

The Practice

Cheers

Season 8, Episode 22

Written by David E. Kelley

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Airdate: May 16, 2004

Transcribed by Sheri for boston-legal.org [version updated July 4, 2006]

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

A phone is ringing in the background; Hannah Rose is decked out in a hard cervical collar and body brace.

Hannah Rose: You certainly don't expect me to try a case like this.

Matthew Billings: Judge Noonan goes to Nantucket next week for the summer.

Hannah Rose: My neck hurts. Go away.

Elevator arrival ding, and Denny Crane enters the scene via the elevator.

Matthew Billings: Denny? Problem. Hannah's neck hurts and she's refusing a trial assignment.

Denny Crane: Tell her to go . . .

Walter Shepley: **entering the scene** Denny.

Denny Crane: Walter!

Walter Shepley: Have you got a second? It's, uh, rather urgent.

Denny Crane: Well, go into my office. **turns back to Matthew Billings** Tell Hannah where to go.

Denny Crane's Office

Walter Shepley: You know that my company has been very progressive when it comes to hiring people with disabilities. I've received many, many awards. I don't even like the word, "disability." I prefer, "special ability"—you know?—like Special Olympics. I'm getting off track. What I'm saying . . . I have many wheelchair-bound employees who I also consider to be extremely "special people."

Denny Crane: Oh, Walter. Don't tell me you make them race.

Walter Shepley: No, damn it. No!

Denny Crane: Well, all this talk about Olympics is . . .

Walter Shepley: Will you please be quiet and let me finish? **Walter Shepley puts a legal brief on Denny Crane's desk and both sit down** As you know, I think people in wheelchairs are not only intelligent. I'm a beacon when it comes to believing that they're also attractive. Physically attractive. **mumbling now** Sexually attractive.

Denny Crane looks very serious and sober at this revelation.

Walter Shepley: I like to touch them. Denny, I've been arrested for kissing some of my wheelchair women, and two others on crutches. **sighs** I was assured it would go away, but it hasn't. The trial is set to go today. **moves the brief so it is facing Denny Crane instead of himself** I want you to take over.

Denny Crane: You come to me the day of trial?

Walter Shepley: I thought it would go away. And . . . I was too embarrassed to tell you. I need your help. Denny, I have a reputation.

Denny Crane: Well, if you didn't, you certainly have one now.

Walter Shepley: **sighs** Please?

Denny Crane: You kiss 'em?

Walter Shepley: I—I can't help it.

Denny Crane: Walter, I can't represent a pervert. Denny Crane does not have sicko friends.

Walter Shepley: You're practically my best friend. Denny?

Denny Crane: You're an evildoer.

[credits]

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Alan Shore: This is the problem with having feelings. People expect you to talk about them.

Tara Wilson: I know. It's awful.

Denny Crane: Alan! I'm told you like sicko, perverse sexual deviants.

Alan Shore: Denny, it's not that I like them so much as I am one.

Denny Crane: A very dear friend of mine is sexually attracted to invalids. He needs our help, son.

Alan Shore: And you can't help him because . . .

Denny Crane: He disgusts me.

Alan Shore: Ah. **nods knowingly**

Denny Crane: He's been arrested for assault, and his trial, unfortunately, starts today. So . . .

Alan Shore: Today?

Denny Crane: Yes.

Alan Shore: Oh.

Denny Crane: I'll open, first chair. I need you to back me up.

Alan Shore nods. Sally Heep walks by wearing a very conservative white suit with pants and tie, and blue button-down shirt, catching Alan Shore's attention.

Tara Wilson: Alan? Hello?

Alan Shore: **turns around** Tara! What a nice surprise!

Tara Wilson: Hmm.

Further Down the Hallway

Hannah Rose: Sally! What's with the outfit?

Sally Heep: Thought I'd go grown-up, see if I like it. I don't. **elevator dings and she gets in**

Hannah Rose: **jumps into the elevator, too** Listen, I feel funny asking you this, but . . . **rolling her eyes** . . . the ibuprofen isn't getting the job done for me. Would you . . . have any pot I could . . .

Sally Heep: **expecting entrapment** Ha, ha.

Hannah Rose: I'm being serious. You certainly know I'm incapable of humor.

Sally Heep: You want to smoke pot?

Hannah Rose: I am in pain! For God's sakes, think of the leverage you'd have on me.

Jimmy Berluti's Office

Manny Quinn: My friend—Gilly Kacheri—he's a doctor, a psychiatrist. I had him examine her.

Jimmy Berluti: Who?

Manny Quinn: Fat Angelina. He says she has post-traumatic botched wedding disorder. The point is, he'll say whatever we want him to, and for the truth, he'll give a discount.

Jamie Stringer: Jimmy!

Jimmy Berluti: Jamie! Hey!

Jamie Stringer: So, this is it, huh?

Jimmy Berluti: Yeah. Jamie Stringer, Suzy Paponi.

Jamie Stringer: It's a pleasure.

Suzy Paponi: **not too pleased** Uh-huh.

Jimmy Berluti: So, what brings you?

Jamie Stringer: Well, as you know, I've been putting my resumé out there, and, uh, believe it or not, the way you described this place . . . I don't know what your situation is, but, um . . .

Jimmy Berluti: Jamie, I couldn't pay you.

Jamie Stringer: I know that. Makes it more exciting. Feel like a pioneer, I guess.

Suzy Paponi: Can I talk to you a second?

Jimmy Berluti and Suzy Paponi confer quietly near Suzy Paponi's desk.

Suzy Paponi: She can never work here.

Jimmy Berluti: Why not?

Suzy Paponi: Look at her. She is not a real person.

Jimmy Berluti: Suzy, if we got a graduate from Harvard Law School, for free, can you imagine? And she's an excellent lawyer.

Lenny Pescatore: We got a meeting with the bridal shop owner at three. I think I can make this go away.

Jimmy Berluti: Lenny, this is Jamie Stringer. She works at my old firm. She's interested in coming here.

Lenny Pescatore: Why?

Jimmy Berluti: Well, she likes the kind of work we do.

Lenny Pescatore: You bangin' her?

Jimmy Berluti: Lenny!

Manny Quinn: How come you hire her, but you won't hire me?

Jimmy Berluti: She's a lawyer. You're . . .

Manny Quinn: I got legal schoolin', Jimmy.

Jimmy Berluti: That doesn't mean . . .

Manny Quinn: I could be an asset.
Lenny Pescatore: He bangin' you?
Jimmy Berluti: Hey!
Jamie Stringer: I don't "bang."
Jimmy Berluti: We don't talk like that here. You understand?
Lenny Pescatore: You got too many rules.

Courtroom

Walter Shepley: I'm just concerned this will damage my legacy.
Alan Shore: Not to worry. Many C.E.O.'s love to fondle their wheelchair employees.
Walter Shepley: Denny?
Denny Crane: Suck it up, Walter.
Bailiff: All rise! This court is in session. The Honorable Eugene Young presiding.
Alan Shore: Eugene! **raising his hands in the air in exclamation** My buddy!
Eugene Young: Chambers.
Eugene Young walks toward his chambers, the attorneys following, and leaving the crowd murmuring.

Judge Eugene Young's Chambers

Eugene Young: How did you get me assigned to this? I want to know.
Alan Shore: I didn't. I swear.
Eugene Young: So it's just a coincidence, my first case—my very first case—I get you? Five thousand lawyers in this town, and I get you.
Alan Shore: You say coincidence, I say act of God. **opening his arms wide for a big hug** Come on, give me a hug, you big bear you!
Eugene Young: Everybody out but him!
Alan Shore: *Ex parte*—a terrific start!
Eugene Young: I will jail you for contempt. That will be my very first official act.
Alan Shore: He's making for a fabulous judge so far. Don't you think?
A.D.A. Susan Alexander: I'm sorry. Is there some relationship here?
Eugene Young: This man used to work for me. I fired him.
Alan Shore: I'll happily waive the conflict, if that's where you're headed.
Eugene Young: Ms. Alexander, I apologize, but I must recuse myself.
A.D.A. Susan Alexander: I am totally fine with you presiding.
Alan Shore: He has a little trouble being fair when I'm around.
Denny Crane: Denny Crane.
Alan Shore: **holding out his arms again** Come on!
Eugene Young: You will get another judge. That's all.
Denny Crane and A.D.A. Susan Alexander begin to exit.
Eugene Young: **to Alan Shore** That's all.
Alan Shore looks a little disappointed, then joins Denny Crane and A.D.A. Susan Alexander in exiting, closing the door behind him. Eugene Young collapses into his chair, shaken by the incident.

Courtroom

A.D.A. Susan Alexander: It's not just that he sexually assaulted these women. It's that he chose disabled women, women who could not defend themselves. That is beyond depraved. To re-victimize victims is one of the grossest affronts to humanity, and I am confident that once we're through presenting our case, you will deal with this man according to your sense of justice—certainly not his. Goes back to plaintiff's table, and sits down
Alan Shore: **touching a dozing Denny Crane on the arm** This would be where you get up.
Denny Crane: Introduce me.
Alan Shore: I beg your pardon?
Denny Crane: I like to be introduced in the beginning.
Alan Shore gives him a look that says, "Oh, you've got to be kidding!" then arises.
Alan Shore: Ladies and gentlemen, I give you . . . Denny Crane.
Denny Crane arises, and looks around him as if acknowledging applause—however, it's quiet in the courtroom.

Denny Crane: The district attorney has made my client seem like a horrible, disgusting, vile person. When I get done, when I have had my say, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, when you have finished listening to what I have to say to you right now, this very minute, he will seem far less disgusting, far less horrible, and won't seem vile at all. Denny Crane. *sits down*

A.D.A. Susan Alexander looks to Alan Shore, who nods.

Bobby Donnell's Office

Bobby Donnell: *slamming the door shut* You're quitting?

Ellenor Frutt: Not quitting. It's just . . . With Eugene becoming a judge, it's made me think about what I want to do with my life.

Bobby Donnell: Which is?

Ellenor Frutt: Time with my daughter. So I'm thinking about taking a hiatus from practicing law.

Bobby Donnell: That's great.

Ellenor Frutt: I think so. But with Jimmy and Eugene gone, if I leave the firm—your firm—then it's over.

Bobby Donnell: It's not my firm. I—I . . .

Ellenor Frutt: Bobby . . .

Bobby Donnell: What's Jamie gonna do?

Ellenor Frutt: She's volunteering at Jimmy's. She may even end up working there. So, you're okay if I take some time off?

Bobby Donnell: Ellenor, why are you asking me to approve of what you do with *your* life?

Ellenor Frutt: Come on, Bobby. You founded that place. You took a chance with me. I couldn't . . .

Bobby Donnell: I moved on. And if you want time to be with Zoey, I'm all for it. I promise you.

Ellenor Frutt: I don't believe you. I'm sorry, but I don't. If this firm ends . . .

Bobby Donnell: Everything has to end sometime, Ellenor. I'm fine with it.

Conference Room—Jimmy Berluti's Office

Eddie Brumsic, the Bridal Shop Owner: She got fatter.

Angelina Torelli: I did not get fatter.

Eddie Brumsic: You did, Angelina.

Angelina Torelli: I did not!

Lenny Pescatore: Hold on here. We're not gonna get into issues of girth here. It ain't about that.

Angelina Torelli: If anything, I got thinner.

Lenny Pescatore: Angelina, I need you to shut your face now. We had a contract. You agreed to provide services whereby you would make this bride-to-be a dress. You didn't make that dress, Eddie. That's a breach.

Eddie Brumsic: It was a seamstress strike. What am I, talkin' to myself here?

Lenny Pescatore: That does not absolve you of your legal duty to perform under the contract.

Eddie Brumsic: Well, maybe I should get my own lawyer then.

Lenny Pescatore: You could do that. But that's gonna cost you more money. The contract says what it says. A lawyer's gonna charge you ten grand to tell you what I'm already tellin' you. Ten grand that could—and should—be goin' to Angelina. Forty grand, and you're out of this. What's not to think about?

Eddie Brumsic: Well, I need to think about it.

Lenny Pescatore: Twenty-four hours. No more.

Courtroom

Lynda Hobbs: Sometimes it was s—subtle. He'd squeeze my shoulder, my arms. Other times, it was more blatant.

A.D.A. Susan Alexander: Out in the open, in front of people?

Lynda Hobbs: Well, he would lean over from behind to show me a document or something. I don't think that it was obvious to other people.

A.D.A. Susan Alexander: And how did it make you feel?

Lynda Hobbs: Violated. Angry.

A.D.A. Susan Alexander: Did you complain about it?

Lynda Hobbs: Yes. And then, a week or so later, he just kissed me. Put his tongue in my mouth. And that's when I went to the police.

A.D.A. Susan Alexander: Thank you, Ms. Hobbs.

Alan Shore: *to Denny Crane* I am *begging* you not to employ this tactic.

Denny Crane: Son, cross-examination is what heats my swimming pool.

Alan Shore: Understood. But this particular line of attack . . .

Judge Warren West: Counsel?

Denny Crane: Yes, your Honor.

We hear whirring, and Denny Crane zips out from behind the defense table sitting in an electric wheelchair.

Denny Crane: Just a few questions, Ms. Hobbs.

Judge Warren West: What the . . . Where did you get that thing?

Denny Crane: I had it put there during the last recess, your Honor.

Judge Warren West: Get out of that chair *now*, Mr. Crane!

Spectators in the courtroom murmur, as Denny Crane gets out of the wheelchair with a spin on one foot.

Judge Warren West: Ms. Hobbs and members of the jury, I apologize for that tasteless, offending display. Mr. Crane, you will conduct yourself with the integrity that goes with the decorum of this robe!

Denny Crane: **straightening his tie** I apologize, your Honor. The reason I got in that chair . . . Last night, I tried to put myself in your place, and I realized that's impossible. We can't get a clue what it's like to live life in a wheelchair without actually being in one.

Lynda Hobbs: And you think after spending an hour in one you know?

Denny Crane: No. I said I was searching for a clue. The truth is, I simply can't imagine. So much of my personal esteem goes into vanity. I don't like to admit that. I like to think of myself as an attractive, strong man. Ms. Hobbs, I noticed in the last place you worked, you, uh, filed a claim for sexual harassment against, uh, a couple of men who were harassing not you, but other women. Am I correct in that?

Lynda Hobbs: The fact that I wasn't specifically targeted doesn't mean that I wasn't victimized.

Denny Crane: Understood. But did it hurt that you *weren't* a specific target? I'm no therapist, but did it hurt that these men were declaring their attraction to all these women but you? My mother used to tell me—and feel free to disagree; the woman was batty—she told me that if there was anything worse for a woman than being regarded as a sexual object, it's *not* being regarded as one. Any truth to that?

Lynda Hobbs: Perhaps a little.

Alan Shore's Office

Alan Shore: In spite of himself, he's actually quite good. I mean, sometimes I am mystified, but by the end, he knows what he's doing.

Tara Wilson: Suggesting that the women wanted to be groped because they're in wheelchairs?

Alan Shore: He mined a very universal and human truth. We all want to be desired. I'm not saying he won the day, but the man seems to know what he's doing.

Tara Wilson: **closing her notepad** Well, speaking of "the day" . . . **puts her pencil in his pencil cup** . . . it's over. Would you like to get some dinner?

Alan Shore: **almost stammering** Uh. No. Thank you. No. I've got more to do here.

Tara Wilson: All right then. I'll see you tomorrow. **walks toward the door**

Alan Shore: Tara?

Tara Wilson turns around at the door.

Alan Shore: I know, um, the normal course of behavior, uh, when a person declares feelings, a conversation would typically ensue, shedding . . .

Tara Wilson: I get it, Alan. May I just offer one thing?

Alan Shore: **hesitant** Okay.

Tara Wilson: **walking back to his desk** I agree that you and I wouldn't be a good idea, and that we could never work. The reason why I brought up dinner just the same . . . **leans over to put her hands on his desk and get closer to him** I have urges. Alan.

Alan Shore looks very much at a loss for words.

Tara Wilson: **very sultry** I guess what I'm trying to say, Alan, is . . .

Alan Shore closes his eyes in anticipation.

Tara Wilson: I'm hungry. **stands up** I need food.

Alan Shore stares at her, jaw dropped, speechless, then nods. As Tara Wilson walks out, he smiles.

The Law Library at Crane Poole & Schmidt

A phone is ringing.

Matthew Billings: Did you give Hannah Rose illegal marijuana?

Sally Heep: She promised she wouldn't glamorize it.

Matthew Billings: I gotta tell you, Sally, for someone who claims to want to succeed here, you seem to be doing everything you can to sabotage your career.

Sally Heep: Look, she asked *me* for the stuff.

Matthew Billings: That's not an acceptable response, especially from an attorney. For the next week, you will not practice. You will file. Change into some old clothes. You're goin' to storage. Be grateful it isn't jail.

Jimmy Berluti's Office

Jamie Stringer: What am I looking at?

Manny Quinn: Dottie Hatt's X-rays. They're beautiful. Look at the L-5; it's bulging.

Jamie Stringer: Dottie Hatt hasn't even been X-rayed yet.

Manny Quinn: She goes this afternoon. It's taken care of.

Jamie Stringer: Well, how do we get film before they've ever taken pictures?

Manny Quinn: What is this, "Twenty Questions"?

Lenny Pescatore: You wanna like go to a movie or somethin'?

Jamie Stringer: Aren't you married?

Lenny Pescatore: Yeah. We won't tell.

Suzy Paponi: Lenny? Eddie Brumsic's here.

Lenny Pescatore: Eddie, right this way. I hope you got cash.

Eddie Brumsic: I ain't payin' nothin', Lenny.

Lenny Pescatore: What's that? My hearin' just failed me.

Eddie Brumsic: I did call a lawyer of my own, and he said that as long as I refunded the money . . .

Manny Quinn: That don't cover the pain and sufferin'.

Lenny Pescatore: I'll take care of this.

Eddie Brumsic: It was a strike!

Manny Quinn: That woman had to get married wearin' a sack!

Lenny Pescatore: Shut up!

Eddie Brumsic: You know what? There's no dress known to man that's gonna make that bus look good. She's a cow.

Jimmy Berluti: A—A—All right. Let's go into the conference room.

Lenny Pescatore: No, I think I'm gonna take this meeting alone.

Eddie Brumsic: You cover a sow with satin, you don't get no silk purse.

Lenny Pescatore: It's time to settle.

Jamie Stringer: Jimmy! It's really not ethical for him to not be represented.

Jimmy Berluti: Well, he's representing himself. He can do that.

Jamie Stringer: Dottie has X-rays without ever having been to a doctor or a hospital.

Jimmy Berluti: I'll look into it.

Jamie Stringer: Do we . . . break laws?

There is a crash coming from the conference room; Eddie Brumsic is on the floor, and Lenny Pescatore is kicking him.

Lenny Pescatore: Do you wanna do this?

Jimmy Berluti: Hey! ***heads for the conference room***

Manny Quinn: ***blocking Jimmy Berluti*** Let them work this out.

Jimmy Berluti: Let me go, Manny.

Manny Quinn: These guys know each other, Jimmy. They're gonna kiss and make up, I promise.

Jimmy Berluti: Take your hands off me now!

Suzy Paponi: They're already over it.

In the conference room, Lenny Pescatore is giving Eddie Brumsic a hand up.

Manny Quinn: Nobody here saw nothin'. I don't gotta say that.

Jimmy Berluti: Manny, you don't work here.

Lenny Pescatore: ***exiting the conference room behind Eddie Brumsic*** We had some movement. Eddie's gonna come back with a bigger number. So, you think about that movie?

Jamie Stringer looks a bit scared at Lenny Pescatore, then looks at Jimmy Berluti.

Bobby Donnell's Office

Ellenor Frutt enters with Zoey Frutt.

Ellenor Frutt: You remember Bobby. Say hi.

Zoey Frutt: Hi.

Bobby Donnell: Hi, sweetheart. Aw. **bending down to talk to her on her level** You're so beautiful.

Ellenor Frutt: Hey, can you draw a picture for Mom?

Zoey Frutt: Okay.

Ellenor Frutt: **pointing to a desk** Over there.

Bobby Donnell: Does this mean you've already left?

Ellenor Frutt: Well, I'm packin'. **sighs** Listen—tomorrow, Eugene, Jimmy, Jamie and I—we're having a little goodbye celebration at the end of the day. Can you stop by?

Bobby Donnell: Oh, tomorrow I'm kinda jammed.

Ellenor Frutt: Well, we can work around you. Eugene is in trial, but . . .

Bobby Donnell: I'm pretty much booked all day.

Ellenor Frutt: How 'bout tomorrow night?

Bobby Donnell: Actually, I have plans. You guys do it without me. I, you know, I already said goodbye.

Ellenor Frutt: Actually, you didn't. You never really did say goodbye. In fact, you made a big point about how it wasn't goodbye.

Bobby Donnell: Ellenor, I'm not really into that kind of stuff.

Ellenor Frutt: What kind of "stuff"?

Bobby Donnell: Look, I've moved on. Okay? I—I—I don't really feel like going backwards.

Ellenor Frutt: It's reflecting on a franchise that we gave our lives to.

Bobby Donnell: It isn't our lives. It's an office place.

Ellenor Frutt: Fine.

Bobby Donnell: **sighs** All right, tell me what time, and I'll try to swing by to toast you and Eugene and Jimmy and Jamie. To me it's—it's about people, not a space. I don't need to say goodbye to a space.

Courtroom

Psychiatrist: Actually, he's more aroused by the wheelchair than he is by the women.

Denny Crane: By the wheelchair? Well, that makes him even sicker, doesn't it?

Psychiatrist: Essentially, it's a fetish, and it's not all that uncommon.

Denny Crane: Being aroused by a wheelchair?

Psychiatrist: Mr. Shepley was raised by a working mom, typically absent during critical stages of his development. Now, he himself was injured as a child, and his mother became more present for him then, tending to him. Long story short, without all of the psychological detail, Mr. Shepley likes to imagine himself in a helpless state.

Denny Crane: So, it's possible that he couldn't help himself. Is that what you're saying, Doctor? That he goes on some sort of sicko automatic perv pilot?

A.D.A. Susan Alexander: Objection.

Judge Warren West: Sustained.

Psychiatrist: I can't speak to whether his actions were voluntary or not. It seems that they were. But when he sees a woman physically disabled, he becomes sexually excited.

Conference Room at Court

A.D.A. Susan Alexander: Am I ready to plead?

Denny Crane: The jury has a legal right to free him if they want to, and that's where I come in. When I get up to speak, they're gonna want to let him go.

A.D.A. Susan Alexander: Ya think?

Denny Crane: It's our nature, Susan. We're Americans. It's our God-given duty to free people, even if they don't particularly want to be freed. We're liberators at our core, Susan. **steps close enough to A.D.A.**

Susan Alexander to be nose-to-nose

A.D.A. Susan Alexander: I'll ask you not to stand so close to me.

Denny Crane: stepping back All I need is one—one juror who thinks that Walter Shepley is a victim. Co you really want to bet I can't get *one*?

Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Alan Shore is walking with his briefcase to:

Alan Shore's Office

Sally Heep, dressed in old sweats, is going through his files.

Alan Shore: Excuse me. Sally?

Sally Heep: I'm on K.P. duty. Punishment for giving Hannah Rose some pot.

Alan Shore: You gave Hannah Rose pot without offering me any?

Sally Heep: **laughs** I'm banished to the storage room. There were some old files in here. I can come back, if you want.

Alan Shore: No, it's fine.

Sally Heep: **pushes file cabinet drawer in** What are you lookin' at?

Alan Shore: **sighs** Youth.

Sally Heep: What?

Alan Shore: Sally, why would you give Hannah Rose pot?

Sally Heep: **exhales** Maybe I'm a little self-destructive. You'll be happy to know I've officially hired a therapist. We've already discussed you.

Alan Shore: And?

Sally Heep: He said I might be drawn to old guys because it makes me feel safe.

Alan Shore: Did you say, "old guys"?

Sally Heep: Sorry. Sexy old guys.

Alan Shore: I don't know if I've ever been accused of that before in my life.

Sally Heep: Being sexy?

Alan Shore: Safe. **shakes his head** I've never mad anybody feel safe.

Sally Heep: Remember when I kissed you?

Alan Shore: Yes.

Sally Heep: And I said something like, "I can't believe I just did that. It just sorta happened." It was a little more reflective than that. I lied.

Alan Shore: As did I. Remember my response? I said, "That was a surprise." Well, I saw it coming.

Sally Heep: You didn't pull away.

Alan Shore: No, I didn't.

Sally Heep: Do you regret that—not pulling away? Did you say to yourself after, "Next time, I'll pull away?"

Alan Shore: **shaking his head** No, I didn't say that.

They share a very tender extended kiss.

Alan Shore: Please don't ask to discuss my feelings.

Sally Heep: You kiss nice for an old guy.

Sally Heep walks out, and Alan Shore smiles.

Jimmy Berluti's Office—Reception Area

Manny Quinn: I'm not the actual lawyer. You gotta talk to one of the boys about . . .

Lenny Pescatore: He brings in cases.

Jimmy Berluti: *Fraud* cases. He's got doctors on the take.

Lenny Pescatore: We don't need to know none of that. We wanna help people that need help. We need cash flow. That man over there's a cash cow. Look at the size of him.

Courtroom

A.D.A. Susan Alexander: Mr. Crane told me you'd acquit his client because you're Americans, and it's your God-given duty to free people—it's our nature. And it got me thinking—what is our nature, as Americans? And I realized this man degraded people in wheelchairs. It isn't his fault. It's yours . . . and yours . . . and mine. Because we, as Americans, tolerate it. My husband is a staunch Republican. He championed the war and put out the flag. "We need to protect freedom," he says. And then, when no weapons of mass destruction were found, he said, "How could they make such a horrible mistake?" "We" in success, "they" in failure. It needs to always be "we." You look at those pictures in the papers of those Iraqi prisoners, degraded—some sodomized, some killed. We did that. Americans did that. As long as we lay claim to being a nation governed "by the people, for the people," the American people did that. You did . . . you did . . . I did.

Denny Crane: Your Honor, this is disguised Bush-bashing. I ask that counsel be disbarred, effective immediately.

Judge Warren West: Could you bring it back to the case, counsel?

A.D.A. Susan Alexander: We all need to be held accountable for a society that allows Mr. Shepley's behavior to be excusable. This is not about political correctness. I don't care what your politics are. Go in that room and vote your conscience. Cast a vote that says our society is a moral one. Clearly, we cannot

claim the higher road abroad these days. Let's at least be able to cling to it at home. **turns and walks back to table to sit down**

Denny Crane: Did she attack America?

Alan Shore: I believe she did, yes.

Denny Crane: Son, this has to be rebutted cogently, thoughtfully, intelligently.

Alan Shore: I agree.

Denny Crane: Son, I'm not equipped.

Alan Shore: **arises, buttons the top button of his jacket and steps around Denny Crane to face the jury** In her opening statement, Ms. Alexander suggested that my client should be held accountable. Now, it seems, she's saying *you* should be accountable. Please. We, as Americans, are not accountable people. We are a nation of finger-pointers. Be it the 9-11 Commission, to the weapons of mass destruction, to anything at all having to do with the Red Sox. When was the last time you heard anybody say, "I screwed up"? When was the last time you heard anybody say, "We screwed up?" This is America, for God's sake. We're always right. And if ever we're not, we get a note from our doctor. Well, my client comes to you with a note from his doctor. He has a medical condition; it's a mental disorder. If, as Ms. Alexander suggests, we, as a society, should take responsibility here, in this case, in this courtroom, then let's get this man some treatment. Let's not put him in jail. I could be wrong, but retribution doesn't always seem to work. **walks back to his seat, unbuttons his jacket and sits down**

Judge Eugene Young's Chambers

Eugene Young is writing when there is knocking on the door.

Eugene Young: Yeah.

Alan Shore opens the door, walks in, and closes the door. Eugene Young sees who it is, rolls his eyes, shakes his head and goes back to writing.

Alan Shore: I thought you'd be interested to know—despite my stirring closing, we decided to settle the case.

Eugene Young: You're wrong. I'm not interested. Get out.

Alan Shore: Eugene.

Eugene Young: A judge has asked you to leave his chambers.

Alan Shore turns and starts to leave.

Eugene Young: Whatever our history, if you ever again . . . **ends in frustration, shaking his head**

Alan Shore: What did I do?

Eugene Young: What did you do? You called me Eugene.

Alan Shore: You mean, that's not your name? I was under the impression . . .

Eugene Young: Shut up! Just shut up! I walk in that courtroom—my courtroom—for the first time, and you yell out, "Eugene, buddy"? You may not respect me, but you'll respect the robe. You understand?

Alan Shore: I yelled your name out of enthusiasm. **nodding** I yelled out "buddy" to be flip. I apologize. Let me tell you something, Eugene. I know many judges. I've even slept with a few. The robe is a piece of clothing. I'm required by law, and, I suppose, decorum to honor the robe. The respect I have for you is far more profound. Your Honor.

Alan Shore turns and walks out, closing the door behind him, and leaving Eugene Young speechless.

Jimmy Berluti's Office—Conference Room

Jimmy Berluti: There will be no violence inside the premises. I realize sometimes scores gotta get settled outside the courtroom. But there will be no mayhem inside here. Everybody checks their baseball bats with Suzy when you come in.

Jamie Stringer: We have company bats?

Suzy Paponi smiles.

Jimmy Berluti: Second: Our mission is to become a totally honest law firm. I know this can't happen overnight. But the purpose of this franchise is to do good, decent work for good, decent people.

Lenny Pescatore: I need to pre-clear three wise guys I got lifelong stuff with. Nothin' serious.

Jimmy Berluti: Third: Manny, we have agreed to extend an offer to you as a paralegal.

Manny Quinn: You mean it?

Jimmy Berluti: You need to pre-clear with me everything you do. You'll be acting as an agent of this firm. Your salary will be a contingency of the business you bring in.

Manny Quinn: You won't regret it.

Jimmy Berluti: Fourth: Jamie. If you wanna be a partner, the buy-in is seventy-five grand. That's what me and Lenny put in. You might want to consider, you know, being an associate here, since . . .

Jamie Stringer: Yeah, I opt for that. **clears throat** Associate.

Jimmy Berluti: Okay. Then . . . we're a law firm. Let's . . . **laughs a little as he says it, nodding** We're a law firm.

Smiles all around the table.

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Denny Crane: I don't hug. When men hug, it's a sign of homosexuality. I'm against same-sex hugs.

Walter Shepley: I'll take a handshake, then. **offers his hand, which is not taken** You spoke of your esteem, finding it in vanity. I've found much of mine in being your friend. Friend of Denny Crane.

Hannah Rose: I've pushed the defense on Peters as far as I can, Denny. I'm gonna need you to close.

Walter Shepley is reacting to her neck and body brace.

Denny Crane: Well, call a meeting. Get 'em all in here tomorrow.

Hannah Rose: You might actually be able to do it with a phone call.

Denny Crane: Bring the file into my office. Let's do it.

Hannah Rose walks away, Walter Shepley's attention glued to her.

Denny Crane: Okay, Walter. Talk to you later.

Walter Shepley: Okay. **follows Hannah Rose after a pause**

Receptionist: Crane Poole & Schmidt.

Alan Shore's Office

Alan Shore sits back on his couch, Tara Wilson beside him.

Alan Shore: **exhaling** Oh, I'm a mess.

Tara Wilson: You're just figuring this out?

Alan Shore: **laughs** I mean, I always thought I was functionally messed up. It worked for me. But I'm . . . perhaps . . . **he swallows** Well, there's no denying . . . Actually, there is. There seems to be nothing but denial on my part about . . . **sighs** Tara . . . **shifts position on the couch** . . . I have enormous affection for you. But for whatever reason, I like myself less with you. I'm not at all sure . . . Shouldn't you chime in with something? Isn't that how conversation works?

Tara Wilson: You're doing fine.

Alan Shore: I don't like being alone. I'm good at it, but I don't like it. But . . . notwithstanding my feelings for you, I see potentially a less lonely path with . . . I don't know what I'm tryin' to say.

Tara Wilson: You've just said it. Always take the less lonely path. Somebody somewhere must have said that. I'd love to stay and chat, but I'm buried with work. Could you be a dear? This file has to go down to storage. Will you drop it down there for me? **kisses his cheek, then arises**

The Practice—Common Area

Jimmy Berluti: I thought Bec was coming.

Ellenor Frutt: She got tied up in probate.

Eugene Young: Well, we gotta get goin'. I gotta report to night court.

Jamie Stringer: **gasps** You got night court?

Eugene Young: I'm a rookie.

Jamie Stringer laughs.

Ellenor Frutt: All right. Glasses up. To our new live. Eugene, a judge. Jimmy, Jamie—neighborhood lawyers. Me, a mom and . . . who knows? And . . . Come one, somebody help me out.

Eugene Young: Okay, uh . . . **sighs** . . . I have love for this place. Everyday, uh, no matter what the fight or however ugly, I came here every day sayin' to myself, "This place is special and I'm lucky to be here." And you, and you, and you, and all of you . . . chuckles . . . Um . . . **raises his glass** . . . Cheers.

All raise their glasses in toast, click them together and drink.

Snapshot Scenes

1. Jimmy Berluti and Jamie Stringer, Eugene Young and Ellenor Frutt walk on the sidewalk, talking and laughing.

2. Denny Crane and Tara Wilson reviewing a legal brief together.

- 3. Lenny Pescatore in the conference room, talking with a man with an arm in a sling, as Jamie Stringer talks with a woman in the waiting room, Suzy Paponi and Manny Quinn interact with clients, and Jimmy Berluti listens to another woman's story.**
- 4. Judge Eugene Young on the bench hearing a case in night court.**
- 5. Alan Shore "supervising" Sally Heep, who is working on files in the basement storage area. He helps her lift a box into place.**
- 6. Ellenor Frutt walking with Zoey Frutt on the sidewalk.**
- 7. Bobby Donnell alone in the conference room of the Practice, stroking the wood conference table, lost in thought.**