

BOSTON LEGAL

"Head Cases"

CAST LIST

ALAN SHORE
DENNY CRANE
TARA WILSON
SALLY HEEP
BRAD CHASE

Edwin Poole

Jerry Austin
Halpern
Samantha

Sharon Brant
Matthew Calder

*

Judge Paul Resnick
Dr. Steven Rayburn
Braxton Mason
Bill Morgan

*

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Judge Isabel Hernandez
Tompkins

Mrs. Poole

London Guy (on TV)
Tokyo Guy (on TV)
Receptionist
Man #1
Man #2

BOSTON LEGAL

"Head Cases"

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

CRANE POOLE & SCHMIDT LAW OFFICES
OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY
CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING & DAY

EDWIN POOLE'S OFFICE - DAY
ALAN SHORE'S OFFICE - MORNING

CORRIDOR NEAR ELEVATOR - DAY
ELEVATOR - DAY
LOBBY - DAY

CALDER'S OFFICE *
HALLWAY - MORNING
CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING
CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

COURTHOUSE - DAY
JUDGE ISABEL HERNANDEZ'S CHAMBERS - DAY

JUDGE PAUL RESNICK'S TRIAL COURTROOM - DAY *
CHAMBERS - DAY

APPELLATE COURTROOM - MORNING

EDWIN POOLE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

BAR/RESTAURANT - DUSK

EXTERIORS:

CRANE POOLE & SCHMIDT - PATIO - NIGHT
STREET - NIGHT

BOSTON LEGAL

"Head Cases"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

1 INT. SHORE'S OFFICE - MORNING

1

ALAN SHORE stands at his desk, taking papers out of his briefcase. SALLY enters.

SALLY

I hate this time of the month.

SHORE

Tell me about it. I don't know what's worse -- the general feeling of malaise, or the water retention and sore nipples.

SALLY

I mean this day of the month, the whole litigation department sitting around that table, judging each other, like it's still high school.

SHORE

And yet, paradoxically, you always manage to dazzle.

Her mood instantly lifts.

SALLY

Really? You think I "dazzle" in there?

SHORE

I do.

She smiles, gets close, as though about to kiss him. Instead she reaches for his necktie, caresses it.

SALLY

Silk?

SHORE

Undoubtedly something cheaper.

SALLY

I love it.

SHORE

That pleases me.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

Slowly, Sally straightens the knot, smoothes his collar. She's enjoying this. Shore isn't minding it, either.

SALLY
Now, go like this.

She licks her lips, slowly.

SHORE
Because...?

SALLY
Moist lips send a subliminal message of power. I saw it on *The View*.

Playing along, Shore licks his lips.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Perfect.

They are very close now, lots of sexual energy. They're interrupted by the sound of a clearing throat. We see TARA in the doorway.

TARA
(off her watch)
It's ten to. Exactly how early can one show up at the international meeting and not be considered a complete sycophant?
(again off watch)
Nine to. Good. On my way.

She exits.

SALLY
(to Shore)
See? High school.

2 INT. CPS CONFERENCE ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

2

Two dozen attorneys are gathering, including JERRY AUSTIN and HALPERN, some sitting at the conference table already, others pouring themselves coffee, etc. Tara seems thrilled to be here. Shore and Sally enter. Shore grabs a prime seat, then slides the documents and legal pads that had been "saving" that seat down the table a couple of spots. This is noticed by BRAD CHASE, late thirties, standing nearby and pouring himself coffee. He walks over.

BRAD
(affable)
Hey. Brad Chase from D.C.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

SHORE
(suspect)
Alan Shore.

BRAD
(friendly)
Pleasure. Actually, I think that's
my seat.

SHORE
Is it? Yes, I did see someone's
things here. I moved them to a less
desirable location.

Shore smiles up at him, then turns back to his paper. But
Brad doesn't budge. Shore senses this and turns back.

SHORE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, we're not territorial
about that sort of thing around here,
are we?

Brad regards Shore for another beat, then smiles, decides to
be the bigger man, moves to the seat where Shore shoved his
stuff. Tara takes the seat between them. Shore turns to
her.

SHORE (CONT'D)
(re: Brad)
That was close. Almost had to moisten
my lips there.

She has no clue what he means. Alan opens his newspaper and
begins to read. DENNY CRANE enters, shakes hands with the
first MAN he sees.

CRANE
Denny Crane.

MAN #1
Yes, Denny, I know. I run the New
York office. Peter Stone.

CRANE
(shaking hands with
Man #2)
Denny Crane.

MAN #2
I know, I'm...
(about to say name,
catches himself)
...Chicago.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

CRANE

My kind of town. Always seem to have the best sex of my life in Chicago. How about you?

MAN #2

Well, um...

But Crane has already moved on -- to the big-screen TV, which shows split-screen closeups of two GUYS in suits.

CRANE

Greetings, London. Tokyo.

TOKYO GUY/LONDON GUY

(on TV)

Morning, Denny... Cheerio... [ETC.]

Now Crane spots Brad. Breaks into a huge grin.

CRANE

Brad Chase! There you are, soldier! Everybody remembers Brad Chase, I'm sure. Hell, if I do...

BRAD

Hey, Denny.

He gives Brad a bear hug. The son Crane always wanted.

CRANE

Your Redskins kicked caboose on Sunday.

BRAD

Yes, they did.

CRANE

Good to see you, man. Okay. Let's get locked and loaded.

TARA

(uh-oh)

Excuse me, Edwin Poole should be here momentarily. Doesn't he usually run the--

CRANE

Hell with Edwin, I can run this meeting.

(to Sally)

Tell the room who I am, young lady.

SALLY

Denny Crane.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (3)

2

CRANE
(checking list)
Okay, item one is...
(reads; too complicated)
Forget one, item two.

LONDON GUY
(on TV)
Actually, Denny, item one is a rather
urgent matter that we must--

CRANE
Okay, then Nigel, brief it for us,
won't you?

LONDON GUY
(on TV)
Gladly.

And Crane promptly mutes him. London Guy's AUDIO CUTS OUT,
though we continue to see him on the VIDEO SPLIT happily
chattering away, oblivious.

CRANE
Item two, Beckerman discovery, what
the hell is this?

AUSTIN
Opposing counsel was granted their
motion to compel which now means
we're required to turn over all
correspondence and scientific studies.

CRANE
All of them? Including the studies
from our own experts?

AUSTIN
The judge ruled they don't fall within
work product.

A beat.

CRANE
What about the ones we burned before
the judge's order?

HALPERN
We didn't burn any documents.

CRANE
Sure we did. Do it today.

As lawyers exchange concerned looks--

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (4)

2

AUSTIN

Denny, certainly you're not suggesting that we take seventeen file boxes of evidence and simply burn them.

CRANE

Shredding would take forever.

Crane un-mutes London Guy.

CRANE (CONT'D)

We're with you, Nigel, keep going.

And he mutes London Guy again.

CRANE (CONT'D)

Item three.

HALPERN

Denny, this firm will not burn evidence.

CRANE

(scary)

What'd you say?

Uh-oh. The room is suddenly tense. Silence. Austin looks beseechingly to Brad.

BRAD

I think Denny's employing the burn strategy as an homage to Patton in North Africa.

CRANE

(exactly)

November 8, 1942 -- they called it "Operation Torch."

BRAD

Genius. But what if we took our cue from Odysseus instead?

CRANE

(intrigued)

I'm listening.

BRAD

Rather than burn the documents, we give them to the other side, every last one of them, a mountain of it,--

CRANE

Because they could never get through it all.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

A gift can be a curse.

CRANE

Trojan horse, man. I love it. That's my boy.

SHORE

(looks up from paper)

I wear Trojans.

OFF all the looks--

SHORE (CONT'D)

Are we not allowed to share at the international meetings?

CRANE

(to Austin)

No burning. Got that?

AUSTIN

(relieved)

Got it.

Crane un-mutes London Guy.

CRANE

Alright, Nigel, we've all been listening and we're getting confused. I want you to lay out everything you just said in one sentence. Down and dirty.

LONDON GUY

(on TV)

If we don't agree to costs and fees the judge is going to hold us in violation. Simply put, we need to pay it.

CRANE

Got it.

Crane mutes him again.

CRANE (CONT'D)

Item four.

HALPERN

Damn it, Denny. This is not a way to conduct a staff meeting. Where the hell is Edwin?

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (6)

2

A distinguished-looking man, EDWIN POOLE, fifties, appears in the doorway, briefcase in hand.

POOLE

Sorry I'm late, good people.

Crane and the others stare at the man, stunned, then exchange glances. Something is terribly wrong. We don't know what yet -- from our angle we saw the man only from the waist up, and he seemed fine, impeccably dressed in a bow-tie and suit.

CRANE

Everything okay, Edwin?

POOLE

Hunky-dory, hunky-dory...

As Poole walks the length of the room, towards his seat at the far end of the table. And that's when we see it--

ANGLE ON HIS BONY WHITE ASS

The man isn't wearing pants.

RESUME

Shore looks to Crane.

SHORE

Casual Monday?

OFF Crane, we:

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT I

FADE IN:

3 INT. CPS OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

3

A knot of BYSTANDERS -- including Crane, Tara, Austin, Halpern, and Brad -- watch as PARAMEDICS strap the flailing Poole to a gurney.

AUSTIN
(sotto, to Halpern)
Unbelievable.

HALPERN
Not really. Always figured him for
a loon.

Tara shoots them a disdainful look.

POOLE
Where's Tara? I need Tara!

TARA
I'm right here, Edwin.

POOLE
You need to contact Bill.

TARA
I will, I promise you.

POOLE
(barking instructions
to Tara)
Apologize for my delay. Then call
my wife, tell her I've had a small
breakdown, not to worry.

TARA
Okay.

POOLE
(remembering)
Oh my goodness, I have the Brant
appeal--

CRANE
(soothing)
Just relax, Edwin. We'll handle
everything.

POOLE
I'm due in court with Tara.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

CRANE

We're on it, not to worry. You just get better.

(ushers Tara aside)

De-magnetize his parking pass.

TARA

I beg your pardon?

CRANE

(sotto)

I can tell when a man is gone. Think you can handle this case without a co-pilot?

TARA

Well, I don't know, I--

CRANE

Who's the judge?

TARA

Resnick.

CRANE

He's a schmuck,
(plucking Shore)

Alan. Back Tara up, she's before Schmuck Resnick, see if you can get a damn continuance.

*
*
*
*

Austin WIPES FRAME to grab Brad, STAY WITH THEM.

AUSTIN

Brad. Got a few minutes?

BRAD

Actually, no, got an early shuttle.

As Poole is being carried away in the b.g.--

AUSTIN

Can you get a later one? I need some face time.

BRAD

What's up?

AUSTIN

Edwin Poole was the only one here who could rein in you-know-who. Without him... Denny Crane might actually be in charge.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

BRAD

If you're about to go where I think
you're going...

AUSTIN

(sotto)

We need you back in Boston more than
in D.C., Brad.

BRAD

Not a chance.

AUSTIN

You loved working here. You love
this firm. And Denny.

BRAD

Look, Jerry--

AUSTIN

(sotto)

For God's sake, you just heard him.
He was ordering us to burn documents.
We need you, Brad.

OFF Brad--

4

INT. JUDGE RESNICK'S CHAMBERS - DAY

4

JUDGE PAUL RESNICK stands behind his desk, facing Shore,
Tara, and their stone-faced opposing counsel, BRAXTON MASON.

MASON

Your Honor, this is a nuisance case
that never should have come to trial.
And now, in the middle of proceedings,
to request a continuance, merely
because Edwin Poole is... indisposed?

TARA

(offended)

He is not "indisposed." The man is
dealing with a psychiatric emergency.

MASON

Great, and can we expect another
continuance request when news arrives
that Mr. Shore has been placed on a
lithium drip at McLean?

SHORE

I object to that, I do some of my
best work on lithium.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

TARA

We are simply asking for two weeks so that Mr. Shore can be brought up to speed.

JUDGE RESNICK

But you're up to speed, Counsel, you've been in that courtroom every day... this case has one day left. How long will Mr. Poole be sidelined?

TARA

We really can't say.

JUDGE RESNICK

Then you're finishing, Ms. Wilson.

TARA

Your Honor.

JUDGE RESNICK

Are you a lawyer or not?

TARA

(offended)

Yes, but I've been second chair, not--

JUDGE RESNICK

Well, now you're first chair. So, grow up.

OFF this--

5 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

5

Shore and Tara sit with their client, BILL MORGAN, forties, in his living room. The lights are low, creating a dusk effect.

MORGAN

(concerned)

Can you pull it off?

TARA

Yes. There's only one witness left so... I think we're okay.

MORGAN

(to Shore)

What do you think?

SHORE

Honestly, Mr. Morgan, from my cursory review of the file... I think you should accept the defendant's offer.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

MORGAN

Seventy thousand dollars?

SHORE

Sir. You seem like a very nice man.
You also seem like a hypochondriac.

MORGAN

These headaches are real.

SHORE

I have no doubt.

(off file folder)

You've also complained on several occasions that you were suffering from Tanapox virus.

MORGAN

Because I noticed the characteristic papular lesions, very tender, approximately two centimeters in diameter.

SHORE

You realize that Tanapox virus is endemic to equatorial Africa.

MORGAN

Yes.

SHORE

And have you enjoyed your many trips to equatorial Africa?

MORGAN

I've never been there.

SHORE

Ah. Then perhaps you can see the outlines of our problem, Mr. Morgan.

A beat.

MORGAN

Mr. Poole said he could get me close to a million dollars.

SHORE

Was he wearing pants at the time?

MORGAN

Look. It's not my fault. I wake up every day hoping to be well.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

MORGAN (CONT'D)

But then I see rashes, and bumps,
and then the fever sets in. And now
the pain, it just throbs, and I can't
do anything about it. I go to the
library and read books, trying to
learn, understand how I might get
better, but sometimes the books scare
me even more. They describe diseases
I didn't even know I had.

(to Shore)

Maybe I am a hypochondriac. What do
I take for that?

OFF Tara and Shore--

6 OMITTED
THRU
76
THRU
7

8 INT. CPS CORRIDOR NEAR ELEVATOR - DAY

8

SHARON BRANT, early thirties, steps off the elevator,
distraught. She approaches the receptionist, SAMANTHA.

SAMANTHA

Can I help you?

SHARON

Yes. I need to see Edwin Poole right
away.

SAMANTHA

I'm afraid Mr. Poole has...stepped
out.

SHARON

You don't understand. This is an
urgent matter!

(looking around office,
screaming)

Where the hell is Edwin Poole?!

Sally notices the commotion, approaches the woman.

SALLY

Is there anything I can do to help?

SHARON

(breathless)

My husband's trying to take my
children from me!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

SHARON (CONT'D)

And Edwin Poole, he missed the hearing today, and I've been calling his cell-phone... I mean, what the hell is going on around here?!

Brad had been passing by, hears this, stops to assist.

BRAD

Excuse me, I'm Brad Chase, a partner here. We're going to resolve this. Why don't you take a seat in the conference room and I'll get you some water.

The woman takes a breath, calmed by him.

SHARON

Alright. Thank you.

She heads into the conference room. Sally watches her go, then turns to Brad, obviously irritated.

SALLY

I was handling this.

BRAD

I thought I'd help you out.

SALLY

That's very nice, but again, I was handling it.

Shore approaches the reception desk from the other direction.

SHORE

(to receptionist)

Hello, Samantha. There's a package coming for me, and if I could trouble you to...

But his attention wanders a few yards away to Sally and Brad, where he hears:

BRAD

Why does it upset you that I'm trying to help?

SALLY

Well, maybe because you feel I can't deal with a client on my own?

BRAD

I don't feel that way at all.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (2)

8

Shore continues watching, fascinated.

SALLY

Then I guess I really have no idea
what you feel.

BRAD

I guess not.

SALLY

And that's supposed to be...my fault?

SHORE

Wait a minute.

They all look at him. A small smile begins to crease Shore's face. He's figured it out.

SHORE (CONT'D)

You two have had sex.

Samantha and assorted PASSERSBY react. From Sally's expression, it's clear Shore has guessed right. She shoots him a wilting look, then exits, following after Sharon.

Brad turns to Alan, smiles smugly.

BRAD

We're not territorial about these things, are we?

He exits into the conference room. OFF Shore--

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

9 OMITTED 9

9A INT. CPS CONFERENCE ROOM -- A FEW MINUTES LATER 9A

Sharon sits with Brad and Sally.

SHARON

That was our deal: I'd work two jobs, put Matthew through business school, then he'd put me through medical school. A week after he graduated he got a job running a mutual fund. A week after that he left me. Our boys were four then. Twins, Simon and Harry. They're eight now.

She takes their photos from her purse, hands them to Sally.

SALLY

They're beautiful.

SHARON

Thanks. In their Pee Wee League uniforms. You know he's never seen one of their games?

Sally hands the photos to Brad.

SALLY

He pay your way through med school?

SHARON

Take a wild guess. I don't care, though. I've graduated now, have a residency waiting for me in New York. But Matthew won't let me take the boys out of state. Says he wants them close by -- these boys he sees once a month. It's nothing but spite.

BRAD

Look, we'll reschedule the hearing, I'm sure this will all work out. You just have to be patient.

SHARON

If I'm not at Columbia Presbyterian eight a.m. Monday morning, they'll give my spot away. That can't happen. I've worked too long to build a life for these boys.

(CONTINUED)

9A CONTINUED:

9A

BRAD

What positions do they play? In Pee Wee League.

Sharon smiles, the first one we've seen from her.

SHARON

Harry's a catcher -- he likes the mask, wears it around the house. Simon prefers right field. Says it gives him time to think.

OFF Brad--

10 INT. POOLE'S OFFICE - DAY

10

Shore reclines in Poole's desk chair, as Tara sits on the floor among piles of file boxes, briefing him.

TARA

Our medical expert testified last week that Bill Morgan's headaches were likely caused by a condition known as cervical radiculopathy, a condition where nerves in the neck get pinched. Very tough to spot, but of course the doctor had thirty-eight opportunities to make that diagnosis and never came remotely close.

She stops, distracted by Shore's tinkering with Poole's desk trinkets.

TARA (CONT'D)

Do you really think you should be sitting in Edwin's chair?

SHORE

You're right. Anyplace he was riding bareback probably needs a good steam cleaning. *

TARA

That's not what I mean. It's only been six hours, and, I just think some respect should be paid.

SHORE

Tara, he bared his ass to twenty-four lawyers in this office, not to mention two overseas. My respect is infinite. *

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

TARA

(quietly)

He believes in people. That's why
he took on Bill Morgan's case. That's
why he elevated me from paralegal to
second chair the moment I passed the
bar. He's a good man, Alan. This
firm isn't exactly full of them.

*
*
*

A beat. Tara turns back to the files, as Shore studies her.

*

TARA (CONT'D)

Anyway, the expert's report--

*
*

SHORE

(interrupts)

Go see him.

*
*

TARA

I can't, I need to be in court to--

SHORE

(gently)

I'll cross examine the doctor, give
me an hour or so with the file, I'll
be fine. You go spend an hour with
Edwin.

OFF Tara, appreciative--

11 INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

11

TRACKING Brad and Sally as they walk down the corridor.

SALLY

Why is it you're back anyway? Tell
me that.

BRAD

Well, if you think it's to complicate
your life, you'd be wrong. Austin
asked me to stay.

SALLY

(with edge)

So you're an item now, you and Austin?
I should probably warn him.

Brad studies her as they reach their destination -- the door
to the chambers of Judge Isabel Hernandez. Brad knocks,
then opens it.

12 INT. JUDGE HERNANDEZ'S CHAMBERS - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

12*-

JUDGE ISABEL HERNANDEZ, forties, sits at her desk. Brad and Sally stand before her.

SALLY

It was a medical emergency, Your Honor, for which we apologize, but it's imperative we get back on the calendar. Tomorrow, if possible.

JUDGE HERNANDEZ

Sorry, Counselor, that boat has sailed -- the case has been submitted without argument.

BRAD

Your Honor, respectfully, without an immediate rehearing our client stands to suffer irreparable injury.

JUDGE HERNANDEZ

You should be talking to my clerk. I don't make a habit of speaking *ex parte* with counsel.

SALLY

I spoke with your clerk on the phone, but he sort of blew me off, so, here we are.

JUDGE HERNANDEZ

Goodbye, Miss Heep. Mr. Chase.

Brad notices a gaggle of framed photographs on the judge's desk.

BRAD

Goodbye, your honor. You have a beautiful family, by the way.

JUDGE HERNANDEZ

I'm curious, does that work for you with other judges?

BRAD

Only the mothers. I see your boy's a Red Sox fan. These guys are in Pee Wee League.

He pulls out the photos of Sharon's boys, places them in front of the judge.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SALLY

Their mom goes to all their games.
Dad's never seen them play.

JUDGE HERNANDEZ

The answer is no.

BRAD

I checked your calendar -- the
judicial conference scheduled for
tomorrow has been postponed a week.
Your panel could squeeze in a
rehearing. By the way, Simon's the
guy with the missing tooth. Likes
right field because it gives him
time to think.

The judge smiles, despite herself. Takes a closer look at
the photo. Sighs. Brad and Sally exchange a quick glance:
She's on the hook, let's reel her in.

13 INT. POOLE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

13

Poole sits up in an adjustable bed. His wife, MRS. POOLE,
fifties, sits at his side.

MRS. POOLE

Finish your Jello, Edwin.

POOLE

Don't want it. Makes me dizzy to
look at it.

Tara enters, carrying a small plant.

TARA

Am I interrupting?

Seeing her, Poole immediately brightens.

POOLE

Tara, come in at once.

(then)

Helen, you'll have to leave now.
Tara and I have business.

Mrs. Poole heads for the door. As she passes--

MRS. POOLE

Please don't get him excited.

TARA

Okay.

Mrs. Poole exits.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

TARA (CONT'D)

I must say you're looking better.

POOLE

Not well thought out, going to the staff meeting without my trousers. Jello?

TARA

No, thank you.

Tara sits down next to Poole.

TARA (CONT'D)

Everything at work is fine. Your custody appeal is being covered, and Alan Shore is jumping in on the Morgan case. We just have the doctor's testimony left, and--

POOLE

How's Bill?

TARA

He's okay. This didn't help his headaches, but... we're handling it, Edwin.

Poole looks at her admiringly.

POOLE

You're an angel, Tara.

TARA

Thank you. The main thing for you is to get some rest.

POOLE

No, I mean it. Every time you enter my office I say to myself, I am in the presence of an angel.

TARA

(embarrassed)

Well... again, thank you.

POOLE

We talked about that view from my hotel room in Santorini, do you remember?

What?

TARA

I beg your pardon?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

POOLE

(quieter now, and
romantic)

Your white flowing dress, the one
you wear at sunset. When the light
is soft and golden. You glow like
an angel. Walking the hills of
Santorini, the sun drenching you in
angelic light. I can't wait for us
to get back there.

What the hell is he talking about?

TARA

(concerned)

Edwin. Are you alright?

The question jolts him back to reality slightly.

POOLE

(embarrassed; covering)

Yes, I... I, I like to hear myself
talk sometimes, I apologize. I'm
quite fine. Silly of me.

An awkward beat. That was very weird.

TARA

Well, as I said, the case is in good
hands. I'll let you know how the
doctor's testimony goes.

(beat)

Feel better.

POOLE

Yes. I shall.

And she starts off.

POOLE (CONT'D)

Tara?

She looks back.

POOLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for what I just said. I,
uh... well, I... like to daydream
some, that's all.

TARA

No problem.

But she senses. And he senses that she senses, which is
hugely embarrassing for him. He's in love with her. A beat.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED: (3)

13

TARA (CONT'D)
Goodnight, Edwin.

**
*

And she exits. OFF Poole, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

14 INT. CPS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

14

Sally, Brad, and Sharon.

SHARON

You got another hearing?

BRAD

That's the good news. The not-so-good news is we probably won't win it.

SALLY

But it at least gives us leverage to get your ex-husband in a room.

SHARON

What are you talking about?

BRAD

We want to take a shot at settlement. If your ex cares anything about your kids, then--

SHARON

He doesn't. This is all about getting me, have I not been clear on that? He doesn't even know the kids.

BRAD

I've dealt with bad husbands before.

SHARON

Mr. Chase. No offense -- you've never dealt with this one. Trust me.

OFF this--

15 INT. JUDGE RESNICK'S COURTROOM - DAY

15

Jury trial is in session. DR. RAYBURN is on the stand. Mason directs. Alan, Tara, and Bill Morgan sit together at counsel table.

MASON

Doctor Rayburn, over the six months that Mr. Morgan was in your care, how many visits did he make to your practice?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

DR. RAYBURN
Thirty-eight.

MASON
Is that a lot?

DR. RAYBURN
Four times as many as any other
patient. We joked he was the office
mascot. You name the condition, Mr.
Morgan was convinced he had it -
cold, flu, bronchitis, shingles,
adult onset diabetes...

ANGLE PLAINTIFF'S COUNSEL TABLE

Suddenly nervous, Morgan leans in to TARA.

MORGAN
(frantic whisper)
I never complained of adult onset
diabetes. Does he think I'm diabetic?
That's characterized by excessive
thirst. Does it seem to you I've
been drinking a lot today?

TARA
I'm sure you're fine, Bill.

ANGLE WITNESS STAND

MASON
It would seem Mr. Morgan is a sickly
man indeed.

DR. RAYBURN
Mr. Morgan is in excellent physical
health. As I informed him -- again
and again, after countless exams,
blood tests, MRIs...

MASON
How are we then to account for his
apparent suffering? My goodness,
look at the man.

DR. RAYBURN
I feel for him. But the hard fact
is, Mr. Morgan is a hypochondriac.
There's nothing wrong with him.

MASON
Mr. Morgan contends your neglect
drove him to this state.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

DR. RAYBURN

The truth is, I bent over backwards to accommodate him. The calls, the drop-ins... he always needed to be seen immediately, and busy as my practice is, I always made the time.

MASON

Thank you.

Mason sits. Shore stands.

SHORE

I applaud you, Sir, for your tireless commitment to my client. What a guy.

MASON

Objection.

JUDGE RESNICK

Sustained.

*
*

SHORE

These thirty-eight visits -- on the house?

DR. RAYBURN

I'm sorry?

SHORE

They were free visits?

DR. RAYBURN

No...

SHORE

Oh. You charged him. That makes sense.

(then, moving on)

So, with all his complaining, his incapacitation, that pinched look on his face, there's nothing wrong with him?

DR. RAYBURN

Nothing clinically, no. It's in his head.

SHORE

Traditional home for the migraine, is it not?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

DR. RAYBURN

It's psychosomatic. He's a classic hypochondriac.

SHORE

I see. There's a diagnosis. What treatment did you prescribe for my client's "classic" hypochondria? *

DR. RAYBURN

I'm a general practitioner, not a psychiatrist.

SHORE

So you referred him out to whom?

DR. RAYBURN

No one in particular. I did tell him he needed help. I believe I even gave him a list of practitioners.

SHORE

So, he kept coming to you, you kept taking his money, you did not treat him, and you referred him to... no one in particular. *

DR. RAYBURN

I'm a G.P. I told him to seek mental treatment, I advised it, I can't force it.

SHORE

Once again. He kept coming. You kept taking the money. You referred him to... no one in particular. *

OFF Dr. Rayburn's silence--

16 INT. CPS LOBBY - DAY

16

As Shore and Tara enter an empty elevator--

17 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

17

TARA

The jurors seemed to be with you.

SHORE

Good. We should send them all something. Hams.

Tara smiles. A well-dressed man, MATTHEW CALDER -- handsome, 40ish -- enters just before the doors close, planting himself in between Shore and Tara. *

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

He reaches to push a button, sees his choice is already selected. Connecting glances with Tara, he smiles at her.

MATTHEW

How are ya.

Tara just smiles politely, but it's Shore who chimes in from behind the guy.

SHORE

Fine.

MATTHEW

Are you two... together?

SHORE

Spiritually.

Ignoring the comment, the man extends a hand to Tara.

MATTHEW

Matthew.

Amused, Tara shakes hands.

TARA

(to Matthew)

Tara.

SHORE

(to Matthew)

Alan.

MATTHEW

You are a beautiful woman, Tara. I know that's incredibly forward, but I just needed to say it.

SHORE

(darn)

Wish I'd thought of it.

MATTHEW

(hands Tara his card)

I'm in the Towers downtown. And my girlfriend's out all night...

*
*
*

Tara cringes. The elevator opens and all three step off, poker-faced, Shore observing Matthew as one would a lab specimen. They step into--

18 OMITTED

18

18A INT. CPS OFFICE COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

18A

--where they encounter Sharon, huddled with Brad and Sally. As Shore and Tara head off, Matthew greets his ex with an icy smile.

MATTHEW

Sharon, what a pleasure.

(off Tara, as she
passes)

Remember when you had an ass like
that?

Sharon bolts off toward the conference room. Matthew turns to Brad and Sally, all nonchalance.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Never dropped the pregnancy weight.
What can you do.

(then, looking around)
Where the hell's my lawyer?

OFF Brad and Sally, can't believe this guy.

19 INT. CPS CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

19

Brad, Sally, Sharon, opposite Matthew and TOMPKINS. Awkward, angry silence for a long beat. Finally--

SALLY

Can I just--
(off her pad; to
Matthew)

If you took summer, plus winter break,
spring break, holiday weekends, you
start to get pretty close to what
you have right now.

MATTHEW

Pass.

SHARON

That's too much custody for superdad.

BRAD

(to Matthew)

Is there any acceptable scenario
that would allow Sharon to enroll in
her program without leaving the boys
behind?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

MATTHEW

(beat)
We can each take one.

SHARON

Excuse me?

MATTHEW

You know, like the nazi movie, where she has to pick one kid to keep.

TOMPKINS

Sophie's Choice.

MATTHEW

There you go. So this can be Sharon's Choice. One goes with her to New York, I keep the other. Done.

He winks at Sally -- the guy's enjoying himself immensely.

SHARON

That's outrageous. The boys are best friends, they love each other.

MATTHEW

(to the others)
Which is a little weird, don't you think? Let's see what happens when you split 'em up. They could be under-performing...

Sharon shouts, startling her ex.

SHARON

Stop doing this! You've already scarred your sons enough to last them a lifetime! Imagine how it feels to a little boy -- knowing their father doesn't care whether he sees them or not. And yet if it means denying me something I want, that I deserve, that this family needs -- you're suddenly a concerned father?!
Damn you!

MATTHEW

And what about my needs? Huh? What freakish nightmare did I step into that turned my wife, who was hot, who had sex with me, and went out at night with me, into some earth mother, world-record-setting breast-feeder?!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

And now you want to leave your kids with some non-English-speaking nanny for a hundred hours a week while you live out your E.R. fantasy life? Be my guest. But it's not my problem if you're not good enough to get hired anywhere in the entire state.

OFF Brad and Sally, feeling for their client--

20 INT. POOLE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

20

Tara is visiting Poole, giving him the update. She's slightly uneasy, given the last encounter. He listens intently, admiringly.

TARA

He did establish that the doctor essentially diagnosed hypochondria, but failed to properly treat it. There's a danger it muddled our claim that the headaches are real, but since our cause of action is malpractice it shouldn't really matter, as long as the standard of care was breached.

(then)

Edwin, are you with me?

POOLE

I found your dress.

That stops Tara. A beat.

POOLE (CONT'D)

Your sun dress. My daughter had it, she promised to bring it by.

TARA

Edwin, I don't know what dress you're talking about.

POOLE

Oh. Yes. I... was just talking again to...

(then)

Carry on.

TARA

The closings are tomorrow.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

TARA (CONT'D)

It's hard to play odds-maker, but I'm confident we'll survive the defendant's motion for a directed verdict anyway, which is good, we can perhaps then take another shot at settling.

POOLE

I like to pretend.

TARA

I'm sorry?

This isn't craziness now. The man is coming clean with her.

POOLE

I, uh... have never lived an exciting life, Tara. Let's face it, I am what I am. A good litigator with better than average trial skills, but... any sense of thrill I suppose I've achieved vicariously through the lives and acts of my clients.

(a beat)

And as for emotion... I should say love... I, uh...

(weakly)

...like to pretend. I suppose I've pretended you and I have become...

(a beat)

This business about the dress... I suspect it's fantasy besting my sense of reality for a second. I know fully there is no dress or that... I should say most of the time I know. For those fleeting moments I stumble off my reality footing... it's quite, uh... wonderful. Anyway, all of this is to say I apologize for my madness... as much as I might cherish it.

A beat.

TARA

You've been specifically requesting me on your cases the last six months so that you might carry on a fantasy?

POOLE

Don't sell yourself short, you're an excellent attorney. One, uh... well, I suppose I've managed to fall in love with.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (2)

20

OFF Tara, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN:

21 INT. APPELLATE COURTROOM - MORNING

21

Standing before a three-judge panel, including Judge Hernandez, Brad faces off against opposing counsel, Tompkins. Sally and Sharon Brant sit in the gallery behind Brad, while Matthew Calder sits at the bench behind Tompkins. *

BRAD

(avenging; impassioned)

Massachusetts law on this issue is clear. Where there is a real advantage to the primary custodian and child, an out-of-state move is permissible.

TOMPKINS

That standard doesn't apply when there's no primary custodian. Petitioner and respondent share custody.

BRAD

The guardian *ad litem* acknowledged in her report: in the last year Mr. Calder has taken custody of the boys only one weekend a month. *

TOMPKINS

Mr. Calder has been steeped in a major work crisis at his company. *

BRAD

I don't care if he's been dismantling a nuclear weapon. The fact is, he hasn't been there. There is no doubt that my client is in practice the primary custodian.

TOMPKINS

We deny it, but even if that were true, the California Supreme Court recently ruled that a mother had no presumptive right to move her kids out-of-state, and that was in a case of full custody. *

BRAD

That decision is not binding on this court.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

TOMPKINS

But it can and should be given serious weight, as the Middlesex Superior Court just did last month.

JUDGE HERNANDEZ

Mr. Calder, stand up, please. *

He does.

JUDGE HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

What's the deal here?

MATTHEW

(humbly)

Your Honor, I'm not going to pretend I've been a great father.

JUDGE HERNANDEZ

Wise decision.

MATTHEW

But I will say to you... and to you, Sharon... I want to be.

The contrition is as compelling as it is manufactured. The guy is good. Sharon isn't surprised, but Sally and Brad are. Matthew gathers himself, turns back to the judge.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I at least want the opportunity to remedy what...

(a beat)

But if you take them away... you seal it. They don't get a father.

JUDGE HERNANDEZ

(unmoved)

Not a good day to leave my Kleenex at home.

(to Brad)

Nevertheless... keeping the family in state is a priority, Mr. Chase.

BRAD

We're only talking about a six-hour drive! This woman is struggling to make a life, for a family that--

JUDGE HERNANDEZ

She can't make it in the Commonwealth?

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED: (2)

21

BRAD

She'd love to, but the offer of employment comes from New York. My client has made every sacrifice, while he--

JUDGE HERNANDEZ

That's what parents do, Mr. Chase. You have kids, you make sacrifices. They got married here, they had children here.

(a beat)

Mr. Calder... as fathers go, I consider you a disgrace. Ms. Brant... there is a reason for this policy, we don't like angry spouses yanking kids across state lines. It's an undue burden on the family unit. Accordingly, your plan to relocate with your sons remains enjoined.

Brad, Sally, and Sharon absorb the hit. That was tough. Sharon turns to them.

SHARON

What now?

BRAD

(admitting)

I don't know.

Matthew heads over.

MATTHEW

(smug)

I guess that didn't go too well.

Brad is close to decking him. OFF this--

22

INT. CPS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

22

Shore, Tara, Braxton Mason, and Bill Morgan.

SHORE

Seventy-five? You've upped your offer five thousand dollars?

MASON

We feel it's generous. Particularly when your client's injuries aren't real.

MORGAN

They're real.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

SHORE

Alright, Bill.

MASON

You know, Mr. Morgan, I don't typically counsel opposing parties... but I might advise a legal malpractice claim against the attorney who filled your head with million-dollar windfalls.

Shore studies Mason for a beat, then--

SHORE

(indicating Mason's teeth)

You seem to have a small particle wedged between numbers four and five--

Self-conscious, Mason tries to pick it out--

SHORE (CONT'D)

Hmm, guess it's just part of your mouth.

(then)

One last proposal, and it's entirely possible I'm kidding, by the way, depending on your reaction. Three hundred thousand, sealed, we kick back fifty to you under the table.

Mason is offended, shocked even. He stares back.

MASON

Mr. Shore, I guarantee you... I am not that kind of attorney.

SHORE

Really. I am.

MASON

I should report you directly to the bar, if not the district attorney.

SHORE

Well, if that's how you feel, then I was kidding. Ha.

(a beat)

You don't want this to go to verdict. You'll be disappointed to learn jurors do take bribes. Of course I could be kidding again.

Mason is totally flummoxed. A beat.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

MASON

I'm going to the judge now.

SHORE

Excellent, new trial, that'll cost
your client much more than seventy
five. *

Mason stares back again. Finally--

MASON

Your offer is rejected.

And Mason leaves.

TARA

Suppose he does go to the judge?

SHORE

Oh please, he doesn't want a mistrial,
the man thinks he's won. Plus he
can't show I wasn't kidding. I'm
known to be funny.

OFF this--

23 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

23

Sally and Brad ride alone.

SALLY

What if we file a TRO in federal
court on behalf of the kids?

BRAD

On what grounds?

SALLY

I dunno, they've been denied a right
to interstate travel?

BRAD

(with a smile)

Dubious, but I like your thinking.

They hold a look... and old chemistry surges for a second.
He diverts his stare quickly, avoidance. A beat... Sally
hits the elevator's "stop" button. She's not into avoidance.

SALLY

Look. I just need to know.

BRAD

(softly)

Sally.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

A beat. Does she really want to go there? Feeling more pain than she wants to, she sees the appeal of avoidance. She ACTIVATES the elevator. They ride in silence. The elevator doors open, Sally flees, practically runs over Shore, who sees the emotion in her eyes. She heads off. A beat.

SHORE

Brad.

BRAD

Alan.

OFF this--

24 INT. BAR/RESTAURANT - DUSK

24

Upscale place, lawyers and investment bankers. Sally and Shore are in a booth.

SALLY

It's just... this case. The deadbeat doesn't see his kids, doesn't know them, and he's using them as weapons to destroy his ex-wife. And them.

SHORE

And that's why you were near tears. The case.

She knows he knows.

SALLY

It's a little hard, okay? I prefer him in... D.C.

SHORE

Uh-huh.

(beat)

Do you think I should start working out with weights? Maybe do some calisthenics?

SALLY

(exasperated)

I'm trying to--

SHORE

(cuts her off)

Do you still like him?

SALLY

What's the context of this, Alan? I mean, are you asking me this as a boyfriend or...

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

SHORE

I'm not allowed to ask questions?

SALLY

Am I? About Tara?

SHORE

What about Tara?

SALLY

Nevermind.

(beat)

Anyway, he left. I got very depressed. Drank a lot, hit on too many boys... until I met this one boy. Man. Distinguished.

Shore smiles.

SALLY (CONT'D)

And now, I just...

She suddenly freezes.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Okay. How small is the town of Boston?

SHORE

Why?

SALLY

Because the dirtbag is sitting right there at the bar. *

SHORE

Bradley? *

SALLY

The ex-husband.

THEIR POV

There he is with a couple of buddies, hitting on whatever.

RESUME

SALLY (CONT'D)

Really trying to strengthen that family unit. *

Shore glances over, then picks up Sally's Blackberry.

SALLY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED: (2)

24

SHORE

I just need to use your thingy for a second.

*
*

SALLY

Can we get out of here? I don't want to look at that pig.

Shore throws some cash on the table.

SHORE

We're off.

They head out. Shore stops at the door, holds a look at Matthew. OFF Shore, clearly up to something--

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

FADE IN:

25 OMITTED 25
 25A INT. CALDER'S OFFICE HALLWAY - MORNING 25A*

Shore walks with determination down a long hallway, glancing in offices as he passes. A frenzied RECEPTIONIST trails him.

RECEPTIONIST
 Sir, if I could just get your name
 I'd be happy to buzz Mr. Calder. *

SHORE
 That's very kind, but look, I'm
 already here.

RECEPTIONIST
 There's a meeting in progress, though,
 and I'm instructed not to--

Too late. Shore enters into--

26 OMITTED 26
 26A INT. CALDER'S CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 26A*

Calder and several other suits look up to see Shore. *

SHORE
 Hey, Matt. Alan Shore -- Crane, *
 Poole and Schmidt. Very relieved to *
 see I'm not interrupting something *
 tawdry. *
 (to the room)
 He tends to fornicate in some very *
 unusual places. *
 (back to Matthew)
 Can I steal you a second?

27 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 27

As Matthew and Shore emerge--

MATTHEW
 What's going on?

SHORE
 I'll keep it quick.
 (proffers a folder)
 These are for you.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

SHORE (CONT'D)

Pictures actually, some nasty little business between you and a hooker, Matt, we know what a hooker is, don't we, she doesn't make rugs.

As Matthew opens the folder and looks--

SHORE (CONT'D)

(re: the woman)

Friend of mine, I earn frequent flyer miles, I arranged for her to seek you out at the bar, I particularly like that one, don't you, gives your bottom a nice aura, here's the deal. Sharon and the kids get to go to New York or I start printing copies.

(off photos)

Is that powdered sugar you're snorting off her lovely porcelain breasts?

Matthew holds a stare.

MATTHEW

(stunned)

You're a lawyer in a prestigious firm, for God's sake.

SHORE

I know. Awful.

(checks watch)

Oopsie, I'm late for court. Hate to extort and run, but I'm afraid I'll need an answer on this. Now.

Alan smiles. OFF Matthew, poleaxed--

28 INT. JUDGE RESNICK'S COURTROOM - DAY

28

Tara is giving her closing as Shore sneaks in.

TARA

Why is it that so often we must kick and scream just to be heard? To be respected? For six months Bill Morgan reached out to his doctor, week after week, hoping to be heard. But instead, he was dismissed -- patted on the head and sent on his way. Told his problems weren't real. Mr. Morgan is undoubtedly a sick man. Whether his illness is based in the physical or the mental, his suffering is quite obviously real.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

TARA (CONT'D)

Had Mr. Morgan received appropriate preventive treatment, our expert told you, his current state could most likely have been alleviated. Instead, he does not work, he does not socialize, he barely even sleeps. His life is a shell of his former existence.

(a beat)

I, uh... it's unrealistic to believe doctors will always be able to cure our ills. But to be treated? You heard Dr. Rayburn's testimony -- he treated my client only as a mascot. That is unacceptable. Respect must be paid. So please extend to Edwin P--

(catches herself)

--excuse me, please extend to my client the respect that his physician didn't deem him worthy of.

Tara returns. Taking her seat, she notices Alan in the gallery. He nods -- job well done.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 OMITTED

29

29A INT. POOLE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

29A

Poole sits there alone. After a beat or two... Tara enters. He immediately brightens.

POOLE

Tara.

TARA

Judgment for the plaintiff. Damages in the amount of two hundred and forty-three thousand dollars.

POOLE

I promised him a million.

TARA

The client was thrilled. So happy in fact he got a migraine. It was a good result, Edwin.

POOLE

Yes, I suppose it was.

(CONTINUED)

29A CONTINUED:

29A

TARA

How are you?

POOLE

Well, I'm not getting out, if that's what you mean. Doctors are saying I have to stay for a while. It seems I bit a nurse.

TARA

Oh.

POOLE

It's not altogether terrible in here. I'm left alone... Today I spent almost the entire afternoon in Italy. With you.

TARA

I see.

POOLE

Can you come closer for a second?

Tentatively... she does. He smells her.

POOLE (CONT'D)

I find if I can hold onto your scent, I can keep you longer.

A beat -- Tara realizes she has to say it. *

TARA

Edwin... I'm not going to be able to visit you any more. *

POOLE

Why?

TARA

Well... the doctors want you to get rest... and...

POOLE

I know the doctors want me to get over my delusions. Trust me... my only shot at sanity is clinging to them, Tara. If you could simply visit and allow me to...

TARA

Cling to me.

(softly)

I can't do that, Edwin.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29A CONTINUED: (2)

29A

TARA (CONT'D)

I can't spend time with a married man I know to be in love with me. Especially if spending that time helps cultivate the love.

POOLE

We're in a psychiatric ward. Normal rules don't apply.

TARA

This one does.

POOLE

Please don't leave me.

TARA

I have to.

POOLE

I have never had anything ever... that I could call magic.
(weakly)
Please.

TARA

I adore you, Edwin.
(then)
Goodbye.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek. Exits. OFF Poole, crushed, we--

29B EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

29B

Tara walks down the street, fighting tears of her own.

30 EXT. CPS PATIO - NIGHT

30

Sally stands out there, lost in thought. Crane emerges from inside, spies her. Approaches.

CRANE

(humbly)

Listen, I... I'm sorry about being so insensitive over Edwin Poole's... the remark about de-magnetizing the parking pass was in poor taste. I know how close you two are, and... I'm sorry.

SALLY

I think you're confusing me with Tara Wilson.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

Crane holds a befuddled look. Then--

CRANE

Denny Crane.

And he heads off. As he crosses Shore--

SHORE

Denny Crane.

CRANE

Gotcha.

Crane exits as Shore approaches Sally.

SHORE

Hey.

SALLY

Hey.

(then)

Can I ask you something? Do you
ever confuse me with Tara?

SHORE

I beg your pardon?

SALLY

I know you have feelings for her.
Transference sometimes--

SHORE

Oh, please, do you ever confuse me
with Brian?

SALLY

"Brad."

SHORE

Whatever. Do you?

SALLY

Are you a little threatened? I'd
like it if you were.

SHORE

Then let's just say I am.

They hold a look. She goes to kiss him softly.

BRAD (O.S.)

Excuse me.

REVEAL Brad as he approaches--

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED: (2)

30

BRAD (CONT'D)

Matthew Calder just agreed to let Sharon take the kids.

SALLY

What? Why?

BRAD

Because Alan set him up last night, got pictures of him with a hooker and successfully blackmailed him.

SHORE

You make it sound unsavory.

BRAD

I know about you. I've heard all the stories. So let's just clear this up now. I've practiced law for fifteen years and I've had plenty of success without resorting to any of the low-life, scheming crap you consider a "hoot." I'm not about to let you take me down. Clear enough?

SHORE

It was to me.
(to Sally)
Was it to you?

BRAD

The only reason I don't report you to the bar myself--

SHORE

Is because Sharon might not get to go to New York with her children... which shockingly, is more important than our combined ethical egos.

Brad holds a glare.

BRAD

Nice boyfriend, Sal.

And Brad heads off. A beat.

SHORE

I think he's starting to like me.

SALLY

Did you put hookers' numbers on my Blackberry?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

SHORE

Okay, now we're finding fault just
to find fault.

Sally smiles, moves in close -- where were we? As they stand
there together, against the glittering Boston night, we: *

FADE OUT.

31 OMITTED
THRU
32

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THRU
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The End