

Boston Legal
Hired Guns
Season 1, Episode 10
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The Annual Crane Poole & Schmidt Christmas Party

Camera pans around the reception area to a man wearing a Santa hat picking up a drink from a bar set up in front of the signage; to Alan Shore, complete with a branch of mistletoe rigged to hang over his head, dancing with Tara Wilson; to Catherine Piper dancing with an older gentleman as:

Denny Crane: singing with a 3-woman back-up group behind him “Bells will be ringing, their sad, sad blues. Oh, what a Christmas to have the blues! My baby’s gone. I have no friends, to wish me greetings once again. Choirs will be singing Silent Night. Christmas carols . . .” **sees someone and leaves the group to finish without him**

Tara Wilson: So, do I get my kiss or not?

Alan Shore: Tara, the way mistletoe works is the one standing under it is the one to receive.

Tara Wilson: Well, I prefer to meet in the middle.

Alan Shore: Well, I do enjoy your middle tremendously, but a kiss really is more traditional. **They both lean a bit toward each other** Ah, the anticipation is pure . . . Sally.

Sally Heep: Hi. The last thing I want to do is come between all that collagen, but, Alan, we have a little problem, and, like it or not, you’re probably the best man to fix it. Ah, this is Carmen Flores. She works in housekeeping here. Her ex-husband kidnapped her two children. This is the third Christmas he’s done so. He brings them to Peru, when it’s Carmen who has legal custody of them for the holidays.

Tara Wilson: Can’t you just go to the judge?

Sally Heep: She did that last year. And it cost her a fortune. The judge held him in contempt for a day. He said it’s worth it to spend Christmas with his kids in Peru. H—his flight leaves tomorrow night. I—I thought maybe you could think of something.

Tara Wilson: Didn’t you used to be a lawyer, Sally? Oh, I apologize. There go my lips again. Must be all that collagen.

Alan Shore: Ladies? Tips his head forward so the mistletoe hangs between them Perhaps you tow should kiss in the name of Christmas.

Sally Heep: gasps as Lori Colson falls into her

Lori Colson: Oh, sorry, Sally. Incredible dress, by the way. Hate you. **turns to Alan Shore** Ah, Alan. Mistletoe. **takes his face between both hands and kisses him hard.** Mwah. **smiles, then whispers** Whatever.

[credits]

Courtroom

Camera pans over rather graphic pictures of 2 gunshot murder victims—alive and dead.

ADA John Shubert: She came home that evening at 9:30, catching an early flight to surprise her husband. But it was the defendant who was surprised. Susan May discovered her husband Ralph making love to a business associate, Marie Holcomb—and it was more than she could bear. The evidence will show that the defendant retrieved a handgun from the kitchen, returned to the bedroom and fired six shots—three into her husband, three into Marie Holcomb. This is the holiday season. You people should be home with your families right now. I apologize for that. Marie Holcomb’s mother and father fly here every December from the West Coast. This time, it’s to attend the trial of their daughter’s killer. Susan May destroyed a lot of happy plans with that gun.

Brad Chase: Get in Christmas.

Lori Colson: Sorry?

Brad Chase: Christmas is ours and Susan’s. Don’t let him claim it.

Lori Colson: I, too, would like to apologize for taking you away from your families during this holiday season. That’s Susan’s family seated over there. They would dearly love to be home with her. She would dearly love to be home with them. Imagine, if you can as you prepare for your Christmas, having a loved one murdered.

Add to that the horror that the police can't figure out who did it. And then, if you can possibly fathom, imagine they decide to arrest you. That's your defendant, ladies and gentlemen. A law-abiding, loving, faithful advertising executive—an innocent woman whose whole life was just suddenly and wrongly destroyed. That's your defendant, and that's what the evidence will show.

Alan Shore's Office

Carmen Flores: I—I did report police twice. They say domestic.

Alan Shore: He returned the children both times after Christmas?

Carmen Flores: Yes. This why police say it is for court to decide. No one involved.

Suddenly, Denny Crane enters.

Alan Shore: Ah, Denny. This is Carmen Flores. She works here in housekeeping.

Denny Crane: Excellent. Why do I care?

Alan Shore: Perhaps you don't. First off, let me say how incredible you were last night. The whole office is still . . . stunned.

Denny Crane: Thank you.

Alan Shore: Now, on a topic far removed from you, and therefore much less entertaining, though of some import to Carmen, her children have been snatched by her ex-husband. Who do you know at the Boston Police Department?

Denny Crane: I know everybody.

Alan Shore: You hear that, Carmen? The man knows everybody.

Carmen Flores smiles rather dubiously.

Courtroom

Detective Wayne Farley: Her story didn't check out. It's as simple as that.

ADA John Shubert: That story she gave you was?

Detective Wayne Farley: She came home, found them dead in bed.

ADA John Shubert: Was there evidence of anyone other than the victims or the defendant being in the house that night?

Detective Wayne Farley: None.

ADA John Shubert: And, Detective, describe for the jury if you can, the defendant's demeanor when you arrived at the scene that night.

Detective Wayne Farley: She seemed pretty shook up. There was blood all over her. She claimed she got the blood on her when she went to her husband's side to see if she could revive him.

ADA John Shubert: And you don't believe that?

Lori Colson: I'm sorry. It seems the detective is more than willing to give testimony against my client. You don't really need to lead him.

Judge Phillips Stevens: Sustained.

ADA John Shubert: Did you believe the defendant's claim?

Detective Wayne Farley: No. It was determined that she was standing approximately 5 feet away when she fired the gun.

Lori Colson: I'm sorry. I hate to be a nuisance. But did I miss the point where you said she fired the gun?

Judge Phillip Stevens: Sustained.

ADA John Shubert: Detective, what, if anything led you to believe that the defendant fired the gun?

Detective Wayne Farley: We did a trace metal test, which revealed she held the gun and her fingerprints were on the gun.

ADA John Shubert: Hm. Anything else?

Detective Wayne Farley: We know her driver dropped her off at 9:30 pm. She called the police at 11:07. She told us she discovered the bodies soon after she entered the house. If so, why did she wait an hour and a half to call the police? As I said, her story just didn't add up.

Brad Chase: Seems from your tone, Detective, you consider this, ah, kind of a no-brainer.

Detective Wayne Farley: We applied all our mental faculties just the same and concluded your client committed the crime.

Brad Chase: Oh, you concluded pretty quickly, I might add. You placed her under arrest the next day. By the way, was the spatter analysis done in a day?

Detective Wayne Farley: No. That came in later.

Brad Chase: I see. So when you placed Susan May under arrest, you were going on . . .

Detective Wayne Farley: Her fingerprints were on the gun, for starters.

Brad Chase: It was her gun, was it not?

Detective Wayne Farley: The fingerprints were fresh.

Brad Chase: Got there, perhaps, when she picked the gun up after?

Detective Wayne Farley: We also had motive, her evasive demeanor.

Brad Chase: She called the police, did she not?

Detective Wayne Farley: Yes, but she wasn't truthful.

Brad Chase: Wasn't truthful when she said she didn't shoot them?

Detective Wayne Farley: That, and she obviously wasn't truthful about calling the police immediately after finding the bodies.

Brad Chase: You had her examined by a psychiatrist that night?

Detective Wayne Farley: Yes.

Brad Chase: The psychiatrist said she was in shock?

Detective Wayne Farley: Yes.

Brad Chase: Possible the shock of discovering her murdered husband caused the delay in calling the police?

Detective Wayne Farley: I doubt that's what happened.

Brad Chase: This doubt is based on your psychiatric training.

Detective Wayne Farley: It's based on 30 years of experience as a homicide detective.

Brad Chase: Thirty years as a homicide detective told you that the delay in calling the police could not have been caused by shock? **picks up a large photograph mounted on a board** Let's turn back to the blood spatter evidence. This is the blouse my client was wearing that evening, is it not?

Detective Wayne Farley: Yes.

Brad Chase: Lot of blood. That's all spattering?

Detective Wayne Farley: Most of that blood came from handling the bodies.

Brad Chase: So where's the spatter you spoke of, Detective?

Detective Wayne Farley: There are two elongated markings on the left shoulder.

Brad Chase: Right here? These tiny marks here?

Detective Wayne Farley: Yes.

Brad Chase: She supposedly fired six shots. There's only two tiny marks?

Detective Wayne Farley: The other marks are likely covered up with the blood from when she handled the bodies.

Brad Chase: Did you analyze these marks yourself, Detective?

Detective Wayne Farley: I did.

Brad Chase: Are you the person in the Boston Police Department who does this?

Detective Wayne Farley: Well, there are others, obviously, but I started in the lab, so I'm trained as well.

Brad Chase: Was there anyone else in the lab who analyzed this shirt?

Detective Wayne Farley: Yes. We have a junior member . . .

Brad Chase: Junior member? It's a high-profile case. It went to a junior member?

Detective Wayne Farley: As I said, I analyzed the clothes with my 30 years . . .

Brad Chase: Thirty years in the lab?

Detective Wayne Farley: No.

Brad Chase: How many years in the lab?

Detective Wayne Farley: Five.

Brad Chase: How 'bout the junior member? How many years did he have?

Detective Wayne Farley: I'm not sure

Brad Chase: More than five?

Detective Wayne Farley: I believe so.

Brad Chase: Just out of curiosity, what was his finding?

Detective Wayne Farley: Inconclusive.

Brad Chase: He could not determine that my client fired a gun?

Detective Wayne Farley: Nor could he rule it out.

Brad Chase: He could not determine that my client fired a gun.

Detective Wayne Farley: Correct. But I determined she did.

Brad Chase: You trace-metalled my client. Did you test for powder residue on her hand?

Detective Wayne Farley: Yes. She tested negative.

Brad Chase: Gee, how could that be?

Detective Wayne Farley: We determined that she likely wore gloves when she fired the gun.

Brad Chase: So she was careful to wear gloves when she shot them, then afterwards, she took the gloves off and handled the gun?

Detective Wayne Farley: If she went into shock, as you say, she probably made a mistake. Murderers often do.

Brad Chase: So for the purpose of explaining the delay in calling the police, you don't buy shock. but to explain why she picked up the murder weapon barehanded after firing with gloves, you do buy shock; in fact, you seem to be selling it.

ADA John Shubert: Objection.

Brad Chase: Withdrawn. Did you find the gloves?

Detective Wayne Farley: No.

Brad Chase: You searched the entire house? I'm asking. I don't want to presume.

Detective Wayne Farley: We searched the house. We did not find the gloves.

Brad Chase: Any evidence of her leaving the house after she came home that night?

Detective Wayne Farley: No.

Brad Chase: Any unsolved burglaries in this neighborhood in the last year?

Detective Wayne Farley: A couple.

Courthouse Conference Room

Susan May: That went well, right?

Lori Colson: Mm, hmm. It went extremely well. The problem, Susan, as we've explained—the burden of proof is really on us.

Susan May: I still don't understand that, as much as you keep saying it.

Lori Colson: When you have the scorned wife being the only one there, her fresh fingerprints on the gun . . .

Brad Chase: Trust me. We'll argue burglar. But with no sign of a break-in . . .

Susan May: So my chances are the same.

Lori Colson: No. We did very well with the witness today. Our chances just got a little bit better. But if we just . . . we stick to the plan. We'd like you to meet with Dr. Waylon one more time.

Susan May: Why?

Lori Colson: In case we need to call him, we want to be ready.

Susan May: I'm not really comfortable being treated like some patient.

Brad Chase: Susan, you put your life in our hands, did you not? You need to let us do what we do.

Susan May: Can I ask you something? I'm not sure why I want to ask this now, but, do you believe me?

Lori Colson: I don't know. I certainly want to believe you, but when I look at the evidence . . .

Susan May: I at least appreciate your candor.

Lori Colson: The question the jury's going to be asking: if not you, then who? And we've got no answer for that.

Courtroom

Dr. Lee Chang: The fatal wounds for both victims were to the head. Death was instantaneous.

ADA John Shubert: And, Doctor, were you able to determine the time of death?

Dr. Lee Chang: Between 9:30 and 9:45 p.m.

Lori Colson: Doctor, did you examine the stomach contents of the victims?

Dr. Lee Chang: Yes

Lori Colson: What did you find?

Dr. Lee Chang: They were both relatively full.

Lori Colson: After eating, how long does food stay in the stomach before emptying into the small intestine?

Dr. Lee Chang: Generally, one to two hours.

Lori Colson: So if the victims finished dining by 7:30 as reported those stomachs should have been empty. Unless they were killed before 9:30, correct?

Dr. Lee Chang: Or unless they ate again after leaving the restaurant.

Lori Colson: Were there any signs, to your knowledge, that they'd eaten at home? Dirty dishes? Recent garbage?

Dr. Lee Chang: To my knowledge, there was no evidence of that.

Lori Colson: Thank you.

ADA John Shubert: But they could have stopped on their way home from the restaurant—had dessert or something?

Dr. Lee Chang: Well, not a medical question, but yes, possible.

Judge Phillip Stevens: You may step down, sir. Mr. Shubert?

ADA John Shubert: The prosecution rests, your Honor.

Judge Phillip Stevens: Miss Colson.

Lori Colson: *whispering to Brad Chase* Let's let them see some serious thinking going on. What's your take on free agency?

Brad Chase: It's killing baseball.

Lori Colson: Hockey?

Brad Chase: No salary cap, no hockey.

Lori Colson: Soccer

Brad Chase: Nobody cares.

Lori Colson: *arises* Your Honor, the defense calls Susan May.

Conference Room at Crane Poole & Schmidt

Officer Davis: It's just that we regard it more as a domestic custody dispute. Her recourse would be with probate.

Alan Shore: Well, there's where we're wrong, Denny. I thought if you were to physically and unlawfully grab somebody and haul them off to a foreign country, it would be a crime.

Denny Crane: Well, I'll be damned.

Alan Shore: So, we're wrong then. By the way, does one need to be related to the victim to escape charges? There's this Junior Mint I've had my eye on. I thought I might borrow her for a long weekend. Perhaps the Bahamas.

Officer Michaels: As we understand it, the father always brings the kids back.

Alan Shore: That's what I'd do. Be a joyride.

Denny Crane: We're wasting time here, and you two look like good men. Department's full of good men. That's why Denny Crane and this firm invest so much money in your annual ball. So, you'll arrest the husband because, A—Denny Crane wants you to, and B . . .

Alan Shore: I play poker with some reporters, one in particular who'd be curious as to why ethnic child snatchings don't get your attention. And, C . . .

Denny Crane: The children were kidnapped. And D . . .

Alan Shore: You're officially on notice.

Officers Davis and Michaels exit.

Alan Shore: You're good when you get testy.

Denny Crane: Came easy today. My balls hurt.

Alan Shore: Let's have that be the one and only time you tell me that.

Courtroom

Susan May: I was hurrying home because, well, I had been away for about a week and I was excited to see him.

Lori Colson: And when you got home?

Susan May: I pulled into the garage, went into the kitchen, called out his name. His car was there, so I was sure he was home. It was only about 9:30. I couldn't imagine him being in bed. But . . . he was.

Lori Colson: And not alone.

Susan May: No.

Lori Colson: What happened, Susan?

Susan May: I started upstairs. I called out his name again. Still no response. Then I went to the bedroom, looked in, a—and I saw it.

Lori Colson: Saw what?

Susan May: At first, just blood. And then I saw one body, and then another.

Lori Colson: What did you do?

Susan May: I first screamed. I—I looked at my husband and . . . his eyes were open, and there was a hole in his temple. And I—I went to him to see if he was still breathing.

Lori Colson: Was he?

Susan May: No.

Lori Colson: What happened next?

Susan May: I don't know.

Lori Colson: You don't know?

Susan May: **sighs** I remember talking to the police at some point. I remember—I—them taking Ralph away. But . . .

Lori Colson: Do you remember calling the police?

Susan May: No.

Lori Colson: Do you remember touching the gun?

Susan May: No.

Lori Colson: Seeing the gun?

Susan May: No.

Lori Colson nods, returns to the defense table.

ADA John Shubert: That's a really convenient memory loss, don't you think? You recall not doing it, finding the bodies dead. But as for your fingerprints on the murder weapon, why you gave the police false information after, delaying in calling the police . . . Gee . . . just can't remember.

Lori Colson: Objection.

ADA John Shubert: What a perfect way to tell your story without really being subject to cross-examination. Was this amnesia your idea, or was it your attorneys'?

Lori Colson & Brad Chase: **arising; in unison** Objection.

Judge Phillip Stevens: Sustained.

ADA John Shubert: Nothing further.

Judge Phillip Stevens: The witness may step down.

Brad: The defense calls Dr. Herbert Waylon.

ADA John Shubert: Approach?

Judge Phillip Stevens motions for all attorneys to approach the bench, which they do.

ADA John Shubert: This witness is not on their list.

Brad Chase: He's on the rebuttal list.

ADA John Shubert: What's he being called to rebut?

Brad Chase: You just accused my client of faking her memory loss.

Judge Phillip Stevens: Short leash, counsel. Step back.

Lori Colson: Dr. Herbert Waylon. **quietly to Brad Chase** Come here. Just get up and down.

Brad Chase: Sorry?

Lori Colson: You don't need to ask the \$64,000 Question.

Brad Chase: Because?

Lori Colson: He will; and then he can't object to it.

Courtroom

Dr. Herbert Waylon: It's basically a form of post-traumatic amnesia. She saw her husband murdered, and it triggered a blackout.

Brad Chase: She blacked out for an hour.

Dr. Herbert Waylon: In terms of memory. She wasn't unconscious. She could've been sitting in a catatonic state. She possibly even watched television.

Brad Chase: The prosecution thinks that her memory loss was . . . convenient.

Dr. Herbert Waylon: Well, I personally examined this woman the day after the murders. She was suffering from dissociative amnesia then, as I believe she is now.

Brad Chase: Thank you, Doctor. He's your witness. **walks to the defense table as ADA John Shubert arises to question the witness** I hope you're right.

ADA John Shubert: You can't state to a medical certainty that the defendant suffered from post-traumatic amnesia, can you?

Dr. Herbert Waylon: To a medical certainty, no.

ADA John Shubert: And you can't medically rule out the possibility that the defendant pulled the trigger that night, can you, Doctor?

Lori Colson: Bingo.

Dr. Herbert Waylon: No, I cannot rule it out. In fact, while I happen to believe her version of the events, I make room for a completely different scenario.

ADA John Shubert: Which is?

Dr. Herbert Waylon: Well, it's possible she looked into this bedroom, saw her husband making love to another woman, and *that* threw her into a dissociative state. And in that state, she shot them.

ADA John Shubert: I'm sorry, are . . . you're now saying maybe she killed them?

Dr. Herbert Waylon: Well, I believe she found them dead as she says. But it's possible that she saw them making love, went into a dissociative state—something we refer to medically as automatism—and in that state, she may have killed them. Then her brain creates a false memory of something less horrifying to her.

ADA John Shubert: I have nothing further.

Brad Chase: Her brain created a false memory?

Dr. Herbert Waylon: Yes. Sometimes, if a person's actions are repugnant to them, they can actually create a false version that is more psychologically acceptable.

Brad Chase: And they believe this as the truth?

Dr. Herbert Waylon: Absolutely.

Brad Chase: So it's possible that she committed the murders?

Dr. Herbert Waylon: No. Murder suggests an intent she would've been incapable of. If she did this—and I'm not saying that she did—she would've likely lost all conscious control. She would've acted outside herself. And as a defense, her brain would have manufactured this other memory, that she walked in and found them already dead.

ADA John Shubert: Your Honor. Chambers.

Judge Phillip Stevens' Chambers

ADA John Shubert: They just . . . they just backdoored insanity. That's an affirmative defense. They did not plead it.

Brad Chase: We're not arguing it.

ADA John Shubert: The witness just testified she lost all conscious control.

Brad Chase: That witness was simply called to rehabilitate. You're the one who impeached my client's truthfulness. You said she was feigning her memory loss.

ADA John Shubert: You went beyond my cross. Your Honor, this is a ploy. They're trying to sneak in alternative defenses. A—She didn't do it. And B—if she did do it, she was insane.

Judge Phillip Stevens: ***pointing to Brad Chase with a pencil*** Did you coach the witness to get in insanity?

Brad Chase: I called a witness to rehabilitate, to support her claim of memory loss.

Judge Phillip Stevens: Knowing full well he believed the possibility that she committed the murders while in a dissociative state.

Brad Chase: I did not elicit that testimony; he did.

Lori Colson: Your Honor, if we wanted to argue insanity, we simply could have pled it.

Judge Phillip Stevens: Except you don't want to argue it, counsel. You want to argue not guilty and have insanity as a fallback. Two defenses for the price of one.

Lori Colson: I'm sure you'll properly instruct against insanity.

Judge Phillip Stevens: Yes. And I'm sure the jury will listen.

ADA John Shubert: I move for an immediate mistrial.

Judge Phillip Stevens: Mr. Shubert, you opened the door on all this with your cross.

ADA John Shubert: Which was their plan.

Judge Phillip Stevens: Maybe so. But you did the damage. I'll give you time to call your own experts, but the case goes on. Mr. Chase, Miss Colson. I keep scorecards of all the lawyers who appear before me.

Alan Shore's Office

Tara Wilson: Now you're being desperate.

Alan Shore: ***standing under a very large swag of mistletoe hanging from the ceiling next to the desk***
Too much?

Tara Wilson: Just a bit. I never figured you to place quite such a premium on a kiss.

Alan Shore: A kiss is the promise of what's to come, Tara. A kiss is . . . ***deep breath in*** . . . the Christmas Eve of sex.

Tara Wilson: ***leaning close enough to tease but too far for the pay-off*** I actually favor the Christmas Eve . . . ***circling to stand behind him and whisper in his ear*** . . . Christmas Eve.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry?

Tara Wilson: *continuing the circle back to face him* It's not the part where the lips actually touch; it's the part just before that . . . when they're so close. When you know it's about to happen. You can almost feel it, taste it—I like that bit to last forever. Don't you just love to make it last forever? **her lips barely touch his**

Alan Shore: No. **about ready to consummate this kiss when:**

Nora Jacobs: Mr. Shore? I'm sorry. There's a man here. I'm sorry.

She has significantly spoiled the mood for Alan Shore and Tara Wilson.

Nora Jacobs: He says he's delivering gifts for you and Mr. Crane. And he says it's urgent. Mr. Crane is out of the office.

Alan Shore: Gifts?

Nora Jacobs: Mmm, hmm.

Alan Shore escorts Nora Jacobs out the door and into:

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Alan Shore: May I help you?

Julio Flores: *carrying gifts* Are you Alan Shore?

Alan Shore: Not if you're a process server.

Julio Flores drops the presents and pulls out a gun, which he holds on Alan Shore. Everyone gasps.

Julio Flores: Shut up! You shut up! Somebody shut down the elevators! If I hear them go ding, I'm gonna shoot this man in the head!

Alan Shore: Sir, I must tell you the last time somebody pointed a gun at me, they shot me, and it hurt—terribly.

Julio Flores: You think this is a joke? You got me arrested! You got my kids taken away! My kids are all I've got.

Alan Shore: Well, it seems you have a gun. Perhaps if you trade the gun . . .

Julio Flores shoots up at the ceiling, and everyone screams.

Alan Shore: All right. This is between you and me. You have a hostage. **raises his voice** Everybody else, pick a door and get behind it now. Let's clear the floor.

Julio Flores: Kill the elevators! Kill the phones!

Alan Shore: Everybody go into an office. Close the door. Now.

Man: Let's do what he says.

Woman #1: Come on. Hurry.

Tara Wilson lags, looks very concerned about leaving Alan Shore with Flores.

Woman #2: Come on. Come on!

Alan Shore: Okay, Mr. Flores, let's talk.

Same scene continued, after commercial break.

Julio Flores: Christmas is family. I go to Peru to be with family. My kids are part of that.

Alan Shore: I understand, sir. It's not what the "No Child Left Behind Act" had in mind . . .

Julio Flores: I'm going to kill you.

Alan Shore: I'd prefer you didn't.

Denny Crane's Office

Tara Wilson: *talking on her cell phone* His name is Julio. We believe his last name is Flores. **pause** Yes, he's already fired a round, so the gun is clearly loaded.

Sally Heep: *talking on cell phone in background* Fourteenth floor. That's right. Thank you.

Tara Wilson: Yes, you can call me. (617) 555-0197.

Alan Shore: You're here because of your children. So, I'll ask you to think about your children. If you go to prison, they lose their father.

Julio Flores: With an arrest, I'm going to lose all custody. They already lost their father.

Courtroom

Brad Chase: The first forensic specialist to analyze the blood spatter pattern, said they were inconclusive. This is a police expert, by the way. He said the spatters could not prove that she fired a gun.

Street Outside of the Crane Poole & Schmidt Building

A large Boston Police Dept. van pulls up to the curb, sirens wailing.

Brad Chase (VO): He's asking you to believe . . .

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Close-up of Julio Flores' gun

Brad Chase (VO): . . . that she wore gloves to commit the crime to explain the lack of powder residue on her hands.

Courtroom

Brad Chase: Then she took the gloves off to handle the murder weapon.

Street Outside of the Crane Poole & Schmidt Building

The back door of the van slides up, and SWAT squad members file out of the van.

Brad Chase (VO): Is it possible there was a burglar?

Courtroom

Brad Chase: The prosecution certainly can't eliminate the idea. And, yes, it's possible that Susan May, seeing her husband making love with another woman, went into a dissociative state, acted outside of her conscious control.

Street Outside of the Crane Poole & Schmidt Building

The SWAT Team enters the building, guns at ready, and go up the stairs, ready to capture the gunman.

Brad Chase (VO): But it doesn't really matter whether she pulled that trigger or not . . .

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Close-up of Julio Flores' gun, and the faces of Julio Flores and Alan Shore.

Back Stairwell of the Crane Poole & Schmidt Building

The SWAT Team, guns at ready, continue up the stairs.

Brad Chase (VO): Because she formed no legal mental intent to do so . . .

Courtroom

Brad Chase: . . . which is an element of the crime.

Back Stairwell of the Crane Poole & Schmidt Building

The SWAT Team, guns at ready, continues up the stairs.

Brad Chase (VO): Reasonable doubt as to whether or not she did it.

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Alan Shore is checking his watch, looking very anxious, with the gun trained on him.

Brad Chase (VO): No evidence of intent, even if she did.

Courtroom

Brad Chase: All leads to the same verdict. Not guilty.

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Alan Shore: It's been almost 30 minutes **sirens wailing in the background** You have to know the building is surrounded by now. The police are probably on every floor.

Julio Flores: I don't care. My life has ended anyway.

Courtroom

ADA John Shubert: No evidence of anyone else being there but the defendant. Time of death: 9:45—fifteen minutes after she arrived home. And as to why the defendant waited a full hour and a half before calling the police . . . Oh, yes! The dissociative state. That's handy.

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Alan Shore: However upset you may be, sir, you must realize that what you are doing is insane.

Courtroom

ADA John Shubert: I wonder why they didn't plead insanity. Because there was no powder residue on her hands? How to explain insanity, yet have presence of mind to wear gloves? That's a tough one. These are very good lawyers.

Julio Flores (VO): You think you're such a great lawyer?

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Julio Flores: You feel like a great lawyer now, Mr. Shore? Huh?

The whirr of helicopter blades can be heard in the background.

Alan Shore: I feel like a busy one. So, if you're going to shoot me, let's do it. I have plans.

Julio Flores points the gun and shoots.

Denny Crane's Office

Sally Heep: *coming around the desk* What happened?

Tara Wilson: *kneeling on the couch and peering out the window around drawn drapery* I don't know. I can't see.

In the Hallway, Alan Shore is slowly back toward Denny Crane's office, Julio Flores following, gun pointed at Alan Shore.

Tara Wilson: Okay. I see Alan. He's all right.

Negotiator: Sir, the phone is going to ring. I want you to pick it up, and we want you to talk to us.

Julio Flores: No.

Denny Crane: *walking into his office from the balcony* See all the police outside? We must have a jumper. I hope it isn't Paul.

Tara Wilson: Denny. Do you know what's going on?

Denny Crane: Why are you women in my office?

Sally Heep: You really don't realize what's happening?

Negotiator (background): The building is surrounded, sir. There's nowhere for you to go.

Denny Crane: I think I do. Let's take off our clothes.

Sally Heep: A man has a gun trained on Alan Shore out there. That's why the police are here.

Negotiator (background): You won't get hurt, sir.

Denny Crane: Out there?

Sally Heep: He's threatening to kill him.

Negotiator (background): Calm down, sir.

Denny Crane: *angry, stomping toward his desk* Why didn't anybody come and get me?! *pulls gun parts out of his credenza* All right, then.

Tara Wilson: Are you mad?

Sally Heep: Mr. Crane, I really don't think that's a good idea.

Denny Crane: *assembling a rifle as he speaks* It's a fantastic idea.

Tara Wilson: Denny, the police are already here.

Denny Crane: Yes, I can see they've got everything under control.

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Negotiator (in the stairwell): Sir, we just want to have a conversation.

Julio Flores: If that phone even rings, I'll shoot! Do you hear me?

Denny Crane's Office

Denny Crane: Tara, when I say open, you open that door.

Tara Wilson: I certainly will not!

Denny Crane: I'm an ex-Marine! I was a trained sniper. Or was it a pilot?

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Negotiator (in the stairwell): Mr. Flores?

Julio Flores: Don't use my name!

Denny Crane's Office

Tara Wilson: Put that gun down. You'll get everybody killed.

Denny Crane walks to the door, rifle assembled and in hand.

Negotiator (background): Sir, you need to let your hostage go.

Julio Flores (background): No!

Negotiator (background): We want to negotiate.

Denny Crane: **opening the door a crack** That's Alan out there! **pulls a chair into position so he can aim from chair, through doorway, to Julio Flores** I'm mainly a skeet shooter now. So, when I yell, Pull," that'll be your cue to yank open the door.

Tara Wilson: You are mad.

Sally Heep: Don't be ridiculous.

Negotiator: Pick up the phone.

Alan Shore is terrified.

Julio Flores: Don't make it ring! I'm warning you. I'll shoot. Do you hear me?

Phone rings.

Denny Crane: Pull.

Tara Wilson pulls the door open, clearing the way for Denny Crane to shoot Julio Flores. Alan Shore gasps, and everyone else screams.

Various SWAT Members: Move it! Got one down. Got him. Get that one's weapon. Sergeant, keep everybody away. Is it clear?

Denny Crane: **swaggering out of his office, gun in the crook of his elbow, to stand next to Alan Shore**
Denny Crane.

Alan Shore, greatly relieved, slumps a little. Denny Crane reaches out, gives him a firm side-to-side hug.

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Julio Flores, gunshot wound to his left shoulder, is strapped to a gurney.

Sally Heep: Is he—is he gonna live?

Paramedic: Took a hit to the shoulder. He'll be fine.

Denny Crane: Oh, gosh, um, Tom DeLay—he's a friend of mine. He advised me to keep a rifle in the office.

Detective Smiley: My question is: Did it appear the suspect was about to shoot Mr. Shore when you decided to take him out?

Denny Crane: No. Why the hell would I wait for that?

Alan Shore's Office

Alan Shore takes a generous swallow of some clear liquid, sighs.

Tara Wilson: Can I get you some more water?

Alan Shore: Please. It's vodka.

Tara Wilson: You're still shaking.

Alan Shore: I thought that was it. **takes another swallow** The way I've lived my life. I've always believed homicide is what God has planned for me.

Tara Wilson: It's nice to know you believe in God.

Alan Shore: Well, it's a law now in this country, isn't it? **raises his glass, takes another swallow, then sighs**

Tara Wilson: I love you. **Alan just stares at her, speechless** I don't want to marry you. I'm not even sure I want to date you. But I love you. And for your information, since you love me as well, this is the point where the boy utters something poetically romantic like, "Me, too." Or perhaps something a little less on the nose like, "You smell good."

Alan Shore: Are you trying to defuse my trauma, because if so . . .

Tara Wilson: No. I nearly died once, and I remember thinking at the time of those who would grieve. And I wondered whether or not I was loved. You are. More vodka?

Alan Shore: Please.

Tara Wilson takes the empty glass gently from his hand, pours more vodka for him, and then gives the glass to him. She gently strokes his shoulder with a finger, then sits on the desk in front of him.

Alan Shore: You smell good. **And he finally gets that kiss.**

Courtroom

Clerk takes a document from Madam Foreperson, delivers it to Judge Phillip Stevens. Judge Phillip Stevens unfolds it, reads it, refolds it and hands it back to the Clerk.

Judge Phillip Stevens: The defendant will please rise. Madam Foreperson, the jury has reached a unanimous verdict?

Madam Foreperson: We have, your Honor.

Judge Phillip Stevens: What say you?

Madam Foreperson: On the charges of murder in the first degree, we find the defendant, Susan May, not guilty.

Murmurs from the gallery.

Madam Foreperson: On the charges of murder in the second degree, we find the defendant, Susan May, not guilty.

Susan May: Oh, my God.

Judge Phillip Stevens: The jury is dismissed with the thanks of the court. We're adjourned. ***bangs gavel***

Susan May: ***shaking Brad Chase's hand*** Thank you.

Courthouse Hallway

Filled with reporters and photographers, all talking at once. They flock to Susan May, Lori Colson, and Brad Chase, who seek refuge in:

Courthouse Conference Room

Susan May: ***sighs*** I don't know what to say to you. You've given me my life back.

Lori Colson: The doctors say you've still got a lot of healing ahead of you, Susan. Let your family take care of you.

Susan May: Um, that theory Dr. Waylon had—that my brain is tricking me, making me believe that I found them dead when I really . . . Does he believe that?

Lori Colson: He thinks it's possible.

Susan May: The brain can do that?

Lori Colson nods.

Susan May: So how do I know?

Balcony Scene

It is snowing on the balcony, so Alan Shore and Denny Crane are listening to "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas," drinking Scotch, and smoking cigars in Denny Crane's Office, watching the snow.

Alan Shore: Remember when we went skeet shooting together?

Denny Crane: I do.

Alan Shore: I barely remember you hitting a single skeet.

Denny Crane: I'm a game player.

Alan Shore: This afternoon, did you consider that you might hit me?

Denny Crane: I did. It's a good feeling, you know, to shoot a bad guy.

Alan Shore: Really?

Denny Crane: Something you Democrats would never understand. Americans—we're homesteaders. We want a safe home, keep the money we make, and shoot bad guys. And save the life of someone you love.

Alan Shore looks at him, surprised at that revelation.

Denny Crane: Wow. Big day. Even for Denny Crane.

Alan Shore: I consider myself many things, Denny, but being loved has never been one of them. And now twice in the same day.

Denny Crane: And the Red Sox won a World Series.

Alan Shore: And the Red Sox won a World Series. You know, Tara told me that once she almost died, and she thought of those who loved her. But I found in that moment, it wasn't who loved me, but rather who I loved. You know whose face I saw, Denny?

Denny Crane: Mine.

Alan Shore: Liza Minelli's.

Denny Crane: ***snort laugh*** Crazy son of a bitch.

Alan Shore: Merry Christmas, my friend.

Denny Crane: Well, I'd say Happy New Year, but . . .

Alan Shore: Next year couldn't possibly be this good.

They click their Scotch glasses together.