

**The Practice**

**Season 8, Episode 19**

**The Firm**

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**Transcribed by Sheri for boston-legal.org [last update: June 26, 2006]**

The Practice—Common Office Area

**Manny Quinn:** Jimmy.

**Jimmy Berlutti:** Manny! What . . .

**Manny Quinn:** Look at you in that suit. Do you, like, own that?

***They laugh and hug.***

**Jimmy Berlutti:** I was just talking to your mother.

**Manny Quinn:** I know this. She told me, which is kinda what put the idea in my brain that I should, uh, maybe come see you. I heard you got fatter, but you look good.

**Jimmy Berlutti:** ***chuckling*** Well, thanks. Um . . . ***pointing to them in turn*** Ellenor Frutt, Eugene Young? Manny Quinn—old friend.

**Ellenor Frutt:** Hi.

**Jimmy Berlutti:** What's up?

**Manny Quinn:** Ah . . . ***soto voce*** . . . can I talk in front of 'em?

**Jimmy Berlutti:** Well, uh, yes. They're lawyers. Privilege applies to all of us.

**Manny Quinn:** I've had some drug problems as of late. Not usin', ***holds up one hand, other on his heart*** I swear. Just sellin'. I would never use. Anyway, I got, uh . . . I can talk, right?

**Jimmy Berlutti:** Yeah.

**Manny Quinn:** I got myself in this situation, okay? A few weeks ago, I got shot right in the ass. Nothin' serious. You know me—I'm not a complainer. Anyway, I had this dope deal comin' up that I was plannin'; I didn't tell anybody, 'cept GiGi Cooley, my girlfriend. Remember GiGi?

**Jimmy Berlutti:** Of course. How is she?

**Manny Quinn:** Well, she got fatter, but she's good. Anyway, all of a sudden, the feds are bustin' down my door. I got raided. They seized my pot, they arrested me, they opened the wound in my ass all over again. It was terrible. It healed up good, and I'm not suin' for that or nothin'. But my point . . . Nobody could've known about this drug deal, Jimmy. I didn't tell no one. I think the F.B.I. bugged me. I'm positive.

**Jimmy Berlutti:** Bugged you? How?

**Manny Quinn:** They inserted some device in my buttocks. I know it sounds nuts, but I think durin' the first surgery they inserted one of those small microchips. Then durin' the second procedure, they took it out. It's the only way they could've known about the pot. I mean, I didn't talk about this deal on the phone or nothin'. So I wanna bring a motion to suppress. I mean, this is beyond unconstitutional. You can't bug a man's ass. It isn't right.

***Jimmy Berlutti is trying to figure out where to start.***

[credits]

Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Alan Shore:** You must be joking.

**Denny Crane:** I don't joke. I don't believe in humor.

**Alan Shore:** Well, I don't believe in guns, and I do not shoot ducks.

**Denny Crane:** Every new employee picks up a rifle. That's how I judge character.

**Sheldon Modry:** Denny? Little problem. The Finnertys are here. Very upset.

**Denny Crane:** Oh? Who are they, and why do I care?

**Sheldon Modry:** They're the wrongful death case you brought in here. And they're upset because their trial starts tomorrow, and you've been totally absent.

**Denny Crane:** Did you explain to them that I'm typically absent?

**Sheldon Modry:** I did. And they're maintaining it's you they hired, and they're feeling defrauded.

**Denny Crane:** All right. Tell them I'll be right in.

**Sheldon Modry:** Okay. And to prepare me, do you know what you plan to say?

Denny Crane: No idea.

Hannah Rose: Most paralegals request not to work with me. And just so you know, I am totally fine with being hated.

Tara Wilson: Got it.

Hannah Rose: I'm actually not that difficult. Don't do anything to disappoint me, and we'll get along fine.

**Comes upon Sally Heep talking with 3 male lawyers.**

Sally Heep: Something like that.

Hannah Rose: **pulls Sally Heep away by the crook of her elbow** Sally? If you dress like that, people will get the right idea about you. Please. Go home and change.

Sally Heep: You can't keep talkin' to me like this. Woman-on-woman can still be sexual harassment.

Hannah Rose: Wonderful. And if you look around, you might find someone who cares. In the meantime, go home—or wherever it was you woke up this morning—and put on a different outfit.

Denny Crane: At ease.

Sheldon Modry's Office

**Denny Crane enters, greeting clients who are already speaking with Sheldon Modry.**

Denny Crane: Bill! Sarah! Good to see you.

William Finnerty: Good to see us! You know, we hired you 14 months ago. We've been in here dozens of times for meetings, depositions. We have never seen you. Our trial starts tomorrow.

Sarah Finnerty: We came specifically for you, which we made clear.

Denny Crane: Sheldon Modry specializes in wrongful death. He's uniquely qualified to handle this, given the way your daughter so . . . **looks sadly at Sarah Finnerty** . . . wrongfully died.

William Finnerty: Do you even remember how our daughter died?

Denny Crane: Of course, I do. Such a shame. So . . . **looks sadly at Sarah Finnerty** . . . wrongful.

William Finnerty: Tell me how my daughter died, Mr. Crane.

**Denny Crane looks at Sheldon Modry, who anxiously returns the look.**

Denny Crane: Bill, Sarah. Mary died, when a store light fixture fell tragically on her.

William Finnerty: Are you going to be trying this case or not?

Denny Crane: I am going to be trying this case.

The Practice; Eugene Young's Private Office

Eugene Young: I beg your pardon?

Jimmy Berlutti: He's a friend, Eugene, so I'd like to, you know, help.

Eugene Young: You filed a motion to suppress?

Jimmy Berlutti: Yes, based on the exclusionary rule. The client had a reasonable expectation of privacy, which we feel was violated.

Eugene Young: You're planning to walk into a court of law and argue that federal agents installed a listening device in your client's buttocks.

Jimmy Berlutti: I know it feels desperate.

Eugene Young: Desperate? Oh, it *feels* desperate?

Jimmy Berlutti: Eugene, if the evidence doesn't get suppressed, he goes away. This is one of my oldest friends. I gotta do this. He says, when he had a rigorous movement, he could hear a little beeping sound.

**Eugene Young holds up a hand to stop him right there.**

Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Sheldon Modry: You can't possibly try this case.

Denny Crane: Why not?

Sheldon Modry: You don't know the facts. You don't know the law.

Denny Crane: Well, lay it out in a memo. One page—no more—double-spaced.

Sheldon Modry: That's far too complicated.

Denny Crane: One page—double-spaced. Off you go.

Edmund Solomon: Denny?

Denny Crane: Edmund. Are we on today?

Edmund Solomon: Ah, no. I have an emergency. Could I talk to you?

Denny Crane: Of course.

**Denny Crane escorts Edmund Solomon into:**

Denny Crane's Office

Edmund Solomon: It's my son. He's been arrested.

Denny Crane: Darryl? What for?

Edmund Solomon: Sexual assault. Date rape—which he is innocent of. I know you don't do criminal work anymore.

Denny Crane: I'll take care of it.

Edmund Solomon: He's a wonderful young man, Denny. I mean, you know him. He would . . . **chokes up**

Denny Crane: Edmund, I'll take care of it. **pats his arm**

Conference Room

Sheldon Modry: Denny's insisting on trying a case that he knows nothing about—tomorrow.

Richard: He settled a claim behind my back.

Atty. Mitchell Gore: He lit my tie on fire because it was red.

Atty. Julie Hansen: He referred me to a surgeon to get my breasts done.

All at once: Now, see that is . . . What are you going to do about it? That's why we're . . .

Matthew Billings: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Let's all take a breath. Richard, as I understand it, the case he settled behind your back was for more money than you were prepared to close on. Mitchell, the tie smoked a little. It did not go ablaze. And, Julie, you've been complaining about your breasts for 3 months.

Sheldon Modry: Y'know, you seem to be the only one who can handle this man, Matthew. You need to somehow rein him in.

Matthew Billings: This is Alan Shore, Sheldon. In addition to being a gifted attorney, he's an accomplished Denny Crane wrangler. He'll join you at tomorrow's trial.

Alan Shore: What?

Matthew Billings: Please, let's all remember, when dealing with Denny, deep down beneath that amusing exterior his name comes first on the letterhead. Hannah, I need you now, sweetheart.

All at once: That's it? That's all? Terrific! Great! What are you going to do about it?

Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Matthew Billings: A son of a client just got arrested for date rape. Denny just asked me . . .

Hannah Rose: Oh, no.

Matthew Billings: Big client, Hannah. You're an ex-D.A. You might get him . . .

Hannah Rose: I told you, no criminal . . .

Matthew Billings: Please don't make me beg. Remember what happened the last time I got on my knees?

Hannah Rose: Don't flatter yourself. You weren't that great.

Matthew Billings: Well, I need you to be, Hannah, like only you can.

Hannah Rose: Yes, and you're not that charming, either. I left the D.A.'s office to get away from . . .

Matthew Billings: Denny promised the client we'd make it go away. And I promise I'll make it up to you. Pretty please? Hmm?

Hannah Rose: Date rape?

Matthew Billings: Hm.

The Practice: Conference Room

Jimmy Berlutti: What do you mean, I can't take it?

Ellenor Frutt: Obviously, this is a very precarious time for the firm.

Jimmy Berlutti: Which is why I would think we could use clients, even . . .

Ellenor Frutt: Not that client.

Jimmy Berlutti: Manny is one of my oldest friends.

Eugene Young: Jimmy, the absurdity of this motion would damage our credibility, and that would hurt our other clients.

Jimmy Berlutti: I wanna take this case.

Eugene Young: We're voting two to one to turn it down.

Jimmy Berlutti: You know, I never come to you and ask . . .

**Ellenor Frutt:** We understand that, Jimmy. And if it were anything but this, we would probably say yes. But this firm cannot go into court and claim that the F.B.I. bugged a client's ass.

**Jimmy Berlutti:** We don't know for sure they didn't. The stuff that's going on these days . . .

**Eugene Young:** Fine. Get some evidence to support it; we'll reconsider. But for now, we're not taking the case.

Conference Room of Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Denny Crane:** I specifically asked for a one-page memo, soldier. You've given me a page and a half.

**Matthew Billings:** I thought since it is double-spaced . . .

**Denny Crane:** I won't read it.

**Alan Shore:** I like to read.

**Denny Crane:** What are you doing here?

**Alan Shore:** Matthew thought my presence could add prowess.

**Denny Crane:** There's no need for prowess when I'm in the room. Denny Crane.

**Alan Shore holds his hand out—see, there?**

**Sheldon Modry:** Gentlemen. This is Alan Shore. He'll be joining us today. And I believe you all know Denny Crane.

**Denny Crane:** A woman is dead here. \$1.2 million isn't gonna bring her back to life.

**Atty. Kevin Herr:** Do you have a figure that *will* bring her back?

**Denny Crane:** Two point three.

**Atty. Collins:** Mr. Crane, the decedent was not a college graduate. Her earning capacity is limited. No pain and suffering; no loss of consortium. The jury verdict research on an instant death with no dependents is 875,000 structured; we're offering 1.2 upfront. It's generous.

**Denny Crane:** I don't like fast, little talkers. They remind me of chipmunks.

**Sheldon Modry:** Denny.

**Atty. Kevin Herr:** The fixture satisfied all safety requirements. It never should've fallen.

**Denny Crane:** But it did—on Mary Finnerty's **looks at his brief, which he checks frequently during this speech** head, killing her . . . irreparably. Now listen, son. Your client, All-Shop, they have over 3,000 stores nationwide. That's 57,000 lighting fixtures just in the good old U.S. of A. What if they all fell down, man? We're not talkin' about one little accident that killed Mary Finnerty's head. This could wipe out hundreds and thousands of innocent people. Denny Crane.

**Sheldon Modry nods in agreement. Alan Shore shakes his head slightly, then smiles wanly.**

Jailhouse Conference Room

**Darryl Solomon:** The sex was consensual. I give you my word, Miss Rose.

**Hannah Rose:** Well, her word seems to be rape. And since there's both torn clothing and vaginal bruises . . .

**Darryl Solomon:** She's making it up.

**Hannah Rose:** Why would she do this? 'Cause rape trials are fun?

**Darryl Solomon:** I dated this girl. We had sex before, consensual.

**Tara Wilson:** But if you'd had sex before, why would she now be saying that she was raped?

**Hannah Rose:** Excuse me a second. **walks around the table to confer with Tara soto voce** I realize that everyone is different, but I don't like my paralegals to talk. I'm happy to receive your input later.

**Tara Wilson:** **closes her eyes and shakes her head** But I am so ready to give it to you now.

**Hannah Rose:** Obviously, for you to speak to a junior partner like that, you must be screwing a senior partner. **Back to:** So, Darryl, any ideas? We have a woman here with bruises, ripped clothing. I'm looking for a little direction here.

**Darryl Solomon:** Well, her father was very abusive to her when she was younger—even sexually assaulted her.

**Hannah Rose:** And?

**Darryl Solomon:** And I'm not a shrink, but a buddy of mine is. He said we could argue that, because of what her father did, she psychologically—I don't know—gets turned on by mistreatment and stuff, which, personally, I think she does a little. Which is why—you know—we were having rough sex, and that would account for the bruises and stuff. Also she's African-American.

**Hannah Rose:** I'm sure the relevance of that is obvious, but could you run it by me anyway?

**Darryl Solomon:** Well, a Boston jury is likely to take my word over hers. Plus, African-American women like sex—you know—rougher.

Coffee Shop

**Manny Quinn:** What do you mean, you can't take my case?

**Jimmy Berlutti:** My firm, they voted against it.

**Manny Quinn:** I thought you're a partner.

**Jimmy Berlutti:** I am, but . . . I was outvoted, Manny.

**Manny Quinn:** Jimmy, if I don't suppress this evidence, I'm lookin' at eight years.

**Jimmy Berlutti:** I tried.

**Manny Quinn:** I don't understand it. It's a criminal firm. You're a partner; I'm a criminal. And, besides, you're my friend here.

**Jimmy Berlutti:** I know, but . . .

**Manny Quinn:** But nothin', Jimmy. You—you remember when you passed the bar, we threw that great big party? And you—you gave this great speech about what it meant, how you were finally gonna be able to help your friends. Well, here I am comin' to you for help. Now what's the deal?

Shooting Range

**Alan Shore:** We look ridiculous. You must really love to shoot.

**Denny Crane:** This is America. Everybody loves to shoot. Guns are what makes America great. There are more guns in American households than pet dogs.

**Alan Shore:** Listen, as soon as we can get the guns to fetch, we can lick this damn dog problem completely.

**Denny Crane:** *locks and loads* Osama! Pull! *shoots a skeet; locks and loads* Saddam! Pull! *shoots a skeet; locks and loads* Kerry! Pull! *shoots a skeet* See? The trick is, you gotta . . . *accidentally discharges the rifle again* . . . Oh! Whoa, Nelly. The trick is you gotta wanna hit the target.

**Alan Shore:** *holds up a finger* Okay. *locks and loads* Mother! Pull! *and he shoots and misses*

**Denny Crane:** Did you say "Mother"?

**Alan Shore:** I only meant to scare her.

Same Coffee Shop (but this time it's a Bar)

**Alan Shore:** Now that we've played guns together, can I be candid, Denny? I've had the opportunity to observe you for a while from up close and afar, and I've consistently noticed something.

**Denny Crane:** Like what?

**Alan Shore:** You're not well. People in your firm aren't going to tell you that, because they like you. Plus, you wield a great deal of power. But you have about as much business being in that courtroom tomorrow as you do holding a loaded shotgun.

**Denny Crane:** Do you know how you're talking to?

**Alan Shore:** Look, I offer this because A—I don't care if I get fired, and B—someone very dear to me died with Alzheimer's. And when I think I see symptoms, even the possibility of symptoms . . . *trails off*

**Long pause.**

**Denny Crane:** The fact that you may have Alzheimer's does not entitle you to criticize me.

**Alan Shore:** Denny, these people—the Finnertys—have waited 14 months for trial. You . . .

**Denny Crane:** They want me.

**Alan Shore:** Because they think you're prepared.

**Denny Crane:** Who do you think you are? Hmm? I hire you. You're here a week, and now you're trying to tell me what to do? Nobody—*nobody*—tells me what to do.

**Alan Shore:** *reaches out to touch Denny Crane's hands* Dad?

**Denny Crane looks at Alan Shore, confused.**

**Alan Shore:** You're my father, and you don't even remember.

**Denny Crane:** *suddenly not confused, and angrily pulls his hands away* I'm not your father!

**Alan Shore:** I had you for a second.

**Denny Crane:** Don't you laugh at me. I'm healthy—the picture of health.

Another Bar

**Jimmy Berlutti:** When I went to law school, it wasn't to get rich or . . . I had a lot of buddies who got in jams. I became a lawyer to help my friends. It was that simple. There was something about that that seemed very glamorous to me. And it still does.

Jamie Stringer: Really?

Jimmy Berlutti: Get some space in the North End, wake up every morning, drop my laundry off at the Fluff'n'Fold, have coffee with Lenny and Sal at Morrie's Doughnuts, help Steve get the Denver boot off his pickup, help Sylvia get a loan, even though she's got no credit, negotiate a better price on a condo for my Aunt Mary. Help the people I really care about to live better lives, you know? Then, close up early enough to have supper with them. That sounds like a life to me. A rich one, even. **takes a swallow of beer**

Jamie Stringer: You have to do it.

Jimmy Berlutti: Do what?

Jamie Stringer: Hang your shingle on the North End. Help Aunt Mary with her credit. Help Lenny with . . . You have to do it.

Jimmy Berlutti: I can't abandon the firm now of all times.

Jamie Stringer: Jimmy, the word on the street is our firm . . . is over. I've been looking.

Jimmy Berlutti: You have?

Jamie Stringer: And get this. One of my close friends is a headhunter. Eugene's put his name out there.

Jimmy Berlutti: What? Eugene?

Jamie Stringer: Three weeks ago, he interviewed at Hollings and Grey. But that's not even the point. You have to go do this because it's what you want to do. You have to do it.

Hallway at Crane Poole & Schmidt

Hannah Rose: It's not just going away, Matthew, especially not quickly. He raped her.

Matthew Billings: Not what I want to hear.

Hannah Rose: Look, get the new guy to do this. He's done criminal cases.

Matthew Billings: The new guy is in court on Denny Crane control.

Hannah Rose: I told you when I came here it was to get away from criminal law.

Sally Heep: I have an official complaint to lodge, and since it's about her, she might as well be present for it. I fight my battles open.

Hannah Rose: You might wanna opt for an adverb there, Sal. "Openly" would support your predicate. "Open" would describe your leg position at the bar.

Sally Heep: I want that on the record.

Glenn (female): Ooh! The girls are fighting.

Matthew Billings: Got a big one, Glenn.

Glenn: Tell me somethin' I don't know.

Hannah Rose: Oh, please.

Glenn: Hannah! **pats her arm**

Hannah Rose: Glenn.

Matthew Billings: Date rape. We need to find some credibility issues quickly. Victim's name is Candace Watson. Suspect's father is a blue chip. We'll get you employee records, school transcripts, credit report.

Glenn: Your hair—it's so you.

Hannah Rose: Mm, hmm.

Matthew Billings: **touching Glenn's chin and adjusting it so she's looking at him** Hi.

Glenn: Hi.

Matthew Billings: We're not simply lookin' to prevail at trial. The goal would be to squash this now. I need this.

**Hannah Rose scoffs and rolls her eyes.**

Courtroom

Sheldon Modry: Denny, I am begging you. I've prepared this opening for three weeks.

Denny Crane: Overkill.

Sheldon Modry: **sighs** Alan?

Alan Shore: We don't wanna steal the thunder from your closing, Denny.

Denny Crane: Not gonna get to a closing. No, sir.

Judge Rodney White: Mr. Crane? We'll hear from you.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane. I represent the plaintiff, and here's what's gonna happen. A whole lot of witnesses are gonna get up and tell you how and why All-Shop's lighting fixture fell on Mary Finnerty's

head, killing her. Defense is gonna get up and have their say. And I'll get up again and ask you to give Sarah and Bill Finnerty a whole lot of money. Now, it's difficult to put a price on a human life, I grant you. But this is All-Shop, and as the defense counsel was so quick to point out to me, they have over 3,000 stores in this country—10,000 internationally. We're not talking about one lighting fixture; we're talking about a lot of lives at stake here.

**Atty. Kevin Herr:** Objection.

**Judge Rodney White:** Sustained. Mr. Crane, can we talk about this case only? Can we do that?

**Denny Crane:** Oh, of course. I'm sorry, your Honor. Um . . .

**Denny Crane seems lost. The Paralegal at the plaintiff's desk is shuffling through 3x5 cards and holds one on top of the pile on her lap with the words "VALUE of HUMAN LIFE" on it. Alan Shore sees it, and looks at Denny Crane.**

**Denny Crane:** Value of human life. It's a bugger. My friend Gerry Spence tells a story of this paperboy delivering his papers on his morning route one day. He throws the paper through the window, shatters the glass, blinds a woman. What's the value of that? Hmm? Paperboy decides to give the woman his profits for the week. Not very much, considering she was blinded. Now here we have a loss of life. Avoidable loss—not merely an accident. One they could have prevented. So I think the paperboy had the right idea. At the end of this trial, I'm gonna get up and I'm gonna ask the defendant to pay my client one week's profit. No, let's make that a day's profit. Let's not get greedy here.

**Alan Shore, watching the jury, smiles**

**Denny Crane:** We may not be able to put a price on Mary Finnerty's life, but we can at least pay her family the profits for the day they killed her. What could be more fair than that? Hmm?

Judge Rodney White's Chambers

**Atty. Kevin Herr:** My client's profits are not relevant; the number of stores they have is not relevant. How dare you go into that! And how dare you not shut him down?

**Denny Crane:** May I go off the record, briefly?

**Judge Rodney White:** Go right ahead.

**Denny Crane:** Thank you. This is not for your ears, by the way. **turns to Atty. Kevin Herr** You stupid bastard. Cases rarely turn on what's legally relevant. What you have to be concerned with here is that All-Shop makes \$160 million of pure profit a day—a day! In gross revenues, 800 million. In the 20 minutes it took the ambulance to reach Mary Finnerty's crushed head, your client took in \$10 million. That might slip out in court, and even if it doesn't, look at this face! **cups his hand near his chin in emphasis** It comes with its own publicist.

**Alan Shore smiles knowingly and in admiration.**

**Denny Crane:** The jury will get wind of those numbers.

**Atty. Kevin Herr:** In which case, we'll appeal.

**Denny Crane:** Great. And do you think you'll be the lawyers to handle that appeal when your client gets whacked with a \$59 million judgment? **to each of the three Opposing Counsel in turn** You're an ass. You're an ass. You're an ass. How 'bout we settle this case like your careers depended on it? **turning back to Judge Rodney White** Dumb bastards. I'm sorry; where were we?

The Practice; Common Office

**Ellenor Frutt:** Leaving?

**Jimmy Berlutti:** I've been thinking about this for a long time, and now . . .

**Ellenor Frutt:** Because you couldn't take that case?

**Jimmy Berlutti:** In part, yes. The truth is, I've always wanted to hang my own shingle. I'm 43 years old. If I don't do it now, when then?

**Eugene Young:** Considering what we're going through now, how can you even think of leaving?

**Jimmy Berlutti:** You are. You interviewed with Hollings and Grey last month.

**Eugene Young rolls his eyes, caught.**

**Ellenor Frutt:** Is that true, Eugene?

**Eugene Young:** They called for an interview. I declined.

**Jimmy Berlutti:** No, you didn't.

**Eugene Young:** I declined the job.

**Jimmy Berlutti:** But not the interview. You considered leaving, Eugene. That's what I've been doing. We just came to different conclusions.

**Eugene Young:** Do you have any idea how difficult it would be to launch a practice?

**Jimmy Berlutti:** Probably not. But I'm not coming totally from logic here. This is emotional.

**Ellenor Frutt:** Given that, why don't you at least wait to see if this impulse passes?

**Jimmy Berlutti:** The truth is, Ellenor, I've been wanting to leave for a hundred years. I love this and all of you. Don't get me wrong. But what I really wanna do, deep down, this isn't it. I'll pitch in, handle cases, whatever you need. I won't abandon you. But I gotta do this.

**Eugene Young:** And when would you do this?

**Jimmy Berlutti:** Today. It needs to be now.

**Eugene Young and Ellenor Frutt look lost and confused.**

Matthew Billings' Office

**Sally Heep:** I'm sick of her not respecting me. I made law review at Holy Cross, top 10% of my class, and people totally dismiss me because of the way I dress.

**Matthew Billings:** Well, then, let's talk about your dress.

**Sally Heep:** I get clients because of the way I look, Matthew. People approach me . . .

**Matthew Billings:** *Men* approach you.

**Sally Heep:** Yes, many of whom go on to hire me.

**Matthew Billings:** And is that how you plan to carve out your career?

**Sally Heep looks hurt and shocked.**

**Matthew Billings:** You know, you're right. Law review, top 10% of your class. Firms all over town should've been extending offers. How many did?

**Sally Heep is near tears.**

**Matthew Billings:** Sally, you're an attorney.

**Sally Heep:** I'm also 25, and I'm not gonna dress like I'm 40. My legal skills are excellent. I shouldn't get punished because my skirts are short. And you can tell Hanna—I'm gonna hit her. I don't care if she's a partner; and if she keeps treating me like this, I'm gonna hit her. **Now, she does cry.** I'm sorry.

**Matthew Billings:** According to the seminars, I'm not supposed to hug you. But I'm gonna risk it.

**They hug, and Sally Heep sobs.**

**Sally Heep:** Come on. Come on.

**Matthew Billings:** Hey, hey, hey. Shh. Shh. Hey. It's okay. It's okay. Come on.

Hannah Rose's Office

**Glenn:** Munchausen's. Basically, it's a disorder that causes people to make up or fake diseases.

**Hannah Rose:** I know what it is. Where did you get this? I should say: *how* did you get this?

**Glenn:** I don't think you mean to ask me that.

**Hannah Rose:** Was she ever actually diagnosed with Munchausen's?

**Glenn:** She doesn't have it.

**Hannah Rose:** Then why is she on a hospital list?

**Glenn:** It's computer-generated. If a person is admitted for treatment over and over, the name eventually might end up on a possible Munchausen list.

**Hannah Rose:** Even if the injuries are legit?

**Glenn:** Shouldn't happen, but one doctor along the way had to wonder whether she was really abused by her father. That's enough.

The Practice—Eugene Young's Private Office

**Eugene Young is busily writing at his desk.**

**Ellenor Frutt:** Do you have a second?

**Eugene Young:** Sure.

**Ellenor Frutt:** I'm gonna ask you this in a quiet, refrained tone, so as not to seem like I'm attacking you. How is it you could interview with another law firm at such . . .

**Eugene Young:** Ellenor, they wanted to meet. I told them I was not interested. They were persistent about at least talking. I only agreed to hear them out. I did. I restated my position that I had no interest in leaving here, and that was the end of it.

**Ellenor Frutt:** Was that before or after you fired Alan?

**Eugene Young:** It was after the *firm* voted to discharge Alan Shore.

**Ellenor Frutt:** Eugene, I don't think I need to lecture you on the importance of perception. But for us, during an incredibly vulnerable period—for our senior partner to be seen interviewing . . .

**Eugene Young:** Nobody saw.



**Ellenor Frutt:** The word was out. Jamie heard it. She told Jimmy. The word got out! Forget that I'm your partner. As your friend, if you're planning to bail . . .

**Eugene Young:** I'm not bailing.

**Ellenor Frutt:** Are we going to survive, Eugene?

**Eugene Young:** We'll survive. I'm not bailing, and we'll survive.

Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Matthew Billings:** What can I tell his father?

**Hannah Rose:** That I'm meeting with the D.A. this morning. Other than that . . . **sees Tara Wilson**  
Tara!

**Tara Wilson:** **hands Hannah Rose a pile of papers** Copies of cases. First circuit's on top. Massachusetts is the second tab. Dictum and legislative intent after that. Would you like me to come with you?

**Hannah Rose:** I would, actually. But I'm too afraid you'll talk.

**Tara Wilson is angry, and Matthew Billings almost outraged. Matthew Billings grabs Hannah Rose's arm to turn her around.**

**Matthew Billings:** Would it kill you to be kind?

**Hannah Rose:** Actually, I was once, and it almost did.

**Matthew Billings:** Ahh. So I get the blame for how you treat people?

**Hannah Rose:** Just the opposite. I give you total credit.

**Matthew Billings:** Hannah, I would hate to be the only one to experience the tender you.

**Hannah Rose:** It's late. I've gotta go do good deeds. **a big fake smile, and walks away**

**Sheldon Modry has stepped off the elevator**

**Matthew Billings:** Sheldon. I heard you settled.

**Sheldon Modry:** Yeah, 6.5 million. Good result; client's pleased.

**Matthew Billings:** Six point five? You were stuck between 1.2 and 2.3. How'd you get six five?

**Sheldon Modry:** **looks down, shakes his head, then looks up again** Denny did good work.

**Matthew Billings:** So I don't need to intervene today?

**Sheldon Modry walks away, nodding his head. Matthew Billings turns to Tara Wilson.**

**Matthew Billings:** Dontcha love it here?

The District Attorney's Office

**A.D.A. Kenneth Walsh:** These convictions are extremely difficult to get—especially when the suspect and victim once had a consensual relationship.

**Mr. Steven Watson:** Well, their relationship . . .

**A.D.A. Kenneth Walsh:** I'm not saying I won't get it. I'm just trying to prepare you, Mr. Watson.

**Hannah Rose:** Kenny, I, uh . . . Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were busy. Actually, I did. You're Candace Watson's father?

**Mr. Steven Watson:** I am.

**Hannah Rose:** Hannah Rose. I have the unfortunate task of defending the man who raped your daughter, who, between the three of us, I'm convinced is guilty.

**A.D.A. Kenneth Walsh:** What do you want, Hannah?

**Hannah Rose:** In the interests of no surprises . . . **hands him a manilla folder** . . . medical report. A claim you once abused your daughter. I'm sure you didn't. A hospital turned up her name as a possible Munchausen's.

**Mr. Steven Watson:** What is going on?

**A.D.A. Kenneth Walsh:** If you could excuse us, please?

**Hannah Rose:** If she makes things up . . .

**A.D.A. Kenneth Walsh:** That's all, Hannah.

**Hannah Rose:** I'm leaving. This can be used to pierce rape shield which is vulnerable to begin with. You might want to consider sparing your daughter this trial.

**A.D.A. Kenneth Walsh:** Hannah. Get out.

**Hannah Rose:** Misdemeanor assault. One year suspended. That's a gift. None of us wants to go to trial here. **walks out**

Matthew Billings' Office

**Edmund Solomon:** And the D.A. agreed?

Hannah Rose: I just got the call. Your son does get a conviction.  
Edmund Solomon: Yeah, but no jail?  
Hannah Rose: Assuming the judge signs off, which he should.  
Edmund Solomon: Oh, thank God.  
Matthew Billings: You can thank Hannah.  
Edmund Solomon: I—I don't know what to say. He's a fine young man, Miss Rose, and . . .  
Hannah Rose: Mr. Solomon, I can see you're having a moment. But for my take on the facts, which includes an interview with the fine young man, he's a rapist. If he's to make anything of this second chance, Daddy needs to see the fine young man for what he is, and get him into some counseling.

Storage Room

**Sally Heep and Mark Quinlen are smoking pot.**

Sally Heep: They're all nuts.

Mark Quinlen: Who?

Sally Heep: The partners.

Mark Quinlen: Oh.

Sally Heep: You know, they've all totally had work done.

Mark Quinlen: They have?

Sally Heep: Please. Denny Crane's head's so pumped full of Botox. Even Hannah—pretty Hannah.

Mark Quinlen: Hannah Rose?

Sally Heep: Yeah.

Mark Quinlen: She's in her 30s!

Sally Heep: So what? She's pulled so tight, she's gotta cross her legs to smile.

Hannah Rose: **stepping out from behind boxes** Hi.

Sally Heep: Oh, my God. No. Oh, my God.

Hannah Rose: I guess it's lucky I don't like to smile.

Sally Heep: I was just . . . Oh, my God.

Hannah Rose: How much do we pay you, Sally?

Sally Heep: Hundred sixty thousand.

Hannah Rose: Do you think we pay you \$160,000 to come down here to the storage room and smoke pot, Sally?

Sally Heep: No, ma'am.

Hannah Rose: It would be a mistake to call me "ma'am." **holds out her hand** Give me the joint, Sally.  
**turns to Mark Quinlen** Do you need to pee, Mark?

Mark Quinlen: Yes, ma'am. Sir. Hannah. God.

Hannah Rose: Go pee, Mark.

Sally Heep: I've, like, so miscalculated my day.

Hannah Rose: I've had a lousy day, too, Sal. I arranged for a rapist to get off with just a slap on the wrist. Now, I need to go buy something to feel better about myself. I've been eyeing this little purse, actually. It cost \$900. Can you imagine? Nine hundred dollars for a purse? Luckily, I can afford it. Partners here are well-paid. I bet you hope to be partner one day. **stands up, and walks to stand right in front of Sally Heep** Complain about me to anyone ever again, even to your own mother, this little pot incident come to light.

**Sally Heep walks out; Hannah Rose takes a puff off the pot cigarette.**

Denny Crane's Office

**Denny Crane is writing at his desk; Alan Shore enters.**

Alan Shore: What the hell are you doin' in my office?

**Denny Crane looks up and around, goes back to his writing.**

Alan Shore: Had you there again, didn't I, Dad?

Denny Crane: I've asked you not to make fun of my mental health. As I recall, I meant it.

Alan Shore: If I offended you before, I apologize.

Denny Crane: You know, you don't fool me. My success as a trial attorney comes from my ability to read people. I read you. I know your little secret, soldier.

Alan Shore: You do?

Denny Crane: Mm, hmm. You're in awe of me.

**Alan Shore:** *surprised a bit* Well, now that the secret's out . . . Let me tell you something, Denny Crane. Having watched you at the courthouse yesterday, I just want you to know, I *am* in awe. **holds his hands up as if to direct the audience's applause toward Denny Crane** You're Denny Crane! And that's . . . something.

**Denny Crane:** You've taken up a minute of my time. To whom do I send the bill?

**Alan Shore:** Send the bill to me. **he "salutes" and walks out**

Little Women's Boutique

**Candace Watson:** The best thing is, it's elegant. You can go dressy, and it's casual. It goes with a sweater and jeans just as well.

**Hannah Rose:** And the size?

**Candace Watson:** Do you like to carry a lot of stuff?

**Hannah Rose:** Totally. Let's go with the big one.

**Candace Watson:** Oh, I'm jealous. I've been saving up to get this same bag.

**Hannah Rose:** Well, look on the bright side. If I saw it on you, I'd no longer want it.

**Candace Watson scoffs**

**Hannah Rose:** Tell you what. Give me half off, and I'll buy you one.

**Candace Watson:** If only I could. Look, if you get home and you suddenly hate it, bring it back. No problem. **conspiratorily** I'm not supposed to say it.

**Hannah Rose:** Never heard it.

**They share a laugh; then, Candace Watson looks at Hannah Rose's credit card, and her facial expression changes.**

**Hannah Rose:** What's the matter?

**Candace Watson:** Hannah Rose? You're an attorney?

**Hannah Rose:** Why?

**Candace Watson:** My name is Candace Watson. Your client raped me last week. **sighs** Small town—Boston. Just sign here, please, and you're good to go.

**Hannah Rose:** **signing and looking a bit teary** Look, I, uh . . . **exits the Boutique, shopping bag in hand, deep in thought and near tears**