

Boston Legal

The Verdict

Season 3, Episode 6

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Airdate: October 24, 2006

Transcribed by Sheri for boston-legal.org [version updated November 10, 2006]

Courtroom Corridor

Jeffrey Coho, Denise Bauer, Barbara Little and Scott Little walk the gauntlet of reporters, all talking and taking photos at once. They enter:

Courtroom Conference Room

Jeffrey Coho throws his briefcase on the table, as Scott and Barbara Little, Denise Bauer, and Claire Simms file in.

Scott Little: I'm not in love with you.

Barbara Little: How did you get a naked picture of me, Scott?

Scott Little: You were sunbathing once by the pool. You didn't know I was home, and I photographed you. **pause** What happens now?

Jeffrey Coho: What happens now? You fill out your change-of-address forms!

Scott Little: I didn't kill her!

Jeffrey Coho: **sarcastic** Oh, gee, there's some rage.

Scott Little: You shut up! **clears throat**

Denny Crane's Office

Gracie Jane (on TV): I am not making this up, folks. The father—in open court—accuses the son of being in love with the mother. It actually made me feel all tingly down there. This . . .

Alan Shore laughs.

Gracie (on TV): . . . sicko is dead to right. My face is still warm. I'm telling you, it was better than sex. I mean . . .

Denny Crane: Did she say better than sex? Hope she doesn't mean *my* sex. I knew she was faking it.

Alan Shore: Denny, did you—?

Denny Crane: Paul asked me to repair relations with her.

Alan Shore: So you had them?

Denny Crane: Cheap, chubby sex in the witness room.

Alan Shore: Oh, my!

Denny Crane: Obviously, I didn't satisfy her.

Alan Shore: Denny, have you lost your mind?

Denny Crane looks very thoughtful.

Alan Shore: What?

Denny Crane: Nothing.

Alan Shore: Denny, we're flamingoes. Is something going on?

Denny Crane: **taps his forehead with the remote** Mad Cow. It hasn't progressed in my brain, but there are other symptoms, be it blood pressure—**heavy sigh**—it affects me.

Alan Shore: Affects you how?

Denny Crane: I think I have Mad Penis.

[credits]

Scenes of Boston at Night

Images of candles, food and other romantic settings flash by in time to the music.

Music:

*Come and ride the little train
That's riding down the tracks
To the junction.
Yeah.*

*Lots of curves, you bet.
Even more when you get
Yeah, to the junction.
Petticoat Junction.*

Alan Shore's Home/Hotel Room

Alan Shore and Sally Heep are both in bed, breathing heavily.

Sally Heep: I needed that.

Alan Shore: Mm. My God, your hair turned red.

Sally Heep: Cute. Huh. **kisses Alan Shore and gets out of bed**

Alan Shore: Where are you going?

Sally Heep: I would so love to spend the night, but I have to be in court super early.

Alan Shore: You're leaving?

Sally Heep: If you knew how much work I had—? **getting dressed**

Alan Shore: Well, okay—Can't you just like here and talk for a little bit?

Sally Heep: Talk about what?

Alan Shore pulls the sheet around himself and looks forlorn,

Judge Harvey Cooper's Courtroom

Jeffrey Coho: That was quite the bombshell you dropped yesterday. You hate your ex-wife, don't you? Is "hate" too soft a word?

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Objection.

Jeffrey Coho: I bet you'd do anything to *get* her.

Michael Schiller: Except lie.

Jeffrey Coho: And since nothing's more important to Barbara Little than her son, Scott—

Michael Schiller: He's also my son.

Jeffrey Coho: To get him convicted of murder—

Michael Schiller: Why would I punish Scott for something that his mother—

Jeffrey Coho: Because when he came along, she stopped loving you. She abandoned you. That made you angry at her and angry at him, and this whole trial is your opportunity to get even at both.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Objection.

Michael Schiller: That's ridiculous. I love my son.

Jeffrey Coho: So you want him in prison?

Michael Schiller: No, in a hospital.

Jeffrey Coho: With Barb.

Michael Schiller: Because he's sick.

Jeffrey Coho: In your mind, or—?

Michael Schiller: He has sexual feelings for his own mother. For God's sake, he's sick!

Judge Harvey Cooper: **warning** Mr. Schiller.

Jeffrey Coho: You blame your ex-wife for that.

Michael Schiller: Damn right, I do. She had to know. You can't tell me this obsession grew right under her nose without her seeing it. And she did *nothing* to get him treatment. She *let* it happen!

Jeffrey Coho: So, if you could get your son treatment, and avenger her at the same time—

Michael Schiller: This isn't about vengeance, you disgusting cockroach.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Mr. Schiller!

Lincoln Meyer: That's what you get, Mr. Dirty Mouth. Mr. Lawyer Man Dirty Pants.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Mr. Meyer, sit down, or I will have you removed.

Jeffrey Coho glares at Lincoln Meyer, who sits down, then turns back to Michael Schiller.

Dr. Zachary Simon's Office

Dr. Zachary Simon: How dare you come here!

Claire Simms: I just came to apologize.

Dr. Zachary Simon: You did no such thing. You're here to enlist my good will, try to mitigate the damage I'll do to you in that courtroom.

Claire Simms: **closes door behind her** Would you believe me if I said I was sorry?

Dr. Zachary Simon: No.

Claire Simms: Would you believe me if I said I can't stop thinking of you, and I came here to rip all your clothes off and make wild love to you on your desk?

Dr. Zachary Simon: **pauses, thinking before he answers** No.

Claire Simms: Zach—

Dr. Zachary Simon: Don't call me that. You and I are no longer on familiar terms.

Claire Simms: **sighs and steps toward him** You are a doctor. You cannot betray a patient simply to be punitive against me. You are much better than that.

Dr. Zachary Simon: **leans forward, toward her** You overestimate me.

Paul Lewiston's Office

Paul Lewiston has a Barbie-sized Gracie Jane doll in his hand, and pulls a string.

Gracie Jane Doll: Guilty, guilty, guilty.

Paul Lewiston: **chuckles** Can you believe this? They're selling them outside the courthouse. **pulls string again**

Gracie Jane Doll: Oh, don't expect me to swallow that!

Paul Lewiston chuckles again.

Brad Chase: You ask me, I don't think this Jeffrey Coho's all that hot.

Paul Lewiston: **shaking his head** Brad. You're threatened by him.

Brad Chase: No, I'm not threatened. It's just that everybody makes him out to be this superstar, and so far, I'm not seeing it.

Paul Lewiston pulls the string again.

Gracie Jane Doll: Why do we even bother to give 'em trials, folks?

Alan Shore's Home/Hotel Room

Images of romantic mood-setting paraphernalia pass by again, to the strains of "Wipe-Out." Only Alan Shore's shoes and socks—with him in them—are seen by the side of the bed.

Sally Heep: **arising, in her bra and skirt** Your heart's good, right? You get yearly physicals?

Alan Shore: You think you'd kill me?

Sally Heep: It wouldn't look good on my resumé.

Alan Shore: Where are you going now?

Sally Heep: I'm in trial, Alan. I need to get back to the office.

Alan Shore: Can't you just stay a little?

Sally Heep: I'd love to, but no. **exits**

Alan Shore looks disappointed.

Denny Crane's Office

Denny Crane: **pouring Scotch** Wait a second. You want her to talk to you *after*?

Alan Shore: Yes. **taking Scotch from Denny Crane**

Denny Crane: But that would make you the girl.

Alan Shore chuckles.

Denny Crane: I don't even like to talk to them *before*.

Alan Shore: Exactly.

Denny Crane: What's that supposed to mean?

Alan Shore: Forget it. Let's drink. Drink and be *numb*.

Denny Crane: **sitting next to Alan Shore** Alan, after sex, don't we want them to leave?

Alan Shore: I guess I'm just used to being the one who gets up first. You know, it takes 20 minutes for a woman's genital mucosa to return to normal after climax. Sally doesn't even hang around that long. I think there's some humiliation on her part—being with me. It doesn't feel good.

Judge Harvey Cooper's Courtroom

Scott Little (on video): Sometimes, when you get a dream like that, over and over, you wonder if it's some kind of message, you know?

Dr. Zachary Simon (on video): A message from who?

Scott Little (on video): I don't know. Maybe God.

Dr. Zachary Simon (on video): God? Telling you what?

Scott Little (on video): I don't know. Maybe I should do it. That maybe I should do it.

Dr. Zachary Simon (on video): Do it? You mean kill Judge Hooper?

D.A. Jonathan Winant: **turning off the TV with a remote** You felt the need to reveal this session?

Dr. Zachary Simon: I did. I became concerned that Mrs. Hooper's life might be in danger, so I took the extraordinary measure of turning over the tape.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: That's a particularly outrageous thing for a therapist to do.

Dr. Zachary Simon: Well, the tape was made with the patient's consent—for my own use, of course. I felt I had to make it public because I feared for Mrs. Hooper's life, a fear that unfortunately turned out to be justified.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Now, on the tape, he talked about how his loving Mrs. Hooper might go against God.

Dr. Zachary Simon: Yes. It goes to the heart of his infirmity, which I believe borders on psychosis.

Denise Bauer: Objection. That goes to confidential patient—

Judge Harvey Cooper: Overruled. We have covered this.

Jeffrey Coho: Actually, your Honor, what we covered was the admission—

Judge Harvey Cooper: Mr. Coho, you may cross-examine the doctor. You may bring a motion against him in civil court if you feel he breached a duty to your client, but for this proceeding, this testimony is allowed. I ask you, sir, to take your seat.

Lincoln Meyer: **clapping** Attaboy, Judgie Boy!

Judge Harvey Cooper: Mr. Meyer, your next interruption will land you in a jail cell.

Lincoln Meyer: So dramatic!

D.A. Jonathan Winant: You had mentioned a psychosis.

Dr. Zachary Simon: Scott, as the world now knows, is sexually and emotionally obsessed with his own mother. That was mostly what I was treating him for.

Jeffrey Coho: Your Honor—!

Judge Harvey Cooper: Overruled.

Dr. Zachary Simon: His relationship with Mrs. Hooper—there were many similarities. This was a powerful, controlling woman. Scott saw many things in her that he saw in his own mother. Plus one huge advantage.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Which was?

Dr. Zachary Simon: He could achieve sexual fruition with her. In my opinion, he was, on some level, making love with his own mother when he was with Mrs. Hooper. Unfortunately, he didn't simply transfer his lust, but also his anger, his self-loathing, his rage, the hatred he felt for himself in loving his own mother. And since Mrs. Hooper was a participant, he hated her, too. Now, I wish I'd acted sooner. **triumphant look toward Claire Simms**

Denise Bauer: We're dead.

Judge Harvey Cooper's Courtroom

Jeffrey Coho: If you were so worried about Mrs. Hooper's safety, why didn't you turn the video over to the police?

Dr. Zachary Simon: I gave it to her husband.

Jeffrey Coho: Yes, you treat the victim's husband, Judge Brian Hooper.

Dr. Zachary Simon: I do.

Jeffrey Coho: You also treated Mrs. Hooper, the victim, until there was a conflict.

Dr. Zachary Simon: Correct.

Jeffrey Coho: What was that conflict?

Dr. Zachary Simon: That's privileged.

Jeffrey Coho: Oh, suddenly you're the beacon of privilege. You told Claire Simms that Mr. and Mrs. Hooper were having marital problems, that he had anger towards her because of her infidelity, didn't you?

Dr. Zachary Simon: I may have indicated that.

Jeffrey Coho: And yet, you turned the video over to the angry husband, instead of the police. You're not concerned that you may have given the angry husband the idea—perhaps the perfect opportunity—to kill his wife?

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Objection.

Jeffrey Coho: Providing not only motive, but an easy scapegoat in my client.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Sustained.

Jeffrey Coho: You like to embellish, don't you, Doctor?

Dr. Zachary Simon: I do not embellish.

Jeffrey Coho: Oh, come on! The prospect of being on the news—

Dr. Zachary Simon: My word of honor is one of my most prized possessions.

Jeffrey Coho: Did Mrs. Hooper have a crush on you? You told Claire Simms that. Something about transference.

The victim had developed a crush on you.

Dr. Zachary Simon: Transference sometimes occurs.

Jeffrey Coho: Yeah, 'cause you're kinda hard to resist, I bet.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Objection.

Jeffrey Coho: Did Gina Gershon have a thing for you? You kissed her, right?

Dr. Zachary Simon: Well, I'm not really comfortable gossiping about my—

Jeffrey Coho: You gossiped to Claire. You kissed Gina Gershon.

Dr. Zachary Simon: Well, it was—it was not a big deal.

Jeffrey Coho: It was to Gina. Didn't you say she said it was the best kiss of her life?

Dr. Zachary Simon: Well, I'm not sure those were her exact words.

Jeffrey Coho: I have here a signed affidavit from Gina Gershon, marked and identified as "Exhibit F." She said she has never met you. Did that kiss just completely blow her mind? You've never even met Gina Gershon, have you, Doctor? Perjury time, Doc. Have you ever met or kissed Gina Gershon?

Dr. Zachary Simon: **long pause** No.

Alan Shore's Office

Alan Shore is standing on an ottoman; Joanna is smoothing the seams of his trousers.

Joanna: Well, they actually fit quite—beautifully.

Alan Shore has a look of transcendent ecstasy on his face.

Joanna: Although, I myself might want to take the inseam in just a touch. Does that feel right?

Alan Shore: That feels wonderful.

Joanna: **reaching up to the waistband of his trousers** And the waist feels—mm—maybe we can let that out an inch. Now, cuffs or no cuffs?

Alan Shore: I like it when you decide.

Joanna: *pats his foot* Can we sit? *helps him down*

Alan Shore grunts as he sits.

Joanna: So? What's going on?

Alan Shore: Oh, there's a girl—a lovely woman—young, fertile.

Joanna: Mm.

Alan Shore: We have very rewarding sex. *chuckles* And then she leaves.

Joanna: She leaves?

Alan Shore: Yes, yes. She just gets up, and she's on her way.

Joanna: Are you serious about this girl?

Alan Shore: *shaking his head* No. I suppose I'm not serious about her at all. Still—

Joanna: Hmm. She's denying you your post-coital moment.

Alan Shore: I'm sure it means nothing. She's very busy at work.

Joanna: Well, it means you're not content after sex, Alan. You crave sexual praise from her, and when she just jumps out of bed, you feel rejected.

Alan Shore: I don't think I so much crave praise as—*long pause* I mean, I know I'm good. *looks doubtful*

Jeffrey Coho's Office

Gracie Jane (on TV): They still didn't shake the gist of Dr. Simon's testimony, and the video spoke for itself. You do not undo all that with an affidavit from Gina Gershon, who I've only seen play a lesbian slut. I mean, don't get me wrong. Even I snuck into "Showgirls."

Jeffrey Coho turns off the TV with his remote and sighs.

Denise Bauer: Hey.

Jeffrey Coho: Hey.

Denise Bauer: Are you okay?

Jeffrey Coho: Yeah. Tired.

Denise Bauer: You know, you can only play the hand you're dealt, and from where I sit, you have tried a great case. Of course, there's always the possibility that he's guilty.

Jeffrey Coho: This is to make me feel better?

Denise Bauer: Yes, it is.

They laugh, then look at each other. Jeffrey Coho puts a hand up, and plays with her hair, as Brad Chase is passing by and sees them through the windowed wall of the office.

Denise Bauer: I'm engaged.

Jeffrey Coho: Sorry. *pulls his hand away* I, uh—sorry.

Denise Bauer: *looking down* My hand is also engaged.

Jeffrey Coho: *realizing he's moved his hand from Denise Bauer's hair to her hand* Oh. *releases her hand*

Denise, I—how engaged are you?

Denise Bauer: Very.

Brad Chase is beside himself.

Alan Shore's Office

Alan Shore and Sally Heep enter, together.

Sally Heep: A therapist?

Alan Shore: She's willing to see us in my office, so we wouldn't have to—

Sally Heep: Why do we need to see somebody? All we're doing is having sex, and it seems to be good sex.

hands on his fly

Alan Shore: Yes. It goes to *after*.

Sally Heep: "After"? What "after"?

Alan Shore: You leave.

Sally Heep: What do you mean?

Alan Shore: When we're finished, you just get up and leave. I'm feeling some post-coital isolation.

Denise Bauer's Office

Brad Chase: *entering* How's the case going?

Denise Bauer: Tough. Right now, I would settle for Murder Two.

Brad Chase: How's Jeffrey Coho? You know, as a lawyer. Is he good?

Denise Bauer: Yeah, he's pretty good.

Brad Chase: Mm, hmm.

Denise Bauer: Did you want something, Brad?

Brad Chase: Oh, no. No, I'm just checking in. Good luck.

Denise Bauer: Thanks.

Brad Chase: Oh, uh, have you and Daniel set the date?

Denise Bauer: Uh . . . not yet, no.

Brad Chase: Oh.

Judge Harvey Cooper's Courtroom

Claire Simms: How did the affair start, Scott?

Scott Little: One night she propositioned me. I was terrified, but, uh—

Claire Simms: Did you fall in love with her?

Scott Little: I suppose I did.

Claire Simms: Mr. Meyer—he said he saw you two through the window sometimes, and he said that it looked like “angry sex.”

Scott Little: It wasn't angry. It was . . . very physical. I could see how it could look violent. She, uh, preferred it like that.

Claire Simms: Violent?

Scott Little: Physical. She said her husband didn't, you know, satisfy her. She, uh, wanted me to, uh . . . she wasn't into gentle.

Claire Simms: Did you know that this Lincoln Meyer was watching you?

Scott Little: She told me about him. How she had a restraining order against him. She thought he was sick; a pedophile or something.

Lincoln Meyer: Objection.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Mr. Meyer!

Claire Simms: The night of Mrs. Hooper's death—you got there when?

Scott Little: About eight.

Claire Simms: And then what happened?

Scott Little: We made love. We never really did a lot of talking. She just wanted . . . sex.

Claire Simms: Her husband testified that he told her that day of your dreams about killing her.

Scott Little: Well, if she knew, she certainly didn't let on or take it seriously, because, uh, we just made love.

Claire Simms: And then?

Scott Little: And then I left sometime before nine.

Claire Simms: Scott, we've heard some pretty disturbing things about your feelings for your mother.

Scott Little: That's why I was in treatment.

Claire Simms: Dr. Simon feels you'd perhaps transferred your feelings, perhaps even aggression for your mother, to Mrs. Hooper.

Scott Little: I probably did. They were both dominant women, and I felt tremendous guilt. It made me think that my love for Mrs. Hooper could be just as evil, or I should say wrong, as my love for my mother. And here it was much worse. I was actually making love to Mrs. Hooper.

Claire Simms: You dreamt of killing her? And you thought maybe God was telling you to kill her?

Scott Little: I had a lot of self-loathing over all of this. It likely made me hate her on an unconscious level. I would never act on . . . I'm not a violent person. I've never been violent toward anyone.

Claire Simms: You weren't violent that night?

Scott Little: No, I made love to her, and I left. I did not kill her.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: You testified that you were “probably” in love with Mrs. Hooper. You told the police that you weren't. You lied.

Scott Little: I was worried about looking suspicious.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: You lied.

Scott Little: On that. I told the truth about everything else.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: The police asked you for the clothes you were wearing that night. You said you got home and just threw 'em in the laundry.

Scott Little: I did.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: You got home around nine or so and you did laundry?

Scott Little: I didn't want my mother to smell a woman's perfume or—

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Did your mother know about this affair?

Scott Little: I told her it was over.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: You lied to her?

Scott Little: About this—yes.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Have any close friends? *long pause* Have any close friends, Scott?

Scott Little: I don't have any close friends.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: You're a loner, whose only relationship at all, as I see it, is a violent, sexual one with a dominant woman who you had dreams of killing, who reminds you of your mother, who you're in love with.

Jeffrey Coho: Objection.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Overruled.
Scott Little: I didn't kill her.
D.A. Jonathan Winant: Are you lying right now?
Scott Little: No.
D.A. Jonathan Winant: You look like you're lying.
Scott Little: I didn't kill her!
D.A. Jonathan Winant: Thank you.

Jeffrey Coho's Office

Gracie Jane (on TV): "I didn't kill her; I didn't kill her. **high-pitched voice** Auntie Em, come back. Auntie Em, come back." Oh, puhlease. I'm telling you—
Jeffrey Coho: **turning off the TV with his remote** What—? Is Denny Crane good for anything? I thought we—
Claire Simms: This is not a time to panic, Jeffrey.
Jeffrey Coho: What? Are you kidding? Our jury consultants said they didn't believe Scott on the stand, the press is convicting him, and we're down to our final witness. I'd say it's the perfect time to panic. Where is she?

Hallway of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Barbara Little is in a hurry, and she and Alan Shore run into each other.
Alan Shore: Mm. Hello.
Barbara Little: Could you excuse me, please?
Alan Shore: Have we met?
Barbara Little: No.
Alan Shore: Would you like to meet?
Denise Bauer: Barbara, we need to prep your testimony.
Barbara Little: Uh, this man is hitting on me.
Denise Bauer: **showing the way** Jeffrey's waiting for you in his office.
Barbara Little exits, Alan Shore's eyes glued to her bustline; he tries to follow, but Denise Bauer intercedes
Denise Bauer: What is wrong with you?
Alan Shore: If you must know, I've come down with a slight bout of sexual insecurity. Why I'm sharing this with you, I have no idea. Perhaps I feel a connection. Let me just bite . . . something.
Denise Bauer clears her throat, exits. Alan Shore catches himself staring at her, then slaps his hands over his eyes.

Jeffrey Coho's Office

Jeffrey Coho: You admit your bias. Don't be dodgy about that. Of course, you're biased.
Barbara Little: Okay.
Jeffrey Coho: Other than that, be as generous as possible, and convincing. If you can't persuade the jury that you were home with him at 9:30—
Barbara Little: What are our chances? **long pause** Honestly.
Jeffrey Coho: They're not good.
Barbara Little: Do you have children, Mr. Coho?
Jeffrey Coho: One. She lives with her mother.
Barbara Little: And I'll bet when she was born, you made a vow to yourself to *never* let anything bad happen to her. I so protected Scott. Home-schooled him all the way through high school. And nothing bad ever did happen to him. But no matter what, we can't protect them. You need to save my son, Mr. Coho. You *need* to save my son.

Alan Shore's Office

Joanna: Tell her.
Alan Shore: When you just, uh, jump up and leave, it makes me feel cheap, debased; skanky.
Sally Heep: Come on. It's hilarious! We're actually talking to a therapist because I pop out of bed too fast.
Alan Shore: Yes, but when we were together a year or so ago, you always used to roll over and go to sleep after.
Sally Heep: What?
Alan Shore: Like a log.
Sally Heep: What was I supposed to do? It was nighttime.
Joanna: Are you perhaps ashamed of having relations with Alan, because you perceive him to be skanky?
Both Joanna and Alan Shore stare at Sally Heep, awaiting her answer.

Courtroom Corridor

Reporters crowd the elevator, all talking in unison. Denise Bauer, Scott Little, Claire Simms, Barbara Little, and Jeffrey Coho exit, and work their way to the courtroom.

Judge Harvey Cooper's Courtroom

Barbara Little: It was somewhere between 9:15 and 9:30 when he returned.

Jeffrey Coho: You're positive?

Barbara Little: Completely. We watch television together.

Jeffrey Coho: And you never saw him leave the house after he came home?

Barbara Little: No.

Jeffrey Coho: Were you able to observe his demeanor when he got home that night?

Barbara Little: Yes. He seemed fine. If anything, he was upbeat.

Jeffrey Coho: He didn't look shaken or—

Barbara Little: Not at all. And he is not a stoic person. When he's upset, it shows.

Jeffrey Coho: For example?

Barbara Little: For example, when he saw on the news that Mrs. Hooper had been killed, he had an immediate panic attack. He is extremely prone to anxiety and not at all capable of concealing it.

Jeffrey Coho: Now, you're his mother.

Barbara Little: Yes, and I am biased, of course. But that doesn't change the truth that he came home between 9:15 and 9:30 and he did not go out again.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Did you see him do laundry when he got home?

Barbara Little: He may have done laundry.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: You didn't really keep track of him.

Barbara Little: I know he didn't leave the house.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Your son is your life, isn't he, Ms. Little?

Barbara Little: I love my son, like any parent.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: And the idea of him going to prison—oh, boy, I bet you would do almost anything to prevent that.

Barbara Little: I've admitted my bias, but I am telling the truth.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Somebody killed Marcia Hooper, who—

Barbara Little: Did you question all the men she was sleeping with?

D.A. Jonathan Winant: We did, thank you. When the police first questioned you, you denied having any knowledge of Scott's affair with the victim. That was a lie, wasn't it?

Barbara Little: I am not lying now.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: You lied then because you didn't want to implicate him, just like you're lying right now.

Barbara Little: I'm not lying.

Jeffrey Coho: Objection.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: At your custody proceeding, you accused that man *indicates Michael Schiller* right there of molesting Scott, did you not? You later admitted to the court that that was a lie.

Barbara Little: First of all: That was 20 years ago or so.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Why did you lie to the court, Ms. Little?

Barbara Little: I felt it was in Scott's best interest for me to have full custody.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: And you would do almost anything to protect him—even commit perjury.

Barbara Little: I am not lying now.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Yes, we have your word on that. Nothing further.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Mr. Coho, anything on redirect? *long pause* Mr. Coho?

EVERYONE in the courtroom stares at Jeffrey Coho.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Mr. Coho?

Jeffrey Coho: *arises* Ms. Little, have you been lying to protect Scott?

Barbara Little: No.

Jeffrey Coho: According to your ex-husband, Mr. Schiller, you had to know Scott was in love with you.

Barbara Little: He's wrong.

Jeffrey Coho: He says you let it happen. Have you known all along that your son has sexual feelings for you?

Barbara Little: N—no!

Jeffrey Coho: Have you done anything to cultivate Scott's physical interest in you?

Barbara Little: I beg your pardon?

Denise Bauer: *low voice; to Claire Simms* What is he doing?

Jeffrey Coho: Do you date, Ms. Little?

Barbara Little: What's going on here?

Jeffrey Coho: What's going on is: I'm suddenly wondering if this love affair was mutual. Have you been on a date with a man in, say, the last six years?

Barbara Little: What are you suggesting, Mr. Coho?

Jeffrey Coho: Are you in love with your son?

Barbara Little: No!

Jeffrey Coho: Have you had sex with your son?

Barbara Little: Did you tell him that, Scott?

Judge Harvey Cooper: Do not address the defendant.

Barbara Little: Scott—!

Judge Harvey Cooper: Ms. Little!

Jeffrey Coho: I think the question needs to be asked. Did *you* leave the house that night, Ms. Little? The same car would leave the same tire tracks. You'd also have the garage clicker to get in. Did you go to Marcia Hooper's house after perhaps realizing that Scott had *not* broken off the affair as he said he had.

D.A. Jonathan Winant: **soto voce** Oh, you gotta be kidding me.

Jeffrey Coho: It would certainly explain why the house was found entirely free of prints. Not knowing what Scott had touched, not wanting him to go to jail, you went through everything.

Barbara Little: What do you think you're doing?

Jeffrey Coho: Your husband once overheard you arguing with Scott. You were crazed at the idea that Scott was in love with Marcia Hooper.

Barbara Little: I didn't kill Marcia Hooper.

Jeffrey Coho: Oh, I'm sure you didn't mean to. You probably drove over there to confront her, got into an argument, and in a fit of anger, picked up the statuette and swung. Is that what happened, Barbara? Is that what happened?

Barbara Little: I want an attorney.

Jeffrey Coho: You want an attorney?

Barbara Little: I have a Fifth Amendment right not to answer these ridiculous questions, and I want an attorney!

Jeffrey Coho: Your son was trying to break away from you with another woman. You wouldn't stand for it.

Barbara Little: I want an attorney.

Courtroom Corridor

Reporters shout questions in unison, as Jeffrey Coho, Denise Bauer, Scott Little, and Claire Simms walk through the crowd to:

Courthouse Conference Room

Jeffrey Coho, Scott Little, Claire Simms, and Denise Bauer all stand alone in their shock, not making eye contact with each other.

Jeffrey Coho: Well, whaddya know?

Denise Bauer: You staged that. You and Barbara conspired to put on that little one-act play.

Jeffrey Coho: I don't know what you're talking about.

Denise Bauer: **to Claire Simms** Were you in on it?

Claire Simms raises her hands, shakes her head, and walks away.

Denise Bauer: Why didn't you tell me in advance that you planned to cross?

Jeffrey Coho: It just came to me.

Denise Bauer: It just came to you. Wow, wow! So, in addition to risking disbarment, you may have just guaranteed his conviction! If I can see through it, Jeffrey, you *know* the jury can.

Jeffrey Coho: They don't have your far-fetched imagination.

Denise Bauer: You've just committed a fraud on the court!

Jeffrey Coho: I've done no such thing, but if I *had*, you should be glad I didn't tell you, since you'd be obligated to tell.

Denise Bauer: You'd better hope the jury is more gullible than I am.

Jeffrey Coho: All I need is one.

Judge Harvey Cooper's Courtroom

D.A. Jonathan Winant: Did anybody fall for that? First, he said the husband did it. Then, it was all those other men she was having an affair with. Then, I can't be sure, but I think he actually seemed to accuse the father, at least briefly. Oh, and let's not forget Lincoln Meyer, the neighbor. He wanted you to think that *he* was the killer. And then finally, in the most desperate and transparent attempt of all, he goes after Scott's mother. And she played along perfectly, didn't she? **mimicking Barbara Little** "I want an attorney. I assert my Fifth Amendment right." Gee, that ought to give them all reasonable doubt. The evidence, all of it, points to one person being in the house—the defendant, a sick twisted, psychologically infirm young man, loaded with anger, self-loathing. He confessed to his therapist he had compulsions of killing her. Gee, I wonder who could have done it. If any of you were fooled by the defense lawyer's ridiculous Perry Mason theatrics, then shame on you.

Jeffrey Coho: Shame on *you*? How 'bout shame on the police for investigating nobody else but Scott Little? As soon as they saw a video of Scott *talking* about killing Marcia Hooper, it was "Case Closed" for them. Could they

not have looked at the husband? He had motive; he was there; he has no real alibi; he made no attempt to save her. Could they not have looked at Lincoln Meyer, the card-carrying nut-job from next door? He was obsessed with Marcia Hooper. She had to get a restraining order to keep him away. His flowers were found in the room where she was murdered. And yes, Barbara Little. Let's face it: Love obsessions rarely occur in a vacuum. Could she not have loved him just as much? Her whole life is her son. The idea of him falling into the clutches of another woman—? Why was that house so clean of prints? The killer will typically wipe clean just what he or she has touched. But if she didn't know what Scott had previously touched, she would have cleaned everything. How can any of us be *sure* here? As for physical evidence, the only thing the prosecution can establish is that Scott Little mad love to Marcia Hooper the night of the murder. Well, he told them that. He came forward, as innocent people tend to do, and *volunteered* the information. The only reason they arrested him was because of a video and an opinion proffered by an eccentric therapist who runs around telling people he's kissed movie stars he's never even met. This can't turn on his credibility. Talk about reasonable doubt. Reasonable doubt? Come on. It could have been him (*indicates Judge Brian Hooper*), could have been him (*indicates Lincoln Meyer*), could have been her (*indicates Barbara Little*). This whole case screams, "Reasonable doubt," which is typically the case when the police don't investigate.

Another Bedroom

More images of clothes strewn about a bedroom and romantic mood-setting items

Whistle blows

Music:

Come and ride the little train

That's riding down the tracks

To the junction

Petticoat Junction.

Whistle blows.

Brad Chase and Sally Heep are in bed, making love.

Sally Heep: *panting* Oh. Oh, my God. **collapses next to Brad Chase** That was amazing.

Brad Chase: *panting* Phew. Yeah, you're a different girl.

Sally Heep: Wow. That's all I have to say. **snores**

Judge Harvey Cooper's Courtroom

Judge Harvey Cooper: **reads the verdict, then passes it back to the bailiff** Ladies and gentlemen, before we read the verdict, I will caution everyone in this room to maintain order. The defendant will please rise.

Jeffrey Coho, Denise Bauer, Claire Simms and Scott Little all rise.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Mr. Foreman, the jury's verdict is unanimous?

Foreman: Yes, your Honor.

Judge Harvey Cooper nods, voices "Good."

Foreman: In the matter of the Commonwealth vs Scott Little, on the charge of murder in the first degree, we the jury find the defendant, Scott Little, not guilty.

Everyone assembled sighs.

Foreman: On the charge of murder in the second degree, we the jury find the defendant, Scott Little, not guilty.

Everyone assembled sighs again.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, this completes your service.

Denise Bauer: I can't believe it.

Scott Little: It's over?

Judge Harvey Cooper: You are dismissed.

Jeffrey Coho: It's over. **bangs gavel**

Claire Simms smiles at Scott Little and hugs him, then Scott Little and Barbara Little hug, then Jeffrey Coho and Scott Little hug.

Courtroom Corridor

Jeffrey Coho: **to a teeming mass of reporters** Thank you. No comment just yet. Thank you. Just give us a minute. Thanks. Thank you.

Courtroom Conference Room

Barbara Little: I don't know what to say. **hugs Jeffrey Coho**

Claire Simms: **sighs** Well, we need to say something, or the media will be camped where we live.

Jeffrey Coho: **to Scott Little** You okay?

Scott Little: **heavy sigh** Yeah, yeah. Thank you.

Jeffrey Coho: Let's get this over with.

Jeffrey Coho picks up his briefcase, escorts Claire Simms and Denise Bauer out of the room.

Barbara Little: Are you okay, honey?

Scott Little: Yeah. Mom, how did he know?

Barbara Little: **stroking his arm** He knows nothing, baby. As far as Mr. Coho is concerned, it was all a tactic. He has no idea.

Scott Little: But what if they arrest you now?

Barbara Little: There's no evidence to arrest me. And you know, if they ever did convict you, I would have come forward with the truth. You do know that.

Scott Little nods.

Barbara Little: You are all I have, and I love you **kisses his cheek**

Scott Little: I love you, too. **kisses her cheek**

The chaste kiss on the cheek becomes a more romantic, open-mouthed kiss, interrupted by:

Jeffrey Coho: **opening the door** You ready?

Barbara Little and Scott Little both nod.

Barbara Little: Ready.

Jeffrey Coho: Let's get out of Dodge.

Jeffrey Coho, Barbara Little and Scott Little exit into:

Courtroom Corridor

Reporters are all talking at once.

[per closed captioning—no dialogue heard about the din of the crowd:

Jeffrey Coho: **holding up a hand** I'm sure you all have lots of questions, and I want to try to get to everybody—]

Balcony Scene

Denny Crane: She dumped you?

Alan Shore: Well, I think we're looking for different things.

Denny Crane: What are you looking for—a serious relationship?

Alan Shore: Don't be silly. I'm already involved with you.

Denny Crane: You're damn right.

Alan Shore: I just don't like my sex to be empty, Denny. I need intimacy, at least.

Denny Crane: Me, too. That's why I have Shirley Schmidt-Ho.

Alan Shore: **chuckles** I hit on Barbara Little, the client's mother, then Denise. My insecurity is rampant.

Denny Crane: We're—we're sensitive men. Alan, that's who we are. We're needy people. Do you think we could get your therapist to measure me for trousers? I need more room. **pulls string out of his fly**

Gracie Jane Doll: Oh, don't expect me to go for that.

Alan Shore: **laughs** Sometimes the depth of your sensitivity—well, let's just say—

Denny Crane: I reach new depths.

Alan Shore: You do. How are things going with Bethany?

Denny Crane: **holds up 3 fingers** Three dates. Big one coming up.

Alan Shore: You think she'd be upset if she discovered Gracie Jane in your pants?

Denny Crane: No idea. Wh—?

Alan Shore looks sheepish.

Denny Crane: Not a chance.

Alan Shore: Oh, yes.

Denny Crane: Don't lie to me.

Alan Shore: **nodding** Scout's honor.

Denny Crane: I am *not* looking down.

Alan Shore: But you must.

Denny Crane looks down to see an angry Bethany Horowitz, who pulls the string.

Gracie Jane Doll: Guilty, guilty, guilty.

Bethany Horowitz: I don't date disgusting, vile pigs!

Alan Shore: In the doghouse again.

Denny Crane: I gotta get that woman a pair of squeaky shoes.

Alan Shore: You wanna go after her?

Denny Crane: In time. She's gotta learn not to interrupt my special time.

Alan Shore: **raising his glass to toast** To special times and new depths.

Denny Crane: **clinking glasses** My needy friend.

Alan Shore: Indeed.

Denny Crane: Wanna pull my string?

Alan Shore: Maybe later.