

**Boston Legal**

**Thanksgiving**

**Season 5, Episode 10**

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**Shirley Schmidt is pushing a grocery cart through a parking lot at night. The trunk of her car opens and she starts piling in her groceries.**

**Turnip Graves: Appears suddenly, pressing a knife against Shirley's buttocks.** Drop the bag and I'll let you live! Do it, bitch! Don't make me cap you!

**Shirley Schmidt: Nervously.** Ah, son, of all the places you could stick me, you may have already stuck me, I'd probably be the last to know.

**Turnip Graves:** Drop the bag!

**Edwin Poole: He comes running.** Turnip! For God's sake! What the hell are you....? **Shirley turns. They look at each other in surprise.** Shirley?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Edwin?

**Edwin Poole: To Turnip.** Put that down, what is wrong with you? **To Shirley.** I am so sorry, Shirley. Of all the people to mug! I'll deal with him. **To Turnip.** This woman is a dear friend of mine, not to mention a partner. **Still looking at Turnip, he motions his head towards Shirley.**

**Turnip Graves: Contritely.** Oh. I'm sorry, ma'am.

**Edwin chuckles.**

**Shirley Schmidt:** Edwin, who is this... adorable child?

**Edwin Poole:** He's my foster... give me that! **He takes the knife from Turnip.** He's my foster son. I am so sorry, Shirley. **To Turnip.** God! What is wrong with you?

**Shirley Schmidt:** You adopted a son?

**Edwin Poole:** Yeah. It was either that or take up fly fishing. Shame, Turnip! Shame!

**Turnip Graves:** Look how full your cart is. No wonder your bottom is so...

**Edwin Poole:** Turnip!

**Turnip Graves:** Full and plump!

**Shirley Schmidt:** Yeah! He gets cuter by the second!

**Edwin Poole:** Isn't that the truth? Well, that's enough now. Turnip Graves, Shirley Schmidt!

**Turnip Graves: He shakes Shirley's hand.** Very nice to meet you, ma'am.

**Shirley Schmidt:** A true pleasure, sir.

**Edwin Poole:** Well, it's, it's nice to see you again. You look great! And ah... I'll deal with him. Come here, you. **He herds Turnip away.** Why would you embarrass me like that?

**Turnip Graves:** How was I supposed to know you know the lady?

**Edwin Poole:** I know you're not supposed to walk around parking lots sticking people in the buttocks with a knife!



**Denny Crane's office.**

**Alan Shore:** What do you mean you've got plans?

**Denny Crane:** You said you were going outta town.

**Alan Shore:** I said, "I might go out of town."

Denny Crane: You didn't invite me, did you?

Alan Shore: I think, because I never made official plans! **Denny is silent.** Who are you spending Thanksgiving with?

Denny Crane: A friend. Uh, you wouldn't like him.

Alan Shore: Who?

Denny Crane: It's personal.

Alan Shore: Personal?

Denny Crane: Uh, you could come too. I'll ask him...

Alan Shore: Who?

Denny Crane: **He hedges. Alan waits.** Technically... it would be... **He hedges. Alan still waits.** Melvin Palmer.

Alan Shore: **He is stunned.** You must be joking!

Denny Crane: He's a good guy.

Alan Shore: You're spending Thanksgiving with Melvin Palmer?

Denny Crane: He's a hoot.

Alan Shore: No, no. You're putting me on!

Denny Crane: I had no place else to go! And he called and...

Alan Shore: When did you become friends with that bobo-head...?

Denny Crane: When he saved our asses!

Alan Shore: He did not save our asses!

Denny Crane: He saved our asses in Utah! **Alan shakes his head, Denny gives Alan a stern look.**

Alan Shore: **He looks speechlessly at Denny.** Are you being serious?

Denny Crane: He's a decent guy!

Alan Shore: No, he is not! He's nothing of the sort!

Denny Crane: Look...

Alan Shore: And you're not having dinner with him! **He chuckles.** We'll find somewhere else to go! But you will *not*--will *not*--be spending Thanksgiving with that vile...!

Denny Crane: I like him!

Alan Shore: I don't care! No! Forget it! No! **Denny looks wordlessly at Alan. Alan shakes his head. No. The stare at each other.** Nope. **He continues shaking his head.**

### **Shirley Schmidt's office.**

Carl Sack: Mugged?

Shirley Schmidt: You should have seen the size of the knife.

Carl Sack: Are you okay?

Shirley Schmidt: No, I'm fine! I, I just can't believe it happened!

Carl Sack: Shirley, you have to tell the police.

Shirley Schmidt: No, I don't want to do that.

Carl Sack: Shirley, it was an attempted armed robbery!

Shirley Schmidt: Well, he's nine years old, Carl.

Edwin Poole: **Enters.** Oh my God! Now the homecoming is complete! Carl Sack, how are you, my friend? **They shake hands.** I never liked you, but what the hey! I can be courteous. Shir! Hi doll! Sorry, I'm late, I hit some traffic, not to mention a few pedestrians. **He laughs.** Just mowed 'em right... **He catches Carl's look.** I can see I've lost you. Shirley, I don't know what to say other than I'm so sorry.

Shirley Schmidt: Edwin, how long have you had that boy?

Edwin Poole: Six months. I've enrolled him in finishing school. Not to worry. What the hell is this?

**He plunks a thick envelope down on the desk.**

You've sued me? Already?

Shirley Schmidt: Did you read it?

Edwin Poole: Why would I? It's marked "Privileged and confidential"!

Shirley Schmidt: Edwin, it was hand-delivered to you because you were meant to read it.

Edwin Poole: Ah! Well that's different. What does it say?

Edwin Poole: It says the firm is going broke.

Edwin Poole: Funny! **He laughs.** Love her sense of... The firm is going broke?



Shirley Schmidt: But that was two days ago. Things have changed.

Edwin Poole: Oh. **He sighs in relief.** How?

Shirley Schmidt: We *are* broke.

Edwin Poole: When you say broke...?

Edwin Poole: Crane, Poole and Schmidt is bankrupt. We have no money. Nada. Zilch. We're busted.

Edwin Poole: **He takes out his cell phone.** I'll call Congress, they'll bail us out. After all, we're rich! I know Hank Poulson. Nutty guy. **Carl takes the phone out of Edwin's hand.** Hey! That's mine!

Carl Sack: It's over, Edwin! **Edwin is speechless.** We're done.

**In Shirley's office, she and Edwin are alone.**

Shirley Schmidt: I don't know what else to tell you, Edwin, other than...

Edwin Poole: You can tell me how it happened!

Shirley Schmidt: We had investments in the market, we had massive receivables from banking industries, we had to take write-offs.

Edwin Poole: You just beat the tobacco company! For millions of dollars!

Shirley Schmidt: **She scoffs.** You think we'll ever see a penny from that? After all the appeals, that victory's going to end up *costing* us! **Edwin lets this sink in.** Edwin, we may have to shut our doors.

**A beat.**

Edwin Poole: Do people know?

Shirley Schmidt: Only a certain few at this point.

Edwin Poole: So we're really done then? Canceled?

Shirley Schmidt: Carl may have overstated that. There are some possibilities. I still have hope.

Edwin Poole: **He thinks about this for a moment.** I really thought I'd make it back. I was getting better and ah... **He rises.** Listen, I bought a turkey. I would love to have you over for Thanksgiving on Thursday. Maybe talk about old times and ah...

Shirley Schmidt: Edwin, thank you, um, I have plans, I'm hosting a little thing at my house.

Edwin Poole: So I'll come to your house then? **Shirley looks up in surprise. Edwin winks and leaves.**

**CP&S corridor.**

Carl Sack: Edwin Poole?

Shirley Schmidt: Well, he kind of invited himself.

Carl Sack: We were supposed to have a quiet dinner.

Shirley Schmidt: I know, I'm sorry!

Carl Sack: And his little fellow?

Shirley Schmidt: Well, he could be joining.

Carl Sack: **He grimaces.** Oh Shirley!

Shirley Schmidt: I know, I wanted a quiet evening too, but somehow... he had no place to go... What was I going to say?

Carl Sack: "No", comes to mind. How about, "No."?

Shirley Schmidt: Carl.

Carl Sack: A nice quiet Thanksgiving dinner, just the two of us, that's how you billed it.

Shirley Schmidt: And how I wanted it.

Katie Lloyd: **She comes up.** Shirley, I've got the research on that...

Shirley Schmidt: I thought you'd gone to London?

Katie Lloyd: Oh, yes. I was planning to but the airline screwed up with the tickets. It's a long story. So, suffice it to say I'll be staying put.

Shirley Schmidt: Well that's too bad. **Katie nods.** I'm having a few people over, why don't you come to my house?

Katie Lloyd: Oh! I wouldn't wanna put you out.

Shirley Schmidt: It wouldn't be any trouble.

Katie Lloyd: Oh well, sure. I'd quite love that.

Shirley Schmidt: Great! One o'clock then.

Katie Lloyd: Splendid. Oh! Would it be possible for me to bring Jerry? I sort of... when I thought that I didn't have plans...

Shirley Schmidt: Jerry would be more than welcome.



Katie Lloyd: Thank you. I'll go tell him. **She leaves.**

Shirley Schmidt: **To Carl.** Sorry!

Carl Sack: The idea of spending a day alone with me, you just can't bear it, can you?

Shirley Schmidt: Oh, you know that's not true! Can't we just look at this as a... gathering of a big dysfunctional family? Can we do that?

**Carl smiles. They turn.**

Denny Crane: **Suddenly he and Alan are there.** What about us?

Alan Shore: We can be dysfunctional!

**Carl and Shirley look at each other in resignation.**

**In Shirley's living room, she is there alone taking a deep breath.**

Carl Sack: **He brings her a glass of wine.** There.

Shirley Schmidt: Thank you.

Carl Sack: Are you okay?

Shirley Schmidt: Yeah, I'm fine, I just tend to get a little stressed when I host parties. Do you not remember?

Carl Sack: It's just a dinner.

Shirley Schmidt: It is a Thanksgiving dinner and let's face it, with this particular group the possibilities for catastrophe... **She sees Turnip's face pressed against the window.** Oh!

Carl Sack: Wha...? **He turns to the window and sees Turnip running away.** Hey! What? **He turns to Shirley.** We're off to a good start.

Shirley Schmidt: Yeah.

Carl Sack: Come on. **They both go to the front door.** Ah! **He opens the door.**

Edwin Poole: Surprise!!

Shirley Schmidt: Hey, Turnip beat you to it. And what are you doing, staring in my window?

Turnip Graves: Is this how it's gonna be? Dump on Turnip day?

Carl Sack: Hi Turnip! Hi! **They shakes hands.** I'm Mr. Sack. I've heard a lot about you. Hands on the wall!

Turnip Graves: Oh, come on!

Carl Sack: Don't worry. I do this to everybody.

Turnip Graves: Yeah, try not to enjoy yourself, Pops.

Carl Sack: Oh, come on.

**The doorbell rings, Shirley opens the door.**

Jerry Espenson: Hello! Welcome! Hello! **He and Katie come in, Jerry carrying a huge flower bouquet.**

Edwin Poole: Ohhh! **He claps his hands.**

Jerry Espenson: Hey, Mr. Poole.

**Katie hands a wrapped box to Shirley.**

Carl Sack: May I take that?

Jerry Espenson: Thank you, Carl. I'll take that. **He closes the door.**

Katie Lloyd: What a beautiful home.

Shirley Schmidt: Thank you very much.

Turnip Graves: Is it all paid for?

Edwin Poole: Turnip! **Everybody chuckles.** Not a bad question actually! Considering...

Shirley Schmidt: Edwin! **To Jerry.** Here, give me your coats.

Jerry Espenson: Thank you.

Carl Sack: Ah ha. Here let me take that.

Denny Crane: Hey! **He and Alan come in. Denny has a football under his arm and Alan is carrying a gift bag.** Are we late?

Shirley Schmidt: No, you are just perfectly on time.

Alan Shore: Happy Thanksgiving!

Shirley Schmidt: **Alan hands her his gift bag and kisses her on the cheek.** Thank you so much, Alan.

Denny Crane: Edwin! **They shake hands.** When did they let you out?

Shirley Schmidt: **At the first moment of silence.**

Uh, well, shall we just go to the table?

Denny Crane: Already? We just got here...

Katie Lloyd: Now?



Alan Shore: ...small-talk and mingling and picking at the turkey when nobody's looking.

Edwin Poole: **Cautioning Turnip.** Just please be quiet. Okay?

Shirley Schmidt: **To Carl.** I don't think I can get through this.

Carl Sack: You will get through this.

Turnip Graves: What if I'm not spoken to? Which I'm thinkin' there's a pretty good chance.

**There is the din of several people talking at once.**

Shirley Schmidt: Time out! **She sighs.** Ah, **She chuckles nervously.** The, the food is hot and uhm the table's set...

Melvin Palmer: Thank God for GPS! **He comes in.** That's the first thing I'm gonna be thankful for.

**Shirley looks to Carl with a who-is-this-guy look on her face.**

Melvin Palmer: Hey, how you doin', Jerry. Looks like you've eaten already. **He pats Jerry's stomach and makes grunting sounds.** Good Buddy!

Alan Shore: **To Denny.** You invited him?

Denny Crane: Why not?

Alan Shore: You know why not.

Melvin Palmer: You must be Shirley Schmidt! I goggled you good, that's what I did. You need to update your headshot. Who's the little guy?

Edwin Poole: Edwin Poole.

Melvin Palmer: **He and Edwin shake hands.** Melvin Palmer! How we doin' sport? **He mock-punches Turnip.**

Turnip Graves: Don't touch me!

Denny Crane: **He and Alan are still arguing.** ... an extra chair.

**Shirley marches off.**

Melvin Palmer: Hey! I didn't get my hug yet, that's what I didn't get! **He follows the crowd moving into the dining room.** I'll start with you, Al you big hoot! Come here! **He jerks Alan into a hug.**

Alan Shore: Alright. **He struggles to get out of the hug.**

Melvin Palmer: This is like old home week, that's what this is like! Get in here Denny. **He puts his arm out and brings Denny into a group hug as Jerry pops.**

Alan Shore: **Motioning to Melvin.** Thanks, Denny. **Denny grimaces in pain.**



**Shirley's kitchen. Shirley is bracing herself against the counter, shaking her head seeming to be dreading what's to come.**

Carl Sack: All right, now look, it's probably a good thing, whoever... that person is.

Shirley Schmidt: Why is it a good thing?

Carl Sack: He seems like a bit of an icebreaker.

Shirley Schmidt: Icebreaker? That man could have saved the Titanic! Who the hell is that guy?

Carl Sack: Now listen. You said you'd like a little noise and chaos, seems he'll be able to contribute to that.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh! **She drops her face in her hands.** This is gonna be such a disaster!

Carl Sack: It's not going to be a disaster! **He grips her arms.** Now look, I'm gonna go out there, I'll get everybody and I'll get to the table, you take a second to collect yourself and then you come in! Right? **Shirley nods.** It's gonna be great. It's going to be a splendid day. **He kisses her cheek then leaves.**



**In the dining room, everybody is sitting down. There is a murmur of "Oh my", "Look at the size of it", "Lovely," and other comments of appreciation at the table full of delicious looking plates of food including a large dressed turkey.**

Shirley Schmidt: **She takes her glass of wine.** Ah, okay...

Denny Crane: Good idea. **He lifts his wine glass.** Let's drink.

Shirley Schmidt: Ah, Denny... **She puts her hand out to stop Denny.** I just wanted to say how nice it is to have all of you here.

Katie Lloyd: The food looks positively delicious.

Melvin Palmer: I don't know where to start.

Alan Shore: I think you could start with a moment of silence, Melvin. Or maybe an hour!

Melvin Palmer: Ha, ha! Double Hoot! That's what you are!

Alan Shore: I'm a Double Hoot now.

Shirley Schmidt: Perhaps we should pray.

Carl Sack: Pray for peace.

Shirley Schmidt: Or start with grace. Any volunteers or should I...?

Alan Shore: I'll say grace! **Denny turns to look at Alan. Alan to looks to Shirley.**

Shirley Schmidt: **Reluctantly.** Okay.

**Everybody bows their head.**

Alan Shore: Dear God...

Denny Crane and Carl Sack: **In unison.** No, no, no, no, no!

Alan Shore: What?

Carl Sack: Not a good idea.

Shirley Schmidt: Maybe we should skip grace.

Denny Crane: You don't even believe in God.

Alan Shore: I do too.

Denny Crane: A Christian God?

Alan Shore: Does it matter?

Denny Crane: Well, it does to me! I'm not gonna let you pray to a Muslim God! Now while I...

Alan Shore: Why does he have to be either Christian or Muslim?

Melvin Palmer: He could be Texan, that's what he could be.

Denny Crane: If, if he chooses good over evil He's Christian.

Edwin Poole: Why couldn't he be Jewish?

**Jerry pops.**

Denny Crane: Are you nuts, a Jewish God?

**There is a murmur of everybody talking at once.**

Shirley Schmidt: Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Denny Crane: Now he wants to make God a Jew.

Edwin Poole: He was very Jewish. That's why they threw rocks at him.

Denny Crane: Jewish God, a Muslim God, Hindu maybe, because then he loves sheep.

Edwin Poole: Jew hater!

**The murmuring escalates.**

Shirley Schmidt: Edwin! Edwin! Enough! Enough! Let's skip grace and let's eat, and if it's not too much trouble I'd like to have a nice Thanksgiving dinner with no fights. Can we do that, please?

Katie Lloyd: I'm positively famished!

**Food is passed around the table.**

Carl Sack: Here. Roll? **He passes the basket.**

Melvin Palmer: Thank you.

Denny Crane: **The basket has made its way all around the table. Denny takes a roll.** So Turnip, tell me, what do little black kids like to eat?

**There is a murmur of protest.**



Shirley Schmidt: For God's sake! Denny.

Alan Shore: What do black kids like to eat?

Denny Crane: Well, I wanna know! Koreans like Korean. Greeks like Greek. **Shirley lifts her eyes to heaven as the protesting get louder.**

Shirley Schmidt: I've had it with you two.

Melvin Palmer: Feisty bunch!

Denny Crane: Racist?

Alan Shore: Yes, racist. This is a holiday. Please let's not extend the systemic racism of the firm to the dining room table.

**Carl is taken aback. As are others.**

Shirley Schmidt: What systemic racism of the firm?

Alan Shore: Oh! Come on, Shirley!

Shirley Schmidt: No I'd like to hear this.

Alan Shore: Well, look around the table. Or the office! You see any black attorneys?

Shirley Schmidt: It doesn't mean we're racist!

Alan Shore: Right.

Denny Crane: Did you ever think for one second that maybe black attorneys don't wanna work with us? Maybe they wanna be with their own?

Alan Shore: Oh God.

Shirley Schmidt: Denny! Don't help me please.

Turnip Graves: Could you please pass the...?

Shirley Schmidt: No! We just had a black man elected president and you still think...?

Alan Shore: Oh please.

Shirley Schmidt: What "Oh, please."?

Alan Shore: Never mind.

Shirley Schmidt: No. Say it, I wanna hear this, Alan.

Carl Sack: I don't.

Edwin Poole: Neither do I.

Shirley Schmidt: I do. Say it, Alan. I wanna hear what you have to say.

Alan Shore: What? You really think we've turned the corner? Of a hundred senators one is black. One! And that's Barak Obama, come January there'll be none! Of fifty governors two are black and one of those is in New York by default because Elliot Spitzer got caught with his hooker. This country hardly seems willing to elect black leaders on a regular basis.

Carl Sack: But the people of this firm are. They voted overwhelmingly for Obama.

Alan Shore: How do you know what the hell went on in the privacy of all those voting booths?

Shirley Schmidt: Get out of this house!

Alan Shore: I haven't even eaten yet!

Shirley Schmidt: I don't care!

Carl Sack: 'Ho, 'ho, ho. Let's just slow down.

Shirley Schmidt: You will not say things like that...

Alan Shore: What did I say?

**Shirley doesn't answer.**

Jerry Espenson: Maybe since Barak Obama was just elected we could celebrate the progress that blacks have made in this country, instead of...

Alan Shore: Celebrate? In America black people are incarcerated almost six times the rate of white people. Turnip here seems already to be well on his way.

Turnip Graves: Hey!

Alan Shore: Blacks have double the unemployment rate of whites and have for over forty years. Whether it's that or the government's underwhelming response to AIDS among blacks, or racial profiling, the black community continues to get screwed.

Denny Crane: Alan!



**Alan Shore:** Let's not even discuss funding for public schools of black neighborhoods. Or the Supreme Court eviscerating Brown versus the Board of Education. We've got that Republican Congressman Lynn Westmoreland from Georgia who referred to Obama as "uppity". Not once! Twice! Uppity! Even Obama's own running mate during the primary, Biden, praised Obama as being clean and articulate? What was that? We can give thanks for a lot of things here today, but the defeat of racism in America is not one of them. Especially at liberal white-collar law firms like Crane, Poole and Schmidt. Look around the table.

**There is a moment of silence. Shirley sighs.**

**Carl Sack:** Bet you don't get invited to a lot of dinner parties.

**Shirley Schmidt:** I just wanted to have a nice Thanksgiving dinner, but you couldn't let that happen, could you? You just had to screw it up.

**Carl Sack:** Wait, wait. Let's...Come on. Let's change the subject. Can somebody think of something more pleasant to talk about?

**Turnip Graves:** I was thinking of taking a dump!

**Alan Shore:** **He laughs.** Oh my God!

**Turnip Graves:** Where's the nearest bathroom?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Through there.

**Denny Crane:** Don't take anything else!

**Alan gives Denny a look.**

**Melvin Palmer:** I love the holidays! That's what I love!

**Everybody is busy eating. In silence.**

**Alan Shore:** You know, if I could just say... **Everybody groans in protest.** ... that I'm sorry. I realize I get worked up and I do apologize. I certainly didn't mean to ruin anyone's dinner.

**Melvin Palmer:** You didn't ruin mine, good buddy!

**Alan Shore:** Oh goody! **He forces a smile.** Edwin tell us, what's new with you?

**Edwin Poole:** Well! Economic Armageddon for one thing, the firm is bro...

**Shirley Schmidt:** Edwin! That's our secret.

**Alan Shore:** What secret?

**Carl Sack:** Nothing.

**Alan Shore:** Sounds very good. **To Denny.** Didn't that sound good?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Just let it drop, Alan.

**Melvin Palmer:** I love secrets. We should play this little game, "I'll show you mine. You show me yours." Old and fat people excluded, of course. Denny? You'd be on the bubble there.

**Carl Sack:** You *try* to be offensive?

**Melvin Palmer:** That was aggressive!

**Jerry gives a string of pops.**

**Edwin Poole:** What the hell is that?

**Melvin Palmer:** He's a popper, that's what he is. Get him to purr, big guy!

**Jerry Espenson:** Hey, Mel! Keep acting like a turkey you're gonna get stuffed and carved, hot stuff!

**Shirley drops her eating utensils, throws down her napkin and leaves the room.**

**Carl Sack:** Thank you, all. Very much. **He leaves to go after Shirley.**

**Alan Shore:** What did we do?

**Denny Crane:** Just trying to make conversation! By the way, where's the little black kid? He can't still be crapping.

**Jerry purrs.**

**Edwin Poole:** Excuse me! You're gonna have to stop that. It's annoying.

**Katie Lloyd:** Leave him alone, please.

**Jerry Espenson:** **To Katie.** Stop it!

**In the kitchen.**

**Carl Sack:** One day, we'll look back and laugh. How about we just try and make the best of it?

**Shirley Schmidt:** With that group? I'm so sorry I invited them, it was such a bad idea. What was I thinking?





Carl Sack: What were you thinking? You had to know at some level that this is exactly how it would go.

Shirley Schmidt: You just roll with everything, don't you?

Carl Sack: Yeah, I hoping to roll with you until you invited all the children.

**Shirley chuckles. They look at each other for a moment. They share a kiss.**

Denny Crane: **He's standing in the door way.** What the hell is this?

Carl Sack: Denny.

Denny Crane: **To the others in the dining room.** Shirley and Carl are kissing!!

Carl Sack: Denny, could you give us...

Denny Crane: How could you?

Shirley Schmidt: How could I what?

Denny Crane: Kissing him! You're cheating!

Carl Sack: Denny.

Shirley Schmidt: Cheating?

**Alan comes in followed by Jerry and Katie through one door and Melvin and Edwin through another.**

Alan Shore: We missed it? Oh! Can you kiss again?

Carl Sack: Oh, get out!

Alan Shore: Denny got to see!

Edwin Poole: Am I the only one who hasn't sucked face with her?

Melvin Palmer: I haven't.

Edwin Poole: How about Jerry here? Have you gotten down with the mascot?

Shirley Schmidt: Edwin!!

Jerry Espenson: All right! **He grits his teeth and shoves Edwin.**

Edwin Poole: Hey!

**Melvin prevents Edwin from falling and Alan takes Jerry aside.**

Jerry Espenson: I'm gonna bury him!

Carl Sack: Stop!

Katie Lloyd: Jerry! Jerry! What is wrong with you?

Alan Shore: **He's still keeping Jerry away.** Calm down!

Jerry Espenson: I am not a mascot!

Edwin Poole: Big freak!

Alan Shore: Calm down.

Carl Sack: Hey!

Shirley Schmidt: Look! Could you, could you all please just go home?

Carl Sack: No, wait! You know what? No! Damn it, this nonsense is gonna stop right now! **Alan guides Jerry out the door.** Go! Back to the table! **Carl turns Katie in the direction of the dining room.** Go ahead! Go!

**Firmly.** We're all going back to the table! Right now! Come on! **Everybody leaves.** We're going to sit down and we're going to be nice to each other and we're going to give thanks!

**Denny gives Shirley a hurt look. Alan and Jerry walk through the dining room into another room.**

Alan Shore: That was not acceptable at all, Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: Did you hear what he said?

Alan Shore: I heard what he said and it was offensive but that doesn't mean you resort to violence. The incident in the café was bad enough. For God's sake, Jerry you're a partner in a law firm. You're an adult.

Jerry Espenson: Oh, shut up! **Alan is taken aback. He doesn't respond.** I'm sorry.

Alan Shore: What's going on with you?

Jerry Espenson: I just thought it would all go away when...

Alan Shore: You thought what would go away?

Jerry Espenson: The ridicule. When I made partner I thought and I thought I would feel... once I was accepted by others... the esteem... but it's no better! I feel no differently about myself! That word that he used! What he called me!

Alan Shore: Mascot?

Jerry Espenson: That's what I am!

Alan Shore: That's not true.

Jerry Espenson: Katie treats me like a Chia pet. She all but pats me on the head and gives me a cookie.



Katie Lloyd: **She must have overheard.** How dare you say such a thing?

Alan Shore: Katie, this is a private...

Katie Lloyd: No, it isn't! That was an indictment of me, my friendship with you, which I assumed to be extraordinarily meaningful! And I'm offended by it. You may seek to trivialize yourself, Jerry, I will not allow you to belittle me and my feeling in the process.

Jerry Espenson: Katie, if I get one more maternal lecture from you I'm gonna throw up twice! Not once but twice. It would take two full heavings to get all the puke out!

**A beat.**

Katie Lloyd: You can go to hell, Jerry. **She leaves.**

**The others are back at the dining table.**

Denny Crane: It's one thing to do it, but to rub my nose in it.

Carl Sack: Denny.

Shirley Schmidt: Denny, we were not rubbing your nose in it.

Denny Crane: Yes, you were! Was that the big plan? Get everybody here, under the pretext of my birthday and humiliate me? Cause if that was the goal?

Shirley Schmidt: Denny, we're here for Thanksgiving. Not your birthday.

Denny Crane: **He lets this sink in for a moment.** Well, you know what I mean. Gathering people up and...

Turnip Graves: **Sotto to Edwin.** Pops and the old lady are doin' it?

Edwin Poole: Sssh.

Shirley Schmidt: Denny. You and I are not a couple. We have not been a couple for over twenty-five years.

Denny Crane: And you and Carl are? Are you back together?

Shirley Schmidt: Yes. **Denny slowly gets up and walks out of the room, leaving a somber, quiet group. Shirley puts down her napkin. Excuse me a second. She walks into the kitchen where Denny is standing and looking out the window.** Denny, did you really think it was your birthday?

Denny Crane: What difference...

Shirley Schmidt: Denny, look at me. **Denny turns and looks at Shirley.** Did you think we were assembled here to celebrate your birthday, which is in January? **Denny doesn't respond.** Oh my God.

Denny Crane: I get a little confused, when I get agitated.

**Shirley moves in for a hug. They share a long embrace.**



**In the kitchen, Denny and Shirley are sitting at a corner table, Alan stands, leaning against the counter.**

Alan Shore: Has this happened often?

Denny Crane: No. But it's happened.

Alan Shore: And it's usually when you get upset? **Denny gives a small nod.** Okay, so we go in for another test.

Denny Crane: I don't want another test. There's nothing they can tell me that I don't know. There's no cure.

Alan Shore: Okay, look, here's what I know, I've known you six years and during that time there's been very little progression, if any. You're seventy-five now! The doctor said you probably won't live long enough for the Alz... Mad Cow to get you.

Denny Crane: It's already getting me, Alan.

Alan Shore: Not it isn't, Denny. People get confused sometimes...

Denny Crane: I am slipping, Alan. You know it. I know it.

**In the living room, Edwin is playing piano and Melvin is standing next to him as they belt out:**

I know (I know)  
You belong to somebody else,  
But tonight you belong to me.

Although (although)  
We're apart, you're part of my heart,  
But tonight you belong to me.

**Jerry walks through the den and sees Katie sitting out on the deck. He walks out there. Katie is sitting on the bench arms crossed. She doesn't look at Jerry even when he's standing right in front of her. In fact her face is turned away.**

**Jerry Espenson:** *He waits for her to look up. She doesn't.* I'm sorry. I never meant to trivialize either our relationship or feelings.

**Katie Lloyd:** *She still doesn't look up.* Well, you did just that, didn't you?

**Jerry Espenson:** Well, Toots! *He's got the wooden cigarette! Brashly.* How about you let me finish a sentence! Is that too much work for ya? *Katie is looking up now and giving him a look. Or... He stops and they look at each other for a moment. He takes out the cigarette. Katie crosses her arms and looks at Jerry and waits. No longer brash.* I really can't be that objective about either our friendship or your feelings.

**Katie Lloyd:** Why!

**Jerry Espenson:** Because I love ya! *The cigarette is back! And the brashness.* All right? Have I been too subtle. I gotta rent a billboard? Get a lousy plane to fly overhead? Pull a... *He stops, takes out the cigarette and sits down next to Katie. Softly and tenderly.* I love you. I realize that imposes no obligation on your part to love me back. And as consolation prizes go, I can think of nothing more extraordinary than your friendship. You need to know that you are the most incredible, generous, charitable, beautiful woman I have ever met. And I'm in love with you.

**Jerry leaves. Katie is a little dumbstruck.**



**Edwin and Melvin are winding up their song at the piano with Turnip's help.**

My honey, I know (I know)  
With the dawn that you will be gone,  
But tonight you belong to me.  
Just to little old me. (Melvin)

**Edwin gives themselves a round of applause. Carl comes in.**

**Carl Sack:** Okay, attention please, we're gonna make one last ill-fated attempt at having dinner. Your presence is requested in the dining room. **He leaves.**

**Turnip Graves:** These people like to play with fire.

**Edwin Poole:** Tell me about it.

**Turnip Graves:** I ain't goin' back in there.

**Edwin Poole:** Smart kid.



**In the dining room everybody is eating quietly.**

**Denny Crane:** I have a question, Edwin. I can't help but think... you're a bit of a mental. Right?

**Edwin Poole:** I am. Carrots, please.

**Denny Crane:** Why would Social Services ever put a child in your care?

**Edwin Poole:** What's wrong with me other than being mentally unbalanced?

**Denny Crane:** This is a country that regulates everything, except Wall Street and the rich who we let run amok. But everything else! Parenting! That's the hardest job anywhere!

**Edwin Poole:** What's your point?

**Denny Crane:** How can we pass out children to nut jobs? Especially young black children who typically are at risk and need the best parenting! **Shirley mouths, "My God."** What?

**Edwin Poole:** Do you know, Denny, that the fastest growing segment of homeless in this country is children?

**Denny Crane:** What's that got to do with that?

**Edwin Poole:** It's got to do with these kids need homes!

**Shirley Schmidt:** You know I, I'm not sure I like where this is heading. Maybe we could change the subject.

**Denny Crane:** We're all out of subjects!

**Edwin Poole:** Well maybe we could talk about bankruptcy, then we could...

**Shirley Schmidt:** Oh damn it!

**Jerry lets go with a string of pops.**

**Melvin Palmer:** Nothing wrong with bankruptcy, Shirley. It's the in thing to be these days.

**Alan Shore:** Oh, good! You're gonna make fun of poverty now. Hey! How about all those poor schmucks losing their homes.

**Edwin Poole:** Here we go.

**Alan Shore:** I bet that's fun.

**Melvin Palmer:** I'm not making fun of those schmucks! It's the schmucks in suits that I'm making fun of.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Do we have to fight? Can we just eat and make small talk and pretend we like each other?

**Melvin Palmer:** Hell, we do like each other. Why, these guys...

**Shirley Schmidt:** Will you shut up!!

**The silence is deafening.**

**Melvin Palmer:** That was aggressive.

**Shirley Schmidt:** **She takes a deep breath.** I'm sorry. I just... it was my fault I should never... the truth is Carl I... I'm sorry... I guess I wanted a big noisy dinner because sometimes when the din is loud I can hear him.

**Carl Sack:** Hear who?

**Shirley Schmidt:** My father. This is my first Thanksgiving without him, ever, and I apologize. But the... It's hard to face the quiet and I guess I can find comfort in tumult. **She leaves.**

**Carl Sack:** Well, once again thank you all very much...

**Denny Crane:** She said she liked the tumult.

**Alan Shore:** Why are you making it all about you?

**Carl Sack:** This was supposed to be a quiet dinner between Shirley and me.

**Alan Shore:** Well, that certainly would have been dull. Can you imagine? I wonder what you might have talked about?

**Edwin Poole:** Probably about how the firm is going broke.

**Dead silence as Carl hangs his head.**

**A beat.**

**Alan Shore:** The firm is going broke?

**Denny Crane:** Did I know this? And forget? Did I?

**Carl Sack:** No, Denny, you didn't know.

**Alan Shore:** Well, what's happened? **Carl sighs.** There he goes making it all about him again.

**Carl Sack:** Oh, shut up!

**Alan Shore:** No, Carl. It affects us too. What's going on?

**Everybody waits.**

**Carl Sack:** The firm is broke.



**In a room off the den, Carl is standing with his back to the fireplace. Everybody is there except for Shirley and Jerry.**

**Carl Sack:** We're exploring a number of ways to get an influx of capital. We believe...

**Denny Crane:** How could this happen?

**Carl Sack:** How? We got hammered, Denny, just like everybody else.

**Denny Crane:** My name is on the door! Why wasn't I told that?

**Edwin Poole:** We knew you'd be upset. Next thing you'd be running around telling everybody it was your birthday.

**Denny takes out a paintball gun and shoots Edwin in the leg.**

**Turnip Graves:** Gun!!!

**Edwin Poole:** Aaah! I've been hit! **He falls back next to the armchair in which Turnip sitting.**

**Carl Sack:** Denny, for God's sake!

**Denny Crane:** That's all I hear, "Denny, for God's sake!", "Denny, for God's sake!!", "Denny, for God's sake!!!"  
Why doesn't anybody tell me the truth!

**Carl Sack:** I am telling you the truth!

**Denny Crane:** The half truth!

**Edwin Poole:** **From down on the floor.** I'm losing blood!

**Turnip Graves:** It's just a paintball, dawg.

**Carl Sack:** I've told you exactly...

**Denny Crane:** What about you and Shirley?

**Carl Sack:** What about it?

**Denny Crane:** How serious are you? I wanna know!

**Carl doesn't answer.**

**Alan Shore:** Actually, we sort of all do.

**Katie waits, Carl sighs, Melvin waits.**

**Carl Sack:** **He sighs.** Okay. **He reaches into his pocket and brings out a ring box with a diamond ring nestled in it.**

**Everybody gapes and leans forward for a better look.** Now you know before even Shirley. My plan, after our intimate little dinner together alone, without any of you, was to ask her to marry me.

**Edwin sighs, Turnip smiles, Melvin sighs, Katie is touched, Alan not so much, Denny even less.**



**Out on the deck, Jerry is sitting alone on a bench. Katie comes out and joins him.**

**Jerry Espenson:** Can you believe it? As partner I'm on the hook for the firm's debts. I could be losing money.

**Katie Lloyd:** Jerry, I'm not quite sure how to respond to your little revelation.

**Jerry Espenson:** You don't need to. It's my problem, not yours.

**Katie Lloyd:** It's my problem if it affects our friendship.

**Jerry Espenson:** I remain committed to the friendship, I won't let this...

**Katie Lloyd:** Easier said than done. **A beat.** Perhaps we should seek out some sort of couples' therapy.

**Jerry Espenson:** We're not a couple, remember?

**Katie Lloyd:** Yes, we are. Perhaps one not romantically linked but one just the same. Quite an extraordinary couple. And a fairly complicated problem.

**In the den, Carl comes in alone, sits down in an armchair and looks pensively at the ring box. Alan comes in. They look at each other for a moment.**

**Alan Shore:** I think you should still ask her.

**Carl Sack:** The moment has slightly passed.

**Alan Shore:** No it hasn't. If it's meant to be, Carl, it's the perfect moment. You obviously love her, you must feel confident that Shirley loves you. Don't let all of us and our foolishness get in your way. Personally I'm a little discouraged about what it means for my own conjugal prospects with her but... clearly she needs cheering up, Carl. Her father's dead and the ice cream's melted.

**Carl Sack:** It was wrong of me to pull this ring out in front of Denny.

**Denny Crane:** What ring? **He comes in.** Just kidding. Ask her to marry you, Carl. I want her to be happy. Really.

**Edwin Poole:** We all do. **He enters the room.** Shirley deserves a good man. You're a good man, Carl. **Melvin, Jerry, Katie and Turnip come in too.** I know that, even if I don't much like you.

**Jerry Espenson:** Why is everybody in here?

**Carl Sack:** **He gets up.** Oh, you know what? Could everybody just clear out? I'd like a little privacy.

**Alan Shore:** What's wrong with having it with us?

Shirley Schmidt: What's going on? **She comes in.** Why is everybody in here?

**Everybody looks expectantly at Carl. He doesn't say anything.**

Alan Shore: Carl has news.

Carl Sack: No, he doesn't.

Shirley Schmidt: What news?

Carl Sack: Ah, this is not how I planned it.

Shirley Schmidt: Planned what? Will somebody tell me? What is going on?

**Melvin grins.**

Carl Sack: Shirley. I ... **He looks around at the expectant faces.** No! Never mind! We'll discuss it later!

Denny Crane: No we won't! We'll discuss it right now.

Melvin Palmer: Hell, where I come from we grab the bull by the horns, that's what we do. **He reaches for the ring box, Denny takes it out of his hands.**

Denny Crane: No, no, no. Here, I'll do it. **He turns to Shirley and opens the box.** Shirley, will you marry...?

Alan Shore: Carl!

Denny Crane: He loves you. He wants to spend the rest of his life with you.

Shirley Schmidt: Carl? Is this for real?

Carl Sack: Yeah. Except the execution. I didn't mean for Denny to do my bidding.

Denny Crane: I'm Cyrano de Bushwack.

Carl Sack: Shirley, I have never loved a woman like I love you.

Shirley Schmidt: As of this morning our relationship was a secret.

Jerry Espenson: **Brashly, with the wooden cigarette in his mouth.** Secret's out, Toots!

Just...! **Katie reaches over and takes out the cigarette.**

Carl Sack: Denny. **He takes the ring box from Denny and holds it out for Shirley.** Please Shirley, will you marry me?

**Shirley is speechless. Katie, Jerry, Edwin and Melvin wait expectantly.**

Denny Crane: I'll give you away.

Shirley Schmidt: **She gives a helpless laugh.** I have had six marriage proposals but this is by far the most bizarre!

Alan Shore: We're a bizarre group.

Shirley Schmidt: Yeah!

Carl Sack: Do me the honor of spending the rest of your life with me.

Shirley Schmidt: **She smiles.** I would love to marry you, Carl.

**Sighs of relief all around, Alan leads a round of applause.**

Carl Sack: Really?

**Shirley nods.**

Denny Crane: **He moves in.** May I kiss...

Shirley Schmidt: Denny! **Denny stops.** I, I would like to kiss Carl. So... **Denny steps aside.**

Carl Sack: Uh, is the day rescued?

Shirley Schmidt: Consider it saved. **They share a kiss amid another round of applause.**

**In the dining room, everybody is seated again.**

Shirley Schmidt: All right, contrary to vicious rumor the ice cream is not all melted! Jerry, one scoop or two?

Jerry Espenson: Just one, thank you.

Shirley Schmidt: There you are. **She passes Jerry's plate.** Katie this is your slice. **She passes a piece of pie with no ice cream.**

Katie Lloyd: Thank you.

Melvin Palmer: **He passes his pie to Shirley.** I am a two-scoop kind of guy, if you don't mind.

Alan Shore: Really? And I've always thought you were a scoop short.

Melvin Palmer: **Without looking he points to Jerry.** Say it for me, Jerry.

Jerry Espenson: Hoot!

Melvin Palmer: Ah!



**Everybody laughs heartily.**

Shirley Schmidt: So everybody have a slice now?

Edwin Poole: Yes!

Melvin Palmer: Thank you.

**Murmurs of appreciate as they all dig into their pie.**

Alan Shore: May I just say...?

All: Nooo!!!

Alan Shore: Well, I'm gonna say it just the same. I grew up in a very estranged, unhappy house. Most Thanksgivings my mother spent serving dinner in other people's homes, and my father would spend it... I spent many a Thanksgiving in my room imagining what big family dinners were like and...

Denny Crane: Alan, is this gonna be like a closing?

Alan Shore: And as I imagined it, it was almost exactly like this. A whole bunch of people actually talking, right there in each other's faces, laughing one second and angry the next and... Look what we've covered today, race, politics, God, marriage, love, death. **Softly.** What fun. Thank you for having us, Shirley. This is some family.

**Shirley leads by raising her cup in a toast, the others join her**

Melvin Palmer: **He sighs and takes up his fork again and gets ready to dig it.** Pie!

Alan Shore: Thank God for pie.

Edwin Poole: Thank God for pie!

Carl Sack: Everybody's got something in their mouth so we can't talk anymore.

**Chuckles all around. Everybody continues to eat, laugh and enjoy themselves as: Love is Here to Stay by Ira and George Gershwin plays.**

The more I read the papers, the  
less I comprehend.

The world and all its capers and  
how it all will end.

Nothing seems to be lasting, but  
that isn't our affair.

We've got something permanent,  
I mean in the way we care.

It's very clear

Our love is here to stay

In time the Rockies may crumble

Gibraltar may tumble

They're only made of clay

But our love is here to stay



**Out on the balcony Alan and Denny are having Scotch and cigars.**

Alan Shore: Denny, are you really okay with them getting married?

Denny Crane: I don't know. I will be. I harbored this fantasy that we'd... **He sighs.**

Alan Shore: Imagine my loss! It could be the love I never knew.

Denny Crane: I'll tell it to you. Unless I forget.

Alan Shore: How often have you been getting confused like that?

Denny Crane: Well... not... not too... God, If I go the way Shirley's father did.

Alan Shore: You won't.

Denny Crane: How do you know that?

Alan Shore: 'Cause I'll shoot you.

Denny Crane: You wouldn't actually...

Alan Shore: I've already bought the gun.

Denny Crane: You promise? **Alan nods. They share a long look.**

Alan Shore: Denny, you have defied the odds your entire life. You'll continue to defy the odds. Probably gonna outlive us all. We'll all be dead and buried and you'll still be out there doing Priceline commercials.

Denny Crane: All the topics we covered today, we left out the afterlife. Think there is one?

Alan Shore: Ha. **He shakes his head.** Oh, I don't...

Denny Crane: Think we'll be together somewhere else on a bigger balcony? Together again?

**A beat.**

Alan Shore: I do.

Denny Crane: Will we be naked?

Alan Shore: Well...

Denny Crane: I ask because I wonder, are there clothes in heaven? And are we as we were when we were young or are we as we were when we died?

Alan Shore: Is that important?

Denny Crane: Well, it is to me. I don't wanna go through rest of eternity with the Mad Cow.

Alan Shore: I think you are in heaven as you were in the best of times here on earth.

Denny Crane: Like right now?

Alan Shore: Like right now.

Denny Crane: **He smiles and raises his glass heavenwards.** Thanks.

Alan Shore: **He does the same.** Thanks.

