



**Boston Legal
The Nutcrackers**

Season 3, Episode 10

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This transcript is not official or taken from the actual script. It is transcribed from watching the broadcast.

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At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Annabelle Carruthers is in the reception area arguing with receptionist.

Annabelle Carruthers: Don't talk to me about appointments; my husband didn't have an appointment with death!

Receptionist: It's just that without a scheduled appointment there's no one that I can get you in to see.

Annabelle Carruthers: I am not leaving until I meet with a lawyer!

Paul Lewiston hearing the commotion enters the reception area.

Paul Lewiston: What seems to be the matter?

Annabelle Carruthers: This skinny little thing here won't take my business because I'm black. *That's* what's going on.

Paul Lewiston: I'm sure that's not the case.

Annabelle Carruthers: Well how would you know, were you here?

Denise Bauer hearing the commotion comes to see what the commotion is.

Denise Bauer: What's going on?

Receptionist: **Whispering** Evidently her husband was struck and killed by lightning. She wants to sue God.

Paul Lewiston: Ahhh.

Annabelle Carruthers: Your talking about me, don't think I don't know you are talking about me.

Now a crowd is gathering around the reception area to see what all the commotion is.

Paul Lewiston: Mrs. ahh????

Annabelle Carruthers: I am not leaving! You gonna have to bring in a bulldozer and plow me out. **Placing her purse on the receptionist's desk.**

Paul Lewiston: I'm sure that won't be necessary.

Paul and Denise are whispering.

Denise Bauer: Let me just speak with her.

Paul Lewiston: Absolutely not, anybody but you.

Denise Bauer: What is that supposed to mean?

Paul Lewiston: I know you, Denise. You'll probably wind up taking this case.

Denise Bauer: And what is *that* supposed to mean?

Annabelle Carruthers: Where is my lawyer? Ten seconds and I scream.

Paul Lewiston: No, Please don't do...

Annabelle Carruthers: **Screaming** ONE

Paul Lewiston: OK **whispering** to Denise Meet with her, but that's it.

Denise and Annabelle walk off. Brad Chase walks up.

Paul Lewiston: Brad, go with Denise, make sure she does not take this case.

Alan is in his office. He sets his briefcase on the floor and is removing his coat. Shirley walks up behind him.

Alan Shore: Shirley, I was just thinking of you.

Shirley Schmidt: Were you now?

Alan Shore: **walking to his desk and sitting** Well, not you specifically, your doll. **Shirley gets a puzzled/shocked look on her face.** I thought I ought to put in some hard hours practicing with her in preparation for finding you under the mistletoe at the Christmas party and stemming your yuletide with my skilled and darting tongue. You are coming to the Christmas party aren't you Shirley?

Shirley Schmidt: I wouldn't dream of missing it. **Throwing a file on Alan's desk.**

Alan Shore: What's that?

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, that's just a case I'm assigning. Something senior partners tend to do on occasion. This is one of Edwin Poole's cases. It seems to have slipped through my crack. So I thought you'd find it especially tasty.

Alan Shore: Ah. What kind of case?

Shirley Schmidt: A woman is trying to get custody of her sisters' twins. Evidently the little girls are budding country music stars and the woman feels that this is no way to raise children.

Alan Shore: **getting up to get the file** You can't be serious. She's trying to get custody because the girls sing?

Shirley Schmidt: The sister it seems is a bit protective. Anyway, we represent the mother and father. The trial starts tomorrow and you need to meet the clients.

Alan Shore: What's my motivation?

Shirley Schmidt: I beg your pardon?

Alan Shore: My characters' motivation? I can't just jump cold into a case Shirley. I need incentive.

Shirley Schmidt: Such as?

Alan Shore: Well... Let's say if I win, you have to dress up as a playboy bunny for the Christmas party. Think of morale Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: And if you lose, *you* dress up as the bunny?

Alan Shore: Even better.

Shirley Schmidt: Fine then. You have a bet.

Shirley smiles and leaves Alan looking puzzled.

Alan Shore: **to himself** What am I missing?

Alan Shore and Denny Crane are having dinner in a restaurant.

Sophia Wilson: How is everything guys?

Denny Crane: **mumbling with his mouth full** Wonderful.

Alan Shore: Wonderful Sophia, I have a feeling this was a happy cow.

Sophia Wilson: Mr. Crane may I speak with you for a minute?

Denny Crane: Absolutely, is it sexual? I need more butter.

Sophia Wilson: No it's a legal thing, and it's personal.

Alan Shore: **getting up** I'll get the butter.

Denny Crane: **to Sophia still eating** Sit, sit, sit, sit, sit. **Sophia sits. Denny swipes potatoes from Alan's plate.**

Sophia Wilson: It's about my daughter Claire. She's sixteen and I'm losing her.

Denny Crane: Drugs?

Sophia Wilson: No, she's got anorexia. We've been fighting about it for months. She says nothing's wrong and then she starts screaming at me and I start screaming back. **Denny swipes more potatoes from Alan's plate.** Last week she moved out, she's staying with her girlfriend and today I got served with this **pulling paper out to hand to Denny.**

Denny Crane: Looks like a legal thing. A document. **Still eating.**

Sophia Wilson: She wants to be emancipated. I'm really scared Mr. Crane.

Denny Crane: **taking more of Alan's potatoes** Sophia, bring her into my office and I'll talk some sense into her. Failing that, maybe a couple of cupcakes.

Sophia Wilson: What exactly are you gonna say?

Denny Crane: **taking more of Alan's potatoes** Well, I'll tell her, man needs to eat. **Denny burps.** Excuse me.

Alan returns with the butter. Stops and notices all his potatoes are gone from his plate, then looks to Denny, Denny looks up at him like he's been caught.

Denny Crane: It wasn't me.

Back at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Denise Bauer, Brad Chase and Anabelle Carruthers are in Denise's office. Brad is standing behind Denise.

Denise Bauer: You must know that any judge is going to laugh at a claim like this. Anabelle, what's really going on?

Annabelle Carruthers: I'm angry. My husband was not meant to die and I'm angry that people just seem to flick it off like...

Denise Bauer: What do you mean they flick it off?

Annabelle Carruthers: Like somehow because he got struck by lightning, it was meant to be. You get cancer, you die in a car crash, it's tragic. But a lightning bolt... his number was up, accept it, well I can't accept it. And suing somebody, maybe even God... I just want to give voice to my rage. That's all. He was the only man I ever loved. How can God just take him away?

Anabelle is obviously hitting a nerve with Denise.

Brad Chase: **in a low voice to Denise** Don't even think about it.

Annabelle Carruthers: I was talking to him when it happened you know. He was on the golf course. I called him on his cell. I heard the crack and he was gone. I'm sorry. I can't just sit home and grieve. I just have to do something.

Denise Bauer: Mrs. Carruthers.

Brad Chase: in a stern voice Denise

Denise Bauer: I'm going to take your case.

The Tanner family in Alan Shore's office.

George Tanner: They're beautiful, well behaved...

Ellen Tanner: We home school, on the road as well.

Alan is looking through the case file.

Ellen Tanner: My sister has issues.

Alan Shore: She's suing for custody because of what they sing?

George Tanner: Basically she thinks the songs and our values are too conservative.

Ellen Tanner: Would you like to hear them perform Mr. Shore?

Alan Shore: Delighted.

The mother picks up a guitar. The twins sing.

Katey and Lauren Tanner: singing Rise up and shine, America's sons and daughters, Rise up and shine, you've got to fight to part those waters. **Alan smiles not yet realizing what he is hearing. Shirley peeks around the corner smiling waiting for Alan to realize what she has gotten him into.** When we swim in the light, all will be okay The black, yellow and brown man will wash away. Yes the black, yellow and brown man will wash away. **Alan now looking shocked as he realizes what is the song is about.** Rise up and shine, Americas sons and daughters, you've got to fight to part those waters. When we swim in the light all will be okay.

Ellen Tanner: My sister thinks we're racist.

Alan Shore: Got it.

Katey and Lauren Tanner: singing The black, yellow and brown man will wash away. **Shirley still smiling around the corner as she watches Alan.** Yes the black, yellow and brown man will wash away.

Alan Shore walking up to Shirley Schmidt in the halls of Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Alan Shore: Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: Yes Alan.

Alan Shore: You didn't mention that the clients were white supremacists.

Shirley Schmidt: Didn't I? That doesn't seem right. Does it?

Alan Shore: No, it doesn't, Shirley, and I've always considered you such a beacon of fair play.

Shirley Schmidt: Well, look on the bright side. You'll look great in that bunny outfit. Think of morale, Alan. Motivated yet?

Claire Sims walking into a room full of women at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Claire Sims: Okay, you are all here for the assistant position. I will be interviewing you one by one. Each of you will have about three minutes. **walking around the room handing out papers.** I do not care about your dreams for world peace. You will not impress me with your concerns for whales, A.I.D.S. babies, or greenhouse emissions. And if you're religious, for God's sake keep it to yourself. All I want to know is how fast you type, what's your experience, level of education and... **recognizing one of the applicants as Clarence/Clarice Clarice.**

Clarence/Clarice Bell: feminine voice Don't look at me like that.

Claire Sims: You're applying for the assistant position?

Clarence/Clarice Bell: I have skills.

Claire Sims and Clarence/Clarice Bell walking into Claire's office.

Claire Sims: Okay, wig off.

Clarence/Clarice Bell: You first, Ho.

Claire Sims: Clarence, wig off!

Clarence reluctantly removes the wig.

Claire Sims: What's going on?

Clarence Bell: I quit the other job. It wasn't the same after they took me back.

Claire Sims: And what makes you think that you could be a legal secretary?

Clarence Bell: I went to law school. And Clarice has good people skills.

Claire Sims: You went to law school?

Clarence Bell: I never practiced. But - - but Clarice knows everything I know and - -

Claire Sims: Okay, I am not hiring Clarice. I don't even like Clarice. **Clarence is gathering his stuff to leave.** I will hire you - - on a trial basis.

Clarence Bell: I don't think I... It's too high pressure. I have to be her.

Claire Sims: The offer is extended to Clarence, not Clarice. **Claire throws Clarice's folder in the trash.**

Denny and Sophia Wilson are in the conference room with all sorts of sweets and pastry's on the table. Shelley Ford and Claire Wilson enter the room.

Sophia Wilson: I thought we were just gonna talk.

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

Shelley Ford: Shelley Ford.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane.

Sophia Wilson: Where did you come from, and how is she paying you?

Claire Wilson: We met on my web site.

Shelley Ford: I'm a supporter of the pro-ana movement and an attorney with Yannetti, Bauer & Lewis. I took this case pro bono.

Denny Crane: And what the hell is pro-ana?

Claire Wilson: It's short of pro-anorexia.

Denny Crane: Now wait a minute. You're in favor of a disease?

Shelley Ford: Pro-ana is not a disease, Mr. Crane. It's a lifestyle choice.

Claire Wilson: It's like being gay or an atheist.

Shelley 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.

Sophia Wilson: You're going to starve to death! I don't know how to be more clear.

Claire Wilson: And once again, you heard nothing.

Sophia Wilson: Liver failure, muscle loss!

Claire Wilson: Stop it!

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

Claire Wilson: Stop it!

Shelley Ford: **pulling Claire to her feet to leave** Mrs. Wilson, you indicated you had something to say. What is it?

Sophia looks to Denny.

Denny Crane: You're too skinny. Snap out of it. **Denny slides a tray of desserts toward Claire**

Shelley Ford: I guess we'll see each other in court.

Denny Crane: Not if you turn sideways.

Everyone looks to Denny shocked.

Denny Crane: What?

Paul Lewiston, Denise Bauer and Brad Chase are walking in the hall of Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Paul Lewiston: You did what?

Denise Bauer: If we can just get past summary judgment...

Paul Lewiston: You won't get past it. Suing God? Have you lost your mind? And you...

Brad Chase: Yeah.

Paul Lewiston: I told you to prevent this from happening.

Brad Chase: I tried.

Paul Lewiston: You tried!

Jeffery Coho enters

Jeffrey Coho: What's up?

Paul Lewiston: **sighs** Brad and Denise have decided to represent a woman suing God.

Jeffrey Coho: **laughs**

Brad Chase: I didn't decide. She ...

Paul Lewiston: You both bear responsibility for taking this case. You both will figure out a way to beat summary judgment.

Jeffrey Coho: That shouldn't be too hard.

Paul Lewiston: Do you know the facts of this case, Mr. Coho?

Jeffrey Coho: No, but anybody can get a case past summary judgment. **Looking to Brad** Maybe not.

Paul Lewiston: Okay. All three of you will bear responsibility.

Jeffrey Coho: Whoa, whoa, no.

Paul Lewiston: No, no! You just got yourself assigned. You can take this opportunity to further your bond with Mr. Chase.

In a conference room at Crane, Poole, and Schmidt Alan Shore, The Tanner family, Juliette Monroe and Annette Shaw sit around the conference table.

Annette Shaw: I was raised the same way they were. Our parents told us the same stories. About there being no holocaust, the blacks mongrelizing the pure white race, the whole deal. But I was able to come out from under it.

Ellen Tanner: And now you're trying to put your stamp on our children.

Alan Shore: Ms. Shaw, Ms. Monroe, regardless of my personal feelings about this case. I can assure you of one thing, you have no legal standing to challenge custody here. The court wouldn't dare take children away from their parents because of said parent's political beliefs.

Juliette Monroe: Mr. and Mrs. Tanner are extremists, and they are hazardous to their own children's welfare as well as society. And we are prepared to prove that this custody battle is not only a matter of child welfare, but of national security.

Denny Crane and AlanShore sitting in one the offices eating.

Alan Shore: She actually cited national security as grounds for taking children away from their parents.

Denny Crane: White supremacists are hate cells. Hate cells are a breeding ground for terror. It's a fact.

Alan Shore: If seeing Shirley in pink ears weren't incentive enough, I think I actually might have to fight this one on principle. **Alan slurping from his drink.** So basically, we've both got mothers trying to hang on to their daughters. Maybe we should critique each other's closings. **Alan slurping his drink. Denny looks at him like he just said something horrible.** What?

Denny Crane: You - - you don't think I can do this?

Alan Shore: I most certainly didn't say that.

Denny Crane: Oh, yes you did. You don't trust me.

Alan Shore: Denny - -

Denny Crane: I know you too well, Alan. You don't think I can handle this solo.

Alan Shore: I'm simply saying, given the enormity of the stakes, it can't hurt either of us to get feedback.

Denny Crane: Right. **Throws his lobster bib onto the table.** I'm getting sick of having to prove myself to you. **Then gets up and walks out.**

Clarence Bell is sitting at desk listening to the phone ring. Claire Sims walks up behind him.

Claire Sims: Clarence, one of your duties would be to pick up the phone when it makes noises like that.

Clarence Bell: I ... I can't. Can you at least let me be her on the phone?

Claire Sims: Okay. I will let you be her on the phone at the beginning, but you will not be calling our clients "Hos". And after a month, you will have to be you all the time, including when you are on the phone.

Clarence Bell: Thank you. **Picking up the phone, speaking as Clarice.** Claire Sim's office. This is Clarice Bell speaking.... Yes, yes indeed.

In the Judge Mike Matsumura's courtroom one of the Tanner Twins is on the stand.

Katey Tanner: This summer we sang at a Patriot's day picnic in Richmond and at the solstice festival in Tampa. Also, we got to do the national anthem at an anti-immigration rally in Ft. Payne.

Juliette Monroe: Katey, do you ever wish that, instead of having to perform at those kinds of gatherings, that you could do fun things like other kids... summer camp, Disneyland?

Katey Tanner: Performing is fun for us, and it's important. We're standing up for something.

Juliette Monroe: And what exactly are you standing up for?

Katey Tanner: White pride. I mean other groups are allowed to be proud of themselves, right?

Alan Shore: Objection. Katey, sweetheart, you weren't asked a question.

Judge Mike Matsumura: I'd like to hear from Katey.

Katey Tanner: It used to just be, like, blacks with their marches and history month and stuff. Now it's everyone, like the Mexicans. They illegally cross our borders then say they want to become Americans. But at their rallies, they just wave their Mexican flags and talk Spanish. With our songs, we're saying that whites need to stand up and fight back, because the minorities, they're winning.

Juliette Monroe: Winning what?

Katey Tanner: The race war. Not, like with gun, with babies. The Mexicans, the Chinese, they're all having as many kids as they can so they can take over. Whites are already a minority in California, Texas and New Mexico. We've pretty much lost those states already.

Juliette Monroe: And who told you that?

Katey Tanner: I learned it in school.

Juliette Monroe: Your home school? The one that your mother teaches?

Katey Tanner: Yes.

Alan Shore approaches the bench.

Alan Shore: Katey, have your parents ever hit you?

Katey Tanner: Hit me? No.

Alan Shore: How about Lauren? To your knowledge, have they ever been violent with her?

Katey Tanner: No, they love us.

Alan Shore: Do the two of you always get enough to eat?

Katey Tanner: Um, yeah.

Alan Shore: How about your health? Any aches or pains not being attended to, perhaps a sore throat from all that singing?

Katey Tanner: No.

Alan Shore: Okay, now, Katey, Ms. Monroe mentioned that your mother is your teacher. Given all that time you spend traveling and performing, does she ever let you slide a little when it comes to school?

Katey Tanner: I wish. We do way more homework and get better test scores than kids in regular schools. And whenever we take a trip somewhere, our dad always turns it into a total history lesson.

Alan Shore: I can imagine. So, you're safe and well fed, healthy and successful. Let me ask you. As long as you and your sister could be together, and if it were up to you, with whom would you want to live?

Katey Tanner: We want to live at home with our family.

Brad Chase, Jeffrey Coho and Denise Bauer in an office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Brad Chase: Sue the Church?

Jeffrey Coho: Why not? A lightning bolt is an act of God. The church holds itself out as an agent of God. Let's slap the Episcopalians.

Brad Chase: It's ridiculous.

Jeffrey Coho: You got a better idea?

Brad Chase: You're the one that's supposed to have the better ideas, because you said we could beat this in summary judgment.

Jeffrey Coho: Okay, here's an idea. Why don't we tell the judge to kiss my ass? That can work pretty nicely if you say it just right. Let me practice. **To Brad.** Kiss my ass. What do you think?

Brad approaching Jeffery. Denise getting up to stop them.

Denise Bauer: No, no no, no, no. no! **Denise standing between Brad and Jeffrey.** Unh-uhn. That's enough.

In Judge Rose Olsheim's courtroom. Claire Wilson is on the stand.

Claire Wilson: I don't do drugs, and I don't drink. I take A.P. classes, and I get all straight A's.

Shelley Ford: And you're graduating early?

Claire Wilson: With honors.

Shelley Ford: You also have a web site, don't you?

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

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

Claire Wilson: I model. Well, 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 I make about \$125 an hour.

Shelley Ford: It sounds to me like you're doing pretty well for yourself, Ms. Wilson.

Claire Wilson: Yes, I am.

Denny Crane: What did you have for breakfast this morning?

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

Denny Crane: And lunch?

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

Denny Crane: So, how many calories have you had today?

Claire Wilson: Sixteen.

Denny Crane: Are you aware that the daily required number of calories for someone of your age and height is somewhere between 1,800 and 2,500?

Claire Wilson: And are you aware that two out of three Americans are overweight? No one's calling them sick. I'm healthy. I watch what I eat and I exercise. You can ask any fat girl at my school if she'd want to trade places with me.

Denny Crane: Now don't go knocking fat girls. I love chubby sex and I'm sure your honor does.

Judge Rose Olsheim: Mr. Crane!

Denny Crane: Ms. Wilson, are you aware that the "Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders" defines anorexia nervosa as a mental illness?

Claire Wilson: Thirty years ago they said the same thing about homosexuality.

Denny Crane: Exactly! No further questions.

Everyone in court room looks confused, Denny looks confident he's made a point.

Back at Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Alan Shore's office.

Ellen Tanner: I don't understand. Why does he need to hear closing statements? It's a simple decision. What is wrong with this judge?

Alan Shore: Well, maybe he's just prejudiced against, you know, skinheads.

Ellen Tanner: Do I look like a skinhead, Mr. Shore?

Alan Shore: I'm told they can take on various forms.

Ellen Tanner: Hey, if you're prejudiced against us,

Katey and Lauren Tanner: **singing** Rise up and shine, America's sons and daughters.

Ellen Tanner: Quite!

Alan Shore: Listen, as much as I enjoy the company of you show people, I have a closing to prepare, so I'll see you and your full heads of hair at the courthouse.

Ellen Tanner: We are not bigoted. Our message is simply..

Alan Shore: It's good to be white. **opening the door for the Tanners to leave** I'll meet you at the courthouse.

As they exit, Shirley enters.

Shirley Schmidt: Case going well?

Alan Shore: It isn't over yet Shirley. We haven't even gotten to the part where I deliver my politically biased but compelling closing argument.

Shirley walks up to Alan and puts black bunny ears on him.

Shirley Schmidt: Now how cute is that? **Shirley smiles then walks away.**

Back in Judge Rose Olsheim's courtroom with Denny Crane, Shelley Ford, Claire Wilson and Sophia Wilson.

Shelley Ford: We've heard testimony from your daughter that at her new, lower weight, her social life's improved. She's being asked out on dates.

Sophia Wilson: That's true, but ...

Shelley Ford: She's getting more involved in school activities now that her self-esteem is up. We've heard she loves theater and dance. At her previous weight, she was getting supporting roles, and now she's got the lead in "Grease", correct?

Sophia Wilson: Yes.

Shelley Ford: Wouldn't you say your daughter, is blossoming at her new weight?

Sophia Wilson: But that's not the point.

Shelley Ford: So because Claire has chosen a pro-ana lifestyle, her life has improved. She's now working professionally. She's completely capable of living on her own and this is a threat to you, isn't it?

Sophia Wilson: No, that's not it at all.

Shelley Ford: And under your care, you'd want her to gain weight, which would make her lose her self-esteem, her career would suffer, but you'd still have control over your little girls' life.

Denny Crane: Objection! She's being, uh, objectionable.

Judge Olsheim: Sustained.

Sophia Wilson: I have my daughter's best interests at heart.

Shelley Ford: You're a forty year old single mother working in a steakhouse. The only good thing that you have going for you is your daughter. You want to hang on to her as long as you possibly can...

Denny Crane: Objection!

Shelley Ford: So you don't have to examine your own empty life.

Denny Crane: Your honor!

Judge Olsheim: Ms. Ford, that's enough.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Clarence Bell is walking the hall with some papers, going into Claire Sim's office.

Clarence Bell: Ms. Sims?

Claire Sims: **laughing** You can call me Claire.

Clarence Bell: Claire, uh, the, uh, the case that Mr. Coho and Mr. Chase are working on...

Claire Sims: Mm-hmm?

Clarence Bell: I, uh.. I pulled up some research. **He hands Claire the papers.**

Claire Sims, Clarence Bell, Denise Bauer, Jeffrey Coho and Brad Chase are all gathered in Brad's office.

Brad Chase: The cell phone?

Claire Sims: Evidently, he was talking on it when he got struck by the lightning?

Jeffrey Coho: Those studies linking cell phones and lightning have been completely debunked.

Clarence Bell: Well.. **everyone in room turns to face Clarence and he stops**

Claire Sims: Go ahead, Clarence. **Clarence is uncomfortable.** Clarence.

Clarence Bell: The.. The studies have been, uh, mainly discounted, but not totally. And conflicting studies.. it.. it becomes a question of fact, not law.

Claire Sims: Which means the case can't get kicked at summary judgment.

Brad Chase: Can I see those studies, please?

Clarence goes to hand them to Brad, but Jeffrey snatches them from Clarence.

Jeffrey Coho: Interesting, I could run with this.

Brad Chase: I'll run with it.

Denise Bauer: Guys...

Back in Judge Mike Matsumura's courtroom...

Juliette Monroe: How are they supposed to seriously function in this world as adults if they've been brought up as white supremacists?

Judge Mike Matsumura: Many seem to do just fine.

Juliette Monroe: Your honor, is that an environment that you would subject your children to? And this is a physical danger as well. White supremacists are more likely to become involved in violence. They're hate groups, Mr. Shore can deride me for pulling the national security card, but do not tell me that the Timothy McVeighs of this world and the Christian Identity Organization and the like, which support violence and are anti-government, you can't tell me that they don't pose a threat to this country. For God's sake, these two little girls are being taught to adhere to a whites-only, immigrant-bashing, Jew-hating ideology. You heard them, and their performances are being used to recruit other people to join in with the prejudice. How can this court not step in and rescue them?

Alan Shore: Benjamin Franklin is often attributed with the quote, "Those who would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety deserve neither." And he certainly knew what he was talking about. He ate lots of red meat and invented the swim fin. When our current president, who by the way has invented *nothing*, signed the Patriot Act into law in 2001, not a single member of congress could be found who had read the bill all the way through. And yet, they couldn't wait to hand over our rights. "Al Queda's coming, where's my pen?" Anything to feel safe. Like a parent who dangles car keys to distract a child, our government whips out national security to grab our attention whenever they deem it necessary. And that's what opposing council is doing here, but this case is not about national security. It's about a family. Granted, a family that is so filled with spite and ignorance and shockingly untutored ideas that it beggars the imagination, but still a family. And as long as Lauren and Katey are well fed and well cared for, a family the law cannot and should not touch. Now I think we would all agree that we'd prefer these children to be raised in a different way. Certainly Mrs. Tanner's sister thinks so. But she knows legally that is not possible, so she and her lawyer are wheeling out our latest favorite rights-squashing mechanism, national security, and who can blame them? It's all the rage. If you want to look at people's bank records, tap their phones, read their e-mails, go ahead, do it. Just say it's a matter of national security. And now we're claiming the Tanner family is a threat. If that is the case, if there is any actual evidence linking them to a crime, by all means, be my guest, please, have at 'em, arrest them, but if there is no cause to arrest them, then leave this family alone.

At the hospital looking into a room. Denny Crane paces the hall. Claire Wilson comes running up to him.

Claire Wilson: Where's my mom? Is she all right?

Denny Crane: She's in here, still alive.

Claire enters the room with Denny behind her. She sees her mom standing in the room and turns to Denny confused.

Claire Wilson: You lied to me.

Denny Crane: No, I didn't. I told you your mom was in the hospital, and you had to get down here immediately, and she is still alive. Only this young woman unfortunately, is not doing quite so well. **Motioning to a girl lying in the hospital bed.** Ms. Murr, Claire Wilson.

Nancy Murr: My daughter Cathy has complications due to anorexia nervosa.

Claire realizes what is going on and storms out of the room. Sophia and Denny run after her.

Sophia Wilson: Claire.

Claire Wilson: You really thought that that after school special "O.C." crap was going to work on me?

Denny Crane: Cookie? **Trying to offer Claire food from the food tray in the hall.**

Sophia Wilson: that girl has what you have.

Claire Wilson: No, she doesn't. A true pro-ana wouldn't fail like that.

Sophia Wilson: Are you serious?

Denny Crane: Chips?

Claire Wilson: Stop offering me food.

Shelley Ford comes walking down the hall.

Shelley Ford: What the hell is going on here?

Claire Wilson: My mother and Mr. Crane are trying to scare me by showing me a girl who's dying.

Sophia Wilson: You're going to die, Claire. Can't you get that? You're going to die.

Shelley Ford: You had the nerve to call my client down here and show her that without my knowledge? This is outrageous. I'll notify the court. I'll notify the BAR. Congratulations, you've just lost your daughter.

Alan Shore is sitting in his office reading the newspaper. Sophia Wilson enters his office.

Sophia Wilson: Oh, Alan.

Alan Shore: Sophia, hello. Come in.

Sophia Wilson: Can I ask you, um... Is Denny Crane any good?

Alan Shore: Why do you ask me that?

Sophia Wilson: Well, he's been a bit of a clown in court, and he orchestrated this ridiculous stunt at a hospital. And I'm gonna ... I am gonna lose my daughter. Is there any way you could take over?

Alan Shore: Ooh, that would be...

Sophia Wilson: I'm not sure Denny Crane knows what he's doing.

Denny Crane enters Alan's office.

Denny Crane: Sophia, what's going on?

Alan Shore: Sophia and I were just discussing the case, Denny. She mentioned your creative stunt at the hospital this morning.

Denny Crane: Brilliant. I just finished my closing. Would you like to read it?

Sophia Wilson: Sure.

Denny Crane: My office. **Walks out**

Sophia follows Denny, but turns to Alan as she leaves.

Sophia Wilson: I'm gonna have to hire somebody else.

Alan Shore: Don't do anything yet, Sophia. Let me work on this.

Back in Judge Matsumura's courtroom.

Judge Mike Matsumura: This is a situation that touches two deep emotional chords in all of us. The sanctity of the family on the one hand, the distaste we feel for hatemongering on the other, but the law is clear. **Mrs.**

Tanner reaches over and puts her hand on Alan's arm. He reaches down and removes her hand, placing it back on her own arm chair. Mr. and Mrs. Tanner may be questionable as human beings but they are loving parents. The petitioner's motion for removal is denied.

Murmuring in the courtroom, everyone gets up to leave. The twins walk around to Alan and start to sing.

Katey and Lauren Tanner: singing Michael, row the boat ashore, hallelujah. Michael, row...

Alan Shore: to the twins Michael was a gay Jew from Mexico. You know that of course. **The girls stop singing.**

George Tanner: placing his arm around his daughter Let's go girls.

Back at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Jeffrey Coho: Just let me lead, and then you follow.

Brad Chase: I'll lead. It's my case. I took it.

Jeffrey Coho: She took it. **Motioning to Denise Bauer.**

Brad Chase: Under my supervision as partner.

Denise Bauer: Guys, you're both partners. I'm not. So why am I the only one acting like an adult?

Brad Chase: Okay, let me just say something before we go in here. I have tried to have patience with him, but I feel like I'm fighting a losing battle.

Jeffrey Coho: You ever win any battles, Brad?

Denise Bauer: Okay, let's go in.

Denise, Brad and Jeffrey enter a conference room where Attorney Beckham and two other gentlemen are sitting at the conference table waiting

Denise Bauer: Good morning, thank you for agreeing to see us. I am Denise Bauer. This is Brad Chase and...

Jeffrey Coho: I'm Jeffrey Coho. I know how busy you are, so I thought we'd cut right to it.

Brad Chase: We represent a woman by the name of Annabelle Caruthers whose husband was regrettably killed after being struck by lightning while talking on a cell phone manufactured by your client Cybus Technologies.

Attorney Beckham: Yes, why don't you cut right to the part where we should be held liable?

Brad Chase: Certainly...

Jeffrey Coho: You see, when lightning strikes, the human skin offers some protection, significant in fact...

Brad Chase: What happens is electricity is conducted over the skin rather than through the body. It's a phenomenon known as flashover.

Jeffrey Coho: Conductive material in direct contact with the skin, especially something metallic such as a mobile phone, can negate the flashover effect; cause the voltage to go right through the body.

Brad Chase: We've brought three studies that speak to liability.

Jeffrey Coho: As for the issue of foresee-ability, there have been other cases. In Australia, they now issue warnings.

Brad Chase: England is considering doing so.

Jeffrey Coho: The fact is using a cell phone in a thunderstorm is potentially lethal.

Brad Chase: And can result in death. It resulted in the death of our client's husband. Look, you're gonna have your experts. We'll have ours. But in the meantime, the cost of negative publicity alone...

Jeffrey Coho: Not to mention of the billions of dollars generated from cell phone usage. Hundreds of millions come from people talking on the outside in inclement weather.

Brad Chase: you don't want people putting their cell phones away during storms do you?

Brad, Denise and Jeffrey walk down the hall into another office. Brad closes the door and tosses his pad onto a table and lunges for Jeffrey, tackling him to the floor. Clarence and another secretary are seated at their desks when they hear the noise behind them. They turn and see Jeffrey and Brad fighting. Denise is trying to stop them by swatting at them with a pad. A crowd gathers around to see the fight.

Brad Chase and Jeffrey Coho are seated across from Paul Lewiston in Paul's office. Paul is standing with his hands on his desk leaning toward Brad and Jeffrey.

Paul Lewiston: You should both be embarrassed for God's sake. Do you have anything to say for yourself?

Brad Chase: I won.

Jeffrey Coho: You did not.

Paul Lewiston: Oh, shut up, both of you! God! Obviously I have to keep you apart, since you lack the maturity to conduct yourselves as adults.

The door opens and Denise Bauer enters.

Denise Bauer: We got an offer.

Paul Lewiston: What do you mean, you got an offer?

Denise Bauer: \$75,000. Its not a lot, but as far as a lightning-bolt case goes...

Jeffrey Coho: Told you I'd get something.

Brad Chase: I got it.

Paul Lewiston: Shut up!

Shelley Ford and Claire Wilson are waiting in a conference room at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Alan Shore and Sophia Wilson enter.

Shelley Ford: Who's this?

Alan Shore: I'm Alan Shore. Mr. Crane was unexpectedly called to court. I'm filling in. I'll make this very brief.

Alan hands Shelley a piece of paper.

Shelley Ford: What's this?

Alan Shore: This would be an arrest warrant. Don't be concerned, they won't execute it unless I give them the word.

Claire Wilson: An arrest warrant for whom?

Shelley Ford: You.

Claire Wilson: Me?

Alan Shore: Yes, Ms. Wilson. It turns out your web site gives other teenagers' advice on how to acquire diet pills with or without a prescription.

Shelley Ford: That's not against the law.

Alan Shore: It is if she is contributing to the delinquency of a minor. **Speaking to Claire.** You've got all kinds of little tips in there that could expose you to both criminal and civil liability.

Claire Wilson: What's going on? I could actually be arrested?

Shelley Ford: I can make this go away. Do not worry.

Alan Shore: Yes, you can certainly have your day in court; possibly prevail, though I doubt it. And in the meantime, word of your arrest will undoubtedly make it to the modeling agencies, and there goes your livelihood. A scandalous scandal. And then the civil lawsuits can begin. Will you be representing her for free in those, Ms. Ford? **Shelley gives Alan a look.**

Alan Shore: Oh. My suggestion would be to go to rehab and get the help you need. But I suppose you could go to jail and add two new photos to your portfolio, front and side.

Shelley Ford: This is so pathetically desperate.

Sophia Wilson: Well, finally we agree on something. I'm desperate.

Alan Shore: How about the lawyer's leave, and you can have a conversation with your mother?

Claire Wilson nods to her attorney to leave.

At the Christmas party, a band is playing Jingle Bell Rock. Alan enters the party, looking around for Shirley in her playboy bunny costume. He spots big fluffy ears and heads towards them. He finds Shirley not in a playboy bunny costume, but in a full bunny costume dressed from head to toe, more like Bugs Bunny than playboy bunny. Alan chuckles, shakes his head and walks over to her.

Alan Shore: This isn't exactly the image I had in my mind, but I'm still aroused.

Shirley Schmidt: chuckles I'm glad to hear it.

Alan Shore: Maybe I could throw my costume on, and we could go do what rabbits like to do best.

Shirley Schmidt: Don't make me hit you.

Alan Shore: Hit me? You wouldn't be standing under mistletoe unless you wanted to kiss me.

Shirley Schmidt: I'm not standing under... Hey! **Denny walks up with mistletoe on a stick and drops it over Shirley's head. Alan grabs her, dips her and kisses her.**

Denny Crane: Hey!

Alan sets Shirley back on her feet and Denny grabs her, dips her and kisses her.

Shirley Schmidt: to Denny Okay! The slobber you just got came from his mouth. **Pointing to Alan. Denny covers his mouth. Bella Horowitz walks up.**

Bella Horowitz: Quite the party, I see. I assume I was invited.

Denny Crane: It goes without saying.

Shirley Schmidt: Which is why it did.

Bella Horowitz: Dance, Denny?

Denny Crane: She made it sound like I have a choice. **Denny and Bella go off to dance leaving Alan and Shirley behind.**

Alan Shore: That leaves you and me.

Shirley Schmidt: And him. **Jerry Espensen walks up behind Alan carrying a gift.**

Alan Shore: Jerry?

Jerry Espensen: Merry Christmas, my friend. **Handing Alan the gift.**

Alan Shore: Thank you.

Jerry Espensen: Open it.

Alan Shore: Okay.

Jerry Espensen: I paint. One of my hobbies is to supplant the faces of people I care about on famous personalities that match up well.

Alan Shore: I see. **Alan holds up the painting.** Oh. Jerry... It's amazing. **It is a portrait of The Mona Lisa with Alan's face.** Wow.

Jerry Espensen: Do you like it?

Alan Shore: I love it.

Alan holds up the picture smiling and shows it to Shirley, smiles and gives him a thumbs up.



Still at the party Jeffrey Coho walks up to Brad Chase.

Jeffrey Coho: I guess we should work this out.

Brad Chase: Does it have to be tonight.

Jeffrey Coho: Well, it is the season. Peace on Earth, good will toward men.

Brad Chase: What was that?

Jeffrey Coho: Good will toward men?

Brad Chase: No right before that.

Jeffrey Coho: Peace on Earth?

Brad Chase: I knew it. A liberal.

Clarence Bell is standing in an office watching the party from behind a glass window. Claire Sims walks up behind him.

Claire Sims: Aren't you coming out to join the party?

Clarence Bell: Maybe in a minute.

Claire Sims: Well, I have somebody who wants to say hello to you.

Claire motions for someone to come in and Anabelle Carruthers walks in.

Annabelle Carruthers: I just want to thank you. I was told you were the one who came up with the idea to sue the phone company. And \$75,000, that's a lot of money to me. And, um, I just want to thank you.

Clarence Bell: Okay.

Annabelle Carruthers: **whispers to Claire Sims** He's cute.

Claire Sims: **chuckles** Yes, he is.

Anabelle Carruthers leaves.

Claire Sims: You pass the BAR, Clarence?

Clarence Bell: Yes, but I could never practice.

Claire Sims: Why not?

Clarence Bell: I... I could never.

Claire Sims: I think we're gonna work on that.

Back at the party, the band is singing. Denise Bauer dances with Brad Chase. Paul Lewiston is dancing with Anabelle Carruthers. Denny Crane is dancing with Bella Horowitz. Alan Shore is dancing with Shirley Schmidt, still in her bunny costume. Clarence Bell and Claire Sims are sharing a drink and talking. Bethany Horowitz enters the party carrying a gift.

Bethany Horowitz: Handicapped. **She says as she walks under a tray being carried by a waiter.**

Waither: Excuse me.

Bethany Horowitz: Coming through. Out of my way! Handicapped.

Bethany makes her way through the crowd and sees Denny Crane dancing with her mother. She turns and leaves with a hurt look on her face.

Denny Crane and Alan Shore sit on Denny's balcony.

Alan Shore: We had our first three-way tonight.

Denny Crane: I'm not sure that Shirley enjoyed it as much as we did.

Alan Shore: Mm... It was fabulous for me.

Denny Crane: She didn't quite taste the same as I remember. She tasted more like...

Alan Shore: Me. That was my slobber, Denny. We finally exchanged bodily fluids.

Denny Crane: Oh **Takes a swig of Scotch and swishes it in his mouth.**

Alan Shore: **chuckles**

Denny Crane: bleh

Denny Crane: Did I tell you my case worked out? Sophia's daughter decided to come home after all.

Alan Shore: Fantastic.

Denny Crane: Got a call from the clerk's office to come to court for the summations. Turns out it was a mistake. And, uh, by the time I got back, Sophia was on the phone with the good news.

Alan Shore: Well, you must of some how reached the girl, Denny. Congratulations.

Denny Crane: Of course, the warrant didn't hurt. **Alan looks to Denny puzzled.** I may miss a lot, Alan, but I don't miss everything.

Alan Shore: I just... came up with the idea and I thought you'd object to any kind of assistance.

Denny Crane: So you decided to keep the truth from me? Sophia came to you. She didn't trust that I was winning. But I was, Alan.

Alan Shore: I believe you.

Denny Crane: I'm not sure you do. But I know your heart's in the right place. And how can I be mad at anyone who can get Shirley to dress like a rabbit?

Alan Shore: **chuckles** She is a goddess, isn't she?

Denny Crane: Oh, boy.

It starts snowing and Christmas music is playing in the background.

Alan Shore: Denny, maybe for Christmas...

Denny Crane: You can't have her.

Alan Shore: How about...

Denny Crane: No!

Alan Shore: Well, Merry Christmas just the same, my friend.

Denny Crane: Merry Christmas.