

The Practice

Season 8, Episode 4

Blessed Are They

Written by David E. Kelley

© 2003 David E. Kelley Productions. All Rights Reserved

Airdate: October 19, 2003

Transcribed by Sheri for boston-legal.org [version updated July 17, 2006]

Roland Huff's Home: Master Bedroom

Police investigators are taking photographs, dusting for prints and examining the crime scene for evidence. Nancy Huff lies, dead, on top of Richard Ward, who is also dead. They have been brutally murdered while engaging in sexual intercourse; there is blood everywhere.

Detective Bernard Nelson: You found them like that. *gesturing toward the bodies*

Tara: What do you mean? Certainly you don't think that I did it?

Detective Bernard Nelson: Miss Wilson, when you entered this room . . .

Tara: They were . . . like that.

We see Nancy Huff and Richard Ward on the bed, dead.

Roland Huff's Home—Den

Sheila Carlisle: *faraway look in her eyes* Oh, gracious Lord, we beseech you. Remember not against them the sins of their youth and of their ignorance. Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name . . .

Tara Wilson: *walking down the stairs, talking on her cell phone* The police want to talk to him, which I haven't allowed. He's in a bit of a daze, Eugene. So is Sheila, for that matter. I mean I really don't know what to do.

Eugene Young (in his car): I'm almost there. Do *not* let him speak—to anybody. Stay in the den 'til I arrive.

Tara Wilson: I think we need to get him to a doctor. Uh, well, actually maybe both of them.

Eugene Young (VO): Stay there.

Tara Wilson: Okay.

Tara Wilson ends her cell phone transmission, turns around and sits on the couch next to Roland Huff.

Tara Wilson: *sighs* Roland, look at me. In a moment, Eugene Young will be here, and he is very good at this sort of thing.

Sheila Carlisle: Blessed are those . . .

Roland Huff: I don't want to go to jail.

Tara Wilson: I can appreciate that.

Roland Huff: This is wrong, Tara. I called you here to help me, and you called the police. That's not what I asked you to do.

Tara Wilson: Roland, you shot two people.

Roland Huff: I don't wanna go to jail.

Tara Wilson: *to Sheila Carlisle:* Little help?

Sheila Carlisle: Blessed are those who are persecuted for the sake of righteousness, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they who hunger. I don't wanna go to jail. Now I lay me down to sleep. I don't wanna go to jail. Jail, jail, jail, jail.

Tara Wilson: Excellent.

[credits]

The Practice—Common Office Area

Alan Shore: Crazy how?

Tara Wilson: Mumbling prayers. She seemed totally out of it, Alan.

Jamie Stringer: Eugene wants us in.

Alan Shore: Keep this between us, okay?

Tara Wilson: Well, too late, because Eugene witnessed it when he got there.

Alan Shore: Splendid.

The Practice—Conference Room

Eugene Young: Okay, we got Roland Huff's arraignment at ten. I'll take that. Tara, since you seem to have some dialogue with the man, maybe you should come with me. Uhhh, in regard to Jeanette Martin, what's that?

Jimmy Berluti: *raising his hand* Mine. My cousin. She's a nun, suing her parish for wrongful termination. I said I'd help.

Ellenor Frutt: Why'd they fire her?

Jimmy Berluti: She's pregnant. It's a dog, I know.

Eugene Young: Reminder: Decisions on whether we take cases or not oughta be through me.

Jimmy Berluti: I'll get rid of it.

Sheila Carlisle enters, sits at the conference table.

Alan Shore: You all right?

Sheila Carlisle: Fine. Thank you for asking. Client's blasted two people last night—perhaps you heard.

Alan Shore: Yes, we spoke after. You really okay?

Sheila Carlisle: Fine. In criminal law, clients turn out to be criminals on occasion. Funny thing.

Eugene Young: Alan? Maybe you and I need to get together after this . . .

Sheila Carlisle: **interrupting; loudly** Boom!

Alan Shore winces, as everyone else startles.

Sheila Carlisle: Well, I mean, I wasn't there when the shooting happened, but I imagine it sounded something like that. Boom! Right in the chest.

The Practice—Eugene Young's Private Office

Eugene Young: We can't let her practice.

Alan Shore: Work is her best conduit to sanity.

Eugene Young: She's in there, going "Boom!"

Alan Shore: **scoffs** She's committed no malpractice.

Ellenor Frutt: Alan, we can't wait for that to happen.

Alan Shore: Don't give her cases. Please, don't take her job away—especially since this . . .

Tara Wilson: **entering** She just left.

Eugene Young: Who?

Tara Wilson: Sheila. To cover Roland's arraignment.

Eugene Young: Oh, come on.

All exit Eugene's office.

The Practice—Common Office Area

Eugene Young and Alan Shore walk past Jimmy Berluti's desk, where he is talking with Sr. Jeanette Martin, on the way out the door.

Sr. Jeanette Martin: One tiny little mistake . . .

Eugene Young: Jimmy?

Jamie Stringer rises to join them.

Tara Wilson: Uh, could you cover the phones until I get back?

Jamie Stringer: Can I cover the phones? Do I look like an assistant?

Tara Wilson: That was hostile. **exits**

Atty. Walter Pyne: Ellenor.

Ellenor Frutt: Hey, Walter.

Atty. Walter Pyne: Got a minute?

Ellenor Frutt: Sure.

They go to:

The Practice—Ellenor Frutt's Private Office

Ellenor Frutt: **closing the door behind them** What's up?

Atty. Walter Pyne: I now represent Brad Stanfield.

Ellenor Frutt: Excuse me?

Atty. Walter Pyne: He just retained me.

Ellenor Frutt: Wow. I'm surprised he could afford you.

Atty. Walter Pyne: Well, I asked for the case. What Alan Shore did here was unconscionable, and I know you share that view, which is why I've come to ask you to join me.

Ellenor Frutt: Join you in . . . ?

Atty. Walter Pyne: I brought a motion to suppress Mr. Shore's statement, as well as the ensuing statement from Mr. Stanfield's daughter, on a poisoned fruits theory. Can I count on you?

Ellenor Frutt: **crossing the room to stand behind her desk** Look, this puts me in a very difficult position.

Atty. Walter Pyne: I realize that, with Mr. Shore working here. But, at your core, you're a defense attorney, and this whole thing has to shock your conscience, as it does mine.

Ellenor Frutt: Walter, I don't want Brad Stanfield to get out. I'm embarrassed to admit this, but . . . I'm afraid of him.

Atty. Walter Pyne: Afraid of him?

Ellenor Frutt: Look, Alan Shore had a technical right to reveal what he did; plus, his conduct wasn't state action. How can you bring a motion to suppress?

Atty. Walter Pyne: I'm not here to argue the merits with you. I'm appealing to a fellow defense attorney, a fellow civil libertarian, and asking you to stand up against what you know was a constitutional atrocity.

Ellenor Frutt: I'm sorry, but I don't want him out.

Courtroom

Woman (background): People don't have any satisfaction . . .

Man (background): You know, I don't either. Not today.

Sheila Carlisle: I'm his lawyer.

Eugene Young: You're also a potential witness.

Sheila Carlisle: I didn't see anything.

Alan Shore: Sheila!

Sheila Carlisle: I didn't even hear the boom.

Alan Shore: This is a double murder trial. It's best to let Eugene handle it.

Sheila Carlisle: Why?

Alan Shore: Your experience in criminal law is limited.

Court Clerk: Commonwealth vs. Roland Huff. Double homicide.

Eugene Young and Tara Wilson walk swiftly past Alan Shore and Sheila Carlisle to face the bench.

Eugene Young: Eugene Young for the defendant. Waive reading; plead not guilty.

Sheila Carlisle: It's my first criminal, Al . . .

Alan Shore: Let Eugene do this.

Sheila Carlisle: It's not fair . . .

Alan Shore: Sheila!

Judge Harold Wallace: The defendant's ordered held without bail. Does defense want a preliminary hearing?

Eugene Young: Yes, your Honor.

Judge Harold Wallace: Uh, November 7th. Next case, please.

Court Clerk: I'll recall "John Doe." We're still waiting for a public defender on that.

Roland Huff: You need to get me out.

Eugene Young: We'll see you back in custody. Continue to say nothing to anybody.

Roland Huff is led away by a police officer.

Eugene Young: *to Tara Wilson:* Come on.

Eugene Young and Tara Wilson exit, leaving Alan Shore and Sheila Carlisle talking, oblivious to the buzz around them. A police officer escorts a man, "John Doe" with bruises obscuring his face from recognition.

Judge Harold Wallace: Mr. Shore? Mr. Anti-Trust Lawyer? I'm drafting you into the world of *pro bono* law.

Alan Shore: Excuse me?

Judge Harold Wallace: Meet your new client, "John Doe."

Alan Shore: Your Honor, I'm here on another matter.

Judge Harold Wallace: Yeah, well, now you're here on this one. See Mr. Doe in lock-up, then let's talk. Next case, please.

Alan Shore: Great.

Sheila Carlisle: I can do it.

Alan Shore: No. Sheila, go back to the office. I'll see ya there. **steps forward to talk to the prosecuting attorney** What have we got?

A.D.A. Adam Morris: Indecent exposure. Cleans toilets at the Transportation Authority, then gratifies himself. I'm not making it up.

While Alan Shore and A.D.A. Adam Morris are discussing their case, a police officer escorts Mitchell Penner into the courtroom.

Court Clerk: 3216: Commonwealth vs. Mitchell Penner. Felony count of mishandling a corpse.

A.D.A. Adam Morris: **handling Alan Shore a manila folder** Here's the file. Uh, that's also mine, your Honor.

Judge Harold Wallace: Did you say, "Mishandling a corpse?"

Court Clerk nods as:

A.D.A. Adam Morris: The defendant is a taxidermist. Police received a report from one of his employees that he was stuffing a human head. Now, in that this could develop into a murder case, we'd ask that Mr. Penner be held without bail.

Judge Harold Wallace: Are you represented, sir?

Mitchell Penner: **shaking his head** No. I—I can't really afford a lawyer.

Sheila Carlisle: *raising her hand and stepping forward to volunteer* Sheila Carlisle, your Honor. I'll do it.

Alan Shore: *arising; in horror* Dear God!

Sheila Carlisle: The Commonwealth wishes to charge murder, let them do so, but to hold my client without bail on—what is it?—felony head-stuffing?

Alan Shore: Sheila . . .

Sheila Carlisle: *holding up an index finger to Alan Shore* One second. I'm not even sure a law's been broken here.

Alan Shore: Sheila . . .

Sheila Carlisle: Shh.

A.D.A. Adam Morris: Massachusetts requires all bodies and portions thereof to be buried, entombed or cremated.

Sheila Carlisle: The law also allows that citizens may will their body parts to family members or learning institutes for study. I refer you to MGLA 113, Section 10.

A.D.A. Adam Morris: You're talking about organ donation.

Sheila Carlisle: No, you are. The language is silent on that, suggesting a conflict of legislative intent over whether or not the living may determine how their bodies are used after death.

A.D.A. Adam Morris: There's no conflict here.

Sheila Carlisle: I'd also call your Honor's attention to a Pennsylvania case, Commonwealth vs. Brown, where a defendant invoked the First Amendment, claiming he was using body remains as art.

Judge Harold Wallace: Whose head was it, Mr. Penner?

Sheila Carlisle: *holding up a finger to Mitchell Penner* Don't answer that.

Judge Harold Wallace: Counsel, if he doesn't answer, I'm not granting him bail.

Sheila Carlisle: Surely your Honor doesn't mean to leverage bail against my client's Fifth Amendment rights?

A.D.A. Adam Morris: He won't even tell us where the head is, your Honor!

Judge Harold Wallace: Mr. Penner stays in custody until he reveals whose head it is and where it is. ***bangs gavel***

Court Lock-up Area

Alan Shore is talking to "John Doe," who is behind bars.

Alan Shore: The police beat you up?

"John Doe": Yes.

Alan Shore: Who are you, sir?

"John Doe": Never mind that. You tell them, if they don't drop the charges, I'll file a brutality claim.

Alan Shore: I'm not sure that's a winner.

"John Doe": You need to get me out.

Alan Shore: Mr. Doe, I can probably get you released, but not without your identity.

"John Doe": Well, they ran my prints; they know I have no record.

Alan Shore: Even so, given your infraction . . .

"John Doe": Please, get me out.

Alan Shore nods.

Jailhouse Consult Room

Roland Huff: I started getting very angry feelings when she told me . . . she told me my children weren't really mine. Then I started feelin' funny. I didn't like how I was feeling at all.

Eugene Young: Okay. First thing, we're gonna have you meet with some doctors. The most logical . . .

Roland Huff: I don't like it when I feel like that.

Eugene Young: Roland, listen to me here. The likelihood is that we'll plead insanity . . .

Roland Huff: They were fornicating in my bed again.

Eugene Young: I understand. But it's very important that you don't talk to anybody but us and the people we say it's okay to talk to. Now, we're in it for the long-haul here, but we have good legal options. Do not compromise them by speaking to anybody, not even fellow prisoners, who might seem sympathetic. Are you clear?

Roland Huff: I still love her, you know? Shot her. But I love her.

The Practice—Common Office Area

Eugene Young: She took a case.

Alan Shore: She ran up and got herself appointed, Eugene. I couldn't stop her.

Eugene Young: What do you mean, you couldn't stop her? Wha . . . ?

Alan Shore: The judge assigned me a case. While I was dealing with that, she dashed up and got one of her own.

Eugene Young: What kind of case?

Alan Shore: Mishandling a corpse. She was surprisingly current on the law, by the way, which . . .

Eugene Young: And what's your case?

Alan Shore: Serial toilet cleaner.

Eugene Young turns away, flustered. Jamie Stringer is sitting right there, at her desk, as he does.

Eugene Young: Jamie, are you free to back Sheila?

Jamie Stringer: Actually, no. I have a settlement conference.

Eugene Young: Jimmy?

Jimmy Berluti: Can't. I have a twelve o'clock meeting with a Mother Superior.

Eugene Young: Tara?

Tara Wilson: Me?

Eugene Young: Uh, huh.

Eugene Young takes Tara Wilson aside, and they talk in low voices.

Eugene Young: How crazy is she?

Tara Wilson: Well, in the courtroom, she's been nothing short of brilliant. But seeing dead bodies can rattle a person, especially if you feel somewhat responsible.

Eugene Young: And why would she feel responsible?

Tara Wilson: 'Cause Roland was dropping little clues about his anger, and it's possible that we should have seen it coming. It might have pushed Sheila over the edge a little.

Eugene Young: And how are you dealing with it?

Tara Wilson: Me? I'm fine.

A phone rings; Tara Wilson picks it up.

Tara Wilson: Uh, Young, Frutt and Berluti? *pause* Please hold. *pushes HOLD button* Jamie? Do you mind taking calls if they're for you?

Jamie Stringer: You know, you and I are going to need to steal a little private time.

Tara Wilson: I'd love that.

Jamie Stringer picks up her phone.

Jailhouse Consult Room

Sheila Carlisle: The problem is that you've broken three separate laws, Mitchell.

Mitchell Penner: They can't prove it was a human head. It's the word of one disgruntled employee.

Sheila Carlisle: Was it human? You can tell me; I'm your lawyer. Mitchell, are we dealing with a human head here?

Mitchell Penner: Yes.

Sheila Carlisle: Okay. And can we rule out foul play?

Mitchell Penner: She died of a coronary. I have the death certificate. It's my mother.

Sheila Carlisle: How'd you get your mother's head?

Mitchell Penner: I dug her up.

Sheila Carlisle: Why?

Mitchell Penner: Because I don't think it honors a person to stick her head in dirt. If I tell them it's my mother, they'll find her and take her away.

Sheila Carlisle: And where is she?

Mitchell Penner: My den. She's mounted on the wall.

Sheila Carlisle: They're gonna get a warrant, Mitchell. It's only a matter of time before they find her.

Mitchell Penner: Then you need to help me. Her head . . . is all I have left of her. Please don't let them take her away from me. Please.

Courthouse Hallway

A.D.A. Adam Morris: Look, I'd love to help you, but I can't let the guy go if I don't even know his identity.

Alan Shore: What if he pays court costs?

A.D.A. Adam Morris: We need his name, and you know that.

Courthouse Consult Room

"John Doe": No.

Alan: Then they're gonna hold you.

"John Doe": Indefinitely?

Alan: Yes.

"John Doe": I have a family. Kids. They're gonna think I'm dead or something!

Alan: Why don't you call them?

"John Doe" shakes his head.

Alan: Look. Tell *me* your name. That stays privileged. I'll get probation to run it under the pretext I'm looking for something else, and if you don't have a record . . .

"John Doe": I don't.

Alan Shore: Maybe I can go to the D.A. and vouch for you.

"John Doe": They'll take your word?

Alan Shore: Well, that would be the challenge. But it's certainly worth a try.

"John Doe" shakes his head.

Alan Shore: John—or whatever your name is—for me to help you, you have to trust me.

"John Doe": My name is Russell . . . Fosterling. I'm an investment banker; one of considerable . . . **scoffs** . . . prestige. **looks down, ashamed**

Alan Shore: Mr. Fosterling, why do you like to clean toilets?

"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling: I just like to clean. **hides his face with his hands, again looking down**

Alan Shore: Did the guards beat you up?

"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling: No. I did it to myself. **choking back tears** I was so ashamed. I wanted to make myself unrecognizable at arraignment. I'm begging you, Mr. Shore. Please, get me out before . . . My life will be over if this becomes public. Please.

The Practice—Ellenor Frutt's Office

Jamie Stringer closes the door, and turns to talk with Ellenor Frutt.

Jamie Stringer: Walter Pyne is representing him?

Ellenor Frutt: Yes.

Jamie Stringer: Motion to suppress? This isn't state action.

Ellenor Frutt: That's what I said. You don't actually think he could get out, do you?

Jamie Stringer: Ellenor, even if . . . he's not a danger to you.

Ellenor Frutt: There's something . . . He said that he would be walking away. Like he knew it. That it was the beginning—that we were in each other's lives. It just shot through me.

Jamie Stringer: Ellenor, he's not getting out.

Ellenor Frutt nods.

The Practice—Common Office Area

Tara Wilson: You think you're funny.

Alan Shore: Well, I amuse myself, Tara, but I'll . . .

Tara Wilson: **angry** Don't amuse yourself at my desk, Alan.

Eugene Young: What's going on?

Tara Wilson: He downloaded some sexually deviant website and left it there for me to see.

Alan Shore: It's part of a file. And it's research.

Tara Wilson: Research?

Alan Shore: Yes, on a case. I didn't mean to leave it there for you to see.

Tara Wilson: Well, then why couldn't you do it at your own desk?

Alan Shore: Because *my* desk is across town in a corner office with a spectacular view. And, besides, I like *your* desk. **clicks his tongue**

Eugene Young, Alan Shore and Tara Wilson stare intensely at each other.

Alan Shore: It's research! **takes a swallow of coffee from his mug**

Tara Wilson angrily walks to her desk and sits down. Eugene Young glares at Alan Shore, then walks to his office, stopping at Tara Wilson's desk as he does.

Eugene Young: My office a second.

The Practice—Eugene Young's Office

Tara Wilson and Eugene Young enter; Eugene Young closes the door.

Eugene Young: You seem wound a little tight. Before this, you were going after Jamie.

Tara Wilson: Why? Is she off limits?

Eugene Young: You saw two homicide victims last night.

Tara Wilson: **too quickly** I'm fine.

Eugene Young: Yeah, I know you're fine. I know all about being fine. When I was a private detective, I saw a lot of gruesome stuff, and the only constant was that I was fine. It catches up to you, Tara. Take my word on that. Now, you have a support system in this office. I hope you know that.

Tara Wilson: **softly** Thank you.

Eugene Young: I'd like to keep you on Roland's case. Do you think you're up to it?

Tara Wilson: So you can recuse me as a witness?
Eugene Young: No, because I can use you. Do you think you're up to it?
Tara Wilson: *happy, if a bit surprised* Yes! Thank you.
Jamie Stringer: *walking in jauntily* What was that about?
Eugene Young: It was about Tara. You need somethin'?
Jamie Stringer: *miffed, shaking her head* No. *exits*
Eugene Young goes back to the paperwork on his desk.

Mitchell Penner's House

Sheila Carlisle enters via the front door, closes the door, and goes into the den, searching for Mrs. Penner's head. She spots the head on the wall, among antique plates that are also suspended from the wall. She smiles and steps toward the head on the wall.

The Practice—Common Office Area

Tara Wilson: What do you mean, you know her?
Sheila Carlisle: I do. I've known her all my life. What's more, she just came to me *again*, two nights ago.
Eugene Young enters.
Tara Wilson: Eugene?
Eugene Young: What's wrong?
Sheila Carlisle: Oh, nothing. Everything's wonderful!
Tara Wilson: The head stuffed by Sheila's taxidermist client is actually the head of Sainte . . .
Tara Wilson & Sheila Carlisle (in unison): Ste. Catherine.
Tara Wilson: A saint that has been visiting Sheila much of her life. She recognized it.
Eugene Young: Y—you saw the head.
Sheila Carlisle: Yes, and we cannot let her fall into the hands of the state. She's in your office.
Eugene Young: What do you mean, she's in my office? The head is in my office?
Sheila Carlisle: Yeah!
Eugene Young, Sheila Carlisle, and Tara Wilson march into:

The Practice—Eugene Young's Office

Jimmy Berluti joins Eugene Young, Sheila Carlisle and Tara Wilson. They all look up at Mitchell Penner's Mother's head.

Sheila Carlisle: I'm sorry, but it was the environment with the highest stature, at least in this firm, where I'd like to maintain her. She'll watch over us, Eugene. She can watch over all of us.

Jailhouse

Alan Shore is behind bars, talking with "John Doe"/Russell Fosterling.

Alan Shore: You would pay full court costs; plead guilty.
"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling: So, it goes on my record.
Alan Shore: Yes, but the D.A. has agreed to make a joint recommendation that the conviction be sealed. The judge still has to approve, but . . .
"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling: I have to give the D.A. my name.
Alan Shore: Yes. You committed a crime; you have to have a record, but it'll be sealed. As long as you don't commit another crime, it'll stay sealed.
"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling looks skeptical.
Alan Shore: Mr. Fosterling, it is your best "out." It's also the very best I can do.
"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling: My face. What will I tell people?
Alan Shore: That you were mugged, or in an accident and hospitalized—whatever you want to tell them. **cell phone rings** Uh. I apologize. **answers cell phone** Hello? **pause** What? **pause** Whose head?

Judge Patrick Wilcox's Courtroom

Atty. Walter Pyne: For double jeopardy to be undone here is ludicrous. Attorney-client privilege is the oldest of all common-law privileges.
A.D.A. Mark Campbell: **as Bradley Stanfield exchanges looks with Ellenor Frutt** Mr. Pyne is ignoring Rule One Point Six B One—one which allows disclosure of privileged information to prevent the wrongful incarceration of another. In this case . . .
Atty. Walter Pyne: I don't ignore it. I say it doesn't apply. Rule One Point Six B One just . . .
A.D.A. Mark Campbell: **pointing to Bradley Stanfield** This man killed his pregnant wife and then . . .

Atty. Walter Pyne: I object to that button being pushed as if it were a point of law. And, while we're talking about fraud, your Honor, Mr. Stanfield may very well have duped his lawyer, and all the players in his trial, but Alan Shore defrauded our criminal justice system—a much more egregious transgression . . .

A.D.A. Mark Campbell: Mr. Stanfield orchestrated a mistrial. He played his attorneys to approach the judge as officers of the court. He used them as conduits to defraud the system Mr. Pyne holds so dear. Brad Stanfield walked free as a double murderer, while his ten-year-old daughter was put in jail.

Atty. Walter Pyne: Since Alan Shore didn't like that, he said, "To hell with the rules. To hell with attorney-client privilege." If this court says okay to that, the Sixth Amendment right to counsel is obliterated.

Judge Patrick Wilcox: Mr. Stanfield. Stand up.

Bradley Stanfield arises.

Judge Patrick Wilcox: I want to know *exactly* what you said to Ms. Frutt.

Bradley Stanfield: Forgive me, your Honor, but privilege may not extend to what I say to you in open court.

Judge Patrick Wilcox: You seem to be quite savvy on the law, sir.

Bradley Stanfield: I certainly understand the Sixth Amendment, and I relied on it when talking to Ellenor Frutt.

Judge Patrick Wilcox: Did you rely on Ms. Frutt to act as an officer of the court to help carry out your fraud?

Bradley Stanfield: I relied on her to uphold the law to her best ability, as I rely on you to do so now.

The Practice—Common Office Area

Alan Shore enters.

Alan Shore: Where is she?

Tara Wilson: Eugene's office with her shrine.

Eugene Young: Alan?

Alan Shore: I'm on it.

The Practice—Eugene Young's Office

Sheila Carlisle is contemplating "Ste. Catherine." Alan enters; closes the door.

Alan Shore: Sheila?

Sheila Carlisle: Look at her, Alan. Isn't she incredible?

Alan Shore: I don't have the words.

Sheila Carlisle: When I was a very young girl, she used to come to me in visions. She used to give me advice, and watch over me. Then she went away. Three years ago, she appeared to me again. Oh, her name's Catherine; she's a saint.

Alan Shore: Sheila, it's a head.

Sheila Carlisle: She looks at home in this room. **looks angrily at Alan Shore** Doesn't she look at home?

Alan Shore: **pauses to consider, then slowly shakes his head** Okay. Visions and wanderings—headless—completely aside, MGLA 114, Section 43M does not permit her display here. Plus you have a client in custody, who, I believe needs this as evidence to support his . . .

Sheila Carlisle: The complainant witness ID'ed my client's deceased mother. The death certificate confirmed natural causes. My client was cleared of homicide. We paid the fine, pled guilty, accepted probation. He's home, happy his mother is in a place of honor.

Alan Shore: But you're committing a crime now.

Sheila Carlisle: Technically, I'm studying her, pursuant to Chapter 113, Section 10.

Alan Shore: You're not a learning institution. This is a health code violation, and under Chapter 272, Section 71, Chapter 7 . . .

Sheila Carlisle: You're making Her angry! Get out!

Alan Shore: You're off on the law, Sheila.

Sheila Carlisle: Get out!

Alan Shore: You're off on the law, Sheila.

Sheila Carlisle: **shrieking** Get out!!

Alan Shore: **stepping forward, lowering his voice** I need you to be a good lawyer here.

Sheila Carlisle: **quietly; shaking her head** Catherine doesn't want that right now.

Sheila Carlisle meets Alan Shore's glare, then her gaze returns to Mitchell Penner's Mother's head.

The Practice—Eugene Young's Office

Sheila Carlisle: I don't think she likes being draped.

Alan Shore: I draped her, Sheila, because I need you to look at *me* now.

Sheila Carlisle focuses on Alan Shore.

Alan Shore: Sheila, without arguing the merits of our separate realities, I represented to the people here that *yours* would not interfere with their practice. In fact, I went so far as to say once you entered the arena of law, your sensibilities were beyond reproach. **shaking his head** I can no longer say that, Sheila. I no longer believe it. You are incompetent to practice.

Sheila Carlisle: Do I not win my cases? All of them? Even this one? I got a good result for my client, who is very pleased.

Alan Shore: I spoke to your doctor . . .

Sheila Carlisle: **interrupting** On whose authority?

Alan Shore: **continuing** And he thinks your situation has been exacerbated by trauma. He strongly believes you need to be on medication.

Sheila Carlisle: That doesn't work for me.

Alan Shore: Sheila . . .

Sheila Carlisle: That does *not* work for me.

Alan Shore: Then you need to leave. **shakes his head** You can't work here.

Sheila Carlisle: **near tears** I feel like I just settled in.

Alan Shore: **bends toward her, takes her hand in his** You are a dear friend, and I love you, but unless you get treatment . . .

Sheila Carlisle: **smiling** Please, just give it a week. You watch. Catherine will bless all of us—I promise you.

Alan Shore: **puts her hand down as he pats it and sits back in his chair** You need to leave here.

Sheila Carlisle: **resolved** Then I'll go.

Alan Shore: Sheila . . .

Sheila Carlisle: **indignant** I'm going, Alan.

Judge Patrick Wilcox's Courtroom

Bailiff: Be seated.

Judge Patrick Wilcox: I have studied Rule One Point Six, and it does indeed allow for lawyers to violate privilege to prevent the wrongful incarceration of another. No lawyer has ever done this before, but the rule is there, which suspect saved Mr. Shore from disbarment. To use the disclosed information in a subsequent trial, however—I agree with Mr. Pyne—there's no authority for that. I also agree the Sixth Amendment would be meaningless if we let lawyers give evidence against their clients. Mr. Shore's statement is quashed . . .

Ellenor Frutt and the visitors are disappointed.

Judge Patrick Wilcox: **as Mr. Pyne and A.D.A. Mark Campbell react** . . . as is that of Mr. Stanfield's daughter, which constitutes poisonous fruits. The question becomes do we then just re-try Mr. Stanfield with the old evidence. That seems to make sense. The problem is overturning double jeopardy here would still rely on giving Mr. Shore's disclosure legal teeth, and due process just won't allow me to do that.

Ellenor Frutt shakes her head.

Judge Patrick Wilcox: I'm holding that double jeopardy, therefore, attaches to the first mistrial. As a matter of law, Mr. Stanfield cannot be tried twice for the same crimes. He is, therefore, free to go.

The visitors groan, while Ellenor Frutt shakes her head and looks somewhat frightened. Bradley Stanfield and Atty. Walter Pyne look pleased. A.D.A. Mark Campbell looks very disappointed. Atty. Walter Pyne shakes hands with Bradley Stanfield, who locks eyes with Ellenor Frutt. Ellenor rises to walk out, and is stopped by Atty. Walter Pyne.

Atty. Walter Pyne: Ellenor . . .

Ellenor Frutt: I'm not gonna make a scene. **To Bradley Stanfield:** You won. Congratulations. This is the final chapter, Brad. Story over. You and I are *not* in each other's lives.

Bradley Stanfield: No hard feelings, Ellenor.

Bradley Stanfield holds out his hand to shake hers; she declines to take his hand.

Bradley Stanfield: If you can't take my hand, Ellenor, how can I trust we've resolved our differences?

Ellenor Frutt takes his hand to shake; he puts his second hand on top of their joined hands.

Bradley Stanfield: If I should be sued civilly, I will, of course, expect that you not to give testimony against me. *That* would open up another chapter.

Atty. Walter Pyne: All right, friend.

Atty. Walter Pyne escorts Bradley Stanfield away, as we hear reporters asking questions directed at him and Ellenor Frutt—the questions run together, as they are all shouted in unison.

Bradley Stanfield: Obviously, I'm gratified we have a judicial system that values the constitution as intended by our Founding Fathers. It's rewarding to see the court prioritize those principles over the . . . the lawlessness of one aberrant attorney.

Another cacophony of questions being asked by reporters, as Ellenor stares into space, deep in thought.

Jailhouse Consult Room

Roland Huff: I don't think I can survive in this place.

Eugene Young: We're gonna try to get you the fastest trial date possible.

Roland Huff: Before Christmas? I need to be with my kids for Christmas. C—can they get me bail for Christmas? For my kids' sake. They have no mother.

Eugene Young: Well, that appeal usually doesn't work for the defendant who killed the mother.

Roland Huff: **looks down** Am I ever gonna get out?

Eugene Young: What we propose is to argue insanity. And we think we can make a strong case there.

Roland Huff: Tell me you'll get me out. I need to know I'll get out.

Eugene Young: Roland . . .

Tara Wilson: We're going to get you out.

Roland Huff: You . . . you promise?

Tara Wilson looks to Eugene Young.

Eugene Young: We promise.

Judge Harold Wallace's Chambers

Judge Harold Wallace: You understand, if you violate probation, we *can* go back and impose time.

"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling: Yes, sir.

Judge Harold Wallace: You're getting an enormous break here, Mr. Fosterling. For this matter to be sealed—you're very fortunate. This is a special favor.

"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling: I appreciate that, your Honor.

Judge Harold Wallace: Why do you clean toilets and then . . . ? If I may ask?

Alan Shore: I don't think that's relevant, your Honor.

Judge Harold Wallace: It's relevant to me.

Alan Shore and A.D.A. Adam Morris bow their heads.

"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling: It was for . . . personal reasons.

Alan Shore shakes his head.

Judge Harold Wallace: Personal reasons. It's a bit different from your anti-trust clients, huh, Mr. Shore?

Alan Shore lifts his head to meet Judge Harold Wallace's gaze.

Judge Harold Wallace: Can you look at me, sir?

"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling lifts his head to meet Judge Harold Wallace's gaze.

Judge Harold Wallace: It won't get out.

Courthouse Hallway Outside of Judge Harold Wallace's Chambers

The Judge's door opens, and "John Doe"/Russell Fosterling exits chambers ahead of Alan Shore, who closes the door behind them, then heads Fosterling off.

"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling: I appreciate your help. Certainly I expect to pay you for your services.

Alan Shore: **walking to a bench, on which he places his briefcase, then takes out a book** Mr. Fosterling, I have a book. It's a case study—diagnostic statistical manual of behavioral anomalies. And there's a case in here—it talks about a person being sexually stimulated by men's rooms. It's included in a section: "Paraphilia, not otherwise specified." I offer you this because I detect a fair amount of self-loathing and . . . I don't think you're sick, Mr. Fosterling. I think you're peculiar, but . . . a lot of us are *quite* peculiar. And maybe with a little help, you could find a way to continue to enjoy yourself that doesn't make you *hate* yourself. Anyway . . . **shrugs and hands the book to "John Doe"/Russell Fosterling** I give you the book . . . **"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling takes the book from him . . . and I wish you well. shakes "John Doe"/Russell Fosterling's hand, and begins to walk away**

"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling: Mr. Shore?

Alan Shore turns back to face "John Doe"/Russell Fosterling.

"John Doe"/Russell Fosterling: Thank you.

Alan Shore nods with a small smile, then exits.

The Practice—Conference Room

Eugene Young: Not just this jurisdiction or First Circuit. I wanna see every insanity case in the country where jealousy was the motivating factor. Tara, I want you to focus on the legal research. Jamie, you start lining up doctors. I wanna move fast on this, because I don't think Roland's gonna hold out well in jail. Jamie, for fund, I want you to go through the incident reports, forensics. Give me an opinion as to whether we got any shot on the elements. No sense going insanity if we don't have to. We all clear?

Tara Wilson and Jamie Stringer nod in agreement with him.

Eugene Young: Good.

Jamie Stringer: I have a couple sites I can give you to get you started. **rises, and starts to exit**

Tara Wilson: Thanks. Ah, Jamie?

Jamie Stringer turns around to face Tara Wilson.

Tara Wilson: Sorry. Ah, from . . . It's been one of those weeks.

Jamie Stringer: I get it. Listen, if you need to talk, try Ellenor. **exits**

Tara Wilson smiles.

The Practice—Eugene Young's Office

Sheila Carlisle: They took it. They just marched in here and seized it. Can you believe it?

Alan Shore: Well, you don't actually need the head of Ste. Catherine, do you? It's her spirit that matters most.

Sheila Carlisle: You really think I'm nuts, don'tcha?

Alan Shore: **smiling** You've had your moments. Sometimes I envy the world you live in.

Sheila Carlisle: You're so sweet.

Alan Shore smiles a little and shakes his head.

Sheila Carlisle: Sometimes I think you and I would make for great lovers.

Alan Shore: **smiling** You're not getting out of my life now, Sheila—only this office. You and I will still . . . **he smiles sadly again** I'm always here for you.

Sheila Carlisle steps slowly forward until they are very close, then gently places a hand on Alan Shore's neck and kisses him. She pulls away, and drops her hand.

Sheila Carlisle: Well, guess I better go. **adjusts her tote bag on her shoulder** Say goodbye to the group? **snugs her jacket closer around her**

Alan Shore: Yeah.

Alan Shore, in a very courtly gesture, holds out his hand to take Sheila Carlisle's, escorting her to the door, and opening it for her.

The Practice—Common Office Area

Sheila Carlisle walks out of Eugene Young's Office, Alan Shore behind her. Jimmy Berluti, Eugene Young, and Tara Wilson look at her in anticipation.

Sheila Carlisle: Don't everybody look so sad. I'll be . . .

Jamie Stringer also looks up from her desk.

Sheila Carlisle: Thank you so much. You've all been incredibly generous with me, and **looks at Tara Wilson** Tara, I loved trying our case together.

Tara Wilson nods.

Sheila Carlisle: Eugene . . .

He looks at her.

Sheila Carlisle: You're a good boss.

Jimmy Berluti is trying not to stare at her for more than 8 seconds.

Sheila Carlisle: Jimmy, hang in there with your nun case, okay? Though the Church can dismiss her under Canon Law, the fact is, they often don't dismiss priests for having sex, which means, in truth, they're probably firing her for being pregnant, which is a direct violation of Title VII. Klein vs. Catholic Diocese of Toledo.

Jimmy Berluti: Thanks.

Eugene Young rolls his eyes—he thought he told Jimmy to drop that case!

Sheila Carlisle: Anyway, you are all such kind and charitable people, and though I haven't known you long, I will miss you.

Jamie Stringer smiles.

Sheila Carlisle: **turns to Alan Shore** We'll stay in touch, right?

Alan Shore: We shall.

Sheila Carlisle exits, leaving Jimmy Berluti, Eugene Young, Jamie Stringer, and Alan Shore deep in thought.