

Boston Legal
Shock and Oww!
Season 2, Episode 18
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Denny Crane, in his pj's, is in bed with remote in hand watching The View. There's a knock on the door.

Alan Shore: Denny? You ready to go? **He comes in.** Denny? You must go to work. It's Hump Day, your favorite day.

Denny Crane: I don't have a favorite anything any more.

Alan Shore: Listen. I understand the need to retreat into oneself after a failed love affair, but you haven't gone to work in three days. You've been in that bed for two, you're drinking scotch at nine in the morning, and most disturbingly you're watching The View.

Denny Crane: Leave me alone.

Denny snuggles under his covers. Alan reaches under the cover.

Denny Crane: Hey! Hey! Hey!! Same team. Same team!

They scuffle for the remote. Alan wins.

Alan Shore: Consider this an intervention.

Denny Crane: It's no use, Alan. Nothing interests me anymore.

Alan switches the channel to the local news. On the TV a reporter is covering a local story. Shots of ordinary looking man being dragged from his home by police—this is Russel Blayney.

Reporter: Construction worker Russell Blayney arrested for attempted murder for setting a bobby trap in his home to catch burglars. Miguel Quinones allegedly broke into Blayney's house and received a reported fifty thousand volts of electricity through his body, paralyzing him from the waist down. And leaving us all with the question: Russell Blayney: Victim or Vigilante?

Denny Crane: **He jumps out of his bed. Suddenly focused, intense.** That case! I want that case.

Alan Shore: **Eyeing him.** I see your bliss is back, as well.

In Judge Diane Avent's courtroom. Defense Attorney Warren Peters stands with the accused, Russell Blayney. A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg addresses Judge Avent.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: Your Honor, the Commonwealth moves that bail be denied. Mr Blayney is charged with attempted murder and is an obvious flight risk.

Warren Peters: **He is nervous, and in over his head.** If I may, my client...

Denny Crane: Your Honor! **Denny is in the doorway.** I need a moment with my client.

Judge Diane Avent is confused.

Judge Diane Avent: You don't have a client here, Mr Crane?

Denny Crane: Count to ten, Judge. **He crosses to Blayney, ignoring Peters.** Mr Blayney? Do you know who I am?

Russell Blayney: Yeah, you're Denny Crane. I've seen you on Larry King. You're famous.

Denny Crane: So? Who would you rather have as your attorney? Me? Or Hacky McGuilty Verdict here?

Speechless, Blayney looks to Peters.

Warren Peter: I've faced him before. You'd rather have him.

Denny Crane: **To Peters.** Don't feel bad, son. It takes a big man to recognize a bigger man.

Judge Diane Avent: We're waiting, Mr Crane.

Denny Crane: **He steps forward, a man in charge.** Ah, I move for a continuance, Your Honor. **Judge Avent gives him an acidic look.** I just got this case.

Alan walks into his office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Shirley Schmidt is waiting.

Alan Shore: Shirley? First thing in the morning, haven't even had my coffee.

Shirley Schmidt: Normally I'd make a witty retort about caffeine and your aging reproductive system but, not today, Alan, I have a problem. Karl Hauser died this week.

Alan Shore: The photographer?

Shirley Schmidt: I knew him years ago. We hadn't been in touch in some time, but... well, he's dead.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry.

Shirley Schmidt: I met Karl when I was a sophomore at Welsley. I spent the summer in Manhattan and we met in the west village. He was... **She chuckles.** ...this amazing fascinating man and he told me I was very pretty, and I did some modeling for him.

Alan Shore: Please tell me this going where I think its going.

Shirley Schmidt: Yeah, it is. Karl took some very tasteful black and white nudes of me.

Alan Shore: I am so disappointed in you, Shirley. Tasteful?

Shirley Schmidt: There's going to be an estate auction and I want you to find a way to block the sale of those photographs.

Alan Shore: How many pictures are we talking about?

Shirley Schmidt: I think there were fifteen, maybe twenty...

Alan Shore: That's not so many.

Shirley Schmidt: ... rolls of film that he used.

Alan Shore: I am so glad I came into work today.

Shirley Schmidt: Down boy. This is serious. Karl promised me that he wouldn't show the photographs to anyone. However, I signed a standard release saying that he could show them to everyone.

Alan Shore: Why are you so worried about this, Shirley? You were young. Young people do all sorts of things. And now! You wear clothes to the office every single day.

Shirley Schmidt: Shocking as it may seem to you, Alan, I like my privacy. Maybe I'll wanna be federal judge someday and being a named partner at a prestigious law firm. Ha. Well, it's not good for business.

Alan Shore: I'll give you my best effort. Of course, at some point I will have to examine the evidence thoroughly.

In a coffee shop Paul Lewiston is drinking coffee and reading a newspaper. Rachel Lewiston comes in, her daughter in tow.

Paul Lewiston: Oh!

Rachel Lewiston: Here we are. Ach! Sorry we're late.

Paul Lewiston: No problem.

Rachel Lewiston: Fiona. Say hello to grandpa.

Fiona: Hi, pa pa.

Paul Lewiston: **He chuckles fondly.** Hi. Hello sweetheart.

Rachel Lewiston: I guess you're pa pa from now on.

Paul Lewiston: Well, that's one of the nicest names I've ever been called.

Rachel Lewiston: Ah! We were almost out the door, she insisted on wearing the red cowboy boots, I finally said, "Okay," and of course then we could only find one. Then we finally we found the other one on top of the refrigerator.

Paul Lewiston: **To Fiona.** Ohhh!

Rachel Lewiston: I guess now it's pointless to ask how it got on top of the refrigerator; you just grab it and go.

Paul Lewiston: I, I took the liberty of ordering coffee and some hot chocolate.

Rachel Lewiston: Oh. Thanks so much. We can just stay a second. It's Fiona's first day at Happy Duck Day Care.

Paul Lewiston: Ah! Is that a good place?

Rachel Lewiston: Now don't let the cheesy name fool you. They're great. I went to so many places. I had a checklist I used. Ah! Yeah, here it is.

Paul Lewiston: Ah, let's see what we have here. **He reads from her list.** 'Childcare questions. Are they licensed and monitored? Do they afford opportunities for both active and quiet play? Is the staff trained in CPR? Do the kids appear happy?' Rachel, this is a very thorough list.

Rachel Lewiston: She's my daughter. Where are my keys?

Fiona: It's in your pocket.

Rachel Lewiston: Yep! Here they are. Dad, uhm, in all the cowboy boot madness this morning, I, I lost my ATM card somewhere. If you could lend me forty bucks?

Paul Lewiston: No problem. You know, um, Rachel, if you're in a hurry to get to work I can drop Fiona off at, Happy Duck? Is it?

Rachel Lewiston: Oh, thanks, we'll make it okay. Fiona? We have to go. Thank pa pa for your hot chocolate.

Fiona: Thank you pa pa for the hot chocolate.

Paul Lewiston: You're very welcome.

Rachel Lewiston: Thanks, dad.

Paul Lewiston: By, darling.

Rachel Lewiston: See ya.

Paul Lewiston: **They kiss.** Bye bye. Bye bye, Fiona! **He chuckles.** Bye bye.

Shirley is in her office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Paul comes in.

Shirley Schmidt: By your look, it's not good.

Rachel Lewiston: I believe Rachel's using again. She's back on Crystal Meth.

Shirley Schmidt: What proof do you have?

Paul Lewiston: We were supposed to meet at eight: Coffee shop near here apartment. She showed up twenty minutes late with Fiona in tow. She was harried, disorganized. She couldn't find her keys.

Paul Lewiston: Paul, you've just described every single working mother in America.

Paul Lewiston: Then she asked to borrow forty dollars. Crystal Meth users live their lives in forty dollar increments. Cash.

Shirley Schmidt: Paul. This is a very serious accusation and you need to be absolutely certain before you make it.

Paul Lewiston: I know. If I'm right and do nothing, Fiona could be in danger. If I act and I'm wrong Rachel will never speak to me again; she'll cut me out forever. What do I do?

Shirley Schmidt: You've lived through a lot with Rachel and this relationship you're developing with her now is very new. You might wanna ask yourself if your history with Rachel's drug use is causing you to overreact. Just think about it.

Denny Crane and an entourage of people are walking down the hall at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Denny Crane: You! Blondie. **He points to Denise Bauer.** You're on my team. **She walks with him.** If you've seen the news you know what a travesty this is. A man arrested for defending his own house. It's a farce. Not the funny kind. This is one serious farce.

Denise Bauer: May I ask what we're pleading. It seems self-defense...

Denny Crane: Don't like that kind of thinking. Defense of self. You gotta strike first. Preempt 'em. What they say in the news? Victim or vigilante? It's neither. This is Russell Blayney, hero!

Denise Bauer: You wanna try this case in the press?

Denny Crane: Exactly. I wanna grab the public's attention. The story. Character. Narrative. We have to create our own reality. You! Young punk. You must know computers. Set up a website all those blobs. Justice for Russell Blayney! And you, Denise, you'll be my second. You look good on camera.

Alan is in his office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Shirley peeks in.

Shirley Schmidt: Karl Hauser's widow's here.

In the conference room with Margurite Hauser.

Marguerite Hauser: Straight forward standard release Karl used for all his models. **She pushes the paper over to Shirley.**

Shirley Schmidt: A lifetime of papers and contracts, and you manage to find mine. God bless the organized.

Alan opens a scrapbook.

Marguerite Hauser: And there's no mistaking your signature.

Alan Shore: **He gasps.** Oh! **He's in awe.** **Shirley cranes her neck to get a look.** **Alan notices that he's being noticed.** I'm so sorry, ha, ha. Here you are. **He attempts to compose himself.** I may cry.

Shirley Schmidt: He loves art. Marguerite, I'm sorry, your husband was an adult famous man of the world and I was an immature kid who did not understand the document she was signing. There was no meeting of the minds here. So this contract, I'm afraid, is not binding.

Marguerite Hauser: As I recall, it wasn't your minds that met.

Alan Shore: Ha, ha.

Marguerite Hauser: If you were old enough to screw my husband you were old enough to understand what you were signing.

Shirley Schmidt: Your husband talked me into doing quite a few things I didn't understand.

Marguerite Hauser: Tell me why I should do something nice for you. And don't say because you did something nice for my husband.

Alan Shore: What do you intend to do with the photos?

Marguerite Hauser: Half of Karl's collection is already promised to The Museum of Modern Art in New York. I intend to auction off the other half, including those photos. Your pictures will be going on the block.

Brad Chase is in his office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Paul comes in.

Paul Lewiston: I need a favor. A very important, very personal favor.

Brad Chase: Of course.

Paul Lewiston: After an extended absence I have recently reconnected with my daughter, Rachel, and I've learned that I have a beautiful granddaughter named, Fiona.

Brad Chase: Congratulations, Paul.

Paul Lewiston: My daughter is a drug addict, or at least she was. She says she's clean now, but I have my suspicions. If she is using again then my granddaughter could be in danger.

Brad Chase: My specialty isn't family law, but what I know...

Paul Lewiston: No, no. You misunderstand. I don't want your legal advice. I want you to find out if my daughter is using drugs again. Brad, if this year has taught me anything, it's that you will get the job done by any means necessary. I would never ask this of you unless it was essential.

Brad Chase: **A beat.** Absolutely. I'll do what I can.

Shirley is in her office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Alan comes in.

Shirley Schmidt: What have you got?

Alan Shore: The twenty-sixth amendment.

Shirley Schmidt: Karl Hauser was taking naked pictures of me, not denying me the vote.

Alan Shore: The twenty-sixth amendment, which not only extended the right to vote to eighteen year olds but also persuaded the States to grant them status as adults, was ratified in 1971. The photos were taken in 1966. Which, by the way, is my new favorite year.

Shirley Schmidt: Ha, ha, ha, and now mine as well. I wasn't 21 when I signed that agreement, I was legally a minor and therefore can repudiate the contract and I am an idiot. Why didn't I think of this sooner?

Alan Shore: I'm going to credit Karma or Freud. Either way, it's because I was destined to discover and revel in the natural wonders of all that is you.

Brad, in a bookstore, wearing a khaki jacket, walks up to Rachel.

Brad Chase: Excuse me. I'm looking for some on books on addiction and recovery.

Rachel Lewiston: Ah, yeah. They're in the self-help section right over there.

Brad Chase: Thanks. **He starts to walk away and then turns back again.** Is there, you know, one book that's better than the other?

Rachel Lewiston: Yeah. This way. **She takes him to another section.** This one has some good advice on the early stages when you're detoxing and all that wonderful stuff. And, uh, this one is really good for that time right after you've stopped, when you're trying to figure out how to put your life back together.

Brad Chase: Well, you know a lot about this.

Rachel Lewiston: Well. Clean five year, 3 months and 7 days. It's hard but when you're ready you can get there.

Brad Chase: Thanks.

Rachel Lewiston: Sure. **She starts to walk away.**

Brad Chase: Ah, what time do you get off work? Oh. I'm sorry; I'm not coming on to you. I was just hoping that we could talk some more. I've sort of run out of people to talk to.

Rachel Lewiston: I get off at seven.

Brad Chase: Thanks.

Rachel Lewiston: Sure, I'm Rachel.

They shake hands.

Brad Chase: I'm Brad. Pleased to meet you.

Rachel Lewiston: **A beat.** You're buying those, right?

Brad Chase: Oh! Right, right.

In the conference room at Crane, Poole and Schmidt Denise and Denny listen to Russell Blayney's story. A paralegal is taking notes.

Russell Blayney: I I, hand sheet rock, mostly for industrial buildings.

Denny Crane: **Indicates to the paralegal.** A craftsman. He works with his hands. Write that down.

The paralegal writes it down.

Denise Bauer: What else?

Russell Blayney: I live alone. Jamaica Plain. My ex-wife left me the house. Not a bad-neighborhood, but it does border one. And it's vulnerable because I have those old fashioned lever windows. I can't afford an alarm system. I've been broken into four times in the last two years. Drug addicts. They take everything; they took my TV, my bike, my power tools, my guitar...

Denny Crane: A musician. He writes the songs.

Russell Blayney: Uh, but what finally did it for me was when I was building an end table for my father. For his television remote and his nebulizer. He has some asthma. And I'm halfway done, and some guy breaks into the house and he steals my table saw. My table saw! I mean, that was it. That was all I could take. I'm not into guns...

Denny Crane: **To the paralegal.** Don't write that down!

Russell Blayney: But I knew that I had to do something. So, that's when I rigged up my little system. You know, just a little jolt, you know. Send them a little shock.

Denise Bauer: Tell us what happened that night. You were at home?

Russell Blayney: Yeah, I was awake, actually, uhm, I was putting some dishes away in the dishwasher, and I heard someone on the porch, and I thought, here we go, this is it. So I moved into the living room.

Denise Bauer: So you saw him?

Russell Blayney: Yeah! He was looking right through the window. He's this big wetback, you know.

Denise Bauer: Latino.

Russell Blayney: A drug addict. He was completely high. I could see it in his eyes even from inside the house.

Denise Bauer: And then what happened?

Russell Blayney: Well, he, he starts for the window. And I don't know if you've ever seen anyone on crystal meth or acid, or I don't know whatever this guy was on, but, you know, they're big, they're ugly, and they feel like they're invincible. So he starts trying to pry open the window with a screwdriver or something. And, uh, that was it. **He makes a jerking motion.** The electricity went up the screw driver into his body. He completed the circuit.

Denny Crane: Sounds horrible.

Russell Blayney: Honestly, you know? It wasn't. I mean, watching this guy, it was, it was, like watching every guy who broken into my house over the years and took from me. Stole my stuff. I mean he was just getting what he deserved. Right? Let me tell you the most unbelievable thing. Did you know that when you get electrocuted, you know, your blood literally boils? Right inside the veins! That's how the electricity flows through the body, through your veins! And so here's this guy, he's a wetback, but I could see his veins are glowing through his skin as he was being charred from the inside out. And I could smell his flesh burning, which was weird. It smelled like a roast! A well-deserved, cooked roast. That's when I, you know, finally turned off the electricity. When he was good and done.

Denise and Denny look to each another. What kind of monster do they have on their hands?

Denise and Denny are walking in the hall at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Denise Bauer: So much for putting our hero on the stand.

Denny Crane: Oh, he's on the stand all right.

Denise Bauer: Denny! With all due respect the man was practically wearing bib with a knife and a fork in each hand as he's telling that story.

Denny Crane: Denise, never give up an option. The man was alit with passion. It's passion that moves juries.

Denise Bauer: So?

Denny Crane: So we tell his story. Not necessarily all his story, but the part we wanna tell. We're the ones creating the narrative.

At a Narcotics Anonymous meeting room people are setting up chairs in a circle. Rachel and Brad come in.

Brad Chase: Are you kidding?

Rachel Lewiston: Were you kidding about wanting to get straight?

Brad Chase: No.

Rachel waves him forward. Brad takes a deep breath and takes a seat. This is more than he bargained for.

Later that night the meeting is in full swing. An addict has just shared and everyone is applauding. Tim, the meeting chairperson, addresses the group.

Tim: Thank you, Patrick. Keep coming back, buddy. Um, are there other new members here today? Brad? Would you like to share?

Brad Chase: **He looks around. This is way more than he bargained for.** Oh, no. I'm... new.

Rachel Lewiston: It'll make you feel better.

Brad Chase: Right. **He stands.** Um... Hi, I...

Rachel Lewiston: **Whispering.** Say your name.

Brad Chase: I'm Brad. I'm a drug addict.

Everyone: Hi, Brad.

Brad Chase: I'm not used to talking in public. Actually, I am. Just not talking about myself. **He pauses.** Wow! You're just going to let me keep going. Okay. I was in the Marine Corp during the first Gulf War, operation Desert Storm. February 24th, 1991, I was a lieutenant in the second reconnaissance battalion, ah, the first marine expeditionary force and under enemy mortar artillery and small arms fire we breeched mine fields, trenches, barbed wire and disabled six enemy divisions. By the morning of the 28th one hundred hours after the ground operations had begun our coalition forces had destroyed forty-two enemy divisions. That's the bulk of the Iraqi army in the Kuwaiti theater of operations. **He takes a deep breath. The other members of the meeting seem skeptical.** So then I started using drugs.

Alan comes down a set of stairs at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. He meets Denny who is followed, on both sides, by three paralegals.

Alan Shore: Denny! You're shining. And in a wedge.

Denny Crane: My team, Alan. I'm back and I'm feeling it. I realized the truth about myself. I just love power.

Alan Shore: Well it seems to have at thing for you as well.

Denny Crane: It's my natural state. It's my homeostasis. Don't read anything into that remark.

Alan Shore: I already did.

Back at the Narcotics Anonymous meeting the members are standing in a circle.

All: God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can and the wisdom to know the difference. It works, if you work it, so work it.

Tim: See you soon.

Hugs and goodbyes all around.

Rachel Lewiston: **To Brad.** It was a nice story.

Brad Chase: Uh, thanks.

Rachel Lewiston: Too bad it was a lie. **He gives her a look.** I won then war then started using? I've been coming to these meetings everyday for five years. If you didn't wanna share you problems you should have just passed.

Brad Chase: Well, sharing is really not my thing. It's probably just how I was raised.

Rachel Lewiston: Doesn't mean you can't change. I was raised the same way.

Brad Chase: Really?

Rachel Lewiston: Yeah. My mother was warm. My father? Kept every emotion tightly tucked away in his suit pocket. Right next to his watch.

Brad Chase: It's not always that easy to open up.

Rachel Lewiston: Ahh, but it is. You just say what's on your mind. Instead my dad? Always the attorney, you just sit back and play little games, you know ferreting out information with these obtuse questions? And on the rare occasion when he would open up and talked to me? He wasn't happy unless I told him what he wanted to hear. You know being him, I think it's a hard way to live.

Brad Chase: I'm sorry. And I'm sorry... **he looks around at the meeting room.**

Rachel Lewiston: Buy me a cup of coffee and I might forgive you.

Brad Chase: **He smiles.** Great.

Alan, Shirley, Marguerite and Michael Eaves are in the conference room at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Alan Shore: ... and therefore at age nineteen Ms Schmidt was in fact a minor. There was no parental consent here, so in essence your husband was illegally taking nude photographs of an underage girl.

Attorney Michael Eaves: You make a legitimate argument Mr Shore.

Alan Shore: Not my favorite kind, but I'm glad to play for that team when necessary.

Attorney Michael Eaves: And you can certainly take us to court and fight this battle with that argument.

Shirley Schmidt: We will if we have to.

Attorney Michael Eaves: However, I believe your goal was to get these photos out of the public eye. I'm afraid with a court battle, a very public court battle; these photos could find their way to the press.

Shirley Schmidt: Before that could happen of course we'd ask the court to seal all exhibits and issue an appropriate gag order to prevent disclosure.

Attorney Michael Eaves: And you'd win. But you know what? Thanks to the internet, winning doesn't matter anymore. These photos could somehow find their way on to the web and all the way around the world and then where would you be? Marguerite?

Marguerite and Michael Eaves get up to leave.

Shirley Schmidt: Marguerite?

Marguerite Hauser: **She stops, then turns to her attorney.** I'll be right out. **He leaves.**

Shirley Schmidt: Alan? **Alan leaves. Shirley walks closer to Marguerite.** I'm sorry.

Marguerite Hauser: Thank you. **She turns to leave.**

Shirley Schmidt: Marguerite? **Marguerite turns back.** Those pictures... I have grandchildren. The thought of them seeing those photographs...

Marguerite Hauser: I understand. I'm sorry. **She leaves.**

In Judge Diane Avent's courtroom Denny and A.D.A Frank Ginsberg are in front of Judge Avent.

A.D.A Frank Ginsberg: Your Honor, Mr Dominguez's prior burglary convictions and history of drug abuse have no bearing on whether the defendant improperly electrified his home.

Denny Crane: Nonsense. This felon was higher than a kite when he got zapped. He's got six prior convictions for larceny, burglary, grand theft auto. Of course it's relevant.

A.D.A Frank Ginsberg: The prejudicial effect of the victim's prior criminal activity...

Denny Crane: Your Honor, my client is a victim here! I don't...

A.D.A Frank Ginsberg: ... clearly outweighs any probative value such evidence would have for the jury!

Judge Diane Avent: Enough. Mr Ginsberg is right. The evidence is highly prejudicial, and will be barred at trial. Mr Crane, you may not bring up Mr Dominguez's bad acts unless the door to impeachment has been opened.

Outside the courtroom A.D.A Frank Ginsberg is pushing a wheelchair with Miguel Dominguez in it. A mob of reporters and photographers approach them.

A.D.A Frank Ginsberg: Before answering any questions, I wanna thank my client Miguel Dominguez for bravely agreeing to be here today. Mr Dominguez suffers from severe paralyses and a host of other debilitating symptoms as a result of his electrocution. Nevertheless, he is here today to stand up for all of us to help in the fight to make our country a safer place. A place where citizens do not take the law into their own hands. Mr Dominguez is an inspiration to his community. He is a hero. Thank you.

Denny Crane: **He has been listening open mouthed.** That bastard stole my story.

Denny is in his office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt with Candy Springtime.

Candy Springtime: What about branding?

Denny Crane: I haven't branded yet.

Candy Springtime: No branding?

Denny Crane: Nahhh.

Candy Springtime: Denny!

Denise Bauer: **She comes in.** Denny?

Denny Crane: Oh! Denise Bauer. Candy Springtime, Public Relations.

Candy Springtime: Hello.

Denise Bauer: Hi.

They shake hands.

Denny Crane: She's with Sherling Tompson. The same Public Relations firm the government uses. So you know she's good.

Candy Springtime: Denise, we're rolling out a new campaign to take back the story on Mr Blayney!

Denise Bauer: Take back the story?

Candy Springtime: Denny tells me that you haven't branded him yet. So I took the initiative and created a brand. Russell Blayney: American Homeowner.

Denise Bauer: Ha. American Homeowner?

Candy Springtime: Simple. It's to the point.

Denny Crane: It's cosy.

Candy Springtime: Say it for me, Denny. Press conference voice.

Denny Crane: Russell Blayney: American Homeowner. Now wait a minute. American Homeowner: Russell Blayney. See? It works both ways. Versatile.

Denise Bauer: But do we really think that we need to label Mr Blayney?

Candy Springtime: **Surprised, she points to Denise.** Denny?

Denny Crane: Ah, Denise. Rodney King?

Denise Bauer: Rodney King. Uh, severely beaten by the police over ten years ago.

Denny Crane: See? You remember. Why? Branding! They didn't call him Rodney King: wifebeater, alcohol abuser, who swung a tire iron at a convenience store clerk. They called him Rodney King: a motorist, a motorist: Rodney King. Brings to mind images of a jaunty man riding hat in cap in a Model-T. That's what we want. Russell Blayney: American Homeowner. Not Russell Blayney: eats them broiled, baked or fried.

Denise Bauer: But Rodney King was beaten!

Candy Springtime: Okay! Now this just a mock-up. **She places a huge poster on an easel.** Obviously we will replace Jimmy Stewart with Mr Blayney. But the banner can and should be behind you every press conference, Denny. Notice I used the same font as Mission Accomplished. Americans are comfortable with that font. Now! We will send B-roll of Mr Blayney to the press, working at his garage, using his table saw, working with his power tools, fixing things around the house. And as far as the talking points? Keep it simple, Denny. Speak of the opposition as the drug-crazed intruder, the incident as the harrowing home invasion. Now I know you're tight with Larry King, but we are negotiating with Nightline, Hardball and The Daily Show. That is where most Americans get their news.

Alan and Shirley are coming down the staircase at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Shirley Schmidt: There's no way we're gonna win this, is there?

Alan Shore: Legally, yes there is. As for accomplishing your goals? No. But when you have occasion to ask for my help, Shirley, typically it's not really legal help you're looking for. I'll assume this is no acceptance.

Shirley Schmidt: Alan, I've already caused Marguerite Hauser as much pain as I care to. I'll leave the creativity to you. Just don't hurt her.

Paul and Denise are watching Denny being interviewed on TV. He is standing beneath a large banner: American Homeowner.

Denny Crane: America is under siege. Not from Saddam or pro-terrorists, but from namby-pamby pro-burglary advocates who wanna strip us of the right to protect what ours. That's what our...

Paul Lewiston: **He turns the TV off.** So Denny's being Denny.

Denise Bauer: He's creating the reality.

Paul Lewiston: I doubt many people would wanna live in Denny's reality.

Denise Bauer: All I know is there are two rotten guys in this case, and both sides are trying to make theirs as the hero.

Paul Lewiston: If you've got a problem with this case, I suggest you talk to the guy whose name is on the door.

Denise Bauer: I'm not naïve, Paul. I know this kind of manipulation goes on all the time. But I'm an attorney, not a spin doctor.

Denny Crane: Oh yes, you are. We all are. That's what attorneys do, tell stories, create characters, capture an audience, try to make them feel what we want them to feel. That's good lawyering! Only these days everybody's trying to get in on our act. The government, corporations. There are no facts anymore, kiddo. Only good or bad fiction.

Denise Bauer: Which story do you plan to sell the jury?

Denny Crane: Don't you worry. This case will never go to trial.

Alan, Attorney, and Marguerite are in Alan's office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Attorney Michael Eaves: Mr Shore. With all due respect, you are on our last nerve. You said you had an intriguing offer. Get to it.

Alan Shore: Delighted. First, how about we ask all the lawyers to leave the room?

Attorney Michael Eaves: You're a lawyer.

Alan Shore: Okay. How about all the lawyers who aren't me? **Michael Eaves looks at Marguerite and chuckles.** Ha. Here it is then. Simply put, it's Shirley Schmidt. As much as I admire and respect her, if I don't resolve this case, I'm afraid she'll get nervous and fall back on old habits, she'll call in the old guard, one of the cronies in banking and finance, someone who smells like old pipe smoke and hair

tonic, someone with a florid nose from too many old fashions at lunch, down the street. And this fella, whoever he is, will have friends. Friends who work in banks, who probably shouldn't, who don't treat confidential information very confidentially. And then Marguerite, the old crony will discover how deeply in debt you are. And once he learns this, my replacement will make a few phone calls, write a few letters and seek out your husband's most distant and forgotten relative. Perhaps a less fortunate cousin who always admired but could never afford one of your husband's beautiful artworks. And my replacement will reach out to him, commiserate and convince him to contest your husband's will, at which point your husband's estate could be tied up, well it could be for years, decades really. And if this replacement of mine turns out to be this fella I'm thinking of? It could get really ugly.

Marguertie Hauser: For such a vague man, you've been extraordinarily clear, Mr Shore.

Alan Shore: Yes. And here's the thing, I just don't like the way these people operate around here. It's just not right. These photographs are yours to do with what you please. And you should get a fair market price. So. Before I simply give up and call it a day, I'd like to ask you one question.

Marguertie Hauser: And what is that?

Alan Shore: What is your price?

Paul and Brad are in Paul's office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Paul Lewiston: So you made contact with Rachel?

Brad Chase: I did. I told her I was a drug addict.

Paul Lewiston: And?

Brad Chase: She took me to a narcotics anonymous meeting, told me that if I wanted to get clean that I needed to work the program.

Paul Lewiston: So, she's not longer using?

Brad Chase: No. She's been clean for five years. She's calm, rational, straight forward. Very down to earth, as a matter of fact.

Paul Lewiston: Fine. Thank you, Brad.

Brad Chase: You know, Paul, for what its worth she really wants to have a relationship with you.

Paul Lewiston: And I with her.

Brad Chase: And you know what might help is if you showed her a little faith. I mean, she might pick up on that.

Paul Lewiston: I beg your pardon?

Brad Chase: Well, she says that sometimes you can be very judgmental.

Paul Lewiston: Brad. While your efforts are fully appreciated your advice to a father concerning his daughter is not. You have no idea the years I've spent dealing with my daughter's illness. So it would behoove you to be more circumspect.

Brad Chase: Sorry. That was over the line. Okay, Paul the truth is you've got a hell of a daughter. She's sweet, she's beautiful. Nothing rattles her. Even when she lost her ATM card. I would have panicked but she was really cool.

Paul Lewiston: What are you talking about?

Brad Chase: Oh. Rachel lost her ATM card, so I loaned her forty bucks.

Paul knocks on Rachel's door. She opens it.

Rachel Lewiston: Dad?

Paul Lewiston: I had a lunch meeting nearby.

Rachel Lewiston: How very impromptu of you. And unusual.

Paul Lewiston: Yes. Well, people can change.

Rachel Lewiston: Yes they can. **A beat.** Come on in. They go inside. Can I get you something to drink?

Paul Lewiston: Oh, no. I thought I would take Fiona to the aquarium if that's all right with you.

Rachel Lewiston: Yeah. I pick her up from daycare in twenty minutes.

Paul Lewiston: Hm. I'll go with you.

Rachel Lewiston: Sure.

Paul Lewiston: Ahem. May I use your bathroom?

Rachel Lewiston: It's over there.

He goes in, closes the door and immediately starts searching. Behind the shower curtain, in the medicine cabinet, under the sink, in the basket, on the shelf, in the toilet tank, on more shelves. On top of the medicine cabinet he finds a small pouch, he opens it, it's drug paraphernalia. He marches out.

Paul Lewiston: You have a child. ***She sees the pouch in his hand.*** A child!

Rachel Lewiston: This is my house.

Paul Lewiston: How long?

Rachel Lewiston: You came here and you set me up? Give me that!

They struggle for the pouch.

Paul Lewiston: You will not ruin her. You have ruined everything and everyone you have ever come in contact with!

Rachel Lewiston: I hate you.

Paul Lewiston: You will not do this to my granddaughter!

Rachel Lewiston: I hate you! **Paul leaves.** Bastard!!

In Judge Diane Avent's courtroom.

Judge Diane Avent: Is counsel prepared to begin voir dire?

Denny Crane: We are, Your Honor.

Judge Diane Avent: The Commonwealth may begin.

D.A. Albert Ginsberg: **He rises and approaches the jury box.** Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen, I'm Assistant District Attorney Ginsberg. Now, as we begin to pick our potential jury members, I just want to get to know a bit about you. First off, by a show of hands, how many of you have heard about this case in the news? **All the prospective jurors in the box raise their hands.** I see. And how many of you have seen opposing counsel, Denny Crane, on the news?

Denny waves. All hands go up again.

D.A. Ginsberg: Juror number seven, can you tell us what opinions you have formed?

Elderly woman: I think people should be allowed to defend their homes. Like Mr Crane said, "If the guy didn't wanna to get hurt, he shouldn't have been robbing anyone."

D.A. Ginsberg: **To Judge Diane Avent.** The Commonwealth challenges juror number seven for cause.

Denny Crane: **Confident.** No objections, Your Honor.

Judge Diane Avent: Juror number seven, you are excused.

Quick montage of prospective jurors.

Thirty-year-old Asian woman: I've worked hard to become an American Homeowner.

African American man in his forties: If that guy tried to break into my place?

Thirty-year-old Asian woman: I'd do the same thing.

African American man in his forties: I'd want to kill the son of a bitch. It's my right as an American Homeowner.

Nineteen-year-old Hispanic woman: I may live in an apartment, but I still consider myself an American Homeowner.

Caucasian woman in her twenties: American Homeowner.

African American woman in her seventies: American Homeowner.

Nineteen year-old Indian woman (from India): American Homeowner.

All: American Homeowner.

Denny Crane: God bless America.

D.A. Ginsberg: Your Honor, with his television appearances and theatrics, Mr Crane has tainted the jury pool to such an extent that the Commonwealth moves for a change of venue.

Judge Diane Avent: Denied Mr Ginsberg. You both have manipulated the media coverage of this case! Only, Mr Crane has done a better job of it. You will play in the sandbox that you built.

Denny sees Shirley and Denise walk by, he turns off the TV he's been watching.

Denny Crane: Shirley! Blondie! Join me! **They join him.** I'm happy to inform you there's going to be a plea-bargain in the American Homeowner case.

Shirley Schmidt: How do you know?

Denny turns on the Television.

A.D.A. Frank Gingsberg: **He's on the screen surrounded by reporters holding their microphones up to his face.** Today my office has indicted city councilman Adam Patrick on charges of accepting bribes and illegal campaign contributions. He has agreed to surrender at his arraignment.

Denny Crane: He's changing the narrative. We're yesterday's news.

Shirley Schmidt: You gotta hand it to him, the guy is good. He's creating his next reality.

Denise Bauer: I wonder what he's gonna put on the table.

Denny Crane: No jail time.

Denise Bauer: How can you be so sure?

Denny Crane: Years of experience. And he called half an hour ago.

Alan is in his office putting a scrapbook into a large leather bag. Shirley is leaning against the door.

Shirley Schmidt: What are you going to do with those?

Alan Shore: I haven't decided. You know the one where you're not quite sure what you're looking at? Then you take a step back and realize what it is. That one may be going in the powder room.

Shirley Schmidt: Alan!

Alan Shore: Tell you what. I'll leave them to you when I die. As things stand, I'm sure I'll pass on before you.

Shirley Schmidt: Show those pictures to anyone and I'll see to it myself.

Alan Shore: Shirley, I have no intension of sharing those with anyone. I'm keeping you all to myself. I give you my word.

Shirley Schmidt: You're one of the few people for whom I know that to be true. Thank you.

Alan Shore: No, thank you.

Denny is out on the balcony smoking a cigar and drinking. Alan joins him.

Alan Shore: I understand congratulations are in order.

Denny Crane: Never lost. Never will.

Alan Shore: Ha.

Denny Crane: I may not be the Denny Crane I once was, but until today I didn't realize that this Denny Crane might be even better.

Alan Shore: Opposing lawyers everywhere are quacking in their custom fitted shoes.

Denny Crane: Damn right they are. So who cares if she... who cares?

Alan Shore: You're still upset about Bev.

Denny Crane: What I don't understand is, I was married to one of my wives for five years! Got over her in a day! Bev and I were married for three hours and yet...

Alan Shore: And yet?

Denny Crane: Do you know that I even have memories of her that aren't sexual?

Alan Shore: I'm sure you do.

Denny Crane: I miss her. I miss her. Well. Are the rumors true? You have naked photos of Shirley?

Alan doesn't answer. Awww, come on! What's the big deal? I've had naked photos of Shirley for years.

Denny pulls out a stack of Poloraid pictures, he hands some to Alan.

Alan Shore: Denny? She's asleep in all these.

Denny Crane: **He hands Alan one more.** Here's one where she woke up. **Alan gives him a look.** Have you ever seen a beautiful naked woman look that angry?

~ fin ~