

**Boston Legal**  
**Chitty Chitty Bang Bang**  
**Season 2, Episode 20**  
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***At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Shirley Schmidt is in her office reviewing paper work with her client, Clifford Cabot.***

**Shirley Schmidt:** ... And as a concession for keeping the cottage in Cape May, you're willing to give up the house in Great Barrington?

**Clifford Cabot:** And the antique pewter—valued at over seventy thousand dollars.

**Shirley Schmidt:** A considerable gesture of goodwill on your part.

**Clifford Cabot:** However, there's something that Natalie is determined to get her hands on and I simply can't permit it. **A beat.** My Victorian Erotica collection.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Vict... what?

**Clifford Cabot:** Victorian Erotica. As I'm sure you're aware, much like today, the late eighteen hundreds were a socially conservative time. During repressive eras...

**Shirley Schmidt:** Pornography thrives.

**Clifford Cabot:** **Correcting her.** We prefer 'erotica.' She's in possession of my premiere collection of Victorian erotica in the western hemisphere. I intend for it to be my legacy to the world.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Uhm, just so I'm clear, we're talking about literature, photos...?

**Clifford Cabot:** ... And machinery.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Machinery?

**Clifford Cabot:** The Victorian era was the height of the industrial age. Whenever new technology arrives, its first use is erotica.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Much like the internet and...

**Clifford Cabot:** ... Internet porn.

**Shirley Schmidt:** **Correcting him.** Erotica.

**Clifford Cabot:** No, that stuff's just porn.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Uhm, Clifford, was any of this 'erotica' acquired during your marriage?

**Clifford Cabot:** Hm. All of it, actually.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Well then, legally Natalie is entitled to a significant portion of the collection.

**Clifford Cabot:** Shirley. My family's money and affairs have been connected to this firm since you opened your doors. I want my collection.

**Natalie Cabot:** **She enters with a head of steam.** You'll never get it, Clifford.

**Shirley Schmidt:** And you must be Natalie...

**Ivan Tiggs enters with a great big smile.**

**Ivan Tiggs:** Shirl.

**Shirley Schmidt:** **Floored.** Ivan?!

**Ivan Tiggs:** You don't normally practice family law. What are you doing on a divorce case?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Professor Cabot's estate has strong ties to the firm. He wanted me. And you?

**Ivan Tiggs:** I wanted you.

**Shirley Schmidt:** **To Clifford and Natalie.** As a matter of full disclosure, Mr Tiggs and I were once married – many years ago – and could conceivably present a conflict of interest. Either one or both of you would be advised to request change of counsel.

**Natalie Cabot:** I'm not giving up my attorney.

**Shirley looks to Clifford, who shakes his head, "no."**

**Ivan Tiggs:** No, takers? Great. Shall we?

**The meeting continues. Clifford and Natalie are in the middle of a heated debate as Shirley and Ivan attempt to mediate.**

**Clifford Cabot:** You don't wanna tear apart a collection! That's why it's called a collection!

**Natalie Cabot:** If you spent a little less time with the collection, we might not be here dividing it up now.

**Ivan Tiggs:** People!

**Clifford Cabot:** Before you met me you'd never even heard of 'The Lusty Turk.'

**Shirley Schmidt:** Clifford...

Natalie Cabot: If not for me, "Two Circus Virgins" would be hanging over someone else's fireplace.

Shirley Schmidt: **A warning.** Natalie! Clifford! If neither of you can budge on this, then we will end up in court and a judge will decide your collection's future.

Clifford Cabot: Fine.

Shirley Schmidt: Now, why don't we break and see if we can come up with a better resolution tomorrow.

Natalie Cabot: That's fine.

Ivan Tiggs: **To Natalie.** I'll be right down.

Shirley Schmidt: **To Clifford.** I'll call you.

**Natalie and Clifford leave. Through different doors.**

Ivan Tiggs: Ha, ha. I thought they'd never leave.

Shirley Schmidt: So? How is the Mrs, Missy?

Ivan Tiggs: Ha. The honeymoon was exceptional.

Shirley Schmidt: ???

Ivan Tiggs: An atrociously dull island. Nothing to do but have sex all day and night. By the way, Shirley, I'm having an affair.

Shirley Schmidt: Ha. Ivan! You do not disappoint! You've been married four weeks.

Ivan Tiggs: Seemed like five.

Shirley Schmidt: And who are you having the affair with?

Ivan Tiggs: You.

Shirley Schmidt: **A beat.** Well! So far it hasn't been very good for me.

Ivan Tiggs: I'm not sure if you follow the morning network news shows, but I caught a couple on the island, and according to the experts, one doesn't have to actually have a physical relationship to be considered a cheater.

Shirley Schmidt: No kidding?

Ivan Tiggs: No kidding. If our friendship, let's just call it that, is deeper than my primary relationship then technically I'm emotionally cheating on my wife. That's what Katie and Matt say, and they both have such trusting faces.

Shirley Schmidt: Besides humor you, what can I do?

Ivan Tiggs: Admit you're having an emotional affair with me. Consider making it physical since, after all, we're already halfway there. And let's call it a day

Shirley Schmidt: I have a better idea, and I'm sure it's something Katie and Matt came up with as well. Go home to your wife, Ivan.

Ivan Tiggs: Are you breaking up with me?

Shirley Schmidt: Go home to your wife.

Ivan Tiggs: **A beat. He turns to pick up his briefcase.** Shirley, you know I don't play fair. It's one of the many reasons you love me.

**In an Assisted Living Home it is dark and quiet, after lights out in the facility. A nurse appears around the corner and a door opens slightly revealing CatherinePiper. She quietly closes the door until the nurse has moved on. The door opens again, Catherine comes out, she motions Adele Freeman forward who follows in a small electric cart. Catherine stealthily walks next to her, carrying her suitcase down the hall.**

Adele Freeman: **Whispers.** Did you pack my Jean Nate?

Catherine Piper: **Whispers.** Yes, I packed your Jean Nate.

Adele Freeman: What about my nighttime eye patches? I can't sleep without my nighttime eye patches.

**They continue stealthily down the hall. They are now both completely on edge and moving toward the lobby. They see the exit up ahead, Adele's freedom, when out of nowhere an attendant casually walks by.**

Attendant: Evening, Adele.

**Adele and Catherine freeze. Then both panic.**

Catherine Piper: Step on it.

**They make a break for it. Unfortunately the cart only goes on mile per hour and they are both easily stopped by the attendant.**

Attendant: Whoa, whoa, whoa. **He steps in front of the cart.** Whoa, whoa, whoa. Wait!

**The manager hears the commotion and comes running.**

Manager: **Frustrated.** Mrs Piper! I have warned you before about this. You leave me no other choice. **To attendant.** Call Boston P.D. I want her arrested for kidnapping.

Catherine Piper: Oh, before you do that, dear, could you do one thing?

Manager: What?

Catherine Piper: Call Alan Shore. He's in the book.

***In the multi-purpose room of the Assisted Living Home Alan Shore is with Catherine and Adele, who, in her electric cart, is idly shuffling some cards.***

Alan Shore: Why did you try to kidnap this woman?

Adele Freeman: She wasn't kidnapping me, she was helping me escape!

Alan Shore: Ha! ***He helplessly shakes his head.*** Oh Go...

Catherine Piper: Alan. A crime is being committed here. Adele is being held prisoner.

Alan Shore: ***He looks to Adele. A beat.*** Go on.

Catherine Piper: Adele's been in the hospital suffering from depression. Her son died recently and it really devastated her. Last week they took her out of the hospital and they brought her here to this so-called Assisted Living center. They put her on antidepressants. She started feeling better and she asked when she could go home. That's when she found out the court had assigned a conservator to be in charge of her estate. Donald Wharton, a man she'd never even heard of!

Adele Freeman: He has my power of attorney, he has control of my bank accounts, my property, he, he's selling off my assets. And he's spending all my money without my permission! ***She is distressed.***

***A beat.***

Alan Shore: Adele. Do you have any family?

Adele Freeman: Not since my son passed away.

Alan Shore: Catherine? If you knew this injustice was being done to Adele, why didn't you call simply me before you attempted to kidnap her?

Catherine Piper: Well, dear, you'd helped me out on those two convenience store robberies, not to mention the murder! I didn't wanna think I was becoming a bother.

***At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Alan and Denise are in the kitchen preparing their lunch.***

Denise Bauer: So? One has only to fill out a few forms, and is then fully licensed by the State?

Alan Shore: It's that easy. Now! Many conservators are perfectly qualified, but the lesser ones are akin to the jackal. They sniff around hospital corridors hunting for senior citizens with no family ties. When they corner one the conservator goes before a judge with an emergency motion, the judge, overburdened with caseloads quickly grants them a Power of Attorney, and suddenly they sink their teeth into that senior's life. They seize their assets; strip away all their decision making powers, then run up charges feeding off the estates until the bones have been picked clean.

Denise Bauer: Well, aren't people grand. Alan? What are you eating?

Alan Shore: Jamaican ackee. Tastes like scrambled eggs if you cook it.

***He offers her some.***

Denise Bauer: No thanks. How do you want to proceed with Adele's conservator?

Alan Shore: Mr Wharton? A visit to his den would be a good start.

***He offers her some Jamaican ackee again.***

Denise Bauer: Hm. Why not.

***She takes a small piece on her spoon.***

Alan Shore: Avoid the pink parts, they've been known to cause vomiting or...death.

***She puts it back. Puts down her spoon, takes a clean one from the drawer and goes back to eating her sliced bananas.***

***At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Brad, Denny, Shirley and several others are about to start the partnership meeting.***

Shirley Schmidt: The first thing we should talk about is Paul Lewiston.

Denny Crane: Well, let's wait until he gets here.

Shirley Schmidt: Well, that's the point. He's not getting here.

Brad Chase: His schedule has been a bit shaky since he's taken custody of his granddaughter.

Denny Crane: Granddaughter?

Shirley Schmidt: Fiona. His daughter, Rachel is...

Denny Crane: Oh. Right, right. The druggie.

Brad Chase: She's not a druggie. She has an addiction for which she's receiving treatment.

Denny Crane: We don't need Paul. The hell with it. I'll take care of this. What's on his plate?

Shirley Schmidt: Uh, to start with Paul has final interviews for summer associate candidate.

Denny Crane: Boring! Next.

Shirley Schmidt: Uh, it's almost the first of the month; someone needs to meet with the building manager.

Brad Chase: I'll take that.

Shirley Schmidt: And Sam Wolfson wanted some time this week.

Denny Crane: Oh! Sam and I go way back. I'll cover Sam. Well, folks! There you are. See? Problems solved! Denny Crane. Hands on management. **A beat. He notices Paul's empty chair.** Where's Paul?

Shirley Schmidt: Oh dear God.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Paul is in his office packing his briefcase.**

Paul Lewiston: My absence at this morning's partnership meeting was unavoidable. I had to take Fiona to the pediatrician.

Shirley Schmidt: Perfectly understandable, Paul. We're just curious when you'll be returning to work full time.

Paul Lewiston: **He sighs.** Shirley, I have recently become the single parent to a three-year-old child who had no one but me to depend on.

Shirley Schmidt: I know it's hard.

Paul Lewiston: No, it's not about being hard. It's that my priorities are different now and suddenly this firm doesn't seem so important.

Denny Crane: **He comes in.** Denny Crane! Master of the house.

Paul Lewiston: Hello, Denny! How are things?

Denny Crane: Couldn't be better. Paul. I heard about your druggie daughter. I've got things under control now. Why don't you take the time you need.

Paul Lewiston: Thank you. I intend to. **He leaves.** Shirley?

Shirley Schmidt: Druggie daughter?!

Denny Crane: What?

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Brad is in his office going over a checklist with the building manager, Mr Kahanov.**

Brad Chase: We covered the increased security at the front desk and you're going to repair the water damage on the fourteenth floor.

Kahanov: Da. I take care of Friday, if good?

Brad Chase: Very good. **He gets up and starts to put on his jacket.** That went smoothly! So I guess I'll see you next month?

**A beat.**

Kahanov: So?

**Brad stands but Kahanov doesn't. Brad senses they're not done. Kahanov opens his arms and smiles at Brad. Brad smiles back and mirrors his gesture. Kahanov clasps his hands together. Brad follows suit.**

Brad Chase: I'm forgetting something.

Kahanov: Ya.

Brad Chase: Right. Here's the thing, I don't know what it is I'm forgetting.

Kahanov: Mm... envelope.

Brad Chase: **He gets it and sits back down.** Are you asking me for a bribe?

Kahanov: No, no, no, no, no, no...

**A beat. Brad takes out his wallet, pulls out a sizeable wad of money and hands it to Kahanov, who inspects it, disappointed.**

Kahanov: **He gets up to leave. Under his breath.** Cretins.

**Kahanov walks out.**

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Shirley is in her office. Denny comes in.**

Denny Crane: So? Are you gonna tell me?

Shirley Schmidt: **She pulls down her glasses and looks at his... at his... at him down there.** Yes. You're zipped!

Denny Crane: That's not what I meant.

Shirley Schmidt: Denny? Do you mind?

Denny Crane: Shirley. You're my girl. I rarely look at people's faces, other than my own, but your pallor is telling me something. **He sits down.** Man trouble?

Shirley Schmidt: It's Ivan. He won't stop until he gets what he wants. Right now, what he wants is me, and for once I don't trust myself with him.

Denny Crane: So. Why not have an affair with him and get it over with?

Shirley Schmidt: And what about his sweet young wife? Not to mention my own morals.

Denny Crane: Ha, ha. Moral! Invented by the power elite to keep the hoy-peloy from enjoying themselves. As for the wife, either she won't find out and you'll be fine, or she will and she'll learn. If he's gonna have an affair with someone, why not be part of the fun?

Shirley Schmidt: Maybe you should write fortune cookies.

Denny Crane: And... maybe you should fantasize about him with someone else.

Shirley Schmidt: Good bye, Denny.

Denny Crane: Was that too subtle? I meant me!

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Alan is in his office. In the corridor Catherine bumps Adele's chair against some office equipment.**

Catherine Piper: Wait out here, Adele! I'll just be a minute!

**She walks into Alan's office.**

Alan Shore: **He had noticed the ruckus.** Catherine! To what do I owe this pleasant surprise?

Catherine Piper: I heard you were gonna see Wharton today.

Alan Shore: I'm on my way.

Catherine Piper: I just wanna warn you; don't be fooled by his silly cherubic face. I mean, he fools judges! He fools hospital administrators. Anyone he needs to so he can get his hands on folk like Adele and her pocketbook. He's a bad man, Alan.

Alan Shore: I'm hardly ever fooled.

Catherine Piper: Oh! Come on! The first time you met me I'm sure you had no idea I'd be capable of killing a man with a frying pan.

Alan Shore: Catherine, when I met you, I was sure you could accomplish anything you set your mind to, and you've yet to disappoint.

Catherine Piper: Just so you know, I've asked Jesus not to forgive him.

Alan Shore: I think Adele has a very good friend.

Catherine Piper: Oh! Adele and I are old. If we don't stick up for each other, who will?

Alan Shore: **They walk out of the office.** Hello Adele!

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Shirley is in her office with Clifford.**

Shirley Schmidt: Clifford, regarding the collection. When one is faced with a daunting loss, one tries to hold tightly to something tangible. As your attorney and as someone who has been there, divorce can play some very nasty tricks on your psyche.

Clifford Cabot: So you're asking, is it conceivable I can't let Natalie go?

Shirley Schmidt: I'm putting it out there as a possibility.

Clifford Cabot: Given the fact she'd rather spend more time chairing the Women's Studies Department than be with me and that she's the one that asked for the divorce?

Shirley Schmidt: Something like that.

Clifford Cabot: The answer is still no. Shirley, this is my vision. It's not just some collection of smut. It's an actual window into our history. A look at how we perceive ourselves and our society through a lens of our most primary urges. I even had this artist's rendering done for a museum I'd like to start.

**He pulls out a postcard size poster. Shirley looks it over.**

Shirley Schmidt: **Reading.** "Professor Clifford Cabot's Cabinet of Sexual Curiosities."

**Shirley gives him a look.**

Clifford Cabot: Now, that's just to get them to the door.

Shirley Schmidt: Ha. I'm beginning to get the idea. And I think a judge might as well. However, I still feel if you don't give a little, you'll stand to lose a lot.

**In Donald Wharton's home he shows Alan and Denise into his well-lived-in living room.**

Donald Wharton: Sorry about the mess. It's been busy lately.

Alan Shore: I can imagine. Oh look! Denise. When's the last time you saw a TV tray? Suddenly I feel like watching Bonanza.

Donald Wharton: So. You wanna talk about Adele?

Denise Bauer: Yes. Adele tells us that you have moved her into an Assisted Living facility, and are selling off her assets.

Donald Wharton: Well, it's the only way to pay for the place. They're so damn expensive.

Alan Shore: Someone should look into that.



**Denise Bauer:** An alternative would be to take her out of the facility and move her back home. Just a thought.

**Donald Wharton:** Oh. I know Adele does not wanna be there. She's fighting me on that one.

**Alan Shore:** Mr Wharton, we've met with Adele. And while she may have had trouble when she first arrived at the hospital, she's since recovered and is ready to move on with her life.

**Denise Bauer:** And as her attorneys we'd like to help you move on with certain things as well. **She hands him some papers.** We've gotten rid of the trouble of court nonsense, notary public, standing in line at the post office, you have only to sign this release and we will relieve you of one of the burdens of your already overburdened workload.

**Donald Wharton:** Ha. She got to you, didn't she?

**Denise Bauer:** I beg your pardon?

**Donald Wharton:** Adele. She's very good with strangers. Adele has clinical depression. You probably saw her on a good day. She had bouts of forgetfulness, poor judgment, difficulty concentrating. If I were to let her go? As an appointee of the court, and more importantly as one of the only people who cares about her, I would be completely remiss.

**He hands the papers back.**

**Alan Shore:** **A beat.** Mr Wharton, what color are Adele's eyes?

**Donald Wharton:** Ahhh, blue.

**Alan Shore:** They're brown. What was her son's name. **A beat as Donald tries to think.** Jonathan. Mr Wharton, as someone who cares about Adele and is supposed to be caring for Adele, you seem to be very forgetful yourself. Please don't forget your court date.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Denny is in his office, snoozing. Shirley comes to the door. She is out of breath.**

**Shirley Schmidt:** Denny?

**Denny Crane:** **He wakes up.** You're panting!

**Shirley Schmidt:** Yes.

**Denny Crane:** Because of me?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Because of you.

**Denny Crane:** **All smiles.** Lock the door.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Because of you, Paul didn't keep his meeting with the building manager, and Brad stiffed him. Now we don't have elevator service before seven AM and I had to walk up fourteen flights of stairs. Didn't you?

**Denny Crane:** I climb the stairs every morning. The elevator is for democrats. Lock the door. My nipple's hard.

**Shirley Schmidt:** While I appreciate the update on your vestigial teat, you're not horny, you're freezing. Apparently the heat doesn't go on in the building before seven AM because Paul didn't keep his special agreement with the building.

**Denny Crane:** You're not gonna close the door, are you? **Shirley Schmidt:** Denny, you've gotta convince Paul to stay.

**Denny Crane:** Me? Never happen.

**Shirley Schmidt:** The reason you, me, Alan and the rest of us get to go to court and yell, "Objection!" and sue people and make witnesses cry is, Paul! Paul makes the elevators run! He supervises the associates! He double-checks the billables!

**Denny Crane:** Well, let me tell you Shirley, what makes this place run. Money! And I bring it in.

**Shirley Schmidt:** You bring it in, Denny. But Paul puts it to work.

**Denny Crane:** Shirley, a supermarket doesn't close 'cause the cashier quit.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Yes it does, Denny. Otherwise people would just walk out with the food.

**She walks out. In the corridor Ivan catches up with her.**

**Ivan Tiggs:** Good news! My client, in the spirit of cooperation, has made, what I consider, an amicable and generous offer.

**They are in the conference room with Clifford.**

**Ivan Tiggs:** Natalie, is willing to give up the entire erotica collection, books, magazines, paintings, photos...

**Clifford lets out a big sigh of relief. Shirley remains guarded.** A collection which includes five first edition copies of 'The Pearl.'

**Shirley Schmidt:** Which I'm guessing is not a biography of Earl Monroe.

**Ivan Tiggs:** Hardly. The full title is 'The Pearl - A Journal of Facetaie, Voluptous Reading.'

**Clifford Cabot:** It was first published in London by the Society of Vice in 1879. The original unbound periodicals are exceedingly rare.

**Ivan Tiggs:** They alone are worth more than the entire rest of the collection put together. So we understand what we're talking about, perhaps I could read a passage.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Ivan, that won't ...

**Ivan laughs in, directing his words straight toward Shirley. Eventually, it's as if Clifford weren't in the room.**

**Ivan Tiggs:** "I poured into her ears a tale of burning love. Finding that she made no resistance, I pressed her to my bosom. I undressed her 'til she stood in perfect nudity. I led her to the bedside, she lay back, I sank to my knees and then with eagerness and tenderness I..." Well, you get the idea.

**Shirley Schmidt:** As cheesy as that was, I do.

**Ivan Tiggs:** Well, that being said, Natalie is willing to give up the collection except for one small item that she currently has in her possession.

**Clifford Cabot:** **Suspicious.** Which item?

**Ivan Tiggs:** Something called 'The Hysteria Machine.'

**Shirley Schmidt:** The Hysteria Machine?

**Clifford Cabot:** That harridan!

**Shirley Schmidt:** What the hell is The Hysteria Machine?

**Clifford Cabot:** **Overriding.** The premiere piece of the entire collection! Why didn't I see this coming? Forget the house, forget the pewter, she wants to play dirty? So be it!

**Shirley Schmidt:** Ivan? We're going to court.

**Ivan Tiggs:** **With a smile.** Sounds like a date.

**In is Judge Isabel Hernandez's courtroom.**

**Alan Shore:** Your Honor, since he became Mrs Freeman's conservator, Mr Wharton has placed Mrs Freeman in a convalescent home against her will, has taken control of all her credit cards, he has charged exurbanite fees to the estate. To pay her ninety dollar electric bill he charged the estate a hundred and fifty dollars. He charged a hundred and seventy dollars to bring her less than fifty dollars worth of groceries.

**Donald Wharton:** Your Honor, these are legitimate expenses. The truth is if everyone did their job, helped out with their family, their friends, their neighbors, it would render my job unnecessary. But we don't! We as a society don't like to take care of the old and the weak. It's a difficult, heart-wrenching affair. Well, I stood up and am doing it. I have an affidavit from the admitting nursing at the hospital where Adele was first taken. She says Adele was confused, disoriented and apparently hadn't eaten in several days.

**Alan Shore:** A state any of us might be in after the death of our last surviving family member. I have an affidavit from the Cottonwood Assisted Living home which states: Ms Freeman is lucid and rational.

**Donald Wharton:** She's lucid because she's well taken care of!

**Judge Isabel Hernandez:** Mr Wharton makes a point. Mrs Freeman is eighty-three and has no family. What if she goes off her medication? Suppose she takes a fall?

**Alan Shore:** Your Honor, if that's a concern I can arrange for her to live with a friend.

**Catherine waves to the judge.**

**Judge Isabel Hernandez:** A friend, especially a mature friend is not the same as a family member or legal conservator.

**Alan Shore:** Your Honor...

**Judge Isabel Hernandez:** I've heard enough from both sides. I'm assigning a court appointed psychiatrist to examine you, Mrs Freeman. Until I have evidence that you are entirely self-sufficient you will remain a ward of Mr Wharton. We will reconvene in six weeks after the examination.

**Alan Shore:** Six weeks? Your Honor, for Mrs Freeman that is a lifetime.

**Judge Isabel Hernandez:** And in the court system it's practically the speed of light. We're adjourned.

**In Judge Leslie Bishop's courtroom Ivan and Natalie are at their table. Shirley directs Clifford who stands in front of a table, upon which sits the hysteria machine. It is the size of an old-fashioned sewing machine, has pulleys, gears, levers, spouts, a small steam engine, and a small protruding piece of metal. Clifford has just started the machine.**

**Clifford Cabot:** It was actually used as a medical device. During the Victorian era, there was an inability or unwillingness of society to comprehend female sexual desire and so this desire was misinterpreted as an "illness."

**Judge Leslie Bishop:** **re machine.** It doesn't seem to be working.

Clifford Cabot: Well, it takes a minute or two to get its steam up.

Shirley Schmidt: In the meantime, Professor Cabot, could you tell us how the Hysteria Machine works?

Clifford Cabot: Women frequently complained of symptoms such as nervousness, heaviness in the abdomen, vaginal lubrication, insomnia, and so on. Doctors referred to these symptoms as “hysteria,” but of course they were actually signs of sexual arousal. Before the invention of this machine a doctor would ‘massage’ a woman until she reached a climactic “paroxysm,” as they called it.

Ivan Tiggs: **Sotto, to Shirley.** I should’ve listened to my mother. She always wanted me to be a doctor.

Shirley Schmidt: **She ignores Ivan.** And how did this machine come into being?

Clifford Cabot: A doctor invented it because; well... his arms got tired.

**The hysteria machine begins to work... it makes noise like “chitty chitty bang bang.”** Ah! The steam is up and it’s ready to go.

**Clifford turns a knob, flips a switch, and it begins to work. Judge Leslie Bishop leans over the bench to get a better look.**

Judge Leslie Bishop: Oh my God.

Clifford Cabot: **Beaming.** Amazing. Isn’t it? Of course, I haven’t even put on the attachments on yet, which go right there. **He opens an antique case, and shows the attachments to the judge. (We, of course, can’t see them.)**

Judge Leslie Bishop: Oh my God!

Clifford Cabot: It’s the only working one of its kind in the world. It’s unique, invaluable, and irreplaceable! **Glaring at Natalie.**

**The little machine is making an quite a racket now... Chitty Chitty Bang Bang! Chitty Chitty Bang Bang!**

Judge Leslie Bishop: Would you shut it off, please?

**Clifford shuts the machine off, but it continues to make noise. Judge Leslie Bishop looks at him.**

Clifford Cabot: Sorry, Your Honor, a steam engines doesn’t just shut off right away.

**Outside the courtroom Alan walks up to Donald Wharton.**

Alan Shore: Mr Wharton, unfortunately what may seem like a small victory is really just postponing the inevitable. We will prevail and since I know you’re anxious to get home and rake your shag carpet, why don’t you just let this one go?

Donald Wharton: Well, mostly because I’m mad. And for Adele’s sake I’m willing to stay in this for the long haul. I’ll hire my own high-price attorney’s at five hundred dollars an hour. And you know where that money comes from don’t you? Adele’s bank account. That’s what it’s there for. To insure the well-being of my client. But don’t worry, I’ll eventually stop battling you. Once all the money’s run out.

**In Judge Leslie Bishop’s courtroom the little machine is winding down. The steam dies down, stopping all the hissing sounds and motions.**

Shirley Schmidt: Professor Cabot, don’t you intend eventually to donate this collection, including the hysteria machine, to a museum? A place where everyone could... get some pleasure from it?

Ivan Tiggs: Objection, Your Honor! Leading the witness.

Judge Leslie Bishop: Sustained. The witness will not answer, but I got the point anyway. Please, take a seat. **Then.** It seems to me that Professor Clifford Cabot’s motivation for wanting the machine would serve a greater good than your more localized motivations. I’m inclined to award the machine to Professor Clifford Cabot. Bring it and an inventory of the rest of the collection into court this afternoon and then I’ll decide who gets what.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Alan is in his office. Catherine marches in. She is followed by Adele in her cart.**

Catherine Piper: Alan? He’s selling her house!

**She helps Adele move a laptop computer from Adele’s lap to Alan’s desk.**

Adele Freeman: That’s my living room. My son, Jonathan’s bedroom. My kitchen. My bathrooms. My house is a charming three bedroom, ‘with potential’.

Denise Bauer: **She comes in.** What’s going on?

Alan Shore: Mr Wharton is even more rancid than I had imagined. He’s attempting to sell Adele’s home.

Denise Bauer: Apparently this isn’t the first time Mr Wharton has done this. According to a title search he has sold eleven houses belonging to his wards. And get this: the house he’s living in right now belonged to another one of his wards who happened to pass away, in her sleep.



Catherine Piper: **Adele is upset.** This man is pure evil. Alan, you've gotta get that creative brain of yours to work and stop him.

Alan Shore: Yes. I do.

**In Judge Leslie Bishop's courtroom**

Judge Leslie Bishop: Stolen?

Ivan Tiggs: Right out of her car.

Judge Leslie Bishop: Oh no!

Ivan Tiggs: It's all she had.

Shirley Schmidt: Please. This is ludicrous. But, obviously Ms Cabot doesn't wanna surrender the hysteria machine and she's hiding it from her husband for her own personal reason.

Ivan Tiggs: That's shocking accusation.

Shirley Schmidt: **To Ivan.** You know, you're right, you don't play fair.

Ivan Tiggs: **To Shirley.** What can I say? Your Honor, my client recognizes that the news is causing distress to Professor Cabot and is therefore willing to pay her half of the appraised value.

Judge Leslie Bishop: Nonsense! The item in question was in Mrs Cabot's care and control. Clearly, this machine is a precious item... **covering** ... to him. I am therefore ordering you pay the full cost of the machine plus punitive damages I will determine at a later date.

Shirley Schmidt: Your Honor this is unacceptable. Obviously she still has the machine.

Judge Leslie Bishop: If it turns up, we will address the matter later. But until such time, this ruling stands.

**She bangs her gavel.**

**Shirley, Ivan, Clifford and Natalie are in the Witness Room. Clifford leans into Natalie.**

Clifford Cabot: You lying bitch!

Natalie Cabot: Don't threaten me!

Clifford Cabot: You think this is over?!

Natalie Cabot: The judge ruled!

Clifford Cabot: It's not over!

Shirley Schmidt: **She bangs he briefcase on the table.** People! **They stop.** Clifford, we need to push forward with this. If the hysteria machine was stolen, you need to take the necessary and appropriate action. **To Clifford, for Natalie.** And as co-owner, you will file a police report. And you will file a claim with your insurance company. **To Natalie.** There'll be an investigation. You'll have to open up your house. If you give a false statement to the police, or worse these days, the insurance company, you will be charged with fraud, and prosecuted to the full extent of the law. And from my experiences the D.A.'s office takes these crimes seriously and often pushes for jail time, where you'll be able to do lot's of women studies.

**Natalie takes on a pale look.**

Ivan Tiggs: Shirley?

Shirley Schmidt: Hmm?

Ivan Tiggs: That's not nice.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh! Are we being nice now?

**Donald Wharton is in his living room eating off of his TV table, and watching Millionaire.**

Game Show Host: This is for four thousand, Bob. A provost is a high-ranking officer commonly found at what type of institution? Museum? Hospital? University? Bank?

Donald Wharton: It's university, you idiot.

Contestant Bob: University.

Host: Final answer?

Contestant Bob: Final.

Host: Yes sir! You got it again, Bob!

**Donald watches mesmerized. Suddenly he is grabbed from behind, a person at each hand. They throw him forward and tie his hands behind his back.**

Donald Wharton: Help! Help! Oh God! Oh God! Help! Help!

**He continues screaming as they wrap duct tape around his head covering his mouth. They finish by tying his feet and leaving him there. Later, perhaps an hour? There is a knock on the door.**

Donald Wharton: **He grunts as loud as he can.** HmHelp! HmHelp!

Alan Shore: Yoo hoo!

Donald Wharton: Hm!m hmin, mmhere!!

Alan Shore: Anybody home?!

Donald Wharton: Hm *In*, mm *here*!! Hm *In*, mm *here*!!

Alan Shore: Mr Wharton!

Donald Wharton: Hm *Oh*, hm *you*.

Alan Shore: Oh, my goodness! This is dreadful. Look at you. You've been assaulted. And robbed. Ugh! The world we live in. Who on earth would do something such as this?

Donald Wharton: Hm *I* hm *didn't* hm *see* hm *who* hm *did* hm *it*!

Alan Shore: Oh! Of course, you can't speak! I'll get you a pad and a pencil. **He pushes Donald forward in his chair.** That's no good, your hands are tied. My God! You must have been left here for what? Over an hour? It must feel awful to be left alone and vulnerable. **Suddenly Donald sits stock-still and quiet.** Well! Apparently, they made off with nothing more than some dingy old file boxes which could only contain records, I would imagine. How stupid are they! I mean what could they possibly hope to get for that?! Anyway! I'm glad it's over. Let's just pray it never happens again. And again. And again.

Donald Wharton: Hm *Yeah*.

Alan Shore: Oh! Also! Obviously you're in no shape to handle your court appointed duties, particularly with regard to Adele. Not to worry. I just happen to have with me that release form from the other day. Now maybe there's just enough give here ... **He pushes Donald forward.** ...to let you sign it. There's that. **He uncaps a pen and places it in Donald's hand. He places the form under Donald's hand and holds it while Donald signs it.** Wonderful! You know, now that this experience has brought us closer, I feel I can say this. Sometimes these events are just what one needs to shake things up a bit. Make a change. New job. New direction. New ideas. Just a thought. I'm thinking, now, would be a perfect time to start. Yes! Well! This is much better already. I feel that foreboding sense of danger fading. Still! Best to stay alert. On the right path, because you never know when this kind of thing might happen again. You only know that it will.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Shirley presses the down button for the elevator. The doors open, Ivan comes out, Shirley quickly goes into the other elevator.**

Ivan Tiggs: Hey! **He walks into the elevator with her.** Hey, hey. **The door closes. They are alone.** You didn't actually file a police report?

Shirley Schmidt: And an insurance claim.

Ivan Tiggs: **He sighs, then pulls the stop button for the elevator. The elevator stops.** Shirley, if, God forbid, the guy who stole this feels remorse and returns it to my client, she could end up going to jail.

Shirley Schmidt: It's a tribute to the risks one is willing to take for some momentary pleasure.

Ivan Tiggs: Ha. Which proves my point, by the way. It's not just me! It's all of us. We are all merely sexual animals. And, Shirley, as crude as you might think me at times, at least I put myself out there and act on my instincts. You must at least admire me for that.

Shirley Schmidt: I more than admire you, Ivan, and you know it. You have a wife who adores you and who you love, probably more than you're willing to admit, and for her sake, if not, more importantly, for your own, you need to grow up. **She pushes the stop button. The elevator starts up again.**

Ivan Tiggs: I love you, Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: I love you too.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Denny Crane walks into the conference room. Sam Wolfson is waiting with some of his people.**

Denny Crane: Sam!

Sam Wolfson: Denny Crane!

**They share a hearty handshake and hug.**

Denny Crane: Ah, look at you! How's Evelyn?

Sam Wolfson: She's well. She's very well, thanks for asking. How is the fishing going this season?

Denny Crane: In the water or in the bedroom?

Sam Wolfson: Oh, uh! **They share a laugh and sit.**

Denny Crane: Well. What can we do for you?

Sam Wolfson: Shouldn't we wait for Paul Lewiston?

Denny Crane: Paul's dialing things back a little right now.

Sam Wolfson: Oh! Well. I'm considering divesting from some of my Hong Kong subsidiaries...

Denny Crane: Really?

Scott Warner: And um... I'm sorry, is Paul leaving the firm?

Denny Crane: It's unclear. But the point is I'm your point man. Always have been.

**Wolfson takes a beat. This is hard for him.**

**Sam Wolfson:** Denny, we've know each other a long time so I don't take any pleasure in being this blunt but... I love having a drink with you, schmoozing...

**Denny Crane:** Right.

**Scott Warner:** Paul's the one I deal with. **Denny continuous smiling but this goes right to his core.** I mean, he's the expert in Asian markets and you... well...

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Paul is sitting at his desk in his office. Denny comes in and flips and envelop in front of him.**

**Denny Crane:** This is for you.

**Paul Lewiston:** What is it?

**Denny Crane:** Open it.

**Paul Lewiston:** He does. **It's a sheet of paper, blank except for the letterhead which reads: Crane, Poole, Schmidt and Lewiston.**

**Paul Lewiston:** Denny...

**Denny Crane:** Just simple, "Thank you, oh kind and benevolent leader" will suffice.

**Paul Lewiston:** I can't accept this.

**Denny Crane:** I thought it was what you always wanted?

**Paul Lewiston:** I'm sure it's what you thought I always I wanted.

**Denny Crane:** You trying to play hardball with me, Paul? Don't tell me this whole thing is simply a matter of respect? **Paul gives him a look.** Good God it is.

**Paul Lewiston:** My mind and my priorities are exactly where they should be right now. When Rachel gets out I will be back here full time. Or maybe I won't. In the meantime it will give you the opportunity to actually think about things for a change.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Shirley is in her office. Ivan comes in carrying a small heavy box.**

**Ivan Tiggs:** God bless us, we found it!

**Shirley Schmidt:** The antique, steam-powered, woman-pleasing machine is always in the last place you look.

**Ivan Tiggs:** You bet. Now! My client is more than thrilled to return it, and just asks for visitation rights. However, she cannot do that from jail and so, she requests that the police and insurance claims be withdrawn.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Done. Just wanna check to make sure it's the original machine.

**Ivan Tiggs:** You don't trust me? **She gives him a look. He concedes.** Not a bad idea. **He takes off the lid, lights the machine and lowers a lever. They wait as the machine softly starts to hum. He sighs.** I left my wife, Shirley.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Did you?

**Ivan Tiggs:** About an hour ago. **A beat.** So what do you think?

**Shirley Schmidt:** To be honest, I'm a little afraid to think.

**Ivan Tiggs:** Well, no need then. However, you know me. I do have a question.

**Shirley Schmidt:** And what would that be?

**Ivan Tiggs:** Would you like to see my attachments?

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Denny is walking down the corridor. So is Ivan. They meet.**

**Ivan Tiggs:** Denny? You're here late.

**Denny Crane:** I run the place. So? You and Shirley? Gives us something in common.

**Ivan Tiggs:** A hell of a woman.

**Denny Crane:** We have something else in common.

**Ivan Tiggs:** What's that?

**Denny Crane:** We're both leading men. We're like stars in our own show. Only the star doesn't have only one leading lady. Oh, sure sometimes at the end of an episode it looks like he's settling down with someone but the next weeks she not there. It's somebody else. It's a way of holding up viewer interest.

**Ivan Tiggs:** You're a strange man, Denny.

**Denny Crane:** Strange leading man. **A beat.** You're not gonna hurt her, Ivan?

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt Denny is out on the balcony. Alan joins him.**

**Denny Crane:** So whose ass did you have kicked?

**Alan Shore:** Someone whose ass thoroughly deserved it.

Denny Crane: Good! I can never understand why people don't use violence more often to solve their problems. Works every time.

Alan Shore: Actually, I'm quite disturbed by it. I had a real appetite for Mr Wharton's fear and suffering.

Denny Crane: Is that unusual?

Alan Shore: For me? Not at all. What was unusual was how swiftly I acted on my cravings.

Denny Crane: It was an emergency. What else could you do?

Alan Shore: Something more clever. Equally disturbing was how easy it all was. Quick fix which required very little thought on my part, just a phone call. **A beat.** I wonder what I'm turning into.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane!

Alan Shore: Ha. I think I'm still a long way's away from that.

Denny Crane: Well. Don't you worry. You'll get there.

~ fin ~