

BOSTON LEGAL

"Head Cases"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

1 INT. SHORE'S OFFICE - MORNING

ALAN SHORE stands at his desk, taking papers out of his briefcase. SALLY enters.

SALLY

I hate this time of the month.

SHORE

Tell me about it. I don't know what's worse -- the general feeling of malaise, or the water retention and sore nipples.

SALLY

I mean this day of the month, the whole litigation department sitting around that table, judging each other, like it's still high school.

SHORE

And yet, paradoxically, you always manage to dazzle.

Her mood instantly lifts.

SALLY

Really? You think I "dazzle" in there?

SHORE

I do.

She smiles, gets close, as though about to kiss him. Instead she reaches for his necktie, caresses it.

SALLY

Silk?

SHORE

Undoubtedly something cheaper.

SALLY

I love it.

SHORE

That pleases me.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

Slowly, Sally straightens the knot, smoothes his collar. She's enjoying this. Shore isn't minding it, either.

SALLY  
Now, go like this.

She licks her lips, slowly.

SHORE  
Because...?

SALLY  
Moist lips send a subliminal message of power. I saw it on *The View*.

Playing along, Shore licks his lips.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Perfect.

They are very close now, lots of sexual energy. They're interrupted by the sound of a clearing throat. We see TARA in the doorway.

TARA  
(off her watch)  
It's ten to. Exactly how early can one show up at the international meeting and not be considered a complete sycophant?  
(again off watch)  
Nine to. Good. On my way.

She exits.

SALLY  
(to Shore)  
See? High school.

2 INT. CPS CONFERENCE ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Two dozen attorneys are gathering, including JERRY AUSTIN and HALPERN, some sitting at the conference table already, others pouring themselves coffee, etc. Tara seems thrilled to be here. Shore and Sally enter. Shore grabs a prime seat, then slides the documents and legal pads that had been "saving" that seat down the table a couple of spots. This is noticed by BRAD CHASE, late thirties, standing nearby and pouring himself coffee. He walks over.

BRAD  
(affable)  
Hey. Brad Chase from D.C.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

SHORE  
(suspect)  
Alan Shore.

BRAD  
(friendly)  
Pleasure. Actually, I think that's  
my seat.

SHORE  
Is it? Yes, I did see someone's  
things here. I moved them to a less  
desirable location.

Shore smiles up at him, then turns back to his paper. But  
Brad doesn't budge. Shore senses this and turns back.

SHORE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, we're not territorial  
about that sort of thing around here,  
are we?

Brad regards Shore for another beat, then smiles, decides to  
be the bigger man, moves to the seat where Shore shoved his  
stuff. Tara takes the seat between them. Shore turns to  
her.

SHORE (CONT'D)  
(re: Brad)  
That was close. Almost had to moisten  
my lips there.

She has no clue what he means. Alan opens his newspaper and  
begins to read. DENNY CRANE enters, shakes hands with the  
first MAN he sees.

CRANE  
Denny Crane.

MAN #1  
Yes, Denny, I know. I run the New  
York office. Peter Stone.

CRANE  
(shaking hands with  
Man #2)  
Denny Crane.

MAN #2  
I know, I'm...  
(about to say name,  
catches himself)  
...Chicago.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (2)

CRANE

My kind of town. Always seem to have the best sex of my life in Chicago. How about you?

MAN #2

Well, um...

But Crane has already moved on -- to the big-screen TV, which shows split-screen closeups of two GUYS in suits.

CRANE

Greetings, London. Tokyo.

TOKYO GUY/LONDON GUY

(on TV)

Morning, Denny... Cheerio... [ETC.]

Now Crane spots Brad. Breaks into a huge grin.

CRANE

Brad Chase! There you are, soldier! Everybody remembers Brad Chase, I'm sure. Hell, if I do...

BRAD

Hey, Denny.

He gives Brad a bear hug. The son Crane always wanted.

CRANE

Your Redskins kicked caboose on Sunday.

BRAD

Yes, they did.

CRANE

Good to see you, man. Okay. Let's get locked and loaded.

TARA

(uh-oh)

Excuse me, Edwin Poole should be here momentarily. Doesn't he usually run the--

CRANE

Hell with Edwin, I can run this meeting.

(to Sally)

Tell the room who I am, young lady.

SALLY

Denny Crane.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (3)

2

CRANE

(checking list)

Okay, item one is...

(reads; too complicated)

Forget one, item two.

LONDON GUY

(on TV)

Actually, Denny, item one is a rather urgent matter that we must--

CRANE

Okay, then Nigel, brief it for us, won't you?

LONDON GUY

(on TV)

Gladly.

And Crane promptly mutes him. London Guy's AUDIO CUTS OUT, though we continue to see him on the VIDEO SPLIT happily chattering away, oblivious.

CRANE

Item two, Beckerman discovery, what the hell is this?

AUSTIN

Opposing counsel was granted their motion to compel which now means we're required to turn over all correspondence and scientific studies.

CRANE

All of them? Including the studies from our own experts?

AUSTIN

The judge ruled they don't fall within work product.

A beat.

CRANE

What about the ones we burned before the judge's order?

HALPERN

We didn't burn any documents.

CRANE

Sure we did. Do it today.

As lawyers exchange concerned looks--

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (4)

2

AUSTIN

Denny, certainly you're not suggesting that we take seventeen file boxes of evidence and simply burn them.

CRANE

Shredding would take forever.

Crane un-mutes London Guy.

CRANE (CONT'D)

We're with you, Nigel, keep going.

And he mutes London Guy again.

CRANE (CONT'D)

Item three.

HALPERN

Denny, this firm will not burn evidence.

CRANE

(scary)

What'd you say?

Uh-oh. The room is suddenly tense. Silence. Austin looks beseechingly to Brad.

BRAD

I think Denny's employing the burn strategy as an homage to Patton in North Africa.

CRANE

(exactly)

November 8, 1942 -- they called it "Operation Torch."

BRAD

Genius. But what if we took our cue from Odysseus instead?

CRANE

(intrigued)

I'm listening.

BRAD

Rather than burn the documents, we give them to the other side, every last one of them, a mountain of it,--

CRANE

Because they could never get through it all.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (5)

BRAD

A gift can be a curse.

CRANE

Trojan horse, man. I love it. That's my boy.

SHORE

(looks up from paper)  
I wear Trojans.

OFF all the looks--

SHORE (CONT'D)

Are we not allowed to share at the international meetings?

CRANE

(to Austin)  
No burning. Got that?

AUSTIN

(relieved)  
Got it.

Crane un-mutes London Guy.

CRANE

Alright, Nigel, we've all been listening and we're getting confused. I want you to lay out everything you just said in one sentence. Down and dirty.

LONDON GUY

(on TV)  
If we don't agree to costs and fees the judge is going to hold us in violation. Simply put, we need to pay it.

CRANE

Got it.

Crane mutes him again.

CRANE (CONT'D)

Item four.

HALPERN

Damn it, Denny. This is not a way to conduct a staff meeting. Where the hell is Edwin?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (6)

A distinguished-looking man, EDWIN POOLE, fifties, appears in the doorway, briefcase in hand.

POOLE

Sorry I'm late, good people.

Crane and the others stare at the man, stunned, then exchange glances. Something is terribly wrong. We don't know what yet -- from our angle we saw the man only from the waist up, and he seemed fine, impeccably dressed in a bow-tie and suit.

CRANE

Everything okay, Edwin?

POOLE

Hunky-dory, hunky-dory...

As Poole walks the length of the room, towards his seat at the far end of the table. And that's when we see it--

ANGLE ON HIS BONY WHITE ASS

The man isn't wearing pants.

RESUME

Shore looks to Crane.

SHORE

Casual Monday?

OFF Crane, we:

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES