

Boston Legal
The New Kids on the Block
Season 3, Episode 2
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Elevator interior: Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Claire Simms: This is abusive. Making me leave New York? I'm gonna call my parents and tell them I'm being abused.

Jeffrey Coho: I promise you'll be happy. It's the best firm in Boston.

Elevator dings as they arrive at their floor.

Claire Simms: Ugh.

Reception Area: Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Denny Crane: *cigar in mouth, talking to administrative assistant* Write down your phone number.

Claire Simms: I don't like it.

Denny Crane: Well, well, well, well, well. If you're a client, I'll get you off. If you're not, the offer's still good.

Claire Simms: Okay. Ick and double ick.

Jeffrey Coho: We're the new guys.

Denny Crane: Oh, please. If there were new guys, they would've shown up at the season premiere.

Claire Simms: He's smoking, for God's sake.

Denny Crane: It's a personal gift from Bill Clinton. If you only knew where this cigar has been.

Claire Simms: Okay, he's officially the grossest person I've ever met.

Jeffrey Coho: See that sign that says, "Crane, Poole & Schmidt"?

Denny Crane: *pointing to himself with his cigar* Crane. Welcome to Boston Legal.

Claire Simms: Jeffrey. The gross man is fondling me.

Denny Crane: It's the official firm greeting.

Claire Simms clears her throat.

Denny Crane: Cue the music.

[credits]

Conference Room of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Shirley Schmidt: And on an incredibly exciting note, the firm welcomes today to its litigation department two of our attorneys from the New York office. The first, Jeffrey Coho, who will be joining us as a new partner.

All clap—except Denise Bauer.

Denise Bauer: Did she just say, "partner"?

Brad Chase nods.

Shirley Schmidt: And as a new associate—and former Supreme Court clerk, I might add—Claire Simms.

Everyone starts to clap but Claire Simms brushes the applause away.

Claire Simms: Yeah, don't anybody try and make friends with me.

Denise Bauer: Excuse me? Did you just say this man is a partner?

Jeffrey Coho: She did. Could be *your* partner.

Denise Bauer: Mmph.

Jeffrey Coho: By the way, you are—?

Denise Bauer: Drop dead.

Alan Shore: Excuse me. I realize you're new to this office, but we have a zero tolerance policy here when it comes to sexual harassment.

Claire Simms: Ha! Tubby over there groped me when I came off the elevator.

Alan Shore: Did he grunt as he groped? Because I found as long as he's not grunting, you're perfectly fine.

Claire Simms: Okay. I'll be writing that comment up. Who do we complain to here? The old people?

Melissa Hughes: Sorry to intrude, but there's a man here who says he could be implicated in a murder. He needs to speak to a lawyer.

Jeffrey Coho: *standing before Brad Chase can* Claire.

Alan Shore: How did he get dibs on that?

Jeffrey Coho's Office

Scott Little: Have you not seen the news? It's on every channel.

Jeffrey Coho: We're new in town.

Scott Little: Judge Marcia Hooper was found murdered last night, bludgeoned to death in her home, around ten o'clock.

Jeffrey Coho: What does that have to do with you?

Scott Little: First, I work for her. Second, I was there at nine o'clock.

Jeffrey Coho: In the house.

Scott Little: In the house, in the bedroom, with the judge. We were having an affair. Nobody knows this, at least as far as I know. Now the question becomes, do I go to the police? Do I tell them I was there? I'll be a person of interest in perpetuity if they don't solve it.

Claire Simms: All right. Can you stop with the pacing? You're bugging me.

Scott Little: A woman is dead. I may be implicated in her murder.

Claire Simms: Fine. Tic if you want; just don't pace.

Scott Little: The question is: Do I go forward or not?

Jeffrey Coho: If you were in the house, the police'll likely find out. This isn't Boulder.

Scott Little: Well, I was routinely there. I was her clerk. I would drop off cases, documents—at all hours. My being there isn't necessarily suspicious.

Jeffrey Coho: Your semen being there is.

Scott Little: Well, I wore a condom, which I flushed. There may be no evidence of my semen.

Claire Simms: **in unison with Scott Little's last sentence** Ick, ick, ick, ick.

Jeffrey Coho: Okay. Listen to me, Scott. How we go forward depends on you truthfully answering the next question.

Scott Little: Okay.

Jeffrey Coho: Did you kill her?

Scott Little: No.

Jeffrey Coho: Did you have anything to do with her death?

Scott Little: No.

Jeffrey Coho: Then we go to the police.

Scott Little: In which case, my life is over. At least my career is. I'm a lawyer on the come. Any future I may have—

Claire Simms: Ick, ick. I think he did it. I don't defend murderers, Jeffrey. Especially the icky ones.

Scott Little: You realize this is exactly the conclusion the whole town will come to if it gets out that I was sleeping with the victim.

Jeffrey Coho: Okay. If this is about your reputation, hire a publicist. If, however, you want to save your ass, you'll do what I tell you. And in this case, I'm telling you: If you're innocent, you go to the police.

Claire Simms: Hmm.

Alan Shore's Office

Denny Crane: Do you think she's cute?

Alan Shore: I do. Is there a reason we're looking at her picture?

Denny Crane: We met on FaceSpace. We've been corresponding for the last 2 weeks, and today is our first real date. She's special, Alan. She's a lawyer and loves fishing. She believes in God, guns, and blowing up North Korea. She could be the seventh one.

Alan Shore: Denny, she looks young. Does she know that you're . . . not?

Melissa Hughes: Alan, um, Shirley sent over a client. A—a woman who was fired for taking maternity.

Alan Shore: Ugh. Why do I get all the *issue* cases?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: I'd better be getting justice here, tell you that. Why are you starin'? I *know* why you starin'. You're starin' at my knockers. I know when a man is starin' at my knockers. This here is part of the problem. They don't let me take maternity. They stare at my knockers. Know what I'm sayin'?

Alan Shore: No way to treat a woman.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: I need to file me a civil action.

Hallway of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Brad Chase: Hey, new guy. Brad Chase.

Jeffrey Coho: Attaboy!

Brad Chase: Look I can see you're good-looking. I'm sure all the women at your old firm wanted to sleep with you, but here's the deal. In this firm, I'm that guy.

Jeffrey Coho: Oh, I can see that. Even I want to sleep with you.

Brad Chase: Uh. What are you? Gay?

Jeffrey Coho: No, no, no. Completely straight. Which goes to show just how attractive you are, Brad. **winks**

Shirley Schmidt: Jeffrey, what did I say about not coming on too strongly?

Jeffrey Coho: I thought you meant just with you.

Shirley Schmidt: You gotta go easy, Jeffrey. You can't just charge in here like a bull and try to take over.

Jeffrey Coho: I need a body.

Shirley Schmidt: I'm sorry.

Jeffrey Coho: Claire—she doesn't do murder cases. She finds them icky, so I need to find someone who doesn't.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, oh. See? This is you taking over.

Jeffrey Coho: Shirley, you brought me in for a reason. Now is it the other reason, where my being a bull is a good thing?

Shirley Schmidt: That—that was a one-time occurrence . . .

Jeffrey Coho: You didn't say mistake.

Shirley Schmidt: That will never be repeated.

Jeffrey Coho: Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: Okay, you can have your body—but it won't be mine.

Jeffrey Coho: **walking away** Drop Dead, how's it going?

Denise Bauer: Shirley, I'd like to know why another partner's been brought into litigation.

Shirley Schmidt: Marlene left.

Denise Bauer: Well, what about me?

Shirley Schmidt: Are you leaving?

Denise Bauer: I want to know when I'm going to be made partner.

Shirley Schmidt: When you're good enough.

Alan Shore's Office

Clarice/Clarence Bell: I had trouble conceivin'—know what I'm sayin'? It's tough while you're working and all.

Alan Shore: So, you're married.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: No. I went the route of the sperm donor. Anyway, I finally thought: Why not adopt? Go overseas. Get me one of those Chinese babies. You know—like Angelina Jolie. She did it. Why not me? So I started the process: Got me a pamphlet, filled out the form, told my employer I planned to take maternity leave for one of those Chinese babies—and that's when he gave me the steel toe. That ain't legal, is it?

Alan Shore and Denny Crane are both speechless, and staring at Clarice/Clarence Bell.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: Is it?

Alan Shore: I'm sorry. I'm still getting over you being lumped in a category with Angelina Jolie.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: Adoptive mothers qualify for maternity leave under the law. I read it.

Alan Shore: **nodding** Yes. L—let me have a conversation with your employer.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: You should also know—he came onto me once. He wanted some of this here. **snaps her fingers**

Denny Crane: **whispering to Alan Shore** Is that a guy?

Alan Shore: Don't be silly.

Denny Crane: Seriously. I think that's a guy.

Police Station Interrogation Room

Detective Harry : You had sex with her—about what time?

Scott Little: It was around 8 o'clock. I had dropped some pleadings off.

Detective Harry Richmond: Where was her husband?

Scott Little: Uh, he was out to dinner.

Detective Harry Richmond: How long had this affair been going on?

Scott Little: About 3 months.

Detective Harry Richmond: Were you in love with her?

Scott Little: No. It was just a—a physical thing.

Detective Harry Richmond: You two had any recent disagreements?

Jeffrey Coho: Small point. Mr. Little here is a witness. Your questions seem to suggest he's a suspect. Maybe it's just me. Might try asking, "Were ther any other cars parked in the street? Any strange people in the area?" You know—any information that might shed some light on who killed her. You do want to know, right?

Detective Harry Richmond: You wanna let me do my job?

Claire Simms: He's hoping you'll do it. **pause for Detective Harry Richmond's reaction** What? You wanna ask me out?

Detective Harry Richmond: **glaring at her** I'm curious. Why'd you go to a lawyer before you came to us?

Scott Little: Well, I was afraid you'd consider me a suspect.

Jeffrey Coho: I reassured him. The police never arrest innocent people. It just doesn't happen. I'm sure you in particular are never wrong.

Detective Harry Richmond: Well, I—I—I thought you came down here to cooperate.

Jeffrey Coho: You killed the moment.

Detective Harry Richmond: I can officially detain him.

Jeffrey Coho: In which case, he officially asks for his lawyer and you can't talk to him. What is this? Good cop, bad cop? If so, send in the good cop.

Detective Harry Richmond glares at Jeffrey Coho.

Jeffrey Coho: That's quite a look.

Crane, Poole & Schmidt Hallway

Paul Lewiston: Do you realize what murder case this is?

Shirley Schmidt: Judge Marcia Hooper. I watch the news, Paul.

Paul Lewiston: Our name will be front and center. Is this Jeffrey Coho that good?

Shirley Schmidt: He's that good. **seeing Denise Bauer** Denise? Consider yourself on the homicide case you felt left out of. Report to Jeffrey Coho; he needs a body.

Denise Bauer: Mmm, hmm.

Alan Shore: **strolling arm-in-arm with Shirley Schmidt** Shirley, as lovely as the new case you sent me is—and she is delightful—I just Jerry Espenson last week. I need a break from this sort of thing.

Shirley Schmidt: I'll get the new girl to help. She knows employment law

Alan Shore: You can't just assign me cases and girls. Girls, maybe.

Shirley Schmidt: Claire. Excellent. You'll be working on the maternity case with Alan Shore. Thanks you.

Claire Simms sighs and clears her throat.

Alan Shore: Hello.

Claire Simms: I know who you are. You're a little horny toad. **crossing her arms** Horny toads give me warts. Hop away, horny toad.

Morgue

Jeffrey Coho enters, as Dr. Kerry Woo is doing an internal gynecological exam on the dead body of Marcia Hooper.

Jeffrey Coho: Hello.

Dr. Kerry Woo: Who you?

Jeffrey Coho: Jeffrey Coho. Wow! Love a man who loves his work. Just a couple of questions—I'll be right out of your hair. I see you have T.O.D. as 10:15. That a precise time: Any margin of error on that?

Dr. Kerry Woo: Who the hell you?

Jeffrey Coho: Jeffrey Coho. But back to the time—10:15 give or take how many minutes?

Dr. Kerry Woo: You district attorney office?

Jeffrey Coho: **pulls out his camera phone and takes pictures** I can see you're not a fan of verbs. Yes, I am an attorney. Really, I'll get right out of your private business; let you jump head-first right back into hers. And not that it's an issue, but is there any evidence that the sex was nonconsensual? I don't mean what's going on here, of course.

Dr. Kerry Woo: Who hell you?

Jeffrey Coho: Jeffrey Coho. Is it that you're a verb bigot?

Dr. Kerry Woo: Call security.

Jeffrey Coho: Which would be my cue. Thank you.

Alan Shore's Office

Clarice/Clarence: I thought you were going to file my civil action.

Alan Shore: I am, but I thought we should first meet with an employment law specialist so that so as to get all our ducks in a row. Ah. Claire Simms, this is Clarice Bell, our client. Clarice, this is Claire Simms.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: Mmm, mmm, mmm.

Claire Simms: My God! He's like a total transvestite. Are you kidding me? It's a big black man in a frock.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: This is Dolce and Gabbana, you pissy little bitch.

Claire Simms: You cannot expect me to make a mockery out of maternity leave law with Barry Bonds. I have a reputation.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: So do I.

Claire Simms: I'll bet.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: And the shoes are Prada, ho.

Claire Simms: Okay, the cross-dresser just called me a ho.

Jeffrey Coho's Office

Scott Little: I left around nine. I know I did.

Jeffrey Coho: You're sure?

Scott Little: Positive, yeah.

Jeffrey Coho: Then where'd you go?

Scott Little: Home.

Jeffrey Coho: Can you verify that?

Scott Little: *clears throat* I guess my mother can. I live at home.

Jeffrey Coho: Your mother.

Scott Little: Yes.

Jeffrey Coho: Your alibi is your mother.

Scott Little: You say that like you don't believe me.

Assistant: **knocking on the door threshold** Mr. Coho, Jonathan Winant is here. He's an assistant district attorney and he seems very upset.

Jeffrey Coho: **to Scott Little** Stay here.

Jeffrey Coho and Denise exit to:

Reception Area of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Jeffrey Coho: Can I help you?

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: You Jeffrey Coho?

Jeffrey Coho: I am and I hear you're Jonathan Winant.

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: Yes. I'm with the Suffolk County District Attorney's Office. I pulled the Judge Hooper homicide, so naturally I'm monitoring the investigation. It's been brought to my attention that you paid a visit to the coroner's office this morning.

Jeffrey Coho: You're standing a little close. That's okay. I'm a personable guy myself. As a matter of fact, I like to talk to people directly and not just read their reports. That's why I went to see the coroner. **turns to Denise Bauer** Chatty little fella.

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant steps closer.

Jeffrey Coho: Okay. That's a little too close now.

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: Here's the deal.

Jeffrey Coho: I love deals.

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: If you ever approach one of my investigators again, I will have you arrested for obstruction of justice. I will personally get your ticket pulled. Do I make myself clear?

Jeffrey Coho: You do. And if you think I've broken a law, arrest me. I insist on it. You're staring. Is that 'cause you can't think of anything to say or 'cause Detective Richmond told you that works. You know, when my mind goes blank, I like to just go with my old standby, which is, of course, "Go screw yourself. Do I need to include instructions with that?" Everybody gives me the look!

Restaurant

A beautiful woman with dark hair walks into the restaurant and Denny Crane compares her to a photo he has with him. She walks past him, and his look of anticipation turns to disappointment. He takes a few sprays of breath freshener; chases that with a sip of Scotch. He returns to the photo, then sees Bethany Horowitz entering the restaurant. She walks to his table

Bethany Horowitz: Denny? it's me, Bethany, Bethany Horowitz.

Denny Crane looks shocked.

Bethany Horowitz: Such a pleasure to meet you. I'm so nervous. We're actually meeting in person. Wow.

Brad Chase's Office

Brad Chase and Denise are watching TV.

Lincoln Meyer (on TV): She was just the most giving person—a marvelous judge, and an ideal neighbor. Why, it's absolutely heartbreaking, what happened. I know I'll certainly remember her fondly, as I'm sure others will, too. The neighborhood won't be the same without her. It's tragic, what happened. Really. Tragic.

Denise Bauer: All right. That guy is creepy.

Gracie Jane (on TV): That was the next-door neighbor, Lincoln Meyer. Now let's hear what the husband, Judge Brian Hooper, had to say.

Judge Brian Hooper (on TV): I'd like to express my appreciation to the authorities handling this case. This is obviously a difficult time. My wife was an extraordinary woman. I pray the police can bring her vicious killer to justice.

Brad Chase: So how can such a little bald man like that end up with such a beautiful wife.

Jeffrey Coho: Drop Dead. We've got the client's mother coming in at two. Can you be there.

Denise Bauer: Sure. My actual name is Denise, by the way.

Jeffrey Coho: I'm sure it is.

Brad Chase: Hey, new guy! I take it you were mocking me there before. That doesn't fly with me. When it comes to mockery, ridicule, sarcasm—there's a no-fly zone of 50 feet. You need to know that, otherwise things become fractious, contentious, unctuous—no way to start a relationship. We clear on that?

Jeffrey Coho: Let me respond in speed, if not kind. It was never my intent to fractious or contentions. I think unctuous was a little misused there. But I think I got it. Keep my mockery, ridicule and sarcasm at least 50 nfeet away, and remember at all times that girls here what to sleep with you because you're that guy

Brad Chase: Okay, that was a mockery.

Alan Shore's Office

Mr. Faber: Look, it wasn't so much about the maternity leave, as, well, enough was enough.

Alan Shore: Enough what, Mr. Faber?

Mr. Faber: There were a multitude of issues. First, Clarice is quite a comedian. She's an enormous **sighs** distraction.

Alan Shore: What else?

Mr. Faber: She runs amok of our sexual harassment laws.

Alan Shore: Keep going.

Mr. Faber: Many of my women employees object to her using the women's bathroom.

Alan Shore: We're getting closer.

Mr. Faber: She's not a woman, okay?

Alan Shore: What are your official grounds for the discharge, Mr. Faber? The complaint's all drafted; I just need to plug in the actionable buzzwords.

Mr. Faber: **chuckles** I suppose if there was some disorder in play, under the country's recently articulated and accepted 1% risk doctrine—

Alan Shore laughs.

Mr. Faber: No, if there is even 1% chance that he might harm others with his psychological d—deficit—

Claire Simms: Ding, ding, ding, ding. We have a winner.

Alan Shore: We just need to add more zeroes.

Mr. Faber: Wait, wait, look. If you could just get him—uh, her—not to use the women's bathroom and cut down on the stand-up comedy, I'd take her back.

Restaurant

Bethany Horowitz: Growing up such a battler, that's probably the reason I became a lawyer. You know, it's funny. When I was going to law school, I used to daydream that one day, I'd be going up against the great Denny Crane. And here I am on a date with you. My mother would flip! So would my grandmother—she's a big fan. And maybe my great-grandmother, too.

Denny Crane and Bethany Horowitz stare at each other.

Bethany Horowitz: Denny, I've been here 20 minutes, and I'm pretty much doing all the talking. Are you normally this quiet?

Denny Crane: Bethany, this isn't working out.

Bethany Horowitz: What?

Denny Crane: At some point in a relationship, you either take the next step, or you don't.

Bethany Horowitz: **scoffs** We just got our salads.

Denny Crane: Uh, I have to be honest with you. You never indicated to me that you were . . . Jewish.

Bethany Horowitz: And that's a problem:

Denny Crane: Not if I date you. But what if we wanted to get married, and we decided to have midgets of our own? Children! I'd want to bring 'em up Christian.

Bethany Horowitz: Did you just say, "Midgets"?

Denny Crane: No, f—did I? Oh, see? That's another thing. **points at the space between his ears** Mad Cow. It's not kosher.

Bethany Horowitz: You have a problem with me being a dwarf.

Denny Crane: Oh, God, no. Oh, no! I love dwarves. I actually was hoping you'd be one.

Jeffrey Coho's Office

Jeffrey Coho: So you've already spoken to the police.

Barbara Little: I have. I've told them everything I've told you.

Denise Bauer: And you're absolutely sure your son didn't leave the house after he arrived home?

Barbara Little: Positive.

Jeffrey Coho: And he came home after nine-thirty?

Barbara Little: I said, "Around nine-thirty." Are you trying to trap me, Mr. Coho?

Jeffrey Coho: No. No, no; no. Maybe I wasn't listening as well as I should have been.

Barbara Little: Could my son actually be arrested?

Jeffrey Coho: It's never good to leave one's semen at the murder scene.

Barbara Little: Making love to a woman and killing her are two very different things.

Jeffrey Coho: Mrs. Little, if you've been watching the news, then you can appreciate the heat on this. The police will be making an arrest. If they can't catch the real killer, then your son is going to have to do.

Assuming, of course, he's not the real killer.

Barbara Little: He's not.

Jeffrey Coho: Are you?

Barbara Little and Denise both stare at Coho.

Jeffrey Coho: Sorry, that question just leapt into my head. I don't know why.

Barbara Little: If you feel you can't exonerate my son, Mr. Coho, I invite you to point your finger at me. If an innocent person needs to go to prison, better me than him.

Street scene

Claire Simms: Ugh. The city smells funny.

Alan Shore: **puffing on a cigar** Boston?

Claire Simms: Yes. It has a funny smell. **taking the cigar out of his mouth** Or maybe it's that stupid cigar.

Alan Shore: Hey!

Claire Simms: What? You shouldn't smoke. **puffs on the cigar herself** So, um, who's going to tell her to use the men's room?

Alan Shore: Given your roaring sensitivity today, I thought I would.

A man steps in front of Claire Simms and yells angrily and unintelligibly.

Claire Simms: Is it my hat?

Alan Shore: More than likely. How is that cigar working for you?

Claire Simms: Well, I've had better. Here.

They are standing on the stoop of Apartment 12A. Alan Shore knocks. Clarence Bell, a shy black man, answers.

Alan Shore: Hello.

Clarence Bell: **softly** Hi.

Alan Shore: We're looking for Clarice. Is she here?

Clarence Bell: No.

Alan Shore: I'm Alan Shore—Clarice's lawyer.

Clarence Bell: **nodding** Yeah, uh. **clearing throat** Clarice went to the market.

Alan Shore: Ah. And you would be?

Clarence Bell: Her brother.

Alan Shore: Her brother. I'm sure you have a name.

Clarence Bell: **chuckling** Clarence.

Claire Simms: How interesting. You know, that sounds a lot like "Clarice," so maybe if you should ever see Clarice, you could give her a message from us?

Alan Shore: Could you please have her call us, Clarence? We have news about her case.

Clarence Bell: Yeah.

Clarence Bell closes the door. Alan Shore turns toward Claire Simms and puts his cigar back in his mouth.

Claire Simms: Ugh.

Claire Simms and Alan Shore walk back down the street.

Hallway of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Jeffrey Coho: Want to go for a drive?

Denise Bauer: A drive where?

Jeffrey Coho: Brookline. Remember that sniveling friend of Judge Hooper—the one who gave the gut-wrenching testimonial on television?

Denise Bauer: Mm.

Jeffrey Coho: Well, it turns out Marcia Hooper got a restraining order against him six months ago.

They walk past:

Break Room of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Denny Crane: I was thinking “children,” I was goona say “children,” but it just came out—

Alan Shore: “Midgets.”

Denny Crane: Oh, I feel terrible. I mean, she’s a human being, Alan. And God, I hope she doesn’t put a hex on me. Can they do that, midgets?

Alan Shore: What was she like otherwise?

Denny Crane: A—a—an attractive head, nice breasts, and that was pretty much it—breasts and a head.

Alan Shore: How did you leave it?

Denny Crane: I just left. I didn’t know what else to do; I just walked out.

Alan Shore: Do you think it’s possible she could have followed you here?

Denny Crane: Well, I don’t think so. Why?

Alan Shore: Well . . .

Alan Shore looks down. Bethany Horowitz is standing between them, and smiles up at Denny Crane, who also looks down.

Bethany Horowitz: I didn’t want to leave things on a bad note, so I wrote you a little note.

Denny Crane: Oh?

Bethany Horowitz: Actually, it’s a *summons* and *complaint*. See, when you called me a “midget” in a crowded restaurant, you caused me emotional distress. You know, it’s really not a good thing for a *named partner* in a *big firm* to be a *dwarf bigot*. I’d hate to drag your *disgraceful* behavior into a public forum, but I do that sort of thing. The next time you go on “Larry King,” you’re going to have to explain to the whole world why you hate dwarves. **And she serves her papers right into Denny Crane’s gut.**

Denny Crane: This is worse than a hex.

Outside Lincoln Meyer’s Home

Lincoln Meyer is tending to his flowers and lawn, while talking with Jeffrey Coho and Denise.

Jeffrey Coho: You know why she got a restraining order against you?

Lincoln Meyer: Oh, that was the husband’s idea. I think he felt a bit threatened by . . . well, you know.

Jeffrey Coho: What?

Lincoln Meyer: The infatuation. She was drawn to me. It was never consummated, of course. I’m deeply Christian.

Denise Bauer: Judge Hooper was infatuated with you?

Lincoln Meyer: It’s not something I feel comfortable talking about.

Jeffrey Coho: I understand that in addition to the media, you went to the police?

Lincoln Meyer: Oh, yes. I was the one who told them about *the boy*.

Jeffrey Coho: The boy?

Lincoln Meyer: That boy, Scott Little. She was biblical with him, I’ll tell you that. I saw them together *many* times, doin’ it.

Denise Bauer: How did you happen to see them doing it?

Lincoln Meyer: Through the window. I’m a peepy.

Jeffrey Coho: You’re a peeping Tom!

Lincoln Meyer: It’s not something I feel comfortable talking about. It was the pretext for the restraining order, but the real reason was her infatuation. I think she rather liked me watching. Women sometimes like having a peepy.

Ring tone: high female voice Objection. Move to strike. Objection.

Jeffrey Coho: answering his phone Jeffrey Coho. What? **walks down the stairs at the front of the house, toward the street** When? All right, calm down. What? Yeah. Right. I’ll meet you at the back entrance to the courthouse. **to Denise, who is trading looks with Lincoln Meyer** You know where Suffolk is?

Denise Bauer: Yes, yes.

Jeffrey Coho: I’m on my way.

Denise Bauer: joining him at the sidewalk What’s going on?

Jeffrey Coho: Police just arrested Scott Little.

Denise Bauer: What?

Jeffrey Coho calls up an internet news service using his cell phone.

Gracie Jane (VO): The details are very sketchy at this point.

Alan Shore's Office

Alan Shore and Claire Simms are watching on a TV in Alan Shore's office.

Gracie Jane (on TV): You're watching live coverage. What we *can* tell you is that Scott Little, a law clerk for Judge Marcia Hooper, was in fact arrested and is set to be arraigned as early as this morning. Let me tell you something, folks. They wouldn't be hauling him away in cuffs if they didn't have the goods on him.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: My brother said you had news about the case. By "news," I hope you mean, "Money."

Alan Shore: Clarice, we have wonderful news. Your boss, Mr. Faber, has decided not to terminate your employment after all.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: What's the catch? Sexual favors? Wants a little of this here?

Alan Shore: Who wouldn't? But he didn't mention that, actually. He would insist, however, that you stop using the ladies' room.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: Meaning what?

Claire Simms: Meaning, you have testicles, Clarice.

Alan Shore and Clarice/Clarence Bell both give Claire Simms "The Look."

Claire Simms: What?

Clarice/Clarence Bell clears her throat.

Alan Shore: For the sake of efficiency, let me impart this information to both Clarice and Clarence, who—you may remember—we had the pleasure of meeting last evening. The truth is, men's rooms can be quite exciting, actually. You might like them.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: They got no "biddits."

Alan Shore: I beg your pardon?

Clarice/Clarence Bell: Biddits. Men's rooms don't got 'em. I like my hygiene.

Claire Simms: **laughing** By God; he means bidet!

Alan Shore: Ah.

Clarice/Clarence Bell looks hurt by Claire Simms's comment.

Alan Shore: Mr. Faber's not saying you can't work there as Clarice. He just needs you to stay out of the girls' bathroom.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: Tell him "Thanks, but no thanks." I'm going to look for other employment.

Claire Simms: Well, I can see you're not great with people.

Elevator

Barbara Little: Why did they do it like that—the arrest?

Jeffrey Coho: Well, my guess is they're choosing the court of public opinion. I can respond in kind. Don't worry. I can be very loud.

Barbara Little: **sighs** There's something you need to know about my son. He does not have the constitution to survive in prison. You need to get bail.

Jeffrey Coho: I'll do my best. But if they charge first-degree—

Elevator dings, and the doors open to reveal a mob of reporters.

Jeffrey Coho: You ready?

The reporters are all asking questions at the same time, resulting in a cacophony.

Jeffrey Coho: I promise you all a statement, but it would be impossible for me to do justice to the injustice of this ridiculous arrest with a ten second sound bite. Excuse me.

Reporters follow him, continuing to ask all their questions and causing quite a din.

Jeffrey Coho: Excuse me. I appreciate you being here. I encourage all of you to be unflinching in your reporting to better your chances to root out the truth, which is contrary to almost everything printed on this fiction passing as a criminal complaint.

Jeffrey Coho and the detective are face to face.

Jeffrey Coho: Oh. Whose idea was that little show this morning, Detective?

Detective Harry Richmond: Get out of my face.

Jeffrey Coho: Oh, I'm in your face. I'm gonna be up your ass.

Detective Harry Richmond: You bump into me again, I'll have you arrested for assault.

Judge Harvey Cooper's Courtroom

Court Clerk: All rise!

Judge Harvey Cooper: What in God's name is going on here? I will direct the media to stop taking pictures now Mr. Coho, I have real prejudice against circus acts.

Jeffrey Coho: You already missed the first one, your Honor. Unless, of course, you happened to be watching television, where you would have seen a spectacularly staged arrest, proving it's never too early to start tainting that jury pool. The public got to see our heroic police swoop in on the apparent bad guy and perp walk him right in front of the cameras.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Mr. Coho, we haven't even brought the defendant in yet. Call the case, please and bring him in now.

Court Clerk: Case number 62313: Commonwealth of Massachusetts vs Scott Little on the charge of murder in the first degree.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Hey! I said no cameras! The next click I hear—someone is going into a jail cell. I will have no compunction about incarcerating the media.

Jeffrey Coho: We'll waive reading of the rest of the charges, your Honor. We enter a plea of not guilty. I would point out to the court that my client has no prior criminal history, and I would ask that he be freed on his own recognizance.

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: Post.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Bail is posted at \$1 million.

Jeffrey Coho: I would also ask the court for immediate probably cause hearing.

Judge Harvey Cooper: Ten o'clock Tuesday. Now, I would like to issue a stern warning to everybody: the lawyers, the press. We will conduct ourselves properly inside and outside this room. Mr. Winant, I don't know who is behind this morning's grandstanding arrest, but it has left a foul stench. Mr. Coho, the legend of your mouth precedes you.

Jeffrey Coho: My mouth?

Judge Harvey Cooper: This case will be decided on evidence, not antics.

Jeffrey Coho: My mouth.

Judge Harvey Cooper: And finally—the media. I won't tolerate any of your hoopla. This isn't fodder for you to sell copy. A woman is dead. A man is on trial; his freedom is at stake. You will all conduct yourselves accordingly. The defendant goes back into custody, and we are adjourned. ***bangs gavel***

Jeffrey Coho: ***to Scott Little*** Don't talk to anybody. ***walks over to A.D.A. Jonathan Winant*** I hope you have cause, or you're looking at obstruction of justice.

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: Just shut up, would you, please? ***hands him a DVD in a jewelbox***

Jeffrey Coho: What's this?

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: New discovery—for your eyes only. Then we'll talk. Until then, I'd hold off on the big speeches.

Denise Bauer: What's that?

Jeffrey Coho: I don't think it's good.

Claire Simms's Office

Claire Simms: I really appreciate you coming back to see me. Now, take off the wig.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: What?

Claire Simms: Look, I know crazy people like the back of my hand. I don't think you're schizophrenic, nor do I is this any gender disorder. My bet is you choose to assume this Clarice persona because you are a very shy man who likes to hide behind a disguise. Admit that I'm right.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: Admit I was right when I called you a ho, ho.

Claire Simms: Does Clarice take you over, Clarence? Or do you choose to be Clarice? Please, take off the wig.

Clarice/Clarence Bell takes off the wig to reveal Clarence Bell.

Claire Simms: Look at me, Clarence. ***sits next to Clarence*** Look at me. You have created this false personality where you feel more comfortable.

Alan Shore starts to enter the room; pauses at the door.

Claire Simms: Here's a flash. We all do it—everybody. Everybody has multiple versions of themselves. Now, the distinctions are not quite this radical, but they are differences just the same, and I think part of your problem is that you are so successful as Clarice that it's not as fun being Clarence.

Clarence Bell: It's not that simple. Sometimes I actually think things as Clarice that I could never come up with as Clarence. I'm funnier as her. My brain—I think I'm even smarter as her.

Claire Simms: Well, self-confidence can affect your brain chemistry. I mean, look, some of the most brilliant writers in the world are the most boring people on the Earth. but through their characters . . . You are living through this wonderful character you've created. Just let Clarence live. ***taps him, and stands up*** You are taking me to the movies tonight—as Clarence. Platonic—don't get any ideas. It just so happens that I need some Boston friends myself. So I will pick you up at seven o'clock.

Clarence Bell: I—I don't know, uh—

Claire Simms: Well, trust me, I know. Seven o'clock. I'll see you then.

Clarence Bell: Is it okay if—if I leave here as—as Clarice?

Claire Simms: It's fine.

Clarence Bell puts the wig back on; adjusts it.

Claire Simms: But Clarence better answer the door when I knock. **holds his purse for him**

Clarence Bell takes the purse, and adjusts his "knockers and his walk.

Clarice/Clarence Bell: **starts to exit, sees Alan Shore at the doorway** What are you lookin' at? You peepin' at my knockers? Perv! And you better not be lookin' at my ass on the way out, either.

Alan Shore, of course, looks at Clarice/Clarence Bell's ass on the way out.

Claire Simms: What?

Alan Shore: You're fun.

Claire Simms chuckles, then sighs.

Jeffrey Coho's Office

Barbara Little: **entering** I want to see it.

Jeffrey Coho: I'm not saying you can't. Let's just let us see it first—

Barbara Little: I'm a big girl, Mr. Coho. Let me see that tape.

Jeffrey Coho relents, and motions her to the couch, clicks the remote, and sighs.

Scott Little (on TV): Sometimes when you get a dream like that over and over, you wonder if it's some kind of message, you know?

Therapist (on TV): A message from who?

Scott Little (on TV): I don't know.

Barbara Little: He's talking to a therapist. How did they get this?

Denise Bauer shakes her head.

Therapist: Telling you what?

Scott Little: **clears his throat** Maybe I should do it.

Therapist: Do it? You mean, kill Judge Hooper?

Scott Little: Maybe there's something wrong with me loving her.

Therapist: Then why not just stop loving her?

Scott Little: Because I can't. I don't know. Maybe he wants me to kill her.

Therapist: Is that what you want?

Scott Little: It doesn't matter.

Judge Harvey Cooper's Chambers

Jeffrey Coho: It is doctor-patient communication. It's privileged. It's inadmissible.

A.D.A. Jonathan Winant: This disc was given to us. It is not the fruit of state action.

Jeffrey Coho: The courts have never pierced doctor-patient privilege.

Judge Harvey Cooper: We routinely pierce that privilege, to protect against child abuse and prevent imminent bodily harm.

Jeffrey Coho: But we don't admit the evidence in a criminal proceeding.

Judge Harvey Cooper: There is a 3-pronged test, counsel. First, there must be a legitimate need for the evidence—here, there is. Second, the evidence must be relevant and material. It is. And third, the information cannot be secured from a less intrusive source.

Jeffrey Coho: The constitution has a time-honored—

Judge Harvey Cooper: Actually, the constitution says nothing about doctor-patient communication. And, as Mr. Winant points out, this does not involve state action. No, your remedy here is a civil one against a doctor whose conscience got the better of him. I'm going to allow the evidence.

Jeffrey Coho: What? You cannot be serious!

Judge Harvey Cooper: I have made my ruling. If you choose to appeal it, you may do so. We are through here. Good day. Oh, and tell your client—between now and trial, not to kill any more judges.

Jailhouse Conference Room

Scott Little: I had the *dream* of choking her. That's one of the many things I discussed in therapy. That doesn't mean I'd actually kill her, and I didn't.

Denise Bauer: Who was "he"? You said to your therapist you thought maybe "he" wanted you to kill her.

Scott Little: God. I wondered if God was somehow talking to me in my sleep.

Denise Bauer: Why would God want you to kill her?

Scott Little: I was raised in a very conservative household. My mother imposed a strict value system that . . . Let's just say that I had and still have enormous guilt over committing adultery. I would even say I was tortured

by that guilt, which is another reason I sought therapy. Why am I here? I thought I was making bail. Why am I still in here?

Denise Bauer: Scott, your mother is working on arranging bail for you right now, and we do hope to have you out of here by the end of the day.

Scott Little: You need to get me out. You need to get me out!

Outside Apartment 12A

Claire Simms knocks on the door; Clevant/Clarence Bell answers.

Claire Simms: And don't you look yummy.

Clevant/Clarence Bell: **deep, confident voice** Yeah, hey, look. Clarence Bell told me about your date and all, and sure appreciate what you're trying to do for him, but he got nervous, and he's not here, so raincheck, okay?

Claire Simms: I see. And who are you?

Clevant/Clarence Bell: I'm Clevant, that's who. I'm his brother. Look, don't be forcin' stuff, okay? When Clarence is ready, he'll be ready.

Claire Simms: Very nice try. But I think **taking his eyeglasses off, and putting them in his shirt pocket** that Clarence is ready. Now, how long has Clevant been around?

Clarence Bell: I was just trying him out.

Claire Simms: Yeah, well, he's staying here. Three's a crowd. So, you ready, Clarence?

Clarence Bell: Ready.

Claire Simms: All right. Then off we go. **laughs**

They walk down the street.

Balcony Scene

Denny Crane: I consider myself a tolerant man.

Alan Shore chuckles.

Denny Crane: And these midgets—Truth is, I like 'em. They're sexy. I've always heard about those Munchkin orgies—hundreds of 'em, all in a pile, and the idea of jumping in. Oh. Their libidos are out of whack, you know. They can go like gerbils. **noticing Alan Shore is staring at him** What?

Alan Shore: Nothing. Just listening to the idle ramblings of the tolerant man.

Denny Crane: And—and this one—gonna cause me trouble. I looked her up. She's a tenacious litigator. They call her, "The Badger." They're vicious—little people.

Alan Shore: Another nugget of insight from the ambassador of tolerance.

Denny Crane: Yeah. This political correctness is out of control. You can't racial profile, you can't call a midget a midget. It's all spinning out of control.

Alan Shore: Actually, Denny, it's beginning to spin your way again. The stigma of racial profiling has been obliterated. Snap judgments are all the rage. The press has already convicted this kid arrested for the judge's murder.

Denny Crane: 'Cause he did it.

Alan Shore: My client's boss actually cited the government's 1% risk doctrine as a reason for firing him. Transvestites are now a risk to national security. Did you know that?

Denny Crane: Of course, they are. Prancing around, wearing disguises. There could be Muslim underneath all that mascara.

Alan Shore: And the nuggets of tolerance just keep on coming. I like the new girl, Claire.

Denny Crane: Mm. She called me gross, and *fat*. I think she's attracted to me.

Alan Shore: These are exciting times at Crane, Poole & Schmidt. New lawyers, the juiciest murder case in town, a dead judge. And to add to it all—

Denny Crane: I'm being sued by a killer dwarf.

Alan Shore: **laughs** Exciting days ahead.