



Boston Legal

Fat Burner

Season 3, Episode 15

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In Judge Willard Reese's courtroom. A very busy courtroom. The benches are filled with groups of two or three people. Seems to be a lot of different lawyers conferring with their clients. A prisoner wearing orange prison garb is led into the courtroom. We see the people in the first bench row... the second... the third... we zoom into a criminal-looking type of male; he is nodding to the man, probably his lawyer, standing in front of him. The lawyer's back is towards us, when he moves away we see a nervous and/or apprehensive Clarence Bell sitting next to the criminal.

Clerk: Case number three, six, seven, four, two. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts versus George Cogins on the charge of aggravated assault.

Bethany Horowitz walks past Clarence sitting in the aisle seat.

Bethany Horowitz: **She stops and sees Clarence.** Clarence? **Clarence looks at her.** Bethany! We've met. At Crane, Poole and Schmidt. **They shake hands.**

Clarence Bell: Yes. Hello.

Bethany Horowitz: What are you doing here?

Clarence Bell: I came to get an appointment. A court appointment.

Bethany Horowitz: You're a lawyer?

Clarence Bell: **He scoffs.** I went to law school. I've never practiced, but... I wanna start.

Clerk: Clarence Bell! **Clarence freezes.** Bell! Bell! Bell! Bell! Bell!

Judge Willard Reese: Is there an Attorney Bell here? Or not? **Clarence looks at Bethany, then slowly gets up.** Does it look like we have all day here? When I call an attorney's name I expect him to step forward and get the hell over here. **Clarence takes his briefcase and walks towards the bench.** Ms Gadios, here's your attorney. **Ania Gadios is led in.** Mr Bell, meet your client. The defendant is remanded back to custody. No bail. We can conference on a trial date. Next!

Clarence Bell: Hello. **An obviously pregnant Ania, holding her stomach, looks back as she is led away by a guard.**

DA Mary Ann Huff: **She comes up to Clarence.** Here's the file. We should probably work something out. Save us all a little time.

Clarence Bell: Uh. What is my client charged with?

DA Mary Ann Huff: Funny. Talk to your client. Let me know what you wanna do. **She walks away.**

Clarence Bell: No! I... **Mary Ann turns back.** I didn't hear the case call. What are the charges?

DA Mary Ann Huff: The charges would be first degree murder.

Clarence is stunned.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Alan Shores office, Denny Crane joins Alan as he walks into his office.

Denny Crane: Please don't hate me.

Alan Shore: **He chuckles.** What have you done now?

Denny Crane: Oh... nothing really... it just seems I've got myself slightly arrested. **Alan looks startled.** Again.

Alan Shore: Oh. Please tell me you didn't shoot somebody.

Denny Crane: No. This concerns an investment.

Alan Shore: An investment?

Denny Crane: In the company. My company, actually. I have things on the side. It's what rich people do.

Alan Shore: What kind of company, Denny?

Denny Crane: Well! **Dramatically.** We have solved the country's obesity problem, and energy crisis!

Alan Shore: Is that all?

Denny Crane: We convert human body fat into fuel. Brilliant, right? Too much fat. Not enough oil. Would you care to know how we do it?

Alan Shore: Please!

Denny Crane: Well! It seems that human fat is not so different in chemical makeup, from vegetable oil. Which is already being used in diesel engines. So! It's just a matter of getting the fat. Which we did from a local Boston Hospital, ship it to Norway to a friend, who converts it into fuel!

Alan Shore: I take it that's illegal?

Denny Crane: Technically. Oh! They're singling me out for prosecution because it's Denny Crane!! Big name, big splash. You know where I can find a good lawyer. It's never dull, Alan! Admit it.

Alan smiles. So does Denny, but then his expression turns grave.



At the jailhouse, in the cell area, a guard leads Clarence to a cell, other female prisoners call out to him as he goes by; he looks absolutely terrified. As they arrive at the cell, Ania sits there, looks more terrified. The guard unlocks the door. Ania waits for Clarence to enter. He hesitates.

Guard: **To Clarence.** Do you wanna go in?

Clarence Bell: Um. Okay. **And the guard lets Clarence in. He walks in and sits down next to Ania.** Hello. My name is Clarence Bell.

Ania Gadios: Que se passe-t-il? Etes-vous de la police? Que va t'il m'arriver? S'il vous plait. Si vous etes la pour m'aider. S'il vous plait. Dites leurs que je suis enceinte. Je vais avoir un bebe! Si'l vour plait! Au mon Dieu!

Clarence stares back. Opens his briefcase... spies Clarice's wig. He's tempted to put it on. He fights against it. Instead, he snuggles his hand inside the briefcase, takes a deep breath as he holds the wig like a security blanket.. Ah- hm, do, do you, do you speak English?

Ania Gadios: Yes.

Clarence Bell: According to the complaint... you killed a man.

Ania Gadios: Yes. **Then.** Je suis restavek.

Clarence Bell: I, I don't know what that means.

Ania Gadios: I was his slave.

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

Alan Shore: A slave?

Clarence Bell: Yes. Her parents sold her eleven years ago. In Haiti.

Alan Shore: Okay, let's back up. What... why are you taking court appointments? Clarence! You're a legal secretary, more importantly, mine!

Clarence Bell: The stomach flu has wiped out half the Public Defender's office, they're asking for lawyers to pitch in and help. I've always wanted to... try a real case. So I went down there.

Alan Shore: And decided to start off with something small like homicide?

Clarence Bell: I didn't expect that.

Alan Shore: Did the Judge know you've never practiced before when he assigned you this?

Clarence Bell: Ah. No.

Alan Shore: Well! Clarence, surely, you cannot do this.

Clarence Bell: I'd like to try.

Alan Shore: It's first degree murder!

Clarence Bell: **He thinks for a moment. Determined.** I can do this.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Brad Chase and Shirley Schmidt are walking in the corridor.

Shirley Schmidt: Represent you?

Brad Chase: Yes.

Shirley Schmidt: Against Denise?

Brad Chase: Yes.

Shirley Schmidt: **They walk into Shirley's office.** For having your baby?

Brad Chase: For not having it. A father has to have some rights.

Shirley Schmidt: No. Have you read Roe?

Brad Chase: Roe is vulnerable. Especially with our Supreme Court. I think this would be a good test case. How can a father have legal and financial responsibility for a child, yet no rights whatsoever?

Shirley Schmidt: Because that's the law. If men wanna have babies and carry them to full term...

Brad Chase: Aha!!

Shirley Schmidt: Aha? Is that a legal concept I'm not aware of?

Brad Chase: A woman's body. A woman's choice. That is the thrust of Roe. But the science is changing, a fertilized embryo can be taken from the birth mother, transferred to a surrogate. A woman isn't forced to carry a baby to term!

Shirley Schmidt: Brad! The medical technology is not there yet.

Brad Chase: What's the risk? The baby dies during an abortion anyway!

Shirley Schmidt: What you're proposing is ridiculous! I, I'm not going to do it, and...

Brad Chase: It's my baby, Shirley.

Shirley looks past Brad at someone who has come in.

Denise Bauer: **She's leaning against the door jam.** Brad. It's my choice, not yours.

Brad Chase: Denise...

Denise Bauer: Shut up! And my choice... **A beat.** is to have this child. So... you can stop all this crap right now.

In ADA Frank Ginsberg office, he is there with Alan, Denny.

Alan Shore: **He chuckles.** You must be very pleased.

ADA Frank Ginsberg: I like my job, if that's what you mean.

Alan Shore: You're especially liking it today.

ADA Frank Ginsberg: **He smiles broadly.** I am.

Alan Shore: My client is just an investor. A passive one at that.

ADA Frank Ginsberg: He's the majority shareholder in the company, and its president.

Denny Crane: I collect title. Hobby. Passive.

ADA Frank Ginsberg: You sold medical waste, Mr Crane. That's a crime.

Alan Shore: A hospital in Miami does the very same thing.

ADA Frank Ginsberg: That hasn't been confirmed. What I can confirm is that if I were a District Attorney in Florida, I'd go after the hospital. But I'm not a District Attorney in Florida, I am a District Attorney in Massachusetts. So I'm going after Denny Crane.

Denny Crane: I know Judges, I know jurors, I'm rich.

Alan Shore: Denny!

ADA Frank Ginsberg: You're going down, Denny Crane. At last!

Denny Crane: Denny Crane never goes down. Except as a lover, I'm a giver in bed. **To Alan.** Is that relevant?

Alan closes his eyes and shakes his head in exasperation.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Paul Lewiston's office, he closes the door. Clarence is sitting in front of Paul's desk.

Paul Lewiston: I'm not passing judgment on your ability, Clarence. But I have to worry about this firm's exposure. I simply cannot allow you to do a murder trial. This woman could sue us for malpractice.

Clarence Bell: I got Bethany Horowitz to back me up.

Paul Lewiston: What, that little person with the mouth?

Clarence Bell: She said she'd second-chair if I needed her.

A beat.

Paul Lewiston: **He sighs.** What are the facts of this case, anyway?

Clarence Bell: She came here from Haiti, after being bought as a slave when she was seven. She's pregnant with her owner's child. He said he planned to sell the baby, they got into an altercation, and she stabbed him.

Paul Lewiston: Just out of curiosity, what would be your defense?

Clarence Bell: Temporary insanity. She just snapped.

Paul Lewiston: **He sighs.** Well, as I said, I cannot let you do this as a member of this firm. **Clarence smiles grimly. Lifts his hands helplessly then starts to walk out the door. Paul watches him go. Then.** Clarence? **Clarence turns and stands bravely.** Maybe... I could back you up.

Clarence Bell: Really?

Paul Lewiston: Let me meet with your client.



At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in the kitchen, Denise is there preparing a cup of tea when Jeffrey walks in.

Jeffrey Coho: Hey!

Denise Bauer: Hey!

Jeffrey Coho: So word is you're gonna have the baby.

Denise Bauer: Yeah.

Jeffrey Coho: That's fantastic. **A beat.** You know when my daughter was born...? Well... it changes everything.

A beat as they look at each other. It's a fantastic thing, Denise.

Denise Bauer: I'm really looking forward to it.

Jeffrey Coho: And we are absolutely sure it's Brad's?

Denise Bauer: Yes, Jeffrey. You don't have to worry.

Jeffrey Coho: **Covering.** Okay. Well, good, good. Last thing I need, right now.

Denny Crane: Mmm.

Jeffrey Coho: **A beat.** Congratulations again.

Denise realizes... he's actually disappointed. Very disappointed. And Jeffrey heads off.

Denise Bauer: Thanks.

At the jailhouse Paul, Clarence and Bethany are with Ania. Ania is stoic, seemingly accepting of her fate.

Ania Gadios: My family sold me to the Boitelles when I was seven years old.

Paul Lewiston: This was back in Haiti?

Ania Gadios: Yes. My family had many debts.

Bethany Horowitz: So they sold you? What's with these stupid Haitians, they're into slaves? **Paul looks at Bethany. To Ania.** I'm sure most Haitians are nice, law-abiding people. **To Paul.** There. Are we covered?

Paul Lewiston: **Back to Ania.** The family that purchased you. When they moved to America, they brought you with them?

Ania Gadios: I belong to them.

Paul Lewiston: How old are you, Ania?

Ania Gadios: Eighteen.

Bethany Horowitz: They ever beat you or whip you, or throw you on the ground and kick you? **A silent beat. Paul gives a deep give-me-strength sigh.** What? They're legitimate questions.

Paul Lewiston: What happened that night, Ania?

Ania Gadios: Mr Boitelle just... said he was going to sell my child.

Bethany Horowitz: What a pig. **Paul gives her a look.**

Paul Lewiston: **Back to Ania.** And he is the baby's father?

Ania Gadios: Yes. I belonged to him.

In Judge Robert Thompson's courtroom, the Department of Health Official. Lou Schneider, is being questioned by Ginsberg. Alan and Denny are at the defendant's table.

Lou Schneider: We got a call from the head of port security. An officer became concerned when he had a situation.

ADA Frank Ginsberg: Can you tell us what?

Lou Schneider: They'd found fifty containers labeled Spirit Technologies. It didn't look right, so we opened one up and analyzed it.

ADA Frank Ginsberg: And what did you find?

Lou Schneider: Medical waste. Being shipped by Spirit Technologies, a company traced to the defendant, to Norway. **To the Judge.** That's a foreign country.

Judge Robert Thompson: Thank you.

Lou Schneider: We notified the AG's office at once, they contacted Homeland Security and ultimately referred it to your office and -- well, now we're here.

Alan is now up.

Alan Shore: Anybody get sick?

Lou Schneider: No, no thanks to the lawlessness of your client.

Alan Shore: These were standard medical waste containers.

Lou Schneider: Yes, but the—

Alan Shore: Sealed in double three-millimeter bags, and shipped in leak-proof, rigid, puncture-resistant, shatter-proof, red containers.

Lou Schneider: Medical waste, by law, must be disposed of and rendered non-infectious by legally mandated methods; it's certainly not to be sold like a commodity.

Judge Robert Thompson: You seem upset.

Lou Schneider: He committed a crime, Your Honor, which put the public at risk. He committed a terrible crime!

Alan Shore: Could I get you to take a position on that?

Judge Robert Thompson: Alright.

Lou Schneider: Very funny, funny man. **To the Judge.** He thinks he's a funny man.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Paul's office, he, Clarence and Bethany are there.

Paul Lewiston: Clarence, you will take the direct examination of Ania... **Clarence nods.** Can you?

Clarence Bell: Yes.

Paul Lewiston: **To Bethany.** And you will conduct the cross of the victim's wife, I'll handle the doctors and do the closing.

Bethany Horowitz: Why should you get to close? You're so old!

Paul Lewiston: **He gives Bethany a look.** Must you always be so unpleasant?

Bethany Horowitz: I'm a very nice person. It just takes a nice person to bring it out in me.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Shirley's office, she is there when Jeffrey knocks on the door jam and comes in.

Jeffrey Coho: Shirley? You have a sec?

Shirley Schmidt: Sure.

Jeffrey Coho: I'll make it quick. I have decided to give you my letter of resignation. **He places an envelope on the desk.**

Shirley Schmidt: What? Why?

Jeffrey Coho: Well. I wanna be at a smaller firm. So...

Shirley Schmidt: What firm?

Jeffrey Coho: I don't know yet. But I'll look and...

Shirley Schmidt: What's going on? You don't resign from someplace without having another place to go.

Jeffrey Coho: I've had enough of it here.

Shirley Schmidt: Enough, what?

Jeffrey Coho: Isolation. I don't fit in, and I'm done trying. So I'm moving on.

Shirley Schmidt: There must be some precipitating...

Jeffrey Coho: There isn't. I'm not happy here. So I'm leaving. **He leaves.**



At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Alan's office, he and Alan are having a drink.

Alan Shore: **He hands Denny a drink.** I'm going to have to put you on the stand.

Denny Crane: That's fine with me. What'll we talk about?

Alan Shore: Denny, I'm concerned. The term 'medical waste' has all these frightening connotations, fears of people growing a third leg, or cancer, or...

Denny Crane: Well... if we spilled it, chances are we spilled it Norway, so who cares?

Alan Shore: It all has a reckless feel to it. Denny you have to be very careful up there, you must be reasonable, judicious, reserved. All the things you're not!

Denny Crane: I'm gonna tell you something you don't know about me.

Alan Shore: Oh boy.

Denny Crane: I'm a master, an absolute master of...

A beat.

Alan Shore: It'll come to you.

Denny Crane: Emotion! Trials don't turn on facts. It always comes down to emotion. I'll have that jury eating out of my lap.

Alan Shore: Hand.

Denny Crane: I'll be riveting. They will cry for me, Alan. When I tell them my story, they will cry for me.

Alan Shore: Why? What's your story?

Denny Crane: You ask the questions; I will answer them **He points to his heart.** from deep in here.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Jeffrey's office, he's there packing when Claire marches in.

Claire Sims: How can you just abandon me?

Jeffrey Coho: I'm not abandoning you.

Claire Sims: You brought me here, Jeffrey!

Jeffrey Coho: And you love it! I've never seen you so happy.

Claire Sims: Well, you can't just leave!

Brad Chase: **He knocks on the door.** Just heard!

Jeffrey Coho: Yeah. I'm sure you're crushed.

Brad Chase: I'm disappointed actually. Despite our differences, you were beginning to grow on me.

Jeffrey Coho: Yeah. Like a wart.

Brad Chase: Look, I don't mean to be presumptuous enough to think I had anything to do with your decision, but if I did. I'm sorry.

Jeffrey Coho: It's not you, Brad.

Denise Bauer: **Off screen.** Is it me? **She is revealed at the door.**

A beat. Another beat.

Jeffrey Coho: **Coming clean.** Yes.

A beat. Brad and Claire realize this is their conversation; they exit.

Denise Bauer: **To Jeffrey.** So... if the baby was yours, you, you would have stayed?

Jeffrey Coho: I don't know. Maybe this is the final humiliation before... **He sighs.** I will tell you this. I don't believe in that friends-with-benefits thing. If someone can make love to a person and not feel? There's something wrong with him. Or her.

In Judge Willard Reese's courtroom, Ania is on the stand. DA Mary Ann Huff is present. Paul and Bethany are at the defendant's table. Clarence is up, very nervous.

Clarence Bell: **A little stiff.** Would you please describe for the court your living conditions at the Boitelles.

Ania Gadios: I had a room. A bed.

Clarence Bell: Would you please describe for the court how Mr Boitelle treated you?

Ania Gadios: He treated me... like restavek.

Clarence Bell: Would you please describe for the court what a restavek is?

Ania Gadios: It means slave.

Clarence Bell: Would you please describe for the court what it meant to be a slave?

Judge Willard Reese: **To Clarence.** Are you going to lead off every question with 'would you please describe'?

Clarence bolts back to the table. What the hell? **Clarence opens his briefcase, his black Oprah wig is the only thing in the briefcase, he puts his hand on the wig and stands there with his eyes closed.** Are you not feeling well? **Paul starts to rise. Clarence stops him. We can see the determination on his face; he's willing himself to power through this.** We don't have all day, Mr Bell.

Claire is sitting in the rear of the room, secretly watching. And Clarence removes his hand, closes the briefcase, then moves back up.

Clarence Bell: Was sex involved in your servitude, Ania?

Ania Gadios: Yes.

Clarence Bell: Did you ever initiate sex with Mr Boitelle?

Clarence Bell: No.

Ania Gadios: What would have happened to you if you declined sex with Mr Boitelle? **Ania shakes her head.** You can't even imagine doing that, can you?

Ania Gadios: No.

Clarence Bell: Why didn't you run away?

Ania Gadios: The police would just bring me back. Then I would be beaten. Plus... I had no place to go.

Clarence Bell: The night... you took Mr Boitelle's life. Can you tell us what happened?

Ania Gadios: My baby. He told me they were going to sell him. I argued. And he hit me. **She suddenly takes on the fierceness of a mother protecting her child.** I protested more. I was not going to let him... and he hit me again. I took up a kitchen knife. And he made a move to either hit me again or... and I pushed with the knife. And... and he fell. I didn't mean to kill him. He just fell.

At the courthouse, Paul, Clarence and Bethany head for the elevator.

Paul Lewiston: I thought she held up on cross. Okay, Bethany, you'll take the cross on the wife.

Bethany Horowitz: We already covered that. You think I have the memory of a guppy?

Paul Lewiston: I'll take the doctors, then we'll see where we are. Clarence?

Clarence Bell: Yes.

Paul Lewiston: I think you did an excellent job.

Clarence Bell: Really?

Paul Lewiston: You got in everything you needed to. You were great.

The elevator arrives; they board.

Bethany Horowitz: So? You wanna remind me again that I'm crossing the wife?

Paul Lewiston: Oh, shut up.

Clarence is beaming as the elevator door closes.

In Judge Robert Thompson's courtroom, all parties present. Alan has Denny on the stand.

Denny Crane: There comes a point when a man wants to make a difference!

Alan Shore: And, your particular difference would be...?

Denny Crane: Fat!

Judge Robert Thompson: Did you just say, "Fat?"

Denny Crane: Well, think about it. We're the most obese country in the world. Look around you, **he nods to a male juror**, him, **he nods to a female juror**, her, **he looks to the Judge**, you could lose a few...

Alan Shore: Denny?

Denny Crane: And I thought, why blame fast foods and the like? Wouldn't it be better if we put it all to good use?

Judge Robert Thompson: Mr Crane? **To Alan**. If I may? **To Denny**. How did you first come up with this idea?

Denny Crane: Well, first off, I didn't. There's a hospital in Miami that already ships its fat off to Norway for fuel conversion...

Alan Shore: But what motivated you?

Denny Crane: Honestly? **Alan nods. Denny sighs, and looks to the jury box**. My Uncle Bill.

Alan Shore: **He is stunned**. Uncle Bill?

Denny Crane: Yeah. He used to take me around with him everywhere he went when I was a kid. He was larger than life. I mean, truly he was... tipped the scales at 300. But... he was so full of love... and yes... joy... We've all got that uncle, haven't we? **A female juror smiles and chuckles. Frank notices. Alan looks at the juror, then back to Denny in disbelief**. Well, he got Diabetes. And it killed him. And I remember sitting beside his hospital bed towards the end, and I commented on how much I admired him for his love of life. And... he started to cry a little.

Alan Shore: Why?

Denny Crane: He said to love life is to love others, and if you really wanted to share that love you've gotta give something back and... and he felt he hadn't! He felt broken, he was gonna die and he hadn't... So ever since I've been trying to come up with some way to make Uncle Bill's life matter. And that's when I started the business! Our motto is, "What if?" And we did it! And there's actually a hundred and thirty-two people who come to work everyday with the idea they're gonna save the planet! **He chuckles heartily**. Wow! That's, that's something. **The jurors are smiling and nodding**. And for me, privately, **he is serious now** I suppose it's not a matter of saving the planet so much as it is... giving back to somebody I so loved... and still miss... **softly** my Uncle Bill.

Alan can't help but sneak a look at the jury to see if they are buying this. They are. Two female jurors are wiping tears and one male juror is trying to swallow the lump in his throat. Denny brushes a tear from his eye and purses his lips to keep from crying. Frank turns in his head in disbelief as he has throughout this testimony. Denny looks to the Judge who is shaking his head.

In Judge Willard Reese's courtroom, all parties present. Riva Boitelle, is on the stand. DA Mary Ann Huff has her on direct.

Riva Boitelle: I walked in to find Ania standing over my husband with a knife. He was dead.

DA Mary Ann Huff: Can you think of any reason why Ania would kill him?

Riva Boitelle: No. She was our housekeeper. We looked after her, we loved her. I can't possibly understand this.

DA Mary Ann Huff: And to your knowledge, did the defendant have any reason to feel her life was threatened by you or your husband?

Riva Boitelle: Absolutely not! She knows we love her like family. **To Ania**. You know it, Ania.

Bethany is now up.

Bethany Horowitz: How much does a seven year old girl cost these days in Haiti?

Riva Boitelle: Ania's family solicited the arrangement. Our customs are different in my country.

Bethany Horowitz: So this member of your "family" was your eight-year-old housekeeper?

Riva Boitelle: We brought her out of the streets and gave her a life.

Bethany Horowitz: A life? What school did Ania attend?

Riva Boitelle: We home-schooled her.

Bethany Horowitz: Did she have any friends? Because we couldn't find a record of any children who claim to have ever seen her or played with her. Not even on your own block.

Riva Boitelle: In Haiti, nearly half of all children die before the age of five.

Bethany Horowitz: Move to strike, relevance.

Riva Boitelle: No that's relevant. Half die before the age of five. How dare you say that's not relevant? **Then**. Ania lived with no running water, shared a mattress with three other children, was riddled with lice, sometimes went days without food.

Shirley Schmidt: Did you plan to sell Ania's baby?

Riva Boitelle: We would never sell a child.

Shirley Schmidt: Right. You only buy them.

DA Mary Ann Huff: Objection!

Riva Boitelle: **Earnestly**. My husband didn't deserve this. He loved you, Ania. **Weakly**. He loved you.

In Judge Robert Thompson's courtroom, ADA Frank Ginsberg is giving his closing.

ADA Frank Ginsberg: The law is the law. Human waste must be disposed off. It is not to be sold! The fact that there may be a hospital in Miami also peddling human fat, is neither persuasive, nor relevant. That man put our community at risk for hundreds of communicable diseases. This was not just a harmless violation. He risked my safety, **he points to the jurors** yours, your children's. The law is the law.

Frank sits down.

Denny Crane: How come the other side always has short closings?

Alan gets up.

Alan Shore: The law doesn't expressly cover the sale of medical waste because the lawmakers never considered the idea. Lawmakers tend to see only what is, and then legislate it. And truth be told, I'd never heard of human fat being turned into fuel before. Had any of you?

ADA Frank Ginsberg: He rises. Uh, objection. Counsel is seeking to establish a dialog with the jury. It's inappropriate.

The Judge gives Frank a wordless look. So does Alan. A beat. Frank sits down.

Alan Shore: Turns out we've got all kinds of viable fuel alternatives that we don't really bother to explore. Biodiesel can be manufactured from vegetable oil, animal fats, even recyclable restaurant grease. Ethanol, I had heard of that one, is an alcohol-based fuel. Why aren't we aggressively developing that one? Ah, hydrogen, that's coming. But we don't seem to be in a rush. Methanol, is a wood alcohol, and then of course there's electricity which we don't use simply because... I've forgotten... why don't we have electric cars? Did we get rid of them because they're the most efficient? I bet it was because those who actually drove them claimed to love them.

ADA Frank Ginsberg: He rises. Objection. He's drifting off point. It's inappropriate.

The Judge gives Frank a wordless look. So does Alan. The Judge secretly motions Frank to sit down. Frank does so.

Alan Shore: And then there's oil. We ignore all those other cleaner burning fuel alternatives for oil. And sure it's not so efficient, it's expensive, it pollutes the air, but it gets presidents elected! And after all this is the United States of America, we love oil! We do charity work in the Middle East because of it. We're oil people.

Judge Robert Thompson: Mr Shore...

Alan Shore: Yes, Judge?

Judge Robert Thompson: This case. Please.

Alan Shore: Yes. This case, is about a man searching for an alternative to fossil fuels, not to put your children and grandchildren at risk, but perhaps to save them. The world is dying, folks. Global warming is real, and what's even more real is that Americans are fat! And because we're fat, we're burning billions of gallons of gasoline carting ourselves around. We love fat, it leads to more profits for the oil companies and as oil people...

Judge Robert Thompson: Mr Shore!

Alan Shore: How about, instead we harvest the fat? We already are, if you think about it. We have about half a million liposuctions a year in this country. That's now, without the philanthropic bonus. You can imagine how that number would surge, if we could not only look thinner with the procedure, but also power our SUVs. This man decided to try. He said to himself, "What if?" He founded a company on the idea. To save the planet. **He points to a juror.** To save you. **He points to another juror.** And you. **He points to Frank.** Maybe you? But he wants to throw him in jail because the lawmakers lack the imagination to see hope in the future of medical waste. Throw this man in jail! He seems to do all his thinking inside a square box. Put him in a cell!

ADA Frank Ginsberg: Inappropriate! This...

Alan Shore: When do we all wake up? The icecaps are melting! The polar bears are dying! Planet earth is in trouble! And we still burn oil like there's no tomorrow! Which might be a self-fulfilling prophecy! Denny Crane tried to make a difference by doing something for you, for you, for me, for him of all people. And yes, most of all, for Uncle Bill. **He goes to sit down. Softly to Denny.** Too much?

Denny gives him a 'Don't know' shrug.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Jeffrey's office, Shirley walks in, looks around a high stack of packing boxes and sees Jeffrey sitting on his couch, wearing his Buzz Lightyear costume. He seems dejected.

Jeffrey Coho: Go ahead. Laugh away.

Shirley Schmidt: I won't laugh.

Jeffrey Coho: It's something I do on occasion, when I have low blood sugar, or I have to... I throw it on and it makes me feel really good. **He sighs.** Stupid as that sounds... and is.

Shirley Schmidt: Ah!

Jeffrey Coho: Now I can't get it off. **Frustrated, he pushes a button, there is a whirring sound, but nothing happens.**

Shirley Schmidt: Wha, what do you mean, you can't get it off?

Jeffrey Coho: I must have damaged it in the fight with Brad. Buckles snapped off when I... Now I'm gonna have to get cut out of it, I think.

Shirley Schmidt: Let me see. **She walks up to take a look, she grabs a hold of Jeffrey's neckline and brings him forward to let get look at the back of the costume. She takes a look, then lets Jeffrey fall back again.** You, you are stuck.

Jeffrey Coho: So if you don't mind I'm just gonna hang out in my office till after hours so the last image that people have of me in this place isn't... **He shrugs his hands helplessly, indicating the costume.**

Shirley Schmidt: **She sits down next to him.** Jeffrey, clearly you're not happy here, but for the record, while people may not adore you, they very much like you.

Jeffrey Coho: **He sighs.** Maybe I don't like myself in this... fast paced... perhaps the reason I was hoping it was my baby, was the idea that I could somehow get the time back that I missed with my daughter 'cause I was so busy . Anyway, thank you, Shirley, for everything. **He takes her hand.** And I do mean that.

A beat.

Shirley Schmidt: Don't hole up here till after hours. Leave with your head high.

Jeffrey Coho: As Buzz Lightyear?

Shirley Schmidt: **She lifts her pointer finger.** To infinity and beyond.

Jeffrey chuckles.

In Judge Willard Reese's courtroom, Paul has Dr Ferrell on the stand.

Dr Ferrell: Being held that long in captivity, it's almost impossible to determine her true mental state. But certainly brainwashing had to take place.

DA Mary Ann Huff has Dr Arnold Futz on the stand.

Dr Arnold Futz: She understood her actions. Was she angry? Yes. Outraged? I'm sure. But she wasn't insane in my opinion.

Doctor #3: Yes, she was.

Doctor #4: No! She wasn't.

Doctor #5: She was.

Doctor #6: Not. **DA Mary Ann Huff smiles.**

Doctor #7: Too.

Doctor #6: Not.

Doctor #7: Too.

Doctor #6: Not.

At the courthouse, in the corridor, Paul, Bethany and Clarence emerge from the courtroom.

Paul Lewiston: Well! I'd say we got the edge in medical testimony but it was mainly a wash.

Bethany Horowitz: I'm concerned about your closing. You don't pop.

Paul holds a look.

Paul Lewiston: Clarence, how would you feel about closing?

Clarence Bell: **Startled.** Me?

Paul Lewiston: You were extremely sympathetic. **He looks down at Bethany.** Not all of us were. I think the jury liked you and more importantly, they trusted you.

Clarence Bell: The summation?

Paul Lewiston: You don't need to orate. Just talk to them.

Clarence Bell: I... **He chuckles nervously.** I, I, I, I don't know.

Bethany Horowitz: You can do it, Clarence. And you need to! **She looks at Paul.** He doesn't pop.

Paul gives her another look.

In Judge Robert Thompson's courtroom, the jury is filing in.

Alan Shore: Try to take deep breaths.

Denny Crane: Why?

Alan Shore: Denny, have you considered that we may lose?

Denny Crane: Yes. But I didn't try this case. So even if we lose, I'm still undefeated.

Alan Shore: The idea of jail doesn't bother you?

Denny Crane: Listen, my friend. There's only one thing I can't do without... sex. A lot of sex takes place in prison.

Alan Shore: Do you know what kind of sex?

Over Denny's stare—

Judge Robert Thompson: Has the jury reached a verdict?

Foreman: We have, Your Honor.

Judge Robert Thompson: What say you?

Foreman: In the matter of the Commonwealth versus Denny Crane on the charge of violation of Massachusetts General Law Chapter 105, Section 480, we find the defendant... Denny Crane. **Then; realizes.** Oh. **Flips the paper.** Not guilty.

Alan chuckles.

Denny Crane: Damn right.

Judge Robert Thompson: Very well. I'd like to thank the jury...

Denny Crane: **To Alan.** Scotch.

Alan Shore: You're buying.

ADA Frank Ginsberg: Oh, you're celebrating. Real classy.

Denny Crane: Oh, look. It's the LT pout. Blame it on our head coach, Sport.

In Judge Willard Reese's courtroom, all parties are present. DA Mary Ann Huff is up.

DA Mary Ann Huff: There was no deadly threat of any kind to justify self-defense. There was no medical evidence to support insanity. She just got mad. She had enough. And she acted out. That's murder. As for this captivity and brain-washing, she had years to walk out the door. She could have just called the police. Even if you believe everything the defendant has told you, it's murder. She picked up a knife and she stabbed a man. That's murder.

Mary Ann goes to sit down. Bethany nods to Clarence. He gets up.

Clarence Bell: My client was born into a culture of slavery. Where restaveks did not have the free will to resist their owners. She was brought to the United States at the age of seven. She lived her life in servitude. Slave trafficking around the world yields about nine billion dollars a year. In Haiti, it's a way of life. So much so that when girls like Ania are sold as children, it's simply accepted. Whatever Mr Boitelle wanted—labor,sex--it was her duty to provide it. But, when he threatened to take her baby... she snapped. The District Attorney says Ania wasn't insane that night. How could she know? How could any of us imagine? If somebody wanted to sell your baby! Told you he would sell it, as he beat you? You sure you wouldn't snap? You're sure?

Clarence sits down. Paul and Bethany look pleased.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Jeffrey, wearing the Buzz Lightyear costume comes out of his office and closes the door. It opens, he closes it again, it opens again, he closes it again.

Shirley Schmidt: **Around the corner.** It's stuck on. Don't laugh.

Denise Bauer: Okay.

Shirley goes to stand next to Claire. Brad is also there as they wait for Jeffrey. The box he is carrying bumps into the doorjamb as he tries to walk through the doorway. He repositions the box and walks up to them. Claire tries to keep from smiling.

Jeffrey Coho: **He puts on a brave face.** Well!

Denise Bauer: Are you leaving Boston?

Jeffrey Coho: No, no, no, no. Turns out I, I like Boston. So, who knows? We'll probably meet across the table some day.

Brad Chase: I'm looking forward to it. **He holds out his hand.**

A beat. Then Jeffrey repositions the box he is carrying and offers his hand. They shake.

Jeffrey Coho: Good luck with the pregnancy, Denise. I wish you nothing but happiness.

Denise Bauer: Thank you.

Shirley Schmidt: **Jeffrey looks to her.** Don't be a stranger.

Jeffrey Coho: I won't. **He looks to Claire who seems to be getting emotional.** I'm gonna miss you most of all, Scarecrow. **She smiles bravely. They share cheek kisses.** Well! **He turns to leave, then turns back.** To infinity.

And off he goes as we hear Randy Newman's 'You've got a Friend in Me'. Jeffrey boards the elevator. Turns... giving a thumbs up. Then a wave. And the elevator closes. Brad, Claire, and Denise, missing him already.



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In Judge Willard Reese's courtroom, all parties present. The jury is filing back in. Clarence can hardly breathe, he's so nervous.

Judge Willard Reese: Alright. Madam Foreperson, you will announce your verdict for the court.

Foreperson: In the matter of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts versus Ania Gadios on the charge of murder in the first degree, we find the defendant not guilty, **gasps from the crowd** by reason of temporary insanity.

Bethany can't believe it. Ania almost dissolves in tears. Bethany wraps herself around Clarence's knees, as Paul hugs the top half of him.

Judge Willard Reese: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, on behalf of the Commonwealth I thank you for your service, please return to the jury room, from there you will be dismissed. This case is adjourned. **He pounds his gavel.**

Clarence clasps and rubs his hands with glee.

Ania Gadios: Thank you all so much.

Paul Lewiston: Good luck, Ania.

Riva Boitelle: **She comes up. To Ania.** He loved you. He never would have hurt you.

Ania Gadios: I'm sorry, Mrs Boitelle.

Riva Boitelle: Well, you have your freedom. Goodbye.

Ania Gadios: I'm your restavek!

Riva Boitelle: Not anymore. **She walks away.**

Ania Gadios: **To Paul.** What do I do now?

Paul Lewiston: You're free, Ania.

Ania Gadios: I'm her restavek!

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

Denny Crane: You know, I'm growing rather fond of being arrested. **He hands Alan a glass of scotch.** It's nice to be in the center of things. Alan, thank you. For everything. I'm sure your closing was brilliant.

Alan Shore: You didn't listen?

Denny Crane: In and out. They're just so long!

A beat as they both take a puff on their cigars.

Alan Shore: Hm. Do you even have an Uncle Bill? **Denny gives him a look.** I didn't think so.

Denny Crane: Had an Auntie Billie. Used to call her Bill sometimes. Harelip.

Alan Shore: Did you have that little story planned, or did you just wing it?

Denny Crane: Planned? Planned? You don't plan sincerity! You gotta make it up on the spot.

A beat.

Alan Shore: Why do you think we're so recalcitrant when it comes to exploring new sources of energy? Do you think the oil companies sabotage our progress there?

Denny Crane: No.

Alan Shore: Do you think they killed the electric car?

Denny Crane: No.

Alan Shore: Do you think there's any real hope for us against global warming?

Denny Crane: You want hope? **He pats his stomach.** Right here, my friend. **He points to Alan's stomach.** I see a glimmer or two right there.

Alan Shore: Ha. Maybe we should have a big steak tonight. Potatoes.

Denny Crane: We need to do what we can.

Alan Shore: A little Baked Alaska for dessert.

Denny Crane: Because we care!

Alan Shore: **He lifts his glass.** To us.

Denny Crane: Visionaries.

Alan Shore: Pioneers.

Denny Crane: Fat.

Alan nods.