

Boston Legal
Fine Young Cannibal
Season 3, Episode 4
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Broadcast: October 10, 2006
Transcribed by Imamess

At the courthouse, a mob of reporters and photographers surround Jeffrey Coho, Denise Bauer, Scott Little and Barbara Little.

Jeffrey Coho: No, no, no! We're not gonna be making any statements! Hurts me way more than it hurts you. You know how much I love to talk. Let's just say, "We're very happy that Scott Little is out of that jail cell. A place he shouldn't have been to begin with."

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Paul Lewiston's office, he and Denny Crane are watching Headlines Now on a big TV screen.

Gracie Jane: **On the screen.** The fact that they would let an accused killer out at all goes to show what a joke our criminal justice system has become! Where the 'Haves' get one form of justice and the 'Have Not's' get none at all!

Paul Lewiston: **Shaking his head.** Denny! You have got to gag this woman.

Denny Crane: I would love to.

Paul Lewiston: Evidently she plans to attend the trial!

Denny Crane: Gracie Jane is coming to Boston?

Paul Lewiston: Yeah. Well, she lost John Mark Carr.

Bethany Horowitz: **She comes in. She is about three feet tall.** I am a nervous wreck! It doesn't matter how many trials I do, every one is like the first one. **Re: Paul.** Who's he?

Denny Crane: Paul Lewiston. Bethany Horowitz. We're in trial together.

Bethany Horowitz: It all comes down to opening arguments, you know? Eighty percent of all trials the jury makes up it's mind after the opening. **She takes a drag from her cigarette.**

Denny Crane: You shouldn't smoke. It'll stunt you. **She gives him a look.** Never mind.

Paul is looking down at Bethany.

Bethany Horowitz: **She turns back to look at him.** What? You've never seen a smoking dwarf before?

Denny Crane: Bethany? Are you okay to do this?

Bethany Horowitz: Of course I'm okay. I just get opening day jitters.

Denny Crane: You know what I do-- **He kneels down in front of Bethany.** --when I get anxious?

Bethany Horowitz: No. And I don't want to know.

Denny Crane: It works. **Bethany grabs his ear.** Ah!

Bethany Horowitz: You! Are a sicko, pervert, lewd, disgusting, sleaze!

Denny Crane: It's sexual? This ear-pinch?

Bethany Horowitz: Yes! Pinching the ear gives you blood flow. When's the last time you got that without a pill?

Denny hisses and groans in pain.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in the reception area, Claire Simms and Denise Bauer are there.

Denise Bauer: Two out of three.

Claire Simms: What's?

Denise Bauer: One of us has to cozy up to Dr Simon. He's a serial flirt. Jeffery thinks we can infiltrate his discretion. I'll take odds. Okay. Ready?

Claire Simms: Oh, please.

Denise Bauer: Come on! **They each make fists.** One, two, three, shoot. **Denise wins.** Yes! Again. **They make fists again.** One, two three, shoot. **She wins again.**

Claire Simms: Hm!

Denise Bauer: Yes!

Claire Simms: Great.

Denise Bauer: He bellies up to the bar at McKabe's at six. Wear some perfume.

Paul Lewiston: **He comes up.** What's going on?

Denise Bauer: Paul. Judge Hooper, the victim's husband, I hear you know him?

Paul Lewiston: I do.

Denise Bauer: He's basically the only one who can give us any details on his wife's life. Jeffery's been shot down, could you try?

Claire Simms: Unless you'd rather flirt with Dr Simon?

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, out on the patio off his office Alan Shore is reading the newspaper.

Shirley Schmidt: **She comes in.** Judge Brown just assigned me a cannibal. You're second chairing.

Alan Shore: Did you say cannibal?

Shirley Schmidt: I figured if any lawyer could relate...

Alan Shore: I didn't know Massachusetts had cannibals.

Shirley Schmidt: It's don't ask, don't tell. We're meeting the client at eleven. Thanks for volunteering. **She turns to leave.**

Alan Shore: Wait! No! Why me?

Shirley Schmidt: This case is disgusting, it's distasteful, it's repugnant.

Alan Shore: Everything I stand for.

Shirley Schmidt: I'll drive.

Alan Shore: Shirley? Is this about getting in a room with me?

Shirley Schmidt: Yes, Alan! I went out and recruited a cannibal just to get close to you.

Alan Shore: The idea of two consenting adults savoring one another's meat.

Shirley Schmidt: Eleven o'clock. I'll bring the condiments. **She leaves.**

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Denise's office, Denise and Jeffery are looking at wall covered with various enlarged photos taken at the crime scene.

Denise Bauer: **Pointing.** Look at that picture there. Closely. What do you see?

Jeffrey Coho: Dead woman.

Denise Bauer: No, no. **Pointing again.** That one there!

Jeffrey Coho: Still dead.

Denise Bauer: On the night stand. **Going closer to point at picture.**

Jeffrey Coho: Flowers.

Denise Bauer: Flowers! **She looks around for another picture.** Flowers... Wrapped in tissue, and under that, newspaper. They're not even in water yet. Somebody just brought her these flowers. Who would bring her flowers, Jeffery? Not her husband, he doesn't even seem to like her, and I don't think Scott would, since people having illicit affairs don't tend to leave behind clues. And newspaper? What kind of florist uses newspaper? No. These flowers are from someone's private garden.

Jeffrey Coho: Lincoln Meyer.

Denise Bauer: I think he was there that night. Maybe after he saw 'the boy' leave, he went in.

Jeffery nods.

In Judge Blake Winters' courtroom, everybody is waiting for the jury to come in. Graham Potter, Brad Chase, Denny and Bethany are at their table. Bethany is leaning forward with her hands on her knees, taking deep breaths.

Brad Chase: **Under his breath to Denny.** Is she okay? She's panting like a dog.

Bethany Horowitz: **She looks up.** I heard that!

Brad Chase: Are you okay to do this?

Bethany Horowitz: This is how I get! All right? Maybe I'm especially nervous here because I need to make them settle. I know I can't prove malpractice. **She points to Graham.** Not to worry.

Denny Crane: We all get nervous, Bethany.

Bethany Horowitz: I do not want to hear what you do.

Denny Crane: What I do before I open, is I remind myself who I am and how I got here. **The jury is filing in.** There's a reason I'm sitting in the courtroom. So before I get up I say to myself, "I'm Denny Crane!" And that's what you gotta do. So before you get up, take a deep breath and you say to yourself, "I am a midget!"

Bailiff: All rise!

Everybody rises. Denny shakes his head at himself.

In the jailhouse, in the visiting room, Alan and Shirley are with Clarence Nichols.

Clarence Nichols: His name was Joseph Greenberg. He was my best friend. My only friend.

Shirley Schmidt: And you ate him.

Clarence Nichols: I'm not a cannibal. I'm not what they're making me out to be.

Shirley Schmidt: They have a witness who saw you... **Checks report.** ...chewing on a thigh.

Clarence Nichols: I was cremating him. We made a pact that if one died, and the other didn't... and... while him was burning... I happened to be starving. I hadn't had a meal in weeks. It's just that he was there, and I tried it. I tried it. I was weak with hunger, I was delirious, I was... I dunno... I was curious, and I took a bite! It was stupid.

Shirley Schmidt: May I ask... this was your friend. Ah... When he died... why didn't you notify the authorities?

Clarence Nichols: To be cremated you need a next of kin. The medical examiner won't take responsibility for burning a homeless person without permission. So people out on the street, buddies of ours, end up rotting on a slab in a warehouse downtown. Joe deserved better than that.

Shirley Schmidt: You face a number of serious charges. Violating the health code, desecration of a human body...

Clarence Nichols: Am I gonna go to jail?

Shirley Schmidt: Let us talk to the district attorney.

In A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg's office, he, Alan and Shirley are there.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: I'm sorry. I wanna help you. I really do. But, there'll be no plea, no discussion of one, and frankly, no leniency when it comes to sentencing.

Shirley Schmidt: This is you wanting to help us?

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: Shirley... Can I call you, Shirley?

Shirley Schmidt: No.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: If this were just about one homeless man desecrating another...

Alan Shore: We wouldn't care.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: But, this is about the sanctity and morality of a society. The human race, in fact.

Alan Shore: Oh God! You're not gonna drag the human race into this, are you?

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: Mr Shore...

Alan Shore: Actually I prefer to be called, Shirley. It gives me a tickle.

Alan Shore: Knowing you, you probably plan to get up in the end and deliver some stirring closing like, "Cannibalism is good! The world needs more people devouring each other."

Alan Shore: No. We already have enough of that.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: My problem is, the American people have been so desensitized to atrocity, we just turn an indifferent ear and eye to the most heinous of conduct. Well, I am not going to turn away. I am going to make a firm and public stand.

Shirley Schmidt: Hm! Almost sounds as if you're running for something. Oh! Gee, you are! Tell me, why saddle up on this issue? Is pedophilia taken?

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: No deal. He goes to jail. And tell your boy, between now and trial? He'd better not each anyone else.

Alan Shore: Tell me, Mr-Vote-For-Me-Come-November, what if you lose this trial? Did that ever occur to you?

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: Funny? It didn't.

Alan Shore: Perhaps it should.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: Hm. ***He gets up to stand face-to-face with Alan.*** I would love to see how you're gonna win this one... Shirley.

In Judge Blake Winters' courtroom, all parties present.

Judge Blake Winters: All right. We'll first hear from the plaintiff's attorney. Ms Horowitz?

Bethany Horowitz: Thank you, Your Honor. ***She exchanges a look with Denny, he nods in encouragement. She gets up, or rather, down, and goes to stand in front of the jury.*** Ladies and gentlemen of the jury...

Attorney Adam Jovanka: I beg your pardon... may I have a word with Counsel, please?

Bethany Horowitz: What?

Attorney Adam Jovanka: I apologize, Your Honor, it's just; we may be able to resolve this. If I could just speak with her for a minute.

Judge Blake Winters: Take two, if it will resolve it.

Attorney Adam Jovanka: ***He walks over to Bethany and leans down.*** Four hundred thousand dollars. Final offer. Good for thirty seconds.

Bethany Horowitz: What do you mean good for thirty seconds?

Attorney Adam Jovanka: Better confer with your client. ***He taps his wrist watch.*** Clock is ticking.

Bethany Horowitz: ***She hurries over to the plaintiffs' table and whispers.*** He just offered four hundred thousand.

Brad Chase: Just like that?

Bethany Horowitz: But it's only good for thirty seconds.
Brad Chase: Wha, what do you mean?
Bethany Horowitz: I mean he put a clock on it. Half a minute. Four hundred thousand is a lot of money.
Graham Potter: Are you kidding? Take it?
Bethany Horowitz: This would be my advice.
Denny Crane: We can get more.
Bethany Horowitz: You don't even know the case!
Denny Crane: I can always get more.
Graham Potter: Just say yes!
Bethany Horowitz: **She walks over to Adam.** We accept your offer.
Attorney Adam Jovanka: Oh, Jeeze. The offer was only good for thirty seconds, and you took thirty-three! Offer rescinded. Guess you'll have to resume your opening.
Attorney Adam Jovanka: **He turns to leave. Bethany kicks his shins.** Ow!

In the witness room, Brad, Graham, Denny and Bethany are there.

Bethany Horowitz: He baited me deliberately!
Brad Chase: He did this, because the book on you is you're less effective when you lose your cool.
Bethany Horowitz: Oh, shut up!
Brad Chase: This is exactly the state of mind that he wants you in.
Bethany Horowitz: It was an offer made in bad faith. I should bring a motion for sanctions!
Brad Chase: That wouldn't make any difference.
Bethany Horowitz: **She pounds the table with each word.** Shut. Up.
Brad Chase: Shut up, yourself!
Denny Crane: Now. **Listen to me. He grabs Bethany under her arms and plunks her down on the table.**
Bethany Horowitz: Uh!
Denny Crane: You're The Badger. Now, you can either let this guy win by rattling you with a cheap stunt, or you can march yourself into that courtroom and deliver the opening of your life! **She gives him a look.** It's in your hands, Bethany. Are you a winner, or not?

In Judge Brian Hooper's chambers, he is sitting behind his desk, Paul comes in.

Paul Lewiston: Hello, Brian.
Judge Brian Hooper: What are you doing in my chambers?
Paul Lewiston: First, let me extend my condolences...
Judge Brian Hooper: Please leave my chambers, Paul.
Paul Lewiston: **He closes the door.** We have a very difficult job to do, which you can certainly understand, if not appreciate.
Judge Brian Hooper: You're profiteering off my wife's death. If you came in here looking for my sympathies.
Paul Lewiston: Only your cooperation.
Judge Brian Hooper: You won't get it. I'll ask you again to leave!
Paul Lewiston: My friend...
Judge Brian Hooper: I'm certainly not your friend.
Paul Lewiston: As part of our defense we will be trying to focus suspicion on other suspects...
Judge Brian Hooper: **He picks up the telephone.** I asked you to...
Paul Lewiston: I think you need to hear me out. **The Judge hangs up the phone.** We know from our investigation so far that both you and your wife were being treated by Dr Zachary Simon. We also have reason to believe that your late wife was engaged in extra marital relations with other men. I can explore this with you now, or in a much more public forum during your testimony.
Judge Brian Hooper: You're threatening me?
Paul Lewiston: I am informing you that we will do whatever we have to to protect our client. On the chance that somebody else killed her you must be willing to at least...
Judge Brian Hooper: Your client killed my wife! There's no evidence of anyone else even being there.
Paul Lewiston: Except you.
Judge Brian Hooper: Is that where you're going with your defense, Paul?
Paul Lewiston: We will go down any path that leads to reasonable doubt. And yes, my friend, that is a threat.

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, all parties are present. Frank questions Jane Baker.

Jane Baker: I came around to the back of the building, and that's when I saw it.
A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: What did you see?

Jane Baker: First, I saw a flame. And as I got closer, I saw him. **She points to Clarence.**

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: The defendant?

Jane Baker: Yes.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: What else did you see?

Jane Baker: He was eating something. Meat off a bone on the fire. **The jury is rapt, leaning in to hear.** And what I saw next? Well! I couldn't believe my eyes.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: What?

Alan Shore: Not to interrupt, but might this be a good time to take a break?

Judge Clark Brown: Sit down!

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: Tell us what you say, Ms Baker.

Alan Shore: For those of us who don't watch the news, or the district attorney's self-serving press conferences.

Judge Clark Brown: Mr Shore. I will hold you in contempt.

Alan Shore: Oh, now I'm the bad guy.

Judge Clark Brown: Sit! Sit! Sit!

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: Ms Baker. Tell the jury what you saw next.

Jane Baker: A dead human body... cooking over an open fire. And that man... was eating part of the leg.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: Are you sure?

Jane Baker: Oh, yes, I'm sure. It was the most disgusting, awful, horrible, grotesque thing I ever saw!

Alan Shore: She left out--

Judge Clark Brown: Shocking!

Alan Shore: There we go!

At McKabe's, a bar, Dr Zachary Simon is sitting at the bar watching Headlines Now on a big TV screen.

Gracie Jane: **On the screen.** Here's what doesn't make sense to me. There was no evidence of his fingerprints, not a zip, zilch, nothing! How could that be, if he was there? Delivering documents? Making love to the victim? Doing who knows what? The only explanation can be, could he wiped the prints away. Why would he do that, if he's not guilty?

Claire comes up to the bar.

Claire Simms: **To the bartender.** Okay. Vodka and neat.

Gracie Jane: I have said it before, I will say it again, he is guilty, guilty, guilty! Until then...

Claire Simms: Media just can't get enough, can they?

Dr Zachary Simon: Oh, yeah!

A beat.

Claire Simms: I think he did it. I mean, who else, if not him?

Dr Zachary Simon: Well, I... can't really comment.

Claire Simms: Why not?

Dr Zachary Simon: I'm connected with the case.

Claire Simms: You are?

Dr Zachary Simon: The accused is one of my patients.

Claire Simms: The killer? **She moves closer to Zachary.** You're his doctor?

Dr Zachary Simon: The victim? Was a former patient.

Claire Simms: Oh! You're lying. Ah, ha.

Dr Zachary Simon: I'm not lying. I'm connected with this, big time.

Claire Simms: Wow! Ha, ha.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Alan's office, he and Shirley are having a glass of wine.

Alan Shore: I hope you're not expecting me to close on this.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, of course I am, Alan! That's your niche, making the most unacceptable of taboos sound...

Alan Shore: Exotic? **Shirley nods.** I cannot stop thinking about our little session last week.

Shirley Schmidt: We didn't have a session.

Alan Shore: Admit it, Shirley. You're drawn to me like Eve to the serpent. Take me home and help me stretch my coil.

Shirley Schmidt: Has that line actually worked?

Alan Shore: It's working now. I'm not trying to convince you of something you don't already want.

Shirley Schmidt: I often find that men who like to talk about it, usually disappoint.

Alan Shore: All I ask for is a chance. I'm down on my knees. If you'd like that!

Shirley Schmidt: The problem is... men don't get over me.

Alan Shore: Really?

Shirley Schmidt: Not to sound immodest, but I'm very good in bed. In fact, I'm rather phenomenal.

Alan Shore: Ah!

Shirley Schmidt: And then, there's the biggest obstacle of all.

Alan Shore: Which is?

Shirley Schmidt: Denny.

Alan Shore: Denny who?

Shirley Schmidt: He's your best friend, Alan. It would hurt him.

Alan Shore: Suppose I got this Denny's, blessing?

Shirley Schmidt: Get his blessing, then we'll talk.

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

Claire Simms: Well. He didn't exactly flow with information but, the reason he discontinued seeing Marcia Hooper was because there was trouble in domestic paradise. And he felt he couldn't ethically represent both husband and wife. And, he felt Marcia Hooper was infatuated with him.

Jeffrey Coho: What?

Claire Simms: Yeah. He said it's very common with therapists and patients. It's called transference. He also asked me out!

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Denny's office, Frank is on Channel 5 WCVB-TV.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: **On the screen.** Sometimes a District Attorney must safeguard not just the law, but human decency itself. This was a crime against morality. Against God! What has happened to our community? **Denny is watching. With a clothes pin on his ear.** Our society, when it becomes okay for a man to eat another man?

Alan Shore: **He comes in.** Denny! I... **He stops.** Why do you have clothes pins on your ears?

Denny Crane: It's personal.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: **On the screen.** Have our morals really sunk so low? Well I stand before you and say, "No!"

Alan takes the remote and shuts off the TV.

Alan Shore: Denny. I lay awake last night, taking measure of our special friendship. Do you ever do that?

Denny Crane: We're flamingoes.

Alan Shore: Yes! And what I discovered to be the root, one of the roots, of our interlocking bond is our unfettered ability to share! Be it our intimacies, our fears, our successes...

Denny Crane: My root is your root.

Alan Shore: If I should ever like to drive your car...

Denny Crane: I'd toss you my keys.

Alan Shore: If I should ever need any money.

Denny Crane: My check is blank.

Alan Shore: Or need to pick your brain.

Denny Crane: My mind is blank.

Alan Shore: Anything you have or once did have, is... there... for me!

Denny Crane: Except for Shirley. **A beat.** Keep your root away from Shirley.

Alan Shore: **Another beat.** She told you.

Denny Crane: Told me what?

Alan Shore: My friend. One of my goals in life is to go to all the places you've gone, and...

Denny Crane: Just don't go to Shirley. She's mine.

Alan Shore: Denny.

Denny Crane: No!

In Judge Blake Winter's courtroom, all parties are present.

Judge Blake Winters: Okay, Ms Horowitz. Let's give this another go. Shall we?

Bethany Horowitz: **She goes to stand in front of the jury.** My client's wife needed heart surgery. And so her HMO stuck her on a plane and sent her to India to have it, where she died on the table. The reason she was sent to India was because, it's cheaper. It's called Medical Outsourcing. It goes on all the time, and I'm sure you know this. And you know what? If I needed surgery I might consider making the Schlep. Why should I pay ninety thousand dollars for heart surgery when I can the same thing over there for ten? The problem is that

Cindy Potter didn't get to make that choice. Because when she signed on with Wellness Health Care, all the surgeries were done here. When that policy was modified, she couldn't switch HMOs, because by then she had a pre-existing heart condition, and nobody else would take her. At least not at a price that she could afford! So she had to get on that plane. My client here, he had to work! He couldn't go with her. And his wife died, on the other side of the world. Now, I can't really put a price tag on that. Can you? Now, I know, it's not the defendants' fault that medical expenses are out of control here. I don't blame the defendant that half of Americans are uninsured! In fact! I give them credit for searching for a solution. But come on! Shipping a patient with a heart condition to India is not a solution! It can't be! We have to be better than that. This is America! They should be banging down Congress's door! They find it cheaper to go to India.

In Lincoln Meyer's kitchen, he is arranging flowers. Jeffery is there.

Lincoln Meyer: And they said they might be calling me early. I could be the lead-off witness. Can you imagine?

Jeffrey Coho: You're gonna be on television.

Lincoln Meyer: I'll be on Gracie Jane.

Jeffrey Coho: These are some beautiful flowers, Lincoln.

Lincoln Meyer: I grew them myself. I'm very botanical.

Jeffrey Coho: Hm! I can see that. Hey, Lincoln! I was reading Mrs Hooper's in support of her motion for a restraining order. Didn't seem to me like she was infatuated with you at all.

Lincoln Meyer: Her husband put her up to that. He's evil.

Jeffrey Coho: Said some terrible things about you. Called you psychologically disturbed. Sick! That had to hurt. Bet it made you angry, even.

Lincoln Meyer: I don't like the tenor of your remark.

Jeffrey Coho: No, I'm just saying, here's this woman that you adored. Bet you'd love to bring her flowers. Huh? And in a public document she calls you sick! Mentally unbalanced!

Lincoln Meyer: I recognize your tenor, Mr Coho. I'm not stupid! You mean to imply that I killed her? I loved her! I cherished her! You are not welcome in my home anymore. You and your inappropriate tenor. I'll ask you to leave.

Jeffery leaves.

At the jailhouse, in a visiting room, Alan and Shirley are talking to Clarence.

Shirley Schmidt: The bad news is we were unable to find any character witnesses. It seems your only friend was Joseph.

Clarence Nichols: Is there any good news?

Alan Shore: Prime Time wants to have you on! During sweeps. They want you to eat Diane Sawyer. **Shirley gives him a look. So does Clarence.** Sorry.

Clarence Nichols: Why do you need a character witness?

Shirley Schmidt: Well, the jury could be looking at you like... **A beat.** You need to demonstrate to them that you are not a monster.

Clarence Nichols: Maybe I am a monster. I burn my best friend. I ate him. Maybe I'm every bit of...

Alan Shore: You're not a monster, Mr Nichols.

Clarence Nichols: What kind of person ends up by himself on the street... with... not a one single friend who can speak on my behalf?

Alan Shore: You're not a monster. And you're not a criminal.

Shirley Schmidt: All we can do is to call you to the stand. You need to explain to the jury, as sympathetically as you can, why you did what you did.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Denny's office, he and Alan are there.

Alan Shore: It's not fair! You can't just claim women for all time!

Denny Crane: I only claim Shirley.

Alan Shore: What about Ivan Tiggs?

Denny Crane: She married him. Why don't you take the girl I married last year? You can have her.

Alan Shore: I want Shirley!

Denny Crane: I can understand how you feel. When I was fifteen I had this enormous crush on a girl. **Alan turns away.** Diana Corelock. **Alan plunks down in chair and looks up to the ceiling.** She was a fetching goddess. She developed early. But she liked this kid, George. One day I went to George and I said, "I'll wrestle you for her." **Alan makes himself listen to this.** And why he agreed, I don't know, but within four

seconds I flipped him on his back, sat on his head and he tapped out. And I spent the night in Diana's fetching bosom. It was magic.

Alan Shore: I challenge you, Denny.

Denny Crane: To what?

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

Shirley Schmidt: You're going to wrestle?

Denny Crane: Why not? It's not like he can beat me.

Shirley Schmidt: And you think I'm the prize?

Denny Crane: You're always the prize, Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: Of the all the humiliate... **She turns to see Alan coming in.** How dare you! Making me the prize in wrestling match?

Alan Shore: Oh, get over yourself. **He goes to sit down.** Man has done battle to get the girl since the beginning of time.

Shirley Schmidt: Man has evolved, Alan! With the exception of course being, Denny!

Denny Crane: Thank you.

Alan Shore: Shirley, admit it! This has to be a little thrilling.

Shirley Schmidt: Thrilling? Two fat boys fighting it out on a mat?

Alan Shore: You know the problem with mankind, Shirley?

Shirley Schmidt: **She drops her head in her hand.** Oh, God.

Alan Shore: We legislate our morality, our beings with this code of reason and common sense and respectable restraint. And it leaves no room for passion! For bestially yearning! It leaves Jack a very dull boy and Jill thoroughly unsatisfied. How rich this moment is, if you think of it. Two men in their sexual-- **A beat.** --okay, twilight, are about to enter a cage for the right to nestle into your loins to uncork your holy grail. This is life, Shirley! We're ready to kill for you! This is the very essence of life.

Shirley is speechless. She looks to Denny.

Denny Crane: What he said. Totally.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in the lunchroom, Denise is there, Brad comes in.

Brad Chase: How's the case going?

Denise Bauer: Could be better.

Brad Chase: You ask me? Plead murder-two, good behavior, kid's out in six.

Denise Bauer: I don't think Jeffery's gonna wanna plead.

Brad Chase: 'Course not. Give up his fifteen minutes?

Bethany Horowitz: **She comes in.** Brad! He's coming in with another offer.

Denise looks down at Bethany.

Brad Chase: Who?

Bethany Horowitz: The disgusting, slim ball, defense lawyer! This time I think it's for real. He asked to continue the trial. **She looks at Denise, Denise quickly looks away.** This woman is a starrer. Where's Denny?

Brad Chase: In his office.

Bethany Horowitz: **To Denise.** I don't like starrers. **She leaves.**

Denise Bauer: **To Brad.** I wasn't starrin'.

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, all parties present, Clarence is on the stand, Alan is questioning him.

Clarence Nichols: I was only trying to cremate him according to his wishes. As a homeless person he would have ended up decomposing on a slab alone somewhere till... I couldn't allow for that.

Alan Shore: Okay. But, at some point during the cremation ceremony you decided to eat your friend?

Clarence Nichols: We had both read the book, the account of the soccer team that was on the plane that crashed in the Andies. The survivors had to eat some of the dead bodies so that they could continue to survive. **To Frank.** None of them were arrested, by the way. If you read the book? **Frank nods.**

Alan Shore: You and Joseph talked about this?

Clarence Nichols: Yes. Not that that's what I planned to do that night at all. I'm just saying, that what I did do was not contrary to his wishes.

Alan Shore: I think the jury would like to know, why did you do it?

Clarence Nichols: I was starving. I hadn't had a meal in two weeks! **A beat.** I was starving!

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in the conference room, Adam, Denny, Bethany and Brad are there.

Attorney Adam Jovanka: First let me preface, this is not a negotiation. This is a final offer. Either you accept it, or we return to court.

Bethany Horowitz: What's the number?

Attorney Adam Jovanka: Six hundred and fifty thousand. **Bethany's blinks her eyes.** Absent any showing of malpractice. That's a gift. **Bethany gleefully looks at Brad and Denny.** We're just looking to avoid the expense of a trial. Yes or no? What's it gonna be?

Bethany Horowitz takes a deep breath and is ready to reply.

Brad Chase: The thing about HMO's, is they're very good at math. The expense of a trial wouldn't come close to six-fifty. The other thing is they don't make gifts. It's the exposure of a trial that you're worried about. And why shouldn't you be? The future of your whole business depends on out-sourcing. It saves you billions and billions of dollars. And the worst thing that could possibly happen if for some stigma to be attached to the concept.

Attorney Adam Jovanka: I told you, this is not a negotiation!

Brad Chase: The number is nine-fifty. **Bethany's eyes bug out.** Are we going to court, or not?

A beat. A long beat.

Attorney Adam Jovanka: I think we can make nine-fifty work.

Brad Chase: Good for you.

Bethany falls forward.

Denny Crane: The dwarf fainted.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Denny's office, he is pouring a drink. Bethany is holding a paper bag to her mouth and taking deep breaths.

Bethany Horowitz: **Denny hands her a drink and sits down.** I am so embarrassed. I have to admit, I my practice? I have never seen a number that big. I'm sure you people see it all the time.

Denny Crane: You caused that number, Bethany. You scared the hell out of them with your opening. They didn't dare stick around for the closing.

Bethany Horowitz: I'm trying not to get emotional. Thank you, Denny. I'm so grateful to you. Somehow in that vile, disgusting shell of yours, I think there must be a nice person.

Denny Crane: I'd like to have lunch again. Start from scratch. If I promise not to call you a midget and ask you to take your clothes off...

Bethany Horowitz: This is you from scratch?

Denny Crane: You're an extraordinary woman. I don't get to meet many.

Bethany Horowitz: Give me a week or two to forget what you're like. Then we can have lunch.

Denny nods.

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, all parties are present. A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg is giving his closing.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: We live in time where almost anything goes. Don't we? Gay marriage is barely considered alternative anymore. You do on the internet; you can find a club for almost any kind of fetish. However, depraved. We're a society where nothing seems to shock us anymore. Well. If we've reached the day, where burning the remains of a body, and cannibalism doesn't offend? Then I guess life has no sanctity at all, does it? No dignity. Please deliver a verdict that says there is sanctity, not just to the life of a human being. But also the death.

Alan Shore: A billion and a half Christians routinely go to Church on Sundays and ceremoniously eat the body of Christ. Drink His blood. "He who eats My flesh and drinks My blood, abides in Me and I in him." Jesus said that.

Judge Clark Brown: How dare you?!

Alan Shore: What? Who have I offended now?

Judge Clark Brown: Oh, dear. You take a holy sacrament literally.

Alan Shore: Is that not done?

Judge Clark Brown: You have equated it with a vile and despicable act!

Alan Shore: **He walks up the Judge.** I apologize, Your Honor. **To the jury.** I certainly don't mean to indict Holy Communion. But! Let's not carry on with the idea that the notion of cannibalism offends the sanctity of life! It has roots not only in sacraments, not to be taken literally, but also Greek mythology, it's still glorified in certain sections of both, the South and I believe, Malibu. And I might add, it's not illegal! There's no Federal law, no Massachusetts law that criminalizes cannibalism. That's why Mr District-Attorney-My-Name-Appears-Second-On-The-Ballot-This-November-Ginsberg has trumped up these other charges. Desecration, and so

forth, and lectured you on dignity and sanctity. There is no dignity in starving to death! When a homeless person is left to rot on a slab, the sanctity of life somehow gets trivialized. Mr District-Attorney-My-Name-Appears-Second-On-The-Ballot-This-November-Ginsberg wants you to be offended. You know what offends me? We have, in this country, over a million homeless people. The government can't feed them. Can't give them shelter. But, "Hey! Let's spend sixty to seventy thousand dollars to prosecute one who tried to stave off death! Let's spend another forty-five thousand a year to imprison him!" There is no dignity in that! It's cruel! Mr Nichols was cremating his friend to prevent the indignity of the unceremonious and degrading decomposition of his body. As for why he ate? He told you. He was starving! When was the last time you starved? How about you? **To Frank.** I know you're not starving, except for attention. **To the jury.** Let's face it. The only reason we're all here is because cannibalism makes for good television. What better to satiate some pre-election hunger pangs than a belly full of media attention? Mr District-Attorney-My-Name-Appears-Second-On-The-Ballot-This-November-Ginsberg knows that! That's why he's handling this case personally. Not only does it give him a sensational platform for his shameless self promotion! It also fits his notion of society! That it's not about understanding the homeless. It's about prosecuting them! Kind of makes you wonder, who here is really the cannibal? **He walks back to the table. He briefly touches Shirley's shoulders as he walks past behind her.**

On the streets of Boston, Simon and Claire are walking in a parking lot.

Dr Zachary Simon: I'd be more than happy to drive you home.

Claire Simms: Oh! Thank you. I actually have my own car uhm which is actually right there.

Dr Zachary Simon: Is it that you don't trust yourself with me?

Claire Simms: Oh, wow. You really can read people, can't you?

Dr Zachary Simon: That's my job. **Claire chuckles.** So can I see again?

Claire Simms: Sure. **Zachary leans to kiss her. She evades him.** Let's have something to look forward to.

Dr Zachary Simon: I'm a magnificent kisser.

Claire Simms: Are you, now?

Dr Zachary Simon: I don't like to drop names, but I once kissed Gina Gershon.

Claire Simms: Did you?

Dr Zachary Simon: We were out together. In a group. I happened to be driving in the direction of her hotel, so I offered her a lift. And well, one thing led to another. She confided in me, that she had never been kissed like that in her life.

Claire Simms: Well, it's always been a goal for my mouth to go where Gina's has. But...

Dr Zachary Simon: I dig you, Claire.

Claire Simms: **Ah, ha.** And I dig you, Zach. Call me.

Dr Zachary Simon: I will.

Claire gets into her car and closes the door. Zachary taps on her window, she looks up, he kisses his finger and touches her window. She waves, and then drives away.

In an arena, dozens of Crane, Poole and Schmidt associates are cheering. Denny is in a wrestling ring, wearing a red spandex suit, marching around, his arms in the air. Denise and Brad are in a corner of the ring. Chewing on his cigar, Denny holds his hands up, the associates cheer louder. Denise is applauding. She stops when the sound of a drum is heard. Everyone quiets down.

Brad Chase: Oh my God.

The crowd parts to make way. Catherine Piper, wearing a head band, a blue dress with beaded tassels and half a dozen bead necklaces, is leading the way for someone. Entering... in full Indian Chief headdress... Alan. Associates start to cheer Alan as prances/dances/hops up to the mat. He raises his hands and dances around to acknowledge the cheers. The cheers get louder. Denise and Brad get down off the mat, Catherine lifts the rope for Alan. He dances in place as he and Denny exchange hand signals. Alan gets under the ropes. Denny cracks his knuckles as Alan continues dancing and waving at the audience.

Denny Crane: Why are you dressed like an Indian?

Alan Shore: Growing up, my favorite wrestler was Chief Jay Strongbow.

Denny Crane: You look like one of the Village People.

Referee: Okay. Are we ready?

Alan Shore: Shouldn't we pee in a cup first? I don't trust his testosterone level.

Denny Crane: Mine's are naturally high.

Referee: Okay. Three minute rounds, two points for a take down, one point for an escape, if either of you tap out, it's over. Set?

Denny Crane: Set. **He slaps his cigar into the Referee's hand. The crowd cheers with anticipation.**

Referee: Let's get it on.

Alan offers his hand for a shake, Denny grabs it, throws Alan up and over his head. Alan is down on his back with a thud. Denny sits on Alan's head. Alan taps out, it's over in four seconds.

Alan Shore: Ugh! **He gives the OK signal. Denny continues sitting on Alan's head.** Okay! Hey! **Alan taps Denny, who continues sitting comfortably.** Ugh! **Alan taps out again. Denny matter-of-factly takes his cigar back from the Referee as Alan continues tapping out.**

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom. All parties present, as Judge Brown inspects the verdict.

Shirley Schmidt: **Sotto, to Alan.** Five seconds?

Alan Shore: He cheated. You can't squat on the head.

Shirley Schmidt: Five seconds?

Alan Shore: Four, actually.

Judge Clark Brown: The defendant will please rise. **Up they go.** Madame Foreperson, would you kindly announce to the court the outrageous verdict of the jury.

Alan Shore: **Sotto.** That's encouraging.

Foreperson: In the matter of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts versus Clarence Nichols on the charge of desecrating human remains, in violation of the Human Welfare and Safety Health Code, we find the defendant, Clarence Nichols... not guilty.

Judge Clark Brown: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury thank you so much...

Alan Shore: **To Shirley.** Do you think we win too much? Are we losing all suspense?

Clarence Nichols: I don't know what to say.

Shirley Schmidt: Congratulations.

They all shake hands.

Clarence Nichols: Thank you. Thank you, both.

Alan Shore: Listen. We never let our contestants go home empty-handed. **He opens his briefcase and takes out a check and hands it to Clarence.** So along with the home version of the Crane, Poole and Schmidt game, here's a check for five thousand dollars.

Clarence Nichols: What?!

Shirley Schmidt: What?!

Alan Shore: It's an experimental program. It's called We-the fortunate-should-endeavor-to help-the-less-fortunate, I'm sure it'll never fly. Go have a nice meal, take a trip, maybe splurge for some health insurance.

Clarence Nichols: Ha! I don't know what to say. You people are amazing.

Shirley Schmidt: Bye.

Shirley and Alan leave.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Alan and Denny are out on the balcony having drinks. Denny is smoking a cigar.

Denny Crane: You gave him your own money?

Alan Shore: I wasn't using it. **A beat.** Denny, I want a rematch.

Denny Crane: Forget it.

Alan Shore: You cheated.

Denny Crane: I did not. **Alan gives him a look.** You know, the first time I had sex with Shirley went exactly like that. I flipped her on her back and I sat on her head.

Alan Shore: Ha. I hope it was better for her than it was for me.

Denny Crane: It was better for me. It also lasted about four seconds.

A beat.

Alan Shore: Do you think you ever bring yourself eat me? I mean, say you were on desert island and I died and you were starving. Could you eat me?

Denny Crane: Could you eat me?

Alan Shore: Well. I might be afraid of the mad cow. When I die I wanna be buried, Denny. I don't wanna be cremated. Incinerated into nothingness.

Denny Crane: Man, what do you care? When you're dead, you're dead.

Alan Shore: I don't actually believe that. I believe there's... something... after.

Denny Crane: Heaven?

Alan Shore: I don't know. Something.

Denny Crane: Alan Shore believes man has a soul. Stop the presses.

Alan Shore: Don't you believe it? Can this be all there is? If so... have we wasted...?

Denny Crane: I haven't wasted a second. I've enjoyed my ride. All of it.

Alan Shore: But will it truly have counted for something?

Denny Crane: **He chuckles.** You know the old joke, Alan. A man shows up at the Pearly Gates, sees this guy in a pinstriped suit, and a briefcase and a cigar prancing about. He says to St Peter, "Who's that guy?" St Peter says, "Ahhh! It's just God. He thinks He's Denny Crane." Ha, ha, ha.

Alan Shore: What would you do if you actually met God one day.

Denny Crane: Probably take Him fishing.

Alan Shore: Indeed.

Denny Crane: Probably wanna wrestle me for Shirley.

Alan Shore: Indeed, again.