



Boston Legal

Dumping Bella

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Written by Sanford Golden & Karen Wycarver & David E. Kelley & Michael Reisz

Directed by Eric Stoltz

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Transcribed by ToxicAngel and Imamess for Boston-Legal.org; Thank you to olucy for proofreading.

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At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Bella Horowitz comes off the elevator covered in blue from head to toe. She walks up to Denny Crane who is standing in front of the receptionist desk.

Bella Horowitz: Denny!

Denny Crane: Bella? You look blue.

Bella Horowitz: I've been attacked. By vicious terrorists.

Denny Crane: Terrorists? ***Grabs gun from his waist band.***

Bella Horowitz: Eco-terrorists. You need to go to court and get me a restraining order, Denny, and I want it done today!

Shirley enters the receptionist area.

Shirley Schmidt: Bella! You look blue.

Bella Horowitz: I am blue. The COTA, Coalition Opposed to the Testing of Animals, they've been after me for years.

Shirley Schmidt: Why?

Bella Horowitz: My company. I own Plum Cosmetics, makeup for the robust woman.

Shirley Schmidt: I don't use them.

Bella Horowitz: I can tell. They claim we experiment on animals to test our products.

Shirley Schmidt: Do you?

Bella Horowitz: Of course we do. We have to ensure the makeup is safe for God's sake. I have just had enough of these psycho animal-loving liberal thugs.

She thumps Denny's chest, his gun goes off, Bella screams.

Denny Crane: Damn.

Shirley Schmidt: Denny! Give me the gun.

Denny Crane: It's mine.

Shirley raises a set of keys over Denny's head and shakes them, distracting him, then grabs his gun away from him.

Denny Crane: Hey!

Bella Horowitz: I want you both to get them.

Shirley Schmidt: I'm unavailable Bella. I apologize. ***Shirley turns and starts to walk away. Bella goes after her.***

Bella Horowitz: Why not?

Shirley Schmidt: Because I have more fun things to do than represent you that's all.

Bella Horowitz: Such as?

Shirley Schmidt: Ahh, root canal, maybe I could stick something really sharp in my eye, the simple pleasures.

Bella Horowitz: I want you and the other named partners of this firm representing me.

Shirley Schmidt: I'm not representing you Bella. ***She walks away.***

Bella Horowitz: Denny!

Denny Crane: One moment, Cupcake. Shirley! ***He walks up to Shirley.*** Shirley, when the woman is unhappy the man is rarely satisfied. I'll let you play with my gun.

Shirley Schmidt: Your gun goes off too prematurely for me Denny. It always has.

In the halls of Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Vanessa Walker rounds the corner wearing a yellow dress. Alan Shore rounds the corner on the opposite end of the hall and sees her.

Alan Shore: Vanessa, you're wearing a yellow dress.

Vanessa Walker: How could you tell?

Alan Shore: It's lovely.

Vanessa Walker: Thank you. **She turns and walks away. Alan stands watching. Brad Chase walks up to Alan.**

Brad Chase: Could I get you to put your tongue back in your mouth there, soldier?

Alan Shore: Thank goodness we have you, Brad, to keep track of our tongues. Would you like to see a list of all the places mine has been this week?

Brad Chase: Perv.

Alan Shore: Brad, not to start up trouble, but you're not the only one, you do realize that.

Brad Chase: What are you talking about?

Alan Shore: I'm sure you can figure it out. **Alan turns and walks away, turns back to Brad and repeats.**

You're not the only one.

Brad is left standing in the hall trying to figure out what Alan was talking about. Denise walks past Brad and into her office. He turns and follows her.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Denny's office, he and Bella are there. Shirley walks in and closes the door.

Shirley Schmidt: I just got off the phone with the DA's office. They picked up a Mr.....

Bella Horowitz: Steinkellner!

Shirley Schmidt: Yes, and while he is officially denying that the COTA painted you blue, the coalition condones and supports it, thinks you look good in a primary color and is in fact calling for a second coat.

Bella Horowitz: They're not gonna stop until I'm dead. **To Denny.** You need to do something. Now!

Denny Crane: **He gets up to walk over to Shirley.** I feel a wintry frost blowing my way.

Shirley Schmidt: Okay, I'll try to set up a meeting. In the meantime maybe you could either try to talk her off the ledge, or push her over.

Bella Horowitz: I heard that. She's jealous 'cause I've aged better.

Shirley Schmidt: Bella, maybe those people aren't protesting your cosmetics so much as you being you.

Bella Horowitz: You might keep in mind that should I marry Denny, I'll have a stake in this firm.

Shirley Schmidt: Unless someone manages to drive that stake through your heart, small target that it is.

Bella Horowitz: You want to adjourn to the powder room.

Shirley Schmidt: Bella! I'm the senior partner in a law firm, I sit on the board of directors of a university, two museums and a hospital. I consider myself an intelligent, civilized and dignified person. All of which is to say that if you and I were to adjourn to the powder room, I would kick your over-the-top ass!

Denny Crane: I'm aroused.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Claire is at her desk. Clarence Bell peeks past the door; he takes a deep breath, then goes in and closes the door.

Clarence Bell: **He stands in front of Claire's desk and clears his throat.** May I speak with you?

Claire Sims: Sure.

Clarence Bell: I was thinking about what you said; about how there will be women out there who'll like me for me.

Claire Sims: I said that? **Clarence closes his eye. Claire laughs.** I'm kidding. Of course those women are out there. Lots of women, Clarence.

Clarence Bell: I was wondering ah... **he clears his throat** ...whether you might be one of them? **A beat, as Claire looks up wordlessly, Clarence turns to leave. A moment later he is sitting at his desk with a brown paper bag over his head. Claire comes out of her office and walks over to him.**

Claire Sims: Gee, I wonder where Clarence could have gone? Take off the bag, Clarence. **Clarence just sits silently, Claire grabs the bag off his head.**

Clarence Bell: Am I fired?

Claire Sims: No, you work for me.

Clarence Bell: I'm willing to quit if it affects your decision.

Claire Sims: I don't want you to quit. And I'd love to go out with you.

Clarence Bell: Really?

Claire Sims: Really.

Clarence Bell: I need to go to the bathroom right now. **Clarence exits to the left.**

Claire Sims: Men's room, Clarence! **Clarence turns and crosses back to the right.**

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Denny is sitting at his desk sipping a glass of scotch. Matthew Steinkellner knocks on his door and enters.

Matthew Steinkellner: Uhm. Mr. Crane? Ahm, my name is ah...Matthew Steinkellner, you wanted to see me?

Denny Crane: You're the man who attacked Bella?

Matthew Steinkellner: No, I, I've never attacked anybody okay, there must be some mistake.

Denny Crane: You made it, son. Here's a piece of advice, your group needs to stop targeting Bella Horowitz. I say this not only out of concern for her life, but for yours.

Matthew Steinkellner: I'm sorry, that sounds like a threat. I mean, is that legal for attorneys to make threats like that?

Denny Crane: Here's another piece of advice, always have your lawyer with you, that way when I deny having said something, which I typically do, you'll have a witness.

Matthew Steinkellner: Well, actually... **Denny gets a shocked expression on his face, Matthew shrugs his shoulder helplessly, Denny looks down to see Bethany Horowitz standing between him and Matthew.**

Bethany Horowitz: I will mop up the courtroom floor with you, you fat old man.

Bella Horowitz: **She comes in.** What's going on here?

Bethany Horowitz: Well, well, well, Princess Hideous.

Denny Crane: She's representing the man who painted you blue.

Bethany Horowitz: You got a problem with that?

Bella Horowitz: Bethany, no matter what our differences, sweetheart, I certainly never brought you up to represent terrorists.

Bethany Horowitz: This has nothing to do with who I'm defending, Queenie, this is about who I'm going after. Come on Matthew!

As Bethany and Matthew leave, Denny looks at Bethany's butt. Bella notices and snaps her fingers at Denny.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, the staff is gathered in the conference room for a staff meeting.

Paul Lewiston: Good morning, good morning. Where is Shirley and Denny?

Denise Bauer: They just left for court.

Jeffrey Coho: What's going on?

Paul Lewiston: What is going on is your presence is hereby requested... check that, required... at our office costume party this Thursday night.

Vanessa Walker: A costume party?

Paul Lewiston: I have taken the liberty of hiring a consultant for the purpose of improving office morale, evidently costume parties are gold. **Denise looks at Jeffrey, he smiles broadly. Brad notices.** Moreover, I want each of you to dress up as somebody whose values or strengths you like to imbue yourselves with.

Alan Shore: Where's the fun in that if we all come dressed as you?

Paul Lewiston: The point is to reveal a little of yourself to your coworkers. And I am serious about this; I want you all to make an effort.

Brad Chase: This is so high school.

Paul Lewiston: As opposed to you and Jeffrey slugging it out in the men's room.

Brad Chase: I won.

Jeffrey Coho: Did not.

Paul Lewiston: Shut up.

Jeffrey Coho: There's some morale.

Paul Lewiston: You will all be there, in costume, no exceptions. That is all.

As they all get up to go their separate ways, in the corridor Brad walks up to Denise.

Brad Chase: Denise, can I ask you something?

Denise Bauer: Sure.

Brad Chase: Are you sleeping with anybody else?

Denise Bauer: First of all, that's a personal question.

Brad Chase: You're sleeping with me so I thought I should...

Denise Bauer: Shhh, shhh, shhh. **Denise grabs Brad and drags him where no one will overhear.** You and I have an arrangement, no exclusivity.

Brad Chase: Fine, but there are safety concerns.

Denise Bauer: You can assume that any sex that I am having is safe, not that I'm having any of it separate and apart from you.

Brad Chase: Are you sleeping with somebody else in this office?

Denise Bauer: I'm not having this conversation.

Brad Chase: I will not be made a fool of. Are you sleeping with somebody else in this office?

Denise Bauer: If you no longer want to sleep with me that's fine. I'll miss it, but I'm not answering these questions.

In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom. Bella Horowitz is on the stand.

Bella Horowitz: He may deny that he did it, but he's behind it. His little group has been harassing me and my company for years. And now, he's hired my own daughter to further aggravate me.

Bethany Horowitz: Objection, I agreed to aggravate you for free.

Judge Robert Sanders: Hold on, I don't allow people to play out family problems in my courtroom. Just what is it you want from me?

Bella Horowitz: I want a restraining order keeping that man's flock of protestors away from me. They carry their placards outside my corporate headquarters, they say that we kill and torture animals; they verbally assault anybody going in or out of our building. I'm losing business. I'm losing clients! I'm losing employees! I mean enough is enough.

Denny Crane: Thank you, Bella. ***He walks back to his table. To Bethany.*** She's all yours, my little friend.

Bethany Horowitz: The truth is, you do kill and torture animals, do you not?

Bella Horowitz: We test our products on animals, yes. But it is to save human lives.

Bethany Horowitz: Oh, you're a humanitarian?

Judge Robert Sanders: Hold on just one second. Are you a midget?

Bethany Horowitz: Are you an imbecile?

Judge Robert Sanders: Objection!

Denny Crane: Sustained.

Bethany Horowitz: Your company uses rabbits?

Bella Horowitz: Like many do.

Bethany Horowitz: You lock them in stocks so that just their heads stick out. You clip their eye lids open and pour chemicals into their eyes while they're left there for two weeks to experience ulceration, bleeding and massive iris deterioration.

Denny Crane: Your Honor. The rabbits like it.

Bethany Horowitz: Do you not subject these animals to excruciating pain?

Bella Horowitz: The rabbits, which are from the rodent family, do experience some discomfiture, but once again, it is to save human suffering.

Bethany Horowitz: And what's human suffering to you? Going without blush?

Denny Crane: Objection!

Judge Robert Sanders: Overruled.

Denny Crane: Objection!

Judge Robert Sanders: Sustained.

Bethany Horowitz: Sometimes, the rabbits break their own necks trying to escape. You're saying that my client doesn't have the right to protest that? You're saying you do all this to be humane? Well, I guess people can justify all types of bad behavior, can't they, Bella?

Shirley Schmidt: It's getting ugly.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane ugly.

Claire and Clarence are having dinner on their date.

Claire Sims: So what gave you the nerve to ask me out?

Clarence Bell: I don't know.

Claire Sims: Yes, you do.

Clarence Bell: Well, it seems we both have a lot in common.

Claire Sims: Such as?

Clarence Bell: Well, we both kinda have shells. Mine is Clarice or Oprah, yours... you just have a regular old hard shell, to protect yourself. ***A beat.*** Who hurt you?

Claire Sims: Nobody, I'm just a tough New York broad.

Clarence Bell: Who hurt you?

Claire Sims: Well, for starters my father.

Clarence Bell: He abused you?

Claire Sims: Not sexually, but physically. And you're the first person I've ever told that to, outside of a few who charge by the hour to listen. Who hurt you?

Clarence Bell: Oh, I don't remember. My mother says I was bullied in pre-school. I either blocked it out or I just don't remember. I do remember I grew up with a lot of imaginary friends. I never felt lonely alone, but with people.

Claire Sims: Do you stay in touch?

Clarence Bell: I'm sorry?

Claire Sims: With your imaginary friends?

Clarence Bell: **He laughs.** Oh, well, some, we have reunions.

Claire Sims: Ah.

Clarence Bell: Am I too weird?

Claire Sims: You're just weird enough.

At Crane, Poole, and Schmidt, in the break room, Denise is getting a drink when Brad walks in.

Brad Chase: It's Coho isn't it?

Denise Bauer: I beg your pardon?

Brad Chase: You're having sex with Jeffrey Coho.

Denise Bauer: The only part of my sex life that is any of your business is the part that involves you.

Brad Chase: Just tell me if it's him. **She leaves the kitchen to go back to her office and runs in to Alan.**

Alan Shore: Denise, everything alright? You look a little overextended.

Denise just shakes her head and continues to her office. Alan sees Vanessa and stands watching her handle some files. She catches him looking.

Vanessa Walker: I'm sure there's a long, very complicated answer, but what is your problem?

Alan Shore: **He chuckles.** You're right; it's a long, very complicated answer.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Claire and Jeffrey arrive at work.

Claire Sims: I had a wonderful time, he's a great guy.

Jeffrey Coho: Isn't he a little tender for you?

Claire Sims: I like tender, just because I'm not, doesn't make...

Brad Chase: **He approaches.** Hey! Do you have a sec?

Claire walks on.

Jeffrey Coho: I guess.

Brad Chase: Listen, I realize we're not exactly friends.

Jeffrey Coho: Yeah, I was hoping to make progress at the costume party.

Brad Chase: Yeah. Could you step into the closet?

Jeffrey Coho: Excuse me?

Brad Chase: I want to have a conversation with you in private, just step into the closet, please.

Jeffrey Coho: I didn't know you were out of the closet, Brad.

Brad pushes Jeffrey into the closet and locks the door.

Brad Chase: Are you and Denise having intimate relations?

Jeffrey Coho: Why would you ask me that?

Brad Chase: Are you?

Jeffrey Coho: Are you?

Brad Chase: Matter of fact I am. Answer my question please.

Jeffrey Coho: I will not answer your question.

Brad Chase: Do you know what wild fire ink is, Jeff?

Jeffrey Coho: It's a chemical used to find certain evidence under ultraviolet light, Brad.

Brad Chase: You get a gold star. It also lights up when it's mixed with certain types of oil, some of which are very difficult to get off your hands.

Jeffrey Coho: Excellent, I'm sure that would be very interesting, if I cared. **He slaps Brad's shoulder then starts to leave.**

Brad Chase: I rubbed some of those oils on Denise's hands.

Jeffrey Coho: **He stops at the door.** Excuse me?

Brad Chase: **He takes the lid off a box and takes out what looks like a small flashlight.** This is a portable ultraviolet light. Do you have anything you'd like to tell me, Jeff?

Jeffrey Coho: Only that you're insane, Brad.

Brad Chase: I'm going to turn off the lights in the closet and see if Denise's hands have been anywhere near you.

Jeffrey Coho: I take that back, you're really insane.

Brad flips off the light switch and turns on the ultraviolet light and shines it on Jeffrey. You can see where Denise has been touching his chest, crotch and face.

Jeffrey Coho: This is awkward.

In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom, Denny is questioning Matthew.

Denny Crane: You don't like animal testing?

Matthew Steinkellner: COTA is against animal cruelty of any kind.

Denny Crane: You paint people blue.

Matthew Steinkellner: But somebody else beat us to Bella.

Denny Crane: The protest at my client's company.

Matthew Steinkellner: That was us.

Denny Crane: You throw blood on people wearing furs.

Matthew Steinkellner: It's dye, but point taken.

Denny Crane: People wearing synthetic furs.

Matthew Steinkellner: Well, they promote the fashion!

Denny Crane: People who eat meat?

Matthew Steinkellner: Slaughterhouses!

Denny Crane: Leather?

Matthew Steinkellner: An animal's hide.

Denny Crane: Wool?

Matthew Steinkellner: Same.

Denny Crane: Football?

Matthew Steinkellner: Skin of a pig.

Denny Crane: Cancer research?

Bethany Horowitz: Oh, come on. This case doesn't involve cancer research! She tortures rabbits to make a better mascara.

Judge Robert Sanders: What the hell is going on here?

Bella Horowitz: What's going on is that we're both in love with the same man.

Shirley Schmidt: It's not you, Judge.

Bethany Horowitz: I am not in love with him.

Judge Robert Sanders: Silence! I'm very confused.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Denny's office, he and Shirley come in.

Shirley Schmidt: You know what bothers me about this case, Denny? That you've come between a mother and a daughter.

Denny Crane: I know. It was always such a fantasy.

Shirley Schmidt: You've got the power to settle this, you know.

Denny Crane: I don't think so. Bella would sue me for malpractice if I counseled her to drop the case now.

Shirley Schmidt: Why?

Denny Crane: Because I'm getting ready to drop Bella.

Shirley Schmidt: Really? But she's so sweet.

Denny Crane: I can't shake Bethany! Maybe it's that tight little ass, those big breasts, normal size head.

Shirley Schmidt: Why is it that men become such fools over the normal size head?

Denny Crane: I'm getting ready to drop the Big One for the Little One. It's gonna get ugly, Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: Denny Crane ugly.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Alan is in his office when Vanessa knocks on his open door.

Vanessa Walker: Now I'm intrigued. So? What's the answer?

A beat. Alan chuckles then gets up to close the door.

Alan Shore: When I was a sophomore in high school I attended my very first dance. There was this girl, standing across the dance floor, wearing a yellow dress. **He sits down in an armchair across from Vanessa.** She was so beautiful. I didn't have the courage to ask her to dance, perhaps for fear of the long lonely walk back across the gym floor after being refused. I finally willed myself to go ask, and then suddenly she was gone, in a fleeting second she must have left. I began to imagine what she must have been like. Her laugh. Certainly her kiss. I still know exactly what that feels like, though I've never felt it. She's been a figment for twenty-nine years. An imagined standard by which all other women seem to have fallen terribly short. **He laughs.** How would they not after I've individualized her with every quality I so long for. I've never met the girl in the yellow

dress. Seeing you, I guess, I just... **A beat. He chuckles then gets up to go to sit behind his desk.** Here I am, revealing a little of myself even before the costume party.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Brad is walking in the corridor, Denise walks up to him.

Denise Bauer: How dare you? Rubbing me with chemicals?

Brad Chase: When I choose a restaurant, I like to know who else eats there.

Denise slaps Brad cheek.

Bella Horowitz: **She comes up.** Woo! Way to a man's heart! You ever tried blindsiding him in the kidneys?

Denise gives Brad a look then leaves, Brad rubs his cheek as he walks off.

Shirley Schmidt: **She rushes up.** Bella! We're supposed to be in court! Denny's already left.

Bella Horowitz: Yes. I was hoping to grab you for a second.

Shirley Schmidt: By the throat?

Bella Horowitz: Ew! Too much dead tissue.

Shirley Schmidt: **She laughs.** What do you want, Bella?

She doesn't answer. Shirley takes Bella into her office and closes the door.

Bella Horowitz: I think you probably know I don't like you.

Shirley Schmidt: There have been signs.

Bella Horowitz: Well, the reason is because I've always known how much Denny loved you. He never loved me that way. But I seem to be making progress. Anyway, Denny holds you in a light that... Well, Shirley, it's, it's this simple. Denny still seeks your approval. I would be forever grateful if you would approve of me. I love him, Shirley. More than anything.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Claire is marching down the corridor; she is followed by Marshall Prig.

Claire Sims: You have got to be kidding me. **She turns back.**

Marshall Prig: I'm sorry Ms Sims, but the New York Yankees take pride in being very humorless. I say that off the record, of course. I simply cannot allow you to display their logo without approval, for which I'll need a written request.

Paul Lewiston: **He comes up.** What's going on?

Claire Sims: This little peanut somehow found out...

Marshall Prig: My name is Mr. Prig.

Claire Sims: This, Mr. Prig, somehow found out that I got a Yankees costume for our party. He's threatening to enjoin me from wearing it.

Marshall Prig: We take ourselves very seriously.

Claire Sims: What if I do wear it?

Marshall Prig: Well, now that you have notice, we could avail ourselves of punitive damages. And I'm a very punitive little prig.

Clarence Bell: **He marches up and stands in front of Marshall.** Look here, you little gnome! You need busy yourself with something important. Like buying up the best players on the free agent market so you can win championships. Keep your pompous asses all buffed. Allow your fans to feel good about themselves, even though most of them can't spell! And have mug shots! **Clarence goes nose to nose with Marshall. Marshall leans back, then turns and walks away. Clarence snaps his fingers. Claire and Paul share a look. Claire ushers Clarence into her office.**

Claire Sims: What did I say about Clarice being in here?

Clarence Bell: Sorry! He seemed to be picking on you so she just took over.

Claire Sims: I don't want her to take over. As your boss, and especially as your girlfriend! **Clarence stares speechlessly.** What?

Clarence Bell: Are you, are you my girlfriend?

Claire Sims: Uhm. **She doesn't reply.**

In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom, Bethany Horowitz is giving her closing.

Bethany Horowitz: My client isn't protesting against a doctor trying to cure AIDS here. He isn't singling out a hunter trying to provide food for his family. He's going after a billion dollar cosmetics company that tortures rabbits in the name of makeup. There are all kinds of alternative testing methods, and thousands of ingredients that can be safely used to make the same products without hurting animals. Revlon does it. Avon. Clinique. But not big Bella! She just doesn't care. We try to pass ourselves off as a compassionate people, Your Honor. We prioritize kindness as one of the most important values to instill in our children. Integrity is another. Where is either in making animals suffer in the name of our personal vanity? At some point people have to stand up and

say this is wrong! **She points to Matthew.** That man and his coalition stand up every day. My God, the question can't always be how much money do we wanna make? It should be, who do we wanna be?
Shirley is now up.



Shirley Schmidt: We're a funny people, Your Honor. We have all these feel-good movies about animals. Whether it be Old Yeller, or Saving the Whales, or Penguins marching off to wherever they march to, I must admit I didn't get my Academy screener on that one. And every May we drink mint juleps and dress up in fancy clothes and wear silly hats as thoroughbreds are led out like royalty for the Kentucky Derby. My God! We treat them with such reverence. Never mind that a two-year-old thoroughbred's bones are not fully developed enough to withstand such a pounding. And we certainly don't talk about how after they've stopped competing many race horses are slaughtered.

Judge Robert Sanders: Does she kill horses?

Shirley Schmidt: No, she doesn't, Judge.

Judge Robert Sanders: Then, what's your point?

Shirley Schmidt: My point is despite our proclaimed love of animals, they really exist for our amusement. Our pleasure. Whether it be the caged ones in zoos, the cooked ones on our plate, the ones we make sick so we don't have to be. Ms. Horowitz thinks that we should draw the line somewhere. I agree. But, at vanity? This is America the Beautiful. Land of the breast, cheek and hair implants. Where we surgically suck fat from our guts. Cut open our faces and stretch them halfway up to our crowns. Inject our lips with collagen. During the holidays we give gift certificates for laser peels. I can see you've had yours. And make up. Dear God in heaven, makeup is how we pull it off! Without it, my client would look like Jerry Lewis!

Judge Robert Sanders: I still don't know what the hell you're talking about!

Shirley Schmidt: I'm simply saying that we as a people, as a nation, like to feel pretty. It's who we are. And if it means a few young rabbits have to sacrifice their lives, well, they and their families can take heart because they did so for their country. Because, when you think about it all we can really hope for at this point is to save face.

Denny gives her a puzzled look. Bella doesn't look too pleased as Shirley sits down. To Bella. Did that help?

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Denny, Shirley and Bella get off the elevator.

Bella Horowitz: She tanked it on purpose.

Shirley Schmidt: I did not tank it.

Bella Horowitz: That speech was against me! **To Denny.** Why didn't you tell me she was a Communist?

Denny Crane: I thought you knew.

Denny and Bella walk off.

Shirley Schmidt: **She walks up to Alan.** Alan! Coming to the party tonight?

Alan Shore: You know how I relish the chance to try out a new frock.

Shirley Schmidt: There's a rumor you'll be in mine.

Alan Shore: Hmmm! I would love that. **He looks her up and down.** Size eight?

Shirley Schmidt: Alan, you will not dress up as me tonight.

Alan Shore: Shirley, we've been instructed to choose somebody we admire. That's you and Dog the Bounty Hunter.

Shirley Schmidt: You will not dress up as me. **She walks off.**

Denny Crane: **He comes up.** Alan! You've got to help me dump Bella. I'm not good when it comes to breaking up with women. I'm too soft.

Alan Shore: Denny, you shoot people.

Denny Crane: I've thought of that. But it would be illegal. Except in Florida.

Alan Shore: You're going to have to dump her yourself, I'm sorry.

Denny Crane: Alan! At least help me win back Bethany.

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Denise's office. Brad comes in and closes the door.

Brad Chase: I didn't mean to embarrass you. I just really needed to know.

Denise Bauer: Why?

Brad Chase: Because... Of all people, why him?

Denise Bauer: Actually, he's a pretty decent guy, Brad.

Brad Chase: Denise, I don't think I'm modern enough to handle this "friends with benefits" thing. So I think I'm just going to have to beg out of this arrangement. **A beat.** Okay?

Denise Bauer: Okay.

Brad leaves.

In Judge Robert Sanders' courtroom, he is giving his ruling.

Judge Robert Sanders: First of all, I will say for the record, I don't believe in all that moisturizer, botox, fountain of youth, poppycock!

Shirley Schmidt: Oh please, Judge. How else could you look like you do at a hundred?

Judge Robert Sanders: I am ordering Mr. Steinkellner and his coalition to stay at least one hundred feet away from Ms. Horowitz. The regular sized one. As for protesting at her place of business, if it's a public area he may do so. This is still a moderately free country. **He pounds his gavel.** Adjourned!

Bella Horowitz: I am not happy.

Denny Crane: Well, they won't be able to paint you blue, Bella.

Denny Crane: **He motions Shirley to move aside, she does, he walks over to Bella.** I, I've got something to say.

Bella Horowitz: What's going on?

Denny Crane: You know, ah, you once said that if it wasn't over for Bethany and me you wouldn't want... **He leans down.** Bethany isn't over for me. Not in my heart.

Shirley hears this.

Bella Horowitz: Denny? She hates your guts.

Denny Crane: Yeah. But the thing is, I don't hate hers.

Bella Horowitz: Oh. Well, if my daughter's in your heart, it's not a mother's place to...

Denny Crane: I'm sorry, Bella.

Bella Horowitz: I know you won't believe this, but... I actually do place her happiness above my own. I wish you both the best. **She starts to leave, then turns back.** Please don't hurt her, Denny. **She leaves.**

Shirley comes up.

Denny Crane: I didn't have to shoot her. **They give each other high fives.**

At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Alan comes in to Denny's office.

Alan Shore: So you won?

Denny Crane: Still undefeated!

Alan Shore: And Bella?

Denny Crane: She took it like the man she is. And now... comes the tough part.

Alan Shore: Denny, under what pretext is Bethany coming in?

Denny Crane: Well, I told her I had a settlement offer in lieu of an appeal.

Alan Shore: I really think you're capable of handling this yourself.

Denny Crane: Hm.

Alan Shore: Just speak from your heart.

Denny Crane: It's just that it's been so long since I've done that.

Bethany Horowitz: **She comes in.** What's the offer?

Denny Crane: Bethany. This is not so much about settling the case, as it is settling you and me.

Bethany Horowitz: What are you talking about?

Denny Crane: I dumped your mother.

Bethany Horowitz: You dumped Bella?

Denny Crane: Cause I can't get over you.

A beat.

Bethany Horowitz: **She sighs.** Too little, too late.

Denny Crane: Bethany. **He gets down on his knees.** We all make mistakes. Too often people are judged by those mistakes. I think the true measure of a man lies... **A pause. He looks at the large sign Alan is holding up that says: "DENNY: Bethany. We all make mistakes. Too often people are judged by those mistakes. I think the true measure of a man lies in his willingness to right his wrongs." Alan follows along with his fingers.** ...lies in his willingness to right his wrongs. **Alan holds up a sign that says: "I love you, Bethany."** I love you, Bethany. **Alan puts the sign away.** So, will you join me in a party tonight? Costumes. And you can pretend that you still like me.

Bethany doesn't reply.



At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, it's a party! People are standing shoulder to shoulder.

Paul Lewiston: **He is wearing a white wig and mustache. He spots Shirley; she is wearing shades and a business suit.** Shirley! You won! I'm surprised, to be honest.

Shirley Schmidt: **In a Bugs Bunny voice.** Well! Rabbit's a part of the rodent family. **In a normal voice.** Who are you supposed to be? Phyllis Diller?

Paul Lewiston: I'm Albert Einstein! Who are you?

Shirley Schmidt: Diane Sawyer! You were expecting Bill O'Reilly?

Denise Bauer: **She comes up.** Paul! At first I thought this was a stupid idea but I gotta tip my hat to you.

Shirley Schmidt: Jennifer Aniston?

Denise Bauer: Hello! **She plunks an Angelina Jolie doll on the counter. The doll has a knife stuck in its heart.** Isn't it obvious?

Shirley Schmidt: Well, the prop was a giveaway.

Denny Crane: **He comes up.** Well, well, well, well. **He is wearing glasses, a khaki hat, hunting clothes and carrying a hunting rifle.**

Shirley Schmidt: Ha, ha! Oh my God!

Paul Lewiston: Denny! It's supposed to be someone you admire!

Denny Crane: Anybody who can blast his friend in the face, and get him to take the rap for it? My kind of system. **His guns goes off.** Oh. Damn.



Shirley Schmidt: Ah, Denny, there's a rumor that you're showing up with an old flame tonight.

Denny Crane: I did. **He looks down. Bethany is standing next to him holding a bottle of wine in a paper bag. Her hair is made to look like a few strands of hair combed over a bald head.**

Shirley Schmidt: Danny DeVito, right?

Bethany Horowitz: You got a problem with that? **She drags Denny off.**

Brad Chase: **He is standing in the entranceway, dressed in a Buzz Lightyear suit.** To infinity and beyond!

Shirley Schmidt: Dick Cheney. Buzz Lightyear. All the superheros.

Alan Shore: Indeed. **Shirley looks startled. Alan is standing next to her, he is wearing a Shirley Schmidt wig, several necklaces, a white blouse and business suit.** I must say, Shirley, being in the Lennon Sister's dress was a thrill, but this? This is the pinnacle.

Shirley Schmidt: I expressly asked you not to dress up as me.

Alan Shore: Which is why I dressed as the doll.

Shirley Schmidt: Ugh!

Jeffrey Coho: **He marches in. He is also dressed in a Buzz Lightyear suit.** To infinity, and... **He looks over and sees Brad. Shirley and Alan are delighted.**

Brad Chase: **He walks up to Jeffrey.** Take off that costume, Sport.

Jeffrey Coho: You take yours off.

Brad Chase: I'm Buzz Lightyear here, ask anybody.

Jeffrey Coho: I've always been Buzz!

Brad Chase: Take it off!

They face off. Jeffrey pulls a string on his suit that causes an attachment to pop out. Brad does the same.

Paul Lewiston: Hey!

Brad Chase: I've had enough of him!

Paul Lewiston: **He comes up.** Now you two are going to ruin this party. Take it outside. Both of you. **He starts to push them out the door.**

Jeffrey Coho: After you.

Brad Chase: Okay.

Paul Lewiston: Outside. Go on now. **He continues pushing Jeffrey and Brad as they awkwardly make their way outside.**



Somewhere else at the party, Claire is alone at a table having a drink. She is wearing a Yankee T-shirt.

Clarence Bell: Care to dance with me, Child?

Claire Sims: Oh no.

Clarence Bell: **He comes up.** What? **He is wearing his Oprah wig, and a red shawl over a black dress.** Who doesn't admire Oprah?

Claire Sims: Ha. Maybe I should have come as Tom Cruise. We can go home and jump on your couch.

Clarence Bell: I didn't buy that the first time, Honey. We dancin'?

Claire Sims: I'll dance with Clarence.

Clarence Bell: He's in here. Hold me tight enough, you'll feel 'im.

Claire Sims: Ha. Wow. Let's go.

She puts her hand in his and he leads her on to the dance floor.

Still at the party, Paul is standing next to Alan.

Alan Shore: Good idea, Paul. People seem to be very festive.

Paul Lewiston: Ah, thank you, Alan. **He gives Alan the once-over. He leans in.** What's it like? Being Shirley?

Alan Shore: The thong is a little uncomfortable.

Paul Lewiston: **He is startled.** Oh.

Alan looks past Paul and sees Vanessa. She is wearing the yellow dress. He lifts his glass to salute her, She smiles and lifts her glass to salute him. She motions to her dress. Alan seems mesmerized as he takes a sip from his glass.

Still at the party. Claire and Clarence are dancing.

Clarence Bell: Don't be leading now. It's always Oprah's show, Honey.

Claire Sims: Sorry. **A beat.** Clarence? No Oprah for a second. Okay? Please?

Clarence Bell: **He nods.** Okay.

Claire Sims: I really like you.

Clarence Bell: I like you too. **He gives her a brief kiss on the lips. Claire smiles and they cuddle.**

Denny is dancing with Bethany, she is standing on his feet as they do a slow shuffle. Shirley and Paul are dancing. Alan and Vanessa are dancing; she places her hand around his neck. They smile at each other. Claire and Clarence continue dancing with her head on his shoulder.



At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, on Denny's balcony, Alan and Denny are having Scotch and a cigar. Both are still in costume.

Alan Shore: So it's a yes with Bethany? She's back?

Denny Crane: Hm. She's still mixed. But...

Alan Shore: Well, was she at all tender tonight?

Denny Crane: About what you'd expect from Danny DeVito. **Alan chuckles. Denny gets up to stand at the railing.** Rule of thumb, Alan. **He looks back at Alan.** The way to a woman's heart is not through her mother's privates.

Alan Shore: I'll write that down.

Denny Crane: Anyway uh... Bethany is gone for the night... **He suggestively clears his throat.**

Alan Shore: You're not gettin' in this outfit!

Denny Crane: We could go for a quiet drink somewhere and...

Alan Shore: We're having a quiet drink right here.

Denny turns back to look out over the railing.

Alan Shore: **He chuckles as he gets up to stand next to Denny.** I'm driving you absolutely crazy, aren't I?

Alan leans toward Denny with a teasing suggestive look. He turns back to look over the railing as he chuckles.

Denny Crane: **Seriously.** If you had any idea how you look. **Alan gives him a look.** Shirley was the one, Alan. One night while making love, she recited Proust to me.

Alan Shore: Did you understand it?

Denny Crane: Not a word. **Alan laughs.** I thought she was possessed.

From down below they hear Jeffrey and Brad arguing. They lean over to watch.

Jeffrey Coho: I'm Buzz Lightyear!

Brad Chase: I'm Buzz!

The two Buzzes kick at each other.

Denny Crane: Love us, or hate us, there's no other place like us.

Alan Shore: Here's to that.

They clink their glasses. Denny leans in to Alan and is about to say something.

Alan Shore: Forget it.

Denny Crane: **He sighs.** Just one dance. Let me waltz down memory lane.

A beat.

Alan Shore: One dance if you'll drop it.

Denny Crane: Fine. **He puts down his glass.**

Alan Shore: And you better respect me. **He puts down his glass and reaches for Denny. They jostle a bit for the lead position. Denny gives Alan the once-over as the music for As Time Goes By starts up. They dance.**

Alan Shore: **He laughs.** Do I really remind you of Shirley?

Denny Crane: **He nods.** Except some of the lumps are in the wrong place.

Alan Shore: The lump you refer to is your own.

The dance slowly.

Denny Crane: **He nods to the building across the street.** Imagine people looking out the window and seeing Dick Cheney and Shirley Schmidt dancing on the balcony. What must they be thinking?

Alan Shore: Well, if they're regular viewers they know by now, anything goes.

Denny Crane: Yes, it does.

Down below Jeffrey and Brad continue arguing and fighting.

