

**Boston Legal**  
**Stick It**  
**Season 2, Episode 19**  
**Written by David E. Kelley**  
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**Two I.R.S. agents Joseph Reynolds and Thomas Leary, disembark the elevator, head for Melissa, at her desk.**

Special Agent Joseph Reynolds: Melissa Hughes?

Melissa Hughes: Uh... why?

Special Agent Joseph Reynolds: Are you Melissa Hughes?

Melissa Hughes: **Calling out.** Alan? These people are looking for Melissa Hughes. They have guns!

**Alan emerges from his office.**

Alan Shore: **To the agents.** What's going on?

Special Agent Thomas Leary: **To Melissa.** Can we see some identification please?

Melissa Hughes: Do I have to do that? Don't I have the right to not incriminate myself?

Alan Shore: **To the Agents.** Could we start with you identifying yourselves?

Special Agent Joseph Reynolds: I'm Special Agent Joseph Reynolds, with the US Treasury Department. This is Special Agent Thomas Leary, also with the Internal Treasury Department. **To Melissa.** Are you Melissa Hughes?

Melissa Hughes: Oh, alright.

Special Agent Thomas Leary: Please put your hands behind your back, Ms Hughes.

Melissa Hughes: What?

Alan Shore: I asked before, I'll do so again. What is going on?

**Special Agent Thomas Leary handcuffs Melissa.**

Special Agent Joseph Reynolds: This woman is under arrest for evasion of Federal income taxes. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to speak to an attorney.

Alan Shore: I'm her attorney, we'll waive Miranda, there's no need to take her into custody, I'll surrender her myself at her arraignment.

Special Agent Joseph Reynolds: I'm sorry, sir. **To Melissa.** Let's go, ma'am.

Melissa Hughes: Hold on. Did you just call me ma'am?

Alan Shore: No talking, Melissa. And don't be making any statements; I'll be there as soon as I can.

Melissa Hughes: **The Agents head off with her.** Alan? Alan?

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

Denise Bauer: I dreamt I had a three-way with Denny. And Denny.

Shirley Schmidt: Yuck! Good Lord! I wouldn't even wanna dream that you just told me that.

Denise Bauer: This must be the way my subconscious is telling me I need to get back out there and start dating again.

Shirley Schmidt: Ah, well. Then allow me to take advantage of your situation. My nephew Michael just moved here from New York, he's an investment banker with Pryce Stearns and he needs someone to show him around.

Denise Bauer: Shirley, you're my boss.

Shirley Schmidt: And you're coming up for partner soon. So, it's one of those lose-lose situations.

Denise Bauer: Fine. Give me his number.

Denny Crane: **He comes in.** Good morning, Shirley. Deniise.

Denise Bauer: **She can't make herself look at him.** Hi, Denny.

Denny Crane: You dreamt we had sex together?

Denise Bauer: **She and Shirley are startled.** How did you know?

Denny Crane: **He's startled.** You mean I'm right? I ask everybody that. You're the first person who ever said, "Yes."

Denise Bauer: **She is disgusted.** Uh.

Paul Lewiston: **He comes in.** Ah, Shirley? Could we talk for a second? It's rather important.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, yeah. **She leaves.**

Denny Crane: **To Denise.** Dinner?

**In Paul's office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.**

Paul Lewiston: Rachel is using again. Found a Crystal Meth kit in her bathroom.

Shirley Schmidt: I'm so sorry.

Paul Lewiston: I've decided to do an intervention. I see no other alternative but to get her into a facility.

Shirley Schmidt: And Fiona?

Paul Lewiston: I'll assume custody until Rachel is well.

Shirley Schmidt: Legally, Social Services...

Paul Lewiston: I cannot allow for that.

Shirley Schmidt: Are you looking for my counsel here Paul, or simply informing me?

Paul Lewiston: I guess a little of both. There's a private investigation company that specializes in these matters. I've already contacted them.

Shirley Schmidt: You sure this is what you wanna do?

Paul Lewiston: There's a child involved. What choice do I have other than going to the police?

**Alan is with Melissa in her jail cell.**

Alan Shore: I'm not sure I can get you out of this.

Melissa Hughes: Can't you just make one of those really, really long speeches like you did with my credit card thingy?

Alan Shore: This is a little more serious than not paying your credit card bills.

Melissa Hughes: Oh, come on. I can't be the first person who forgets to pay her taxes.

Alan Shore: You sent the form back with a note saying, "Stick it."

Melissa Hughes: **She sighs.** I was extremely close to my grandfather.

Alan Shore: **He gives her a look.** I'm sure you feel you've just explained things.

Melissa Hughes: Yeah! He served in World War II. I mean, he was such a proud American and I just started thinking how embarrassed he would be by what's happening today.

Alan Shore: What's happening?

Melissa Hughes: Us torturing people? Spying on our own people. Squashing everybody's civil liberties. My grandfather would weep. It makes me weep.

Alan Shore: Melissa, you need to change the channel. The awful things you speak of never happened on the fair and balanced newscasts.

**In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom.**

Clerk: Four, one, six, two, five. The United States versus Melissa Hughes, violation of Internal Revenue code: seven, six...

Alan Shore: Alan Shore, for Melissa Hughes, Your Honor. I believe we can waive reading, and in fact, since the total amount is around four hundred dollars I would submit that my client simply pay it, together with late penalties and we can dispose of this whole matter.

D.A. Jonathan Shapiro: The government is not interested in a deal, Your Honor. The client didn't just fail to pay her taxes, she wrote, "Stick it." on a Post It and attached it to her returns.

Alan Shore: Your Honor, it's quite simple, when my client filed her taxes she inadvertently mailed the Post It note she had written to herself as a reminder to stick the check in the mail.

Judge Robert Sanders: What is this jibber-jabber? I don't like jibber-jabber in my courtroom.

Alan Shore: Oh, my goodness.

Judge Robert Sanders: Your client stands accused of a federal crime. Do you want a trial, Mr Shore?

Alan Shore: Immediately.

Judge Robert Sanders: Mr Shapiro?

D.A. Jonathan Shapiro: The government stands ready.

Judge Robert Sanders: Ten A.M. tomorrow. And I would ask Counsel to check his sense of humor at the door. My courtroom is a temple of decorum. And I do not tolerate jibber-jabber. **He punches 'jibber-jabber' with such force it causes him to cough. He takes a drink of water.** Ten o'clock.

**Paul, Shirley and, Brad Chase are in Paul's office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt with Smollers and Jerome, two strong-looking guys.**

Paul Lewiston: It's almost three now so I'd like to wait till tomorrow. I want to do this while Fiona is at school.

Shirley Schmidt: How do you know the school will release Fiona to you?

Paul Lewiston: Rachel authorized me last week when I picked her up. **To the PI's.** Do not expect my daughter to just go along for the ride; she will resist you with everything she's got. Thank you.

Smollers: Thank you, Sir.

**Smollers and Jerome leave.**

Paul Lewiston: **To Brad.** Brad, should the police come asking questions I would count on your support on the justification issue.

Brad Chase: Paul, I'll do what I can, but I can't really support justification.

Paul Lewiston: I beg your pardon?

Brad Chase: Well, what can tell the police? That I saw someone not taking drugs? that she took me to a Narcotics Anonymous meeting?

Paul Lewiston: I'm counting on your support and I will get it.

Brad Chase: I did not see a person on drugs. I'm sorry.

**Denise is in her office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.**

Denise Bauer: **Into the intercom.** Yes?

Voice on intercom: Michael Reisz is here.

Denise Bauer: Uhm. Send him back.

Michael Reisz: **He comes in.** Ha!

Denise Bauer: **She gets up to greet him.** Hi! Michael! Well, it's, um, nice to meet you. Shirley's told me so much about you. **They shake hands.**

Michael Reisz: Yow! Giggity, giggity.

Denise Bauer: Beg your pardon?

**Michael playfully clicks his teeth.**

**Denise is driving her car and talking on her cell phone.**

Denise Bauer: Shirley? When you told me your nephew was sweet, somehow in his mind that was synonymous with horny. **Police siren blares.** Oh, lovely. Okay, call me back. **She stops the car and looks for her wallet in her purse. The office approaches.** Evening officer.

Scott Warner: Evening. License and registration please. **She hands it to him.** I missed it. When did they make a left turn on red legal in Massachusetts?

Denise Bauer: Did I do that?

Scott Warner: Uh, huh.

Denise Bauer: You know? It's been a really stressful day. I'm, I'm an attorney at Crane, Poole and Schmidt?

Scott Warner: Why are you telling me that? You think that's gonna influence me or something? That doesn't seem right?

Denise Bauer: Ah, I, I didn't... I'm sorry. No. I made a mistake. Officer, why don't you just give me a ticket and we'll call it a night?

Scott Warner: Now, that was the right thing to say. I'm gonna let you off with a warning this time.

Denise Bauer: Really? Oh, thank you so much. This, this is the first good thing to happen to me all day!

Scott Warner: Same here.

**They exchange smiles. A connection has just been made.**

**Alan is in his office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt packing his briefcase. Melissa is with him.**

Alan Shore: We've stipulated as to your noncompliance. The only testimony to be taken would be yours.

Melissa Hughes: Okay.

Alan Shore: I'll take one last shot at settling it.

Melissa Hughes: Actually. I've decided I wanna continue with the trial.

Alan Shore: Sorry?

Melissa Hughes: I think it's what my grandfather would want.

Alan Shore: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me. Please. Stop talking about your grandfather.

Melissa Hughes: But...

Alan Shore: **He takes her hand.** Melissa. The prosecution is looking to make a point. You could go to jail for a long time. **Melissa stares mesmerized at Alan holding her hands in his.** Are you listening to me?

Melissa Hughes: Huh? **She's still in a trance.** Yeah! **She grabs his hands.** You get to go and fight battles for things you believe in, everyday. And it is so admirable. I've never really stood up for anything. And I know it sounds all stars and stripy but my grandfather... **Alan shakes his head.** I'm sorry! But he did. He talks about the America he fought for, now I wanna fight for it.

Alan Shore: Okay. First of all, and I think your grampa would agree with me, there's nothing more American than paying your taxes.

Melissa Hughes: I wanna have my day in court.

Alan Shore: At the risk of having your day in prison?

**She nods.**

Alan Shore: **He nods.** Hm.

Melissa Hughes: You wanna bone me up?

Alan Shore: I beg your pardon?

Melissa Hughes: For my testimony? Shouldn't you prep me?

Alan Shore: You seem prepped.

Melissa Hughes: You okay?

Alan Shore: My head hurts. Let's get to court.

**Denise exits the elevator, a new woman. She is smiling and chipper as she makes her way down the hallway. Shirley catches up to her.**

Shirley Schmidt: Denise? I'm sorry. And for the record, he's not horny around me.

Denise Bauer: It's okay. I met someone else, and the night took a whole other twist. He's a police officer and a real gentleman...

**Shirley stops her, looks into those eyes, those cheeks.**

Shirley Schmidt: You slept with him.

Denise Bauer: I did not.

Shirley Schmidt: You did too.

Denise Bauer: I did not.

Shirley Schmidt: Denise.

Denise Bauer: Maybe a little.

Shirley Schmidt: You slut.

Denise Bauer: I have a really good feeling about this one.

Shirley Schmidt: Well, then you can send your thank you notes to me and Michael.

Denise Bauer: **Her cell phone rings.** This is Denise.

Scott Warner: Hi. It's me.

Denise Bauer: **Into the cell phone.** Hey, you. **In sotto to Shirley.** It's him. A next day caller.

Shirley Schmidt: Oooh. **She walks away.**

Denise Bauer: **Into the cell phone.** What's up?

Scott Warner: Listen, uh, I was wondering if you could meet me down at the police station?

Denise Bauer: Uhm. Sure. I get off for lunch around noon.

Scott Warner: Uh, I, I don't know if I can make lunch.

Denise Bauer: Why not?

Scott Warner: I have been arrested.

Denise Bauer: What? What for?

Scott Warner: Impersonating a police officer.

**In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom. Melissa is on the stand.**

Melissa Hughes: I've always believed the United States was not only the strongest country, but also the most moral one.

Alan Shore: And, so, naturally that's what prompted you to tell them to, 'Stick it?'

Melissa Hughes: I just felt so embarrassed.

Alan Shore: Embarrassed. Over...?

Melissa Hughes: Well, I guess, first, the whole weapons of mass destruction thing. Now. Maybe we lied; maybe we made a mistake, but either way, as, as goofs go. To start a war? Hello?

Alan Shore: Ha. It embarrassed you?

Melissa Hughes: Didn't it you? **To the jury.** Didn't it you?

D.A. Jonathan Shapiro: Objection!

Judge Robert Sanders: Ms Hughes! Please do not address the jury.

Melissa Hughes: Okay.

Alan Shore: It seems as though you oppose the war.

Melissa Hughes: Actually, I don't. If the government had said, "We need to do anything to get rid of Saddam." I would have said, "Let's roll." And if we had apologized after making such a humongous gaff

with the whole weapons thingy, I'm sure I could have accepted that too, but instead we were so arrogant. It was embarrassing, ha, ha.

Alan Shore: Yes. Anything else?

Melissa Hughes: Torture. Our military tortured prisoners. Aren't we supposed to be the country that stands for human rights. **To the jury.** I mean, doesn't it make you wanna hide?

Judge Robert Sanders: Ms Hughes?!

Melissa Hughes: And spying? Do we spy on our own citizens now? All this to fight terrorists because they're a threat to freedom as we know it? I mean, ha, ha, talk about burning down the barn to kill the rats! Am I the only one embarrassed by this?

D.A. Jonathan Shapiro: What about the military, Ms Hughes. Have our soldiers embarrassed you?

Melissa Hughes: I have always been as proud of our troops as I am grateful.

D.A. Jonathan Shapiro: Now, I believe you said that you're actually for the war? I guess you'd be for winning it?

Melissa Hughes: Of course.

D.A. Jonathan Shapiro: Well, what chance do you think we'd have of victory if people started not paying their taxes?

Melissa Hughes: Not good.

D.A. Jonathan Shapiro: But I guess if you're ashamed enough to be an American, it's okay...

Alan Shore: She never said she was ashamed to be, she said she was embarrassed as. A distinction often missed by those who confuse descent for disloyalty.

Judge Robert Sanders: Mr Shore, sit down.

Alan Shore: I am sitting. Okay, you got me. But I was about to sit after objecting to the D.A.'s jibber-jabber...

D.A. Jonathan Shapiro: There he goes again!

Alan Shore: There I go again.

Judge Robert Sanders: Just stop with the jibber-jabber. The issue here is, did she pay her taxes? She didn't. You be quiet Mr Shore. And Mr Shapiro, sit down while you're ahead. We will have closing arguments, and then the jury will rule and then I will give my sentence.

Alan Shore: Small point, Judge. You probably shouldn't indicate to the jury you expect a sentencing. I could be wrong.

Judge Robert Sanders: Enough jibber-jabber!! **He coughs.**

**Paul knocks on Rachel Lewiston's door. She opens. She doesn't speak.**

Paul Lewiston: May I come in? **She doesn't answer. They move into her kitchen. Paul sighs.** I feel horrible about how it ended the other day.

Rachel Lewiston: Well. Gee.

Paul Lewiston: It's just... if you're using Crystal Meth... **She turns away.** Rachel. What I know about you, or I should say suspect, is that you really don't want to eliminate drugs from your life, you want to be able to manage them.

Rachel Lewiston: Nice talking to you, dad.

Paul Lewiston: I would like you to check yourself into rehab.

Rachel Lewiston: **Just wants him out now.** Fine. I'll think about it, thanks for...

Paul Lewiston: You have a daughter.

Rachel Lewiston: Y' know? Sometimes being there is more important than being sober. **This is going nowhere. She walks away. A beat. He walks out. A moment later he's back. With Smollers and Jerome, the two PI's.** What the hell is this?

Paul Lewiston: You're going into rehab Rachel.

Rachel Lewiston: Are you out of your mind?

Smollers: Ms Lewiston? We're doing this easy. Or we're doin' this hard.

Rachel Lewiston: Well, let's do it easy, then. Screw you. **To Paul.** And screw you. What... **The PI's move in and they spring into action; one goes high, and one goes low, and it's ugly. Rachel snaps, she's screaming, cursing, struggling.**

Jerome/Smollers: Ma'm. Ma'm!

Rachel Lewiston: Get your hands off of me!! Get your, what are you doing?! This is my house! What is this, dad? Please, daddy make 'em stop! Daddy! Make them take their hands off me.

Paul Lewiston: Rachel!

Rachel Lewiston: Get off of me! Get off of me!



***She's every bit the fighter Lewiston promised, and more. Maybe they should've brought three men. As the screaming and warfare continue, the camera closes on Paul fighting tears.***

Rachel Lewiston: Let go of me! Let go! Let go! Bastards!

***Denise and Scott are in his jail cell.***

Denise Bauer: So. Have you been doing this for a long time?

Scott Warner: A few years. It's just, you drive around and you see people behaving so irresponsibly, so rudely, you know, speeding and cutting people off, running red lights. Like there are no rules! **He sighs.** One time I just pulled a guy over and straightened him out. All I do is warn people. I just wanna help keep the public safe and law abiding.

Denise Bauer: So you're like a hall monitor for the world?

Scott Warner: But, that has nothing to do with what happened between us. That was real. You're a special person, Denise. Most women would be put off with the idea of dating a policeman.

Denise Bauer: You're not a policeman. I will be your attorney, but, that's all. **She gets up and goes to the door.** That's all. I'll see you in court.

***Rachel is in her room at the rehab. Paul comes in.***

Paul Lewiston: Whatever feelings you have for me now, you have to know...

Rachel Lewiston: Where's Fiona?

Paul Lewiston: She's with me. She's doing well.

Rachel Lewiston: I wanna see her.

Paul Lewiston: I'll bring her.

Rachel Lewiston: This person, this Brad Chase, is he a PI? Does he work for you?

Paul Lewiston: He's a lawyer who works for me.

Rachel Lewiston: Well, he's a lawyer in need of a lawyer. I'm suing him.

Paul Lewiston: On what grounds?

Rachel Lewiston: Invasion of privacy. Infliction of emotional distress. My attorney made a whole list.

Paul Lewiston: You have a lawyer? Have you moved for a temporary restraining order?

Rachel Lewiston: No. **She picks up a piece of paper and hands it to Paul.** She's allergic to soy and wheat if she has too much. Make sure to minimize sugar, no soft drinks. Stay away from the processed foods. I like to keep it organic. There's a list of her favorite foods, her school, her friends for play dates, her pediatrician, there's number for each. She functions best on routine, so stick to it. **Paul nods.** You tell her I'm in the hospital. You don't tell why. And bring her here. Bye bye, dad.

***Alan is his office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt, drinking. Melissa is with him.***

Alan Shore: Melissa, you could very well go to prison.

Melissa Hughes: **She sighs.** Yeah. You'll visit me. Right? You're gonna make one of those really long speeches that are so hot?

Alan Shore: I can stand up and argue just about any case. But the long shots, of which this is one, are different. Those, I need to somehow believe in. And unfortunately what I believe here... is that you broke the law.

Melissa Hughes: Well then I guess, between now and the time you jump up, you're gonna have to find something to believe in.

***She turns to leave and bumps into Denny coming in.***

Denny Crane: Why Alan? That's all I'm gonna ask. Why?

Alan Shore: Some people see things as they are and ask why. Others see things as they never were, and claim Mad Cow.

Denny Crane: Do you have any idea what would happen if all the little people would stop paying their taxes?

Alan Shore: The rich people would have to start paying there's?

Denny Crane: Exactly! This is personal. You're jeopardizing my loopholes. **He gets up and sits down next to Alan.** What's this all about? Tell me.

Alan Shore: It's about civil disobedience, Denny. It's about anarchy. **A beat. He chuckles.** The girl. I have a completely inexplicable, unwarranted, small, but embarrassing crush on the girl.

Denny Crane: That girl?

Alan Shore: She's fruity chewing gum, shopping malls and sexy sweatpants and... Whereas, I'm... not. I have no intension of acting on it, nor do I regard it as anything more than a moments passing fancy. But as moments go... **He sighs.** Ugh! My head hurts.

**Paul is his office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Fiona is on the floor playing with blocks. Brad is there.**

Paul Lewiston: Evidently she is not challenging the commitment. I don't know why.

Brad Chase: Maybe she can't afford a lawyer.

Paul Lewiston: Oh! She's got a lawyer. She's suing you.

Brad Chase: Me?

Paul Lewiston: I don't really think she has cause of action or...

Brad Chase: Paul. What is she suing me for?

Paul Lewiston: Brad, I apologize for putting you in the middle of all this. But, ah, well, as this plays out I would appreciate you protecting my relationship with her, if you can.

Brad Chase: What about my relationship with her?

Paul Lewiston: Do you have one?

Brad Chase: Well, not really. I just don't like being the bad guy here.

Paul Lewiston: Well. Let's just try to repair this for everybody's sake. **He looks down at Fiona.** Especially her's.

**Rachel is in her room at the rehab. Brad is with her.**

Brad Chase: I heard a rumor I was being sued. Your father asked me to find out if his daughter was using drugs. I didn't betray anyone's trust, because at the time that I accepted his request, I didn't know you. Now, as for the person I came to know...

Rachel Lewiston: A person whose trust you cultivated.

Brad Chase: I didn't betray her. I told your father I did not see you using. I did not see an unfit parent. I did not support his intervention.

Rachel Lewiston: What a guy. I'm still suing.

Brad Chase: No, you're not. Because any action filed would put the department of social services on notice. And right now everything is private, which is how you want it. That's why you're not moving for a TRO. You're not suing anybody.

Rachel Lewiston: I'm not moving for a restraining order because I belong here. I'm a drug addict. I'm staying here because I wanna get well so I can get my daughter back. You can go now.

Brad Chase: Look, I'm sorry that everything...

Rachel Lewiston: That makes it all better.

Brad Chase: What wasn't a lie was how much I enjoyed meeting you. I think... well, as far as drug addicts go, you're a really nice person.

Rachel Lewiston: Ha. Well, that is so sweet. Can I have forty bucks? **He doesn't respond.** Drug addicts humor.

Brad Chase: Very good.

Rachel Lewiston: Tell my father to bring Fiona.

**In Judge Willard Reese's courtroom.**

Clerk: Docket number four one seven five. Commonwealth versus Scott Warner. One count, impersonating a police officer.

Judge Willard Reese: You've heard the charges before you? How do you plead?

Denise Bauer: Your Honor. Not...

Scott Warner: Guilty! Your Honor that's uh, not, 'not guilty'. That's guilty.

Judge Willard Reese: What is going on?

Denise Bauer: Your Honor, if I may have a moment to confer with my client?

**The Judge motions her to go ahead.**

Scott Warner: Denise, I have to do this. **To the judge.** Sir? I believe in rules.

Denise Bauer: **Softly.** Scott.

Scott Warner: And as much as I hate to admit it. I broke the rules.

Judge Willard Reese: Mr Warren, do you realize that by pleading guilty you waive your constitutional rights and I may impose upon you any sentence up to and including the maximum?

Scott Warner: I understand completely, Your Honor.

Judge Willard Reese: Fine. The defendant is remanded until sentencing.

Denise Bauer: Well, I guess I'll see you in a few hours at the hearing.

Scott Warner: Its a few hours too many as far at this fella goes. **He leaves.**

Denise Bauer: I'm such a loser.

***In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom D.A. Jonathan Shapiro is giving his closing.***

**D.A. Jonathan Shapiro:** Clearly she committed a crime. She didn't pay her taxes. The only question is will you hold her accountable. Now. No doubt, Mr Shore will try to paint her as some kind of activist hero. But she is no hero, folks. At a time when freedom has never been more precarious in this country, for her to refuse her civic duty and legal duty to pay her taxes, while we have soldiers dying over there. This woman's deliberate action is as unpatriotic, as un-American, as it is illegal. This is the cut-and-run behavior of a coward. Don't you dare declare her a hero.

**Alan Shore:** When the weapons of mass destruction thing turned out not to be true, I expected the American people to rise up. Ha! They didn't.

Then, when the Abu Ghraib torture thing surfaced and it was revealed that our government participated in rendition, a practice where we kidnap people and turn them over to regimes who specialize in torture, I was sure then the American people would be heard from. We stood mute.

Then came the news that we jailed thousands of so-called terrorist suspects, locked them up without the right to a trial or even the right to confront their accusers. Certainly, we would never stand for that. We did.

And now, it's been discovered the executive branch has been conducting massive, illegal, domestic surveillance on its own citizens. You and me. And I at least consoled myself that finally, finally the American people will have had enough. Evidentially, we haven't.

In fact, if the people of this country have spoken, the message is we're okay with it all. Torture, warrantless search and seizure, illegal wiretappings, prison without a fair trial or any trial, war on false pretenses. We, as a citizenry, are apparently not offended.

There are no demonstrations on college campuses. In fact, there's no clear indication that young people even seem to notice.

Well, Melissa Hughes noticed. Now, you might think, instead of withholding her taxes, she could have protested the old fashioned way. Made a placard and demonstrated at a Presidential or Vice-Presidential appearance, but we've lost the right to that as well. The Secret Service can now declare free speech zones to contain, control and, in effect, criminalize protest.

Stop for a second and try to fathom that.

At a presidential rally, parade or appearance, if you have on a supportive t-shirt, you can be there. If you're wearing or carrying something in protest, you can be removed.

This! In the United States of America. This! In the United States of America. Is Melissa Hughes the only one embarrassed? ***He sits down abruptly in the witness chair next to the judge.***

**Judge Robert Sanders:** Mr. Shore. That's a chair for witnesses only.

**Alan Shore:** Really long speeches make me so tired sometimes.

**Judge Robert Sanders:** Please get out of the chair.

**Alan Shore:** Actually, I'm sick and tired.

**Judge Robert Sanders:** Get out of the chair!

**Alan Shore:** And what I'm most sick and tired of... ***He get's up and out of the chair.*** ...is how every time somebody disagrees with how the government is running things, he or she is labeled un-American.

**D.A. Jonathan Shapiro:** Evidentially, it's speech time.

**Alan Shore:** And speech in this country is free, you hack! Free for me, free for you. Free for Melissa Hughes to stand up to her government and say, "Stick it!"

**D.A. Jonathan Shapiro:** Objection!

**Alan Shore:** I object to government abusing its power to squash the constitutional freedoms of its citizenry. And, God forbid, anybody challenge it, they're smeared as being a heretic. Melissa Hughes is an American. Melissa Hughes is an American. Melissa Hughes is an American!

**Judge Robert Sanders:** Mr. Shore. Unless you have anything new and fresh to say, please sit down. You've breached the decorum of my courtroom with all this hooting.

**Alan Shore:** Last night, I went to bed with a book. Not as much fun as a 29-year-old, but the book contained a speech by Adlai Stevenson. The year was 1952.

He said, "The tragedy of our day is the climate of fear in which we live and fear breeds repression. Too often, sinister threats to the Bill of Rights, to freedom of the mind are concealed under the patriotic cloak of anti-Communism."

Today, it's the cloak of anti-terrorism. Stevenson also remarked, "It's far easier to fight for principles than to live up to them."



I know we are all afraid. But the Bill of Rights - we have to live up to that. We simply must. That's all Melissa Hughes was trying to say. She was speaking for you. I would ask you now to go back to that room and speak for her.

***In Judge Willard Reese's courtroom.***

**Denise Bauer:** While impersonating an officer is a serious offense, my client's intentions were sound, he never harmed anyone. And he's accepted full responsibility for what he's done. He is also very contrite.

**Judge Willard Reese:** I thank you. I hereby sentence Scott Warner to six hundred hours of community service.

**Scott Warner:** If I may be heard, Your Honor.

**Denise Bauer:** ***Softly.*** Scott.

**Scott Warner:** If it please the court, as you well know, I have already performed six hundred hours of community service. While on patrol. You must feel it yourself, Your Honor. Our society over the past decade had become ruder and ruder. Breaking rules, cursing, driving recklessly. Some are calling it an epidemic. And I believe, as do experts, that it is a symptom of the growing social isolation that we all feel.

**Denise looks up at him.** Your Honor, I'm just one guy out there asking people to be more courteous.

**Denise smiles in admiration.** What if this were utopia? And we all did it? Wouldn't that be something? I mean, wouldn't that be just great? **He looks down at Denise, she quickly looks away.** Uh, so, while I will gladly take any sentence you see fit, as I respect you, Your Honor. I would ask you to reconsider my sentence.

**Judge Willard Reese:** I will. Three months in prison and twelve hundred hours of community service. **He bangs his gavel.**

**Denise Bauer:** That was a lovely, moving speech.

**Scott Warner:** Wait for me?

**Denise Bauer:** Absolutely not.

**Scott Warner:** If I were to appeal, would you handle it?

**Denise Bauer:** Absolutely not.

**Scott Warner:** So. This is goodbye?

**Denise Bauer:** Definitely.

**Scott Warner:** Okay.

**A beat. He then plants a big one on her, throws her over his hip and gives her a long passionate kiss. He eventually lets her up.**

**Denise Bauer:** Okay. That was assault.

**Scott:** Goodbye, Denise.

**And off he goes with Security. She wipes the kiss off her mouth, trying to conceal, well... what a kiss it was.**

***In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom all parties are present.***

**Judge Robert Sanders:** Will the defendant please rise? **Alan and Melissa stand.** Mr Foreman, the jury has reached a unanimous verdict?

**Foreman:** ***Just wants to get home.*** Yeah, Judge, guilty.

**Judge Robert Sanders:** ***Annoyed.*** Wait 'til I ask you. Now. What say you?

**Alan Shore:** Suspense is killing me.

**Foreman:** We the jury find the defendant, Melissa Hughes, guilty as charged.

**Alan Shore:** ***Softly.*** Great.

**Judge Robert Sanders:** Ms Hughes. The jury has found you guilty of Federal Income Tax evasion.

**Alan Shore:** Permission to be heard on sentencing, Judge.

**Judge Robert Sanders:** Stop your hooting. I'm in no mood for any more of your jibber-jabber. The court fines Ms Hughes one thousand dollars and sentences her to thirty days in prison, suspended. Adjourned.

**Melissa Hughes:** Thirty days in prison?

**Alan Shore:** Suspended, Melissa. Jibber-jabber gave you no jail time.

**Melissa Hughes:** Oh. That's good.

**Alan Shore:** It's very good.

***Rachel is in her room at the rehab. Fiona comes running in, she is followed by Brad and Paul.***

**Fiona Lewiston:** Aaahhh!! ***She runs into her mothers arms.***

**Rachel Lewiston:** Ha, ha, ha. ***Rachel picks up Fiona and swings her around.*** Hi! Mmmm. ***Rachel kisses Fiona.*** Oh Honey.

Fiona: Are you feeling better?

Rachel Lewiston: I'm feeling much better. Oh, it's so good to see you.

Fiona: Are you coming home soon?

Rachel Lewiston: I'm coming home real soon, Honey. How are you?

Fiona: Fine. Grampa gave me ice cream.

Paul Lewiston: Organic.

Fiona: And grilled cheese.

Paul Lewiston: Ah, whole grain.

Fiona: And Brad played monkey with me.

Rachel Lewiston: I bet he's the big ape. **Rachel looks at Brad. He smiles.** Hey guys, will you give me and Fiona some special time?

Rachel Lewiston: Thank you. **To Fiona.** Wave goodbye to the big ape.

Fiona: **She and Brad exchange waves.** Bye big ape.

**Rachel and Brad exchange smiles.**

Rachel Lewiston: Oh, sweetheart. **She kisses Fiona.** Here we go. **She lifts Fiona over her head and pretends to fall back on the bed.** Whoa, ha, ha.

**Alan is in his office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Melissa brings in an orchid plant and places it on Alan's desk..**

Melissa Hughes: Thank you.

Alan Shore: You're quite welcome.

Melissa Hughes: **She moves in to sit on Alan's desk.** Maybe we should, uhm, celebrate. Over dinner.

Alan Shore: Melissa. Pay your taxes. **She starts to lean in.** That's about as far as you should go. **She kisses him. They share a look. She leaves.**

**Alan and Denny are out on the balcony smoking cigars and drinking.**

Denny Crane: She just kissed you?

Alan Shore: Uh hm.

Denny Crane: She coming over later to guard you against night terrors?

Alan Shore: No. I told you I'm not gonna to pursue it.

Denny Crane: Why not? Are you depressed because you lost?

Alan Shore: I didn't lose.

Denny Crane: She was found guilty.

Alan Shore: She didn't get any jail time. That's an empiric victory.

Denny Crane: Hmmm. Suddenly, you're in favor of Emperors. The truth is out. That's all he wants to be, Alan.

Alan Shore: An emperor?

Denny Crane: Damn right.

Alan Shore: You know what I miss the most about our country, Denny? Not the loss of our civil rights so much as our compassion, our soul, our humility.

Denny Crane: Huh, uh, uh, uh. Soul. That's a religious thing. State, Church, it's unconstitutional for the United States to have a soul.

Alan Shore: Apparently. We seem to becoming a mean people. Learned Hand once said, "Liberty lies in our hearts. And once it dies there no constitution can save it."

Denny Crane: Just once I wish you'd quote a republican.

Alan Shore: "I want a kinder and gentler nation." **Denny raises his glass to Alan.** Nothing quite so optimistic as a kiss from an idealistic girl.

Denny Crane: Who the hell said that?

Alan Shore: I did.

Denny Crane: Oh. It's strange isn't it, how love supersedes everything that goes wrong. I still remember the first time Bev let me go porkling. That's like when you go snorkeling with your...

Alan Shore: **He grimaces.** I follow.

Denny Crane: Sometimes I close my eyes and I can still see her there. Right there.

Alan Shore: Love trumps all.

Denny Crane: **Softly.** Love... trumps all.

~ fin ~