

**The Practice**  
**Comings and Goings**  
**Season 8, Episode 20**  
**Written by David E. Kelley**  
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The Practice—Common Area

Jamie Stringer: I do not do secretarial work.

Eugene Young: Lucy will be in at noon.

Jamie Stringer: Fine; then have her do it. I have cases.

Eugene Young: Jamie, come on; this . . .

Kevin Stadler: **enters the office** Eugene, may I speak to you a second?

Eugene Young: I thought we concluded our conversation.

Kevin Stadler: This'll just take a second. Please.

**Eugene Young escorts Kevin Stadler into his private office, walking past Ellenor Frutt; Ellenor Frutt looks to Jamie Stringer for explanation.**

Ellenor Frutt: What's that about?

Jamie Stringer: That was Kevin Stadler. He's from Hollings and Grey, the firm that Eugene interviewed for.

Ellenor Frutt: I thought he turned that down.

Eugene Young's Office

Kevin Stadler: I really wasn't interviewing you on behalf of our firm, Eugene.

Eugene Young: What do you mean?

Kevin Stadler: I don't know if you're familiar with Governor Romney's new judicial nominating process. The first round is completely blind. The Governor feels it can be much more merit-based that way. I was engaged by the Governor's Council as an early screener.

Eugene Young: What are you talking about?

Kevin Stadler: I was interviewing you as a potential Superior Court judge.

Eugene Young: **shocked; nearly speechless** A judge?

Kevin Stadler: If you're interested, I'd love to submit your name to the Governor's Council.

Eugene Young: To be a Superior Court judge?

Kevin Stadler: To be a Superior Court judge.

**Now, Eugene Young truly is speechless.**

[credits]

Reception Area of Jimmy Berluti's New Office

**The office is packed with potential clients, all waiting to be seen.**

Jimmy Berluti: Get the doctor's report, and then we'll talk, okay?

Frank Calzone: Thanks, Jimmy.

Manny Quinn: Jimmy?

Jimmy Berluti: Manny, hey! GiGi!

GiGi Cooley: Hi.

Jimmy Berluti: Oh, go in the conference room.

Mr. Papp: Hey! You said you would take me next!

Jimmy Berluti: Ten minutes, Mr. Papp.

Mr. Papp: Ah, this is discrimination.

Suzy Paponi: Milli Trevalli. Her husband bit her. She wants to sue.

Milli Trevalli: Right in the thighs. Drew blood!

Jimmy Berluti: Be with you as soon as I can. Suzy, could you get Mrs. Trevalli some coffee, please?

Suzy Paponi: I'd love some myself. We don't got any!

Milli Trevalli: He bit me awful.

Jimmy Berluti: **handing Suzy Paponi some money** Maybe you could get some?

Suzy Paponi: Yeah, like I got nothin' to do.

Jimmy Berluti: GiGi! Hey! Congratulations!

GiGi Cooley: Oh, thanks. It's the happiest moment in my life.

**Jimmy Berluti:** *to Manny Quinn* Look, I talked to both E.R. doctors who treated you. They claim there was no device inserted into your person.

**Manny Quinn:** Well, of course they're going to say that.

**Jimmy Berluti:** Manny . . .

**Manny Quinn:** They must've got some mind-readin' psychic—and goin' into a person's head?—you should need a warrant for that, too.

**GiGi Cooley:** This is how he got labeled.

**Jimmy Berluti:** I got a buddy in the bureau—I'll talk to him, but we need to think about a plea.

**Manny Quinn:** Now, look; never mind plea. I got a friend, and I can give 'em somethin' they want, Jimmy. My friend spent some time in the oil business, and he knows where they are.

**Jimmy Berluti:** Knows where who are?

**Manny Quinn:** Not who—what. The "weapons of mass destruction."

**Both Jimmy Berluti and GiGi Cooley react similarly—here he goes again.**

**Manny Quinn:** The F.B.I.'s been tryin' to redeem themselves in this arena. You get the charges dropped, I'll give 'em the big W.M.D. This could be why they went into my ass to begin with—to gather intelligence.

Conference Room of Crane Poole & Schmidt

**There is a large screen TV, on which we see a videotape of two hockey players involved in a violent altercation.**

**Sportscaster:** Oh! That was a sucker punch! Oh, both men are down on the ice, and Sears is not letting up! The referee is tryin' to . . .

**Alan Shore:** *using the remote to pause the videotape* Gee, you're certainly a good hockey player. So. What did this man do—steal your puck?

**Mike Sears:** He took out one of our best players a few weeks ago.

**Alan Shore:** "Took out." On a date?

**Hannah Rose:** *to Mike Sears* Excuse me. *to Alan Shore* New guy? I wouldn't want the client to think we're not taking this seriously.

**Alan Shore:** Maybe you should take over so I can observe.

**Hannah Rose:** Mike, the problem we have, in addition to the attack itself, you went on record the night before saying you were gonna get him, so it's difficult for us to say it was some sudden outbreak of emotion. Do you see our dilemma?

**Alan Shore:** A word of reply would be helpful. A whole sentence would be positively stunning. Mention has been made of "The Code." What exactly is "The Code"?

**Mike Sears:** It means if you take out one of our guys, we'll go after one of yours. It's—you know?—payback, eh?

**Alan Shore:** I need you to drop the "eh." It sounds Canadian.

**Mike Sears:** I am Canadian.

**Alan Shore:** I realize this. But I'd like to paint you American. See, in America, if somebody commits a vicious, unprovoked attack, best to cloak it with patriotism.

**Hannah Rose stares at Alan Shore; he's been talking, again. Alan Shore feels her stare and turns toward her.**

**Alan Shore:** Oh, hello! I can see you're observing again. *adjusting his tie knot* Am I knotted tightly enough for you?

The Practice

**Ellenor Frutt:** A judge?

**Eugene Young:** Can you believe it?

**Ellenor Frutt:** No. I—I mean, I can. I—I can believe you'd be a great candidate. So would this be something you might be interested in? Eugene, I think it would be great. I do. It would be fabulous if . . .

**Eugene Young:** First of all, it's not at the point where I even have to ask myself whether or not . . .

**Ellenor Frutt:** Eugene, clearly it is at that point. If you're interested, the process continues. If you're not . . . So, are you?

**Eugene Young:** I don't know. It's all so sudden, and . . . uh . . . I . . . *takes a deep breath* I need to think.

Barroom

**There is a scantily clad young woman dancing on a table to loud rock music.**

**Alan Shore:** Is there a reason we're having drinks at a frat house?

**Hannah Rose:** It's not normally like this.

Alan Shore: Why am I here at all?

Hannah Rose: Because I think we need to set some ground rules.

Waitress: *sing-song* How are we doing?

Hannah Rose: *mimicking her sing-song* We're having a private conversation.

**Waitress looks at Alan Shore, who shakes his head slightly.**

Hannah Rose: I saw that.

Alan Shore: Saw what?

Hannah Rose: You need to be clear on a few things, Mr. Shore. If you . . .

**Her attention is suddenly on something behind him. Now, there is a woman on the table, taking her blouse off while dancing.**

Alan Shore: Something wrong? Other than your nature?

Hannah Rose: I'll be right back.

**Hannah Rose walks to a position close enough to see the woman's face, Alan Shore not far behind. It is Sally Heep, and she has stripped down to her bra. She looks upset, and retreats quickly leaves the room. Hannah Rose looks angry, ashamed and somewhat hurt, and Alan Shore looks very concerned.**

Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Hannah Rose: If you won't fire her, I will.

Matthew Billings: We can't summarily hire and fire people. It's just . . .

Hannah Rose: Denny Crane summarily hired Alan Shore.

Matthew Billings: He's Denny Crane; you're not.

Hannah Rose: Look, Matthew, even you can't defend . . .

**Sally Heep exits from the elevator; she is extremely scantily clad in short skirt and tight, low-cut lingerie-look top and sweater. Hannah Rose confronts her.**

Hannah Rose: When you get a free moment, could you come to my office please?

Sally Heep: It's my personal and private time. This firm does not own me.

Hannah Rose: **turning to Matthew Billings** Matthew, she seems to think the firm doesn't own her. **turns back to Sally Heep** When you get a free moment, please?

Matthew Billings: Were you dancing in some bar last night? Without wardrobe?

**Sally Heep looks like she's going to answer his first question, then walks sullenly away after the second.**

The Reception Area of Jimmy Berluti's New Office

**Packed with potential clients.**

Manny Quinn: Well, here's the thing. Insurance companies don't like to pay out when it's spouse against spouse. 'Specially when it's what they call supervening act, which an intentional biting would be. Get 'im to bump you accidental, like with the car, preferably when he's backing up. I got a doctor who can get you the X-rays.

Jimmy Berluti: Manny, a second? **escorts him into a private office, with windows facing on the Reception Area** Please, don't counsel my clients.

Manny Quinn: I had legal schoolin', Jimmy.

Jimmy Berluti: You're not a lawyer.

Manny Quinn: Oh, 'scuse me. **holds up his hands**

Jimmy Berluti: Listen. I talked to my friend at the Bureau. Your ass wasn't bugged.

Manny Quinn: What did you expect? That they were gonna . . .

Jimmy Berluti: Manny, please don't talk for a second, okay? They got what they got on you through an informant. He wouldn't tell me who the informant was, but . . . uh . . . Did you know GiGi got arrested three weeks ago?

Manny Quinn: My GiGi?

Jimmy Berluti: D.U.I. They found some pot in the glove compartment—enough to get her on intent.

Manny Quinn: She never told me this.

Jimmy Berluti: The bust went nowhere. Case was tossed. I think it's possible she flipped you, Manny.

Manny Quinn: GiGi? This isn't a possible thing, Jimmy. She's my fiancée. She loves me. She even thinks I'm handsome.

Jimmy Berluti: I'd like to talk to her.

Manny Quinn: It wasn't GiGi.

**Jimmy Berluti:** Manny, this is your business. I'm not gonna do nothing you don't want me to. But I'm concerned. If this is the woman you're gonna marry, and if she flipped you . . . Can I have a conversation with her?

**Manny Quinn:** Fine. But you're wrong.

**Jimmy Berluti:** I hope to God I am. Look, Manny, if you wanna get to the truth of this or not, your call. But if you do, don't tip her. Just let me talk to her.

**Manny Quinn:** I won't say nothin'.

Conference Room at Crane Poole & Schmidt

**District Attorney:** It was an assault. The fact that it took place during a professional hockey game doesn't mean this guy . . .

**Hannah Rose:** Oh, come on, Jeffrey. You have 4,000 reported assaults every year—less than half lead to charges.

**District Attorney:** Hannah, if you were still here, you'd prosecute.

**Hannah Rose:** I certainly would not.

**District Attorney:** He repeatedly punched a defenseless man. He doesn't get some special exemption because he did it during a sporting event.

**Alan Shore:** That's just simply not true. We grant such exemptions all the time.

**Hannah Rose:** Excuse me a minute. **soto voce to Alan Shore** New guy?

**Alan Shore:** It would be illegal to run somebody down and flatten 'em, yet in football? Boxers try to knock each other unconscious—the actual intent of the sport is assault. Imagine throwing a hard object a hundred miles per hour at somebody's head. That's grounds for attempted murder. But if the victim crowds the plate?

Fighting is part of hockey. **to Hannah Rose** May I speak for a second?

**District Attorney:** You are speaking.

**Alan Shore:** Oh. Sometimes I become so rapt with my own words, it feels more like a listening experience. Look, we're gathered here today because of the media. I suspect if the firestorm died down, so would your urge to be Javert. Suppose this man were severely punished by the League? How 'bout we get our justice that way?

**District Attorney:** First of all, I'm not the commissioner of the league.

**Alan Shore:** I'm offering you the chance to be. Name your punishment. Name it.

**District Attorney:** Out of the play-offs. And the next two years.

**Alan Shore:** Done.

**District Attorney:** Done? How are you . . .

**Alan Shore:** I'll meet with the commissioner. My client will be suspended for two full seasons, plus play-offs.

**District Attorney:** **chuckles** I hate to break your momentum, but the player's union will never let . . .

**Alan Shore:** Yes, they will.

**District Attorney:** Because you say so?

**Alan Shore:** Because I say so. Congratulations, Mr. District Attorney. You've just helped to change hockey for the better. By the way, I may need to invoke the power of your office a little. Not to worry. **nods, and then gathers up his papers**

The Practice

**Ellenor Frutt:** It doesn't necessarily mean he's leaving.

**Jamie Stringer:** Oh, my God.

**Ellenor Frutt:** Jamie . . .

**Jamie Stringer:** Even if he's thinking about leaving, Ellenor, this place will collapse. M—my job. My outfits.

**Ellenor Frutt:** Could you please calm down? He's going on a few interviews. It's a long shot that he'll even be selected. So, let's not get . . .

**Jamie Stringer:** Well, who are you kidding? He's black.

**Ellenor Frutt:** So?

**Jamie Stringer:** So? Romney is *desperate* to appoint black judges.

**Eugene Young:** Is that it? They want me because I'm black?

**Jamie Stringer:** No. No. No, no, no. Check that. Yes. In part. I mean, he's never going to appoint an unqualified candidate. You're definitely qualified, so you can get off that horse. But, all things being equal, he will tap a black candidate. Diversity is a big part of his executive order. I've read it. So, if you go for this, you'll probably get it. Which . . . is great.

Hannah Rose's Office

**Sally Heep is sitting when Hannah Rose enters, walks around her chair, and sits on the edge of the desk, facing Sally Heep, and looking down at her.**

**Hannah Rose:** Let me start by saying—I believe in you, Sally. If I seem to be judgmental, it's only because I measure your performance against your potential. When you meet new people, I would imagine the question, "What do you do?" pops almost immediately into the conversation. You answer, "I'm an attorney at Crane Poole & Schmidt." When others describe you, "Smart girl, nice, works at Crane Poole & Schmidt." As much as you might like to lay claim to your personal time or private life, who you are and where you work are inextricably bound, Sally. And when you're standing in a public bar, on the bar, half-naked, thrusting your great divide as if it were a tourist attraction, there are people saying, "She's a lawyer at Crane Poole & Schmidt." Now, as fine as your legal skills might be, we simply cannot have our associates engage in public drunken pornographic conduct. And if you can't be concerned with our firm's reputation, I should think you'd at least try to show a little respect for your own.

**Sally Heep is close to tears.**

**Hannah Rose:** That's all.

**Sally Heep exits the office, quickly.**

Men's Restroom

**Lenny Pescatore:** What do you mean, he's practicin' law?

**Rocco:** It says, "Law Offices" on the door. And inside, I see law books, and people goin' in and out limp'in' and stuff.

**Lenny Pescatore:** Right on Commercial Street?

**Rocco:** Commercial Street. It's what I'm saying.

**Lenny Pescatore:** And you're sure his name is Berluti?

**Rocco:** That's what it says on the door—"Law Offices of." Law books inside; people limp'in'.

Conference Room at Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Hockey League Commissioner Burke:** There is no precedent for a two-year suspension. And even if I were to sanction that, I can assure you, the player's union wouldn't. If you only knew . . .

**Alan Shore:** What would they do? Pull your jersey over your head and pummel you?

**Burke:** Mr. Shore, the idea of . . .

**Alan Shore:** Mr. Burke. You will suspend Mr. Sears for two years. In consideration for that . . . Forgive me, I'm parched. **takes a sip of water from his glass** In consideration for that, I've worked it out with the D.A. for the League not to be criminally prosecuted.

**Burke:** The League? How are we liable for that . . .

**Alan Shore:** Massachusetts General Laws, Chapter 274, Section 2, Aiding and Abetting. "Anyone who assists, encourages or promotes an assault can be charged as a principal."

**Burke:** We don't do that.

**Alan Shore:** You don't do that? **smiles knowingly**

**Burke:** No, we don't.

**Alan Shore:** In your highlight videos, you show the brawls. You also show them on the big jumbo Trons between periods. A Gordie Howe hat trick is considered to be a goal, an assist and a fight.

**Burke:** We penalize fighting.

**Alan Shore:** But you don't ban it. Every other professional sport does. If a player fights in football or baseball, he's gone. In your sport, he gets a standing ovation.

**Burke:** Mr. Shore, I'm sure you're a fine attorney, but you have no appreciation for what hockey is, its history, its tradition . . .

**Alan Shore:** I have enormous appreciation for your sport, Mr. Burke. In fact, I have season tickets. Hockey is Bobby Orr. Hockey is Bobby Hull; Stan Mikita; Wayne Gretzky. Hockey is speed, finesse, skill and power. None of which has anything to do with mayhem. Hockey is being debased with thuggery, that your league not only condones, but encourages.

**Burke:** And you think if we just change the rule, it will stop?

**Alan Shore:** Yes. In college hockey, it's banned. The players don't fight. In the Olympics, it's banned. They don't fight. It can absolutely be legislated out. You choose not to do so. And with all the vicious muggings happening on the ice today, you are daring a district attorney to prosecute the League. I have that district attorney, Mr. Burke. Mr. Sears will be suspended for two years. You need to have appreciation for your sport, Mr. Burke. We need your league to rise up and mirror the dignity of the game itself. Tell your players, "No more fighting." And if they still insist on violence, let them beat up their coaches, like the basketball players.

Eugene Young Young's Office

Ellenor Frutt: **opening the door and walking in** How are we doing?

Eugene Young: Fine.

Ellenor Frutt: Have you made up your mind yet?

Eugene Young: Made up my mind? I barely had time to think about it.

Ellenor Frutt: Never mind.

Eugene Young: Uh, is there some rush?

Ellenor Frutt: Well, this affects everybody, Eugene.

Eugene Young: I realize that.

Ellenor Frutt: So, if you're gonna walk out on us, we'd just like . . .

Eugene Young: Walk out?

Ellenor Frutt: I didn't mean it like that.

Eugene Young: I think you did.

Ellenor Frutt: You don't have to use that tone, all right?

Eugene Young: You're the one speaking in a tone, like you're being betrayed. **arises from the chair, to step around his desk** Put it out there, Ellenor. We've known each other too long. Put it out there.

Ellenor Frutt: Okay. Bobby left. Lindsey. Rebecca. But you and I looked each other in the eye, and we said we were gonna make it work. If you leave, how can it work, Eugene? How can it work?

Eugene Young: Ellenor, look. Uh . . . A part of what's going on with me is this need to redeem myself.

Ellenor Frutt: Redeem?

Eugene Young: Yeah. In part for what the firm's become from dealing with Alan Shore.

Ellenor Frutt: Hey, that's crap. Don't make this about that.

Eugene Young: Our reputation . . .

Ellenor Frutt: If you wanna leave . . .

Eugene Young: Do I get to talk?

Ellenor Frutt: Yes. But you asked me to be honest, so let's hear you put it out.

Eugene Young: Well, you're acting like I don't have the right to leave. Like—like I owe you.

Ellenor Frutt: I never said . . .

Eugene Young: I have the right. I gave everything to this firm. If I choose . . . I have the right.

Ellenor Frutt: Yes, you have the right. But, you know, you are this firm, Eugene. You're our conscience, our soul. You are this firm.

**Ellenor Frutt exits; Eugene Young sighs.**

Jimmy Berluti's Conference Room

Jimmy Berluti: The reason I wanted to have this conversation, well, some disturbing information has come to light.

GiGi Cooley: You're actin' creepy. **turns to Manny Quinn** You're both actin' kinda creepy. What . . .

Jimmy Berluti: GiGi, my sources at the F.B.I. tell me they were tipped off by an informant. Somebody with something to trade.

GiGi Cooley: Well, who would turn against Manny? I mean, everybody loves Manny.

Jimmy Berluti: I'm also informed, you were arrested a few weeks ago. And that arrest seemed to go away.

GiGi Cooley: What are you talking about? That's a lie.

**Jimmy Berluti and Manny Quinn look at each other, crestfallen.**

Jimmy Berluti: **taking a page out of a manila folder** Here's a copy of the incident report. GiGi, I will find out. A couple of motions in court, they gotta tell me who the informant is. Now, I know you love Manny. The best thing that can happen here is I make out the argument that you were coerced—which I'm sure you had to be. I might be able to make it all go away, but you gotta tell me how you were coerced

**GiGi Cooley begins to cry, looks at Manny Quinn.**

Suzy Paponi: Jimmy.

Jimmy Berluti: Not now, Suzy.

Suzy Paponi: No, you gotta take this.

**They walk into**

The Reception Area of Jimmy Berluti's Office

Jimmy Berluti: Look, when I'm in a serious meeting . . .

Suzy Paponi: This is Lenny Pescatore.

Lenny Pescatore: We know each other. Old times, right, Jimmy?

Jimmy Berluti: How can I help you?

**Lenny Pescatore:** I don't know, Jimmy. See, I'm walkin' by and I see a sign, "Attorney-at-Law," so I come in, and I see like a neighborhood lawyer here, which—you know—I'm a neighborhood lawyer, too. We could be buddies. Only problem—I'm *the* neighborhood lawyer, and this here is my neighborhood—which I'm sure you didn't know. But now you do know.

**Lenny Pescatore exits.**

**Jimmy Berluti:** What the hell was that?

**Suzy Paponi:** That's Lenny Pescatore, Jimmy. He's not a nice person.

Jimmy Berluti's Conference Room

**Jimmy Berluti:** *sitting next to Manny Quinn* I'll figure this out, Manny. There's stuff to work with here. I'll figure it all out.

**Manny Quinn exits, as a siren wails in the background.**

The Library at Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Sally Heep is pulling law books off a shelf. Alan Shore enters.**

**Alan Shore:** Sally. Hello.

**Sally Heep:** Don't you start. I don't need another. Don't start.

**Alan Shore:** I never start. I'm more of a closer.

**Sally Heep laughs a little.**

**Alan Shore:** What's wrong? Tell me.

**Sally Heep:** What's wrong? Let me tell you something. You probably wouldn't guess it to look at me, but I made *Law Review*. I even won the Regional Moot Court Competition.

**Alan Shore:** You're right. To look at you, I never would have guessed.

**Sally Heep:** Because . . . people . . . People say, "Don't judge a book by its cover," but that's exactly how I'm judged. Even by people here who know me, know my work.

**Alan Shore:** Well, perhaps people . . .

**Sally Heep:** I like to dress this way. I like to have fun on my personal time. Why can't people like you deal?

**Alan Shore:** First of all, I *can* deal. I thought you were absolutely sensational up on that bar.

**Sally Heep:** Really?

**Alan Shore:** Second, lawyers, as a breed, *hate* their job, Sally. They do their very best to window-dress the lawfulness—big houses, fancy cars, expensive clothes. Attorneys actually *want* to be judged by their covers; it makes them seem interesting. Third, I thought you were absolutely sensational up on that bar.

**Sally Heep:** You said that already.

**Alan Shore:** Fourth, to the extent that you don't want to become "them"? I salute you. Don't ever—ever—become "them." Lastly, and I'll stop here, I thought you were absolutely sensational up on that bar.

**Sally Heep kisses him.**

**Alan Shore:** Well, that was surprising.

**Sally Heep:** Oh, my God. I'm sorry. I—I don't know why I just did that. I'm so sorry. **rushes away**

**Alan Shore reaches after her, too late.**

Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Alan Shore is walking, newspaper in hand.**

**Hannah Rose:** Hey, new guy? League issued the suspension. Two years. D.A. agreed not to prosecute. Client's coming in at eleven. Good result. I'll buy you a beer later and critique what I think you did wrong.

**Alan Shore:** I don't accept criticism, Hannah. Though I do enjoy harsh discipline.

**Sally Heep:** **patting Alan Shore's arm** May I speak with you? Its extremely important.

Alan Shore's Office

**Alan Shore opens the door for Sally Heep and they enter.**

**Sally Heep:** Okay. I'm, like, really nervous, so I'm just gonna say this before I get all acid reflux and gurgle. I have no idea why I kissed you. I mean, I think you're cute, but, um, I just don't go around tongue-throating cute guys. I just—What you said suddenly made me wanna kiss you. That doesn't explain why I did it, but . . .

**Alan Shore:** Sally. It's okay.

**Sally Heep:** Really?

**Alan Shore:** Don't worry about it.

**Sally Heep:** Thank you. **starts to leave, as Alan Shore turns away** Um . . . when you say it's okay? How okay?

**Alan Shore:** I beg your pardon?

**Sally Heep:** Well, I do sort of think you're attractive. God, I promised myself I wouldn't go there. Um . . .

**Alan Shore:** Sally, I think you're a very attractive woman. But I'm . . . involved.

**Sally Heep:** Oh. Okay. Okay. Anyone I know?

**Alan Shore:** Myself, actually. And it's quite serious. I'm not in the right place for a relationship.

**Sally Heep:** Okay. So, I'm gonna leave now. Bye.

Jimmy Berluti's Private Office

**Manny Quinn:** If I flip my dealer, Jimmy, I'm a dead man. Not that I care.

**Jimmy Berluti:** I'll see if we can do it confidential. It's our only shot, Manny. For them to let you go, you gotta give 'em somebody bigger.

**Manny Quinn:** Fine. Whatever.

**Jimmy Berluti:** Hey, look at me. Your heart is broken right now. I understand this. But better you learn about her before you get married, right? Obviously, this wasn't the right person for you.

**Manny Quinn:** It ain't easy to get girls to love me, Jimmy. I'm fat, I got no money. Women don't go for me.

**Suzy Paponi:** Jimmy?

**Jimmy Berluti:** Not now, Suzy.

**Suzy Paponi:** He's back—Lenny the Fish.

**Jimmy Berluti:** *to Manny Quinn* One second. **steps out into**

The Reception Area

**Lenny Pescatore:** Jimmy, my friend.

**Jimmy Berluti:** I asked you to stay out of my office.

**Lenny Pescatore:** Relax. I only came by to say Ralph Spinnachi will no longer be needing your services. He died.

**Jimmy Berluti:** Spinney? When?

**Lenny Pescatore:** In a few days.

**Jimmy Berluti:** You're not gonna intimidate me, you got that? I'm here, and I'm here to stay.

**Lenny Pescatore:** You got a lot of balls, you know that? I've been workin' this neighborhood for years while you were sippin' Dom Perignon up on the hill with the Medagons. Now you want to come back and take food off my plate.

**Jimmy Berluti:** Doesn't look like you've messed too many meals.

**Lenny Pescatore:** Yeah, I like your style. You got good gumption. **pats Jimmy Berluti's cheek once** I like a man with gumption. **slaps him, now** But I don't like it that much!

**Jimmy Berluti:** **grabbing Lenny Pescatore by the lapels** Get out of my office!

**Suzy Paponi:** Hey, hey, hey! Hey!

**Jimmy Berluti:** You hear me? I grew up in this neighborhood! Get out now before I call the police! **pushes Lenny Pescatore away**

**Lenny Pescatore:** Go ahead, call the cops! Ask for Frankie Lupo. Ask for Steve Frachetti, Mike Luciano. Good cops. I'm sure they'll come runnin'.

**Manny Quinn:** He asked you to get out.

**Lenny Pescatore:** Manny. You got new counsel, huh, Manny? Manny owes me money. F.B.I. still buggin' your ass, Manny?

**Manny Quinn:** Jimmy asked you to leave. Oh, you want a piece of me, huh? Go ahead. See what happens. There's no cops around to break it up. Take a shot; see what happens.

**Jimmy Berluti:** All right, let's . . .

**Manny Quinn:** Shut up, Jimmy! It's a different league now. I'm standin' right here, Lenny.

**Lenny Pescatore:** Oh, yeah? For now, you're standin'. **exits**

Alan Shore's Office

**Alan Shore is busy writing; Hannah Rose enters, 2 bottles of beer in hand.**

**Hannah Rose:** I said I'd buy you a beer, so here. **puts a bottle on his desk, and turns to exit**

**Alan Shore:** I believe you promised to discipline me as well.

**Hannah Rose:** sighs, turns around to face him Look. You're obviously a good lawyer, but I give you a few weeks here tops. You don't understand authority. You're arrogant. My suspicion is, you're corrupt, and probably unflinchingly selfish and . . .

**Alan Shore:** Foreplay like this can only lead to sex.

**Hannah Rose:** You're disgusting.

**Alan Shore:** You're quivering.



**Hannah Rose is speechless with outrage.**

**Alan Shore:** I've read that women who like to emasculate secretly desire to be ravished. Would you like me to rip blouse off right now, Hannah? Put my mouth to your breast, and perhaps . . . lower myself. You want to slap my face, but part of you fears it could arouse me. And since you stand there, already titillated by me, it could set something terribly nasty in motion. I could be wrong, of course. Maybe we should see. Slap my face, Hannah. It's what you want. Slap it.

**Hannah Rose turns, walks out. Alan Shore waits until she's gone, then smiles a little.**

Eugene Young's Office

**Eugene Young is busy at work at his desk. There's a knock on the door, and Ellenor Frutt enters.**

**Ellenor Frutt:** Another second? **sits down** I'm sorry. After all we've been through. As much as I love this firm, it would be an honor to see a lawyer from here get appointed to the bench. I would be so proud of you—proud for all of us. Is there a timetable?

**Eugene Young:** Well, if I decide to go forward, there would be a confirmation hearing before the Governor's Council next week. You might even be called to give testimony.

**Ellenor Frutt:** Well, just let me know. **rises**

**Eugene Young:** Okay.

**Ellenor Frutt exits.**

The Practice—the Common Area

**Jamie Stringer:** Well?

**Ellenor Frutt:** It's happening, Jamie.

**Jamie Stringer:** He's doing it?

**Ellenor Frutt:** He says he's undecided, but I know him. It's happening.

A Bar

**Sally Heep is sitting at the bar; sees Alan Shore coming around her to stand next to her with a glass of Scotch, from which he takes a sip.**

**Sally Heep:** Oh, great. Go away.

**Alan Shore:** I just got here.

**Sally Heep:** Look, I'm embarrassed enough already. You don't have to show up here and massage my feelings. I'm a big girl.

**Alan Shore:** I love having my feelings massaged.

**Sally Heep:** Go away and give some other nice guy a chance to sit there.

**Alan Shore:** Sally, you don't need to feel embarrassed.

**Sally Heep:** Look. I kissed you. It was totally inappropriate. Then I made a play for you. And, by the way, I know you hit on everyone, so what was I even thinking about? But then to be rejected by someone who's obviously not picky? Just . . . go away.

**Alan Shore:** Look at me.

**Sally Heep does, reluctantly.**

**Alan Shore:** You know how two people can sometimes seem to make each other more whole?

**Sally Heep sort of nods.**

**Alan Shore:** That doesn't happen with me. I have this way of making women feel wonderful, but less than, in the end.

**Sally Heep: shaking her head** Maybe you haven't met the right girl.

**Alan Shore:** Perhaps. I tell you what—I would like to dance with you.

**Sally Heep:** You're massaging again. Go away.

**Alan Shore:** On the contrary. It's my own ego at play now. I'm currently being seen by others talking to a pretty woman. If I simply walk away, it'll look like I've been rejected. I'd appreciate you allowing me to save face. One dance.

**Sally Heep:** Don't mess with me.

**Alan Shore: puts down his Scotch and holds her hand, as the music changes to a slow dance rhythm** One dance.

**Sally Heep: leading the way to the dance floor, with Alan Shore's hand on the small of her back** If you mess me up, I'll totally hit you.

**Alan Shore:** I understand.

**Sally Heep: as they start dancing** I don't know what you're doing, but I don't sleep with guys right off, if that's what you're after.

Alan Shore: You already have my respect. I assure you.

**As they snuggle in to slow dance, Alan Shore's hand just sort of slides down Sally Heep's back and lands on her right buttock.**

Sally Heep: **hits him hard enough to mean business** What?

Alan Shore: I just wanted to see if you were paying attention. **snuggling in again, with hand under control**  
And I was just kidding.

Sally Heep: So was I. I think you like me.

Alan Shore: Shhh.

**Cut to:**

The Practice—Ellenor Frutt's Office

**We see Ellenor Frutt working at her desk, from the vantage point of the Common Area. She is obviously sad about the coming ending of The Practice.**