

**Boston Legal**  
**Rescue Me**  
**Season 4, Episode 14**  
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**Airdate: February 19, 2008**

Transcribed by Sheri for boston-legal.org [version updated February 26, 2008]  
Transcribed from aired episode; this is not an official script

**John Larroquette:** Previously, on Boston Legal.

**Carl Sack:** I don't think this is working out.

**Shirley Schmidt:** What isn't working out?

**Carl Sack:** Us.

**Andrea Michele:** *To Alan Shore:* Andrea Michele—the client. *To Shirley Schmidt:* Am I getting my ass whipped? Not that I don't like that.

**Shirley Schmidt:** You need to tone it down.

**Andrea Michele:** Now I'm horny.

**Alan Shore:** The United States Coast Guard Auxiliary, a volunteer component of the Coast Guard—

**Denny Crane:** Let's go.

**Alan Shore:** I get seasick, but whatever.

**Denny Crane:** Ohh, we're gonna be in the military. Already my penis feels bigger.

Crane, Poole & Schmidt: Hallway

***Carl Sack walks down the hallway to the Reception Area, engrossed in reading a piece of correspondence in a file folder. He encounters:***

**Carl Sack:** Katie! *handing her the file* A court-appointed, indigent client. Check forgery.

**Katie Lloyd:** Should be able to manage that.

**Carl Sack:** Yes. Manage it quickly, please, so we can put you on a case that might actually make this firm some money.

***Katie Lloyd smiles, turns and walks away. Carl Sack turns to do the same, but is brought up short by Maureen Janely.***

**Carl Sack:** Hello.

**Maureen Janely:** *reading a letter* "Dear Maureen—Being with you is being. Thinking about the last time we made love, I feel both a total sense of peace, and a voracious hunger. When I'm on you, I am. Meet me."

**Carl Sack:** *shakes the cobwebs out of his mind* That's sweet. But I'm not Maureen.

**Maureen Janely:** I'm Maureen. Guess who wrote this?

**Carl Sack:** *theatrically dramatic* The suspense is simply more than I can bear.

**Maureen Janely:** My pastor. We had an affair. This is one of the letters he wrote while we were together. I loved him. He dumped me. I want to sue him.

**Carl Sack:** *spotting Clarence Bell at the Receptionist's Desk* Clarence!

**Clarence Bell:** *stepping forward* Yes?

**Carl Sack:** This is Maureen. She loves her pastor. Clarence will help you. Pay no attention to his shifty eyes.

***Clarence Bell escorts Maureen Janely to his office, and Andrea Michele enters the Reception Area from the Elevator Bank.***

**Andrea Michele:** Hello.

**Carl Sack:** Who are you?

**Andrea Michele:** Who are you?

**Carl Sack:** Busy.

**Andrea Michele:** Andrea. Hi. My friends call me "The Beave."

**Carl Sack:** Oh, yes; I remember you. You're the one that sued over the nuclear power plant. Well, what is it today, Beave?

***Andrea Michele holds her right hand up, calling attention to a large, diamond-like stone set in a plain ring on her ring finger.***

**Carl Sack:** Congratulations! Who's the lucky troop ship?

**Andrea Michele:** Funny. Got a first name?

**Carl Sack:** Extremely. Extremely busy.

**Andrea Michele:** *blocking his egress* Hold on! I bring business. This ring is a zirconium; it's supposed to be my mother. You're very tall, by the way. I sent her ashes to a company that takes out the carbon, heats it up, smashes it down, and turns it into a "Memorial Diamond," but this—as I said—is *not* a diamond. It's a cubic zirconium. I've been defrauded. I'm looking for a tall, distinguished yet privately debauched attorney to satisfy "The Beave," and you're it.

**Carl Sack** *shakes his head, and walks away, Andrea Michele close behind him.*

[opening credits]

Prison: Holding Cell

**We hear the security buzzer, and a Guard opens the door for Katie Lloyd, who enters. Leonardo Morris is pacing.**

**Katie Lloyd:** Hello, Mr. Morris; I'm Katie Lloyd. I'll be representing you.

**Leonardo Morris:** *holding out his hand to shake Katie's* Leo.

**Katie Lloyd:** Aries. Glad we got that out of the way.

**Leonardo Morris:** No; my *name* is Leo.

**Katie Lloyd:** Oh. Beg your pardon. I'm— *clears throat* I see you're charged with felony forgery, and there appears to be ample evidence.

**Leonardo Morris:** Well, that's only because I did it.

**Katie Lloyd:** Oh, I see. Do y—do you have a reason?

**Leonardo Morris:** I do. I'm dying.

**Katie Lloyd:** *shakes her head* You don't look it.

**Leonardo Morris:** You got me! I'm not, and therein lies the problem. You seem confused. I'd be glad to explain over dinner.

**Katie Lloyd:** How 'bout you do so now?

**Leonardo Morris:** Okay. Are you familiar with viatical settlements? The terminally-ill person signs over his life insurance policy for up-front cash—

**Katie Lloyd:** —and when that person dies, the company collects the policy's full death benefits.

**Leonardo Morris:** Yes. Four years ago, I was diagnosed with AIDS. Bad blood transfusion.

**Katie Lloyd:** He adds to assure me he's straight.

**Leonardo Morris:** Anyway, I—I—I didn't respond to any of the medications. None. My T-cells plummeted; my viral load soared. I couldn't work; I had no savings. I needed money to live on—well, to die on.

**Katie Lloyd:** So, you sold your life insurance policy.

**Leonardo Morris:** Yeah. They gave me forty-thousand [dollars] and agreed to cover my health and life insurance benefits for the rest of my life, which seemed to be a few months away. But then, these new treatments came out—they call them "rescue drugs"—for AIDS patients who don't respond to normal medications, and turned things around. Great for me—I get to live. Not so great for the viatical company, which promised to pay for my health insurance for the rest of my life.

**Katie Lloyd:** And now they want out of the deal.

**Leonardo Morris:** And I still *need* the deal. Basically, if I don't get the right treatment, I die. So, I took one of their checks, made counterfeits, and started paying the premiums *that way*. Evidently, that's a crime?

**Katie Lloyd:** Well, I've been assigned by the court to your case, so—

**Leonardo Morris:** I'm in luck.

Crane, Poole & Schmidt: Hallway

**Carl Sack and Lorraine Weller walk down the hallway, discussing Maureen Janely's case.**

**Carl Sack:** I told him to get rid of it, but he didn't.

**Lorraine Weller:** What do you expect me to do?

**Carl Sack:** Backstop him. Help make it go away.

**Lorraine Weller:** She's suing her pastor for dumping her—it's ridiculous.

**Carl Sack:** Ah! Of course, it is. This is the firm where ridiculous—

**Carl Sack and Lorraine both stop in mid-stride as they come to Denny Crane's office, and can see into the office via the windowed wall. Denny Crane is kneeling on the floor, leaning over a prone Alan Shore performing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.**

**Carl Sack:** Excuse me.

**Leaving Lorraine Weller watching from the window, Carl Sack appears at the door to Denny Crane's Office.**

**Carl Sack:** Hello.

**Denny Crane straightens up, and Alan Shore coughs.**

Denny Crane: Need something?

Carl Sack: What're you doing?

Denny Crane: Mouth-to-mouth. Coast Guard training. We need to know CPR. No tongue!

**Carl Sack puckers up his face in response, then turns to exit, only to walk into Andrea Michele.**

Andrea Michele: I've saved you some time. I called the company that makes these rings **shows him the cubic zirconium ring to remind him** and he's agreed to come here and meet with you. You should be on your knees thanking me. Win this case, and I'll get down on mine.

**Carl Sack rolls his eyes and exits.**

Whitney Rome's Office

Whitney Rome: Well, had she been drinking or—?

Carolyn Joseph: No, no. It was a school day. She'd been up the prior night studying for a test. Earlier that week, she'd pulled an overnigher to finish a paper. They think she fell asleep at the wheel.

Whitney Rome: How can I be of help, Mrs. Joseph?

Carolyn Joseph: I believe that my daughter was hugely sleep-deprived, as the result of both stress and workload. I partly blame myself for even letting her drive, because I knew how tired she was, but she wouldn't be dead if it weren't for the— **chokes up with emotion** I want to sue her high school.

Denny Crane's Office

**Denny Crane and Alan Shore are faced off, Alan Shore wearing flippers, face mask, snorkel and an old-fashioned bathing suit, and Denny Crane in matching Hawaiian-look shirt, shorts, and Gators.**

Denny Crane: You can't use a snorkel, man!

Alan Shore: Why not?

Denny Crane: Well, they won't let you. We're supposed to be able to save people; you look like you need to be *rescued*!

Alan Shore: Denny, I'm afraid of the water!

Denny Crane: Don't say that to the Coast Guard! They won't let you in, man!

**Alan Shore sighs one of his most dramatic, long-suffering sighs. Denny Crane notices Carl Sack is watching the whole scene, bemused.**

Denny Crane: What's his problem now?

Alan Shore: **turning to face Carl Sack** I have no idea.



Crane, Poole & Schmidt: Hallway

**Katie Lloyd and Leonardo Morris are discussing Morris's case.**

Leonardo Morris: They'll drop the charges? Just like that?

Katie Lloyd: No, not 'just like that.' It took a phenomenal bit of lawyering on my part, and it's conditioned on the viatical company agreeing not to press charges. I have a settlement conference scheduled for tomorrow at 10.

**Katie Lloyd and Leonardo Morris walk past Clarence Bell and Lorraine Weller, discussing Maureen Janely's case.**

Lorraine Weller: Now, what's your cause of action?

Clarence Bell: Emotional distress.

Lorraine Weller: For a break-up?

Clarence Bell: Well, this was her pastor; there may be a special duty of care, like with a therapist.

Lorraine Weller: I don't know, Clarence.

Clarence Bell: Might as well try. What's to lose?

Lorraine Weller: Honestly? Your career! **stopping Clarence in the middle of the hallway; quietly** I don't mean to be harsh, but if you want to advance here, taking cases that waste the firm's time and resources isn't the best way to accomplish that. Carl's not happy you ran with this.

Clarence Bell: He'll be happy if we get something.

**Lorraine Weller nods, walks off.**

Carl Sack's Office (at night)

**Carl Sack enters, walks to his desk, sits, and rubs his temples. Shirley Schmidt enters.**

Shirley Schmidt: You okay?

**By the look on his face, Shirley Schmidt can deduce the answer.**

Shirley Schmidt: So, talk to me. What's the matter?

Carl Sack: **sighs** It's . . . not a new discussion. The cases we . . . I've got Clarence and Lorraine handling a woman who's suing because her pastor dumped her. Katie is taking care of a court-appointed matter. Denny and Alan are very busy trying to join the Coast Guard. Your friend, Andrea, wants me to sue some crematorium for turning her mother into a cubic zirconium. I—it seems like every case we do—

Whitney Rome: **knocks; stands at the door** Carl. Sorry. I just took a client. Her daughter was killed in a car wreck and she wants to sue her high school for wrongful death, claiming they made her kid sleep-deprived. I just couldn't say "no" to the woman. Sorry. **exits**

Shirley Schmidt: Umm. That's who we are, Carl. Would you like to lighten the mood by talking about us?

Carl Sack: Sure.

Shirley Schmidt: Have you really been that unhappy?

Carl Sack: I think . . . when people become parents, their personal lives get pushed to the back burner, where they sit dormant for years. Husbands and wives become . . . ancillary to each other, causing many a marriage to fail. Mine did, as did the dozen or so of yours.

Shirley Schmidt: Funny.

Carl Sack: You and I are very compatible, Shirley. We like the same movies; we go to museums together. We just make splendid company when we're not off independently doing our own things. And we make excuses for the lack of . . . let's call it "heat." We're not that old, Shirley. And sexually, you are still a beautiful, passionate woman. I'm still capable of passion—without medication, even. I mean, these are the years when our personal lives should be very much on the front burner again. And with you and I—together—they're not, which brings me back to "You deserve more." And so do I. Does that make sense?

Shirley Schmidt: **nodding slowly** A little too much, actually.

**With a "clomp, clomp" of flippers, Alan Shore, still in his swimming get-up, appears at the door.**

Alan Shore: Shirley! I've represented you. I now need you to represent me.

Shirley Schmidt: **afraid to ask** Why?

Alan Shore: It's possible I might be disqualified from the Coast Guard because I'm afraid of the water. I want to sue under the Americans with Disabilities Act.

**Carl Sack is now enjoying his headache wa-ay too much.**

Shirley Schmidt: I think not.

Crane, Poole & Schmidt: Conference Room

Clarence Bell: An egregious wrong by your client has resulted in great spiritual loss to Ms. Janely.

Attorney Emma Path: They banged; he bailed; she bruised.

Clarence Bell: We're prepared to go forward with this, but we're willing to entertain a settlement offer.

Attorney Emma Path: Would we be here if he'd kept on slappin' her sheets?

Maureen Janely: It wasn't cheap and ugly. It was a profound love. **turns to Reverend Kurt Joyner; imploring:** Tell her.

Reverend Kurt Joyner: I was . . . intoxicated. I was powerless.

Maureen Janely: Did you love me?

Reverend Kurt Joyner: **trying to avoid eye contact with Maureen Janely, Clarence Bell or Lorraine Weller** No.

Maureen Janely: But—

Reverend Kurt Joyner: It was lust. What we were doing was a sin. It had to stop. And I couldn't leave my wife and marry you just for the lust. It would just be sinning against you even more.

Maureen Janely: Well, wha—what do I do now? If I don't have you, what do I do?

Judge Patrice Webb's Courtroom

Carolyn Joseph: **testifying from witness chair** She was taking four AP courses. She was involved in at least fifteen activities.

Whitney Rome: This was by her choice.

**Carolyn Joseph:** Well, it was, and it wasn't. She saw everybody else doing it, and she didn't want to lag behind. I—I—I—it just seems there's this frenzy, be it SAT scores or getting into the best college, and the kids—even the ones who get As, like Samantha—feel they can always do more.

**Whitney Rome:** And you blame school?

**Carolyn Joseph:** Well, I—I—I realize that some of it comes from the parents. We all want our kids to succeed, but—but most of the pressure comes from their peers, and certainly the schools can see the stress! It's widespread.

**Attorney Adam Jovanka:** Do the parents see the stress?

**Carolyn Joseph:** Yes. And I did. But how do you get your kid to decompress when she feels that if she doesn't take four AP courses, if she doesn't succeed in sports, if she isn't involved in school government, then she can forget about going to a selective college? After all of her activities, she would come home from school at 9 or 10—only then to start her homework! Now, these schools need to set limits, and they don't.

**Attorney Adam Jovanka:** Did you?

**Carolyn Joseph:** I tried. But—

**Attorney Adam Jovanka:** Ever lean on her to do better?

**Carolyn Joseph:** *nodding* Sometimes. And I regret it. If I had her back, I would say, "Honey, let's go to the beach, or take a hayride, or build a snowman, or—" My God! These kids don't even go on spring break these days; they use the time to visit colleges or take SAT courses. I'm sorry, Judge. I know that you don't want tears, but—but we put too much on these kids. They don't sleep. And my baby's dead because of it.

Crane, Poole & Schmidt: Conference Room

**CEO Bob Winthrop and Attorney Walt Devlin are waiting for Katie Lloyd and Leonardo Morris, who enter.**

**Katie Lloyd:** *enters* Good morning. My name's Katie Lloyd. I'm representing Leonardo Morris.

**Attorney Walt Devlin:** Yes. We've met before. How are you, Leo?

**Leonardo Morris:** Alive. I can be such a killjoy.

**CEO Robert Winthrop:** And I'm Bob Winthrop, the CEO of Living Securities.

**Katie Lloyd:** Katie Lloyd.

**CEO Robert Winthrop:** Pleasure. First, let me say, Mr. Morris, we *are* happy for your recovery.

**Katie Lloyd:** I've met with the District Attorney. I suspect she'd agree not to prosecute on the check forging if you agree not to press charges.

**CEO Robert Winthrop:** Done.

**Katie Lloyd:** Really?

**CEO Robert Winthrop:** Of course. And I assume you'll agree not to pursue us civilly.

**Leonardo Morris:** I can't do that. You entered into a contract to pay for my health insurance. You breached it.

**Attorney Walt Devlin:** That contract presumes a meeting of the minds. Clearly, there wasn't here.

**Leonardo Morris:** How do you figure?

**Katie Lloyd:** Leo.

**Leonardo Morris:** She asks.

**Attorney Walt Devlin:** Well, uh, I don't want to sound like a ghoul, but that contract presumes you'd be dead within six months. As it turns out, you could live forever.

**Katie Lloyd:** That was you not wanting to sound like a ghoul?

**CEO Robert Winthrop:** Look, everybody knows what viatical companies do. We buy life insurance policies from dying people. He presented himself as a dying man. He didn't die.

Carl Sack's Office

**Andrea Michele:** What did you do with my mother?

**CEO George Parkes:** Well, as I was explaining to Mr. Sack, uh, despite our best efforts to provide you with a carbon remain-based gem—

**Andrea Michele:** Yeah. Where is she?

**CEO George Parkes:** We encountered a glitch. If you'll refer to the contract, in the event of a material-processing complication, LifeJewel guarantees a substitute of equal or greater value. Cubic zirconium *is* of greater value than ashes.

**Andrea Michele:** *snort-laugh* What? Are you kidding me?

**CEO George Parkes:** I'll gladly provide you a full refund—

**Andrea Michele:** I want you to refund me my mother—her ashes.

**CEO George Parkes:** —plus \$25,000.

**Carl Sack looks hopeful. Andrea Michele laughs.**

**Andrea Michele:** Well, we'll see you in court.



Carl Sack: Wait, now. Let's just hold on a second.

Andrea Michele: Of course, I'm not gonna accept that insulting offer!

Carl Sack: Andrea, look—

Andrea Michele: Here's a guarantee, Mr. Parkes: Call your lawyer. We will see you in court.

**Both Carl Sack and CEO George Parkes are speechless.**

Carl Sack: Up—

Andrea Michele: Go on. Go.

**CEO George Parkes exits. Andrea Michele turns to find Carl Sack glaring at her.**

Andrea Michele: What?

Carl Sack's Office (later; continuation of conversation)

Andrea Michele: You're upset with me.

Carl Sack: I'm upset with myself for being manipulated.

Andrea Michele: Look—may I call you "Extremely," though it's a funny first name?

Carl Sack: Call me "Carl," "Beave."

Andrea Michele: You know, you need to loosen up a little. Now, how often does it happen that an over-sexed woman barges in with a cubic zirconium, complaining that it's not her mother.

Lorraine Weller's Office

Maureen Janely: Wh—what do you mean, I have no case?

Lorraine Weller: Well, Maureen, the courts don't interfere in failed romances.

Maureen Janely: To give another person one's love . . . That's everything, isn't it?

Lorraine Weller: It is, but when one enters into a love affair, he or she assumes the risk of a broken heart.

Maureen Janely: Can't you do anything? Because of what he did, I no longer even believe in God. This just isn't fair.

Lorraine Weller: You no longer believe in God?

Maureen Janely: No. How could I?

Judge Patrice Webb's Courtroom

Principal Franke Holliston: **testifying from witness stand** Look. Kids are raised with the mindset now—forget about love of learning—it's "Get into the trophy college."

Attorney Adam Jovanka: All I ever hear about is how our kids don't learn, how our education system is failing.

Principal Franke Holliston: It is. Getting the grade is not the same as learning; in fact, sometimes they're mutually exclusive. The kids have mastered test-taking. It's memorization—they forget it as soon as the exam's over. Moreover, the competition has created a culture of cheating. It's all about getting the advantage. And it's every bit as bad as Mrs. Joseph suggests.

Attorney Adam Jovanka: What do we do about it?

Principal Franke Holliston: Well, in my thinking, it does start with the parents. They see Dad—and now Mom *and* Dad—competing in the workplace, maximizing career opportunities, exploiting any edge they can get. We live in a society that likes to keep score. It happens in life. This is going on in the home, a—and we can't stop it from happening in the schools.

Whitney Rome: **from her table** How about not offering the AP courses?

Principal Franke Holliston: We do that, and the kids leave in droves, and find someplace that *does* offer them.

Whitney Rome: Stress management classes?

Principal Franke Holliston: We've got them. The kids don't have time to schedule them in.

Whitney Rome: Limiting the amount of extracurricular activities?

Principal Franke Holliston: Well, it sounds good; problem is, when it comes time to apply to college. Our kids compete with kids from other schools. What you're suggesting is we take away their ability to compete fairly. How do we do that? We put up a big sign saying, "If you wanna go to Harvard, don't enroll here"?

Whitney Rome: Yes! It doesn't have to be Harvard.

Principal Franke Holliston: **chuckles** Tell that to the parents.

Whitney Rome: Well, somebody's gotta take the lead here!

Principal Franke Holliston: How? Should we say, "Don't aim for the top"?

Whitney Rome: How 'bout, "Let's redefine what the top is"?

Principal Franke Holliston: But it's the kids who define it.

Whitney Rome: Does getting into a select college mean they have a better chance at achieving success or happiness?

Principal Franke Holliston: **shaking her head** No.

**Whitney Rome:** Well, maybe you should start by telling them that.

**Crane, Poole & Schmidt:** Conference Room (at night)

**Attorney Walt Devlin:** Even assuming you really are willing to go to jail on the forgery—

**Leonardo Morris:** If I can't afford my medications, my life span gets pretty short. Prison doesn't really scare me.

**Attorney Walt Devlin:** You'd be dead long before this could even get to trial, so why should we be scared of a lawsuit?

**Katie Lloyd:** His estate can sue for wrongful death.

**Attorney Walt Devlin:** Oh, c'mon!

**CEO Robert Winthrop:** We make it possible for terminal people to enjoy some quality of life.

**Katie Lloyd:** By betting on their death.

**CEO Robert Winthrop:** *angry* You don't know my business, Counsel!

**Katie Lloyd:** I will make it a point, sir, for the jury to know your business. They will learn that your industry is rife with corruption, that it's largely unregulated by the SEC, that a grand jury indeed found out that up to 50% of viatical agreements may indeed have been procured by fraud.

**CEO Robert Winthrop:** Look, you don't have—

**Katie Lloyd:** And, while you entice investors by convincing them they're making a humanitarian investment that will turn a *huge* profit, you currently have no fewer than 11 lawsuits filed against you by these investors, who have yet to see any of the giant returns you guaranteed.

**CEO Robert Winthrop:** My investors have done just fine, thank you.

**Katie Lloyd:** In the 80s, perhaps, when AIDS victims paid off by dying quickly. You bought my client's policy when he was circling the drain, and made what you thought was a sure bet, and now that it's turned out otherwise, you renege. You've breached a contract, Mr. Winthrop, and in so doing, you've made it *impossible* for my client to afford his medication. You may very well hasten his death, but, hey! I'm sure the jury will find you quite sympathetic.



Katie Lloyd's Office

**Katie Lloyd and Leonardo Morris enter.**

**Leonardo Morris:** Okay, *that* was good.

**Katie Lloyd:** Thank you.

**Leonardo Morris:** So where do we go from here?

**Katie Lloyd:** Well, hopefully they'll make us an offer.

**Leonardo Morris:** I mean you and me. You got me



all excited about living another forty years or so.

**Katie Lloyd:** Do I?

**Leonardo Morris:** If only I'd known getting arrested could have such an "up" side. All the crimes I could have committed!

**Katie Lloyd:** Leo, I—I represent you so it would be extremely unethical to . . . for me to—

**Leonardo Morris interrupts Katie Lloyd with a very romantic kiss.**

**Katie Lloyd:** *breaking off the kiss; nodding* —to kiss you.

**Leonardo Morris:** So, now you're in trouble.

**Katie Lloyd:** *nodding* Mm, hmm. Big trouble.

**But they kiss again—longer and more intimately—anyway.**

**Leonardo Morris:** I'd better go. You'll call?

**Katie Lloyd:** What's wrong with you calling?

**Leonardo Morris:** I meant if we get an offer. I'll definitely be calling.

**Katie Lloyd:** 'Night, Leo.

**Leonardo Morris:** 'Night.



Crane, Poole & Schmidt: Conference Room

**Lorraine Weller:** Thank you for coming back. Reverend Joyner, I just wanted to extend my apologies. It was wrong for my client to sue you. I must confess: I hadn't properly reviewed the facts, but now that I have, we'll be withdrawing our claim forthwith.

**Maureen Janely:** What?

**Attorney Emma Path:** Is this a trick?

**Lorraine Weller:** It's not a trick, Ms. Path. I quite properly realized it shouldn't be Kurt whom Maureen sues, but rather, the Church.

**Reverend Kurt Joyner:** What? Why?

**Lorraine Weller:** Well, your relationship began with you as her pastor. You were acting as an agent of the Church.

**Attorney Emma Path:** Nice try. You can't sue a church for a broken heart, Twiggy.

**Lorraine Weller:** The claim would be loss of faith. The Reverend has caused my client to lose her faith in God.

**Attorney Emma Path:** That's ridiculous.

**Lorraine Weller:** Is it, now? I suspect not to Kurt. I had opportunity to read several of his sermons, many of which eloquently convey how love and faith are inextricably, indelibly woven together. "Whoever does not love, does not know God," because God is love. **To Reverend Kurt Joyner:** That's beautiful. **Back to addressing**

**Attorney Emma Path:** Yes, we will be pursuing the Church now. They're a much deeper pocket, by the way. Oh, and thank you for categorizing your feelings as lust; it will help with liability, though I'm not sure your congregation will be pleased to learn their pastor is a sinner.

**Reverend Kurt Joyner:** Look. Maybe we can just settle this.

**Attorney Emma Path:** **with a restraining hand on his forearm** No. We can't.

**Reverend Kurt Joyner:** Emma. I can't have the Church dragged into this.

**Attorney Emma Path:** She's extorting you, Kurt. She's just trying to scare you, so you'll quit fighting. Is God a quitter?

**Reverend Kurt Joyner:** **reluctantly** No.

**Attorney Emma Path:** I need more conviction, Kurt. Is God a quitter?

**Reverend Kurt Joyner:** **whupped, but with more conviction** No.

**Attorney Emma Path:** What would Jesus do, Kurt?

**Reverend Kurt Joyner:** He'd fight back.

**Attorney Emma Path:** Jesus wasn't a baby, was he, Kurt?

**Reverend Kurt Joyner:** No. Jesus would "get" her. That's what he'd do. He'd get her.

**Attorney Emma Path:** We're not settling.



Judge Clark Brown's Courtroom

**Judge Clark Brown:** What kind of preposterous nonsense is this?

**Carl Sack:** **from his table; standing** It's the kind of nonsense we specialize in, Judge. But as preposterous as it is, these companies actually exist. They convert the remains of people into diamonds. This firm, however, lost the ashes of my client's mother, and instead proffered a cubic zirconium. It isn't right.

**Judge Clark Brown:** I don't really care. Why should a court take up its valuable time with something so—so—so—

**Carl Sack:** Because it matters, Judge. Cases like this really do matter. **long pause** Ohh, are you going to make me tell you why?

**Judge Clark Brown:** **nodding** Yes.

**Carl Sack:** Okay. **clears throat** I'm a great believer in capitalism. It fuels our competitive edge; it's the lifeblood of our economy. But it also can bring out some of our most disgusting tendencies. And nowhere are we more exploitative—more disgusting, more soulless—than we are in the death business. Get them when they're grieving. Whether it's the solid mahogany coffin, the choicest plot, the marble tombstone—if you truly loved a lost one, you should pay through the nose to show it. And they come up with ingenious, creative, new ways to profit off grief, like these diamond rings. It's so easy to bilk people in their weakest emotional states. They'll pay a



higher price; they'll sign a misleading contract. They won't scrutinize the fine print. My God! Who first came up with "Let's burn the bodies and sell urns"? The truth is: We are so desperate to hold on to our loved ones, we'll do anything. My client sought to hold on to her mother with a ring. They lost the ashes; they breached the contract, then tried to defraud her with a cubic zirconium. And with that, I think our time has come to take advantage of them.

#### Katie Lloyd's Office

**Leonardo Morris:** Seven hundred and fifty thousand?

**Katie Lloyd:** I think we have to take it.

**Leonardo Morris:** And they'll waive the forgery charges.

**Katie Lloyd:** They will. You'll have a check this week.

**Leonardo Morris:** Wow. What can I say? Marry me.

**Katie Lloyd:** Then, half the money would be mine, I s'pose.

**Leonardo Morris:** You know, once this case is over, I won't be a client any more.

**Katie Lloyd:** No. You won't.

**Leonardo Morris:** You'll be free to do . . . whatever.

**Katie Lloyd:** I s'pose I will.

**Their kiss is interrupted by:**

**Shirley Schmidt: *carrying beer*** But, you shouldn't do it here.

#### Judge Patrice Webb's Courtroom

**Whitney Rome: *presenting closing arguments from the floor, before Judge Patrice Webb*** We've all heard the moans of the modern day high school teacher. "My kids aren't motivated; they don't want to learn." And that's real, but we've got another epidemic, especially in the middle class, upper class and affluent schools. It's called "teenage depression." A recent study at the Centers for Disease Control found that 17% of kids in grades 9 through 12 have seriously considered suicide. What? Seventeen percent? It is now the third leading cause of death for teenagers. Some experts say drowsy driving is as deadly as drunk driving. Eighty percent of teenagers today are sleep-deprived. This now when we're learning that losing sleep causes a multitude of medical issues—not just depression, but anxiety, weakening of the immune system, ADHD. High-stress teens are twice as likely to smoke, drink, use drugs. What the hell is going on? Our kids are over-stressed, over-scheduled, because it's all about getting the grade, getting into a good college. Oh, they're arriving at college, by the way, fried. Princeton is now considering recommending a gap year between high school and college because freshmen are showing up burned out, in no condition to learn. Why, in God's name, do we have to teach AP courses in high school? These are college courses. What ever happened to waiting for college? And the answer can't be, "We have to offer them because other schools are." And for all the work those stressed-out kids are doing, there's no correlation between happiness, success, and getting into the right school. None. Meanwhile, they're missing out on fun, down time, being a teenager! It's taking a physical and emotional toll. The neuroscience on multitasking shows it hurts the brain; it dumbs us down. All this stuff our kids are doing to get ahead is setting them back. Samantha Joseph ended up dead.

**Attorney Adam Jovanka: *presenting his closing arguments from his chair*** This is a much bigger picture than high school. It's our nation's "Power Culture" today. Do everything it takes to get ahead. ***rising, and stepping forward to face Judge Patrice Webb*** The athletes take steroids; the students pop Adderall; our elected officials engage in dirty politics—it's all about winning! And parents? They want their kids to win. There may be no correlation between success and Harvard, but they want their kids to wear the crimson just the same. They look at their friends' kids, their neighbors' kids and they want their *own* kids to be "better than," because we are a nation of winners. Samantha Joseph perhaps died in part because she was doing too much, trying to succeed in a competitive world. And yet, ask any parent what they want most. It's "Prepare my teen to succeed in a competitive world." ***returns to his chair and sits down***

#### Shirley Schmidt's Office

**Katie Lloyd and Shirley Schmidt are sitting on the couch.**

**Shirley Schmidt:** People today with AIDS can live a—a long time, but many more die quickly, and it is not a fun death.

**Katie Lloyd:** Is death supposed to be fun?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Love is. Have you considered, if this worked out, you couldn't have a biological child with him without risking AIDS to both yourself and the baby?

**Katie Lloyd:** Why don't you let us have a single date before counseling me on marriage?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Relationships start with a single date. I'm . . . not your mother, but, since your parents are in England, and I'm the one that hired you, I would ask you to think very carefully about this.

**Katie Lloyd:** Common sense can be an ugly beast sometimes, can't it?

**Shirley Schmidt nods.**

A Large Aquatics Center

**Coast Guard trainers and recruits are busily practicing CPR and lifesaving skills. Denny Crane, in a white terrycloth robe and slippers, is anxiously waiting, when Alan Shore enters the pool area, dressed in a shortie wetsuit with white stars on a navy blue field on the top portion, and vertical red and white strips on the bottom half. He has a white towel slung over his shoulder and is wearing matching white terrycloth slippers.**

**Denny Crane:** *soto voce* Judas Priest!

**Alan Shore:** Too patriotic?

**Denny Crane:** What a suck-up!

Crane, Poole & Schmidt: Reception Area

**Carl Sack is walking down the stairs. Once at the bottom, Andrea Michele enters from the Reception Area.**

**Andrea Michele:** There's my little litigator man. So cute.

**Carl Sack:** Andrea!

**Andrea Michele:** I couldn't stop thinking about you and your big speech, and—

**Carl Sack:** Andrea, by some miracle, the judge ruled in our favor, which means, "Oh, joy! We get to keep handling this megacase.

**The elevator dings.**

**Carl Sack:** Speaking of trials of the century—

**Clarence Bell and Lorraine Weller step off and into the Reception Area.**

**Carl Sack:** Clarence, Lorraine, please tell me you got a settlement from the pastor.

**Clarence Bell:** We're working on it.

**Carl Sack:** Working on it. Oh, here she comes.

**Maureen Janely, looking ecstatically happy, joins the group in the Reception Area.**

**Maureen Janely:** I have truly wonderful news! *laughs* After Kurt's disgusting behavior yesterday, I confronted him. We got into a big fight. All kinds of emotions poured out. Sum total: He still loves me. *laughs again* We're back together. I'm dropping the suit. Thank you all so, so much. *another laugh, and exits, dancing*

**Carl Sack:** Oh, great! We came out of it with a thank you! Golly, gee!

**Maureen Janely is laughing and waving from the Elevator Bank. Carl Sack turns, exits.**

Carl Sack's Office

**Andrea Michele:** *closing the door behind her* Okay. Here's the deal: You need serious help. That was a good thing that just happened out there. Two people in love got back together—that's a victory! The fact that you can't see past the bottom line to appreciate that—you gotta problem.

**Carl Sack:** I appreciate it when I fall in love. As for Maureen's bliss—

**Andrea Michele:** Oh, wait. When was the last time that happened?

**Carl Sack:** *hangs up his jacket* That would be none of your business.

**Andrea Michele:** Yes, it *is* my business, because I wanna go out with you.

**Carl Sack:** I'm . . . barely just getting out of a relationship.

**Andrea Michele:** Out of a *faux* relationship. We both know that. Even Shirley does.

**Carl Sack:** Aside from all of the sexually-transmitted diseases I'd be exposing myself to—

**Andrea Michele:** Oh, that's funny. My sex is safe, partner. Uh! There I go, calling you "partner" already. Okay, here's the deal: When I am not in a relationship, I am prone to a few hollow thrills, but when I'm in one, I am totally, unflinchingly monogamous. You need somebody like me. You know you do. You like me. Why else would you have taken my stupid case?

**Carl Sack:** I think you need to leave now.

**Andrea Michele:** I'm not leaving.

**Carl Sack:** I'll call security.

**Andrea Michele:** Go ahead. Tell them to bring back-up.

### Judge Patrice Webb's Courtroom

**Judge Patrice Webb:** I read a book called *Doing School* by Denise Pope. I found it spot on. Every parent should read it. Kids “do” school today. It’s not about learning; it’s piling up achievements that look good on the college AP, and it’s gotten way, way out of hand. And you know what we as a society get out of it? A nation of test-takers, club presidents and volleyball captains! But we’re losing the innovators, the free thinkers, the dreamers. We lose our values: honesty, integrity, character. A bunch of outcome-oriented kids are being led by outcome-oriented teachers, who are pushed by goal-driven parents, and 20% of today’s teenagers experience depression. And a large percentage of them, like Ms. Rome says, attempt suicide. We need to get it together—fast! I feel the high school is more likely in a better position to remedy this than the parents. I’m going to allow this case to go forward. We are adjourned.

**As the attorneys rise and gather up their papers and belongings to leave:**

**Carolyn Joseph:** *to Whitney Rome:* Well, thank you.

**Whitney Rome:** This is just a start, Carolyn. It figures to be a very long journey.

**Carolyn Joseph:** Yes. Yes, and I’m prepared to take it. Are you with me?

**Whitney Rome:** *nods* I am.

**They shake hands in agreement.**

### The Aquatics Center

**Coast Guard Officer:** Okay, next up. Alan Shore—you’ll be rescuing Mr. Crane.

**Denny Crane:** Oh, God, help me.

**Coast Guard Officer:** Okay, are we ready?

**Alan Shore:** Maybe I could rescue him by persuading him not to jump in?

**By the frown on his face, one can tell the Coast Guard Officer not only disagrees, but is also not amused.**

**Coast Guard Officer:** Go!

**Denny Crane:** *soto voce, to Alan Shore:* Try not to drown me. **jumps into the pool**

**Coast Guard Officer:** Okay, Mr. Shore. Go!

**Alan Shore:** Not everybody can get in the water. Somebody’s gotta drive the boat. I don’t see why I couldn’t just . . . drive the boat.

**Coast Guard Officer:** *bellows* Go!

**Alan Shore:** Oh, dear.

**Alan Shore puts his big white terrycloth towel on the bench, takes off his matching slippers, and waddles to the edge of the pool, looking VERY stiff and anxious. He jumps in, and the melee begins. It quickly becomes unclear who exactly is rescuing whom, as Denny Crane, the “fake victim,” tries to keep both of them afloat, to no avail.**

**Coast Guard Officer:** *shaking his head* Get ‘em out!

**Recruit:** Yes, sir!

**And two recruits dive in to rescue our “heroes,” to the accompaniment of “Taps.”**

**Denny Crane:** We’ll never get in now.

**Alan Shore:** Oh, shut up.





Katie Lloyd's Office

**Katie Lloyd is deep in thought, sitting at her desk and twiddling her pen.**

Leonardo Morris: **enters; playfully** Where's my money?

**Katie Lloyd smiles wistfully.**

Leonardo Morris: I was in the neighborhood and thought—well, actually, I wasn't in the neighborhood; I . . . had to fight like hell through traffic to get here, but now that I am here-- **trails off when he sees the serious look on**

**Katie Lloyd's face** What?

Katie Lloyd: I spent a rather long night of the practical soul.

Leonardo Morris: **crestfallen; sitting on the window ledge** Oh. I don't fare very well against practical.

Katie Lloyd: I don't think it would be a great idea for me to fall in love with you, Leo. And, I fear if I were to spend time with you, I would have no choice. [I] Realize I'm guilty of a bigotry.

Leonardo Morris: But as bigotries go, one of the more reasonable ones.

Katie Lloyd: You're an incredible man. I just don't think I can go where this would inevitably lead.

Leonardo Morris: **rising** It was . . . pretty selfish of me to expect otherwise.

Katie Lloyd: No, it's just—

Leonardo Morris: Katie, I get it. **steps forward, kisses Katie Lloyd chastely on the forehead**

**Katie Lloyd looks to be near tears as Leonardo Morris exits**

Crane, Poole & Schmidt: Corridor (at night)

**Shirley Schmidt encounters Carl Sack.**

Shirley Schmidt: Hey!

Carl Sack: Hey.

Shirley Schmidt: Um, Andrea was in my office, not long ago.

Carl Sack: Uh.

Shirley Schmidt: She got down on one knee and asked for permission to marry you.

**Carl Sack rolls his eyes in exasperation.**

Shirley Schmidt: She'd be good for you, Carl.

Carl Sack: **laughs** Hasn't even been a day, and you're pimping me out.

Shirley Schmidt: **nods** I'm jealous, actually. But, part of being grown-up I suppose—

Carl Sack: We just broke up, for God's sake! Nobody's that much of a grown-up!

Shirley Schmidt: I guess not. But . . . I agree with what you said. And I actually *do* think Andrea would be great for you. And—believe it or not—I really do want you to be happy.

**Carl Sack and Shirley Schmidt smile at one another.**

Carl Sack: She thinks I'm cute.

Shirley Schmidt: You are cute, Carl. You are *incredibly* cute.

Denny Crane's Office Balcony

**Denny Crane VERY DRAMATICALLY coughs, presumably to clear chlorinated pool water—not smoke from the cigar of which he's partaking—from his lungs. Alan Shore gives him a look that includes the usual eye roll.**

Denny Crane: I can still taste the chlorine in my lungs.

Alan Shore: Ohh, you're being a baby.

Denny Crane: It's gonna be on our military record forever, you know.

Alan Shore: We can retake the test!

Denny Crane: I've never been so embarrassed in my life.



Alan Shore: **chuckling** O—o—oh; shut up! What's the big deal, anyway?

Denny Crane: It's a big deal! You don't finish the top of your class, you don't make the short list for officer material. You don't make officer—

Alan Shore: Why, aren't you just one fat microcosm of society? Get ahead! It's just like . . . Whitney's case. All these high schooler kids!

Denny Crane: How do you know about Whitney's case?

Alan Shore: I know because I take time out to talk to my neighbors. Maybe you should try that during one of your . . . sexual solicitations.

**Denny Crane silently mocks Alan Shore—all non-verbal; sniffs.**

Denny Crane: Good night for a jump. You first.

Alan Shore: **chuckling again** O—o—oh; shut up! **long pause; rolls his eyes, and shakes his head** I'm sorry. I'm sorry I screwed up the . . . swim test.

Denny Crane: I don't like to fail. I won't even try something if I think there's a risk of failure.

Alan Shore: Oh, that's absurd!

Denny Crane: No, it isn't! We're Americans; we're winners. That's our culture. We declare victory even if we lose. That's who we are!

Alan Shore: Well, maybe we all need to be a little more humble.

Denny Crane: **grumbling** I don't like fighting.

Alan Shore: Neither do I. It's not healthy to go to bed angry at somebody.

Denny Crane: **moping** Especially when it's your best friend.

Alan Shore: Why don't we just get it over with?

**They put down cigars and glasses, stand, meet in the middle and hug, patting each other's backs. When they separate, Alan Shore smiles.**

Denny Crane: I feel better.

Alan Shore: So do I. Sleep over?

Denny Crane: I knew it.

Alan Shore: **laughs** Forget it!

Denny Crane: One hug; right into the sack.

Alan Shore: I said, "Forget it."

Denny Crane: It's not that I don't like them. They need to be special. If you have them all the time, they lose their specialness!

Alan Shore: **shaking his head** They're always special to me.

**We hear the opening strains of "You Made Me Love You,\*" and Denny Crane and Alan Shore hug and pat each other's backs again.**

Denny Crane: Next time, I'll eat something spicy; the gas'll make me buoyant.

**They share a laugh.**

Alan Shore: They had to pull us to shore. You were gurgling.

Denny Crane: I was not.

Alan Shore: I heard it!

Denny Crane: It was like two beached whales.

Alan Shore: We're pathetic.

Denny Crane: I thought you were giving me the Heimlich!

Alan Shore: Oh, stop it!

**More coughing from Denny Crane.**

\*You Made Me Love You

Music by James V. Monaco

Lyrics by Joseph McCarthy

Earliest known recording by Al Jolson (1913), who also recorded it as part of the soundtrack of "The Al Jolson Story." This was either one of his versions (re-master) or a more modern homophone (Dean Martin??) recording

*You made me love you.*

*I didn't wanna do it.*

*I didn't wanna do it.*

*You made me want you*

*And all the time you knew it*

*I guess you always knew it.*

[Long bridge of music in place of some lyrics]

*Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme*

*What I cry for.*

*You know you've got the kind of kisses,*

*That I'd die for.*

*You know you made me love you.*

*You made me love you.*