

Boston Legal
Race Ipsa
Season 2, Episode 23
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In therapist Sydney Fields' office, Denny Crane is leaning back on the therapist's couch.

Denny Crane: **Waxing on.** It's just that I feel like my song is still in me.

Sydney Field: **Annoyed.** What song?

Denny Crane: My song! Everybody had a song in them, Sydney, you should know that.

Dr Sydney Fields: Oh, I see. And yours is still unsung? Is that it?

Denny Crane: Yeah. I mean, here I am in my seventies and I still feel that everything I wanted to express in life is still bottled you inside me like a kidney stone. Talk to me, Sydney. What are you thinking?

Dr Sydney Fields: I think you're bored, Denny.

Denny Crane: Bored? How can I be bored? I'm Denny Crane. Even the sound of my name fascinates. More, Sydney. More, about me.

Dr Sydney Fields: Yeah. Okay. Well, I think that you are a silver spoon-fed, rich, empty, sack, who has nothing to do now but count his money, or spend it on hookers and therapists who offer up some form of affirmation. And frankly, I'm sick of it! I would no longer even treat you but for the six hundred dollars an hour I charge, which sum, I might assure you, is meant to deter your recurring visits. Do you understand me, Denny? I would sooner leap from the window than see your lips move, the sight of which is the visual cue that feculent blather is about to spew forth.

Denny Crane: This is no way for a therapist to talk to a patient.

Dr Sydney Fields: My official medical recommendation would be that you take yoga classes, so that you might gain the necessary flexibility to stick your head up your ass.

Nobody speaks for a moment as they look at each other.

Denny Crane: **He sits up.** I, I do feel like an empty sack sometimes. It occasions depression. It even caused me to buy hand gun to end it. I even carry it around with me. Never knowing when I might decide to join the ranks of the unliving. And then I think to myself, "How unoriginal. Suicide is so ordinary. But?"

He reaches into his briefcase "If I were to shoot my doctor?" **He pulls out a gun, points it at the doctor and pulls back the hammer.** "Well!"

Dr Sydney Fields: Ah, now, but you see, Denny, that would result in you actually accomplishing something real. You see? **He gets up and walks behind his desk.** Something actual as opposed to the manufactured heroics of your publicists, the Mad Cow, and then it might suddenly matter, really matter, that you were born! And, and how would you handle that after seventy-plus years of unmitigated insignificance?

Denny Crane: **He stands up, still pointing the gun.** You don't think I matter?

Sydney Field: Oh, pull the trigger, Denny! Do something to rise above your insipid press releases, all the meaninglessness! Just, pull it!

Denny Crane: **He moves closer, still pointing the gun.** You think I won't?

Sydney Field: Actually, I happen to know you will. I happen to know you must. You see, you're pointing a gun at a therapist who's not only got a death wish of his own but also a life insurance policy which excludes suicide! You see, Denny? I've long been wondering how can I possibly end my life without forfeiting my son's Harvard education? But, if I were to be murdered! Then...! **He opens the desk drawer, pulls a gun out, and aims it at Denny.** So. You must shoot me, or I will shoot you. **Denny's face goes white. It's tense now.** Go ahead, pull the trigger, or I will kill you.

Denny Crane: **Joke's over.** Okay Sydney.

Sydney Field: Pull it.

Denny Crane: I'm not gonna shoot you, don't be ridiculous.

Sydney Field: Then you must die.

Denny Crane: C'mon, Sydney. Game's over.

Sydney Field: I'll give you to count of three. One.

Denny Crane: Sydney!

Sydney Field: Two.

Denny Crane: For God's sake!

Sydney Field: Three.

BOOM. A gun goes off... the two men stare at each other... and then... a little circle of blood begins to form on Sydney's shirt, just below the shoulder. A beat. Another beat. And he drops. Denny is stunned. The door suddenly opens, Cindy Benson, Sydney's assistant, steps in... freezes. Screams.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Paul Lewiston marches down the corridor and knocks on Shirley Schmidt's door and walks in. Shirley is sitting on her couch, she looks up from her reading.

Shirley Schmidt: What now?

Paul Lewiston: Denny shot his therapist.

Shirley Schmidt: Dear God. Paintball?

Paul Lewiston: Real bullets.

Shirley Schmidt: Is he...?

Paul Lewiston: No. The man is apparently going to survive; he's in the hospital, Denny's in custody. Where's Alan?

In Judge Paul Resnick's courtroom. Alan Shore is sitting in the back.

Public Defender Michael Adams: It's not that I'm not ready, Your Honor! It's that I was called for trial! Division Six, Judge Holt!

Judge Paul Resnick: Judge Holt doesn't control my courtroom. I told you the last time there'd be no further continuances.

Public Defender Michael Adams: I cannot be in two places at the same time!

Judge Paul Resnick: Then you should have gotten somebody from your office to cover.

Public Defender Michael Adams: Somebody else? The Public Defender's Office is so overextended...

Judge Paul Resnick: So's the DA's Office. He's here and ready!

Public Defender Michael Adams: Of course he's ready, because they prioritize the racial profiling cases.

ADA: I object to that, Your Honor.

Public Defender Michael Adams: The truth is, we shouldn't even be here.

Judge Paul Resnick: Save it for trial, Counsel, which will begin tomorrow, either with, or without you. Adjourned.

The ADA leaves. Alan walks up to Michael Adams.

Alan Shore: Excuse me! I couldn't help but overhearing, which is so often the case when people shout. My name is Alan Shore, and I'm an extraordinary attorney. I could tell you stories, but more incredibly, I'm available.

Alan comes out of the courtroom.

Chelina Hall: Alan?!

Alan Shore: **He turns back.** Chelina?!

Chelina Hall: Oh my God.

Alan Shore: How are you?

Chelina Hall: I'm fine. How are you?

Alan Shore: **He hugs her.** Today a little dyspeptic, but in general I'm splendid.

Chelina Hall: God. The last time I saw you...

Alan Shore: I think it was a Sunday, then I was taken off the air, you went off to do movies, and I got switched to Tuesdays, and...

Chelina Hall: And here we are. With old footage.

Alan Shore: Exactly. You look smashing. **A beat.** And you're black!

Chelina Hall: Sorry?

Alan Shore: This is fate. I just took a case where I think race was a factor. Profiling. I'd love to exploit you which I believe you invited me to do once.

Chelina Hall: I meant sexually.

Alan Shore: Yes. So. This case involves persecution, civil rights, all the good stuff. Can Legal Aid spare you? The client's indigent.

Chelina Hall: Alan. The last we worked together, I kissed you.

Alan Shore: Really? I'd forgotten, you'll have to refresh me on that. **His cells phone rings.** Excuse me.

He checks the call display of his phone. My lover. Hello Denny? You did what?

At the jailhouse Denny is sitting in a cell. Alan is led in by a security guard.

Denny Crane: Thought he was a quail.

Alan Shore: I'm not laughing.

Denny Crane: It's total self-defense. After I threatened to kill him, the bastard threatened to kill me. It's not right.

Alan Shore: Why were you carrying the gun?

Denny Crane: I have a constitutional right to bear arms.

Alan Shore: Not a conceal weapon you don't.

Denny Crane: Oh, yes I do. And the Supreme Court's gonna say so, just as soon as they finish overturning Roe v. Wade.

Alan Shore: Denny, this time you've gone way too far.

Denny Crane: You always say that.

Alan Shore: No, I don't, Paul Lewiston does, and besides you shot another man. Another man!

Denny Crane: I'm telling you I had no choice. The man was gonna kill me.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Brad Chase and Denise Bauer are walking down the stairs.

Denise Bauer: He could go to jail for this. I mean, how could he avoid it?

Brad Chase: Well, first of all, he's claiming self-defense, second, the guy's apparently okay, he just took it in the clavicle. And third, we're talking about Denny, he shoots people all the time.

Denise Bauer: Well, you're probably right. He's probably already booked himself on Larry King Live.

What's happening with Sandy?

Brad Chase: Nothing.

Denise Bauer: I, I thought you were gonna...

Brad Chase: Nothing's happening with Sandy.

Denise Bauer: Didn't you have your big second da...

Brad Chase: Nothing's happening with Sandy! **A beat. He sighs.** She dumped me.

Denise Bauer: I'm sorry. Did she say why?

Brad Chase: It doesn't really matter.

Denise Bauer: Brad. While I appreciate how deeply guarded you are, you need to share more. I mean you don't have any friends to talk to.

Brad Chase: I have plenty.

Denise Bauer: Name three. **He can't.** What happened?

Brad Chase: You know? I'm going to tell you. Just to see if the look on your face remotely matches the look on mine when she... You know why she dumped me?

Denise Bauer: Hm?

Brad Chase: Because I'm a lousy kisser. **Denise reacts.** Yeah! Exactly my reaction.

Denise Bauer: Yeah. Well, all I can say, if that is in fact the reason.

Brad Chase: It is.

Denise Bauer: You sure?

Brad Chase: I called an ex-girlfriend, she confirmed it.

Denise Bauer: Confirmed it?

Brad Chase: I am the worst kisser in the history of the planet.

Denise Bauer: Oh.

Brad Chase: Yeah. Let me ask you something. Is it really that important, in the scheme of a relationship, in all it's potential, including, but not limited to the parenting of children? Is how a man kisses really that important?

Denise Bauer: Well, at the beginning, all the promise of romance, and forgive me, but the magic, it's yes, it's in the kiss.

Brad Chase: Women are always complaining about not being taken seriously. If you look at the leading women's magazines, Vogue, Cosmopolitan, it's always about, 'How do I get a man?', 'How do I look?', 'How do I please a man in bed?' Now I discover they're willing to measure the substance of a relationship with a kiss. It isn't men who demean women. It's women.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Alan is walking in the corridor. Brad walks up to him.

Brad Chase: Hey! Alan! How's it going?

Alan Shore: Fine. Thanks. How are you? You can get back to me on that. **He attempts to leave but Brad blocks him.** Brad, if there's something trapped in there I encourage you to let it out quickly, I'm due in court.

Brad Chase: Well, I was wondering if I could join you and Denny on the balcony sometime. Just trying to diversify my life with some male bonding and I was wondering... you know.

Alan Shore: Brad, any gathering of three or more men always seems like a team to me, and I've never been much of a team player, so if you're going to show, count me out. But is there something specific you'd like to talk about?

Brad Chase: Are you a good kisser?

Alan turns and walks into the elevator.

In Judge Robert Sanders courtroom.

Clerk: Case number six, two, three, four, five, the Commonwealth versus Denny Crane attempted murder...

Alan Shore: **He rushes in.** Alan Shore for the defendant. We'll waive reading of the charges. **He looks up and sees who the Judge is.** Oh dear God, it's you.

Judge Robert Sanders: I know who I am, Counsel. You don't need to tell me it's me, I know perfectly well it's me. That superfluous information that is tantamount to jibber-jabber. I do not tolerate jibber-jabber in my courtroom.

Alan Shore: The defense enters a plea of, 'Not guilty'. I move for a 'probable cause' hearing.

Judge Robert Sanders: Why?

Alan Shore: Why? First of, because I'm entitled to, second, because I think...

Judge Robert Sanders: He shot him! The victim is in the hospital. I think I have enough probable cause, Mr Shoop.

Alan Shore: Actually, Your Honor, since our last get-together I've changed my name from, Shoop to Shore. I figured since it's already on my driver's license and passport, not to mention all the pleadings before you. Though, I'd never presume you to read pleadings, of course, they're...

Judge Robert Sanders: **In unison with Alan.** ...jibber-jabber.

Alan Shore: The victim is in fact scheduled to be released from the hospital today. Is was simply a shoulder wound, which is where my client was hoping the bullet would land once the gun accidentally went off after the victim threatened to shoot my client, putting him in reasonable fear for his life.

A.D.A. Duncan Jones: Your Honor, if he wants a probable cause hearing, let him call the arresting officer.

Alan Shore: The arresting officer wasn't there! It was only my client and Dr Fields. We're talking about attempted murder here. The damage to Mr Crane's reputation could be irreparable. These charges never should have been filed and I should be allowed a probable cause hearing.

Judge Robert Sanders: You talk too much. **Alan chuckles.** Assuming the victim is physically able, we will reconvene at three PM tomorrow, you talker. Enough of this, this, poopycock.

Alan Shore: **Under his breath.** Poopycock.

Denny Crane: **He mouths.** Poopycock.

In a hospital room Dr Sydney Fields is reading a magazine. Denny and Alan come in.

Dr Sydney Fields: Oh no. No, no, no. No, you don't. Get out, Denny.

Alan Shore: Dr Fields, I'm Alan Shore. You undoubtedly know by now that we've subpoenaed you to appear at a probable cause hearing.

Dr Sydney Fields: Well, that's not a very wise ploy, Mr Shore. What is it you expect me to say?

Alan Shore: That you forced Denny to shoot you. That you gave him no choice.

Dr Sydney Fields: Oh, you don't wanna be calling me to the stand. Okay?

Alan Shore: Dr Fields, Denny informed me that your intense desire to die played a significant part in what happened. You know often when people contemplate dying they take measure of their legacy. I'm assuming yours thus far consists of many things. Denny assured me honesty is one of them. I shall count on you to be honest in that witness chair tomorrow, sir.

Dr Sydney Fields: Well, now I wouldn't count on anything if I were you.

Denny Crane: Sydney, I never would have shot you, you know that.

Sydney lifts his magazine to shut out Alan and Denny.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Shirley is sitting behind her desk. Paul comes in.

Shirley Schmidt: Dear God, what now?

Paul Lewiston: The managing partners have convened a meeting. The topic of discussion is deposing Denny, expelling him from the firm.

Shirley Schmidt: What? First of all the financial hit would...

Paul Lewiston: They don't care. They've had enough.

Shirley Schmidt: Second of all, they need to read their partnership agreement. Denny can't...

Paul Lewiston: Evidently, we need to read it. There is a clause which calls for his ouster should he ever be convicted of a felony, which he is certainly looking at now.

Shirley Schmidt: What do we do now?

Paul Lewiston: I don't know. They seem serious. Why shouldn't they be? He shoots people.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Alan and Chelina walk past Melissa who is filing records. She watches them go into Alan's office.

Alan Shore: Massachusetts has no 'Stop and identify' statues. So, we could make the argument that the arrest was unlawful and therefore our client had a right to resist.

Chelina Hall: That'll never fly.

Alan Shore: Well, it doesn't need to fly so much as flap and flutter its way to reasonable doubt. Profiling is wrong we certainly don't do it when selling off our ports. Why are you looking at me like that?

Chelina Hall: Who's closing here?

Alan Shore: Sorry?

Chelina Hall: With the case. Should I close? Or you?

Alan Shore: Ah, I'll take the client, and you can close.

Melissa comes to the door.

Melissa Hughes: Alan? May I? **Alan follows her out of the office.** I'm not terribly comfortable with you working closely with this woman.

Alan Shore: What?!

Melissa Hughes: I'm tapped into office gossip. I happen to know you kissed her during the Death Penalty thingy case. You're kissing me now, remember?

Alan Shore: Melissa, you and I kissed once. I barely participated, we certainly didn't agree to any kind of exclusivity. No hickies, or pins, or letterman jackets.

Melissa Hughes: You and I are in a relationship, Alan. The fact that you don't realize it doesn't give you the license to be unfaithful.

Alan Shore: You're mad as a hatter.

Melissa Hughes: When two people sleep together?

Alan Shore: That was a night terror thing.

Melissa Hughes: I'm talking about the sex.

Alan Shore: What sex?

Melissa Hughes: The sex you and I both know is coming. Don't fall for her, Alan. She's just a guest star.

In Judge Paul Resnick's courtroom. Office Carl Ralston is on the witness stand.

Office Carl Ralston: He seemed to be just staring at one of the houses. It seemed very odd. We asked him for identification and he refused to provide it.

A.D.A. Oliver Goldberg: And then what happened?

Office Carl Ralston: We asked him again, he continued to refuse, so we attempted to take him into custody. That's when he became violent. We eventually overcame him and placed him under arrest.

Chelina Hall: When you arrived at the scene, did you ask him what he was doing?

Office Carl Ralston: He said he found the houses on this street quite beautiful. And he enjoyed looking at them.

Chelina Hall: And is that lawful in this neighborhood, to look at houses that you find beautiful?

Office Carl Ralston: Of course.

Chelina Hall: Is it your pattern to ask people for identification when they're engaging in lawful behavior.

Office Carl Ralston: He didn't live there so I thought that...

Chelina Hall: How did you know that?

Office Carl Ralston: I patrol that neighborhood. I pretty much know who lives there and who doesn't.

Chelina Hall: You know everybody in this neighborhood? Every person?

Office Carl Ralston: Not every person, but...

Chelina Hall: How did you know my client didn't live there?

Office Carl Ralston: We have the right to ask citizens for identification. That's all I did.

Chelina Hall: You know what? I checked you out. You're an exemplary officer. You also have a reputation for honesty. Honestly, Officer, your decision to ask my client for identification? Was race a factor? **The Officer doesn't answer.** Officer, was it at all a factor that he was black?

Office Carl Ralston: Black in an all-white neighborhood. Yes, it was a factor.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Alan is walking down the corridor, Shirley comes up and walks alongside of him.

Shirley Schmidt: Alan!

Alan Shore: Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: How we doing?

Alan Shore: If you mean with Denny, I've got a probable cause hearing scheduled. I'm trying to make this go away, though I can't possibly see how.

Shirley Schmidt: You need to. Wagons are starting to circle. If he gets any kind of conviction...

Alan Shore: Shirley. Surely, Shirley, he'll be convicted of something.

Shirley Schmidt: Well, it can't be felony. There's a clause in the partnership agreement. It's serious, Alan. Partners seem inclined to expunge him.

Alan Shore: Well, his name is on the wall.

Shirley Schmidt: They'll keep the name and broom him.

Alan Shore: I see no way of dodging this, short of you having sex with the Judge. I'm sorry, I now feel queasy having even thought of that.

Shirley Schmidt: What about the victim? Can he be influenced?

Alan Shore: I doubt it. Even if he consented to being shot which he seemingly did, that still doesn't absolve Denny. **He steps into the elevator alone.**

Shirley Schmidt: Do you have a plan?

Alan Shore: At the moment? No. **The elevator door closes.**

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Denise is sitting behind her desk in her office. Brad is pacing the floor.

Brad Chase: It's so stupid.

Denise Bauer: Then why are you being so... ?

Brad Chase: Because I'm being stupid. It's like freakin' high school, for God's sakes.

Denise Bauer: Okay. Tell me exactly what happened.

Brad Chase: I told you. I was on a date. It was terrific date.

Denise Bauer: With another woman? Where do you find all these women anyway?

Brad Chase: I'm a lawyer, I was marine, just do the math. I'm the complete package.

Denise Bauer: Right. So?

Brad Chase: So, I get to her front step. Clearly she would have received my kissing her, I wanted to kiss her. I was going to kiss her, but I didn't because I have this new phobia. I mean a kiss is just a kiss. Right? That's what the stupid song says.

Denise Bauer: What exactly are you doing, when you kiss?

Brad Chase: I do what everybody else does.

Denise Bauer: Yeah. Exactly what?

Brad Chase: Lips meet, at some point I put my tongue in. Swish it around a little.

Denise Bauer: Ah. Well. Maybe you could use some pointers or something. I happen to be a very advanced kisser; maybe I can walk you through this a little.

Brad Chase: Don't be ridiculous.

Denise Bauer: Beats having a phobia.

Brad Chase: No, it doesn't.

Denise Bauer: Fine. **Brad Chase storms out, almost plowing into Paul Lewiston, who looks questioningly at Denise.** Don't even ask.

In Judge Paul Resnick's courtroom. Alan is directing

Alan Shore: Mr Pryor, why were you in that neighborhood?

Dennis Pryor: I like to dream. One dream, I guess my American dream, is someday I'd like to live in a home like those. I enjoy the architecture, the landscaping.

Alan Shore: You realize a police officer has the right to ask for identification?

Dennis Pryor: And if I would have been doing anything suspect I would have given it to him. If it would have been a random thing I would have complied. But it wasn't. I was targeted because I was the wrong color.

Alan Shore: But, Mr Pryor, come on, you physically resisted the police officers?

Dennis Pryor: I never assaulted them. I just... when they pushed me to the ground and tried to handcuff me I simply fought back.

A.D.A. Oliver Goldberg: If a police officer sees a man he believes to be a stranger in the neighborhood, and that man is strangely staring at houses for no apparent reason, is it your testimony that it's unreasonable to ask that man his name?

Dennis Pryor: It's not reasonable to ask him simply because he's black.

A.D.A. Oliver Goldberg: If the man had been white, staring at the houses, it would be okay to ask his name?

Dennis Pryor: If he would have been white, he wouldn't have been asked. That's my point.

Dennis, Chelina and Alan are in a room at courthouse.

Dennis Pryor: Plead guilty?

Chelina Hall: They've offered probation.

Dennis Pryor: You're asking me to plead guilty?

Alan Shore: Mr. Pryor, your testimony went well. But let's not kid ourselves, under the law, police can constitutionally require identification. Without probable cause. Without reasonable suspicion.

Dennis Pryor: How can that be?

Alan Shore: Because the public wants to feel safe. And people, especially the white ones, don't want the black ones staring at their homes. Now, we can keep fighting here, but you must know the law does not support us.

Dennis Pryor: I wanna fight.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Denny is in his office, feet up, having a drink. Alan comes in.

Denny Crane: How's it looking?

Alan Shore: Not good, Denny.

Denny Crane: Oh.

Alan Shore: Aside from the case at hand, we've got your rather colorful history of shooting people. There was the man in the office last year.

Denny Crane: He took you hostage.

Alan Shore: Paintball incident.

Denny Crane: He threw a rock at me.

Alan Shore: Your own client.

Denny Crane: In the knee.

Alan Shore: It simply won't be a big leap for a jury to think you'd happily plug your therapist.

Denny Crane: I know. I know. It's different. This time I shot a human being. A real human being.

Alan Shore: The others weren't?

Denny Crane: Well, the two were criminals and the other was homeless, but Sidney is real. He pays taxes, he lives, he breathes, he's a Republican. We're just so desensitized to guns, I... I... you know, I don't like to... I just like to... but this... I laughed when I heard that the Vice President mistook his friend for a bird. I actually laughed.

Alan Shore: You were the only one.

Denny Crane: But to see it for real. I still can't shake the image of Sydney going down. I, I never thought I'd say this, but I can't bring myself to so much as look at a gun.

Alan Shore: Denny.

Denny Crane: The way he fell, I thought he was dead. Gone. Now I'm gone.

Alan Shore: It's not over yet, Denny.

Denny Crane: Alan, so help me God, if you ever catch me looking at a gun again... ***He sighs.***

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Chelina is sitting on the couch in Alan's office. Barefeet up, she is pensively looking out the window. Alan comes in.

Alan Shore: How we doing? ***She throws her legal pad on the coffee table. The pages are blank.*** A list of everything you love about me.

Chelina Hall: That's my closing. What do I say? The police can legally require an ID, he resisted arrest. Under the law he's guilty. What am I supposed to do? Ask that the jury disregard the law?

Alan Shore: You need to have faith in them, Chelina. You need to remember these are people of conscience, of compassion. You need to remember they're too stupid to get off jury duty.

Chelina Hall: I am not that cynical.

Alan Shore: I know you're not. ***He sits down next to her on the couch.*** Shirley Schmidt, she assigned me to a case recently, to close. She felt I had a certain capacity to see the darkness in people's hearts. One of the reasons I wanted you on this case, among other reasons, I think you have a capacity to tap

into what is fundamentally decent about people. I believe... **He leans towards her.** ...if you call on this jury to do what is right, morally right... if not legally, **He places his hand behind her on the back of the couch.** ... they will follow.

Melissa passes by an interior office window and sees them silently looking at each other.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Denise is in her office at her desk. Brad comes in.

Brad Chase: So what pointers do you have? Specifically? **Denise looks up.** I have another date.

Denise Bauer: Same girl?

Brad Chase: Different. **Denise nods.** The few, the proud, the brave, lawyer package. I get dates all right, but I need you to tell me how to kiss.

Denise Bauer: Okay. Uhm. First of all, the stick it in and swish it around thing, it's not supposed to be like cleaning your toilet.

Brad Chase: Nice.

Denise Bauer: There needs to be a certain... gentility about it. I think you might be too aggressive.

Brad Chase: Okay.

Denise Bauer: **She gets up and walks toward him.** Also, what part of your tongue is making contact with hers?

Brad Chase: What do you mean?

Denise Bauer: I mean what part of your tongue is connecting with hers?

Brad Chase: The tip. What else?

Denise Bauer: Oh.

Brad Chase: Why?

Denise Bauer: Well, this part here? **She points at the center of her tongue.** Huh? That part is the most sensitive. You don't eat food with the tip and this part... **She points at her tongue again.** ...is the most sensual.

Brad Chase: Well, how do people connect with that part without slobbering?

Denise Bauer: They just... uh, okay, could I please show you clinically?

Brad Chase: What do you mean?

Denise Bauer: I mean, Brad, that I'm a double black diamond kisser, and I'm also incredibly busy, so could I just please just quickly show you?

Brad Chase: Well, I guess.

Denise Bauer: Okay. **They kiss.** Okay. Okay. Relax. The tongue isn't supposed to get hard. I think that, that could be your problem. **He nods, she nods.** Okay. **They kiss again. Longer and deeper this time.** Okay, better. Definitely better, but tone down the swishing, and uhm, I feel like you're blocking my tongue from going into your mouth.

Brad Chase: Yeah, I don't like that.

Denise Bauer: What?

Brad Chase: I don't like it when a woman's tongue goes in my mouth.

Denise Bauer: Uhm, Brad, that's the whole idea. Yours in hers and hers comes into...

Brad Chase: Well, I just prefer that everything takes place in her mouth.

Denise Bauer: Why?

Brad Chase: Because I do.

Denise Bauer: Brad! This is why you are the worst kisser in the history of the planet. So, drop the Homeland Security and let the girl's tongue in. **He sighs.** Relax. Code yellow.

They kiss Even longer and deeper.

Brad Chase: Wow.

Denise Bauer: Wow! Definitely, no questions asked, wow.

Brad Chase: Let's try it again.

They kiss.

Denise Bauer: **She moans.** Um You're a, you're a real quick study. **She moves away.** Wow! **She sighs and chuckles.**

Brad Chase: Uh, let's put it together. You and me. Me and you.

Denise Bauer: I, uh, I don't... think that... **He moves in to kiss her. She removes his hand from her back.** Whoa, whoa whoa. This lesson does not include hands. **She moves away. Walks over to lock the door. Then comes back for more kisses. Much deeper, much longer and including hands.**

In Judge Robert Sanders's courtroom Dr Sydney Fields is being sworn in.

Clerk: Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, so help you God?

Dr Sydney Fields: Yes. Yes, I do.

Alan Shore: Good afternoon, Dr Fields, thank you for joining us. I realize you've been through quite an ordeal.

Dr Sydney Fields: Yes. And now you seek to put me through another.

Alan Shore: Your Honor, Dr Fields is hostile.

Judge Robert Sanders: Why wouldn't he be? He was shot?

Alan Shore: No, I mean, as in hostile witness. Permit me to lead?

Judge Robert Sanders: Oh, go on then.

Alan Shore: Dr Fields, at the time of the incident, Mr Crane was in the middle of a therapy session with you. Am I correct?

Dr Sydney Fields: Denny Crane doesn't even believe in therapy. He comes out of boredom. He likes to hear himself talk.

Alan Shore: Which is the cause of great frustration for you.

Dr Sydney Fields: Yes! Because when he's not endlessly repeating his name, he's full of this self-serving blather. If have to hear him go on, one more time, about Mad Cow...

Alan Shore: This time he was a little less boring, he pulled a gun?

Dr Sydney Fields: Yes, well, the gun, the gun. If I had a nickel for every time he did that.

Alan Shore: **This is news to him.** Wait? He's drawn a gun on you before?

Dr Sydney Fields: Oh. **He chuckles.** Hell yes. Anytime he doesn't like what he hears, yes, it's Dirty Harry time.

Alan walks back to his table and gives Denny a look. Denny looks back.

Alan Shore: **To Dr Fields.** So? You really didn't feel threatened when he produced a firearm this time then?

Dr Sydney Fields: I felt threatened to the extent that this time it might just go off, the way he waves it around!

Alan Shore: Okay. But, doctor, you produced a gun of your own. Didn't you?

Dr Sydney Fields: Absolutely, I did, yes.

Alan Shore: Why?

Dr Sydney Fields: Because I just did. That's why. Okay? I was sick of his antics and I told him so.

Alan Shore: And in fact, you called him an empty sack. You told him he lead a meaningless life. You provoked him to pull his gun. Didn't you?

Dr Sydney Fields: That may be so. I don't know. Who cares?

Judge Robert Sanders: What is this poopycock? What kind of doctor are you?

Alan Shore: Your Honor, if I may proceed?

Judge Robert Sanders: Oh, go on then.

Alan Shore: Dr Fields, once Mr Crane produced his weapon, you drew yours and you told him if he didn't shoot you, you'd shoot him. Did you not say that, sir?

Dr Sydney Fields: Obviously. You know that I did.

Alan Shore: You in fact wanted him to shoot you, so you wouldn't have to shoot yourself and your family couldn't collect a life insurance to pay for your son's Ivy League education.

Dr Sydney Fields: Well, it certainly sounds like you were there.

Alan Shore: And in fact you gave him to the count of three, didn't you? Shoot you by the count of three or you'd kill him?

Dr Sydney Fields: Yes, I, um hm.

Alan Shore: And you counted it off, one, two...

Dr Sydney Fields: **In unison with Alan.** And three.

Dr Sydney Fields stands and pulls a gun. All audience members take cover.

Dr Sydney Fields: Don't anybody leave this room.

Judge Robert Sanders: What is this jibber-jabber?

Dr Sydney Fields: Shut up!

Alan Shore: That wouldn't be jibber-jabber, Your Honor. That's a gun.

Dr Sydney Fields: Anybody leaves this room and I will shoot Mr Shore!

Alan Shore: If I might object to that.

Judge Robert Sanders: How did you get in with that?

Dr Sydney Fields: My brother is a lawyer and I came in the back door with his bar card.

Alan Shore: I guess the question, Dr Fields is, why?

Dr Sydney Fields: Why? Because, all my life I sat in that chair. That's why. Listening to other people who had lives far more grander than mean, while I just sat tucked away in my office leading no life at all!

Vicariously coaching other people, watching them get rich. Like this, this, nut case here, and I couldn't stand it anymore! I did crack! I wasn't gonna just stand around being some, some sort of impotent little spectator to my own life! And I'm sick of any society that, that glamorizes the eccentrics and the psychopaths and the belligerence, when there's the meek and the wise! **He's pointing at himself.**

Alan Shore: If I could get you to point that in any other direction...

Dr Sydney Fields: Shut up!!! **He's pointing his gun at Denny.** You think you're the only one who likes to live big, Denny? You think that? You think that by paying me six hundred dollars an hour that that entitles you to belittle me?

Judge Robert Sanders: Six hundred?

Dr Sydney Fields: Shut up!!! You stand belittled now, Denny. Why don't I just shoot your best friend here? Why not? I mean, he's your real therapist! He's the one you tell your secrets to! Why don't I just shoot him?!!

Alan Shore: Dr Fields, please put the gun down.

Dr Sydney Fields: I didn't shoot before, Denny, but I will this time. I really will.

Denny Crane: Sidney! I took you out once. Don't make me do it again.

Dr Sydney Fields: With what?

Denny Crane: This! **He pulls a gun and shoots Dr Fields in his other shoulder. There is a loud gasp from the audience. Dr Fields drops and people run up to help him.**

Alan Shore: **To Denny.** You said you'd never so much as look at a gun again?

Denny Crane: I never said I wouldn't shoot one.

At the courthouse, paramedics are wheeling Dr Sidney Fields through the corridor

Denny Crane: I feel I should go with him. I'm as close as he actually has to family.

Alan Shore: Denny, you shot him, twice.

Denny Crane: Even so . . . Should we ask for a continuance?

Alan Shore: No. I want to make my argument to dismiss to the judge while he's still in the throes of fear. I'm due in Division 3 for closing arguments in the Pryor case. So, hopefully I'll be back within the hour.

Denny Crane: I'll take over from here.

Alan Shore: Don't you dare. **He walks away then turns back.** And don't shoot anybody!

Denny Crane: Oh, please.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Shirley and Denise are walking in the corridor.

Denise Bauer: Did they arrest Denny again?

Shirley Schmidt: Apparently not. It appears he saved everyone.

Denise Bauer: What about the underlying charges?

Denise Bauer: As far as I know, they still stand.

Shirley walks away, Denise continues down the corridor. Brad walks up to her.

Brad Chase: Um, we need to talk.

Denise Bauer: We most certainly do. It was a kissing demonstration.

Brad Chase: We had sex.

Denise Bauer: I'm aware of that.

Brad Chase: On the floor.

Denise Bauer: I am aware of that, too.

Brad Chase: Which brings me to... what now?

Denise Bauer: Company equal. Brad, we work together. That's it.

Brad Chase: We had sex.

Denise Bauer: Yes.

Brad Chase: Incredible sex.

Denise Bauer: Yes.

Brad Chase: And that's it?

Denise Bauer: **A pause** Yes.

In Judge Paul Resnick's courtroom A.D.A. Oliver Goldberg is giving is closing.

A.D.A. Oliver Goldberg: Mr. Pryor refused to identification in defiance of the law. He then physically resisted arrest, which is a second crime. And he wasn't targeted simply because he was black, by the way. He was questioned because he was a stranger to a particular neighborhood. Now! Did Officer Ralston come to that conclusion in part because he was African-American? Yes. He admitted that. But where's the line between racial profiling and common sense? Race can be used as a criterion as long as it

is just one factor among others in estimating criminal suspicion. Common sense. When it comes to terrorism, for example, of course, we target people of Islamic or Arab descent. We simply have to afford the police the discretion to say, "Hey, that person might be more likely to be engaging in certain criminal activity. Now here, the defendant was a stranger to this neighborhood. He was oddly staring at houses. Officer Ralston asked his name. The defendant refused to tell him, which in addition to being a crime, made him more suspicious. But then he got violent. We're here not because of Mr. Pryor's race, but because he broke the law.

Chelina Hall: I guess we don't have much of a problem targeting Islamics, Especially not at the airport. That doesn't offend us because we all so wanna feel safe. But the thing is, it's taken the stigma off of racial profiling. The term no longer has a bad connotation. And that just makes it easier to profile other races. Doesn't it? I mean, once you say it isn't an evil to discriminate, you make it slightly more permissible to discriminate. Next thing you know, you got police questioning African-Americans simply for looking at houses in white neighborhoods. We have a term in this country called DWB, Driving While Black. Innocent black motorists are pulled over every day in this country. It's a way of life. Well, guess what? People like Dennis Pryor have a choice. They can either rail against it, or they can just concede it's a way of life. And things stay the same. Dennis Pryor decided to protest. He decided to hear the words of Henry Thoreau, Susan B. Anthony, Martin Luther King, Jr., who all considered civil disobedience to be patriotic. American. You need to go back to that room and hear the dream of Dr. King, where children grow up to be judged not by the color of their skin. My client was judged by the color of his skin. That cannot be acceptable to a country that prides itself on human rights. That cannot be acceptable to the twelve of you.

In Judge Robert Sanders Courtroom A.D.A. Duncan Jones and Denny are in front of the Judge's bench.

A.D.A. Duncan Jones: I don't dispute that Mr. Crane's life was in danger. But he created the dangerous situation when he first pulled the gun on Dr. Fields.

Denny Crane: Oh, please. Did I create it in this courtroom? **Alan enters the courtroom and sits at the table.**

A.D.A. Duncan Jones: Well, to .an extent, yes. We wouldn't have all been standing here had you not pulled that gun back in the doctor's office.

Denny Crane: Your Honor, I saved this man's life. Probably yours, and he's in here waving around this poopycok with his mumbo jumbo jibber jabber.

A.D.A. Duncan Jones: At a minimum, the charges of carrying a concealed weapon should be considered.

Denny Crane: National Security. Dr. Fields is a terrorist. He terrorized this courtroom. **He points at Duncan Jones.** He's a Democrat.

Judge Robert Sanders: I've had enough of all this. Mr. Crane, you had no excuse to be carrying a gun.

Denny Crane: Second Amendment. Founding Fathers. You probably knew them.

Judge Robert Sanders: Jibber jabber! But here, you did use the gun to save lives. Quite possibly my own. I'm going to let you off this time with just a stern warning.

Denny Crane: Thank you. **Turns to go back to the defense team's table**

Judge Robert Sanders: I haven't given it yet!

Denny Crane: **Under his breath.** Okay.

Judge Robert Sanders: Mr. Crane, I warn you not to do... this... again. Not guilty. **He pounds his gavel.** Adjourned.

Alan Shore: Well, seems you didn't need me after all.

Denny Crane: **Gracious bow** Any day, Denny Crane.

In Judge Paul Resnick's courtroom.

Judge Paul Resnick: Mr. Foreman? Has the jury reached a unanimous verdict?

Foreman: We have, your Honor.

Judge Paul Resnick: What say you?

Foreman: In the matter of the Commonwealth versus Dennis Pryor, on the charge of disorderly conduct, we find the defendant, not guilty. On the charge of unlawfully resisting arrest, we find the defendant, not guilty.

Judge Paul Resnick: Ladies and gentleman of the jury, thank you for your service.

Dennis Pryor: I won?

Chelina Hall: You won.

Dennis Pryor: No probation or anything?

Chelina Hall: You won, Dennis. You are free to go.

Dennis Pryor: **He chuckles.** Thank you. **He shakes Chelina's hand.**

Chelina Hall: Um hmm.

Dennis Pryor: And thank you. **He shakes Alan's hand.**

Alan Shore: I hope you get to live in that beautiful house one day, Mr. Pryor. Pick a better neighborhood.

Dennis Pryor: **He chuckles.** I will, thank you. I will. **He leaves.**

Chelina Hall: **To Alan** Bye.

Alan Shore: **He kisses her rather chastely on the lips, rubs noses, and strokes her upper arm.** Bye.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Denny is out on the balcony. Alan joins him.

Alan Shore: Ah, still at large.

Denny Crane: And don't think I take it for granted. Canada. Japan. England. Any number of those pinko countries. I'd be in jail for shooting somebody.

Alan Shore: God bless America.

Denny Crane: I had sex with her.

Alan Shore: With whom?

Denny Crane: Kate Smith. Before she put on the weight. From the mountains to her prairies, she is one hell of a ride.

Alan Shore: So, Denny? What happened? Your love affair with guns back on?

Denny Crane: Alan! Lives were saved because I was armed. We all should be armed. Every citizen should have one strapped to his waist. Hell, the criminals all have them. The answer isn't less guns; it's more.

Alan Shore: Surprised you didn't think of it sooner.

Denny Crane: **Twirling his finger next to his ear** Mad Cow. So, how was it with Ch-Chelina?

Alan Shore: Incredible pheromones.

Denny Crane: Hmm.

Alan Shore: Had I been a moth, we would have mated and died by now.

Denny Crane: Oh. Now, of course, there's Melissa.

Alan Shore: **He chuckles.** I don't know what to make of her.

Denny Crane: It's good to have choices.

Alan Shore: So, it was funny to finally meet your therapist.

Denny Crane: A man never introduces his wife to his mistress.

Alan Shore: That's a shame. Makes for a hell of a party.

Denny Crane: So? Do you think it's a sign of Alzheimer's if you can't remember how many people you've shot?

Alan Shore: As long as you can remember who.