge Robert Thompson's courtroom.

Ande Mkeba: No matter how angry, the rest of the world is with the United States, it's still the place to come for hope and opportunity. But no one told me this could happen. My boy was here exactly one month, and he was gunned down, killed like an animal by another animal. That man, Armus... **Points at Armus.**

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer: Objection.

Judge Robert Thompson: **Standing behind his chair.** Uh, sustained.

Jerry Espenson: Okey dokey. Now, Mr. Mkeba, take us to the day of the incident.

Ande Mkeba: I stopped my bus, and he came on board—this man who is guilty of killing my son.

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer gets up, ready to object, but...

Jerry Espenson: Well, of course, he wasn't actually found guilty. Um, the case was thrown out. **Alan is ready to voice an objection.** Uh, let's move on. Okay. What happened as... when... what happened next, exactly?

Ande Mkeba: When I saw him, I froze. My heart began to pound. And I couldn't breathe. And then I realized what was happening. God had sent me this gift. It was a sign from God Himself.

Jerry Espenson: "A sign from God"

Ande Mkeba: And then, I let God take over.

Jerry Espenson: "God took over"

Alan realizes Jerry is using this testimony to support the temporary insanity plea, rather than to elicit the jury's empathy for Mr. Mkeba.

Ande Mkeba: He... I... whatever you would call it began hitting Armus over and over, beating him.

Jerry Espenson: No, well, uh, first you pulled over and got your club that you always keep under your seat, and then you started beating him.

Alan Shore: **Alarmed.** Jerry...

Ande Mkeba: I don't know. I...

Jerry Espenson: No. It... You explained to us the other day exactly how you recognized him, and then you pulled the bus over, and then you grabbed the club... **The repetitive gestures of his Asperger's syndrome are becoming pronounced.**

Alan Shore: Your Honor, may I confer with my colleague?

Jerry Espenson: No, I'm sorry, but if he perjures himself on top of all these other charges...

Alan Shore: Jerry...

Jerry Espenson:... it'll be much worse, because, in fact, Mr. Mkeba was only attacking Armus in revenge...

Alan Shore: **Shocked.** No...

Jerry Espenson: ...for what Armus did to his son. **He realizes what he just said, as do Judge Robert Thompson and DA Kupfer.** Oh, no! Not revenge! Oh. I did not mean to say "revenge"... Uh...

Alan Shore: Your Honor, I would like a brief recess to confer with co-counsel.

Judge Robert Thompson: Huh. No kidding. **DA Kupfer smirks.** Well, it is late. Let us reconvene tomorrow.

Ande Mkeba looking stricken.

Jerry and Alan enter the Court Prep Room. Jerry is totally unhinged.

Jerry Espenson: Oh, God! Oh, God!!

Alan Shore: **Authoritative, raising his voice.** Jerry...

Jerry Espenson: I blow it. My first trial. And I blow it. It was as if I could see the wrong words coming out of my mouth, but then they were out and I couldn't bring them back in.

Alan Shore: Jerry, the thing to remember is that a trial is a process. The jury's decision almost never hinges on just one thing.

Jerry Espenson: I said our client took revenge on the victim!

Alan Shore: And you shouldn't have, but you did...

Jerry Espenson: Oh, God!

Alan Shore:... and we'll just have to deal with it.

Jerry Espenson: How?

Alan Shore: **He puts a reassuring hand on Jerry's shoulder.** I don't know yet, Jerry, but I do know this. The trial's not over.

Jerry Espenson: **Calming down a bit.** Have you ever been involved in a case that was going this badly?!

Immediate cut to Alan and Mr Mkeba in Alan's darkened office.

Alan Shore: I'll be very frank with you. I've never been involved in a case that was going as badly as this one.

Ande Mkeba: Mr. Espenson made a very big mistake, didn't he?

Alan Shore: He did. Not only did Jerry make an unfavorable impression on the jury, but his statement that you attacked Mr. Armus for revenge is something from which we cannot recover. That bell cannot be unrung. You may pick the metaphor of your choice, but in any event, we will lose.

Ande Mkeba: So what do we do now?

Alan Shore: I'm afraid we can't do anything. But, you could do something. You could run. Mr. Mkeba, whatever it was that caused you to uproot yourself and your son to start a whole new life far away from the rest of your family—whatever it was that caused you to do that—how does it compare with spending most of the rest of your life in jail?

Ande Mkeba: So, you are telling me to flee?

Alan Shore: As a member of the Massachusetts bar, I could never advise you to do that. But I can advise that, if you appear in court tomorrow morning, you will most certainly be found guilty, and they will take you away immediately. Mr. Mkeba, I'm sorry, but a legal victory in this case is no longer possible. The best that you can hope for is to avoid another injustice.

In a quiet restaurant; Missy and Ivan Tiggs are holding hands

Missy Tiggs: When you and I first got together, my mother said, "Missy, my baby cat, he's had five wives before you, which puts him on—ding—fifth floor, "Philanderer Department." But I reminded her that you and I met at church, where we both left the crooked path to follow Our Savior.

Ivan Tiggs: Amen.

Missy Tiggs: Only those seeds of doubt were planted in my mind and the only thing that brought me peace was when Shirley suggested the post-nup.

Ivan Tiggs: Bless her soul, but, as you can see, sweetheart, the solution is no solution at all. It's simply created strife between us.

Missy Tiggs: Yes, now I can see that.

Ivan Tiggs: I'm glad.

Missy Tiggs: And I have a solution.

Ivan Tiggs: Which is?

Missy Tiggs: The only way to dive in and cast our lots together is to do just that. I'm going to draw up a post-nup of my own, Ivan Tiggs.

Ivan Tiggs: I'm not following.

Missy Tiggs: And it'll go like this. "I, Missy Tiggs, hereby pledge to you everything dear to me—my fully autographed album cover of the original cast of A Chorus Line, my piece of the barricade that accidentally broke off during Les Mis, and... **She's getting teary.** ...my limited edition Phantom mask. Of course, materially, my possessions cannot begin to compete with yours, Ivan, but they are everything I hold dear to my heart. That is, everything that isn't you. We live in such a horrible jaded world these days. No one at all believes in the happy ending anymore. But a big part of me believes that love can be forever. That's why I love musicals. That's why I love you. **Ivan is beginning to realize he probably doesn't deserve her.** I can't imagine ever breaking your heart. And I think if you broke my heart, my life would be over. But you would never do that to me, would you, Ivan?"

Ivan Tiggs: Not in a million years.

In the Hallway at Crane, Poole and Schmidt; Brad is sneaking around, presumably avoiding Audrey.

Audrey Pugliese: Hi!

Brad Chase: Audrey!

Audrey Pugliese: Are we still on for a late dinner?

Brad Chase: Hey, listen, about that. I got slammed this afternoon. I gotta file this motion tomorrow morning.

Audrey Pugliese: Aww...

Brad Chase: I don't think it's going to happen tonight.

Audrey Pugliese: Oh, that's okay, we can reschedule. Maybe tomorrow.

Brad Chase: Tomorrow, I've got basketball, and then my parents are visiting for the weekend. I'll tell you what, I'll call you next week. We're going set something up for next weekend.

Audrey Pugliese: No, we're not; are we?

Brad Chase: No. We're not.

Audrey Pugliese: Can I ask what happened?

Brad Chase: You keep using the "V" word, and it creeps me out.

Audrey Pugliese: You mean vagi...

Brad Chase: Yes! Yes.

Audrey Pugliese: What is it that you don't like, um, exactly—the word or the item?

Brad Chase: I love the item. I can't get enough of the item. It's just the word. It sounds kind of clinical. You don't hear it very often outside of the classroom.

Audrey Pugliese: I can't believe this. You guys talk about your, uh.. **Points to his**. ...equipment all the time.

Brad Chase: Okay. First of all, I don't. And second of all, we have many clever names for it...

Audrey Pugliese: Exactly. You have, like, four thousand names for it! But, God forbid, I say "vagina," and—

Brad Chase: **He rolls his eyes**. Oh.

Audrey Pugliese: Did—did you just flinch?

Brad Chase: No!

Audrey Pugliese: Fine. You don't have to go out with me. Grow up! **She storms up the stairs**.

Brad Chase: You're the one who said it!

In Judge Robert Thompson's courtroom Jerry Alan and A.D.A. Kupfer are in front of the bench.

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer: Well, your Honor, this may be an all-time low, even for Mr. Shore...

Alan Shore: Your Honor, our client is missing. We should be worrying about his safety, not constructing wild theories about his disappearance.

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer: Oh, please. You knew you were losing, you told him to run, and he ran.

Alan Shore: At the risk of forfeiting the bail we posted? Don't be preposterous! We had no reason whatsoever to tell Mr. Mkeba to run away. The facts are on our side; the jury loves me, and they find Mr. Espenson quirky and endearing. No. The only one with a motive to make Mr. Mkeba disappear is you, Mr. Kupfer. What have you done with him?

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer: Your Honor...

Judge Robert Thompson: Mr. Kupfer, do you have any evidence that Mr. Shore is hiding Mr. Mkeba?

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer: Not yet.

Judge Robert Thompson: Hmm, the police will continue to search for Mr. Mkeba, an international warrant will be issued for his arrest, and, until such time as Mr. Mkeba shows up again, uh, this case is adjourned.

He stops DA Kupfer before he can object. No, now everybody, just get out.

Alan Shore: **To Kupfer**. Perhaps you and I should go look for him ourselves. Wouldn't it be fun to ride around Boston together? We could pack sandwiches!

A.D.A. Douglas Kupfer: You know, Al? My only fear is that somebody is gonna stab you before I get a chance to take you down.

Alan Shore: Odds are, you're right.

Jerry Espenson: It's been a pleasure, Mr. Kupfer. How 'bout them Celtics? **Offering his handshake. Kupfer walks off.**

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Brad is watching Audrey and his colleagues flirting. No dialogue; Jimi Hendrix's Foxy Lady plays.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Shirley is in her office. Ivan comes to the door.

Ivan Tiggs: **He sighs deeply.** I can't break her heart, Shirl.

Shirley Schmidt: Sure you can. You do it all the time.

Ivan Tiggs: True. Actually, I blame the system. Why can't a man love two women at once?

Shirley Schmidt: Or ten or fifteen. Ivan, let's not waste any more of each other's time. I knew this was over the moment Missy skipped into my office last week. And, while we're being honest—at least I am—when we were together, I knew, eventually, it would be—something. No one ever really has Ivan Tiggs.

Ivan Tiggs: Also true. You're still my best friend, though. Am I yours?

Shirley Schmidt: I need to look at the way I've been defining my friends. For now, no.

Ivan Tiggs: You sure know how to break a guy's heart.

Shirley Schmidt: Yeah, I can be cruel that way. You do understand what signing this document means, don't you?

Ivan Tiggs: I do. Let's face it—none of us trusts me. This way I won't come knocking at your door unless I mean it. Of course, if I sign it, you and I are going to have to be really careful.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, that poor girl.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Audrey marches by behind Brad. He turns to catches up with her.

Brad Chase: Hey, Audrey?

Audrey Pugliese: What do you want, Brad?

Brad Chase: Listen, about before—I kind of acted like a...

Audrey Pugliese: I know... the word. Well, I can say it.

Brad Chase: I wanted you to know, I get it. It's probably just some male-female thing. We men aren't used to women discussing their anatomy so freely. I'm sure women feel the same way when men discuss their... anatomy. What I'm trying to say is, I would really like to go out with you again. I don't know why I reacted the way I did. It's just a word, right?

Audrey Pugliese: Say it.

Brad Chase: I'm thinking it.

Audrey is really frustrated with him and walks away.

Brad Chase: All right. Vagina!!

Everyone—including Paul Lewiston--in the office responds to Brad's outburst.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Alan is in his office. Jerry comes in.

Jerry Espenson: They haven't found Mr. Mkeba.

Alan Shore: They'll let us know if they do.

Jerry Espenson: I would never ask you directly if you had anything to do with his going away.

Alan Shore: That's because you're an excellent attorney, Jerry. There's no doubt in my mind that you could develop into a first-rate criminal defender, Jerry, but my hope is that you don't. Even at your relatively mature age, you're... still innocent.

Jerry Espenson: Except for when I held a knife to Shirley's throat.

Alan Shore: Other than that. There's a reason Shakespeare—and many after him—said, "First, kill all the lawyers." They're talking about people like me, Jerry. Not you.

Jerry Espenson: I am excellent at banking and finance.

Alan Shore: You are, indeed.

Jerry Espenson: Thank you, Alan. **Holds out his hand to shake Alan's, but this time, he lets Alan take his hand, and control the handshake.** It's been a pleasure, and enjoy the rest of your day.

Alan Shore: Goodbye, Jerry.

In the Crane, Poole and Schmidt conference room Shirley is representing Missy, and Paul Lewiston, Ivan, as they sign the post-nups. Missy and Ivan sign the paper,, and then slide them slowly across the table to each other, as Missy breaks out into song.

Missy Tiggs: There once was a woman who loved a man. Loved him enough to cause the Trojan War!

Shirley and Paul are appropriately aghast.

Ivan Tiggs: They say nobody ever loved as much as she.

Missy Tiggs: But me.

Ivan & Missy Tiggs: **In unison.** I love you more!

Missy Tiggs: Thank you, Shirley, for everything.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, it was a pleasure. Ivan, always good doing business with you.

Ivan Tiggs: Yes, it is. So, honey, shall we go?

Missy Tiggs: You go on ahead. I'll be there in a minute.

Paul and Ivan exit, Ivan makes one last failed attempt to speak with Shirley.

Missy Tiggs: I wanna thank you, Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: It... it was nothing

Missy Tiggs: No, it was everything. When I came to you, I did it because I knew you were a woman of principle. And you didn't let me down. You did the right thing. And, now, from this day forward, I know my Ivan won't cheat on me... with anyone.

Shirley now realizes Missy knew all along about Ivan and Shirley cheating.

Shirley is in her office looking out the window at dusk. Denny Crane enters, carrying two glasses of Scotch.

Denny Crane: Nothing worse than having your heart crushed and your pride stung all in the same day. **He hands Shirley one of the drinks.**

Shirley Schmidt: My God, we have the fastest water cooler in town. I feel like such a fool.

Denny Crane: Ah, forget it. If anybody knows anything about being a fool, it's Denny Crane. My advice? Get some mortar and brick and wall it up. Does that mean you're back on the market?

Shirley Schmidt: Denny, as far as you're concerned, I'm always on the market.

Denny Crane: You see? That's how you get us—all of us men—even Denny Crane. We know we don't deserve Shirley Schmidt, but just the possibility is enough to sustain us.

Shirley Schmidt: You are a dear, sweet man.

Denny Crane: Hmm.

Shirley Schmidt: And I have something else that might sustain you. **She leans over as if to kiss him, then whispers in his ear:** Denny Crane.

Denny Crane: Ooh... **He holds his heart.** Ohh...

Alan and Denny are out on the Balcony.

Denny Crane: **He sighs deeply.** I hear you misplaced a client.

Alan Shore: Not really. Like car keys and sunglasses, he'll show up somewhere.

Denny Crane: I misplaced a client once.

Alan Shore: Did they ever find him?

Denny Crane: No, I made sure to ship him off to some country with no extradition—a practically deserted island off of South America. He sends me Felice Cupleanos cards every year.

Alan Shore: That's thoughtful.

Denny Crane: Yeah.

Alan Shore: Sounds like paradise, actually—living on an island, a much simpler life.

Denny Crane: Especially if it's an island where the natives run around on the beach with their boobies hanging out.

Alan Shore: **Laughs.** Yes. But I was thinking on a much more elemental level. A place where my biggest concern would be carrying water on my shoulders or where the simple act of thatching a roof would dissipate the voices in my head.

Denny Crane: And the hardest choice you have to make is what you're going to have for lunch. What did you have for lunch today?

Alan Shore: Flounder. You?

Denny Crane: Steak sandwich, onion rings.

Alan Shore: Hmm.

Denny Crane: Alan, you know, one thing you sometimes forget is: no matter how hard your day, no matter how tough your choices, how complex your ethical decisions—you always get to choose what you want for lunch.

Alan Shore: Daily, I am amazed at your inexhaustible ability to just live.

Denny Crane: It's either that or die.

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