

**Boston Legal**  
**Head Cases**  
**Season 1, Episode 1**  
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Conference Room at Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Alan Shore:** *sitting in the chair to Tara Wilson's left, sliding some papers from that position on the table so they are in front of the chair to her right.* Tara. **Sigh**

**Brad Chase:** Hey, I'm Brad Chase from D.C.

**Alan Shore:** Alan Shore.

**Brad Chase:** Pleasure. I, ah, think that's my seat.

**Alan Shore:** Yes. I did see someone's things here. I moved them to a less desirable location. **Opens his newspaper to read.** I'm sorry; we're not territorial about that sort of thing around here, are we?

**Brad Chase walks over to the other chair to sit down.**

**Denny Crane:** Denny Crane. **Shakes hands with**

**Peter Stone:** Yes, Denny, I know.

**Denny Crane:** Ahh . . .

**Peter Stone:** I run the New York office.

**Denny Crane:** Oh . . .

**Peter Stone:** Peter Stone?

**Denny Crane:** Denny Crane.

**Chicago partner:** I know. I'm . . . um . . . with Chicago.

**Denny Crane:** My kind of town. Always had the best sex of my life in Chicago. What about you?

Well, um . . .

**Denny Crane:** Greetings, Tokyo, London.

**Nigel:** Good morning.

**Tokyo partner:** Morning, Denny.

**Denny Crane:** **Shaking hands.** Brad Chase. There you are, soldier.

**Brad Chase:** Hey.

**Denny Crane:** Oh, everybody remembers Brad Chase, I'm sure. Hell, if I do—Good to see you, man. All right, everybody—lock and load. Item 1: Forget Item 1.

**Nigel:** Well, actually, Denny, item 1 is a rather urgent matter that we must discuss.

**Denny Crane:** Why don't you brief us?

**Nigel:** Gladly. If we . . . **Denny Crane hits the mute button on his remote.**

**Denny Crane:** Item 2: Beckerman discovery? What the hell is that?

**Jerry Austin:** Uh, well, opposing counsel was granted their motion to compel, which means we are now required to turn over all correspondence and scientific studies.

**Denny Crane:** Hmm, what about the ones we burned before the judge's orders?

**Sam Halpern:** We didn't burn any documents.

**Denny Crane:** Well, sure we did. Do it today. All right, Nigel, keep going, we're listening. **Clicks remote**

**Nigel:** Uh, if we don't . . .

**Denny Crane:** **hitting the mute button again** Item 3.

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

**Edwin Poole:** Sorry I'm late, good people. **He walks around the table to reveal—to everyone—he is wearing no pants.**

**Alan Shore:** Is it Casual Monday?

**Denny Crane:** Edwin, everything all right?

**Edwin Poole:** Hunky dory.

**Quick cut to**

The Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Edwin Poole is strapped onto a gurney in preparation for a ride in an ambulance.**

**Ambulance attendant:** It's all going to be fine, Mr. Poole.

Sam Halpern: Unbelievable.  
Jerry Austin: Not really. Always figured him for a loon.  
Edwin Poole: Tara. Where's Tara. I need Tara!  
Tara Wilson: I'm right here, Edwin.  
Edwin Poole: Oh, thank you. You have to contact Bill.  
Tara Wilson: I . . . I will, Edwin. I promise.  
Edwin Poole: Apologize for my delay. Then call my wife—tell her I've had a small breakdown. Not to worry.  
Tara Wilson: Of course.  
Edwin Poole: Oh, oh, my goodness. The Brant appeal. I have the Brant appeal!  
Denny Crane: Relax, Edwin, relax.  
Edwin Poole: Denny, guess what? I'm due in court with Tara.  
Denny Crane: We're on it. Don't you worry. You just get better.  
Edwin Poole: Okay.  
Denny Crane: **to Tara** Demagnetize his parking pass.  
Tara Wilson: I beg your pardon?  
Denny Crane: I know when a man has gone. Do you think you can handle this case? Without a co-pilot?  
Tara Wilson: Well, I . . . N . . . uh, n . . .  
Denny Crane: Who's the judge?  
Tara Wilson: Resnick.  
Denny Crane: He's s schmuck. Alan! Back Tara up. She's before schmuck Resnick. See if you can get a damn continuance.

Further up the Hallway

Ambulance attendant: Coming through, please.  
Paul Lewiston: Brad, you got a few minutes?  
Brad Chase: Actually, no, I've got an early shuttle.  
Paul Lewiston: Get a later one. I need some face time.  
Brad Chase: What's up?  
Paul Lewiston: Edwin Poole was the only one here able to rein in Denny Crane. Without him . . .  
Brad Chase: If you are about to go where I think you're going . . .  
Paul Lewiston: We need you back in Boston more than in D.C., Brad. **Stops Lori Colson, who is walking by** Lori, Ernie Dell just came in. He's upset about something. I sent him to your office.  
Lori Colson: My office?  
Paul Lewiston: Yeah. The alternative would be Denny's office, and nobody here wants that.  
Beah Toomy: Excuse me. I need a lawyer. This is my daughter. She tried out for the national tour of *Annie*, and she was the best one. And she was passed over because she was black. It's discrimination. It's bigotry. It's prejudice, and we want justice.

[cut to credits]

Alan Shore's Office

Sally Heep: Please tell me that you've never seen anything like that before.  
Alan Shore: Baring your ass to 24 attorneys, including 2 overseas—that is an unprecedented triumph. I'm just distraught I didn't think of it myself.  
Sally Heep: You know what I like about you?  
Alan Shore: No, I do not.  
Brad Chase: Excuse me. Sorry to interrupt. Brad Chase. Look, I've been asked to stay, which I'm considering. But I'm concerned that you and I may have gotten off on the wrong foot. I like to be straight up with people, and if there's an issue or conflict, let's address it head on, if you don't mind.  
Alan Shore: I have trouble talking that fast. I *don't* believe in being straight up, but I'm a big fan of your Aqua Velva commercials.  
Brad Chase: There's a potential client in the conference room. I'd like you to meet with her. Oh, forgot to mention—I outrank you.  
Alan Shore: Do you? And I'm such a slut for authority.  
Sally Heep: All right. You think the two little boys could get off the playground now?

Conference Room of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Beah Toomy: "Kiss Today."

Sarah Toomy: I don't wanna sing.

Beah Toomy: You need to practice. You want to make Julliard? "Kiss Today."

Sarah Toomy: **blows her breath out** "Kiss today goodbye . . ."

Alan Shore: Oh, my.

Beah Toomy: Never mind, "Oh, my." She sings like a sparrow. Here, look. I've got these producer notes, which I was able to get a hold of because of my own personal ingenuity. Says she has the most talent. You can read it for yourself.

Alan Shore: I'm afraid there's been a terrible mistake. I don't do musical comedy.

Beah Toomy: *Annie's* a drama. It's full of suspense on whether a little girl gets to live with the rich guy. It's dramatic.

**Alan Shore's facial expression says it all, and ends in a big smile.**

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Receptionist hands a messenger an envelope as a very upset Dr. Sharon Brant enters.**

Receptionist: May I help you?

Dr. Sharon Brant: Yes, I need to speak to Edwin Poole immediately.

Receptionist: I'm afraid Mr. Poole is has stepped out . . .

Dr. Sharon Brant: You don't understand. This is an urgent matter. Where the hell is Edwin Poole?

Sally Heep: Hi, is there anything I can do to help?

Dr. Sharon Brant: Yes. My ex-husband is trying to take my children from me.

Sally Heep: Okay.

Dr. Sharon Brant: And Edwin Poole—he missed my hearing today. And I've been calling his cell phone, and—I mean, what the hell is going on around here?!

Brad Chase: Excuse me. I'm Brad Chase. We're going to take care of this for you. Now why don't you just take a seat in the conference room. I'll get you a glass of water.

Dr. Sharon Brant: All right. Thank you.

Sally Heep: Hey.

Brad Chase: Yeah.

Sally Heep: I was handling it.

Brad Chase: I just thought I'd help out.

Sally Heep: That's very nice. But, again, I was handling it.

Brad Chase: So, why does it bother you that I'm trying to help?

Sally Heep: Well, maybe because you feel I can't deal with a client on my own.

Brad Chase: I don't feel that way at all.

Sally Heep: Well, then I guess I really have no idea what you feel.

Brad Chase: I guess not.

Sally Heep: And that's supposed to be my fault?

Alan Shore: Wait a minute. You two have had sex!

Brad Chase: I'm sorry. We're not territorial about that sort of thing around here, are we?

Lori Colson's Office

Lori Colson: If you're not going to tell me—

Ernie Dell: I would prefer to tell Denny. Where the hell is he?

Lori Colson: Ernie, you and I have done business for a long time. And we've always been able to talk to each other. If I'm to help you here—

Ernie Dell: My wife is cheating on me. Uh, and . . . she informed me that she has been cheating on me for our entire marriage. It's been a fraud from Day 1.

Lori Colson: Okay. First, you've only been married since August. Second, you've had five other marriages dissolve each—

Ernie Dell: But this—this was the real thing.

Lori Colson: What's the goal? To get her back?

Ernie Dell: Uh, I'd like to put a private investigator on her. Get some proof.

Lori Colson: If she's admitted . . .

Ernie Dell: The goal being to get some compromising pictures to use as leverage.

Lori Colson: In hopes of . . .

Ernie Dell: **sighs** Negotiating an annulment.

Alan Shore's Office

Beah Toomy: I know it sounds crazy. And I know I'm one of those obnoxious stage mothers. I get that. But Sarah worked hard. I've tried to teach her what you earn, people can't take that away from you. She's earned this, Mr. Shore.

Alan Shore: I have no doubt. But you realize, producers do have discretion. And the art of casting strikes me as a very inexact science.

Beah Toomy: If they knew they were gonna go white, why did they let her try out at all? Why'd they let her get her hopes up? I'll tell you why. So they can pass themselves off as equal opportunity employers. So they can claim to be about diversity. They want it both ways, Mr. Shore. And my daughter got hurt.

**Sarah Toomy and Alan Shore exchange smiles.**

Conference Room of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Dr. Sharon Brant: That was our deal. I would work two jobs, put him through business school, then he would put me through medical school. A week after he graduated, he got a job running a mutual fund, and a week after that, he left me. Our kids were four then. Twins. Simon and Harry. **Pulling a picture out of her purse** They're eight now. **Handing picture to Sally Heep**

Sally Heep: **taking the picture** Oh, they're beautiful.

Dr. Sharon Brant: Thanks. In their peewee league uniforms. You know, he's never seen one of their games.

Sally Heep: He pay your way through med school?

Dr. Sharon Brant: Take a wild guess. I don't care, though. I've graduated now. Got a residency waiting for me in New York City. But Matthew won't let me take the boys out of state. Says he wants them close by—these boys he sees once a month. It's nothing but spite.

Brad Chase: Now, look, we're going to reschedule a hearing. I'm sure everything is going to work out fine. You just have to be patient.

Dr. Sharon Brant: If I'm not at Columbia Presbyterian 8:00 am Monday morning, they will give my spot away. That can't happen. I have worked too hard to build a life for these boys.

Denny Crane's Office

Denny Crane: We can't tail the wife.

Lori Colson: That's what he wants, Denny.

Denny Crane: Can't do it. Not ethical. She's a client, too.

Lori Colson: What I would suggest is we send a letter of withdrawal to end-run the conflict. Get an opinion letter of outside counsel . . .

Denny Crane: I don't want to tail the wife.

Lori Colson: Denny, I don't need to tell you that Ernie Dell is one of our biggest clients. If he wants a private investigator, what's the real harm?

Denny Crane: The harm would be to me.

Lori Colson: I'm sorry?

Denny Crane: I'm the one sleeping with his wife.

The File Room at Crane Poole & Schmidt

Paul Lewiston: Denny is having an affair with the woman?

Lori Colson: I've got a senior partner saying, "Don't tail her." I've got a client wanting snapshots. What do I do, Paul?

Paul Lewiston: Convince Ernie that the private investigator idea is a bad one.

Lori Colson: Oh, sure.

Paul Lewiston: You have enormous persuasive skills, Lori.

Lori Colson: You're handling me.

Paul Lewiston: I am. And I need you to handle Ernie. / will handle Denny.

The Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Tara Wilson is walking; Lori Colson catches up to her.**

Lori Colson: Tara?

Tara Wilson: Hi.

Lori Colson: Don't be offended by this. I know you're a great lawyer with exceptional legal skills.

Tara Wilson: And?

Lori Colson: I need you to flirt with Ernie Dell.

Tara Wilson: Excuse me?

Lori Colson: The man is a profound skirt chaser.

Tara Wilson: What's wrong with your skirt?

Lori Colson: **sigh** Okay, look. Men sometimes find me attractive. From time to time, they'll even hit on me. It's all deeply rewarding. But you—

Tara Wilson: What me?

Lori Colson: You're hot. Yeah. Kind of . . . nasty hot. Men would leave their wives for you, and I need to make Ernie forget about his wife so . . .

Tara Wilson: If you think that I . . .

Lori Colson: Don't make me pull rank. You can file your sexual harassment claim tomorrow, but today—now—you need to meet with Ernie.

Conference Room of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Alan Shore: It seems the client can't pay, so the firm will have to eat the cost of prosecuting this matter. I'm sure the partners won't object, when they hear that it was a case you assigned to me.

Brad Chase: I'll tell you what. I'll pay the cost of prosecuting the case.

Alan Shore: Mmm.

Brad Chase: Of course, if you were a betting man . . . You win, I pay. You lose, you pay. Bit of a gamble, I realize . . .

Alan Shore: I'll pay double.

Conference Room of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Dr. Sharon Brant: You got another hearing?

Brad Chase: That's the good news. The not-so-good news is we probably won't win it.

Sally Heep: But, it at least gives us leverage to get your ex-husband in a room.

Dr. Sharon Brant: Woo-woo. What are you talking about?

Brad Chase: We want to take a shot at a settlement. Now, if your ex cares anything about these kids, then . . .

Dr. Sharon Brant: He doesn't. This is all about getting me. Have I not been clear about that? He doesn't even know the kids.

Brad Chase: I've dealt with bad ex-husbands before.

Dr. Sharon Brant: Mr. Chase, no offense, but you have never dealt with this one. Trust me.

Courtroom #1

Atty. Smith: This is Little Orphan Annie, for God's sake! If she doesn't look the part . . .

Alan Shore: I didn't realize we did racial profiling for our comic strips.

Atty. Smith: These are private investors. There is no state action involved.

Alan Shore: How would the story change if Annie were black?

Atty. Smith: Your Honor, are you serious?

Judge Rita Sharpley: Counsel, we are talking about adoption here. Daddy Warbucks isn't the biological father. Exactly how would the story change?

Atty. Smith: Little Orphan Annie is an iconic character based . . .

Judge Rita Sharpley: I want to see her.

Atty. Smith: Excuse me?

Judge Rita Sharpley: The girl who got the role. I want to compare.

Atty. Smith: Your Honor, is that really fair to the other little girl?

Judge Rita Sharpley: Well, counsel, if she can sing eight times a week in front of 3000-plus people a night, she can sing in front of me. Get her in here.

Lori Colson's Office

Ernie Dell: I want the private investigator.

Lori Colson: **sighs** The thing is, Ernie, the photographs will have no legal relevance. They can't facilitate an annulment.

Ernie Dell: I am the customer here, Lori.

Lori Colson: Customer isn't always right.

**Lori Colson and Tara Wilson exchange conspiratorial looks.**

Tara Wilson: May I . . . make an observation? I really don't know you, Mr. Dell, but I suspect there's a reason why all these younger women want to marry you.

Ernie Dell: It's called money.

Tara Wilson: You're wrong. It's called power. And you derive a lot of that power not just from being handsome and sexy, but from being dignified. Hiring a private investigator is beneath you. There are many young, beautiful women out there, who would love to jump into your . . . wife's place. I know this sounds crazy, but . . . you might want to look at this as an opportunity.

The Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

**The camera follows an angry Paul Lewiston to an office door, which he opens, entering**

Denny Crane's Office

Denny Crane: Paul.

Paul Lewiston: You and I go back a long way, Denny. Completely mindful of the fact that you helped build this place, the partners here will not allow you to dismantle it with your buffoonery.

Denny Crane: What did you say to me?

Paul Lewiston: I don't think you want to hear me say it again. To have an affair with the wife of one of our biggest clients—it disrespects both Ernie Dell and this firm.

Denny Crane: We have other clients.

Paul Lewiston: Not like Ernie. But your point is well taken. Everybody is fungible.

**Ernie Dell walks in as Paul Lewiston opens the door to leave.**

Ernie Dell: Lori Colson won't tail my wife. I want you to do it.

Paul Lewiston: Ernie.

Ernie Dell: I'm not talking to you. Get it done, Denny.

**Ernie Dell and then Paul Lewiston leave the room.**

The Buddha Bar

Alan Shore: Denny, I'm having a bit of an identity crisis. I've always prided myself on being . . . well, nuts. But in this firm, I find myself falling into the sane category.

Denny Crane: **laughing** You think I'm nuts, do you?

Alan Shore: Are you scared?

Denny Crane: Scared? What would I be scared of?

Alan Shore: Edwin Poole is a friend. To see him just go off the high dive?

Denny Crane: Edwin Poole's problem is he doesn't like being Edwin Poole. From time to time he'd look in the mirror and ask, "What's the point?" I never do that. Questions like that'll kill you.

Alan Shore: Questions like, "What's the point?"

Denny Crane: Look--take you for example. Tomorrow, you're gonna go into court and argue that some little fat black kid should be able to play a little skinny white one. What's the point? **Pause** You don't ask—that's the point. You gonna win, by the way? The world wants to know.

Alan Shore: I'm afraid not. There's no state action. We've asked for a specific performance with no clear evidence of discrimination. I don't like losing, especially when there's a wager involved.

Denny Crane: Well, don't, soldier. Pull a rabbit out of your hat. **Motions with his index finger for Alan Shore to lean closer. Then, conspiratorially** That's the secret of both trial law and life.

Alan Shore: Rabbits?

Denny Crane: **nods** Oh, yeah.

Hallway at Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Matthew Calder gets out of the elevator, and walks to the reception area. Alan Shore and Tara Wilson are talking. Tara Wilson turns around.**

Matthew Calder: Excuse me, I'm looking for . . . you, actually. All my life. Matthew.

Tara Wilson: Tara.

Alan Shore: Alan.

**Matthew Calder:** I had a girl who looked like you *looking at Tara Wilson* once. Married her. Now she looks like you *looks at Alan Shore*. Where the hell is my lawyer?

Conference Room of Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Dr. Sharon Brant, Matthew Calder, Brad Chase, Sally Heep and Atty. Tompkins are in conference.**

**Sally Heep:** If you took summer, plus winter breaks, spring break, holiday weekends—you start to get pretty close to what you have now.

**Matthew Calder:** Pass.

**Dr. Sharon Brant:** That's too much custody for Super Dad.

**Brad Chase:** Is there any acceptable scenario that would allow for Sharon to enroll in her program without leaving the boys behind?

**Matthew Calder:** We could each take one.

**Dr. Sharon Brant:** Excuse me?

**Matthew Calder:** You know, like that Nazi movie where the woman has to pick which kid to keep.

**Atty. Tompkins:** *Sophie's Choice*.

**Matthew Calder:** Thank you.

**Atty. Tompkins:** Uh, huh.

**Matthew Calder:** Only this is Sharon's choice. One goes with her to New York; I keep the other one. Done.

**Dr. Sharon Brant:** That's outrageous. The boys love each other. Th—they're best friends.

**Matthew Calder:** A little weird, don't you think? Let's see what happens when we split 'em up.

**Dr. Sharon Brant:** Stop doing this! You have already scarred your children enough to last a lifetime. Imagine how that feels to a little boy—knowing that their father could care less whether he sees them or not! And yet, if it means denying me something that I want, something that I deserve, something that this family needs . . . suddenly you're . . . you're a concerned father! Damn you!

**Matthew Calder:** And what about my needs, huh? What freakish nightmare did I step into that turned my wife who was hot, who had sex with me, who liked to go out with me at night, into some earth-mother world-record setting breast feeder? And no, you want to leave your kids with some non-English-speaking nanny for a hundred hours a week so you can live out your *ER* fantasy life? Be my guest. But it's not my problem that you're not good enough to get hired anywhere in the entire state.

Hallway of Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Denny Crane is walking with Lawyer #1, when Ernie Dell approaches.**

**Ernie Dell:** Denny, did you hire that P.I. yet? *pause* I asked you a question. Truth be told, my relationship with this firm hangs in the balance.

**Jerry Austin:** Uh, Ernie, why don't we step into my office . . .

**Ernie Dell:** I'm talking to Denny.

**Denny Crane:** All right, Ernie. Truth time. My office.

Denny Crane's Office

**Denny Crane:** This is not gonna be easy for you to hear, but it needs to be said. I don't give a damn who slept with your wife. Neither do you, really. You don't love her. This is an ego thing. She's a trophy girl. Something for your friends to admire. Maybe you should be flattered.

**Ernie Dell:** I'm not . . .

**Denny Crane:** I'm talking. Ego, Ernie. You acquire fast cars and young wives to try and stay young yourself in the hope of confusing youth with relevance. Well, here's a flash for you. We're all desperate to be relevant. You're 76 years old! Want to feel you still mean something? Move to Florida, punch a chad, screw up an election. Don't go looking for affirmation between the two artificial jugs of a woman who married you for—Gee, could it be your outstanding sense of humor?

**Ernie Dell raises his hand as if to punch Denny Crane.**

**Denny Crane:** Take a swing if you want to, if it makes you feel better.

**Instead, Ernie Dell turns to the door and walks out.**

Courtroom #2

**Brad Chase:** The *guardian ad litem* acknowledged in her report in the last year, Mr. Calder took custody of the boys only one weekend a month.

**Atty. Tompkins:** Mr. Calder's been steeped in a major work crisis at his company.

**Brad Chase:** I don't care if he's been dismantling a nuclear weapon. The fact is, he hasn't been there. There's no doubt that my client is, in practice, the primary custodian. Now this woman is struggling to make a life for her family . . .

**Judge Isabel Hernandez:** What? She can't make it in the Commonwealth?

**Brad Chase:** She'd love to, but the offer comes from New York. And my client has made every sacrifice . . .

**Judge Isabel Hernandez:** That's what parents do, Mr. Chase. You have kids, you make sacrifices. They got married here, they had children here. Mr. Calder: As fathers go, I consider you a disgrace. Ms. Brant: There is a reason for this policy. We don't like angry spouses yanking kids across state lines. It's an undue burden on the family unit. Accordingly, your plan to relocate with your sons remains enjoined. **Bangs gavel.**

**Dr. Sharon Brant:** What now?

**Brad Chase:** I don't know.

**Matthew Calder:** *sarcastically wiping a fake tear from his eye* I, uh, I guess that didn't go too well.

Courtroom #1

**Sarah Toomy:** ". . . when I'm stuck with a day that's gray and lonely; I just stick out my chin and grin and say—tomorrow, tomorrow, I love ya tomorrow, you're always a day away."

**Judge Rita Sharpley:** Thank you. That was . . .

**Sarah Toomy:** *continuing, with Alan Shore mouthing the words along with her* "Tomorrow, tomorrow, I'll love ya tomorrow. You're always a day away."

**Alan Shore claps, grinning as if HE is the stage mother**

**Alan Shore:** That was great!

**Judge Rita Sharpley:** Sarah, that was magnificent. But the other little girl was quite good, too. And given the discretion that has to be allowed to producers in these situations . . .

**Alan Shore:** Your Honor, we have something called the Equal Protection Clause, we have something called the 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment—I believe it's actually required reading for judges. I could be wrong there.

**Reverend Al Sharpton (from behind Alan):** Could I be heard, your Honor? I heard about this matter. I would like to address this court on what I consider . . .

**Judge Rita Sharpley:** I'm sorry, Reverend, but you have no standing here.

**Reverend Al Sharpton:** I have standing as an American citizen speaking up on a civil rights violation.

**Judge Rita Sharpley:** Reverend Sharpton, I will ask you to step down . . .

**Reverend Al Sharpton:** I have standing as Bobby Kennedy had standing, . . .

**Judge Rita Sharpley:** You have no standing in this meeting.

**Reverend Al Sharpton:** . . . on the steps of the courthouse in Alabama!

**Judge Rita Sharpley:** No one is denying this little girl an education, sir. She just can't play *Annie*.

**Reverend Al Sharpton:** You may think this is a small matter. But this is no small matter. This child is being denied the right to play an American icon because she doesn't match the description. Those descriptions were crafted 50 years ago! We're supposed to be in a different day!

**Judge Rita Sharpley:** Reverend . . .

**Reverend Al Sharpton:** You talk about racial equality, how we're making progress. The problem with that progress is it's always a day away. Tomorrow, tomorrow—you love that!—because it's always a day away. I'm here to stick out my chin today! Today! Give us an African-American Spider Man! Give us a black that can run faster than a speeding bullet and leap over tall buildings in a single bound! Not tomorrow—today! Today! The sun needs to come out today! Not tomorrow, your Honor! God Almighty! Give the American people a black Orphan Annie. It's just not good enough to say she doesn't look the part.

**Applause from the spectators' gallery**

**Reverend Al Sharpton:** *to Alan Shore* That's what you call a rabbit, son. Denny Crane.

**Reverend Al Sharpton exits the courtroom to the tune of "Tomorrow"**

Hallway at Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Sally Heep:** What if we file a T.R.O. in federal court on behalf of the kids?

**Brad Chase:** On what grounds?

**Sally Heep:** I don't know. They've been denied a right to interstate travel.

**Brad Chase:** It's dubious, but I like your thinking.

**Sally Heep:** Come here for a second. *pulling Brad Chase into the law library* Look . . . I just . . . I just need to know.

**Brad Chase:** Sally.

**Sally Heep is not getting an answer from him, becomes uncomfortable, and walks out, passing Alan Shore, who is entering from another doorway.**

Alan Shore: Brad.

Brad Chase: Alan.

The Buddha Bar

Sally Heep: The deadbeat doesn't even see his kids, doesn't know them, and he's using them as weapons to destroy his ex-wife and them.

Alan Shore: And that's why you were so upset? The case?

Sally Heep: It's a little hard, okay? I . . . I prefer him in D.C.

Alan Shore: Mm, hm. Do you think I should start working out with weights? Maybe do some calisthenics?

Sally Heep: I'm trying to, like, express my . . .

Alan Shore: You still like him?

Sally Heep: Well, what context are you asking as, Alan? I mean, are you asking as like a boyfriend, or . . .

Alan Shore: I'm not allowed to ask questions?

Sally Heep: Am I? About Tara?

Alan Shore: What about Tara?

Sally Heep: **sigh** Nothing. Anyway, he left. I got very depressed, drank a lot, hit on too many boys. **sigh** Until I met this one boy . . . man . . . distinguished.

**Alan Shore laughs**

Sally Heep: And now I just . . . Okay. How small is the town of Boston?

Alan Shore: What?

Sally: The dirtbag is right over there.

Alan Shore: Bradley? **He turns around to look in Matthew Calder's direction**

Sally Heep: The ex-husband.

**Matthew Calder is flirting with beautiful women at the bar across the room.**

Sally Heep: **sigh** Really trying to strengthen that family unit.

**Alan Shore reaches for her personal electronic organizer.**

Sally Heep: What are you doing?

Alan Shore: **chuckling**. I just need to use your thingie for a second.

Sally Heep: Can we get outta here: I don't—I don't wanna look at that pig.

Alan Shore: Okay.

**Sally Heep heads for the door.**

Alan Shore: **drops some money on their table, types on the organizer a bit.** We're off. **He follows Sally Heep out.**

Denny Crane's Balcony

Denny Crane: I told him we're all desperate to be relevant.

Lori Colson: Were you able to dissuade him?

Denny Crane: I think so.

Lori Colson: Denny, do you think you were talking about yourself a little? You feeling a little desperate to be relevant lately?

Denny Crane: Don't waste your time trying to get in my head. There's nothing there.

Lori Colson: They're not going to take the firm from you. First, Paul Lewiston could never get the votes. Second, he wouldn't want to. The man loves you.

Denny Crane: I'm not worried, Lori. Do I look worried? Yeah. Look out there. My domain. My city. I'm Denny Crane.

Matthew Calder's Office

**Alan Shore has gotten past Matthew Calder's secretary, and is looking for Matthew Calder, who is in a meeting.**

Secretary: Sir, if I could just get your name. I would be happy to buzz Mr. Calder.

Alan Shore: You're very kind, but look, I'm already here.

Secretary: There's a meeting in progress, though, and I've been instructed not to disturb him.

Alan Shore: **opening the door to a meeting room and walking in, interrupting Matthew Calder and associates.** Hello, Matthew. Shame. Quite hoping I'd interrupt something tawdry. I'm Alan Shore. Your

colleague and I just met, but we seem to share a proclivity for exotic women and illicit behavior. Can I steal you a second?

**They step out of the meeting room.**

**Matthew Calder:** What's going on?

**Alan Shore:** I'll keep it quick. These are for you. **pulls out 8x10 photos in a manila folder, handing them to Matthew Calder** Photos. Snapshots, really. Some delightful little business between you and a hooker. A friend of mine, actually. I earn Frequent Flyer miles. She's a lovely woman. I arranged for her to seek you out at the bar. I particularly like that one, don't you? Gives your bottom a nice . . . aura. Here's the deal. Sharon and the kids get to go to New York, or I start printing copies. Is that powdered sugar, by the way, that you're snorting off her magnificent porcelain breasts?

**Matthew Calder:** You are a lawyer in a prestigious law firm, for God's sake.

**Alan Shore:** I know. Awful. Hate to extort and run, but I'm afraid I'll need an answer on this—now.

Reception Area of Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Lori Colson:** Tara, I need to apologize. I know how degrading that had to be with Ernie. And . . .

**Tara Wilson:** Not at all. In fact, I slept with him last night. Anything for the team.

**Lori Colson:** I suppose I deserved that. This wasn't so much for the team as it is for Denny. There's some stuff going on . . .

**Denny Crane:** What stuff?

**Ernie Dell:** Denny, I need another moment.

**Denny Crane follows Ernie Dell to**

Denny Crane's Office

**Ernie Dell:** I was thinking how right you are not to hire a private investigator. I thank you for your counsel. After all, it's possible that I might learn something that could upset me even further. I hadn't considered that. Did you consider that, Denny?

**Denny Crane:** Ernie, I don't have time to consider all the things I have to consider.

**Ernie Dell:** Um, hmm. Can we sit?

**Denny Crane:** Oh, yeah; please.

**Ernie Dell:** See, the thing is, fool that I am, I went out and hired a P.I. on my own. And guess what I found out, Denny?

**Denny Crane:** I'm not sure, Ernie, but you need to know that I'm billing you for all these rhetorical questions.

**Ernie Dell:** **pulling out a gun; sighs** My own lawyer. My friend . . . with my wife. Gee, Denny Crane is silent. Talk to me about my quest for relevance, Denny. Tell me about my ego. Come up with one last profound thing to say before I pull this trigger. Come on, Denny, talk. I want to hear what the great Denny Crane has to say now.

**Denny Crane:** First off: Clients come in here all the time wanting to shoot me. You know what I tell them? Go ahead. The worst thing about growing older, Ernie? You begin to slip. One day you wake up and you're "less than." And for me? I'm a legend, Ernie. I'm folklore in this town. Lawyers have feared me for years. For Denny Crane to slip? It would diminish my legacy. It would be a tragedy. Denny Crane has to go out big—page one of the *Globe—New York Times*, even. Do me a favor, Ernie. Pull the trigger. immortalize the legend. Pull the trigger. I don't ever want to be "less than." Don't let me become irrelevant. Pull it!

**Ernie Dell:** **cocks the gun** Okay. But before I do, don't you at least want to apologize?

**Denny Crane:** **nods** I do. I'm sorry, my friend. I'm truly sorry. Ernie, uh, that gun—I bought it for you. Remember? It's a starter pistol, Ernie.

**Ernie Dell sighs, nods, uncocks the pistol, and sits back in his chair.**

Conference Room of Crane Poole & Schmidt

**Alan Shore, Sarah and Beah Toomy are sitting on one side of the table; the producers' lawyers on the other side.**

**Alan Shore:** It's a controversy. That's what Al Sharpton does. And he does it well. He doesn't just make noise. He lights and carries a torch of racial controversy.

**Atty. Smith:** Mr. Shore, . . .

**Alan Shore:** Which you know. Which is why you're here. We need to put this one out, good people. Controversy is bad business for musicals. Your production will open and close faster than you can say, "Trent Lott." I assume you've come with a proposal. Let's have it. **No answer** Sarah?

**Sarah Toomy:** "When I'm stuck with a day, that's . . ."

Atty. Smith: *interrupting* Okay. We'll offer you the role of understudy on weekends.

Alan Shore looks to Beah Toomy.

Beah Toomy: Plus three matinees a month.

Atty. Smith: Done.

Alan Shore: *smiling* Sarah?

Sarah Toomy: *serious look; nods*

Alan Shore claps, and smiles at the "done deal." Beah Toomy also looks satisfied. Atty. Smith nods, and Sarah smiles.

Lori Colson's Office

Brad Chase and Lori Colson are drinking beer.

Brad Chase: *entering* Pulled a gun on him!

Lori Colson: It only shot blanks, but, yeah. Drama's over. How's it feel being back?

Brad Chase: It's all right. *pause* Let me ask you a question. I'd appreciate an honest answer.

Lori Colson: Okay.

Brad Chase: *talking too fast* Do you think I talk too fast?

Lori Colson: Umm . . . Sometimes, you're a little brisk.

Brad Chase: I think it's good business practice, not to mention good business ethics. We charge by the hour. Our clients pay for the time that we spend talking. As attorneys, we have an obligation not to over-bill our clients, so if I talk fast, it's just because I feel . . .

Lori Colson: Ethically bound.

Brad Chase: He makes fun of me.

Lori Colson: I'm sorry?

Brad Chase: Shore. He thinks I'm a Ken doll. *sigh* No. It's not right. He calls me a Ken doll while he . . .

Lori Colson: *laughing* . . . plays with your Barbie.

Dr. Sharon Brant: *knocks* Excuse me. Hi.

Brad Chase: Sharon.

Dr. Sharon Brant: I just . . . I just came to say thank you. Not that I agree with your tactics. But what this means to me and—and my children . . . well, thank you so much. I will never forget this.

Balcony Scene

Denny Crane: Remember that book? *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*?

Alan Shore: Yes. *He pauses to give Denny time to continue, but Denny does not.* Is there a point, or did you just want to know if I'd read it?

Denny Crane: There you go again. Always looking for a point.

Brad Chase: *walking in on them* Matthew Calder just agreed to let his wife move with their children.

Denny Crane: Fantastic.

Brad Chase: You got pictures of him with a hooker. You blackmailed him.

Alan Shore: You make it sound unsavory.

Brad Chase: Listen to me. I know how you practice law. I don't practice law like that.

Alan Shore: It was a rabbit. Well, really, a bunny. Marines don't like bunnies?

Brad Chase: You know the only reason I don't report you to the Bar, mister . . .

Alan Shore: Is because Sharon might not be able to go to New York with her children, which shockingly is more important than our combined ethical egos.

Brad Chase: You know what, sport? You and I now officially have a relationship.

Alan Shore: Great. Perhaps we can get together and do a couple of push-ups, sport. *He sits in his chair, looking out at the city below.*

Brad Chase looks to Denny Crane, who does not meet his gaze, then turns and walks out.

Denny Crane: *laughs* Hooker rabbits. I love it.

Alan Shore: You know, you never answered my question the other night.

Denny Crane: *exhales* Which was?

Alan Shore: Are you scared?

Denny Crane: The only thing to be scared of, son, is tomorrow. I don't live for tomorrow. Never saw the fun in it.

Alan Shore: Denny Crane.

Denny Crane: What was that?

Alan Shore: Nothing. *Raises his glass to toast Denny Crane* Here's to no tomorrows.