

Boston Legal
The Chicken and The Leg
Season 4, Episode 3

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Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Alan Shore's Office

Abigail Holt is sitting on Alan's sofa, patiently waiting for him to arrive. She is fifteen years old. She rises upon Alan's entrance.

Abigail Holt: Hello

Alan Shore: *looking around room seeming somewhat confused* Hello

Abigail Holt: Hello. My name is Abigail Holt. My friends and family call me Abby.

Alan Shore: That's a lovely name:

Abigail Holt: Thank you.

Alan Shore: How did you get here?

Abigail Holt: I walked in. I need to hire a lawyer. I'd like to sue my high school.

Alan Shore: Ah. *Setting his briefcase down.* And what would you like to sue your high school for?

Abigail Holt: They teach abstinence only. It's their fault, at least partly, that I was caught so, uh..... unprepared.

Alan Shore: Unprepared?

Abigail Holt: *Nods in agreement.*

Alan Shore: How old are you?

Abigail Holt: I'm fifteen.

Alan Shore: *Sitting on opposite sofa, he motions for Abigail to sit.* And by unprepared I'm assuming you mean....you had unprotected sex.

Abigail Holt: Yes.

Alan Shore: Are you pregnant? *Abigail gives him a questioning look.* I ask only because, if you do plan to take care of it you should know abortion is only legal in this country until or current Supreme Court reaches its third trimester.

Abigail Holt: I didn't get pregnant Mr. Shore.

Alan Shore: I see. Well, in a lawsuit one must show damages, Abby. Do you have damages?

Abigail Holt: I'm H.I.V. positive.

Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Conference Room



Carl Sack is holding a meeting. In attendance are Shirley Schmidt, Denny Crane, Loraine Weller.

Carl Sack: First up, the court in either it's infinite wisdom or zeal to suck the private sector into community services has assigned us yet another high profile criminal case. Do I have any takes?

Denny Crane: Denny Crane, Giver.

Shirley looks to Denny as if thinking "Oh boy here we go."

Carl Sack: Attaboy, Denny. The client is charged with cockfighting. His rooster evidently took the life of another. **Shirley looks up somewhat shocked. You can see it registering on Denny's face as well.**

Carl Sack: Moving on.

Denny Crane: *Throwing the file back across the table to Carl Sack.* No can do. Why don't you do it?

Carl Sack: Me?

Shirley Schmidt: Carl.

Carl Sack: My problem is.... I like chickens.

Denny Crane: Do you now?

Carl Sack: I find them sweet. And the idea of putting a poultry killer back on the street...

Denny Crane: Assuming you'd win.



Carl Sack: But I would.
Denny Crane: Your defense?
Carl Sack: No idea?
Denny Crane: Do you think I'm stupid?
Carl Sack: Much longer discussion.
Denny Crane: You want me to take this case to ruin my perfect record. You seek to blemish me.
Carl Sack: Are you saying you can't win it, Denny?
Denny Crane: I know you can't.
Shirley Schmidt: All right.
Carl Sack: You're probably right. I'm not much good... unless there's money on it.
Shirley Schmidt: Oh, no, no.
Denny Crane: How much?
Carl Sack: 50,000.
Denny Crane: Why not make it 100,000?
Carl Sack: We could make it 200,000.
Denny Crane: 200,000 it is.
Shirley Schmidt: Hey! First of all wagering on the outcome of a case is grounds for disbarment. Both of you should be taken behind the barn and spanked.
Denny Crane: Me first.
Shirley Schmidt: And what kind of message does it send our younger associates betting \$200,000 on the o—
Carl Sack: Shirley, come on. We don't pay our associates that much money.
Denny Crane: \$200,000 it is.
Carl Sack: It's a bet. **Shirley shoots him a look.** What?



Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Shirley and Carl walking in hall

Shirley Schmidt: I brought you in for some maturity.
Carl Sack: Big mistake.
Shirley Schmidt: If so I will correct it. The last thing I need around here is another child.
Alan approaches Shirley and Carl
Alan Shore: Are you pregnant Shirley?
Shirley Schmidt: Shut up, Alan.
Alan Shore: Well, now I'm aroused.
Carl Sack: Me too. **Shirley grabs his ear.**
Shirley Schmidt: You need to go meet with your client. **Walking away pulling Carl along by the ear.**
Alan Shore: What about me? I have ears.
Lorraine Weller: **Walking up to Alan.** Cute ones, actually. All the better to nibble on, I suppose.
Alan Shore: : Lorraine, don't think for a second that my attraction to you or my innate lack of professionalism means I can't keep my hands off you. Quite the contrary. **Alan begins scanning her body with his hands, but not actually touching her.** I think I have tapped into a deep reservoir of control and discipline that allows for nearly any proximity. **Straightens up from scanning her body and smelling her scent.** See? Nothing.
Lorraine Weller: Nothing?
Alan Shore: **Chuckles and shakes head. They walk away in opposite directions. Alan inhales her scent from his hands and faints on Deena Rice (a client) walking down the hall.**
Deena Rice: Oh, oh. Oh dear.
Alan Shore: **Grabbing hold of her shoulders to steady himself. Inhaling her scent. He comes too and chuckles in embarrassment.** Oh!. I beg your pardon. **Straightening his suit.**
Deena Rice: Yes. **Alan proceeds to walk away in embarrassment.** Do you know where I might find Katie Lloyd?
Alan Shore: Uh.... Um.... **Pointing, unable to speak.**



Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Carl Sack's Office

Carl Sack is seated at his desk across from Miguel Obispo, who is rambling very animatedly in Spanish.

Denny Crane is propped against the credenza behind Carl.

Denny Crane: Is he speaking English? That's – that's not English, is it?

Carl Sack: My guess would be... Spanish.

Miguel Obispo still rambling in Spanish.

Denny Crane: That's great. You put your chicken killer on the stand, let him explain what happened in his foreign language, jury's going to love that.

Miguel Obispo still rambling in Spanish.

Carl Sack: Mr. Obispo.

Miguel Obispo still rambling in Spanish.

Carl Sack: Mr. Obispo!

Miguel Obispo: Si, si. **Carl smiles and motions with his hand for Miguel to continue. So he does, in Spanish. Carl Sack is getting a little nervous.**

Denny Crane: Maybe he knows Arab. Get him to speak a little Arab, Carl. That'll work.

Miguel Obispo continues rambling on in Spanish as Denny and Carl sit looking at him stunned.

Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Jerry Espenson and Katie Lloyd's Office

Knock on door, Katie turns around, Jerry looks up.

Deena Rice: Excuse me, Ms Lloyd.

Katie Lloyd: Yes?

Deena Rice: I'm Deena Rice. **Katie stands to shake her hand, Jerry stands up and walks to side of desk.**

Katie Lloyd: Hello. This is Jerry Espenson.

Deena Rice: Hello.

Jerry Espenson: Hello.

Deena Rice: Yes, I--I've seen you both on television I followed the Joseph Washington trial. My husband used to be involved in the case.

Katie Lloyd: Oh really, what... **Katie begins to recognize the name.** Rice. Matthew Rice?

Deena Rice: My husband represented Joseph Washington, up until he threw himself in front of a bus.

Katie Lloyd: I'm so sorry Mrs. Rice.

Deena Rice: Thank you. You two must be extraordinary attorneys. He spoke often of Joseph Washington. He made it sound like a rather impossible defense. **Pauses.** I have a rather improbable case of my own, I was wondering whether you might consider representing me.

Katie Lloyd: What kind of a case is it?

Deena Rice: I'd like to sue the psychologist who treated my husband prior to his suicide.

Katie and Jerry look at each other.

Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Alan Shore's Office.

Alan is seated at his desk. Across from him Abigail Holt is seated with her mother, Nancy Holt and her father, Evan Holt is standing over Alan's desk speaking to Alan.

Evan Holt: Of course you're not thinking of bringing such a case. She's a minor, I give you no authority to—

Abigail Holt: Dad.

Evan Holt: Listen to me, young lady, you have no legitimate cause of action. Not to mention, this kind of thing would get media attention, do you really wish to be known as H.I.V. girl?

Abigail Holt: I want to be known as a person who will stand up for my rights.

Evan Holt: Your rights? Honey, you were the one who decided to have sex, it's your responsibility...

Abigail Holt: Which I take, but the school should also—

Nancy Holt: Let's just go home honey, we can talk about it--

Abigail Holt: I can get emancipated and I can bring this case without you.

Evan Holt: No you cannot.

Alan Shore: Well, actually, she can.

Evan Holt: What kind of lawyer are you?

Alan Shore: The troubled yet fun kind. Abby, your father is right about this, plus if you bring such a lawsuit, a great deal of the focus and media attention will be on the fact that you have H.I.V.

Abigail Holt: Along with millions of other people, I don't consider much of a stigma. I know I probably won't win. But somebody has got to make some noise about this.

Alan Shore: Mr. and Mrs. Holt.

Evan Holt: This is ridiculous.

Alan Shore: It's possible that years from now she'll regret bringing such a lawsuit. My sense is... knowing her for all of twenty minutes, she'd regret not bringing it considerably more.

Alan looks to Mrs. Holt. Her reaction tells him he is correct in his assumption.

Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Carl Sack's Office

Carl is speaking to Denny.

Carl Sack: If you sabotage this case in any way the bet is off.

Denny Crane: **Shocked and innocent.** I would never.

Carl Sack: Denny.

Denny Crane: I'm a neutral observer, like Switzerland, only with a bigger penis. I'm just going to sit back, relax and enjoy, I promise. **Pulls out a cigar.** Mind if I smoke? Oh, the probation report came back. Seems your client has a record. He stole a car last year, awful.

Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Conference room

Katie Lloyd, Jerry Espenson and Deena Rice are sitting around the conference table.

Deena Rice: He began seeing Dr. Farrel after his father died. Matthew and his dad were extremely close, and he found himself completely devastated by his death.

Katie Lloyd: How long was he treated?

Deena Rice: Six months, with some success at first but, then he regressed into a profound despair. So much so that I'm convinced the therapy did damage.

Jerry Espenson: Did Dr. Farrel prescribe any medication for your husband?

Deena Rice: No, it was all psychotherapy, just talking. Matthew suddenly began to have "recovered memories," they call it, of childhood abuse, sexual abuse. He couldn't handle it.

Katie Lloyd: Well... one might argue that the memories that caused the depression. Not the treatment.

Deena Rice: But he wouldn't have had the memories if he hadn't had the treatment. We all assume the unearthing of feelings is a good thing. But many times, it's not. I mean Matthew's repressed memories weren't hurting him, he was happy, he was successful... once this doctor dug them out... they killed him.

Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Central area

Carl Sack is walking with Miguel Obisob, Mr. Obisob is cleaned up and wearing a nice suit.

Carl Sack: Denny, ready?

Denny Crane: You can't dress him up like that.

Carl Sack: Why not?

Denny Crane: Because that's not how he looks. You're committing fraud on the court, making them think that's how he looks.

Carl Sack: Denny, we dress up clients all the time.

Denny Crane: Well, that's not fair.

Carl Sack: **Motioning to elevator.** Get in.

Denny Crane: You're cheating.

Alan Shore is running to catch elevator, he presses the button as Shirley reaches him, Lorraine is beside her..

Shirley Schmidt: Alan, I'm assigning Lorraine to second chair you with your case against the school board.

Alan Shore: What?... Why?

Shirley Schmidt: This is an issue which touches on significant women's rights. I think it makes sense to have a woman on board.

Alan Shore: **Nodding and wrinkling his nose.** Her?

Shirley Schmidt: Is there a problem?

Alan Shore: No, no, no, no. No, not at all.

Shirley Schmidt: This is a threshold case Alan. It's likely to get a little media play, I'd just like to have a woman's face on it.

Alan Shore: I couldn't agree more.

Shirley Schmidt: So, no problem then?

Alan Shore: : Absolutely not.

Shirley Schmidt: Ah, good. **She turns and walks away.**

Alan sheepishly looks at Lorraine. The elevator arrives. Lorraine motions to it.

Lorraine Weller: After you.

Alan Shore: I'll take the stairs.

Scene: Judge Victoria Peyton's Courtroom

Carl Sack sits with Denny Crane at the defendant's table. Judge Victoria Payton presides as A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg questions Officer Karen Peters.

Karen Peters: When I first arrived on the scene there was just blood all over, it was disgusting.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: And the source of the blood, Officer?

Karen Peters: A dead chicken. Viciously pecked to death by a killer cock. **Pointing to Miguel Obispo.** His.

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: What happened next officer?

Karen Peters: We ascertained that the cockfighting rooster belonged to the defendant, I placed him under arrest, advised him of his rights in both English and Spanish, rescued the surviving chicken from his control, and took the suspect into custody.

Carl Sack: Officer, you referred to the demise of the losing chicken. I believe the word used was vicious.

Karen Peters: That's correct. Vicious. Blood everywhere.

Carl Sack: Would you consider it more or less vicious than say scalding it with hot water to make its feathers fall out, then slitting its throat —

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: Objection.

Judge Peyton: This won't be a referendum on slaughterhouses, Counsel.

Carl Sack: Officer, did you have the opportunity to observe the demeanor of my client's rooster?

Karen Peters: It's demeanor?

Carl Sack: Yes. Did he seem happy?

Judge Peyton: Counsel.

Carl Sack: I ask this, Your Honor, because many experts in animal behavior have opined that cockfighting can actually be quite gratifying to the feathered combatants, it can instill a sense of pride—

Judge Peyton: This witness is no expert in animal behavior, she's a police officer.

Carl Sack: Officer you testified that you rescued my client's rooster from his control.

Karen Peters: Yes.

Carl Sack: What'd you do with him?

Karen Peters: It was put to sleep.

Carl Sack: So, when you say "rescued"... you use the term rather loosely.

ADA Ginsberg puts his hand to his face looking concerned, the jury registers some surprise to the Officer's statement and Denny seems disappointed.



Scene: Courthouse – Judge Clark Brown's Courtroom

Alan Shore, has Abigail Holt on the witness stand.

Abigail Holt: One night I was over at Jason's house. He's my boyfriend. His parents were away, and... things got out of control, I guess.

Alan Shore: You and Jason made love.?

Abigail Holt: Yes.

Alan Shore: Hold on are you, Abby?

Abigail Holt: I'm fifteen.

Judge Brown: Outrageous.

Alan Shore: I think His Honor means fifteen is a little young to be having sex, he's yet to have it.

Judge Brown: That's not true. Just continue.

Abigail Holt: Things like I said... they got out of control after that.

Alan Shore: And neither of you took precautions?

Abigail Holt: No. We didn't have condoms and... it was really stupid. It turns out he was H.I.V. Positive. And now I am.

Alan Shore: Did either of you ever think about carrying a condom, just in case things ever got out of control?

Abigail Holt: No, no. We were taught abstinence. They basically drilled it into us that condoms don't work.

Alan Shore: What did your school teach you about other forms of birth control?

Abigail Holt: We were taught abstinence. Pure and simple. No alternatives.

Judge Brown: Young lady, am I to understand that it's the school's fault you have H.I.V.?

Abigail Holt: It's partially mine, Your Honor. But when a school preaches to its students that condoms are ineffective, you make it less likely that the students will actually carry them, I don't think I'm out of line to suggest that the school should accept a trickle of blame here.

Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Jerry Espenson and Katie Lloyd's office

Jerry and Katie are both sitting at their computers researching.

Jerry Espenson: This isn't exactly on point, but there's evidence psychotherapy for identity disorders can be harmful. Some "hidden identities" as there called have been brought up through hypnosis, these alter egos cause injurious behavior.

Katie Lloyd: I've got a study that says that four out of ten people who enter grief therapy after losing a loved one are worse off after treatment.

Jerry Espenson: Four in ten.

Katie Lloyd: I'd think that might be an occasion of duty to warn them.

Jerry Espenson: What do we know about this doctor?

Katie Lloyd: Impeccable credentials, I suspect he'd like it to stay that way.

Jerry Espenson: My suggestion is we draft a complaint, don't file it, set up a meeting with the doctor and effect a quite settlement.

Katie Lloyd: Brilliant.

Jerry Espenson: *In high pitched voice.* Brilliant. *In normal voice.* I'm sorry. Sometimes I....

Katie Lloyd: I understand.

Jerry Espenson: I like practicing law with you Katie.

Katie Lloyd: Thank you Jerry. That's very sweet of you. You're a very sweet man.

Jerry pops his mouth open and closed twice.

Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Denny Crane's Office

Alan and Denny are talking in Denny's office.

Alan Shore: He was good, Sack?

Denny Crane: It doesn't matter, he can't win. His client broke the law. The law's the law. The man's guilty.

Takes sip of scotch. So, how's working with Lorraine?

Alan Shore: Well, for the most part I'm fine. I mean she's just another lawyer. She carries a briefcase, she has a.... a neck, long tapered legs.

Denny Crane: Chiclets.

Alan Shore: I beg your pardon?

Denny Crane: An old trick my mother taught me, chewing Chiclets tempers sexual arousal.

Alan Shore: The gum?

Denny Crane: I chewed it all the way through law school, it's the only thing that got me through.

Alan Shore: Don't be ridiculous.

Denny Crane: Hey..

Alan Shore: Fine. I don't even need them.

Denny Crane: She's just another lawyer.

Alan Shore: That's right. **Stretches his neck, takes a sip of scotch.** Chiclets.

Denny Crane: Chiclets. **Reaches in his pocket and pulls out a box of Chiclets and passes them to Alan.** The more she gets to you, the harder you chew.



Scene: Judge Brown's Courtroom

Attorney Adam Jovanka is questioning Walter McKay. Alan is sitting next to Lorraine chewing Chiclets.

Walter McKay: Look. I was dead set against the abstinence program myself at first. As a high-school principal for twenty years I thought it was ludicrous.

Adam Jovanka: But you employed it.

Walter McKay: If we didn't, we'd lose Federal funding, without that, we can't teach anything.

Adam Jovanka: So this was all about money.

Walter McKay: Not just. I looked at the numbers. Teen pregnancy rates have dropped since the abstinence program has been in effect, in some States by almost half. I had to pay attention to that.

During all the questioning Alan is continuously putting more Chiclets in his mouth. Lorraine is now up.

Lorraine Weller: The studies I read attribute the decline of teen pregnancies to the increased use of contraception.

Walter McKay: Yes, but I can't be sure the abstinence only program hasn't been effective as well. The numbers don't lie.

Lorraine Weller: Which numbers? Sexually transmitted disease rates amongst teenagers who pledge abstinence are the same as for the teenagers who don't.

Walter McKay: Because many don't live up to the pledge, --

Lorraine Weller: : Statistics also show that abstinence pledgers are less likely to see a doctor if they do get an STD, less likely to think they've got it, turns out the pledgers are more likely to spread STDs, which, funny thing, is exactly what happened to my client here.

Walter McKay: Bottom line, teens who abstain from sex don't get STDs.

Lorraine Weller: Here's a bottom line, teens who aren't taught sex education, including contraception, are more likely to die.

Walter McKay: Hey, you don't like it, take it up with your Congressman. I'm just a high school principal.

Lorraine Weller: You're her principal, Mr. McKay. Abby didn't go to Congress, she went to school, yours, where she had an expectation of being taught and cared for, might you have at least warned her that her welfare would come second to Federal funding?

Alan is now chewing frantically on his Chiclets.

Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Conference Room

Dr. Rich Farrell, sits with his attorney Cynthia Rhodes. Katie, Jerry and Deena Rice are walking down the hall into the conference room. Jerry hops on his way in.

Katie Lloyd: Ms. Rhodes. Dr. Farrell. My name is Katie Lloyd, this is my colleague, Jerry Espenson, and our client, Deena Rice, thank you so much for agreeing to meet with us on such short notice.

Cynthia Rhodes: Well, you made it sound rather urgent.

Katie Lloyd: Yes, well... Dr. Farrell treated my client's husband, Matthew Rice, prior to his death by suicide. Without sounding obnoxiously adversarial, we believe Dr. Farrell's treatment of Mr. Rice may have played a role in that tragedy.

Dr Rich Farrell: What?

Katie Lloyd: We can't be sure, of course, without exploring the nature of that treatment and, well... given my client's desire to avoid litigation which perhaps might coincide with Dr. Farrell's wishes as well, we thought maybe we could work this out quickly and quietly.

Cynthia Rhodes: Look, first of all, I don't like the extortive overtones that occasioned this meeting to even take place. Second. Your inexperience aside, Ms. Lloyd, you should know better than to threaten either me or my client. This doctor is one of the most respected, if not the most respected and admired member of his profession. Katie Lloyd: Admittedly, the doctor may have done nothing wrong, but we can't know unless we know what was done.

Cynthia Rhodes: So, why don't you ask instead of waving civil complaints in my face?

Katie Lloyd: Well, assuming he'd rightly assert doctor/patient privilege, we have no means of discovery without a proper lawsuit, which once again we felt both parties would want to avoid.

Jerry Espenson: I can give you several studies which show psychotherapy may be harmful, especially when it comes to grief therapy for people losing loved ones. If you'd look at the data, you'll see talk therapy can in many cases prolong suffering.

Dr Rich Farrell: I'm aware of those studies, I happen to disagree with them.

Jerry Espenson: Which is certainly to your right, but it would be the patient's right to be warned, I believe you call it informed consent. Did you tell Mr. Rice that psychotherapy could be dangerous to his mental health?

Cynthia Rhodes: We're done. Bye-bye.

Dr. Farrell and his attorney get up and leave the conference room. Jerry and Katie look let down.

Jerry Espenson: They'll be back.

Katie Lloyd: They will? How can you tell?

Jerry Espenson: They don't want to risk a trial here. They'll be back.

Scene: Judge Peyton's courtroom

All parties present. Miguel Obispo is on the stand.



Carl Sack: Your Honor, my client understands English, but since he can't speak it, I'd like, with the Court's permission, to use an interpreter, I've brought one with me.

Judge Peyton: Fine.

Carl Sack: Thank you. Sister?

Sister Mary O'Reilly rises and approaches. Denny can't believe it Carl brought in a nun. Carl shoots him a look. Ginsberg rolls his eyes.

Miguel Obispo: Buenos dias Hermana.

Carl Sack: Now, Miguel, would you first tell the jury what interests you about cockfighting?

Miguel answers in Spanish.

Sister Mary O'Reilly: It's part of our Mexican culture. As little children, we're raised to revere

the noble cockfighting rooster. One of the reasons I came to America, the greatest country in the world, was because of its tolerance, its willingness to embrace the cultures of other lands. God Bless America.

Carl Sack: Okay, sir, but to many Americans... it seems cruel to threat chickens this way.

Miguel speaks in Spanish.

Sister Mary O'Reilly: The fighters love the competition. Mexicans, like Americans, honor the warriors. Like the troops fighting over in Iraq. God bless the troops.

Carl Sack: Okay. Um, would you tell us about your rooster in particular?

Miguel speaks in Spanish.

Sister Mary O'Reilly: His name was Ronald. I named him after Ronald Reagan, my hero. Ronald was like family. And they killed him. The police gave him a lethal injection. They murdered Ronald Reagan.

Denny is shaking his head in disgust.

Carl Sack: You say he was like family, and yet you made him fight, possibly to the death?

Miguel speaks in Spanish.



Sister Mary O'Reilly:

I don't believe he would've ever have died fighting. He was a champion cock. It would bring me such joy to hold him, To hold that beautiful warrior cock in my own two hands. **Everyone in the courtroom including the Judge and jury look downcast in embarrassment of what the nun has said. She is smiling until she realizes what she has said.** God forgive me.

Sister Mary O'Reilly: And before every fight, I would inspire him with famous words.



Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Alan Shore's Office

Denny is pacing the floor talking to Alan.

Denny Crane: The ol' interpreting nun trick. He got it from me.

Alan Shore: Denny, \$200,000 is a lot of money.

Denny sticks his tongue out and spits.

Alan Shore: Okay.

Jerry sticks his head in Alan's office.

Jerry Espenson: Alan, I was wondering if we could have a word in private. It's quite urgent.

Denny Crane: Oh, balls. Why does everyone want to excuse me from the conversation? **Pointing to his head.** It's not like I'll remember it, mad cow for God sakes **Denny leaves. Jerry closes the door.**

Alan Shore: What's up?

Jerry Espenson: Well...I find Katie Lloyd to be ... very, very sweet.

Alan Shore: That's great. So do I.

Jerry gives Alan a knowing look, it dawns on Alan what Jerry means.

Alan Shore: Oh! You're sweet... on Katie.

Jerry Espenson: And... I'm not sure... well, I think she might be sweet on me, but I just know if I try to say anything romantically inclined, it won't come out right. I'll purr and (sighs) ...



Alan Shore: Well, uh, Jerry, office romances are very complicated. I'd even say treacherous.

Jerry Espenson: That's a bit of a bubble buster.

Alan Shore: No, no. It's not that they can't work out. Or that they never should be pursued, but... Look, I find Lorraine to be... (gasps) very sweet. But one needs to proceed with caution.

Jerry Espenson: Even when the heart knows?

Alan Shore: Especially then. The heart can be a real bastard.

Jerry Espenson: You don't think she could be sweet on me.

Alan Shore: I didn't say that.

Jerry Espenson: Yes, you did. You're saying

"Be cautious, Jerry. She probably want go for you."

Alan Shore: No, I did not.

Jerry Espenson: Did too! **Stomps foot.**

Alan Shore: Did not! **Stomps foot. Turns and groans, sits and smooths his tie.** You sought out the worst possible counsel on the topic of romance or love, which I don't understand, and have never understood.

Jerry Espenson: Why do you say that?

Alan Shore: Jerry, I just spend six months with Gloria. On paper I should be... somewhat broken up over the breakup. And I've barely given her a thought the last week. I seem to be missing some kind of a ... love gene. Look, if it feels right with Katie, perhaps you should trust that feeling. But just proceed with caution, because...

Jerry Espenson: The heart can be a bastard.

Alan groans.

Scene: Judge Brown's courtroom

A.D.A. Frank Ginsberg: It's not just that it's against the law. It's indecent, barbaric, inhumane. Two chickens, roosters, I should say- are thrown in a pit and forced to do battle until one loses consciousness due to blood loss, at which point the other pecks its head off. Its sick. This man openly, notoriously broke the law to commit a sick, sick crime. **Denny nodding in agreement.** One he admits committing. Just having a nun translate for you doesn't put you on the side of the angels. **Denny again is nodding in agreement with the A.D.A.**

Carl Sack is up for his closing now.

Carl Sack: **To Denny** Denny, when the District Attorney speaks, it's not appropriate for you to nod in agreement. **Denny shrugs his shoulders like he doesn't know what he is talking about. Carl gets up and walks over to the jury box.**

Carl Sack: Do you realize chickens are smarter than dogs? Much, much smarter than horses. And we call them fowl. How sad that the chicken by far is the most abused animal on the planet. Raised in crates less than a square foot, the ends of their, beaks snapped off after hatching, pumped up with antibiotics to keep them alive in conditions that would otherwise kill them. Genetically altered so that they grow twice as fast, sent off to the slaughterhouse after only six weeks of living, typically in open crates where millions of them either freeze to death or get baked alive. The ones who do arrive undead are scaled to de-feather them. Then they are hung up-side down and electrocuted just enough so they don't flap around while getting their throats slit. It's not good to be a chicken. Now, the cock-fighters... they get real food. They get real room to move. They're often loved as pets. They get at least two good years before they're even asked to do combat. And if he's a really good fighter, he gets to retire to stud service, where he could live the life of ... well, of Denny Crane. The simple truth is that if a chicken is in this country hopes to be afforded a modicum of dignity, he has to fight. Studies show they might actually enjoy it. Now I suppose you could find my client guilty because technically he broke the law, which screams out with hypocrisy. Or you could say "Wait a second, Miguel Obispo offers chickens a better life." Miguel Obispo now trust you to be humane. Not just for his sake, but for the chickens.

The nun is blowing her nose from crying. The District Attorney and Denny both look on in disbelief.

Scene: Crane Pool and Schmidt – Conference Room

Cynthia Rhodes: \$125,000

Jerry Espenson: Nonstarter.

Cynthia Rhodes: My client did absolutely nothing wrong. There is no evidence of malpractice—

Jerry Espenson: Discussion of evidence is premature since we haven't begun discovery. But what we do know is Mr. Rice's mental well-being deteriorated while under the continued care of Dr. Farrell, and during that time he was never once warned that psychotherapy had a 40% failure rate, and in fact could worsen symptoms. 40%! If any drug had that failure rate, it would be yanked off the market in days. Your client should be happy to settle for any amount as long as its confidential and within the policy limits, his limit being a \$1 million.

Cynthia Rhodes: We're not giving you \$1 million.

Jerry Espenson: A man died here! Treatment, failure to warn, dead – that's a plaintiff trifecta. 40% failure rate in psychotherapy. None of us wants to see that headline. Actually, I can live with it. Matthew Rice perhaps could've.

Cynthia Rhodes: 375,000. That's as high as I'm authorized.

Jerry Espenson: I need to speak with someone with more authority than.

Cynthia Rhodes: Then why don't you give me your number?

Jerry Espenson: 650,000.

Cynthia Rhodes: 550,000.

Jerry Espenson: Nothing structured, all up front?

Cynthia Rhodes: Sealed, no admission.

Jerry Espenson: I'll recommend it.

Cynthia Rhodes leaves. Jerry sighs.

Katie Lloyd: We just knicked \$550,000 off them.

Jerry Espenson: We did.

Katie Lloyd: Jerry that was fantastic. Brilliant.

Jerry Espenson: **High pitch voice.** Brilliant. Uh, well...

Katie Lloyd: You're the dog's bollocks that's what you are. Fantastic.

Jerry purrs.

Scene: Judge Clark Brown's Courtroom

Adam Jovanka: Your Honor, I think we all agree that fifteen is too young to be having sex. Is there anyone here who takes issue with that? Sometimes, when the right answer is "no" you say no. You don't start tinkering with morality to coincide with logistics. Kids need to hear "no" not "here's how, just in case" but "no".

Abstinence was the right answer here. If she hadn't had sex, she wouldn't be H.I.V. positive. And even if you are so determined to opt for pragmatism, abstinence is still the right answer. Since the implementation of this policy, the teen pregnancy rate has gone down 30%. More and more kids are choosing not to have sex. And that's good. Whether they get sick or pregnant or not. And if parents disagree, by the way, they can choose to teach their kids about condoms and birth control pills and diaphragms. But once the school starts doing so, come on, you're implicitly telling the kids it's expected of them to be sexually active. And many start doing so because they feel all their friends are. Sure, we can pass out condoms. But it is simply more responsible, more moral and yes, more safe to practice abstinence. That's what we should be telling them. And this school is.



Alan Shore: This case isn't about teenage pregnancy. She didn't get pregnant. She got H.I.V. I can see why you would want to make it about teenage pregnancy, since, well, actually I can't. The United States had the worst teen pregnancy rate of any industrialized nation. And contrary to what Mr. Jovanka would like us to believe, there is no evidence



whatsoever that suggests using condoms or teaching students about condoms makes them any more inclined to have sex. None. They're already inclined to have sex and have been since early puberty. They're simply going to do it, we all do it. Birds do it, bees do it. Educated fleas do it. One day, Your Honor even you...

Slamming of gavel. Yes, the fact is this case has nothing to do with the efficacy of abstinence only programs. This case is about religion, politics and federal funding. Our present administration, in blind service to the

religious right, has transcended the separation of Church and State and consistently implemented a faith-based political and moral mandate. And now that same policy has been passed on to our educational system. If schools teach abstinence only, they get federal funding. If they teach any other type of sex education, they don't. And as a result, the students in these abstinence only programs aren't being taught the truth about that magnificent technological marvel, the condom. That's not a dirty word, Your Honor. Condoms. **Judge slams gavel again.** They first came on the scene some 3,000 years ago in Egypt. For centuries they went merrily along in modified forms warding off syphilis, gonorrhea, preventing unplanned pregnancies, until science and medicine eventually caught up and the pill became a much more effective, less intrusive contraceptive. Penicillin and other antibiotics were miracle cures for gonorrhea and syphilis. The poor humble condom languished. And then came AIDS... this terrifying new disease that panicked the world. For many years, it has been fatal, gruesomely so in every case. There was no vaccine, no cure, no treatment. But there were condoms, and they worked. They were safe, time-tested, easy to use, and they protected both partners. The condom is arguably the single most important invention of the past 2,000 years. In fact, it has been said without exaggeration that the health of the world depends on them. Now one would think that the obvious choice would be for schools to tell their students as much. But Abby's school... indeed all schools, that teach abstinence only, have chosen to lie. They teach that condoms are ineffective at preventing pregnancies, which is a lie. They teach that condoms are ineffective at preventing disease, which is a lie. Some of the literature actually compares using a condom to playing Russian Roulette, which is a frightening, despicable, unforgivable lie. **Alan turns and smiles at Abigail.** Abby Hold has H.I.V., which in all likelihood will develop into AIDS. We've sort of forgotten about AIDS in this country. Treatments have improved dramatically. Drugs are keeping people alive for many years after they become infected. But the Grim Butcher's bill for this pandemic still keeps growing and growing. 65 million people worldwide have become infected. One time unprotected sex can kill you. A condom can save you. It is inconceivable, that every child in the world isn't taught that. We should be in criminal court this very moment, trying this obscenely duplicitous school for conspiracy to commit murder. Ah. But frankly, I have no stomach for that. I think of the horror that has been inflicted on this fifteen year old girl, and I'm just so profoundly sad. I can point out the evils of this corrupt system. I can tell you effective condoms are, the lives they save and on and on and on and... but words seem to be these hollow, useless things rattling around in this courtroom. Because ultimately the lies this school told Abby Holt may... will probably kill her. They have certainly altered her life forever. And in the face of that, all I can think of is ... why? **Alan sits down next to Lorraine, speaking to Lorraine.** I give long closings.



Scene: Judge Peyton's courtroom

Bailiff: Would the defendant please rise.

Carl Sack: I'm a little nervous, you?

Denny Crane: The suspense is killing me.

Carl Sack: I'll tell you what, I'll give you some insurance. \$100,000, cut your losses in half.

Denny Crane: The man is guilty, black and white.

Judge Peyton: Has the jury reached a unanimous verdict?

Foreman: We have, Your Honor.



Judge Peyton: How say you?

Foreman: In the matter of the Commonwealth vs. Miguel Obispo...we the jury find the defendant Miguel Obispo... not guilty.

Denny Crane: What?! We appeal, Your Honor.

Judge Peyton: Mr. Crane, you can't appeal an acquittal, and it would be especially unusual for the defense to try. We're adjourned. The defendant is free to go.

Denny Crane: *Miguel is trying to hug him.* Hey! Hey!

Miguel Obispo thanks Carl Sack in Spanish as Denny writes him a check.

Carl Sack: Yes, I'm sure you're telling me that you're very happy. I'm happy too. You're welcome, Miguel. Tell the family hi for me. Bye-bye. **To Denny.** Hey don't you want to hug Miguel? He was very happy.

Denny hands Carl the check and turns to leave the courtroom. Miguel sees him and grabs him in a bear hug.

Denny Crane: Aww.

Miguel Obispo: Oh, Mr. Crane... **Speaking Spanish.**



Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Jerry Espenson and Katie Lloyd's office



Jerry is sitting and has an arrangement of flowers sitting on Katie's side of the desk. She enters the office.

Katie Lloyd: Oh my, what do we have here?

Jerry Espenson: I brought you some flowers to celebrate our good result.

Katie Lloyd: Jerry, you positively... I should be bringing you flowers after your brilliant negotiation. You accomplished that result.

Jerry purrs.

Jerry Espenson: I thought maybe we could celebrate by getting dinner tonight?

Katie Lloyd: It's a fab idea. I'd love that. Brilliant.

Jerry Espenson: **High pitched voice** Brilliant. 8:00?

Katie Lloyd: 8:00 it is.

Jerry chuckles and purrs. Katie notices.

Katie Lloyd: Jerry? It would be as colleagues celebrating a litigation victory? I only ask... I-I wouldn't want it to be construed as a date. Not that I think that was your intent, but just to be clear.

Jerry Espenson: No, no. I only meant as colleagues.

Katie Lloyd: Not that you wouldn't be an absolutely delightful man to date.

Any woman should be so lucky, but since I work with you for me, it's...

Jerry Espenson: : No. I-I only meant as colleagues.

Katie Lloyd: 8:00 then?

Jerry Espenson: 8:00.



Scene: Judge Clark Brown's courtroom

Judge Clark Brown: First let me say I find this national obsession with sex to be disgusting. Young girls walking around in t-shirts with vulgar verbs written across their chests and on their buttocks, television news, movies, it's all sex, sex, sex, sex, sex!

Alan Shore: Outrageous.

Judge Clark Brown: Outrageous. And while I admire the schools motives in trying to stress abstinence, and they should, the evidence suggests that they are no less likely to fornicate and even more likely not to use condoms when they do. The statistics on AIDs are horrifying, 65 million and counting. A condom may just be the greatest health advice we could possibly give our children, more important even that seat belts. In this sad, sad day when sex seems to be everywhere, how can we fail to give them proper sex education? I order the school district to scrap its abstinence only program, to start teaching sex education, and I order them to pay the petitioner \$750,000 in compensatory damages. **Bangs gavel.** Adjourned.

Abigail Holt: Oh, my gosh, I-I never even asked for money did I?

Alan Shore: No you did not. Congratulations Abby.

Abigail Holt: Oh thank you. Thank you for all of your work. **To Lorraine.** Oh, And thank you.

Lorraine Weller: Thank you. You're terrific.



Alan and Lorraine walk together to the elevator.

Alan Shore: I must say, as satisfying as the ruling was, it was equally gratifying to know you and I can work together without incident.

Lorraine Weller: Yes, very gratifying.

Alan Shore: The truth is... **Pushing elevator button** I felt perfectly comfortable.

Lorraine Weller: We just needed to get it out of our system. And now its out.

They are both on elevator and the doors are closing.

Alan Shore: Completely.

Lorraine Weller: Congratulations, Alan.

Shaking hands.

Alan Shore: You too, Lorraine.

You hear the elevator start moving and they are all over each other.

Scene: Crane Poole and Schmidt – Denny's balcony



Denny Crane: Maybe it's the elevator. I had a thing about desktops. When I was younger... And the backseat of cars, and farms.

Alan Shore: Is there something wrong with me, Denny? I don't even really think of Gloria.

Denny Crane: Well, why should you? She's a cold-hearted-bitch, Gloria. She'd have been awful for you.

Alan Shore: : Well, why didn't you ever tell me that?

Denny Crane: Well, you had to see it for yourself, and I knew you would. Besides, you'd have dismissed anything I had to say, thinking that I was trying to split you up so I could sleep with her. Can I now, by the way?

Lorraine could be right for you.

Alan Shore: I don't know. It's just her smell and her... arms, and her... legs.

Denny Crane: Yes or no on Gloria, can I?

Alan Shore: You just said she was a cold-hearted-bitch.

Denny Crane: Yeah, I like that. Can I?

Alan Shore: You know what, you're both consenting adults. It's none of my business.

Denny Crane: Well, that's a mature response.

Alan Shore: Denny?

Denny Crane: No! Forget Shirley. She's Grandmothered in. Oh, Alan, aren't women just the best?

Alan Shore: Indeed.

Denny Crane: I love 'em all. They all love me.

Alan Shore: It's good to be Denny Crane.

Denny Crane: Not bad to be you right now.

Alan Shore: It has its moments.

Denny Crane: Lorraine. Lemon Lorraine Pie.

Alan takes out the Chiclets and starts chewing. Denny laughs.

