

Boston Legal
Live Big
Season 2, Episode 16
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Shirley Schmidt is in her office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt bent over the photo copier. Ivan Tiggs is leaning against the doorway watching her

Ivan Tiggs: That is some fine 'South of the border' Schmidt.

Shirley Schmidt: Ivan?

Ivan Tiggs: Take me back Shirley, that's all I ask.

Shirley Schmidt: You came here to ask me to take you back?

Ivan Tiggs: No actually, I'm getting married. But, if you were to take me back.

Shirley Schmidt: Married? Ivan, no, we talked about this.

Ivan Tiggs: This time it's real, Shirley. I feel it deep down to my...

Shirley Schmidt: Bone, I'm sure.

Ivan Tiggs: She's funny, she's smart. She's practically you, just a much younger model.

Shirley Schmidt: Aw, that's sweet.

Ivan Tiggs: Shirley, I'd like you to be best man.

Shirley Schmidt: What do you mean?

Ivan Tiggs: If a man wants his closest friend to be his best man he should have it. Stand by my side, Shirley. I want you to give me away. It's only right.

Shirley Schmidt: Uh, first of all you raise several issues. The first is that the best man doesn't give the groom away. The second is that you and I used to be married and the third is I'm not a man.

Ivan Tiggs: As trustee for my heart for twenty-five plus years...

Shirley Schmidt: We were married for four.

Ivan Tiggs: I have only known two great loves in my life. You. And now Missy.

Shirley Schmidt: Okay. As far as our great love goes, you strayed during our honeymoon. And let's not even discuss the name 'Missy', is she a pony?

Ivan Tiggs: ***He goes down on one knee.*** Be my best man.

Shirley and Paul Lewiston are having drinks in a bar.

Paul Lewiston: So why not do it? Be in his wedding.

Shirley Schmidt: An ex-wife as a best man? Come on, Paul.

Paul Lewiston: But if you're as close as you say, and the fiancé is okay with it.

Shirley Schmidt: There's also a rehearsal dinner. He wants me there at that.

Paul Lewiston: All I know is when someone asks you to be in his wedding... How many has he had?

Shirley Schmidt: This one will be number six.

Paul Lewiston: Oh.

Paul starts being aware of the words to this song.

So thanks again for the worryin' and waitin',

When I started datin' on weekend nights.

And thanks again for the help with my homework,

And sittin' up with me till I got it right.

Your car for the prom, your letters in 'Nam,

But most of all, Daddy, for marryin' Mom:

To my beautiful life long friends,

Hey, Mom and Daddy thanks again.

Shirley Schmidt: Sweet song. Even if I did do I, I'd... ***She looks at Paul and sees that he seems emotional.*** Paul? Are you okay?

Paul Lewiston: Yeah. Yeah. I'm just a sap when it comes to sentimental songs I guess. If she sings, 'You light up my life' I'll be on the floor. Where were we?

Shirley Schmidt: I was obsessing about my ex-husbands nuptials. How's your daughter by the way? Rachel, right?

Paul nods.

Alan Shore, Denny Crane and Ryan Myerson are in Alan's office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Ryan Myerson: Alzheimer's was her worst fear. She had gotten to the point where she was forgetting, and she was losing control of her body. And she begged me to help her do it. And I complied.

Alan Shore: **He studies Ryan.** How did you comply?

Ryan Myerson: We had hired a nurse who had previously worked at a hospice for dying patients and she was familiar with setting up morphine drips, and I persuaded her to set one for us in case pain management ever became an issue.

Alan Shore: And you increased the drip to cause your wife's death?

Ryan Myerson: Yes. My lawyer is recommending that I plead to manslaughter which I simply cannot bring myself to do. I am not a criminal. If you agree to take over, I think that you should just jump right in. The case is not very complicated, and according to our jury consultants, we have a very sympathetic group impaneled.

Alan Shore: Well, if you're serious about moving forward immediately, then I'd advise you to stay with your current lawyer.

Ryan Myerson: Well, he, he doesn't think that he can win it. And various people are telling me that you can.

Paul is standing at his office window looking out, lost in thought. Shirley comes in.

Shirley Schmidt: How we doing?

Paul Lewiston: It was as if that song was pointed right at my head. I did her homework with her, I drove her to the prom, all the nights I waited up.

Shirley Schmidt: What happened?

Paul Lewiston: She basically stole from me.

Shirley Schmidt: How?

Paul Lewiston: You name it. She'd feign problems with rent. Her health. Credit card debt. She'd invent all kinds of crisis to impel me to write a check, the proceeds of which would always go to feed her drug habit. The last straw, I got her in a program, an exclusive one, I told her if she left she was cut off.

Shirley Schmidt: She left?

Paul Lewiston: We had a fight. I haven't spoken to her since. That was seven years ago.

Shirley Schmidt: You should go see her. **Paul scoffs and turns away.** Let's list all the reason not to and put them under column A.

Paul Lewiston: And column B?

Shirley Schmidt: She's your daughter.

Denny , Alan and Ryan are making their way through a mob of reporters.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane. No comment. The blind shall lead. Only in America. Denny Crane.

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: I'll ask for a continuance if they won't.

Judge Paul Resnick: On grounds they're not ready?

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: You're Honor. This is a tactic. Mr Shore figures to lose at trial...

Alan Shore: I rarely lose. And certainly not to you.

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: So what he's obviously trying to do here is pile on as many grounds for appeal as possible, including it seems, inadequate counsel.

Judge Paul Resnick: Do you to have a prior relationship?

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: Yes, Your Honor. When I was in private practice Mr Shore hacked into my clients corporate files and then blackmailed him.

Alan Shore: Successfully. You left that out.

Judge Paul Resnick: Mr Shore, the court does have concerns with new counsel taking this over the day of trial.

Alan Shore: My client doesn't want a delay. You already know he refused to waive his right to a speedy trial.

Judge Paul Resnick: Then you're on record as being ready? **Alan nods.** We'll bring in the jury at two o'clock.

Alan Shore: Thank you.

Shirley, Ivan and Ivan's fiancée, Missy Frank are in Shirley's office.

Shirley Schmidt: Are you okay with this?

Missy Frank: Oh, I am. You're dear to my Ivan. And I'm certainly wise enough to know that the heart wants what the heart wants. So long as his penis doesn't weigh in.

And she laughs/snorts at her little joke. She reddens with some embarrassment as she laughs/snorts away, uncontrollably. It's a problem.

Ivan Tiggs: **To Shirley.** She has a funny laugh. I didn't tell you.

Shirley Schmidt: Yes, you left that out.

And Missy continues to laugh/snort... until—

Ivan Tiggs: Bambi's mother got shot. **And she stops. Shirley looks to Ivan. "What the...?"** Sometimes when she starts she can't stop, so I have to tell her something tragic to snap her out of it.

Shirley Schmidt: Tell me. What brought you two together?

Missy Frank: Well, I'd have to say, church. **Shirley shoots a look, 'church'?** to Ivan who shoots back a look **'just go with it.'** Also his sense of humor. Did he make you giggle?

Shirley Schmidt: Only in bed.

Missy laughs/snorts again, off she goes.

Ivan Tiggs: **To Shirley.** It's best not to amuse her.

Shirley Schmidt: I can see this.

Ivan Tiggs: Bill Buckner.

Missy Frank: **She stops.** I apologize. Anyhow, where we really connected, I think, was our love of musical theater.

Shirley looks to Ivan again. 'What?'

Missy Frank: **She breaks into song.** Anybody could be that guy.

Ivan Tiggs: Mamamia. Here I go again.

In Judge Paul Resnick's courtroom. All parties are present as A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer questions Jody Young, late thirties.

Jody Young: I was hired as Mrs. Myerson's private nurse. I worked in her employ up until the time of her death.

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: In fact, Ms Young... it was you who supplied the defendant with the morphine and the IV, isn't that correct?

Jody Young: Yes.

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: Did he tell you what he wanted to use the morphine drip for?

Jody Young: He said if she ever got in too much pain he wanted to help her manage it.

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: And how is it you even had access to this drug?

Jody Young: I had worked at a hospice for people dying of terminal diseases. It was quite common for morphine drips to be used in connection with pain management.

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: But don't you typically need a prescription?

Jody Young: Ordinarily, but I have a small stockpile, I guess would be the word. I never thought Mr Myerson would use it to actually cause her death.

Alan Shore is up.

Alan Shore: You stated you never thought my client would use the morphine to cause his wife's death – would that be because you knew him to love his wife very much?

Jody Young: That would be one reason, yes.

Alan Shore: Did Mrs Myerson ever communicate to you that she would rather die than live through the experience of her brain being destroyed by this disease?

Jody Young: She said so many times.

Alan Shore: Is there any doubt in your mind that Mrs Myerson wanted to end her life?

Jody Young: None. She asked me to help her. I said I couldn't legally. And that's when she turned to her husband.

Alan Shore: Thank you.

Shirley is in her office at her desk. Suddenly, Missy breezes in, holding up a hideous green dress.

Missy Frank: **Sing-songy.** Hellooooo... Whaddya think? **Re: the dress.**

Shirley Schmidt: I'm curious to your thoughts, if they involve me putting that on in this lifetime.

Missy Frank: All the bridesmaids are wearing it.

Shirley Schmidt: It's green.

Missy Frank: Yeah. Shirley, may we speak as girlfriends for a second?

Shirley Schmidt: I met you this morning.

Missy Frank: I know you're happy for Ivan and me. But I don't wanna to be insensitive. If it's too difficult for you to be giving him away at the ceremony...

Shirley Schmidt: As long as we're speaking as girlfriends. Aside from God and 'Les Miserables,' how are you and Ivan... compatible?

Missy Frank: Well, we love children. I'm a wonderful housekeeper, I love to cook, these are traditional values I speak of. I'm sexually very... indefatigable. **And she snorts/laughs. And off she goes.**

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, God., Tsunami. Holocaust. Trent Lott. **And she stops.**

Missy Frank: Are you ah, are you one of those?

Shirley Schmidt: Those?

Missy Frank: Those people who mock the religious right or put down our administration.

Shirley Schmidt: **She gasps.** I would never...

In Boston at night, Paul knocks on a door. Rachel Lewiston opens. She's stunned to see him, but covers. Finally...

Rachel Lewiston: **Simply.** Who's dead?

Paul Lewiston: Nobody's dead, Rachel. I just came... to say hello.

A beat.

Rachel Lewiston: Is that it?

Okay. She's not going to meet him half-way here. A beat.

Paul Lewiston: Look, Rachel. Whatever damage... I'd like to begin to repair it.

Rachel Lewiston: Well, dad, I, I think we both can agree we'd need to start with an apology. Where we differ is on who needs to give it.

Paul Lewiston: I'm sorry that we lost track for seven year. But I don't owe you an apology...

Rachel Lewiston: See ya, dad.

She begins to close the door.

Paul Lewiston: Wait. Can we talk?

Rachel Lewiston: I'm kinda busy.

Paul Lewiston: With what?

With that, she opens the door a little more to reveal... a three-year-old girl, clinging to her leg.

Paul Lewiston: Who, who is this?

Rachel Lewiston: Your granddaughter.

Paul, Rachel and Fiona are in Rachel's townhouse.

Rachel Lewiston: So far he's been paying child support, so financially he's been responsible.

Paul Lewiston: How soon after did you split up?

Rachel Lewiston: We were never together, dad. It was one of those things. **Off his look.** You're shocked.

Of course he isn't.

Paul Lewiston: Rachel, you're almost forty.

Rachel Lewiston: Meaning what, time to grow up?

Paul Lewiston: Meaning, perhaps when choosing men...

Rachel Lewiston: Find one who won't walk out on me, yeah, well, you know what they say, girls looks to marry their fathers.

Paul Lewiston: I never walked out on your mother.

Rachel Lewiston: No. But you walked out on me.

Paul Lewiston: I did not! You stole from, I had no...

Rachel Lewiston: **Cutting him off.** Hey! **Re: Fiona.** She's three. She can understand what you're saying.

A beat. Then Lewiston sees little Fiona at the doorway to the hall. He goes over.

Paul Lewiston: Hello, sweetheart. You look...

She cowers, pulls away. It's devastating experience. A beat. He rises. Turns to Rachel.

Rachel Lewiston: She just doesn't know you, that's all.

And how sad is that? A beat.

Paul Lewiston: **Contained fury.** How angry you must be with me. To not tell me... that I had a granddaughter? How angry you must be.

She stares back. No argument. A beat. Then he storms out.

Alan and Denny are in Alan's office. Denny is just staring out the window.

Alan Shore: This district attorney is not without talent. If he's able to present our client in any unsympathetic light, we'll lose. You okay?

Denny Crane: I'm tired of my Alzheimer's being a story point.

Alan Shore: This isn't your story, Denny. And your MRI was fine, remember? No progression. **A beat.** Imagine killing somebody you deeply love. Even to spare suffering.

Denny Crane: You said you'd do it for me. You promised.

Alan Shore: I don't know that I could.

Denny Crane: Well, don't worry, you're off the hook. If the day comes, Bev said she'd sit on me.

Alan Shore: Ah! Boots on.

Denny Crane: That's what we did with my father. Morphine drip.

In Judge Paul Resnick's courtroom Alan questions Ryan Myerson.

Ryan Myerson: She loved to read more than anything else in the world. And in the last few months, she couldn't even do that.

Alan Shore: What about the physical symptoms?

Ryan Myerson: Ah, well, her motor control were declining, which was why we hired the nurse. She battled incontinence. But mainly... it was the sense that her brain was dying. And she knew it. I mean, this was a proud, fiercely intelligent woman who... was becoming an imbecile, not only in front everybody else's eyes. But her own.

Alan Shore: Were you present when she died?

Ryan Myerson: Yes. It, it was tragic. But it paled to the tragedy had she gone on living.

Ryan is struggling to hold it together.

Shirley and Denise Bauer are having coffee in the lunchroom at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Denise Bauer: You practiced law together?

Shirley Schmidt: My very first firm. Tiggs and Schmidt. It flopped. We were great partners, but lousy partners. But boy, it was fun.

Missy Frank: **She comes in. In a singsong voice:** Hello!

Shirley Schmidt: **Under her breath.** Oh, God!

Missy Frank: **She gives Shirley a piece of paper.** Directions to the rehearsal dinner. **In a singsong voice:** Eight o'clock! You can bring a date!

Missy leaves. Denise smiles.

Shirley Schmidt: You think it's funny?

Denise Bauer: **She chuckles.** I do.

Shirley Schmidt: You're coming with me. **In a mock singsong voice:** Eight o'clock! I can bring a date!

At the rehearsal dinner, Missy walks up to the microphone

Missy Frank: **In a singsong voice:** Hellooo! Time for my toast.

Denise Bauer: Why am I here?

Shirley Schmidt: Why am I?

Missy Frank: **Ivan goes up to stand next to her. Into mic.** First, I'd like to thank you all for coming tonight... I have a confession to make. I never really thought I'd get married. I'd always hoped to, but... well... the thought that I'd actually meet a man who could look past my various eccentricities and quirks and see me for my heart. **She puts her hand on it.** I never thought I'd actually meet a man who... **It seems she's lost in emotion for a second. The piano starts up. She sings.** Perhaps I had a wicked childhood.

Shirley Schmidt: You've gotta be kidding.

Missy Frank: **Singing.** Perhaps I had a miserable youth.

But somewhere in my wicked miserable past / There must have been a moment of truth.

Shirley Schmidt: **To Denise.** Am I being punked?

Denise Bauer: Be nice.

Ivan joins Missy at the mic.

Missy/Ivan: For here you are standing there loving me / Whether or not you should / So somewhere in my youth or childhood / I must've done something good.

Shirley, drop-jawed.

On a Boston street at night. Ivan is walking Shirley home.

Ivan Tiggs: C'mon, rehearsal dinners are meant to be silly. Let me take you back thirty years or so to ours.

Shirley Schmidt: I don't relive past traumas.

Ivan Tiggs: Then let me just take you back.

They hold a look.

Shirley Schmidt: Do you really love this girl, Ivan?

Ivan Tiggs: Love is a state of mind, Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: No, it isn't, maybe that's your problem, you think—

Ivan Tiggs: My problem is I love you. **Time freezes. A beat.** There, I said it. I love you. Never stopped. **A beat. An awkward beat.**

Shirley Schmidt: This isn't fair what you're doing to this girl.

Ivan Tiggs: I have enormous affection for her. The sex is rewarding. I make her happy. All adds up to a workable equation.

Shirley Schmidt: Your sense of romance is overwhelming.

Ivan Tiggs: We always said what a mistake it was for us to get married? Maybe the blunder was splitting up. Do you ever wonder?

Shirley Schmidt: No.

Ivan Tiggs: May I kiss the bride one last time before the ceremony?

Shirley Schmidt: I'm the best man. **Ivan takes her face in his hands.** Very bad idea.

He gives her a brief kiss.

Ivan Tiggs: Now that was romance.

Shirley Schmidt: Yes it was. Good night, Ivan. **She goes inside. He leaves.**

In her office Shirley is sitting at her desk, lost in thought. Perhaps punishing herself for the kiss. The camera closes in on her.

In his office Paul is sitting at his desk, lost in thought. His trance is finally broken by a knock on the door. Rachel is standing there. A beat.

Rachel Lewiston: The thing is, dad, I can handle not knowing whether you're in my life or not, but Fiona's asking me, "Is Grandpa ever coming back?" I gotta know what to tell her.

Paul Lewiston: Do you want me in your life?

Rachel Lewiston: It's nice how you can put accusations in question form. Let me try. Did you mean to suggest our estrangement was my doing when it was you refusing to so much as take my phone calls for three-plus years? How's that?

He goes red with anger.

Paul Lewiston: Close that door.

All parties present. Koupfer questions Ryan Myerson. Koupfer has a gentle, compassionate approach. Like a tender assassin.

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: I heard you say that she was emotionally unstable. Is it possible her decision was influenced by this instability?

Ryan Myerson: No.

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: No? Did you have a therapist or any trained professional speak with her about her apparent wish to die?

Ryan Myerson: I knew my wife better than any therapist ever could, and her wish to die was not 'apparent.'

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: You, you stated that she was becoming an imbecile. That must have been excruciating for you. Was it a relief in any way at all when she died?

A beat. Ryan knows full well that Koupfer is trying to trap him.

Ryan Myerson: It was a relief to see her suffering end.

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: I'm sorry to be asking these questions. It's just sometimes, in these situations it's actually more about sparing the family's suffering than it is the victim's.

Denny Crane: **He leaps to his feet.** Objection! **That startles the courtroom. Denny is immediately embarrassed at his own eruption. The room is somewhat stunned.**

Judgy Thurmond: The objection's overruled. Are you alright, Mr Crane?

A beat. Denny sits.

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: Sir. How much was it costing you per month to care for your wife?

Ryan Myerson: You know, I, I'm just about one second away from taking my fist to your head.

Judgy Thurmond: Mr Myerson!

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: That strikes me as impulsive. Are you an impulsive person?

Alan Shore: Your Honor, this badgering has gone on long enough.

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: I am simply trying to establish that Mr Myerson and the deceased were the two most emotionally disabled people in all of this, the very last two people who should be entrusted to make a decision to end human life.

In her office Shirley is in her office at her desk, still looking contrite. A knock.

Ivan Tiggs: I'm sorry. I lost a crown on my tooth last night; I was wondering whether perhaps you swallowed it.

Shirley Schmidt: Aren't you ashamed of what happened?

Ivan Tiggs: No, but I can see you are, so we're covered.

Shirley Schmidt: Ivan! You are getting married, and you're kissing another woman.

Ivan Tiggs: Not just any woman. I promise.

Shirley Schmidt: You simply cannot marry this girl, not if...

Ivan Tiggs: There's only one thing that can stop it.

Shirley Schmidt: And that is?

Ivan Tiggs: I'm lookin at her. **A beat.** Final offer. Marry me.

Shirley Schmidt: You're out of your mind.

Ivan Tiggs: You didn't say, "No."

Shirley Schmidt: No.

Ivan Tiggs: You didn't mean "No."

Shirley Schmidt: "No", means, "No."

Ivan Tiggs: If not you, then her.

Shirley Schmidt: For God's sake, Ivan, think of her.

Ivan Tiggs: See you at the ceremony, Shirl. **He exits.**

In Paul's office, he and Rachel are deep into it now, and it's getting ugly.

Paul Lewiston: I was not going to enable you any longer!

Rachel Lewiston: So you stop giving me money! But to walk out? To refuse to take my calls? To tell security at your damn firm not let me in?!

Paul Lewiston: **Escalating.** You think you're going to lay all this on me... I gave you everything!

Rachel Lewiston: It was your job to give me everything! Just like it's my job to give Fiona everything, no matter what!

Paul Lewiston: At some point...

Rachel Lewiston: I needed you!!

The scream stops them both.

Rachel Lewiston: **Struggling, softly.** For God's sake, dad, I was a drug addict, an alcoholic... I had nothing. I needed my father. And you abandoned me.

A beat.

Paul Lewiston: **Softly.** You think that was easy for me? I spoke to counselors, professionals. They all told me you had to hit bottom before...

Rachel Lewiston: Well, mission accomplished, dad. Because I did.

They're both on the verge of tears. Silence.

Paul Lewiston: In my darkest days... during your mother's illness, I would let my mind wander to you. I would dream... of being there for you when you give birth to our first grandchild. Getting to hold and love a baby again, like I did you. How dare you take that from me? How dare you?

A beat.

Rachel Lewiston: Well you know what, dad? In my darkest day... through it all... I had one little thing, one tiny semblance of a foundation. And it was knowing that no matter what, my father would be there for me. And he wasn't. He wasn't. How dare you take that from me?

A beat. And she exits. A stake through Paul's heart.

Paul and Shirley are having drinks in a bar.

Shirley Schmidt: Should we request that other song? For my money, she probably did hit bottom because you walked away and that maybe saved her life. Forgive her.

Paul Lewiston: I'm not sure she'll forgive me.

Shirley Schmidt: Paul. You went to her house, today she came to your office. You two are already back together, you just can't figure out a way to execute the deal.

Paul Lewiston: And what about you and Ivan?

Shirley Schmidt: I'm sorry?

Paul Lewiston: Do you still love him?

Shirley Schmidt: I beg your pardon?

Paul Lewiston: Your taste in men, Shirley. Ivan Tiggs. Denny Crane, wild, bigger than life.

Shirley Schmidt: I, I don't love Ivan anymore. I'm just his best man.

In Judge Paul Resnick's court room A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer is giving his closing.

A.D.A. Douglas Koupfer: We have a law against assisted suicide. One reason simply goes to the sanctity of life. Once we start eroding that? Once we say it's acceptable for people to start killing themselves? A terrible thing happens. It becomes acceptable. It's suddenly an option. For the senior citizen with Alzheimer's, for the fifty-year-old with cancer, for the teenager with no friends. Who decides when suicide is the way to go? In this case the decision fell to a mentally impaired woman and emotionally despairing husband. Not exactly bastions of sound judgment. His motives, however clouded by grief, may have been pure. But what about that husband who wants his wife to die to perhaps prevent the estate from being financially drained? What about the family that actually seeks to end their own suffering, because it's too horrible watching mom deteriorate? How do we assess or regulate motive? It's why we chose, as a matter of law not to go down that slope. Nobody is arguing the Mr Myerson is a bad man. He isn't. But he admittedly, reflectively acted to end the life of a human being. Under the law which you took an oath to uphold, that's murder.

He sits down. Alan gets up.

Alan Shore: The dirty little secret is we went down that slope years ago. Officially we say we're against assisted suicide, but it goes on all the time. Seventy percent of all deaths in hospitals are due to decisions to let patients die. Whether its morphine drips or respirators or hydration tubes. With all due respect to the Terry Shivo fanfare, patients are assisted with death all across this country all the time. As for regulating motive? Here's a thought. Investigate it. If we suspect foul play, have the police ask questions, if it smells funny, prosecute. But here, there's no suggestion the Mr Myerson's motive was anything other than to satisfy his wife's wishes and spare her the extreme indignity of experiencing the rotting of her brain. Can you imagine? Would you want to live like that?

I had a dog for twelve years. His name was Alan. That was his name when I got him. He had cancer in the end. That, in conjunction with severe hip displacement. And he was in unbearable pain. My vet recommended, and I agreed, to euphemize him. It was humane. Which we, as a society, endeavor to be, for animals. My client's act was humane. It was a selfless one, it was a sorrowful one. Ms Myerson's nurse testified as to the profound love Ryan Myerson had for his wife. Sometimes the ultimate act of love... and kindness... **A beat.** If you think this man is a criminal, send him to jail. But if you don't... don't. ***Alan returns and sits.***

Wedding ceremony in progress. Schmidt is there, in the green dress, as best man.

Minister Bill: And do you, Missy, take Ivan to be your lawfully-wedded husband, to love, honor, and obey, 'til death do you part?

Missy: I do. I do! ***Quick snort.***

Minister Bill: And do you, Ivan, take Missy to be your lawfully-wedded wife, to love, honor, and obey, 'til death do you part?

Ivan Tiggs: I do.

Minister Bill: If there's anyone who knows a reason why these two should not be joined together in holy matrimony, speak now, or forever hold your peace.

Ivan turns to look to Shirley. She stays silent. A beat.

Minister Bill: The rings? ***Music gently comes up. As Missy puts the ring on Ivan's finger she sings gently*** — So somewhere in my youth or childhood...

Ivan Tiggs: ***As he puts the ring on Missy's finger he sings***— I must've done something good.

Missy/Ivan: Nothing comes from nothing / Nothing ever could...

The choir stands.

Choir/Missy/Ivan: So somewhere in my youth or childhood...

Minister Bill: I now pronounce you husband and wife.

Choir/Missy/Ivan: I must have done something good.

Ivan and Missy kiss.

Minister Bill: ***To the congregation.*** I present to you Mr and Mrs Ivan Tiggs.

Huge applause. The choir continues singing. Ivan and Missy head down the aisle as all continue to applaud, including Shirley. But there's a hint of melancholy. Perhaps she is still in love with him. As the couple gets to the door, they turn back for a final wave. Ivan and Schmidt's eyes meet one last time... before he walks out the door... and likely her life... forever. Shirley, still feigning her happiness for them, applauding.

The music changes as we pick up Lewiston, walking. Not aimless, he knows his destination. He comes over a slight knoll... stops. Rachel and Fiona are playing in a swing/sand area. A place where

Lewiston once played with Rachel. Lewiston observes. The camera stays back as Lewiston continues on, approaches his daughter. From a distance, we see the exchange. She sees him, some silence; they talk... then finally... an embrace. An embrace that's been overdue for seven years. As they hug each other tightly dissolve to next scene.

In Judge Paul Resnick's courtroom the Judge hands the clerk a piece of paper. The clerk takes it over to the foreperson.

Judge Thurmond: Will the defendant please rise?

Alan, Denny and Ryan rise.

Judge Thurmond: Madame Foreperson, the jury has reached a unanimous verdict?

Foreperson: We have, Your Honor.

Judge Thurmond: What say you?

Foreperson: In the matter of the Commonwealth vs. Ryan Myerson on the charge of murder in the second degree, we the jury find the defendant, Ryan Myerson... not guilty.

Mr Myerson is relieved. Alan nods.

Denny Crane: **He is stunned.** Really?

Judge Thurmond: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, thank you for your services. You are dismissed.

Ryan Myerson: **He reaches over to shake Alan's hand.** Thank you so much, Mr Shore.

Alan Shore: It was nothing. But expensive.

Ryan Myerson: Denny? Thank you. **They hug. Mr Meyerson looks over Denny's shoulder at his wife's nurse who gets up, looks at Mr Meyerson, folds her hands as they share a secret smile in silent thanks and relief over the verdict. Alan catches this look and turns to look at Mr Meyerson as realization dawns on him.**

Ryan Myerson: **He breaths a sigh of relief.** I'm so overwhelmed, I don't know what to say.

Alan Shore: There's typically a post verdict crash, Mr Meyerson. I frequently counsel my clients not to be alone. **Mr Meyerson nods.** Do you have someone to keep you company tonight? **They share a look.**

Alan and Denny are out on the balcony. Denny is pouring drinks and Alan is smoking a cigar.

Denny Crane: The nurse?

Alan Shore: The look was unmistakable. That's why he was so adamant about going forward with the trial so fast. If his affair with the nurse surfaced, which it inevitably would have, he'd be sunk.

Denny Crane: Hm! He killed her to be with his mistress.

Alan Shore: Who knows? Maybe the fact that he was in love with somebody else simply made it easier to comply with his wife's desire to die.

Denny Crane: Maybe she didn't really wanna die. All we had is his word for it.

Alan Shore: And the nurses.

Denny Crane: Oh my God. We don't know whether he's innocent or guilty. I hate that!

Alan Shore: Denny, when you launched yourself in court like a pop tart...

Denny Crane: He was badgering our client. I had to break the flow.

Alan Shore: Mr Koupfer had just said, "Families often act to end their own suffering." Is that what happened with your father?

Denny Crane: He wasn't exactly in pain. His appetite was good. In fact he was actually smiling more in the end than he... On the day, the day we told the doctor to up the drip, he was blissful. We put him out of our misery. And I often wondered did that life belong to the man with the brain of a two-year-old? Or to the man who preceded it? It certainly... didn't belong to me.

Alan Shore: I think the life belonged to the man who preceded the disease. The man you knew as your father.

Denny Crane: Ah. But at what point? Koupfer said it was slippery slurrp.

Alan Shore: Slope. How'd you get the doctor to do it?

Denny Crane: Denny Crane. I was still the real thing then.

Alan Shore: Denny, I'm gonna say this right now and then I'm going to memorialize it in my living will, if I ever end up with the mind of a two-year-old...

Denny Crane: I'll have Bev sit on you.

Alan Shore: **He chuckles.** That's a load off.

Denny Crane: My day is coming, Alan. We both know that.

Alan Shore: It's a long ways off. And in the meantime. Live big, my friend. Live big.

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