

Boston Legal
True Love
Season 5, Episode 4
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Written by David E. Kelley

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*This transcript is not official or taken from the actual script. It is transcribed from the broadcast.
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William Shatner: Previously on Boston Legal—

Denny Crane: I'm just trying to get an erection!

Alan Shore: Well, who knows? Maybe it's the Mad Cow.

Denny Crane: My penis has Alzheimer's.

Alan Shore: Phoebe?!

Phoebe Prentice: Alan.

Phoebe Prentice: Why drag this out beyond a time we're still attracted to each other?

Alan Shore: I'm not attracted to you now.

Phoebe Prentice: Fine. Let's go with that.

Alan Shore: Phoebe.

Denny Crane: What happened?

Alan Shore: I was in love with her—

Denny Crane: That'll kill the moment.

Alan Shore: —and she loved me, just . . . not enough.

Denny Crane: Maybe it's not too late.

Alan Shore: She's happily married with children.

Alan Shore's hotel suite at night

Many candles and low lighting cast shadows over the furniture in the sitting room, and someone is pounding on the door. In his bed in the bedroom, Denny Crane is snoring, fast asleep with his teddy bear in his arms. Another pounding awakens him.

Denny Crane Bear: *squeaks* Denny Crane.

Denny Crane gets out of his bed, takes his teddy bear with him to the bed next to his, climbs in, and grabs the buttocks of the person in that bed, awakening Alan Shore.

Denny Crane and Alan Shore: *in unison* Ahh! **Both jump out of the bed to face each other.**

Alan Shore: What are you doing?!

Denny Crane: I got scared.

Alan Shore: Of what?

Denny Crane: I heard banging.

Alan Shore: What banging?

Three definite knocks at the door.

Denny Crane: That banging.

Alan Shore: That's a knock. Answer it.

Denny Crane: Me?

Alan Shore: You heard it!

Denny Crane: You live here.



More pounding as they're arguing.

Alan Shore: Never mind. We'll both answer it. **throws on his robe, and both walk to the door, Denny's teddy bear squeaking once more. Alan Shore opens it to find:**

Alan Shore: Phoebe!

Phoebe Prentice: Can I talk to you, Alan? It's important.

Alan Shore: What's going on?

Phoebe Prentice: The police just arrested my husband. They—they showed up in the middle of the night. I tried to call you, but—but I guess your phones are turned off, so—

Alan Shore: Arrested him for what?

Phoebe Prentice: Murder.

Alan Shore: Murder?

Denny Crane: Murder.

Phoebe Prentice: You're the best lawyer that I know, so will you help?

Alan Shore: Who's he accused of killing?

Phoebe Prentice: One of his nurses. I'm sorry, Alan, but this is my family here. . . . I need you.

Denny Crane: This is gonna be a good one.

As Alan Shore welcomes Phoebe Prentice into his hotel room,



[smash cut to opening credits]

Same scene continued

Alan Shore offers Phoebe Prentice a glass of water.

Alan Shore: So he's in custody now?

Phoebe Prentice: Yeah; they're arraigning him first up. It's my opinion they purposely arrested him at night. The District Attorney involved loves gamesmanship, so you'll have your work cut out for you. **sips water**

A rooster crows. Alan Shore glares at Denny Crane, who looks mock innocent as to the source of the bird sound.

Alan Shore: Can we talk about the case itself?

Phoebe Prentice: Well, my husband is one of the leading cardiologists at Boston General.

Alan Shore: Oh, isn't he special?

Phoebe Prentice glares back at him.

Alan Shore: shaking his head Sorry.

Phoebe Prentice: Uh, the victim is one of his former nurses. She was found poisoned to death. They claim that he was having an affair with her. He wasn't.

Denny Crane looks very interested, and somewhat skeptical.

Phoebe Prentice: He had—briefly—in the past, but it was long over.

Another rooster crow. Alan Shore rolls his eyes and glares at Denny Crane again, as the sound is obviously coming from his general vicinity. Denny Crane is even more "innocent," raising Alan Shore's suspicions.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry. Could you excuse us for a second? I'll be right back. Denny.

Alan Shore: not so gently "helping" Denny Crane into the bedroom What the hell is that?

Denny Crane: What?

Alan Shore: The rooster noise. And don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about.

Denny Crane: in unison I don't know what you're talking about.

Alan Shore: Denny, it's coming from you. What the hell is it?

Denny Crane: Well . . . uh . . . remember that little . . . um, uh, uh, uh, blood flow issue I had?

Alan Shore: Yeah?

Denny Crane: The doctor has hooked me up to a monitor. I'm supposed to keep a journal. A—any kind of blood flow, I'm supposed to . . . uh . . . make a note.

Alan Shore: A monitor?

Denny Crane: Yeah.

Alan Shore: Connected to—

Denny Crane: Shh. Yeah.

Alan Shore: One that sounds like a rooster. **nods**

Denny Crane: That's just my ringtone. You can choose from many.

Alan Shore: Look, obviously this is a serious case.

Denny Crane: **nodding** That's why the doctor wanted—

Alan Shore: I'm talking about the murder! I do not want to be hearing from that thing. Are you listening to me?

Denny Crane: **nods** I'll put it on vibrate.

Alan Shore turns and stalks back into the sitting room of the suite.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry. So, uh . . . the arraignment's tomorrow morning.

Phoebe Prentice: First up. The thing is, Alan, they found evidence of him being present at her house. Now, he was there a week ago, but not on the night of the murder.

Alan Shore: Which was when?

Phoebe Prentice: Two nights ago. I—I'm surprised you haven't heard about it. It's been all over the news. He is the top cardiologist at Boston General.

Alan Shore: Yes, you mentioned that. You say he once had an affair with the victim?

Phoebe Prentice: A while ago, yes, but it was over.

Alan Shore: Well, if it was over, why was he at her house a week ago?

Phoebe Prentice: He said that she was distraught, and he went there to calm her down.

Alan Shore: And you believe that?

Phoebe Prentice: **nodding** I do.

Alan Shore: Okay.

Phoebe Prentice: Plus, he has an alibi.

Alan Shore: Which is?

Phoebe Prentice: Me. He never left the house two nights ago.

Alan Shore: Ah. **nodding** You're sure?

Phoebe Prentice: Positive.

Denny Crane is smiling at Phoebe Prentice, smitten.

Phoebe Prentice: Hello.

Denny Crane responds with the distinctive buzz of a vibrator, and quickly covers himself with Denny Crane Bear.

Denny Crane Bear: **squeaks; then, seductively**
Denny Crane.

Two more buzzes.



Courthouse corridor

The elevator arrives with a ding, and Denny Crane, Alan Shore and Phoebe Prentice get out, inundated by reporters and photographers yelling their names to get their attention—and good “Gotcha” photographs.

Alan Shore: Please excuse us. I have absolutely no comment.

Denny Crane: I have a comment. If you'll go to dennycranelaw.com, you'll find candid photos of—

Phoebe Prentice: Please! I will ask you to respect my privacy. This is obviously a very difficult time. I can say unequivocally that my husband is innocent.

Alan Shore: If you'll excuse us.

Judge Judy Beacon's courtroom

Alan Shore, Phoebe Prentice on his arm, and Denny Crane enter, followed by the media.

Alan Shore: *to Phoebe Prentice:* I'd advise you *not* to talk to the press.

Phoebe Prentice: The DA is trying this case in the media, Alan—

Alan Shore: Even so. I mean, will you look at this?

Phoebe Prentice: It's very high-profile. My husband is the leading cardiologist—

Alan Shore: All right, already.

They exchange glares.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry.

Court Clerk: All rise. This court is now in session. The Honorable Judge Beacon presiding.

Denny Crane looks bemused when he sees that Judge Judy Beacon is a very attractive judge of the female gender.

Judge Judy Beacon: Let's be clear right now. This is a courtroom, not a circus. Anyone breaking its decorum is gonna get spanked by me personally. The clerk will call the case.

Denny Crane's vibrator/monitor buzzes as he sits.

Court Clerk: Number 32859: *Commonwealth v Robert L. Brooks* on the felony count of murder in the first degree.

Alan Shore: Good morning, Your Honor. Alan Shore for the defense. My goodness, what a splendid turnout! We'll waive reading of the charges, and enter a plea of not guilty. I'd ask that you release my client on his own recognizance pending trial. My client is a respected doctor; in fact, I'm told he's the top cardiologist at Boston—

DA Stewart Betts: *rising; interrupting* Stewart Betts, representing the State, Your Honor. Good morning. We do not typically afford bail to first degree murderers.

Alan Shore: My client has well-established roots in the Boston community.

Denny Crane and Judge Judy Beacon are exchanging flirtations as Alan Shore speaks.

Alan Shore: He's certainly not a flight risk. He has no prior criminal record. His being at-large poses no real risk to society.

DA Stewart Betts: I don't know about Mr. Shore, Your Honor, but I think that the rest of the public would consider a murderer—any murderer—especially this murderer, a devious murderer to be a risk.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry; did you use the word "murderer" four or five times in that sentence? I'd hate to misquote you.

Judge Judy Beacon: Mr. Shore, would you *like* to be disciplined?

Denny Crane's vibrator buzzes, indicating HE certainly wouldn't be averse to that. DA Stewart Betts looks quizzically at Denny Crane. Alan Shore's look is more one of annoyance than question.

Judge Judy Beacon: Given the sophisticated methodology of this murder, making it appear like a heart attack, I'm persuaded that the defendant possesses the requisite craftiness to indeed escape this jurisdiction with little effort if he so chooses.

Alan Shore: Gee, that sounded impartial.

Judge Judy Beacon: Bail is denied. The defendant shall return to custody. We are adjourned. **bangs gavel**

Dr. Robert L. Brooks rises, and Alan Shore turns to address him.

Alan Shore: I'll be back to meet with you shortly. In the meantime, please do not speak to anyone.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: *sarcastic* Well done on bail.

Bailiff #1 leads Dr. Robert L. Brooks out.

Phoebe Prentice: He can . . . be a bit chilly at first, but . . . Should we go and meet him?

Alan Shore: I'd like to sit with him alone, please.



Phoebe Prentice: Why?

Alan Shore: Because I would. I like to get a feel for those I defend. **To Denny Crane:** Denny, you need to stop your penis from humming.

Denny Crane: **shakes his head; looks down** Oh.

Courthouse jail cell

We see a stark concrete wall, and hear a sliding metal-barred door opened and the buzz of an electronic lock. A guard unlocks and opens the door of the cell, and escorts Alan Shore into the cell. Dr. Robert L. Brooks sits at a table.

Alan Shore: Thank you.

Bailiff #2: You want me to stay?

Alan Shore: I think I'm good. **To Dr. Robert L. Brooks:** You don't plan to kill me, do you?

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: We'll see how it goes.

Alan Shore sits as the guard closes and relocks the cell door.

Alan Shore: So, is it Robert or Bob?

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: Robert.

Alan Shore: So, what can you tell me, Bob?

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: I'm innocent. I did have a short-lived relationship with her, which I broke off to her less-than-concealed dismay.

Alan Shore: When you say, "short-lived"—?

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: Seventeen days last autumn.

Alan Shore: She was your nurse?

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: **crossing his arms** One of my nurses, yes.

Alan Shore: What occasioned the end of the affair?

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: You're not curious as to what precipitated the beginning?

Alan Shore: I've seen a picture of her. I can fill in that blank.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: Well, the affair's end was occasioned by Ms. Goulet's emotional instability. She was becoming increasingly erratic, causing an unacceptable distraction for me at work. I severed the relationship and I sought to create a distance. She was persistent. I never saw her romantically again, I most certainly did not go to her home the evening of her death, and I played no role whatsoever in her death. **pause** Questions?

Alan Shore: According to the incident report, you were seen by a neighbor at her house that night.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: Neighbor's mistaken. I was there several days before the murder. I had gone in an attempt to defuse her emotions. I was not there on the murder night, which my wife will confirm.

Alan Shore: Well, wives have been known to lie for their husbands.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: The jury will find my wife very persuasive. Don't you find her impressive, Mr. Shore?

The lines are drawn in the sand as they stare hostilely at each other, neither blinking.



Alan Shore's office

Alan Shore: Denny, if this case comes down to his testimony . . . **scoffs; shakes his head** . . . He's incredibly unlikeable.

Denny Crane: All worked out then, didn't it?

Alan Shore: What do you mean?

Denny Crane: Alan, you didn't really want to like this guy, did you?

Alan Shore: No, but I do wanna win the case.

Denny Crane: Really?

Alan Shore: Of course, really. What? Do you think I'd purposely lose so I could be with his wife?

Denny Crane: I would.

Alan Shore: You would not. Your true love is your undefeated record.

Denny Crane: And your true love is her.

Alan Shore: *turns to scope out the window ledge and sit on it* You know, Denny . . . I must admit, from time to time through the years, in various cases . . . I've secretly fantasized that she was in the back of the room, watching.

Denny Crane: *laughs* Everything we do is all about impressing the girl, even when the girl isn't there.

Alan Shore: But here, she will be there, watching me. Relying on me, even.

Denny Crane: Alan, look at me. At first I thought this would be fun, exciting. Now I'm telling you as your best friend: Get out. In defeat, you lose, disappointing the one woman you've really loved. In victory . . . she walks away with her husband . . . which isn't you.

Coroner's laboratory/office

Isabelle Goulet's dead body lies on a stainless steel pathologist's table, between Alan Shore and Denny Crane and the Coroner's Assistant.

Coroner's Assistant: Okay; at first, the coroner ruled "natural causes," and you can pretty much see why. Not a mark on her.

Denny Crane: Except for this mole here. It's spectacular. Can I touch it? H—

Alan Shore restrains Denny Crane's arm quickly.

Coroner's Assistant: But, once they tumbled to the affair, they decided to look again. That's when they found this. **Points to a small puncture on the leg** You can see the needle mark here on the thigh. Succinylcholine. The beauty is, it basically disappears from the system within minutes. And, best of all, the symptoms mimic a heart attack.

Alan Shore: And it kills you immediately?

Coroner's Assistant: First, paralysis; then, death. It's likely she woke up when she got jabbed, but, going into paralysis, nothing she could do—

Denny Crane: Wow.

Coroner's Assistant: —except watch her killer walk out the door.

Alan Shore: Any semen?

Denny Crane: Not yet.

But certainly a vibrator buzz . . . and, long-suffering, Alan Shore shakes his head, eyes closed.

Coroner's Assistant: No semen was found.

Alan Shore: Saliva or hair?

Coroner's Assistant: Nothing found on the body. Almost the perfect crime. Whoever did this was one smart guy.



Alan Shore's office at night

With lights dim, Alan Shore is showing Phoebe Prentice a schematic of the neighborhood in which the crime occurred.

Alan Shore: The neighbor's house is here, meaning his sight line is this way, which basically means he'd see cars from the front, given the curve of the street.

Phoebe Prentice: What's the lighting like?

Alan Shore: Well, a street lamp here, so it's not great.

Phoebe Prentice: So, if we can shake this witness, then everything else is completely circumstantial, right?

Alan Shore: Phoebe, they can place him at the scene with forensics.

Phoebe Prentice: Not that night.

Alan Shore: No, the neighbor does that. Your husband had a romantic history with the victim. The victim's mother will testify as to the threats he made.

Phoebe Prentice: She's lying.

Alan Shore: Yes, according to your husband. Whoever did this clearly has medical expertise. Add to that—

Phoebe Prentice: Add to that what?

Alan Shore: The jury will hate him.

Phoebe Prentice: Meaning: *You* hate him.

Alan Shore: My feelings aren't relevant.

Phoebe Prentice: Oh, come on, Alan. Your feelings aren't in play here?

Alan Shore scoffs. Phoebe Prentice sighs.

Phoebe Prentice: I think that if you look at this case clinically, you will appreciate that the prosecution's case is very weak. The evidence is all circumstantial, the victim had other affairs—

Alan Shore: Which we can't prove.

Phoebe Prentice: —and my husband has an alibi.

Alan Shore: The testimony of a devoted wife is rarely winning. I don't think the jury will believe you.

Phoebe Prentice: Do you believe me?

Alan Shore: **long pause to consider, then** No. I *know* you. You would *never* forgive him for having the affair. In fact, if memory serves me, you can be quite punishing on that subject.

Phoebe Prentice: It's different when you have kids.

Alan Shore: Yes, and your children need their father around. So, you're willing to do whatever you can to keep him out of jail, including lie for him in the witness chair.

Phoebe Prentice: You're wrong.

Alan Shore: I don't think so.

Phoebe Prentice: Well, clearly . . . **rises; angry** . . . I need to get another attorney. **gathers up her belongings to leave**

Alan Shore: **after a beat; stands and buttons his jacket** If we agree to plead to manslaughter—

Phoebe Prentice: Absolutely not!

Alan Shore: That's your husband's decision.

Phoebe Prentice: And I know exactly what that will be. There will be no guilty plea.

Alan Shore: This wasn't a heat-of-passion crime, Phoebe. It was . . . **stepping slowly toward Phoebe Prentice** . . . calculated . . . cold. Do you trust this man? How about around your children?

Phoebe Prentice: He would never hurt the children! And he did not . . . commit this crime, however much you're determined to believe otherwise. **steps forward so they are standing very close** You still love me, Alan.

Alan Shore gulps, considering his response.

Phoebe Prentice: As do I you. You . . . you don't think that I want to believe that he's guilty sometimes? It would be so easy to. I . . . I am still angry over the affair. Of course, I am. And sometimes I think it would just be easier if I . . . if I just ditched everything and . . . including him . . . and took off to some island with . . . with an old boyfriend that I've never . . .

Alan Shore pulls Phoebe Prentice closer to kiss her, but she rebuffs him.

Phoebe Prentice: Don't.

Alan Shore: **clicks his tongue** Mmm.

Phoebe Prentice: **shakes her head** Do not make that mistake. You need to protect yourself, Alan, because when this trial is over, I will be walking away with him. My family is my life.



Judge Judy Beacon's courtroom

Phyllis Goulet: *in the witness chair; testifying* I know she was afraid of him because she told me so. She was in a very excitable state when she did so.

Alan Shore winces a little at the term, "excitable state."

Phyllis Goulet: She said, "Mom, I'm scared to death of him."

DA Stewart Betts: Why did your daughter fear the defendant, Mrs. Goulet?

Phyllis Goulet: She threatened to tell his wife that they had resumed the affair.

Gasps and murmurs from the gallery.

DA Stewart Betts: What else did your daughter tell you?

Phyllis Goulet: She said he said, "If you do tell her, you will pay for it."

With a flourish, Denny Crane snatches a sheet of paper off the defendant's table, and takes over the interrogation.

Denny Crane: Very dramatic. Probably see it on the news. You like being on the news?

Phyllis Goulet: Oh, you think I enjoy talking about my daughter's *murder*?

Denny Crane: Well, I see you a lot on TV.

Alan Shore: *gesturing toward DA Stewart Betts* Almost as much as him.

Denny Crane: Not that much.

Alan Shore: You're right.

Judge Judy Beacon bangs her gavel, after which Denny Crane's vibrator buzzes.

Denny Crane: Uhhhh, Phyllis—may I call you Phyllis?

Another, uh, bang, and another buzz.

Alan Shore: *whispers* Oh, my God.

Denny Crane: *readjusting his jacket to cover up the apparatus and body part on which it is attached* Uh, when your, uh, daughter told you that she feared my client, were you worried?

Phyllis Goulet: *scoffs* Of course I was.

Denny Crane: Did you tell anybody? Surely you told somebody! A friend, a relative, a—a mental health specialist?

DA Stewart Betts: Objection.

Judge Judy Beacon: Overruled.

Denny Crane: *"teasing" voice* Phyllis, did you make up this little story?

Phyllis Goulet: No, I did not, you disgusting person.

Denny Crane: I don't like being called, "disgusting." Did you ever call your daughter, "disgusting"?

Phyllis Goulet: Of course not.

They both scowl at each other.

Denny Crane: I have a copy of a letter here that you wrote to your daughter shortly before her death. The, uh, prosecution has the letter, and they mistakenly forgot to produce it during discovery. **To Judge**

Judge Judy Beacon: An oversight.

As Judge Judy Beacon looks questioningly at him, DA Stewart Betts closes his eyes and shakes his head.

Denny Crane: *Back to Phyllis Goulet:* Would you read the highlighted section, please? And don't forget to project; there's a camera back there.

DA Stewart Betts: Objection.

Judge Judy Beacon holds up a hand to him, gesturing for him to stop, then nods to Phyllis Goulet to read.



Denny Crane: *handing the letter to Phyllis Goulet* The highlighted section, please?

Phyllis Goulet: *hesitantly taking the letter* "You never call. You're too busy running around with all your married men. You're a disgraceful, disgusting whore."

More murmurs from the gallery, as Alan Shore and Phoebe Prentice react to the shift in the case.

Montage of sound bytes from various witnesses

Detective Frank Richards: *giving testimony* No evidence of anybody else being present in the home except for the victim and the defendant.

DA Stewart Betts: Sounds like sloppy work for the defendant to leave his prints behind.

Detective Frank Richards: He didn't. Not really. We only found a few old prints here and there. The crime scene was otherwise conspicuously meticulous.

Camera pans across the defendant's table, where Alan Shore, Denny Crane and Dr. Robert L. Brooks sit.

Dr. Paul Mataya: *in witness chair* It causes cardiac arrest, ventricular dysrhythmia. It quickly degrades.

Close-up of Phoebe Prentice.

Dr. Paul Mataya: It's very difficult to detect after a few hours.

DA Stewart Betts: Sounds like the perfect drug if you're looking to get away with murder.

Dr. Paul Mataya: It is.

Mary Bennett: She never told me she was afraid of him, but she did say she was thinking about telling his wife about the affair.

Alan Shore: Were there other men to your knowledge?

Mary Bennett: There were certainly rumors of others. She, of course, never brought them around the hospital.

John Emerson: *speaking as camera pans to close-up of Phoebe Prentice* I'd seen his car many times.

DA Stewart Betts: And you saw it the night of the murder?

John Emerson: Yes. I'd gotten up to go to the bathroom. I looked out the window. I saw it.

Alan Shore: You first told the police you weren't sure.

John Emerson: Well, it had happened a few days earlier, and I had to think back. I did, and I am sure I saw it that night.

Alan Shore: Ever see any other cars go into that driveway on other nights?

John Emerson: Oh, many times. Um, Ms. Goulet had a very . . . diverse recreational life.

Alan Shore nods.

Courthouse conference room

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: What do you mean, I shouldn't testify?

Alan Shore: My feeling is it would be a disaster. The prosecution would pick you apart over the affair, and all you can do, really, is say that you didn't go to the victim's house that night, and we have Phoebe to say that.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: Well, I'm not an attorney, but I would think at a minimum, a defendant need take the stand to deny the crime for which he is charged.

Alan Shore: You would be wrong.

Denny Crane: Come on. You're guilty as sin. You don't fool us. You won't fool a jury. Stop being such a baby.

Alan Shore: Tell me, Bob, had you resumed the affair? *long pause; no answer* Just a yes or no question.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: No.

Alan Shore: I think we'll skip your testimony.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: Are you in love with my wife, Mr. Shore?

Alan Shore is very nonchalant, but Phoebe Prentice glares at Dr. Robert L. Brooks.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: Just a yes or no question.

Denny Crane remains an observer, as Alan Shore flashes a quick grin, and Phoebe Prentice fidgets uncomfortably.



Alan Shore's office at night

Alan Shore, Denny Crane, and Phoebe Prentice sit around Alan Shore's desk, all alone in their thoughts.

Alan Shore: He strikes me as a very difficult man to love.

Phoebe Prentice: Well, that seems to be my curse. I fall for difficult men. It doesn't look good, does it?

Denny Crane: It looks terrible.

Alan Shore: We've still got reasonable doubt. Phoebe, our entire defense is you. You have to persuade the jury tomorrow. And I'm sorry, but I have to say this: You need to do a much better job persuading them than you have so far persuading me.

Denny Crane: Or me.

Phoebe Prentice, looking anxious, nods.

Courthouse corridor

Reporter: The Robert Brooks trial winds down today with the defendant's wife, Phoebe Prentice, taking the stand. She's of course expected to say that her husband never left the house on the night of Isabelle Goulet's murder.

Elevator dings, and Denny Crane exits, Alan Shore and Phoebe Prentice behind him.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane. Step aside. Not wearing underwear; not pretty. No comment. **Covers the camera lens with his hand.**



Bailiff #1: holding Bible You swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you, God?

Phoebe Prentice: hand on Bible I do.

Bailiff #1: Be seated.

Phoebe Prentice sits in the witness chair.

Alan Shore: standing, reviewing his notes Ms. Prentice, you're married to the defendant, Dr. Robert Brooks?

Phoebe Prentice: I am.

Alan Shore: And how long have you been so?

Phoebe Prentice: Sixteen years.

Alan Shore: I imagine this has been quite an ordeal for you.

Phoebe Prentice: nods, smiles Yes.

Alan Shore: Do you love your husband?

Phoebe Prentice: nods Very much.

Alan Shore: So, in the interest of fairness, it should be said you have a strong bias here.

Phoebe Prentice: I do.

Alan Shore: Notwithstanding that bias, you understand that your testimony today is subject to the pains and penalties of perjury?

Phoebe Prentice: I do.

Alan Shore: Then let's cut right to the chase, shall we, because we're all dying to know, where were you on the night Isabelle Goulet was murdered?

Phoebe Prentice: Well, I arrived home from work a little after 7 o'clock, which was my routine. We like to have dinner as a family—it's a ritual we're very conscientious about.

Alan Shore: You, your husband, and your two children?

Phoebe Prentice: nodding That's right.

Alan Shore: And, after dinner?

Phoebe Prentice: Well, my kids did their homework—it was a school night—and Robert did some work in his den, and I think that I did some laundry or something. Um. Then, at about 10 o'clock, my kids went to bed, and . . . Robert and I had a glass of wine, we watched some news, and, uh, then he took a sleeping pill, which he invariably does, and we went to sleep. **nods** It was pretty uneventful.

Alan Shore: You stayed in all night?

Phoebe Prentice: That's correct.

Alan Shore: Did your husband leave the house?

Phoebe Prentice just stares at Alan Shore, then looks at Dr. Robert L. Brooks at the defendant's table. Alan Shore also looks at Dr. Robert L. Brooks, wondering what's going on, then back to Phoebe Prentice. DA Stewart Betts and Judge Judy Beacon sit up straighter, attention snapping to Phoebe Prentice in the witness chair.

Alan Shore: Ms. Prentice, did your husband leave the house?

Members of the jury look at Phoebe Prentice, intent on hearing her answer the question.

Phoebe Prentice: To Judge Judy Beacon: I'm sorry, Your Honor. Uh . . . could I please take a short break?

Judge Judy Beacon: No. I—I think you should answer the question, ma'am. Did your husband leave the house that night?

Alan Shore looks betrayed, as does Dr. Robert L. Brooks.

Phoebe Prentice: Yes

Murmurs from everyone assembled.

Alan Shore: Your Honor, I'd like a short recess to confer with my client.

Judge Judy Beacon: Not gonna happen. **To Phoebe Prentice:** When did he leave?

Phoebe Prentice: I don't know. I . . . uh . . . uh . . . I woke up after midnight.

Alan Shore: Your Honor, I need to confer with my client.

Judge Judy Beacon: Mr. Shore, be quiet. **To Phoebe Prentice:** Do you know where he went?

Phoebe Prentice: No, I did not know.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks shakes his head; DA Stewart Betts just looks vindicated.

Alan Shore: When did he get home?

Phoebe Prentice: Some time after 3.

Alan Shore: approaching the bench Your Honor, this is unfair surprise. She—

Judge Judy Beacon: It's your witness.

Alan Shore: I don't care. We're fast approaching grounds for a mistrial. You need to give me a recess.

Judge Judy Beacon: Alright. We're gonna take a one-hour break. **bangs gavel**

Courthouse conference room

Alan Shore enters, followed by Phoebe Prentice, then Denny Crane.

Alan Shore: turning on Phoebe Prentice What the *hell* was that?

Phoebe Prentice: holding up a hand in truce I am so sorry.

Alan Shore: If your intent was to bury him, why'd you hire me?!

Denny Crane: To reconnect, so you'd be there for her when her husband went off to jail.

Phoebe Prentice: That isn't true.

Alan Shore steps away from them, shaking his head.

Denny Crane: Yes, it is. You love Alan. Do you deny it?



Phoebe Prentice: I hired Alan to secure my husband's freedom. That was my intent. I wanted to preserve my family at whatever cost.

Alan Shore: So what changed?

Phoebe Prentice: Well, I suddenly thought, if—if I commit perjury, what if I go to jail? Who raises my kids, then? I mean, they could be—they could be faced with losing both their father and their mother and . . . Plus, I . . .

Alan Shore: Plus what?

Phoebe Prentice: I really believed that the affair was over, Alan. I did. But it wasn't. Now, how am I supposed to lie for somebody who's not even faithful to me?

Alan Shore's jaw snaps shut audibly; he's speechless.

Courthouse jail cell

Dr. Robert L. Brooks is waiting for Alan Shore. The electronic lock buzzes, and a guard escorts Alan Shore to the cell, unlocks the door, lets Alan Shore in, and recloses and locks the door.

Alan Shore: Thank you. So, Bob, we need to talk.

Fade to:

Courthouse corridor

Where Alan Shore paces, alone and deep in thought. Denny Crane steps out of a room to talk with him.

Denny Crane: You okay?

Alan Shore: Fine.

Denny Crane: You want me to take this?

Alan Shore: I'll take it.

They exchange non-verbals, Denny Crane concerned about Alan Shore, and Alan Shore signaling his sadness, but that he wants to see this through. Denny Crane steps away, and Alan Shore gathers up his feelings and briefcase, steeling himself to return to the courtroom.

Judge Judy Beacon's courtroom

Alan Shore nods his readiness, and Judge Judy Beacon nods encouragement to restart his interrogation of Phoebe Prentice, who is in the witness chair. Alan Shore rises, buttons his jacket and steps slowly toward the witness stand.

Alan Shore: First of all, I admire your honesty. To give testimony against somebody you love . . . **steps toward the jury** We all witnessed an extraordinary thing. Of course, you didn't *have to* give that testimony. While it's true you were under oath, you also enjoy a privilege as the defendant's spouse to *not* give evidence against him.

Phoebe Prentice: Well, as I said, I didn't plan to, but once I took the stand, I felt that I'd effectively waived that privilege, so . . .

Alan Shore: nods Ah. I guess the other conclusion would be that perhaps you really *did* want to testify against him.

Phoebe Prentice glares at Alan Shore.

Alan Shore: Did you?

Phoebe Prentice: You know I didn't.

Alan Shore: Ms. Prentice, have you undergone any psychiatric treatment of late for a personality disorder?

Phoebe Prentice: I've never been diagnosed . . . **shakes her head** . . . with any personality disorder.

Alan Shore: That wasn't my question. I asked whether you've been treated recently for one.



Phoebe Prentice: My medical history is *private*. **she says this glaring at her husband.** But I will repeat that I've never been diagnosed with a personality disorder.

Alan Shore: Uh, huh. Would you consider yourself to be a violent person, Ms. Prentice?

Phoebe Prentice: No.

Alan Shore: Have you ever been violent?

Phoebe Prentice: Well, I'm sure everyone's lost his or her temper, but . . .

Alan Shore: Ever lost yours with a knife?

Phoebe Prentice looks shocked, then toward Dr. Robert L. Brooks, who raises his hands—all bets are now off.

Alan Shore: Am I being too vague? Have you ever lost your temper with a knife with your 9-year-old daughter?

Phoebe Prentice: No.

Alan Shore: No. Gee, for someone with such a strong obligation to tell the truth under oath, that answer surprises me. Did you not threaten your 9-year-old daughter with a knife after she spilled grape juice on your new living room carpet?

Phoebe Prentice: I snapped at her while I had a knife in my hand.

Alan Shore: Wasn't it more like you were watching television, she spilled the juice, you flew into a rage, went into the kitchen, returned with paper towels and the knife, and threatened her? Wasn't it more like that?

Phoebe Prentice: I never threatened her with a knife.

Alan Shore: A few minutes ago in that witness room, you indicated to me that you had now reached the conclusion that your husband had resumed the affair with Ms. Goulet. Did you not?

Phoebe Prentice: *nodding* Yes.

Alan Shore: In truth, you reached that conclusion a week before the murder when Ms. Goulet told you the affair was back on, right?

Dr. Robert L. Brooks looks very self-satisfied that he is turning the tables on his wife.

Alan Shore: This time, you picked up the knife and threatened your husband.

Phoebe Prentice: No.

Alan Shore: You told him you would kill him, didn't you?

Phoebe Prentice: No.

Alan Shore: Then you said you'd think of something even better than killing him, didn't you, Phoebe?

Phoebe Prentice: *whispers* No.

Alan Shore: You testified that Robert took a sleeping pill that night. Did he unknowingly take two or three extra, maybe in his wine?

Phoebe Prentice: That's ridiculous.

Alan Shore: You were driving the car that pulled into Ms. Goulet's driveway that night, and you gave her the injection that killed her, knowing full well the police would suspect him. **points at Dr. Robert L. Brooks**

DA Stewart Betts: rising in protest Your Honor, this is—

Judge Judy Beacon: Sit down, Mr. Betts.

Alan Shore: And you didn't just frame him and bury him at trial. You added the indignity of having an old boyfriend be part of the equation. One might find that to be a little sick.

Phoebe Prentice: You know, *he* is the sick one. And he has concocted this fantastic tale . . . to get away with murder.

Alan Shore: You don't look well, Phoebe. You're diabetic. How do you get your insulin?

Phoebe Prentice: Injections.

Alan Shore: Pretty good with needles, then.



Judge Judy Beacon's courtroom

Camera focuses on Phoebe Prentice's empty seat behind Alan Shore, then pans to DA Stewart Betts addressing the jury with his closing arguments.

DA Stewart Betts: Spectacular performance, but I must say I'm not surprised. Mr. Shore is legendary for his stunts and spellbinding maneuvers that no doubt dazzle his audiences, but—

Alan Shore: *rising* I object to my sex life being introduced—

Judge Judy Beacon: *warning* Mr. Shore.

Alan Shore sits down.

DA Stewart Betts: You see? This is what he does. He distracts, he uses sleight of hand, he manipulates, but all of these plays . . . They come from desperation. All the physical evidence points to the doctor, and it took the expertise of a doctor to make it look like a heart attack. The doctor was romantically involved with the victim, the doctor is the one who threatened the victim. Mr. Shore had no choice but to reach into his magic hat and grope for something that he could pass off as reasonable doubt. There's desperation, and there's . . . desperation. Let's all get real.

Alan Shore: *steps forward to jury with his closing argument* I wouldn't even know where to begin to get real. It's so hard to believe that any of this could possibly be real. It's so implausible, so fantastic, so utterly . . . ***shakes his head*** Phoebe. Whether she suddenly chose to bury her husband while on the stand or whether it was part of some master plot, I don't know, but she buried him. There is no disputing that. This crime was executed with Machiavellian efficiency by a woman who not only had plenty of motive, but is also quite handy with needles. True—there was no forensic evidence to prove she was at the scene, but you heard the detective. He said the house was "conspicuously meticulous." It had been cleaned up. Could Phoebe Prentice have known about the drug succinylcholine? Why not? Her husband is a doctor. Their house is full of medical books. There's all kinds of evidence against her, but the truth is it doesn't matter, because you saw all you needed to in her testimony. You saw it in her eyes, you heard it in her voice, and you *know* . . . she did it. Phoebe Prentice killed the woman her husband was sleeping with and framed her cheating husband in the process. Perfect crime. ***pause*** Almost. ***another pause*** Almost. ***shakes his head in incredulity and walks back to his seat at the defense table, in front of Phoebe Prentice's empty chair***

Judge Judy Beacon's courtroom later that day

The jury files in, obscuring our view of Alan Shore, Denny Crane and Dr. Robert L. Brooks sitting at the defendant's table. Camera angle shifts to include DA Stewart Betts and his second chair ADA. Madam Foreperson hands Bailiff #1 the document with the verdict, and he hands it to Judge Judy Beacon, who unfolds the paper, reads it and hands it back to the Bailiff to deliver back to Madam Foreperson.

Judge Judy Beacon: Okay. ***clears throat*** Madam Foreperson, the jury has reached a unanimous verdict?

Madam Foreperson: We have, Your Honor.

Judge Judy Beacon: The defendant will please rise.

Alan Shore, Denny Crane and Dr. Robert L. Brooks all rise.

Judge Judy Beacon: What say you?

Madam Foreperson: *reading from the paper* "In the matter of the *Commonwealth of Massachusetts v Robert L. Brooks*, on the charge of murder in the first degree, we find the defendant, Robert Brooks, not guilty.

The gathered crowd murmurs and cut to:



Courthouse corridor

Alan Shore is running the gauntlet of reporters with cameras, all shouting questions. Behind him, Denny Crane escorts Dr. Robert L. Brooks. They all dash into the elevator, and the door closes.

Alan Shore's office

Alan Shore: *unpacking his briefcase* My advice to you, Dr. Brooks, if you have out-of-town relatives . . . The press here does not figure to let up for a while. No doubt your wife has left town.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: Well, I, uh, I suppose, uh, a huge thank-you would be in order.

Alan Shore: *scoffs* I suppose.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: Thank you.

Alan Shore *scoffs again, and looks at Denny Crane, who sits on the credenza behind Alan Shore's desk.*

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: Can't say that you were everything Phoebe built you up to be, but, uh, you were close.

Alan Shore: Did you really not suspect that she'd left the house that night?

Phoebe Prentice: *appearing in the doorway* I never left the house, Alan.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks holds his hand out to Phoebe Prentice, who takes his hand and steps into the room.

Phoebe Prentice: When you told me that I was the whole defense, and that I wasn't persuasive, I . . . decided on another tack—incriminating my husband in a way that would make *me* seem guilty. Do you really think that I would threaten my own child with a knife? Come on.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks: We had to make up a few things, give you something to get her with.

Phoebe Prentice: I never got the call from the victim

telling me about the affair, I never told Robert I was going to kill him, and . . . I never left the house that night.

Alan Shore: *shocked and even more sad; voice breaking* You were very convincing. You might even have been too convincing. You're now almost certain to be arrested and charged with the crime.

Phoebe Prentice: I can risk that, since there's no evidence of me committing it, because I didn't. And, if need be, Robert can always set the record straight. He's protected now by double jeopardy, so . . .

Denny Crane: *stepping forward to stand beside Alan Shore* There's still perjury.

Phoebe Prentice: Who committed perjury? He never testified, and I never lied. **To Alan Shore:** You'll remember that I denied all of your accusations. In fact, the only one who tried to introduce false evidence was you. ***steps forward to face Alan Shore more directly*** It was never my intent to play it this way. I . . . my plan was simply to be his alibi, but then, when you said that I wasn't persuasive . . . I'm sorry.

Alan Shore: You should leave now.

Dr. Robert L. Brooks mouths, "Come on," and starts to exit behind Phoebe Prentice.

Phoebe Prentice: The truth is: I *never* deceived you.

Alan Shore: You told me he was innocent.

Phoebe Prentice: But you weren't deceived, were

you? Two other things I told you . . . keeping my family together whatever the cost was everything to me . . . and that at the end, I would be . . . walking away with Robert. I was very clear on that.

Phoebe Prentice nods. Dr. Robert L. Brooks pulls her away, and they walk out of the office together, leaving Alan Shore with a mix of emotions. Denny Crane steps closer to shoulder-hug Alan Shore, rub and pat his shoulder.



Balcony of Denny Crane's office

Alan Shore is just sitting in his customary chair, trying to process his emotions.

Alan Shore: There's gotta be a way to turn them in.

Denny Crane: We could. Get disbarred . . . go fishing . . . retire to stud. **laughs** You know, Alan, you gotta tip your hat. She fooled everybody, including us.

Alan Shore: I am not . . . tipping my hat.

Denny Crane "toasts" Alan Shore with his cigar.

Alan Shore: This is one of those times I'm lucky to be unlucky in love.

Denny Crane: I'll bet you're lucky at cards. Let's go to Vegas.

Alan Shore gives Denny Crane the "Hang Dog" look.

Denny Crane: I'm trying to cheer you up.

It's not working.

Denny Crane: Alan . . . the thing you have to realize, and someday you will, a person only has one true love in his life. Like it or not, your true love . . . **tada-dada** . . . is me. We may not have sex, but ours is an affair of the heart. And we do spoon well.

Alan Shore just stares back at Denny Crane.

Denny Crane: And I make you smile.

Alan Shore: Yes, you do.

Denny Crane laughs.

Alan Shore: Sleepover?

Denny Crane's monitor buzzes.

Alan Shore: Oh, forget it.

Denny Crane: What?

Alan Shore: Just . . . forget it. **sips scotch**

Denny Crane: I knew he did it all along, you know.

Alan Shore: Did you now?

Denny Crane: And she was playing you.

Alan Shore: Why didn't you tell me?

Denny Crane: You had to discover it for yourself.

Alan Shore: Like Dorothy and the ruby slippers.

Denny Crane: Exactly. I had a dream once. I did Dorothy . . . and the Lullaby League girls. Do you think they're of age?

Alan Shore: I wouldn't know.

Denny Crane: Dwarves love group sex, you know.

Alan Shore: I'm not listening.

Denny Crane: I should give Bethany a call.

punctuated by buzzing monitor, of course
In the background, we hear the Lullaby League singing:

"We represent the Lullaby League, the Lullaby League, the Lullaby League, And in the name of the Lullaby League, We wish to welcome you to Munchkinland."



James Spader: Next on Boston Legal—

Denny Crane: It's one you can't win, Alan.

Alan Shore: Says who?

Denny Crane: Says the law. Says the United States Supreme Court. **tempting** Says \$50,000.

Judge Chuck McCann: **from behind Shirley Schmidt** I've been informed that you and Denny Crane have a side bet.

Alan Shore: Me?

Attorney Wade Mathis: **sitting across a table from Shirley Schmidt in a fancy restaurant** This Alan Shore is dragging you into the sewer.

Henry Espenson: Hey, Mom. Hi, Uncle Jerry. This is my girlfriend, Fiona. I brought her along, if that's okay. Fiona's a sperm donor baby, too.

Jerry Espenson: It's possible that Fiona *is* your half-sister.

Alan Shore: *You* betrayed *me*!

Shirley Schmidt: You *both* betrayed *me*. And this firm, and the client!

Shots of sheepish Alan Shore and equally sheepish Denny Crane.

Shirley Schmidt: You sicken me.