

Boston Legal

The Gods Must Be Crazy

Season 4, Episode 19

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Jerry Espenson and Katie Lloyd are in their office.

Katie Lloyd: Tap dancing?

Jerry Espenson: ***He is putting on his shoes.*** I used it before to battle stage fright when I first went into litigation. But it's also effective for stress therapy.

Katie Lloyd: A trained therapist actually suggested this?

Jerry Espenson: Is it too weird?

Katie Lloyd: Well... yes Jerry. The popping, the wooden cigarette, the tics, all of this I understand and even appreciate, but...

There is a knock on the door. Dana Strickland comes in.

Jerry Espenson: Dana! Hello. Welcome. Not.

Dana Strickland: Hello, Jerry. Katie.

Katie Lloyd: Dana.

Dana Strickland: Listen, ah... ***She chuckles,*** ...how do I say this?

Jerry Espenson: There is nothing to say, Dana, I made my position clear. I am finished. Read my... ***he sees Lorraine Weller come in.*** Lips!!!

Dana Strickland: Hello, Lorraine, you were my next stop. I'm not here to ask you to take me back, Jerry, as much as I'd like that. I was arrested last night. One of my clients... ***she turns to Lorraine*** ...one of *your* clients is an undercover agent working for the Boston Police department. I'm in a little bit of trouble. I'm here in need of a lawyer.

Denny Crane is in his office with Alan.

Alan Shore: She's a call girl.

Denny Crane: Can you believe it? First Lorraine, then this girl. Hookers wherever you look. And have you seen this girl, Dana? My God, she's so beautiful, and to think she's only a credit card away.

There is a knock on the door.

Paul Cruickshank: Denny?

Denny Crane: Well, well, well! Finally come to pay your bet?

Paul Cruickshank: How are you, Denny?

Denny Crane: Ten thousand dollars richer, I hope! Alan Shore, Paul Cruickshank. I bet his ass in golf for five grand, then kicked what was left of it in the courtroom for another five. The bet was you were supposed to come *crawling* in with your money.

Paul Cruickshank: I'm not here about the bet, Denny.

Denny Crane: What is it then?

Paul Cruickshank: It's extremely confidential.

Alan Shore: We're married.

Paul Cruickshank: May I speak to you in private, please?

Denny motions for Alan to leave. Paul closes the door after him.

Paul Cruickshank: I'm assuming your office isn't bugged?

Denny Crane: It might be. Why do you care?

Paul Cruickshank: Well, once I tell you why I'm here you'll realize this visit pains me far more than it does you.

Denny Crane: Let's get to that part then.



Paul Cruickshank: You know I'm on the Republican National Committee? **Denny makes a circling "whoopee" motion with his finger.** What do you think, honestly, of John McCain? **Denny snores.** Yes, that perception appears to be shared. Next question, do you know how W got to be president?

Denny Crane: His SAT scores?

Paul Cruickshank: We picked him. Not because of his intelligence...

Denny Crane: Gee!

Paul Cruickshank: Or that he was a great speaker...

Denny Crane: No?

Paul Cruickshank: But because he tracks! He was a cowboy! He was somebody we sell to the American public! John McCain... **Denny snores.** ...isn't!

Denny Crane: Get to the punch line, Paul. I'm not feeling your pain.

Paul Cruickshank: Because I have a relationship with you, I've been asked to ask you: how would you feel about running for President? **He doesn't wait for an answer.** There, I've done my duty, just say, "No." I'll be gone!

Denny Crane: President? Of the United States?

Paul Cruickshank: I can tell them you passed then! **He gets up to leave.**

Denny Crane: Denny Crane. **Paul reluctantly turns back.** Commander in Chief. I like it.

Alan and Denny are walking in the corridor.

Alan Shore: Don't be ridiculous!

Denny Crane: They're considering me, and ten others. Evidently my appearance on the Larry King Show went through the roof. The public loves me. As expected.

Alan Shore: Denny...

Denny Crane: I'm not supposed to be telling you anything, by the way! You know nothing.

Alan Shore: Do they know you have Mad Cow?

Denny Crane: They're looking for the next Ronald Reagan, and he had it at the very end.

Alan Shore: Ronald Reagan didn't have a hooker fetish.

Denny Crane: Please. I'm an Emperor.

Alan Shore: Denny, no offense, but this is beyond preposterous. Beyond... **He shakes his head.**

Denny Crane: Why? Bigger nut jobs have been floated in the past! Lee Iacocca. Donald Trump. Jesse Ventura! Why not me?

Alan Shore: Denny, you don't think before you speak. You barely speak the English language. You always have to get your way. You'd never get along with other countries! For God's sake! What would possess the Republican Party...?

Denny Crane: Heir apparent.

Alan Shore: This must be a joke.

Denny Crane: I'm being vetted by six committee members this afternoon. If I pass that test... **he turns back to Alan.** Top secret!

Alan motions zipping his lips.

Renee Winger walks into Shirley Schmidt's office. Shirley is at her desk.

Renee Winger: Hello.

Shirley Schmidt: **She looks up.** Hello. Um, may I help you?

Renee Winger: You may. My name is Renee Winger, I was denied employment by a company guilty of pervasive and systemic gender bias. Might I count on you to be my attorney?

Shirley Schmidt: May I ask, what company are you looking to sue?

Renee Winger: The Archdiocese.

Shirley Schmidt: The Archdiocese of Boston?

Renee Winger: Yes. I seek to be a priest.

Shirley Schmidt: **She chuckles.** Don't we all? **Renee doesn't answer.** You are a woman. **Renee doesn't answer.**

Jerry and Katie have Lorraine and Dana in their office.

Katie Lloyd: **On the phone.** Okay, thank you. Now will be fine. **She hangs up.** No arraignment yet. The DA wants to meet.

Lorraine Weller: Which means they're willing to make a deal.

Katie Lloyd: Dana, I don't think we can represent you. They'll most likely ask you to flip your employer, and that would be Lorraine.

Dana Strickland: I don't plan to flip anybody. I told Lorraine I'd preserve her confidence. I keep my word.

Jerry Espenson: Spare us the self-righteousness, Dana! You kept from me you were a call girl. **He puts a wooden cigarette in his mouth and continues brashly.** Look folks, come on, they got us here dead to rights, flat as a pancake, done, fini, kaputsky!

Katie Lloyd: Jerry. We agreed we'd leave out the foreign languages.

Jerry takes out the cigarette.

Dana Strickland: May I have a word with Jerry, please? **Lorraine and Katie leave.** I don't expect you to be able to reconcile how a woman can have sexual relations with one man while being committed to and completely in love with another but...

Jerry Espenson: I really don't wanna go there. I thank you in advance for your cooperation.

Dana Strickland: Could we maybe go to dinner and just talk?

Jerry Espenson: I'm seeing somebody.

Dana Strickland: Who?

Jerry Espenson: An inflatable doll if you must know.

Dana Strickland: Patty?

Jerry Espenson: **He puts the wooden cigarette in his mouth. Brashly.** Patty wasn't inflatable! This is just a cheap transitional thing! Not that you weren't! Give me a break, would ya?

Dana leaves. Jerry takes the wooden cigarette and throws it on the floor.



In a Ritz Hotel conference room Denny, Paul Cruickshank, and five other suits--four men and one woman--are there.

Avery Wilson: Let me acknowledge from the outset, this is a long shot.

Denny Crane: Okay.

Avery Wilson: For whatever reason, your public appearances, most recently on Larry King, have been very winning with our base. You also have a bit of a Wild West profile that John McCain...

Denny fakes a snore.

...doesn't. But there are issues. You recently appeared before The Supreme Court

opposing the death penalty.

Denny Crane: Hired gun. Just a case. I am *for* the death penalty! Always have been, always will be.

Avery Wilson: I'd like to play a political Rorschach test, the word association game.

Denny Crane: Shoot.

Avery Wilson: Well, I'll throw out a word; you say the first word that pops into your head.

Denny Crane: Shoot.

Avery Wilson: Homosexual.

Denny Crane: Shoot.

Avery Wilson: Abortion.

Denny Crane: Murder.

Hugh McDowell: War.

Denny Crane: Nine eleven.

Bryce Laughlin: Economy.

Denny Crane: Democrat.

Bryce Laughlin: John McCain. **Denny fakes a snore.**

Hugh McDowell: Immigration.

Denny Crane: No mas.

Avery Wilson: Hillary.

Denny Crane: **He farts, then offers his finger.** Pull my finger.

Caryl Hutchins: That was very interesting. Can we turn to your personal life?

Denny Crane: Please.

Caryl Hutchins: Our background check reveals you enjoy spending time with prostitutes.

Denny Crane: Who doesn't? I like sex. I like women. I'll hump anything in a dress. I'll even get down on the floor with you right now if they'll turn off the lights. But know this. The American public will find it refreshing to finally get a Republican candidate who's not a moralistic, sexually repressed, crusading hypocrite who cruises airport men's rooms late at night. Denny Crane rides high in the saddle. I'll go into office with my boots on. I'll die with my boots on. Next.



Bryce Laughlin: Alan Shore?

Denny Crane: What about him?

Bryce Laughlin: He expresses many anti-American views.

Denny Crane: Which I disagree with most of the time. But I won't throw him under the bus to be President. What else you got?

Hugh McDowell: We're prepared to go forward this year without the blessing of the Christian right, but we cannot and will not abandon the values of our most valuable and most precious Republican base. I speak of course of the NRA.

Denny Crane: He stands, reaches into his right pocket, takes out a gun and lays it on the table. He reaches into his left pocket, takes out a gun and lays it on the table. And another. And another. He opens his briefcase and takes out another one and lays it on the table. Bring it on!

Carl and Shirley round the corner of a corridor.

Carl Sack: We've taken many ridiculous cases, but suing a Church?

Shirley Schmidt: That's guilty of gender bias!

Carl Sack: What are you saying? We should have a woman Pope?

Renee Winger: **She comes out of the library.** There's evidence of a female Pope called Joan around the ninth century. Records of her were destroyed by subsequent Popes.

Shirley Schmidt: Carl! It's not a ridiculous case. And since it could be perceived as runaway feminism, I really, really think it's important that we have a man at the table.

Carl Sack: No! No. No. No.

Shirley Schmidt: It's the right thing to do, and you know what? I'll bet a reasonable Judge will agree.

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom. Shirley and Attorney Braxton Mason are standing before him.

Judge Clark Brown: Of all the ridiculous, sacrilegious, blasphemous acts of heresy I've ever heard!

Shirley Schmidt: **Under her breath.** As for the unreasonable ones...

Judge Clark Brown: You want me to order the Archdiocese to ordain a woman?

Shirley Schmidt: We are simply asking you to deny their tax exempt status, if they continue to discriminate.

Judge Clark Brown: Ms Schmidt! The First Amendment to our constitution has something in it called The Establishment Clause!

Shirley Schmidt: Yes, I've read it. Your Honor, I would refer you to the case against Bob Jones University where a religious institution does not allow interracial dating or marriage and so they were denied their tax exempt status.

Attorney Braxton Mason: Bob Jones was sued as a school, not a Church.

Shirley Schmidt: They were sued as a religious educational institution.

Attorney Braxton Mason: There are many religions that restrict the priesthood, Counsel! Orthodox Judaism. Islam. Mormonism. Orthodox Christianity...

Shirley Schmidt: And if they do so solely on gender they're committing a civil rights violation.

Judge Clark Brown: And, have you got a witness?

Shirley Schmidt: Yes, I do. I'm so glad you asked. **To Renee.** Renee? **To the Judge.** You're going to like her.

Renee Winger: **She walks to the stand.** God beckoned me.



Katie and Jerry enter A.D.A. Mary Franklin's office.

Katie Lloyd: Hello. My name is Katie Lloyd, this is Jerry Espenson.

A.D.A. Mary Franklin: Hi.

Jerry Espenson: Hello! Welcome!

A.D.A. Mary Franklin: Well, thank you for coming in. I'm sure you can guess what's on my mind.

Katie Lloyd: We can. ***She and Jerry take a seat.***

A.D.A. Mary Franklin: Good. Here's the offer. She tells us who runs the ring, agrees to give testimony against this individual or



individuals, we'll dismiss the charges and give her transactional immunity.

Jerry Espenson: ***He put a wooden cigarette in his mouth.*** Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa...

Katie takes the cigarette out.

Katie Lloyd: I first need to see a copy of the incident report, together with a proffer of your agent's testimony, so we can know what we're dealing with in the way of evidence.

A.D.A. Mary Franklin: No, problem. We'll get that to you right away.

Katie Lloyd: Thank you.

Katie is in Lorraine's office. Lorraine is looking at the incident report.

Lorraine Weller: It doesn't strike me as airtight. The language is ambiguous. No sex actually transpired.

Katie Lloyd: Lorraine, I don't see how I can recommend anything other than that she accept this offer. Otherwise she's looking at jail.

Lorraine Weller: And if she does take the deal? Well, it's not like I never thought this day could come.

Katie Lloyd: May I ask why? You've established yourself as a first-rate attorney. Why continue with this brothel business?

Lorraine Weller: I did get out for a while.

Katie Lloyd: And?

Lorraine Weller: I missed it.

Alan and Paul Cruickshank are in Denny's office.

Alan Shore: What do you mean, "it's on"?

Denny Crane: I got past round one.

Alan Shore: Well, what's round two?

Paul Cruickshank: We meet with a bunch of donors. Test the waters to see if we can raise money.

Denny Crane: Can you imagine?



Alan Shore: No. Denny, would you even *want* to be President?

Denny Crane: Think of it. You and I on the Oval Office balcony? Scotch, cigars, maybe even an intern.

Alan Shore: Denny! Your balcony days would be over! There'd be sniper assassins to worry about!

Denny Crane: Please! Look! I know it's not really gonna happen, I'm not kidding myself...

A beat.

Alan Shore: But?



Denny Crane: But just to be considered. To be on the short list even for a day, that's something to tell your grandchildren. **To Paul.** I may have a few by the way. You should check on that.

Paul Cruickshank: We are. **To Alan.** We need to do a background check on you as well.

Alan Shore: Me?

Paul Cruickshank: You're his best friend. We'd need to vet all of his...

Alan Shore: If you've gotten this far, you've already vetted me. **To Denny.** Will you get serious?

Denny Crane: To think I could have my finger on the button. My own nuclear bomb.

Alan looks to Paul and motions to Denny with a, "Look what you've done," expression.

Jerry and Katie are in their office with Lorraine and Dana.

Dana Strickland: You wanna withdraw because your advice would be to take the deal and you don't wanna act against Lorraine's best interest?

Katie Lloyd: Basically, yes.

Dana Strickland: Well, I don't want the deal.

Lorraine Weller: You don't have to do this for me.

Dana Strickland: I'm not doing it for you. When I made my choice to go into this profession I did so without shame. I reject the notion that it's immoral and I won't be judged for it. **To Jerry.** Especially by you.

Katie Lloyd: You'll be judged by the law, Dana, which criminalizes it.

Dana Strickland: A law which is as unreasonable as it is archaic. And I'd like to challenge it.

Katie Lloyd: You can't mean that!

Dana Strickland: I do mean that. Is there a mechanism for challenging the validity of the law itself?

Katie Lloyd: Well, our best bet would be to get the matter certified through the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court.

Dana Strickland: That's what I wanna do. We'll take our shot there and then decide. **To Jerry.** Please stop looking at me like I'm a sexual deviant. Could you do that, Jerry?

Jerry Espenson: But you are a sexual deviant, Dana. You engage in sexual conduct for a fee. That's as deviant as it is immoral. I do judge you and I'll ask you to stop looking at me for approval or sympathy! **He slaps his hand on his briefcase which then pops open with a hissing sound. Oh! An inflatable doll starts to inflate. The doll is wearing a red dress and has long blonde hair just like Dana. Jerry quickly stuffs the doll back in the briefcase and closes it.**



In the corridor, Dana, Katie, Lorraine and Jerry are walking to the elevator.

Katie Lloyd: We've stayed any formal arraignment pending a motion before the SJC. Should we lose, you can expect to be formally charged tomorrow.



Dana Strickland: Okay. **Jerry walks up to press the call button for the elevator.** I'd like you to argue it, Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: Me? Why?

Dana Strickland: Please.

The elevator doors open, Denny comes out.

Denny Crane: Hello.

Lorraine Weller: Denny.

Denny Crane: **He turns to Dana.** Hello. **He brings out a handful of credit cards and fans them in front of Dana.** Pick a card, any card. We could meet after work. Have a wine spitzer. **Dana enters the elevator. To Lorraine.** I had six wives. None of them understood me.

In Judge Clark Brown's court room, Shirley has Renee on the stand.

Renee Winger: Many of the Church's doctrines have nothing to do with divine law.

Shirley Schmidt: For example?

Renee Winger: Well, celibacy for one. Priests were not required to be celibate until 1139, before which they were allowed to have families, some of them quite large. Celibacy was a function of economic pragmatism not divine law. I would probably not be celibate. I am sexually rambunctious.

Shirley Schmidt: And may I ask, is this something that's important to you?

Renee Winger: Yes. When I was young people considered me...off. I was shunned, ostracized. As you can see it's still very difficult for me to talk about it now. The Catholic Church reached out to me, they were a source of great comfort. I would like to extend the tolerance and compassion to others that was so greatly afforded to me in my time of... I apologize. I didn't mean to get emotional.



Denny is sitting at his desk in front of his laptop. Alan knocks and come in.

Alan Shore: What are you doing?

Denny Crane: Here, take a look at this. **Alan walks behind Denny and looks at the screen.** If I did run, I couldn't lose. **Alan chuckles, Denny hits a few keys.** Look at her eyes. **On the monitor is a picture of Hillary Clinton with a bug-eyed look.** Mad cow, man. **He hits another key and shows another picture of Hillary with piercing eyes.**

Alan Shore: Oh come on!

Denny Crane: **He hits the key again.** What else could it be? **Another bug-eyed Hillary. Another, Another. Another.** Makes sense. I'm pretty sure Bill's got it.

Alan Shore: It could be Post Traumatic Stress. Remember the white water rafting trip with Kenneth Starr? She took a lot of sniper fire in Bosnia. Bullets sailing overhead as she ran for cover. Surprising Bill in the Oval Office? That had to be some shock and awe.

Denny Crane: Her problem with Bill is she isn't pretty enough. She needs to be prettier. **He hits a key and turns the computer towards Alan.** Like him. **A picture of Barak Obama.**

Alan Shore: You think he's pretty?

Denny Crane: What? What are you talking about? **He hits another key and shows a picture of Obama sporting a wig.** He used to be Whitney Houston.



Alan Shore: What about McCain? You'd first have to get by him.

Denny Crane: Please! McCain is patient zero, Mad Cow. He can't remember anybody he's met before so he calls everybody his friend. **He hits keys repeatedly.**

John McCain: **On the monitor.** You know my friends..., Thank you all, my friends..., My friends..., My friends..., My friends..., My friends..., Tonight, my friends..., Well, my friends..., So, my friends..., So, my friends...

Alan chuckles.

Denny Crane: They want me to take a physical before I meet with the donors.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry?

Denny Crane: The search committee. They want me to take a physical, make sure I'm healthy. Oh please. I can kick McCain's ass. Obama's too. Hillary I'm not sure.

Alan Shore: So you have to go to one of their doctors?

Denny Crane: On the Q.T. at the Avalon. And that's where the meeting with the donors is.

Alan Shore: How can they possibly take it this far?

Denny Crane: I'm a wanted man, Alan. Wanted!

In Justice Frances Oliver's courtroom, Jerry and A.D.A. Mary Franklin are up before the Judge.

Justice Frances Oliver: You expect me to overturn the law against prostitution in the Commonwealth?

Jerry Espenson: Yes, Your Honor. Or on the alternative schedule a hearing before the full Supreme Judicial Court to determine whether the statute is arbitrary, unreasonable and therefore unconstitutional on its ass. **Face!**

Justice Frances Oliver: Okay, why don't you start by telling me why it's unreasonable.

Jerry Espenson: Gladly. **With his hands on his thighs he walks around in a circle, then comes to a stop and plants his feet.** It's estimated that legalizing prostitution would decrease the rape rate in this country by twenty-five percent. That alone should merit the court's consideration. Moreover, criminalizing prostitution doesn't make it go away, it just renders it more dangerous. Why not regulate the profession? Employ and ensure safety measures that would induce the risk of AIDS, STDs. We could also ensure that the women are less exploited, be it with insurance benefits...

A.D.A. Mary Franklin: I am offended by the idea this doesn't victimize women.

Jerry Espenson: It's legal in Nevada.

A.D.A. Mary Franklin: What isn't in Nevada? This is an issue for the legislator, not the court! I don't care what other countries do! We do not follow, we lead. And we certainly do not conform a moral code to coincide with...!

Jerry Espenson: In Rhode Island. Canada. In many, many countries. Argentina. Australia. England. Brazil. New Zealand. Norway. Peru. Ireland. Italy. Germany. Greece. Switzerland. Let me finish!

A.D.A. Mary Franklin: Who are you looking to protect? My investigators have seen you with Ms Strickland.

Jerry Espenson: **He stamps his feet, then places his wooden cigarette in his mouth. Brashly.** Hey! You wanna go after me sweetheart? Take your shot!

A.D.A. Mary Franklin: I will go after you! If you have broken the law!

Jerry Espenson: **He takes the cigarette out, but continues confidently. He starts to walk in circles as he's talking.** Your Honor, this law is about imposing a morality. What's more, it doesn't work! Prostitution exists. It always will. Driving it underground makes it more dangerous. It establishes a base camp, if you will, for organized crime, for other criminal enterprises including the child sex trade, slave trafficking...

A.D.A. Mary Franklin: He is talking in circles!

Jerry Espenson: *He is standing still.* How about we take this money earmarked for prosecutions and dedicate it to AIDS awareness? Sex education? Twenty-five percent of American teenagers between fourteen and nineteen now have some form of STD! Meanwhile we see more and more abstinence programs popping up. Schools forbidden to talk about condoms! That's what's criminal!

A.D.A. Mary Franklin: And legalizing prostitution?

Jerry Espenson: We'll end up with fewer prostitutes in the morgue! And given that it's a multibillion dollar industry anyway, why not tax it? Why not use it to help build the hospitals and schools that politicians promise to deliver but never get around to 'cause many of them are too busy hanging out with hookers! We could use that money, Judge! We're in a war! We have a deficit! Billions of dollars! Why give it to criminals when we can use it to support our troops! Trump card! I said it! Support our troops! I win!! **He stomps his feet and leaves to sit down.**

A large ballroom at The Avalon is decorated with red and blue balloons and filled with people.

Alan Shore: *At the bar paying for a drink.* Thank you.

Paul Cruickshank: *He comes up.* May I ask what you're doing here?

Alan Shore: Denny invited me. Don't worry I won't tell. I'm very loyal to the party. Of course one might question your loyalty proffering Denny Crane as a presidential candidate.

Paul Cruickshank: You think it's my idea? My only hope is that these people come to their senses. On the other hand, John McSnore doesn't win the logic prize either.

Alan Shore: *He looks at his watch.* Where is Denny?

Paul Cruickshank: I believe he's getting his physical.

Denny is in another room at the hotel, wearing a hospital gown. Dr. Earl Roberts is with him.

Dr. Earl Roberts: You were told to bring your records!

Denny Crane: Why don't you just take my blood pressure and let's get on with this.

Dr. Earl Roberts: I took your blood pressure, Mr. Crane. That was not a polygraph! Now you'll need an EKG.

Denny Crane: What for?

Dr. Earl Roberts: To check your heart. Just to make sure that you don't keel over and die.

Denny Crane: Oh! Judas Priest. **He follows Dr. Earl Roberts out of the room.**

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, Attorney Braxton Mason has Bishop Luke Bernard on direct.

Bishop Luke Bernard: We certainly teach that men and women are equal.

Attorney Braxton Mason: But?

Bishop Luke Bernard: But they have different roles that are divinely bestowed. This is an authoritarian teaching called complementarity.

Attorney Braxton Mason: Complementarity?

Bishop Luke Bernard: Yes. It's not sexism. We believe in the plan of God. Men and women complement each other and thereby occupy different positions.

Carl is up now.

Carl Sack: Separate, but equal?

Bishop Luke Bernard: Spend a day with the nuns, you might conclude they're a little more equal.

Carl Sack: That would be funny, if it wasn't sexist.

Bishop Luke Bernard: Women can head State, and National and International Catholic institutions.

Carl Sack: But when it comes to being a priest?

Bishop Luke Bernard: That role is reserved for men.

Carl Sack: You realize, Your Holiness, that a majority of Catholics in this country now favor women in the priesthood?

Bishop Luke Bernard: We don't modify doctrine to comply with opinion polls.

Carl Sack: Oh. Come on. Sure you do! **The Judge pounds his gavel.** The Church once defended slavery as willed by God. You modified that doctrine. Then there was the persecution of witches. You know, with the big rocks. **In a stage whisper.** Torture. And! Let's not forget the crimes of The Inquisition. All of those were Catholic Church doctrines adjusted according to popular opinion. And let's not forget that you once condemned homosexuality as an intrinsic and moral evil. But wait! That one still stands! **The Judge pounds his gavel. And again. And again.** Your Holiness, I have great respect and... well, appreciation for the Catholic Church. How could I not? After all, I'm a Jew. You made one of ours Almighty! **He looks to the Judge and waits. Sure enough, the Judge pounds his gavel.** But this woman thing, the truth is in many cities woman are being secretly ordained by Roman Catholic male Bishops who believe it is the right thing to do.

Bishop Luke Bernard: Those Bishops do so at the risk of excommunication. Even the mere mention of...



Carl Sack: Wait a second. So one could have a glorious Catholic career, rise to the position of Bishop, yet if you were to so much as whisper, "Hey, maybe women should be ordained," you would be excommunicated? **The Bishop doesn't reply.** Wow! **He walks to his table.** Sounds like, somebody, somewhere, has got something against women. **He sits down.**
Renee Winger: **To Carl.** I find you attractive.

At the Avalon, Denny, still in a hospital gown, and Dr. Earl Roberts are walking through the kitchen and back hallways.

Denny Crane: Why couldn't we do this in a regular doctor's office?

Dr. Earl Roberts: You're asking the wrong

person. All I was told is it's security and we need to set up separate facilities in here. Why you people have to be so damn secretive is beyond me. **He opens a door.** In here.

Denny walks through, Dr. Earl Roberts brushes aside a curtain and Denny walks up. He is on a stage in the ballroom.



Everybody: Surprise!!! **Denny is surprised as hearty laughter ensues. Paul Cruickshank is bending over with mirth as Alan looks around. He is not laughing. Denny looks around stunned.**

Paul Cruickshank: **He jumps up on stage and stands next to Denny.** Gotcha, Denny. Gotcha. Ladies and gentlemen I give to you the next President of the United States! Denny Crane! **The band starts to play, "Hail to the Chief" as the laughter continues.**

Denny Crane: **He still looks stunned.** This, this is a joke? **More laughter.**

Paul Cruickshank: Mike Brady came up with the idea. It just took on a life! And, and we figured why not make a party out of it? **More laughter.**

Denny Crane: So I'm not really running for president? **More hearty laughter.**

FBI Special Agent Sharpe: **He bursts through a door.** Can I have your attention please?! **He is followed by several agents. The band stops playing and the laughter suddenly dies.** I'm Special Agent John Sharpe of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I need you all to get down on your knees and put your hands on top of your heads! Now!

Alan walks out.

Paul Cruickshank: What's going on?

FBI Special Agent Sharpe: Do it now, sir.

Paul gets down on his knees.

Denny Crane: There's a room full of lawyers. You know you...

FBI Special Agent Sharpe: Sir? I'm running this party now. You're all under arrest for theft by false pretenses.

Throughout the room people are going down on their knees.

Denny Crane: What?

FBI Special Agent Sharpe: We have been informed of a fundraising scheme intended to raise sums of money for an individual fraudulently posing as a presidential candidate.

Paul Cruickshank: **He gets up.** No! No, no, no, no!

FBI Special Agent Sharpe: Sir, down on your knees, please!

Paul Cruickshank: **He gets back down on his knees.** We're not really asking for money. It's a practical joke! We're all in on it!!

Denny Crane: I'm, I'm not in on it.

FBI Special Agent Sharpe: A practical joke?

Paul Cruickshank: Yes! On this man, Denny Crane! He was the one deceived! No one's actually being solicited for money. No transaction!

FBI Special Agent Sharpe: Is this true, sir? Are they all in on it?

Denny Crane: I don't know. I can't believe that Harry Beckett is in on it. **Harry looks regretful.** And Sandra Cooke? She hasn't got a mean bone in her body. **Sandra looks down in shame.** Mitch? You were at all six of my weddings! All these people, they know me. We go way back. And they, of all people, should know... **Suddenly Alan, with a cigar in his mouth, brushes aside the curtain and comes up to place a long robe around Denny's shoulders. Denny takes the cigar.** ...that you can't get the master!



FBI Special Agent Sharpe: You all have the right to remain silent. You have all been had! By Mr. Denny Crane!

Paul Cruickshank: What?

Denny Crane: Maestro. **The band starts to play, "Hail to the Chief" again.** Amateurs! All of ya!! What's the matter, Paul? You don't look so good. Start the party! **Amid a round of applause he shakes hands with FBI Special Agent Sharpe. Denny is all smiles as he places the cigar in his mouth.**

Jerry is in his office, pacing with his hands on his thighs. Katie is thoughtful.

Dana Strickland: **She comes in.** Hey. **No one answers.** What's up?

Katie Lloyd: We lost. Evidently the Judge didn't go for the idea of using prostitution to fund the war.

Dana Strickland: So we go to trial?

Katie Lloyd: The arraignment is scheduled for tomorrow at nine a.m..

Dana Strickland: And my chances of winning?

Katie Lloyd: Not great. Dana, you do have to consider this deal they're offering.

Dana Strickland: Can I talk to Jerry for a minute?



Katie Lloyd: Certainly. **She leaves.**

Jerry Espenson: I'm sorry. I spun a little out of control in my argument.

Dana Strickland: I didn't really expect to win, Jerry. The reason I even wanted to try, the reason I specifically wanted you to argue? I've read of the ah... the phenomenon where lawyers invariably come to believe in the merits of their arguments. I wanted you to believe that I'm not a criminal. I wanted you to be convinced that I'm not amoral. Because I want desperately to get back with you. Is that a possibility?

Jerry Espenson: No.

Dana Strickland: Okay. Well ah, I, I guess I'll see you in court then.

She kisses Jerry on the forehead, then leaves.

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, Attorney Braxton Mason is giving his closing.

Attorney Braxton Mason: Your Honor, the plaintiff is asking you to invalidate Church law on the grounds that it's unreasonable. This is religion for God's sake! We don't hold religion and faith up to standards of reasonableness.

Judge Clark Brown: Why shouldn't we?

Attorney Braxton Mason: Does it really make sense that God got mad at the human race, and drowned them all, including children and all the animals except two of each which survived on a big boat? Do Christians literally believe the earth was made in seven days? Religion, some of it, is out there, but we all have the right to believe in what we choose. That's the point of The Establishment Clause. One of the many reasons America came into being was so that we as a people could be free to practice the religion of our choice. Now one does not have to love the tenets of Catholicism! Ms. Winger is certainly free to choose another faith. But paramount to the Catholic religion is a male priesthood.

Carl is now up.

Carl Sack: It's not just the Catholics. Orthodox Judaism segregates men and women in the synagogue. Girls have to sit in the back or the balcony. They also don't allow women to be Rabbis. Islam? Forget about it. They don't even allow women to show their faces. The ugly fact is that we're okay with bigotry in this country as long as it's cloaked in faith. And the prejudice isn't limited to women. Do you think we'll ever eliminate gay-bashing while giving tax breaks to institutions who declare that homosexuality is a moral sin? An evil? Whether it's persecution of the Christians in Ancient Rome, or the Holocaust during World War Two.? Or Bosnia today, where we have an ethnic genocide in progress. Religion is a mean legacy.

Judge Clark Brown: This isn't about Bosnia! Why would you have to travel the globe to make a point, Mr Sack, if your argument held water here at home?

Carl Sack: You want me to keep it local? Fine with me. Pat Roberston? He's a popular guy. He referred to Presbyterians and Episcopalians and Methodists as the spirit of antichrist. He's also rumored to have blamed Katrina on the fact the Ellen Degeneres, a lesbian, lived in New Orleans. Jerry Falwell said that 9/11 happened because of God's wrath against homosexuals. I'm a spiritual man. I go to Temple. I pray. I believe in God. But we cannot deny that religion is one place where we allow hate and oppression and discrimination to fester as it seeks safe haven in the Constitution. The Catholic Church, by denying the priesthood to women, is guilty of gender-bias! It's as simple as that. It should stop. And there goes my Humanitis Award.

He sits down, sees Renee giving him the once-over and quickly looks away.



Katie rushes up to Jerry in the CP&S corridor.

Katie Lloyd: Jerry? She didn't show!

Jerry Espenson: Excuse me?

Katie Lloyd: Dana. She skipped arraignment. There's a warrant out for her. Did she say anything about this to you?

Jerry Espenson: No. She just said goodbye.

Katie Lloyd: Well, she's... **she looks toward the library and notices Lorraine then walks up to her.** Dana Strickland seems to have disappeared Lorraine. Would you know anything about it?

Lorraine Weller: No.

Katie Lloyd: Wouldn't have facilitated her fleeing the jurisdiction by chance?

Lorraine Weller: That would make me an accomplice to a crime. **She walks away.**

Katie turns to see Jerry tap dancing in their office.

Alan and Paul Cruickshank are in Denny's office.

Paul Cruickshank: I, I simply have to know. Did you know right from the beginning?

Denny Crane: You had me for about an hour. Your problem is I know Chris Andrews. Insider. He and Dick Cheney shoot lawyers together. One phone call, I knew what you were up to. When are you gonna learn, Paul, you can't fool...? **A beat. He sighs in exasperation, then looks toward Alan who mouths, "Denny Crane."** ...Denny Crane? Did you bring my money? **Paul hands him a check.** Thank you, Paul. And thank you for going to the great lengths you did, along with all those other people, to try and humiliate me. Really made me feel good.

Paul Cruickshank: You know, Denny. I didn't really intend for it to come off as mean-spirited.

Denny Crane: As it did? See you, Paul. **Paul leaves.** I'm a lucky man, huh?

Alan Shore: Denny, practical jokes are very complicated. Some of them are mean-spirited, but typically there is affection involved too. They're not played on enemies, they're played on friends.

Denny Crane: With friends like that...

Alan Shore: You're a successful, powerful man of whom many people are probably jealous.

Denny Crane: As strong as friendship is, maybe it's no match for envy. I had to keep reminding myself what's important here.

Alan Shore: Which is?

Denny Crane: They didn't get me. I got them.

Alan Shore: Yes. You did.

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom he is ready to give his ruling.

Judge Clark Brown: **He sighs.** All right. I must confess, every time I hear some feminist complaining about women's rights I mutter to myself, "Oh, go to hell." Last night I had a dream. One that I've had before mind you. I arrive at the Pearly Gates, I'm introduced to God. She's a woman! She stands there with her arms folded and she asks, "And where did you stand on woman's rights, Your Honor?" And then she says, "Go to hell!" Catholic people are tolerant and intelligent; and I believe they would be open to this. I would also agree that if the Church is going to discriminate, the government should at least not incentivize their bigotry with tax breaks. If we the people are sincere about eliminating discrimination in this country, we can't tolerate it anywhere! Even if it comes in religious form. Judgment in favor of the plaintiff. **He pounds his gavel.** Adjourned.

Shirley chuckles.

Carl Sack: Well, congratulations. Expect an appeal.

Shirley Schmidt: Wow!

Renee Winger: I am simply wrought. Never did I..., I'm sorry, I need a moment to collect myself.

Carl Sack: Take your time.

Out on the balcony, Alan and Denny come out with cigars and scotch in hand.

Alan Shore: Imagine Denny, if you were to lead this country?

Denny Crane: Wha...? We'd have Air Force One at our disposal. My own personal Mile High Club. Hit Vegas for the night. Copenhagen. Bangkok. You gotta love a place that calls itself Bangkok. Make you Ambassador.

Alan Shore: **He chuckles softly.** Denny! You make me laugh.

Denny Crane: I know this sounds crazy, but I think I'd make a fine President.

Alan Shore: What would you actually do if you were Command in Chief?

Denny Crane: I'd stop outsourcing to the Chinese. Drop a few bags of grain on Africa. Is that where they're starving?

Alan Shore: There, and too many other places.

Denny Crane: I'd add France to the Axis of Evil. Have they done that?

Alan Shore: A matter of time.

Denny Crane: Then... I'd invite Hillary into the Oval Office. Give her a little taste of honey.

Alan Shore: That's vulgar.

Denny Crane: Well, what do you want in a President? Oh, I don't mean politically, I know where you stand on the issues. But what do you want in the person?

Alan Shore: Well, one who could reestablish some of the dignity to the office. That would be a good start. Dropping trou for Hillary wouldn't do the trick.

Denny Crane: Well, I was just kidding. Sort of.

Alan Shore: You know what I really think of America right now, Denny?

Denny Crane: Oh. Here we go.

Alan Shore: I don't mean simply its politics, but our culture. We've become such a dumb, fat, bubblegum nation. Schloggy and superficial. Music, books, television. One of the heads of NBC recently said that the plan was to get people to tune in and mentally tune out! This wasn't an admission, by the way, but a boast!

Denny Crane: You're starting to bore me.

Alan Shore: Is it any wonder that we have a television show called "Are you smarter than a second grader?" and a President that isn't? I so miss a little dignity in America. I suppose I most worry that if you ran for President you might actually win!

Denny Crane: Oh! That hurts! Coming from you?

Alan Shore: If you stopped all your nonsense perhaps you'd be a great leader, but Denny, I don't want you to stop your nonsense. Who'd I have to play with? Who'd I have to sit on this balcony with every night?

Denny Crane: So? You wouldn't be voting for me?

Alan Shore: Probably not. I'm too selfish. Plus you... well, no offense, but I think your generation made America into what it is today, it's time for it to be inherited by your children. I think you need to hand over the keys to the car to their leader. It's time.

Denny Crane: Well, maybe I could be President for the day. Knock over Cuba, grab the cigars, bomb Iran, then resign.

Alan Shore: There you go!

Denny Crane: That'd be a day, wouldn't it? Cuba in the morning, Iran before lunch. After a matinee with Hillary, maybe a threesome with Ginsberg! They both want me. **Alan chuckles.** Step down at four. On the balcony here at five o'clock for a nightcap with you. **He chuckles.** That'd be a hell of a day. Then go fishing.

Alan Shore: I'll drink to that.

Denny Crane: You'd drink to anything.

Alan Shore: You and me, right here, I drink to that.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane. King for a day. Wow.

Alan Shore: Wow.