

The Practice
The Heat of Passion
Season 8, Episode 5
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Jamie Stringer is getting dressed while talking to Eugene Young in his bathroom.

Jamie Stringer: Eugene, I'm a person who believes in admitting my wrongs. But is it really, really such a big deal that I mistakenly used your toothbrush?

Eugene Young: First, we've had this conversation before, so how do you mistakenly use my toothbrush? Second, it is my toothbrush, used to clean my mouth. And I like the bristle dry. Third, I never said it was such a big deal--

Jamie Stringer: I can promise you that your bristle won't be getting wet tonight.

Eugene Young: Oh really? *(the phone rings, Eugene answers)*

Eugene Young: Hello. Now? I mean, it's half past seven. Fine. *(hangs up)* Judge Fox wants to see me in her chambers.

Jamie Stringer: Now?

Inside Judge Rudy Fox's chambers.

Judge Rudy Fox: I'm an early riser. I can see you're not.

Eugene Young: What's going on?

Judge Rudy Fox: You have a new client, Mr. Young. His name is Jonathan Macklin. His trial begins next week. Hence, time is of the essence.

Eugene Young: Jonathan Macklin. The one in the news?

Judge Rudy Fox: The very one. File's been sent over to your office. We'll schedule a conference for—

Eugene Young: I pass.

Judge Rudy Fox: I'm not giving you that option.

Eugene Young: Jon Macklin is a racist.

Judge Rudy Fox: Also a defendant.

Eugene Young: And a white supremacist. The victim was black. Is that why you picked me, because I'm black?

Judge Rudy Fox: I picked you because his current lawyer is over his head. And you're one of the best criminal defense attorneys I know. And you're black. Mr. Macklin asked for you by name.

Eugene Young: He asked for me?

Judge Rudy Fox: I don't much like being the judge on this any more than you enjoy being the attorney. Let's just give him the fairest trial we can, and eliminate at least one possible grounds for appeal.

Eugene Young: Your Honor sounds biased.

Judge Rudy Fox: Your Honor will remain impartial and guarantee the defendant a fair trial. Speaking personally, I hate the bastard. Meet your new client, and let's get going.

Theme.

Eugene Young, Ellenor Frutt, Jimmy Berluti, Jamie Stringer and Alan Shore are sitting around a conference table at a staff meeting.

Ellenor Frutt: You took the case?

Eugene Young: I was ordered to take it. It's not like I had a choice. Jimmy, I want you with me.

Jimmy Berluti: No. No, no—

Eugene Young: Ellenor, can you cover for me on Roland Huff?

Ellenor Frutt: Actually, I can't. I—

Eugene Young: Alan, get the file from Tara. If you need help, get it. This is a murder case. Jimmy, let's go.

Alan Shore: If I need help...*puts down his newspaper as the meeting breaks and everyone leaves the table.*

Tara Wilson: Jamie. Melissa Kenner. *hands a file to Jamie*

Jamie Stringer: Who's Melissa Kenner?

Tara Wilson: You inherited her from Rebecca Washington. She's been on your schedule.

Jamie Stringer: Oh, where is she now?

Tara Wilson: I put her in Eugene's office.

Alan Shore: Tara, I'll need the file on Roland Huff, please.

Tara Wilson: Why?

Alan Shore: Why? Because I'm now handling it. Is that a problem?

Tara Wilson: I'll get the file.

Alan Shore: I'm assuming it won't be a problem. We're both adults. We should be able to suppress our respective urges. Would I be wrong?

Tara Wilson: I find an urge to be much like a thirst. Suppression is best achieved by quenching.

Alan Shore: You'll bring me the file personally?

Tara Wilson: Would you like it personally?

Inside Eugene Young's office, Jamie Stringer is meeting with Melissa Kenner.

Melissa Kenner: We were on our way to Kingston to see my parents. Amanda's never met her grandparents.

Jamie Stringer: Amanda's your daughter?

Melissa Kenner: Miss Washington didn't tell you any of this?

Jamie Stringer: Oh, well, she did. But it was awhile ago and I should get it from you, anyhow.

Melissa Kenner: Okay. Well, we had just boarded here at Logan. I'd been on the plane maybe ten minutes when suddenly airport security comes and tells me I have to get off.

Jamie Stringer: Why?

Melissa Kenner: Because I was too fat to fly. Rebecca didn't tell you that part?

Jamie Stringer: No, she did, she did. Who specifically asked you to leave?

Melissa Kenner: The flight attendant. I was "encroaching." That's the word she used. She said I was invading the seat next to me. The flight was full. They needed the space. Voices got raised. It was awful.

Jamie Stringer: And this happened in front of the other passengers?

Melissa Kenner: Never mind other people. In front of my daughter. And then, people started yelling for me to get off. I paid for my ticket like anyone else. I told her I wasn't goin' anywhere. So they had security drag me out.

Jamie Stringer: You were physically removed?

Melissa Kenner: You don't know my case at all!

Jamie Stringer: I do, but—

Melissa Kenner: Miss Washington barely returned my calls, then she fobs it off on you and now you don't know the first thing about it. I should make a complaint. That's what I should do.

Jamie Stringer: Melissa—

Melissa Kenner: It's not like I'm asking for much, just my fare back, plus maybe a little somethin'. But you people can't be bothered, can you?

Jamie Stringer: Melissa, I'm on the case. Okay?

Jimmy Berluti and Eugene Young arrive at the jail cell of Jonathan Macklin.

Eugene Young: Jon Macklin?

Jonathan Macklin: Jonathan. Thank you for coming.

Eugene Young: This is James Berluti. He works with me.

Jonathan Macklin: Well thank you both so much for taking my case.

Eugene Young: We were ordered to.

Jonathan Macklin: Yes, well, I understand your reluctance. Please, sit. ***Jimmy sits, Eugene remains standing and staring at Macklin.*** You're aware that the prosecution intends to paint me as a racial extremist. By hiring you, I hope to undercut that assertion.

Eugene Young: As accurate as that may be.

Jonathan Macklin: I'm an educator, Mr. Young. Nothing more. My mission is to help people to improve their lives.

Eugene Young: White people.

Jonathan Macklin: Yes. My people. I run a youth outreach program to help troubled teens. I help the unemployed reverse their misfortune. My church exists, you see, to aid the disenfranchised. To restore to them what is rightfully theirs.

Jimmy Berluti: Even if it means committing murder to do it.

Jonathan Macklin: I am not involved in any murder, Mr. Berluti. I would encourage you to study my teachings. I am not a violent man.

Eugene Young: The shooter says you ordered him to kill.

Jonathan Macklin: The shooter, Mr. Daniel Grant, came to us as a runaway. We gave him work. A sense of purpose. Now evidently he's finding some purpose in implicating me in a crime I had no part of.

Eugene Young: His motive being?

Jonathan Macklin: Well, I have many enemies, Mr. Young. The FBI taps my phone. State police track my people everywhere. My beliefs have made me a target, and I think I've been set up. They couldn't get to me legally, so they've done it illegally, using Mr. Grant. Now you can believe what you want to about me, Mr. Young. But if you look at the evidence, you won't believe that I committed this crime. I'm asking for your help. Will you help me?

Jamie Stringer is at her desk, with the phone to her ear, but talking to Ellenor Frutt as she walks by.

Jamie Stringer: Is there a reason all of Rebecca's cases have been dumped on me?

Ellenor Frutt: First of all, they didn't all get dumped on you.

Jamie Stringer: *suddenly speaking into the phone* Yes. No, I'm waiting for Mr. Ashford. **Switches her attention back to Ellenor.** Is there a reason I have to place all my own calls? Does Tara not work here?

Ellenor Frutt: She's meeting with Roland. And for what it's worth the case you refer to as being dumped on you sounds like a good one. Jamie, the airline just threw her off. With her daughter.

Jamie Stringer: **Attention back to the phone and holding up a "wait a second" finger to Ellenor.** Yes. Mr. Ashford, my name is Jamie Stringer and I represent Melissa Kenner. Kenner. Melissa—no, *my* name is Jamie.

Ellenor shakes her head and walks away. Jamie, still on the phone, looks puzzled and starts flipping through papers.

Tara Wilson and Alan Shore are talking to Roland Huff in the prison visitor area, talking through the glass.

Alan Shore: Roland, I want you to tell me everything that happened. You entered the house. Then what?

Tara Wilson: One second. **She pulls Alan away from the glass for a private conversation.** Is that wise? Whatever he tells us, we're stuck with. Suppose we should want to argue the elements? Better for him not to tell us?

Alan Shore: That may be true, but...I'm dying to know. Aren't you?

Tara Wilson: Okay, look—

Alan Shore: We're arguing insanity. For that we need to—**Alan pushes a stray strand of Tara's hair behind her ear**—we need to know what happened. Exactly. **Alan turns back to the window to address Roland.**

Sorry to keep you waiting. Now, you came through the door. Then what?

Roland Huff: Well, I heard a sound. The same sound.

Alan Shore: Which sound was that?

Roland Huff: The bed. And I knew what they were doing, so I went up there. **As Roland is recalling the incident, we're watching it in black and white.** This time they didn't see me at first. They just kept going. And then I saw her look. She looked at me like she expected me to walk in on them and she was doing it all for my benefit. She had this look in her eye. Until she saw the gun. Then I can't remember what happened. They started saying something, but I couldn't hear it. Their mouths were moving, but I don't remember hearing anything. I just keep seeing the look in her eye when she saw me. Watching me watch her. Then I guess I shot the gun. Twice. Then the bed stopped squeaking. And everything stopped. **We see Roland in present moment again, and he's methodically banging his fist on the table in front of him.**

Alan Shore: May I ask, where did the gun come from?

Roland Huff: I kept it locked in the den. When I heard the bed, I knew. And I grabbed it. I loved her too much, I guess. I had to shoot her. **Roland is still banging his fist.**

Jamie Stringer is meeting with the airline's counsel in his conference room.

Jamie Stringer: Look, I don't think your client really wants the publicity. A big airline physically removes a peaceful passenger who paid her fare, because she's fat?

Attorney Evan Ashford: Well, I could argue the merits.

Jamie Stringer: You have them?

Attorney Evan Ashford: Actually, yes. She was taking up another passenger's seat. A passenger who was also peaceful and had also paid full fare.

Jamie Stringer: The reason my client was "encroaching" probably had more to do with you making the seats smaller to serve the bottom line.

Attorney Evan Ashford: Well, as I said, we could argue the merits. But since you bring up the bottom line, Miss Stringer, why don't we just get to that?

Jamie Stringer: Fine.

Attorney Evan Ashford: You missed your filing deadline.

Jamie Stringer: What?

Attorney Evan Ashford: The statute of limitations for suing us has expired. **Jamie starts looking through her file.**

Jamie Stringer: Our claim would be emotional distress for that. We have three years to file.

Attorney Evan Ashford: In Massachusetts. But your client was on an international flight. That means it was covered by the rules of the Warsaw Convention. You had two years. Which were up last month. I really should report this oversight to the Bar, truth be told. But you seem like a conscientious young woman. I'm going to pretend we never had this meeting.

Inside the offices of Young Frutt & Berluti. Jamie Stringer walks through the door.

Jamie Stringer: Tara, we missed the deadline.

Tara Wilson: The what?

Jamie Stringer: The filing deadline. The statute of limitations told on the airline case. We can't sue! W-Why didn't anyone tell me?

Tara Wilson: Slow down!

Jamie Stringer: Did Rebecca never file a complaint?

Tara Wilson: I was brought into this late, Jamie, I don't—**Alan hears their frantic whispers and approaches.**

Alan Shore: What's going on?

Jamie Stringer: This is private.

Alan Shore: Well it sounds like a crisis. I so enjoy them.

Tara Wilson: Alan—Jamie said this is private. **Alan walks away.**

Jamie Stringer: What am I going to do?

Tara Wilson: The first thing? You're not going to panic.

Jamie Stringer: This case is dead. I missed a deadline. It's malpractice.

Tara Wilson: Calm. Are we calm? Let's talk to Eugene.

Jamie Stringer: No!

Tara Wilson: Jamie.

Jamie Stringer: No! He is the last person I want to know about this.

Tara Wilson: We're not being calm.

As Tara says this, Jimmy Berluti is walking past them, toward Eugene Young's office.

Jimmy Berluti: What's up?

Eugene Young: What's up is our man may be innocent.

Jimmy Berluti: What?

Eugene Young: I say *may*. The case is circumstantial, Jimmy. I've been going through all his published articles and he's right. None of them advocates violence.

Jimmy Berluti: Why would the kid say he was ordered if—

Eugene Young: I don't know. Maybe to cut a deal. I want you to talk to him.

Jimmy Berluti: The shooter?

Eugene Young: Well, he's been talking to the press. His lawyer can't stop him. He might talk to you. I'm going to continue going through Macklin's papers.

Jimmy Berluti: You really think he could be innocent?

Eugene Young: Talk to the shooter.

In the outer office, Alan Shore is talking to Tara Wilson.

Alan Shore: She just seemed so upset, maybe I could help.

Tara Wilson: It's private, Alan. I'm sorry.

Alan Shore: Come on. Throw me a bone. I'll throw you one. Where are you going, anyway?

Tara Wilson: Off to see Roland. He wasn't looking so good--

Alan Shore: Whoa, whoa, you're not going to visit Roland.

Tara Wilson: He was coming unraveled. Did you not see that?

Alan Shore: I did. And unraveled is in his best legal interests. He's meeting with the court psychologist today who hopefully will find some diminished capacity. **He puts his hand on Tara's shoulder.** Let's talk about Jamie. Might it occur to you that I could help her?

Tara Wilson: She missed a filing deadline.

Alan Shore: Big case?

Tara Wilson: Not terribly. But if you were to ask the client...Any suggestions?

Alan Shore: Well, not that Jamie would ever do such a thing, but if it were me, I would just tell the client that we settled and pay them out of my own pocket and avoid the whole malpractice thing.

Tara Wilson: That's fraud, Alan.

Alan Shore: I said if it were *me*.

Tara Wilson: Is there anything that you wouldn't do?

Alan Shore: For example?

Tara walks away and Ellenor comes up behind him.

Ellenor Frutt: Alan, what are you doing?

Alan Shore: I was only trying to bed Tara. I promise.

Jimmy Berluti is talking to Danny Grant inside his jail cell.

Danny Grant: Mr. Macklin saved my life. I would never betray him, Mr. Berluti.

Jimmy Berluti: But see, you're saying he ordered you to kill a guy.

Danny Grant: Well first, that's what happened. And—

Jimmy Berluti: He claims he never told you to execute anybody.

Danny Grant: Mr. Macklin is a man of great principle. He's a man who is profoundly honest and I believe, on a fundamental level, he's taking pride in my truthfulness. That having been said, it would be understandable for him to be fearful during this very trying ordeal.

Jimmy Berluti: You're saying this profoundly honest man is lying.

Danny Grant: I think we need to pray for him.

Jimmy Berluti: Pray for him?

Danny Grant: Mr. Berluti, I would agree. Mr. Macklin's teachings have never called for murder. Perhaps, consumed by anger, he became lost. But I have always been very clear specifically in my devotion to him. I've never wavered. I killed Arnold Coleman because Mr. Macklin told me to.

The outer office of Young Frutt & Berluti.

Jamie Stringer: Out of my own pocket?

Tara Wilson: I'm not advising it. It's just something that Alan sort of proposed. Jamie, this is malpractice. Black and white. You missed a filing deadline.

Jamie Stringer: Sometimes judges forgive late filings and I'm not going to cover up one offense with another. Are you kidding?

Tara Wilson: As I said. I'm not advising it.

Jamie Stringer: Is she in there?

Tara Wilson: With a scowl on her face.

Jamie Stringer walks into the conference room where Melissa Kenner is sitting with her daughter Amanda.

Jamie Stringer: Melissa, hey.

Melissa Kenner: This is my daughter, Amanda.

Jamie Stringer: Hi Amanda.

Amanda Kenner: Hi. **She shakes Jamie's hand.**

Melissa Kenner: I was thinking, since she got thrown off the plane, too, maybe we could amend our complaint and add her, for extra sympathy.

Jamie Stringer: Uh, that's, uh. Melissa, I have something to tell you.

Melissa Kenner: What?

Jamie Stringer: For some...uh...sometimes...what I'm trying to say is that, incredibly, the defendant has offered to settle.

Melissa Kenner: They have?

Jamie Stringer: Yes. They are going to refund your full fare—yours too, Amanda—and get this, this is the best part. They've agreed to pay you ten thousand dollars.

Melissa Kenner: What?

Jamie Stringer: Yes. I met with them. I got tough and they just folded. It's fantastic.

Melissa Kenner: Oh my God. Oh my Go—tell them no.

Jamie Stringer: What?

Melissa Kenner: I've thought about it. What they did can't be fixed with money.

Jamie Stringer: Melissa, everything can be fixed with money.

Melissa Kenner: I want my day in court.

Jamie Stringer: Your day? Whoa, hold on.

Melissa Kenner: I want to put the word out.

Jamie Stringer: We could lose in court. I think you should take the money, don't you, Amanda?

Melissa Kenner: My mind is made up.

Jamie Stringer: Okay, okay, clients sometimes let emotions govern their decisions. It's my job to step in as objective—

Melissa Kenner: I'm not---

Jamie Stringer: Okay, take the money!

Amanda Kenner: She's yelling at us.

Jamie Stringer: I just – I just want you to be happy.

Melissa Kenner: I want my day in court. If they're offering me ten, there's gotta be more. The way they treated me. We're going to trial.

Alan Shore and Tara Wilson are meeting with Roland Huff in the visiting room, talking through the glass.

Alan Shore: The news isn't good, Roland.

Roland Huff: What's the matter?

Alan Shore: Well, the state psychologist finds you competent to stand trial, which we anticipated. But moreover, in his judgment, you fully understood the nature and quality of your actions. Basically, he won't support our insanity defense.

Roland Huff: Did you expect him to?

Alan Shore: Well, I was hopeful. Now, listen, I've hired our own expert. Very expensive. Highly pedigreed. He could be an enormous part of our case. It's important when you meet with him to act nutty.

Tara Wilson: Alan! *In a frantic whisper.*

Alan Shore: I'm certainly not suborning false testimony or demeanor. Be yourself. But that little fist-tapping thing you do...do that.

Tara Wilson: Alan!

Alan Shore: Also, the part where mouths were moving but you didn't hear words coming out. Be sure to include *that*. And, if true of course, don't forget to mention that you have no memory of squeezing a trigger. You're a lovely, sweet man, Roland. But our whole case rests on your coming off as a loon.

Tara Wilson and Alan Shore are inside Alan's car, getting ready to leave the jail.

Tara Wilson: Now I have a duty to report you.

Alan Shore: I prefaced everything with "if true."

Tara Wilson: You just coached a witness to act crazy.

Alan Shore: Nonsense. I said "be yourself."

Tara Wilson: Alan.

Alan Shore: Tara. Did you hear the part about sweet, lovely man? That's true. Do you want that sweet, lovely man to go to prison for the rest of his life? I'm not talking about observation in a hospital until he's cured, I'm talking about prison. For the rest of his life.

Tara Wilson: That's not what this is about. I—

Alan Shore: That's exactly what this is about. That's what it's always about. You're not here to serve a process or an adversarial system second to none in the world. If you're lucky, you'll have the opportunity every once in a great while to defend a decent human being who really doesn't belong in prison. You've got one here. You know what you do in this situation, Tara? Whatever you can. Nothing more, but nothing less.

Ellenor Frutt and Jamie Stringer are talking inside the conference room.

Ellenor Frutt: You lied to her?

Jamie Stringer: Yes. And she turned down the offer and now she wants to go to trial, and I don't know what to do.

Ellenor Frutt: Jamie, how—

Jamie Stringer: I know! It was stupid. But—

Ellenor Frutt: Oh my God. So this woman thinks the airline offered her ten thousand dollars?

Jamie Stringer: When we're barred for even suing because I missed the stupid deadline. This is Rebecca's fault!

Ellenor Frutt: No, it's yours, and one you've compounded unbelievably.

Jamie Stringer: Look, just help me. Can you do that?

Ellenor Frutt: I'm not really sure how. I think we have to tell Eugene.

Jamie Stringer: No! I cannot look at myself through his judgment, intolerant, unforgiving, vicious eyes. Forget it.

Ellenor Frutt: This, the man you sleep with.

Jamie Stringer: I've come to you. Not him. Please.

Ellenor Frutt: Okay. First, we all commit and get sued for malpractice. It's why we have insurance.

Jamie Stringer: I've only been out of law school for two years. I didn't want it on my record. It would be the only thing on my record.

Ellenor Frutt: Second. To lie to a client—

Jamie Stringer: I know, I didn't plan it. It just came out.

Ellenor Frutt: Jamie. The only thing you can do now is correct it. Tell your client the truth.

Jamie Stringer: Ellenor, she was ready to call the Bar on me before. This woman will hold a press conference, trust me. When she feels wronged—that's why I'm in this trouble. Can you please talk to her and convince her it's in her best interest to take the ten thousand dollars?

Ellenor Frutt: No. I can't do that.

Jamie Stringer: I could lose my license over this. If she makes a thing about it, I could get disbarred.

Ellenor Frutt: Jamie, you've made a horrible mistake. The best advice I can give you is don't make it worse.

Jimmy Berluti is talking to Danny Grant inside his jail cell.

Danny Grant: Once he got ahold of the building, he immediately moved to evict Mr. Macklin.

Jimmy Berluti: We're talking now about the man you shot?

Danny Grant: Yes. Mr. Macklin had gone to court to oppose the eviction, and upon suffering defeat—a very public defeat—that's when he told me of my mission.

Jimmy Berluti: Okay. You use the word "mission." Did Mr. Macklin ever use the word "kill"? Or "execute"?

Danny Grant: He used the word "eliminate." He said my mission was to eliminate Mr. Coleman.

Jimmy Berluti: Did you question it? Did you say "hey, hold on, that's murder. We don't do that."?

Danny Grant: No.

Jimmy Berluti: Why not?

Danny Grant: Because, as I said, it was a mission, Mr. Berluti.

Jimmy Berluti: Well, suppose Mr. Macklin said it was your mission to kill your own mother?

Danny Grant: He would never say that.

Jimmy Berluti: Why not?

Danny Grant: He had a great love for me. He still does, I believe. Just as I continue to have great love for him.

Jimmy Berluti and Eugene Young are exiting the prison together.

Eugene Young: A gay thing?

Jimmy Berluti: I'm tellin' ya.

Eugene Young: Not everything's a gay thing, Jimmy.

Jimmy Berluti: Don't make me out a homophobe, Eugene. I'm tellin' ya. Let's just ask 'im.

Inside Jonathan Macklin's cell. Jonathon Macklin is silently staring straight ahead.

Jimmy Berluti: Do you need time to think it over?

Jonathan Macklin: No, I do not, Mr. Berluti. My silence is meant to connote offense. Homosexuality is against God. It is evil.

Eugene Young: Is it possible this boy has homosexual feelings towards you?

Jonathan Macklin: No, that is not possible. Who is telling you this?

Jimmy Berluti: I just detected....Danny Grant is kind of...effeminate. He speaks of you with great affection.

Jonathan Macklin: Danny Grant is a loyal member of my church who became misguided. He acted unilaterally. I'm sure he did so under the false assumption that he was serving me or my church. He's neither expressed nor manifested any evil homosexual intentions.

Eugene Young: Look. This could be something to go with. The victim defeated you publicly in court. The boy was in love with you so he avenges your loss. Then, maybe feeling rejected by you, he decides to say you ordered the hit.

Jonathan Macklin: There's no homosexuality in my church, Mr. Young. If you suggest as much, I will discharge you.

Inside the conference room,, Alan Shore and Tara Wilson are talking to the psychologist.

Dr. Charles Emory: Was he enraged? Yes. Heat of passion? Certainly. But insane? I don't think so.

Alan Shore: Did he tell you the part about seeing mouths move and not hearing words come out?

Dr. Charles Emory: Yes, as he tapped his fists per your instructions. Look, your problem goes back to everything that transpired before he went into the bedroom. He says he knew what was going on when he retrieved the weapon. He likely formed intent down in his den.

Alan Shore: Did he say that?

Dr. Charles Emory: Well why else would he get the gun? To clean it?

Alan Shore: What, are you a profiler now?

Dr. Charles Emory: No. I am a psychologist who is on your side and I am advising you not to go with insanity.

Tara Wilson: What about autonomism? Isn't it possible that he got the gun to scare them, to threaten them, maybe even shoot them. But once he went into the room and he saw his best friend screwing his wife, everything after that was involuntary?

Dr. Charles Emory: So you're saying he retrieved the gun downstairs—

Tara Wilson: I'm saying that even if he had a general intent to assault or kill when he was downstairs, that once he went into the room, and he saw what he saw, he then went into automatic pilot. Isn't that possible?

Dr. Charles Emory: Well...I suppose—

Alan Shore: That's what happened! I can feel it in my heart. That's precisely what happened. Wonderful! Tara, you've been holding back.

Inside Judge Harrod's courtroom.

Judge Harrod: I can't let this proceed with you, Miss Wilson, you're not yet a member of the Bar.

Tara Wilson: I'm sure Mr. Shore will be here imminently.

Judge Harrod: Well that's not good enough. Take Mr. Huff back into custody. Call the next case.

Alan comes walking rapidly through the door, slightly out of breath.

Alan Shore: I'm terribly sorry. Did I miss anything good?

Judge Harrod: Mr. Shore, I run a punctual, crisp courtroom.

Alan Shore: I appreciate that, Your Honor. I apologize. I can make this very short. We only seek to change our plea. It's a formality, it should take about two seconds. Hello. **Alan nods to opposing counsel.**

Judge Harrod: You're changing your plea? To what?

Alan Shore: To not guilty by reason of autonomism.

Judge Harrod: What did you say? Auto...matism?

Alan Shore: It's actually one word, Your Honor. It basically means my client was not in control of his actions.

Judge Harrod: Well, I won't let you argue *that*.

Alan Shore: I beg your pardon?

Judge Harrod: You'll not make a mockery of this court, counsel. On what factual basis—

Alan Shore: Your Honor. If you walked in on your wife with your best friend, wouldn't you go a little blooey?

The judge rises, walks out from behind his bench and stands in front of Alan, nose to nose.

Judge Harrod: The last lawyer before me from your firm insulted the integrity of this room. I will not let it happen again.

Alan Shore: I'm not liking you so far. How about this? Deny my defense and I'll get you tossed for abuse of judicial discretion and we can be done with each other. Does that work for you?

Judge Harrod: Oh, you won't be done with me, Mr. Shore. I assure you.

Alan Shore: Are you attracted to me, Judge? **Tara smirks and the judge glares at her.** Our plea is not guilty by reason of autonomism. Deal with it.

Jamie Stringer is meeting with Melissa Kenner inside the conference room.

Jamie Stringer: This could be...well, uh...there's something you need to know, Melissa.

Melissa Kenner: I already know.

Jamie Stringer: You do?

Melissa Kenner: Yes, I do. And all I can say is thank you. Mr. Torrance came to my house this morning. He actually drove right to my house.

Jamie Stringer: Mr. Torrance?

Melissa Kenner: From the airline. He told me how relentless you've been. He even told me you offered to put up some of your own money if they'd match it.

Jamie Stringer: Oh, uh, Mr. Torrance told you that?

Melissa Kenner: And then he offered twenty-five thousand. And something else. An apology. He said they were wrong. He looked me right in the eye and told me how sorry he was. Then he did the same with Amanda. Said he knew what his employees forgot. That we're human beings. Anyway, I accepted his offer. I probably

should have called. Run it by your first. But the truth is, I got all I wanted. So I said yes. Thank you, Miss Stringer. **She stands up and shakes Jamie's hand.** I'll never forget this.

ADA Roland Hill, Eugene Young, and Jimmy Berluti are meeting with Judge Fox inside her chambers.

ADA Roland Hill: Conspiracy to commit murder, we'll agree to ten. Accessory, another ten. Served concurrently.

Judge Rudy Fox: Mr. Young?

Eugene Young: It's a start.

ADA Roland Hill: A start? Your client ordered an execution. The most he will serve is ten years.

Judge Rudy Fox: It seems like a fair offer, Mr. Young.

Eugene Young: It is, but I can't recommend it.

ADA Roland Hill: Why not?

Eugene Young: Because I've got a better-than-even chance of getting a "not guilty."

Judge Rudy Fox: Mr. Young, for everybody's sake—and I do mean everybody—a trial would be best avoided.

Eugene Young: I'm not following. Are you asking me to tank this?

Judge Rudy Fox: No. I'm endorsing the District Attorney's offer as a reasonable one. Ten years for murder is a bargain. And the cost of going to trial would be immeasurable for all the players, not to mention the City of Boston.

Eugene Young: Those factors aren't relevant. I don't—

Judge Rudy Fox: Are you kidding? The reason I plucked you in the first place is because of the racial ramifications. The city is rife—

Eugene Young: This is a case I think I can beat, given I will not recommend to my client he plead guilty. You plucked me, Judge. You got me.

Judge Rudy Fox: Are you sure this is what you want, counsel?

Alan Shore and Tara Wilson are walking down the hall and into the offices of Young Frutt & Berluti.

Tara Wilson: I still can't believe that he didn't lock you up.

Alan Shore: I wish he had. It'd be easier to get rid of him. Next step, tap into your network. Find me a British expert on autonomism.

Tara Wilson: Why British?

Alan Shore: Because the Americans think the British are smarter. **He greets Jamie.** Jamie!

Jamie Stringer: Hey. **To Tara.** Did you tell Alan about my little predicament?

Tara Wilson: I'm sorry?

Jamie Stringer: Is it Alan Shore, by the way? Or Torrance?

Alan Shore: I've never been good at riddles.

Jamie Stringer: It had to be you. Who else? **Alan and Tara exchange glances.** He went to Melissa Kenner and pretended to be someone from the airline and settled the case. You put up your own money?

Alan Shore: All she really wanted was the apology.

Jamie Stringer: Why would you do this? You barely know me.

Alan Shore: Well, any chance I get to break the law.

Jamie Stringer: I don't know whether to thank you or to curse you for getting me in even deeper. But I'm going to go with "thank you." **Jamie leaves.**

Tara Wilson: You put up your own money? What's going on?

Alan Shore: Meaning?

Tara Wilson: Meaning that you're not that nice a fellow.

Alan Shore: You know, I like to fantasize when I go to bed. It helps me sleep. I've been having wonderful sessions with you in mind, actually. But with Jamie I keep hitting a block. Sex isn't all body parts for me, Tara, it's mental. I've been sensing Jamie's repelled by me for some reason. Now that I've perhaps courted her favor, I'm hoping that my fantasy could—have a life. Tara, whether I'm committing random acts of kindness or impersonating an airline executive or even talking back to a judge, it's always about getting the girl.

Tara Wilson: Even if it's only in your mind?

Alan Shore: The one place I'm never disappointed.

Tara Wilson: You know what I love about your talk, Alan?

Alan Shore: Hmm?

Tara Wilson: Is that it makes me feel safe.

Alan Shore: Does it, now?

Tara Wilson: Hmmm. Because men who talk never do anything.

Alan Shore: Would you like me to be a doer, Tara? I never make the first move. It's beneath me.

Tara Wilson: I always make the first move. But I'm not going to here. Happy to make the second. Perhaps the third. But you need to go first, Alan.

Alan Shore: It needs to be you.

Tara Wilson: I think not.

Alan Shore: Oh, it will be.

Tara Wilson: Oh, it won't.

Alan Shore: I'm waiting, Tara. Things are beginning to tingle.

Tara Wilson: I'm right here, Alan.

Eugene Young and Jimmy Berluti are meeting with Jonathan Macklin in his cell.

Jonathan Macklin: Your instincts were correct. That offer is unacceptable.

Eugene Young: Look, I don't mean to sound too confident. In the public's mind, you already stand convicted and—ten years? It's not a bad deal.

Jonathan Macklin: I would not last one day in prison, Mr. Young, much less ten years. It's not exactly my demographic.

Eugene Young: Sorry?

Jonathan Macklin: I don't mean to disparage you.

Eugene Young: You think prisons are full of black people?

Jonathan Macklin: We don't need to get into this.

Eugene Young: Oh, I've got time.

Jonathan Macklin: Eugene—

Eugene Young: Mr. Young.

Jonathan Macklin: In this country there are more black men in prison than there are in college, Mr. Young. That is not a white supremacist opinion. That is a fact.

Eugene Young: And you don't think that that has anything to do with the white society that has—

Jimmy Berluti: All right. Let's just stick to the case.

Jonathan Macklin: The offer of ten years is officially rejected. I did not kill anybody. There won't be any plea. Mr. Young, you and I need to get on the same side now. My trial begins in six days.

Eugene Young: Mr. Macklin, I will give you the best defense I can. But you and I will never be on the same side.

Jonathan Macklin: I am a human being. I need you to see me as a human being. Certainly you're capable of doing that.

End.