

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