

**Boston Legal**  
**Selling Sickness**  
**Season 3, Episode 14**  
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**Airdate: February 6, 2007**  
**Transcribed by Sheri for boston-legal.org [version updated February 9, 2007]**



Reception Area of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

**With a ding of the elevator and a honk of a bicycle horn, Bethany Horowitz exits the elevator on a Segway, complete with red and white streamers to match her outfit. Secretary stares.**

Bethany Horowitz: What are you lookin' at?

Shirley Schmidt: Bethany, you got taller.

Bethany Horowitz: I'm just trying it out, snidey-doo.

Shirley Schmidt: Well, it looks smashing on you. Is there a reason you're here?

Bethany Horowitz: I'm meeting Denny for breakfast. I'd say, "Join us," but that might ruin it. **honks horn; exits**

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, dear.

**Judge Clark Brown is behind Bethany Horowitz.**

Shirley Schmidt: Judge Brown.

Judge Clark Brown: I need to see Denny Crane, please.

Denny Crane: Why?

Judge Clark Brown: It is a matter of great urgency for which I need a powerful firm.

Denny Crane's Office

Denny Crane: What's the urgency? Shorts riding up on you?

Judge Clark Brown: This is a grave matter. I'd appreciate your sensitivity.

Denny Crane: I am nothing if not sensitive.

Judge Clark Brown: Eighteen months ago I was diagnosed with SSAD.

Denny Crane: Ohh.

Judge Clark Brown: I was directed to a rehab facility, where I was told I'd be cured. Forty thousand dollars later, I am not cured.

Denny Crane: Ohh, I'm so sorry, Judge. What's SSAD?

Judge Clark Brown: Same-Sex Attraction Disorder.

Denny Crane: What do you mean?

Judge Clark Brown: I—it's a disorder where a person thinks he's attracted to the same sex.

Denny Crane: What do you mean?

Judge Clark Brown: What I mean is: The person erroneously convinced that's he's sexually attracted to a person of the same sex.

Denny Crane: This affects *you*?

Judge Clark Brown: Yes.

Denny Crane: But you're a man. That would mean you're attracted to men.

Judge Clark Brown: Yes. Oh, I'm not, of course. It's just that I think I am.

Denny Crane: You mean like homosexual gay?

Judge Clark Brown: Which is why I want to sue. I will not take this lying down.

**Denny Crane is using his briefcase as a shield, presumably to protect himself from "catching" the judge's "disorder."**

[credits]

Shirley Schmidt's Office

Dr. Clifford Cabot: Shirley, this is my sister, Carol; my niece, Michelle. Michelle, regrettably, was a victim of a rather traumatic assault last night.

Shirley Schmidt: What happened?

Michelle Cabot-Levinson: I was molested by a rabbi.

Dr. Clifford Cabot: She's not even really Jewish. We could make this out a hate crime.

Michelle Cabot-Levinson: I'm *half* Jewish.

Dr. Clifford Cabot: Her father's side.

Shirley Schmidt: You were . . . This was last night?

Michelle Cabot-Levinson: I've been getting counseling from my father's rabbi over my so-called disability with intimacy, which is the new term for prudes, I guess.

**Dr. Clifford Cabot hangs his head, as Carol Cabot stares at him.**

Michelle Cabot-Levinson: And he sucked me down this "Path of Trust" thingie, and last night he somehow got me to lie naked with him, and he pressed his fat, naked body against mine, and groped me like an ape. I was practically enveloped by flab.

Shirley Schmidt: Did you ask him to stop?

Dr. Clifford Cabot: She's only 16. It wouldn't matter.

Shirley Schmidt: I understand, but—

Michelle Cabot-Levinson: I asked him to stop, and he made some stupid comment like, "Why should priests have all the fun?" which I did not find funny. He should get letters.

Shirley Schmidt: Have you been to the police?

Dr. Clifford Cabot: We've been to the police. This isn't about that.

Shirley Schmidt: What is it about, then?

Dr. Clifford Cabot: There's a new pill. It's still in the trial stage. Perhaps you've heard of it. It's called "The Forgetting Pill."

Shirley Schmidt: "The Forgetting Pill"?

Dr. Clifford Cabot: Basically, if you take it in the immediate aftermath of a traumatic event, it can make you forget that event, the goal being to circumvent the emotional scarring. Michelle's father wants her to take it. He's going for a court order. We think the idea is perverse. A pill that makes you forget? Alcoux Huxley didn't even dream of that! Well, actually he did, but still—to experiment with a person's memory? The idea is grotesque.

Shirley Schmidt: Whoa, uh, hold on a second. You and the father are—

Carol Cabot: We're divorced. He wants her to take the medication. I'm opposed.

Shirley Schmidt: Well, you can't force medication on a 16-year-old, even if you're the father.

Dr. Clifford Cabot: She wants to take it.

Michelle Cabot-Levinson: Of course, I do. How would you like to spend the rest of *your* life remembering a fat, naked rabbi?

Dr. Clifford Cabot: You have to trust us, sweetheart.

Michelle Cabot-Levinson: Trust you? You're a bigger perv than the rabbi!

Shirley Schmidt: Um, Michelle, something tells me that if you really wanted to take this pill, you would have done so by now.

Michelle Cabot-Levinson: No, because these two freaked the doctors out with all their threats of lawsuits, and they won't give it to me without her consent.

Carol Cabot: It just seems morally wrong.

Dr. Clifford Cabot: Her fathers going to court. Shirley, we need your help.

Denny Crane's Office

Judge Clark Brown: I do not want her here.

Bethany Horowitz: Medical malpractice is my niche.

Denny Crane: **still with briefcase shield** Your Honor, she can help. I've seen her in action; she's a little dynamo.

**Bethany Horowitz and Denny Crane exchange "Bite me" looks.**

Bethany Horowitz: How exactly does this "Same-Sex Attraction Disorder" play out?

Judge Clark Brown: Well, I find men and I have relations with them. I've been struggling with this most of my life. About a year and a half ago, I had a talk with my minister. He gave me the diagnosis of SSAD, told me he knew of a faith-based facility that could help me. It's called "Better Tomorrows." They're a sham. Forty thousand dollars later, I still have urges.

Bethany Horowitz: I've seen this exact same thing before, and I think I can explain it.

Judge Clark Brown: You can?

Bethany Horowitz: Yes. You're totally gay.

Judge Clark Brown: I am not! How dare you?

**Denny Crane:** Your Honor. Going to court's a very public forum. Are you sure you wanna do this?

**Judge Clark Brown:** At some point, a man has to stand up for principle. This "Better Tomorrows"—it's outrageous!

Women's Rest Room

**Denise Bauer steps out of a stall, carrying a pregnancy test, shock on her face.**

**Claire Simms:** *freshening her make-up* Congratulations.

**Denise Bauer:** What? Oh, uh, no; it's negative. No blue line.

**Claire Simms:** Yeah, I could tell from your reaction. Who's the father?

**Denise Bauer:** Nobody. Nobody is the father.

**Claire Simms:** You really shouldn't claim that, Denise. They'll throw rocks at your kid.

**Denise Bauer:** You have a smart little wisecrack for everything, don't you?

**Claire Simms:** Most things.

**Denise Bauer steps toward the door, covering her emotional reaction with a hand to her mouth.**

**Claire Simms:** You okay?

**Denise Bauer:** *shaking her head* No. What am I gonna do?

**Claire Simms:** Well, you can have it, or not.

Alan Shore's Office

**This entire conversation goes on as Alan Shore is watching Judge Clark Brown watching two adorable male paralegals in the outer office, a delighted smile on his face.**

**Denny Crane:** Can you help? It's just the subject matter makes me a little uncomfortable. I'm afraid I wouldn't do my best work.

**Alan Shore:** What about Bethany?

**Denny Crane:** She'll be around. But I want one of those really, really long closings.

**Alan Shore:** Oh.

**Denny Crane:** We've all come to expect them.

**Alan Shore:** Your Honor, do you really want this problem aired out?

**Judge Clark Brown:** Companies like this—they threaten our national security.

**Alan Shore:** Of course they do.

**Judge Clark Brown:** Well, if people get the idea that—that businesses like this are shams, they may stop trying to cure themselves of homosexuality.

**Alan Shore:** *chuckling* But, your Honor, you can't really cure homosexuality with therapy. You need to take a pill.

**Judge Clark Brown:** How dare you make light of this situation! I think I'm gay, for God's sake! It's—

**Alan Shore:** Hard on the hips.

**Judge Clark Brown:** Shocking!

Judge Gloria Weldon's Courtroom

**Court Clerk:** All rise. Case number 32666, Judge Clark Brown vs "Better Tomorrows."

**Judge Gloria Weldon enters, long blonde hair streaming.**

**Alan Shore:** Oh, my.

**Judge Gloria Weldon sits at the bench.**

**Alan Shore:** Alan Shore for the plaintiff. Could I perhaps get an *ex-parte* sidebar, Judge?

**Judge Gloria Weldon:** Approach.

**Alan Shore:** Good morning, your Honor. I cannot be 100% sure, but I believe, years ago, long before you were a judge, there was a party.

**Judge Gloria Weldon covers her microphone, with a squeal of feedback.**

**Alan Shore:** I believe I was at it, and I believe your Honor was. And it turned out that we only had one motor vehicle between the two of us, so I offered to give you a lift. And even though between us we had two places of residence, we only went to one of them. And between you and me, we had a very rewarding time. And I would hope that experience wouldn't come between us now in a court of law.

**Judge Gloria Weldon:** I'm glad you remember it, Counsel, because I don't. I guess between us, one of us wasn't that memorable.

**Alan Shore:** Ah, well, I'm sure it all pales in comparison to a subsequent party I'm told you attended, one where the governor was there as well—

**Judge Gloria Weldon covers the microphone quickly again.**

**Alan Shore:** Do governors still appoint judges in the Commonwealth? Between us, I believe they do.

Judge Gloria Weldon: I'll hold you in contempt right now.

Alan Shore: My handcuffs or yours?

Judge Gloria Weldon: You'd better respect this robe, Alan.

Alan Shore: Ohh, I've already put it and all its contents on the highest of pedestals. **gives her a naughty, sultry look as he backs slowly away toward his table**

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

Attorney Ernesto Herrera: Time is against us. If we don't give Michelle the propranolol now, before this horrific memory has a chance to settle in—

Shirley Schmidt: We're talking about a child's brain here. Why the rush to pump her with drugs?

Dr. Mitchell Levinson: **standing** Because they can help my daughter!

Judge Robert Sanders: What is this drug you speak of? It sounds like poopycok.

Attorney Ernesto Herrera: It's called propranolol; it's a beta-blocker.

Judge Robert Sanders: And it makes you forget?

Shirley Schmidt: You obviously wouldn't need it.

Judge Robert Sanders: **looking around** Who said that?

Shirley Schmidt: He forgot.

Attorney Ernesto Herrera: The drug essentially blocks adrenaline from entering the nerve cell, and adrenaline attaches emotion to memories. If you take the drug quickly enough, it can prevent you from remembering and being scarred by the trauma.

Judge Robert Sanders: Which in this case would be?

Attorney Ernesto Herrera: A naked rabbi.

Shirley Schmidt: It's brainwashing, your Honor.

Attorney Ernesto Herrera: They use it in the soldiers with P.T.S.D with good results.

Shirley Schmidt: Even so, we're talking about a teenager.

Attorney Ernesto Herrera: Who suffered a horrendous sexual assault.

Judge Robert Sanders: Now hold on just a second—where is the naked rabbi?

Attorney Ernesto Herrera: Your Honor, the issue before you simply concerns Michelle's right to take this medication.

Judge Robert Sanders: And the father is for it; and the mother is against it.

Shirley Schmidt: Yes.

Judge Robert Sanders: **pointing at Dr. Clifford Cabot** Who the hell are you?

Dr. Clifford Cabot: I'm the funny uncle. Every family has one.

Judge Robert Sanders: And you say the girl wishes to take the medication?

Michelle Cabot-Levinson: Why is it so difficult to understand? I do *not* want to spend the rest of my life as a sexual assault victim.

Shirley Schmidt: But, Michelle, that's what you are.

Michelle Cabot-Levinson: But I don't *have* to be, not psychologically. This isn't anybody's business but my own.

Attorney Ernesto Herrera: Your Honor, my client, in addition to being Michelle's father, is a psychiatrist. He can give medical testimony as to the efficacy of this drug. I would like you to hear from him.

Judge Robert Sanders: Get him up here!

Brad Chase's Office

Jeffrey Coho: **knocking on the door** You wanted to see me, sport?

Brad Chase: Why would I wanna do that?

Denise Bauer: Actually, um, I called this little meeting. **closes the door** Could you sit, both of you? Couch.

Brad Chase: Why?

Denise Bauer: **motioning with her head** Brad, sit, please.

**Jeffrey Coho and Brad Chase sit on the couch.**

Denise Bauer: **holding briefcase in front of her** There is no delicate way to say this, so—I'm pregnant. One of you is the father, and while I'm not asking either of you to bear *any* responsibility **pulls 2 test tubes with swabs out of briefcase** I would like to know who the paternal parent is.

Brad Chase: What's this?

Denise Bauer: Brad, swab, please.

Brad Chase: Hold on a second. I have rights. You can't just drop a bomb—

Denise Bauer: You have no rights unless you're the father, which we won't know until we do the test. So, Brad, swab, please.

**Brad Chase and Jeffrey Coho swab their cheeks, then place the swabs back in the tubes, which Denise Bauer ascertains are snapped into place.**

Denise Bauer: Thanks, I'll get back to you. **exits**

Brad Chase: **sighs** What am I gonna do?

Jeffrey Coho: Brad—one of us is a father.

Judge Gloria Weldon's Courtroom

Judge Clark Brown: Well, there are many, many people in this country who have fallen victim to this confusion over sexual orientation. It's shocking!

Denny Crane: And, these victims suffer from—

Judge Clark Brown: SSAD—Same-Sex Attraction Disorder. My minister diagnosed me. He—he recommended “Better Tomorrows” for reparative therapy.

Denny Crane: And what does this treatment entail, Doctor?

Judge Clark Brown: I'm not a doctor!

Denny Crane: Whatever.

Judge Clark Brown: Well, basically it entails Bible study, gender-appropriate activities like, uh, sports activities for men, sewing for women. We were to report all sexual fantasies to the staff. Everyday, they searched our belongings for secular media—movies, CDs. Certain deviant behaviors were prohibited. It was all very entailed.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Come on. Did you actually *believe* in all this nonsense?

Judge Clark Brown: What you call, “Nonsense,” I call, “Values.”

Judge Gloria Weldon: So, you went to the defendant—

Judge Clark Brown: To be cured of these evil and impure predilections.

Alan Shore: We're talking about homosexuality, your Honor. It's life-threatening. If God doesn't get for it, the skinheads will. And if the skinheads don't, the Republicans will. And if the Republicans don't, the Southern Democrats will. And, if they don't, by God, it'll be left up to Florida. I'm ready to be disciplined now. Chambers?

Judge Gloria Weldon's Chambers

Judge Gloria Weldon: I expressly directed you to refrain from your antics in my courtroom.

Alan Shore: Yes, well, once I get started, I just go on and on. Surely you remember. **starts clearing objects from the center of her desk to make room** Shall we get started, Judge?

Judge Gloria Weldon: **putting the objects back in place** You're suggesting an *ex-parte* encounter that would get us both disbarred.

Alan Shore: Yes, but on the upside, I could tell you how bad you're being. And, as I recall, you like being a bad girl.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Keep it about the case, Counsel. That's all.

Alan Shore: You sure?

Judge Gloria Weldon: **leans forward in her chair** That's all.

**Alan Shore saunters out.**

*There were two options: Change the road or change the SUV. Introducing the Acura MDX with super-handling all-wheel drive. Technology takes it to a whole new place. Acura Advance.*

Men's Rest Room at Crane, Poole & Schmidt

**Jeffrey Coho is staring thoughtfully in the mirror, when Clarence Bell enters.**

Jeffrey Coho: Hey, Clarence. How's it goin'?

Clarence Bell: Good. You?

Jeffrey Coho: Great. Well, it's been good catching up. **turns to exit**

Clarence Bell: How come you're looking at yourself?

Jeffrey Coho: What was that?

Clarence Bell: You were looking at yourself when I came in. How come?

Jeffrey Coho: Well, Clarence, this is a conversation typically reserved for friends, but, what the hell? The reason they put these mirrors up, is so that people can look at themselves. Well, that felt good to get off my chest. Thanks.

Clarence Bell: You thinkin' about the baby? Claire told me. You worried it's yours?

Jeffrey Coho: **checking under the stall doors; sighs; steps closer to Clarence Bell** Actually, I'm a little worried that it might not be.



Clarence Bell: You want it to be yours?

Jeffrey Coho: I guess I do, actually. Why I'm telling you this, I—

Clarence Bell: You should tell Denise. I bet she's feeling real alone right now. And scared.

Jeffrey Coho: You're getting kinda bold in your old age, Clarence?

**Clarence Bell nods.**

Jeffrey Coho: Thanks. **exits**

**And Clarence Bell takes up mirror-staring.**

Hallway of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Jeffrey Coho: Denise, do you have a sec?

Denise Bauer: Uh, actually, I don't. Can it wait? **rushes off**

Jeffrey Coho: Apparently, it can.

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

Dr. Mitchell Levinson: Memories require time to congeal in our brains, and while they're forming, they can become stronger or weaker, depending upon how much adrenaline is involved.

Attorney Ernesto Herrera: So if we wait too long—

Dr. Mitchell Levinson: Then the memory will set, and Michelle will be haunted by this for the rest of her life.

Attorney Ernesto Herrera: Have you ever prescribed propranolol as a licensed psychiatrist?

Dr. Mitchell Levinson: Yes, many times with great success. I once gave propranolol to a woman who had been raped. She couldn't even face her husband, let alone undress in front of him. She was so ashamed and traumatized. After taking the medication, she reported feeling as though the cord linking the memory to the emotion had been cut.

Attorney Ernesto Herrera: Is time of the essence?

Dr. Mitchell Levinson: Absolutely. It has a much higher success rate when given immediately, which is why I would like to prescribe it for Michelle *now*.

Shirley Schmidt: So let's just delete the memory she'd like to forget? I'd like to erase my first husband. That would be lovely.

Dr. Mitchell Levinson: Ms. Schmidt, I work with post-traumatic stress disorder. There's nothing funny about it. I've seen what it does. People who have it? It ruins their lives. They can't hold down a job; they suffer from nightmares and flashbacks.

Shirley Schmidt: Ever have a patient suffer those exact things because he or she suppressed the memories?

Dr. Mitchell Levinson: I tend to know my patients.

Shirley Schmidt: This one's your daughter.

Dr. Mitchell Levinson: Yeah, and because she *is* my daughter, I know her better.

Shirley Schmidt: Assuming you're thinking like a doctor, not a father.

Dr. Mitchell Levinson: I have the power to prevent an enormous, potentially life-long disability with virtually no side effects, and how dare you try and stop me! **turns to Judge Robert Sanders** And how dare you!

Judge Robert Sanders: What have I done?

Dr. Mitchell Levinson: This is her life!

Shirley Schmidt: You speak as if it were yours.

Michelle Cabot-Levinson: No! It's *mine*, so how 'bout letting *me* decide?

Hallway of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

**Claire Simms is searching for someone; she sighs. Clarence Bell is at the file cabinet.**

Claire Simms: **clears throat** Clarence. My office, please.

Claire Simms' Office

Claire Simms: You shared with Jeffrey Coho something I shared with you. I do not expect the things that I tell my assistant in the privacy of my office to end up in the office gossip pool. Things I share with my boyfriend, I especially expect to stay *private*.

Clarence Bell: I'm, uh— **clears throat** I'm your boyfriend?

Claire Simms: Well, we're dating. It may not be exclusive, but even so—

Clarence/Clevant Bell: You're just getting' a little ahead of yourself, don't you think, child? If I was your boyfriend, you'd know it. You'd be doin' my laundry, makin' me dinner every night. I don't see you doin' that, sugar-pop.

Claire Simms: You think you're funny?

**Clarence Bell smiles; sure does!**

**Claire Simms:** Rule Number Two: When it comes to us, I do not want to be hearing from the peanut gallery, which includes Clarice, Cleavant, Oprah, and whoever else you have stored in there.

**Clarence Bell:** Claire? Could we be exclusive?

**Claire Simms:** Well, I suppose we could try.

**Clarence Bell:** In that case, I quit.

**Claire Simms:** What?

**Clarence Bell:** I can't work for my girlfriends. Can you get me reassigned?

**Claire Simms sighs.**

Judge Gloria Weldon's Courtroom

**Reid Harrington:** Well, we tell everyone who comes to Better Tomorrows that self-control, not indulgence, is the path to grace.

**Judge Clark Brown:** Huh.

**Attorney Samantha Fried:** What exactly does that mean?

**Reid Harrington:** Same-Sex Attraction Disorder is a pernicious disorder. Reparative therapy will give the patient the tools to maintain his sobriety, but he has to want to change. Frankly, Mr. Brown didn't try hard enough. We didn't fail him. He failed himself.

**Bethany Horowitz:** How long has your exciting and revolutionary rehabilitation facility been open, may I ask?

**Reid Harrington:** We started with our first discipleship program in 1974. Now we have several ministry houses throughout New England.

**Bethany Horowitz:** And this treatment works?

**Reid Harrington:** One-third of our patients go on to have long-term heterosexual relationships. One-third show significant improvement, while still engaging occasionally in inappropriate relations.

**Bethany Horowitz:** And the final third?

**Reid Harrington:** I'm afraid they show no improvement, and continue to engage in homosexual behavior.

**Bethany Horowitz:** But they have the decency to hate themselves for it.

**Denny Crane:** Objection. Badgering. No wait; she's our badger.

**Judge Gloria Weldon:** Overruled.

**Bethany Horowitz:** Are you licensed by the state?

**Reid Harrington:** We're a faith-based initiative.

**Bethany Horowitz:** Is that a "no"?

**Reid Harrington:** We are not licensed.

**Bethany Horowitz:** Are you endorsed by the American Psychiatric Association?

**Reid Harrington:** Regretfully, in 1973, the American Psychiatric Association bowed to pressure from the homosexual lobby and declared that same-sex attraction was not a mental disorder. We consider ourselves one of the last bulwarks against the homosexual tide.

**Bethany Horowitz:** You took \$40,000 from this man and represented to him that you would cure him of being gay.

**Reid Harrington:** And we would have, had he maintained the discipline and the faith. He kept up neither.

**Alan Shore:** I'm sorry. Have we won yet?

**Judge Gloria Weldon:** Mr. Shore!

Alan Shore's Office

**Denny Crane is resting his eyes on the couch.**

**Denny Crane:** We're making a big mistake, you know.

**Alan Shore:** Which one are you referring to?

**Denny Crane:** There isn't just one America. There's at least two; maybe more. There's your America, where people are tolerant, progressive, open-minded about alternative lifestyles. Then there's the other one. The one that thinks homosexuality is a disease—the one that elects Presidents. There are more people than you think in that other America, Alan. We need to try this case in that country.



#### Judge Gloria Weldon's Courtroom

**Witness #1:** I first began to have sexual urges watching football, especially during goal-line stands. I sought out Better Tomorrows. They helped me.

**Witness #2:** I thought it absurd, quite frankly. The idea of curing sexual predilections. But Better Tomorrows, by getting me to recommit to myself to my faith, my family—I absolutely did rid myself of any gay urges.

**Witness #3:** I suppose it was a little like my alcoholism, which I also beat.

**Witness #4:** The first four months were hard, but got easier.

**Witness #5:** I never think of men now. Oh, my God! The idea *totally* repulses me.

#### Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

**Shirley Schmidt:** A sexual assault is traumatic.

**Carol Cabot:** I realize that; of course, I do.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Well, if you can lessen your daughter's pain, why wouldn't you?

**Carol Cabot:** It works on the brain. For God sakes, the idea that you just take a pill every time something bad happens . . .

**Shirley Schmidt:** That's bad?

**Carol Cabot:** It's called life, and you can't just erase the bad parts.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Why not?

**Carol Cabot:** Our best artists are informed by their pain. Our greatest heroes are born out of adversity. Certainly, if the trauma affects your life, treat it, either behaviorally or with medication. But some miracle amnesia pill, so you have no memory of bad things—what kind of brave new world are we entering into?

**Attorney Ernesto Herrera:** When Michelle was born, you vaccinated her against polio, didn't you?

**Carol Cabot:** Yes.

**Attorney Ernesto Herrera:** The measles?

**Carol Cabot:** Of course.

**Attorney Ernesto Herrera:** Gave her a P.D.T. [*sic*; *D.P.T.—SDW*] shot?

**Carol Cabot:** Those are known diseases.

**Attorney Ernesto Herrera:** So is Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder.

**Carol Cabot:** She may not develop P.T.S.D.

**Attorney Ernesto Herrera:** She didn't have whooping cough, but you still gave her the shot, because you preemptively wanted to protect her, as any good mother would. Now you have the chance to protect her from a potentially life-threatening disorder by simply giving her this pill in a timely manner.

**Carol Cabot:** I just don't agree with it. I'm sorry.

**Attorney Ernesto Herrera:** Well, as your daughter suggested, how 'bout we let it be *her* choice, since it's *her* life we're talking about?



Dr. Clifford Cabot: Is it just me, or did are you getting your clock cleaned?

Denise Bauer's Office

**Denise Bauer enters, Brad Chase close behind. She closes the door.**

Denise Bauer: Okay, so, um, how do I say this?

Brad Chase: Just say it.

Denise Bauer: Just out of curiosity, what do you *want* the answer to be?

Brad Chase: My curiosity trumps yours. What are the results, Denise?

Denise Bauer: **sighs** It's yours.

Brad Chase: Oh my God.

**Denise Bauer walks past him to sit at her desk.**

Brad Chase: Have you thought about schools?

Denise Bauer: Not just yet.

**Knock on the door, and Jeffrey Coho enters.**

Jeffrey Coho: What's goin' on?

Denise Bauer: The results are back.

Jeffrey Coho: **anxious** Really?

Denise Bauer: Yeah.

Jeffrey Coho: **eager** And?

Denise Bauer: And—it's Brad's. You're off the hook.

Jeffrey Coho: **disappointed** Oh . . . Oh. What a relief! **let down; to Brad Chase:** Congratulations!

Brad Chase: Yeah.

Jeffrey Coho: **to Denise Bauer:** And you of course. Congratulations! We *are* sure it's yours?

Denise Bauer: It's likely.

Jeffrey Coho: Well. Congratulations, again! **exits into:**

Hallway of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

**Jeffrey Coho, obviously saddened, pastes a smile on his face, and walks to his office, as Denise watches through the window of her office.**

Judge Gloria Weldon's Courtroom

Attorney Samantha Fried: A catastrophic flood—a man is on his roof. The flood waters rise, inching closer to his heels as he clings to the chimney. A rowboat passes. "Get in my rowboat or you'll certainly drown," says the man in the boat. "No. God will save me," answers the man on the roof. A motorboat passes. "Get in or you'll certainly drown," "No," says the man on the roof. "God will save me." Now a helicopter flies over, and the pilot shouts, "Climb up this ladder to me or you'll certainly drown." "No, God will save me." And the helicopter flies off, and the man drowns. And when the man gets to heaven, he says, "Lord, why didn't you save me?" And God says, "I sent you a rowboat, a motorboat, a helicopter." Now, Judge Brown is the man on the roof, drowning, waiting for a miracle, dismissing practical solutions. My client gave him the tools, the guidelines, the map to achieve the goal—to be cured, to be rescued. Judge Brown rejected those tools that had worked for so many. And now he asks the justice system to punish my client, when all my client did was see the flood and send the boat. **walks to her table and sits**

**Alan Shore has brought his very own personal soapbox with him, and sets it in the middle of the floor; steps up onto it, and buttons his jacket for good measure.**

Judge Gloria Weldon: What are you doing?

Alan Shore: Climbing on my soapbox, Judge. I do it once a week.

Judge Gloria Weldon: Get off that thing now, Mr. Shore!

Alan Shore: You sure? This is vintage soapbox stuff. You've got God, money, **steps off soapbox** politics, homosexuality. Has anyone ever heard of restless legs syndrome? It's where you move your leg about in your sleep. It's awful. You may have it. It may not keep you awake; it doesn't really harm you in any way. It may not bother you in the slightest, but nonetheless it's awful. The pharmaceutical companies have declared it so. So they've invented a drug, and you simply *must* take it. If you haven't heard of restless leg, by the way, you probably have attention deficit disorder. Awful. We've got a lot of drugs for that one. You must take them. You're depressed.

**Cut to a female juror who looks somewhat sad**

Alan Shore: You're not sleeping enough.

**Cut to Denny Crane, who IS sleeping!**

Alan Shore: You think you're shy, but you've actually got a social anxiety disorder.

**Cut to male juror who looks a bit uncomfortable with the attention.**

**Alan Shore:** *as camera pans across an older male juror* Weak stream. **and another male juror** Irritable bowel syndrome. You people have all kinds of ailments you don't know about. Luckily, we've got drugs for every one of them. You must take them. My colleague has a case involving a "Forgetting Pill." You can take that one to forget you ever *had* restless leg or irritable bowels!

**Judge Gloria Weldon:** Mr. Shore, what are you talking about?

**Alan Shore:** Same-sex Attraction Disorder. And what troubles me is why the folks in Big Pharmaceutical haven't invented a pill for this disease. Clearly, they're in the business of selling sickness. If there was a profit to be made, they would make it. And with an estimated gay population of over 10 million in the U.S. alone, there's certainly a big enough market. Could it be that they *can't* cure it? Well, not to worry. If Big Pharmaceutical can't do it, maybe Big Religion can. And they are. They're the ones who coined the term, "Same-Sex Attraction Disorder." It's a very good name. Very important, a good name. It's a crucial first step in disqualifying homosexuals as a segment of the population and categorizing them as a disease. Makes homosexuals seem less like people and more like the flu. And with terrible, awful symptoms, **makes a face** but curable, and therefore less concerning when it comes to things like an individual's rights: freedom, privacy, marriage. Big Religion is very concerned with marriage. Big Religion is the one filling the pockets of Congress. It actually got them to propose a Constitutional ban on gay marriage. Think about that. A governmentally imposed, systematic prejudice against a class based on their sexual orientation. Never mind that one of the most trusted evangelical advisors to the President was himself having a homosexual affair on the side. Never mind that one of our Congressmen was writing naughty e-mails to his teenage male pages. Isn't it just a disease? And I thought it was curable. That's what they told me down at the church. Well, you can legislate against it. You can give it a clever name and treat people for it. You can shut your eyes, have sex with your wife, and pretend it all feels right. You can join the church and swear to be celibate. You can drive around on a Saturday night with a baseball bat and try to beat it out of some poor soul you happen to meet. You can even come to this courtroom and testify as to your new leaf and how well it's all working. What a miracle! My only response is: Give it time. We'll see. Meanwhile, this company took \$40,000 from my client, promising to cure him of his gayness. Only in America! Only in a country that overtly and notoriously celebrates its prejudice against a class of people by proposing Constitutional amendments. God bless us all! Home of the brave! Shame on you. Couldn't you have at least offered a money-back guarantee, and thrown in a blender? **ambles back to his seat**



Alan Shore's Office

**Alan Shore enters, Clarence Bell in tow.**

**Alan Shore:** My filing system isn't that difficult. I throw everything out.

**Clarence Bell:** I can improve that.

**Denny Crane:** What's going on?

**Alan Shore:** Clarence works for me now. Tell him why, Clarence.

**Clarence Bell:** Claire and I are involved.

**Denny Crane:** Well. Well, well, well. *chuckles, then lowers his voice to talk to Alan Shore in private* Hey, listen. I've had almost every daytime talk show hostess except the big one. Do you think you could get your assistant to dress up and come over to my office every once in a while?

**Alan Shore:** Denny, he's a guy.

**Denny Crane:** If he can pretend he's Oprah *all day*, I should be able to buy it for two minutes.

**Alan Shore:** But he's a guy. Do I need to put you in rehab?

**Denny Crane:** You're right.

**Clarence Bell:** Mr. Shore? Your jury's back.

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

**Attorney Ernesto Herrera:** iPods, cell phones, Google—how odd were these concepts just a short time ago? Now they're completely commonplace. In five years, using propranolol to treat P.T.S.D. might become commonplace, too, and we won't be having this argument. But Michelle Cabot-Levinson doesn't have five years. She needs it now. And we're not talking about some new drug that just came out of a lab. It's been prescribed by doctors for nearly 50 years, albeit for a different purpose. It is undeniably safe, and so far, seems very effective. If this young girl had a life-threatening infection, and one of her parents wanted to deny her antibiotics, we wouldn't hesitate. This case is no different. Michelle is at risk of a lifelong disability. Why are we hesitating?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Because the research is still out on whether or not this propranolol actually works, to say nothing about what the long-term effects might be. And the research is still coming in on the dangers of suppressing memories, by the way, but that's a—a whole other bag of emotional scarring. But this case isn't about any of that. This case is about what makes us who we are. There are lots of answers, but certainly one possible answer is: We are the sum of our experiences, not just the good, not just the bad, but all of them. If we can take a pill and forget parts of our personal histories—who are we, then? When Arthur Hallam died, his best friend was shocked, grief-stricken, utterly inconsolable. But that best friend was the great English poet, Tennyson, who went on to write, "In Memoriam." He immortalized his friend in verse and gave us one of the greatest poems in the English language. Imagine if Tennyson could have just taken a pill and forgotten about the whole thing.

**Judge Robert Sanders:** Did Tennyson have a bad experience with a rabbi?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Your Honor, this girl is a teenager.

**Judge Robert Sanders:** Yes. One who's looking to avoid post-traumatic distress. If the drug works, why not let her have it, for God's sake?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Because it's a form of mind control. Our memories, our experiences—that's who we are. Are we really prepared to turn that over to the drug companies, too? *walks to her table and sits*

Judge Gloria Weldon's Courtroom

**Judge Gloria Weldon hands the decision to the Bailiff, who walks it over to the Madam Foreperson.**

**Judge Clark Brown:** I don't like the way that one on the left is looking at me.

**Denny Crane:** That's the one with irritable bowels.

**Judge Gloria Weldon:** Madam Foreperson, has the jury reached its verdict?

**Madam Foreperson:** Yes, Judge. We find for the plaintiff, and award compensatory damages in the amount of forty thousand, plus interest and punitive damages in the amount of three hundred fifty thousand.

**Attorney Samantha Fried:** Your Honor, ask that the jury be polled for sexual orientation.

**Judge Gloria Weldon:** I'm sure that there's a congressional bill afoot to that allow me to do so, Counsel, but it hasn't been enacted yet. The verdict stands. We're adjourned. The jury's free to go, and this case is officially over. Please do not think that this entitles you to any special favors from the bench.

**Denny Crane:** Let's go, Alan. It's scotch time.

**Alan Shore:** I first need to see a judge about a—well, a special favor.

Judge Gloria Weldon's Chambers

**Wherein Judge Gloria Weldon throws Alan Shore to the wall, pulls the suit jacket down to pin his arms to his sides, frees him of subverting pants and tie. Alan Shore relieves her of the restrictive robe, and institutes ex-partee proceedings for which they could both feel proud, er, be disbarred, after which they lie among the rubble of the encounter—including a lacy ecru-colored bra [sic—while Judge Gloria Weldon sports a sexy black bra--SDW], a toeless FM heel, and blind Lady Justice—under an obviously well-Alaned desk. Both are breathless.**

Judge Gloria Weldon: I'm gonna hate myself in the morning.

Alan Shore: Oh. There are *two* morning-after pills you can take now—one to forget this whole thing ever happened . . . Of course, I suppose you should take that one second.

Denise Bauer's Office

**Denise Bauer is busy writing at her desk, eating crackers. There's a knock on the door.**

Brad Chase: Hey. Don't mean to nag you. Have you thought about schools yet? You have to start applying early for these preschools, or else, basically, you give up any chance of getting into a decent college. Oh, what about the amnio? We should discuss that.

Denise Bauer: Um, Brad. I'm not sure I'm going to have it.

Brad Chase: Whaddya mean?

Denise Bauer: I mean, I—I don't know whether I'm going to have this child.

Brad Chase: Denise, if you're thinking about what I think you're thinking about, you can just forget it.

Denise Bauer: It's my decision to make, not yours.

Brad Chase: Yes. The rights of the woman. Well, the child has rights as well.

Denise Bauer: I'm not engaging in this discussion with you.

Brad Chase: And as the father, I'm gonna stand up for those rights.

Denise Bauer: Brad!

Brad Chase: Let me tell you, Denise, no child who was aborted ever grew up to be anything!

Denise Bauer: I have an *incredibly* difficult decision to make. I will not have you charging in my office quoting bumper stickers!

Brad Chase: And I will not have you just *decide*.

Denise Bauer: If I have to get a restraining order against you, I will do it.

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

Judge Robert Sanders: Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder is bad, but brainwashing is bad, too. And spinach is bad. I'm not going to eat it. Where was I? Oh. I'm granting the T.R.O. Propane will not be given to Michelle Cabot-Levinson. ***bangs gavel***

Carol Cabot: Thank you.

Dr. Clifford Cabot: Thank you, Shirley.

Shirley Schmidt: Let's hope we did the right thing.

Dr. Clifford Cabot: I think we did.

**Michelle Cabot-Levinson hugs Dr. Mitchell Levinson, and exchanges looks with Shirley Schmidt, who's not so sure of herself.**

Balcony Scene

Denny Crane: ***on Bethany Horowitz's Segway, smoking a cigar*** Alan, I have a theory. Maybe instead of Mad Cow, somebody's been grinding up that forgetting pill, and putting it in my hamburger—

**Alan Shore chuckles.**

Denny Crane: So I'll forget the bad thing they did to me and I won't seek revenge. See? It's working already..

Alan Shore: What are you doing on that thing?

Denny Crane: I meant to climb on Bethany, but she wasn't on it. This thing is intuitive, you know? Which is great, 'cause I'm not.

Alan Shore: Denny, you won the day again. You reminded me of that other America out there. Who teaches them their values?

Denny Crane: ***off the Segway*** Well, for fidelity and family, we have, uh, Jim Bakker and Jimmy Swaggart. ***sits*** For heterosexuality and keeping with God's will, we have Ted Haggard. For gambling, we have Bill Bennett, and for guns, Dick Cheney.

Alan Shore: But to deny an entire class of people one of their basic, individual freedoms—

Denny Crane: Alan, you're talking about *marriage*, an institution with sacred vows, ones which we live up to almost 50% of the time. It's a sanctity.

Alan Shore: Even so, we've got *millions* of homosexuals in this country, for God's sake.

Denny Crane: Most of them Republicans.

Alan Shore: How do you *feel* about this issue, Denny?

Denny Crane: I'm all for gay rights. But letting them marry? Do we really want them to have children together? I mean, two biologically gay parents? Imagine what kind of an army we would have, other than a happy one.

Alan Shore: It's definitely Mad Cow.

**Denny Crane:** What? I believe, if we truly are a nation of human rights—and I think we are—we gotta walk the walk, not just talk the talk. But the problem with gay rights, especially when it comes to marriage, is we don't even talk the talk in this country, so the walk— Ask me, there's only one real solution.

**Alan Shore:** Tell me.

**Denny Crane:** *setting down his scotch and using his hands and cigar for emphasis* All those homosexuals, they join the NRA, take over the gun lobby, Congress bends over and does whatever they want.

**Alan Shore:** A gay gun lobby.

**Denny Crane:** It's the only answer.

**Alan Shore:** *chuckles* I like it. Hey, you wanna have a sleepover tonight?

**Denny Crane:** I knew you'd go there.

**Alan Shore:** We could watch a movie.

**Denny Crane:** Every time I say something you agree with, you trot out the sleepover idea. It's sexual harassment.

**Alan Shore:** Popcorn?

**Denny Crane:** Not interested.

**Alan Shore:** S'mores.

**Denny Crane:** Old-fashioned graham crackers?

**Alan Shore:** Is there anything else?

**Denny Crane:** "Guns of Navarone"?

**Alan Shore:** If you'd like.

**Denny Crane:** Separate beds.

**Alan Shore:** You bring the scotch.