

**Boston Legal**  
**Desperately Seeking Shirley**  
**Season 3, Episode 3**  
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***At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Paul Lewiston's office, he and Denny Crane are watching Gracie Jane on Headline Now.***

**Gracie Jane:** *On the screen.* He just happened to be at the murder scene. He just happened to be having his sweet little affair with the victim. Oh! And he just happened to be having a teeny weenie dream about killing her. I might have been born yesterday, Folks, but I wasn't born last night! Does anybody really think he didn't kill her?

**Paul Lewiston:** My God! We need to gag this woman.

**Denny Crane:** I did once. Best sexual experience of my life.

**Paul Lewiston:** What are you talking about?

**Denny Crane:** She covered one of my trials. She's an animal.

**Paul Lewiston:** You had sex with this reporter?

**Denny Crane:** Please, Paul! A gentleman never talks.

**Gracie Jane:** *On the screen.* Get with the program, Folks! This guy is as guilty as sin!

**Denny Crane:** She's an animal.

**Paul Lewiston:** Denny, she seems to be on the attack. Did it end badly?

**Denny Crane:** Not for me.

***In Judge Brian Hooper's Chambers, he working at his desk. A knock, and Jeffery enters.***

**Jeffrey Coho:** Your Honor! Jeffrey Coho. I wanted to introduce myself. And convey my deepest sym---

**Judge Brian Hooper:** I know who you are, Mr Coho. You're the man giving representation to the person who murdered my wife.

**Jeffrey Coho:** Your Honor. I do not believe Scott Little took the life of your wife. I wouldn't defend him if I thought that he did.

**Judge Brian Hooper:** Because you don't defend guilty people, is that it? **Then.** You disgust me.

**Jeffrey Coho:** Already?

**Judge Brian Hooper:** It's not enough that you try to secure the freedom of an adulterer and murderer.

**Jeffrey Coho:** We both want the real killer brought to justice here, it's not Scott Little.

**Judge Brian Hooper:** Get out.

**Jeffrey Coho:** If I may ask... there are rumors that your wife's infidelity extended significantly beyond my client. Did you know about this?

***For a second it looks like Judge Hooper will leap across the table at Coho's throat. Finally—***

**Judge Brian Hooper:** How dare you come into this room and indict not only my late wife, but also my marriage. Your client murdered my wife! Get out of my chambers!

**Jeffrey Coho:** I don't mean to be insensitive, but if you could lead us to the person who killed your wife. You have a duty to. Because, I'm told that you've told other people that your marriage was in trouble!

**Judge Brian Hooper:** Who told you that?

**Jeffrey Coho:** They insisted no anonymity. Your Honor, please. We all wanna get to the truth of this. **As A.D.A.**

***Jonathan Winant enters. Glares.*** Jonathan! What are you doing here? I hope nothing ex-parte.

**A.D.A. Jonathan Winant:** One of my staff saw you come in. What are you doing?

**Jeffrey Coho:** Trying to find out who killed Marcia Hooper, don't you wanna know?

**A.D.A. Jonathan Winant:** Are you kidding me?

**Jeffrey Coho:** Certainly, I'm allowed to interview potential witnesses; don't tell me the tampering has already begun.

**A.D.A. Jonathan Winant:** You are out of you mind.

**Jeffrey Coho:** Yes, how nice to remain so tightly locked inside yours.

**A.D.A. Jonathan Winant:** Let me tell you something right now, if you start to intimidate my witnesses...

**Jeffrey Coho:** Why yours? Do you have dibs?

**A.D.A. Jonathan Winant:** This is the way you wanna play it? Fine.

Jeffrey Coho: Doesn't seem we can settle this with words. Maybe we should fight. **A beat as Jonathan stares as Jeffery.** Why does everyone in Boston just stare at me?

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, at the front desk, a dog is led by Ivan Tiggs who walks up to the receptionist.**

Ivan Tiggs: Hello. We're looking for...

Missy Tiggs: **She pops her head from behind Ivan.** Shirley Schmidt!!

Shirley Schmidt: **From down the hall she looks up.** Missy! Ivan.

Ivan Tiggs: Shirley! We thought we'd share our good news.

Missy Tiggs: We're having babies.

Shirley Schmidt: **She smiles helplessly.** Congratulations.

Ivan Tiggs: Sally Bows is pregnant.

**They all look as the dog.**

Shirley Schmidt: Ha.

**In Shirley's office. They've all moved in there.**

Missy Tiggs: We're becoming a family, Shirley. It's all falling into place. The happy ending. Just like I'd dreamed.

Ivan Tiggs: **In baby talk to the dog.** Yes it is, Sally Bows. Yes, it is. **To Missy.** Honey, get the slobber towel.

Missy Tiggs: **She wipes the dog's drowl as she sings.** 'Cause life is a cabaret of dog!' **To Shirley.** She's not really old.

Ivan and Missy Tiggs: **Singing.** 'Life is a cabaret.'

Shirley Schmidt: So I hear!

Missy Tiggs: Ivan? I'm gonna leave you with the girls, while I tinkle.

Ivan Tiggs: Certainly, Sweethear. **Missy has barely gone around the corner.** God, I hate her.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh boy!

Ivan Tiggs: I tried! This time. I want to love her. No! I do love her! She's just too much! Too much singing! Too much sex! I'm not a young man anymore. And... Well... There's the fact that she's stupid.

Shirley Schmidt: Ivan! You're choking on your sixth wife. Have you ever thought about slowing down and chewing them up more carefully?

Ivan Tiggs: Shirley, I know that you and I left on bad terms but if you even have a modicum of forgiveness in you, I need your help.

Shirley Schmidt: But, I'm Missy's attorney.

Ivan Tiggs: Exactly! You wrote her post-nup. Where's the back door. That's all I'm asking.

Shirley Schmidt: And, as Missy's attorney, I should be advising her right now. My hunch is that she doesn't even know you want out.

Ivan Tiggs: She's been busy decorating the nursery.

Shirley Schmidt: What I can tell you is, there is no back door. That post-nup is as tight as your soon-to-be-sixth-ex-wife's tushy.

Ivan Tiggs: He sighs. Shirley, you wrote that post-nup right after you learned that I was sleeping with you while still married with Missy. You must have put in a loophole.

Shirley Schmidt: God! That would have been smart! I must have too distracted by that irritating rage.

Ivan Tiggs: Hm.

Shirley Schmidt: I'm sorry, Ivan, but that agreement clearly states that if you cause the disillusion of that marriage, in any form, you will loose the bulk of your assets.

Ivan Tiggs: Well then, Shirley, my first love, it pains me to do this. **He takes a sheet of paper out of his shirt pocket and places it in front of Shirley.**

Shirley Schmidt: **She glances at it and stands up in shock.** You're serving me?

Ivan Tiggs: It's the only way I can nullify the post-nup. Besides! We'll be back in court together. It'll be fun.

**At the jailhouse, a puzzled Scott is led by guard into the visiting room. A.D.A. Jonathan is waiting. Scott stands hesitantly at the door, Jonathan motions Scott in. Scott looks at the guard, the guard nods his head, Scott goes in.**

Scott Little: What's goin' on?

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: Scott, I want you to listen to me. Just hear me out for a second. Okay?

Scott Little: I'm represented by counsel.

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: And if you wish to assert that right I will respect it and leave. But before you do anything just hear what I have to say. You don't have to respond, in fact, I would advise you not to. **A beat.**

**Scott sits down.** I believe that Jeffrey Coho is placing his own grandiose interests above yours. The last thing that he wants to see here is a plea agreement or some deal that might preempt his fifteen minutes. This is a man who covets, perhaps thrives, on media attention. He would rather see you convicted, in my belief, than give up a spectacle that might maximize his profile. And Scott, this is a case that should be put out. The victim was struck once, we know this was heat of passion, we know that you didn't mean to kill her, but if we go to trial we will be charging first degree. Scott, your semen was there, you were having an affair with her, you told your shrink that you had urges to kill her, there's no way that we lose this one. Second degree, you could be outta here in eight years, first degree, you are looking at life. The reason I'm in here telling you all this is because someone needs to and I suspect that it won't be Jeffrey Coho. He will never counsel you to give up his OJ moment. If his becoming famous means you spending the rest of your life in jail. So be it.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Bethany Horowitz, who is about three feet tall, gets off the elevator and walks down the hallway. She is looking for someone. She walks up to Denny.**

**Bethany Horowitz:** Denny Crane! **He turns, looks for someone at eye level, then looks down.** In the flesh. A lot of flesh.

**Denny Crane:** You look taller.

**Bethany Horowitz:** Oh, I'm just walking on air. Just the thought of suing you. You said you had an offer?

**Denny Crane:** Yes. **He hands her an official looking sheet of paper.** I offer you this.

**Bethany Horowitz:** **She takes it. Look at it.** It's a depot notice.

**Denny Crane:** That's right. I thought, instead of giving you money, I would depose and get this complaint kicked before you even begin.

**Bethany Horowitz:** Oh ho! Is that what you thought?

**Denny Crane:** Yes.

**Bethany Horowitz:** You think you're just gonna make me go away?

**Denny Crane:** You want a war? You got a war!

**Bethany Horowitz:** You fat old man.

**Denny Crane:** Let the games begin, Small Fry.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Paul's office, he, Shirley and Denise are there.**

**Paul Lewiston:** Well. Certainly his allegations of blackmail lead to duress and unconscionability, and if Ivan goes to the press...

**Shirley Schmidt:** I don't think he'll go to the press. He has his reputation... Plus, if there's one thing about Ivan... he doesn't play dirty.

**Ivan Tiggs:** **He comes in.** Shirley! Paul! I believe you've met my attorney. **He turns around and gestures to Alan Shore sauntering in.** Alan Shore.

**Alan Shore:** How do you do?!

**Shirley Schmidt:** What's going on?

**Ivan Tiggs:** I told Alan my story. He's agreed to represent me.

**Shirley Schmidt:** That's ridiculous.

**Alan Shore:** **Raising his hand.** I'm a fan of ridiculous.

**Shirley Schmidt:** It's also a non-waivable conflict. We're both attorney's at the same firm.

**Alan Shore:** Oh, ho, ho, please! You used to married to Ivan. Clearly we've already hurdled the conflict-or-interest bar.

**Shirley Schmidt:** What the hell are you doing?

**Alan Shore:** Shirley, what you did to my client was unfair. I'm a man of principal. Or not. Whatever the situation calls for. Don't be so greedy, there's enough fun to go around for everybody.

**Shirley Schmidt:** I forbid you to represent this man.

**Alan Shore:** Even better.

**Ivan Tiggs:** Come on Alan. Let's prepare.

**Ivan turns to leave. And so does Alan, but not before turning at the door and smugly smiling back at them.**

**Paul Lewiston:** This could get ugly.

**Shirley Schmidt:** You think?

**Paul Lewiston:** I'll inform the Executive Committee. And I believe there's one other person you need to inform.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in the hallway, several people look toward Shirley's off from which a loud wailing is heard.**

**Missy Tiggs:** Noooo!!! Wa, hah, hah, hah!!!

Shirley Schmidt: Missy! Not every marriage was meant to be. **Missy continues wailing. Shirley hand her some tissues.** Not every couple... **Another loud wail. Shirley hands her more tissues. Missy just wails even louder.** The lungs on you!

Missy Tiggs: **In a normal voice.** I learned to project in Gypsy. **She sobs again and then attempts to compose herself.**

Shirley Schmidt: Missy, I just want to assure you that what happened between Ivan and me was totally unpremeditated without malice or intent to hurt you.

Missy Tiggs: I'm sure just one thing led to another.

Shirley Schmidt: That's right.

Missy Tiggs: He's very charming.

Shirley Schmidt: He can be.

Missy Tiggs: Oh, Shirley! Tell me what happened!

Shirley Schmidt: In your marriage?

Missy Tiggs: In bed with you and Ivan.

Shirley Schmidt: What?

Missy Tiggs: Tell me. If I know what you two did, I'll be able to move past it. But I have to know exactly what I'm moving past!

Shirley Schmidt: You have to know exactly? Couldn't you just know –ish?

Missy Tiggs: You're right. I'll just imagine the details. The important part is that you did the brave, honorable, honest thing by telling me. And I still want you to represent me. So what happens next?

Shirley Schmidt: We go to court.

**In Judge Harvey Cooper's chambers, the Judge, Jeffrey and Jonathan are there.**

Judge Harvey Cooper: You approached the defendant directly with a plea offer?

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: I did not go there to illicit any response.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Why did you go there?

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: Because I have ethical concerns as to whether he's getting a fair and true representation from this megalomaniac. I consider myself, first and foremost, an officer of the court.

Judge Harvey Cooper: You're in contempt.

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: And if I think a defendant's interests are being undermined by a narcissistic lawyer's need for publicity...!

Judge Harvey Cooper: If you ever so much as look at the defendant again, outside of counsel, I will declare prosecutorial misconduct and direct a verdict for the defendant!

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: Your Honor. He's gone to all my witnesses.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Mr Little is the accused! One with counsel! And Mr Coho is entitled to talk to the witnesses.

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: If you wanna rein me in?!

Judge Harvey Cooper: You are not helping yourself, sir. I will not let this trial become about the two of you. We have a canon of legal ethics which you will both abide by or I will remove you both! Mr Winant, I am shocked and appalled. That is all.

**Jeffery and Jonathan get up to leave.**

Jeffrey Coho: **Softly to Jonathan.** Hey! **Jonathan turns back.** Sorry to turn you in. I thought he'd wanna know.

**In Dr Zachary Simon's office, Jeffery is with Julie, the receptionist. A few people are waiting.**

Jeffrey Coho: I don't mean to sound impatient. I've been waiting for close to two hours, I just want ten minutes.

Julie: As you can see, Mr Coho, Dr Simon is extremely busy, I explained to you he would not be able to see you today, I believe I explained it to you twice.

Jeffrey Coho: **Softly.** It's just, uh... **Getting louder.** I'm a little upset that Dr Simon would reveal everything that told him in a private session. **For the room's benefit.** I would expect that he would not repeat everything I told him in the strictest confidence and blab to everyone about my phobias and sexual problems and my most intimate insecurities and to print it on his website!

**The waiting patients are all poised to exit now.**

Julie: Hold on one second, please.

**In Dr Simon's consultation room, he and Jeffery are there.**

Dr Zachary Simon: If I lose a single patient as a result of that flagrant, outrageous outburst! I will sue you!

Jeffrey Coho: Yeah, well, it's gonna have to be counterclaim, because we're probably gonna sue you first. I got a client sitting in jail cell because you violated doctor-patient communication. That's privileged information, Pal.

Dr Zachary Simon: You don't think it was an agonizing thing?  
Jeffrey Coho: You think it was legal?  
Dr Zachary Simon: Yes, it legal! If I believe somebody's life is in danger...  
Jeffrey Coho: Her life was no longer in danger. She was dead!  
Dr Zachary Simon: No, she wasn't! Not when I turned the tape over!  
Jeffrey Coho: When did you turn it over?  
Dr Zachary Simon: The afternoon of her death!  
Jeffrey Coho: You gave the tape to the police the afternoon of her death?  
Dr Zachary Simon: Well. **He clears his throat.** I didn't give it to the police. I gave it to her husband.  
Jeffrey Coho: What?  
Dr Zachary Simon: Well, he was here, so I gave it to him.  
Jeffrey Coho: **He sits back, stunned.** What do you mean he was here?  
Dr Zachary Simon: Scott Little was referred to me by Marcia Hooper, who I used to treat. I currently treat her husband, Brian.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in the conference room. The deposition has begun. Claire, Denny, Bethany, and a Steno are there.**

Claire Simms: Okay, before we start, I want it on the record that I'm very uncomfortable deposing a dwarf.  
Bethany Horowitz: What's that supposed to mean?  
Claire Simms: It means I'm uncomfortable. I don't need any victims' rights groups picketing outside my condo, not to mention the fact you obviously have deep psychological issues, to accept any date with any seventy-two-year-old man, let alone him—  
Bethany Horowitz: Just ask your questions, bitchy-do.  
Claire Simms: I want that attack on the record, Is it your testimony, Ms Horowitz that when two people meet for romantic purposes they are not entitled to judge one another on physical appearance?  
Bethany Horowitz: That is not my testimony, but he is not allowed to call me a midget in a crowded room, full of my peers.  
Claire Simms: Oh! Other people heard this?  
Bethany Horowitz: Yes.  
Claire Simms: Name six.  
Bethany Horowitz: I didn't get names, I was too shaken.  
Claire Simms: I see. Do you make room for the possibility that Mr Crane was shaken? Did you ever mention beforehand that you were a little person?  
Bethany Horowitz: I said that I'm 'petite'.  
Claire Simms: 'Petite'?  
Bethany Horowitz: That's what I am. I'm petite.  
Claire Simms: You two spoke on the internet for two weeks, divulging personnel intimate details; you leave out the fact that you're under three feet tall, do you think that's honest?  
Bethany Horowitz: Look at him, did I get Mel Gibson? **Then considering.** Maybe I did.  
Claire Simms: Why didn't you tell him you were a dwarf?  
Bethany Horowitz: Because it shouldn't matter.  
Claire Simms: It shouldn't matter?  
Bethany Horowitz: No! It shouldn't matter!

**A beat.**

Claire Simms: **Softening.** I can see you're hurt. Could you be especially hurt because this is the first time you felt you hooked up with someone where your being a dwarf didn't matter?  
Bethany Horowitz: Who are you? Doctor Phil?  
Claire Simms: **Gently.** During the course of your internet relationship... did you happen to fall for my client a little?  
Bethany Horowitz: Oh, please.  
Claire Simms: Then what's the harm? You seem pretty thick-skinned. I'm sure you've faced your share of ridicule. Were you really damaged by a callous remark from a buffoon?  
Bethany Horowitz: Who are you to say what does or doesn't humiliate me?  
Claire Simms: You had high hopes for a relationship with this man, didn't you? You daydreamed about going up against him in law school; you were in awe of him. And he rejected you.  
**Bethany says nothing. A beat. She leaves.**

**In Judge Robert Thompson's courtroom. Motion to Invalidate the Post Nup. Ivan and Shirley stand arguing vehemently before the Judge. Missy is at the respondent's table with Paul and Denise.**

Alan Shore: My client signed this post-nup under both emotional and carnal duress. The terms are onerous, unconscionable—

Shirley Schmidt: We negotiated in good faith, Your Honor. There was nothing onerous about it.

Alan Shore: Why would anybody voluntarily sign away all of possessions for virtually no consideration. He was under a spell. A sort of orgasmic stupor.

Shirley Schmidt: The consideration was sex with Missy.

Alan Shore: Oh, please! He was still getting it on with you!

Shirley Schmidt: Objection!

Alan Shore: Which brings us right back to unconscionable.

Judge Robert Thompson: Mr Shore, that's enough.

Alan Shore: Really? Then I'd like to call a witness.

Shirley Schmidt: What witness?

Alan Shore: You.

Shirley Schmidt: Me?

Alan Shore: You.

Paul Lewiston: He can't call opposing counsel.

Alan Shore: Of course, I can. Ms Schmidt is a material witness. In fact, she's the material witness, she perfectly happy to bellow her position in open court! I merely ask that she do so under oath.

**Shirley looks to the Judge.**

Judge Robert Thompson: I'll allow it. Ms Schmidt will take the stand this afternoon.

Alan and Shirley start to leave.

Shirley Schmidt: **To Alan.** Your resume intact?

Alan Shore: Shirley! You're being retaliatory! **He looks her over.** It becomes you.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Jeffery's office, he and Denise are there.**

Denise Bauer: The shrink was treating the victim and her husband?

Jeffrey Coho: He saw that tape. He didn't tell his wife!

Denise Bauer: How can you be sure of that?

Jeffrey Coho: She made love to Scott that night. Would she have done that if she knew that he harbored thoughts of killing her! Would she not have said something like, "Hey! What's up with wanting me dead?" The husband saw that tape, he sat on it. He didn't tell her.

Denise Bauer: What are you thinking?

Jeffrey Coho: I'm thinking how perfect if he wanted to kill her. The angry bald little husband. He waits for Scott to come over, waits for them to make love, perfect! He comes home, whacks her once on the head, dials 911. Hands over the tape. The angry bald little husband killed his wife! Just like in the movies.

**At the jailhouse, in the visiting room, Jeffery, Denise and Scot are there.**

Jeffrey Coho: It's very good news.

Scott Little: The police know about this?

Jeffrey Coho: They must. The minute he gave them the tape, they had to ask when he got it. Now whether they know Dr Simon treated him and her, I don't know. But the truth is, Scott, it doesn't matter. Because, you are the only one they have a shot at getting for this murder. You're the target. In the end, that tape speaks for itself. **He pushes a pen and paper towards Scott.**

Scott Little: **He comes over.** What's this?

Jeffrey Coho: If you'd authorize our access to Dr Simon's notes records concerning your treatment.

Scott Little: Why?

Jeffrey Coho: Well, we have to be able to put that footage in a context. There may be things that you said that I can use. I can't know that, until I review it all.

Scott Little: **He pushed the pen and paper aside.** I don't think I want you to see or read everything I said to my shrink.

Denise Bauer: Scott, it would be for our eyes only.

Scott Little: There's nothing I said that's really relevant.

Jeffrey Coho: You'd gotta let us decide that, Scott.

Scott Little: No. That stuff is privileged.

Jeffrey Coho: Scott, I'm the one vested with saving your life. That's not shaping up to be an easy job right now.

Scott Little: I don't want you looking at my therapist's records.

Denise Bauer: Scott...  
Scott Little: I said, "No!!"

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Denny and Claire are walking in the corridor.**

Denny Crane: What do you mean she won't drop it?

Claire Simms: She's hurt. My advice is if you really want this to go away, you have to apologize. And this is time make it heartfelt.

Denny Crane: Do you do that?

Claire Simms: Never.

**And they cross Denise and Lincoln Meyer, on the move. Lincoln wears a shirt and tie for the big outing.**

Denise Bauer: I really appreciate your coming.

Lincoln Meyer: I'd like a small sandwich and some coffee.

Denise Bauer: Not a problem.

Lincoln Meyer: You wanna talk to me about the boy, don't you?

Denise Bauer: Well. Yes. But first, I'd like to talk about that night.

Lincoln Meyer: The night she died?

Denise Bauer: Yes.

**They go into Denise's office.**

Lincoln Meyer: He was there that night. The boy.

Denise Bauer: And did you see them make love?

Lincoln Meyer: No. But he used the clicker.

Denise Bauer: The clicker?

Lincoln Meyer: The remote that opens the garage doors. She gave all her special lovers clickers. That way they could go undetected by suspecting neighbors. But I always knew.

Denise Bauer: Did you see anybody besides Scott Little go there that night?

Lincoln Meyer: No. He left at nine. And the husband got home sometime between ten and eleven.

Denise Bauer: Between ten and eleven? You're sure?

Lincoln Meyer: Oh, yes. I was out with my little dog. I walk my little dog always between ten and eleven. And that's when I saw the husband go in.

Denise Bauer: You're sure it was the husband?

Lincoln Meyer: I am. He drives some sort of little white convertible. In an attempt, I suppose, to seem interesting. Which he's not. Not at all. He's a nasty little man. He made her get that restraining order against me. He made her do it.

Denise Bauer: Well, you are a peeping Tom.

Lincoln Meyer: Oh! She liked that. She liked that I looked. I was a benign peep.

Denise Bauer: The other men who had the clickers. Do you think you might recognize them?

Lincoln Meyer: I might. But he was her favorite, the boy. Oh, she liked that boy.

**In Judge Robert Thompson's courtroom, all parties present. Shirley is in the witness chair, Alan is questioning her.**

Alan Shore: Ms Schmidt, you and my client, Ivan Tiggs, made love on the night of May 13<sup>th</sup>. Did you not?

Shirley Schmidt: Right out of the gate! **She takes a deep breath.** Yes, we did.

Alan Shore: Did he satisfy you completely?

Paul Lewiston: Objection!

Alan Shore: Tell us everything. Leave nothing out.

Paul Lewiston: Objection!

Alan Shore: What? Oh. Yes. **To the Judge.** It goes to unconscionability. If Mr Tiggs pleased her to such an extent that...

Judge Robert Thompson: Mr Shore!

Alan Shore: Mr Tiggs did satisfy you. Didn't he?

Shirley Schmidt: **She looks to the Judge, then to Ivan.** I'm under oath. **To Alan.** It wasn't his best work.

Alan Shore: Oooh.

Judge Robert Thompson: Mr Shore, what, pray tell, is your point?

Alan Shore: My point is, the parties were entwined in a volatile, still very emotional... Moist! Physical relationship even after he remarried, but you two did get back together. Didn't you?

Shirley Schmidt: Only because he told me he'd left his wife!

Alan Shore: And how did it make you feel when you discovered Ivan was still married?

Shirley Schmidt: Did the fact that he was unfaithful hurt me? Yes, it did. Did it surprise me? No, it did not. After all, he's a womanizing slim ball.

Alan Shore: And consumed with anger, perhaps vengeance, a soupçon de passion, you then solicited his wife!

Shirley Schmidt: Is that what you think?

Ivan Tiggs: It's what we both know.

Shirley Schmidt: I volunteered to represent her, because she...!

Ivan Tiggs: And whose idea was the post-nuptial agreement?

Shirley Schmidt: Mine.

Ivan Tiggs: **He gets up.** Post-nups are meant to provide support after a divorce, not prevent one!

Paul Lewiston: Who's the lawyer here?

Alan Shore: Certainly not you!

Ivan Tiggs: You specifically prepared it to prevent me from doing what I had done with you.

Shirley Schmidt: I simply wanted to present you with options.

Ivan Tiggs: Options! There were no options! This was blackmail.

Paul Lewiston: Your Honor! He is the party! Not the lawyer!

Ivan Tiggs: Beside eighty percent of my net worth! You also attached my boat! Everything I hold dear!

Shirley Schmidt: You need to reassess your priorities.

Ivan Tiggs: Are you going to tell us, under oath, that this agreement, which virtually makes me penniless, has nothing whatsoever to do with your personal feelings for me?

Alan Shore: Isn't it exciting?

Paul Lewiston: Objection!

**The Judge motions Paul to be quiet.**

Shirley Schmidt: My relations with you had absolutely no impact on how I represented my client.

Ivan Tiggs: Ha!!

Shirley Schmidt: My job as attorney, is to vigorously represent my client. In this case, my client was Mrs Missy Tiggs, and as her counsel I drafted a post-nuptial agreement which both protected her interests on a personal and a material level. You! On the other hand, represented yourself. You! As both counsel and client, had full control of this. You reviewed all of the terms. You ran it past yourself and then you voluntarily signed it!

Ivan Tiggs: Now, wait a minute!

Alan Shore: She is magnificent!

Shirley Schmidt: **She stands up.** You cheated on your wife. You deceived me. And not you want this court to invalidate a perfectly legal agreement because you couldn't keep the vows you made when you were married!

Ivan Tiggs: Your Honor! She's lecturing me!

Shirley Schmidt: Duress. Unconscionability. Give me a break. You're just bored and you don't wanna lose your stuff!

Judge Robert Thompson: **He pounds his gavel.** Enough!

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Denny escorts Bethany into his office.**

Denny Crane: First of all, I wanna thank you for coming back in Secondly, I wanna apologize... **He quickly places his hand over his heart.** ... in a heartfelt way. I was wrong.

Bethany Horowitz: That's very big of you to admit.

Denny Crane: What is it you want? Money, is it?

Bethany Horowitz: You wanna make this right? I'll settle for your law firm.

Denny Crane: Oh, gee. Is that all?

Bethany Horowitz: I wanna borrow it, and you, for a meeting. I'm trying to settle a case and I'm having a hard time moving a defendant off his disgusting lowball offer. If I had Crane, Poole and Schmidt behind me, I think they might budge.

Denny Crane: **He considers.** A meeting? Would I have to talk?

Bethany Horowitz: You're much more impressive when you don't.

Denny Crane: One meeting?

Bethany Horowitz: In these offices! I'll call it even.

Denny Crane: Not quite. One condition. Take off your clothes.

Bethany Horowitz: What?

Denny Crane: Oh, come on. That was the initial plan! We hit it off, eventually we get together, naked. Take off your clothes. Let me see that little package.

Bethany Horowitz: You are the most disgusting, vulgar human being I have ever met!

Denny Crane: You're right. Just the top then?

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Paul's office, he and Shirley are there.**

Shirley Schmidt: I promised myself that I wouldn't lose my composure, and that's exactly what I did.

Paul Lewiston: Ha. Shirley. How many promises have you kept with yourself when it comes to Ivan Tiggs?

**Shirley nods in agreement and sighs.**

Shirley Schmidt: **She nods toward a television screen.** Look!

**Paul points the remote and clicks.**

John Eric Montana: **On screen.** No evidence of anybody else there. Not a fiber, a print... Come on, Mary! Who else could've done this but Scott Little?!

Robin Krieger: **On screen.** Hello! How about the husband!? Spousicide is the most common--

Paul Lewiston: **He mutes the TV.** Well, they're playing that for all it's worth.

Shirley Schmidt: Well, of course they are. Ratings for the war are slipping.

Paul Lewiston: Shirley, we have to settle this with Ivan Tiggs.

Shirley Schmidt: Let's just see how Missy's testimony goes.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in the conference room Bethany, and Denny are with Attorney Adam Jovanka and his client Jason Rawlings.**

Bethany Horowitz: When a person is told she needs heart surgery, she does not expect to be shipped to India to have it.

Attorney Adam Jovanka: You say it like she was forced; your client's wife was provided with the option for--

Bethany Horowitz: Option? Pay eighteen thousand dollars here, or go to India and have it for free? Does that sound like a real option for a low income person, Mr Jovanka?

Attorney Adam Jovanka: Look. Your client wouldn't even have had health insurance if we couldn't make it affordable--

Bethany Horowitz: She died, Mr Jovanka, Am I expected to get on a plane now and go sue Indians?

Attorney Adam Jovanka: The death had nothing to do with malpractice or the quality of care provided.

Bethany Horowitz: What the therapeutic value of having family around during surgery?

Attorney Adam Jovanka: Look...

Bethany Horowitz: You keep saying, "Look!"

Attorney Adam Jovanka: Heart surgery in the United States costs ninety thousand dollars, all in, in India it costs ten! With the crisis of health care coverage in this country, what responsible HMO wouldn't incentivise its patients to go abroad? This woman did not die because of substandard care! And if you think you're gonna scare us into settling by sticking this prop **He nods towards Denny.** at the table a week before trial? You're as mistaken as you are transparent.

Denny Crane: What did you call me?

Attorney Adam Jovanka: I mean no disrespect.

Denny Crane: Get out of my office, before I throw you out the window.

Attorney Adam Jovanka: Fine. I'll see you at trial. **He leaves.**

**Bethany mutters under her breath as she puts her things together.**

Denny Crane: Well, I hope that helped. **Bethany doesn't reply as she starts to leave.** See you in court.

**Bethany stops and turns back to look at Denny. He stands up.** When we back somebody, we back them all the way.

Bethany Horowitz: Really?

Denny Crane: You have the full resources of Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

**Bethany smiles, then leaves.**

**In Judge Robert Thompson's courtroom, all parties present, Missy is on the stand while Shirley questions her.**

Missy Tiggs: I held up my end of the bargain. I was a good wife. I came from a modest background, and this man came in and swept me off my feet. I entered his world and I became accustomed to his lifestyle. Adjusted!

Ivan Tiggs: Ah, we were only married nine months.

Missy Tiggs: I'm a fast adjuster!

Shirley Schmidt: So what is your life like now?

Missy Tiggs: I'm comfortable. But my Sally's having puppies! I have so much more responsibility now. I'm going to be a single mother.

Alan Shore: Is she having the puppies?

Missy Tiggs: They're show dogs! How am I supposed to raise show dogs by myself?

Shirley Schmidt: And how do you feel now that your husband has ended the marriage?

Ivan Tiggs: Objection! This is ludicrous, Your Honor! I'm not going to throw her out to become a loveable street urchin. I'll make a good settlement, I'll pay her alimony, and do all the good things I always do.

Shirley Schmidt: However that is not the agreement you signed.

Alan Shore: An agreement you conceived of, then coerced him to sign.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, please. You have never been coerced into anything in your entire life!

Ivan Tiggs: You don't know anything about me!

Shirley Schmidt: Yes, I do!

Judge Robert Thompson: **He pounds his gavel.** In my chambers.

**Alan moves to get up.**

Judge Robert Thompson: Just Ms Schmidt and Mr Tiggs.

Alan Shore: Couldn't I come and just watch?

Judge Robert Thompson: No.

**Judge Robert Thompson, Ivan and Shirley move to the Judge's chambers.**

Judge Robert Thompson: I have had it with you two! If I wanted to see a couple bickering I could just go home.

Shirley Schmidt: We are not a couple.

Judge Robert Thompson: Right. You're playing out your personal problems in my courtroom. I could hold you in contempt and recommend you be sanctioned by the bar.

Shirley Schmidt: Your Honor, Mr Tiggs has a history of ruining women's lives. There's one out there right now. It's going to take her years to get over this.

Ivan Tiggs: Oh, she'll get over me. She's like a goldfish, she has a three-second memory. You! On the other hand, can hold on to things for years!

Shirley Schmidt: What are you implying?

Ivan Tiggs: You didn't make that post-nup to, to punish me. Or to keep me faithful to Missy. You did it to keep me away from you. Because you know that you can't trust yourself with me.

Shirley Schmidt: Ha! It is always about how much people want you. Isn't it, Ivan?

Ivan Tiggs: No. Just about how much you want me! **Shirley is stunned into silence.** Admit it, Shirley, you're still in love with me.

**Judge Robert Thompson listens to this patiently.**

Shirley Schmidt: You, you're a very disturbed man.

Ivan Tiggs: **He sighs.** You know how I feel about you, Shirley. I'll tell you what, I'll withdraw the motion and relinquish everything, my homes, my country club membership, my Cuban cigars, Missy can have it all, if you agree to stop fighting yourself and give me one more chance.

Shirley Schmidt: I've given you too many chances. **She turns to leave.**

Ivan Tiggs: **He sighs.** Alright. **She turns back to listen.** I'll relinquish everything if you go to dinner with me.

**She gives him a look.** I'll take you to Melville's. You may have to pay.

Judge Robert Thompson: Have the rib eye.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in kitchen, Jeffery and Denise are there, Claire comes in.**

Claire Simms: Jeffery? Little probleme. **She looks at Denise.** Hi. **Back to Jeffery.** Scott Little's father is on the prosecution's witness list.

Jeffrey Coho: What do you mean?

Claire Simms: I mean they're calling our client's father. Did you not know this?

Denise Bauer: Our client? Is she on this case?

Jeffrey Coho: What can he possibly say?

Claire Simms: He's on his way in. We could go ask him.

**Jeffery and Claire leave.**

Denise Bauer: We? **She gets up and hurries after them.** Is she on the case?

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Jeffery's office, he, Claire, Denise, Barbara and Michael Schiller are there.**

Michael Schiller: I don't have to tell you anything.

Jeffrey Coho: Mr Schiller, Scott Little is your son... **To Barbara.** Why isn't his name Schiller?

Michael Schiller: She changed it legally to her maiden name, because she's as spiteful as she is grotesque.

Barbara Little: Tell us what you plan to say, Michael.

Michael Schiller: I'm not your little dog. I don't have to obey your commands. You didn't tell me this hideous witch would be here.

Barbara Little: This is a pathetic attempt to be relevant in your son's life. Testifying against him!

Michael Schiller: You denied my relevance. You wouldn't even let me see him!

Barbara Little: I was afraid he'd grow up to be you!

Michael Schiller: You know, I can't stay here. Seeing her breath and speak. It makes it too difficult to pretend she's dead!

Barbara Little: I pretended to be dead during sex! You seemed to prefer it.

Michael Schiller: Because you as a corpse! That's something to get excited about!

Claire Simms: Okay! I'm sure it's lovely catching up like this, but, Mr Schiller, this is your son!

Michael Schiller: We only have her word on that.

Jeffrey Coho: How could you give testimony against him?

Michael Schiller: I'm not. At least not on the murder.

Claire Simms: Then why is the prosecutor calling you?

Michael Schiller: He told me I didn't have to talk to you.

Jeffrey Coho: Did he advise you not to talk to us?

Michael Schiller: I'm leaving. **He turns to go.**

Barbara Little: You think this makes you a man, Michael. You've never been a man.

**Michael leaves.**

Claire Simms: Okay. Ah, ha. This is exciting.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Denny's office, he, Bethany and Brad are there.**

Denny Crane: Bethany? Brad'll be your point man here. If you need anything, go to him. If you're not satisfied... come to me.

Bethany Horowitz: Thank you.

Brad Chase: I'll arrange to have your files sent over, set up a command center.

Bethany Horowitz: Okay. **Brad leaves.** I wanna thank you for doing this. I could never take on a big HMO myself, which is why they've offered me nothing.

Denny Crane: Bethany. I wanna apologize for objectifying you. **He comes around his desk to stand in front of Bethany.** The truth is I do it to most women. As... **He gets down on his knees so they can be face to face.** As I was looking at you, in that room, going to head to head with that opposing counsel I thought to myself, "I'll bet there goes a little sexual dynamo." Would you like to try lunch again?

Bethany Horowitz: Let's just get through the trial, Denny.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in his office, Alan is sitting behind his desk, reading. Shirley comes in.**

Shirley Schmidt: Ahem. **Alan looks up.** We're, we're going out to dinner so hopefully we can work it all out.

Alan Shore: Excellent! Congratulation, Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: **She closes the door.** Alan! Why? I deserve an explanation.

Alan Shore: Yes. First of all, the post-nup was irrationally lopsided. It'd be a shame to see Ivan destitute, but even more shameful to see Missy at the helm of a cigarette boat.

Shirley Schmidt: And second of all?

Alan Shore: Well. That's private. But, something I'll continue to dwell on as I gaze at that lovely photo of you that hangs on the wall my powder room.

Shirley Schmidt: Careful, Alan.

Alan Shore: Oh, Shirley, I assure you I always take the greatest of care. But, the thing about the photo is, as a young woman you were divine, and in maturity, sublime.

Shirley Schmidt: Well, I... I guess I'm happy to have made you happy.

Alan Shore: Shirley, the truth is I only took this case to be in court with you. I enjoy your company. So! If I can't join you on cases, I'll just have to oppose you. **He walks over and stands right in front of her.** Or I could just depose you right now against the wall. That would certainly make me happy.

Shirley Schmidt: **A beat as they look at each other. She turns to leave. At the door she looks back.** I was almost there. **She leaves.**

**At Melville's, Shirley and Ivan are having dinner.**

Shirley Schmidt: Was this lawsuit about sexual antagonism?

Ivan Tiggs: **He takes a sip of his wine.** Shirley, if I thought I could sexually profit from this, I would have dragged this thing through family court for years and years. This... is just about having a fine rib eye, with lovely company. Shall we leave it at that?

Shirley Schmidt: You can't have me back.

Ivan Tiggs: Ah. Well. We've both seen this movie, Shirley. We both know how it ends. You and I living happily ever after.

Shirley Schmidt: At least for a few weeks.

***She gets up. So does he. The look at each other for a moment, then she kisses him on the cheek.***

Shirley Schmidt: I can't love you anymore. ***She leaves.***

***At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, out on the balcony, Alan and Denny are having a drink.***

Denny Crane: Ah! So. You and Ivan were in it for the same thing.

Alan Shore: Shirley! Joanna made me realize it as she was fitting me for a dress shirt. Denny, somehow I've grown rather fond of Shirley.

Denny Crane: Well, you can't have her. Besides, a man doesn't eat where his friend...

Alan Shore: Schmidts?

Denny Crane: Exactly! I worked that turf a long time ago.

Alan Shore: Let's talk about you suddenly co-counseling with a woman who sued you.

Denny Crane: She's a little powder key.

Alan Shore: Ha, ha.

Denny Crane: You were once involved with a, a little person. We're you?

Alan Shore: I was

Denny Crane: How was she? As a person? In bed?

Alan Shore: Indefatigable.

Denny Crane: Aah! Her nickname is, The Badger. I wonder if she's a badger in the sack. Oh. Could be painful.

Alan Shore: Do you think she's mind you talking about her this way?

Denny Crane: No idea. Why?

Alan Shore: Well, perhaps you should look down, Denny.

Denny Crane: Do not tell me.

Alan Shore: Oh, yes.

Denny Crane: No.

Alan Shore: Yes.

***The both look down at Bethany.***

Bethany Horowitz: Having a greater appreciation for who, and what you are, I'm not offended.

Denny Crane: You snuck up on me.

Bethany Horowitz: No. I came to tell you that the court assigned a trial date. Open arguments are Monday. ***She leaves.***

Denny Crane: She's got a cute little ass, doesn't see?

Alan Shore: She certainly does.

Denny Crane: Here's to all shapes and sizes, my friend.

Alan Shore: And to new and exciting adventures.

Denny Crane: Except for Shirley.