

Boston Legal

The Good Lawyer

Season 3, Episode 17

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Promo

Announcer: Next, on an all new Boston Legal:

Renata Hill is running (with scissors, no less!) through the Courthouse Corridors in a blood-stained wedding dress. We see Alan Shore gingerly placing the bloody scissors in a plastic Ziplock evidence bag, held by a Police Officer.

Announcer: This marriage started in death do you part.

Alan Shore: They need the dress for evidence. Would you like me to look away?

Renata Hill: No. If you have to sneeze or something—

Denny Crane: How come you get all the good cases?

Announcer: An all-new Boston Legal starts now—only on ABC.

Scenes of Boston

Set to the strains of The Wedding March from A Midsummer Night's Dream by Felix Mendelssohn; ending in a picture of a Municipal Courthouse.

Renata Hill: *in wedding dress; shrieking* Alan Shore!

As bystanders note the state her dress is in, Renata Hill runs through the halls, desperately seeking:

Renata Hill: Alan! Have you seen Alan Shore? Alan Shore! Alan Shore? Do you know Alan Shore? Alan? Oh, no. Alan! Alan Shore!

And she finds him, running to him to hand off the scissors.

Renata Hill: Oh, Alan! Alan! Okay, I know this looks really bad, but you have to believe me. I didn't do it. Please? Oh, please?

Police Officer handcuffs Renata Hill.

Alan Shore: *To Renata Hill:* Say nothing, Renata. *To Police Officer:* This woman is represented by counsel. No interrogations.

Renata Hill: Thank you, Alan.

Alan Shore: I'll meet you in lock-up, okay?

Renata Hill: Okay.

Alan Shore: Okay. All right?

Renata Hill: Okay, Alan. Okay.

Alan Shore: Gonna be alright.

Police Officer: taking her away You have the right to remain silent.

2nd Police Officer: holding a Ziplock evidence bag open Sir?

Alan Shore drops the bloody scissors into the bag.



Courthouse Holding Cell

Renata Hill is pacing; Alan Shore is escorted into the cell.

Alan Shore: Renata. This is original—even for you.

Renata Hill smiles.

Alan Shore: I brought you a change of clothes. *puts a garment bag on the table.*

Renata Hill: Aren't you thoughtful?

Alan Shore: Actually, they need the dress for evidence.

Renata Hill sighs.

Alan Shore: So, tell me. From the start.

Renata Hill: Well, after you and I broke up, I went back to my apartment and—

Alan Shore: Skip ahead four or five years.

Renata Hill: **as she unabashedly strips off first lacy jacket, spattered with blood, then the dress of her outfit** Javier and I met at the opera—it was Strauss's *Die Fledermaus*—I was sitting in front of him. He started playing with my hair. From there, it was pretty much a straight line to the engagement.

Alan Shore: Would you like me to look away?

Renata Hill: No. If you have to sneeze or something . . . We opted for a courthouse wedding because well, who needs the fuss? Besides, I thought it was fitting. You know how I love the law. We arrived, waited for a bit in the corridor with the other happy couples. **down to corset and full slip**

Alan Shore: I believe they need everything.



Renata Hill: **eyebrows say, "Oh, right" and she takes her shoes off** A clerk showed us to a waiting room where we could get ready for a few minutes before the ceremony, and he left to take another couple to the Judge's Chambers. We necked for a bit. Then, I began to feel weak. **flips her garter onto the pile of bloodied clothes** This corset was cutting off my circulation; I— **slowly unhooks the fasteners on the corset** —I fainted. When I came to, there he was—lying in a pool of blood. His own ice-tempered, bevel-edged, stainless steel scissors sticking out of his chest. He was a wig-maker.

Alan Shore: Of course.

Renata Hill: He takes those scissors with him everywhere. He was talking about giving me a trim before the ceremony. **And the corset is off** He was always at me with those scissors—you can see how bouncy **demonstrates "bounce"** my ends are.

Alan Shore smiles at the bounce, but not of her hair.

Renata Hill: I pulled out the shears, hoping to save him, but . . . nothing. **gets teary** He was dead.

Alan Shore: Renata. I *have* missed you.

[credits]

Conference Room of Crane, Poole & Schmidt

Camera pans over the faces of Clarence Bell and anonymous partners, Brad Chase, Claire Simms, Denise Bauer, reacting to the news report as Shirley Schmidt and Paul Lewiston enter.

TV Reporter: A local attorney many are now calling, "The Bloody Bride," was arrested today on the charge of murdering her would-be husband. Prospective jurors were startled by the sight of Renata Hill rushing past them, her white gown covered in blood.

Paul Lewiston uses a remote to turn off the TV.

Shirley Schmidt: "Bloody Bride—like that won't taint the jury pool!"

Paul Lewiston: As I'm sure you're aware, Mr. Shore is representing Ms. Hill. Please refrain from speaking to the press. The firm will comment when appropriate.

Denny Crane: If anybody needs me, I'll be on my cell.

Paul Lewiston: And where are you going?

Denny Crane: Rehab. I said something about the Jews—I don't know what—but Bethany has left me over it. Anyway, I recognize that I have issues I need to examine within my soul. I'm getting treatment, and, with the help of family and friends, I shall make a full recovery. **exits, giving everyone a sober look**

Camera pans the reactions of Paul Lewiston, Denise Bauer, Brad Chase and Claire Simms, and Shirley Schmidt.

Conference Room of Crane Poole & Schmidt

Helen Annie, the Receptionist: Ms. Simms, there's a man here to see you, and he's claiming that he's . . .

Jerome Harris: **entering behind her; angry** There she is! Where have you been?

Claire Simms: Who are you?

Jerome Harris: My name is Jerome Harris. I'm your client, that's who I am.

Claire Simms: Oh, please.

Jerome Harris: **handing a business card to Shirley Schmidt** Here's the card she gave me.

Shirley Schmidt: Claire, this is your card. Ah, sir, if I may ask: What is your case about?

Jerome Harris: I was charged with stealing a cell phone.

Claire Simms: Oops. **laughs** It got assigned to me when I was in court on something else. I must have blocked it out; you can see why.

Jerome Harris: Lady, I am a human being.

Paul Lewiston: Ah, Mr. Harris, when is your trial?

Jerome Harris: Today.

Paul Lewiston: Today?

Claire Simms: **frustrated; closes her portfolio and rises** Oh, whatever. Let's go.

Jerome Harris: You're gonna get me a continuance, right?

Claire Simms: Jerry—

Jerome Harris: It's Jerome.

Claire Simms: You can't pay. Why would I stretch it out when you can't pay?

Paul Lewiston: **clears throat** Claire, uh, perhaps you should get a continuance.

Claire Simms: For a stolen cell phone?

Paul Lewiston nods.

Claire Simms: **motions to Brad Chase** Give me your jacket.

Brad Chase: What?

Claire Simms: Just give it to me.

Claire Simms and Paul Lewiston give Brad Chase a look to just cooperate with Claire Simms. Brad Chase reluctantly takes off his jacket; hands it to Claire Simms, who hands it to Jerome Harris.

Claire Simms: Put it on.

As Jerome Harris takes off his leather jacket, replacing it with Brad Chase's, Claire Simms turns back to Brad Chase, hand out.

Claire Simms: Tie.

Brad Chase: I'm not gonna—

Claire Simms: It's an emergency. Tie!

Brad Chase looks away as he pops off his . . . clip-on tie! Claire Simms clears her throat, and coughs to cover her laugh, as Clarence Bell smirks, and Denise Bauer looks down. Jerome Harris buttons his red shirt, and puts on the light blue tie.

Claire Simms: C'mon, Jerry. **exits quickly**

Jerome Harris: **following her** It's Jerome!

Paul Lewiston and Shirley Schmidt exchange looks, while Clarence Bell tries to avoid Brad Chase's glare.

Judge Paul Resnick's Courtroom

Judge Paul Resnick: Renata Hill. To the charges of murder in the first degree, how do you plead?

Renata Hill: Not guilty, your Honor.

Alan Shore: Request bail.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Bail? Are you kidding?

Alan Shore: This is my "Kidding" face. **flashes a silly smile**



Alan Shore: This is my "Mean it" face. Watch again. **turns back to face Judge Paul Resnick** Request bail.



A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Your Honor, she was caught fleeing the scene, covered in the victim's blood, brandishing the murder weapon.

Alan Shore: Entirely circumstantial. Further, as an attorney, Ms. Hill is an officer of the court and a responsible, reliable member of the community.

Judge Paul Resnick: Can anyone attest to that? Any associates at the current law firm.

Alan Shore looks at Renata Hill, who shakes her head subtly.

Alan Shore: nods No, sir.

Judge Paul Resnick: Any associates at the previous law firm?

Alan Shore: Myself. The defendant and I worked together at Carruthers Abbott.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Your honor, that's the firm that Mr. Shore was fired from for embezzlement.

Alan Shore: Objection. Charges were never brought, and a . . . confidentiality agreement prevents me from talking about it further.

Judge Paul Resnick: Can we get back to this case? Any family members to vouch for her character? Friends? Neighbors? College roommates?

Alan Shore looks at Renata Hill questioningly; she looks away. Alan Shore shakes his head.

Judge Paul Resnick: Bail denied. **bangs gavel** Next.

Alan Shore: to Renata Hill, as she is led out I'm right behind you.

Elsewhere in the Courthouse

Elevator dings, and Claire Simms and Jerome Harris step out.

Jerome Harris: Just so you know, I didn't take that phone.

Claire Simms: Whaddya mean, you didn't take it? You were arrested with it in your hands.



Jerome Harris: Yeah, but I didn't mean to take it, you know what I'm sayin'?

They both look over at A.D.A. Warren Peters, who is reviewing a legal brief over take-out lunch on a bench in the corridor.

Claire Simms: Uh, wait right here. **walks over to A.D.A. Warren Peters** Warren. Claire Simms. We actually met at the D.A.'s Christmas party **shakes his hand**

A.D.A. Warren Peters: Yeah, I remember. I asked you to dance. You laughed.

Claire Simms: I was involved. Listen. **sits on the bench next to A.D.A. Warren Peters** I represent Jerome, uh . . . **looks at the complaint A.D.A. Warren Peters is perusing to remind herself of Jerome Harris's last name** . . . Harris on the stolen cell phone case. **A.D.A. Warren Peters nods.**

Claire Simms: How 'bout we plead to sufficient facts. Three months, suspended. Call it a day.

A.D.A. Warren Peters: Let him go?

Claire Simms: Suspended sentence. That's not—

A.D.A. Warren Peters: Do you think I'm a dope? This is his fourth offense. This year.

Claire Simms: *smiles, clears throat* Warren. I could be wrong, but it seems they've given you a *very* small case to cut your teeth on. Now, if you wanna get the bigger trials, you need to win the itty bitty ones—especially the seeming slam dunks. But the thing is: *whispers* You don't wanna risk losing this.

A.D.A. Warren Peters: Losing? He was caught red-handed with the phone, making a call on it, by the way.

Claire Simms: Warren—

A.D.A. Warren Peters: And, I don't like the way you use my first name, okay? You and I are not familiar with one another. You laughed when I asked you to dance.

Claire Simms *grabs for a chip in his lunch container.*

A.D.A. Warren Peters: And stop eating my lunch!

Claire Simms: Will you at least agree to continue it until tomorrow. I just got this file.

A.D.A. Warren Peters: *nods* One day. That's it.

Claire Simms *eats the chip, rises, grabs her briefcase and (Warren's) complaint, and walks back to where Jerome Harris is waiting.*

Claire Simms: Back here, 9 am; suit and tie.

Jerome Harris: Whoa, whoa, hold on. I'm not comfortable that you're trying that hard—you know what I mean?

Claire Simms: *firm* Nine o'clock.



Courthouse Holding Cell



Alan Shore: *pacing* Renata, your bloody dress, your possession of the murder weapon, you being alone with the victim, the absence of anyone to say anything good about you—we're off to a bit of a stumble start.

Renata Hill: I know. It's—it's too obvious, isn't it? I must be innocent.

Alan Shore: Even without the preponderance of evidence, 85% of all murder trials result in conviction. And here we've got the added element of oh, you're *not* innocent.

Renata Hill: I am.

Alan Shore: *shaking his head* Renata!

Renata Hill: Alan, I didn't kill him.

Alan Shore: No idea who snuck into the waiting room?

Renata Hill: I was passed out.

Alan Shore: Well, if you didn't do it, who did?

Renata Hill: I don't know. He'd had an old girlfriend who was harassing him. I don't even know her name.

Alan Shore: And we could think she

snuck in while you were conveniently passed out, probably guessing the corset would put you out for at least a few minutes. And stabbed your fiancé!

Renata Hill: I don't know. All I do know is: I didn't murder Javier.

Courtroom Corridor

Alan Shore *is walking the gauntlet of reporters, all asking questions at once.*

Reporter: Any comments?

Alan Shore: I'm sorry. I cannot comment on this case. I'd be happy to comment on *other* cases. O.J. did it. Robert Blake did it. John Mark Carr *wishes* he did it.

Judge Paul Resnick's Courtroom

Detective Ellen Adams: We have over two dozen eyewitnesses.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Did you develop any other suspects?

Detective Ellen Adams: We canvassed exhaustively, but **shakes her head** no other suspects. And when Ms. Hill came out of that door, she was covered in the victim's blood.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: And what did these stab wounds on the victim tell us about the killer?

Detective Ellen Adams: The angle and the depth of the wounds tell us that the killer was between 5 foot 2 and 5 foot 4 inches tall, and weighed approximately 115, 120 pounds.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Is Ms. Hill this height and weight?

Detective Ellen Adams: Yes, Ms. Hill is.

Alan Shore: You said you canvassed exhaustively.

Detective Ellen Adams: **nodding** Yes.

Alan Shore: How 'bout the 650 people who were called to jury duty that day?

Detective Ellen Adams: We had no cause to focus on them.

Alan Shore: Oh. So, did you focus on the couriers or food service people, the dozens of homeless people who were there looking for a bathroom, or really any members of the general public who are perfectly entitled to enter the courthouse?

Detective Ellen Adams: No.

Alan Shore: So, when you said you searched exhaustively, it was just until you got tired?

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Objection.

Judge Paul Resnick: Sustained.

Alan Shore: And what about the crime scene? Would you say it had been well secured and was utterly free from contamination at the time that you got there to, you know, evaluate blood trails, hair, fiber, fingerprints, etc.?

Detective Ellen Adams: A bloody bride ran out of that room. The Looky Lous had some contact with the scene.

Alan Shore: So it was contaminated?

Detective Ellen Adams: It was.

Alan Shore: And as for the blood-stained dress, her fiancé had scissors sticking out of his chest. Her instinct was to remove the scissors, and grab him, shake him—anything to revive him. Wouldn't that, in fact, get the blood on the dress?

Detective Ellen Adams: So would stabbing him, and then grabbing him, in fact.

Alan Shore: The victim had 3 previous fiancées; he abandoned each of them before their vows. Did you know that?

Detective Ellen Adams: None of them was placed at the scene. Just so you know our thinking, there was one person in that courthouse who knew him, ran from the room drenched in his blood, clutching the murder weapon and asking for a defense attorney. It seemed like a pretty solid lead.

Another Corridor in the Courthouse

Claire Simms is looking at her watch and pacing, when the elevator dings, and out walks Jerome Harris, wearing a powder blue tuxedo with white frilled shirt and shoes, and powder blue bowtie.

Claire Simms: What the—?

Jerome Harris: It's the only suit I got, okay?

Claire Simms: Yeah, are you crazy?

Jerome Harris: This suit brings me luck, okay? I got married in this suit!

Claire Simms: You're divorced.

Jerome Harris: Well, I got lucky *that* day.

Claire Simms: **sighs** Let's just get in there, Jerome.

Claire Simms walks quickly to the courtroom, Jerome Harris behind her.

Denny Crane's Office

Bethany Horowitz: Rehab?

Denny Crane: It's fantastic, Bethany. They help clear up outstanding parking tickets, assist with travel plans—you name it. Everybody should do it. It's like going to AA, only they let you drink.

Bethany Horowitz: Denny, you're not taking what you said seriously.

Denny Crane: Bethany, it is not anti-Semitic to question Israel's politics.

Bethany Horowitz: Yes, it is.

Denny Crane: Why?

Bethany Horowitz: Och. **shakes her head** Just forget it; I'm leaving. **gets off chair to leave.**

Denny Crane: **rises, following her** Wait. Wait. Wait-a-wait-a-wait-a, wait a minute! Wait. **gets on his knees, while they crack** Bethany, if I sometimes come off as insensitive, it's because I—I—I got a lot to deal with. I got the, uh— **making circle motion near his head** —Mad Cow. I date a midget. I was in love with a midget's mother. It's not easy being me.

Bethany Horowitz: Denny, I have fought my whole life to get respect.

Denny Crane: I respect you.

Bethany Horowitz: No, you do not. You belittle my faith, you call me a midget! Do you have the slightest idea how offensive that word is.

Denny Crane: Midget?

Bethany Horowitz: Yes! I'm a little person; I'm not a midget. You do not respect me, Denny. It's a deal-breaker.

Judge Paul Resnick's Courtroom

Mr. Nayman: I was in the corridor, waiting to get married. I watched her **points to Renata Hill** and the dead guy walk into the room. I mean, he wasn't dead—yet.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: And while they were in there, did you see anybody come in or go out?

Mr. Nayman: Nope. No one.

Alan Shore: When Renata and her fiancé went into that room, was your wife with you?

Mr. Nayman: Uh, she's not my wife yet.

Said fiancée scowls from the visitor's gallery.

Mr. Nayman: The day threw a wrench in our plans.

Alan Shore: Your whole life was about to change. You were about to "jump the broom," as they say. And you weren't distracted at all? Your eyes were clamped on that door the entire time.

Mr. Nayman: Yup.

Alan Shore: And yet, you mentioned other wedding parties, another groom nearby, delivery people and other assorted sorts—would you call that "clamped"?

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Objection.

Judge Paul Resnick: Sustained.

Alan Shore: That bathroom, from behind which your future wife-to-be was about to emerge and forever change your life, undoubtedly for the better—you never looked at that door?

Mr. Nayman: Maybe for a second.

Alan Shore: Mr. Nayman, you were not looking at the door to the waiting room the *entire* time, were you?

Mr. Nayman: Not the entire time, no.

Alan Shore: And yet you said to Mr. Palmer, quite unequivocally, that *nobody* went in or out of that room. Did Mr. Palmer tell you to be unequivocal?

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Objection.

Judge Paul Resnick: Overruled.

Alan Shore: Did Mr. Palmer tell you to be certain?

Mr. Nayman: Well, he indicated it would be best.

Shirley Schmidt's Office

Denny Crane: I'm no bigot.

Shirley Schmidt hands him a glass of scotch.

Denny Crane: Truth is, growing up, I never differentiated anybody. My family wasn't religious; I'd never know if someone was Catholic or Jewish or . . . People are people.

Shirley Schmidt: Denny, I—I believe you when you say you're not a bigot, but your insensitivity lies in the fact that you fail to realize that bigotry is out there.

Denny Crane: I know it's out there.

Shirley Schmidt: You say that religion or faith isn't important to you, but it's important to others. It's important to Bethany.

Judge Paul Resnick's Courtroom

Graham: Uh, I was there waiting to get married, and there's, uh, twenty of us couples and, uh, Tori had just went off to call her mom to tell her.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Were you in the hall when the defendant and the victim went into the room?

Graham: Yeah. Her and the Spanish guy had this pretty intense thing.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Do you recall any of the elements of this exchange?

Graham: Yeah, some. He had said something about things not working out, and then she started to get really upset, and, uh, so she says to him, really shrill, she said **imitating Renata Hill** "You're jiltin' me?!"

Alan Shore looks at Renata Hill, who smiles uncomfortably

Alan Shore: **rises, walks toward the witness chair** Alcohol, marijuana, speed, mushrooms, LSD, cocaine, Ecstasy—stop me when I name something you haven't done.

Graham: Uh—

Alan Shore: And what about the night before your wedding day? Any special festivities, a bachelor party, pub crawl?

Graham: Ah, no, actually me and Tori were at a Radiohead concert.

Alan Shore: Did you make use of any of the aforementioned substances at the concert?

Graham: Um, well, um, um, I'm testifying, so I have some sort of, uh, drug arrest immunity, right?

Alan Shore: I'll take that as a "Yes." From my experience, any evening that begins with a Radiohead concert has all the possibilities of turning into an all-night affair. How much sleep did *you* get the night before your wedding, you can round up?

Graham: None.

Alan Shore: So, you'd taken drugs, you hadn't slept—

Graham: I know what I know. You don't forget that lady sayin' that, or the look on her face when she realizes she's being dumped.

Alan Shore: You were hopped up on goofballs—why should we believe what you say?

Graham: I'm a musician, an artist, and, I mean, when you witness something like that, it gets burned into your brain. I know what I heard. He dumped her.

Judge Patrice Webb's Courtroom

A.D.A. Warren Peters: May I ask, Officer, how were you able to track the telephone to the defendant?

Officer Brian Whistler: He kept using it, making calls. He was actually talking on it when we went to arrest him.

Jerome Harris: **soto voce to Claire Simms:** That's not true; I was checkin' my messages.

Claire Simms: Shh!

A.D.A. Warren Peters: And, Officer, the defendant was found to have this stolen telephone, uh, marked and Identified as "People's Exhibit C" in his possession at the time that you apprehended him, right, Officer?

Officer Brian Whistler: Yes, sir.

A.D.A. Warren Peters: Right in his hand?

Officer Brian Whistler: Yes, sir.

A.D.A. Warren Peters: Thank you, Officer. I have no further questions. **walks to his table and sits**

Claire Simms: **rises, walks to A.D.A. Warren Peters's table; soto voce** Sixty days. Credit for time served, the rest suspended. I'll have one **holds up her index finger** drink with you.

A.D.A. Warren Peters: You're inappropriate. Your offer's rejected.

Claire Simms: **walks to face witness** So, you arrested my client for being in possession of stolen merchandise?

Officer Brian Whistler: No; I arrested him for *stealing* the merchandise.

Claire Simms: And how do you know he's the one that took it?

Officer Brian Whistler: He told me. He said it looked like his phone, and he took it "*by mistake*."

Claire Simms: Do you know that not to be true?

Officer Brian Whistler: I have phone records to show over 36 calls received by the stolen phone after it was reported missing. The ring on the phone was Beethoven's 5th Symphony; his phone ring was the Theme to Spongebob. We can also prove he played the messages on the stolen phone's voicemail, so at some point he had to know it wasn't his phone.

Claire Simms: Okay. Thanks. **walks to her table, and sits**

Jerome Harris: **soto voce** That's it?

Claire Simms: Shh!

Jerome Harris: What the hell was that? You barely touched him!

Claire Simms: Just be quiet, Jerome.

Judge Patrice Webb: Mr. Peters, anything else?

A.D.A. Warren Peters: Prosecution rests, your Honor.

Judge Patrice Webb: Very well. Ms. Simms?

Claire Simms: Defense rests, Judge. **nods**

Jerome Harris: Rests?

Claire Simms: Jerome.

Jerome Harris: Lady, I am a human being.

Claire Simms: Okay. Again with the human being defense. I know what I'm doing. Can you just trust me?

Jerome Harris: Trust you? Trust you to do what?

Claire Simms slaps her pen down on the table and clears her throat, ending the discussion with a glare.

Courthouse Conference Room

Alan Shore: How could you not tell me he was leaving you—?

Renata Hill: It's embarrassing. It's a cliché.

Alan Shore: It's motive!

Renata Hill: Oh, yeah. That.

Alan Shore angrily puts his briefcase on a chair, and drops his overcoat on top of that.

Alan Shore: So, he was leaving you?

Renata Hill sighs.

Alan Shore: If he wanted to end things, why go to the waiting room?

Renata Hill: I wanted to change his mind, Alan. I thought if we had a moment together in private, that everything might—

Alan Shore: With motive, they've got you, Renata.

Renata Hill sighs, turns away from Alan Shore to stare out the window.

Renata Hill: I shouldn't have to go to prison.

Alan Shore urns away from her to stare down at the desk.

Alan Shore: We may have to change our plea to "Not guilty by reason of temporary insanity." **shakes his head pulls out chair and sits as:** We could say you were mentally undone by the surprise of the break-up. It would mean a psychiatric facility instead of prison.

Renata Hill: No.

Alan Shore: Renata, you're forcing me to put you on the stand.

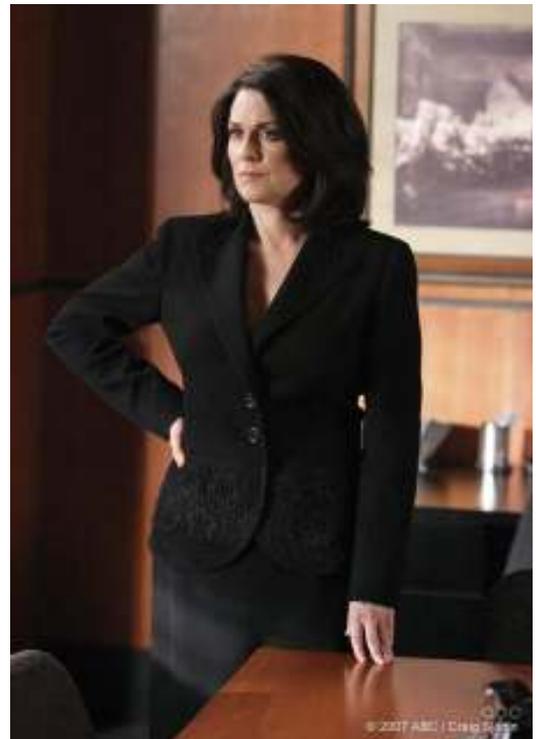
Renata Hill: **sits, and folds her hands** No.

Alan Shore: **biting his lip** What aren't you telling me?

Renata Hill: I didn't kill him. **pause** The broke up with me, but that had nothing to do with the murder.

Alan Shore: **shaking his head** Renata.

Renata Hill: I didn't faint.



Alan Shore nods.

Renata Hill: I didn't faint, and I saw who killed him.

Alan Shore: Who?

Renata Hill: Renata Hill The *actual* Renata Hill.

Courthouse Conference Room

Renata Hill: Renata Hill is a girl that I met when we were in law school together at Tulane. I assumed her identity.

Alan Shore: What do you mean, you assumed her identity?

Renata Hill: My name was Sara . . . Popiel. Things had not been going well for me on various . . . numerous assorted fronts, and then to top it off, I failed the Bar. Renata had passed the Bar. Her life was in order, but while she was waiting for her test results, she was in Alaska studying flora, and she fell in love with a man. The civilized world suddenly seemed pointless to her. She decided to give up the rat race, and the dirty, dirty law career to start a life with this man and become, as she put it, "real." so I purchased her identity for \$300,000. She went off to Alaska. I stopped being Sara Popiel, and started my fabulous life as Renata Hill. It gets better. After 18 years, the real Renata's Alaskan life went completely down the tubes: her romance, her overnight career, job—everything. And she came back. **shakes her head** A few days before the wedding. She was unhinged, unraveling, insisting that we "86" our arrangement. But I had paid for her life, which is *my* life now. And I said, "No." The next morning, she followed me, completely irrational, obsessed with the fact that my life was going well and hers wasn't, that I was getting married with her name. And she snuck into the waiting room. She was in her courier's uniform—a delivery person in corridor going in or out a door on a busy day—who would notice? She attacked me; we struggled; she grabbed the shears. I fought—that's how I got these cuts **holds up her left hand to show Alan Shore fresh lacerations** And Javier interceded, and she stabbed him, zipped up her jacket, and left.

Alan Shore: If this preposterous story is true—

Renata Hill: It is.

Alan Shore: Why didn't you just tell me at the start? Not halfway through your murder trial, with the rest of your life at stake?

Renata Hill: Well, I guess that's just it. I wanted to save my life, which is Renata Hill. I figure at least the real Renata will be gone forever now.

Alan Shore: You can't *possibly* expect me to believe all this.

Renata Hill: Alan, you've always known when to believe me.

Courtroom Corridor

Clarence Bell is taking notes.

Alan Shore: The name the other woman was living under in Clark Village, Alaska, was Susan Grey, with an "e." Apparently the town was tiny so it shouldn't be difficult to verify.

Clarence Bell: Okay.

Alan Shore: And anything and everything you can dig up on this one, Sara Popiel, with an "i." Start in New Orleans; check the Registrar's Office at Tulane; go from there. As soon as possible, Clarence.

Clarence Bell: Okay. **puts his notepad in his briefcase, as Alan Shore walks back to the courtroom.**

Judge Patrice Webb's Courtroom

Jerome Harris: It's as if you're trying to lose, and I know it. You want me in jail!

Claire Simms: Are you finished?

Jerome Harris: No. I will get you. When this is all over, I will get you, and if you think getting me stuck in jail is gonna protect you, you are wrong.

Claire Simms: Are you threatening me, Jerome? You gonna add violent crime to your already impressive resume? **slides her pen into her portfolio, and closes the portfolio.**

Judge Patrice Webb: Okay. Mr. Peters, I'll hear from you.

A.D.A. Warren Peters: May it please the court?

Claire Simms winks at A.D.A. Warren Peters, eliciting a smile from him, and distracting him.

A.D.A. Warren Peters: **buttoning his jacket** Ah, the, ah, the defendant, Jerome Harris, was found with the stolen merchandise in his possession. He never returned it. Moreover, he had to know that the cell phone wasn't his—it had another person's e-mails. He used the phone repeatedly for two days, as the call logs indicated. This man simply decided that he liked the phone, and wanted to keep it for himself, in violation of Massachusetts General Law, Chapter 132, Sub-Section 3F. As such, I would submit that Mr. Harris be found guilty of larceny, pursuant to Massachusetts General Law, Chapter 132, Sub-Section 3E. **sits**

Judge Patrice Webb: Ms. Simms?

Claire Simms: **rises** Ehh, I can't really argue, except that one thing: intent is an element of the crime. Specifically, there has to be concurrence between mind and act, which basically means that at the time Mr. Harris took the phone, he had to have the intent to steal it. The prosecution has offered no evidence to establish that. My client simply could have mistakenly taken the phone, thinking it was his own, then decided to keep it after realizing it wasn't his.

A.D.A. Warren Peters: Well he certainly had the requisite mental intent to deprive another person of their property!

Claire Simms: But not at the time of the taking, which *is* the prerequisite for concurrence.

A.D.A. Warren Peters: Even if that were a correct statement of the law—

Claire Simms: It is.

A.D.A. Warren Peters: He would still be guilty of possession of stolen property!

Claire Simms: If only you'd thought to charge possession. You didn't. And you can't now, because double jeopardy applies to the lesser included.

A.D.A. Warren Peters: Your Honor? He knew it wasn't his when he took it.

Judge Patrice Webb: You didn't establish that, Mr. Peters, and, truth be told, you didn't even allege it. Ms. Simms is right. You didn't prove concurrence between mind and act. I have no choice but to enter a finding of "Not guilty." Mr. Harris, you are free to go. You got lucky this time. **bangs gavel**

Jerome Harris rises, and follows Claire Simms past A.D.A. Warren Peters and out of the courtroom, both of them quite satisfied.

Courthouse Conference Room

Renata Hill is deep in thought and worry when Alan Shore enters. She sighs, and walks toward him, as he closes the door.

Alan Shore: Your story, as ridiculous as it is, actually checks out. Sara Popiel fell off the face of the Earth after leaving Tulane. There was a Susan Grey living in Clark Village, Alaska, who fairly matches the description of both you and, uh, Renata Hill who attended Tulane. So I guess the Renata Hill I once had on a bench by the duck pond was –

Renata Hill: Sara Popiel. So, what do we do?

Alan Shore: Well, it seems Susan Grey left Clark Village about a year ago, and hasn't been heard from since. I've struck out trying to track her whereabouts. But, even so, Renata, um, Sara—

Renata Hill: It's Renata now.

Alan Shore: nods Telling your story means charges, ranging from fraud to practicing law without a license. You'll be lucky to get out in 3 years. Or the jury doesn't believe you, and you'll get "Life." Or they could believe you, and still think you're the one who killed Javier, since we can't show that the other Renata was even there.

Renata Hill: Except for my word.

Alan Shore: Which won't exactly ring with credibility.

Renata Hill: So, what do we do?

Courthouse Corridor

Alan Shore is strategizing with Clarence Bell.

Alan Shore: rummaging through a business card wallet We know she's in Boston, or was recently. Run her credit card. Susan Grey. Also, run Renata Hill for the hell of it. **hands Clarence Bell a business card** Here. John dePietra. He's the P.I. I use. Tell him it's an emergency.

Clarence Bell: And if we find her, then what?

Alan Shore: Bring her to me. Tell John not to worry about false imprisonment; she's far from clean. Bring her to me *fast*.

Alan Shore goes to the Courtroom door, and enters the Courtroom, as Clarence Bell exits the Courthouse on his errand.

Judge Paul Resnick's Courtroom

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: I was having coffee this morning when my mother phoned. She said, "Good luck in court today." I told her I'd keep it in reserve because today, I don't need luck. Because these are the facts. Ms. Hill had means: the razor-sharp shears. She had motive: Her fiancé had left her at the altar. She had opportunity: There, with him in the waiting room. There are eyewitness accounts of the defendant with the murder weapon. There are no witnesses who saw anyone else go in or out of that room. There are stab wounds on the deceased which show conclusively to be made by someone of Renata Hill's particular height and weight. The number of people who saw Ms. Hill running through the courthouse in a bloody wedding gown are legion. And, just to give us a disturbing image of the encounter—what the victim's last moments alive—must have been like, there were cuts and bruises on Ms. Hill's hands, indicating that he fought back. Now, you don't need me to give you a big wrap-up to convince you to convict, just like I didn't need my mother's luck. But I thanked her, and I thank you. **walks to his table and sits**

Alan Shore: rises, buttons jacket and walks to face the jury A hundred and sixteen thousand people strolled the hallways of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City over the course of 47 days to drink in the beauty and simplicity of Matisse's *Le Bateau*. Clouds, water, a sailboat. They all looked right at it, and not one of those 116,000 people recognized that it was hanging there upside down. This must be the right way to look at it! But it wasn't. Now here, the District Attorney would be delighted if not one of you questioned his version of the crime.

Clarence Bell has entered the room, carrying a piece of paper.

Alan Shore: But part of your obligation as jurors is to consider whether there is another way to look at this.

Alan Shore walks over to Clarence Bell, who hands him the paper. Alan Shore reads the paper as Clarence Bell sits in the gallery. Alan Shore then turns back to face Renata Hill, who can't tell by Alan Shore's poker face what the paper has on it.

Alan Shore: Would you want a woman deprived of her future husband to spend the rest of her life in prison if there was even the slightest chance that she may be innocent? And there is that chance. The prosecution could not establish beyond all reasonable doubt that nobody else entered that room. They admit the crime scene was contaminated. We know this man had jilted 3 previous fiancées. Maybe it's possible one of them showed up. Or maybe somebody completely different. We've heard testimony that there were a lot of people coming and going that day—perhaps an individual slipped unnoticed into the room. Perhaps dressed as a delivery person, amid the hustle and bustle of the corridor, everyone was distracted by their own concerns, as we all are. Maybe a woman, a brunette like Renata, quite like Renata. And perhaps this woman attacked Javier with his own scissors, which he grabbed from his bag. Or perhaps this woman was someone from Renata's past, and it was Renata she attacked in a jealous rage, and Javier got stabbed in the process. Perhaps Renata was the intended victim.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Objection! He's arguing facts not in evidence.

Alan Shore: There were no witnesses to this crime whatsoever. *That's* a fact in evidence. And suppose there was another woman who did this? Well, ladies and gentleman, there *is* such a woman. We *have* found her, and will now produce her. She's

willing to walk through that door if the District Attorney agrees to show leniency by discussing a plea. I assume you're willing to do that?

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: What?

Alan Shore: Can I tell this woman you're amenable to a plea bargain?

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: *rising* Your Honor, there is no such woman!

Alan Shore: Then what's the harm in striking a deal?

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: I'm not gonna deal with a mystery woman.

Alan Shore: How can you not, if you recognize she exists?

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: I do not. I just—

Alan Shore: Have doubt. Reasonable doubt.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Objection. I object to counsel's entire summation.

Judge Paul Resnick: *warning tone* Mr. Shore—

Alan Shore: Never mind. Luckily for you, we've been able to compel this woman to come forward, even in the absence of such a deal. Clarence, please bring her in.

Clarence Bell rises, buttons his jacket and exits. Everyone in the courtroom stares at the double doors in anticipation—everyone except Alan Shore and Renata Hill, who exchange looks with each other. Alan Shore turns back to the double doors, but Renata Hill does not follow his lead. A.D.A. Christopher Palmer turns back to observe the jury; all of them are still staring at the double doors, waiting.

Alan Shore: Okay, I was kidding. She's not coming through the door. But she could have.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Your Honor, this is a trick I saw in a Judd Nelson movie. They also used it on Matlock.

Alan Shore: Really? I think I saw it on Perry Mason. It's an old and venerable illusion that has been used to great effect, going all the way back to the turn of the century. And apparently it's still being used today to great amusement by others, such as Perry, and uh, Judd, and— **cues A.D.A. Christopher Palmer**

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Matlock.

Alan Shore: And me.

Judge Resnick winces.

Alan Shore: But regardless of the skill with which it is executed, the success of the trick, like any great trick relies most of all on audience participation, on their predisposition to the possibility of it working, the possibility that it could be true. That possibility is why you—all of you—looked at the door. The District Attorney looked at the door. Everyone looked at the door with curiosity, and expectation, and belief—the belief that there is another woman. That belief—that is reasonable doubt. If you looked at the door, that's reasonable doubt.



A.D.A. Christopher Palmer rubs his forehead and eyes—this is not as good a day for him as he thought.

Denny Crane's Office

Bethany Horowitz: I believe you that you're not so much a bigot as—

Denny Crane: **arms crossed across his chest** Buffoon?

Bethany Horowitz: No, just . . . Israel is a country about the size of New Jersey, surrounded by other countries who want to destroy it because of its religious faith. What it's like to live with that reality every day—you simply cannot separate the history of persecution and the threat of future persecution from its politics. Israeli politics go to survival. Can you get that?

Claire Simms's Office

Claire Simms is busily writing at her desk.

Jerome Harris: Knock, knock.

Claire Simms: *looks up, scoffs, shakes her head and returns to her paperwork* If you're gonna borrow my cell phone, the answer is no.

Jerome Harris: I'm here to say thank you, and to apologize for—

Claire Simms: Threatening to kill me?

Jerome Harris: I did not threaten to kill you! I just said I'd get you. And by that I mean, you know, disconnect your satellite dish or something.

Claire Simms scoffs again.

Jerome Harris: Anyway. I'm sorry I doubted you. And I'm really grateful for—

Claire Simms gives up on the paperwork, setting it aside. Jerome Harris sits.

Jerome Harris: Look, I know you don't think that much of me, and why should you? I spent a big part of my life stalin' things that don't belong to me. But you give me a chance to turn that around, and I'm goin' to. I'm gonna go straight. I swear. And I have you to thank. In case you wonder whether you ever made a difference in somebody's life, you have.

Claire Simms shifts from added skeptic to nearly teary and touched by his speech.

Courthouse Conference Room

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer enters.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: What do you want?

Alan Shore: How's that gum working for you?

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: *scoffs* I'm a smoker. I've been trying to acquit for years, so I chew the gum.

Alan Shore: Acquit?

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Sorry?

Alan Shore: You said, "I'm a smoker. I've been trying to acquit for years."

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer takes the gum out, putting it in his handkerchief.

Alan Shore: And I couldn't help but notice your demeanor in the courtroom during my big finish. Something on your mind? Perhaps it's your career flashing before your eyes.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Nice try. She was witnessed fleeing the scene, covered in blood, murder weapon in hand, nobody else going in or out of the room.

Alan Shore: So, if you were to lose this, as high profile as it is, that would be ah, *scoffs* atrocious. Off to private practice for you.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: Second-degree murder is a gift.

Alan Shore nods.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: The likelihood is they'll come in guilty.

Alan Shore: You're probably right. I suppose it's worth it to take the chance, especially with one's career on the line. Involuntary manslaughter; three years.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: You're insane! Straight manslaughter; twelve years.

Alan Shore: We'll take it.

Renata Hill: What?

Alan Shore: We'll take the twelve.

Renata Hill: Hold on.

A.D.A. Christopher Palmer: *holds up a hand to halt the discussion* I'll let you two discuss it. *exits*

Renata Hill: *rises; walks toward Alan Shore* What the hell are you doing? He never would have made that offer unless he thought that we could win.

Alan Shore: You didn't look at the door.

Renata Hill scoffs.

Alan Shore: Everyone in that courtroom had their eyes glued on the door—except me—because I knew that as much as I'd tried, as much as I'd hoped, I couldn't find the real Renata Hill. But you—why didn't you look at the door? You didn't look because you did it. Because you killed him. But that's not even the funny part. Remember the note Clarence brought me in the courtroom? Well, the funny part is: If you follow the credit card receipts, you see that the real Renata came to your door, but a year ago. She stayed up the block; she ate across the street. She came to say she wanted her life back. You said, "No." She said, "Yes." You said, "No." She said, "I'll tell." And you, Renata—Sara—psycho—you killed her.

Renata Hill: I can't believe you—

Alan Shore: Don't. The only reason you're not sprawled on the floor under a bailiff with handcuffs is because of attorney-client privilege, and frankly, I don't need this that much. I've done a lot of talking over the years. I'm tired. I'm rich. Take the twelve, or I'll walk through that door, I'll get disbarred and I'll put you away for life. Double first-degree. It'll be life, until the end of your life.



Renata Hill: I'll take the twelve.

Alan Shore: Good.

Balcony Scene

Denny Crane: How come you get all the good cases? I'm left to stir up my own excitement.

Alan Shore: *laughs* Hmm. As long as you still can.

Denny Crane: Hmmm. You can learn something every day, my friend. Even at the age of 73.

Alan Shore: And what specifically did you learn today?

Denny Crane: People are complex—even the little people. They don't like to be called midgets, you know. They're complex and very sensitive.

Alan Shore: They can also fly beneath the radar.

Denny Crane looks at Alan Shore, as if to say, "Not again." Alan Shore nods, getting Denny Crane to look down. They laugh.

Denny Crane: Aw, don't do that to me.

Alan Shore and Denny Crane sit.

Denny Crane: Now tell me the truth. Don't you think that Israel overreacted in Lebanon?

Alan Shore: I do. But I suppose one could also look at it in context of our measured response to 9-11 in which we invaded a country that had nothing to do with it.

Denny Crane: There you go again. You're such a Communist! You can cancel our sleep-over. Were we having one?

Alan Shore: No. You know, Denny, I have a very close friend who's Jewish—

Denny Crane: Congratulations. You want another one?

Alan Shore: I hadn't finished. She shared with me that Jews are perfectly happy to discuss among Jews the idea that Israel may have been wrong; they just don't want to talk about it with non-Jews.

Denny Crane: Why?

Alan Shore: Because non-Jews can't possibly comprehend the sense of persecution Bethany was talking about. And that comprehension is fundamental to any meaningful discussion of the subject.

Denny Crane: So, what you're saying is: It's not my fault I don't understand.

Alan Shore: It's not your fault.

Denny Crane: I feel better. Thank you. Sleep-over?

Alan Shore: Not tonight.

Denny Crane: Tease.

Alan Shore: I'm not a tease.

Denny Crane: You led me on. You're a tease.

Alan Shore: Why can't we ever just have an intimate conversation without it leading to a sleep-over?

Denny Crane: Forget about it. Just don't talk to me.

Alan Shore: *laughs* Fine.

Denny Crane: Fine. *long pause* Get to enjoy a little personal growth; you spoil it.

Alan Shore: Thought we weren't talking?

Denny Crane: Fine

Alan Shore: *laughs* Fine.