

Boston Legal
Los Angeles
Season 2, Episode 27
Written by David E. Kelley
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Alan and Denny escort Courtney Reese through a throng of media-paparazzi, screaming, yelling. As they pass a camera crew...

Reporter: Repeating what we know, Ms Reese has just been arraigned on attempted murder charges, the...

As they pass another camera crew...

Reporter: ...bail was set at one million, two hundred thousand...

Denny Crane: Denny Crane.

Barry Goal: Barry Goal.

As they pass a third camera crew...

Reporter: ...the star of the popular reality show, The Phoenix, entered a plea of not guilty...

Denny Crane: Denny Crane.

Barry Goal: Barry Goal.

Reporter: ...both sides agreeing to an immediate trial date...

Reporter: **On a television monitor.** Why Ms Reese was carrying a gun, we don't know.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Los Angeles. Courtney Reese, Denny Craen, Barry Goal and Alan Shore are in an office.

Courtney Reese: I thought he was gonna kill me.

Alan Shore: Did you recognize him?

Courtney Reese: Not then. Now I know he's a photographer for one of those celebrity stalker websites.

Barry Goal: Fan-based websites. They track certain stars.

Courtney Reese: Yeah. It's called Get Courtney dot com. **She looks at Denny who is staring at her chest. There is a lot of cleavage to see.**

Denny Crane: Denny Crane.

Barry Goal: Barry Goal.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry. You'll have to forgive Denny. His eyes are bigger than his shame. And frankly, I don't know what to make of Barry. So? You said these websites actually track celebrities?

Courtney Reese: They hunt us down. Anybody who spots me on the street just text messages my location into the website. Some of them even get paid for a good tip. Now anybody... Here. **She turns the screen of a laptop computer towards Alan.** Anybody can track my every move every minute of the day. **She clicks some key on the keyboard.**

Denny Crane: **He looks over the lid of the computer at ~~the computer~~, her chest. She gives him a look.** Terrible.

Courtney Reese: **She sighs. Alan rolls his eyes.** Look at this. **On the computer screen is street map with a picture of her in a square bubble with an arrow pointing toward a large red cross signifying the location of the Crane, Poole and Schmidt.**

Denny Crane: Oh. There's our building. And it says you're here!

Barry Goal: And you're here!

Courtney Reese: One of your assistants probably just made a hundred bucks for this tip. And the problem is it's not just fans who know where I am, it's stalkers. Mentally ill people! I mean, I've had guys show up straight from the psych ward to my door saying I'm their ex-wife and they're gonna kill me for jilting them.

Alan Shore: And you thought this man was coming to kill you?

Courtney Reese: Yeah! I thought he... **She looks to Denny and catches him still staring at her chest.** Mr Crane? I need you to stop staring at me like that.

Denny Crane: Of course. Marry me.

Courtney Reese: I beg your pardon?

Denny Crane: Your fifteen minutes are almost up. Mine has lasted a lifetime. **To Barry.** Tell her.

Barry Goal: Marry him.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Boston, Denise walks through the lobby, looking at a file as a couple in their late twenties, Lara and Joel Kohn, speak to the receptionist. Lara's holding a brief with some business paper in it.

Lara Kohn: **To the receptionist.** ... Lara and Joel Kohn to see Marlene Stanger, ten-thirty.

Receptionist: I think she stepped out of the building for a few minutes. Let me try her cell.

Denise Bauer: **She hears this and takes pause. She interrupts before the receptionist can call. To Lara and Joe.** Are you here for Marlene Stanger?

Joel Kohn: She was recommended to us.

Lara Kohn: We made an appointment, but she doesn't appear to be here.

Denise Bauer: **She makes a decision.** That doesn't sound like Marlene. **All charm.** I'm Denise Bauer. I work very closely with Marlene and I know that she is swamped. Uhm, why don't you come into my office and we can talk. **She leads the couple down the corridor.**

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Los Angeles. In the conference rooms clips of new reports are shown on a large screen.

Female TV Reporter: Both sides have apparently agreed to fast track this. The only issue being, "Did Ms Reese fear for her life? And if so, was that fear reasonable?"

Male TV Reporter: Some speculation that Ms Reese was simply fed up with the paparazzi and this last encounter was the final straw.

Different Female Reporter: So far we have no indication of where Ms Reese got the gun.

Watching this are Barry, Denny, Alan, Courtney, Candy Springtime and several other associates.

Candy Springtime: The good news Courtney, you're already beautiful, so we don't have to Marsha Clark you. The bad news is, you're beautiful and you shot a man. The only person I can see getting away with that is Prince Di, who was herself killed by the paparazzi. So! By evoking her image we get a twofer. **She chooses a suit from a clothes rack bearing two dozen different outfits.** I suggest this for your first day of trial.

Courtney Reese: A turtle neck? In LA? In the spring? Are you trying to kill me?

Candy Springtime: We can mix and match. But it's critical you feel comfortable in your wardrobe. The jury can sense comfort level.

Courtney Reese: It's my clothes or none at all.

Denny Crane and Barry Goal: **In unison.** None.

Candy Springtime: Courtney. **She sighs.**

Alan Shore: Typically we would want the jury to relate to you.

Courtney Reese: Typically no juror would have been carrying a gun into a restaurant. So perhaps the argument should be they couldn't possibly relate to me.

Denny Crane: We'll get back to wardrobe. Let's talk victim.

Barry Goal: Our investigators are checking into the photographer. His friends, family, skeletons, the usual. What is important is that in the press he looks like someone who would attack Courtney in an alley.

Courtney Reese: He did attack me in an alley.

Denny Crane: Legals?

Alan Shore: In order to prove self-defense we need to show that in these circumstances you reasonably felt your life was in danger. The only person who can convey that is you, so you'll need to testify.

Denny Crane: I'll be right by your side.

Barry Goal: So will I.

Alan Shore: Neither of them will be. You'll be sitting up there all alone, undoubtedly subjected to unrelenting cross-examination.

Courtney Reese: I'm a big girl.

Denny Crane: Excellent. Just for fun, say it try it this way, "I'm a bad girl." I'd want to hear how it plays.

Courtney Reese: I'm a bad girl.

Denny Crane: Very bad girl.

Alan Shore: Denny.

In A.D.A. Holly Raines's office. Brad Chase is with her.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: I cannot believe you, of all people, are here asking for a favor.

Brad Chase: It's not so much a favor. It's...

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Buzz Light Year himself!

Brad Chase: Who calls me that?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Not me. I look at you and see a woody.

Brad Chase: She has no prison record.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: A boy is dead.

Brad Chase: Which is why we're willing to plea. Three months is the right result. Whatever our differences. This is...

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Whoa, whoa. What differences? Are you referring to the time I interviewed with you for a position at Crane, Poole and Schmidt all the while you surfed the net to cheap ski tickets at Whistler? Do you think that that would cause a rift between us? As if I'd even remember.

Brad Chase: I need your help. This is my niece, and you know this is the right result. Please.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: **She thinks for a moment.** On your knees. And 'Pretty please.'

Brad Chase: What?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Down on your knees. Do it. And, and button it with, 'Beautiful goddess.'

Brad Chase: You're not serious.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: I'm very serious.

Brad Chase: **He gets down on one knee.** Pretty please. **She perks her ears for more.** Beautiful goddess.

Outside a cottage terrace at night. Denny sits with a cigar and scotch. He is wearing a mask over his nose and mouth. Through a hole in the mask he takes a puff from the cigar. Alan joins him, cigar in hand.

Denny Crane: LA smog. Not good.

Alan Shore: Ah. **He sits down.** Denny, I consider myself a delightfully lascivious person and I often appreciate that quality in others but I need you tone it down a little with Courtney.

Denny Crane: She is the sexiest woman on earth. Unless of course you go for preggos, in which case, it's Angelina.

Alan Shore: This is a serious case, Denny. She's up on attempted murder charges.

Denny Crane: It's a character builder. She'll be fine. I'm going to marry her, Alan.

Alan Shore: Courtney Reese?

Denny Crane: She's got Denny Crane written all over her. And I'll tell you this, when the times comes, she'll pull my plug. Happily.

Alan Shore: Not to burst your bubble, as unburstable as it appears to be, but I get the feeling Courtney's interests lie elsewhere.

Denny Crane: What do you mean?

Alan Shore: I'm picking up on signals.

Denny Crane: Well pick up on this, stay away from my sixth wife. Courtney Crane. I love it.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Boston Paul Lewiston, Shirley Schmidt and Denise are all smiles.

Paul Lewiston: Fish! Who knew?

Shirley Schmidt: I'm proud of you, Kiddo.

Denise Bauer: Thank you.

Marlene Stanger: **She comes in.** Everybody's smiling. Happy news?

Shirley Schmidt: Denise just landed, dare I say it, a big whale.

Denise Bauer: Sitter Delacy Foods, they distribute up and down the east coast.

Marlene Stanger: The Kohn family. Right?

Denise Bauer: Right.

Marlene Stanger: Huh.

A circus. Denny and Alan escort Courtney through a throng of media. It's wild. At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Boston Shirley, Paul and Denise are watching this on television monitor.

TV Reporter: The prosecution of Courtney Reese for attempted murder began today...

Shirley Schmidt: Unbelievable.

Brad Chase: **He comes in.** Wherever they go, they get the good stuff.

Shirley Schmidt: Unbelievable.

Brad Chase: This isn't fair.

In Judge Harvey Hasson's courtroom all parties are present. Judge Harvey Hasson is on the bench. A.D.A. Joe Isaacs is questioning photographer Dan Rice.

Dan Rice: So, I figured she might come out the side-alley; she often does, so I kind of staked out a position.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: And at some point, the defendant did come out?

Dan Rice: Yes.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: And what did you do?

Dan Rice: I approached to take a picture.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Did you say anything?

Dan Rice: No.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Did she say anything?

Dan Rice: Yeah, I think she yelled, "Back off."

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: And then what happened?

Dan Rice: I went to take a picture... and she shot me.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Did she warn you, did she indicate that she had a gun?

Dan Rice: No. She just opened fire.

Alan is up.

Alan Shore: It sounds like a terrifying encounter. Were you frightened Mr Rice?

Dan Rice: Of course I was.

Alan Shore: I can imagine. By the way, can you imagine that Ms Reese might have been terrified when you charged at her in the alley?

Dan Rice: I think Ms Reese is familiar with photographers trying to get her picture.

Alan Shore: You jumped out from behind a dumpster. Did you not?

Denny puts a comforting hand on Courtney's knee.

Dan Rice: Yes.

Alan Shore: Was the alley way lit?

Dan Rice: It was not lit.

Barry Goal puts a comforting hand on Courtney's other knee.

Alan Shore: Mr Rice, you're a freelance photographer, are you not? You submit your work to many different magazines and newspapers?

Dan Rice: Yeah.

Courtney takes Denny's and Barry's hand and brings them together. Denny fingers Barry's hand, Barry caresses Denny's hand.

Alan Shore: And all these publications prefer candid shots. A scared expression is worth more than say, a picture where a celebrity is smiling or posing. Which is why you leapt out from behind the dumpster, to startle her?

Dan Rice: Yeah. I was trying to get candid shot of her, yes, but, again, they're used to that.

Again, Denny fingers the hand he is holding.

Alan Shore: By 'they' I imagine you mean celebrities and other people who, at your discretion alone, have forfeited their right to privacy?

Denny is puzzled. He looks down at the hand he is holding. Both he and Barry pull their hand away.

Dan Rice: They sign up for it when they chose to be famous.

Alan Shore: Did they sign up for having their car run of the road? Because you've done that with other celebrities. Haven't you?

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Objection. The victim is not on trial here.

Alan Shore: The victim is very much on trial. He has three assault arrests.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Objection!

Alan Shore: ..has broken into houses...

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Objection!

Alan Shore: ...spit at celebrities to provoke...

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Objection!

Judge Harvey Hasson: The objections are sustained. This man's prior actions are not relevant.

Alan Shore: But my client's state of mind is. And many of the paparazzi, Mr Rice included, are criminals. Some very dangerous. Apparently Filipino street gangs have even gotten into the act. Why?

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Objection.

Alan Shore: Because ultimately this is about vast amounts of money.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Objection.

Judge Harvey Hasson: Sustained.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Boston, Brad is in his office. His sister marches in.

Beth Guttman: I fired you! And I was expressly clear about that!

Brad Chase: That you are insane?
Beth Guttman: My daughter.
Brad Chase: Who contributed to the death...
Beth Guttman: No!
Brad Chase: Yes!
Beth Guttman: How dare you go behind my back?
Brad Chase: It's Hannah's call, not your's.
Beth Guttman: She's sixteen year's old!
Brad Chase: Exactly! She's got her whole life ahead of her. Now, three months is a good deal. She can serve it over the summer and be back in time for school.
Beth Guttman: As a convicted murderer?
Brad Chase: Man slaughter.
Beth Guttman: Oh my God.
Brad Chase: This is not about safeguarding your college transcript. This is the best deal that we could ever hope for. Now I got the DA to go along with us, so for once in your life, just once, trust me.
Beth Guttman: Oh, is that what this is all about? Getting me to finally trust you? Proving yourself to your big sister?
Brad Chase: At the risk of jeopardizing our relationship any further, you got a friggin problem!
Beth Guttman: Oh.
Brad Chase: For the past sixteen year your self-esteem has been inextricably bound up with this idea of having a perfect daughter. Well, she's not perfect. Her resume, college transcript, and yes, even her record, they're all gonna be blemished. But this does not have to destroy her life! If she takes this to trial she could go to jail for a year. Maybe two. You can't just wave your magic wand and make this go away.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Boston. Paul is in his office. Marlene is with him.

Marlene Stanger: Mario inadvertently found it in the trash. **She shows him her hand held computer.**

Paul Lewiston: Mario?

Marlene Stanger: Our night janitor. Really lovely gentleman. Helpful. I was so grateful when he found, because I thought I had misplaced it. When I saw this. **She shows him the screen, there is a video of Denise pushing the computer into trash and sticking her tongue out at it.** I was taking videos of my co-workers to send to my family, I left it in the kitchen. I guess I accidentally left it on recording mode, and well, this happened.

Paul Lewiston: Oh my.

Marlene Stanger: Maybe Denise thought she was playing a practical joke. But, I just don't think it's all that funny. I mean, is that how the lawyers treat each other here?

Paul Lewiston: Certainly not.

Marlene Stanger: I didn't think so. But somebody should tell Denise. Because she is full of little pranks.

Paul Lewiston: Other pranks?

Marlene Stanger: Again, I'm really so uncomfortable with this. But I went out to greet my clients, the Kohns, in the lobby the other day, referrals from my old firm. I was late I admit, as they were scheduled on my personal calendar. But since it was in the trash... Anyway I went out to get them and they were gone. It turns out Denise took them. **She wipes a tear from her eye.**

Paul Lewiston: Denise?

Marlene nods.

In Judge Simon Devon's courtroom.

Judge Simon Devon: You understand, Ms Guttman, that by pleading guilty to involuntary manslaughter you stand convicted of a felony?

Hannah Guttman: Yes, sir.

Judge Simon Devon: Very well. Ms Raines? The District Attorney's office joins the recommendation of the defense for three months at Guttenburg?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: We do, Your Honor. This is a very serious matter involving the loss of a human life, but we are impressed by the defendant's remorse. We're also mindful that she has no previous criminal record and we're satisfied that three months constitutes a just punishment.

Judge Simon Devon: Yeah. You might be satisfied, but I'm not. You see, I have to be cognizant not only of the death of Ryan Cline, but also of the pandemic of pharming drug parties going on in every town all over this country causing the loss of many lives. Three months is an insult to those lives.

Brad Chase: Your Honor, this...

Judge Simon Devon: I'm talking, Counsel. Court rejects this, and will not entertain any plea which causes Ms Guttman to serve less than three years.

Brad Chase: What?

Hannah Guttman: Brad?

Brad Chase: I ask that Your Honor be recused.

Judge Simon Devon: Denied. You wanna go to trial? Fine. But you've got me. Which means that I can impose sentence now, or later.

In Judge Harvey Hasson's Courtroom, Alan is questioning Courtney.

Courtney Reese: I've received seventeen death threats. The latest coming two weeks ago.

Alan Shore: You received a death threat just two weeks ago?

Courtney Reese: Yes. I also get thousands of letters from prison inmates pledging their love and planning to seek me out upon release. And I get many inappropriate prurient letters from people in the outside as well sometimes, doctors, lawyers. I've received three in the last day from one of my own lawyers.

Denny waves this aside.

Alan Shore: You're clearly the objection of a lot of adoration and obsession.

Courtney Reese: Which comes with celebrity and fame, I realize. But this kind of fame... And , add to that the internet.

Alan Shore: What does the internet have to do with this?

Courtney Reese: With these celebrity stalker sites, everybody can become a member of the paparazzi. And they've all got camera's and email access with their cell phones. I go to the coffee shop for a latte it's instantly posted. It's become simple to track my whereabouts. Obsessive people know how to find me. Which is why I got a permit and now carry a gun.

Alan Shore: Which you were carrying with you the other night?

Courtney Reese: Yes. As I left the restaurant a man charged me in a dark alleyway. I called for him to stop, he didn't, I saw a black metal in his hand, he raised it. I thought he was carrying a gun. I reacted and shot first.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: A lot of people track you, follow you, wanna see you in person. That's the impression I'm getting. True?

Courtney Reese: Yes.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Most of these people I'm guessing would be innocent fans wanting to get close to you? Also true?

Courtney Reese: Or aggressive photographers.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Yes. In fact the other night when you arrived at the restaurant you were met by a slew of paparazzi. Weren't you?

Courtney Reese: Yes.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Also in fact, you had an altercation on your way into the restaurant that night didn't you?

Courtney Reese: Yes, I did.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: You'd had enough, hadn't you?

Alan Shore: Objection.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: This wasn't self-defense...

Alan Shore: Your Honor...

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: ... you were pissed off.

Alan Shore: ...I made an objection.

Judge Harvey Hasson: Sustained

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: In particular you had a vendetta against this man!

Alan Shore: Objection. He just sustained the objection.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Ms Reese. You've encountered Mr Rice before, haven't you?

Courtney Reese: I didn't recognize him at the time that I shot him.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Did you see him going into the restaurant?

Courtney Reese: I did. But I didn't know it was him charging me in the alley.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: You once got a restraining order against this man.

Courtney Reese: I didn't know it was him when I fired.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: I see. You just got lucky?

Alan Shore: Objection.

Judge Harvey Hasson: Sustained.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: Nothing further.

Isaacs returns and sits.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Los Angeles. Alan, Denny and Courtney are walking into the conference room.

Alan Shore: Courtney, you should have told me that you knew him.

Courtney Reese: I don't really know him. There's a handful of paparazzi who resort to terrorist tactics.

Alan Shore: And you knew him to be of them?

Courtney Reese: I didn't recognize him in the alley.

Alan Shore: But you did recognize him on your way into the restaurant? So you knew he was there, you'd had previous run-ins with him. This could be construed that you targeted him.

Courtney Reese: I didn't.

Denny Crane: I believe you. Marry me?

Courtney Reese: Does he have a mental problem?

Alan Shore: Yes. Are there any more surprises?

Courtney Reese: Such as?

Denny Crane: Like, are you really a man? I could live with that.

Alan Shore: Denny! Go just someplace else! How many run-ins have you had with this particular photographer?

Courtney Reese: Several. Along with half a dozen other photographers! But I didn't know it was him when I fired.

Alan Shore: Right. I sincerely hope the jury believes that. Otherwise, famous or not, you're going to prison.

In the courthouse, Brad and A.D.A. Holly Raines are walking down the hallway.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: There's nothing I can do. It's his call, you know that.

Brad Chase: Why did he do this?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: I don't know.

Brad Chase: Did you tell him to?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Of course not!

Brad Chase: Spoke about my Whistler trip.

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Brad!

Brad Chase: What happened?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: I called one of his former clerks. Evidently Judge Devon lost a teenage daughter to a drug overdose. Maybe that's in play, I don't know. But he's a good judge. He's a fair one; this seems way out of character. **They both look down the hallway at Beth comforting Hannah.** Also, for what it's worth, the clerk gave me some additional back-story. He had a little thing, years ago, with one of your partners.

Brad Chase: Who?

A.D.A. Holly Raines: Shirley Schmidt.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Boston, Denise is in her office, Paul places a laptop computer in front her. The video of her throwing Marlene's handheld computer in the trash and sticking her tongue out at it is playing on the screen.

Paul Lewiston: Marlene says that you conveniently threw away her electronic planner the night before some of her more critical appointment. Including the one with the Kohns.

Denise Bauer: First of all, I didn't poach her clients. I did her a favor. And second of all I didn't toss her precious little device so she'd miss her appointments. I did it out of spite. As simple as that.

Paul Lewiston: I have to say, Denise, that personally I am very disappointed.

Denise Bauer: Paul, you know me.

Paul Lewiston: Why else would I be disappointed? With the partnership vote this close? It amazes me that you would do something so stupid to jeopardize it.

Denise Bauer: Are you saying that b...?

Paul Lewiston: What I'm saying is that as of this moment, your chances of making partner... have diminished.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Boston, Shirley and Brad are walking down the corridor.

Shirley Schmidt: It's within the sentencing guidelines. It's not as if you can argue abuse of discretion.

Brad Chase: Judges always allow joint recommendation.

Shirley Schmidt: But they're not bound by them, Brad. You know that.

Brad Chase: She's sixteen years old.

Shirley Schmidt: Your only hope is to somehow get him recused. But, honestly, I wouldn't know how.

Brad Chase: I've been told that you had a relationship with this judge.

Shirley Schmidt: Ah.

Brad Chase: Shirley, I would never try to exploit this.

Shirley Schmidt: Sure you would. That's why you're here.

Brad Chase: I don't know what else to do. I won't get it overturned on appeal. I don't know what else to do.

In Judge Harvey Hasson's courtroom, all parties are present. A.D.A. Joe Isaacs is giving his closing.

A.D.A. Joe Isaacs: She knew the paparazzi were there. She had an altercation on the way in. She had to know it was possible that the man in the alley was a photographer. They ambush her all the time. What the hell? She opened fire anyway; figure in the darkness, BOOM! Shoot first, ask questions later. I guess. The truth is celebrities like Courtney Reese get away with things all the time. Ticket to the Roll Stones concert. A table at a crowded restaurant with no reservation. This is her life. All day. Every day. She gets away with things. And so when a photographer tries to take her picture, and she doesn't like it, and she happens to have a particular grudge against this man she thinks she can get away with shooting him. Because fame is power. It is privilege. It is a sense of entitlement. Now, I'm sure none of you wanna live in a world where there's one set of laws for the famous people and another set for the rest of us. The facts in this case do not say that Courtney Reese is an actress or a model or a world famous celebrity. The facts in this case say that she's a criminal who tried to murder somebody.

Alan Shore: A neuro-biologist at Duke University conducted an experiment where he gave a group of thirsty monkeys a choice of either having their favorite drink, which was some sort of cherry juice concoction, or of having the opportunity to look at pictures of the dominant, 'celebrity' monkey in their pack. Despite their thirst and the allure of the cherry juice, they chose to look at the pictures. Apparently monkeys have a part of their brain that specifically responds to the thrill of celebrity. As do we. Think about that for a moment. A part of our intricate, fantastic and powerful mental machinery specifically responds to Courtney Reese and others who have achieved her level or notoriety. We have hundreds of magazines and websites to follow and track them, stalk them, not to mention cultivate a public obsession for them. It is totally and utterly out of control. Her fear of being followed, or assaulted or even murdered is not an irrational one. She receives threats on her life, obsessive declarations of love, psychotic musings about imagined relations or phantom encounters, and because of celebrity stalker websites her movements and whereabouts can be tracked to the second! That's the world she lives in! So, what happened that night? A man came towards her in the dark, quickly. She told him to stop; he didn't, fearing for her life, she acted to protect herself. She didn't shoot to kill. She wounded him in the shoulder, to stop his charge. She was afraid. Was her fear reasonable?

Some years ago, a young actress named Rebecca Shafer was shot and killed by a fan in front of her apartment building. Monica Seles was stabbed in the back, on a tennis court during a match. **Gianni Versace** was gunned down as he stepped down from his home in Miami. George Harrison was stabbed in his home in the country; John Lennon was shot four times in the back by a devoted fan as he was coming home in evening with his wife. Courtney Reese carried a gun with her because of all that had come before, and she didn't want to be next. That is reasonable.

Judge Simon Devon is in his chambers. Shirley comes in.

Shirley Schmidt: Simon.

Judge Simon Devon: Ex parte, Shirley. You, of all people, should know better.

Shirley Schmidt: Yes. Let's file this meeting under that category then. "Things we should know better."

Judge Simon Devon: A boy died.

Shirley Schmidt: So did a girl, twelve years ago. Is that in play?

Judge Simon Devon: You're out of line.

Shirley Schmidt: A wise man once said to me, over a martini I believe, you can take all the facts of a case, figure in all the lawyers, extenuating circumstances, and still, people forget in the end it all really comes down to the judge. You said it with such a charming twinkle.

Judge Simon Devon: I was trying to get laid.

Shirley Schmidt: And boy did you. A case in my office has fallen into the hands of the wrong judge. This ruling can't bring your daughter back, Simon.

Judge Simon Devon: But perhaps it can stop others from dying.

Shirley Schmidt: Do you really believe that?

Judge Simon Devon: What I believe is none of your damn business.

Shirley Schmidt: I came in to play nicely.

Judge Simon Devon: You're wasting your time, Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: Actually, Simon, I'm not. I'm prepared to audit your sentencing on drug cases to see if there's a pattern. I'm prepared to make it very public should there be a pattern. I'm also willing to expose other patterns of a happily, perhaps unhappily married judge.

Judge Simon Devon: Screw you.

Shirley Schmidt: You did that already. Now you're doing it to a sixteen-year-old girl. I will not allow for it, Simon. I will bring down upon you the wrath of my entire firm for which you will be no match. No offense.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Boston, Brad is in the library. Denise comes up to him.

Denise Bauer: That Squid. I need you to talk to Paul.

Brad Chase: Me?

Denise Bauer: Yeah! He respects you!

Brad Chase: I'm not entirely sure that would be appropriate.

Denise Bauer: Why? Because we're sleeping together?

Brad Chase: No. Because it's direct violation of firm policy. I'm a partner, you're an associate. It just wouldn't look good.

Denise Bauer: Brad! This has nothing to do with our sex life. It has to do with your knowing I am an excellent lawyer, and I deserve to make a partner. It's as simple as that.

Brad Chase: You do deserve this.

Denise Bauer: Uh hm.

Brad Chase: I'll talk to him.

Denise Bauer: Thank you.

Brad leaves. Denise gazes after him. She hears steps. She looks back and is startled to see Marlene coming from behind a shelf. Marlene smugly shakes her head. Denise dashes off. Marlene follows. She takes a flying leap at Denise and lands flat on the floor. She gets up and starts running again. Denise rounds a corner and sees Paul and Shirley further down the corridor. Denise takes moment to open the top drawer of a filing cabinet and continues running towards Paul and Shirley. Marlene rounds the corner running face-first into the cabinet drawer. She lands flat on her back. Denise continues running after Paul and Shirley who have just rounded a corner. Marlene gets up holding her hand to her forehead and starts running again. Denise keeps running. Marlene follows. Denise rounds a corner and catches up to Paul and Shirley.

Denise Bauer: Paul! Shirely! **She continues breathlessly as Marlene comes running up and stops behind her.** Listen, if word of this gets twisted by the wrong person, I just want you to know I am having sex with Brad. And while I did ask him to speak to you on my behalf regarding partnership, that has nothing to do with us having sex, and everything to do with the fact that I am an excellent attorney! It that clear?

Shirley Schmidt: **To both Denise and Marlene.** My office. Now.

In Los Angeles, in the courthouse witness room, Alan and Courtney are waiting.

Courtney Reese: So we just wait?

Alan Shore: The Judge said, "Don't leave." That means the jury is probably close.

Courtney Reese: And if we lose? How much time will I have to serve?

Alan Shore: There's no telling. A normal person would serve three, maybe four, years. But you're a figment; I'm not sure what the sentence is for those. How odd it must feel to be the object of so many strangers' dreams and wantings. I have little doubt you're able to trade significantly on that.

Courtney Reese: But?

Alan Shore: It has no currency with me.

Courtney Reese: Hm. Well, lucky for me, you're more convincing in the courtroom.

Alan Shore: Ha, ha! You don't believe me?

Courtney Reese: No. I do not.

Alan Shore: All you ever really have to do is snap your fingers. Right?

Courtney Reese: Oh, has it come to that? You actually gonna make me snap?

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Boston, Marlene, Denise, Shirley and Paul are in Shirley's office.

Shirley Schmidt: As of five minutes ago, all this nonsense has stopped. The intrigue, the spying, the tattling, the games... Marlene, don't turn your head away when I'm speaking of you.

Marlene Stanger: Sorry, Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: Ever since you arrived at this firm there has been a current of spite. That will stop as well, if it doesn't consider it grounds for dismal. Marlene leave. **Denise starts to get up.** Denise stay. **Marlene leaves.** Denise, you will not be making partner.

Denise Bauer: What?

Shirley Schmidt: Regardless of all your other antics, the fact that you have slept with Brad exposes this entire firm to sexual harassment lawsuits.

Denise Bauer: That's absurd. There are people sleeping with each other all over this law firm. Alan Shore mated two women and had them trying to murder each other in the lobby.

Shirley Schmidt: You're comparing yourself to Alan Shore now? How low are you going here?

Denise Bauer: Shirley, don't you see? She is ruining our family!

Paul Lewiston: This isn't a family. It's a law firm.

Denise Bauer: So Marlene's getting my spot?

Paul Lewiston: What spot?

Shirley Schmidt: Denise, when Marlene was hired here she brought in several major clients. It was always our intention to make her partner. Why did you think you were competing with her?

Denise Bauer: So that's it then?

Shirley Schmidt: I'm afraid so.

Dejected, and struggling to stay composed, Denise walks down the corridor to her office. She walks in and is startled to see Daniel Post waiting for her.

Daniel Post: Hey, Guido.

In Judge Harvey Hasson's courtroom, all parties are present, Judge Harvey Hasson looks to the jury foreperson.

Judge Harvey Hasson: Madame Foreperson, have you reached a verdict?

Foreperson: We have, Your Honor.

Denny Crane: **He takes Courtney's hand.** Be strong.

Courtney Reese : I'll try.

Denny Crane: This is L.A. It's always 'not guilty.'

Foreperson: We the jury find the defendant, Courtney Reese ... not guilty.

Courtney turns to Barry and smiles. He grabs her and plants a kiss on her. Denny grabs her, throws her over his hip and plants a big one on her.

Judge Harvey Hasson: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, this court would like to thank you for your services, you are dismissed. This court is adjourned.

Alan Shore: **He looks to Denny who is still at it. Alan taps Denny on the shoulder.** Denny.

In the courthouse Denny, Barry, Alan and Courtney forge through a media frenzy, it's a carnival.

Alan Shore: Let's just keep moving.

Denny Crane: What about my statement?

Barry Goal: I'll make the statement.

Denny Crane: My firm.

Barry Goal: My coast.

Alan Shore: You can both make a statements. We'll wait for you in the witness room.

Barry Goal: Barry Goal.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane.

Barry Goal: Barry Goal.

In the witness room.

Courtney Reese: Thank you.

Alan Shore: My pleasure.

Courtney Reese: So what happens now? **She steps close to Alan and straightens and strokes his tie.** You just hop on plane, fly back to Boston?

Alan Shore: Immediately.

Courtney Reese: **It's a stare-off.** Is it really so awful to admit that you're attracted to me?

Alan Shore: No.

Courtney Reese: But?

Alan Shore: Denny and I have a little arrangement. He picked you first.

Courtney Reese: I see. So? If he happened to pick the love of your life first, you would just go with it?

Alan Shore: **He strokes her hair.** You're not the love of my life.

Courtney Reese: So far. **He shakes his head. She waits. And waits.** We're not gonna kiss, are we?

Alan Shore: Denny's girl.

Courtney Reese: In his mind!

Alan Shore: Where it counts.

Another stare-off.

Courtney Reese: Cheek?

Alan Shore: I'll give you a cheek.

She kisses him on the cheek.

Courtney Reese: So if I ever shoot anybody else?

Alan Shore: You have my number.

In a restaurant Daniel and Denise are sitting across from each other having a drink.

Denise Bauer: So you're not dead?

Daniel Post: **He knocks on wood.** Not yet.

Denise Bauer: I mean, you went away and I didn't hear anything. Switzerland. Are you dying? Are you better?

Daniel Post: Well, they are very very good. But it was awful. You wouldn't have liked to have seen me. I was at least seven percent less cute. **He takes a small package out his pocket and places it in front of her.** Chocolate!

Denise Bauer: **She twirls the package.** Hm, this nonsense, I don't know what I was thinking. Marlene and Partnerships. Office politics. Not of it matters.

Daniel Post: Yeah. Whatever.

Denise Bauer: Hm.

Daniel Post: Listen, uh... You wanna marry me?

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Boston, Brad is walking down the corridor looking for someone. Shirley comes around a corner.

Brad Chase: Shirley? The Judge reconsidered. He gave us the three months.

Shirley Schmidt: I'm glad to hear that.

Brad Chase: Thank you. What'd you do?

Shirley Schmidt: I traded on an old friendship per your suggestion.

Brad Chase: I don't know what to say.

Shirley Schmidt: You said, "Thank you." That covered it. **She walks away and meets Denny.** Denny! You're back?

Denny Crane: I am. I am. And I'm all here.

Shirley Schmidt: Congratulations on your big victory. It's all over the news. Married?

Denny Crane: **Disappointed.** No.

Shirley Schmidt: You tried?

Denny Crane: I did.

Shirley Schmidt: Where's Alan?

Denny Crane: Around. He said he had something to take care of. I don't know.

Shirley Schmidt: Well, welcome back. **She starts to leave.**

Denny Crane: Shirley? This is a sweeps episode.

Shirley Schmidt: I'm not kissing you.

Denny Crane: Shirley!! I'm in my seventies. I'm still a physical specimen, but you never know. What if drop dead? And you never got that last tonsil brushing.

Shirley Schmidt: You always present the most ethically challenging whatifers.

Denny Crane: Your lose. And mine.

Shirley Schmidt: **She starts to walk away, turns.** Denny? **She comes back. She kisses him.** Just in case.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in Boston, Marlene walks toward a filing cabinet, opens a drawer and starts searching. Alan opens the door just behind her, grabs her hand and pulls her into his office.

Marlene Stanger: **She gasps.** Mr Shore!

He slams the door shut and moves into his office. He is thrown back against the see-through door, Marlene spreads his arm up and out, then shoves him away and follows him. There is the sound of furniture crashing. A jacket flies across the room followed by and sounds of more furniture

crashing. Paul and Shirley walk by just in time to see a shirt flying followed by more sounds of crashing furniture.

Shirley Schmidt: **She looks to Paul.** Springtime.

Paul Lewiston: I'm gonna rewrite that office manual.

They walk on. Alan pushes a lounge chair against the door. He moves away, the next moment Marlene is thrown spread-eagled against the door.

Out on the balcony Denny is smoking a cigar and drinking scotch. Alan comes out to join him.

Alan Shore: Denny, I'm gonna need a new glass top for my desk.

Denny Crane: **He notices scratches on Alan's cheek.** What happened to you?

Alan Shore: **With a groan he plunks down in his chair.** There was a spider in my office.

Denny Crane: Shirley kissed me!

Alan Shore: Voluntarily?

Denny Crane: Of course. She still loves me. Maybe I should marry her.

Alan Shore: Shouldn't you first get over Courtney?

Denny Crane: Oh. My interest in Courtney was mainly...

Alan Shore: Firearms?

Denny Crane: Hm.

Alan Shore: She'd shoot you in the end.

Denny Crane: Perhaps before. Ha, ha.

Alan Shore: I really didn't love LA.

Denny Crane: Full of false faux people.

Alan Shore: You felt at home?

Denny Crane: I did.

Alan Shore: I used to love visiting LA, because it was so la, la. Made me appreciate Boston more. But lately it seems the whole country is a little la, la.

Denny Crane: Hm. Not the red states.

Alan Shore: We're a bubble gum nation, Denny. Tinsel town especially. There used to be a day when pandering in our society was reserved for...

Denny Crane: Politicians.

Alan Shore: **He chuckles.** Maybe that's what bothers me; Hollywood has sunk to the level of congress.

Denny chuckles. You ever wonder if you and I are la, la?

Denny Crane: Don't be ridiculous. We're flamingoes. And good ones.

Alan Shore: At least one thing remains constant. I do enjoy traveling with you.

Denny Crane: And the best part is we always come home, together.

Alan Shore: To more travels, Denny.

Denny Crane: The mountains.

Alan Shore: Prairies.

Denny Crane: The whores.

Alan Shore: America the beautiful.

Denny Crane: Ahhh.

Alan Shore: To next season, Denny.

Denny Crane: Same night?

Alan Shore: God, I hope.