

Boston Legal
Still Crazy After All These Years
Season 1, Episode 2
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Transcribed by olucy.

Scene opens inside a mental institution's visiting room. The room is filled with various patients, including an older, African American man with Tourette's syndrome yelling "Bats on the run!", and a younger Caucasian woman with multiple scars on her arm. A woman is ushered into the room by a psych nurse and taken to a long table where Alan Shore is seated, hunched over a jigsaw puzzle.

Psych Nurse: You have 30 minutes.

Christine Pauley: I have to say I find this very strange. I always thought I'd be the one visiting you in a mental hospital.

Alan smiles. She sits down across from him.

Christine Pauley: I'm excited about tomorrow. Please tell me we have a shot. I don't know how much longer I can take it in here.

Alan Shore: We have a shot. I'll get you out.

Christine Pauley: I don't need to hear it, Alan. I need it to happen.

Alan Shore: The board will question you directly. It's entirely possible they'll try to provoke you.

Christine Pauley: Make sure I'm bomb proof?

Alan Shore: Sorry?

Christine Pauley: It's an expression with horses. To be safe to ride a horse it needs to be bomb proof. It doesn't spook easily. Can't have one who just flies off.

Alan Shore: Yes. In addition to not flying off, you need to show contrition. They like to see that you're sorry.

Christine Pauley: I am. I – I am so sorry. So deep--deeply ashamed. How do I say it right?

Alan Shore: Just like that. Christine, you were in love with a man who was unworthy of you. Who made you doubt everything that you had a right to count on. Who perhaps even toyed with your sanity.

Christine Pauley: Still no excuse for trying to kill him.

Alan Shore: Perhaps he had it coming.

Christine Pauley: Perhaps you did.

Theme song

Inside a CP&S conference room

Paul Lewiston: Why is it we agreed to bifurcate the trial?

Brad Chase (speaking rapidly): There's been no claim for punitive damages, only compensatory. But our fear was the jury could be so outraged, they might artificially inflate compensatories as a de facto puni, so we opted to bifurcate. Separate juries – one for liability, one for damages. The client concurred.

Alan Shore (looking at Brad in amazement): Do you do tongue push-ups?

Brad Chase: This is a staff meeting. I encourage all to conduct themselves professionally, keeping in mind that remarks are tantamount to assertive conduct.

Paul Lewiston: Lansing versus Mahoney.

Brad Chase (speaking rapidly, Alan still looking amused): Hospital settled out. Deposition of Dr. Mahoney is today. We're hoping to make some movement on that as well.

Paul Lewiston: Lot of eyes are on us. We've got an HMO on the bubble here waiting to see how this lawsuit is restored. I assume you've prepared for today's deposition.

Brad Chase: Actually, Denny's taking it.

Paul Lewiston: Denny's taking the deposition?

Brad Chase: Yes.

Paul Lewiston: Wouldn't it be better to save Denny for trial? Roll out the big gun later?

Denny Crane: Roll out the big gun now, this won't be a trial. Move along, Paul.

Paul Lewiston: In re Christine Pauley.

Alan Shore: Mine. Ex-girlfriend. Tried to kill me.

Paul Lewiston: This is the commitment proceeding?

Alan Shore: She was committed. This hearing is to secure her release.

Lori Colson: Wait a second. She tried to kill you?

Alan Shore: She did.

Lori Colson: And now she wants out?

Alan Shore: She does.

Lori Colson: And you're trying to help her get out?

Alan Shore: I am.

Sally, visibly upset, picks up her things and leaves the room.

Alan enters Sally's office. Sally is sitting at her desk rifling through papers.

Alan Shore: You're angry with me.

Sally Heep: I'm just busy. Okay? **Shuffles papers. Alan turns to leave.** I'm not gonna even discuss the absurdity of representing an ex-lover who tried to kill you. But how do you not at least tell me? That isn't something that I should know?

Alan Shore: I wanted to surprise you with it.

Sally Heep: You think it's funny? You think it's appropriate for me to learn about it *in a staff meeting*?

Alan Shore: Forgive me. As you can imagine, I haven't kept up with the boyfriend/girlfriend regulations. **Sits down.** What I can say is she's a client and a friend that I'm trying to free from the clutches of an overreaching asylum.

Inside a rather sterile meeting room at the psychiatric hospital. Alan and Christine are sitting behind a table, facing a panel of doctors, three men and a woman. There is a security guard behind Alan and Christine.

Dr. Gill: You keep calling it an asylum. This is a psychiatric hospital.

Alan Shore: I mean no disrespect, doctor, but the word "hospital" implies treatment.

Dr. Gill: And she has gotten treatment.

Alan Shore: Is she less crazy?

Dr. Gill: Excuse me?

Alan Shore: As a result of your treat. Is she less crazy?

Dr. Gill: Crazy is not a medically recognized term, Mr. Shore. As I've just explained, Christine has what the D.S.M. refers to as intermittent explosive disorder.

Alan Shore: Then please tell us. Is she less intermittently explosive?

Dr. Gill: She has improved.

Alan Shore: And to what do you attribute that?

Dr. Gill: Primarily the pharmacological regimen.

Alan Shore: Pills.

Dr. Gill: Twenty-five milligrams each of three different antipsychotics administered three times daily.

Alan Shore: Then maybe it's a good thing she's here. That sounds like a very complicated protocol to administer on one's own.

Dr. Gill: Indeed

Alan Shore: How do you know she actually takes these pills?

Dr. Gill: Obviously, we keep very careful records.

Alan Shore: I'm sure you do. But, hypothetically, suppose there was a patient who felt she didn't belong here. Felt she'd entered your hospital quite troubled, but essentially sane, and was being driven insane by this institution? Maybe she's a New York University graduate. A respected attorney. A charming, intelligent, sensitive, funny woman. A fully functional person with the exception of one incident. So each and every time your orderlies come around with your 75 milligrams of powerful antipsychotics for her to swallow, she hides the

tablets under her tongue and saves them day after day. A growing collection of thoroughly unnecessary medication that her primary psychiatric caregiver wants to shove down her throat.

Dr. Gill: Are you asking if this hypothetical scenario could happen?

Alan Shore: I am.

Dr. Gill: It could not. We keep very careful records.

Alan gestures as if understanding. Christine proceeds to take handful upon handful of pills out of her pocket and set them on the table in front of her. It appears to be between 100 to 200 pills. The doctors look vexed.

Inside conference room at CP&S. The deposition has started.

Dr. Mahoney: Look, I don't see why I need to be present.

Brad Chase: A part of her emotional distress claim goes to how you informed her of her husband's death.

Dr. Mahoney: I've been a surgeon for 30 years. If there's a pleasant way to tell a family a patient died....

Denny Crane: We'll need your response to her account. **Acknowledges Carrie Lansing and Attorney Kevin Ripley walking towards them.**

Brad Chase: **Speaking to Lansing and Ripley.** We're in Conference Room 1. We'll be right in.

Atty. Kevin Ripley: Thank you.

Dr. Mahoney: Why can't I just review the transcript? I really don't want to sit in that room.

Brad Chase: We don't need you to do or say anything. We just need you to sit there and listen.

Paul Lewiston comes to the doorway.

Paul Lewiston: Brad? One second please.

Brad meets Paul in the hallway.

Paul Lewiston: You can't let him first chair this deposition.

Brad Chase: Paul, he's insisting.

Paul Lewiston: First of all, the case could turn on this proceeding. And second, as I mentioned, we have several medical corporations, potential clients, taking a key interest....

Denny approaches Paul and Brad in the hallway.

Denny Crane: Hey, guys. What are we talking about? It looks interesting from afar. Anything I might enjoy?

Paul Lewiston: What's this case about, Denny? The deposition you're about to conduct. What's it about again?

Denny Crane: A man died during angioplasty, leaving him dead. Tragic.

Back inside Conference Room 1

Carrie Lansing: He even described the procedure as common. So for—

Denny Crane: One of your allegations goes to how Dr. Mahoney informed you of the tragic outcome.

Carrie Lansing: He just came out and said my husband had a cardiac arrest and was dead. He just turned and walked away. But he said he was going to talk to me later.

Denny Crane: Do you make room for the possibility that Dr. Mahoney himself was devastated at this time?

Carrie Lansing: The patient was my husband. Whatever pain he had, I---

Denny Crane: These are difficult questions. You're, um, 40 pounds lighter since before your husband's death?

Carrie Lansing: Yes.

Denny Crane: Dating again?

Atty. Kevin Ripley: Objection. This certainly has no relevance.

Denny Crane: All objections have been waived till the trial. Except for the form of the questions, sport. This your first deposition?

Atty. Kevin Ripley: This is not my first deposition.

Denny Crane: Well then play by the rules. Don't make me move for costs, which she'll end up paying.

Addresses Carrie Lansing. In this last year, would you say you've had more or less sex since the time of your husbands'—

Atty. Kevin Ripley: Objection!

Brad Chase: All right. This is a tough deposition for everybody. Let's just try to get through it. Denny.

Denny Crane: More or less sex this past year?

Carrie Lansing: My physical relationship with my husband had waned, partly because of his heart condition. We remained very much in love.

Denny Crane: And did you go on lots of trips together, you and your husband?

Carrie Lansing: Some. He was very busy with work.

Denny Crane: Did he regularly tell you how incredibly—incredibly beautiful you are? Did you wear this perfume when your husband was alive?

Carrie Lansing: I believe I did.

Denny Crane: That's magnificent.

Atty. Kevin Ripley: All right. This deposition is over.

Denny Crane: Why?

Atty. Kevin Ripley: It's over. Come on, Carrie.

Denny Crane: All right. Off to court we go, cub scout.

Atty. Kevin Ripley: Oh, we'll be going into court all right. We're done here.

Back to the meeting room at the psychiatric hospital, same day.

Dr. Bender: The fact that she was secretly refusing to take her medication does not persuade us of progress.

Alan Shore: But it does show she's capable of going six months unmedicated without incident.

Dr. Bender: Mr. Shore, you were her lover.

Alan Shore: Any bias that I might have in favor of Christine would be more than offset by the fact that she tried to kill me.

Martha Silver: Frankly, we're insulted by that. It might get you a spot on Good Morning America, but—

Alan Shore: I'm trying to get her a spot of freedom.

Dr. Bender: Freedom is a privilege, Mr. Shore, not a right.

Alan Shore: A privilege?

Dr. Bender: Yes, and it's revocable. Especially if you try to run someone over with an automobile.

Alan Shore: Christine Pauley is well. You have an affidavit from three different independent psychiatrists who evaluated her.

Dr. Bender: And likely made her sign waivers as soon as you paid them.

Alan Shore: The only reason you're holding her is you're afraid of being sued should she do something.

Dr. Bender: We're afraid she'll hurt herself or someone else, you cynical snot! Is liability to the hospital a factor? Yes. We can't treat patients out of bankruptcy.

Alan Shore: I hardly see how that makes me a snot. She's in here because of one isolated incident she's not likely to repeat.

Dr. Bender: Oh, you can gaze into some crystal ball—

Alan Shore: I can gaze into her. I saw the look in her eyes the day she was brought here. I saw the look in her eyes which led to her being brought here. She had that look then. She does not have it now.

Martha Silver: Who would be this woman's guardian? Why is no one here to present—

Alan Shore: Her parents would serve as guardians. You'll find their affidavit—

Martha Silver: They live in Illinois.

Alan Shore: Where Christine would be going upon release.

Martha Silver: And until she gets to Illinois?

Alan Shore: Until then, I will be her guardian.

Dr. Bender: Miss Pauley?

Christine Pauley: Well, at the risk of also sounding biased, I agree with him. This is not a parole board. This is not a prison. As you say Dr. Gill, this is a hospital. And when patients are healed, they're let out of hospitals.

Sally is in the kitchenette, pensively staring ahead, holding coffee, leaning against the counter. Lori Colson enters the room.

Lori Colson: Coffee not good?

Sally Heep: Oh, no. I was just thinking about something.

Lori Colson: Yeah, I do that. Thinking about what?

Sally Heep: It's kind of private.

Lori Colson: You know, I'd stake out a little distance from that Shore guy, Sally. He tends to leave people's minds a little worse off than he finds them. His old girlfriend, case in point.

Alan enters the kitchenette.

Alan Shore: You two discussing cases? I wasn't aware you provided emotional counsel as well as legal, Lori. That's quite a perk.

Lori Colson: A woman tries to kill you. You go to represent her. You don't think there's a pathology at play here? I refer to yours.

Alan Shore: I got the reference. Thank you. Speaking as an enormously unlikeable person, I find it difficult to maintain grudges against all those who wanna kill me. Don't you? **Lori smiles, and starts to leave.** Yes, you'll perhaps find that witty comeback in your office.

That night. Denny is in his office with Brad.

Brad Chase: He's got a motion for costs. For sanctions. He's ordered a transcript so he can read back to the judge what you said today.

Denny Crane: Good. Then I won't have to bother trying to remember.

Brad Chase: Damn it, Denny. You're way out of line. This woman has just lost a husband. You're asking her questions about her sex life, her perfume.

Denny Crane: I know what I'm doing.

Brad Chase: Which is?

Denny Crane: It'll come to me.

Brad Chase: That lawyer is going to pick you apart in open court tomorrow.

Denny Crane: Let him try. Denny Crane.

Brad Chase: Listen to me. Do you know why I was brought here? The firm thinks that you are becoming a liability. They wanted me to control you.

Denny Crane: Who thinks I'm a liability?

Brad Chase: It doesn't matter.

Denny Crane: Who?

Brad Chase: Denny. Where you were once something to aspire to, you're now becoming something to parody. You walk around saying "Denny Crane. Denny Crane," like it's supposed to intimidate or conjure up awe. You're a complete joke. If that gets me fired, so be it. I'm saying it just the same. You know why? 'Cause I love you. I adore you. But it hurts to see you deteriorating into a---

Denny Crane: Get the hell out of my office.

Brad leaves. Denny is sitting alone.

Outside Alan's hotel room, same night. Alan is opening the door and he and Christine are walking in.

Christine Pauley: You didn't have to get me a hotel room.

Alan Shore: I didn't. You're staying in my place.

Christine Pauley: I beg your pardon?

Alan Shore: I won't get fresh.

Christine Pauley: You live in a hotel?

Alan Shore: I do.

Christine Pauley: What happened to your big grotesque house with your more grotesque swimming pool and your even more grotesque rumpus room?

Alan Shore: I sold it. I require a lot of fresh towels and nightly turndown service.

Christine Pauley: Why would you live in a ho---. Oh, I, I see. The comfort of being able to check out on a whim. You know, as much as you explained it, you've never really explained it.

Alan Shore: I demand only one thing in a relationship, Christine. That I remain utterly alone.

Christine Pauley: Nice out, Alan.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry?

Christine Pauley: Even in conversation, you always have a nice out.

CP&S conference room, same night. Present are Brad, Lori, Paul, Walter Seymore and other unnamed CP&S lawyers.

Brad Chase: I did my best to control him.

Paul Lewiston: And the other attorney has brought a motion for sanctions?

Brad Chase: Which he wants to argue himself.

Walter Seymore: My God.

Paul Lewiston: We count on you to help prevent these kinds of situations, Brad.

Brad Chase: Paul, I'm a relatively junior partner. What exactly do you expect me to do?

Walter Seymore: If that man gets up in open court—

Lori Colson: Excuse me. The man can still handle himself in court.

Paul Lewiston: Oh, please. The only possible good that could come from his—(pauses). Is he adamant about arguing this himself?

Brad Chase: I'm afraid so.

Paul Lewiston: Well. I guess we can't say no. His name still is first on the letterhead. Let him argue.

The next morning. Alan is in bed, waking up. The other side of the bed is empty. He looks toward the living room suite and sees Christine on the sofa, dressed and reading the paper.

Alan Shore: We're up early.

Christine Pauley: I've been up since 6:00, actually. I've been waiting for you to get up so I could say good-bye. There's a cab outside waiting.

Alan Shore: I thought your flight's at 11:00.

Christine Pauley: I'm going to the airport early. Ridge upped the security to level mauve.

Alan Shore: Let me drive you. **Starts to put on pants**

Christine Pauley: No. I, I'd prefer to--. Thank you. For getting me out. For forgiving me. **Laughs.** Well, that's it, creep. **Kisses his cheek.**

Alan Shore: Hmm.

Christine Pauley: Better go.

Alan Shore: Call me when you land.

Denny's office. Denny is stuffing papers into his briefcase, listening to Brad.

Brad Chase: I just think I should argue.

Denny Crane: Why? So you can control me? Nobody controls me.

Brad Chase: Denny, you're the subject of the hearing. I'm certainly gonna have more objectivity—

Denny Crane: I'll argue the motion. When Denny Crane gets attacked, he stands up for himself. I don't need you or anybody else controlling or protecting me.

Brad Chase: You're not going to court in this state.

Denny Crane: Brad, you can join me or not. Your choice. **Denny leaves as Lori enters.**

Lori Colson: What's going on?

Brad Chase: He still plans to argue it himself.

Lori Colson: The partners said let him.

Brad Chase: I know. But I thought—

Lori Colson: You know why they're saying 'Let him.'? A public debacle on record is just what they need to convince the full partnership in January to broom him.

Brad Chase: What?

Lori Colson: Yeah. They want him to self-destruct, Brad. They obviously think losing a few clients is worth losing him. You cannot let him argue this motion. **Brad leaves.**

Alan and Sally walking together down a CP&S hallway.

Sally Heep: You're her guardian, and she slept in your hotel room last night.

Alan Shore: You see, you get upset when I don't tell you these things. But then, when I do—*sighs*. She's gone to Chicago. It's —

Sally Heep: It's not about her.

Alan Shore: Excellent

Sally Heep: It's, it's us. Is there an us?

Alan Shore: Sally, I know this seems difficult. You know what? **At his office door he stops walking and turns to face her.** Can we go shopping for shoes? Or a new dress? Something revealing for the office party. Soft, but tight. **Alan's office door opens, revealing Christine.**

Christine Pauley: Alan.

Alan Shore: What are you doing here?

Christine Pauley: My flight was canceled. I thought you might feel like an early lunch.

Alan Shore: Christine Pauley, Sally Heep.

Christine Pauley: Hi. It's nice to meet you.

Sally Heep: Hi.

Alan Shore: Your flight was canceled?

Christine Pauley: I'm rescheduled at 4:30. This is why I've refused to fly for the last two years. That, and I've been locked up. So can I steal you for lunch?

Alan Shore: Actually, no. We were just about to go on—

Sally Heep: It's okay, really. **She turns and starts walking away.**

Christine Pauley: Very nice to meet you. **Sally, still walking away, raises her hand to wave "bye".** Maybe I shouldn't have come. **Alan motions her into his office.** Truth is, you weren't my first choice for lunch. I called a few friends. Everybody seems to need a little distance. It was all like, "Oh, Christine. How nice to hear from you."

Alan Shore: You're smart enough to expect that.

Christine Pauley: Never got it from you. Are you and Sally —

Alan Shore: We're seeing each other.

Christine Pauley: Oh. She seemed nice.

Alan Shore: She is.

Christine Pauley: Certainly attractive.

Alan Shore: There's that.

Christine Pauley: Well. It'll be easier when I get to Chicago. Easier to start over there, I think.

Alan Shore: I agree.

Christine Pauley: Yeah. So. Lunch?

Alan Shore: On your next visit **He helps her on with coat.**

Christine Pauley: Well. Goodbye. Again. Uh—**Alan kisses her briefly on the mouth.**

Alan Shore: Good-bye Christine.

She leaves as Alan watches her go.

Interior court hallway. Brad and Denny are walking down the hall talking.

Brad Chase: Denny, listen to me. Some of the partners are coming down to watch the motion. And not in support. They're hoping you crash in there. They're hoping to get some leverage to be able to say at the partnership meeting "it's time to take Denny Crane out of the game."

Denny Crane: What game? **Denny and Brad enter the courtroom.**

Inside courtroom. Jerry Austin, Sam Halpern and Paul Rober from CP&S are sitting in the galley.

Atty. Kevin Ripley: I don't know if he was trying to humiliate her or hit on her. It wasn't clear. What was clear was the indecency of it. This is what lawyering has degenerated to. Carrie Lansing lost her husband. He's probing her about her sex life. It was a blatant abuse of our process. It was an embarrassment to the integrity of our profession. This attorney should be sanctioned severely, your honor. A message has to be sent to the bar, that our bar is raised higher than an episode of reality television. Denny Crane demeaned Carrie Lansing. He demeaned our court system, and he should be dealt with.

Judge Morgan Baker: Mr. Crane?

Brad Chase: Denny, I have a good feel for this. Can I take it?

Denny Crane: I'll take it. **Looking at judge.** This is, um, pretty powerful stuff. I can see Mr. Ripley's a very powerful man. And that's a big thing with lawyers, isn't it? Power. Fear of feeling weak. I've seen it before. Attorneys coming up against Denny Crane. They jump and stomp and shake their fists and bellow with impassioned rage. It makes quite a demonstration, doesn't it? When you cut through the merits, this lady has alleged in her complaint loss of consortium. Legal terms meaning sex and affection. And if she's enjoying sex and affection, it's relevant. It's a mitigating factor. I'm entitled to explore it. Mr. Ripley may not like it, but it's legitimate. And, I may add, that I conducted my probe in the relative privacy of a closed conference room. Mr. Powerful Man made it much more public with his impassioned chest-thumping in a courtroom.

Atty. Kevin Ripley: I object to this.

Denny Crane: Oh, go ahead and pound the table. I'll tell you what I object to. We have an offer on the table you so love to pound. An offer I can't discuss because the settlement talks have been sealed. Suffice it to say it's on the high side, the extreme high side, considering the fact that liability is not certain. Mr. Lansing had a preexisting heart condition. But instead of taking the offer, powerful guys like Mr. Ripley want to go to trial. Why? Because I'm the opponent. It's a coup to beat the big guy. Well, what if you don't? You demean the profession, Mr. Powerful Guy. You're using your client to get a notch. You're making Carrie Lansing go through the ordeal of a trial for your own ego.

Atty. Kevin Ripley: Objection!

Denny Crane: A trial you may lose, in which case she gets nothing!

Atty. Kevin Ripley: Objection!

Denny Crane: Oh, but if you're loud enough—

Atty. Kevin Ripley: Objection!

Denny Crane: Forceful enough and strong enough, she may never realize that you blew it.

The CP&S attorneys are looking at Denny. Brad smiles slightly.

Sally is looking through books in the CP&S library. Alan walks up behind her, unnoticed, pulls back her hair and starts nuzzling her ear. Sally smiles.

Sally Heep: Brad? **She smiles and turns to face him.**

Alan Shore: Funny. You'd like me to feel threatened, wouldn't you? I may not be able to talk as fast, but my tongue is certainly more versatile. **He starts pushing back her hair. Sally appears to be looking at someone behind him. Alan turns to see Lori standing in the hallway.**

Alan Shore: You disapprove of me. That warms my cockles.

Lori Colson smiles and walks away.

Alan Shore: I'm afraid something's come up.

Sally Heep: Oh, don't tell me—

Alan Shore: Her flight left an hour ago. She's gone. So. Shopping. Maybe not shoes. But something...slippery to perhaps slide out of later.

Sally Heep: I'm not that easy.

Alan Shore: Well, I am. **Sally throws her arms around him, kissing him, and swinging him around, pushing him against the library stacks.**

That night. Alan and Sally are in a bar.

Sally Heep: Do you feel responsible for her being in there?

Alan Shore: I certainly was a precipitating factor.

Sally Heep: Is she well now?

Alan Shore: I think so. But perhaps I'm inclined to believe that. You might come to value my latitude on these matters a little more fully on the day you try to kill me.

Sally Heep: **Laughs.** I miss you. **Leans over and kisses him.** I have a friend who has this amazing house in Vermont. Maybe for Columbus weekend we could sneak up there.

Alan Shore: I love Vermont. Would you allow me to cover your body in maple syrup? **As he says this, their heads very close together, Alan turns his face slightly and spots Christine across the room, in the doorway, looking at them.** Excuse me. **Gets up, crosses the crowded room to the door, but she's gone.**

The next morning. Alan is pouring himself coffee in the kitchenette and talking to Tara.

Tara Wilson: Where does she stay?

Alan Shore: I have no idea. I wouldn't even know where to go look for her.

Tara Wilson: Well, she clearly knows where to look for you. Alan, she is stalking you.

Alan Shore: She's not—

Tara Wilson: Crazy? She tried to kill you. She was institutionalized. Now she's out, and she's stalking you. You said that you were her legal guardian.

Alan Shore: That's a technicality.

Tara Wilson: Well, you may have certain rights to have her recommitted.

Alan Shore: She hasn't done anything to warrant that.

Tara Wilson: At the very least you could get a restraining order.

Alan Shore: There's nothing to warrant that either.

Tara Wilson: Do you really want to wait till there is? **Alan looks at her, then leaves.**

Paul is walking down a CP&S hallway and approaches Brad in the library.

Paul Lewiston: Brad. You hear? He won the motion and settled the case.

Brad Chase: You must be disappointed. I know what you were hoping for, Paul.

Paul Lewiston: Let me tell you something, my friend. I have loved and admired Denny Crane a lot longer than you have. We all want him to be great.

Brad Chase: If you loved him, you wouldn't have wanted his demise to be public. **Brad walks away.**

Denny is seated at his desk, smoking a cigar, with his back toward the door, looking out his window. Someone knocks.

Brad Chase: Hey.

Denny Crane: Hey. The plaintiff lost his motion for sanctions. Accepted our offer. The case is over. Settled. Done.

Brad Chase: I heard. Denny, you did an incredible job. I think you turned his own client against him in there.

Denny Crane: **Swivels his chair to face Brad.** Is that what you think? Am I now to put stock in what you think?

Brad Chase: Denny, I just came here to congratulate you.

Denny Crane: I don't need your praise. Hmm. **Nods toward his credenza full of awards.** Hardware. Trunks full of praise.

Brad Chase: Denny—

Denny Crane: I want your respect! I'm senior partner. Respect goes with the job. Not to mention I've earned it. **Sits down. Sighs.** I've earned it. Don't you think I feel the wagons circling?

Alan is standing, looking over papers on his desk and talking into a dictaphone.

Alan Shore: Now comes the plaintiff here and after the alleges and charges as follows -- Count one. On September 11 in the year of our -- **There's a knock, the door opens, it's Christine.**

Christine Pauley: I'm so, so sorry. I came to see you last night --

Alan Shore: Why did you not go to Chicago?

Christine Pauley: I decided to collect a few letters of recommendation before I leave. If I'm going to try --

Alan Shore: You could do that by phone.

Christine Pauley: I could, and I plan to. But Bernie Levinson, senior partner at my old firm, insists on meeting me in person. Evidently, he wants to be sure I'm not nuts. So I'm seeing you at 2:00. I fly out at 6:00.

Alan Shore: All right. So why'd you come to find me last night?

Christine Pauley: You weren't picking up your cell. And—Alan, I'm so sorry. I had no idea you were on a date. I shouldn't have come at all. I realized that and I left as soon as I saw the expression on your face. And—I truly, truly apologize.

Alan Shore: I have to be honest, Christine. It scared the hell out of me.

Christine Pauley: Believe me. If I had thought for a second that you were on a date—Sally—is it, is it serious?

Alan Shore: I really don't want to talk about it.

Christine Pauley: May I ask why not? We're friends, are we not? Good friends. It's only natural for us to discuss our lives with each other.

Alan Shore: I really don't want to talk about it.

Christine Pauley: Are you embarrassed? Is this just some young thing you like to screw? Dinner and a quickie? Something casual? I'm sorry. That was inappropriate. I—Maybe I still do get pangs. Anyway. I again apologize for just showing up last night. I think I will leave before this gets awkward. **She leaves hurriedly.**

That night. The 14th floor of CPP&S is filled with people in nice party attire, drinks in hand.

Sally Heep: Why don't we rent a nice restaurant for these things?

Tara Wilson: Because it's all about impressing the clients. They like to know that inflated fees buy fancy offices.

The elevator opens, Brad steps out.

Brad Chase: Hey, how ya doing?

Alan Shore: Brad. Just talking about you. **Pauses.** Okay, we weren't.

Brad Chase: Sally, will you dance with me?

Sally Heep: Well, I---

Brad Chase: Oh, that's right, you're with Big Al. Tara?

Tara Wilson: I'd love to.

Brad Chase: They make a lovely couple and he's got a nice, tight ass. Don't you think?

Sally Heep: You think?

Alan's cell phone rings. He looks at the Caller I.D.

Alan Shore: Oh. **Into the phone.** Christine?

Christine Pauley's voice: Something's come up. Nothing bad. It's great, actually. But I think I better discuss it with you in person. Can I steal two minutes?

Alan Shore: I'm at an office party. Can you tell me about it over the phone?

Christine Pauley's voice: I'd really prefer to do it in person.

Denny is sitting on a chair on the balcony. Paul walks up to join him.

Paul Lewiston: Congratulations. Denny, I---

Denny Crane: I accept your congratulations. Don't linger like we're friends.

Paul Lewiston: We used to be friends. We used to sit out on balconies at night as kids and criticize each other's openings and closings. Remember those days, Denny? When we were open to each other's criticism and candor?

Denny Crane: "Open" was a funny choice of word. You an "out in the open" sort of fellow, Paul?

Paul Lewiston: You know exactly what sort of fellow I am.

Denny Crane: I'm still a good lawyer.

Paul Lewiston: Yes. You are. You remember Muhammad Ali's last fight? We had ringside seats. He lost so pathetically to Larry Holmes. We were so crushed. The tragedy that night, Denny, wasn't that he couldn't still box. He could. The tragedy was that he still thought he was Ali. You're a good lawyer, my friend. You're just not Denny Crane. **Paul turns and leaves.**

Lori's office. She's sitting on a chair in a sexy party dress, with her shoes off, rubbing her foot. Alan sees her and comes into her office.

Alan Shore: Hanging out with all your friends?

Lori Colson: Whoever designed women's shoes---

Alan Shore: May I? **Takes hold of her foot, sits across from her and starts massaging her foot.** Nothing personal. It's a fetish.

Lori Colson: Your fingers are so—

Alan Shore: Yes, thank you. My uncle was a butcher.

Lori Colson: Don't you think Sally might object to this?

Alan Shore: We're non-exclusive when it comes to feet.

Lori Colson: Oh.

Alan Shore: Oh dear. You have a bunion. **Lori pulls her foot away.**

Lori Colson: Did you come in here for something?

Alan Shore: Why are you counseling Sally to distance herself from me?

Lori Colson: There are “happily ever after” guys and there are guys who leave girls in a heap. And I can tell the difference.

Alan Shore: You speak from personal experience?

Lori Colson: That’s private.

Alan Shore: Then perhaps I should get to know you better and ask again. And I’d love to. But right now I’m going to go dance with Sally. **Gets up and touches her knee as he leaves.**

Back to the party area. Live music playing. Sally and Alan are dancing cheek to cheek.

Sally Heep: This is nice.

Alan Shore: I know a cozy little photocopier machine we could adjourn to.

Sally Heep: You’re expecting a visitor, remember?

Alan Shore: She said it would take two minutes.

Sally Heep: **Looking over Alan’s shoulder.** She’s beautiful.

Alan Shore: Excuse me?

Sally Heep: She’s here.

Christine enters the room wearing a short, sexy black dress, making her way toward Alan and Sally.

Sally Heep: And she’s beautiful.

Alan Shore: Time me. Two minutes. **Leaves Sally and walks toward Christine.**

Alan Shore: Christine, you look stunning.

Christine Pauley: Well, I knew you were having a fancy party. I didn’t wanna appear conspicuous, so I threw something on.

Alan Shore: I see. And what did you want to talk about?

Christine Pauley: Well, can we go to your office?

Alan Shore: I prefer not.

Christine Pauley: Well, being that I just showed up at your date the other night, I didn’t want you to think I was following you. You know I wouldn’t do that.

Alan Shore: What have you come to talk about Christine?

Christine Pauley: My meeting with Bernie Levinson went incredibly well. And, well, he’s rehired me. I can start as soon as Monday. Can you believe it?

Alan Shore: What about Chicago?

Christine Pauley: I think I have a better chance at achieving normalcy in Boston. I called Dr. Gill. He agreed, the less change, the better. I can see him as an outpatient, and—

Alan Shore: Your guardians, your parents are in Illinois.

Christine Pauley: I was released to you in Massachusetts. I was afraid you’d freak if I told you this on the phone or if you just ran into me at the courthouse. This is why I wanted to give you the news in person.

Alan Shore: Okay.

Christine Pauley: It’s truly fantastic news. Isn’t it? Alan? I got my old job back. **Christine is standing very close to him and touching his tie.**

Alan Shore: Yes. It is.

Fade to black.