

Boston Legal

Head Cases

Season 1, Episode 1 (Deleted Scenes Only)

Written by Scott Kaufer & Jeff Rake, and David E. Kelley

© 2004 David E. Kelley Productions. All Rights Reserved.

Broadcast: Oct 3, 2004

Transcribed by SueB for Boston-Legal.org

An elevator door opens, and Ernie Dell exits into the offices of Crane, Poole & Schmidt.

Ernie Dell: *To the receptionist.* Tell Denny Crane I'm on the way to his office. If there's anybody in there, get them the hell out.

Jerry Austin: Excuse me. Can I be of help?

Ernie Dell: Can you be of help? Got a name?

Jerry Austin: Well, I'm Jerry Austin. I'm -

Ernie Dell: You know, I'm not interested. If you were anybody worth knowing, I would already know your name. But since I don't know your name, get the hell out of my way. And that is how you can be of help.

In Denny's office.

Denny Crane: Calm down, Ernie.

Ernie Dell: Ahh, that is a very difficult thing to do, Denny. When a 76-year-old man finds out that the love of his life has been unfaithful for almost the entire marriage, I mean, it is very difficult to remain calm!

Denny Crane: Now first of all, you've only been married since August. Secondly, this is the sixth love of your life. How many times have I told you, you gotta stop marrying them.

Ernie Dell: They won't sleep with me unless I marry them.

Denny Crane: What do you want me to do, Ernie?

Ernie Dell: First, I want to put a private investigator on her.

Denny Crane: Well, that - that won't do -

Ernie Dell: No no. I want proof. I want to see it. And then, I want to annul the marriage.

Denny Crane: You know, we represent her, too.

Ernie Dell: Really, you represent ME. You've represented me for 47 years! I paid for that woman's breasts, Denny! I didn't invest in another man's pleasure! I need to GET her, Denny. And you need to help me get her.

Denny Crane: Ah.

In a conference room, several partners are meeting to discuss Ernie Dell.

Halpern: I don't see the problem.

Denny Crane: Well. The problem is, Mark, he wants us to put a P.I. on her. She's a client. There are ethical rules involved here. This firm has always abided -

Walter Seymore: Send the wife a notice of withdrawal.

Denny Crane: It's not that simple.

Walter Seymore: We make it that simple. Ernie Dell is CEO of one of the biggest corporate accounts -

Denny Crane: So, we get proof. What have we accomplished? If he wants an annulment, we get -

Jerry Austin: Denny, if Ernie wants a private investigator, we get a private investigator. What's the problem?

Denny Crane: There's another ethical issue here.

Jerry Austin: Which is?

Denny Crane: Well, It seems ... that I'm the man having the affair with his wife.

Stunned looks all around.

Denny is walking through the halls of Crane, Poole & Schmidt.

Brad Chase: Hey, Denny.

Denny Crane: Brad. Hey, soldier, how's it feel to be back? Huh?

Brad Chase: Well, it's an adjustment.

Denny Crane: Yeah. Good.

Brad Chase: You okay, Denny?

Denny Crane: Yeah. Never better. Never better, Brad. You and me, like - like old times.

Brad Chase: Denny, I'm a little busy right now.

Denny Crane: Brad. Quick 20! Down and dirty.

Brad Chase: Sure.

Brad and Denny enter an office and remove their jackets

Denny Crane: Call it, soldier.

Brad Chase: All right. Hit it.

They drop to the floor and start doing pushups together.

Both: ONE two three and TWO two three and THREE two three and FOUR -

Alan Shore creeps to the doorway and peers in with an incredulous look on his face.

Denny Crane: Come on, Brad. Snap it!

Brad Chase: SIX!

Denny Crane: Come on!

Brad Chase: SEVEN! EIGHT!

Edwin Poole is in a hospital bed with his wife Helen at his bedside.

Helen Poole: **sighing** Finish your jello, Edwin.

Edwin Poole: I don't WANT it. It makes me dizzy to look at it.

There is a knock at the door.

Edwin Poole: **Dropping his spoon.** TARA!

Tara Wilson: **She is carrying a potted plant.** Sorry, am I interrupting?

Edwin Poole: **He is suddenly much perkier.** Come in at once! Helen, you'll have to leave now. Tara and I have business.

Helen Poole: **To Tara, as she leaves.** Please don't get him excited.

Tara Wilson: O - okay. **She looks a little confused, but gathers herself and walks over to Edwin's bedside.** I must say you're looking better.

Edwin Poole: Not well thought-out, going to the staff meeting without my trousers.

Tara puts the plant down on the bedside table.

Edwin Poole: Jello?

Tara Wilson: No. Thank you. Well, everything at work is fine.

Edwin Poole: Ah.

Tara Wilson: Your custody appeal is covered. Alan Shore is jumping in on the Morgan case, and we just have the doctor's testimony left.

She grasps his hand affectionately. He doesn't release it.

Tara Wilson: Edwin.

Edwin Poole: You're an angel, Tara.

Tara Wilson: Thank you. The main thing is for you to get some rest.

Edwin Poole: We talked about that view from my hotel room in Santorini. Do you remember?

Tara Wilson: I beg your pardon?

Edwin Poole: Your white, flowing dress - the one you wear at sunset when the light is soft and golden. You glow like an angel, walking the hills of Santorini. The sun drenching you in angelic light. I can't wait for us to get back there.

Tara Wilson: Edwin, are you alright?

Edwin Poole: Yes. I like to hear myself talk sometimes. I apologize.

Tara Wilson: Feel better.

Edwin Poole: Yes. I shall.

Tara leaves, and Edwin pokes sadly at his jello before dropping his spoon again.

Tara is studying a book in her office. Helen Poole enters.

Tara Wilson: **Looking up.** Helen, hi.

Helen Poole: I'm sorry to intrude.

Tara Wilson: That's okay. How's Edwin today?

Helen Poole: **With deep emotion.** He's in love with you. He told me, in one of his moments. I would appreciate you not going to see him again, Tara.

Tara Wilson: Helen, I can promise you, I never -

Helen Poole: Never encouraged it? I believe you. But it's real in his head. And, as his wife - a woman still in love with him - I would appreciate you not visiting him anymore.

Helen turns and exits abruptly.

Back at the hospital, Tara is visiting Edwin again.

Tara Wilson: How are you?

Edwin Poole: Well, I'm not getting out, if that's what you mean. Doctor's say I have to stay for a while. Seems I - bit a nurse.

Tara Wilson: **Incredulous.** Wh - ?

Edwin Poole: It's not altogether terrible in here. Today, I spent almost the entire afternoon in Italy, with you.

Tara Wilson: Edwin, I'm not going to be able to visit you anymore

Edwin Poole: Why?

Tara Wilson: I can't spend time with a married man that I know to be in love with me. Especially if spending that time helps to cultivate the love.

Edwin Poole: We're in a psychiatric ward. Normal rules don't apply.

Tara Wilson: This one does.

Edwin Poole: Please don't leave me.

Tara Wilson: I have to.

Edwin Poole: I have never had anything, ever, that I could call magic.

Tara Wilson: I adore you, Edwin. Good-bye.

She kisses him on the cheek and leaves.

Sally Heep is on the balcony at Crane, Poole & Schmidt. Denny Crane enters his office and sees her.

Denny Crane: Listen! I am sorry about being so insensitive about Edwin Poole. That remark about demagnetizing the parking pass was in poor taste, and I know how close the two of you are, so ... I'm sorry.

Sally Heep: I think you're confusing me with Tara Wilson.

Denny Crane: **Gasps.** Denny Crane.

Denny leaves abruptly, passing Alan Shore who is heading to the balcony.

Alan Shore: Denny Crane.

Denny Crane: Gotcha.

Sally Heep: **To Alan.** Can I ask you something? Do you ever confuse me with Tara?

Alan Shore: I beg your pardon?

Sally Heep: Well, I know you have feelings for her, and transference -

Alan Shore: Oh, please. Do you ever confuse me with Brian?

Sally Heep: Brad.

Alan Shore: Right. **Smirking.** Do you?

Sally Heep: Are you a little threatened? I'd like it if you were.

Alan Shore: Then, let's just say that I am.

They lean towards each other, about to kiss, when Brad Chase enters the scene.

Brad Chase: Oh, excuse me! Matthew Calder just agreed to let Sharon take the kids.

Sally Heep: What? Why?

Brad Chase: Apparently, Alan got some pictures of him with a hooker. Blackmailed him.

Alan Shore: You make it sound unsavory.

Brad Chase: I know about you. I've heard all the stories, so let's just clear this up right now. I've had plenty of success without having to resort to that low-life, scheming crap you might consider a hoot. And I'm not gonna let you take me down. Is that clear enough?

Alan Shore: It was to me. **To Sally.** Was it to you?

Brad Chase: You know, the only reason I don't report you to the bar myself -

Alan Shore: Is because Sharon might not be able to go to New York with her children? Which, shockingly, is more important than our combined ethical egos.

Sally Heep: **After a beat.** Nice boyfriend, Sal. **He leaves.**

Alan Shore: He's starting to like me, don't you think?

Sally Heep: Did you put hookers on my thingie? **She's referring to the personal electronic organizer Alan borrowed earlier.** Okay, now we're finding fault just to find fault.

Alan pulls her arms around him, and they kiss. Brad is seen observing the scene.

In Judge Rita Sharpley's chambers.

Judge Rita Sharpley: Little Orphan Annie? Hmmm. Big case, counsel.

Alan Shore: It has its rewards.

Judge Rita Sharpley: Meaning me? I'd assumed that this matter was simply a pretext to get into my ... courtroom. **She unfastens her judge's gown to reveal she is wearing an extremely low-cut top.**

Alan Shore: You'd be wrong. It's a real case.

Judge Rita Sharpley: Is it now? You don't think it's inappropriate to be arguing a case in front of a judge you've slept with?

Alan Shore: Your Honor, sexual mores can be so murky, don't you think? Who's to say what's inappropriate?

Below screen view, Judge Sharpley gropes Alan in a sensitive place. THAT might be inappropriate.

Judge Rita Sharpley: Come on! Throw a judge a bone.

Alan Shore: Rita, I actually am taking the case seriously, and I would urge you to do the same.

Judge Rita Sharpley: Alan, you are asking for a specific performance in an employment case. Not to mention, she seemed a little well-fed to be an orphan, don't you think?

Alan Shore: **Hesitating. He is tempted.** I'm unavailable.

Judge Rita Sharpley: I'll be brief.