

Boston Legal  
Duck & Cover  
Season 3, Episode 23  
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Scene: Denny Crane's Office



*We see the full glory of the Stanley Cup, then, with a whirr of an engraving tool, Denny Crane prepares to quite literally make his mark in hockey history. Alan Shore enters, a look of absolute horror on his face.*

**Alan Shore:** What are you doing?

**Denny Crane:** *rolling his chair to face Alan Shore and removing his safety mask*

Stanley Cup—oldest trophy in professional sports.

**Alan Shore:** Denny, please do not tell me that you've stolen the Stanley Cup.

**Denny Crane:** Oh, don't be ridiculous. I know people. I've got it for the day! *returns to his engraving*

**Alan Shore:** And what are you doing?

**Denny Crane:** I'm gonna put my name on it.

**Alan Shore looks horrified.**

**Denny Crane:** Every player, coach, G.M.—*anybody* who's won the Cup has their name on it.

**Alan Shore:** But you've never won it.

**Denny Crane:** I contributed. Watch this. *clicks his TV remote* 1970 Boston Bruins. Bobby Orr scores the winning goal! Cut to— *fast-forwards the recording* That's him, looking for his dad in the stands. But he's not looking for his dad, not really.

**Alan Shore:** He was looking for you?

**Denny Crane:** I loaned him my lucky jockstrap that day.

**Alan Shore:** I hope you washed it first.

**Denny Crane:** My name belongs on this Cup.

**Alan Shore:** Denny, I don't think this is a good idea.

**Denny Crane:** They'll never notice. It's got so many dings on it already. I'll say I dropped it on my desk.

**Alan Shore:** You dropped it and left a ding in the form of your name.

**Denny Crane:** It's the Holy Grail, man. Denny Crane's name belongs on it. *hugs the trophy*

**Alan Shore:** Well, engrave it later. We need to get to the wedding.

**Denny Crane gives the Cup a fond look, and exits reluctantly.**



Scene: Catholic Church

**Alan Shore has plenty of pretty ladies to admire as they pass. He stands next to Denny Crane, who is watching 2 Marines in full dress uniform greeting and escorting visitors into the Chapel.**

Denny Crane: Who are the jarheads standing with Brad?

Alan Shore: Those are his groomsmen. They're all reservists together.

Denny Crane: Could come in handy. Denise looks like a runner.

**Alan Shore laughs.**

Father Nicholas McClinton: **stepping forward to shake Denny Crane's hand** Hello.

Denny Crane: Hello.

Father Nicholas McClinton: **shaking Alan Shore's hand** Mr. Shore, Nick McClinton. My friends call me "Father." I've heard a lot about you.

Alan Shore: Yes? I've been around with some of the nuns.

Father Nicholas McClinton: So have I. Uh, listen, there's a legal matter I'd like to discuss with you. May I phone your office next week?

Alan Shore: A little trouble with one of the sisters?

**Father Nicholas McClinton smiles as Paul Lewiston steps out of the chapel.**

Paul Lewiston: We should take our seats.

Father Nicholas McClinton: **seeing Shirley Schmidt** Well, hello there.

Shirley Schmidt: Hello.

Father Nicholas McClinton: **shaking her hand** I'm, uh, I'm Nick McClinton. Are you here alone?

Shirley Schmidt: No, I—I'm with the group. I'm the designated drinker.

Father Nicholas McClinton: Well, excellent!

Denny Crane: **whispering to Alan Shore:** That priest is a hound dog. I like him.

Paul Lewiston: Father?

Father Nicholas McClinton: Hmm?

Paul Lewiston: I think you need to perform a ceremony.

Father Nicholas McClinton: Oh, indeed. See you at the reception.

Shirley Schmidt: **chuckles** Clergy love me.



**Alan Shore laughs, following Shirley Schmidt, who is following Paul Lewiston into the Chapel.**

**One of the Marines escorts Shirley Schmidt, as Paul Lewiston, then Alan Shore and Denny Crane, walk down the aisle to their seats to the accompaniment of Pachelbel's "Canon in D," played by a small string orchestra. Brad Chase waits at the altar, as the Flower Girl walks down the aisle strewing rose petals, and a civilian groomsman escorts a bridesmaid down the aisle. The music switches to organist, playing Wagner's "Bridal Chorus" from Lohengrin. Everyone rises to face the closed doors at the back of the chapel.**

Denny Crane: I love it when the bride's knocked up. Everybody gossips.

Shirley Schmidt: Shh!

Altar boy: **Bursting through the doors** Father! They're coming! They're coming!

**Music stops, and Father Nicholas McClinton runs down the aisle to grab Alan Shore.**

Father Nicholas McClinton: Please, M—Mr. Shore, that matter I wanted to discuss—it's—it's happening *now*.

Please, please, come with me, please. **motions for Alan Shore to follow him out of the chapel** I'm sorry. In here.

FBI Agent: **entering the Chapel** FBI! Everyone stay where you are!

Agent Daniel Foster: Where's the priest?

**Denny Crane:** Slow down. All you've got is the word of a few young boys against a man of God!

**Agent Daniel Foster scowls and walks past Denny Crane.**

**Brad Chase:** What's going on?

**Agent Daniel Foster:** We have evidence that Father McClinton is harboring illegal aliens on the premises. Where'd he go?

**Brad Chase:** That door! Listen, we're Marines. What can we do to help?

**Agent Daniel Foster:** Seal the premises. Nobody gets in or out without my say-so.

**Brad Chase:** Okay. Sal, you take the front. Eddie, secure the back alley. I'll secure the altar. Everyone, remain calm. Let's move!

**Brad Chase claps, and Sal and Eddie take off on a run.**

**Denny Crane:** What a wedding!

[opening credits]

Scene: Elsewhere in the Church

**Father Nicholas McClinton is running down a flight of stairs, shedding bits of raiment as he goes, Alan Shore close behind. He bursts into a small room, in which Maria and Alberto Lopez are sitting on a bed.**

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** *Tranquilos*, in here.

**Alan Shore:** You have about a half a minute to tell me what's going on before those agents knock this door down.

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** This is Maria and her son, Alberto. Maria is undocumented. Immigration caught her in a sweep of the clothing factory where she worked, and they want to deport her back to Mexico.

**Alan Shore:** How did they end up living in your church basement?

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** The church offered them sanctuary.

**Alan Shore:** Well, that's very noble, but there's no legal right to church sanctuary in this country.

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** Of course. But Alberto was born here. He's a citizen. If they send his mother back, the government effectively deports him, too, so Maria has not set foot outside this church for, well, three months.

**Agent Daniel Foster:** ***rattling the doorknob and pounding the door*** FBI! Open the door.

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** She's protecting her son, Mr. Shore.

**Alan Shore:** I'll do what I can for Maria. As for your impending arrest: Say nothing. I'll represent you.

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** *No tengan miedo*, shhh!

**Alan Shore unlocks the door, and the FBI Agents open it and walk into the room. One agent heads for Maria and Alfredo while Agent Daniel Foster begins to handcuff Father Nicholas McClinton.**

**Agent Daniel Foster:** Nicholas McClinton, you're under arrest for harboring an illegal alien. You have the right to remain silent.

**Alan Shore:** He's represented by counsel. No interrogation.

**Agent Daniel Foster:** Should you choose to give up that right, anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to speak to an attorney.

**Maria Lopez:** *¿Que va a pasar? Haz como te enseño m'hijo. ¿Todo va a estar bien, eh? Tranquilo.*

Scene: The Chapel

**Shirley Schmidt:** Has anybody checked on Denise?

**Paul Lewiston:** Brad's with her.

**The FBI Agents escort Father Nicholas McClinton, and Maria and Alfredo through the chapel, Alan Shore in the lead.**

**Alan Shore:** Father, say nothing.

**Maria Lopez:** *Todo va a estar bien.*

**The FBI Agents walk past Denny Crane, Paul Lewiston and Claire Simms.**

**Denny Crane:** What did I miss?

**Alan Shore:** No time to explain. If you catch the garter, save me a whiff.

**Brad Chase:** *entering* Excuse me, everyone. I have an announcement to make. There isn't going to be a wedding today, seeing as we have no priest and now, no bride.

**Claire Simms:** What?

**Denny Crane:** A runner—I knew it.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Brad, where is Denise?

**Brad Chase:** She's in labor.

***Brad Chase rushes past Paul Lewiston, Shirley Schmidt, Claire Simms and Denny Crane.***

Scenes of Boston

***To the accompaniment of Dr. John, singing "Making Whoopee":***

*Another bride, another groom,*

*Another sunny honeymoon—*

*Another season, another reason*

*For making' whoopee.*

Scene: LDR (Labor/Delivery/Recovery) Room

***Brad Chase is breathing into a paper bag, as Dr. Kathleen Ryan checks Denise Bauer.***

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** You're effacing.

**Brad Chase:** Is the baby coming?

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** Contractions are at 7 minutes. Ideally, you want them to be 5 minutes and last 60 seconds.

**Denise Bauer:** Well, should we stay or go home?

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** *laughs* You can stay. I'd lose the gown, though. It could get messy.

**Brad Chase:** Oh, my God!

**Denise Bauer:** What?

**Brad Chase:** He'll be a bastard.

**Denise Bauer:** *What?*

**Brad Chase:** Denise, we're not married. He'll be illegitimate.

**Denise Bauer:** You've got to be kidding me!

**Brad Chase:** We can't do this.

**Denise Bauer:** We can't d—did you not hear what she just said? *pointing at her belly* This little bastard is effacing.

**Brad Chase:** Is there a chaplain in the hospital?

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** Yes, but I—

**Brad Chase:** Get him up here!

**Denise Bauer:** I don't believe this.

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** Hold on a second.

**Brad Chase:** Get the chaplain up here—*now*. *sits and breathes into his paper bag.*

***Dr. Kathleen Ryan shakes her head and walks away, as Brad Chase puts his hand on Denise Bauer's belly. Denise Bauer angrily takes his hand off her and slams it on the bed next to her.***

Scene: Jerry Espenson's Office

***Allison Lovejoy is petting a duck on her lap and reading a "NOTICE OF EVICTION" as Jerry Espenson enters.***

**Allison Lovejoy:** Oh, Shirley Schmidt promised you'd take care of this.

**Jerry Espenson:** I see. And what exactly is the problem?

**Allison Lovejoy:** My landlord's evicting me. It's so unfair!

**Jerry Espenson:** Does it have anything to do with the duck?

Allison Lovejoy: Oh, I get that it's a "no-pets" building, but Larry's not a pet. I have an anxiety disorder, and Larry's my emotional support animal. I'm pretty sure I have rights. **laughs** You wanna touch his beak? It's really smooth.

Jerry Espenson: Will you excuse me?

**Allison Lovejoy nods, and Jerry Espenson exits the office.**

Allison Lovejoy: Oooh!

Scene: Hallway of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

**Jerry Espenson, hands glued to thighs walks to:**

Scene: Shirley Schmidt's Office

**Jerry Espenson:** I've handled multinational corporate bankruptcies, high-profile murder cases, and defended manufacturing giants against product liability charges.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Yes?

**Jerry Espenson:** And you assign me the duck lady!

**Shirley Schmidt:** Is she just sitting alone in your office?

**Jerry Espenson:** She has the duck. I can only surmise you did this because, one, you're hazing me since I'm the new guy again, or two, you think my Asperger's allows me to relate to anyone "colorful." Or three, you're having second thoughts about rehiring me.

**Shirley Schmidt:** It's four. I'm a name partner and don't—underscore—have to explain myself to you.

**Jerry Espenson:** Well, that's a conversation stopper.

**Shirley Schmidt:** It's like the cops say: a case came in, and you were catching.

**Shirley Schmidt smiles, and Jerry Espenson exits, headed back down the hallway to his office.**

Scene: Judge Byron Fudd's Courtroom

**Court Clerk:** Docket Number 830294, *United States v. Nicholas McClinton*.

**Judge Byron Fudd:** Let's see what the hell we got here.

**Alan Shore:** Alan Shore for the defense. Waive reading. The defendant pleads not guilty and asks for an immediate trial.

**Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra:** No objection.

**Judge Byron Fudd:** Bail?

**Alan Shore:** The defense requests R.O.R.

**Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra:** He's a flight risk, your Honor. **As Alan Shore chuckles:** Father McClinton's contempt for the law is well known. He notoriously assisted draft dodgers during the Vietnam War. This isn't a first for him.

**Alan Shore:** Objection. We like to forget Vietnam and other past mistakes in this country. It makes it easier to repeat them.

**Judge Byron Fudd:** What are you, anti-war?

**Alan Shore:** Judge, even the Republicans are against the war now. It's the "in" thing to be.

**Judge Byron Fudd:** All right, the defendant is released on his own recognizance pending trial, which I will schedule, uh, one hour from now.

**Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra:** What?

**Judge Byron Fudd:** Hey, can't we get rid of this, *please*? I'm sick and tired of jailing priests. It's not original. He doesn't fiddle with the aliens, does he?

**Alan Shore:** Only the nuns.

**Judge Byron Fudd:** One hour. See ya.

Scene: Hospital Corridor

**Brad Chase:** What do you mean, there's no chaplain?

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** Well, there is one, but he's currently occupied.

**Brad Chase:** With what?

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** Well, a respirator, if you must know. He's presiding over a plug-pulling ceremony.

**Brad Chase:** ***pulling out and flipping his phone open in one "Captain Kirk"-like movement*** Oh, for God's sake!

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** Oh, a cell phone.

**Brad Chase:** Claire. Brad Chase. Not well. Listen, I need you to get me a priest.

**Denise Bauer is in active labor, screaming and panting.**

**Brad Chase:** Well, she's still in labor, but we don't have much time. I need you to get me a man of God, and haul his ass down here.

**Denise Bauer is in active, VOCAL labor!**

**Brad Chase:** I *am* calm! Stop arguing with me and just do as I say. My fiancée is effacing with a bastard, so get me a friggin' priest! **snaps the cell phone shut** God Almighty!

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan is CLEARLY in sympathy with Denise Bauer, whose labor continues.**

Scene: LDR Room



**Denise Bauer:** A—AAHHH!

**Alan Shore:** *entering, unsuspecting*  
Oh! Oh, my goodness.

**Brad Chase:** *seeing Father Nicholas McClinton behind Alan Shore* Thank God!

**Alan Shore:** *quietly, to Father Nicholas McClinton:* We should make this quick. **Louder, to Denise Bauer:** Denise, we're due back in court . . .

**Brad Chase:** Simple ceremony. **shaking Father Nicholas McClinton's hand and pulling him toward the bed** We're gonna skip communion.

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** Smart.

**Brad Chase:** We're at six centimeters.

**Denise Bauer screams, insistently. Alan Shore is just not sure about this labor business; seems painful.**

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** If you could just give us a second.

**Alan Shore:** I think squatting would be better.

**Denise Bauer screams, again.**

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** Denise, would you like the epidural?

**Denise Bauer nods her head and grabs Dr. Kathleen Ryan's wrist.**

**Brad Chase:** No drugs; we're going natural.

**Denise Bauer:** Oh!

**Brad Chase:** You're gonna be okay, sweetie. Keep breathing.

**Denise Bauer:** You breathe! I want the drugs.

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** Hello, Denise.

**Denise Bauer:** Get out of my face!

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** I'm on a tight schedule here.

**Denise Bauer:** Ahhh!

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** Out! Now is not the time.



**Denise Bauer is screaming, panting, breathing, grunting and all those other really attractive things women in labor do. Father Nicholas McClinton exits with Alan Shore—still not quite sure what to make of the whole thing—close behind.**

Scene: Jerry Espenson's Office

**Jerry Espenson:** He's your emotional support animal.

**Allison Lovejoy:** A sort of service animal—an assistive animal. Some dogs warn you if you have a seizure coming. Some monkeys fold your laundry if you have no arms.

**Jerry Espenson:** Why a duck?

**Allison Lovejoy:** I'm from western Massachusetts—farm country. There were ducks. It was nice. But here in Boston, everything's . . . insistent. I'd have panic attacks. I'd shake, sweat. It's debilitating. It's like having a heart attack *all the time*.

**Jerry Espenson:** I'm familiar with the phenomenon.

**Allison Lovejoy:** My doctor talked about benzodiazepines and immersion-habituation-psycho-hypnotherapy? And then he said, "How 'bout an animal?" **chuckles** A positive association that calms me.

**Larry the Duck quacks contentedly, as Allison Lovejoy strokes the duck and hands Jerry Espenson some food pellets.**

**Jerry Espenson:** A duck.

**Allison Lovejoy:** I need this duck like a diabetic needs insulin, like a wheelchair guy needs a wheelchair. This is a service duck.

**Jerry Espenson strokes Larry the Duck and laughs.**

Scene: Judge Byron Fudd's Courtroom

**Agent Daniel Foster:** There are between ten to twenty million undocumented aliens living within our borders—ten to twenty million.

**Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra:** But you invaded a church.

**Agent Daniel Foster:** Look. Do you know the cost of illegal immigration? One study put it at thirty billion dollars per year—thirty *billion*. This, while we're trying to fight a war, feed the homeless, provide health coverage.

**Alan Shore:** Objection! He's assuming facts that are far from in evidence. We're trying to feed the homeless? Provide health coverage? Are we also trying to save the environment? That would be a good lie to tell, as long as you're—

**Judge Byron Fudd:** Hey! You!

**Alan Shore:** Did you just call me "you"?

**Judge Byron Fudd:** This room is not your political forum. **pointing for Alan Shore to sit**

**Alan Shore:** **chuckling** Really?!

**Judge Byron Fudd:** Sit!

**Alan Shore complies.**

**Judge Byron Fudd:** What else?

**Agent Daniel Foster:** Our hospitals are flooded with illegal immigrants, using our ERs as doctors' offices. We currently incarcerate more than three hundred thousand illegals for a variety of crimes, and our states provide more than twelve billion dollars per year for the public education of their children.

**Alan Shore:** **rising** I'm confused. Is this now *his* political forum?

**Judge Byron Fudd:** **points at Alan Shore** Sit. **points down** Down.

**Agent Daniel Foster:** By flouting our immigration laws, Father McClinton is perpetuating this crisis.

**Alan Shore:** The young woman, uh, ah, Father McClinton took in has no criminal record, correct?

**Agent Daniel Foster:** Yes, but—

**Alan Shore:** She pays her taxes on time—?

**Agent Daniel Foster:** It's not about that.

**Alan Shore:** —she contributes time at her son's school, volunteers at the church—?

**Agent Daniel Foster:** Look—

**Alan Shore:** —so, contrary to your grossly inaccurate characterization of undocumented workers as people who run over here, commit crimes, then demand free care at the hospital, Ms. Lopez is an upstanding member of the community—in fact, she's a model citizen, isn't she?

**Agent Daniel Foster:** Hey, it's your buddy that's on trial here today, not her.

**Alan Shore:** Yes; for aiding a woman who happens to be the mother of someone who *is* an American citizen. Let's talk about her son, Alberto.



Agent Daniel Foster: You mean her “anchor baby”?

Alan Shore: **long pause** I mean, her *son*.

Agent Daniel Foster: It’s what they do. They come over here and they drop babies because anybody that’s born on American soil is automatically a U.S. citizen. It’s an abuse of our 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment.

**Alan Shore just stares, speechless. Agent Daniel Foster, Judge Byron Fudd, and Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra, in turn, stare at Alan Shore.**

Judge Byron Fudd: Mr. Shore?

Alan Shore: **after yet more pause, Alan Shore shakes his head and** I’m sorry. I was just taking a moment to allow his racism to resonate.

Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra: Objection!

Alan Shore: Let’s focus on one of these “anchor babies.” His name is Alberto. He’s 8 years old. He takes trumpet lessons every Wednesday. He’s the leading scorer on the Blue Tornadoes soccer team. If you deport his mother, you’re forcing him to either abdicate his rights as a citizen or fend for himself alone on the streets of Boston. Which is the more acceptable choice to you?

Agent Daniel Foster: He can return when he’s eighteen and then, as a citizen, legally sponsor his mother’s move here. It’s why they do it.

Alan Shore: But for those intervening ten years, if he wants to stay with his mother, he’ll have to quit his school, abandon any access to reliable health care, and put his everyday living conditions at *real* risk.

Agent Daniel Foster: Ms. Lopez should’ve thought about that before she broke the law. And he— **points at Father Nicholas McClinton**

Alan Shore: You’re preventing an American citizen from using the very services you brag about to the rest of the world.

Agent Daniel Foster: If we let everybody in, do you know what would happen to this country?

Alan Shore: My client didn’t let anyone in. He simply provided safe harbor for—

Agent Daniel Foster: For a fugitive—which makes him a criminal.

Alan Shore: **chuckles** Oh, my. **looks toward Father Nicholas McClinton**

Scene: LDR Room

Brad Chase: No, Claire, he left. He got called into court.

**Denise Bauer is very serious about this labor thing now, moaning and grunting and pushing.**

Brad Chase: Breathe, honey! **back to cell phone** This is Boston, for God’s sake! What do you mean, you can’t find a priest? The place is crawling with priests. You mean to tell me you can’t find *one*? **back to Denise Bauer, who is groaning and pushing:** Breathe, honey! **back to Claire Simms on the cell phone** Look, uh, get a minister if you have to, a rabbi, captain of a ship—anybody who can perform the ceremony.

Denise Bauer: Aah!

Brad Chase: **to Denise Bauer:** You’re doing great. **to Claire Simms:** Look, just get Shirley in on this if you have to. **closes cell phone**

Dr. Kathleen Ryan: **angry now** There’s a judge down the hall with gout. A judge can perform a civil service, can’t he?

**Denise Bauer screams.**

Brad Chase: Get that judge in here!

Dr. Kathleen Ryan: Well, I can’t force him to— **interrupted by Brad Chase’s cell phone, which SHOULD be turned off in the hospital** —and there it is again.

Brad Chase: Claire? Yeah. Change in plans. Get over here *now*, fast.

**Denise Bauer is panting hard.**

Scene: Conference Room—Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Wayne Picker: If she was a cripple, I’d put some handrails in her shower.

Jerry Espenson: Mr. Picker—

Wayne Picker: If she’s blind, I’ll label the mailbox with the bumps. She’s not, okay?

Jerry Espenson: The Fair Housing Act prohibits discrimination on the basis of disability. This includes a mental impairment, which limits an individual’s ability to function, as does Ms. Lovejoy’s anxiety disorder.

Wayne Picker: No pets.

**Jerry Espenson purrs.**

Wayne Picker: Okay, that was weird.

Jerry Espenson: Who's the duck hurting?

Wayne Picker: He waddles around, smellin' up the place, quackin' at people!

Allison Lovejoy: He's a good duck! He doesn't quack at people.

**Larry the Duck quacks.**

Allison Lovejoy: Oh.

Jerry Espenson: If there's been any damage, Ms. Lovejoy's security deposit—

Wayne Picker: Won't cover my ass if he bites someone on my property. Then I'll really get drilled, and they can be vicious.

Allison Lovejoy: You're talking about swans.

**Larry the Duck quacks in agreement.**

Jerry Espenson: **nodding at Larry the Duck as if the Duck is acting in his own defense** These animals decrease blood pressure, alleviate depression—

Wayne Picker: You know what eases my depression? Watchin' a stripper clean my gutters. Do I make people live with that?

Jerry Espenson: **rising, angry** Now, you're making fun, and I don't like it! **begins to pace, hands glued to thighs, with an occasional hop thrown in**

Wayne Picker: People like you are why we've become a nation of coddlers. Yeah, make an excuse for being weak and having no discipline.

**Jerry Espenson purrs.**

Wayne Picker: What are you, a cat? The accommodation isn't reasonable. She's not handicapped, and he ain't medicine. Fight me in court! Think I can't take it? I'm a landlord.

Allison Lovejoy: **punctuated by quacks from Larry the Duck** I can't afford to move. Two months in advance, moving costs. He'll probably keep my deposit. I'll have an eviction on my record! Oh, God. Oh, God!

Jerry Espenson: Can you shut him up!

Denny Crane: **suddenly appears in the doorway, packin' a big ol' shotgun** There it is!

Jerry Espenson: Mr. Crane!

**Denny Crane—Man of Action takes aim, and kaboom! Allison Lovejoy screams, Larry the Duck flaps his wings wildly, and Jerry Espenson hops.**

Denny Crane: Blanks. Just kidding.

**Allison Lovejoy faints, overwhelmed by anxiety.**

Denny Crane: What? Can't take a joke?

**Whole lotta flappin' and hoppin' goin' on, including Denny Crane who is imitating the duck.**

Scene: Conference Room—Courthouse

**Father Nicholas McClinton sits at the table, as Alan Shore enters, closing the door behind him.**

Alan Shore: **sits with him at the table** They've offered Maria a deal. They're giving her a green card in exchange for her testimony against you. Obviously, they're making an example of you.

Father Nicholas McClinton: Great.

Alan Shore: I can try to talk to her.

Father Nicholas McClinton: No, no, no, no, no. If she has an opportunity to stay here with Alberto, she should take it. I've actually discussed that with her.

Alan Shore: That could turn out to be quite a sacrifice on your part. They're seeking jail time.

Father Nicholas McClinton: **sighs, then takes a deep breath** You know what I like to do when things seem hopeless?

Alan Shore: Pray?

Father Nicholas McClinton: Bribe. What do we know about this judge?

Alan Shore: Bribery isn't an option.

Father Nicholas McClinton: So, let's pray then, and fight. You a fighter, Alan?

Alan Shore: I like it better than praying.

Father Nicholas McClinton: Well, come on, then. This is Boston.

Scene: LDR Room

**Denise Bauer is screaming and sweating and pushing.**

Brad Chase: Hold on, honey!

Denise Bauer: Stop telling me to hold on!

**Claire Simms enters, Judge Robert Sanders—in hospital gown—in tow.**

Judge Robert Sanders: What the hell is going on in here?

Claire Simms: Well, I told you. She's having a baby, and you have to perform the marriage ceremony before she does. This is Brad Chase—the groom; Denise Bauer—the bride.

Judge Robert Sanders: An—and who's that in her vagina?

Claire Simms: That would be the doctor.

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan raises a gloved hand to wave.**

Judge Robert Sanders: Oh, she's awfully close.

**Denise Bauer has quite a powerful set of lungs on her.**

Brad Chase: Okay, let's go.

**Brad Chase pulls Claire Simms closer; Claire Simms pulls Judge Robert Sanders closer. Denise Bauer—well, Denise Bauer is about ready to give birth.**

Scene: Conference Room: Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Wayne Picker: Ducks quacking, lawyers shooting shotguns—this place is an asylum, don't ya think? A—and what's with all the hopping?

Jerry Espenson: I think I have a solution.

Wayne Picker: If it's *duck a l'orange*, count me in.

Jerry Espenson: I'll personally be financially liable for any damages. And further, the duck will agree to wear a diaper—I mean, Ms. Lovejoy will agree that he'll wear one.

Wayne Picker: Oh, right, so that the guy in 4B can tell me that gets to keep a therapeutic Vietnamese pig who helps him stutter less. Sorry, duck lady is history.

Jerry Espenson: Mr. Picker, please sit.

**Wayne Picker sighs, sits.**

Jerry Espenson: I don't like you.

Wayne Picker: What're you gonna do—purr at me again?

Jerry Espenson: I am not going to purr. **purrs anyway** It seems I was wrong about that. See, while you were so kind as to come in today, I took the liberty of dispatching a paralegal, first to the Executive Office of Public Safety, and then to several of your properties. I wanted to be prepared, should things not work out. I'm prepared, Mr. Picker.

Wayne Picker: What are you talking about?

Jerry Espenson: **punctuating words with documents** I'm talking about the Fire Protection System Code 780, C.M.R. 901.6. Evidently, you neglected to have signage on equipment and sprinkler control valves of the prescribed size and in contrasting colors. Addressing that—a hassle, I know. You have a fence erected without permit that exceeds the height allowed for erection without a permit by an inch and a half. That'll be fines, fees, *and* a hassle. Non-compliance with low-flush toilet mandates. Ouch. And let's not overlook the pruning of a protected tree without permission of the tree warden. Oh, here's a biggie. The penalty for use of undocumented workers—are we a little sloppy about our employment records?

Wayne Picker: **rises** This is blackmail!

Jerry Espenson: Maybe you should call the cops. I'm done purring, Picker. The claws are coming out. You wanna screw with me? Go ahead! Make my bed! **pause as he thinks about that** Day.

Scene: LDR Room

Denise Bauer: Ahhh—owww!

Judge Robert Sanders: **slowly and solemnly** Do you, Dennis—

**Brad Chase:** No, it's Denise! When's the last time you saw a Dennis giving birth?

**Judge Robert Sanders:** Now, stop rushing me, you . . . rusher.

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** The head is crowning.

**Denise Bauer:** Oh!

**Brad Chase:** Hurry.

**Judge Robert Sanders:** Do you, Denise, take Brad to be your husband?

**Denise Bauer screams in assent.**

**Brad Chase:** Hurry!

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** Ready or not, here he comes!

**Claire Simms:** Hey, you're not gonna make it!

**Judge Robert Sanders:** Do you, Brad, take Denise—

**Brad Chase:** I do!

**Judge Robert Sanders:** By the power vested—

**Brad Chase:** Just say it!

**Judge Robert Sanders:** I—I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride.

**Brad Chase:** *kisses Denise Bauer's hand* Okay, mwah! We're married.

**Denise Bauer lets out a blood-curdling "Ahh-oww!"**

**Brad Chase:** The head is coming!

**Claire Simms:** Oh, my God!

**Judge Robert Sanders:** What the hell is happening down there?

**Denise Bauer screams, again.**

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** Here he is. Here he is. He's here. Oh, he is a beautiful baby . . . girl. Huh?



**Denise Bauer and Brad Chase look a bit taken aback, as is Dr. Kathleen Ryan. Claire Simms smiles.**

**Judge Robert Sanders:** I—it's all pinched up and messy.

**Brad Chase:** We have a girl. We have a baby girl.

**Judge Robert Sanders:** It isn't cute at all.

**Denise Bauer:** Is she healthy?

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** Oh, she's perfect.

**Judge Robert Sanders:** I thought they always came out cute.

**Denise Bauer:** Oh, God. It's a girl.

**Claire Simms goes to Denise Bauer's side to hold her hand, as Brad Chase goes to the nurse tending the baby off to the side.**

**Dr. Kathleen Ryan:** Do you want to cut the cord?

**Brad Chase:** Okay.

**Judge Robert Sanders:** You don't circumcise girls!

**Claire Simms takes that as a cue to release Denise Bauer's hand and escort Judge Robert Sanders out the door.**

Claire Simms: Um, Judge?

Judge Robert Sanders: Yes?

Claire Simms: Let's—let's get you back to your room.

Judge Robert Sanders: Did it look cute to you? I don't . . .

**Brad Chase looks back to Denise Bauer, who looks exhausted but happy.**

Scene: Judge Byron Fudd's Courtroom

Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra: Did you ever pursue the idea of entering the United States legally?

Maria Lopez: Yes! But it would have taken a long time, and the chances are very—

Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra: So, you wanted to skip the line and take the fast track. And when you were caught breaking the law, the defendant helped you?

Maria Lopez: Yes.

Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra: Whose idea was it to seek sanctuary in the church?

Maria Lopez: Father McClinton's. He said the church could provide protection while we find another way for me to stay.

Alan Shore: Ms. Lopez, why did you come to the United States?

Maria Lopez: There is no work in Mexico. My brothers have to travel far to find jobs—construction, farming. It is very hard on them, and they earn nothing. Thirteen dollars each day—it's not enough for my family to eat.

Alan Shore: So you broke the law and snuck into our country?

Maria Lopez: Yes.

Alan Shore: And now that you've been discovered, you're being deported?

Maria Lopez: No, I'm not going back.

Alan Shore: Is it true you made a deal with the prosecutor that you got a green card in exchange for your testimony?

Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra: Objection! Relevance.

Alan Shore: It's perfectly relevant. Your entire case against Father McClinton is based on the contention that illegal aliens such as Ms. Lopez are a parasite on our society, yet, when it suits the government's purpose—

Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra: We reserve the right to grant deals to any witness we deem fit.

Alan Shore: This is just how our immigration laws are applied in general. When it suits the government, they look the other way, but when they want to make a point, they tear innocent families apart and put a priest's head on the chopping block.

Judge Byron Fudd: Mr. Shore! **shakes his head in warning**

Alan Shore: Ms. Lopez, why did you go to Father McClinton?

Maria Lopez: He's a good man. He helps everyone without thinking about himself, and I thought maybe he could help me.

Alan Shore: And he did?

Maria Lopez: **nods** Yes. **tears in voice** I'm so sorry, Father. I wouldn't do this if I didn't have to.

Scene: LDR Room

**Close-up of Brad Chase and Denise Bauer's baby girl**

Brad Chase: This is the most beautiful girl I've ever seen.

**Baby coos; nurse finishes swaddling her, then picks her up and takes her to Denise Bauer.**

Nurse: Here you go, Mom.

Denise Bauer: Hi! Oh, look at her! Look at her. She's . . . Does she look just a little bit like Jeffrey Coho to you?

**pause, as she watches Brad Chase's reaction** I'm kidding!

Brad Chase: **to Denise Bauer:** I love you.

Denise Bauer: **looking at baby** I love you. **whispers** Look what we made. Hi. Hi, precious!

Scene: Judge Byron Fudd's Courtroom

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** This woman had a child. They faced a life of certain poverty if she were deported, perhaps they might have starved. A priest has to act with mercy when everyone else refuses to.

**Alan Shore:** But, surely, Father, you can appreciate if every church started harboring illegal immigrants—

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** Yes, yes. The big picture. Well, I couldn't look at the big picture here. I was looking at one mother and her child, facing an unspeakable hardship.

**Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra:** So, it's *your* belief that priests should get to break the law, so long as they're being compassionate?

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** I didn't state it in such simple terms.

**Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra:** But it *is* that simple. You harbored a fugitive because you felt badly for that fugitive.

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** When's the last time you starved, Mr. Sciarra?

**Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra:** There are many Americans that are starving.

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** And I do a lot to help those people, as well. Does the government?

**Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra:** If you don't mind, I'll ask the questions.

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** Yes, it's easy to ask the questions. Have you got any answers?

**Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra:** Well, one answer might be, "Obey the law."

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** We can't even decide what the law should be on this issue, and so I—

**Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra:** It's clear on harboring fugitives. What you did was illegal. That puts you in the company of criminals, Father.

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** Along with Martin Luther King and other people of conscience.

**Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra:** Oh, oh, oh, you liken yourself to Reverend King, do you?

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** Certainly not. He wasn't Catholic.

Scene: Break Room—Crane, Poole & Schmidt

**Shirley Schmidt:** *entering, Jerry Espenson behind her* Jerry, I'm very impressed. You got a satisfactory result, avoiding court, which given the client's anxiety, was essential. Excellent, excellent work. **takes mugs off shelf on the wall, and begins pouring coffee**

**Jerry Espenson:** Thank you, Shirl. It felt good.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Please, call me, "Shirley." Don't ever call me Shirl.

**Allison Lovejoy screams, from Jerry Espenson's office, across the hallway.**

**Man's voice:** *heard above the general murmur in the break room* Did someone scream?

Scene: Jerry Espenson's Office

**Jerry Espenson:** *enters running* What?

**Allison Lovejoy:** He's not breathing!

**Jerry Espenson:** What?

**Allison Lovejoy:** Do you know CPR?

**Jerry Espenson:** No, I d—

**Larry the Duck lies prone, not breathing, on Jerry Espenson's couch.**

**Allison Lovejoy:** He's *not* breathing! Help him!

**Jerry Espenson:** *to Shirley Schmidt (behind him):* Do you know CPR?

**Shirley Schmidt:** It's a duck!

**Allison Lovejoy:** Help him! He's gonna die!

**Shirley Schmidt:** I'm not about to—

**Jerry Espenson:** Shirley, if you know CPR . . . He's not breathing!

**Shirley Schmidt:** It's a duck!

**Allison Lovejoy:** What's wrong with you? He's dying!

**Shirley Schmidt:** Oh, for God's sake! **feels for a pulse on the duck's neck** It's—it's cold. It's dead.

**Allison Lovejoy:** **screaming** Nooo! **wails** Larry! Oh, Larry!

**Jerry Espenson does a little hop dance and purrs, as Denny Crane and Paul Lewiston watch from the window.**

Paul Lewiston: What the—?

Denny Crane: Dead duck.

Scene: Judge Byron Fudd's Courtroom

**Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra:** A burglar robs your house. His friend hides him from the police. They should both go to jail, shouldn't they? That's exactly what happened here, only on a much larger scale. Our country is quickly being robbed of its resources by those who illegally infiltrate our borders. Welfare, public education, our prison system, American medicine—all are being drained by the influx of illegal aliens. And remember, under Federal law, hospitals are required to treat anyone who comes in with an emergency, whether or not they're insured, documented, or able to pay. In California alone, eighty-four hospitals are closing their doors because of the rising number of illegal immigrants and their non-reimbursed tax on our system. We are nearing the breaking point. This isn't about being heartless. It's about having to face a crippling problem. It would be nice to help everybody, but we just can't do it any more. And it's not compassionate to do it. Don't be fooled. Father McClinton is not sparing suffering. He is simply transferring it, reallocating it to Americans—to you **points** and me. To our children. He's committing a crime, and he needs to be held accountable . . . even if he is a priest. **turns and walks to his table, sits**

**Alan Shore:** **rises, buttons his jacket as he walks to face the jury** In 1903, my great-grandfather came here from Scotland. He was sixteen years old. I remember when I was about seven, him telling me that he had sailed across the ocean to find his fortune. It was the happiest day of his life, he said—the day he arrived here, in the United States of America. Our nation is so different today. It's crowded, too much traffic, not enough housing, not enough jobs, not enough care—we're overcome. And, recently, our sense of national pride has shifted to a nationalistic, institutionalized paranoia and suspicion of foreigners. And, within that shift, there's been an erosion of our civil rights, our democracy has often given way to autocracy, and we've systematically alienated much of the rest of the world. But of all the ways that America has lost sight of what it means to be America, immigration—it's not just a part of our heritage or landscape, it's how we were born as a country, and then became the American dream. Understandably, we can't just keep letting everybody in. We've got security issues, limited resources, and at some point— **chuckles** But what to do with those who are already here, and have been here for years, as part of our communities, workforce, our families? Do we just throw them out for being undocumented? Because, as a nation, we've cultivated them, wooed them to be here. And what exactly do we mean by, "undocumented"? Many of these people have documents spilling out of their pockets. They file tax returns, they're issued driver's licenses, library cards. The government actually paves the way for illegal immigrants to open bank accounts here. Bank of America and Citigroup offer them loans and mortgages. Wellpoint, the nation's largest health care provider, sells insurance to them, while Sprint and Verizon offer them cell phone contracts. Contrary to the popular myth that undocumented workers are a drain on our economy, they are, in truth, *vital* to it. That's why this issue is so complicated. In a very significant way, either you or a family member or a friend—we *all* have at least one, if not many, undocumented immigrants living in our lives, and if we just start whisking them away, every one of us will lose people we care about, rely on—people we *love*. But with perhaps as many as twenty million undocumented immigrants living in this country—do not think for a second this doesn't affect you on a *very* personal level, as it affected my client. Father McClinton reached out to help somebody he cared about—one of his parishioners, who needed a bed for her and her eight-year-old son to sleep on. Does that make him a criminal? The fact that we're in this courtroom to discuss anything other than what's to be done for this woman, the fact that we're here instead to punish this priest—*that's* what's criminal! We can no longer be the land of dreams to the rest of the world, but when I think of the look in my great-grandfather's eyes as he would talk about how truly blessed he felt to be an American, to be in a nation that prided itself on its compassion, its freedom, its true sense of fairness—when I think about that, I think how lucky we are that there are times when we still get to believe *that*. Please, go back to that room and declare *this* day to be one of those times.

**Pauses to look at the jury, then walks to his table, as the camera focuses on Judge Byron Fudd, Assistant US Attorney Kevin Sciarra, and Father Nicholas McClinton, all left to their thoughts.**

Scene: Denny Crane's Office

**Denny Crane looks bored, playing with a bobble-head doll, in his own image. Shirley Schmidt enters, closes the door. Denny Crane taps the base of the bobble-head doll.**

**Denny Crane Bobble-Head Doll:** Denny Crane!

**Denny Crane:** Denny Crane bobble-head. Famous Boston icons: Ted Williams, Bobby Orr, Larry Bird, and me.

**Shirley Schmidt:** The vet said the duck died of an apparent coronary, most likely brought on by *you* blasting a shotgun in its direction. Denny, for you to fire off a shotgun in an office space, loaded or not . . . **sighs** Last week, you dropped your trousers in a judge's chambers. It's getting old, Denny, and it's getting embarrassing.

**Denny Crane:** Not to me.

**Shirley Schmidt:** **steps around and sits in a chair opposite Denny Crane** This behavior will not be tolerated much longer. I don't mean by the other partners, Denny, I mean by me. I will fire you. I won't want to, but I will damn well do it. This is a warning.

**Denny Crane looks at his bobble-headed likeness.**

**Shirley Schmidt:** Could you tell me why? What would possess you to get a shotgun?

**Denny Crane:** Shirley, there was a time when there was a line at my door. People wanted me on their case. Now, nobody wants me on their case. Brad and Denise had a little baby girl. Did you hear?

**Shirley Schmidt:** I did.

**Denny Crane:** Fantastic. Look around. Brad, Denise, Claire, Alan—it's all still in front of them, really. It's not in front of us anymore, Shirley. It's almost over. We're old.

**Shirley Schmidt:** You can feel however you want about yourself, and I'll choose how to feel about me.

**Denny Crane:** Shirley, you're a beautiful woman—smart, still relevant, really. But you're old. You're closing in on the end. Not as fast as I am, but . . . ah, we're rich. We certainly don't need to work, but we do so, not only because we love it, but because we're desperate for distraction—like running around shooting a shotgun. It can be more fun than sitting in your office acting your age.

Scene: Judge Byron Fudd's Courtroom

**Judge Byron Fudd reads the verdict, then refolds it and hands it to the Court Clerk.**

**Judge Byron Fudd:** Will the defendant please rise? Mr. Foreman, has the jury reached a unanimous verdict?

**Foreman:** We have, your Honor.

**Judge Byron Fudd:** And what say you?

**Foreman:** On the count of harboring an illegal alien, we find the defendant Nicholas McClinton . . . guilty.

**Alan Shore:** Ask your Honor to enter a judgment notwithstanding the verdict.

**Judge Byron Fudd:** Denied. R.O.R. is granted until sentencing.

**Alan Shore:** **turning to Father Nicholas McClinton:** We will appeal this.

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** Thank you. Please don't worry.

**Judge Byron Fudd:** Members of the jury, thank you.

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** That's the beauty of my job—I can do it anywhere.

**Judge Byron Fudd:** We are adjourned. **bangs gavel**

**Maria Lopez hugs Father Nicholas McClinton and sobs. Alan Shore is visibly upset, too. Alberto Lopez looks a bit adrift.**

**Father Nicholas McClinton:** **indistinct, to Maria Lopez:** . . . fine . . . Thank you.

Scene: Brad Chase's Office

**Brad Chase is passing a box of cigars.**

**Brad Chase:** We're going to have another ceremony as soon as Denise is feeling up to it, so—

**Paul Lewiston:** But you *are* officially married?

**Brad Chase:** Mr. and Mrs. Brad Chase.

**Everyone laughs, toasting.**

**Jerry Espenson:** Yay!

**Shirley Schmidt:** What's your daughter's name, Brad?



Brad Chase: Bradley.

Shirley Schmidt: O-kay.

Jerry Espenson: **as Wooden Cigarette Guy:** A beautiful thing, having a baby. Think ya got any eggs left, Shirly? Spit one out for old time's sake. That would be a hoot. Talk about your miracles!

**Jerry Espenson starts to sputter as Shirley Schmidt takes his cigar out of his mouth; Brad Chase and Claire Simms exchange looks.**

Jerry Espenson: **as himself:** I was just making cocktail conversation. I apologize.

Denny Crane: **entering** Hey! Oh, hey! Special cigar. **hands cigar to Brad Chase** I was saving it for your first son. But, what the hell! A daughter's not so bad. This isn't China.

Brad Chase: Thank you, Denny.

Denny Crane: Straight from Cuba; as legal as my gardener.

**Brad Chase lights the cigar, and it pops! Everyone jumps.**

Jerry Espenson: Oh! **and hops**

**Denny Crane laughs and claps; Brad Chase coughs. Claire Simms looks a bit askance.**

Denny Crane: Is that a cigar or what? **doing his "Groucho Marx with a cigar" impression** Denny Crane!

**Shirley Schmidt gives Denny Crane a warning look; Denny Crane stops laughing and clears his throat.**

Scene: Denny Crane's Balcony

**Denny Crane and Alan Shore sit in their usual chairs, the Stanley Cup on the table between them.**

Denny Crane: Quiet tonight.

Alan Shore: Well, I lost. I don't like to lose.

Denny Crane: **pouring scotch into his glass** Well, I sympathized with the priest. But this immigration mess, you know, it's—

Alan Shore: **chuckles** A mess.

Denny Crane: At any given moment in my house, I've got a cook and a maid and a gardener and car detailer and a pool man and a handyman and a hooker, and I'd be the only one that's documented, except maybe the hooker.

Alan Shore: **chuckles** You typically have an answer for our most difficult problems, Denny. What's the Tom DeLay part of you say about this?

Denny Crane: Ship 'em off to Iraq. Let 'em fight our war, and after, don't let 'em back in.

Alan Shore: Dig deeper.

Denny Crane: Medical research—test new drugs on 'em.

Alan Shore: What's your Dick Cheney say?

Denny Crane: Shoot 'em.

Alan Shore: Problem solved.

Denny Crane: **chuckles** Shirley threatened to fire me today.

Alan Shore: For what?

Denny Crane: I killed a duck. Accident. It had a heart attack.

Alan Shore: Shirley was fond of the duck?

Denny Crane: I'm assuming. She's in denial.

Alan Shore: About the duck?

Denny Crane: About getting old. How is it the youth rule this country? I don't get it. The old have all the money.

Alan Shore: Yes, but don't you think the real joy in life lies in the promise of tomorrow? The young simply have more tomorrows stacked up. That's all.

Denny Crane: Happiness . . . is right now, my friend. On this balcony, right now. You and me.

Alan Shore: **laughs** I love how you reduce everything in life to . . . you and me.

**Both Alan Shore and Denny Crane laugh.**

Denny Crane: **conspiratorily** Alan, let's drink from the Cup.

Alan Shore: That's gonna be a lot of scotch.

Denny Crane: It's the Holy Grail, man. Gordie Howe drank from this Cup. Rocket Richard, Basil Pocklington. Here you go.

***Ever the gentleman, Denny Crane helps Alan Shore drink first.***

Alan Shore: Hmm. Ahh. Scotch actually breathes rather well in trophies.

***In one seamless motion, they switch positions, and Alan Shore helps Denny Crane drink from the Stanley Cup.***

Denny Crane: Now we can say we drank from Lord Stanley's Cup.

***Alan Shore chuckles.***

Denny Crane: What a thing to be able to tell our grandchildren. Go get a camera! ***sets the Stanley Cup on the balcony railing***

Alan Shore: Denny, careful.

Denny Crane: No, no. Don't worry. Get a camera, and we'll . . . oh! ***he misses the catch***

***Long, speechless pause as they watch the Stanley Cup tumble off the balcony to land on the street below.***

Alan Shore: That will leave a significant ding.

***Loud, graceless metallic clunk.***

Denny Crane: Killed a duck, dropped the Grail—all in the same day.

***Strike the mysterious music, as Denny Crane and Alan Shore sneak out of the office to retrieve the Grail, er, Stanley Cup.***

## Promos

Mark Valley: Next on Boston Legal.

Shirley Schmidt: You can't sue a casino for a gambler losing money!

Jerry Espenson: We sorta did.

Shirley Schmidt: What?

Clarence Bell: Your client took all her money.

Attorney Jonathan Weiner: Yes, casinos like to do that.

Clarence Bell: You really think that's fair?

Attorney Jonathan Weiner: Are you two even real lawyers?

Alan Shore: The District Attorney is holding to Murder One.

Scanlon Brother: Look, I don't care what they say. We did not kill our father.

Alan Shore: We don't think that we can win this.

Alan Shore: What the hell are you doing?

Denny Crane: It's every man for himself, Alan.

Alan Shore: I move for immediate mistrial. He's completely blindsided me.

Judge Phyllis Tamber: I want him off.

Denny Crane: Why?

Judge Phyllis Tamber: I have a duty to ensure competent counsel for both defendants.

Denny Crane: Do you know who I am?

Judge Phyllis Tamber: You used to be Denny Crane.