

Boston Legal  
Beauty and the Beast  
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*In a restaurant, intimate, sexy. A small jazz band plays, Alan and Denny, on a romantic double date with Judge Gloria Weldon and Cynthia Nichols, thirties, stunning.*

**Denny Crane:** Let me tell you something. You two women couldn't be more beautiful if you were paid for.

**Cynthia Nichols:** *She laughs.* Denny.

**Denny Crane:** What? *To Gloria.* God, you're sexy. *To Cynthia.* Marry me.

**Cynthia Nichols:** How 'bout a dance instead?

**Denny Crane:** Then we can get married. *He gets up with Cynthia.* Alimony check is already cut.

**Judge Gloria Weldon:** He's certainly in his element tonight. *Playfully.* Are you?

**Alan Shore:** I could be, with proper coaxing.

**Judge Gloria Weldon:** Do you know what I'd really like to do?

**Alan Shore:** Tell me.

**Judge Gloria Weldon:** I would like you to take me home and ravage me, leaving me weak, gasping for breath, and pregnant.

**A beat.**

**Alan Shore:** What was that last part?

**Judge Gloria Weldon:** I wanna have a baby. Yours.

**Denny's limo pulls up in front of a luxury apartment building.**

**Cynthia Nichols:** You live here?

**Denny Crane:** No, no, no, don't be silly, I've got a big home in the 'burbs. I just use this place in the city for quickies.

**Cynthia Nichols:** You make it sound so romantic.

**Denny Crane:** Oh! We're so right for each other, Cynthia. I can feel it. You're hot, I'm in heat. We're a match... waiting to ignite.

**Cynthia Nichols:** I have a career. And my career is very important to me.



Denny Crane: What do you do?

Cynthia Nichols: Men. Rich men.

Denny Crane: Oh.

Cynthia Nichols: Now, don't get me wrong. I went out with you because I found you funny, attractive, I'm a huge sucker for power. But if you wanna have sex, it'll cost you five thousand dollars.

Denny Crane: Five thousand? What if you stayed a power sucker inside the car?

Cynthia Nichols: Twenty-five hundred.

**Within a second, Denny pulls a wad of money out of his coat pocket.**

Denny Crane: Here's three thousand.

Cynthia Nichols: **She's delighted.** Oh! You're so sweet.

**She gives him a little peck, as we hear a click. Denny looks down to see he's been handcuffed.**

Denny Crane: Oooh. Does that cost extra?

Cynthia Nichols: You're under arrest for violation of Massachusetts General Laws, Chapter Two-seven-two. Section Fifty-three-A, sexual conduct for a fee, you have the right to remain silent—

Denny Crane: Oh, come on.

Cynthia Nichols: If you give up that right to remain silent, anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to speak to an attorney—

**As she continues on—**

Denny Crane: And I even liked you. **Denny lowers the privacy shade and speaks to the driver.** Change of plans, Jeffrey. Take me to jail. **To himself.** Here we go again.

**Denny and Alan ride in the elevator at CP&S.**

Alan Shore: I can't believe she was an undercover cop.

Denny Crane: I should have known something was up when she called me handsome.

Alan Shore: Did you actually give her money?

Denny Crane: Yeah. It was entrapment, man. You saw the way she was dressed. My bet? I was targeted!

**They meet Shirley as they exit the elevator.**

Shirley Schmidt: Alan? Denny.

Alan Shore: Shirley.

Clarence Bell: Let me introduce Katie Lloyd. She's joining us today. She's fresh out of law school.

Alan Shore: Very fresh. **He reaches out to shake Katie's hand.**

Shirley Schmidt: That took all of one second.

Denny Crane: **He reaches out too.** Perhaps we can get a cup of coffee later.



Shirley Schmidt: That took five seconds.

Carl Sack: **Approaches and joins them.** Well, well, well! Denny Crane.

Denny Crane: **Stunned, he walks up to Carl.** What are you doing in my law firm?

Carl Sack: It's not *your* firm, Denny. I'm a senior partner. Remember? Or has your brain shrunk since we last met? That time I believe it was the size of a pea. **He looks to Alan.** I see you've made a friend.

Denny Crane: We had a deal, Sack. I stay out of New York. You steer clear of Boston. **To Shirley.** What's he doing here?

Shirley Schmidt: New sheriff

in town, Denny. **She turns to Katie and takes her arm.** Here. Let me help you get settled.

Denny Crane: What do you mean 'new sheriff'? I'm the sheriff! You've seen my spurs!

**Denny follows Shirley and Katie. Alan and Carl size each other up.**

Carl Sack: Hello.

Alan Shore: Hello.

**Shirley, Denny and Katie round a corner.**

Shirley Schmidt: We'll talk about this later.

Denny Crane: No. We will talk about it now!

Shirley Schmidt: Okay, fine, go to my office then.

Denny Crane: Fine! **He stops.** Where is it?

**Shirley and Katie walk down the hall, talking (Katie, with a British accent). Denny is in the background looking for Shirley's office.**

Katie Lloyd: It's very peppy here.

Shirley Schmidt: Yes. We apologize for any temporary inconvenience, but until the renovations are complete you'll be sharing an office. **They walk into Jerry's office. He rises.** Jerry Espenson, this is Katie Lloyd.

Jerry Espenson: **He comes around his desk, his hands on his thighs, very excited.** Yes.

Katie Lloyd: Good to meet you, Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: Hello!

Welcome! Hello!

**Katie nods and smiles shyly.**

Shirley Schmidt: Jerry graciously volunteered to share his office. Well! I'll let you get settled. I believe we have a staff meeting scheduled for eleven.

Katie Lloyd: Brilliant.

**Shirley leaves. Jerry and Katie look at each other. Jerry hops.**

Katie Lloyd: Oh! Ha! I should perhaps get organized.

Jerry Espenson: Yes! **He sighs.**

Yes. **He goes back behind his desk.** Yes. **Katie starts taking things out of her box.** You're pretty.

Katie Lloyd: Oh, you're very kind to say so.

Jerry Espenson: You seem so nice.

Katie Lloyd: Thank you for that as well.

Jerry Espenson: I'm not being forward. Don't be alarmed. It's just... not all litigators are nice people. Denise Bauer is nice but she's on maternity. Brad Chase was nice. Now he's gone. I was beginning to think nice people don't last long around here, so I'm so happy to see another one arrive.

**Carl comes in.**

Carl Sack: This was just assigned to us by the court. Indigent client, his old lawyer jumped in front of a bus. Now he needs a new one. **He drops a folder on the desk and leaves. Katie opens the file folder and frowns at the pictures of a dead woman lying on the floor with her mouth agape.**

Jerry Espenson: What is it?

Katie Lloyd: It appears to be strangulation. **She continues looking at other pictures of the same woman. She looks at Jerry.** I have a murder trial!

**Jerry and Katie are walking along a CP&S corridor.**

Katie Lloyd: Any advice as to what I should do first?

Jerry Espenson: Well, I suppose you should first meet with the client.

Katie Lloyd: He doesn't sound very pleasant as the police report read.

Jerry Espenson: No, he didn't.

Katie Lloyd: Can't say I want to meet him.

**They walk past Shirley's office, where Alan, Denny and Shirley are talking.**

Shirley Schmidt: Arrested for what?

Denny Crane: **He sighs.** It was a conflict of interest. I was involved with this cop who was working on a case I was involved with.





Shirley Schmidt: Oh, dear God!

Denny Crane: Alan will take care of it.

Shirley Schmidt: No! He will not. I need Alan. I'll get you somebody else.

Denny Crane: I don't want anybody else!

Shirley Schmidt: I don't care. I need Alan. Now please leave, and try not to get arrested on your way out.

Denny Crane: You said we'd talk about Carl Sack.

Shirley Schmidt: I lied. Out! Now. **She guides Denny out the door, then closes it.**

Alan Shore: I did tell Denny I'd help him.

Shirley Schmidt: Here's the deal. I'm rich. I soothe my guilt by making various donations, most recently one to Stanford to the tune of three million dollars. I rescinded and they're suing me.

Alan Shore: You're being sued by Stanford?

Shirley Schmidt: My donation was earmarked to develop technologies to combat greenhouse gas emissions. I've since learn Exxon Mobil also made a contribution. One hundred million.

Alan Shore: Afraid the study's been bought?

Shirley Schmidt: I'm not giving them my money.

**Clarence and Jerry round the corner in a CP&S corridor.**

Clarence Bell: So he's in charge of litigation?

Jerry Espenson: Apparently.

Clarence Bell: What about Shirley?

Jerry Espenson: Evidently she didn't want to.

Clarence Bell: Is he gonna reshuffle everything? I hear he's a reshuffler.

Jerry Espenson: Shhh. Here he comes.

**Carl comes up.**

Carl Sack: Hello.

Jerry Espenson: Hello.

Clarence Bell: Hello.

Carl Sack: **To Clarence.** What's with the shifty eyes, son?

Clarence Bell: That wasn't nice.

Carl Sack: Sorry. I didn't mean anything. Truth is, my favorite uncle had eyes exactly like yours. He liked to touch small children in bad places. Do you like that, son? **Clarence heads off.**

**Jerry hops, then leaves.**

**Katie is being led to a jailhouse visiting room by Corrections Officer Devon Ritchie. Jail cells in the background are brimming with prisoners.**

Corrections Officer Devon Ritchie: He jumped in front of a bus?

Katie Lloyd: Evidently. Is there anything you can tell me about my client?

Corrections Officer Devon Ritchie: Well, you won't like him. He's cuffed and shackled so you're okay. We'll keep the other guard in the corner.

Katie Lloyd: I appreciate that.

Corrections Officer Devon Ritchie: If you need anything...



**The officer opens the door to the jailhouse visiting room. A guard is present and Joseph Washington, African-American, sits at the table. He has fierce anger in his eyes, he's intimidating. Joseph stares straight ahead, not even looking over to see who's entered the room. Katie sucks in some courage, puts on her best game face, approaches and sits.**

Katie Lloyd: Hello, Mr. Washington. My name is Katie Lloyd. I'll be filling in for Mr. Rice, who suddenly and tragically passed away this week. I'll be needing to be brought up to speed somewhat and as such shall be seeking a continuance. I anticipate being successful in that endeavor, but in the meantime I'd like to ask you a few questions, if you don't mind. **Joseph lunges forward and spits, hitting her right on the forehead. She's**

**frozen, but remains stoic. The gob of spit just hangs on her forehead.** Lovely. **She pulls out a tissue to clean herself.** I suspect there's more where that came from. **He just stares straight into her.** I rescued a dog once from a shelter. He bit me six times before we went on to be fab friends. **The man just stares.**

**Carl Sack is working at his desk. Clarence enters.**

Clarence Bell: You asked to see me?

Carl Sack: Yes, Clarence, come in. I feel as though we got off on a wrong note. **Clarence says nothing.** Do you have any hobbies, son?

Clarence Bell: I'm not sure what you mean.

Carl Sack: Well, some people golf, others go fishing. Personally, I like to Google myself in the privacy of my own home. Do you ever Google yourself, son, in those hard-to-reach places?

Clarence Bell: **Polite, but...** I still don't know what you mean. And I'm finding you to be not very nice.

Carl Sack: I never forget a face, Clarence. And when I saw yours this morning... **He clicks on his computer.** You know, sometimes, in addition to Googling myself, I like to go on YouTube. **He activates the footage. It pops up on the screen.** One of the current favorites is titled "The Dancing Drag Queen." **Clarice and another woman are on stage at a crowded club, belting out 'Shake Your Tail Feather.'** My favorite part is coming up right here. **Clarice shakes her butt right into the camera. Carl freezes that image on the screen, looks to Clarence.** Now, I realize I'm new here, son.

Clarence Bell: My friend Doris and me entered a contest. It's at King's Row Kenmore. We've made the quarter-finals.

Carl Sack: I see. And the dress?

Clarence Bell: It's just something I do sometimes.

Carl Sack: Clarence, it wasn't my intent to come in here and start barking directives. But I'm gonna need you to withdraw from this competition.

Clarence Bell: Wha, what do you mean?

Carl Sack: Son, we are in the business of law here. A law firm has to be discreet, conservative, reasonable, modest. You're listed as a part-time lawyer at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. And we simply cannot have that... **He activates the tape. Clarice is shaking her butt like crazy. Carl shuts it off.** ...associated with what we are.

Clarence Bell: But... we're in the quarter-finals.

Carl Sack: Clarence, Boston is a very small town. I'm sorry.

Clarence Bell: And if I refuse to withdraw?

Carl Sack: You know, son. I'm really hoping people don't test me.

**Shirley and Alan step off the elevator at the courthouse. Lorraine Weller steps out of a separate elevator at the same time.**

Attorney Lorraine Weller: Alan. Shirley.

Alan Shore: **Surprised.** Lorraine?

Attorney Lorraine Weller: I suppose it was inevitable we'd finally bump heads a bit. You really should keep your promises, Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: Are you representing Stanford?

**Alan is staring at her.**

Attorney Lorraine Weller: **To Alan.** It's discourteous not to extend a greeting.

**A beat.**

Alan Shore: Oh, I'm sorry. I was distracted by your... neck.

**Alan is in Denny's office.**

Denny Crane: Will you relax?

Alan Shore: **Pacing.** Don't tell me to relax, Denny! Telling somebody in an agitated state to relax is like telling a starving man not to be hungry.

Denny Crane: She's an old girlfriend. The town is full of them.

Alan Shore: Not like her! She has a neck. It's long... she has eyes... this neck!

Denny Crane: Two necks?

Alan Shore: Denny. I had... there's something addictive about this woman... and not necessarily in a healthy way. I would... lose myself around...

Denny Crane: Hey! Hey! **He gets off the desk he's been sitting on and goes to up to take Alan by the arms to soothe him.** Hey! Listen to me. We're friends, right? I, I, I would do anything to help you with your problems. The same as you would do whatever, to help me with mine. True?

Alan Shore: Yes.

Denny Crane: I need you to get Gloria to make my arrest go away.

Alan Shore: And just like that, we're on to your problem?

Denny Crane: Alan! Please. I could face jail.

Alan Shore: Why do you go out with hookers in the first place?

Denny Crane: Sex! What'd you think? Cribbage?

Alan Shore: Don't you find it a little desperate, Denny? A little sad?

Denny Crane: Let's face it, I'm not an attractive man, and at my point in life my options are limited.

Alan Shore: Denny! You're very attractive. **He places his hand on Denny's waist.** Are you kidding? Your face is robust! It has character, and you've got that twinkle in your eyes. You're surprisingly firm. **He looks down at his hand which is still at Denny's waist. Also Denny is still holding on to Alan's upper arms. They look like they're in a slow dance position.**

Denny Crane: You really think I'm attractive?

Alan Shore: I do! You know I do!

Carl Sack: **He comes in.** May I cut in?

Denny Crane: No, you may not.

Carl Sack: Denny! You still answer to your name, right?

Denny Crane: **He lets go of Alan.** Yes, I do. **Alan pats Denny's back.** And I still run this place.

Carl Sack: No you don't. Much more, you don't want to. You just wanna run around, drop your pants, shoot people, date a hooker. How's the Mad Cow coming? **Denny is speechless.** Let's all pause while you compose a comeback.

**A beat.**

Denny Crane: Now you listen to me...

Carl Sack: Zing!

Denny Crane: Every time somebody counts me out of the game, I surprise them. You understand me?

Carl Sack: Not at all. Surprise me.

**At the Assistant District Attorney's office, Katie takes a deep breath then marches in and starts talking. His back is to her.**

Katie Lloyd: Hello! Terribly sorry. Um... My name's Katie Lloyd. I'm from the law firm of Crane, Poole and Schmidt. **Now the ADA turns around. It's Brad Chase.** I just inherited the Joseph Washington case and was wondering if I could trouble you for a continuance?

ADA Brad Chase: I'm sorry. Did you say, "Crane, Poole and Schmidt?"

Katie Lloyd: That's right.

ADA Brad Chase: Figures.

Katie Lloyd: May I? **Brad looks at her questioningly.** Get a continuance? Just a wee one.

ADA Brad Chase: You can. Though we only plan to enter a plea. Second degree.

Katie Lloyd: Oh! Oh, I see. Was there a particular sentence involved?

ADA Brad Chase: Life.

Katie Lloyd: Oh. That would work well for your side I suppose.

ADA Brad Chase: So how much do you know about your client?

Katie Lloyd: The relationship's still young.

ADA Brad Chase: And how old are you?

Katie Lloyd: Twenty-five.

ADA Brad Chase: Have you ever tried a homicide case before?

Katie Lloyd: Never.

ADA Brad Chase: You ever tried any case before?

Katie Lloyd: Never. Oh! Where are my manners, talking about me. Are you married? I beg your pardon.

**Judge Gloria Weldon is sitting at her desk in her chambers. Alan knocks and enters.**

Alan Shore: Gloria... any... **He sees Gloria glaring at him.** What? **She doesn't answer.** Oh, come on! I had a headache! That's never happened to you? After Denny called and said he'd been arrested I couldn't... perform.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Uh huh. Was that the same headache this morning? Or a different one?

Alan Shore: The same. I think I'll have it as long as these ridiculous charges are hanging over Denny's aching head. Now, if you could make the charges disappear, my feeling is so will the headache.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Is that why you're here? Because let me tell you something...

Alan Shore: Gloria, spare me the speech. Denny's practically family. This was entrapment. It'll be an ugly trial. One which you will be a part of, as a witness. It's in everybody's favor to make this go away. One of us here has that power, it isn't me.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Interesting to find out where your priorities lie.

Alan Shore: So now we know. **He turns to leave.**

Judge Gloria Weldon: Alan? **He turns back.** I still want that baby.

**Clarence closes the door to Alan's office and turns to speak to Doris Thumper. They are there alone.**

Doris Thumper: What do you mean, you can't do it?

Clarence Bell: The new head of litigation says I can't.

Doris Thumper: But, we're in the quarter-finals.

Clarence Bell: I know.

Doris Thumper: I don't, I don't understand. It isn't fair!

Clarence Bell: Doris. Cross-dressing. The public still perceives it as some kind of sickness. Law firms... it's all about image.

Doris Thumper: We're in the quarter-finals.

Clarence Bell: I know. **She's fighting tears now.** You can do it without me.

Doris Thumper: Without you? You know I can't go on stage without you. I was only able to leave my house eighteen months ago.

Clarence Bell: I can't lose my job, Doris.

Doris Thumper: Okay.

**In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom, Alan has Shirley on the stand.**

Shirley Schmidt: There's a reason why I gave the money to Stanford.

Alan Shore: To get your niece in?

Shirley Schmidt: Besides that. Given how much the government has been co-opted by the oil companies, I felt at least academic research would be neutral. But now...and this isn't just happening at Stanford, by the way. Berkeley was given five hundred million dollars by a leading oil company. Princeton...Do we think for a second these contributions won't tilt these findings? Or steer them?

**Attorney Lorraine Weller is up now.**

Attorney Lorraine Weller: Do you have any evidence that they have?

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, yes, the Dean put out a memo: We've been bought. **Disgusted.** What do you think?

Judge Robert Sanders: I'd, I'd like to see that memo, please.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: Can you prove that anyone at any of these universities has been bought, as you like to call it?

Shirley Schmidt: No. Nor can we prove any elected officials have been corrupted.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: We're not talking about the government here, Shirley. This is a private entity, which you pledged to give money to, in order to support research that--

Shirley Schmidt: But... I no longer trust that research. Sorry. A study to explore alternative energy sources essentially funded by an oil company. Would you swallow that?

**In Judge Gloria Weldon's courtroom, Joseph Washington is being led in by a guard.**

Clerk: Three, two, six, six, seven. People versus Joseph Washington.

ADA Brad Chase: Good afternoon, Your Honor. Brad Chase for the Commonwealth. **He walks up to the Judge. He snaps his fingers at Katie, she quickly jumps up to stand next to him.**

Katie Lloyd: Good afternoon, Your Honor. Katie Lloyd, I'll be entering my appearance on behalf of Mr. Washington.

ADA Brad Chase: The parties are prepared to offer a plea agreement at this time. Mr. Washington will agree to plead guilty to murder in the second degree. Both the Commonwealth and Defense offer a joint recommendation for a life sentence.

Judge Gloria Weldon: This is acceptable to you Ms. Lloyd?

Katie Lloyd: It is, Your Honor. Thank you.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Mr. Washington? You understand that by pleading guilty you are admitting to the charges in the Commonwealth's complaint. Alleging that on the night of November 2<sup>nd</sup> 2006, you with malice and aforethought, raped and murdered Annie Harris Rivers. You further understand that you will most likely be serving the remainder of your natural life in maximum security prison. **Joseph just stares ahead.** Mr. Washington? I need a response from you. **Joseph doesn't reply.** Mr. Washington! Sir, if I don't get a verbal response from you I cannot accept your plea. Counsel, have you spoken to your client?



Katie Lloyd: Yes, Your Honor.

Judge Gloria Weldon: One last time, Mr. Washington. Do you understand and accept the terms of this plea agreement? **Joseph doesn't reply.** The plea is rejected. We'll have opening statements, Tuesday, ten a.m. **She pounds her gavel.** Adjourned.

Katie Lloyd: Your Honor, I'm sorry, I just got this case. Might I get a continuance?

Judge Gloria Weldon: No.

ADA Brad Chase: Your Honor. It would seem in the interest of justice...

Judge Gloria Weldon: Justice? Look back there, Mr. Chase. I don't have to tell you that the husband of the victim has shown up in this courtroom repeatedly, only to learn that the defendant has yet again fired his lawyer at the last second.

ADA Brad Chase: Mr. Washington's previous attorney wasn't fired. He jumped in front of a bus.

Judge Gloria Weldon: I don't care. I'll see you Tuesday at ten.

**Katie is talking with Carl and Shirley in the corridor at CP&S.**

Shirley Schmidt: What you mean? It's going to trial?

Carl Sack: I thought they reached a plea.

Katie Lloyd: It seems our client didn't reach it, or if so was unwilling to communicate as much. Look, as much as I'd like to do this, I've never tried anything.

Shirley Schmidt: And Brad Chase is the DA?

Carl Sack: **To Jerry walking by.** Hey you! **Jerry stops in his tracks.** Is it, uh, Jerry?

Jerry Espenson: Yes.

Carl Sack: Assist Ms. Lloyd with her murder trial. **Katie looks at Jerry. He hoots and hops.** Okay.

**Jerry is pacing alone in his office and Clarence enters.**

Jerry Espenson: I just got put on a murder case. Murder! Can you believe it? **He grunts.**

Clarence Bell: You seem excited. All of you.

Jerry Espenson: What's wrong?

Clarence Bell: Sack made me withdraw from the singing contest.

Jerry Espenson: What? How did he even know about it? **He kicks his right leg out.** Sorry.

Clarence Bell: Somebody took video and put it on YouTube, so now I'm out.

Jerry Espenson: You're in the quarter-finals.

Clarence Bell: I know.

Jerry Espenson: This Sack is a bad, bad person. I don't like this Sack. What about Doris?

Clarence Bell: She's...destroyed.

Jerry Espenson: Tell Alan. He'll fix it. Or tell Shirley.

Clarence Bell: I can fight my own battles.

Jerry Espenson: Clearly you can't, Clarence! **A beat.** I didn't mean it like that. Tell Alan. He'll fix that Sackhead. Tell him!

**In the jailhouse client meeting room, Katie and Jerry sit across the table from Joseph.**

Katie Lloyd: Most of the tenants maintain that you were an excellent and very reliable custodian. But several alluded to a possible obsession you had with the victim. One woman remarked that she thought you invented maintenance issues in Mrs. Rivers' unit just to get close to her. Is any of this true? **No answer from Joseph.** Your semen was found inside and on the victim. I'm sure you've been told this. **No reply.** Mr. Washington you must talk to us!

Jerry Espenson: Mr. Washington, we will go in and fight very hard for you. But you need to help.

**Joseph glares.**

**Alan is in his office, putting papers into his briefcase, preparing to leave.**

Clarence Bell: **He comes in and clears his throat.** May I speak to you a second?

Alan Shore: Only if you can make it quick, Clarence, I'm off to court.

Clarence Bell: Okay. I quit.

**A beat.**

Alan Shore: A little less quick.

Clarence Bell: I entered a singing contest as Clarice, with a friend. We've made the quarter finals. Carl Sack found out, said cross-dressers aren't commensurate with the firm's image. He told me to withdraw. Or else. I'm choosing else.

Alan Shore: I thought Clarice was on sabbatical.



Clarence Bell: She still comes out sometimes. I entered the contest as her. It's the only way I could get on stage and sing. But if I want to keep going I'll get fired. So I decided I'd quit and save everybody some time.

Alan Shore: All right, look. **He comes around his desk.** There is no way I would let Carl Sack fire you. Having said that, two things can happen here. I can fix this. Or you can. Your goal is to be a full-time lawyer here, is not it?

Clarence Bell: Yes.

Alan Shore: Well, then I would suggest you go make your case to Carl Sack. As you.

**Judge Gloria Weldon is studying a file folder in her chambers when ADA Alexa Jones and Cynthia Nichols enter.**

ADA Alexa Jones: You asked to see us, Your Honor?

Judge Gloria Weldon: **Without looking up.** Yes, thank you. You'll be dropping the charges against Denny Crane immediately. Thank you.

**Jones and Cynthia exchange a look. Gloria then looks up.**

Judge Gloria Weldon: There a problem?

ADA Alexa Jones: The charges are valid.

Judge Gloria Weldon: No, they're not. I was there, Counsel, at least earlier in the evening. I saw the officer's behavior, as well as her attire. She cultivated any predisposition on Mr. Crane's part. This is beyond entrapment. You're done.

ADA Alexa Jones: With all due respect, your relationship with the defendant's best friend—

Judge Gloria Weldon: Has no bearing whatsoever, but it would certainly be called into play should this case ever reach trial, which would really piss me off. And I don't think you really mean to incur the wrath of a Superior Court judge. Especially one that can be such a bitch. You will drop it today before any further investigation reveals Mr. Crane to be a target. Get out.

**They leave.**

**In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom, Alan is questioning Mitch Norris.**

Mitch Norris: For the past eleven years I've taught a class at Harvard on Oil and Economics, and I focus specifically on capture.

Alan Shore: Capture?

Mitch Norris: Yes. Big oil capturing academia. It's already happened in the United Kingdom. Now it's happening here.

Alan Shore: And they do this by donating money?

Mitch Norris: Yes. Their sponsorship has some influence, obviously, but what's even more dangerous is that it's an insidious recruiting tool. Oil companies are making their branding visible to young, impressionable students. And, by the way, we've already seen some universities actually tailor their course curriculum to serve the industry.

Alan Shore: But let's be fair. Some of these courses are geared toward reducing fossil fuel dependency.

Mitch Norris: Yes. But most of the research is geological. Where to find new oil fields and how to exploit them. It's ridiculous.

**Attorney Lorraine Weller is now up.**

Attorney Lorraine Weller: Do you have any information as to the pledge made by Ms. Schmidt to Stanford?

Mitch Norris: No.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: Do you have any opinion as to whether a valid contract was formed here or not?

Mitch Norris: No.

**Lorraine sits.**

**Alan and Lorraine are walking in the courthouse corridor.**

Attorney Lorraine Weller: You really can't win this, Alan. The courts consider these donations binding contracts.

Alan Shore: People reconsider financial pledges all the time.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: And get sued.

Alan Shore: **He chuckles.** Come on! Stanford doesn't want the publicity of a trial here. **He pushes the elevator button. They wait.**

Attorney Lorraine Weller: Make me an offer and I'll go away. **A beat.** If you want me to go away.

Alan Shore: **The elevator door opens.** Oh! **He holds the door for Lorraine and they enter. Alan pushes one of the buttons, turns and finds Lorraine standing very close to him. He moves to the back of the elevator and shakes his head.** I had a dream not too long ago about you in an elevator.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: Really? Was I going up or going down? **She walks over and pulls the stop button.**

Alan Shore: What are you doing?

Attorney Lorraine Weller: Is it serious with this judge?

Alan Shore: Lorraine, start the elevator.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: You start it.

**A beat.**

Alan Shore: I'm not in good enough shape for this.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: For what? **She drops her briefcase.**

Alan Shore: **He laughs.** You dropped your trial bag.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: Did I?

Alan Shore: You and I... should not... be doing... a case together.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: I agree. We need to settle it, don't we? **A beat. She walks up close to Alan. Make me an offer.**

**A long beat as they stare at each other. Alan drops his briefcase, grabs her and pushes her against the wall, passionately kissing her. They start going at it.**



**Alan and Denny stand next to each other at the urinals in the CP&S men's room.**

Denny Crane: Right in the elevator?

Alan Shore: Yeah. I know. I'm in a monogamous relationship for God's sake. One founded very much on trust.

Denny Crane: Alan, here's the thing about monogamy: It only works if you cheat.

Alan Shore: Please don't be flip, Denny. I'm not at all happy about this.

Denny Crane: I'm sorry. **He looks over at Alan.**

Alan Shore: What are you doing?

Denny Crane: Checkin' on your flow. I got weak stream syndrome. **He turns back to look at Alan's flow again.** You got nice velocity there. **He turns back to his flow.** Look at me.

Alan Shore: **He looks at Denny's flow.** It's not so bad.

Denny Crane: Oh, please. I've seen drip coffee percolate faster.

Alan Shore: Denny, you're seventy-five. It's fine. **Denny groans.** Oh, see, that was good.

Denny Crane: You're not just saying so?

Alan Shore: Uh, uh.

Denny Crane: **He looks at Alan again.** You're a little red, there.

Alan Shore: Hmm. It's ashamed. It knows it's been bad.

**They zip up, turn to see Sack standing in the doorway. A beat.**

Denny Crane: What?

Alan Shore: What?

**Doris and Clarence are in the CP&S kitchen.**

Doris Thumper: What do you mean, go with you?

Clarence Bell: I need to put a human face on it.

Doris Thumper: Why can't you put your face on it?

Clarence Bell: I will, I just want to add yours. It'll help, Doris. We can go right in to see him... tomorrow.

**Jerry Espenson arrives.**

Jerry Espenson: What's going on?

Clarence Bell: We're going to make our case with Sack.

Doris Thumper: We?

Clarence Bell: I'll do the talking. **To Jerry.** How's the murder case going?

Jerry Espenson: Horrible. The client left blood, semen, fingerprints, and he won't talk to us, horrible. **To Doris.** I apologize for my coarse language. **To Clarence.** Katie's gone back to try again, but he won't talk, it's awful.

**Katie is sitting across the table from a scowling Joseph in the jailhouse client meeting room.**

Katie Lloyd: We go to trial in five days, Mr. Washington. You need to talk to me. **Joseph continues scowling.** The evidence is insurmountable. Your semen at the scene. Traces of her blood on your locker. Your confession, which didn't exactly advance our cause. If you don't cooperate...

**Joseph begins to rock back and forth, then suddenly lunges forward screaming and violently overturns the table. Katie screams as guards rush in to restrain Joseph. Katie watches as the three guards struggle with Joseph, who is violently thrashing about. He finally stops, but the guards hold on to him. Katie looks at him clenching his fists.**

Guard: You should probably go, Counselor!

Katie Lloyd: **Determined.** No. **Thoughtfully.** May we continue Mr. Washington? **Joseph is crying.** Please help my client up.

**The guard helps Joseph into his chair.**

Guard: Got it. You get one more chance, Joe. Solitary's next!

**The buzzer sounds as the door is unlocked. The guards leave. Joseph is breathing heavily. He is calming down.**

Katie Lloyd: **Hesitantly.** Mr. Washington? Did you not commit this crime? **A beat. Joseph is looking down.** I asked you a question. Did you not commit this crime? **He looks up at her. A thought occurs to Katie.** You're innocent.

**Moments later. They sit facing each other with no table between them. The table is still overturned, off to the side.**

Joseph Washington: We were together for about six months. Secret. That's the way she wanted it.

Katie Lloyd: And the liaisons would always take place in her apartment? **Joseph silently assents.** The night that she was killed, you were there?

Joseph Washington: We got together around five. She was killed around six. It had to have happened just after I left.

Katie Lloyd: Her blood on your locker...?

**A beat.**

Joseph Washington: Somebody put it there. Somebody had to have put it there!

**Jerry and Katie are in their office.**

Jerry Espenson: But he confessed!

Katie Lloyd: After thirty-six hours of sleep deprivation and who knows what other kind of coercion? Jerry, this is a man who has never received a break from anybody. Every lawyer he's ever had has tried to plead him guilty. He's just resigned himself to being convicted.

Jerry Espenson: Well, if he didn't do it, who did?

Katie Lloyd: I haven't the slightest idea. She was seeing a therapist. If we can establish that she and Joseph were having an affair... I'm gonna pay him a visit.

Jerry Espenson: Katie, our client... have you seen his priors?

Katie Lloyd: I think he's innocent. I really do!

**In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom, Lorraine is questioning Zachary West.**

Zachary West: The idea that we would contaminate our findings is as preposterous as it is offensive.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: Well, if you're given, say, a hundred million dollars by somebody don't you at least feel some obligation to pay the piper... a little?

Zachary West: Well, if by 'pay the piper' you mean fudge the science? No.

**Alan is now up.**

Alan Shore: I must admit. I know nothing about this research funding business. In my line of work, if somebody who should remain neutral takes money from one of the interested parties, we call that a bribe.

Zachary West: There is no quid pro quo whatsoever--

Alan Shore: So these oil companies give you money to find ways to put them out of business, because...?

Zachary West: We don't ask what their expectations are because they're not relevant.

Alan Shore: Well, do you think maybe they're doing this for the environmental good?

Attorney Lorraine Weller: Objection. Counsel is being very naughty.

***She deliberately did that to unsettle him, and it works.***

***Outside the courtroom, Lorraine steps into the elevator and presses a button. Alan slips in just as the door is closing.***

Alan Shore: I would appreciate it if you could stop with the little comments in there.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: What comments?

Alan Shore: Naughty and... well... naughty.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: I was simply objecting to your cross. Perhaps it was your conscience saying naughty. Or maybe your 'id'. You have a very active 'id', Alan.

Alan Shore: I don't want to play, Lorraine.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: But it's what I do. You never complained before. ***She pulls the stop button.***

Alan Shore: ***He quickly steps back, holding his briefcase in front of him as a shield.*** Forget it! ***He shakes his head.*** Not a chance! ***He is determined. Yet, in the next moment they are on the floor going at it hot and heavy.***

***Carl is sitting at his desk working.***

Clarence Bell: ***Clears throat. He and Doris are standing in the doorway.*** Mr. Sack?

Carl Sack: Clarence?

***Clarence motions Doris to go inside.***

Clarence Bell: This is Doris Thumper. You may remember seeing her on the video?

Carl Sack: ***He smiles.*** I do! ***He reaches out to shake her hand.*** You've got quite the voice, Doris.

Doris Thumper: Thank you.

Clarence Bell: Doris and I met in shyness therapy. Three years ago. She was borderline agoraphobic at the time.

Carl Sack: Wow! You've made progress.

Clarence Bell: Yes. This singing contest is maybe the biggest thing that's happened to her. Maybe me too. I've decided not to withdraw.

Carl Sack: Have you?

Clarence Bell: If you choose to fire me, that's your right.

Carl Sack: Thank you.

***Clarence turns to leave. Doris quickly follows him. He stops at the door and comes back.***

Clarence Bell: I'm not sure why you came here. Maybe it was to remake this law firm into something...

Carl Sack: Resembling a law firm?

Clarence Bell: I understand the decision to project conservatism and reasonableness and modesty. But Boston is full of those firms. As is New York and... well, I guess every city. The people I went to law school with work at many of them. They all have one thing in common: they're not happy. People here are. Maybe because they're not afraid of themselves. One lawyer likes to purr. And hop. Partners and associates have sex with each other sometimes. We've got two men who take five minutes out of every single day to celebrate their friendship on a balcony. Now how many people do you know who actually do that? I occasionally throw on a dress and I like to sing. I don't wanna be one of those lawyers at other firms choking on modesty and reasonableness. I'm surprised that you do. If your mission here is to make this into a normal law firm, I really hope you fail. For everybody's sake.

***He turns to leave. Doris hurries after him.***

***In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom, Lorraine is giving her closing.***

Attorney Lorraine Weller: It's a valid contract. Properly negotiated. Both parties were knowing. Consenting. ***She looks at Alan.*** Willing. If she'd wanted to place certain restrictions on her donation she certainly could have.

She didn't. ***She looks at Alan again.*** Hello. ***Shirley gives Alan a stern incredulous look. He quickly looks away.*** Now, as for big oil getting involved in research to combat global warming, are we seriously against that?

My God! For years we've been hammering them. "You're a big part of the problem! Be part of the solution!"

Now, thankfully some of these companies are trying to do just that. And given that they're billion dollar companies, if they wanna join the fight against greenhouse emissions that should make us, well... orgasmic.

***She walks back to the table. She looks to Alan.*** Are you not? Just a little?

***She sits down, crosses her long legs and looks at Alan suggestively. He seems a bit undone. Alan shakes his head and gets up to do his closing, aware that Shirley has noticed that exchange.***

Alan Shore: Let's look at what's happened in Washington. These huge corporations that poison our drinking water, foul our air, lay waste to our lands have discovered that instead of trying to influence government, better to simply become government. And with a little help from a friend in a very high place they've done just that.



Over one hundred top environmental posts have been passed out to representatives of polluting industries. Can you fathom that, Judge?

**As Alan happens to look back at Lorraine, she shifts her lapel to expose her brassier.**

**Judge Robert Sanders:** Don't you be asking me to fathom. I am not a, uh, fathomer!

**Alan Shore:** Almost every agency responsible for protecting America from pollution is now being headed up by somebody from the pollution industry. The fix is in.

**Judge Robert Sanders:** How does this involve Stanford University?

**Alan Shore:** It involves a need in this country for independent, unbiased, uncorrupted environmental research. And since it's obviously not coming from Washington, academia is our best, if not our only, hope. And now it, too, is being co-opted by big pollution. The facts are that the oil industry has systematically campaigned to create doubt as to the very existence of global warming. Pumping millions of dollars into think tanks, consumer groups, media outlets, religious and civic organizations. Every penny aimed at defusing the concern over climate change. Now, they're privatizing university research. Berkeley. Princeton. Now, Stanford. Do we truly want our universities, the breeding grounds for tomorrow's leaders, innovators, visionaries, do we truly want them climbing into bed with the oil companies?

**Attorney Lorraine Weller:** Strange bedfellows?

**Alan Shore:** Lorraine! Stop it. **He's not letting her get to him.** Your Honor, at some point a little common sense has to prevail in this country. We've started a war, in part, for oil. One we may never get out of in our lifetime. Of all the industrialized nations in the world, we're the biggest contributor to greenhouse gas emissions and we do the least about it. We thumb our nose at the Kyoto Treaty. Our government actually censors scientific reports from the EPA and others to edit out little findings they don't like. Even the Democratic presidential hopefuls don't talk about this because they don't want to jeopardize their campaign contributions from big oil. Big oil. Big politics. Do we really all intend to sit quietly as they infiltrate vital academic research? Is that what we want? Is that who we are?

**Jerry and Katie have been called into Carl Sack's office.**

**Carl Sack:** May I ask just a couple of questions?

**Katie Lloyd:** Certainly.

**Carl Sack:** You did go to law school, right? And you, Jerry, you've actually practiced, I've been told.

**Jerry Espenson:** You are a mean, mean man. And I don't like what you said to Clarence. And I don't think you fit in here at all because you are a mean, mean man!

**Carl Sack:** Care to button that with a hop? **Jerry stamps his foot.** Okay. Jerry, I am a good man. Just a very poor wizard. And unless either of you happen to be wizards, why aren't you pleading this case out?

**Katie Lloyd:** I tried. Joseph wouldn't answer the judge so she refused to accept the plea.

**Carl Sack:** As far as I understand it, Joseph wasn't speaking because he was an uncommunicative beast! Now he's talking. He trusts you. So he should trust your recommendation that he plead to second degree murder.

**Katie Lloyd:** There's only one problem. He's innocent.

**Carl Sack:** I beg your pardon?

**Katie Lloyd:** He didn't kill that woman.

**Carl Sack:** Ah! And you know this, how?

**Katie Lloyd:** He told me.

**Carl Sack:** Oh! He told you!

**Jerry Espenson:** Mean! **He stamps his foot.**

**Shirley Schmidt:** **She and Alan walk in.** What's going on?

**Carl Sack:** Great news! The client has declared his innocence!

**Katie Lloyd:** I'd appreciate you not being snide.

**Carl Sack:** This goes to trial Tuesday. *This Tuesday.* Oh, did I mention? They have no defense.

**Jerry stamps his foot.**

**Shirley Schmidt:** Alan, you take over.

**Alan Shore:** Me? What about, Jerry?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Please. At a minimum we could use your involvement to get Judge Glo-glo recused. That could buy us some time. Katie, no offense, but you're not ready for this.

**Katie Lloyd:** I understand. There is a suppression hearing scheduled for tomorrow.

**Alan Shore:** Shirley, I'm not ready for this.

**Shirley Schmidt:** You've tried cases on the fly before.

**Alan Shore:** Not first degree murder. You say he confessed?

**Katie Lloyd:** He did. That's what we're trying to suppress.

**Alan Shore:** And as for evidence?

Katie Lloyd: Joseph was the last one seen with her alive. His semen was found on her and her blood on his locker.

Carl Sack: And he has a violent criminal past.

**Jerry and Clarence are walking down the stairs at CP&S.**

Jerry Espenson: He's nothing but a mean, mean man, this Sackhead!

Clarence Bell: What'd he do now?

Jerry Espenson: He's just mean! Snide! Smug!

Clarence Bell: I expect him to fire me any second.

Jerry Espenson: You quit.

Clarence Bell: I'm giving him time to reconsider.

Jerry Espenson: What reconsider? From the way you explained it, you said you quit.

Clarence Bell: Shhh.

**Carl comes up.**

Carl Sack: I thought you'd quit.

Jerry Espenson: Told you.

**Clarence gives Jerry a look and stamps his foot. Jerry stamps back.**

Clarence Bell: I... thought maybe you'd change your mind.

Carl Sack: You thought I'd change my mind? So you really didn't quit? **Clarence smiles bravely.** Well, in that case, you're fired.

**Jerry headbutts Carl.**

Jerry Espenson: Oh. Sorry!

**A beat. Both Jerry and Carl are equally surprised.**

Carl Sack: First, I was kidding. Second, if I were not, you don't head-butt! Ever! **To Clarence.** You may keep your job, Clarence. I thought about what you said. I agree. People need to be embraced. Sometimes for their differences, instead of being excluded. We talk it, I suppose we should walk it. Good luck with your contest. **To Jerry.** Hug?

Clarence Bell: You're welcome to come watch. Eight o'clock.

Carl Sack: Maybe next time. **To Jerry.** Shame!

Clarence Bell: I can't believe you did that.

Jerry Espenson: Oh! Shut up!

**Denny is sitting on the sofa in his office, wearing waders. Shirley enters.**

Denny Crane: I wanna know why Carl Sack was brought in here.

Shirley Schmidt: Because I need help managing things.

Denny Crane: You got me!

Shirley Schmidt: Yeah! You're one of the things I need help managing. All your nonsense. **She sighs as she sits down next to Denny.** So how'd it go with the hooker?

Denny Crane: Oh. Case was dropped.

Shirley Schmidt: Great. And...why the waders?

Denny Crane: Well, I may not be the lawyer I once was but I can still fish circles around all of you. **Shirley chuckles.** And sometimes I just like to put them on.

**A beat.**

Shirley Schmidt: When I was in high school I was captain of the debate team. Class president. And miserable over being cut from the cheerleading team. So I went out and bought my own outfit, complete with pompoms. I would dress up and stand in front of the mirror, the little skirt, the white socks, the sweater. It somehow made me feel better. And then years after I... after I was a lawyer, even a partner, if I was feeling particularly low I would pull out that costume and put it on.

Denny Crane: Yeah. I used to do the same thing. Without the pompoms of course...

Shirley Schmidt: You are just determined to not let me have a vulnerable moment, aren't you? You wanna hog them all to yourself. **Denny smiles. So does Shirley.** Denny... we're getting older. We don't even fit in our outfits anymore, but...we're not over. Not by a long shot. You're not over.

Denny Crane: **He takes Shirley's hand.** You know what used to make me feel better than anything?

Shirley Schmidt: If it's sexual, I don't wanna hear.

Denny Crane: No, no, no. No, it's back when we...were 'us'. You used to put your head on my...

Shirley Schmidt: Denny!

Denny Crane: I was gonna say shoulder! That felt better than anything.

Shirley Schmidt: I remember you sang, 'You are my sunshine.'

**A beat as they look at each other.**

Denny Crane: Would you, would you do that? Just for a minute? Put your head on my shoulder?

Shirley Schmidt: Denny I...

Denny Crane: I just wanna remember.

Shirley Schmidt: I don't think my neck even bends anymore.

Denny Crane: Please.

Shirley Schmidt: Sure.

**Shirley puts her head on Denny's shoulder. He puts his arm around her.**

Denny Crane: Oh, this feels... Would you put on that cheerleader outfit just for a...

Shirley Schmidt: Don't push it.

**A long beat as Denny sighs. He nuzzles Shirley's head.**

Denny Crane: **Half singing/half talking.** You are my sunshine / **Carl comes and stands in the doorway, unseen.** My only sunshine / You make me happy / When skies are gray / You'll never know dear / How much I love you / **Carl leaves. Denny whispering.** Please don't take my sunshine away.

**Inside the jailhouse holding tank, Joseph sits in his suit and tie... amid all the orange jumpsuits. Alan enters the cell and sits next to him.**

Alan Shore: Mr. Washington, hello. May I call you Joseph? **Joseph stares straight ahead without answering.** How about Chuckles, then? **Joseph glares at him.** I realize you've formed a special bond with Katie. She pulled a thorn from your paw, like Aesop's fable, but this is the real world and she's never tried a case before. I doubt very much yours can be won, but if there's any hope, it's not Katie Lloyd.

Joseph Washington: You're not right for me.

Alan Shore: Why is that?

Joseph Washington: You think I'm guilty.

Alan Shore: Mr. Washington, I have no idea if you're guilty, and frankly I don't care. But here's the thing about confessions and leaving semen on the victim... **And Joseph's hand goes around Alan's knee. A beat.** Your hand is on my knee. It's either a threatening gesture or sexual. Either way, I'm not comfortable.

Joseph Washington: I know about the real world, Mr. Shore. I lived my whole life in the real world. Katie Lloyd will be my lawyer.

**Alan nods.**

**In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom, Alan and Shirley talk about the Joseph Washington case before Shirley's case resumes.**

Shirley Schmidt: Is he out of his mind?

Alan Shore: I'd suggest he plead insanity if I didn't think he'd kill me.

Shirley Schmidt: So what happens now?

Alan Shore: Well they have the motion to suppress the confession at eleven. I hope to get back for that.

Shirley Schmidt: Alan, you cannot trust his life to Katie and Jerry.

Clerk: **As the Judge enters.** All rise! **Everybody rises. The Judge sits down in his chair.** Be seated.

Judge Robert Sanders: All right. The case here presents very complicated and challenging issues. Which I find to be extremely complicated. And challenging. I don't know what Ms. Schmidt thought when she pledged her donation. Truth is, I didn't understand half of what was said by anybody. Therefore, as a matter of law there's been no meeting of the minds.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: Your Honor. It's not your mind that need meet up with anything.

Judge Robert Sanders: Silence! I am the decider. And I have made my... deciding... act! There is no binding contract! **Alan pats Shirley's arm.** Judgment in favor of Ms Schmidt.

Alan Shore: The law wins out again. Barely.

Shirley Schmidt: Alan, thank you. Really!

Attorney Lorraine Weller: **She comes over.** Congratulations.

Alan Shore: Thank you, Lorraine.

Attorney Lorraine Weller: No hard feelings?

Alan Shore: None. I assure you.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh please.

**In Judge Gloria Weldon's courtroom, all parties present.**

Judge Gloria Weldon: Alright, Ms Lloyd, I'll hear from you.

Katie Lloyd: **As she gets up, Alan enters the courtroom and sits down on one of the back benches.** Thank you, Your Honor. May it please the court, the prosecution seeks to admit as evidence an oral confession made

by our client Joseph Washington. Which confession, upon information and belief, was a product of coercive, involuntary and unconstitutional interrogation, lasting days in duration, the entirety of which my client was without counsel present pursuant to his sixth amendment right.

**ADA Brad Chase:** Your Honor, the suspect never asked for a lawyer. In fact he never said anything, and the fact that his confession was made after a protracted interrogation does not make it involuntary.

**Katie Lloyd:** May it please the court, I would argue that sleep deprivation constitutes physical discomfiture.

**ADA Brad Chase:** He was allowed to sleep. He was left alone many times.

**Katie Lloyd:** Never for more than an hour. There was no bed, just a chair and a concrete floor.

**ADA Brad Chase:** Ninety percent of all confessions are obtained in exactly this way. The suspect is worn down. It's an accepted form of police practice.

**A beat. The Judge waits for more. So does Brad. And Alan. Katie steadies herself by holding on to the table. Jerry looks back at Alan, who motions to Jerry.**

**Jerry Espenson:** *He gets up.* That doesn't make it right! If you read the text, Mr. Washington shouted out in frustrated defiance repeatedly. His so-called confession was a product of duress.

**Judge Gloria Weldon:** So why not just argue that to the jury and let them weigh in on the probative value?

**Jerry Espenson:** Well... first of all, once you say, 'confession' people just draw conclusions. Second, Your Honor, with all due respect, the only means we would have for challenging the validity of the confession is to put our client on the stand. If we do that, they get to introduce all his prior felonies, which could be more prejudicial than the confession even.

**Judge Gloria Weldon:** Look. I have no doubt that your client was subjected to relentless pressure, but it didn't rise to the point of coercion. I'm going to allow the evidence of the confession. We'll see you all in Division Sixteen.

**Katie looks troubled. Jerry gives her a reassuring smile, but Alan looks concerned.**

**At King's Row Kenmore, the semi-finalists in the talent competition are on stage. One of the acts in the competition is singing The Four Seasons' "Big Girls Don't Cry."**

**Backstage, Clarence and Doris are still wigless, wearing matching ivory dresses.**

**Clarence Bell:** We'll be fine.

**Doris Thumper:** What if I forget to breathe?

**Clarence Bell:** We'll be okay.

**Doris Thumper:** I think you should go on first, Clarence.

**Clarence Bell:** No. We rehearsed it with you.

**Alan Shore:** *He comes in with two bouquets of red roses.* I know I shouldn't be seeing the girls before their wigs and pasties are on, but here you go. *He gives Clarence and Doris each a bouquet.*

**Clarence Bell:** Alan, thank you. You came.

**Alan Shore:** Of course I came. *To Doris.* This must be Doris. *They shake hands.*

**Clarence Bell:** Alan Shore, Doris Thumper.

**Alan Shore:** You look lovely. *To Clarence.* Shirley wanted to come but she had a dinner.

**Doris Thumper:** We're not going on.

**Clarence Bell:** Yes we are. Maybe. *To Alan.* We're afraid.

**Alan Shore:** Well, of course you are. How could you not be? It's a contest. Oh. If only you knew what I know.

**Clarence Bell:** What do you know?

**Alan Shore:** That you're gonna be great! That when the wig goes on, Clarice comes out, and Doris begins to wiggle, you're gonna be spectacular. *Everyone smiles with new confidence.*

**Back out on the stage the current act wraps up.**

*Big girls don't cry-yi-yi (they don't cry)*

**In an empty courtroom, Katie sits alone in the dark, behind the defense table. Jerry comes in.**

**Jerry Espenson:** What are you doing here?

**Katie Lloyd:** Oh! Trying to acquire some sort of comfort with this room. It's even bigger than the last one.

**Jerry Espenson:** I thought you were arguing very well. Right up to... when you froze.

**Katie Lloyd:** Jerry, the idea of me trying this case is utterly ridiculous. Do you think, perhaps, you could first-chair?

**Jerry Espenson:** I could, but there's a risk. Sometimes jurors find me... ah... different.

**Katie Lloyd:** Why? *Either she knows why and pretends not to, or she simply sees him and accepts him for who he is. Either way, Jerry is moved by her response. He sits.*

**Jerry Espenson:** Surely you've noticed I have a few odd ticks.

**Katie Lloyd:** We all have our tics. Some are just better disguised than others.



**A beat.**

**Jerry Espenson:** From what I see, making Joseph Washington seem human, and if possible likeable, is our biggest challenge here. The jury can't help but be struck by your humanity and kindness. They'll be rooting for you. And, by association, perhaps him. **A beat.** I will be right by your side. Together we can do this. But Joseph Washington's best chance is if the face of our defense is you. Clearly, he seems to know that.

**At King's Row Kenmore, the contest host is on stage, lit by spotlight.**

**Host:** Okay, our third entry tonight is a duet, coming from two very sexy ladies. **Jerry enters in a hurry, spots Alan and joins him..** Singing a song from the movie "Hairspray," please give a warm King's Row welcome to Doris Thumper and Clarice Bell!

**Alan Shore:** Hey, hey, hey! You made it.

**Jerry Espenson:** Just in time.

**They clap as the music starts up, Doris comes out wearing a blonde wig, a completely different person. She's confident, she even has a strut.**

**Doris Thumper: Singing.** *Bring on that pecan pie/ Pour some sugar on it/ Sugar, don't be shy/ Scoop me up a mess/ Of that chocolate swirl/ Don't be stingy. I'm a growing girl.*

**Clarice Bell: She enters singing.** *Big love with no apology/ How can I deny the world the most of me/ Alan is beaming. I am not afraid to throw my weight around/ Pound by pound by pound.*

**And now they both sing together, stepping in synch.**

**Doris/Clarice: Singing.** *Because we're big, blonde and beautiful, Face the fact it's simply irrefutable... And as it escalates, the backup singers fill it out as Clarice and Doris up the ante. The crowd absolutely loves it.*

*No one wants a meal  
That only offers the least  
When girl we're servin' up  
The whole damn feast*

**Doris:** *Slice me off a piece  
Of that hog head cheese  
Then take a look inside  
My book of recipes*

**Clarice:** *Now, don't you sniff around  
For something fluffy and light  
We need a man who brings  
A man-size... Appetite*

**Doris:** *I'll use a pinch of sugar  
And a dash of spice Carl is watching from the sideline.*

**Clarice:** *I'll let ya lick the spoon  
Because it tastes so nice*

**Doris:** *I'll keep it in my oven  
'Til it's good and hot Carl tries to hide how much he is enjoying this.*

**Clarice:** *Keep on stirring 'til it hits the spot  
Because I'm...*

**Doris/Clarice:** *Because I'm  
Big, blonde and beautiful  
There is nothin' 'bout me  
That's unsuitable*

**They continue singing for a couple more verses. Alan is loving it and Jerry is dancing in his own gawky way. When their performance is over they bow and wave to a big round of applause, especially from Alan and Jerry. Carl shakes his head, then leaves.**

**On a television screen.**

**Gracie Jane:** I know none of the facts of this case. I haven't even seen the police report, but look... **the camera spans to a picture of Joseph Washington** ...Is that a guilty man or what? I mean, what kind of society would presume this animal innocent? Look at him! Put me on the jury, I'll vote to fry him before the trial even starts! And that reminds me...

**Carl comes into the room.**

**Carl Sack:** Is this for real?

**Shirley Schmidt:** *In bed, under the covers.* The most trusted name in news. **Carl gets into bed with her.**

**Gracie Jane:** Do we really care if they sizzle a little before dying? Boo hoo! We're talking about the scum of the earth here, and we're supposed to make it pleasant for them? Come on!

**Shirley Schmidt:** **She turns off the TV.** We're throwing them to the wolves, Katie and Jerry.

**Carl Sack:** Shirley, even if we did put more lawyers on it, there's nothing they can do.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Carl.

**Carl Sack:** Hm.

**Shirley Schmidt:** I need you to tread more lightly. This firm... it's not like the New York branch.

**Carl Sack:** Well, I could always go back. You know Jerry? He said I'm a poor fit.

**Shirley Schmidt:** I don't want you to go back.

**Carl Sack:** You sure?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Sure.

**They kiss.**

**On Denny's balcony, Denny comes out, scotch and cigar in hand, and sees Alan sitting with scotch and cigar in hand, wearing his Lennon Sister outfit.**

**Denny Crane:** What's the occasion?

**Alan Shore:** I got so inspired by Clarence's performance as Clarice, I decided to whip out my Lennon Sisters' dress.

**Denny Crane:** Should I put mine on?

**Alan Shore:** It's not necessary. I just thought I'd seize the silliness. It's good for the heart, you know. Meanwhile they made the semi-finals, Denny. It was so thrilling. For us. For them. Both of them. These two terribly shy people basking in a spotlight on a stage with... everybody... **He looks up to see Denny looking at him.** Forget it!

**Denny Crane:** I was just looking.

**Alan Shore:** Well, stop looking. I don't like being objectified. **He scoffs.**

**Denny Crane:** Did you know that Shirley Schmidt has a cheerleading costume? And sometimes she puts it on.

**Alan Shore:** Really?

**Denny Crane:** Hm. Can you imagine Shirley doing a little cheer?

**Alan Shore:** With the little pleated skirt? And the white socks?

**Denny Crane:** All of it.

**Alan Shore:** Oh my God! I so often think how lucky we are to have, as a senior partner, Shirley Schmidt. And now in a cheerleading outfit.

**Denny Crane:** We're lucky, period. We live good lives.

**Alan Shore:** Yes, we do.

**Denny Crane:** Now take your day for example. Sex in an elevator.

**Alan Shore:** Twice.

**Denny Crane:** With a woman not your own. Help save the environment. Fight global warming. Take in a rocking show after work. And then throw on a dress as a nightcap.

**Alan Shore:** And later I get to close my eyes and think...

**Denny Crane:** Of Shirley Schmidt in a cheerleading costume.

**Alan Shore:** Oh my God! The little pleated...

**Denny Crane:** All of it. We live very good lives.

**Alan Shore:** Indeed. *Indeed.*