

The Practice
The Lonely People
Season 8, Episode 6
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Broadcast: November 2, 2003
Transcribed by olucy

Inside Judge Rudy Fox's courtroom, ADA Roland Hill is questioning Thomas Coleman.

ADA Roland Hill: What kind of business was your dad in?

Thomas Coleman: Commercial real estate. He would buy properties and then try to flip them for a profit.

ADA Roland Hill: And at some point, he bought the building where the defendant had his church?

Thomas Coleman: Yes. He knew about Mr. Macklin's organization. Institutional racism. That's what he called it. He said it was up to people like us to do something about it.

ADA Roland Hill: So what exactly did he do?

Thomas Coleman: Well after he bought the building he served a notice of eviction to Mr. Macklin. To get his church out of there.

ADA Roland Hill: And what happened?

Thomas Coleman: Mr. Macklin went to court to fight the eviction. He lost.

ADA Roland Hill: And then?

Thomas Coleman: Mr. Macklin came up to my dad in the courtroom and said that it wasn't over. He just kept saying that. "It isn't over." The next day my dad was shot dead right in front of me.

ADA Roland Hill: I know that this is difficult, Mr. Coleman. Could you tell us what you saw?

Thomas Coleman: We were leaving work. My dad and I walked out to his car, which was out front like it always is. And a young man, a white guy, came up and started shooting. And shooting.

ADA Roland Hill: Did he say anything.

Thomas Coleman: Yes. After the gun was empty he turned to me and said, "Courtesy of Jon Macklin."

Theme.

Inside a courthouse meeting room, Eugene Young and Jimmy Berluti are meeting with Jonathan Macklin.

Eugene Young: Next up is the shooter, Danny Grant. Now there seems there's no record of him before 1997. Do you know if he has another name?

Jonathan Macklin: Many of my people change their names once—

Eugene Young: I can't be concerned with many people. Not at the moment. Only Danny Grant. This kid could bury you, Mr. Macklin. Now if we could expose some prior record or—

Jonathan Macklin: I know what you're trying to do. You're trying to expose a previous homosexual life. I have no knowledge of any such history with Danny Grant.

Eugene Young: Do you know anything?

Jonathan Macklin: Just that he was a runaway. Who seemed like a terrific kid.

Jimmy Berluti: We need something, Mr. Macklin. This kid is the prosecution's whole case.

Jonathan Macklin: I can tell you he's a liar. Because I never instructed him to shoot anybody.

Inside a prison meeting room, Alan Shore and Tara Wilson are meeting with Roland Huff.

Alan Shore: Whose sister?

Roland Huff: Richard's. My best friend. The man I shot.

Alan Shore: Why do you want me to go see his sister?

Roland Huff: Cuz Richard and I grew up next to each other. My parents were never around, so I was pretty much raised by Richard's family. And I was very close to his sister. I need for you to say how sorry I am. How truly...would you please tell her I'm sorry?

Alan Shore: Yes. Are you doing okay otherwise, Roland?

Roland Huff: My head feels funny. I don't handle loneliness well. How soon can I get out?

Tara Wilson: It's going to take awhile.

Roland Huff: Can you move my trial date up? My head feels very funny. I-I'm not handling this well.

Inside Judge Rudy Fox's courtroom, where Danny Grant is on the stand.

Danny Grant: The church saved my life.

ADA Roland Hill: Specifically, what happened when you joined Mr. Macklin's group?

Danny Grant: I went through intake, just like everybody else. The first three months were physical training. After that, we started classes with Mr. Macklin.

ADA Roland Hill: What kind of classes?

Danny Grant: History. Religion. He said he had to reverse the damage of our government education.

ADA Roland Hill: You were trained to fight?

Danny Grant: We were trained to stand ready. We were soldiers in the divine army. We could be called upon at any time.

ADA Roland Hill: Did the day come when you were called upon?

Danny Grant: Yes. When I left camp, I was assigned to a recruiting unit. Went to schools, parks, looking for newbies. But when Mr. Macklin started going to court, I got moved to a security detail.

ADA Roland Hill: So you were there the day the judge's ruling came in?

Danny Grant: Yes.

ADA Roland Hill: What was Mr. Macklin's reaction?

Danny Grant: He was angry. I-I had never seen him so upset.

ADA Roland Hill: What happened next, Mr. Grant?

Danny Grant: Back in his office, he told everyone to get out. Except me. He said he had a mission for me. He said the church looked weak. People needed to be shown our vengeance would be swift. And he assigned me a mission.

ADA Roland Hill: What was your mission?

Danny Grant: To eliminate Mr. Coleman.

ADA Roland Hill: He used those exact words?

Danny Grant: Yes. Eliminate Mr. Coleman.

ADA Roland Hill: And did you, sir?

Danny Grant: The next day. I shot him.

Eugene Young stands and begins his cross-examination.

Eugene Young: Did you make a deal with the District Attorney? In exchange for your testimony against my client, your sentence for murder would be reduced.

Danny Grant: Yes. But I'm testifying truthfully, Mr. Young.

Eugene Young: Were you testifying truthfully when you told us your name? Danny Grant isn't your name, is it, sir?

Danny Grant: It is today and has been for several years.

Eugene Young: Did you change it legally?

Danny Grant: No.

Eugene Young: Then what's your real name?

Danny Grant: Daniel Johnson.

Eugene Young: Where you from, Daniel Johnson?

Danny Grant: Philadelphia.

Eugene Young: Got a criminal record as Daniel Johnson?

Danny Grant: As a teenager I committed a few burglaries. One assault.

Eugene Young: You said you were assigned to Mr. Macklin's security detail. In truth, you begged for that assignment, did you not?

Danny Grant: I asked for it, yes.

Eugene Young: In fact you repeatedly asked for any and every assignment that brought you in contact with Mr. Macklin. Isn't that true?

Danny Grant: I was, and continue to be, very loyal to Mr. Macklin.

Eugene Young: Loyal. Are you in love with him? Did you hear my question, Mr. Grant?

Danny Grant: Homosexuality is against God, Mr. Young.

Eugene Young: Yes, terrible. But are you in love with Jonathan Macklin?

Danny Grant: No. I am not.

Eugene Young: Well, did you murder Mr. Coleman as a means of pleasing or impressing the man you were secretly in love with?

Danny Grant: No.

Eugene Young: Does being gay make you angry, Mr. Grant?

ADA Roland Hill: Objection!

Danny Grant: I am not gay.

Eugene Young: Does being in love with Jon Macklin fill you with feelings of rage?

Danny Grant: I am not in love with Mr. Macklin!

Judge Rudy Fox: Mr. Young, that's enough.

Eugene Young: You say you're a devout follower of Mr. Macklin's.

Danny Grant: Yes.

Eugene Young: His teachings condemn violence, do they not?

Danny Grant: Yes, but in this particular—

Eugene Young: And yet when he suddenly gives you a mission—in your mind to commit murder—you just do it. You don't even question it—

Danny Grant: I considered Mr. Macklin to be infallible, so I fulfilled—

Eugene Young: The man says "eliminate", you infer murder and you don't even ask for clarification as to what—

Danny Grant: I knew what he meant so I continued—

Eugene Young: Did he mean for you to do it in front of an eyewitness? Did he mean for you to say to the eyewitness, "courtesy of Jon Macklin"? You framed him then just like you're framing him now—

Danny Grant: No I am not—

Eugene Young: --because you're in love with him.

ADA Roland Hill: Objection!

Judge Rudy Fox: Sit down.

Danny Grant: Homosexuality is against God.

Eugene Young: You're in love with him, Mr. Grant. And you're lashing out because he doesn't love you back.

Danny Grant: That is not true!

Judge Rudy Fox: Mr. Young, that's enough.

Eugene Young and Jimmy Berluti are walking through a courthouse hallway.

Eugene Young: Okay, you're going to Philadelphia.

Jimmy Berluti: What?

Eugene Young: I'll get Jamie to second chair. There's somethin' on this kid, Jimmy. I know it. You're going to Philadelphia.

Alan Shore walks down a sidewalk lined with stately row houses, climbs a few stairs and rings the buzzer. A woman answers.

Alan Shore: I'm looking for Diane Ward.

Diane Ward: I'm her.

Alan Shore: Are you the sister of the late Richard Ward?

Diane Ward: Yes.

Alan Shore: My name is Alan Shore. I represent Roland Huff. May I come in?

Diane Ward: What do you want?

Alan Shore: Well, Roland asked me to come here to convey his profound sorrow for—

Diane Ward: Murdering my brother?

Alan Shore: Yes.

Diane Ward: Fine. You've done so. Goodnight Mr. Shore.

Alan Shore: Forgive me. I'm not feeling wholly satisfied. I don't know if you've eaten yet. But if not, may I take you to dinner?

Diane Ward: Why?

Alan Shore: I haven't the slightest idea. I suspect because you look, in part, like a person that could use some company. Forgive me, I don't mean to be presumptuous. But also, you strike me as a person whose company I might enjoy.

Inside Judge Rudy Fox's courtroom. Professor Henry Matthews is in the witness chair.

Dr. Henry Matthews: I did my graduate studies in sociology at Northwestern. My focus is on race and religion.

Eugene Young: And doctor, you're familiar with Mr. Macklin's Church of Divine Power?

Dr. Henry Matthews: I've read most of his writings. Heard tapes of his sermons. Interviewed members.

Eugene Young: And were you able to form an opinion as to Mr. Macklin's position on violence?

Dr. Henry Matthews: He's against it. Don't misunderstand. There's tremendous hate in what he teaches. But his primary goal is separatism.

ADA Roland Hill begins his cross-examination.

ADA Roland Hill: He calls for the black race to fail.

Dr. Henry Matthews: Yes, but I don't believe it's a call for violence.

ADA Roland Hill: I must tell you, doctor. For an African-American man to be sitting in that chair supporting this defendant—

Dr. Henry Matthews: I endorse nothing about the man. His teachings are racist, perhaps dangerous. But there are many prominent voices in the black community who support the idea of separatism. Segregation required us to be self-sufficient. And along with that came a cultural awareness. A sense of identity. Something we've lost.

ADA Roland Hill: You sound like a separatist yourself, Professor.

Dr. Henry Matthews: I'm not. But I understand the impulse to protect your culture, Mr. Hill. We're becoming more diverse everyday, and I think it's fair to wonder if, by joining others, we're losing a little sense of self.

Inside a restaurant, where Alan Shore and Diane Ward are having lunch.

Diane Ward: Why are we having lunch?

Alan Shore: Did you not enjoy dinner last night?

Diane Ward: I did. Why are we having lunch?

Alan Shore: I just felt I needed to continue apologizing on Roland's behalf. Also I find you attractive.

Diane Ward: Why?

Alan Shore: It could be the way you study me. You did so yesterday as soon as you opened the door.

Diane Ward: What is it in particular that you're drawn to? Curiosity? Suspicion? Or simply distrust?

Alan Shore: I think I enjoy the company of inquisitive people, especially when they're perceptive. They often cause me to discover more about myself.

Diane Ward: So it's all about you?

Alan Shore: Perhaps. And I also find you interesting in your own right. So there's that added bonus. *Pauses.* Diane, would you mind visiting Roland? From what I gather, you may be his only semblance of family.

Inside the courthouse meeting room with Eugene Young and Jonathan Macklin. Jamie Stringer is on the phone.

Jamie Stringer: As soon as you can, Jimmy. It's going fast here. *She hangs up.* He landed in Philadelphia. He's on his way to Probation.

Eugene Young: Let's hope he finds something.

Jonathan Macklin: I testify next?

Eugene Young: Yes. The main thing is to tell the truth.

Jonathan Macklin: I plan to.

Eugene Young: Look at me, Mr. Macklin. Do not expend any time or any energy trying to get the jury to like you. That isn't going to happen. Now, I don't mean to offend you, but you need to understand. Our chances have nothing to do with you coming off as a sympathetic or likeable guy. Our defense—our only defense—is that you did not commission a murder. Are we clear?

Jonathan Macklin: Yes. Am I allowed to share with the jury that I'm afraid?

Eugene Young: It won't help.

Jonathan Macklin: It's interesting—your exploring Danny Grant's past when you've expressed no interest in mine.

Eugene Young: I know who and what you are.

Jonathan Macklin: You may know my beliefs. But you clearly don't know my heart.

Eugene Young is talking to Jamie Stringer in his bedroom.

Jamie Stringer: Maybe he's in love with you.

Eugene Young: Maybe.

Jamie Stringer: What did you think of our expert's testimony on how interracial relationships threaten black culture?

Eugene Young: What about it?

Jamie Stringer: Well, do you believe that at all?

Eugene Young: Do you?

Jamie Stringer: Well, I mean, if all the races became one it would be great for world harmony. But the culture won't be black. Does that bother you?

Eugene Young: Clearly it bothers you.

Jamie Stringer: You're being evasive. I was reading this book, *The Cornell West Reader--*

Eugene Young: Since when?

Jamie Stringer: Since six o'clock. And he talks about black cultural distinctiveness. Black manners. Styles. Rhythms. Ways of praying and singing. What a rich culture. To think it could be assimilated into white America.

Eugene Young: Are you talking generally, Jamie? Or is this discussion honing in on you and me?

Tara Wilson and Alan Shore meet Roland Huff in an interview room in the prison.

Tara Wilson: Roland.

Roland Huff: You need to get me out.

Tara Wilson: Roland, we've talked about this. You can't—

Roland Huff: I can't wait, Tara. They're watching me. They have a guard watching me.

Tara Wilson: Okay, Roland. You made a noose out of your bed sheets.

Alan Shore: Do you want to take your life, Roland?

Roland Huff: They refuse to come visit me.

Alan Shore: Who?

Roland Huff: My children. They say I-I-I'm not their father. My life, Mr. Shore, was Nancy and Richard and my children. They're all gone. There's no life left to take. I'm not a loner. I need people in my life. I...

Alan Shore: Do you have other family? What about your parents?

Roland Huff: They're dead.

Alan Shore: Okay. What needs to happen, Roland, is for you to start building a new life. We're going to help you do that. I met with Richard's sister, Diane. She's going to come and visit.

Roland Huff: I cannot exist in prison. I know things about myself. I cannot exist in prison.

Inside Eugene Young's kitchen. Jamie Stringer is cleaning up and Eugene Young is on the phone.

Eugene Young: We're running out of time, Jimmy. I mean, how many addresses have you checked out? All right. Well keep going, and hurry. Okay. **He hangs up.** What's the problem?

Jamie Stringer: What problem?

Eugene Young: Door slamming, dishes clanking. What's the issue?

Jamie Stringer: You're black. I'm white. For you to consider it such a non-issue, I just don't get it. That's all.

Eugene Young: Clearly it's an issue with you, so—let's have it.

Jamie Stringer: My issue is your denial.

Eugene Young: You wouldn't be in any denial yourself, then, huh?

Inside the law office of Young Frutt & Berluti, Jamie Stringer is talking to Ellenor Frutt.

Ellenor Frutt: Are you?

Jamie Stringer: I don't think so. I'm the one raising it.

Ellenor Frutt: Buy why?

Jamie Stringer: Ellenor, would you date a black man?

Ellenor Frutt: Yes. And I have.

Jamie Stringer: Would you marry a black man?

Ellenor Frutt: Would there be a reason I shouldn't?

Jimmy Berluti is walking down a street in a poor neighborhood in Philadelphia. He knocks on the door of a shabby building and a man answers.

Jimmy Berluti: Hello. I'm looking for a Bernice Johnson.

Man: Do I look like Bernice to you?

Jimmy Berluti: Does she live here?

Man: Not anymore.

Jimmy Berluti: Do you know where I might find her?

Man: You got fifty bucks?

Inside Judge Rudy Fox's courtroom. Jonathan Macklin is in the witness chair.

Jonathan Macklin: My mission has always been clear: to reclaim strength for the white race.

Eugene Young: Okay. That's politics. But we're sitting in this room today because someone was murdered.

Jonathan Macklin: Which I was not involved in. I've never supported violence, even in theory. I did not endorse the murder of Mr. Coleman or anyone else.

Eugene Young: Danny Grant said you did.

Jonathan Macklin: Danny Grant is either mistaken or he is a liar. I can only surmise that he did what he thought would please me. I suffered a very public defeat in court. I was angry. Perhaps he decided to avenge that defeat. If so, he chose a manner I find deplorable.

Eugene Young: Did you ever tell Mr. Grant to eliminate Mr. Coleman?

Jonathan Macklin: No, I did not. I did say, after losing in court, that these defeats are unacceptable. We cannot allow for people such as Mr. Coleman to undermine our cause. That's what I said. My precise words.

ADA Roland Hill begins his cross-examination.

ADA Roland Hill: Now here's a quote from one of your sermons: "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots." Did you say that?

Jonathan Macklin: I was quoting Thomas Jefferson.

ADA Roland Hill: Thomas Jefferson was discussing a revolution.

Jonathan Macklin: So was I. A non-violent one.

ADA Roland Hill: Non-violent, with blood?

Jonathan Macklin: It's a figure of speech. A speech made by one of the Founding Fathers of our country.

ADA Roland Hill: Oh, so you are a fan of Thomas Jefferson's? In another sermon you condemned his soul to hell.

Jonathan Macklin: My condemnation there was aimed at reports that he had had sexual relations with one of his slaves.

ADA Roland Hill: A black slave?

Jonathan Macklin: It's against God.

ADA Roland Hill: What do you think of homosexuality?

Jonathan Macklin: That, too, is against God.

ADA Roland Hill: In fact, you condemned homosexuality in a sermon two years ago, did you not?

Jonathan Macklin: I have done so many times.

ADA Roland Hill: Yes, well, the day after this time, two of your parishioners beat a gay man half to death.

Eugene Young: Objection! Prejudicial!

ADA Roland Hill: And now they sit in prison—

Jonathan Macklin: I never ordered them to do that.

ADA Roland Hill: They just got it wrong?

Jonathan Macklin: Yes.

ADA Roland Hill: Like Danny Grant got it wrong when, after a conversation with you, he killed Arnold Coleman?

Jonathan Macklin: Yes.

Inside Judge Harrod's courtroom.

Judge Harrod: Bail? For a double homicide case?

Alan Shore: Your Honor, in addition to my client having no prior record—

Judge Harrod: I don't particularly care—

Alan Shore: And roots in the community and posing very little flight risk. His trial is scheduled for next week. His emotional stability is being jeopardized by his ongoing confinement. You have a medical affidavit confirming as much. I would submit that to ensure Mr. Huff's ability to competently contribute to his defense—

Judge Harrod: Counsel, the man shot two people. You're claiming autonomism as a defense. How can I release a guy who can't control himself?

Alan Shore: That breakdown was triggered by a very specific event. He discovered his lifelong best friend in bed with his wife. My client has no more best friends. He has no more wives. The situation isn't likely to repeat itself.

Judge Harrod: You know what your problem is, counsel? You ooze smug. I don't like smug.

Alan Shore: Your Honor, this is Diane Ward. **Alan points to Diane sitting in the galley.** She is the sister of one of the victims. Even she is here willing to extend some compassion.

Judge Harrod: This courtroom isn't about indulging tears or compassion. Or some misplaced self-righteousness, counsel. It's about enforcing the letter of the law. Under the law, I do not grant bail to double homicide defendants. Your motion is denied. The defendant goes back into custody. **The judge bangs his gavel and Alan walks over to Roland.**

Alan Shore: I'm sorry. Try to stay strong, Roland. It's only a week till the trial.

Roland Huff: I don't know if I can make it.

Alan Shore: Yes you can. Yes you can.

Jamie Stringer walks into Eugene Young's office at night. Eugene is writing at his desk.

Jamie Stringer: All set?

Eugene Young: One second. **Jamie continues to stand there, and Eugene looks up from what he's writing.** Something on your mind, Jamie?

Jamie Stringer: I'm Jewish, which you know.

Eugene Young: Half-Jewish.

Jamie Stringer: By blood. I was raised Jewish. I consider myself Jewish.

Eugene Young: Okay. And?

Jamie Stringer: And the Jewish culture is being threatened by intermarriage. And, well, the truth is, as I look to my future, I don't see myself sharing it with someone who is not Jewish.

Eugene Young: Jamie, if you want out just say you want out. But don't invent some religious reason for why we have—

Jamie Stringer: I'm not inventing.

Eugene Young: Fine. You're Jewish, you want out, we're done. Anything else?

Inside Diane Ward's living room.

Alan Shore: You have an odd little house.

Diane Ward: Can I get you a cup of coffee or—

Alan Shore: No, I better get going. As I told you, I have a trial rapidly approaching. Diane, would you perhaps consider testifying on Roland's behalf?

Diane Ward: Are you using me?

Alan Shore: I'm not sure. I am very drawn to you. But can I separate my fascination from my need to have you at trial for Roland? I'm not sure.

Diane Ward: When you said before I was an attractive woman---

Alan Shore: I said that because I find you attractive.

Diane Ward: Would you sleep with me tonight? I mean, we don't have to be physical. I would just really like to fall asleep next to somebody. It's been so long since—**Alan reaches up and touches her face.**

Alan Shore: I would very much like to sleep with you tonight. But it could render you impeachable.

Diane Ward: I think Roland was abused by his father. If that helps with his trial.

Alan Shore: Sexually abused?

Diane Ward: Yes. And his mother's an alcoholic, if that counts for anything.

Alan Shore: He—he said his family was dead.

Diane Ward: Well they may as well be. His mother's never sober. And his father's a Croatian diplomat who's almost always out of the country. That's why he has so many issues about being alone. His parents were gone, really. Would this be helpful at his trial?

Alan Shore: Diane, you have no idea.

Jimmy Berluti gets out of a cab, walks up to another Philadelphia tenement house and knocks on the door. An African-American woman answers.

Jimmy Berluti: Hello. My name is James Berluti. I'm looking for Miss Bernice Johnson.

Bernice Johnson: Speaking.

Jimmy Berluti: I'm looking for the mother of Daniel Johnson, now known as Daniel Grant?

Bernice Johnson: Speaking.

Jimmy Berluti: **A little flummoxed, pulls a mug shot of Danny out of his pocket.** I'm looking for the mother of this man.

Bernice Johnson: Here I am. Now what do you want?

Inside the Young Frutt & Berluti legal library, Alan Shore and Tara Wilson are going through law books.

Tara Wilson: Croatian?

Alan Shore: Yeah, I need all the research, Tara, not just —

Tara Wilson: Well this is all of it. And here's the statute followed by the treaty. **She hands a file to Alan and he starts paging through it.** What's going on? What?

Alan Shore: Call our judge, Tara. Make an appointment.

Jimmy Berluti is talking to Danny Grant in a jailhouse meeting room.

Danny Grant: I don't need to talk to you.

Jimmy Berluti: Danny, I just—

Danny Grant: Please don't speak to me in familiar terms, after what you colleague subjected me to. Implying I'm a homosexual.

Jimmy Berluti: Look, your mother, she didn't even know that you committed a murder. Or that you're in jail.

Danny Grant: What a surprise. I haven't spoken to my mother in over five years.

Jimmy Berluti: Look, it's not uncommon for a bi-racial man to think of himself as white. But to become a white supremacist? Are you really a white supremacist, Danny? Or do you consider yourself black? And you found a perfect way to take down a racist?

Danny Grant: If I were black, do you really think I'd murder a black man to make a point? I killed because I know it's what Mr. Macklin wanted. Because I am devoted to him. Because I would do anything for him. And I'm not gay, Mr. Berluti.

Jimmy Berluti: Oh, I don't believe you're gay anymore. Your mother, she also gave me a picture of your father. She didn't think you even knew his identity. But, that would be just too big a coincidence. Wouldn't it Danny?

Jimmy takes out of his briefcase a photo of a young Bernice Johnson and a young Jonathan Macklin with a moustache.

Jimmy Berluti, Eugene Young and Jamie Stringer are talking to Jonathan Macklin inside a courthouse conference room. Jimmy has brought the photograph.

Jonathan Macklin: My son?

Jimmy Berluti: Evidently, you had a brief affair with this Bernice twenty years ago.

Jonathan Macklin: I never!

Jimmy Berluti: She's positive. She says this man is the father.

Jonathan Macklin: She's lying.

Eugene Young: Mr. Macklin, this is very good news. It's new evidence we can use to impeach Danny Grant. At a minimum, we expose—

Jonathan Macklin: It's a lie being told by my enemies.

Eugene Young: Well, it's a lie that can get you acquitted, so why—

Jonathan Macklin: No! I will not let my enemies destroy me. I will not let my attorneys destroy me.

Jimmy Berluti: We're not trying to destroy you.

Jonathan Macklin: This information is false. You will not present it.

Eugene Young: Are you telling me you'd rather go to prison for the rest of your life than to let it be known that you have a son who's half black?

Jonathan Macklin: You will not speak of this information.

Inside Judge Harrod's courtroom.

Judge Harrod: I'm not pleased to be back here, counsel.

Alan Shore: Actually, Your Honor, I have splendid news. I think you'll be delighted. May I?

Judge Harrod: Please.

Alan Shore: It turns out that Roland Huff's father is a Croatian diplomat and as such, is a party to the conventions and treaties which grant immunity. Full immunity to representatives to foreign sovereignties, which – and I apologize if I'm oozing smug, but it's just too delicious – the immunity extends to children. Isn't it wonderful? Roland gets to go free.

Judge Harrod: What the hell is this?

Alan Shore: I suspected you might be ill-inclined to accept my word so joined with me is Martin Adler from the Department of Justice.

Martin Adler: Good morning, Your Honor. I represent the United States and appear at the request of the defendant, but certainly not in support of him. Regretfully, Mr. Huff has two valid claims of immunity. He is, in fact, the son of a diplomat. He is also listed as a member of his nation's mission. You have the declarations before you which, I'm loathe to say, are in order.

Judge Harrod: You are here from the Office of International Affairs requesting Mr. Huff's unconditional release?

Martin Adler: We have contacted the Croatian government, urged them to waive Mr. Huff's immunity.

Unfortunately, this is a government that hardly ever does so.

Judge Harrod: This man shot and killed two people in cold blood.

Alan Shore: The main thing, Your Honor, is not to indulge compassion or tears. Or especially misplaced righteousness. But simply to enforce the letter of the law. You can hold me in contempt if it'd make you feel better.

Roland Huff, Tara Wilson, Alan Shore and Diane Ward are gathered in the hallway outside of Judge Harrod's courtroom.

Roland Huff: I just can't believe it. I feel like I could cry.

Tara Wilson: I wouldn't do that.

Alan Shore: There is a catch, Roland. You'll need to leave the country.

Roland Huff: What? And go where?

Alan Shore: Croatia. Mr. Adler over there and those officers will be taking you to the airport. Possibly as early as tonight.

Roland Huff: I've never been to Croatia.

Alan Shore: Unfortunately, that's the way the law works. It's either prison here, or—

Roland Huff: I don't even know anybody there. I came here when I was three.

Tara Wilson: Roland, you need to start a new life. Maybe this is best. You might not get a chance to do that in this country. Not truly.

Roland Huff: Yeah. I'll never see my kids.

Eugene Young and Jamie Stringer are sitting on a bench in the courtroom hallway.

Jamie Stringer: I just can't believe he'd rather face prison than—. How could racism run so deeply?

Eugene Young: You've got to be kidding.

Jamie Stringer: It was---it's not a Jewish thing.

Eugene Young: What is it then?

Jamie Stringer: I adore you. And I—but it's—a man-woman thing. I want to break up. I've manufactured so many excuses to conceal the real one. I'm not interested.

Eugene Young: Jamie, you and I, it's just a thing. We both know that it's no big deal.

Jamie Stringer: It isn't?

Eugene Young: Since we work together, it's probably not too practical for us to be here. So let's just move on.

Jamie goes to take Eugene's hand, but he pulls away. Jimmy Berluti comes around the corner.

Jimmy Berluti: Jury's back. Let's go.

Inside Judge Rudy Fox's courtroom. The bailiff hands Judge Fox the verdict.

Eugene Young: It's not too late. **to Jonathan Macklin**

Jonathan Macklin: I'm in God's hands now, Mr. Young.

Judge Rudy Fox: Madam Foreperson, I understand the jury has reached a verdict?

Foreperson: We have, Your Honor.

Judge Rudy Fox: Will the defendant please rise. What say you?

Foreperson: Commonwealth versus Jonathan Macklin on the charge of murder in the first degree, we the jury find the defendant, Jonathan Macklin, guilty.

Judge Rudy Fox: Members of the jury, we thank you. Security, take the defendant into custody. We're adjourned.

Jimmy Berluti: I'm sorry.

Jonathan Macklin: This is what He intended.

Jimmy Berluti: Good luck.

Jonathan Macklin: Thank you. I'll be fine. **Macklin shakes Jimmy's hand and is escorted out.**

Alan Shore and Diane Ward are having dinner in a nice restaurant. Ray Charles' "Cry" is playing in the background.

Diane Ward: I was so sure, after the case was over that---

Alan Shore: That you were expendable? Just the opposite, Diane. Do you mind? **Alan reaches over and unclasps Diane's hair, which falls past her shoulders.** Would you like to dance?

Diane Ward: I would, but, I don't know, I... **Alan clasps his hand over hers, and leads her up to dance. They begin to dance, and lean in very close. As they're dancing you hear the lyrics:**

*Remember, sunshine can be found, behind a cloudy sky
So let your hair down now, and baby go on and cry.
If your heartaches seem to hang around too long long
And your blues keep getting bluer with each song*

The scene shifts to Roland Huff being escorted by Adler's team to Gate 27B at the airport. The song continues playing.

Well remember, sunshine can be found behind a cloudy sky

The scene shifts to Eugene alone in his office. He turns off his desk lamp and sits in the dark. The song continues.

*Why don't you let your hair down now baby go on and cry.
I said let your hair down, baby go on and cry.*

End.