

Boston Legal

Mad Cows

Season 5, Episode 7

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Written By: David E. Kelley

Directed By: Steve Robin

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Denny's balcony.

Alan Shore: My God, Denny, can you believe it? Election day is almost upon us?

Denny Crane: You gonna vote?

Alan Shore: Of course I'm gonna vote! Aren't you?

Denny Crane: Never missed a presidential election, and I'm usually right too. I have been on the winning side eight times out of the last eleven.

Alan Shore: That's impressive. Also an uncanny coincidence since eight out of the last eleven have also gone Republican.

Denny Crane: Do tell.

Alan Shore: So you just always vote Republican?

Denny Crane: I vote my values.

Alan Shore: Till this week?

Denny Crane: I thought we weren't gonna go there?

Alan Shore: **He laughs.** Right! You're right. **A beat.** Who are you voting for?

Denny Crane: Alan!

Alan Shore: Never mind. I'm not looking to discuss it. I just... Who?

Denny Crane: McCain!

Alan Shore: **He is stunned.** Seriously?

Denny Crane: I'm serious. McCain.

Alan Shore: Ah. **He thinks about it for a moment.** Denny...

Denny Crane: Alan!

Alan Shore: You're right! I'm sorry. It's just...

Denny Crane: Come on.

Alan Shore: What could possibly possess...?

Denny Crane: Hey!

Alan Shore: I'm sorry. Forget it! The important thing is that we both vote.

Denny Crane: That's right!

Alan Shore: To voting. **He raises his glass.**

Denny Crane: Hear, hear! **They clink their glasses.**

Alan Shore: It's just...

Denny Crane: **He gulps.** Okay, that's it. **He starts to get out of his chair.**

Alan Shore: No, no, no, no! How about this? I give you my word I will not speak, I will not open my mouth if you'll just give me two reasons why you're voting for John McCain. Just two.

Denny Crane: That's a discussion!

Alan Shore: No, it's not. One person talking does not a discussion make. Just two reasons, I won't talk. Promise.

Denny Crane: Okay. If McCain wins he'll help save the salmon.

Alan Shore: What?

Denny Crane: You're talking!

Alan Shore: I... **He stops and forces himself to listen.**

Denny Crane: The wild salmon stocks in Canada are threatened by the by climate change. Fish farming. Sea lice. Once the salmon go, there goes half the eco system. I don't need to tell you.

Alan Shore: **He tries to make sense of this.** And McCain will save them?



Denny Crane: Not directly! But the polls show that if McCain wins it's like a third term of Bush. A lot of Americans will immigrate to Canada. The smarter ones. The intelligence level of Canada goes up and they'll figure out how to save the salmon.

Alan Shore: *This doesn't quite make sense to him.* And the second reason?

Denny Crane: Women are easier during a Republican administration. It's a fact, during Democratic regimes volunteerism goes up. And you get a lot of women running around for this cause, or that. And they start to think that they have something to say! Republicans tend to reinforce the idea that a woman's place is in the home. And on her back. And I'm not even taking into account all the women that will be depressed if McCain wins. Sad girls are easy girls. I don't need to tell you they're vulnerable. Salmon and women, Alan! In the end it's all about spawning. Drill, baby, drill. You vote your values.

Alan is at his desk watching a video clip on his computer.

Ronald Regan: *On the computer screen.* I think when you make that decision it might be well if you would ask yourself, "Are you better off than you were four years ago? Is it easier for you to go and buy things in the stores?"

Denny Crane: *He marches in jubilantly.* You called!

Alan Shore: I did! *He closes the computer.* I have a case I think you'll enjoy second-chairing.

Denny Crane: Oh yes, I so enjoy sitting in the courtroom all day long while you go on and on and on...

Alan Shore: Why are you being so nasty to me? This happens to be a case you'll enjoy. In fact the client is a cattle rancher! So far so good?

Denny Crane: *He gets up eagerly.* Will I be allowed to touch her?

Alan Shore: The case involves Mad Cow.

Denny Crane: Does she have it?

Alan Shore: No.

Denny Crane: Cause that would give us a great deal in common.

Alan Shore: Denny, slow down. On her ranch they test every cow to screen for Mad Cow. Every cow!

Denny Crane: And?

Alan Shore: And now the government won't let her.

Denny Crane: Why not?

Alan Shore: Well, that's the question. So we're suing the United States Department of Agriculture. It's an excellent cause.

Denny Crane: Great.

Carol Hober: *She marches in.* Hey! Alan! You ready?

Alan motions toward her, Denny turns to looks. He gasps and stares open-mouthed.

Alan Shore: Carol, this is Denny. He'll be second-chairing.

Carol walks over to shake hands with Denny.

Denny Crane: It will be my mission in life to get you off. *He kisses the back of her hand.*

Carol Hober: I'm not charged with anything.

Denny Crane: Even so. You're the best client I ever had. *He kisses her hand again.* When shall I have you?

Carol Hober: *She takes back her hand.* What is up with this guy?

Alan Shore: He likes to make a good first impression.

Carol Hober: Yeah, well he's running out of time. Let's go.

Carol and Alan leave while the theme song for "One Day at a Time" starts to play. (Carol Hober is played by Valerie Bertinelli, who starred in that show in the 70s).

Denny Crane: *He stands and watches them in total amazement.* Oh my God! *As Alan and Carol continue walking down the corridor Denny lopes after them like an eager puppy.*



Jerry and Katie's office.

Carl Sack: **He comes in.** Jerry!

Jerry Espenson: Carl! What can I do you for, big guy? **A beat.** Sorry.

Carl Sack: Ever go to the twenty-eight floor?

Jerry Espenson: Not if I can help it.

Carl Sack: Do you know what happens on the twenty-eighth floor, Jerry?

Jerry Espenson: I was a tax attorney here for seven years, Carl. I'm quite familiar with what goes on there.

Carl Sack: Well, the twenty-eight floor is where the big conference room is, Jerry. Where they assemble all of the administrative partners. You know who I mean. The ones that have that silly annual meeting where they decide who makes partner.

Katie gasps.

Jerry Espenson: Yes Carl, I get it. What the...? **Suddenly he realizes what this means. He pops, purrs and pops again.** Cool!

Carl Sack: Okay. Now, I've already recommended you. Whether that'll be enough...

Jerry Espenson: Will Shirley recommend me?

Carl Sack: She did, but she's in Colorado at the moment so she can't represent herself in person.

Jerry Espenson: Why is she in Colorado?

Carl Sack: We have a... She has a second home there. She figured since Massachusetts is in the bag, that she should make her vote count. Colorado is still up for grabs so she registered to vote there.

Katie Lloyd: A bit odd, isn't it? Shouldn't it be about who gets the most votes? Not which state the vote comes from?

Carl Sack: That would be too easy, Katie. **He leaves.**

Katie Lloyd: **She smiles eagerly at Jerry.** Congratulations, Jerry!

Jerry Espenson: If I make it.

Katie Lloyd: You'll make it, it's your time.

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom.

Alan Shore: You!

Denise Bauer: And what is wrong with me?

Alan Shore: Ah. Nothing. You seem perfect! As delicious and repressed as ever in your crisply pressed blouse.

Denise Bauer: Alan!

Alan Shore: Ah.

Denny Crane: **He comes up.** Deniise! How's the baby. **He hugs her.**

Denise Bauer: She's uh, wonderful.

Denny Crane: I see you've got your figure back.

Denise Bauer: I see you've kept yours.

Denny Crane: Sex later?

Denise Bauer: We'll talk.

Clerk: All rise! Docket number four-seven-seven-five-six-two...

Denny Crane: **To Carol.** That was just lawyer banter. I would never stray on you.

Clerk: Hober Ranch versus The Department of Agriculture.

Judge Clark Brown comes in and motions everybody to sit down.

Alan Shore: Good morning, Your Honor, it's us, your favorite litigants, we're back again. I'm sure you're not surprised.

Judge Clark Brown: No! No, I am not. Especially since once again you're suing the government. If I had a nickel for every...

Alan Shore: How about this? We'll write you a check, you'll rule in our favor, it'll be just like old times! Speaking of old times, look who's against us! Denise Bauer here to sweep us off our feet. Check out our client, she sweeps everybody off their feet! Everywhere you look it's sweep, sweep, sweeps. Do we write that check out to you personally, or...?

Judge Clark Brown: What is this stupid case about anyway?



Carol Hober: Judge! *She gets up.* I'll tell you what it's about. I run a cattle ranch. I sell beef. I test my cattle for Mad Cow disease. I test every single animal. The government's put a stop to it.

Judge Clark Brown: Why?

Carol Hober: Why? Because the other meat packers, the bigger ones? Yeah, the ones that have bought and paid for the USDA, they don't wanna test every cow. It's too expensive. But if they don't test they're afraid the consumer won't buy their meat.

Denise Bauer: I'm sorry! Your Honor, but if she's going to testify...?

Carol Hober: No sweetie, I'm not testifying.

Denise Bauer: But you are! In the narrative. So if you'd like to take that chair up there, that's fine! But I want my licks.

Denny Crane: *Sotto.* Take a number.

Judge Clark Brown: Hold on! We'll conduct an evidentiary hearing and we shall conduct it forthwith! Two o'clock! Right after lunch! Mr. Shore, you can go first. And you can put your expert up here. *He pounds his gavel and leaves.*

Jerry is pacing in his office.

Jerry Espenson: Chuk a chuk a chuk a chuk a chuk a choo. Chuk a chuk a chuk a chuk a chuk a choo. Chuk a chuk a chuk a chuk a chuk a choo. Chuk a chuk a chuk a chuk a chuk a choo.

He notices Katie has come in. Katie.

Welcome. Hello.

Katie Lloyd: Hey! That's a big catchy, I must say.

Jerry Espenson: Ha, ha. It's kind of a motivational chant. An I-can-do-it sort of thing. It's possible the administrative partners will call me in for an interview. So I wanna be ready.

Katie Lloyd: Ah. Jerry, they've called me.

Jerry Espenson: You! Why?

Katie Lloyd: I can't imagine. I shouldn't think it's because I'm being considered for partnership. I suspect they're asking me to proffer testimony of sorts on you.

Jerry Espenson: Oh. Well. What will you say?

Katie Lloyd: Well, only wonderful things of course. I'll tell them you're a very dear man who pops and purrs and chick-a-chick-a-choos with the best and the brightest. Only wonderful things I promise.

Jerry Espenson: *He sighs and plops down in his chair.* I've been waiting for this, Katie. When I came back to this firm, it was mainly for this. To get something I was denied the first time. Something I so rightly deserved. Something I was gypped out of because... Listen to me, I sound like Hilary. *Katie chuckles. Jerry pops.*



In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, Alan has Carol on direct.

Carol Hober: First of all we have no real way of knowing how widespread Mad Cow disease is among humans. The symptoms are similar to Alzheimer's so the diagnosis...

Denise Bauer: Objection! Your Honor, the witness is not competent to offer a medical opinion.

Carol Hober: This is a lay opinion. This is common knowledge that's out there. We don't know, so why not be safe? That's the policy at my ranch. We wanna test every cow so we can be safe. How dare the federal government say I can't do so!

Alan Shore: Ms. Hober, I think the government would argue that the testing of every cow isn't necessary. It's....

Alan Shore: So what? Why should they prohibit us from doing so if we're willing to bear the expense? It's ludicrous!

Judge Clark Brown: Ms. Hober!

Carol Hober: Look! Even if you think our testing is overkill I repeat, "So what?" The USDA testing requirements are pathetic.

Judge Clark Brown: Why?

Carol Hober: Let me put it this way. Right now slaughterhouses can pick which cow they choose to test. It's voluntary. So basically they can cherry-pick the ones that look healthy, which is exactly what they do! So if one looks sick, do you think they're gonna test that one and risk getting their plant shut down? It's a joke!

Denise is now up.

Denise Bauer: The last study showed that fewer than one in one million adult cattle were affected with Mad Cow disease.

Carol Hober: And, that would make you feel better if you ate the bad burger? I wanna make sure none of mine are infected. And by the way, ninety-five percent of people are willing to pay the extra cost for that guarantee, so why won't the government let me?

Denise Bauer: Yes, I believe you've made that point.

Carol Hober: Well, why don't I make another point, okay? Maybe meat packers could make more money if they did test, because right now there are sixty-five countries that restrict imported US meat because the testing is so inadequate.

Denise Bauer: Ah! So now you want tell them how to run their business?

Carol Hober: How about they not tell me how to run mine? I mean what is up with the Department of Agriculture? Will somebody please fill me in? Besides maybe some giant bribe job?

Judge Clark Brown: Oh, all right! **He pounds his gavel.**

Carl and Katie are walking down the corridor.

Carl Sack: Try to be as unbiased as possible. You speak as a loyal friend you'll be less persuasive. Just stay objective. Respectful.

Katie Lloyd: Unbiased. Objective. Respectful. Got it.

In the conference room where a dozen senior parents are sitting around a large conference table.

Paul Lewiston: Now we're not so much interested in old history. Most of us are fairly caught up to the point where he attacked Shirley Schmidt with a knife.

Katie Lloyd: He's been doing much better of late.

Paul Lewiston: Yes. And we see that he's had an excellent track record as a litigator. Carl and Shirley Schmidt have spoken highly. But Katie, Jerry has remained fairly segregated from almost everybody but you. As you know, part of being a partner is people skills.

Katie Lloyd: Jerry's are fine. He may startle people at first with his various ticks but anyone that spends more than a minute with him knows him to be a man of exemplary warmth and intelligence.

Marshall Kennedy: Does he date?

Katie Lloyd: Is that relevant?

Marshall Kennedy: Not necessarily, but we're told he was with a woman last year who left him for an iPhone.

Katie Lloyd: That spoke more to here character flaws than his.

Mr. Seymore: We're told that he's had a relationship with an inanimate doll.

Katie Lloyd: Ah, that was a prop of sorts. For him to develop intimacy skills with women. Which skills have improved. He no longer sees the doll.

Ms. Yellowstone: Why is it he walks around with his hands glued to his thighs?

Katie Lloyd: Jerry has Asperser's Syndrome. His h... I'm not quite comfortable with the tenor of these questions. If the purpose of this interview is to characterize Jerry as some weirdo who...

Paul Lewiston: Katie, it's not that at all. It's just...

Katie Lloyd: Just what? Jerry has various quirks and manners. That makes him a bit different. He's not odd. He is not weird. I should think you'd be privileged to have him.

Marshall Kennedy: A partnership is a little different from employment, Ms. Lloyd. It's not just about his lawyering skills or whether he's a warm person. It's about how well he fits in with the group. Will we feel comfortable with each other? Will he blend in with others? Will he---



Katie Lloyd: Is that why I see no black people here?

A beat.

Paul Lewiston: That was an inappropriate remark, Katie.

Katie Lloyd: It's just when I hear, "who we'll feel comfortable with" it brings up ugly overtones. When I look and see an old white establishment in this room, and hear terms like "fitting in" it sounds a bit frightening. Jerry Espenson could quite bring something to this table that might be lacking. Better yet, needed. I realize I'm British and might sound like a bit of a bigot when I say this but why are Americans so bloody committed to the past or the present when everything is falling apart? You're all making less money. Your reputation and status continues to plunge among law schools both here and abroad, and yet you're afraid of change!

Carl Sack: You don't need to get so upset, Katie.

Katie Lloyd: Maybe I do! I was recruited to this firm with various promises of progressiveness and tolerance. It's a bit demoralizing to see behind all the talk the same old white boys' club plans to do business as usual! I smell discrimination in the dusty air and I'm not just annoyed. I'm a bit appalled.

Back in Katie's office.

Carl Sack: Objective! And respectful! Which part of that little diatribe...?

Katie Lloyd: I'm sorry! But when I hear...

Carl Sack: Apologize to Jerry! He's the one you screwed, not me.

Jerry Espenson: **He comes in.** What's going on? **A beat.** What happened?

Katie Lloyd: I got a little cross with the administrative partners.

Carl Sack: It did not go well, Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: Oh. **He takes a deep breath.** Am I out?

Carl Sack: Well. They wanna meet with you. Jerry, it's very important that you come off as reasonable. Thoughtful. As opposed to a pit bull with the lipstick. Whatever they ask, simply respect the question. Not to mention the person asking it. And then provide a sound deliberate answer. Basically I'm telling you the same thing I so wish I had told Katie.

Carl leaves.

Katie Lloyd: I'm so sorry, Jerry. I don't think it went as badly as Carl suggests, but I did get cross with them.

Jerry Espenson: What happened?

Katie Lloyd: Well, the questions implied that you were socially challenged. And I'm afraid I took offense.

Katie hangs her hands as Jerry thinks about this for moment and smiles slightly.

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom. Denise has USDA Rep Joel Beavis on direct.

Joel Beavis: First of all, testing can't detect Mad Cow disease until shortly before the cow develops symptoms.

Denise Bauer: So?

Joel Beavis: Well, cattle are typically slaughtered between eighteen and twenty-four months of age, and that's typically long before the disease is detectable. Look, all this talk about testing, testing, testing... the reality is testing can't make a difference.

Denise Bauer: So then why bother with testing at all, Mr. Beavis?

Joel Beavis: Well, I suppose if it's even *possible* it could help...and let's face it, the public wants to feel safe, so if testing gives them some confidence in the meat industry? That's a good thing.

Alan is now up.

Alan Shore: Okay, even if it's only *possible* that testing could help. Even if it only provides a psychological lift. What grounds do you have for stopping my client from testing?

Joel Beavis: I'll tell you the grounds, wiseguy.

Alan Shore: Wiseguy?

Joel Beavis: When she advertises that she tests every single one of her cows, when she's the only who does so...

Alan Shore: Which is the truth.

Joel Beavis: She implies that her meat is safe and that other meat isn't. And that is bad for the industry.

Alan Shore: Yeah, but you didn't ban the advertising, Mr. Beavis. Or is it Butthead? You ban the actual testing itself! And by the way, when did it become the goal of the Department of Agriculture to protect the meat industry? I always thought it was to safeguard the public. But then again, I'm a wiseguy.

Denise Bauer: **Softly.** Alan.

Alan Shore: This disease kills! Not just the cows, but people! Have you ever had somebody you love die of Mad Cow?

Joel Beavis: No. And I'll bet neither have you.

Alan Shore: It may very well be that somebody I love...! **He stops. A beat.** There could be many, many people out there diagnosed with Alzheimer's that in fact ate bad beef.

Joel Beavis: Look, if you say that outside this court you're gonna get your ass sued. I mean, do you think you're bigger than Oprah?

Alan Shore: If you wanna sue me go ahead.

Joel Beavis: It won't be me. It'll be the American Cattle Association.

Alan Shore: Same thing though...American Cattle, Department of Agriculture.

Denise Bauer: Objection!

Alan Shore: And what's with you? I never object with you. In fact I quite approve...

Denise Bauer: Alan.

Alan Shore: Why can't she test her cows? What's the federal government trying to hide?

Denise Bauer: Alan, it's not fair. Just because you're in front of a judge who's afraid of you doesn't give you the right to exploit the situation.

Judge Clark Brown: Who says I'm afraid of him?

Denise Bauer: He does! He used to say it to me all the time, "If you rant long enough Judge Brown will cover." Oh, "namby-pamby," I believe, is the word he used.

Alan Shore: No it's not. I never said...

Judge Clark Brown: How dare you!!

Alan Shore: She's making that up!

Denise Bauer: No, I'm not!

Alan Shore: Yes...!

Judge Clark Brown: Silence!!! We'll see who's afraid!

Alan Shore: It's me! I'm afraid.

Judge Clark Brown: Silence!!

A beat.

Alan Shore: **He points to Denise.** You lied.

Denise Bauer: Did I? Oh, I'm sorry.



Alan Shore's office.

Alan Shore: Well, that was a sneaky move by Denise. Sneaky, unscrupulous, crafty.

Denny Crane: Worthy of us!

Alan Shore: Exactly! She's deliberately trying to fluster me.

Denny Crane: Ask her how Brad is?

Alan Shore: What?

Denny Crane: She was never really in love with Brad. We both know that. She got pregnant with his kid so they pretended to love each other, got married. Ask her how Brad is. I'll bet that puts her on tilt.

Alan Shore: Denny, that's genius.

Denny Crane: 'Course it is. I know how to make women crazy. I just can't seem to make them crazy over me.

Alan Shore: No progress with Carol?

Denny Crane: I'm done.

Alan Shore: You know, Denny, you'll never win her heart by voting for four more years of George Bush tomorrow.

Denny Crane: Here we go. I'm outta here. **He starts to leave.**

Alan Shore: Denny. **Denny doesn't stop.** Denny! **Denny turns to listen.** Just think about that.

Denny Crane: You know what your problem is? You expect people to think about things first. In politics you go with your gut. With what feels good. You don't blink! You don't think! You don't hesitate! You hesitate; your enemies think you're weak. When will you stupid Democrats ever learn this? No wonder you never win.

A beat as Alan stares wordlessly. Denny leaves.

In the conference room.

Denise Bauer: No promises, but I might be able to get them to wiggle on the testing ban if you agree not to advertise.

Carol Hober: Now how stupid is that? One of the reasons I spent the extra money is so I can say to the consumer, "We test every cow!"

Denise Bauer: Well, I'm sorry but that sends the message that the meat industry as a whole isn't safe.

Carol Hober: It isn't.

Denise Bauer: Look.

Carol Hober: No, you look. If you're so concerned about the meat industry, get them to test!

Denny Crane: Alan. You might control your client.

Alan Shore: **He looks at her for a moment.** Brad.

Denise Bauer: What?

Alan Shore: How's Brad? You know how I love to travel. I know Brad likes to travel. I suddenly find myself fantasizing about all the places he gets to go. Tropical. Moist. **He gives her the Alan-Shore-lookover.** Exotic places that I've always so yearned to visit.

Denise Bauer: You're disgusting.

Alan Shore: But you knew that. You haven't answered my question.

Denise Bauer: What question?

Alan Shore: How's Brad?

Denise Bauer: Brad's gone. We're not together. Can we move on?

Alan Shore: **He is startled at this news.** Oh.

Carol Hober: I'm sorry, but what is it with you demented people?

Denny Crane: It's how we practice law.

Carol Hober: Look! I am not agreeing not to advertise.

Denise Bauer: Then we don't settle. **She looks at her notepad.**

Carol Hober: Fine. **She gets up to leave.**

Denny Crane: You look sad. **He follows her.** Maybe you shouldn't be alone.

Carol Hober: Back off, Fatboy!

The both leave.

Alan Shore: Are you getting a divorce?

Denise Bauer: Yep. It didn't work out. **She turns to leave.**

Alan Shore: Denise, I'm sorry.

Denise Bauer: **She turns and looks back, Alan shakes his head sadly.** Yeah. **She leaves.**

Outside the conference room the elevator door opens, Jerry peeks around the door, then with his hands on his thighs he walks up to the conference room, filled with the administrative partners. He nods to the receptionist, she smiles encouragingly. He enters the conference room and then runs around the conference table once before sitting down.

Jerry Espenson: Hello. Welcome.

Judge Clark Brown: How are you, Jerry?

Jerry Espenson: Oh, I'm splendid. **Paul nods.** A little fraught.

Judge Clark Brown: Jerry, let me first say that we are all agreed here that we think you've been doing a splendid job. That being said, however, there are some concerns regarding your social skills.

Jerry Espenson: Yes, I understand. I think I've made progress in that area. Thank you. Welcome. **He pops.**



Denny Crane: Strides into the room. Well! Well! Well! What do we have here? Denny Crane, glad to see you. **He shakes hands as he walks up to the head of the table towards Paul and Carl.** Big firm meeting. Didn't invite me.

Paul Lewiston: Denny, this is an administrative...

Denny Crane: Hey, Paul, I know what this is. Let me save you some time. See this? This is me. Denny Crane. Founding partner of Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Look around the room. I don't see Poole. I don't see Schmidt. I see this! Crane! **He walks back to Jerry and puts his hand on Jerry's shoulder.**

Bottom line. This man makes partner, or I walk and take my name off the door with me. Comprenez? Parlez vous? Sprechen sie Deutch? Denny Crane. Have a good day. **He leaves.**

Paul Lewiston: Well, one might think that that would carry the day. But one would be wrong. Denny doesn't carry even a plurality equitable interest.

Carl Sack: Come on, Paul, the name of the firm is Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Marshall Kennedy: Denny Crane has become a liability of late, Carl. He may have just given us the perfect way to finally unload him.

Jerry Espenson: Calmly. If Denny goes, I go.

Marshall Kennedy: That's very admirable Mr. Espenson, but I really don't think you're well situated to be issuing ultimatums.

Jerry Espenson: He puts a wooden cigarette in his mouth. Brashly. It's not an ultimatum! It's a fact! If he walks, I walk. Alan Shore might too! Maybe even Carl, who know? We could do a spinoff! Don't think we haven't been approached already. Hell, it's not like you want the bunch of us anyway. The network sure doesn't.

Carl Sack: Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: He takes out the cigarette. Contritely. I apologize. I do retreat into... Well... a wooden cigarette when I feel insecure, which I feel a lot admittedly. I realize that alone might disqualify me as partnership material, but might I say in an arena where cutthroat is good, where a take-no-prisoners-eat-your-young mentality so often prevails, it might be nice for a law firm to include somebody who treats others with selflessness and kindness. Virtues perhaps more noble than unilateralism and tough-guy bravado. Maybe it's time for you to start looking for somebody who can embrace values like humility, graciousness, compassion. All tempered with intelligence. Maybe the bullying days are over.

He leaves. Everybody is silent. Carl sits back looking thoughtful and proud.

Alan Shore's office.

Denny Crane: He comes in. Set?

Alan Shore: For what?

Denny Crane: Gotta go vote, man! The polls close in a few hours.

Alan Shore: He looks at his watch. They're open til eight. I gotta get back to court soon.

Denny Crane: Let's not wait too long.

Alan Shore: Denny, are you really gonna vote for McCain?

Denny Crane: He turns back with a smirk. I thought we said we weren't gonna discuss this?



Alan Shore: Well, I wanna discuss it, damn it. The consequences are too big.

Denny Crane: Bigger than our friendship?

Alan Shore: You know what? Yes. **A beat.** Why are you voting for John McCain? And don't tell me salmon and sex! I want a real answer.

A beat.

Denny Crane: All right. **A beat.** Taxes. Obama's gonna raise them.

Alan Shore: No he won't!

Denny Crane: I don't want to....

Alan Shore: That's a blatant lie. Obama plans to raise taxes only for the rich. Those earning over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars...

Denny Crane: You know what your problem is?

Alan Shore: Yeah! A collapsing economy, two wars...

Denny Crane: No. Democrats don't know how to win. Republicans do! **He turns to leave.**

Alan Shore: Maybe instead of so smugly celebrating the fact that Republicans know how to win, might you be the least bit disgusted at the tactics they resort to?

Denny Crane: Oh please, why...?

Alan Shore: At the despicable pandering, like supporting gas tax holidays? Or cozying up to the evangelicals? Or the most egregious example of political pandering in memory... John McCain's choice of running mate!

Denny Crane: Well. At least she's run something.

Alan Shore: Yeah! A town called Wasilla! Which she left in debt!

Denny Crane: She had executive experience, including foreign policy.

Alan Shore: Foreign policy? What? She can see Russia on a clear day? Can she *spell* Russia?

Denny Crane: She's just qualified as... as a...

Alan Shore: Denny! She couldn't name any newspapers she read! Or Supreme Court decision!

Denny Crane: Gotcha journalism! It was the network...

Alan Shore: Gotcha journalism? Naming a Supreme Court case?

Denny Crane: But this isn't about Palin! It's about McCain!

Alan Shore: Look at... What if he dies?

Denny Crane: Who?

Alan Shore: McCain! Of the last nineteen administrations almost half—*half*--have had situations where the Vice President had to assume Presidential responsibilities. In fact, complete control.

Denny Crane: Reagan had Alzheimer's! His approval rating went up!

Alan Shore: Denny, John McCain is seventy-two. He'd be the oldest person ever to assume office! He's ripe for a heart attack. Not to mention he's had melanoma four times! There's a very real possibility he could die! And then what? We'll be left with Sarah Palin? Is there *anybody anywhere* who's really okay with that?

Denny Crane: Yes! They're called Americans!

Alan Shore: **He scoffs.** Oh!

Denny Crane: The Joe-Six-Pack...

Alan Shore: Joe-Six-Pack needs somebody to fix the economy! Not have a beer with!

Denny Crane: I don't hear anything coming from Obama!

Alan Shore: You don't hear anything at all from John McCain! His own camp says, "Don't talk about it. Instead, we'll just go negative." It's despicable.

Denny Crane: Obama's gone negative too! Playing the age card. Oh, and Obama loves to run those ads about McCain and the Keating Five! And that's the high ground? Change! Change! Change! Yes, we can! Yes, we can! Yes, we can!

Alan Shore: That bulldog in lipstick says Obama pals around with terrorists! It's beneath gutter politics. It's shameful. Smear! Cynical, disgusting, smear! If this represents the direction he plans to lead us after eight years of the Bush administration while McCain's camp just spews out hate-filled demagoguery.

Alan Shore: Some maverick! Maverick! Maverick! Maverick! Maverick! Maverick! **Denny takes out his paintball gun and shoots Alan in the leg with lime-green paint.**

Alan Shore: Ow!! You shot me!

Denny Crane: You're damn right I did!

Alan Shore: Denny, that hurt me! For God's sake! **He turns to his desk as Denny turns to leave. Alan picks up his own paintball gun and shoots Denny in the back, leaving a large pink paint splotch.**

Denny Crane: Oh!! You got me in the back!

Alan Shore: That'll teach you! **Denny shoots Alan, leaving a glob of green paint on his forehead.** Ow! Ow!

Denny Crane: All even now!

Alan Shore: You could have shot my eye out, you crazy...

Denny Crane: Don't ever raise a gun to me... **Alan shoots him dead center on the forehead.** Owwww!

Alan Shore: Happy now? **Denny shoots Alan in the cheek.** Ah!

Alan shoots Denny two times. No! Four times! Denny shoots back! It's a shootout! All out war as they fire at each other repeatedly. Katie hears the shouting from her office and comes running. Carl also hears gunshots and runs to check this out.

Carl Sack: Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! **Alan and Denny each**

shoot off a few more shots then look up. They are each covered in paint splatches from head to toe.

Denny Crane: Ohhh! Ahhh! **He walks out.** Politics.

In the courthouse elevator, it's a silent ride.

Carol Hober: What's going on with you two?

Denny Crane: Nothing.

Alan Shore: Nothing.

They continue to ride wordlessly. The door opens, Alan allows Carol to leave first. He and Denny bump each other as they leave the elevator. They glare at each other. Denny steps quickly to catch up with

Carol.

Denise Bauer: **She joins them.** Hi guys!

Alan Shore: **He watches Denny running after Carol.**

Denny and I are fighting.

Denise Bauer: Oh. Got it.

Alan Shore: Denise, listen. **He pulls her aside.** I... I'm very sorry about being so flippant about you and Brad. It's just... it felt like you were trying to unnerve me and I resorted to a little gamesmanship myself, and I've been feeling terrible about it.

Denise Bauer: Well... Alan, don't beat yourself up about it.

Alan Shore: No...

Denise Bauer: I mean *do*... if it'll compromise your closing.

They both chuckle. Denise turns to leave, Alan takes her hand to stop her.

Alan Shore: Not to be disgustingly opportunistic, but I always felt there was unfinished business between the two of us... actually unstarted business. And... well...

Denny Crane: I would love it.

Alan Shore: **He is startled.** Would you?

Denise Bauer: **She sighs.** If only I wasn't married.

Alan Shore: But you and Brad are split!

Denise Bauer: Well, I might have fudged the facts a little there.

Alan Shore: Which facts?

Denise Bauer: Uh, the part about Brad and I being split. The truth is we've never been happier. I'm gonna get him to send you a postcard from one of his moist exotic destinations. Um, time for court, Al.

She leaves and he watches her forlornly. He grimaces and then follows her.

In the corridor.

Carl Sack: **He stops at the entrance to Jerry and Katie's office.** Jerry! **Jerry and Katie wait silently as**

Carl walks in. For what it's worth, I thought you did a good job! Could have done without the wooden cigarette. Or the talk about the spin-off, but I thought you presented yourself in good form.

Jerry Espenson: Thank you. Do we know when they'll make their decision?



Carl Sack: Uhm. **He looks back at Katie.** They have already, actually. **Jerry hangs his head in disappointment.** You made partner, Jerry. **Jerry is stunned.** **Katie smiles with delight.**

A beat.

Jerry Espenson: Are you teasing me?

Carl Sack: No. I am not teasing you. **He stands, and so does Jerry.** It is my privilege and I do mean it when I say *privilege* to inform you that an offer of full partnership has been extended to you. **Jerry is speechless,** **Katie seems emotional.** **Jerry extends his hand to Carl.** **They shake hands.** **They chuckle.**

Jerry Espenson: Thank you. Thank you!

Carl Sack: Congratulations.

Jerry Espenson: Thank you.

Carl pats Jerry on the back, then leaves.

Katie Lloyd: Aren't you gonna at least pop? Hop? Purr, for God's sake? You must have a celebratory tick you've been saving up.

Jerry Espenson: It's not that big a deal, Katie. It's good. It's a nice feather. But... it's... it's really just... **He chokes up and starts to cry a little bit.** **Katie runs around the desk and gives him a hug.**

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, Alan is giving his closing.

Alan Shore: Can somebody explain the logic behind this? The Federal government, our government, is actually prohibiting a company from exceeding regulations to make its product safer! I'm baffled. It's one thing to say that our government can no longer protect us. We've seen that with the FDA, which has failed to regulate drugs that have in fact killed us. We've seen our government undercut regulations by the Consumer Product Safety Commission, paving the way for an influx of deadly lead-coated imports. We've seen the FCC, in deference to free market capitalists, go MIA on Wall Street essentially leading to an economic implosion and John McCain wants to deregulate health care, God forbid! I mean, I suppose all of that can be contributed to simple greed and incompetence, but this, *this* is a new tactic altogether! This goes beyond scrapping regulation in favor of big business interests. This is our government deliberately taking steps to actually *thwart* our safety. There can be no possible explanation for banning my client from testing her cows, other than the most blatant and malignant one--that the USDA has been bought off by the big meat packers! Who don't want to bear the added expense of doing the same testing! We've seen Big Pharmaceuticals buy off the FDA! We've certainly seen Big Oil help craft US energy policy, for God's sake! The tobacco industry still spends twenty million a year lobbying Congress. But even if you're somehow willing to accept this "money talks" approach to government, how can it get to a point where...? She just wants to make sure her beef is safe! I mean, whose government is this?

Judge Clark Brown: I agree! Ms. Bauer! This is shocking! Outrageous! Indecent! I don't know who the Department of Agriculture thinks it's working for, but it is certainly not me! Or my grandchildren! This ridiculous ban is overruled! My God! **He pounds his gavel.** We're adjourned! **He leaves.**

Denny Crane: Yes! **To Carol.** I don't know about you but I like to cap off my victories with simple toast and a poke. How about you?

Carol Hober: Mr. Shore, thank you. And may I say before I leave, my gratitude notwithstanding, you two are the weirdest lawyers I've ever met. **To Denny.** You, in particular, should be institutionalized.

Denny Crane: Thank you. Is that a "yes" on the poke?

Carol leaves.

Alan Shore: Denny, I'm sorry about our fight. It was my fault. I broke our agreement and got too



emotional...

Denny Crane: Oh. **He reaches for a hug.** I'm sorry too.

They share a back-slapping hug.

Alan Shore: **Suddenly he moves back, looking down at Denny's...** For God's sake!

Denny Crane: **He uses a file folder to hide his erection.** It was Valerie's doing. **(He's referring to Carol.)**

Alan Shore: Geez, Denny!

Denise Bauer: **She walks over.** Hi guys!

Denny Crane: Hey!

Denise Bauer: Congratulations. I'm actually happy you won. I mean, off the record.

Alan Shore: Are you?

Denise Bauer: Yeah. It was fun seeing the both of you again. And Alan, Brad and I would love to have you to the house sometime for dinner.

Alan Shore: You're an evil little vixen.

Denise Bauer: **She shrugs.** Hm. **She leaves.**

Denny Crane: Come on, Alan. Let's go vote.

Alan Shore: **He points to Denny's crotch.** Just behave yourself.

Denny Crane: It's Valerie's doing.

They leave.

A montage of different people voting at different voting stations as This Land is Your Land plays. Carl is standing in line, he looks at his watch.

Alan Shore: Alan Shore. **He is handed a ballot.**

Denise bends over to initial the sign-in sheet.

Paul reads over the ballot as he waits in line to enter a booth. An overhead shot of Alan in the voting booth. Denny says his name, he seems surprised that they don't automatically know it.

Jerry bends over to initial the sign-in sheet.

Carl voting in the voting booth. Denise voting.

Denny voting. Paul voting. Alan finishing up.

Jerry finishing. Alan leaving his booth. In a Colorado voting station Shirley Schmidt walks up to hand in her ballot. Alan drops off his ballot. Shirley leaves.



THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND words and music by [Woody Guthrie](#)

Chorus:

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California, to the New York Island
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream
waters

This land was made for you and me

As I was walking a ribbon of highway
I saw above me an endless skyway
I saw below me a golden valley
This land was made for you and me

Chorus

I've roamed and rambled and I've followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding

This land was made for you and me

Chorus

The sun comes shining as I was
strolling
The wheat fields waving and the dust
clouds rolling
The fog was lifting a voice come
chanting
This land was made for you and me

Chorus

As I was walkin' - I saw a sign there
And that sign said - no tress passin'

But on the other side it didn't say
nothin!
Now that side was made for you and
me!

Chorus

In the squares of the city - In the
shadow of the steeple
Near the relief office - I see my people
And some are grumblin' and some are
wonderin'
If this land's still made for you and
me.



Out on the balcony, Alan and Denny are having scotch and cigars.

Denny Crane: You hear? Jerry made partner!

Alan Shore: I did! I also understand you went to bat for him!

Denny Crane: Ohhh, I kind of like the guy. Nut job that he is.

A beat.

Alan Shore: **He chuckles.** Denny, can you believe? We could have seriously hurt ourselves yesterday. Shooting each other in the face with those things!

Denny Crane: We were really mad.

Alan Shore: Yes, we were.

Denny Crane: I, I, I got the mad cow. What's your excuse?

Alan Shore: I don't know. I've always been such a proponent of people being able to discuss politics without getting too... emotional. There I was going off like...

Denny Crane: It's good... that you're passionate.

Alan Shore: **He scoffs. A beat.** So we're not gonna talk about it?

Denny Crane: What?

Alan Shore: Who we voted for?

Denny Crane: I know who you voted for.

Alan Shore: And you?

Denny Crane: Finish your drink. I've already crossed my aisle today.

Alan Shore: **A beat.** What do you mean? **Denny gives Alan a sheepish look.** Denny! Did you?

Denny Crane: **He chuckles softly.** I'll never admit it in public.

Alan Shore: **He is speechless for a moment.** What made you change your mind?

Denny Crane: Not you. Ah! Truth is, I didn't know the right choice, but these last eight years... Let's just say I knew the wrong one.

Alan Shore: I think I love you.

Denny Crane: You've always loved me.

Alan Shore: I love you more now. **Denny chuckles. They sit in silence savoring the moment.** Tomorrow we'll actually wake up with a new president elect.

This Land is Your Land starts to play.

Denny Crane: Wow.

Alan Shore: Wow.

Denny Crane: And possibly a new America.

Alan Shore: Bigger wow.