

Boston Legal
Lincoln
Season 3, Episode 8
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At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Alan Shore and Denny Crane come off the elevator and walk down the corridor.

Alan Shore: It's a simple paternity test. Why can't you just get the results over the phone?

Denny Crane: I don't know. Beth wants to know in person. So does Bella, and they thought I should be there.

Alan Shore: Okay. But why me? Why should I...?

Denny Crane: For support! For God's sake, Alan! The midget I'm dating could be my daughter! It's not an easy time!

Denny walks off. Alan's cell phone rings. He picks it up.

Alan Shore: *Into the phone.* This is Alan Shore.

Jerry Espenson: Alan! It's Jerry. I have a situation.

Alan Shore: Ha. Again?

Jerry Espenson: This one's not my doing. It's a client and she may be in serious trouble. She came over to go hiking with her girlfriend. Friend didn't feel well. Said she preferred to just hang around the house. My client proceeded to go hiking without her. Then returned. There was her friend, hanging around the house. And when I say hanging, Alan, I mean like piñata. She's dead, Alan! You need to come!

Alan Shore: Did you say dead? **Jerry squeals.** Jerry? Have you called the police?

Jerry Espenson: She doesn't want that. There are concerns, Alan. Aside from the fact her friend is dead. She's worried she may have done it.

Alan Shore: Done what?

Jerry Espenson: Hung her! You need to come! Please hurry!!

In Paula Wilkes's apartment building, Alan comes around the corner, looks down one hallway then turns and walks down another one. He knocks on the first door. Jerry immediately opens the door, looks for a quick moment, then pulls Alan inside and closes the door. He leads Alan into the living room.

Alan Shore: **He sees Paula's hanging body.** Oh my.

Jerry Espenson: Alan, this is Erica Dolenz, Erica. Alan Shore.

Alan Shore: Hello.

Erica Dolenz: Thank you for coming.

Alan Shore: **He walks over to the hanging body to get a closer look. He turns to Erica.** Jerry said you were worried you might have done this.

Erica Dolenz: It wasn't suicide. Her hands were tied. I untied them when I discovered her, in the hopes that... she was already dead.

Alan Shore: Her hands were tied?

Erica Dolenz: Behind her back.

Alan Shore: **He looks at Jerry. Jerry hops.** Okay. **To Erica.** Why do you have concerns that you may have...?

Jerry Espenson: **He nods to Erica.** You can talk to him.

Erica Dolenz: I experienced some kind of a blackout. We argued when she didn't wanna go hiking. I remember going hiking, and coming back here, but I don't remember anything between the hours of ten and twelve.

Jerry Espenson: Erica and I share the same psychiatrist. We're friends of sorts. Don't tell Patty.

Alan Shore: All right. First thing we have to do here is call the police. **To Jerry.** Why haven't you?

Erica Dolenz: I thought I should consult a lawyer first, which is why I called Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: I wanted backup. This is my first hanging.

Alan Shore: Erica, before I pick up the phone, is there anything else I need to know.

Erica Dolenz: Like?

Alan Shore: Anything that could be construed as relevant.

Erica Dolenz: **She sighs.** Well. We were lovers.

Jerry squeals.

Alan Shore: That would be relevant.

At a Medical Clinic, Denny Crane, Bethany Horowitz and Bella Horowitz sit waiting. We hear the 'Final Jeopardy' theme. Finally, Dr Smith enters.

Dr Smith: **To Denny.** You're not the father.

Denny Crane/Bethany Horowitz/Bella Horowitz: Thank you, God.

But Bella actually looks disappointed. Denny takes Bethany's hand.

Denny Crane: Well. Shall we pick up where we left off, my little friend?

Bethany Horowitz: **She pulls her hand away.** Forget it!

Denny Crane: Why?

Bethany Horowitz: Because one of the rules I try to follow in my social life is, 'don't date guys who slept with my mother!'

Denny Crane: Bethany!

Bethany Horowitz: I never wanna see you again!

And she leaves. A beat.

Bella Horowitz: She's tough.

Denny Crane: Hmm.

Bella Horowitz: Denny? If Bethany's out, I am hugely available.

At Paula's apartment, Alan, Jerry and Erica are in the living room while the police are going over the crime scene.

Jerry Espenson: I don't mean to second-guess, Alan, but if we don't let her give some statement, doesn't that automatically make her suspicious?

Alan Shore: Jerry, she can't remember what she was doing for two hours prior to calling you. She cut rope off the victim's hand. She's officially suspicious. **To Erica.** Where is the rope?

Erica Dolenz: In the trash.

Alan Shore: Which they'll undoubtedly find. All in all, better she say nothing. In which case you can expect some sort of detainment.

Detective John Stephenson: **To woman who has just come in.** Excuse me, Ma'am. This is a crime scene.

Renee Winger: This is my lover. **Erica looks back.** I would like to say goodbye.

Detective John Stephenson: You and the deceased were involved?

Renee Winger: Deeply. I would like to say goodbye.

Detective John Stephenson: Okay.

Renee Winger: **She walks over to Paula's hanging body. A beat.** Goodbye. **She turns to look at Erica.** Hello. **They look at each other. She walks out.**

In an apartment, the TV is on with JUDGE GILBERT POTTS DEAD written on the bottom of the screen; Gracie Jane is on screen doing one of her rants.

Gracie Jane: **On TV.** I'm told the official statement from authorities is naming a suspect at this point would be premature. Oh, come on. You've got to be kidding me! **A man, wearing a housecoat, carrying a cup of tea comes in to sit down to watch.** The Judge kicks the case, then this fruitcake, Lincoln Meyer, declares right in open court, "You wrinkly old sack." Cut to three hours later the Judge is found dead, in the parking lot, with a dent in the back of his head. Are the police questioning this sex-perv, wack-a-doo? **Lincoln Meyer takes a sip from his cup.** Hello?! Anybody home? Knock, knock. It's a killer at the door! And his name is Lincoln Meyer! **Lincoln smiles smugly as he watches.**

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in the lunch room, Denise Bauer, holding her cup of coffee, is deep in thought.

Shirley Schmidt: **She comes in.** I got your memo on the obstension doctrine. It really stinks. Denise, do you wanna take some time?

Denise Bauer: No, I, I don't dare.

Shirley Schmidt: Are you okay?

Denise Bauer: It's just that ever since Daniel died, I... All I can think about is...

Shirley Schmidt: **Sympathetically.** Yeah.

Denise Bauer: ...is sex. **Shirley is startled.** I walk down the street anything I pass in pants... I wanna have sex!

Shirley Schmidt: Oh.

Denise Bauer: I'm not kidding, Shirley. I wanna screw anybody and everybody. Denny Crane is looking good to me right now.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh.

Alan sticks his head around the doorway, he looks for a moment then leaves again.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Alan's office, Erica and Jerry are with him.

Erica Dolenz: I'm being arrested?

Alan Shore: I want to surrender you myself, Erica, so they can't parade you past the media as they shove you into the back of a patrol car.

Erica Dolenz: I'll be dragged into court?

Alan Shore: Your arraignment's this afternoon.

Erica Dolenz: This is horrible.

Alan Shore: Erica, let's talk a little about your relationship with the victim, Paula Wilkes.

Erica Dolenz: **Under her breath.** Blessed are they who are merciful for they will be shown mercy. Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall...

Alan Shore: With all due respect to the beatitudes... was she your lover?

Erica Dolenz: Yes.

Alan Shore: And she recently left you?

Erica Dolenz: Yes. For that woman.

Alan Shore: Then how is it that you were still supposed to go hiking with Paula?

Erica Dolenz: We were trying to be amicable, but when I came over, under the pretext of normalcy, to continue our hiking routine, she suddenly didn't feel well.

Alan Shore: Jerry said you take some medication for...?

Erica Dolenz: Ah, mild, non-bizarre, delusional disorder. Sometimes I hear voices.

Alan Shore: Have you heard any lately?

Erica Dolenz: No.

Jerry starts making a buzzing/vibrating kind of noise. Alan gives him a look. Jerry stops.

Alan Shore: Erica? Your last memory, before you blacked out? It was a fight with Paula because she wouldn't go hiking with you?

Erica Dolenz: Yes. I could never hang a person, Mr. Shore. I could never be violent.

Alan Shore: But, the last thing you remember was being angry at her?

Erica Dolenz: Very.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in the corridor, Claire Sims, and Denny are there.

Denny Crane: He wants to see me?

Claire Sims: Evidently.

Denny Crane: Do I know him?

Claire Sims: No. But you're going to love him. **She walks up to Lincoln sitting in the waiting area.** Lincoln! How are you?

Lincoln Meyer: Truth be told, my little cup runneth over with rancor. This Judge that was killed? This Gracie Jane woman is saying perhaps that I did it. She's damaging my good name. Add to that, the police want me to come down and make some sort of statement, and I don't like their tenor. One week I'm their big cog, the next they're speaking to me with a tenor.

Claire Sims: They think you killed Judge Potts?

Lincoln Meyer: That tub of guts reporter's got them all bloated with suspicion.

Denny Crane: **The takes Claire aside.** He's a fairy.

Claire Sims: What do you want, Lincoln?

Lincoln Meyer: Why, I want Denny Crane to be my lawyer, of course. I don't want to be implicated in the murder of that wrinkly old sack. And I should like a name partner to do my bidding.

Denny Crane: **He takes Clair aside again.** Seriously. He's a total fairy.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Alan's office, Jerry and Erica are still with him.

Erica Dolenz: We'll all go to court together?

Alan Shore: Yes.

Erica Dolenz: And they'll lock me up?

Alan Shore: I'm hoping that won't happen. Erica, could you give me two minutes with Jerry and we'll be right out?

Erica Dolenz: Okay. **She leaves.**

Alan Shore: I'd like you to handle the arraignment.

Jerry Espenson: Me?

Alan Shore: I think you can first chair, Jerry. The client has a trust with you, but...

Jerry Espenson: I can do it. I can do it.

Alan Shore: Jerry, if you can't, just say so because this is a first degree murder case.

Jerry Espenson: I can do it. I want to.

Alan Shore: Look at me. We need to get bail. This woman does not strike me as a person who will do well in custody.

Jerry Espenson: Okay.

Alan Shore: Which means you have to take charge in the courtroom. Keep the hops and squeals to a minimum. And focus! If Erica gets locked up it will be very, very bad.

Jerry Espenson: Okay. I can do it.

Alan nods.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Shirley gets off the elevator and walks by Lincoln who is sitting in the waiting area.

Lincoln Meyer: **He gets up.** Shirley, hello! What a smart outfit. I always say it's a very good statement for a law firm when the name partner's a smart dresser.

Shirley Schmidt: What are you doing here, Lincoln?

Lincoln Meyer: Why, I'm client. Denny Crane has decided to be my lawyer.

Jeffrey Coho: Denny Crane is representing you?

Lincoln Meyer: I'm not talking to you, Mr. Dirtymouth. **To Shirley.** I expect to be on the client list, and invited to all the office parties. You and I can dance, Shirley. Get on with our special friendship?

Denny Crane: **He comes up slaps Lincoln on the shoulder.** All set?

Shirley Schmidt: Denny? Are you really representing this man?

Denny Crane: A potential murder case, Shirley! Denny Crane! Back in the saddle.

Jeffrey Coho: **To Claire, who came up with Denny.** You're repping him too?

Claire Sims: Why not?

Lincoln Meyer: I'd love for you to join, Shirley Schmidt.

Shirley Schmidt: Pass.

Lincoln Meyer: That's a mistake.

Brad Chase walks by.

Claire Sims: **Claire sees him.** Oh. **She ducks behind Jeffrey. Jeffrey stands up straight to help hide her.**

Brad Chase: **He comes over.** What the hell was that?

Jeffrey Coho: Word is, you're a serial dater. Claire's afraid her number might be up.

Claire Sims: **She comes out from behind Jeffrey. To Brad.** I realize we haven't actually met, but I don't like you.

Lincoln Meyer: Aren't you a little pepperpot.

Claire Sims: **She grimaces.** Hmm.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in the lunch room, Denise is there pouring herself a cup of coffee when Alan comes in.

Denise Bauer: Big murder case, I hear.

Alan Shore: **He goes to the fridge to get an apple.** Yes. I'm off to the arraignment now. **He comes over to Denise.** Denise. I couldn't help but overhear your conversation with Shirley. I happen to know sometimes grief can trigger the libido. It's got something to do with death causing a biological need to propagate the species. Evidently after 9-11 people were running around like rabbits.

Denise Bauer: Really? **Alan chuckles.** I did not know that.

Alan Shore: **He leans in to her.** If I could ever be of service. **She gives him a look.** To help you cope. **He walks out.**

At the police station, in a witness room, Detective Spindle is questioning Lincoln as Denny and Claire observe.

Detective Spindle: You left the courthouse, and then did what?

Lincoln Meyer: I returned to my house, made some notes for my appeal, had dinner and watched the ball game.

Detective Spindle: The ball game?

Lincoln Meyer: Yes, the ball game? The one where one man throws a ball and the other swats at it with a slab of wood.

Detective Spindle: Baseball.

Lincoln Meyer: Baseball! That's it. I love baseball.

Detective Spindle: Who was playing?

Lincoln Meyer: I haven't the slightest. I'm not into who plays or wins. I just enjoy the sport. I'm a purist.

Detective Spindle: What's the infield fly rule?

Lincoln Meyer: I haven't the slightest. Does it involve a zipper?

Denny Crane: **Under his breath to Claire.** I bet he's more familiar with a zipper than he is with baseball.

Claire Sims: Really?

Detective Spindle: We're gonna ask you to be a part of a lineup.

Lincoln Meyer: Oh, what fun! What position do I get to play?

Detective Spindle: Not a baseball lineup. A police lineup.

Lincoln Meyer: A police lineup? Do I get to hold one of those little sticks the policemen have and swing it with great force?

In a restaurant, Denny and Bella are having drinks at the bar.

Denny Crane: It's like he wants to be arrested. You should have seen him. I think he's one of those weird Liberal, Democrats who's a closet Republican.

Bella Horowitz: Denny, can we talk?

Denny Crane: We're talking!

Bella Horowitz: I must admit, part of me is devastated you're not the father. I always thought you were.

Denny Crane: You never sought child support.

Bella Horowitz: I didn't really want contact with you. I mean, I did, but once you married... Denny our breakup was very painful for me.

Denny Crane: Me too! Twelve stitches.

Bella Horowitz: You took six stitches when we first got together. Remember? I tackled you like a linebacker when you refused to go out with me.

Denny Crane: You hit me from behind.

Bella Horowitz: You loved it! Denny, if Bethany is serious about having nothing further to do with you. I'm serious. How about having something to do with me again?

Denny Crane: You and I were a long time ago, Bella.

Bella Horowitz: I'm still the same woman you fell in love with. The same passionate woman. 'Course I'm not looking to steal my daughter's boyfriend, but if you and Bethany are really over, I want to do things to you... again.

In Judge Paul Resnick's courtroom, all parties present.

Clerk: **As Erica is led in.** Case nine-three-six-six-four-two Commonwealth versus Erica Dolenz, charges: murder in the first degree.

Jerry Espenson: **To himself.** You can do it. You can do it. You can do it.

Alan Shore: **He is standing. He guides Erica to her chair. He turns to Jerry.** Jerry?

Jerry Espenson: Yes?

Alan Shore: Do it now.

Jerry Espenson: **He stands up.** Jerry Espenson. Appearing for the defendant, Erica Dolenz. **To the Judge.** Hello! **To opposing counsel.** Hello! **To the Judge.** We will waive the remainder of the reading and promptly enter a plea of 'Not guilty.' I would like to point out to the court at this time that my client has no criminal record, and she has strong roots in the community and does not pose a flight risk. Moreover, she is under a doctor's care, for which treatment remains essential not only for her well-being, but also to enable her to adequately contribute to her own defense. I would therefore implore this court to release her on her own recognizance.

Opposing Counsel: This is a first-degree murder!

Jerry Espenson: For which my client is presumed innocent. I would remind the court of my client's record, of which there is none. And her roots, of which there are many.

Judge Paul Resnick: One million dollars bond. One hundred thousand cash. **He pounds his gavel.**

Jerry Espenson: Thank you very much, Your Honor. **To Erica.** We'll arrange for bail. In the meantime, speak to no one.

Erica Dolenz: Okay. **She leaves.**

Alan Shore: Jerry, that was fantastic. Are you taking something?

Jerry squeals. Alan pats him on the shoulder.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Denny's office, Alan and Denny are there watching Gracie Jane on the TV on one of her rants.

Gracie Jane: **On TV.** But let's take away all the glaring evidence. The outburst...

Denny Crane: Are you really gonna let him try the case? **He hands Alan a drink.**

Alan Shore: With my supervision. Don't forget, Denny, Jerry happens to be a genius.

Gracie Jane: **On TV.** ... and if he's gay he's guilty of something! Am I the only one with enough guts to say these people are sickos? I mean, surely somebody else out there figured out that! If he won't follow the laws of nature, what are the chances he'll follow the laws of society! Bottom line! Perv in the bedroom! Perv in the world at large!

Denny Crane: **He clicks the remote at the TV to shut it off.** This is all because I didn't satisfy her in bed.

Bethany Horowitz: **She marches in.** May we speak in private, please?

Denny Crane: Anything you have to say, you can say in front of him.

Alan Shore: We're married.

Bethany Horowitz: **She walks up to Denny. Denny leans down to her.** I can get by that you're old.

Denny Crane: Uh hm.

Bethany Horowitz: I can get by that you're old and gross.

Denny Crane: Uh huh.

Bethany Horowitz: But I just can't get by that you've had a history with my very own mother.

Denny Crane: That was a different lifetime, Bethany.

Bethany Horowitz: Don't you see, Denny? She cultivated my attraction for you. She'd talk about you all the time. Leaving out the part that you and she were engaged! It's all very unhealthy.

Denny Crane: **He stands up and looks at Alan. Alan nods.** Bethany, the thing about getting old, a little wisdom has to sink in along the way. There are a lot of reasons not to go out with anybody. But there is only one reason to go out with somebody. **He looks up at Alan who is holding a large sign with the words Denny just said. Alan brings up another sign from the back and places it in front of this one. The new signs reads: (POINT TO YOUR HEART) THIS BABY RIGHT HERE. WHAT'S THIS TELLING YOU? Alan points to the words on the sign.** This baby right here. What's this telling you?

Bethany frowns with indecision.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Denise's office, Brad is pacing the floor.

Brad Chase: If they're trying to provoke a confrontation, they're gonna get one. I am this close to laying him out on his ass. And I'll drop Claire too! Snide little... bitch.

Denise Bauer: Brad? Could it be that the hostility started with you?

Alan Shore: **He comes in.** Brad's right, Denise. These new people haven't shown us our propers. Especially Jeffrey Coho. He's got to go.

Brad Chase: Are you mocking me? Because I'll deck you, too.

Alan Shore: I'm not mocking you at all. You and I, Brad. We have to find a way to get the new guy. Are you in?

Brad Chase: **A beat.** Absolutely.

Alan Shore: We'll make a plan. Could I have a minute in private with Denise?

Brad Chase: Sure. **He leaves.**

Denise Bauer: What's up, Alan?

Alan Shore: I'd just like to apologize for my remarks earlier. Given everything you're going through I feel I should have been much more... explicit.

Denise Bauer: Good night, Alan.

Alan Shore: Denise, you've always struck me as a woman who secretly longs to be debased. It's an awfully big job. But I feel I'm just the man to... do it.

Denise Bauer: Don't stop. I'm curious to see just how low you'll go.

Alan Shore: All the way down. Again. And again. I see the filthy, naughty girl deep inside you, Denise, longing to get out. **Denise try to stay unaffected, but she can't help but let a tiny groan escape as Alan sits himself next to her.** Now, if you're so unwilling to let her out. Perhaps I should go in after her. I brought my snorkel. **He pulls the side-seam of her stretchy pants and lets it snap back.** Take off your pants, Denise.

Denise Bauer: **She tries to keep a straight face and can barely keep from smiling.** Get out.

Alan Shore: **He walks to the door and then turns back.** Let me see your underwear, Denise. **He gives her the look.**

Denise Bauer: **She tries to remain unmoved.** Get out. **A beat as he looks at her. He leaves.**

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Denny's office, Bella is there with him.

Denny Crane: It just seems wrong, Bella.

Bella Horowitz: Denny. Bethany swears to me she's not interested in you anymore.

Denny Crane: Doesn't feel right.

Bella Horowitz: Didn't feel right to you thirty-five years ago. Until suddenly it was love at first tackle.

Denny Crane: The answer is, "No."

Bella Horowitz: What are you gonna do? Go back to one of your skinny little models? Have you forgotten the joy of a full bodied woman. Think back to how I'd flatten you.

Lincoln Meyer: *He marches up.* Hello! Ready for my line up? *To Bella.* Hellooo. Lincoln Meyer. I'm a suspect in Judge Potts' murder. My, aren't you a show stopper. *To Denny.* She's drawn to me.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Alan's office, Erica and Jerry are with him.

Alan Shore: Security camera shows you going in at ten-twenty-seven. You called Jerry at twelve-fourteen. That's almost two hours which would be unaccounted for.

Erica Dolenz: That would be my blackout.

Alan Shore: It also shows her ex-husband going into the building at ten-oh-seven, leaving at ten-ten, four minutes later. He's also agreed to come in. Jerry, I want you to speak to him. I'll talk to the new girlfriend who's also agreed to meet me here.

Erica Dolenz: I can't face that woman.

Alan Shore: You won't have to. Erica, we'd also like to speak with your treating psychiatrist. Learn what we can about your blackouts.

Denise Bauer: *She marches up to Alan.* Excuse me. *She pulls Alan aside.* I just wanted to tell you that what you said to me last night was truly... *She is a bit taken aback when she accidentally pulls him closer than she expected.* ...disgusting.

Alan Shore: Hm. And I assure you, Denise, I'm a man of my word.

Denise Bauer: Uh huh. *Alan looks after her as she flounces off.*

At the police station, in the line-up area, Denny, and Claire stand and wait with Robert Coldwell.

Detective Spindle: *He comes in.* Set?

Robert Coldwell: All set.

Detective Spindle: *He pushes a button on an intercom on the wall.* Bring 'em in, please.

And in come five suspects in the police line-up, Lincoln is number four. Stand facing front, please. *They do. Lincoln has a big smile on his face.* Turn to your left. *As they do, Lincoln poses. Doing everything he can to draw attention to himself, Denny and Claire look in disbelief.* Stand facing forward again. **Another pose.** Turn to the right.

Lincoln actually strikes a pose of Rodin's 'The Thinker.'

Robert Coldwell: Sorry. None of these are the man I saw in the parking lot.

Detective Spindle: You're sure?

Robert Coldwell: I'm positive.

Lincoln waves, then squints and leans forward as he shields his eyes trying to look through the two-way mirror.

At the police station, minutes later, Denny, Claire, and Lincoln exit.

Lincoln Meyer: *Outraged.* He didn't pick me? What do I have to do, kill somebody?

Claire Simms: Uh. Try to cope.

Lincoln Meyer: So what happens now?

Denny Crane: *To Claire.* You said I'd like him. He's an attention-starved wacko, fairy. He couldn't kill anyone.

Lincoln Meyer: *Icy.* I heard that! I'm getting tired of you, Large-Marge. You remind me of Mr. Dirty-mouth. That's what you do. *He marches off.*

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Alan's office, Jerry is speaking to Sean Wilkes.

Sean Wilkes: I went to her apartment at around ten o'clock or so. I'm not sure of the exact time.

Jerry Espenson: May I ask why you went there?

Sean Wilkes: Well, if you must know, I was there to persuade her to take me back. Anyway, she didn't come to the door. So I left. The next thing, the police call me and they tell me that she's...

Jerry Espenson: *A beat.* May I ask, sir... though the police seem to be ruling out suicide... there's some evidence your wife, -- *Corrects himself.* --ex-wife...was having some depression?

Sean Wilkes: The breakup of our family caused her a lot of pain. We have children. But Paula was not suicidal! I mean there is no way...! I, I can't believe that she would do... that.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in the men's room, Brad stands at the urinal. Jeffery enters and goes to the sink.

Jeffrey Coho: Brad.

Brad Chase: Jeff.

Jeffery sneaks a look.

Jeffrey Coho: Bit of a weak stream you got going there. Get you prostate checked?

Brad Chase: What did you say to me?

Jeffrey Coho: Never mind.

Brad Chase: **He zips up and goes to the sink.** So what? You're gonna make fun of my flow now?

Jeffrey Coho: I'm sorry. It just seems a little lackluster. I would think a Marine would be a little more, "Hup! Two."

Brad gives Jeff a look. Jeff turns to look at Brad.

Jeffrey Coho: You're gonna hit me, Brad?

Brad Chase: Oh, you'd just love that, wouldn't you? For me to sink to your level. **He punches Jeffrey in the face.**

Jeffrey Coho: **He straights and checks his jaw.** Impressive. May I respond?

Brad Chase: Oh, please! **Jeffrey punches Brad's jaw. Brad stumbles back a bit, then straightens and used his tongue to check his teeth.** Is that it?

Jeffrey Coho: That's it. **He hits Brad again.** I take it back. Evidently, there was more.

Brad Chase: So? Are we going to take this to the next level?

Jeffrey Coho: What's that? Sex? You'll send me flowers first!

Brad Chase: **He hits Jeffrey. Low.** That didn't hurt.

Jeffrey Coho: **He hits Brad in the face.** That did?

They grab each others shirt fronts and scuffle. They push at each other's face. Paul Lewiston is on his way to the men's room with a newspaper in hand. Brad and Jeffrey exchange blows. Paul comes in. Jeffery shoves Brad who flies through the air ending up at Paul's feet.

Paul Lewiston: Gee! What?

Brad gets up. Jeffrey gives him a "Come to me." motion. Brad takes a running leap at Jeffrey throwing him against the wall.

Paul Lewiston: **He moves in to break them up.** No, stop that! **He hits Brad with his newspaper.** Stop that now! Stop that! Stop it! **Brad pushes at Paul's face as Paul continues beating him with the newspaper.**

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Paul's office, Brad and Jeffrey are sitting in front of Paul's desk. Their hair is tussled but otherwise they are none the worse for wear.

Paul Lewiston: You are grown men!! For God's sake!! And lawyers!

Jeffrey Coho: Ever since I got here he's wanted a piece of me!

Brad Chase: And I got it too, Sport.

Paul Lewiston: Alright! Now what is this really about?

Brad Chase: I don't like him. Somebody needs to beat the crap out of him and it might as well be me.

Jeffrey Coho: Yeah, too bad you can't.

Brad Chase: You don't think so?

Jeffrey Coho: You wanna take it outside?

Brad Chase: Let's go.

They both get up.

Paul Lewiston: Hey! Hey! **They stop.** Sit!

They do.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Alan's office, he sits down at his desk. Emily is there.

Alan Shore: Thank you so much for coming in to speak with me. And please accept my condolences for your loss.

Renee Winger: Thank you.

They look at each other for a moment.

Alan Shore: How long were you and Mrs. Wilkes together?

Renee Winger: Three weeks. We were in love.

Alan Shore: In love?

Renee Winger: I will never get over her.

A beat.

Alan Shore: What did you love about her? If I may ask?

Renee Winger: She was pretty. With a pleasing personality.

Alan Shore: Ah! **A beat.** What do you think Mrs. Wilkes loved most about you?

Renee Winger: I made her laugh.

Alan Shore: Ha.

Renee Winger: Ha.

Alan Shore: You made her laugh?

Renee Winger: I'm funny.

A beat.

Alan Shore: Can you tell me about her mood in the days before her death?

Renee Winger: She seemed sad.

Alan Shore: Sad?

Renee Winger: Sad.

Alan Shore: How sad?

Renee Winger: Yes.

Alan Shore: Sorry?

Renee Winger: You said, "How sad." I agreed, "How sad."

Alan Shore: No, no, no. I was inquiring as to the extent of her sadness. How sad?

Renee Winger: Oh

Alan waits for more. Nothing is forthcoming.

Alan Shore: Did she ever talk of taking her life?

Renee Winger: Once. It was sad.

When she leaves Alan watches her walk down the hallway. Jerry is with him.

Alan Shore: She's very odd, Jerry. Let's do an immediate background check on her.

Jerry Espenson: Okay. Okay.

Alan Shore: What about your psychiatrist?

Jerry Espenson: He's coming in. I also made an appointment with her probate lawyer she's agreed to let us review Paula's will.

Denny Crane: **He comes up.** Can I play?

Alan Shore: Denny, you have your own murder case.

Denny Crane: He didn't do it. He lied to me. He was cleared. Can I play? **A streak of red comes flying through the air against Denny. He ends up on his back, on floor, with Bella straddling him.** Yow! I'm okay. **Bella looks up gleefully.**

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Jeffrey's office, he is there checking his jaw.

Shirley Schmidt: **She comes in.** When you came here I made one request, Jeffrey! One simple request, "Don't step on toes." Silly me for not adding, "Don't punch jaws."

Jeffrey Coho: You also made promises, Shirley. One being this place would accept me.

Shirley Schmidt: I said, "Eventually! As long as you didn't..."

Jeffrey Coho: What's eventually? Just this side of never?

Shirley Schmidt: ... insult people. Which is exactly what you did.

Jeffrey Coho: As soon as I got here I was thrown into a murder case.

Shirley Schmidt: You poached that trial!

Jeffrey Coho: It's been a massive amount of pressure.

Shirley Schmidt: Which you typically feed on.

Jeffrey Coho: And no one to offer any support whatsoever. Not even you!

Shirley Schmidt: Okay. So we all have a little healing to do.

Jeffrey Coho: I'm not looking for your sympathy.

Shirley Schmidt: So much as...?

Jeffrey Coho: Dinner.

Shirley Schmidt: Last time you and I we had dinner, it turned out to be a terrible idea.

Jeffrey Coho: Not for me.

Shirley Schmidt: I am a senior partner here.

Jeffrey Coho: You say that as if it'll get you laid. It will.

A beat.

Shirley Schmidt: Ha. I'm significantly older than you.

Jeffrey Coho: Fine. Then be my significant, older, other. Why do you think I came to Boston, Shirley? The Red Sox?

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Alan's office, Jerry and Dr George Murrow are there.

Dr George Murrow: The blackout was basically a psychological form of amnesia.

Alan Shore: Is this common?

Dr George Murrow: Somewhat. The sight of seeing a loved one hanging... a blackout can almost serve as a psychological defense of sorts.

Jerry Espenson: Will her memory come back? **Then.** I meant to say, “back.”

Dr George Murrow: It could. But I must tell you... her memory loss could have been triggered by something else. Something, I'm afraid, which is medically more common.

Alan Shore: What?

Dr George Murrow: Well... some people block out things they have done. Because they cannot reconcile the act with... who they are.

A beat.

Alan Shore: **Almost afraid to ask.** Which do you think this is?

Dr George Murrow: Really, I can't see Erica hanging somebody. It's a particularly cruel way to kill somebody. It's loaded with hate... maybe even an affinity for torture. That simply is not the Erica that I know.

Jerry Espenson: But...?

Dr George Murrow: But one of the reasons I first started to treat her... when she got angry... the voices she would hear would tell her to do things.

Alan Shore: **Again almost afraid to ask.** Her voices have told her to do violent things before?

Dr George Murrow: Yes.

Alan and Jerry exchange a look.

In a hotel room, Gracie is on the telephone as a lunch tray is placed on the coffee table by a server.

Gracie Jane: **Into the phone.** Don't tell me there's no story. There's never a story, Walter, unless I make it one.

The server is Lincoln. Ah ha! I'm not going down to Aruba again! **Behind her Lincoln picks up a collapsible shovel and opens it up.** If there's no arrest with Lincoln Meyer, I'll focus on the dead lesbian for God's sake.

Behind her Lincoln takes a practice swing against Gracie's head. You sayin' I can't sell that? Yeah. I'll do what I do. Meantime, find me a missing baby. It's sweeps for God's sake.

Lincoln takes a swing and hits Gracie on the side of the head. She falls on to the floor and lies motionless.

Lincoln Meyer: Oops. I didn't see you there.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Alan's office, Jerry and Erica are with him.

Alan Shore: Next we go see Paula's lawyer to see who inherits under her will. It isn't you, is it?

A beat.

Erica Dolenz: Do I inherit under her will? I hardly think so. **Alan looks at her.** Is that why I'm a suspect?

Alan Shore: No. But...

Erica Dolenz: But? What? **Nobody answers.** I don't like the sound of that.

Alan Shore: The big problem, Erica, assuming somebody else did this, why would he or she leave the hands tied for you to discover the body that way. The tied hands clearly rule out suicide.

Erica Dolenz: Well... if this was such a crime of hatred, maybe the killer made no attempt to pull it off as a suicide. Maybe he or she was making a point. **Alan just looks at her.** What? You don't believe me?

Alan Shore: It's not that I don't believe you so much as...

Erica Dolenz: Then what?! **Jerry squeals.** Jerry? You told me everything was going to be alright.

Jerry Espenson: Erica...

Erica Dolenz: You said it would be okay. What is this? What is going on.

Alan Shore: What's going on is we may not be able to win this.

Erica Dolenz: No. No. No! No! No! **She tries to collect herself.** I, I, I'm not gonna go to jail, Jerry. I won't go to jail.

Jerry Espenson: Erica...

Erica Dolenz: Nooooo!!!!

Alan Shore: Erica, please stop screaming.

Erica Dolenz: **She walks up to Alan and holds on to his arms.** You'll take care of me. Right? You won't let me go to prison. You'll take care of me.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Shirley walks down a dark corridor and goes into her office. She starts brushing her hair.

Lincoln Meyer: **He comes to the door.** You look like you're primping for a date. I certainly hope it's with me. **He closes the door.**

Shirley Schmidt: Lincoln, what are you doing here?

Lincoln Meyer: I feel our special relationship has stalled, Shirley. Don't you? I had a brief thought of that Bella, I admit, but my mind always comes back to you.

Shirley Schmidt: I don't know if anyone's ever told you this before, Lincoln, but you're a pretty weird guy.

Lincoln Meyer: Denny Crane was lovely, but I feel you and I could sustain a deeper connection.
Shirley Schmidt: See. The thing is, you don't need a lawyer. The police don't consider you a suspect.
Lincoln Meyer: That's little comfort. What if someone else were to turn up dead? Could I persuade you to get a bite with me, Shirley?
Shirley Schmidt: You could not.
Lincoln Meyer: Would it help if I had a pistol. **He pulls one out.** Oh, dear, I bet if this were a movie we'd have one of those ominous chords play right about now. **An ominous chord plays.**
Shirley Schmidt: What are you doin', Lincoln?
Lincoln Meyer: What you're goin' to do is walk out of here with me, calmly and without incident. You and I need to get on with our special friendship, Shirley Schmidt.
Shirley Schmidt: Lincoln, you're nuts, but you're not this nuts.
Lincoln Meyer: Tonight's date is with me after all, Shirley Schmidt.

In Attorney Shelby Morris's office, she walks out to the waiting area where Alan and Jerry are sitting.

Alan Shore: Thank you for seeing us, Ms Morris. **They shake hands.** I'm Alan Shore, this is Jerry Espenson, who you spoke to on the phone about Paula Wilkes's will.

Attorney Shelby Morris: Yes. **She leads the way into her office.** I believe you both know Ms Winger?

Renee Winger: **She is sitting in front of Shelby's desk.** Hi.

Attorney Shelby Morris: Ms Winger arrived here unannounced, ten minutes ago, with a stunning new development.

Alan Shore: Which is...?

Attorney Shelby Morris: Basically, the will of Paula Wilkes has been superseded. Do you know what a holographic will is, Mr Shore?

Alan Shore: I'm sure I must.

Jerry Espenson: It's a handwritten will. It need not be notarized or witnessed, so long as it's in the testator's handwriting.

Attorney Shelby Morris: Yes. Seems Paula Wilkes wrote out such a will in Los Vegas last weekend on the Botticelli Hotel stationary. **She hands the will over to Alan.** Ms Winger was kind enough to bring it to me.

Alan Shore: How does this will change the old one?

Attorney Shelby Morris: Completely. It leaves all of Ms Wilkes estate to Ms Winger.

Alan looks at Renee.

Renee Winger: She loved me.

Alan Shore: Well, you made her laugh.

Renee Winger: I'm funny.

Alan Shore: Are you telling me this handwritten will is valid?

Attorney Shelby Morris: Completely. It turns out Ms Winger is also a lawyer.

Renee Winger: The plot thickens.

Alan chuckles.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, outside Shirley's office, Jeffrey is looking through the office window into Shirley's empty office.

Jeffrey Coho: Denny? Seen Shirley?

Denny Crane: **He comes down the corridor towards Jeffrey.** Why?

Jeffrey Coho: She was gonna meet me.

Denny Crane: Why?

Jeffrey Coho: We had some business to discuss.

Denny Crane: What sort of business?

Jeffrey Coho: The kind that wasn't yours, actually.

Denny Crane: I told Alan, I'm telling you. Stay away from Shirley. **A streak of red comes flying through the air against Denny. He ends up on his back, on floor, with Bella straddling him.** Yow! I'm okay. **Bella looks up gleefully.**

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

Alan Shore: Denny, she can't keep tackling you. You'll end up in the hospital.

Denny Crane: I know! **He stretches and twists his neck.** Ah! I must admit that the idea of a mother-daughter ménage à twaddle.

Alan Shore: I think you mean trois. **A beat.** How can any mother hit on her daughter's boyfriend?

Denny Crane: Loneliness is the hunter, my friend.

Alan Shore: Denny! That's almost profound! Almost.

Denise Bauer: Hi guys. **Alan and Denny both look back startled.** Just getting some fresh air?

Denny Crane: Why?

Denise Bauer: No reason. I just saw you out here. **She and Alan share a look.** And a... that's all. **They continue looking.** I should get back to work. See you. **She gives him one last look before she turns to leave.**

Denny Crane: What was that all about?

A beat.

Alan Shore: I wonder.

Denny Crane: This little murder case? Is she guilty?

Alan Shore: All women are guilty, Denny, you should know that.

Denny Crane: Ha, ha, ha. Yeah. Guilty of wanting me. Little one, big ones, girls that climb on rocks. **He quickly turns his head to look to his left, then to his right.** Better remember, before I open my mouth, always look both ways for midgets.

Alan Shore: **He chuckles.** That's a good rule to live by.

Denny Crane: You damn right. So! This client of yours, she did it. Huh?

Alan Shore: I don't know.

Denny Crane: Oh, come on! She made hot lesbian love to the victim, got dumped, got even. When's the trial?

Alan Shore: Tuesday.

Denny Crane: This Tuesday?

Alan Shore: Ten o'clock.

Denny Crane: Can you win?

Alan Shore: If she'll let me.

Denny Crane: What does that mean?

Alan Shore: I need to change our plea. She's insane.

Behind them Erica is watching them.

Somewhere, in a dark room, empty, except for a chair on to which Shirley's hands and feet are tied. Shirley has duct tape over her mouth. She struggles to get loose.

**TO BE CONTINUED
With 3x9 "On the Ledge"**