

Boston Legal

Juiced

Season 5, Episode 11

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At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, the elevator door rings, Margie Coggins steps off and seems to be looking for someone.

Margie Coggins: Uh. *She tries to get help from someone passing by. She is ignored and doesn't seem to know what to do next.*

Catherine Piper: *She walks up.*

Hello, dear. May I help you?

Margie Coggins: Yeah. I'm looking for a lawyer.

Catherine Piper: Yes, I suspected as much. You're in a law firm. Uh, what have you done, dear?

Margie Coggins: Well, I got into Harvard and then...

Catherine Piper: A pretty little thing like you! Please! Who'd we do, sweetheart?

Margie Coggins: Then they rescinded my admission. And now I would like to sue them.

Catherine Piper: Of course you would. Uh... *She grabs the hand of a person walking by and pulls her in. It's Katie Lloyd.* Katie? Be a dear and help this young lady. Uh, Katie will help you, dear.

Katie Lloyd: *She looks at Catherine in puzzlement. To Margie.* Why don't we go to the conference room? *Still puzzled, Katie looks back at Catherine as she and Margie leave.*

Carl Sack: Hello.

Catherine Piper: *She turns. Ugh. And bumps into Carl.*

Carl Sack: Who are you?

Catherine Piper: I'm Catherine, honey. Who are you?

Carl Sack: Carl Sack. May I help you?

Catherine Piper: I doubt it. You strike me as pushy. *She turns and walks away.*

Carl Sack: *He follows after her.* May I ask, and I think I may, being a senior partner, *He walks in front of her and turns to face her.* so what, what are you doing here?

Catherine Piper: I work here, dear.

Carl Sack: You work here?

Catherine Piper: Yes, dear!

Carl Sack: Who hired you?

Catherine Piper: Shirley Schmidt did, dear. She's my older sister.

Carl Sack: I think if Shirley Schmidt had hired you, she would have told me.

Catherine Piper: Really? Does she tell you everything? Did she tell you she went to Cabo for the week?

Carl Sack: She did. *He pulls out a cell phone.* And she left me a contact number. *He starts punching numbers.* If you can imagine. *He puts the phone to his ear.*

Catherine Piper: Well, that's lovely. *Her cell phone starts to ring.* Did she tell you her calls would be forwarded to her younger sister? *She puts the phone to her ear.* Hello! Who's calling please? Is it the pushy man?

At a hospital, Denny Crane is lying inside an MRI unit, Dr. Frank Wessmer is in another room watching a monitor. Alan Shore is standing next to him watching this.

Dr. Frank Wessmer: Okay, Denny, I want you to count backwards by seven's from a hundred.

Denny Crane: Why?

Dr. Frank Wessmer: It's just a test.



Denny Crane: **He sighs.** 100, 93, ahhh, 86, 81, 75... 4, 4, I meant to say 4, 1984, like the Orwell...

Dr. Frank Wessmer: 74!

Denny Crane: Who the hell wrote that?

Dr. Frank Wessmer: No, you were down to 74, not 84.

Denny Crane: Whatever.

Dr. Frank Wessmer: Continue please.

Denny Crane: 74... 67.... Hell of a year '67 aside from the pennant. Jimmy Lonberg, pitched a two-hitter, second game. And Yaz plucked two out. Hell of a game.

Dr. Frank Wessmer: Who pitched the first game of that World Series?

Denny Crane: Jose Santiago against Bob Gibson. Gibson pitched three times. Won the series.

Dr. Frank Wessmer: Who is the best pitcher for the Sox this year?

Denny Crane: Uhm...uh... Don't tell me, uh..., Josh Pecker! Hell of a pitcher, Pecker! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Dr. Frank Wessmer: Who's the best hitter?

Denny Crane: Uh... it's that black guy, the uh... Ortiz! David Ortiz! He's half black, half Mexican, half Dominican.

Dr. Frank Wessmer: Who's the president of the United States?

Denny Crane: Barak Obama! He's half Hawaiian, half Kenyan, half black and half... uh, Halle Berry.

In the doctor's office.

Dr. Frank Wessmer: It has progressed. Last year we were at stage three which is basically mild cognitive decline. Now it's more like stage four, which is moderate.

Denny Crane: Talk to me like I'm in the room, would you?

Dr. Frank Wessmer: I am. You remember yesterday very well, but forming new memories is obviously more difficult.

Denny Crane: Cut to the punchline.

Dr. Frank Wessmer: You're in the early stages of Alzheimer's. We're not talking about precursors anymore. It's here.

Alan and Denny look at each other.

In the conference room.

Jerry Espenson: Academic doping?

Margie Coggins: Yeah. Find a friend with a prescription for Ritalin or Adderall, and you pop some pills to help study and stay focused the day of the SAT.

Katie Lloyd: And you did this?

Margie Coggins: Yeah. It's not illegal.

Jerry Espenson: And how'd you do on the SAT?

Margie Coggins: I got a perfect score and I was accepted to Harvard, ha, which is fairly newsworthy given I went to your average small town public school. I did an interview with the local paper where I was quoted as saying, "Ritalin was a God-send when it came to test-taking." And that sparked the whole debate in the Comments section, "Is it ethical?" "Is it not?" The Boston papers picked it up and suddenly I'm in the middle of this controversy that Harvard wants no part of. So they rescind my offer of admission.

Jerry purrs, then pops.

Katie Lloyd: Well, I believe taking a controlled substance without a prescription actually is illegal.

Margie Coggins: No, it's a study aid. Just one step above potent coffee.

Katie Lloyd: So, what would you like us to do?

Margie Coggins: Get me reinstated at Harvard. I didn't do anything to deserve this. I mean, they're singling me out and now no school will take me.

Katie Lloyd: Where are you parents in all this?

Margie Coggins: Beyond devastated. It's their dream to see their little girl go to Harvard. I have to fix this. I screwed it up. I have to fix this.



Catherine is sitting behind Carl's desk reading a newspaper.

Carl Sack: *He comes in.* What are you doing at my desk?

Catherine Piper: Oh! Oh! *She folds the paper and puts it down.* I was just straightening up. That's what assistants do.

Carl Sack: You're not my assistant.

Catherine Piper: Yes, I am, dear.

Carl Sack: I have an assis... *He turns and looks through a window and sees an empty chair.* Where is she?

Catherine Piper: Oh, Francine?

Carl Sack: Hm.

Catherine Piper: I fired her. Too pretty. Too young. She's a distraction.

Carl Sack: *He picks up the phone.* I'm calling security.

Catherine Piper: Look, honey, you sure you wanna make trouble for Shirley's sister? I mean, after all...

Carl Sack: Your name is Catherine Piper! You were fired for, among other things, being psychotic!

Catherine Piper: I also have cancer, dear. *No one speaks for a moment.* There. It's out. I am desperate for a distraction. Anything to occupy myself while... *She sighs.* I'm sorry I didn't come here to indulge...

Carl Sack: You have cancer?

Catherine Piper: Not really! But I could get some if you'd like!

Carl Sack: No, no. *He picks up the phone and starts dialing.* Nine-one-one!

Catherine Piper: Look! If I could just work here on a temporary basis. *Suddenly her cell phone starts to ring. The ringtone is the theme music for The Practice.* Sorry. *She picks up the phone.* Nine-one-one. **Carl can't believe this.** What's the emergency?

Carl Sack: *He puts the phone down and looks at Catherine in amazement.* How did...? *He slams the phone down and leaves.*

In Jerry and Katie's office.

Jerry Espenson: I'm afraid they said, "No."

Margie Coggins: But, did you point out I didn't actually violate any policy or...?

Jerry Espenson: They're citing honesty. Moral character.

Margie Coggins: Uh, everybody's doing it!

Jerry Espenson: I realize that but...

Katie Lloyd: But you went public, Margie. We can take it to court but I wouldn't expect to be successful.

Margie Coggins: We have to try! I have geared my whole life toward going to Harvard. I just... **A beat.** I need to try! Please.

In Alan's office.

Alan Shore: I don't know Jerry. You say she didn't have a prescription.

Jerry Espenson: All the kids are doing this, Alan! Getting it without a prescription.

Alan Shore: Well, that's not much of an argument. You could argue that rescinding her admission is arbitrary since they have no official policy.

Denny Crane: *He waltzes in.* Alan! Uh, Hey! Jerry! *He's standing in front of Alan.* Alan! There's a drug, it's called Dimebolin. Something like that and I want it. My doctor won't give it to me. It's from Russia. It stems off Alzheimer's!

Alan Shore: Denny, slow down.

Denny Crane: I can't at the moment, I've taken a little too much Adderall.

Alan Shore: Adderall?

Jerry Espenson: See? That's what Margie takes. That and Ritalin.

Denny Crane: Ritalin! I'd love Ritalin.

Alan Shore: Denny! What did we agree on regarding your medicines? I would be in charge!

Denny Crane: Yeah, yeah, yeah. But I'm the one with the Alzheimer's! I'll take what want, and right now I want Dimebolin! And you've gotta help me get it! *He leaves.*



Jerry gets up and just stands there, then turns but doesn't leave.

Alan Shore: You okay, Jerry?

Jerry Espenson: Academic doping. It has such a stigma to it. What about emotional doping?

Alan Shore: What do you mean?

Jerry Espenson: That's what I do. Emotional doping. I take my little helpers to... Do you think it reflects poorly on my moral character?

Alan Shore: No.

Jerry Espenson: What's the difference?

Alan Shore: Well, your medication is prescribed for one thing.

Jerry Espenson: Mostly.

Alan Shore: And second, you have a specific diagnosed condition, Jerry. Asperger's syndrome. Three years ago you couldn't even make eye contact.

Jerry Espenson: I take pills that affect my brain to help me perform better.

Alan Shore: Jerry, I'm the first one to say we have an overmedicated society. We've got three-year-olds on anti-psychotics, people who don't even have high cholesterol take statins! People take sleep aids when maybe they should just read a book or masturbate. It's out of control! But that's not to say that many drugs don't do a lot of good. They save lives! People need drugs like insulin or blood pressure medicine to simply maintain their health. And drugs help some people to live normal productive lives who might otherwise not. You fall into that category. Popping pills to get better SAT scores, that's something different.

Carl is walking in the corridor when he looks through an office window and sees Catherine Piper at a computer. He stops and gets a funny smirk on his face.

He opens the door to his office and motions Catherine inside. She comes in reluctantly. He closes the door.

Carl Sack: **Firmly and clearly.** You are not working here, Catherine! That much has been decided.

Catherine Piper: Well, then what are we doing in your office? Behind closed doors. Where you could sexually ravage me with no witness to say it didn't happen!

Carl Sack: We're here because I'm told you're a friend of Alan's. And as a courtesy to him and you I thought I would at least give you an opportunity to explain why you're doing this.

Catherine Piper: I'm doing it because I'm old! And I'm bored! All my friends are dead. It's not like I could go skiing or mountain climbing or... Honestly, assuming I were qualified to be your assistant, would you employ somebody my age?

Carl Sack: **He thinks for a moment.** Probably not.

Catherine Piper: I didn't think so. **She pulls out a recorder.** I got that on tape, dear. Now I can sue you for age discrimination! Best you keep me on. Avoid the controversy.

Carl Sack: **He nods mockingly.** Get out, Catherine. **Her smile fades, she starts to speak, Carl raises his eyebrows. With recorder in hand she leaves.**

In Judge Willard Reese's courtroom, Katie has Margie on direct.

Margie Coggins: I didn't cheat. I took medicine to help my brain function at its highest level.

Katie Lloyd: You didn't have a prescription for the medication.

Margie Coggins: A dozen faculty members at Cambridge University admit to taking unprescribed Adderall to help improve their own academic performance. But nobody's expelling them.

Katie Lloyd: They're claiming it shows poor moral character.

Margie Coggins: And I reject that. Helicopter pilots take prescription stimulants to stay alert. Medical interns take drugs for narcolepsy so they can work all night. Should we indict all of them as well? All they've done is use a pharmacological tool so that they could do their work more effectively.

A.A.G. Marshall Brickman: **He is now up.** Certainly you're aware that Harvard has extremely high standards?

Margie Coggins: Of course.



A.A.G. Marshall Brickman: John F. Kennedy was a graduate.

Margie Coggins: As was the Una-bomber.

A.A.G. Marshall Brickman: FDR.

Margie Coggins: Hitler's foreign press secretary.

A.A.G. Marshall Brickman: Numerous literary figures. Emerson. Thoreau.

Margie Coggins: And the Cardinal Archbishop who shielded child molesters from prosecution! For faculty you had Timothy Leary and his LSD experiments.

A.A.G. Marshall Brickman: Ms. Coggins, do you want to go to Harvard or not?

Margie Coggins: **She sighs.** Yeah. I do. Desperately. My point is, Harvard's not perfect, but neither am I. But at every opportunity I endeavor to be the best possible version of myself. That's all I was doing by taking Ritalin.

In Denny's doctor's office.

Dr. Frank Wessmer: The early trials have been encouraging. It's in the stage three trials now.

Denny Crane: I want it.

Dr. Frank Wessmer: Well, you can't have it.

Denny Crane: Why not?

Dr. Frank Wessmer: Because it's not FDA approved. This drug is a...

Denny Crane: I don't care!

Dr. Frank Wessmer: Mr. Crane, I'm not allowed to prescribe this medication. And even if I were and did you still couldn't get it since it hasn't been...

Alan Shore: How long before it's available to the public?

Dr. Frank Wessmer: My guess is at least two years, probably three. The FDA hasn't even analyzed the data...

Denny Crane: I, I'll be dead in three years!

Alan Shore: Where's the drug? Who's got it?

Dr. Frank Wessmer: Well, Pfizer just bought the rights. But nobody can just say, "Okay, I'll give it to you." It would be illegal to do so. Unless you get yourself enrolled in a clinical trial. But I think it's fully booked.



In Judge Willard Reese's courtroom.

A.A.G. Marshall Brickman: Let's be fair. It's not just the SAT that gets a person admitted.

Vivian Stewart: Of course not.

A.A.G. Marshall Brickman: Margie in fact is also a National Merit Finalist. Captain of her swim team. Class valedictorian.

Vivian Stewart: We get applications from thousands of National Merit Finalists, thousands of captains and thousands of valedictorians.

A.A.G. Marshall Brickman: But this one you offered admission?

Vivian Stewart: Yes. Until she admitted she'd used brain-enhancement drugs.

Katie Lloyd: **She jumps up.** As do thousands of other students! Do you have a way to weed them all out of your applicant pool?

Vivian Stewart: No.

Katie Lloyd: And there's actually no policy at Harvard explicitly forbidding what you term "academic doping"? Is that...?

Vivian Stewart: I think in future...

Katie Lloyd: So you intend to enforce future rules against her? Do you think that's fair?

Vivian Stewart: We consider her actions to be immoral and we reserve our right to make our admissions decisions accordingly.

Carl is at his desk.

Catherine Piper: **She knocks on his door and comes in.** I've decided not to sue you.

Carl Sack: How sweet.

Catherine Piper: Listen, that part about me being desperate for a distraction, that was true. It isn't fair, Carl. I have my health, and my mind is as sharp as, as... **She sighs.** Well, you people come up with all this medicine

to keep us alive, even thrive! And you don't know what to do with us. I was thinking, if I were to come up with something I could sue for, something legitimate, and it could make the firm money...!

Carl Sack: I suppose if you had a legitimate cause of action then we would...

Catherine Piper: *She stands and lifts a sheet of paper longer than she is high! She starts at the top of the list.* Drugs! They make them too expensive, while in Canada you can...

Carl Sack: No.

Catherine Piper: Inflation! Our Social Security payments don't keep pace...

Carl Sack: No!

Catherine Piper: Look, some jobs still have a mandatory retirement age.

Carl Sack: No.

Catherine Piper: These are all legitimate!

Carl Sack: Catherine, you have to have standing. It has to directly impact you! Harm! You!

Catherine Piper: *She sits down.* Look at how insensitive you're being. This is exactly the problem! We're just shoved aside as a nuisance. I can't even watch television shows, for God's sake, because the networks consider me irrelevant. It seems they don't program for anybody over fifty. Is it any wonder I'm out knocking over convenience stores?

Carl Sack: You actually may have something there. The networks, they're supposed to serve the public. *He leans forward.* Okay, Catherine, we'll take that case.

Catherine Piper: Really?

Carl Sack: I'm a little over fifty myself, and I want something to watch!

Catherine is delighted.



Denny is out on the balcony when Alan comes out.

Alan Shore: How we doing?

Denny Crane: Fine.

Alan Shore: *He sits and sighs.* I got a hearing before Judge Peyton tomorrow. We'll take our best shot.

Denny Crane: Shirley's at the fat farm, you hear?

Alan Shore: Why? She's not fat.

Denny Crane: You know brides like to get all skinny before the wedding. It's all about how they look in their dress.

Alan Shore: Ah.

Denny Crane: You know the best part of having Mad Cow? Sometimes, not often, I think we're still together. As delusions go, it's one of the better ones.

Alan Shore: *He looks at Denny for a long moment.* You gonna be okay, Denny, attending her wedding?

Denny Crane: *He nods.* Yeah. What I'm not okay with is sitting on my ass while my brain rots. I have a big problem with that though.

Alan Shore: We go before Judge Peyton in the morning.

Denny Crane: Yeah. You told me.

In Jerry and Katie's office, Jerry is working at his desk.

Katie Lloyd: *She comes in.* You're gonna stay here all night, Jerry?

Jerry Espenson: It's not even clear those drugs gave her all that much of an advantage. She scored in the ninety-nine percentile on the practice test which she took without the drugs.

Katie Lloyd: Jerry, she cheated. Let's not kid ourselves.

Jerry Espenson: Most kids get a bigger advantage by taking the SAT prep program. They actually can boost scores by a hundred and fifty points.

Katie Lloyd: Those programs are legitimate.

Jerry Espenson: And not affordable to kids like Margie. Let's face it, Katie, the rich have such a leg up in this college racket. According to one chancellor, in Ivy League schools poor applicants really only get a shot at forty percent of the slots. The rest are reserved for families of privilege.

Katie Lloyd: Jerry, you cannot be a fan of academic doping.

Jerry Espenson: I'm just saying life isn't an even playing field. And for those who are weaker-than...

Katie Lloyd: Meaning you? **Jerry looks at Katie but doesn't answer.** Jerry, you're not weaker-than. You have Asperger's.

Jerry Espenson: You have no idea how afraid I am to leave my apartment. Every day, every morning I actually wonder will I get out the door or not?

Katie Lloyd: It seems you win that battle every day.

Jerry Espenson: Yeah. On drugs.



In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom.

Judge Clark Brown: You can't sue the networks!

Carl Sack: The airwaves Judge, are a public trust. At least as far as the broadcast networks are concerned. That's why they're regulated.

Attorney Jeremy Hollis: It's still a business. Hey, bungee jumping might be regulated. Are you saying that those outfits would have a duty to service the elderly?

Carl Sack: No. That would be unreasonable. But to require a broadcaster to program for everybody isn't.

Judge Clark Brown: Mr. Suck!

Carl Sack: Sack. Your Honor, there may have been a time when it made practical business sense to exclude the old. But not today. Americans over fifty make up the fastest-growing market.

Attorney Jeremy Hollis: It's about money! Not how many...

Carl Sack: Really? Gee! Who would ever have guessed that? The baby boomers, now all over fifty, earn two trillion in annual income. That's trillion!

Attorney Jeremy Hollis: Madison Avenue is after the discretionary spending.

Carl Sack: Yes, and people over fifty account for half of that too. Choose your statistic. Go ahead. I've got you. We've got more money. We spend more money. We watch more television, go to more movies. We buy more CDs than young people do. And yet we're the focus of less than ten percent of the advertising. All the networks wanna do is skew younger. Kids' shows for kids. You know, the only show unafraid to have its stars over fifty is Bo... **He stops himself.** Gee, I can't say it... **He points/looks directly into the camera. Twice!** ...it would break the wall.

Judge Clark Brown: Mr. Suck!

Carl Sack: It's still Sack.

Judge Clark Brown: I can't tell the networks what shows to make!

Carl Sack: No. But you can order them not to discriminate! What they're doing, it intentionally excludes a class of society. That's bigotry. You know, we should be able to turn on our damn televisions and see something other than reality shows aimed at fourth graders. Game shows aimed at those slightly smarter than fifth graders. And scripted shows with dim-witted, sex-crazed twenty-somethings running around in suits or doctor scrubs. Old people, the ones with intelligence,



don't wanna watch that crap! We're fed up! You know the networks might think we're dead! But we're not! We're very much alive, with working brains! Give me something to watch dammit!

Alan enters Denny's office.

Alan Shore: You ready, Denny? **Denny doesn't answer. He is sitting at his desk staring into space. Alan walks over to get a closer look.** Denny? **Denny turns and they look at each other for a moment.** What's wrong?

Denny Crane: I must have nodded off. I was dreaming about Shirley. We were on a bench, she asked me to marry her. What a dream. **Alan is concerned.** Were my eyes closed when you came in?

Alan Shore: Yeah. You must have nodded off. **A beat.** You ready? We're due in court.

Denny gets up. They leave.

In Judge Victoria Peyton's courtroom.

Judge Victoria Peyton: Mr. Shore, the Supreme Court already ruled on this very issue.

Alan Shore: No they didn't, Judge. The Supreme Court in fact refused to rule on it. They couldn't be bothered to even hear the case. I'm sure if one of their friends were dying we would have had a different result.

Attorney Morrison: Oh, come on.

Alan Shore: Why can't Mr. Crane take the drug and simply assume all the inherent risks if he so chooses?

Judge Victoria Peyton: Because we don't let people take drugs while they're still in the investigative stage. And with good reason. Think of the potential for abuse.

Alan Shore: Potential for abuse? What's the down side? He could die? He's doing that anyway!

Attorney Morrison: No he isn't. He could live a long time with Alzheimer's.

Alan Shore: Which could be worse!

Attorney Morrison: It is possible the disease could take years to progress. He could have many healthy years while we...

Alan Shore: There are all kinds of possibilities and choices. Why can't they belong to the patient?

Attorney Morrison: There is still so much that is still so unknown about Dimebolin that we...

Alan Shore: Yes, and we'll assume all of the risks!

Attorney Morrison: Do I ever get to speak?

Alan Shore: I'd prefer you didn't. We're wasting precious time.

Judge Victoria Peyton: Mr. Shore! I am a Superior Court judge. I have to take my cues from the Appellate Court. On this issue the law's clear. A patient, even a dying patient, has no constitutional right to experimental treatment. **Alan waves his hand in disgust.** Now do I agree with that precedent? No. Not really. So

this is what I will do, I'll certify it to the Massachusetts Supreme Court. Maybe they can find the authority to give you what you want. We are adjourned. **She pounds her gavel.**

Denny Crane: So now what?

Alan Shore: We go to the State Supreme Court. There's nine of them. Let's hope at least one has a relative who has an incurable disease.



Outside the courthouse, Judge Clark Brown is having his lunch.

Catherine Piper: **She walks over, bends down and whispers in the Judge's ear.** When was the last time a pretty lady sat next to you and sucked on your ear lobe? **She places a chair next to the Judge.** And don't count the number of times you had to pay for it.

Judge Clark Brown: How dare you! I'm eating my lunch!

Catherine Piper: Oh come on, sweetheart. Throw an old lady a bone.

Judge Clark Brown: You are a shocking woman!

Catherine Piper: Look Judge, I know this is ex parte or some whatever. Some Latin term that means I can't gum your body parts. But why don't you just give me something good to watch on TV? **Carl passes by and sees this. He comes over.** I mean the airwaves are a public trust! Am I right?

Carl Sack: Uh, Catherine. What are you doing?

Judge Clark Brown: She's trying to suck on my ear! That's what she's doing. Outrageous!

Carl Sack: Catherine, go inside the courthouse. I'll meet you there. Now!

Catherine leaves, but not before giving Carl a look.

Carl Sack: **He takes Catherine's chair.** Ahem. I apologize, Judge.

Judge Clark Brown: If you ask me, your client already watches too much television.

Carl Sack: Ah...

Judge Clark Brown: And that smutty mouth! Sex! Sex! Sex! Sex!

Carl Sack: That what you watch?

Judge Clark Brown: **He uses his sub-sandwich as a gavel to pound the table.** Silence!

Carl Sack: Ha! Uh, you know Judge, in addition to there being little for us to watch, most of it stinks. **He pulls out his cell phone.** And it's partly this thing's fault.

Judge Clark Brown: What are you talking about?

Carl Sack: Well, a lot of people are on it. While they're watching. They no longer give television their undivided attention. We're either on the phone or texting. Or on the internet. So the producers, they dumb down the plots. Make it easier to keep up with while their viewers multitask.

Judge Clark Brown: Really?

Carl Sack: Kids nowadays watch an average of three hours of television a day. That's while being distracted! People over fifty-five, we watch six hours a day, and we really watch! So why aren't they programming for us? You know what? Do these idiots a favor, Judge. Send these network bozos a clue. Be a leader. We can't wait for Congress after all. Because... well they're bozos too. **He leaves.**



In Judge Willard Reese's courtroom.

A.A.G. Marshall Brickman: These are their minds they're messing with. We don't even know the long-term damage. Now, obviously, short of requiring urine analyses at the SATs, we can't monitor who is or isn't using. But we can take a stand against the ones who are brazen about it. Who defend it as acceptable and fair! Simply put, what Margie Coggins did was decidedly unfair. It's cheating. Not in keeping with the ideals of Harvard.

Jerry Espenson: I got into Harvard. Most don't. Harvard rejects over ninety percent of its applicants. That's ninety percent of the best high schools students. The rest don't even bother applying. The problem is every parent wants their kid to go to Harvard. Parents push, nudge, some kick. Look at the climate we've created. Eighty percent of honors in advance placement students cheat. Not once or twice, but on a regular basis. She didn't! She didn't get the test answers ahead of time. She didn't copy her neighbor's paper. She used her own brain. Yes, she used a prescription stimulant to stay focused and alert. At least thirty percent of college students admit to doing the same thing. Not only are there currently no laws against it, there are currently no rules! These kids grow up in a pervasive drug culture. We've medications not just to treat diseases but simply to help you do things better. Be it sex, urinating, digesting, we've got some to boost energy. Others to help you sleep. Better life! More productive life through chemistry! The drug we're talking about here is used off the label by many to boost brain power. Personally, I've tried medication to help with my Asperger's. Some worked, they made me feel safer emotionally. Should I not get that right? Or are drugs for emotions okay but cognition, no? Or should the rule be for disorder, "Yes." but enhancement, "No."? Where do you draw that line?

Judge Willard Reese: She didn't have a prescription for the one she took.

Jerry Espenson: True. But many kids do this. She's no different.

Judge Willard Reese: Except she got caught.

Jerry Espenson: She didn't get caught! She was simply honest about it! Honesty! That's the infraction that's getting her bounced on moral character grounds. Hypocrisy might be a better word! **He walks over to the opposing counsel's table and sits down next to Vivian Stewart. He sighs, then looks over and realizes where he's sitting and suddenly gets up and runs over to his table. Everybody smirks. Katie tries not to.**

Strains from Mendelssohn's Wedding March from A Midsummer Night's Dream. Denny is in his office, with Shirley Schmidt-ho standing side by side. The life-sized doll in the image of Shirley is wearing a wedding dress no less!

Alan Shore: **He comes in mouth agape.** What are you doing?

Denny Crane: I'm giving the bride away. Remember?

Alan Shore: Oh.

Denny Crane: I'm practicing. **He clicks the remote to turn off the music.** I wanna get it right.

Alan Shore: Ah.

Denny Crane: And she's gonna make a magnificent bride. For the seventh time.

Alan Shore: Ah ha. Yeah! **He walks closer.**

Denny Crane: You need something?

Alan Shore: Denny, the Massachusetts Supreme Court, they said, "No."

Denny Crane: Any appeal?

Alan Shore: Well, to the US Supreme Court, but they've already refused to hear this very argument, so...

A beat.

Denny Crane: So now what?

Alan Shore: I'm not sure. We could try to get you into the clinical trials.

Denny Crane: We could go to Russia!

Alan Shore: We could!

Denny Crane: Or we could go to Atlanta. I hear the Russians have kind of taken over Georgia, so we could go to Atlanta.

Alan Shore: That's another Georgia that the Russians have gotten involved with.

Denny Crane: Then we go to the real Russia! They got magnificent salmon streams! And no fish farms. What a road trip. Can you imagine you and me? On the loose in Russia?

Alan Shore: That would be something.

Denny Crane: Go fly fishing with Putin, look him in the eye, see his soul. Tell him to keep his big ugly head out of Alaskan air space. **He puts his arm around Shirley Schmidt-ho and looks to Alan.** Right after the wedding... **He motions a B-line.** ...off to Russia!

Alan chuckles.



Judge Willard Reese's courtroom.

Judge Willard Reese: All right. I can't solve the grade-enhancement debate with one ruling. But in this case the plaintiff didn't have a prescription. What she did was illegal. I am not ordering Harvard to reinstate her. We're adjourned. **He pounds his gavel and leaves.**

Margie Coggins: What do I do now?

Jerry pops.

Jerry opens the door to a witness room, and motions Margie and Katie to take a seat.

Margie Coggins: What's this?

Jerry Espenson: Well, this would be a lecture, I guess. You said you geared your whole life toward getting into Harvard. And now you think it's the end of the world that... **He pops twice.** It's this very uber super competitive mentality that caused you to take the pills in the first place, Margie and...

Margie Coggins: Mr. Espenson, you did get into Harvard.

Jerry Espenson: *Aggressively.* And it changed nothing! I still popped, purred, hopped, I was still ridiculed. Harvard didn't change it. But I was so sure law school would. 'Cause everybody respects lawyers, so I studied, studied, made top of my class! It changed nothing. But I was positive making partner would. Well... guess what? None of it can give you self-acceptance. For that you need...

Margie Coggins: A different drug?

Jerry Espenson Exactly. And... No! No! For self-acceptance you need to go to a far deeper, perhaps darker, certainly scarier place. Your problem, Margie, is your priorities. Harvard isn't going to give you what's important in life. Trust me. **He stamps his foot. At the other side of the table so does Katie.**

In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom.

Judge Clark Brown: At first I thought this case was like every other case brought by this ridiculous law firm. Ridiculous and outrageous. But I can't ignore ageism is one of the last socially condoned bigotries. And it is rampant in this broadcast network business. They consider those of us over fifty to be irrelevant! How is it possible that we are not even a part of the target demo when we watch the most television and spend the most money? My God! There are eighty-seven million of us and that number will grow by thirty-one million more by 2020. Are you telling me that it doesn't make sense to make television shows that we want to watch? If I am to assume that the industry is not run by a bunch of idiots, then I can only conclude that it's dominated by prejudice. The case stands. **He pounds his gavel.** Adjourned. **He leaves.**

Catherine Piper: Well, well, well!

Carl Sack: Congratulations, Catherine.

Catherine Piper: You know, old people have active sex lives too. **Carl barely spares her a glance.** My trailer or yours? **He closes his briefcase, takes his coat, gives her a scolding look and leaves.**

Denny is daydreaming as "You Are So Beautiful" is performed by Joe Cocker. Denny envisions a very beautiful, very young Shirley frolicking in water.

You are so beautiful

To me

You are so beautiful

To me

Can't you see

You're everything I hoped for

You're everything I need

You are so beautiful

To me

Denny and Shirley Schmidt-ho are standing face-to-face in front of a coat tree with a hat on top and a dress jacket hung to represent a minster.

Carl Sack: **He comes in, he smiles softly.** Denny?

Denny Crane: **He comes out of dreamland.** Oh. Hey! Carl. I was ah... **He shifts Shirley Schmidt-ho from facing him as if they were making their vows, to standing side-by-side as if he were walking her up the aisle to give her away.** ...just practicing. I wanna give her away right.

Carl Sack: **He nods.** Listen I, I appreciate you being such a... well, a great sport about this. I know that on some level that...

Alan Shore: **From far down the hall.** What!! Jiminy Christmas, Denny! **He barges in, beside himself with excitement.** Denny! We're going back! We're going back! We're going back!!

Denny Crane: What are you talking...?

Alan Shore: The case! The case! The case! I just got off the phone with the clerk's office! The Massachusetts...

Denny Crane: Slow down.

Alan Shore: We're on our way!

Denny Crane: Russia?

Alan Shore: Not Russia!

Denny Crane: Atlanta!



Alan Shore: Washington! The Massachusetts Supreme Court, on their own initiative petitioned the US Supreme Court, this time they agreed to hear it!!

Alan Shore: Hear what?

Alan Shore: Our case!!

Denny Crane: What!

Alan Shore: We're going back to the Supreme Court!!

Denny Crane: When?

Alan Shore: Next week!!

Denny Crane: Next week?

Alan Shore: Next week!!

Denny Crane: Oh!!

Alan and Denny: *They start dancing with joy.* Supreme Court! Supreme Court! Supreme Court! Supreme Court!

Alan Shore: *He pulls in Carl.* Sorry Carl, didn't mean to exclude you!

Alan and Denny: *They continue jumping up and down with Shirley Schmidt-ho.*

Supreme Court! Supreme Court! Supreme Court! Supreme Court! Supreme Court! Supreme Court!



In Jerry and Katie's office, Jerry is working at his desk.

Katie Lloyd: *She comes in.* Working late again?

Jerry Espenson: It's a myth the workload drops when you make partner. Get out while you still can.

Katie Lloyd: Jerry, can I say something? *Jerry leans back in his chair to listen.* Your comment about you being weaker-than? I've been thinking about it and I disagree. I quite think you might be the bravest person I have ever met.

Jerry Espenson: Why?

Katie Lloyd: Just the way you take on your various challenges every day. There aren't many men like you, Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: *He smiles.* Thanks.

Katie Lloyd: *She turns to leave then stops and turns back.* How about we go for a drink? We had a good day. We actually lost come to think of it. All the more reason. Shall we?

Jerry Espenson: *He nods.* As colleagues?

Katie Lloyd: Jerry, let's go for a drink. I'll meet you by the elevator? *Jerry nods.*

She nods then leaves.

Jerry watches as she leaves and walks by the window. He sits for a moment as that conversation sinks in, then suddenly jumps up, leaps on to the desk, then over it, and runs, no slides out the door, running as fast as he can.



On the balcony.

Denny Crane: Do you think the Supreme Court, when they agreed to take this case, knew it was us?

Alan Shore: I don't know. *He chuckles.* Maybe they want a rematch.

Denny Crane: Ah! You'll kick their asses again. *Alan laughs.* They'll have to bring in more justices.

Alan Shore: I think they're only allowed the nine.

Denny Crane: *He chuckles.* Hey! Maybe I'll retire after this.

Alan Shore: Don't be ridiculous.

Denny Crane: What a way to got out. My last case in front of the Supreme Court. Now there's a finale.

Alan Shore: They should put it on TV.

Denny Crane: It'd get ratings.

Alan Shore: If they promoted us. Of course, I think there's a law against promoting us.

Denny Crane: Seems to be.

Alan Shore: What would you do if you retired, Denny? Seriously?

Denny Crane: Fish.

Alan Shore: Every day?

Denny Crane: Not every day! I'd have sex some days. Maybe I should invite Ruth Bader Ginsberg to come to Nimmo Bay with me.

Alan Shore: What about me?

Denny Crane: You can borrow magazines from Clarence Thomas.



They both laugh heartily.

Alan Shore: Oh! Won't they be so happy to see us again?

Denny Crane: The rematch.

Alan Shore: The rematch.

Denny Crane: Grand finale.

Alan Shore: Special nine-o'clock start time! **He takes a sip of Scotch and sighs.**

Denny Crane: I made another decision today.

Alan Shore: Which is?

Denny Crane: I'm not dying.

Alan Shore: I like that idea.

Denny Crane: I'm gonna get my hands on this drug one way or another. Hell,

this is America. If we have to...

Alan Shore: Bribe!

Denny Crane: Damn right! And even if I fail, they say if you keep getting excited about life the blood rushes to your brain better. I'll love life Alan, even if it kills me. I'll fish. I'll be with you. I'll love life, Alan! And next week I'll love life in Washington in front of the Supreme Court. And after that I'll love life in Nimmo Bay.

Alan Shore: With Ruth Bader Gingsberg.

Denny Crane: She wants me.

Alan Shore: I saw that.

Denny Crane: Hey, maybe she persuaded them to take this case!

Alan Shore: To be closer to you.

Denny Crane: Ruthie, Ruthie, Ruthie.

Alan Shore: Here we come.

