

Boston Legal
Brotherly Love
Season 3, Episode 19
Written by: David E. Kelley
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Crane, Poole & Schmidt: Reception Area

Elevator dings.

Frank Cox: *to Receptionist:* Hey, how ya doin'! Frankie Cox. Lookin' for a guy named Alan Shore. I think he works here in litigation. *To paralegal:* Hey, how ya doin'?

Receptionist: Do you have an appointment?

Frank Cox: No, I'm a walk-up, but I'm an attorney myself, so, you know. *pulls business card out of his inner upper jacket pocket* Professional courtesy and all. There's my card. *To attorney walking by:* Hey, how you doin'?

Receptionist: Um, may I tell him what it's regarding?

Frank Cox: You may, if privilege extends to receptionists here.

Receptionist: I would have to tell him something, sir.

Frank Cox: Okay. I killed somebody. That work for you?

Alan Shore's Office

Frank Cox: I didn't kill anybody, I just, uh . . . well, I embellished. You know, trying to get my foot in the door a little. You know what I'm saying. You're a busy guy. I figured, "Hey, make it good."

Alan Shore: Well, homicide's a dandy.

Frank Cox chuckles.

Alan Shore: What's the real reason you're taking up my busy time?

Frank Cox: Well. *clears throat* It is homicide, actually, but, uh, I didn't do it.

Alan Shore looks at him questioningly.

Frank Cox: My brother did.

Alan Shore: Your brother did?

Frank Cox: Yeah, he killed his wife. But, if you know him, you'd be shocked, because he's a very principled guy. I'm the black sheep. Anyway, he killed her. Uh, he bought murder two; he's doin' 8 to 20 at Cedars. He's already done 5. Thing is: I tried to help him cover it up so he wouldn't get caught. Obviously, not my best work, since he got convicted. So. Anyho, Neil—uh, that's my brother—he came up for a parole hearing a month ago, where he had to tell the whole truth, which my involvement was a part of that truth, so now the cops *do* have a case against me, and I'm on the hook for obstruction of justice, concealing evidence, and, you know, *clears throat* a laundry list of lesser charges; whatever. Can I smoke?

Alan Shore: No.

Frank Cox: So, now I'm facing 15 years myself. Your name come up. That's why I'm here, takin' a shot.

Alan Shore: And if I were to represent you, what exactly would be our defense?

Frank Cox: I don't know. Uhh— *snaps fingers* Brotherly love. They—they—they—they founded a nation on that idea, right? Or at least Philadelphia! *laughs* As you can plainly see, I got personality. I testify good. Jurors *love* me.

Alan Shore: You've been on trial before?

Frank Cox: Little stuff. Not big like this.

Alan Shore nods.

Frank Cox: Pretty please?

Brad Chase's Office

Paul Lewiston: *entering* Brad—

Brad Chase: *sorting through papers in a file box* Hey, Paul, what's up?

Paul Lewiston: *handing him a contract with sticky indicators for signatures* I need you to read this, sign it, get it back to me by the end of the day, please.

Brad Chase: What is it?

Paul Lewiston: It's a "Love Contract."

Brad Chase: A what?

Paul Lewiston: A "Love Contract." Basically, it's a document to limit our liability when good relationships go bad.

Brad Chase: Excuse me?

Paul Lewiston: More and more corporations are using them as sexual harassment shields. You and Denise are romantically or physically involved, which is very nice, but should it turn ugly, we need to protect ourselves.

Brad Chase: You gotta be kidding me.

Paul Lewiston: Brad, I know it's silly, but it's policy.

Brad Chase: I don't care; the policy is dumb, and I won't sign it.

Paul Lewiston: You *have to* sign.

Brad Chase: I won't. A "Love Contract"—are you kidding me, Paul?

Paul Lewiston: *putting his eyeglasses safely in his upper inner jacket pocket* Do you know how many billions of dollars are paid out on sexual harassment claims every year?

Brad Chase: Did Shore sign one? Denny?

Paul Lewiston: We only require it of those who have disclosed an interoffice relationship.

Brad Chase: I'm not signing it. Forget it. It's dumb.

Paul Lewiston: The managing partners unanimously agreed on this policy.

Brad Chase: Paul, you can't validate stupidity by unanimous consent.

Paul Lewiston: I don't think you understand. Failure to sign is grounds for termination of employment.

Brad Chase: This is getting dumber and dumber.

Paul Lewiston: If you do not sign, you will be fired.

Brad Chase: I'm a partner.

Paul Lewiston: I don't care.

Brad Chase: I'm not signing it.

Paul Lewiston: You're not hearing me, Brad.

Brad Chase: I'm hearing you, but you're not hearing me. I am not signing this ridiculous document. *shoves it back at Paul Lewiston*

Paul Lewiston: You're fired.

Brad Chase: *laughs* What? I'm a partner!

Paul Lewiston: You're fired, *partner*.

Shirley Schmidt's Office

Shirley Schmidt: You fired him?

Paul Lewiston: I had to. He just defied me—defied the entire partnership!

Shirley Schmidt: *taking off her eyeglasses* So you just fired him?

Paul Lewiston: He forced my hand. I'm telling you I had no choice.

Shirley Schmidt: Well, of course you did! You decide either to do it or not do it.

Paul Lewiston: And had I not, what authority would I—

Shirley Schmidt: Paul, Brad's a partner—a pretty beloved one by a lot of a lot of people. You—you don't think this is a bit draconian?

Paul Lewiston: No! He was flat-out insubordinate. Look, I adore him too, but there is a rank and file here.

Shirley Schmidt: I'd like to be able to tell him that if he signs the contract, he won't be fired. Can I do that?

Paul Lewiston: Fine. But I need you to back me up here, Shirley.



Denny Crane's Office

Alan Shore: *knocks on the door jamb* Denny, I—
Denny Crane *is meditating at his desk, tip of index finger on his “third eye”—forehead just above his eyebrows.*

Alan Shore: What are you doing? Denny!

Denny Crane *startles; turns to face Alan Shore.*

Alan Shore: What are you doing?

Denny Crane: The Secret.

Alan Shore: Certainly you can tell me; I'm your flamingo.

Denny Crane: No, no, no. *The Secret.* Haven't you heard? The Law of Attraction.

Alan Shore: Uhh—

Denny Crane: Get with the program, man.

Alan Shore: What are you talking about?

Denny Crane: *sighs* If you think positively, you become a magnet and pull in everything you want towards you.

Alan Shore: Really?

Denny Crane: I figure if I concentrate on world peace, maybe I can actually make it happen.

Alan Shore: You're sitting here concentrating on world peace?

Denny Crane: Oh, God, no. Gotta start smaller. I'm thinking Raquel Welch. Get her first, then go for peace.

Alan Shore: *nods* Yes. In the meantime, how about trying a case with me? I've got a guy charged with trying to help his brother get away with murder.

Denny Crane: Is he guilty?

Alan Shore: One hundred percent.

Denny Crane: Count me in. But if Raquel Welch shows up—

Alan Shore: You have an out.

Denny Crane *smiles.*

Nearby Coffee Café

Claire Simms: *talking on her cell phone* I—I—I don't want the complaint actually filed. Just have it ready. I plan to attach it to the demand letter so they know we're serious. **To server:** A straight drip, please? **back to cell phone:** I *did* review it. It's ready. *You* just need to print it out, and I will sign it when I get in, so have a messenger— *trails off as she sees:*

Clarence Bell, *flirting with another woman in a booth.*

Server: \$2.10, please. Ma'am?

Claire Simms: *obviously shocked, hurt* What?

Server *motions with the coffee cup, reminding Claire Simms of her order.*

Claire Simms: Oh, um, uh, thanks.

Denise Bauer's Office

Brad Chase: I'll sue him. He can't just unilaterally fire me.

Denise Bauer: Brad, all he has to do is get partnership approval and—

Brad Chase: I'll sue them all. Talk about a wrongful termination! The grounds is my refusal to sign a "Love Contract"? Would you sign that?

Denise Bauer: Well, I did.

Brad Chase: What?

Denise Bauer: Brad, they're becoming boilerplate in almost every major company.

Brad Chase: Which is even more insane.

Shirley Schmidt: Really? Insanity would be settling sexual harassment claims to the tune of high six figures every year.

Brad Chase: Come on, Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: Moreover, you've backed Paul into a corner. That's just bad lawyering. Maybe we should fire you for that. Don't think you're bigger than us, Brad. Everybody's expendable, even though with Jeffrey Coho's departure we know full-well we're down to our last Buzz Lightyear. Sign the document, or clean out your office.

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

Police Detective: We knew almost immediately the crime scene had been staged.

A.D.A. John Lennox: How so?

Police Detective: Well, the victim had died from a blow to the back of the head. The suspect maintained it was self-defense. A knife conveniently lay at the floor next to the victim—it had her prints on it, and yet portions of it had been wiped, probably the parts that had the suspect's prints or the defendant's.

Alan Shore: Objection!

Judge Robert Sanders: Overruled.

Alan Shore: I could be wrong, judge, but when a witness says, "Probably," that's usually a sign that speculation is implied.

Judge Robert Sanders: I know that. You don't have to object to every little thing that's objectionable. I know what to ignore.

Alan Shore: I see. And not to be a nuisance, but how would the jury know to ignore it?

Judge Robert Sanders: Sustained.

Alan Shore: There we go.

A.D.A. John Lennox: Detective?

Police Detective: As I was saying, the whole thing looked staged—meticulously so, like he got help from a lawyer.

Alan Shore: Objection.

Police Detective: But we couldn't prove it. Then, the brother testified before the parole board. He admitted that they restaged the entire crime scene to make it look like self-defense. He further said that it was all the defendant's idea. And he said that everything the defendant said when we got to the crime scene was a complete lie. So, now we got proof.

A.D.A. John Lennox: Thank you, Detective. **To Alan Shore:** Your witness.

Alan Shore rises, buttons his jacket, and is stopped by:

Frank Cox: Totally beatable, right?

Alan Shore gives him a stare that means business.

Frank Cox: Sic 'im, Fido!

Claire Simms's Office

Clarence Bell comes to the door; knocks on the door jamb with a big smile.

Clarence Bell: Hello.

Claire Simms: Hello.

Clarence Bell: I was wondering whether you'd like to get lunch.

Claire Simms: *continues to work* Oh. *long, cold pause* No. Anything else?

Clarence Bell: What—what's the matter?

Claire Simms: Clarence, this is . . . not working out.

Clarence Bell: What—what's not working out?

Claire Simms: Us. It's great in many ways, but, uh, well, when I, um, consider long-term, it—I just don't see it. So I was thinking maybe we should take a break.

Clarence Bell: Oh, uh, okay.

Claire Simms: Can we, um, talk later, because I really need to get these documents filed.

Clarence Bell: Uh, oh—okay.

Heavy thump off camera as Clarence Bell passes out.

Claire Simms: Oh, come on. Clarence!

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

A.D.A. John Lennox: And whose idea was it, sir, to stage the scene, to make it look like your wife attacked you?

Neil Cox: Well—

A.D.A. John Lennox: I remind you, sir, you're under oath.

Neil Cox: It—it was Frankie's.

A.D.A. John Lennox: *Frankie's* idea to plant the knife?

Neil Cox: Yeah.

Rapid cut to :

Courthouse Conference Room

Frank Cox: What do you mean, "No defense"? Are you kidding me!

Alan Shore: Frank—

Frank Cox: I'm tellin' you—brotherly love, Ben Franklin, the Liberty Bell! Make it work for ya! **To Denny Crane:** What are your thoughts, big guy?

Denny Crane: Raquel Welch.

Alan Shore: Look, Frank, I thought maybe we could poke some holes on the elements, but ultimately, we have no defense.

Denny Crane: *repeatedly poking at his "third eye"* Go with The Secret.

Alan Shore: I don't think Raquel Welch is coming to our rescue.

Denny Crane: Brotherly love, like he said.

Alan Shore: That's not a defense.

Denny Crane: Make it one. Are we not our brother's keeper? Cain and Abel. Read the Bible, man.

Alan Shore: Cain *killed* Abel.

Denny Crane: Whatever. Cohen brothers—go with them; they're hot. "Oh, Brother, Where Art Thou?" The jury will suck it up. **turns to Frank Cox for the magic words:** Denny Crane.

Alan Shore: I've got to have your brother describe for the jury how and why he killed his wife.

Frank Cox: What good would *that* do?

Alan Shore: You helped a murderer, Frank. Before I can get them to forgive you, I need them to forgive the murderer.

Claire Simms's Office

Claire Simms: Are you sure you're okay?

Clarence Bell: Yes. No. Why?

Claire Simms: I told you. It's just—I don't think it's meant to be.

Clarence Bell: You're covering. I know when you're covering. What's going on, Claire?

Claire Simms: I saw you this morning in the coffee shop with that woman.

Clarence Bell: Oh.

Claire Simms: "Oh"? Well, that clears it up. You picked the wrong girl to cheat on, Clarence. Zero tolerance.

Clarence Bell: It wasn't me.

Claire Simms: It wasn't *you*?

Clarence Bell: It was Clevant.

Claire Simms: Okay. You know what? I really don't care, because I expect loyalty from the whole team.

Clarice, Clevant, Oprah—if any of them are seeing other women, I'm out.

Clarence Bell: Claire. Claire! Please.

Claire Simms: Clarence, I can't do it. I don't mean to punish you, but— **heavy sigh** I am not strong enough.

voice breaking; getting teary-eyed Okay? I can't do it. Now you need to leave. Please leave.

Clarence Bell exits.

Brad Chase's Office

Shirley Schmidt: enters I don't see any boxes, so I assume you have a signed document?

Brad Chase: I do, actually. This is a notice of appeal, which I'm entitled to file with the managing partners, requesting a full hearing. Assemble the ranks, Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: Brad, you can't win this.

Brad Chase: I'm either going to win it here or in court later. It's cheaper for you if I win it here.

Crane, Poole & Schmidt: Corridor

Denny Crane: I'm concerned. Not all of my ideas work.

Alan Shore: Well, yours is the only one we've got. It's brotherly love, full-speed ahead.

Denny Crane: Just as long as we're clear—this is *your* case. We lose; I'm still undefeated.

Alan Shore and Denny Crane stop in their tracks; Clarice/Clarence Bell is sitting at Clarence Bell's desk.

Alan Shore: Clarice, where's Clarence?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: Vacation. I'm just fillin' in.

Alan Shore: Where did he go?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: Bora-Bora.

Denny Crane: Any aging sex symbols show up looking for me?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: I wouldn't know.

Alan Shore: Clarice, may I have a word?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: Take two: *ticking them off on her fingers* I'm. Busy.

Alan Shore: In my office, please.

Alan Shore's Office

Alan Shore: What's going on?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: I told you. Clarence took some time. I'm temping.

Alan Shore: Clarice, what's going on with Clarence?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: I don't—

Alan Shore: Don't tell me you don't know; you do. What's happened?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: He got dumped.

Alan Shore: Dumped?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: Yes, dumped. By that bitch.

Alan Shore: Claire? Why?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: Because she saw Clevant with another woman.

Alan Shore: What was Clevant doing with another woman?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: He was with an escort.

Alan Shore: An escort. Call girl?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: Yes. Clarence is afraid of intimacy. He thought maybe he could get more comfortable if Clevant just hung out with—*not* for sex—but just maybe simple affection, some surrogate nonsense. Stupid.

Alan Shore: Does Claire know this?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: No.

Alan Shore: I would like to talk to Clarence, please.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: No.

Alan Shore: I really—

Clarice/Clarence Bell: *Clarence* is gone! Just *forget* Clarence! He's gone. **exits**

Claire Simms's Office

Claire Simms: An *escort*?

Alan Shore: As some sort of surrogate. They weren't having sex; they were just . . . Clarence is trying to work on his intimacy issues through Clevant.

Claire Simms: It's not that I don't forgive him, Alan. I know what I'm dealing with.

Alan Shore: But—

Claire Simms: I just don't think I *can* deal. You know, I am not as rock solid as everybody cracks me up to be, and I think I need to protect myself before I—love him.

Alan Shore: Claire, you already love him. At least talk to him.

Claire Simms: Who? Clarence? He's not even reachable. I mean, Clarence has left the building, which is what he does whenever . . . Look, I am not going through Clevant or Clarice or Oprah. I am not going to be with a man I can't get in a room with.

Crane, Poole & Schmidt: Conference Room

Brad Chase: Look, suppose a person were gay, in the closet. Suddenly, under company policy, it's his duty to declare his sexual orientation?

Paul Lewiston: That's it? You're gay?

Brad Chase: Very classy, Paul—trying to exploit my homophobia. But in this country, we have a fundamental right to privacy and, as a legal principle, one would expect it to be observed by a law firm. I have a right to my private life. It's not subject to your jurisdiction. And if you're so afraid of exposure to harassment claims, just

have the lawyers sign indemnity agreements, but the—the idea of a “Love Contract” is just stupid. The very idea undermines our credibility as attorneys. We’re grown-ups, for God’s sake!

Paul Lewiston: The right to privacy loses some of its luster once we start getting sued for the private acts of employees. If we are to be held accountable, we have to at least be apprised of what is going on.

Brad Chase: Oh, balls; that’ll just incur more exposure. Better not to have notice.

Paul Lewiston: May I finish?

Brad Chase: What if it is adultery and the victimized spouse sues us for enabling? Why create the paper trail?

Paul Lewiston: May I finish?

Brad Chase: This policy isn’t to give you notice; it’s to chill relationships, just nip them in the romantic bud.

Paul Lewiston: Let me speak.

Brad Chase: Do you farts have any idea how hard it is for someone who is single, who works 60 hours a week, to meet someone? The deck is already stacked against us without you piling on these oppressive contracts!

Paul Lewiston: Brad!

Brad Chase: I am sick and tired of being lonely! Aren’t you? What if Denise, instead of signing this contract, she decided to just sever? She’s worried enough about making partner as it is. I am *sick* of being lonely. You can all go to hell, and you don’t own me! And another thing: There’s so much sleeping around that goes on in *this* firm, you’d have to hire a whole army of lawyers just to draft the contracts! **exits**

Shirley Schmidt: He seemed upset.

Judge Robert Sanders’ Courtroom

Neil Cox: I—I was in a very difficult marriage. I was often verbally abused, extremely subordinated. I’m sure it speaks to my own character, as well as that of my late wife’s.

Alan Shore: And your wife became late after you hit her on the back of the head with a rolling pin?

Neil Cox: Yes.

Alan Shore: Mr. Cox, we’ve heard what happened *after* you hit her. Could you please tell us what happened leading up to it?

Neil Cox: Well, uh, we were having dinner. I had finally summoned the strength to leave her, or so I thought. We were sitting in the kitchen.

Flashback to the Cox Kitchen, the Night of the Murder

Lynnie Cox: What’s wrong with you?

Neil Cox: Nothing.

Lynnie Cox: Why are you so damn quiet? Usually, you blabber on, albeit about nothing. Bad day at work? Spill the boss’s coffee while you were fetching it like a dog?

Neil Cox: Lynnie, I think we’ve reached a point where . . . where you and I . . . need to redo the living room.

Judge Robert Sanders’ Courtroom

Neil Cox: I just chickened out. That might have been the end of it, but—

The Cox Kitchen Flashback

Lynnie Cox: Redo the living room? What is wrong with you?

Neil Cox: Lynnie, I was just thinking: We’ve done the kitchen, bathroom. We had the roof redone last year, but the house never changes, does it? It remains—m-my little destination of failure, where I get to drive home to every night to hear about how I’m not good enough or—or—or how I don’t measure up, or—

Lynnie Cox: You mean you don’t hear it at work?

Neil Cox: I hate you.

Lynnie Cox: That’s nice, Neil. **rises and walks away**

Judge Robert Sanders’ Courtroom

Neil Cox: I almost lost the nerve again, but I refused to.

The Cox Kitchen Flashback

Neil Cox: It’s over.

Lynnie Cox: What’s over?

Neil Cox: Us. *We’re* over. I want out.

Lynnie Cox: Where’re you gonna go, Neil? The only life you have is the one I’ve managed to manufacture for you—and you know it.

Neil Cox: **rising** I’m leaving.

Lynnie Cox: You really think you're strong enough to live without me?

Lynnie Cox's "To live without me" echoes.

Neil Cox: Yes.

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

Neil Cox: Then the abuse started to escalate. I remember getting up, moving away from the table. But she wouldn't let up. She was so . . . punishing.

The Cox Kitchen Flashback

Lynnie Cox: Here's what you probably didn't think through. Remember how years ago I was screwing your boss? Well, it seems I didn't stop. Upside, he and I still have a dialogue. If I tell him to fire you—gee, there's something we could have in common! He can screw both of us!

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

Neil Cox: That's when I just reached for the rolling pin. I don't remember actually deciding to swing it.

Echoes of Lynnie Cox's "He can screw both of us."

Neil Cox: voice over, narrating the action She turned her head away and I struck her near the back, and then she started falling. The next thing, she was lying on the floor, and blood was coming out. She wasn't moving. She was—

Alan Shore: Late.

Neil Cox: I didn't know what to do, s—so I called Frankie.

Alan Shore: I have nothing further.

A.D.A. John Lennox: I have nothing, Judge.

Judge Robert Sanders: All right. This would probably be a good time for a—a bowel movement. Uh, uh, lunch. I—I mean, lunch. Uh, uh, two o'clock.

Alan Shore: Could we say 2:30 and make time for both?

Judge Robert Sanders: Silence! I won't stand for your—your—

Alan Shore: Poop?

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Alan Shore's Office

Frank Cox: Don't worry about me; I testify good.

Alan Shore: That's exactly what I'm worried about. Frank, you need to check all the personality at the door and just be honest up there.

Frank Cox: Honest? The truth likely puts me in jail!

Alan Shore: And lying will guarantee it. If you *never* have another honest moment in your entire life, you need to have one now. Am I right, Denny?

Denny Crane: She's coming; I can feel it. My love goddess is about to walk in right about now.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: enters You all need to get to court.

Alan Shore: laughs Denny, Frankie: I'll meet you by the elevators. I need a second with Clarice.

Frank Cox: whispers to Denny Crane Is that a guy?

Denny Crane: It ain't Raquel Welch.

Alan Shore: I won't bore you with a lecture on how life is hard. All I'll say is: Love's harder. The odds are against us, and if you retreat inside Clarice or anybody else when every time it gets a little painful, you haven't got a chance. If you really do love Claire, Clarence better catch the next Flight out of Bora-Bora and get his ass back here.

Brad Chase's Office

Brad Chase is paging through a book, when Denise Bauer enters, obviously pregnant and showing.

Denise Bauer: It's official—I popped.

Brad Chase: Wow. Overnight?

Denise Bauer: Well, over the last week. I've been dressing around it.

Brad Chase: Do we need to go to the hospital or—?

Denise Bauer: Yeah, in a couple of months.

Brad Chase: Can I touch it?

Denise Bauer: Yes, Brad; it's your baby. *laughs*

Brad Chase rises, and walks to stand close to Denise Bauer, and stroke the baby.

Denise Bauer: Sometimes you can actually feel him salute.

Brad Chase: Wow. We really need to start focusing on schools.

Denise Bauer: *as she walks to the couch and sits down* Yeah. Um . . . I heard you sort of exploded yourself in front of the managing partners. Some pretty intense feelings, I'm told.

Brad Chase: Well, it's a stupid policy.

Denise Bauer: A lot of intense feelings about me.

Brad Chase nods.

Denise Bauer: How intense, exactly?

Brad Chase: Denise, you are such an idiot. *walks to the couch and sits next to her* Denise . . . I've been in love with you for the past three years.

Denise Bauer: Oh.

Brad Chase: And I think you love me, too. You don't want to. You think I'm this silly, right-wing conservative, and you're horrified that you actually *could* love me, but I think you do.

Denise Bauer: And you're what? Getting this from a psychic?

Brad Chase: No, from you.

Denise Bauer: *nodding* Mm.

Brad Chase: Every time we make love. You see, when people just have sex, their eyes dart around all over the place—like their hands—sometimes they're even close. But with you, your eyes are just laser-locked, right onto mine. So how much longer are you going to deny this?

Denise Bauer: Brad, we're dating. Really, what more do you want?

Brad Chase: I'd like to get married.

Denise Bauer: What?

Brad Chase: I want to get married.

Denise Bauer: But we—we—

Brad Chase: You don't have to respond. I just want you to know that the offer is on the table. That's a "Love Contract" I'll actually sign.

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

Frank Cox: It was maybe around seven o'clock. Uh, my phone rang. It was Neil; he wounded hysterical, I—I guess. I—I dunno. I—I couldn't really hear him too good. I—I was on my cell phone, and I was in a motel room with a prostitute. She was licking my toes at the time.

Alan Shore: *holding up his hands to stop Frank Cox* Frank!

Frank Cox: You said be honest.

Alan Shore chuckles.

Judge Robert Sanders: Uh, she was licking your toes?

Frank Cox: I got a few kinks, Judge. I ain't proud of 'em.

Judge Robert Sanders: Do they charge extra for that?

Alan Shore: Judge!

Judge Robert Sanders: What?

Alan Shore: *almost imperceptibly nods to Judge Sanders, then:* After you got the call from your brother—?

Frank Cox: I went over to his house, I went in his kitchen, and . . . I saw.

The Cox Kitchen Flashback

Frank Cox: Neil, wh-what happened?

Neil Cox: It's just . . . I told her I was gonna leave her. And then—then she started in on me, and I—I just swung it, but I didn't mean to kill her. God, Frank, what am I gonna do?

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

Frank Cox: Truth is, I was becoming as undone as he was. You think you—you're prepared for these things, bein' a lawyer, you know what I'm sayin'? But when it's your very own brother—

The Cox Kitchen Flashback

Frank Cox: Neil, Neil—look, now, the police are gonna figure this out, okay? It's gonna be pretty clear that you killed her.

Neil Cox: I'm feeling nauseous.

Frank Cox: But as clear as it may be that you did it, proving it is gonna be a whole different thing.

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

Frank Cox: I just kicked into survival mode—Neil's survival.

The Cox Kitchen Flashback

With a clatter of dishes and silverware:

Frank Cox: Forensics, fingerprints—they don't mean nothing, 'cause you live here. All the physical evidence can be explained away with a lie. I need a big kitchen knife.

Neil Cox: What?

Frank Cox: A kitchen knife. I need to get her prints on a kitchen knife, so it looks like she lunged at you.

Neil Cox: Is that legal?

Frank Cox: You killed your wife! Don't get hung up on the legals!

Neil Cox: May—maybe I can say that I came home and—and found her like this.

Frank Cox: *stepping around the counter to kneel in front of Neil Cox* Neil, listen to me. They *always* look at the husband. You got no alibi. She's screwin' your boss! There has never been a bigger suspect! You've gotta forget about erasing suspicion. Our goal here is for you to get away with murder.

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

Frank Cox: So that's what we did. We put the knife in her hand, and made up the story about her attacking Neil. Everybody knew she was abusive, so we thought that would fly.

Alan Shore: What else?

Frank Cox: And we put her blood on the edge of the counter, so it would look like that's where she hit her head after Neil pushed her, and . . . and then I got rid of the rolling pin.

Alan Shore: You concealed evidence, obstructed justice, did *everything* you could to help a person get away with murder?

Frank Cox: Yes.

Alan Shore: Mr. Cox, you're a lawyer; an officer of the court.

Frank Cox: And that's my brother—a brother I spent a lifetime probably embarrassing. Neil's a very moral person. I'm not. I've been arrested a bunch of times, been busted with hookers. But this is the first time I was ever really in a position to help him. He, on the other hand, always supported and helped me. I love him. And I would rather go to prison than . . . So, yes; I tried to help him get away with a murder that I know, in his heart, he did not mean to commit.

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom; Later in the Day

A.D.A. John Lennox: The defendant admits to concealing evidence. He admits to obstructing justice. You listened to him yourself. Fact-finding isn't in play. The only thing you have to do is uphold the law. Now, clearly, defense doesn't want you to do that. In fact, if they stand here and say, "Hey, we admit that he disregarded the law," they are preying on your willingness to do the same. When this trial began, you took an oath not to do that. An oath. *walks back to his table; sits*

Alan Shore: I think oaths are overrated. An oath in this context is a sworn commitment to a set of absolute, fixed ideas within rigidly narrow parameters. The letter of the law is often framed in absolutes. It's stated in black and white, but very often served in shades of gray.

Judge Robert Sanders: Stop playing the race card in my courtroom!

Alan Shore: *chuckles* Let's not forget, nobody got away with murder here. The brother is in prison; he convicted and put away. But that's not enough, I guess. The police want to go after Frank. And for what? He didn't hurt anybody. All he did was try and help a loved one in desperate need. I bet we've all asked ourselves, uh, uh, the question at some point in our lives: "Would I help my brother, or my father, a friend, try to get away with a crime? A murder, even?" Have you ever wondered? Have you? I doubt the answer comes quickly, without a bit of a struggle. Frank Cox was faced with that question. He came down on the side of brotherly love. Did that make him smart? Maybe not. But human . . . In our weakest moments and perhaps our noblest, we're human. The law is meant to be human as well. That's why we temper all those written, black-and-white absolutes with jurors, to humanize our judicial system, to render the system fair, compassionate, imperfect. Frankie Cox loves his brother very much. That night, when he discovered him most desperately in need of his help, he gave it to him, as a loving brother would. *nods to the jury, then walks to his table and sits*

Denny Crane looks at Alan Shore approvingly.

Claire Simms's Office

Claire Simms is busily working on her laptop, sitting on the couch, when Clarence Bell enters, and knocks on the door.

Clarence Bell: *nervous laugh* I'm sorry. I got, uh . . . I—I have certain fears I'm trying to work on, and uh—

Claire Simms: If I am going to be with a man, he needs to work on his fears with *me*, not with call girls.

Clarence Bell: *nodding* Claire, I'm . . . I'm working hard to become a better man to the extent that you don't see the work in progress.

Claire Simms: Clarence, even in the wig, you are the best man I have ever known.

Claire Simms puts her hand on the couch cushion next to her, encouraging Clarence Bell to sit next to her, and the laptop on the end table at her other side. Clarence Bell sits on the opposite arm of the couch.

Claire Simms: The point of a relationship is to see each other, *know* each other—the warts, the work in progress. For you to be who you are, what you are, all you are, trusting that none of it will be rejected.

Clarence Bell: *nervous chuckle* Uh—

Claire Simms: What?

Clarence Bell: *walking away* I've . . . uh . . . I've just never been able to trust like that before.

Claire Simms: *standing to face Clarence Bell* Please start. Start with me.

They smile; Claire Simms laughs; they hug.

Courthouse Conference Room

Denny Crane is still working The Secret; Frank Cox is pacing.

Frank Cox: They've kind of been out forever, haven't they?

Alan Shore: *checking his watch* They've been deliberating for less than an hour.

Frank Cox: Well, in my trials, the jury's back half an hour—always. Of course, I always lose.

Bailiff opens the door.

Frank Cox: Verdict?

Bailiff: Uh, no. But someone's out here looking for Mr. Crane?

Denny Crane: A celebrity?

Bailiff: *laughs* Well, yeah. How did you know?

Denny Crane: Icon? Sexual predator?

Bailiff: Actually, yeah.

Denny Crane: Show her in, man.

Bailiff: *laughs again* Okay. *runs out to show the lady in*

Denny Crane: *poking his "third eye"* The Secret!

Alan Shore chuckles.

Phyllis Diller: *grand entrance, wearing pink and red* I heard you were here! Remember me? Phyllis Diller! We had a moment during World War II. The man's an animal—an animal, like a dog! *signature Phyllis Diller cackle*

Alan Shore laughs with her. Denny Crane is speechless.

Alan Shore: I can see The Secret has a few kinks to iron out.

Bailiff: Sorry. Now we do have a verdict.

Alan Shore: Okay.



As Phyllis Diller cackles, and the camera focuses on Denny Crane staring at her in utter terror, we cut to:

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

Judge Robert Sanders: The defendant will please rise.

Alan Shore and Frank Cox rise; Denny Crane is still in speechless shock.

Judge Robert Sanders: All right. **Motioning toward Alan Shore:** What say you?

Alan Shore points toward Madam Foreperson.

Judge Robert Sanders: Oh, uh, uh, what say you?

Madam Foreperson: reading the verdict "In the matter of the Commonwealth vs. Frank Cox, on the charge of obstruction of justice, and count two, concealing evidence—"

Judge Robert Sanders: Members of the jury, this concludes your service.

Alan Shore: Judge!

Judge Robert Sanders: What?

Alan Shore: I believe there's more.

Judge Robert Sanders: Oh, dear. Is—is there, uh, more?

Madam Foreperson: nods We, the jury, find the defendant, Frank Cox, not guilty.

Frank Cox: What?

Alan Shore chuckles.

Frank Cox: Didn't I tell ya?

Alan Shore: You testify good.

Judge Robert Sanders: Members of the jury, this concludes your service. It's concluded. It's adjourned.

bangs gavel

Frank Cox: Listen, Mr. Shore, seriously . . . I—I—I don't often speak from the heart, since, you know—

Alan Shore: You've been unable to locate it.

Frank Cox: Good one. I gotta remember that. Anyway, I'll never forget this.

Alan Shore: Neither will I, Frank.

Frank Cox holds out his arms, intending a nice, big stage hug with Alan Shore.

Alan Shore: You don't have to—

Frank Cox hurls himself at Alan Shore and gives him that big bear hug.

Alan Shore: —hug me. **pats Frank Cox's back, as he monitors an obliviously speechless Denny Crane for signs of jealousy.**

Crane, Poole & Schmidt: Corridor

Shirley Schmidt: Brad, your passion carried the day. The partners ruled in your favor. We're ditching the "Love Contract" policy.

Brad Chase: Oh, good.

Shirley Schmidt: Congratulations!

Brad Chase: Thanks. Shirley, would you have really fired me?

Shirley Schmidt: Between you and me?

Brad Chase nods.

Shirley Schmidt: Yes.

Denise Bauer walks by; Brad Chase keeps pace with her.

Brad Chase: Passion carried the day. No more "Love Contracts."

Denise Bauer: Oh, well, then you're two-for-two.

Brad Chase: What do you mean?

Denise Bauer: The answer is, "Yes."

Brad Chase is trying to read her cryptic answer.

Denise Bauer: I am not going to give birth to a litter of young Republicans, but I don't suppose there's any harm in having one who's in charge of Homeland Security. One who I'm horrified to admit I . . . love.

Elevator dings, and Alan Shore and Denny Crane step out.

Alan Shore: World War II?

Denny Crane: Yeah, I was in a bunker; she jumped me from behind.

Alan Shore: Laws of Attraction, I guess.

Denny Crane: I'm gonna sue those people.

Alan Shore and Denny Crane walk past Brad Chase and Denise Bauer.

Denise Bauer: I believe I spoke last. Are you gonna say anything at all?

Brad Chase: Oh. Yes. Uh, only that I promise you will never regret this. I will wake up every morning and dedicate myself to making you happy.

Denise Bauer: I believe you.

Brad Chase: May I kiss the bride?

Denise Bauer: You may.

They kiss to Dean Martin singing "You're Nobody 'Til Somebody Loves You.

You're nobody 'til somebody loves you.

You're nobody 'til somebody cares.

You may be king . . .



and to:

Balcony Scene

Alan Shore: If I ever killed somebody, would you help me get away with it?

Denny Crane: I might. Who you got in mind?

Alan Shore: *chuckles* Nobody, really. Oh, love can cause such a variety of insanities. It can impel a man to risk his freedom for the sake of his brother. It can drive one to commit murder. And, I suppose, of course, in the absolute of height of madness, it can—

Denny Crane: Get you frisky in a foxhole with Phyllis Diller.

Alan Shore *chuckles, and then Denny Crane does the same.*

Alan Shore: I worry about Clarence being in love, the pain that goes along with it.

Denny Crane: When were you last in love, really?

Alan Shore *sighs.*

Denny Crane: *knowingly* Ohhh. Don't you long for it?

Alan Shore: I do, but I also fear it. The idea of part of me being controlled by somebody else.

Denny Crane: Oh, that's the joy, the surrender.

Alan Shore: Have you ever cried with a woman, Denny?

Denny Crane: Oh, many, many . . . No. You?

Alan Shore: Never. Some men do that, you know.

Denny Crane: Oh, I know. They're just weak men. Not like us. We're, ah—

Alan Shore: Strong.

Denny Crane: *in unison, but later* Strong. That's what makes us who we are.

Alan Shore: Kings.

Denny Crane: Masters of our domain.

Alan Shore: Alone.

Denny Crane: You're never alone on my balcony.

Alan Shore: *chuckles* I know that, Denny. *pause* Sleep-over tonight?

Denny Crane: Oh, damn it!

Strains of Dean Martin start filtering through again.

Alan Shore: Just asking.

Denny Crane: And you wonder why—

Alan Shore *rolls his eyes dramatically.*

Denny Crane: —I resist these tender moments!

Alan Shore: Just forget it.

Denny Crane: Oh, fine; now I'm the bad guy.

Alan Shore: I said forget it. Can you do that?

Denny Crane: We could have just ended it with, "You're not alone on my balcony," but, no. You *always* have to push it.

Alan Shore: Shut up.

And Dean Martin's song ends this episode:

. . . 'til somebody cares.

But you're nobody 'til somebody loves you

So find yourself somebody to love.

Promo:

Paul Lewiston (voice over): Next, on Boston Legal.

Denise Bauer: Brad and I are getting married.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, please.

Denise Bauer: Why do you think it's so ridiculous?

Shirley Schmidt: You don't love him—at least not enough.

Jerry Espenson: How we doin', Al?

Alan Shore: *You* represent Fletcher's Department Stores:

Jerry Espenson: Don't worry, your Honor. He said you were phenomenal. He's got you on his Top Ten list.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Excuse me?

Alan Shore: That is *not* true.

Judge Gloria Weldon: How would he know that then? Because you sleep with so many judges, he made an educated guess?

Alan Shore: No, no, no, no, no, no, no. No-o!

Paul Lewiston: The, uh, interview for the new litigation associate.

Associate Candidate: It is a real honor to meet you, sir.

Denny Crane: You don't sound black.