

Boston Legal

Guise 'n Dolls

Season 3, Episode 20

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Broadcast: Apr 24, 2007

Transcribed by Imamess for Boston-Legal.org; Thanks to olucy for proofreading



At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Alan Shore and Denny Crane enter Alan's office with Kaye Kent.

Kaye Kent: *To Alan.* I really appreciate you taking the time to see me. You look great, by the way.

Alan Shore: You should see me naked.

Kaye Kent: Really? I always found you much sexier fully-clothed.

Alan Shore: *He chuckles.* Is that why you always took me skiing?

Kaye Kent: Anything to get you in a parka.

Denny Crane: I can see the two of you had a personal history together. *To Kaye.* Can I have one? *She gives him a look.* You're so desirable.

Alan Shore: How can I help you, Kaye?

Kaye pulls five different dolls out of her bag. Ten inches of plastic, teased hair, come-hither doe eyes, colorful make-up, crop-tops, mini-skirts barely covering their asses. Denny is immediately aroused.



Kaye Kent: Okay. Don't laugh. These are called Tarties dolls. My daughter plays with them, or wishes she could. She's six. **Both Denny and Alan take a doll.** Many of her friends have them, the ones who don't, want them, and as you can see, they look like little hookers.

Denny picks one up, fondles it subtly, under—

Alan Shore: I bet they make great stocking stuffers.

Kaye Kent: They sell them nationwide at major retailers, including Fletcher's at the mall in my town. It's the equivalent of pornography in my opinion, which...

Alan Shore: --you know I support.

Kaye Kent: My daughter got these as gifts for her birthday. These were her favorite gifts, by the way.

Alan Shore: But not your favorite, I suspect. Denny. **Alan subtly shakes his head, 'No. Don't do that.' Denny shoots back an innocent 'What?'** expression.

Kaye Kent: Fletcher's is a family-oriented department store. You've seen their commercials. I would like to somehow get them to discontinue selling these. It's totally irresponsible. My daughter is six.

Alan Shore: Kaye, you can't possibly expect me to oppose something as titillating as—

Kaye Kent: Alan, I said *my* daughter. She's also *your* daughter. **Alan stares back. A beat.** Okay, she's not, but imagine if you had one. Do you?

Alan Shore: Not that I know of, but...

Kaye Kent: Please? I really wanna shut this down.

Alan Shore: We have no grounds whatsoever to--

Kaye Kent: I would think Fletcher's would be concerned about the negative publicity.

Alan Shore: Denny. **Denny shoots back another "who, me?" look.**

Kaye Kent: Just get us in the courtroom... please?

Alan Shore: **Rising.** Let me try the long shot first. I'll contact counsel for Fletcher's and persuade them that it might be in their best interest to voluntarily pull the dolls.

As Kaye quickly packs up the dolls— But I must say Kaye these dolls to me seem... good for society.

Kaye Kent: Thank you. Mr. Crane, thank you.

Denny Crane: **Shakes her hand.** Not to worry. We never lose.

Alan Shore: I'll be in touch.

Kaye Kent: Okay.

And off she goes. Alan and Denny are standing side by side watching her leave. Denny's hands are behind his back.

Alan Shore: Give it to me.

Denny Crane: **Innocent.** What?

Alan Shore: Denny. Give me the doll.

Denny reluctantly pulls the doll out from behind his back and gives it to Alan.

Denny Crane: **Re: the doll.** She's hot.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Brad Chase and Denise Bauer enter Shirley Schmidt's office.

Denise Bauer: Hey, Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: Hey! What's going on?

Denise Bauer: **She sits down.** Well...

Brad Chase: **He sits next to Denise.** We have a little announcement to make.

Denise Bauer: Brad and I are getting married.

Shirley Schmidt: **She scoffs.** Oh! Please! Very funny.

Denise Bauer: No. I... **This is not the reaction she expected.** We are. **She puts her hand on Brad's knee.** I love him and I decided to marry him. **Brad put his hand on top of hers.**

Shirley Schmidt: **Softly.** Oh. **Shirley realizes they're serious and tries to save face.** Oh! Oh, well. That is wonderful! **Denise sees right through this.**

Denise Bauer: Why do you think this is so ridiculous?

Shirley Schmidt: I do not think it's ridiculous. I'm... I'm just overwhelmed. I, I mean we all thought it was just a matter of time before you two love-birds... Ha.. I don't know what to say... ha, ha.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, the elevator opens, Jerry steps off and with his hands on his thighs he turns the corner and marches down the corridor. He has a worried look on his face. Clarence Bell is walking right behind Jerry. In his nervousness Jerry hops. Right behind him, so does Clarence.

Jerry Espenson: **He turns around.** Are you making fun of me?

Clarence Bell: Uh... no sir.

Jerry Espenson: I saw you. You hopped.

Clarence Bell: Oh. I got this sense that you were about to hop, and I just hopped too. It wasn't to make fun of you.

Jerry makes a purring noise. Clarence steps back. Jerry shakes his head, turns and continues on. So does Clarence.

Jerry Espenson: **He turns around again.** Why are you following me?

Clarence Bell: Oh. I'm Mr. Shore's assistant. **He points.** This is my office.

Jerry Espenson: Oh. He in?

Clarence Bell: Yes sir.

Jerry Espenson: **He reaches into his pocket, takes a wooden cigarette out of a cigarette case, and puts it in his mouth. Suddenly he's a loud, confident person** Thanks, much! **He walks up to Alan's office door, knocks loud enough to startle Alan who is working at his desk, and barges in.** How we doin', Al?

Exuberantly he marches over to strongly shake Alan's hand. Good to see you. Family's good I take it! **He puts down his briefcase and starts to take his coat off.**

Alan Shore: Jerry. I don't have a family.

Jerry Espenson: Small courtesies. Don't take it literal, Al. **He sits down and leans back cockily and confidently.** Your people called my people about Fletcher's. What can I do you for?

Alan Shore: You represent Fletcher's Department Stores?

Jerry Espenson: Some. Not all. I represent the one you're trying to shake down. What's the problem?

Alan Shore: Before we discuss that problem, I'd like to address ours, Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: Didn't know we had one. What have I done now? **He chuckles heartily.**

Alan Shore: Would you please stop that?

Jerry Espenson: No. This is the persona I use in my cases. Especially against the tricky, sleazy lawyers! Which I consider you to be. I say it with affection, Al.

Alan Shore: Jerry, please, stop it. May I have the wooden cigarette, please?

Jerry Espenson: No, I use this. If you don't like it, tough!

Alan Shore: Okay. **He sits down.** First off, I'm thrilled for you. I'm very impressed...Fletcher's Department Stores for a client.

Jerry Espenson: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Now we're both blowin' fake smoke. Que es la problema with mi cliente?

Alan Shore: Your client sells these dolls, they're called Tarties, quite sexual in nature and yet they market them to children. We'd like them to stop.

Jerry Espenson: My client makes a lot of money on those dolls, Al. They're just harmless fun.

Alan Shore: Do you have a collection? That might make Patty jealous.

Jerry Espenson: Nice try, Al. **He makes a bring-it-on motion with his fingers.** What else you got?

Alan Shore: **He gets up and walks to the door.** I don't like the new you, Jerry. **He opens the door and waits.**

Jerry Espenson: Sorry to disappoint. **Alan goes behind his desk.** We done here?

Alan Shore: Yes. **He sits down.** See you in court.

Jerry Espenson: It's a date! **He gets up to leave.** My best to the Mrs.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Alan is in Denny's office.

Denny Crane: The wooden cigarette? Again?

Alan Shore: Yeah. I've lost a friend, Denny. It was so upsetting to... oh... I've lost a very good friend.

Denny Crane: In other words he succeeded in distracting you. Say what you will about Hands, Alan, the man's a genius. He's trading on your guilt here. Putting you in the exact state of mind you're in. It's not the wooden cigarette he's using. It's you.

Alan Shore: I wonder.

Paul Lewiston: **He comes in.** Denny! The interview for the new litigation associate...

Denny Crane: Yes.

Paul Lewiston: Well, if you're too busy...

Denny Crane: No, no, not too busy.

Paul Lewiston: It's okay, we can, we can...

Denny Crane: No, no. I'd like to meet him. I hear he's very good.

Paul Lewiston: Yeah. He's a terrific candidate. And Denny... we don't want to lose him.

Denny Crane: And you're afraid I'll say the wrong thing and blow it?

Paul Lewiston: No. It's not that. It's uh...

Denny Crane: It's uh... what, Paul? What?

Paul Lewiston: Well... what if he says the wrong thing? We're afraid you'll shoot him. We need this guy, Denny.

Denny Crane: I'll take the interview.

Paul Lewiston: Ugh. **He turns to leave.**

Denny Crane: And Paul? **Paul turns back.** On your way out, when you pass the receptionist, check out the name of the firm. See whose name comes first.

Paul scoffs then leaves.

In Crane, Poole and Schmidt's kitchen, Shirley is pouring a cup of coffee when Denise enters.

Denise Bauer: **She goes to the fridge and takes out a bottle of water.** Shirley? Why do you think it's so ridiculous that I'm gonna marry Brad?

Shirley Schmidt: I don't.

Denise Bauer: Yes you do. I saw your face. Come on. You've always been honest with me.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, ho! That is not true. If I had a nickel for every lie...

Denise Bauer: Please.

Shirley Schmidt: Why does my opinion even matter?

Denise Bauer: Because it does!

Shirley Schmidt: Well that should tell you something right there. If you need the approval of others...

Denny Crane: I don't need approval. I just wanted... I don't know.

Shirley Schmidt: Advice?

Denise Bauer: Maybe. Yeah.

Shirley Schmidt: Ah. You, you don't love him. At least not enough. You're having his baby; it's no doubt the practical thing to marry him. Perhaps even better for the baby, but um...you don't love him enough.

Denise Bauer: How dare you? What business is it of yours? **She walks out.**

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Alan is standing at his office window looking out at the rain.

Clarence Bell: **He comes in.** Mr. Shore?

Alan Shore: You all set?

Clarence Bell: Yes. **He hands Alan some papers.** I didn't challenge zoning in the motion. I alleged nuisance.

Alan Shore: Nuisance?

Clarence Bell: Yes. It's more viable. It's a question of fact. It won't get kicked.

Alan Shore: Okay.

Clarence Bell: Ah, you don't seem focused, Alan.

Alan Shore: I'm not! I'm up against a friend who... he's doing what you do, I suppose. He's taking on a false persona which makes him feel more comfortable, because in his own skin...

Clarence Bell: **Softly.** Yeah.

A beat.

Alan Shore: Part of me feels that I've helped to destroy the real Jerry Espenson. And I feel horrible about that.

Clarence Bell: Okay. In the meantime you got a case to do. You need to go win this, Alan. For your friend. For her daughter. For Jerry.

Alan Shore: For Jerry? How so?

Clarence Bell: If he beats you at full strength, fine. But if he senses you're in there feeling sorry for him... Take it from me, that's the worst.

Alan Shore: So I should go in there and...

Clarence Bell: Kick his ass.

Alan Shore: I suppose you're right. Most honorable thing I could do would be to...

Clarence Bell: Kick. His. Ass.



In the courtroom, Jerry is leaning back in his chair confidently chewing on his wooden cigarette. Alan and Kaye are at their table and Alan is staring at Jerry.

Clerk: All rise. Case number seven, seven, two, six, four, Kaye Kent versus Fletcher's Department Store.

A female judge with long blonde hair enters.

Alan Shore: Oh dear.

Kaye Kent: What, oh dear?

Alan Shore: This may not be the ideal Judge. She'd like those dolls more than I do.



Judge Gloria Weldon places her name plate in front of her.

Jerry Espenson: Your Honor, we would ask that you dismiss this complaint on the face of the allegations, none of which support a viable cause of action. My client sells these dolls nationwide without incident. Is there something unique about the plaintiff's particular neighborhood?

Alan Shore: Before we get started I would ask that Your Honor recuse herself. The Judge and I are friends, Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: Yes, Alan. And the wheels of justice would grind to a halt if we recused every jurist you've slept with. **Alan is speechless and tries to motion to the Judge not to listen to this.** Tell you what. How about we go with, "Don't ask, don't tell?" Because for me the bragging gets old. Oh, 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: **Protesting.** That is not true! I didn't tell him anything. He's completely fabricating.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Oh! Oh, because you sleep with so many Judges he made an educated guess?

Alan Shore: No, no, no, no, no, no.. Nooooo! I...



Jerry Espenson: Your Honor, I don't doubt you can remain impartial. Despite Counsel's claim that you eat out of the palm of his... **To Alan.** ...was it the right hand?

Alan Shore: Jerry!

Jerry Espenson: Sorry! Maybe you should step down if you're as obsessed as he says.

Judge Gloria Weldon: I will stay right where I am! Thank you.

Alan Shore: Your Honor, Mr. Espenson has represented me in a very false light...

Jerry Espenson: Kneepad Nellie, your words, Alan, not right, step down, Your Honor.

Judge Gloria Weldon: **Glaring.** Mr. Shore, call your first witness.

Alan Shore: **To Jerry.** Did you say kneepad?

Judge Gloria Weldon: Or I will dismiss your motion right now.

Jerry Espenson: She seems upset.

Alan looks to Jerry.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Denny is in his office and shakes hands with Kevin Givens.

Kevin Givens: It's a real honor to meet you.

Denny Crane: I'm sure it is. I can only imagine, thinking back when I was a kid starting out in the practice of law... if I had met someone like me. Wow!

Kevin Givens: Yes, yes.

Denny Crane: So? **A beat.** Who do you like for President?

Kevin Givens: **Thrown.** Uh. Well, I think I would have to learn more about all of the candidates before I could...

Denny Crane: Yeah, yeah, yeah. But if you had to vote today, who do you like?

Kevin Givens: That's kind of a personal question, sir.

Denny Crane: Oh, come on. We're talking about public office. We keep our public opinions personal, does that make sense to you?

Kevin Givens: Well, who do you like?

Denny Crane: Jeb.

Kevin Givens: I don't believe he's running, sir.

Denny Crane: Oh he will. Last twenty years, there's been two families in the White House. The Bushes and the Clintons. That's the way it is. We like our dynasties here. It's the closest thing to having a king. Which we need if we wanna keep attacking foreign countries against the will of the American people. Two families. That leaves Hillary and Jeb. And if it's Hillary, you don't work here, bub.

Kevin Givens: Well, if working here is conditioned on aligning myself with either a candidate or a political party, then I don't wanna work here.

Denny Crane: Atta boy! I like a man who puts himself out on a limb to avoid answering a question. 'Course, that makes you a Democrat. You drink? We like to drink around here.



In Judge Gloria Weldon's courtroom, Alan is questioning Kaye.

Kaye Kent: I'm not a prude. I'm really not.

Alan Shore: You don't have to tell me, I'm... **Then.** Please continue.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Wait, wait, wait. **To Alan.** You've been with *her*?

Alan Shore: Your Honor, that's... really irrelevant.

Jerry Espenson: I find it's easier to keep track of the girls he *hasn't* been with.

Alan Shore: **To Jerry.** Do you mind? **Then.** Ms. Kent. Please continue.

Kaye Kent: It's just these dolls are so overtly sexual. To market them to children... **To the Judge who has one of the dolls in her hand.** That one is actually wearing a lace thong.

The Judge bends the doll to see for herself.

Alan Shore: But, Ms. Kent, you must admit this would present quite a slippery slope. There are many products in today's society, be they music, clothing, videos... that are much more overtly sexual.

Kaye Kent: Most of those are aimed at teenagers. These dolls are more for girls in elementary school. Read what's on the box, "She knows how to flaunt it." They're prostitutes. And they're selling them in a toy store.

Jerry now questions Kaye.

Jerry Espenson: In your deposition you stated that your daughter watched The Kids' Choice Awards?

Kaye Kent: Yes.

Jerry Espenson: I see they nominated Eminem. Funny, his CD's are labeled 'parental advisory, lyrics not suitable for kids.'

Kaye Kent: I don't let her listen to or watch Eminem.

Jerry Espenson: Oh, just the channels that glorify his lyrics?

Alan Shore: Objection, Counsel is putting lyrics in my client's mouth.

Jerry Espenson: Good one, Al. **To Kaye.** I see you wear clothes by Abernathy and Crotch, or whatever that's called.

Kaye Kent: I assume you mean...

Jerry Espenson: Your daughter ever go in the store with you when you shop there?

Kaye Kent: She has.

Jerry Espenson: She see the t-shirts made for ten-year-olds with 'Eye Candy' written on the front? Or the other t-shirt that says, "Who need brains when I got these?" **He points to his breasts.**

Kaye Kent: I would not let her wear that.

Jerry Espenson: How 'bout all the sex on television,--

Kaye Kent: I don't like it.

Jerry Espenson: I read where music videos now contain ninety-three sexual situations per hour. Your daughter ever watch music videos?

Kaye Kent: Sometimes, I try to monitor what she watches—

Jerry Espenson: But not what she plays with? Got it. So I take it you don't have "Grand Theft Auto" that video game where they had the players simulate sex acts with prostitutes?

Kaye Kent: We do not have that game.

Jerry Espenson: But they sold it at Fletcher's, why not sue for that while you're at it?

Alan Shore: Objection.

Jerry Espenson: Wha, wha, wha, what?

Alan Shore: You, Jerry. You. Your whole... demeanor. Your Honor, in the absence of a case he's attacking the witness personally.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Objection overruled.

Jerry Espenson: You ever watch that show about the horny housewives? Lotta sex there, I tell ya.

Kaye Kent: I watch it, but I wouldn't let my six-year-old watch.

Jerry Espenson: She might like it, it's one of the top twenty shows with children age two to eleven. Can't believe a mother hasn't sued for that.

Alan Shore: Your Honor, this mocking tone is entirely inappropriate—

Jerry Espenson: Ooh, Sorry. I'll go into rehab. Did you ever take your daughter to a psychologist after she played with these dolls?

Kaye Kent: No.

Jerry Espenson: So she really hasn't been that harmed, in your opinion.

Kaye Kent: I can only hope not.

Jerry Espenson: Thanks much.

And Jerry returns to his seat, as Alan looks at him.

Alan Shore: Your Honor, I'd like to call an expert witness to testify as to how the proliferation of sexual content in the marketplace is having an adverse effect,--

Jerry Espenson: **Rising.** Speculation, Al, you're better than that.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Sustained.

Alan Shore: Certainly I'm allowed to explore the negative impact—

Judge Gloria Weldon: No! Your client just testified that she doesn't think her daughter was actually harmed.

Kaye Kent: Only because I've been able to fend off the assault so far, but if things start getting worse...

Judge Gloria Weldon: This is not moot court, Ms. Kent.

Alan Shore: Your Honor, may I see you in chambers?

Jerry Espenson: Here we go. He told me he'd play this card.

Alan Shore: Jerry! **Jerry chuckles delightedly.** Your Honor? Chambers.

Judge Gloria Weldon: It'll be at your own risk, Mr. Shore. Let's go.

They both start to leave.



Alan Shore: *He stops at Jerry's table. Softly.* Jerry. Watch out. You just might win this case. Don't have it be because you've turned into this terrible, horrible person.

Jerry Espenson: *He gets up quickly.* Is that all you got? You wanna call me the bumbling guy with Asperger's again? Bring it on, Al. *They stare at each other.*

In Judge Gloria Weldon's chambers.

Alan Shore: Okay. First, I never said to opposing counsel any of the things he attributed...

Judge Gloria Weldon: How'd he know then?

Alan Shore: I indicated in court...

Judge Gloria Weldon: No, no, no. No. You said we were friends.

Alan Shore: Well, he just...

Judge Gloria Weldon: Made an educated guess? How many judges have you slept with, Alan?

Alan Shore: *A beat.* Something tells me I'm not going to be able to provide any satisfactory response here.

Maybe his guess went to your sexual esprit, that would... *He sees the judge frowning.* ...definitely not be the right response.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Perhaps we should ask a different question. Why didn't you call?

Alan Shore: What?

Judge Gloria Weldon: Well, after we made love. Right here. Why didn't you call? Was I just a hit and run number to you?

Alan Shore: Suddenly it smells like high school.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Why didn't you call?

Alan Shore: Well I suppose I could ask, why didn't you call?

Judge Gloria Weldon: You could. And my answer would be I did. Twice. Both went unreturned.

Alan Shore: *A beat.* Oh.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Hm. *She is almost enjoying seeing him squirm.*

Alan Shore: Your Honor. One would hope that you wouldn't let your personal discomfiture with me affect your professional objectivity.

Judge Gloria Weldon: One would hope.

A beat.

Alan Shore: This not going well at all.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Paul is in his office with Shirley and Kevin.

Paul Lewiston: I assure you, we don't all like to drink.

Shirley Schmidt: Nor are we all Republicans.

Kevin Givens: Look. I am not offering this as a form of a complaint so much as... well... I'm resigning myself to the fact that Denny Crane did not like me.

Shirley Schmidt: Even if that were true, which I doubt, we are not an autocracy here, notwithstanding Denny's great affection for kings.

As Denny pops in—

Denny Crane: Someone's talking about me? My back was itching.

Paul Lewiston: Denny. Mr. Givens is under the impression that his interview with you didn't go well.

Denny Crane: Oh, don't be silly. Man's a keeper. Smart. Good-looking. Articulate. I like him.

Paul Lewiston: **To Kevin.** There you go.

Kevin Givens: **To Denny.** May I ask...? When you say "articulate"... I would imagine almost everyone who comes out of law school is articulate.

Denny Crane: Yeah, but... uh...you know what I mean.

Kevin Givens: I don't, actually.

Denny Crane: Well, I mean it like, ah... Joe Biden meant it. The way they mean it when they say Condi Rice is soooo articulate. That way.

Kevin Givens: But I still don't know what you mean.

Denny Crane: You don't sound black!

Dead silence. Shirley and Paul want to crawl under a desk.



In Judge Gloria Weldon's courtroom, Jerry Espenson questions Charlie Costello, a Fletcher's executive.

Charlie Costello: To say we are trying to influence our culture, it's ridiculous. And would not make good business sense, by the way.

Jerry Espenson: So what are you doing with these dolls?

Charlie Costello: **Very compelling.** We are recognizing a market and trying to compete in it. Not all kids wanna play with Barbies anymore. Girls are becoming more sophisticated. They wanna be more like their grown up sisters, or the characters they watch on television. Teenagers who wear make-up, low-cut jeans, and yes, cropped mini-skirts. That's what they're being exposed to by the media, including on kids' programming. And that's what they're now looking for with their dolls.

Jerry Espenson: They might want beer, too. Doesn't mean we should sell it to them.

Charlie Costello: **He chuckles.** There are laws against selling them alcohol. There's nothing illegal about our dolls.

Alan is now up.

Alan Shore: There's a marketing term called "age compression," are you familiar with it, sir?

Charlie Costello: Yes. It's a strategy, we all use it. It allows our younger buyers to explore their more grown-up interests.

Alan Shore: You mean, you push adult products on children?

Jerry Espenson: Objection, he uses "push" to make it sound like drug dealers! He's a tricky little devil.

As Alan stares—

Judge Gloria Weldon: Mr. Espenson, please sit down.

Alan Shore: Sometimes it is like drug-dealing, isn't it, Mr. Costello? Like those energy drinks which contain massive amounts of caffeine, aimed at kids—

Charlie Costello: We do not sell those products.

Alan Shore: No, you sell the little hooker dolls.

Jerry Espenson: Objection.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Sustained.

Charlie Costello: Though you may not wanna recognize it, Mr. Shore, children, especially girls, are abandoning their traditional toys at an earlier age. While many of them are running around with cell phones and iPods, we must keep up with their growing sophistication.

Alan Shore: With the little hooker dolls.

Jerry Espenson: Objection! Sleazy! C'mon, Al! Buddy!

Alan Shore: Are you aware of studies, sir, linking the sexualization of minors with eating disorders, low self-esteem, depression?

Jerry Espenson: There have been no studies specifically linking these dolls with any of those disorders, but hey, don't let the facts get in your way, bud.

Alan Shore: Your Honor—

Jerry Espenson: Sleazy Al, gotta love him.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Denny is in his office playing with his Tarties doll. Paul and Shirley enter. Denny quickly hides his doll under the desk. Paul closes the door.

Denny Crane: What have I done now?

Paul Lewiston: "He doesn't sound black?"

Denny Crane: Well, he doesn't. Not to me. Does he to you?

Shirley Schmidt: Denny, you truly are not aware of what a racist statement that is?

Denny Crane: Oh, please! Bush and Biden said the same thing about Obama.

Paul Lewiston: Not like that, they didn't!

Denny Crane: Did too. They said, "Articulate." And Biden said, "His hygiene looked good."

Shirley Schmidt: Denny. There's no such thing as, "sounding black."

Denny Crane: What do you mean?

Shirley Schmidt: Certainly you don't think all black people sound alike?

Denny Crane: Well, of course not. The anchors on the news don't sound black at all. And the black weathermen sound whiter than me.

Shirley and Paul look at each other speechlessly.

Shirley Schmidt: It's politically incorrect to say somebody sounds black.

Denny Crane: Alright, then African-American, I don't care.

Shirley Schmidt: No.

Denny Crane: Jesse Jacksonish?

Shirley Schmidt: No!

Denny Crane: Well then how? What! What do you say? If a person sounds black, what's the right way to say it?

Shirley Schmidt: Urban.

Denny Crane: White people don't live in cities?

Shirley Schmidt: Look. There's no such thing as, 'sounding black.'

Now Denny is speechless.

Paul Lewiston: Denny! The point is, while there may be certain dialects that are consistent with African-American vernacular... **He sighs.** You just cannot judge a man's skin color by the sound of his voice.

Denny Crane: Is this a joke?

Shirley Schmidt: No, it is not! You have committed an egregious offense here!

Denny Crane: Alright! Let me, let me get this straight. Say you get kidnapped and I get a ransom call from a man who, to me, sounds black, and the cops says, "What'd he sound like?" I should just say, "Male" or? "I don't know, but not necessarily black."

Paul and Shirley are speechless.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Denny is in his office watching the news, as Alan enters.

Anchor: **On TV.** Authorities have arrested a suspect in a Brookline shooting that left a local man in serious condition...

Alan Shore: He's kicking my ass again.

Denny Crane: Who?

Alan Shore: Jerry. And this time I'm not sure how to unravel him. He actually seems to have my number.

Denny Crane: I had a dream last night about one of those dolls. They pitched a tent right in my bed. It was lovely.

Alan Shore: I hate losing. It really makes me grumpy.

Anchor: **On TV.** Meanwhile, it seems the law firm of Crane, Poole and Schmidt wants its black attorneys to sound white. According to Kevin Givens, a law school candidate who interviewed at the firm, Denny Crane himself broke the news to him.

Kevin pops up on screen.

Kevin Givens: **On screen.** He actually complimented me, saying, "You don't sound black."

Denny Crane: Ahhh! **He picks up his remote and clicks off the television.**

In Shirley's' office, so does Paul.

Paul Lewiston: Every station has run with it. We need to respond to this, Shirley.

Marshall Kennedy: **He comes in.** I take it you've seen the news.

Paul Lewiston: Yes, Marshall.

Marshall Kennedy: This is the last straw. He needs to be removed. We scheduled an emergency meeting of the administrative partners for twelve o'clock.

He leaves.

Paul Lewiston: *He sighs.* I don't know if we can save him this time.

Shirley Schmidt: Let's call a press conference.

Paul Lewiston: What?

Shirley Schmidt: Like you say, we need to respond. Let's call a news conference.



In Judge Gloria Weldon's courtroom, Alan is giving his closing.

Alan Shore: We all know sex sells in this country. Be it in magazines, movies, television. With the exception of course being family-oriented fare like the Super Bowl where, I guess, nudity has no place amongst the mud-wrestling beer commercials or the ads for erectile dysfunction. But aside from that we as a nation heartily embrace sex, and all things sexual, as a very effective means to an end, and sometimes the end is to sell a truck and sometimes it's to impeach a president, or to get you to buy a ticket or to just tune in. But in the end, we as a nation are obsessed with sex, there's either too much of it or we simply can't get enough. And personally, well, Your Honor knows I'm a fan. Even when I watch the news the more sordid, the better. Sex triangles in space. Anna Nicole. Never mind a little war in Iraq, we wanna know who the father of that woman's child is. After all, she posed naked in Playboy!

Judge Gloria Weldon: Mr. Shore! The case at hand. Please!

Alan Shore: The case at hand. What makes this case different, Your Honor, is that with these little prostitots they're celebrating promiscuity, declaring it's neat to be a trampy little slut. But they're saying it to kids! Children. My client's daughter is six years old. She's their targeted consumer. And for a store or manufacturer to lay it off on, "Gee! It's today's culture!" is as irresponsible as it is obscene. Our country may have degenerated to the point where people like Paris Hilton can make celebrities of themselves by having rather pedestrian, and I must say lackluster, intercourse on the internet! Or Britney Spears and Lindsay Lohan may fuel their fame with finely waxed crotch shots and random behavior that's worthy of, well, drug addicts. But when our culture rewards them for it, or more importantly, when age compression marketing pushes this whole, "Lets be a whore" idea on elementary school children, culture needs an adjustment.

Jerry Espenson: But until then, lucky for Lindsay and Britney, they have you.

Alan Shore: I love your glibness, Jerry, keep it up. Perhaps you can truly distract the Judge from the fact that when fourth graders feel pressured to wear belly skimming shirts and low riding jeans, it's often the first step in a depressing cycle of preadolescent and teenage dysfunction that can compromise both their mental and physical health. But what the hell? The dolls sell!

He sits down. Jerry gets up from his confident laid-back position and walks to the front. He stops for a moment, a long moment, takes the wooden cigarette out of his mouth and puts it in his pocket. Then he buttons the top button on his jacket, moves the bottom flaps aside and deliberately places his hands on his thighs.



Jerry Espenson: *Almost softly.* I think these dolls are despicable. But drawing the line here would strike me as arbitrary. I mean, what's new? Twenty-five years ago Madonna rode her sexual, raunchy, promiscuity to iconic status. The country, and I believe feminism, celebrated her. Paris Hilton might have intercourse on the internet, but our most prominent actresses routinely simulate sex acts on seventy millimeter at a theatre near you. Sometimes they get Oscars for it. I suppose you could draw the line with these dolls, but how about the clothing stores that sell sweat pants with "Juicy" on the butts? What about the t-shirts that say, "Do me"? What about the sexually explicit music videos and television shows that target the tweens. And if we really wanna crack down on the sexualization of our minors, we might consider their role models. Our female CEOs and lawyers and doctors, women of real power who routinely get boob jobs just to feel better about themselves. And what about the mothers, many of whom wear the low-cut jeans and the midriffs?

Kaye Kent: How dare he?

Alan puts his hand on her arm.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Are you a parent, Mr. Espenson?

Jerry Espenson: No, Your Honor. It is my most profound hope that one day I shall be.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Do you think that you would stand before me as a father of a young girl and say that these dolls don't trouble you?

Jerry Espenson: *Softly, but emphatically.* No. They bother me *now*. But it's nothing new. We're always gonna worry about our kids, thinking in today's world they've got no chance. But the reality is, Your Honor, rates of teenage drinking, smoking and drug use are declining. Teen pregnancy rates are down thirty-five percent from 1990, many teens are abstaining from sex. And most see Britney Spears and Lindsay Lohan for exactly what they are. Young woman now earn fifty-seven percent of all Bachelor's degrees, fifty-nine percent of all Master's degrees. Congress now has ninety female members, including the Speaker of the House. I don't think we're doomed, just yet. And should doom ever come, I doubt very much it will be brought about by a doll.

Jerry sits down and starts to purr.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Shirley rounds a corner in the corridor and runs into Denny.

Denny Crane: Shirley. What's going on? What are all the managing partners doing in there?

Shirley Schmidt: We're about to have a meeting.

Denny Crane: Why wasn't I notified?

Shirley Schmidt: Because you're not invited.

Denny Crane: But I have a right to be in there. And don't tell me this doesn't involve me. I'm a named partner!

Shirley Schmidt: It very much involves you, Denny, and you're not invited. **She walks into the conference room. Denny looks through the glass wall at a conference table surrounded by bigwigs. He is speechless. Shirley walks in.**

Shirley Schmidt: Alright. What?

Marshall Kennedy: Shirley. It's time. This will be a media storm we won't weather.

Shirley Schmidt: I'm meeting with the press this afternoon.

Marshall Kennedy: It can't wait. Denny needs to be removed now! Or...

Shirley Schmidt: **She moves to the end of the table.** All in favor of Denny being removed say, "Aye."
Show of hands.

Paul is standing off to the side, his arms crossed. Everybody else in the room raises their hands.

Shirley Schmidt: The 'Nays' have it. **And she walks out.**

Marshall is speechless.



At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Brad steps off the elevator and sees the corridor is full of reporters and photographers.

Brad Chase: What the... **He walks into Denise's office.** Do you see what's going on out there?

Denise Bauer: Has it started?

Brad Chase: No. But it's a circus.

Denise Bauer: Brad, can I talk to you for a second?

Brad Chase: Oh, oh.

Denny Crane: **He comes in.** Uhm. Do you think it's safe for me to go out there?

Brad Chase: Denny, unless you have a good disguise, I'm going to guess, no!

Denny Crane: But they'll be talking about me. **Brads nods in agreement. Denny seems to get an idea. He walks out. Denise gets up and closes the door.**

Brad Chase: So, what do you wanna talk about?

Denise Bauer: Um. I have occasioned myself to ask whether I really love you. Deeply enough to marry you. More simply put, "Would I marry you if we weren't having a child together?" **Brad listens attentively.** Part of it may be because I have a tendency to look at you through other people's eyes and see you as this giant goofhead. But when I look at you through my eyes only, and my heart, I realize...I do love you! Quite deeply. And I can't wait to be your wife. **Brad smiles.** That's all I wanna say.

Brad Chase: That is the best thing that anyone has ever said to me in my entire life. Including my Gunnery Sargent, all my Little League coaches...Just.. **Denise shakes her head then grabs Brad's head and plants a kiss on him.**



At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, the corridor is teeming with media people. Shirley comes down the corridor, and the crowd starts shouting her name. She takes her place behind a podium with microphones.

Shirley Schmidt: My name is Shirley Schmidt, I'm a senior partner at Crane, Poole and Schmidt, thank you all for coming. It's nice to see you'll turn out when there's hard news. Yesterday my partner, Denny Crane, made some regrettable statements, the most offensive being when he told an African-American law student that he didn't sound black. I know Denny Crane. He is not a bigot. When he used the word 'articulate', as I suspect Joe Biden used it, as I suspect our President used it, what he was attempting to convey was that he thought Mr. Givens would play well with white corporate America. The simple but ugly truth is we all look for that. Perhaps unconsciously, perhaps not, but we do. We have a primarily white client base. We hire associates we feel will best appeal to that base. Before you point your finger at us I would invite the media to look at its own industry. Consider the criteria by which you choose your anchors. Denny Crane's statement speaks not to his own racism but to a much more insidious one that exists in a white collar society that prefers to take its blacks as it takes its coffee, with a little cream and sugar. I'm not proud of it. But until we confront that truth, we will not change it. Thank you all for coming.

Dead silence follows her as she walks away. From around corner Denny has been watching this, wearing a black mustache and wig.



In Judge Gloria Weldon's courtroom she is giving her decision.

Judge Gloria Weldon: I hate the dolls. **Kaye smiles broadly at this.** But do they offend the sensibilities of our society? One that broadcasts reality shows about trading wives. One where the average child hears about erectile dysfunction before he's heard of Christopher Columbus.

Alan Shore: **He gets up.** Your Honor. This ruling is not going at all well, so far. One can only assume this preamble is a misdirect to add suspense to your ultimate decision which I know will be more just.

Judge Gloria Weldon: You lose, Counsel. But I do hope you won't let your professional discomfiture with me affect your personal feelings.

Alan Shore: I'll try not to.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Motion to dismiss, granted.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry, Kaye. You knew this was most likely a loser, but...

Kaye Kent: You tried. And I thank you for that.

Alan Shore: If it's any consolation, children are still the most influenced by their parents, and your daughter seems to be in very good hands there.

Kaye Kent: Thank you. **She walks away.**

Alan Shore: **He looks to Jerry.** Jerry. I must tell you, that man with the wooden cigarette in his mouth was brilliant. He might alienate a few juries along the way. The man who gave the closing, however, is perhaps one of the finest lawyers I've ever been up against.

Jerry Espenson: Thank you.

Alan Shore: And for what it's worth, the man who gave the closing, I miss him, terribly. If you could see your way past...

Jerry Espenson: Okay.

Alan Shore: Just like that? Okay.

Jerry Espenson: I miss you, Alan.

Alan pats Jerry on the back as they walk out of the courtroom.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Alan and Denny walk onto the balcony with their cigars and scotch in hand.

Denny Crane: So, he took you back? I suppose you'll be going over to his place for a sleepover tonight?

Alan Shore: **He chuckles.** Denny!

Denny Crane: He beat you?

Alan Shore: He did.

Denny Crane: What's that like? To lose?

Alan Shore: You almost lost in a very big way today, my friend.

Denny Crane: Oh, you should have seen Shirley. If anybody wonders how she got to be Shirley Schmidt, the evidence was on full display today. She was as strong and as powerful and as dignified as any woman I've ever seen. Made me wanna flip her on her back and have sex with her.

Alan Shore: **He looks at Denny for a moment.** Do you think you're a racist Denny?

Denny Crane: Oh... nah, I... I don't know. Do you think it's racist to say a man sounds black?

Alan Shore: I think it's more offensive to say, 'street' or 'urban', when the inference is you mean 'black'.

Denny Crane: So, what do you say?

Alan Shore: Well, Barack Obama referred to the black sound as a black idiom, more like jazz and less like a set score.

Denny Crane: They let him get away with that?

Alan Shore: **He chuckles.** Evidently.

Denny Crane: I might vote for him, you know.

Alan Shore: Obama?

Denny Crane: "Anybody in America can grow up to be president!" That's what I say. Except Hillary! She wins, I puke.

Alan Shore: Barack Obama.

Denny Crane: Ah. Handsome. Great photo-op. But I don't know what he stands for. Be a perfect president. He speaks perfect white, as well as black. You never heard me say that.

Alan Shore: What about McCain?

Denny Crane: He speaks Bush now. Can't win.

Alan Shore: Obama is against the war now, you know.

Denny Crane: So am I. **Alan is surprised.** It's boring. I'm ready for a new war. Time to blow up Iran. They got Sadam. Now we gotta get uh... Amina Douchebag. And that nut job in North Korea, they both gotta go. And *not* because they're not white.

Alan Shore: Okay. Denny, does it bother you at all that America is so hated by the rest of the world these days?

Denny Crane: Well, of course it does, Alan. Just can't please everybody. Better to just...

Alan Shore: Blow them up.

Denny Crane: Exactly. And not because they're not white.

Alan Shore: No.