

Boston Legal

Indecent Proposals

Season 4, Episode 18

Broadcast: April 30, 2008

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

In Denny's office, Clarence Bell is tapping his pen and looking at his watch, Denny Crane and Carl Sack are tapping their fingers.

Denny Crane: It's ten o'clock!

Carl Sack: Are we not on?

Clarence Bell: ***Looking at his watch again.*** It's supposed to be Tuesday at ten every week.

Whitney Rome: ***Enters.*** We've been moved. We're Wednesday at ten.

Carl Sack: Nobody called me.

Whitney Rome: They told Howie in word processing.

Carl Sack: They call Howie in word processing?

Denny Crane: Are we Wednesday's at ten from now on?

Whitney Rome: No. We're off next week, then on for the following two Wednesdays.

Denny Crane: What about next year?

Whitney Rome: Best to just keep checking in with Howie.

Sunny Fields: ***Enters.*** Excuse me. Are you Denny Crane?

Denny Crane: ***He rises.*** Denny Crane. What can I do for you? Let me rephrase, what can we do for each other?

Sunny Fields: I'm Sunny Fields, of Sunny Fields Farms?

Denny Crane: I'm in love.

They both chuckle.

Sunny Fields: You're cute.

Denny Crane: That too.

Sunny Fields: You eat meat, Mr. Crane?

Denny Crane: My place or yours?

Sunny Fields: I'm a cattle rancher. The FDA is about to sign off on cloned meat. Once they do the floodgates are gonna open. I need a lawyer to stop that flood. Are you that lawyer, Denny Crane?

Denny Crane: There's never been a dam, or a damsel, I couldn't plug. ***He raises her hand and kisses the back of it.*** Marry me.



Carl and Denny are in Denny's office with Sunny Fields.

Carl Sack: I'm confused. Are you cloning the meat?

Sunny Fields: No, no, sweetheart. The biotech companies are cloning the meat. I'm the one that's trying to stop it. I believe that procreation should happen the old-fashioned way. ***She looks suggestively to Denny.***

Denny Crane: When do we get started?

Carl Sack: How far are we away from cloned animals actually being a reality?

Sunny Fields: Oh hell, honey! They're already here. They have hundreds of pigs and some of their piglets have already made it into the food supply, by the way. And now they're trying to use beef. My question is, "Who put the Mad Cows in charge of the asylum?"

Denny Crane: Here. Here. Be nice.

Sunny Fields: They have a moratorium on using cloned animals which is about to be lifted, that's why I'd like to move fast.

Carl Sack: *He gets up to leave.* You don't need me on this.

Denny Crane: *He rises.* Carl. Carl. *He motions Sunny Fields to stay as he walks up to Carl.* Carl. I need a heavy hitter.

Carl Sack: I thought you were a heavy hitter.

Denny Crane: I am, but I'd like to do my hitting on her. I'm in love with her. Look Carl, this is a great opportunity for you, to be a consumer advocate here which the country needs because Nader is running for president again. And, uh, well, I'd ask Alan but he's busy. Please.

They both look to Sunny Fields, she smiles bravely.

Alan and Shirley Schmidt walk in to Alan's office.

Shirley Schmidt: I'm just gonna say this, ah and let me preface it by admitting I know this is a crazy notion...

Alan Shore: Okay.

Shirley Schmidt: I wanna sue my nephew.

Alan Shore: Okay, what's he done?

Shirley Schmidt: It's not what he's done, so much as what he's planning to do.

Alan Shore: And what does he plan to do?

Shirley Schmidt: Vote for Obama.



Alan Shore: I could be wrong but I believe he has that right, unless there's some fine print in the Patriot Act...

Shirley Schmidt: Alan! He is a delegate. He plans to vote for Obama at the convention even though his congressional district voted for Clinton. As did Massachusetts.

Alan Shore: Oh, can he do that?

Shirley Schmidt: Well, yes. That's the dirty little secret no one's talking about. Even the pledged delegates can ignore their constituency. It's unethical, in my opinion, and if the rules allow for that then the rules have to be challenged.

Alan Shore: And by challenged you mean the little used active anarchy known as suing the nephew?

Shirley Schmidt: Alan, this nomination could very well come down to a handful of delegates, poached delegates I might add. Every vote counts, including my nephew's. Sue!

Alan and Shirley are with nephew Mitchy in the conference room.

Mitchy Weston: I'm really quite shocked, Aunt Shirley! I've been taken completely unaware. How can you sue me?

Shirley Schmidt: Mitchell...!

Mitchy Weston: Mitchy.

Shirley Schmidt: Mitchy, you don't think it's wrong that your entire district voted for Hillary but...

Mitchy Weston: Forty-two percent! It's funny how a polarity can morph into an entirety. Must be that Clinton math.

Alan Shore: I think you're aunt's point, Mitchy, is that Hillary won your district as well as the entire State of Massachusetts. You have a duty to represent your constituency at the convention, do you not?

Mitchy Weston: Well, I mean, not duty bound, Mr. Shore. Delegates are more like duty urged.

Shirley Schmidt: Mitchy, you're twenty-two years old with less voting experience than...

The ringtone on Mitchy's cell phone starts to



play **"Don't stop thinking about tomorrow."**

Mitchy Weston: **He takes the phone.** I'll say this for her, she is a bulldog! Excuse me for a second. **He leaves, then turns back at the door.** Probably calling to say she found her voice again.

Shirley Schmidt: **To Alan.** You have got to be able to stop him!

Alan Shore: **He chuckles.** I don't see how. As he says, he's within party rules.

Shirley Schmidt: I can't bear it.

Alan Shore: Well, there's only two other options. We could stuff him in a barrel and send him out to sea.

Shirley Schmidt: Or?

Alan Shore: We could sue the Democratic Party.

In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom.

Judge Robert Sanders: You can't sue food or drugs! How can anybody sue food? Or drugs?

Carl Sack: We're suing the Food and Drug Administration, Your Honor. The FDA.

Judge Robert Sanders: What the hell is that?

Carl Sack: That would be the agency in charge of your meds, Judge. And in fact, I would suspect somebody very much like yourself or Denny is in charge of that department.

Attorney Steve Duprey: Objection.

Judge Robert Sanders: Mr. Sack, flattery has no place in this..., uh... **he's waving his arms searching for the next word.**

Carl Sack: That would be a courtroom, Your Honor.

Attorney Bill Withers: Your Honor, this should be in a Federal court. They're suing a Federal agency, jurisdiction...

Carl Sack: Next he's going to play the sovereign card. It's a dodge...

Judge Robert Sanders: Stop with the jibber-jabber. Jibber-jabber has no place in my courtroom. Do you understand, Mr. Sack?

Carl Sack: Yes, Your Honor! Jibber-jabber and flattery. May I call a witness to lay out my case?

Judge Robert Sanders: Silence! I will decide how to proceed. I am the decider. Call a witness!

Carl Sack: Thank you, Your Honor. I call Sunny Fields.

Sunny Fields: **She walks up to the stand.** How we doin' today, Judge? Well, aren't you adorable up close? **She sits down smiling at the Judge. He beams.**

Alan knocks on the open door and enters Shirley's office.

Alan Shore: The motion is filed. We're in at two o'clock.

Shirley Schmidt: We're actually suing the DNC?

Alan Shore: Yes. I also subpoenaed Mitchy, we'll need him as a witness. You realize the media will pounce on this?

Shirley Schmidt: I've practiced law for thirty-eight years and never once have I done something stupid.

Alan Shore: Well, now you're being hard on yourself, I've seen you be stupid many times.

Shirley Schmidt: **She chuckles heartily.** I sit here in my tastefully decorated office and watch you go about tilting at windmills, many times beating the windmill. Well, my turn. It's my turn to stand up and make a complete idiot of myself and do something that leaves this nation a slightly better place.

Alan Shore: That, and a chance to paste your annoying nephew.

Shirley Schmidt: Yeah! I can't pass that up.

Alan Shore: It's settled then. We're off to sue the Democrats.





In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom.

Sunny Fields: I know the science, darlin'. I also know that most of the scientists who did the testing were hired by the cloning companies. The science on this is in the bag.

Carl Sack: A lot of people have no problem eating cloned meat.

Sunny Fields: Well, most people aren't even gonna know! That's the worst part! The FDA doesn't even require that the cloned stuff be labeled.

Judge Robert Sanders: I don't think I'd wanna know.

Carl Sack: Have you any evidence that cloned meat is unsafe?

Sunny Fields: No, it's too early to tell either way. But if it's not natural, **she turns to the Judge.** ...would you eat it?

The Judge shrugs his shoulders in confusion.

Attorney Bill Withers: **He is now up.** All the FDA

studies have concluded that it's safe.

Sunny Fields: Honey, the FDA said that Vioxx was safe.

Attorney Bill Withers: Isn't the real issue here that you're a cattle rancher and you don't want the competition?

Carl Sack: No, I'm more concerned about animal abuse, darlin'.

Attorney Bill Withers: Animal abuse?

Sunny Fields: Yes, the surrogate mothers are pumped up with high levels of hormones. The clones are often born with compromised immune systems which require massive doses of antibiotics, which by the way, opens up the door for the veterinary pharmaceuticals to enter into the human food supply.

Attorney Bill Withers: There is no evidence that cloned meat poses any health risks.

Sunny Fields: Darlin', cloning increases the risk of food-borne illness. Even The National Academy of Sciences says so. Once you take nature out of the process, which cloning does, it destroys the natural barriers against disease. Now that poses a health problem for cows, and people. **To the Judge.** Like you and me. **The Judge beams.**

Alan and Shirley are coming off the elevator at the courthouse.

Wolfgang Blitzkrieg: **He is waiting with microphone in hand.** Mr. Shore, Wolfgang Blitzkrieg with the best political news team in television...

Alan Shore: I have no comment yet.

Wolfgang Blitzkrieg: Ms. Schmidt, Wolfgang Blitzkrieg with the best political news team in television, could I get you to talk just for a second with the best political news team in television?

Alan Shore: Go away.

They walk off.

Wolfgang Blitzkrieg: **He faces his cameraman.** This has been Wolfgang Blitzkrieg with the best political news team in television. You only got it here.

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom.

Judge Clark Brown: **Looking at a handful of papers.** This is outrageous!

Alan Shore: We had a feeling you'd say that, Judge, but we actually do have a case.

Attorney Steve Duprey: No, you do not! The Democratic Party is a private organization. We make what rules we want.

Alan Shore: Not when it violates one man, one vote.

Judge Clark Brown: What it is you're asking me to do?

Alan Shore: We'd like a court order, Judge, that says that pledged delegates have to vote for the candidate they're pledged to. Certainly on the first ballot.

Judge Clark Brown: You want me to tell the Democrats how to run their own party?

Alan Shore: Somebody's got to.

Judge Clark Brown: **He pounds his gavel.** Give me one good reason why I shouldn't dismiss this right now.

Alan Shore: Okay... you're a fair and open-minded jurist...

Judge Clark Brown: **He pounds his gavel.** Give me another reason!

Alan Shore: Okay... as long as there are only two political parties the public only has two choices for president. One of them is being picked by delegates like Mitchy Weston, that toddler over there, whose vote is worth thirteen thousand times the vote of you and me.

Attorney Steve Duprey: You're talking about a process that's been in effect...

Alan Shore: I know what process I'm talking about. And it's about time that it be exposed for the fraud that it is.

Attorney Steve Duprey: Fraud?

Alan Shore: Yes, fraud. If the primaries really don't count, then they are just a sham.

Mitchy Weston: They count! They're just not binding. Snidey-butt.

Alan Shore: **To the stenographer.** I want it on the record that I've just been called snidey-butt by a person whose vote is worth thirteen thousand times more than mine. **To the Judge.** And yours.

Judge Clark Brown: That's enough! We will adjourn until nine o'clock tomorrow morning! I will conduct a full evidentiary hearing. **He pounds his gavel.**

Alan Shore: **He prepares to leave.** Okay, Shirley, you're up.

Wolfgang Blitzkrieg: **He is behind them with his microphone.** Ms. Schmidt, Wolfgang Blitzkrieg with the best political news team in television, we really are the best by the way, can you tell me, has this case been politicized?

Alan and Shirley leave.

Denny is in bed with his boots on. Sunny Fields is with him.

Denny Crane: **He is holding Sunny's hand with both of his.** You're brilliant.

Sunny Fields: Honey, I'm always brilliant.

Denny Crane: I don't just jump into bed with any woman, you know? **Half a beat.** Actually, I do. This time it's different. I... I think we should be together.

Sunny Fields: You're sweet.

Denny Crane: No, I mean it. I'm falling in love with you.

Sunny Fields: Honey, I think you're cute as a button, but I tend to treat men like horses. I ride 'em hard, then I turn them out.

Denny Crane: I'm okay with that. **He sighs.** The truth is my tawdry affairs tend to last longer than my committed relationships. This is different. I feel a real connection.

Sunny Fields: Denny Crane, I'm a cattle rancher. You think a big city-slicker like yourself would be happy livin' on a farm?

Denny Crane: I love horses. I love cows. I love sheep. Especially sheep.

Sunny Fields: I'm an all or nothin' kind a girl. If you're with me... you gotta be on a farm.

Denny Crane: I'm there.

Alan is in his office with Denny.

Alan Shore: You're out of your mind.

Denny Crane: Oh this woman, Alan. She's the one. I know it.

Alan Shore: In just one day?

Denny Crane: In ten minutes.

Alan Shore: **Helplessly.** Oh come on.

Denny Crane: Like a movie. Glance here, look there. **He sighs.** Does that ever happen to you?

Alan Shore: No!

Denny Crane: She's a goddess, Alan!

Alan Shore: **A beat.** You really are smitten?

Denny Crane: **He nods.** So is she. I can see it in her eyes. **Alan keeps a straight face.** Did you know that I'm as cute as a button?

Alan Shore: Denny. I say this with love, and in the spirit of friendship... the idea of you on a ranch...

Denny Crane: Why?

Alan Shore: Well, you're a little...

Denny Crane: Little what?

Alan Shore: Roly poly. **Denny rises.** In a good way!

Denny Crane: I'm a rugged man!

Alan Shore: Yes! And cute as a button. **Denny marches out.** Ah dear. **He opens his laptop.**

Wolfgang Blitzkrieg: **On the monitor.** We're the best political news team ever assembled in the history...

Alan sighs and closes the lid.

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, Alan has Shirley on the stand.

Shirley Schmidt: The rules may technically allow the pledged delegates to ignore the mandate of the popular vote, but that's certainly not what the Democratic Party advertises. People go to the primary polls under the assumption, an assumption cultivated by the DNC, that whatever candidate wins that primary, he or she will get the delegate.

Alan Shore: Let's put our cards on the table Ms. Schmidt. You're for Hillary?

Shirley Schmidt: I am.

Alan Shore: And you want your nephew to vote for Hillary?

Shirley Schmidt: I want the delegates, especially the pledged delegates, to give the primaries some meaning.

Alan Shore: It probably should also be said, we're in a time of war.

Shirley Schmidt: What do you mean?

Alan Shore: Well, the country needs stability. It needs to count on its bedrocks, its established traditions. For twenty years now we've only had two families in the White House. Just the two. First a Bush, then a Clinton, then a Clinton again, then another Bush, then that Bush again. It's time for another Clinton. We simply cannot afford to experiment in such uncertain times.

Shirley marches into a witness room followed by Alan.

Shirley Schmidt: What the hell was that about?

Alan Shore: What?

Shirley Schmidt: You totally politicized this! You practically stomped for Obama.

Alan Shore: I did no such thing. I just happen to be a big fan of dynasties. And monarchies. Oh, I love monarchies.

Shirley Schmidt: This is not to be turned into your political forum, Alan.

Alan Shore: Look, Shirley, may I speak to you for a second as a friend, one who can hold you on the bad days and spoon you on the good ones...

Shirley Schmidt: Alan...

Alan Shore: This is a good thing for you, what's going on here.

Shirley Schmidt: How so?

Alan Shore: Well, you want Hillary, right? Consider Hillary's behind in the count. She can't possibly be the nominee unless she poaches some of Obama's pledged delegates. And if delegates are bound to the mandate of the voters then it may be good for democracy, but it would be very bad for Hillary. So you need to just chill out. Relax! If anybody's gonna hijack this thing it's gonna be the Clintons. So just chill.

Shirley Schmidt: If you even think of using this case to plug Obama...

Alan Shore: You're using it to promote Hillary!

Shirley Schmidt: I am promoting a process.

Alan Shore: A process that can only spit out Clintons or Bushes!

Shirley Schmidt: Who have experience!

Alan Shore: Oh, aren't you sick of experience?

Oh please! She was the First Lady! She...

Oh, now you're going to play the sex scandal card? Doesn't the script call for you just to keep repeating Reverend Wright? Reverend Wright? Except when she's finding her own voice which is cry baby. Shirley, I'm telling you, if she gets a nomination, I'm going to vote for the dead guy from Arizona. On top of that, she looks like a man!

Shirley Schmidt: The only reason your guy is senator is because the incumbent was caught in a sex scandal!

She was not just a First Lady! She is a Senator, a committed lawyer.

She spent years of her life listening to her husband say, "Yes, we can."

And, and applaud for himself when he's introduced.

Not to mention, he looks like a girl.

They both stop and look at each other with remorse.

Shirley Schmidt: Listen to us.

Alan Shore: We've sunk to the level of...

Shirley Schmidt: Presidential candidates.

Alan Shore: Hug?

Shirley Schmidt: Don't try anything.

They hug.

Denny and Sunny are riding horses on Sunny Fields' ranch.

Sunny Fields: *She laughs in delight as they slow down.* You can ride, Denny Crane.

Denny Crane: Yes, I can. I'm an old farm boy.

Sunny Fields: I can see that.

Denny Crane: Can we stop? **He climbs off his horse.** I'd like to check out the scenery. **He groans as his feet touch the ground.** That, and my balls hurt.

Sunny Fields: It's beautiful, isn't it? If this cloning thing become a reality I'm gonna be out of business.

Denny Crane: Let me ask you a question. You got what? A thousand head of cattle here? What's your control? Really? And how do you safeguard against the mad cow? Or any other disease. It's not like you can vet every animal?

Sunny Fields: Well, if I had a mad cow I wouldn't need a vet to tell me. My daddy said that the other cows take care of that. They shun the inflicted animal.

Denny Crane: Even so, can't you make beef more pure using hi-tech methods like cloning?

Sunny Fields: If I believed that I wouldn't be fightin' this. I really wouldn't. I mean it. **Denny looks her up and down.** What?

Denny Crane: I've never mentally undressed a woman in chaps before.

Sunny Fields: **She laughs.** Come on and meet the livestock, Denny Crane. And I don't want you flirtin' with any of them. Hello, my darlings! This is your lawyer! **They walk up to the fence to look at a herd of about two dozen cows.** He's a sweetie pie! **The cows start bleating then run away.** Ha! Well, that wasn't very good manners, was it? **Denny gapes.** It's as if you had mad cow, Denny Crane. **She chuckles. Denny is stunned!**

Denny is in Alan's office.

Alan Shore: Don't be ridiculous! You can't be diagnosed by a fellow cow!

Denny Crane: I can. They know! And they told Sunny! To be shunned by your peers like that.

Alan Shore: Will you listen to yourself?

Denny Crane: Come on, Alan! You've seen the studies where dogs can smell cancer! The animals they... they sense things. The whole herd... my condition was obvious to them. Am I that far gone?

Alan Shore: Okay. Look, you've known you have issues. It's no big deal.

Denny Crane: It's a big deal because I love Sunny! And she's not gonna let me be around her livestock if she knows I've got the ah... the ah...

Alan Shore: Mad cow.

Denny Crane: Mad cow!

Alan Shore: You're talking like a crazy person.

Denny Crane: That's not gonna help! **He checks to see if anybody overheard.**

Alan Shore: Denny, I'm having a hard time wrapping my head around this sudden and profound love you have.

Denny Crane: That's because it's never happened to you. It's happened to me, I tell you.

Alan Shore: You just met her!

Shirley Schmidt: Alan! **She is standing at the door.** We need to go.

Alan Shore: Denny, we'll talk later. Okay?

Denny nods, Alan takes his briefcase and walks to the door.

Shirley Schmidt: What's wrong?

Alan Shore: His client's cows are on to him.

He and Shirley leave as Denny sits with a concerned look on his face.

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, Attorney Steve Duprey has Mitchy Weston on direct.

Attorney Steve Duprey: Do you realize Mr. Weston, that your congressional district and the State of Massachusetts voted for Hillary Clinton?

Mitchy Weston: I do realize that, yes.

Attorney Steve Duprey: Your own constituency thinks that what you're doing is wrong.

Mitchy Weston: Well, to quote the Vice President when told the American people don't want to see more soldiers die, "So?" He really said that, I kid you not!

Attorney Steve Duprey: Mitchy, as a result of the Massachusetts primary results you became a pledged delegate to Hillary Clinton.

Mitchy Weston: Yes! But according to the DNC rules I'm not bound by that. **Pointing his finger at Alan.** No. I. Am. Not. Who does that remind you of? "I did not have sex..."

Attorney Steve Duprey: Mitchy!

Mitchy Weston: I am entitled to vote my conscience. That's what I'm choosing to do.

Attorney Steve Duprey: Your conscience won't allow you to vote for Mrs. Clinton?

Mitchy Weston: Look, I happen to think that she is a brilliant woman. And brave too. She took all that sniper fire for us. She and Sinbad.

Attorney Steve Duprey: Why do you feel compelled to vote for Obama?

Mitchy Weston: We need a new America. Hillary Clinton is old America. I think the time has come for us to bridge the gaps on the Senate floor. Yes, we can. We're not just Democrats and Republicans. We're Americans. Yes, we can. It's time for all people to come together. Black, white, yellow, red. Yes, we can. Yes, we can! Yes, we can!!

Judge Clark Brown: Oh, alright.

Alan Shore: *He is now up.* You sound like the Little Engine That Could. How great that you have an opinion! Do you think it's fair, though, for you to exalt your politics over the will of your district?

Mitchy Weston: I have a dream, where people of all creeds...

Alan Shore: Yes. What if all the delegates had a dream that it should be Kucinich in July? That would be okay, then, within the rules? *Mitchy doesn't answer.* Let me ask, how did you even get to be a delegate?

Mitchy Weston: I did a lot of volunteering. *Alan chuckles.* I was rewarded for my efforts and made a national committeeman!

Alan Shore: And how old are you?

Mitchy Weston: I'm twenty-two.

Alan Shore: Mitchy, have you ever spoken to Hillary Clinton?

Mitchy Weston: Yes, she and Barak both dropped by.

Alan Shore: Dropped by. Your house?

Mitchy Weston: Yes.

Alan Shore: Isn't democracy swell?

Attorney Steve Duprey: Objection!

Judge Clark Brown: Sustained!

Alan Shore: Do you think it's possible your conscience has been corrupted?

Mitchy Weston: No! I do not! You listen to me! I am a proud member of the Democratic Party! I take my cues from the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. And he says that I can vote my conscience. I will follow his lead. Not yours.

Alan Shore: That of the chairman of the Democratic National Committee?

Mitchy Weston: Yes.

Alan Shore: And that would be this guy? *He picks up a remote and points it at a monitor.*

Howard Dean: *On the monitor.* And we're going to South Dakota, and Oregon and Washington and Michigan! And then we're going to Washington D.C. *Mitchy is mouthing along.* To take back the White House!! Yah!! Yah!! Yah!! Yah!!

Mitchy Weston: He is a beacon.

In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom, Attorney Bill Withers has Dr. Darryl Grant on direct.

Dr. Darryl Grant: For the past six years I've tracked the safety of cloned meat and milk. It is not only safe but very likely more safe than products from naturally bred livestock. It is also much higher quality.

Attorney Bill Withers: How so?

Dr. Darryl Grant: Well, some cows are simply better than others. We clone the top breeders. The prize-winners, in fact, which gives us a consistently higher grade.

Carl Sack: *He is now up.* What's the problem with labeling it then?

Dr. Darryl Grant: Honestly?

Carl Sack: That'd be nice.

Dr. Darryl Grant: The yuck factor. People hate the idea of cloning. If we were to label cloned food products we'd never be given a fair chance by the American public.

Carl Sack: So, better to deny the people the choice? Like you did with Vioxx?

Dr. Darryl Grant: Oh God, I'm sick of everybody throwing Vioxx in our faces.

Carl Sack: Well, yes, it's just those vocal few opposed to heart attacks and strokes. How about Bextra?

Dr. Darryl Grant: Bextra got by us, I admit but...

Carl Sack: Zelnorm?. Baycol? Palladone? Tysabri? Neutrospec? Cylert? Permax? All those drugs were approved by the FDA only to be withdrawn after they caused serious, sometimes fatal, side effects. Which particular failure would you prefer having thrown in your face? Special orders don't upset me.

Sunny Fields: *Sotto to Denny.* He's good. *Denny nods.*

Dr. Darryl Grant: *To the Judge.* May I say something?

Judge Robert Sanders: Who are you?

Dr. Darryl Grant: Left-wing Liberals love to dump on the FDA. It seems to be the new sport. But the public knows damn well, we are a thoroughly competent organization that serves Americans as...

Carl Sack: This would be a different public than the one polled by The Wall Street Journal which found that seventy percent of American adults are skeptical of the FDA's ability to protect...

Dr. Darryl Grant: Are we to trust polls now?

Carl Sack: If you prefer testimonials I would call your attention to a Sixty Minutes interview with Dr. David Graham, a senior scientist at the FDA who blamed the FDA for allowing dangerous drugs to stay on the market.

Attorney Bill Withers: This case is about cloning.

Carl Sack: Which has been deemed safe by a horrendously and famously inept governmental administration which shamelessly bends to the will of the pharmaceutical companies!

Attorney Bill Withers: Move to strike.

Carl Sack: If there is nothing to hide here, why not label?

Attorney Bill Withers: Move to strike!

Judge Robert Sanders: Silence! I can't keep up.

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, Attorney Steve Duprey is giving his closing.

Attorney Steve Duprey: The Democratic Party is a private organization. We can adopt whichever funny rules we want. Nobody is required to be a member of any party.

Judge Clark Brown: Mr. Duprey, don't feed me that. There are only two real parties in our country. They've picked our presidents for a hundred years!

Attorney Steve Duprey: And it's worked well for a hundred years.

Alan Shore: Really? *He rises.* Even lately?

Judge Clark Brown: Oh sit down!

Alan sits down.

Attorney Steve Duprey: These rules are designed to provide a checks and balances, if you will. What if the public in some protest of sorts voted for a comedian? Remember that Pat Paulsen ran in 1968. What if Rosanne Barr, or George Carlin or Carrot Top captured the popular vote?

Alan Shore: *He rises.* It could be an improvement.

Judge Clark Brown: Down!!!

Alan sits.

Attorney Steve Duprey: The delegates and super delegates, as a matter of conscience, have to be allowed to say, "Whoa!"

Judge Clark Brown: Well, so you admit it's not really a democracy then.

Attorney Steve Duprey: Classically speaking, no. I mean, suppose we were in the same situation as the Republicans for example. And suppose John McCain, before the convention, succumbs to old age or senility.

Alan Shore: You mean he hasn't?

Judge Clark Brown pounds his gavel and gives Alan a stern look. Alan sits.

Attorney Steve Duprey: Should we stick in Mike Huckabee, cause he would be the leader in delegates. Can you imagine? The rules that we have in place are to effect a choice from the people to be affirmed or not by the delegates and super delegates and it is not automatic.

Judge Clark Brown: Well then, what's the point of the primaries, really? Is it just a guide? If the delegates are free to ignore the popular vote, then does that not violate one man, one vote?

Attorney Steve Duprey: Well, it's never truly been one man, one vote in this country, let's face it. Look, I grew up in California, my wife in Wyoming. Now in my home state there are about fifteen million registered voters. In my wife's? Maybe two hundred and fifty thousand. Both States have two Senators which means my wife had about sixty times more voting power than I did in any

Senatorial election! Is that fair? I think so! Perfect? Of course not. Democracy isn't. Nor is the Democratic nomination process. Nobody here is denying that. But let's remember, if it wasn't for delegate independence, its possibility of backroom deal making, the nominee for president in 1932 for the Democratic Party would have been Newton Baker. Instead, we got Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Alan is now up.

Alan Shore: My mother's friend, Vivian, once told me, "There are only two kinds of people in this world, Alan. Dem that drink Coke. And dem that drink Pepsi." Vivian got that notion, of course, from Coke and Pepsi. There may have been other colas, but Coke and Pepsi were the giants. Billion dollar behemoths who, in their own advertising, would each refer to the other guy as the only alternative. Just so long as people keep on gulping down one or the other. Makes you kind of wonder if they're in cahoots.

Judge Clark Brown: Mr. Shore, as much as I enjoy listening to you go on and on. And on! Could you get to your case?

Alan Shore: When it comes to presidential elections, we again have only two billion dollar giants in control. The American people might get to vote for Commander in Chief but they only get two choices, Your Honor. Choices selected by two very private organizations who are both in bed with Big Oil, Big Tobacco, Big Pharmaceuticals, Big Banking, every Big you can think of. And as a result we only get the candidates that big business and the two parties decide to favor us with. So where's the Democracy? The sad fact is it seems that Democracy has lost its way. And as long as we remain a two party system we'll forever be denied a taste of that delicious RC Cola because Coke and Pepsi have cornered the market.

Judge Clark Brown: **He pounds his gavel.** No more soda pop!

Alan Shore: Yes. Let's let the Democratic National Committee make whatever rules it fancies. Never mind that delegates like Mitchy can ignore election results. Who cares that states like Florida and Michigan are discounted? Big deal that in Iowa the Democrats don't get to cast secret ballots. Or that in Nevada the caucuses were on a Saturday which meant observant Jews couldn't vote. Hey! It's kind of fun, this year the Democratic nominee might be decided by super-duper delegates! Political insiders who don't have to listen to the voters at all! Insiders who according to DNC rules are allowed to, and do, accept money from the candidates. Insiders who, in fact, have accepted over a million dollars from the Clinton and Obama campaign.

Attorney Steve Duprey: Do we have to sit here and listen to this wonkish analysis?

Alan Shore: There are dire consequences here, Mr. Duprey! Presidents get to start wars! And kids, the innocent kind, die in them! Lots of kids! There are consequences. And as long as presidents get to start wars and pick Supreme Court Justices, as long as they represent the American people to the world, a world which increasingly loathes us because of our presidents, we the people should get to weigh in. Look at the choices this grand two-party system has produced this year! A grumpy old man who wants to stay at war for a hundred years versus whomever the Democrats pick! A choice which may very well come down to Mitchy's.

Mitchy Weston: Snidey-butt!

Alan Shore: I'm going to sit my snidey-butt down now, after one final thought: maybe it's time for us to take a little break from Iraq and start spreading a little more democracy at home.

Sunny is in Denny's office.

Sunny Fields: **Denny hands her a drink.** So what happens now?

Denny Crane: Well, we'll have a drink, maybe a little sex. Although it's only been a day and I'm still in refractory mode.

Sunny Fields: No. I mean about the case!

Denny Crane: Oh! Well, uh, Sack will give a summation tomorrow. It'll be boring, full of legal stuff I never listen to. The Judge will rule and we'll ah... marry.

Sunny Fields: **She leans in for a kiss.** You're even a good kisser.

Denny Crane: Sunny, you've been regarding my flirtations as foreplay... it's more than that. When a man loves a woman, when God didn't pick little green apples... whatever. **He pulls a ring out of his pocket and holds it up.**

Sunny Fields: Oh, Denny.

Denny Crane: Sunny... **He starts to go down on one knee and only makes it half way when he falters...** Oh! **Sunny helps him back up. He sighs.** Well, you get the idea. Sunny... **He places the ring on her finger.** Sunny Fields, will you marry me?

Sunny Fields: Oh, Denny! We haven't even been out on a real date!

Denny Crane: Oh, we got plenty of time for that.

Sunny Fields: **She sighs.** Denny.

Denny Crane: I love you. I'd go to the ends of the earth for you.

Sunny Fields: Well, you sure make it hard to say no to, I can tell you that. Can I think about it over night?

Denny Crane: **He is disappointed.** You can.

Sunny Fields: Then I'll see you tomorrow?

Denny Crane: I promise.

Sunny Fields: Good night, Denny Crane. **She leaves.**

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, he is giving his ruling.

Judge Clark Brown: I agree with Mr. Shore, whatever one wants to call this nomination process, it's anything but democratic. Two political parties pulling the strings. It's like going to a fast food restaurant and being told you can eat whatever you want. The menu is fixed! That having been said, being a private organization the DNC is free to set its own rules. The only real recourse that people have I suppose is to vote Republican. And everyone wonders how we ended up with the likes of George Bush. Motion denied! **He pounds his gavel.** Everybody loses.

Alan Shore: Well.

Shirley Schmidt: The one time I get out of my tastefully decorated office to tilt at windmills, and I lose.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry.

In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom, he is giving his ruling.

Judge Robert Sanders: First of all, I reject the idea that cloning meat is abusive to cows.

Carl Sack: Why?

Judge Robert Sanders: It's meat! The animal's already dead!

Carl Sack: No, Your Honor, it's the cow being cloned to make the meat. Did I skip over that?

Judge Robert Sanders: Dead meat is dead meat! Judgment in favor of the plaintiff! **He pounds his gavel.**

Carl Sack: Oh! There you go!

Attorney Bill Withers: But, Judge, we had the same concerns over artificial insemination and all the perceived horrors and nothing bad happened.

Judge Robert Sanders: Judgment for the defendant. **He pounds his gavel.**

Carl Sack: What! Oh, no! No! No! Technology has not improved the food supply!

Judge Robert Sanders: Plaintiff's motion granted! **He pounds his gavel.**

Attorney Bill Withers: Wait! You said the defendant's.

Judge Robert Sanders: Sustained. **He pounds his gavel.**

Denny Crane: This guy is worse than me.

Judge Robert Sanders: I am the decider. **He pounds his gavel.** Adjourned!

Sunny Fields: Who won?

Denny Crane: I have no idea.

Alan is in Denny's office.

Alan Shore: So, you have no idea if you won or lost?

Denny Crane: No. **He chuckles.** I still got the girl, though.

Alan Shore: When do I get to meet her?

Denny Crane: Well, she's due any second. Alan, I popped the question!

Alan Shore: You did what?

Denny Crane: I love her!

Alan Shore: You asked her to marry you?

Denny Crane: Life is short.

Alan Shore: No, Denny! Life can be very long, especially when you're bound by law to the wrong woman! You can't...

Denny Crane: She's the right woman!

Alan Shore: You just met her!

Denny Crane: I have a feeling!

Alan Shore: Yes! The same one you had about Bev and five other right women who turned out to be total disasters!

Sunny Fields: **She knocks on the doorjam.** Knock, knock.

Denny Crane: Can't! Still in refractory.

Denny and Alan get up to greet Sunny.

Alan Shore: You must be Sunny?

Denny Crane: Oh, my Sunny. This is Alan Shore, he was just leaving.

Sunny Fields: Howdy, Alan!

Alan Shore: How-dy!

They shake hands.

Denny Crane: Well, we'll talk later.

Alan Shore: I really think we should talk...

Denny Crane: No, later. **He guides Alan to the door.**

Sunny Fields: Have we figured out whether we won our case yet?

Denny Crane: Not yet! So? Did I win the girl?

Sunny Fields: Denny, were you serious when you said you'd go to the ends of the earth for me?

Denny Crane: I was.

Sunny Fields: How about Montana?

Denny Crane: **A beat.** What?

Sunny Fields: I'm movin' to Montana in a month. I would have told you sooner but things were going so fast between us.

Denny Crane: Montana?

Sunny Fields: I bought a farm there. Six thousand acres of land. I'm gonna move my ranch there and really make a go of it.

Denny Crane: Montana?

Sunny Fields: So the question becomes: are you really that much of a cowboy, Denny Crane?

Denny is thrown. What?

Denny Crane: Well... My life is here!

Sunny Fields: Well, one day you will have to go to pasture. Maybe now's the time! Ride into the sunset with me, Denny Crane.

Denny Crane: **He struggles to find words.** You see, it's, it's um, it's not the job, it's someone else.

Sunny Fields: Oh. It's someone else?

Denny Crane: Uh, my best friend. It was him you just met.

Sunny Fields: Are you serious?

Denny Crane: See... uh... we meet every night for cigars and scotch. It's a standing... Why don't you stay here?

Sunny Fields: I just bought a business! I have to go. If you'd rather stay and drink scotch and smoke cigars, well, maybe that tells us somethin'.

Denny Crane: This has no bearing on my love for you. It's just...

Sunny Fields: Your love for him.

Denny Crane: I can't go to Montana.

Out on the balcony, Alan and Denny are having cigars and scotch.

Alan Shore: Just like that, it's over?

Denny Crane: She turned me down. What can I do?

Alan Shore: I'm sorry, Denny.

Denny Crane: No, you're not. You're relieved.

Alan Shore: I'm that too. If you truly love her then I am sorry. **Denny doesn't reply.** Denny?

Denny Crane: There's no need to be sorry, Alan. Love, even when it's fleeting, even if it's for a day or two, it's a... it's everything. Don't you agree?

Alan Shore: I do. I actually think it's why I'm still single. Every morning I get to wake up and wonder, "Will this be the day?" Every night I put my head on my pillow and wonder, "Will I meet her tomorrow?" I imagine what she'll look like, her smile, the way she does her hair, how she laughs, the contour of her breasts, neck. The promise of love can be everything. It's a magic you rarely find in marriage, so maybe you lucked out.

Denny Crane: You don't believe married people can stay in love?

Alan Shore: Oh, I believe they can know even more profound joys, be it with children, the depth of the relationship itself, it can evolve into something they can't possibly live without, yet it's something that doesn't quite so resemble love. It's not the romance of love.

Denny Crane: I never knew you to be such a romantic.

Alan Shore: My problem is I'm too romantic. No woman can possibly measure up to the promise of tomorrow that love holds for me.

Denny Crane: What about me?

Alan Shore: Well, it's not the same. You know one thing I do love about you?

Denny Crane: Tell me.

Alan Shore: Well, many people embrace the promise of tomorrow. Too few celebrate the joy of now. And nobody does that like Denny Crane.

Denny Crane: Well, let me tell you something, when you got polar ice caps melting and breaking off into big chunks and you got Osama still hiding in a cave planning his next attack, when you got other rogue nations with nuclear arsenals, not to mention some whack job homegrown who can cancel you at any second, and when you got mad cow, 'now' gets high priority. And when you're sitting on a balcony, on a clear night, sipping scotch with your best friend, 'now' is everything.

Alan Shore: Here's to 'now'.

Denny Crane: Here's to 'now'.