

Boston Legal
The Nutcrackers (formerly Pro Ana Bo Bana
Season 3, Episode 10 (formerly Episode 2)
Written by TBA
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Transcribed by Imamess

This is a very abbreviated script of the anorexia storyline and some others, subject to change. It was originally set for 3x2 in an ep tentatively called Pro Ana Bo Bana but was postponed until 3x10. Some aspects of this script, other than the anorexia storyline, may not be used in 3x10. Character names may have changed since this version of the script was written on July 19, 2006. Check back after the episode airs for one more reflective of the actual broadcast. Please do not distribute. [July 20, 2006]

Scene 1

In Judge Plager's courtroom. Brad Chase is on his feet, finishing a particularly passionate closing. Paul Lewiston is at the defense table, as is their client, Greg Chernack, thirty-four, an uneasy, suspicious looking man.

Brad Chase: ... and no one has proven that Mr Chernack is guilty of murder. Sure, there was circumstantial evidence. But fingerprints can be explained away. Eyewitness identifications are notoriously unreliable. And Mr Chernack's unfortunate history with the victim is not proof of anything. **A beat, as he looks over at Chernack, who so clearly has done it.** They've turned all their big guns on Mr Chernack—the DA himself is trying the case — but there is still plenty of reasonable doubt here. And any reasonable doubt must set the defendant free. You have that doubt. And you have a duty — to this man, to this court, and to this nation — to vote not guilty.

As Brad returns to counsel table, Paul nods approvingly. Brad smiles back. Judge Plager — sober, efficient — clears his throat.

Judge Plager: Mr Bodnar, your closing? **No response.** Mr Bodnar?

But DA Scott Bodnar still doesn't move. A bailiff heads over, prods him. Nothing. Concerned, the bailiff leans over, checks for a pulse, then shakes his head. He looks up at the Judge.

Bailiff: Your Honor, he's dead.

Everyone in the courtroom reacts.

Paul Lewiston: **He then looks to Brad.** I guess he really meant it when he said, "Nothing further."

Scene 2

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt the elevator is packed. Brad and Denise are pushed tightly together. The attraction between them is palpable. Denise attempts to be all business.

Denise Bauer: Heard about DA Bodnar.

Brad Chase: He looked so relaxed and happy. Almost as if he'd won the case. **They continue to ride. Brad finds himself staring down Denise's blouse. He doesn't want to but, well, they're there. And they're still beautiful. Denise looks at him. He tears his eyes away.** So, how's Daniel?

Denise Bauer: On vacation.

Brad Chase: Oh, yeah? Where?

Denise Bauer: **She hesitates.** I'm, uh, actually not sure.

Scene 11 cont'd

Frost: Not a very impressive field.

Paul Lewiston: Perhaps because the primary attribute one needs to run these days is an exceptionally strong stomach.

Brad Chase is intrigued.

Alan Shore and Denny Crane exit the elevator together, carrying their Zone Diet bags. Denny isn't happy.

Denny Crane: **Grumpy.** A pear for breakfast. One damn pear. And what the hell are egg whites? The shell? **They look over at Sofia waiting in the lobby. Re: Sofia.** That woman looks familiar. And why does seeing her make me hungry?

Alan Shore: It's Sofia, our waitress at Fleming's. I'm helping her out with a personal matter. Her daughter has anorexia...

Sofia approaches, distraught.

Sofia Wilson: Alan. There's a problem.

Scene 12

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt in the conference room. Alan and Sofia enter to see Claire Wilson, sixteen, her waif-like figure hidden by baggy clothes. Attorney Shelly Ford, late-twenties, thin and formidable, rises.

Sofia Wilson: **To Claire.** I thought we were just going to talk.

Clair Wilson: We are. But since you got a lawyer, I thought I should have one too.

Attorney Shelly Ford: **Extends her hand.** Shelly Ford, Mr Shore.

Alan Shore: A pleasure, Ms Ford. You're very... adamant.

Sofia Wilson: **To Ford, angry.** Where did you come from? And how is she paying you?

Clair Wilson: We met on my website.

Attorney Shelly Ford: I'm a supporter of the pro-Ana movement and an attorney with Broder, Kurland and Webb. I took this case pro bono.

Denny Crane: **Re: Ford.** More like pro-bony.

Everyone turns to see Denny in the doorway.

Alan Shore: Denny, go to your room.

Denny Crane: **Pouting.** I'm so hungry. **He exits.**

Alan Shore: Could we back up a bit to the 'pro-Ana' movement?

Clair Wilson: It's short for pro-anorexia.

Alan Shore: So, you're in favor of a disease...

Attorney Shelly Ford: Pro ana is not a disease, Mr Shore. It's a lifestyle choice.

Clair Wilson: Like being gay or atheist.

Attorney Shelly Ford: We're out of the closet. We're not ashamed of it. We're tired of all the nasty labels and we're proud of the way we live.

Alan Shore: Oh, my.

Sofia Wilson: **To Claire.** You're going to starve to death. How can I be more clear?

Clair Wilson: And as usual, you heard nothing.

Sofia Wilson: Liver failure, muscle loss.

Clair Wilson: Stop it.

Sofia Wilson: Dental problems. You stopped your period a year ago. Do you want to have children?

Clair Wilson: Stop it!

Alan Shore: **He breaks it up.** Why don't we all stop? Let's take a deep breath, shall we? Remember the Chinese proverb — to show patience in a moment of anger is to escape a hundred days of sorrow.

Attorney Shelly Ford: Well, my client's through being patient. And the only thing we need to talk about is this: either let her live her life the way she chooses to, as an adult...

Sofia Wilson: I can't do that.

Attorney Shelly Ford: ...Then we will see you in court. **She gets up, taking Claire by the hand. She exits.**

Scene 13

During the day at a diner, Brad sits across the table from an overweight, disheveled, and terminally distracted political consultant: Al Farber.

Brad Chase: You come highly recommended. **One eye on the cable news playing behind the counter, the other on his Blackberry, Farber just nods** By Congressman Raidt.

Al Farber: **He still doesn't look up. Dismissive.** Raidt. Exurban women and gays love him. Couldn't make a dent with the red meat eaters. Why do you want to be District Attorney? In fifteen seconds.

Brad Chase: Well, everyone's always complaining, but no one ever does anything —

Al Farber: **Cutting him off.** — never start with a negative.

Brad Chase: Okay. **Adjusts fast.** The next DA will have a chance to make this city great again. By standing up, making a difference — a positive difference — one person, one case, one neighborhood at a time.

Al Farber: You just said nothing. Perfectly.

Brad Chase: That's not what I want to do. I'll be honest with you, something's been missing from my life for a very long time. Probably since I left the military. And right now, this seems to be the direction to go in. **Then.** So if I were to do this, how soon could I get into the race?

Al Farber: Soon as you're ready to take a half million dollar pay cut. **Brad pauses, not having considered that.** And trade in that swanky office with a view for a few card tables in a warehouse somewhere. **A beat.** And, of course, lose all those Harvard-trained associates doing your bidding. They'll be replaced by the normal assortment of crazies who thrive on the hideous hours and terrible pay of a campaign. But don't worry – they only embarrass you about half the time.

Brad Chase: **Brushing him off.** Campaign's eight weeks. **Then.** And at the end of it, I'd be the next District Attorney of the city of Boston and outlying areas.

Al Farber: And, as DA, the mayor blames you for every one of his screw ups. The city council is up your ass. The cops are beating on you to prosecute every case, especially the ones without evidence. And every immigrant community where a kid gets a DUI brands you an opportunistic racist.

Brad Chase: You haven't scared me yet.

Al Farber: Yes, I have. If you wanted this, you'd be flushed, not pale. Hell, you'd have brought me a list of every person you know and we'd already be calling them for seed money. **A beat.** Go back to your firm, Mr Chase. There's always another race.

Brad suddenly wonders why he came.

Scene 15

In Judge Francis Hodge's Family courtroom. Alan and Sofia are at the defense table. Claire is on the stand. Judge Francis Hodge presides. Ford is on direct.

Clair Wilson: ... I don't do drugs and I don't drink. I take AP classes and I get straight A's.

Attorney Shelly Ford: And you're graduating early...

Clair Wilson: With honors. I like school, especially theater and dance. When I was an underclassman, they said I was pear-shaped. I always played the best friend, or the crazy aunt. **Then, confident.** Now I just finished playing Sandy in Grease. I get everything that I want.

Attorney Shelly Ford: You also have a website, don't you?

Clair Wilson: It's called "Thinspire." It's a support community for goal-oriented young women. We offer suggestions and post articles on how to live a more "thinspirational" life.

Attorney Shelly Ford: And how do you plan to support yourself financially?

Clair Wilson: I model. I'm just getting started, really. I've done fashion shows for a few local department stores, but recently I've gotten a lot of catalog work. It's pretty steady and they pay me a hundred twenty-five an hour.

Attorney Shelly Ford: Sounds to me like you're doing pretty well for yourself, Ms Wilson.

Clair Wilson: Yes, I am.

Attorney Shelly Ford takes a seat.

Alan Shore: He rises. Ms Wilson, how much do you weigh?

Clair Wilson: Ninety-five pounds.

Alan Shore: What did you have for breakfast this morning?

Clair Wilson: I had... a diet soda and a cracker with some butter spray on it.

Alan Shore: You must have been stuffed.

Attorney Shelly Ford: Objection.

Judge Francis Hodge: Sustained.

Alan Shore: Tell me, what did you eat for lunch?

Clair Wilson: I didn't eat lunch. I can't eat when I'm stressed out.

Alan Shore: So how many calories is that so far today?

Clair Wilson: I couldn't say.

Alan Shore: Ms Wilson, you're under oath.

Clair Wilson: Sixty.

Alan Shore: Are you aware the daily required number of calories for someone your age and height is between eighteen to twenty-four hundred?

Clair Wilson: And are you aware that two out of three Americans are overweight? No one is calling them sick? I'm healthy. I watch what I eat, I exercise. Ask any fat girl in my school if she'd trade places with me.

Alan Shore: Some would say that's a reflection of our sick culture. Speaking of sick, Ms Wilson, are you aware that the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of mental disorders defines anorexia nervosa as a mental illness?

Clair Wilson: I'm not surprised. Thirty years ago they said the same thing about homosexuality. But now we know better, don't we, Mr Shore?

Alan Shore: *He studies Claire a beat.* Excellent, Ms Wilson. You've been very well prepared. *He nods to Attorney Shelly Ford.*

Scene 21

It's evening, in a diner. Brad walks up to Farber at his booth. He pulls out a couple of typed pages. Farber picks them up, scans them.

Brad Chase: Seventy-six names with more coming.

Al Farber: Get each of them to pony up five hundred.

Brad Chase: What's that buy?

Al Farber: Me. We'll start by getting a poll going, find out what people want in their district attorney.

Brad Chase: Would I have to leave my firm immediately?

Al Farber: The day you declare.

Brad Chase: Then maybe I wait a while.

Al Farber: I'll tell you when to jump. In the meantime, you're going to every event I send you to, stick to the talking points I write and spend every waking minute dialing for dollars. Understood?

Brad Chase: Got it.

Al Farber: Now'd be a good time for you to tell about the skeletons in your closet. All of them.

Scene 24

In a photographer's studio. Alan enters upon a photo shoot in progress. A photographer snaps away as Claire models a kid's spring outfit for a catalogue.

Photographer: That's great, Claire. And one more. *Finishes.* Nice work, Sweetheart.

As the Photographer and his crew move off, Claire spots Alan. She approaches him and pulls him out of earshot of the crew.

Clair Wilson: What are you doing here?

Alan Shore: I came to talk. Shall we do it here or over by the craft service cart?

Clair Wilson: You can talk to my lawyers. I'm working.

Alan Shore: To the point. You are very mature, which is why I wanted to have a chat. You see, a recently-prone friend made me realize what this was really all about: You want to be an adult. Fine. Let's be adults. Grown up to grown up, drop this suit.

Clair Wilson: My lawyer says I'm going to win.

Alan Shore: *Continues on.* Because if you don't, you'll be exposed to an interesting fact about adults. They... we, actually, don't play fair.

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