

The Practice
Avenging Angels
Season 8, Episode 12
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On the street outside the Holden Green Tavern, it is dark; a lone taxicar is driving down the street. A car is parked across the street from the tavern. A man is waiting in his car; he has a bottle of alcohol next to him on the seat. He sees a group of people leaving the tavern. He puts the bottle in a bag, gets out of the car and enters the tavern. Richie Price, the bartender is wiping down the bar, cleaning up and getting ready to close.

Richie Price: **He sees the man enter.** Hey. Last call was five minutes ago.

Walter Josephson: Ah! Really?

Richie Price: It's late, Buddy.

Walter Josephson: Little boy's room?

Richie Price: Yeah. In the back, on your left.

Walter Josephson: Thanks. **He goes to back, walks down a hall and opens a door, a man is sitting at this desk. He looks up.**

Walter Josephson: Charlie Haden?

Charlie Haden: Yeah. **A beat.** Who the hell are you?

Walter takes his bottle out of the bag. Charlie waits.

Behind the bar, Richie continues to clean up. He hears a loud crashing noise coming from the back room. There are struggling and grunting noises. He runs into the back room. Charlie is down on the floor, with Walter kneeling over him.

Walter Josephson: **He is leaning on the desk and is breathing heavily.** Call the cops!

At the courthouse, Jimmy Berluti and Jamie Stringer are walking down the hallway looking at some papers.

Jamie Stringer: What's his name?

Jimmy Berluti: Walter Josephson.

Jamie Stringer: Assault with a deadly weapon.

Jimmy Berluti: And attempted murder.

Jamie Stringer: Assuming the victim doesn't die.

Jimmy Berluti: Exactly.

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: **She comes up to Jimmy and Jamie.** Jimmy Berluti?

Jimmy Berluti: Yeah?

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Alex Hartig. Hi.

Jamie Stringer: Jamie Stringer.

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: What can you tell me about your client?

Jimmy Berluti: I can tell you I've never even met him. Other than that, why should I tell you anything?

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Oh well, let's start with what I know. Retired dock worker, no criminal record, not a blemish. As for the guy he beat up? Charlie Haden!

Jimmy takes that in.

Jamie Stringer: Who's Charlie Haden?

Jimmy Berluti: He's what you'd call a bad guy.

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Loan sharking. Extortion. Armed robbery. He used to run with the Tommy Moynihan gang.

Jimmy Berluti: Since you're volunteering information, why would my retired choirboy assault somebody from the Irish mob.

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: That's what I was hoping you could tell me.

At Young, Frutt and Berluti, Tara is in the outer office.. Dwight Haber enters.

Tara Wilson: May I help you?

Dwight Haber: Yes. I'm looking for Alan...

Alan Shore: **He comes up.** Dwight!

Dwight Haber: Alan! **They shake hands.** This is where you work?

Alan Shore: It is. I know it's small and depressing. **Eleanor Frutt walks by.** But at least it's dark and damp.

Eugene Young hear this. Don't tell anyone.

Dwight Haber: Is there someplace we could speak in private?

Alan Shore: Of course. Borrow your office, Eleanor? **To Dwight.** Normally it'd be in my office, but there aren't enough to go around so we're taking turns. **They go into Eleanor's office, Alan closes the door.** What's up?

Dwight Haber: My wife and I have recently split.

Alan Shore: Oh, I'm sorry. This is your second wife, Eve?

Dwight Haber: Yes.

Alan Shore: The one who married you for your money.

Dwight Haber: Clearly that has turned out to be the case. Would that I had friends who were candid before we married.

Alan Shore: **He nods.** Please. **He motions for Dwight to sit.** How can I help?

Dwight Haber: **He goes to sit down.** In the same wave of stupidity that caused me to marry her, I neglected to get a prenup.

Alan Shore: Ugh, Dwight.

Dwight Haber: I certainly realize that equitable distribution is the law, Alan. This woman cheated on me. She probably never loved me. And under the heading of morality and basic fairness...?

Alan Shore: You wanna screw her over.

Dwight Haber: I'm not by nature a vindictive man, you know this. But, Alan, I earned all of it. I put her through law school, and my conscience just mandates...

Alan Shore: You screw her over.

Dwight Haber: Which is why I've come to you. I need you to turn inward to your core here.

Alan Shore: Hmm. You don't mean that.

Dwight Haber: Yes. I do. As petty as it sounds. I wanna get her.

Alan Shore: No holds barred?

Dwight Haber: None.

Alan Shore: I can be despicable.

Dwight Haber: Bombs aweigh. **Alan nods.** The man she's sleeping with is Warren Holt, he's her boss, they both work in the Attorney Generals Office. They meet twice a week at the Dobson Hotel. Same room.

Alan Shore: Now wait a minute. Wha, What did you just say?

Dwight Haber: He's her boss?

Alan Shore: No, no, no. After that.

Dwight Haber: They meet twice a week in the same hotel room.

Alan Shore: Just before that!

Dwight Haber: They both work in the AG's office. **Alan signals a hit!** You're having second thoughts now?

Alan Shore: Ohhh, no. Ha, ha, ha. No.

At the jailhouse, in a jail cell, Walter is talking to Jimmy and Jamie.

Walter Josephson: It was just a fight. Nothing more.

Jimmy Berluti: Just a fight?

Walter Josephson: I went into the bar to go to the men's room, and I got in a fight with him.

Jamie Stringer: Charlie Haden?

Walter Josephson: Is that his name?

Jimmy Berluti: What was the fight about?

Walter Josephson: To be honest with you I don't know. Ha. I guess he got upset because I walked into his office! Or somethin'!

Jimmy Berluti: Mr Josephson...

Walter Josephson: Call me, Walter.

Jimmy Berluti: Walter. Do you know Mr Haden?

Walter Josephson: No.

Jimmy Berluti: You walked into his office, and what? He just attached you?

Walter Josephson: Yeah.

Jimmy looks helplessly at Jamie.

Jamie Stringer: Walter. Anything you say to us? Stays right here. Your best opportunity for a good defense...

Jimmy Berluti: This man is on life-support. He figures to die. You're in trouble, Walter.

Walter Josephson: Look. I did it. I didn't mean to but... I'm willing to serve time.

Jimmy Berluti: You're willing to do time? For possible murder, that's life!

Walter Josephson: I'm an old man. I got no family, except my sister in Plymouth. I don't wanna go through a long trial. I'll cut a deal if they'll... they'll put me in some place tolerable. I don't wanna die in some maximum hole Cedars. Get 'em to put me someplace near my sister, where she can visit, I'll plead guilty.

Jimmy Berluti: You got a defense! If the guy attacked you...

Walter Josephson: If I killed a man Mr Berluti! They're not gonna let me off without doin' time. No. You get 'em to send me to a medium security near my sister, you get me that, and I'll plead guilty. It's simple as that.

At the front desk of a high class hotel, Alan and Tara are standing arm-in-arm, talking to the receptionist, Connie.

Alan Shore: It's just fourteen-twenty-three has a very specific sentimental value for us. We honeymooned in that room.

Connie: I understand, but that room is occupied. We have guests checking into it at...

Alan Shore: Can't you put them in another room?

Connie: I'm afraid, they requested it as well. I overlooks the park, and...

Alan Shore: Please!

Connie: I wish I could help. I really do.

Tara starts to cry.

Alan Shore: It's okay, Honey. We can get another room.

Tara Wilson: It's not the same. I mean, how could the travel agent make such a monumental mistake? We're even not booked at the hotel at all? **Connie looks down.** We came all the way from Detroit.

Connie: I'm sorry.

Alan Shore: I'll tell you what. Is it, Connie?

Connie: Yes!

Alan Shore: **He motions her a little off to the side. They both move a few steps away.** How about, could we have the room for an hour? **Connie thinks for a moment.** If you know what I mean? It's our anniversary, please!

Connie: Well... **She looks over to Tara, then back to Alan.** Can you promise to out by two o'clock?

Alan Shore: I give you my word. I won't even take my little blue pill.

Tara is all smiles. Alan kisses her on the cheek. They both beam at Connie.

In room fourteen-twenty-three, Alan and Tara come in.

Alan Shore: **He is talking on his cell phone.** I'm entering the room as we speak. **Tara closes the door.** So how long will it take for you to set up? Well! Let's get going. All right! **He closes the phone.** Private investigator and his camera crew are on their way, they'll be here in twenty minutes.

Tara Wilson: And we know for a fact they always use this room.

Alan Shore: So says Dwight. And you heard Connie.

Tara Wilson: This is illegal, you know. We could even go to jail.

Alan Shore: Oh, come on. People have no expectation of privacy here. **He walks over to the bed, repositions the pillow and fluffs it up.** This is America, home of the patriot act. **He sits down on the bed and leans against the head board.** So! Tara! Here we are in a hotel room, with twenty minutes to kill.

Tara Wilson: Gee! Alan! That could almost be construed as a move! But not quite.

Alan Shore: **A beat, as he takes a deep breath.** I'm still waiting.

Tara Wilson: So am I.

In A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig's office, she is sitting behind her desk. Jimmy and Jamie are seated in front of her.

Jimmy Berluti: No deal? My guy's willing to plead!

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Yes! To medium security. Things have changed a little since this morning, Jimmy.

Jimmy Berluti: Like what?

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Like we've now got motive and premeditation. Seven years ago your client's only daughter was murdered. She wasn't the target, she was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Her house was next to the one that was torched. Guess who we picked up for the crime?

Jimmy Berluti: Charlie Haden.

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: We couldn't make 'em, and eventually he walked, but we remain convinced that he did it. Which your client knows.

Jamie Stringer: So when he walked into that bar...

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: He was planning to kill the man who murdered his daughter. That's premeditated. And it's murder one.

Jamie Stringer: Premeditated with a tequila bottle?

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: The fire that killed his daughter was started with a Molotov cocktail made from a tequila bottle. **Jamie sighs.** A little poetic justice.

At Young, Frutt and Berluti, in Alan's office, he and Tara are flipping through pictures on a computer screen. The picture are of a man and a woman, naked in all sorts of contorted positions.

Alan Shore: Hm. **He flips through more pictures.** They must be really in love. Don't you think?

Tara Wilson: So, now what?

Alan Shore: Well. We show these to Dwight, then we schedule a meeting with Eve and her lawyer. And we extort them. With reckless abandon.

Tara Wilson: This seems slightly despicable.

Alan Shore: He hired me to be despicable. I promise.

Tara Wilson: Oh. Well, that makes it all right then. Silly me.

Alan Shore: You know. When I'd go to the movies as a boy, I'd pretend to be the leading man on the screen. I still like to do that sometimes. **He tilts his head to get a better look at the picture on the screen.** Hmmmm. How about you, Tara? You ever like to pretend to be the leading lady on the screen?

Tara Wilson: You know you'd be quite something if talk ever amounted to action.

Alan Shore: You surprise me, Tara. Even a first-year law student knows that talk can be deemed assertive conduct, and actionable.

Tara Wilson: Do you still fantasize about me at night, Alan?

Alan Shore: Giving you far too much credit, perhaps.

Tara Wilson: You think?

Alan Shore: I'm willing to be proved wrong.

A beat, as they look at each other.

Eleanor Frutt: **She bends down to bring her face close to theirs.** This is unprofessional.

Alan Shore: Eleanor!

Tara Wilson: I didn't hear you come in.

Eleanor Frutt: What a shock!

At Young, Frutt and Berluti, Jimmy and Jamie are talking to Walter.

Jimmy Berluti: This is why you should have been open with us. Now! They got a motive.

Jamie Stringer: And premeditation.

Walter Josephson: I don't care. You can get me near my sister I'll still... I just wanna give up. I'm tired.

Jamie Stringer: There is some good news. Charlie Haden pulled through.

Walter Josephson: He did?

Jimmy Berluti: Doctors think he's gonna recover now. So, no murder charge at least.

Walter Josephson: That's great. So, what do you think I should do?

Jimmy Berluti: I certainly don't wanna rush into any deal. We got the PC hearing today. We'll have a better idea what their case is after.

Walter Josephson: Are you telling me I can beat this?

Jimmy Berluti: Let's just see what they put up.

Walter Josephson: Okay. Yeah. You beat this, get me my life back. Please! Let's do it.

At Young, Frutt and Berluti, in Alan's office, he is there with Dwight.

Dwight Haber: Do I need to see them?

Alan Shore: Not if you don't care to be present at the meeting. But if you do... it's important you remain stoic. As aggressive as I intend to be, Dwight. I'm acting as your agent. Any softness perceived in you therefore...

Dwight Haber: Let me see them. **He reaches for the pictures.**

Alan Shore: **He puts his hand out.** Hold on. It isn't necessary for you to be in the meeting.

Dwight Haber: Yes, it is. Let me see the pictures.

Alan Shore: Dwight. Look at me. **Dwight does so.** They're graphic. And they'll be hurtful to view.

Dwight Haber: **He nods.** I wanna see the pictures, Alan

A beat. Alan pushed them over to Dwight, he opens the folder, takes a picture and looks at it. His expression does not change.

Alan Shore: Legally these photographers have little or no relevance. You do understand, this will be a tacit attempt at extortion. **Dwight looks at more of the pictures. He tries to stay composed.** Our hope here is that, a professional woman isn't going to want these pictures to get much circulation. **A beat as he lets Dwight look at the pictures.** Okay. Look up now. **Dwight closes the folder and puts on a brave face as he looks at**

Alan. I need you to take a breath, and consider that you're currently in the wake of a very emotional trauma. In time, much of your pain will subside. There's chance you and Eve could be friends down the road. And yet, you may not want that.

Dwight Haber: I don't.

Alan Shore: But, if you do, Dwight. If you can make room for the slightest possibility that you might! Then you need to think twice about employing this tactic.

Dwight Haber: This woman caused me to fall in love with her, when she had no real love for me. She hurt me. In fact, she destroyed me, and she did so with malice. I hired you to get her. I want you to play the card.

Alan Shore: Dwight, given how much you still love her, maybe...

Dwight Haber: Play... the card.

In Judge Alfred Weeks' courtroom, Richie is on the stand, A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig is doing the cross.

Richie Price: Mr Josephson asked to use the bathroom, then he went in the back. There's an office there, Mr Haden uses, he's friends with the owner. I heard some noises, like a, a crash and someone fighting, so I went back there.

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: What did you see?

Richie Price: Well, Mr Haden was all bloody like he'd been beat up. Mr Josephson was sittin' down. He told me to call the cops.

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Was there anyone else in the bar besides Mr Josephson who could have attacked Mr Haden?

Richie Price: Probably, yeah.

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: **She is surprised. She turns back to her table to pick up the police report.** You told the police that, I'm quoting, "Josephson was the only other person in the bar."

Jimmy Berluti: Objection! Leading!

Judge Alfred Weeks: I'll allow it.

Richie Price: There's a fire door in the back. I think someone might have prompted it open, gone in and out.

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: You didn't tell this to the police before!

Richie Price: It just came to me.

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: You did tell the police that Walter Josephson went into the backroom, and just seconds later you heard the fight.

Richie Price: Yes. But it's possible, Josephson saw someone else beatin' on Charlie and tried to help out.

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Someone else who?

Richie Price: I got no idea. I'm just not sure that old man did it!

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Have you been asked to change your testimony?

Richie Price: No! I'm just trying to do the right thing!

Judge Alfred Weeks: Approach. **Alexandra and Jimmy do so.** What's going on?

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Haden must have ordered this guy to flip.

Judge Alfred Weeks: Well, why would the victim torpedo the case against the man who beat him?

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Charlie Haden's the main suspected in the murder against Josephson's daughter seven years ago. It's possible he doesn't want it dredged up at trial. Or he could be wanting to exact his own justice.

Judge Alfred Weeks: Can Haden identify his assailant?

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: He says he doesn't remember...

Jimmy Berluti: Your Honor...

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: We still have physical evidence.

Jimmy Berluti: What physical evidence? No prints on the bottle of tequila...

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Josephson was wearing gloves. Come on. He was covered in Haden's blood.

Jimmy Berluti: A jury could say he got it trying to save Haden's life. You got nothing.

Judge Alfred Weeks: Ms Hartig, you get this sorted out? Great! Bring the case again. But I can't let you go forward with no evidence and no witnesses. Everybody step back. **They do so.** Due to the current insufficiency of evidence the case is dismissed without prejudice.

Jamie and Walter get up to leave.

Walter Josephson: It's dismissed?

Jimmy Berluti: For now? They get more evidence? They can re-file.

Walter Josephson: Well, thank you. Thank you!

Jimmy Berluti: Walter, it's possible Haden wants you back on the street so he can take you out. I can ask for protective custody. Not that I'll get it, but...

Walter Josephson: I can handle myself, Mr Berluti.

Jimmy Berluti: These people are bad guys.

Walter Josephson: I did a tour of duty in Korea. I can handle Charlie Haden. Thank you. Thank you both, very much.

Jimmy Berluti: Is it just me? Or is our client a dead man?

In a hospital, it is busy with doctors and nurses coming and going. A man pushes a breakfast cart. It is Walter. He places the cart next to the door, takes a food tray and goes into the room. He places the tray on table, takes a jug and turns to the patient in the bed. It is Charlie Haden. Walter starts pouring liquid all over the bed.

Charlie Haden: **Weakly.** Hey.

Walter Josephson: Will that be orange juice or gasoline, with your eggs?

Charlie Haden: Hey! **Walter lights a match, throws it on the bed. The bed goes up in flames and Walter turns and calmly leaves the room.**

Charlie Haden: Help!!! Help!!! Help!!!

People start running into the room.

Walter Josephson: Better check his temperature. He's burning up.

At Young, Frutt and Berluti, Jamie is at her desk, on the phone.

Jamie Stringer: What! Okay, we're on our way down. **She puts down the phone and walks over to Jimmy, Eugene and Eleanor.** Walter Josephson just set Charlie Haden on fire! This time he's dead!

Jimmy Berluti: Oh my God!

Jamie Stringer: He's in custody, let's go.

They leave. At they go out the door Eve Haber and her Attorney Anthony Selig come in.

Alan Shore: **He comes out of his office to greet them.** Hello! Eve! I'm Alan Shore, we've never met. That's a lovely name, Eve! Is it short for evening?

Attorney Anthony Selig: Please, don't address my client.

Alan Shore: Oh! You look so bored. I'm about to change that. Let's go in. Shall we.

Anthony and Eve go into the conference room. Alan follows.

Eugene Young: What's he us to now?

Eleanor Frutt: I have no idea.

In the conference room, Dwight and Tara are already there, Anthony and Eve get seated.

Alan Shore: **He closes the door.** Okay, let's get started. This is my assistant, Tara. Tara, this is... Well, actually I have name tags here for all of us to wear. **He takes a tag out of a box in front of himself.** Alan Shore, that would be mine. **Tara takes hers and starts to put it on.** A.Selig, obviously you... **He gives the tag to Anthony.** Ah!! Lying, cheating, adulterer, that would be yours, Eve.

Eve Haber: Look! Mr Shore, we're more than familiar with your reputation. If you have a proposal, make it. But let's fast-forward through the brinkmanship.

Alan Shore: Brinkmanship? Is that a legal term?

Attorney Anthony Selig: Counsel. We're giving you about ten minutes.

Alan Shore: Tara?

Tara Wilson: The proposal, is a marital settlement for five hundred thousand dollars. The settlement...

Attorney Anthony Selig: **To Eve.** Let's go.

Alan Shore: Wait a second. Don't be rude.

Attorney Anthony Selig: The marital estate is worth over seventeen million dollars.

Alan Shore: You're assuming a valid union, Mr Selig. Tara?

Tara Wilson: Though rarely evoked, the Commonwealth does recognize adultery as a means for annulling a marriage.

Eve Haber: Is this your big plan.

Attorney Anthony Selig: It's been tried so many times.

Alan Shore: Could she finish, please?

Tara Wilson: Though public policy does frown on vitiating marriage...

Eve Haber: This is a virtual no-fault State.

Tara Wilson: Justice Scalia's Decent in Roma opens the door for...

Attorney Anthony Selig: If this what you called us in here for to present us with, this is ridiculous. We have put...

Alan Shore: She worked hard on this, and you're being rude by not letting her finish.

Tara Wilson: I refer you to the highlighted section which specifically points out adultery and bigamy.

Alan Shore: Tara? Maybe we should just present the facts. The law can be so tedious. **He picks up a photo and hands it across the table to Anthony.** Ah, here's photo showing how your client's yoga lessons paid off.

Eve is in shock as she looks at the picture. Here's one for you, Eve. Look how close your foot is to your ear, there. **Dwight smugly watches Eve's horrified expression.** Wow! I wish I could do that! **Eve flips the picture over to get it out of her sight. Alan turns the screen of his laptop computer towards Anthony and Eve, on the screen is another pornographic picture.** Ha! I'm sorry! That's double-jointed, don't you think?

Tara Wilson: Must be.

Anthony slams the laptop shut. Alan points a remote at a TV screen at the far in of the room. Another picture shows on the screen.

Alan Shore: Hah! **Eve puts on a brave face as she looks at the picture.** A woman of your talent shouldn't be limited to the small screen, wouldn't you agree, Eve? **She gives Alan a look. He clicks the remote and large screen rolls down and another picture shows up. And another one.** Now, this may be very low, I grant you, but the main point to lever with is, it's not beneath me. **Another picture shows up. Behind Eve, this time. She is distraught as she looks from the picture to back Alan.** For an Assistant Attorney General with even the slight political ambition, wouldn't it be awful to see these images pop up on the internet?

Attorney Anthony Selig: How you got these images is gonna land you in jail!

Alan Shore: Good point! But if you were really familiar with me, you know I'm not afraid to go there. I might even enjoy the change of pace. **A beat as Anthony gives Alan a look. Alan leans towards Eve.** You hurt a friend of mine, Eve. To err is human, I'll admit, but, getting even? That's divine!

Anthony gets up, goes to the door and opens it. Eugene is in the outer office.

Attorney Anthony Selig: Mr Young? Could you come in here, please. **Eugene comes in and sees the pornographic pictures thrown up on the walls of the room.** My question is, do these tactics reflect on the firm, or merely, Alan Shore.

Alan Shore: Tara helped!

At the jailhouse, Walter is in a cell, Jimmy and Jamie are there.

Walter Josephson: I just went in to scare him.

Jimmy Berluti: Do you think I'm that stupid?

Jamie Stringer: Walter, you were all set to go to prison, then once you heard Charlie Haden was going to recover, suddenly you want your day court. Why? So you could go kill him.

Walter Josephson: I guess you feel real guilty about helping me get out.

Jamie Stringer: I feel used, yes! But you know what I mainly think? You'll spend the rest of your life in jail! Is it worth it?

Walter Josephson: I have no life, Ms Stringer. That man took my life when he killed my daughter. She was the only th...

Jamie Stringer: What about your sister?

Walter Josephson: A sister is no daughter. Look, I'm sorry I got you involved. It wasn't my intent. If I'd killed him the first time.

Jimmy Berluti: What do you want us to do?

Walter Josephson: I really don't care. I'll go to prison. Just keep me out of Cedars.

Jamie Stringer: Because you'd be killed there? **Walter looks at her.** I did a little checking, the fire that killed your daughter, the intended target was an informer against Tommy Moynihan. Haden worked for Moynihan.

Walter Josephson: So?

Jamie Stringer: Last year Moynihan was sentenced eight to ten at Cedars for something else. You're afraid if you go to Cedars you'll be killed.

Walter Josephson: I just want Plymouth so I can be close to my sister.

Jamie Stringer: Right.

Walter Josephson: Look. I don't want a trial. Make whatever deal you can. Let's just end this.

At Young, Frutt and Berluti, in the conference room, Eugene, Eleanor and Alan are sitting around the table. Nobody is speaking.

Alan Shore: I'm confused about whose turn it is to talk.

Eugene Young: It's my turn.

Alan Shore: Ah!

Eugene Young: This firm has pulled a lot of stunts over the years. All of them have been within the bounds of the law, even if barely. You bugged a hotel room to get illicit private pictures, you then used those pictures to commit extortion. You have stepped way outside the law.

Alan Shore: Am I bad?

Eleanor can no longer look at Alan, and closes her eyes.

Eugene Young: I need to hear why you would commit such acts.

Alan Shore: Eve Haber is a beautiful woman who used her sexuality to dub my client out seven, eight, maybe nine millions dollars? She caused him immeasurable pain. Also broke his heart. She turned a kind, loving man into something vengeful. The only way to kill a vindictive beast, believe it or not, is to feed it. Dwight will gain satisfaction here, albeit of the most hollow variety. And he will heal! He will... go on.

Eleanor Frutt: But we need to go on. And that's not gonna happen if you continue to do these kinds of things.

Alan Shore: I promise, Eleanor, only two or three more and then I'll stop.

Eleanor Frutt: Alan. This isn't funny.

Alan Shore: No. I suppose it isn't. **A beat. A long beat.** Eugene, I gave you my word that I'd sooner bring myself down than this firm, and I meant that.

Eugene Young: Well, you're taking yourself down. Don't you get that? And you're taking us down with you. Now what? **He gets up and leaves.**

In the A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig's office, she is there with Jimmy and Jamie.

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Why such a short window on this? Why...

Jimmy Berluti: Because the client wants it done, Alex. Look. This is a gift.

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: The man commits a first degree murder, goes to medium security facility. Who's getting the gift here?

Jamie Stringer: We have a possible insanity defense. Not to mention a potential self-defense...

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Don't insult me, Jamie.

Jimmy Berluti: This isn't open-and-shut for you. He's very sympathetic!

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: Yes. As vigilantes goes go, he's adorable, but...

Jimmy Berluti: We're offering you a plea that takes him off the street for life!

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: And suppose I find out later that he's really a professional hitman who...

Jimmy Berluti: Oh! Come on! If the facts change you can undo the plea on grounds of fraud, and send him to trial. Why are we wasting time here? The is guy is willing to go to prison, he'd just like to be near his sister. If he goes to Cedars, Tommy Moynihan will probably kill him!

A.D.A. Alexandra Hartig: **A beat.** And you'd be willing to enter a plea today?

Jimmy Berluti: Yes.

At the jailhouse, in Walter's cell, he, Jimmy and Jamie are there.

Jimmy Berluti: You'll be transferred within the hour.

Walter Josephson: Thank you. Thank you, both.

Jamie Stringer: Can I ask you something? Did it make you feel better? When you killed him? Did it bring you relief?

Walter Josephson: I don't think I'm capable of feeling anything, Ms Stringer. I suppose that's what allowed me to survive.

Jamie Stringer: I wish you well.

Walter Josephson: Thank you. Again.

At Young, Frutt and Berluti, in Alan's office, he, Tara and Dwight are there.

Dwight Haber: Thank you, both. I can't say I'm terribly proud of our tactics, but I'm glad to have mitigated, at least, the financial damage.

Alan Shore: As soon as the documents are drafted we'll have you back in for execution.

Dwight Haber: Okay. I don't know how you do the things you do, Alan...

Alan Shore: It's not with mirrors, I assure you.

Dwight Haber: That I believe. I'll see you both soon.

Alan Shore: Yep.

Dwight leaves. Alan sits down in a chair next to Tara.

Tara Wilson: Here we sit in triumph. **Alan sighs deeply.** Shall we get drunk? Winston Churchill said that he would drink in victory because he deserved it, and in defeat because he needed it. Somehow I feel that we qualify here on both counts. **She sighs deeply.**

Alan Shore: **A long beat as he slows swings his chair around until he is facing Tara.** You're a very interesting woman, aren't you? I find victory to be extremely lonely without, what's the word... sex.

Tara Wilson: Would that be considered assertive conduct?

Alan Shore: Well, there's nobody else here. Just, you, me and this big conference table.

A beat.

Tara Wilson: Would you like to have sex on the table, Alan? **He doesn't answer, but he caresses her cheek. She takes his hand to stop the caress.** That would definitely be considered a first move. **She moves his**

finger against her lips. A beat. He sighs. A very long beat as she looks at him and he looks back emotionlessly. You see, the thing is, if you'd like to go to nice restaurant, share a lovely bottle of wine, caress a little in a taxi cab on the way back to my place, or yours... I might enjoy having sex with you tonight. But you don't want that! You want to do it on a conference table because it's debased! It's to commensurate with your self-esteem, which always seems to nosedive when you behave as you did in this case. You're not going to find some twisted sense of self-loathing affirmation on that table with me. I'll tell you what though, get some help... and then ask me out to dinner some time. **They share a long look. His face does not reveal any emotions. She leaves.**

In a bar, Jimmy is getting drinks as Jamie talks on her cell phone.

Jamie Stringer: Yes. Ma'am. That's right. Well, it won't be necessary now, since... That's right. You can go visit him now! My pleasure. Thank you again for returning my call. **She closes her cell as Jimmy places their drinks in front of them.** Walter's sister. I finally made contact.

Jimmy Berluti: Ah!

Jamie Stringer: Here's something weird. She lives in Brighton. Why would Walter say she lives in Plymouth?

Jimmy Berluti: I donno. Maybe he just wanted to go to Plymouth.

Jamie Stringer: But why? There are medium security prisons which are softer than Plymouth, with better facilities. Personally, I'd go to Norfolk.

Jimmy Berluti: **He smiles in agreement. Then he faces goes dead serious.** Give me your phone. **She does. He dials Information.**

Jamie Stringer: What?

Jimmy Berluti: Plymouth Massachusetts. Department of Corrections.

At Cedars Prison, just outside the library, Walter walks by an inside window, then comes into the library.

Back at the bar.

Jimmy Berluti: **A beat.** Thomas Moynihan. Yes!

Back at Cedars Prison, in the library, Walter is walking among the shelves.

Back at the bar.

Jimmy Berluti: **A beat.** Transferred three weeks ago? Okay. Look! This man is in danger. A prisoner by the name of Walter Josephson was transferred there today. Josephson!

Back at Cedars Prison, in the library, Tommy Moynihan is reading. Walter walks up to him.

Walter Josephson: Tommy Moynihan?

Tommy Moynihan: Yes?

Back at the bar.

Jimmy Berluti: You need to find one or the other or both! Now!

Back at Cedar Prison. Outside the street is lined with police cars, their lights flashing. A car screeches up. Jimmy and Jamie get out.

Inside the prison library a police photographer is taking pictures of a body on the floor. Jimmy and Jamie come in. They see Walter in chained handcuffs. Jamie and Jimmy look at each other.

Walter Josephson: It was in his orders, that Haden lit that match.

Jimmy Berluti: You knew he was here all the time.

Walter Josephson: They can send me to Cedars now, Jimmy. I've made my peace.

Out on a seedy side of the city, Alan is cruising in his car. He drives up to a street walker.

Annie: **She comes over.** Hey. Sexy! Lookin' to party?

Alan Shore: **He chuckles.** What's your name?

Annie: Annie. What's yours?

Alan Shore: Eugene. Get in the car, Annie, it looks cold out there. **She does.** So do your parents know you're out this late, Annie?

Annie. Oooh. Eugene, you're funny. I love funny, sexy men. Your place or mine?

Alan Shore: My place? Your place? **Annie doesn't answer.** I thought maybe we should just drive around and see what happens.

Annie: Drive around? Alright, look. The ones who want that, usually just wanna talk. I don't talk. And I'm not into wasting time.

Alan Shore: Then perhaps you should get out of the car, Annie. Because, although I have no interest in talking to you, I have always taken great pleasure in wasting time.

A beat. She scoffs, and then leaves.