



Boston Legal

The Good Lawyer

Season 3, Episode 16

Teleplay by: David E. Kelley

Story by: David E. Kelley & Michael Reisz

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Special thanks to Radar for editing and translating the Rabbi's words in the Spitball Scene—Shalom!

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Promo

Scene: Denny Crane and Alan Shore at the Spa in Belize, complete with white robes and facial mud as:

Narrator: These lawyers are on a mission—

Denny Crane: I was abducted once.

Alan Shore and Denny Crane walking down the street in sunglasses—“We look good together”

Narrator: To boldly go—

Bethany Horowitz: You're going to temple.

Spitball scene to “Hava Nagila.”

Narrator: Where no lawyer has gone before.

Rabbi Hershman: Ow!

Denny Crane: I shot the Rabbi!

Narrator: An all-new Boston Legal starts right now, only on ABC.

Recaps

Mark Valley: Previously on Boston Legal.

Denny Crane: *on his knees* Bethany!

Bethany Horowitz: I *never* what to see you *again*.

Denny Crane: I dumped your mother.

Bethany Horowitz: You dumped Bella?

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

Brad Chase: It's my baby.

Denise Bauer: It's my choice, not yours.

Brad Chase: Have you thought about schools yet? You have to start applying early for these pre-schools.

Jerry Espenson: I've been working very hard to deal with my Asperger's syndrome. **growls, hoots, squeals, hops**

Alan Shore: Litigation is about confidence—

Jerry Espenson: How did you feel when you were beating him with the club?

Alan Shore: No, you don't want to say that. **back to previous scene** —strategy—

Jerry Espenson: Yuck, yuck, yuck.

Alan Shore: —cheap theatrics.

Jerry Espenson: Oh— **another scene** Bingo!

Alan Shore: **on the Balcony with Jerry Espenson; toasting** To friendship, my colleague.

Suburban Boston Neighborhood in Winter

Alan Shore gets out of a late model Mercedes Benz S-Class sedan to talk to Doughnut Cop.

Doughnut Cop: *in car, eating donut* Hey, hey!

Alan Shore: My client lives here. Would you mind telling me what the problem is? **looking at Coffee Cop leisurely drinking coffee** I can see it's clearly an emergency.

Doughnut Cop: We're just waiting for the warrant to come through. She coulda chose to cooperate with us. She didn't wanna do that.

Alan Shore: She's suspected of wrongdoing?

Doughnut Cop: Stole some art from a museum.

Inside the House

Maureen Fleming slams the door behind Alan Shore.

Maureen Fleming: Art? I would hardly call it art.

Alan Shore: But you did steal something.

Maureen Fleming: You can't let them search my house, Alan. You just can't.

Alan Shore: Maureen, what's going on?

Maureen Fleming: Can't you just make them go away for an hour?

Alan Shore: No. Assuming they can show cause, they'll get their warrant, and judging by their demeanor, they seem confident. Maureen, what's going on?

Maureen Fleming: It's an anatomical exhibition. One of the most popular touring exhibits in the world, currently on display at the Natural Science Museum.

Alan Shore and Maureen Fleming are now facing a perfectly preserved man, organs exposed, with a big grin on his face and holding a liquor bottle. Alan Shore gets a good look at the exposed organs and general appearance, as:

Maureen Fleming: This man was a drunkard. You can tell by the liver—it's been ravaged. He also suffered from some form of venereal disease, which caused some deterioration of some other organs. **steps in front of the "exhibit"** I guess if you know what to look for.

Alan Shore: And aside from beautifully complementing your credenza, why is he in your dining room?

Maureen Fleming: That's my father.

[opening credits]

Back in Maureen Fleming's Dining Room

Maureen Fleming: I knew someone in maintenance at the museum. I went in with the cleaning crew at night. I just put him on a hand dolly and I took him.

Alan Shore: The goal being?

Maureen Fleming: To bury him; to give him a dignified resting place.

Alan Shore: Well, Maureen, the only thing to do is surrender yourself. The police aren't going anywhere, and once the search warrant is issued—

Maureen Fleming: Will I go to jail?

Alan Shore: You might.

Maureen Fleming scoffs, then shakes her head with her arms up.

Alan Shore: How did he end up like this in the first place?

Maureen Fleming: My mother donated him upon his death. I mean, it's perverse, Alan! Look at him, for God's sake!

Alan Shore: Well, he certainly seems happy.

Maureen Fleming: They have no right to display him like that.

Alan Shore: Maureen, you need to surrender yourself and dad, here. My best chance for keeping you out of jail is for you to cooperate completely.

Maureen Fleming scoffs.

Outside the House

People are milling about, and Doughnut Cop escorts a handcuffed Maureen Fleming out of the house, while Coffee Cop wheels Dad Display out on the dolly behind them. Doughnut Cop helps Maureen Fleming into a squad car.

Corridor of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Alan Shore is apparently late to work.

Paul Lewiston: It is almost eleven o'clock.

Alan Shore: Thank you, Paul. I won't have to check my sundial.

Paul Lewiston: We had a nine o'clock conference call with our former Governor, no less. I'm sure you had a good reason for blowing him off.

Alan Shore: I did, actually. One of my clients stole her dead father from a museum. I'm sure you've had it happen to you, Paul. Please extend my apologies to Mitch.

Paul Lewiston: It's Mitt.

Clarence Bell: **rushing to catch up to him** Alan! There's a man in your office. I tried to get him to wait outside, but, uh—

Alan Shore: What sort of man, Clarence?

Clarence Bell: A very serious one.

Alan Shore: Did the man say what he wanted?

Clarence Bell: You. That's all he'd tell me. I could have a go at him as Clarice, if you'd like.

Alan Shore: That won't be necessary.

Alan Shore's Office

Alan Shore enters, hangs up his overcoat.

Alan Shore: Hello.

Dr. Alvin Abinazincroft: Uh, good morning, sir. My name is Dr. Alvin Abinazincroft, and first I want to thank you very much for taking the time to see me.

Alan Shore: I didn't take the time. You planted yourself like a squatter; seeing you was unavoidable.

Dr. Alvin Abinazincroft: I'm here on a matter of rather grave concern.

Alan Shore: Not to me.

Dr. Alvin Abinazincroft: I am a cognitive therapist. I work in the Psychology Department of Boston Memorial. I've recently been discharged from my employ—wrongfully. This has been a major personal setback, it goes without saying.

Alan Shore: And yet, you say it.

Dr. Alvin Abinazincroft: You come to me highly, highly recommended. Here's a copy of my curriculum vitae. I've been published, lectured at Harvard—I'm preeminent.

Alan Shore: And humble.

Dr. Alvin Abinazincroft: For me to have been discharged wrongfully damages my name, my reputation, career.

Alan Shore: Why were you discharged, Doctor—?

Dr. Alvin Abinazincroft: Abinazincroft.

Alan Shore: No, really?

Dr. Alvin Abinazincroft: Will you represent me?

Alan Shore: Why were you fired?

Dr. Alvin Abinazincroft: Because I've seen extraterrestrial life.

Alan Shore: Who hasn't? And your employers now consider you—?

Dr. Alvin Abinazincroft: Cuckoo.

Alan Shore: Are you, Doctor—?

Dr. Alvin Abinazincroft: Abinazincroft.

Alan Shore mouths "Abinazincroft."

Dr. Alvin Abinazincroft: The answer is, "No." They're out there, Mr. Shore. I've seen 'em.

Corridor of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Denise Bauer is walking, lost in thought over a legal brief, and Bethany Horowitz zips by on her Segway.

Bethany Horowitz: Get outta my way!

Denise Bauer: Hey, hey, hey! Pedestrian—right-of-way!

Bethany Horowitz "flips her the bird."

Denise Bauer: Huh! Huh!

Denise Bauer's jaw drops as she spies Brad Chase flirting with—and, ultimately, kissing—a buxom blonde in a tight white dress and stiletto-heeled shoes. The blonde exits, as Brad Chase wipes her lipstick from his mouth, and turns to enter his office.

Clarence Bell's Desk

Claire Simms: Whatcha doing?

Clarence Bell: Alan's got two cases at once; I'm going to court with him. **pause** You need something?

Claire Simms: Uh, yeah. I was wondering if you'd let me cook you dinner tomorrow night.

Clarence Bell: **smiles** Sounds great.

Claire Simms: And I was wondering if maybe after dinner, you'd like to stay.

Clarence Bell: **Shocked; stammers** Uh, s—stay?

Claire Simms: Overnight.

Denny Crane's Office

Denny Crane: Temple? That would make me seem like a Jew.

Bethany Horowitz: I'm a Jew, Denny. Temple is a part of my life, and if you wanna be a big part of my life—

Denny Crane: But I'm a Christian, and to Christians, Temple is . . . a . . . college.

Bethany Horowitz: My faith is important to me.

Denny Crane: As mine is to me.

Bethany Horowitz: Oh, please. What denomination are you?

Denny Crane: I'm a . . . Lutheran.

Bethany Horowitz: I see. And what do Lutherans believe in, Denny?

Denny Crane: We believe in a great many things, Bethany. But mostly we believe . . . in, uh, Luther.

Bethany Horowitz: Denny, let me say this as your girlfriend—i.e., senior management. You're going to temple.

Judge Patrice Webb's Courtroom

Judge Patrice Webb: She stole what?

A.D.A. Otto Beadle: A plastinized body. It's part of an anatomical exhibition.

Judge Patrice Webb: This is a real body.

A.D.A. Otto Beadle: It's property—on consignment to the museum

Alan Shore: It's her father.

A.D.A. Otto Beadle: Property that was legally transferred—

Maureen Fleming: Stop calling him property! He is a human being.

Judge Patrice Webb: All right. Do you want a trial?

Alan Shore: Yes, your Honor. Two, actually, in case the first one doesn't go well.

Judge Patrice Webb: Pick a date.

Alan Shore: I'm ready now.

Judge Patrice Webb: Mr. Beadle?

A.D.A. Otto Beadle: Sure.

Judge Patrice Webb: After lunch. Two o'clock. See you.

Alan Shore turns back to the defense table, to pick up his briefcase.

Clarence Bell: Alan, we've gotta fly.

Alan Shore: **to Maureen Fleming, who is being escorted out by a police officer** We'll see you at two.

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

Judge Robert Sanders: He saw aliens?

Alan Shore: No, not aliens, your Honor. Just their, uh, mode of transportation. The point is: It bears no reflection on his ability to perform as a cognitive therapist. To terminate—

Judge Robert Sanders: Were they green with, uh, big eyes?

Alan Shore: Your Honor, he did not see the occupants of the crafts, simply the c—

Judge Robert Sanders: With little antennae growing on their heads?

Jerry Espenson: **entering, interrupting** Good morning, your Honor. Jerry Espenson representing Boston Memorial. Please note my objection that respondent did not receive notice of this proceeding, and as such, I would ask that you s—

Alan Shore: Jerry!

Jerry Espenson: Alan! Oh, my God!

Jerry Espenson and Alan Shore hug, happily patting each other's backs.

Jerry Espenson: Oh, I had no idea you were opposing counsel.

Alan Shore: Nor I, you. You represent Boston Memorial?

Jerry Espenson: My practice is going very well. I changed medications. Did you not get my e-mail?

Alan Shore: I did, but, Jerry—wow! This is a *huge* client.

Alan Shore and Jerry Espenson laugh, hug, pat each other's backs, again—of course, oblivious to anything else going on around them.



Judge Robert Sanders: Why are the lawyers hugging?

Alan Shore: *still hugging Jerry Espenson, and patting his back* Your Honor, opposing counsel and I are good friends.

Jerry Espenson: Given that: Notice, Alan?

Alan Shore: It's *ex parte*.

Jerry Espenson: Fair enough.

Alan Shore: You look *fantastic!*

Judge Robert Sanders: Stop it! I won't have happiness in my courtroom!

Jerry Espenson: Your Honor, the termination was entirely lawful. Dr. Azinabinacroft has lost touch with reality.

Alan Shore: I would like to question the person who decided to fire him.

Jerry Espenson: Fair enough. This afternoon?

Alan Shore: Well, I'm already in trial at two. Could we do it at three?

Jerry Espenson: Three works.

Alan Shore: Three o'clock, then.

Judge Robert Sanders: Silence! I get to decide. You two huggers don't get to make the rules. I'm the decider.

pause Three o'clock.



Break Room

Brad Chase is making coffee; Denise Bauer enters. Paul Lewiston is trying very hard to stay out of the way.

Denise Bauer: Hey.

Brad Chase: Hey.

Denise Bauer: Who was that girl I just saw leaving your office? She was, uh, pretty cute.

Brad Chase: Oh, just a friend.

Denise Bauer: Just a friend? You—you dating her?

Brad Chase: Uh, yes, actually. It's not going anywhere, but—

Denise Bauer: It's a good rattle, just the same, I bet, huh?

Brad Chase: Excuse me?

Denise Bauer: Do you really think it's appropriate, Brad? Getting one girl knocked up while you're dating another?

Brad Chase: What?

Denise Bauer: Did you not hear me? Am I being too subtle?

Brad Chase: No, Denise. You're being anything but subtle.

Denise Bauer: And bringing her into the office—that's *really* classy. You should just parade her right into my office. You two could do a little Shawn Merriman sack dance, you insensitive pig! **steps past Brad Chase to get coffee**

Brad Chase: So, any hormones kicking in this pregnancy, or is everything sort of even-keel?

Clatter of kitchen equipment, as Denise Bauer gives them a shove.

Denise Bauer: Why don't you just go have sex with yourself, Brad? Is that too subtle? **stomps out**

Brad Chase: **to Paul Lewiston** How's it goin'?

Paul Lewiston's reaction is priceless.



Judge Patrice Webb's Courtroom

Mrs. Janet Fleming: Nathan very much wanted to be an organ donor, but given the condition of his body, he wasn't a candidate.

A.D.A. Otto Beadle: But you were the one who donated the body to the project.

Mrs. Janet Fleming: Yes.

A.D.A. Otto Beadle: Can you tell us why?

Mrs. Janet Fleming: Well, the intent of the exhibition, to educate people on the human body, not just the physiology, but also the influence on the body by lifestyle choice—that's something that definitely would have appealed to Nathan. When he explored being an organ donor, he wanted his remains to benefit others. Being a part of this exhibition would have accomplished that. That's . . . why I donated the body.

Alan Shore: So you never had the exact conversation, "Honey, how would you feel about having your body put on display, skinless, to be showcased as a drunk with a venereal disease?"

Mrs. Janet Fleming: As I said, it's my belief he would've wanted his remains to benefit others.

Alan Shore: According to your daughter, he was a fairly private man. Is that true?

Mrs. Janet Fleming: Yes.

Alan Shore: Do you think, as a private man, he would've been fine with having his body put on display, skinless, as a drunk with venereal disease?

Mrs. Janet Fleming: I think he'd be happy to know his final legacy was selfless.

Alan Shore: "Selfless"? Did he love his children?

Mrs. Janet Fleming: Very much.

Alan Shore: You think, had he known that it would hurt them, having his body put on display, skinless, as a drunk with venereal disease—

Mrs. Janet Fleming: He didn't know that, nor did I.

Alan Shore: Exposed in death as a degenerate.

Mrs. Janet Fleming: That's how he lived. Maybe people should see how he—!

Pause as Mrs. Janet Fleming, Alan Shore, and Maureen Fleming all react to the angry outburst.

Alan Shore: Your husband hurt you a great deal, didn't he, Mrs. Fleming?

Mrs. Janet Fleming: This isn't about that.

Alan Shore: It isn't about hurting him?

Pause as Mrs. Janet Fleming struggles to regain emotional control.

Alan Shore: Well, if it is, you've certainly accomplished that, haven't you?

Maureen Fleming and Mrs. Janet Fleming look at each other, both in emotional pain.

Denise Bauer's Office

Brad Chase: *entering* Do you want to tell me what that was all about?

Denise Bauer: Brad, we may not be a couple, but I am having your baby, which the entire office knows. As such, it is completely humiliating when you prance these trophy girls around in front of everyone.

Brad Chase: I want to be a couple.

Denise Bauer: We're not even remotely compatible as a couple, as evidenced by your preference for that airheaded, airbrushed bimbo you brought in here.

Brad Chase: My preference is you.

Denise Bauer: Oh.

Brad Chase: Denise, you cite my values as an obstacle. What are *your* values? This “Friends with Benefits” thing—what are your values, Denise? You get engaged to a guy who buys body parts on a black market, who corrupts cancer studies? What are your values? You sleep with Jeffrey Coho, a man you don’t even like. And let’s not forget the policeman you did last year to get out of a parking ticket.

Denise Bauer gasps, then takes a blind swing at brad.

Brad Chase: Okay. You’re lost.

Denise Bauer: No, I am scared. I am alone, and I am having a baby, and I am completely alone.

Brad Chase: By your choice. **exits**

Courthouse Elevator Bank

Elevator dings. Alan Shore and Clarence Bell exit the elevator car.

Alan Shore: And you’ve been able to confirm all of this?

Clarence Bell: Yes, I sourced it all on the back page.

Alan Shore: Excellent. Excellent work, Clarence. What’s wrong?

Clarence Bell: **anxious** Oh.

Alan Shore: Clarence? Clarence, what’s wrong?

Clarence Bell has dodged into a more private alcove.

Clarence Bell: Well, uh—Claire asked me to stay over.

Alan Shore: I see. Well, you have . . . strong feelings for Claire, don’t you?

Clarence Bell: Very strong. I think I love her. But—but I’ve never— **smiles, sweating**

Alan Shore: Ah—

Clarence Bell: I—I’m not sure I’ll, uh—

Alan Shore: Clarence, um— **taps his chin, thinking about what to say, then shrugs and dives in** The—the thing about making love for the first time—it’ll happen when it’s right, and when it’s right, everything just happens naturally.

Clarence Bell: You couldn’t think of anything to say.

Alan Shore: **hisses with his tongue** I just went blank.

Judge Robert Sanders Courtroom

Dr. Saul Robbins: He’s an enormously gifted therapist, an invaluable asset to our clinic.

Jerry Espenson: **fake cigarette in his mouth** But—

Dr. Saul Robbins: We’re in the business of helping people cope with reality. He needs to be in touch with his. He’s telling his clients that there are aliens out there, monitoring us.

All the while, Jerry Espenson is fiddling with the fake cigarette.

Judge Robert Sanders: Uh, hold on a second. Uh, there’s no smoking in here.

Jerry Espenson: **stepping forward to show Judge Robert Sanders the cigarette** It’s wooden, Judge. Not real. It’s a proprioceptive tool.

Judge Robert Sanders: A what?

Jerry Espenson: Relaxation technique. Never mind. You just sit there and judge. I won’t actually smoke it. **turns and places the “wooden proprioceptive tool” in his mouth** You said you asked him to stop talking about the U.F.O.

Dr. Saul Robbins: Over and over. And he said he could not. He said that once one actually sees an extraterrestrial spacecraft, one has to rethink what he thinks about the world and our place in it, what it means to be human.

Jerry Espenson: Thank you. Pass the witness; reserve the right to recall. Go ahead, Alan.

Alan Shore, taken a bit aback by Jerry Espenson’s swagger; rises, clears his throat, and buttons his jacket as he walks toward the witness chair.

Alan Shore: Did you fire him for seeing the U.F.O. or talking about it?

Dr. Saul Robbins: He was discharged primarily for discussing it with his patients, but, obviously, the fact that he is convinced that he saw it,—

Alan Shore: You don’t believe he really saw it?

Dr. Saul Robbins: No, I don’t.

Alan Shore: I suppose if there really was a U.F.O. hovering above O’Hare Airport last November, Dr. Abinazinacraft would get his job back.

Dr. Saul Robbins: Well—

Alan Shore: He wouldn’t be out of touch with reality then, would he?

Jerry Espenson: **rises and walks to stand next to Alan Shore** I’m sorry. I’d like to point out for the court that counsel is very tricky, and I would ask your Honor that he be noted as such. He is a profound trickster, it must be said. **To Alan Shore:** I say it with affection. Continue.

Jerry Espenson walks back to his table, while Judge Robert Sanders and Alan Shore both look at him, mouths agape.

Alan Shore: *biting his lower lip* If you were satisfied that Dr. Abinazinacraft *did* see an unidentified flying object in Chicago that night, you would have to revisit your decision, wouldn't you, sir?

Dr. Saul Robbins looks to Jerry Espenson, who nods slightly.

Dr. Saul Robbins: Well, I guess I would have to.

Jerry Espenson: I suppose the explanation is simple. The spacecraft traveled 5 billion light-years to Earth, and then left, because of all the airport hassle. I mean, who needs that, really?

The jurors laugh, while Alan Shore smiles, and laughs uncomfortably.

Denny Crane's Office

Denny Crane: So you want to prove the U.F.O. is real?

Alan Shore: It seems like the obvious thing to do. I think Jerry could beat me on this. He's got this newfound confidence.

Denny Crane: I was abducted once. I can't be sure. It felt like a dream, only more real.

Alan Shore: What happened?

Denny Crane: Well, uh, these aliens in the form of Ann-Margaret took me to their spacecraft and had sex with me.

Alan Shore: I'm gonna go with dream on that one.

Denny Crane: I—I've gotta go to temple tomorrow. Bethany's making me.

Alan Shore: On a Wednesday?

Denny Crane: Yeah, it's a Tubey Sharat or something like that. A—a Jewish Arbor Day. I gotta wear a beanie.

Alan Shore: The things we do for love.

Claire Simms: *enters* Alan, you called me?

Alan Shore: I did. *places his glass of scotch on the desk; rises* And on a rather delicate matter that would ordinarily be none of my business.

Claire Simms: Try anything with me, I'll sever your favorite appendage.

Alan Shore: Clarence is extremely anxious that his appendage will be called into service.

Claire Simms: Oh.

Alan Shore: He seems as if he's about to . . . retreat into Clarice again, and I just thought you should know.

Claire Simms: *nods* Thank you. *turns; exits*

Alan Shore returns to his chair, and picks up his glass.

Denny Crane: Do you think Bethany could be an alien?

Alan Shore takes a sip of scotch.

Clarence Bell's Desk

Claire Simms: Off to court again?

Clarence Bell: *rushed* Yeah.

Claire Simms: Clarence? Alan intimated to me that you intimated to him that you were nervous—

Clarence Bell: Oh.

Claire Simms: —about staying at my place tonight.

Clarence Bell sighs.

Claire Simms: Look, the best thing about being in a relationship is having somebody to share your fears with.

Clarence Bell: Even that one?

Claire Simms: Especially that one. Just—talk to me, okay?

Clarence Bell: Okay.

Judge Patrice Webb's Courtroom

Maureen Fleming: I know that he didn't live a particularly dignified life, but he was a man of dignity. And to be exhibited like that so that the whole world can see his—his ravaged liver and organs, while he's holding a liquor bottle and smiling? Nobody deserves that.

Alan Shore: You do realize that this decision legally belonged to your mother?

Maureen Fleming: No. Legally she was to do what *he* wanted. This was not his wish. He would never . . . **deep breath; sighs** Oh, for God sakes, Mom, couldn't you at least allow him to find a little redemption in death?

A.D.A. Otto Beadle: Do you go to church, Ms. Fleming?

Maureen Fleming: I do.

A.D.A. Otto Beadle: Do you believe in heaven?

Maureen Fleming: Of course.

A.D.A. Otto Beadle: Do you think your father is in heaven right now?

Alan Shore: Objection.

Judge Patrice Webb: Overruled.

A.D.A. Otto Beadle: Do you believe your dad is in heaven?
 Maureen Fleming: I don't know. I hope so.
 A.D.A. Otto Beadle: Was your father a religious man?
 Maureen Fleming: No.
 A.D.A. Otto Beadle: Did he believe in God?
 Alan Shore: Objection.
 Judge Patrice Webb: Overruled.
 A.D.A. Otto Beadle: Did he believe in God or heaven?
 Maureen Fleming: No, he didn't.
 A.D.A. Otto Beadle: So this is more about what you want.



Crane, Poole & Schmidt Break Room

Paul Lewiston is searching through the refrigerator, as Denise Bauer enters, carrying a legal brief. She joins Brad Chase near the wet bar.

Denise Bauer: I have been thinking about what you said, and, um . . . In an ideal world, I would live with the father of my child. Toward that, I feel I owe it to my child to at least explore the . . . possibility of . . . **trails off; frustrated sigh**

Brad Chase walks away; Denise Bauer follows.

Denise Bauer: I want us to see a couples' therapist to get a professional prognosis as to . . . our emotional and practical compatibility.

Brad Chase: Why don't we just date, see how it goes?

Denise Bauer: No. I'm not going to wasted time. We'll see a doctor.

Denise Bauer exits; Paul Lewiston couldn't help but hear that exchange.

Brad Chase: Hey. How's it going?

Paul Lewiston's body language says it all.

Temple

Woman Cantor: (Song: Shabat Shalom) Bim. Bam. Bim bim bim bam. Bim bim bim bim bam.

All: Oy, yoi. Yoi yoi yoi yoi. Oy, yoi yoi yoi yoi yoi. Shabat Shalom . . . **clap; they continue the song as Denny**

Crane Crane and Bethany Horowitz talk.

Denny Crane: What the hell is this?

Bethany Horowitz: Shut up and sing.

Denny Crane: I don't know the words.

Bethany Horowitz: "Oy yoi yoi." Just do it!

Denny Crane/All: Oy, yoi. Yoi yoi yoi yoi. Oy, yoi yoi yoi yoi yoi. **continues to repeat as:**

Bethany Horowitz elbows Denny Crane in the belly and:

All: Shabat Shalom. **clap** Shabat Shalom. **clap** Shabat, shabat, shabat, shabat, shabat Shalom. **clap**

Denny Crane: Oy, yoi. Yoi yoi yoi yoi. Oy, yoi yoi yoi yoi yoi. **ends with:** Oy vey.

Judge Robert Sanders' Courtroom

Mr. Bettman/Air Traffic Controller: I work as an air traffic controller at O'Hare Airport in Chicago, Illinois.

Alan Shore: That sounds like a high-stress job.

Mr. Bettman: You have *no* idea.

Alan Shore: Tell me, sir, on the evening of November 7, 2006, did you get any calls, uh, about, say . . . extraterrestrials?

Jerry Espenson: *laughs* I'm sorry. Could we be any more leading? Perhaps you should whip out one of those leashes you use in your recreational pursuits?

Alan Shore: *looks surprised; uncomfortable laugh* What?

Judge Robert Sanders: *punctuating with his index finger* Overruled. Sit down, you!

Jerry Espenson sits; clears his throat.

Mr. Bettman: Uh, we were contacted by airline supervisor and informed that—

Alan gives Jerry Espenson a look that could kill.

Mr. Bettman: —several of its passengers as well as a dozen or so of its employees spotted an elliptical-shaped craft sitting motionless over Concourse C of the United Terminal.

Alan Shore: In fact, even the United Airlines pilot claimed to have seen it—am I right?

Jerry Espenson is attempting to light the "wooden proprioceptive device."

Mr. Bettman: You are.

Alan Shore: So, one wouldn't be considered out of touch with reality or—

Judge Robert Sanders: Hey! What the hell are you doing?

Jerry Espenson: Ooh, sorry, your Honor. Remember, it isn't real. It's just wood. *puts down the lighter* Pay no mind.

Judge Robert Sanders: Wood is flammable. You will not light it.

Jerry Espenson is nodding agreement; Alan Shore looks worriedly at Jerry Espenson and his behavior, trying to rein him in.

Alan Shore: Mr. Bettmann, can you say with all certainty that there wasn't a U.F.O. hovering over O'Hare that night?

Mr. Bettman: Well, I 'spose we can't prove a negative, but our conclusion was that it was a weather phenomenon. A low cloud ceiling; a lot of lights in the sky.

Dr. Alvin Abinazinacraft: This was no weather phenomenon. It hovered, and then it shot through the clouds and left a hole.

Alan Shore: A hole?

Dr. Alvin Abinazinacraft: Dozens of people gave the exact, same description, including some mechanics at the airline. There was something unearthly up there.

Alan Shore: And the radar showed nothing?

Dr. Alvin Abinazinacraft: The F.A.A. won't release the radar data or the voice communications. What are they hiding?

Jerry Espenson: *rising* Well, on "The X-Files," it was the truth.

Alan Shore is now doing a slow burn, but actually looks more surprised and concerned for Jerry Espenson than enraged.

Jerry Espenson: Great show, wasn't it? How many of you watched "The X-Files"? Friday night; lousy timeslot.

Judge Robert Sanders: Silence. *motions with his index finger for Jerry Espenson to sit down*



Courthouse Corridor

Alan Shore: I must say, Jerry, you had quite the swagger in there.

Jerry Espenson: Look, Alan, the fact that others thought they saw it doesn't really matter. *sets his briefcase and overcoat on a bench*

Alan Shore: Of course, it matters. The fact that others saw it means my client isn't crazy, which was the very basis of his discharge.

Jerry Espenson: No, the basis was that he talked about it with his clients.

Alan Shore: No, it was that he thought he saw alien—

Jerry Espenson: Look, I'd love to help you here, I really would, but my hands are tied.

Alan Shore: Your hands aren't tied; they're in your pockets. What is this?

Jerry Espenson: New therapy. Good, isn't it. **starting to pace, punctuating points with the wooden proprioceptive device** Look, here's the deal. You're gonna get up, say "Others saw it. Blah, blah, blah. Therefore, not crazy." Whatever. You'll be effective; you always are. But, I'll get up, make the point that a function of his job—the function, actually—is to ground his patients. A therapist has to come from a relatable place. Al, come on! When you sit there and talk about space aliens, how effective can you really be as a cognitive therapist? Do we sympathize? Of course, we do. But the man can no longer do his job.

As Jerry Espenson has been talking, Alan Shore has been getting in touch with his Inner Bad Self.



Alan Shore: *laughs* Here's the problem with your theory, Jerry. **sets down his briefcase, and steps closer, and closer, and:** As plausible as it sounds now, you and I both know when you actually get up to give your closing, you're "Hands" Espenson. Chewing on a silly wooden cigarette isn't going to distract you from the reality that you have very little trial experience, that you're scared to death just to be in the room, and that as able as you might be to fool others or even yourself, I know what you are. And knowing that I know, feeling my stare upon you, that you'll be utterly reduced to an ineffective, bumbling, inarticulate man with Asperger's, because *that's* what you are, Jerry. **With a quiver of Jerry Espenson's lips, the wooden proprioceptive device clatters to the floor, Jerry Espenson grabs briefcase and overcoat, and rushes away.**

Alan Shore: Jerry. Jerry!

Jerry Espenson gives a hoot and a hop as he exits.

Alan Shore: *sadly realizing too late what he's done* Oh.

Courthouse Conference Room

Jerry Espenson, anxious, is sitting at the table. There's a knock on the door, and Alan Shore enters, somber. Jerry Espenson looks away from him, down at the table. Alan Shore unbuttons his overcoat button; sits.

Alan Shore: I was just lawyering, Jerry. One of the games trial attorneys play is to psyche-out opposing counsel. You can certainly appreciate that.

Jerry Espenson bows his head.

Alan Shore: My intent was to unnerve you, not because I believe you to be ineffective or inarticulate, but because I know you to be just the opposite.

Jerry Espenson: I don't believe you. **angrily looks away**

Alan Shore: I have a proposal.

Jerry Espenson: **looking at Alan Shore** I'm listening.

Alan Shore: My client gets his job back. He agrees not to discuss the U.F.O. sighting or his opinion on . . . extraterrestrial life.

Jerry Espenson: No money damages.

Alan Shore: Okay.

They nod uncomfortably at each other, then Jerry Espenson picks up his briefcase and overcoat and walks toward the door.

Alan Shore: Jerry—

Jerry Espenson turns to face Alan Shore.

Alan Shore: You'll recall I once advised you to flee the practice of law because it's an ugly occupation which calls upon its participants to do ugly things. I am very . . . accomplished in the practice of law. **hangs his head, ashamed**

Jerry Espenson: **nods slowly** I'll take the offer to my client. **exits**

Alan Shore sits alone with his thoughts.

Denise Bauer's Office

Denise Bauer: Basically, I don't think that we're compatible as a couple, as partners. Fifty-fifty partners. If we were together, he would probably start out by—by demanding that I quit my job and stay at home with the baby.

Joanna Monroe: Is that true, Brad?

Brad Chase: Yes.

Denise Bauer: Hmm.

Joanna Monroe: You don't think a woman can have both a career and a family?

Brad Chase: *Can* she? Of course. *Should* she? Absolutely not.

Denise Bauer: Oh! And—and this—is him wooing me.

Brad Chase: Denise, you have a baby, that's it. Baby comes first, period. Even if he could get by with a nanny, you couldn't. It would kill you, so who are we kidding here? You stay at home, raise the kid, the kid grows up, then you can go back to work.

Joanna Monroe glares at him, horrified.



Brad Chase: Okay, don't look at me like that. Mothers *want* to stay home.

Cut to Denise Bauer, agape.

Brad Chase: It's only because of societal pressures they feel they can't be a feminist and still a stay-at-home mom. So what do they do? They drag themselves back to the office, and, like I said, it kills them, and it would kill Denise. Now, I wouldn't ask her to do anything that she doesn't really want to do. I know that, she knows that, and if you're any kind of real therapist, you know that, too.

Joanna Monroe: **after a look that could kill** This idea of a 50-50 partnership—

Brad Chase: She picks the wallpaper; I choose the car.

Joanna Monroe: Chores?

Brad Chase: I mow the lawn; she makes dinner.

Joanna Monroe: Sex?

Brad Chase: I'm the husband; she's the wife.

Brad Chase looks very self-satisfied, as Denise Bauer and Joanna Monroe exchange looks of understanding.

Judge Patrice Webb's Courtroom

Rapid cut to Alan Shore, buttoning his jacket.

A.D.A. Otto Beadle: Even if she's right about what her father would have wanted, that does not entitle her to steal the body from a museum. She can resort to equitable relief, but not grand larceny. Beyond that, this is about her religious beliefs, not her father's. He didn't believe in God, or heaven or the soul. This is about the defendant

imposing her religious values and committing a crime to do so. We all know how dangerous that can be. **walks back to his table**

Maureen Fleming and Clarence Bell both look to Alan Shore, who appears lost in thought. Judge Patrice Webb also notes he is not rising to deliver his closing.

Clarence Bell: whispers Alan. It's your turn.

Alan Shore: I know that, Clarence. **clears throat; rises** Life on Earth was not very good to Maureen Fleming's father. He was a drunk. He couldn't hold a job. He had sordid affairs. He died in part from a sexually-transmitted disease. There was no salvation or happy ending to be found on for Nathan Fleming, which could only make Maureen that much more desperate to think there must be another, better world waiting for her father somewhere. She carted his body out of that museum so that her father could finally leave this world behind. And, hopefully, find his way to a better one. Certainly the twelve of you can understand that.

Alan Shore turns; walks back to his table; sits. Then, suddenly:

Alan Shore: rising You know, I—I want to believe in God. Not because of any words in the Bible or claims made by Gospels but because, I suppose, with our planet being polluted into extinction while country after country develops nuclear bombs, coinciding with an unprecedented escalation in hatred, while an entire continent is dying from AIDS and starvation, as the rest of the world pretends not to notice. It's not that easy these days to have faith in man. But if we don't believe in God, then our only alternative is to believe in man. Well, I'm not sure if I do believe in God, and even if I did, I'm not sure He'd be the same God **pointing at jurors** you believe in, or you believe in. But in the throes of doubt, I still do believe in man. I believe in man's innate sense of humanity, his potential for compassion, reason, righteousness in his heart. Today—*now*—I appeal to you in the hope that when my client took her father's body so that she may bury him, so that he *may* rest in peace and perhaps find some salvation, she did so acting on *her* humanity, on . . . the righteousness in her heart.

Alan Shore nods, buttons his jacket, and returns to the defendant's table, where we can see he is sad and near tears.

Temple

Rabbi Hershman: Baruch ata Adonai, eloheinu melech ha'olam. Asher bid'varo ma'ariv aravim. B'hochmah poteach she'arim. Uvit'vuna m'shaneh itim, umachalif et haz'manim um'sader et hakochovim bemishm'ro-tehem barakia kirtzono. Borei yom v'laila, golel or mipnei choshech, v'choshech mipnei or. Uma'avir yom u'mei'vi laila, umavdil ben yom uvein laila, Adonai tza'va-ot Sh-mo.

[Translation: Blessed are You, Eternal One, our God Ruler of the Universe, who with His word causes the easterning of evenings. With wisdom he opens His gates, and with understanding changes the seasons, and passes on the appointed times, makes order of the seasons and arranges the stars in their watches of the night. He creates light from darkness, rolls light from the face of darkness, causes the day to pass and brings night, and separates between the day and night. Eternal One of Hosts is His name.]



As Rabbi Hershman is speaking, two boys in the front row of seats notice Denny Crane is doing what he is accustomed to doing during Alan Shore's—or anyone else's—long closings; i.e., he is “resting his eyes” (which some of us term, “Sleeping”). They seize the moment, and begin launching spitballs at the snoozing Crane, to the accompaniment of [??].

Bethany Horowitz: noticing 3 spitballs stuck to Denny Crane's face What have you got stuck to your face?

Denny Crane pushes her hand away, having better things to do. Not to be outgunned by ANYONE, Denny Crane pulls his handy combination pen-spitball launcher out of his inner jacket pocket and assembles it for the latter.

Bethany Horowitz: Don't you even think about it! Denny, don't you dare!

They struggle over the pen, er, missile launcher, and Denny Crane prevails, easily neutralizing Bethany Horowitz with one arm, as he locks, loads and fires a spitball—right into Rabbi Hershman's eye.

Rabbi Hershman: Oh, ow!

And, indeed, Denny Crane has done what every mother—Jewish or otherwise—warns kids not to do. He puts Rabbi Hershman's eye out with that thing.

Denny Crane: Holy crap! I shot the rabbi!



Denny Crane's Office

Rabbi Hershman, complete with eye patch, and Lawyer sit across Denny Crane's desk from Denny Crane and Bethany Horowitz.

Denny Crane: How did you get a lawyer so quickly?

Lawyer: This is a difficult time for all of us, Mr. Crane. I think we can agree, it would be best to resolve this privately. If Rabbi Hershman were to report the assault to the police—well, given your grumblings that were heard by others in the synagogue, you could face prosecution for a hate crime.

Bethany Horowitz: You can't threaten criminal prosecution to advance a civil claim! What's wrong with you?

Denny Crane: You people have an over-reacting problem. You do know that?

Lawyer: We "people"?

Denny Crane: Yeah, same thing in Lebanon. They grab a few soldiers, you respond with overkill. That's a problem.

Rabbi Hershman starts to rise, ready to engage in physical altercation; Lawyer stops him with a hand on his.

Bethany Horowitz: Are you saying that Israel doesn't have the right to defend itself?

Denny Crane: Well, of course they do. But you don't blow up a whole country 'cause you get mad. Only the United States enjoys that privilege. We're a superpower. God is on our side. **pulls a stick of chewing gum partly out of a pack, offering it to Lawyer and Rabbi Hershman** Gum?

Bethany Horowitz: Goodbye, Denny.

Denny Crane: What do you mean?

Bethany Horowitz: I *never* want to see you again. **rides away on her Segway**

Denny Crane: She'll be back. **repeats the gum gesture** Gum?



Corridor of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Bethany Horowitz: *on Segway* Get out of my way! Handicapped! Look out! Handicapped!

Denise Bauer: That was quite an interesting tack you took there with the therapist, Brad.

Brad Chase: It wasn't a tack; it was the truth. So when are you going to face the truth, Denise?

Denise Bauer: Which is?

Brad Chase: That you want for your children the same life your parents gave you—Dad works, Mom stays at home—the perfect Norman Rockwell nuclear family that used to be—

Denise Bauer: *interrupting* Uh, Brad, we live in very different times than they did.

Brad Chase: Oh, right. Modern times. Fifty percent of women are man-less right now. Fifty percent. Is that progress, feminism, or both?

Denise Bauer: It—it—what? Do you intend to bludgeon me into giving us a chance?

Brad Chase: No. I'm asking. For you, for me, for our child. Give us a chance.

Judge Patrice Webb's Courtroom

Judge Patrice Webb reads the verdict, hands it to the Court Clerk to give to Madam Foreperson.

Judge Patrice Webb: Madam Foreperson. The jury has reached a unanimous verdict?

Madam Foreperson: We have, your Honor.

Judge Patrice Webb: What say you?

Madam Foreperson: In the matter of The Commonwealth of Massachusetts vs Maureen Fleming on the charge of Grand Theft Larceny, we the jury find the defendant not guilty.

Maureen Fleming and Clarence Bell breathe a sigh of relief; Alan Shore is rather unemotional.

Judge Patrice Webb: The Commonwealth thanks you for your service. We are adjourned. *bangs gavel*

Alan Shore: Congratulations, Maureen.

Maureen Fleming: *hugging Alan Shore* Thank you.

Alan Shore reaches down to pick up his briefcase.

Maureen Fleming: Can I bury my father now?

Alan Shore: I'm afraid that's an issue that will have to be decided at another time.

Courthouse Corridor

Clarence Bell and Alan Shore exit the Courtroom. Jerry Espenson is sadly sitting on a bench, waiting to discuss his case with Alan Shore.

Alan Shore: Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: *standing and putting on his overcoat* The settlement terms are acceptable to my client. *his hands are on his thighs*

Alan Shore: Good.

Jerry Espenson: I should also—I should thank you for the lesson. Of course, opposing counsel will try to exploit my Asperger's, and . . . I—thank you, Alan. As a result of this, my skin will only get more calloused. I'll be more hardened. I want you to know, I don't take what you said personally.

Alan Shore: I do, Jerry, and I'm deeply sorry.

Jerry Espenson: *shaking his head* Don't be.

Long pause, as they exchange feelings nonverbally.

Jerry Espenson: Well, until we meet again. *exits*



Balcony Scene

Alan Shore: She dumped you?

Denny Crane: Because of my views on the Middle East. *pause* If I had a nickel for a midget broke up with me over politics—

Alan Shore and Denny Crane laugh.

Alan Shore: Denny, you think you can understand what it means to be Jewish?

Denny Crane: Oh, please. I don't even understand what it means to be Lutheran.

Alan Shore: Do you believe in God?

Denny Crane: Of course, I do. You know I do.

Alan Shore: Why?

Denny Crane: **shaking his head** Why? Why? B—because if you believe in God, and it turns out there's no God, there's no harm, no foul. But if you don't believe in God, and it turns out there *is* one, you're screwed.

Alan Shore: What do you think he looks like?

Denny Crane: Like me; perhaps thinner.

Alan Shore: You think he looks like you?

Denny Crane: God made man in His image.

Alan Shore: And specifically—?

Denny Crane: Me.

Alan Shore: **laughs; turns away; shakes his head and looks sad** Why does He allow for all the suffering that goes on?

Denny Crane: Overextended. What do you believe?

Alan Shore: **slowly and sadly shaking his head** I'm not sure. I think I believe mostly in friendship—yours, Jerry Espenson's. **winces** I wasn't a very good friend to him today.

Denny Crane: I hate that you're seeing him again.

Alan Shore: He was opposing counsel. **walks to his chair and sits** Oh, I hurt him today.

Denny Crane: How?

Alan Shore: By being a lawyer.

Denny Crane: At the end of the day, Alan, we have to be who we are. And you and I—more than anything—

Alan Shore: We're lawyers.

Denny Crane: Damn right.