

Boston Legal
Spring Fever
Season 2, Episode 26
Written by David E. Kelley
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ACT I

Scene 1: Crane Poole & Schmidt—Boston

Shirley Schmidt exits the elevator to the sound of a catfight of the human variety.

Shirley Schmidt: What the hell? Paul, stop them!

Jane and Sheila are fighting over the receptionist's desk.

Paul Lewiston: Security's been called.

Alan Shore: Oh, dear. This could be my fault. I seem to have mated them both. **Squints to see who they are.** Yes, I did, all right. Jane? Sheila? **Ducks so that a flying shoe strikes glass behind him instead of his head.**

Shirley Schmidt: Alan, this is absolutely . . .

Alan Shore: Wrong. Yes. Office policy manuals and such. I know, Shirley. But you'll just have to cut me slack this time of year.

Paul Lewiston: This time of year?

Alan Shore: It's spring. I'm in heat.

Security officers have separated the women, and are hauling them out; Alan Shore gestures as if to brush the whole incident away. Paul Lewiston and Shirley Schmidt are both appalled.

Scene 2: Alan Shore's office

Denny Crane: Entering. I hear you're in heat.

Alan Shore: It seems so.

Denny Crane: Me, too—we must be on the same cycle. What do you do when you're in heat?

Alan Shore: Generally, I have a good deal of sex.

Denny Crane: Me, too. Where?

Alan Shore: Out and about.

Denny Crane: You mean right here in Boston?

Alan Shore: It's the most convenient locale.

Denny Crane: Don't do that, man. The women in Boston are pale this time of year and they haven't lost their winter fat.

Alan Shore: Like spring snow, Boston women have their own particular benefits.

Denny Crane: Nonsense. You come with me to California. It's spring all the time there. I have some business to do in the Los Angeles office. We'll have time to prowl all we want, and we can write the whole thing off.

Alan Shore: Denny, in all modesty, my state of heat doesn't generally require me to prowl. Women have a tendency to find me.

Denny Crane: Let them find you in L.A. Now, don't be difficult. You know we're going. We'll take the jet, grab a limo, drop by Crane, Poole and Schmidt—Los Angeles, do a little business. Then we'll check into Chateau de Mer. They have that luxury down bedding with the 500 thread cotton sheets—women love that high thread count.

Alan Shore: As do I.

Denny Crane: You mean, I've convinced you?

Alan Shore: I do have a hankering for some strip mall sushi. Yes, the thread count put me over. A few days.

Denny Crane: I'll make some calls.

Denny Crane exits Alan Shore's office.

[credits]

Scene 3: Street scene—the red light district.

Visuals of prostitutes plying their trade at night in Boston to N.E.R.D.'s "Don't Worry About It"

Scene 4: Jail cell

Clifford Cabot is behind bars; Shirley Schmidt has come to bail him out.

Clifford Cabot: I was just doing research!

Shirley Schmidt: At a motel with a prostitute!

Clifford Cabot: I promise you I've done nothing licentious.

John: Me neither.

Clifford Cabot: I was cultivating case studies, conducting interviews with ladies of the eve . . . for my survey of Victorian sexual mores versus present day.

John: Me too.

Both Shirley Schmidt and Clifford Cabot stare John down.

Shirley Schmidt: Clifford!

Clifford Cabot: Oh, my God. You don't believe me.

Shirley Schmidt: She was naked during the interview! It looks suspicious.

Clifford Cabot: It was a demonstration speech. The art of seduction vis a vis clothing removal. Just ask LaFonda.

Shirley Schmidt: Look, Clifford. It doesn't matter what I think. You've got your story; you're sticking to it. I will post bail.

Clifford Cabot: Shirley . . .

Shirley Schmidt: Yes?

Clifford Cabot: Could you see about getting my shoelaces back?

Shirley Schmidt: **looking down to cover her smile, then nodding.** Yeah.

Scene 5: Conference Room at Crane, Poole & Schmidt—Boston

Brad Chase: Now the legal concepts of sufficiency of evidence and weight of evidence are different. A prime example is the Commonwealth vs Thompsons. **Intercom rings.** Yes?

Receptionist: Brad, Beth Guttman on line 2.

Brad Chase: Tell her I'm in a meeting; I'll call her right back.

Receptionist: She said it was an emergency.

Brad Chase: It's my sister. This will just take a minute. **Steps away from the conference table to pick up the phone at a side table.** Yeah, Beth. What's up? What? When? Yeah, yeah. O-okay, okay. I'm on my way—don't let her say a thing until I get there. **Hangs up the phone, gathers his things up off the conference table and exits quickly.**

Scene 6: Police Station

Beth Guttman: Brad . . .

Brad Chase: Beth. **They hug.** What happened?

Beth Guttman: Oh, Hannah was at this party. Kids were doing drugs, and this one boy . . . died of an overdose. **She wipes a tear from her eye.**

ACT II

Scene 1: Denny Crane's Office

Shirley Schmidt enters, on a rampage.

Shirley Schmidt: Denny, you . . . **She trails off as she takes in the sight of Denny Crane wearing a short-sleeved, short-legged wetsuit in black and navy blue, complete with goggles. He is holding snorkel and fins, admiring himself in the full-length mirror.** Good Lord!

Denny Crane: Does this make me look fat?

Shirley Schmidt: Yes. Wear heels. **Pause as she steps forward.** Don't do this. You know you can't handle Los Angeles.

Denny Crane: I'll be fine.

Shirley Schmidt: Every spring, you take this little trip out West, and then we spent every summer, fall and winter trying to get the charges dropped.

Denny Crane: If you're referring to the Vanna White incident, there was contributory negligence on her part.

Shirley Schmidt: You groped her rear end during the whole buffet line at a cocktail party. How exactly was she negligent?

Denny Crane: **demonstrating what he did in mid-air.** Her tushy. Legally it's called an attractive nuisance. Look, if you are sincerely concerned about my dalliances in Los Angeles, there's one way to prevent them. Come with me. You know how I feel about you.

Shirley Schmidt: Mm. Your wetsuit's doing all the talking.

Denny Crane: **Repositioning a fin to act as a codpiece.** Bogey and Bacall had Paris. You and I can have Los Angeles. We can take the first flight out.

Shirley Schmidt: Denny, every year I threaten, every year I cajole—all I have left is to plead. If you care about me, don't make me plead.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane does not make promises, but for you, I will try and be a good boy.

Shirley Schmidt: Thank you.

Denny Crane, ever the peacock, goes back to preening in front of the mirror.

Shirley Schmidt: How did you get into that thing, anyway?

Denny Crane: A lot of Vaseline, and Chuck in word processing helped.

Shirley Schmidt: Poor Chuck.

Denny Crane: I hope he'll help me get out of it . . .

Scene 2: The Hallway at Crane, Poole & Schmidt—Boston

Marlene Stanger, Denise Bauer, Kate and Corinne are talking.

Corinne: She doubled the client's money.

Marlene Stanger: Denise was there, too.

Kate: I thought that was the case you settled at 10 . . .

Denise Bauer: Well . . .

Corinne: You guys make a great team.

Kate: Every team needs a great closer.

Corinne: And it really helps that one of you is funny, because funny helps with the clients.
 Denise Bauer: Her?
 Marlene Stanger: Thanks, guys.
 Kate: Too bad you're both up for partner.
 Corinne: Spring vote.
 Kate: Always a lot harder.
 Corinne: This place is so sexist.
 Kate: Four spots.
 Corinne: There's no way they're gonna give two of them to women.
 Kate: You guys should team up. Whoever makes it this time can then vote for the other one next time.
 Denise Bauer: I'm just gonna run in and grab a seat.
 Kate: That's what you should do! And then the other one can just buy you dinner or something.

Scene 3: Police Station

Detective Jacobs: We won't know what the boy died of until after the autopsy. More than likely a bad mix of prescription medications.
 Brad Chase: What are you talking about?
 Detective Jacobs: You ever heard of "pharming parties?"
 Brad Chase: **shaking his head** No.
 Detective Jacobs: Not farming with an "f" but with a "p-h." It's what kids are doing as of late.
Through a one directional glass window, we see Rick and Hannah Guttman talking in the adjacent room.
 Detective Jacobs: They go to their parents' medicine cabinets, find the leftover prescriptions—pain medicines for backaches, sleeping pills, even their own medications for A.D.D.—they take all these pharmaceuticals, get together, trade 'em, mix 'em into various medications cocktails, just to see what kind of fun can be had. This poor kid more than likely got a bad mix.
 Brad Chase: Do you know about this?
 Beth Guttman: First I'm hearing.
 Detective Jacobs: The kids were smart enough to dump all the pills down the toilet. We found the prescription bottles, labels missing, in the trash out back.
 Beth Guttman: Hannah would never be involved in anything like that. She's already on an antidepressant. She knows better than to mix it with anything.
 Brad Chase: Hannah's on antidepressants?
 Beth Guttman: **nodding** She's had clinical depression for two years.
 Rick Guttman: **leaving the room Hannah is in** She won't tell me anything.
 Detective Jacobs: The other kids aren't talking. But the D.A.'s not going to let this one go. Someone's going to jail.
 Brad Chase: I'll talk to her. **Goes into the interrogation room; hugs Hannah Guttman in greeting.** You cut your hair since Christmas.
 Hannah Guttman: Yeah.
 Brad Chase: Well, we've got a long road ahead of us, and I realize you're probably still in shock, but as you can see, we've got a little bit of a problem here.
 Hannah Guttman: Besides Ryan being dead?
 Brad Chase: No, I understand you lost a friend, Hannah, but Ryan's parents also lost a son. And they are not going to stop—and nor should they—until they find out exactly what happened last night. And right now, as we're talking, all your other friends are with their attorneys, who are advising them to speak up. And the first one to speak up is going to make a deal with the district attorney. Everyone else is going to take responsibility for the crime, and someone is going to go to jail. **Pause as they look at each other, assessing the situation.** Hannah, I know you're a good person. I know you're a good friend, but this is the one time that you need to think of yourself first.

Scene 4: Conference Room at Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Shirley Schmidt is discussing cases with Marlene Stanger, Denise Bauer, Kate, Corrine, and 2 men.
 Shirley Schmidt: Um, the Strom trial doesn't begin until the fall, so we can discuss that at a later date. Denise, what have you got?
Marlene Stanger is in a staring match with one of the men—over a pen, which she, of course, wins.
 Denise Bauer: Ah, the Preitzler deposition starts Monday plus I'm still negotiating on Friedman vs Langston and, oh, Paul needs help on MacCush and Wasson.
 Shirley Schmidt: Full load.
 Denise Bauer: Very full. Lots of billables, but I'm handling it.
 Shirley Schmidt: Good. In that case . . .
 Marlene Stanger: I'm available.
 Shirley Schmidt: Excellent. So you're with me on the Clifford Cabot case. Okay, people. That does it. Thank you very much.
Everyone exits, and we follow Marlene Stanger into

Scene 5: The Hallway at Crane, Poole & Schmidt—Boston

In which Marlene Stanger is walking, absorbed in IM-ing on her Treo.

Alan Shore: *suddenly nose to nose with her* Marlene, you're typing with such intensity, almost as if there was some imminent climax.

Marlene Stanger—panting and startled—dodges around him as if very afraid.

Scene 6: Denise Bauer's office

Denise Bauer is writing at her desk.

Brad Chase: She's on antidepressants. I had no idea. I thought we were close. Suddenly we're "Ordinary People."

Denise Bauer: You're holiday close. You get together for the biggies—you know, Christmas, Easter—share some laughs, old stories. And there's something really comforting about that. But in between the jokes, and that's where stuff like "Hannah's got clinical depression" hang out. I mean, how do you share something like that? Plus, it's Hannah's private business.

Brad Chase: Not anymore. It's like we've been strangers for years.

Denise Bauer: Do they know *everything* about you?

Beth Guttman: *walking in* Brad? Can I . . . um . . . *motioning for him to come out of Denise's office to talk with her.*

Brad Chase: Hey, Beth.

Beth Guttman: They arrested her. One of the kids talked. He said it was all Hannah's fault, that she organized the whole party, that she brought the drugs. I know that's not true.

Brad Chase: Where is she now?

Beth Guttman: Rick's arranging bail.

They leave together.

ACT III

Scene 1: Shirley Schmidt's office

Clifford Cabot drops another pile of academic theses on the already-full desk.

Clifford Cabot: This is my world. Welcome to it. Current research from top academics in my field at the most prestigious universities in the country.

Shirley Schmidt: *reading from the title page of one* "Sex and Love in the Time of the Booty Call."

Marlene Stanger: "Buzz Off: A History of Anti-Vibrator Legislation in the United States."

Clifford Cabot: All legitimate papers presented at the Yale Sex Week Symposium last month. **He has a little different reaction to Marlene's icy stare.** You know, you have a way about you . . . Anyhoo, the paper that I'm working on, entitled, "Low as a 'Ho: Privileging Sexual Purveyors and the Fallacy of Phallocentricism," could only be made possible through field research, which is what I was doing when accosted by the fuzz.

Shirley Schmidt: Clifford, I think you can understand how the police might have mistaken your intentions and let their imaginations get away from them.

Clifford Cabot: And that's their problem. Finally, our universities are making great strides in understanding the human sexual condition. Graphic sexuality has become ubiquitous in modern society. It's irresponsible *not* to teach young people about it.

Marlene Stanger: These are for real.

Shirley Schmidt: You're kidding.

Marlene Stanger: As whacked out as some of these things sound—no offense, Clifford—they're all legitimate scholarly research articles.

Clifford Cabot: Exactly. Research which required extensive interviews.

Marlene Stanger: My cousin went to elementary school with the D.A. I think we've got enough here to go to him and get these charges dropped. **Picks up her Treo to IM.**

Clifford Cabot: I like her.

Scene 2: Police Interrogation Room

Beth, Hannah and Rick Guttman are talking with Brad Chase.

Hannah Guttman: That's not how it happened! They're lying!

Brad Chase: Then you have to tell the truth. Now these kids doing exactly what is expected of them. They're acting in their own self-interest. Hannah, you must understand. You could go to jail for this. They are charging you with second degree murder.

Hannah Guttman: No. No.

Beth Guttman reaches over to stroke her hair.

Scene 3: The D.A.'s office

DA Casey Mathias: *laughs*

Marlene Stanger: Casey . . . Casey. When you finish perusing, please note what our client had on his mind was purely Q and A for research purposes only.

ADA Frank Lawrence: *laughs, having a difficult time buying that!*

Marlene Stanger: There was no intent to solicit.

DA Casey Mathias: Oh, no intent, hunh? **Both ADA's laugh.**

Shirley Schmidt: You guys want to let us in on the joke?

ADA Frank Lawrence: We found that Professor Cabot, in doing his “research,” was extremely . . . thorough.
DA Casey Mathias: Check it out. **Turns on the TV behind them by remote.**
Clifford Cabot (TV): Show me. Show me the plight of the exploited sex worker. Oh, and show me your ass. Ahh—
Shirley Schmidt: Oh, dear Lord.
DA Casey Mathias: Check it out. She’s about to graduate *magna cum laude*.
Clifford Cabot (TV): Tell me your quim is quivering.
LaFonda (TV): What’s a quim?

Scene 4: Shirley Schmidt’s Office

Clifford Cabot: Can you believe she didn’t know what a quim was?
Shirley Schmidt: Clifford!
Clifford Cabot: I know, it’s awful. Pure misery. What do we do?
Marlene Stanger: Plead this out. Take your lumps.
Clifford Cabot: I can’t do that. My reputation is at stake. If I plead guilty, there goes my entire academic career.
Shirley Schmidt: You should have thought of that before you hired Eliza Doolittle to polish your knob.
Clifford Cabot: Okay, Shirley. Yes, I’m guilty. Put me in shackles. **He holds his hands out, touching at the wrists.**
Marlene Stanger: Let’s not go there.
Clifford Cabot: But I really *did* go to that motel for research. Only this time, LaFonda looked so inviting. Her smile told me everything was going to be all right. Then I got carried away. Shirley, I’m mortified to admit this, but I hadn’t been intimate with a woman for years. My wife left me—emotionally and sexually—long before we ever parted ways legally. And loneliness, well, it isn’t something you can just think your way out of.
Shirley Schmidt: Clifford, how many of these interviews have you done?
Clifford Cabot: With this latest study, eleven. But this is the first time anything inappropriate has ever happened. Ooh. Maybe it’s the *third*.
Shirley Schmidt: We’re sunk.
Marlene Stanger looks out the window to find Alan Shore staring, tilting his head and smiling at her. He walks off with his “Cat in the Hat” stroll.

Scene 5: Alan Shore’s office

We see Marlene Stanger’s ruby slippers (complete with spiked heels, of course) first, then her. Marlene Stanger knows the value of maintaining the power position of standing while Alan Shore sits, looking up at her.
Marlene Stanger: This will stop.
Alan Shore: What will stop?
Marlene Stanger: You and your little games. They’re a distraction, and they will stop.
Alan Shore: Well, what do suggest instead?
Marlene Stanger: We’re going to make love. You’re going to give me everything you’ve got. We’re going to get this out of our system. It will be kept between the two of us, and then we will move on.
Alan Shore: Sounds very organized.
Marlene Stanger: Cut the nonsense. Are you in or not?
Alan Shore: I am very much in. However, I have some thoughts. **He stands up so they are nose to nose, again.** First, I’m a bit old-fashioned when it comes to certain women. I prefer to do the stalking.
Marlene Stanger: You’ve got 24 hours.
Alan Shore: I certainly won’t be timed.
Marlene Stanger: I think you’re vile.
Alan Shore: That’s a very good sign. For some, it takes quite a while to reach that point. But you seem very in touch **He runs his hand from her neck downward, slowly** with the worst that the world has to offer. You’ve always been a very bad girl. **She nods in agreement** Now, you’re working into awful, and you think I’m just the lucky lad to get you there. You might just be right. **His mouth is now very close to her ear, and his hands are on her buttocks** As long as it’s messy, and it hurts just a bit . . . **He brushes the hem of her skirt as he bends down a little to pick up his briefcase next to her, and lowers his voice** Just as soon as I return from Los Angeles . . .
And Alan Shore walks out of his office, leaving Marlene Stanger quivering.

ACT IV

Scene 1: Scenes of Los Angeles

Scene 2: Office foyer of Crane, Poole & Schmidt—Los Angeles

Denny Crane and Alan Shore exit the elevator

Alan Shore: This has a familiar feel to it.
Denny Crane: Oh, I forgot! You haven’t been to this branch. **He reaches out to shake hands with the receptionist.** How are you? Denny Crane. **Back to Alan Shore** I’m a big believer in consistency. Whether you kill someone in Boston, New York, Chicago . . . **Shakes hands with a client in the waiting area.** Denny Crane. **Continuing conversation with Alan Shore** . . . L.A., London, Tokyo, you’ll feel right at home here. **He sees Courtney Reese exiting the office ahead of an attorney dressed all in black.** Oh, my God.
Entertainment Attorney: So I’ll messenger those contracts to you this afternoon.

Courtney Reese: Perfect. Thank you. **She shakes his hand.**

Denny Crane: Ms. Reese. Denny Crane.

Courtney Reese: **pushing the call button for the elevator** Hello.

Denny Crane: I'm sorry. THE Denny Crane. Crane, Poole and Sperm . . . Schmidt. May I say that I have seen every single one of the episodes of "Night Bay."

Courtney Reese: Thank you.

Denny Crane: And I . . . I wonder—how can they keep this thing going? **He has stepped into her elevator car and is blocking her exit.**

Courtney Reese laughs, trying to get past him into the elevator.

Denny Crane: But, you know, night swimmers need protection, too. And drug smugglers who thrive under the cloak of darkness. **Now the elevator door has closed, and Courtney Reese pushes the call button, again.** And this is my colleague, Alan Shore.

Alan Shore: A pleasure, Ms. . . . **He bows slightly to her; he has not forgotten HIS manners.**

Denny Crane: Oh, he doesn't watch television. I doubt he's even seen the sex tape your boyfriend filmed of you.

The elevator has arrived again.

Courtney Reese: **dodging quickly into the elevator.** I have to go now.

Denny Crane: Oh. Bye bye. I love L.A.

Barry Goal: **holding out his hand to shake Denny Crane's.** Denny Crane, you son of a gun! How are you?

Denny Crane: Barry. Good, good.

Barry Goal: **shaking hands with Alan Shore.** Barry Goal.

Alan Shore: Alan Shore. How do you do?

Denny Crane: Senior partner. Crane, Poole & Schmidt—L.A.

Barry Goal: Barry Goal.

Alan Shore: You said that.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane—West, almost.

Alan Shore: Got it.

Barry Goal: Barry Goal.

Scene 3: Courtroom

Bailiff: Docket #52893: Commonwealth vs Hannah Guttman, on the charge of second-degree murder.

Brad Chase: Great.

Judge Dale Melman: How do you plead?

Brad Chase: Not guilty, your Honor.

Judge Dale Melman: Bail?

Brad Chase: Defense requests R.O.R. Hannah's parents can take responsibility for her.

ADA Holly Raines: The defendant is charged with second-degree murder. Bail . . .

Brad Chase: That's way out of whack with this case, your Honor. This case is involuntary manslaughter at its best.

ADA Holly Raines: You're going to tell me how to file?

Brad Chase: She's over-charging, your Honor, hoping we'll plead for manslaughter.

ADA Holly Raines: An innocent boy is dead, your Honor. Forgive me for taking it seriously.

Judge Dale Melman: All right. The defendant has no prior record. I'm going to release her into the custody of her parents. Conference with the clerk for scheduling.

Teresa Klein: Hannah, you're not going to look at us?

Brad Chase: Let's go.

Teresa Klein: You killed our son! You're not going to even *look* at us?

Brad Chase escorts the Guttman family out as ADA Holly Raines holds Teresa Klein's hands to comfort her.

Scene 4: Barry Goal's Office

Denny Crane: And did you take care of what we talked about?

Barry Goal: Just as you requested. All the amendments to your living will have been incorporated per your specifications. We just need the proper signatures.

Denny Crane: Excellent.

Alan Shore is admiring Barry Goal's view of an amusement park, complete with ferris wheel.

Barry Goal: And just so you know, we did a search, and there's no place that will legally sanction euthanasia by bullet to the brain.

Denny Crane: Aww. Chest?

Barry Goal: Sorry. The most you can hope for is a slow morphine drip or counting on Alan here to pull your plug.

Alan Shore: **turns around, hearing his name mentioned.** Excuse me?

Barry Goal: Denny has amended his living will to grant you power of attorney so you can enforce the D.N.R. clause.

Denny Crane is smiling at Alan Shore. Just in case, uh, you know . . .

Denny Crane: Since Cap Weinberger died, I need someone else to pull my plug. **He takes the document from Barry Goal, and walks around him to hand it to Alan Shore for his signature.** You're up, Alan. I've got a slot open.

Hancock?

Barry Goal pulls out a pen, uncaps it, and hands it to Alan Shore.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry, Barry. We'll have to take care of this another time.

Both Denny Crane and Barry Goal stare open-mouthed at him.

Scene 5: Conference Room to Hallway, Crane, Poole & Schmidt—Boston

Marlene Stanger: We are so screwed on the Clifford Cabot case.

Denise Bauer: Really? Oh, I'm sorry. **Not.** And you were so eager to get on that one, too.

Marlene Stanger: I know. I thought we had a real strong argument that his encounter with the crazy hooker was just part of his crazy academic research, but it turns out he videotaped the whole thing.

Denise Bauer: He . . . he videotaped it?

Marlene Stanger: Yeah, and it's not one of those blurry night vision videos; this one is crystal clear.

Denise Bauer: But the important thing is—he filmed it. He made a film.

Marlene Stanger: A film, which is protected under the First Amendment.

Paul Lewiston: Uh, Denise.

And the race to the elevator is on, to the tune of "William Tell Overture;" Marlene Stanger is first out of the gate.

Denise Bauer: Paul, uh, I . . . I can't. Not now. **And she's off, too.**

As Denise Bauer leaves the gate, Marlene Stanger rounds first bend at the file cabinets. Denise Bauer dives to tackle Marlene Stanger, and misses. Marlene Stanger gets to Shirley Schmidt, well ahead of Denise Bauer.

Marlene Stanger: Shirley! I had a thought.

Shirley Schmidt: Ride with me.

Shirley Schmidt and Marlene Stanger get into the elevator as Denise Bauer reaches the finish line.

Denise Bauer: **motioning others away from the elevator.** Get out! **The elevator doors close before she can dodge through them.** No! No, no!

Marlene Stanger: **Obviously winded.** And if he filmed it for distribution to entertain an audience, that's pornography, which is protected under the First Amendment.

Shirley Schmidt: Good thinking. What is that pounding?

Marlene Stanger: This building has a lot of quirks. Haven't you noticed?

Denise Bauer: I hate her!

ACT V

Scene 1: The porch of Rachel Lewiston's home

Brad Chase knocks on the door; Rachel Lewiston opens it.

Rachel Lewiston: Great.

Brad Chase: I need your help.

Scene 2: The Police Station

Brad Chase: Hannah, this is Rachel Lewiston.

Rachel Lewiston: Hi, Hannah.

Hannah Guttman: Hi.

Brad Chase: I'm just gonna be out there. **He exits.**

Rachel Lewiston: Well, nothing awkward about this, is there?

Hannah Guttman: I'm sorry, but why am I even talking to you?

Rachel Lewiston: Honestly, 'cause your uncle's a little lame. Now, he thought I could help you, but the only thing I can think to do is to tell you about Jenny Diner.

Hannah Guttman: Who?

Rachel Lewiston: She was a girl I met in rehab. I was there recently. Jenny's about your age. Angry as hell. We got along great. I mean, there were other addicts there who I had more in common with, but Jenny and I, um, well, we really understood each other. **Sits down.** I, uh, I mentioned it to one of the counselors one day. He said he wasn't surprised. They've done studies that show that drug and alcohol abuse stunts your emotional growth. Whatever age you start abusing, that's the age you are emotionally, so even though I'm pushing the big 4-0, and I'm raising a 3-year-old, in many ways, I'm still 16, which is why my father's stare can still make me feel 2 feet tall. And why my best friend and confidante in rehab was a 16-year-old hooked on heroin.

Hannah Guttman: I don't do drugs.

Rachel Lewiston: Hannah . . . I just want to tell you, the one thing I learned the really, really hard way, and that is that you have to own your crap—what you do, what you say, who you hurt—you have to own all of it. And if you don't want to be stuck here at age 16 for the rest of your life, you're gonna have to tell people what happened.

They exchange knowing looks, and Rachel exits, leaving Hannah to her own thoughts.

Scene 3: Courtroom #2

DA Casey Mathias: Your honor, the defense's motion to dismiss is absurd. We have a videotape which clearly shows that the defendant was caught fully . . . in the commission of the illegal act.

Judge Robert Thompson: It used to be called *in flagrante delicto*, but, uh, people don't speak as colorfully anymore. It's a damn shame, too. Ms. Stanger?

Marlene Stanger: Professor Cabot was, indeed, in that motel room. He did purchase the services of LaFonda Raymond, and he did set up his camera and make a videotape. And that is why the charges should be dismissed.

Judge Robert Thompson: I'm not following you, Ms. Stanger.

Marlene Stanger: Your Honor, Professor Cabot was not engaged in an act of prostitution. He was, in fact, making a pornographic movie. And as a result, everything he did is protected under the First Amendment.

DA Casey Mathias: Oh, come on.

Marlene Stanger: Your Honor, Professor Cabot is a distinguished professor and budding director, but unlike many first-time independent filmmakers . . .

DA Casey Mathias: Please . . .

Marlene Stanger: . . . Professor Cabot comes to his subject after years of study and research, which will only serve to broaden and deepen the potential impact of his cinematic creation.

Judge Robert Thompson: Wow.

DA Casey Mathias: I hope you can see through this ridiculous smokescreen. It doesn't matter if the defendant is a professor or a bog worker. It doesn't matter if he had ten cameras rolling the whole time. The fact is, he paid to have sex with a prostitute, and that's against the law.

Marlene Stanger: Your Honor, I have a witness who will prove my argument.

The camera pans from Judge to the witness stand.

Marlene Stanger: Mr. Craven, have you had a chance to look at the film made by Professor Cable?

Wes Craven: Yes.

Marlene Stanger: In your expert opinion as a filmmaker, what is Professor Cabot doing in the film?

Wes Craven: Well, he's acting, he's directing the action, and, of course, he's screwing.

Marlene Stanger: As part of his performance.

Wes Craven: Yes.

Marlene Stanger: So we have acting, directing, cinematography . . .

Wes Craven: If you include his humming, he's doing the score.

Marlene Stanger: We're talking about a film here, aren't we?

Wes Craven: Oh, yes.

Marlene Stanger: Now I think we would all agree that this isn't a particularly good film.

Wes Craven: Oh, boy.

Marlene Stanger: But let me ask you this. Is this film, a film produced and directed by Professor Cabot, starring himself and LaFonda, is it the worst film you've ever seen?

Wes Craven: No. Not by a long shot.

Marlene Stanger nods her head, mouthing the words, "Thank you."

Scene 4: Brad's Office

Hannah Guttman is waiting, sitting on his couch.

Hannah Guttman: It was just stuff from the drugstore, prescriptions. It was safe.

Brad Chase: No. Not for Ryan.

Hannah Guttman: Everybody's on something! I have friends who have to take a pill to wake up in the morning, to go to sleep, to study. I need to take something to calm down before a test.

Brad Chase: Hannah, I'm not here to judge.

Hannah Guttman: Yes, you are. Everyone is. They're trying to pin this whole thing on me, and I didn't organize the party; I didn't bring all the drugs.

Brad Chase: Okay.

Hannah Guttman: But, um . . . **Deep breath.** I gave Ryan the meds that killed him. I was just trying to make him better.

Brad Chase: You need to explain this to me.

Hannah Guttman: I can't. You don't know what it's like to be depressed.

Brad Chase: Sure, I do.

Hannah Guttman: No, you don't. Real depression affects you physically. You literally can't get out of bed. There's a weight pressing down on you all the time. You don't care if you eat, if you stink. It's all too much. And Ryan had it. I told him to talk to his parents. They told him to study harder and play sports after school. Ryan was drowning, and they couldn't see it. The night of the party, I **swear**, I gave Ryan the exact dose that I was taking. He must have, you know, had something first, or was drinking, or—I don't know—he was allergic. But he wasn't supposed to die, though.

Brad Chase: Shh. Shh.

Hannah Guttman: **Crying.** He wasn't supposed to die. He wasn't supposed to.

Scene 5: Stairway at Crane, Poole and Schmidt—Boston

Paul Lewiston and Denise Bauer are walking downstairs, to meet with Shirley Schmidt and Marlene Stanger at the foot.

Paul Lewiston: So it's true? Wes Craven was your ace in the hole?

Shirley Schmidt: Paul, she was brilliant. I know we're not supposed to say clients are guilty, but this guy was guilty and she got him off.

Marlene Stanger: **Not so humble chuckle.** Oh . . . I'll see you guys.

Marlene Stanger walks away, Paul Lewiston following.

Paul Lewiston: Marlene, tell me more.

Denise Bauer: Shirley, I . . . I realize that there's no way that I can say this without sounding petty, but that whole pornography/First Amendment rights thing—that was **points at herself** my idea.

Shirley Schmidt: *laughing* Yeah, it sounds like you. But, Denise, *putting her arm around Denise Bauer's shoulders* she got to the elevator first.

Scene 6: Los Angeles streets at night

Beck's "Where It's At" is playing in the background, as we see a limo pull up. A woman opens the back door, and Denny Crane gets out, bulbs flashing. Alan Shore has gotten out of the other back door, and steps around the car, buttoning his jacket.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane. Denny Crane.

Alan Shore: I sometimes forget that you're famous.

Denny Crane: I'm well known.

A second limo pulls up, as the first takes off. Another woman opens the door of the second limo, and Courtney Reese gets out. More flashes.

Woman in crowd: Courtney!

Denny Crane: **In front of the restaurant sign—Ortolan.** What a small world. **As the camera pans to her cleavage.**

And what big . . .

Alan Shore: You *knew* she'd be here!

Denny Crane: It's her favorite restaurant. My God, they're beautiful.

Dan Rice: **grabbing her arm** Courtney!

Fan: Hey, hey.

Denny Crane: **Rushing in to block Dan Rice with his body.** Hey, hey, hey. Knock it off! Give her some space!

What's the matter with you? Hey. Hey.

Alan Shore turns him toward the restaurant, breaking up any potential confrontation.

Scene 7: Inside Ortolan restaurant.

Courtney Reese is eating at a table, talking with a friend, while Denny Crane and Alan Shore are at another table, also eating and talking.

Denny Crane: She's magnificent! Ever seen the show she hosts? It's called, "The Phoenix."

Alan Shore: Is it about mythology?

Denny Crane: **sarcastic** Oh, yeah, people would watch that! No, it's a reality show. They take these wrecked broads and make 'em look, uh, pretty. She could at least have shared a drink with me.

Alan Shore: Why should she? You stalked her.

Denny Crane: I did not stalk her.

Alan Shore: You found out where she eats. You showed up. That's stalking.

Denny Crane: All right. Why are you still miffed at me?

Alan Shore: I'm not miffed, Denny.

Denny Crane: You're miffed enough to ruin my meal. I thought being my plug-puller would be an honor!

Alan Shore: It is, and I'm not saying that I don't want to be the one to pull your plug. I just thought the way the whole package was presented to me was wrong.

Denny Crane: I just told you to sign my document.

Alan Shore: Exactly. With something as monumental as that, you don't just push a piece of paper in one's face. You discuss it first.

Denny Crane: We discussed it plenty of times. You said you would shoot me.

Alan Shore: There's a difference between talking about it and signing a legal document.

Denny Crane: You're a fricking lawyer, for God's sake! That's what you do!

Alan Shore: With others, yes. When it comes to my personal life, I don't actually sign contracts at the drop of a hat.

When I say I'll do something, I do it, regardless of a piece of paper, and I expect people to hold me to my word.

Denny Crane: What's the matter with you? People don't do that anymore. And you certainly can't expect the hospital to acknowledge your word.

Alan Shore: In this case, I can see that.

Denny Crane: Well, are you going to sign the damn thing or not?

Alan Shore is the immovable object to Denny Crane's irresistible force.

Denny Crane: Okay. I apologize. How about I ask you properly?

Alan Shore: Okay.

Denny Crane: Would you do the honor of killing me?

Denny Crane quickly looks at Courtney Reese to make sure she is not watching him proposing to Alan Shore.

Alan Shore: I will.

Denny Crane: Waiter! Champagne. **He raises his wine glass in toast to Alan.**

ACT VI

Scene 1: Brad Chase's Office.

Beth Guttman: Ooh—this is just a nightmare.

Brad Chase: It is, but we've got a case.

Beth Guttman: Oh, thank God.

Brad Chase: Hannah had a very compelling motive for giving Ryan those pills, and I'm almost positive that I can plead out.

Beth Guttman: Oh, she told you she gave him the pills?

Brad Chase: Yes. And I believe she was trying to help him, and I think she can convince the D.A., too.

Beth Guttman: Well, if she pleads guilty, will she get probation?

Brad Chase: No. It's . . . she's probably going to have to do some time in a juvenile facility. Maybe a year.

Beth Guttman: No. It would kill her, Brad! She's a sick girl!

Brad Chase: I'll get the best deal that I can, but I'm certain it's gonna involve some jail time. A kid died, Beth!

Beth Guttman: What if she says she didn't do it?

Brad Chase: But she did it.

Beth Guttman: Yeah, well, there were a lot of other kids at that party. Th—that one—Jason—has a prior drug conviction. What if Hannah just keeps her mouth shut?

Brad Chase: Beth, what are you asking me to do?

Beth Guttman: I'm asking you to do what's best for your niece!

Brad Chase: What's best for her is to tell the truth, to get this behind her, and get on with her life.

Beth Guttman: No, what's best is to keep her out of jail!

Brad Chase: I'm not going to pin this on some other kid, when I know that Hannah did it.

Beth Guttman: Then I'm getting another lawyer.

Beth Guttman walks out of Brad Chase's office.

Scene 2: Hallway at Crane, Poole & Schmidt—Boston

Denise Bauer is walking, her portfolio open, reading. Marlene Stanger hurries to catch up to her.

Marlene Stanger: Hi, Denise!

Denise Bauer: Marlene.

Marlene Stanger: *linking elbows with Denise Bauer* You know, those girls were right. We really do make a pretty good team. I like the way we bounce ideas off each other.

Denise Bauer: Well, you know what they say, Marlene. You can't beat an idea whose time has come, and, Marlene, your time is coming.

Scene 3: Brad Chase's car, looking out at the city of Boston across the river.

Hannah Guttman: Does my mom know we're having this conversation?

Brad Chase: Hannah, your mother? She likes perfect endings.

Hannah Guttman: Tell me about it.

Brad Chase: There's no perfect ending here. There's a lousy one, where a kid is dead, you're held accountable, you end up serving 6 months—possibly a year—in jail. Then there's a catastrophic one, where a kid is dead, you try to avoid being held accountable, you roll the dice, you go to trial, you lose, you end up serving 3 years—possibly more. Now this perfect life that your mother was so determined for you to have—that's off the table. She's not seeing clearly on this.

Hannah Guttman: And you are?

Brad Chase: I know the law, and I know your mom. Yes. I'm the one you should be listening to right now.

Hannah Guttman: Six months?

Brad Chase: Juvenile. Minimum security. I may even be able to do better, but you gotta trust me.

Scene 5: Shirley Schmidt's Office

Marlene Stanger enters, hiding something behind her back.

Marlene Stanger: Okay. This is going to look like I am completely kissing your ass, and I am, but look what I actually found in the cold aisle at the grocery store! **She holds up a 6-pack of Schmidt Beer.**

Shirley Schmidt: *laughs*

Marlene Stanger: Schmidt Beer!

Shirley Schmidt: Well, would you look at that!

Marlene Stanger puts the 6-pack on Shirley Schmidt's desk, sets a bottle in front of Shirley Schmidt, and opens another for herself. Denise Bauer walks past and can see the two of them sharing a beer at the end of the day. From there, she goes to

Scene 6: The Breakroom at Crane, Poole & Schmidt—Boston

Denise Bauer takes a package of cookies and walks to the refrigerator for a bottle of water. She spots Marlene Stanger's Treo on the table next to the wastebasket, looks around to be sure she's not being watched, and brushes the Treo into the wastebasket. Denise Bauer sticks her tongue out at the Treo in the wastebasket, and walks away.

Scene 7: Brad or Denise's Bedroom

Brad Chase and Denise Bauer are in flagrante delicto. They separate to their own sides of the bed.

Denise Bauer: You know I'm good.

Brad Chase: You're very good.

Denise Bauer: I spent nine years working my tail off to make partner. In three minutes, she comes in and tries to take my spot.

Brad Chase: Marlene?

Denise Bauer: Squid! Ruthless, horrible sea creature! It's so unfair when people like that win.

Brad Chase: So don't let her.

Denise Bauer: Right. Hmm. ***She starts kissing Brad Chase, but he pulls away a bit.*** What?

Brad Chase: You just kinda . . . broke it for me.

Denise Bauer: ***sighing*** Sorry.

Brad Chase: No, it's not your fault. It's this thing with my niece.

Denise Bauer: We're friends with benefits. This is supposed to be our break from all those hassles.

Brad Chase: I just can't let it go.

Denise Bauer: Maybe it would help if you didn't think about it personally. You know, if you thought about it like an attorney.

Brad Chase: Okay.

Denise Bauer: Brad, *nothing* excites you as much as the law.

Brad Chase: ***smiling*** I know.

Denise Bauer: So, imagine yourself standing tall in front of the jury box, adrenaline pumping, juices flowing, the judge up there with his gavel—banging, banging, banging.

Brad Chase: Oh, yeah.

Denise Bauer: Yeah.

And THEIR juices are flowing again.

Denise Bauer: I bet Marlene isn't getting laid right now.

And that spoils Brad Chase's mood again.

Scene 8: Ortolan Restaurant

Denny Crane: Alan, I want you to know, when we get back to Boston, the first thing that I'm going to do is sign your living will, be your plug-puller.

Alan Shore: You don't have to do that, Denny.

Denny Crane: I want to do that. It meant a great deal to me when you agreed to give me the—the—the big send-off. It was a great show of affection, of love. ***Nods his head.*** You showed me yours; now I want to show you mine.

Alan Shore: I certainly appreciate that, but the fact is my living will, as it were, is taken care of.

Denny Crane: Well, we'll amend it.

Alan Shore: There's really no need.

Denny Crane: I want to.

Alan Shore: You don't have to.

Denny Crane: But I want to.

Alan Shore: It's fine.

Denny Crane: It's not.

Alan Shore: I'm telling you, it is.

Denny Crane: I'm telling you, it's not. What are we talking about?

Alan Shore: My living will!

Denny Crane: Right. So, first thing we get back, I sign on as your plug-puller. Case closed.

Alan Shore: No.

Denny Crane: Is there something you're not telling me? Is there somebody else?

Alan Shore: No! It's just that I've made my arrangements. It's not a particularly pleasant subject to revisit, so I'm going to preserve the status quo.

Courtney Reese is walking out of the restaurant, talking on her cell phone, eyeing Alan Shore meaningfully.

Denny Crane: You don't trust me.

Alan Shore: I do trust you.

Alan Shore is aware of Courtney Reese noticing him.

Denny Crane: Not with this. Not with your life. Waiter! Bring him the check.

Alan Shore: Denny . . .

Denny Crane: ***standing up in preparation for stomping out*** The trouble with you is your brain is so clogged up with big words, you don't have room for the stuff that's really important. Trust in a friendship is a two-way street. Or there's no friendship.

Alan Shore: A real friendship doesn't include one person being positively giddy over the prospect of pulling the plug on the other.

Denny Crane: I'm not giddy!

Alan Shore: You are! I think part of you really wants to be the guy who kills me!

A shot rings out, coming from the direction in which Courtney Reese went. Alan Shore startles, and Denny Crane strides in that direction, Alan Shore close behind.

Scene 9: The Alley Behind Ortolan

Denny Crane comes out of the restaurant, finding Courtney Reese holding a gun out to her side and the Dan Rice lying in a pool of blood a few feet away.

Courtney Reese: I just shot someone.

Crowd noises and flashes in the background. Courtney Reese is recognized by the paparazzi.

Denny Crane: **taking the gun out of her hand** Denny Crane. Everything's going to be all right.

Man in the crowd: Courtney. Did you see what happened?

Denny Crane: **escorting Courtney through the crowd** Denny Crane. Call 9-1-1. Denny Crane. Move aside. Get out of the way. Denny Crane.

Alan Shore steps to the photographer's side, feels for a pulse in his neck. He pulls his cell phone out of his inner breast pocket, and makes a phone call.