

BOSTON LEGAL SPEC SCRIPT

Written by

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BOSTON LEGAL

"Bang Bang"

CAST LIST

ALAN SHORE
SHIRLEY SCHMIDT
DENNY CRANE
DENISE BAUER
BRAD CHASE
PAUL LEWISTON
CLAIRE SIMMS

Chandrika Mendis
Malik Mendis
Police Officers (two)
Ms. O'Neill
Judge #1
Jury
Mr. Dharmadassa
Dr. McArthur
Ms. Parker
Mr. Parker
Jury Foreperson

Ms. Sanchez
Clerk
Judge #2 [Howard Hesseman]
Mr. Barton
Mr. Cheswick [Tommy Chong]
Ms. Smith
Mr. Brown
Various other members of Ms. Sanchez's group

Brad's parents
Extras in elevator

BOSTON LEGAL

"Bang Bang"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

CRANE POOLE & SCHMIDT OFFICES

ELEVATOR

HALLWAY OF FLOOR BELOW CRANE POOLE & SCHMIDT OFFICES

LOBBY

ALAN'S OFFICE

SHIRLEY'S OFFICE

HALLWAY TOWARD ELEVATOR

HALLWAY

BRAD'S OFFICE

CLAIRE'S OFFICE

DENNY'S OFFICE

PAUL'S OFFICE

DENISE'S OFFICE

DENNY'S BALCONY

COURTHOUSE

COURTROOM FOR ALAN'S CASE

COURTROOM FOR SHIRLEY'S CASE

DETENTION CENTER

INTERVIEW ROOM

BOSTON LEGAL

"Bang Bang"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

It's Saturday morning. ALAN SHORE is in the elevator on his way up to his office to do some work or pick up some files. The doors open at the seventeenth floor, two floors below that of Crane Poole and Schmidt, but no one gets on. He is puzzled - did he push the wrong floor button by mistake?

Then two young boys, about eight years old, run past obviously playing 'Cowboys and Indians' - or rather 'Cowboys and Cowboys', since they both have cute little cowboy hats on, a cowboy kerchief tied around the lower half of their face. They also have little toy guns and are shouting "Bang bang" or some such.

Alan smiles. Sweet childhood. He pushes the 'Close doors' button and the button for his floor. The elevator doors close and the elevator resumes moving upward.

INT. CRANE POOLE AND SCHMIDT LOBBY - MORNING

The nights and weekend cleaner, CHANDRIKA MENDIS, a Sri Lankan woman in her 50s, is working the lobby. She looks up when she hears the elevator doors open. Alan walks off the elevator into the offices.

CHANDRIKA

Oh good morning, Mr. Shore.

ALAN

Good morning Chandrika, how are you?

CHANDRIKA

I'm fine, and you? Busy, coming in on the weekend again.

ALAN

Yes, it seems so. Are those your grandkids I saw running around down on the seventeen? Cute little cowboy hats.

CHANDRIKA

No, Malik and I, we have no grandchildren.

(she smiles)

Yet.

ALAN

Ah. No matter.

(dismissing the children)

And how is Malik?

(looking around)

Doesn't he usually work this floor with you?

CHANDRIKA

Oh they switched everyone around. He does the 18th, I do this one, then we both do the 22nd.

ALAN

Ah. Well, give him my best.

(he starts toward his office)

CHANDRIKA

Thank you, I -

They hear a GUNSHOT. Both react quickly.

ALAN

Call 911.

Chandrika moves to the receptionist's desk to call 911. Alan looks around in urgent indecision, toward Denny's office, as if contemplating arming himself before -

CHANDRIKA

Take my purse!

She points to her custodial cart. Alan is puzzled.

CHANDRIKA (CONT'D)

There's a gun in my purse.

ALAN

But -

Chandrika rushes past him, grabs her purse, then heads to the stairwell.

CHANDRIKA

Call 911!

MAIN TITLES

INT. HALLWAY OF FLOOR BELOW CRANE POOLE AND SCHMIDT OFFICES - MORNING

The paramedics have come and taken away the body of one of the little boys. Only two POLICE OFFICERS, MALIK, a Sri Lankan man in his 50s, Chandrika, and Alan remain. The police have Malik in their custody and are taking him away.

ALAN

(calm and cool)

Go with them, Malik. Don't answer any questions. I'll be there as soon as I've taken Chandrika home.

The police leave with a relatively upset, but by no means undone, Malik.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Chandrika, let's you and I go to my office, then -

CHANDRIKA

But Mr. Shore -

ALAN

It'll take a while for Malik to be processed. They won't let me talk with him until that's done.

Chandrika nods, conceding, and she and Alan go to the elevator.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Chandrika and Alan are sitting in his office.

ALAN

(now upset and puzzled)

What happened?

CHANDRIKA

Well, I didn't see - Malik says
the boy jumped out pointing a
gun at him. So - he shot him.

ALAN

My god!

A beat.

ALAN (CONT'D)

So Malik carries a gun in his
purse too.

CHANDRIKA

Well -
(she nods)

ALAN

Why would he do such a thing?

CHANDRIKA

Because he thought the boy's
gun was real of course! You
forget where we come from? Sri
Lanka, Mr. Shore! Children are
forced into the army all the
time. They are taught to use a
gun almost before they can even
hold one.

She is surprised and disappointed that Alan thought -

CHANDRIKA (CONT'D)

He would never shoot a child.
Unless -

ALAN

Unless it was in self-defence.
Yes. Of course.

CHANDRIKA

What was the boy thinking?

ALAN

Well, he was just a boy.

CHANDRIKA

Yes, you're right.

A beat.

CHANDRIKA (CONT'D)

What were his parents thinking?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM IN DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Alan is speaking with Malik.

ALAN

So I guess my first question is
"Why were you carrying a gun?"

Malik is silent, then -

MALIK

That's the first question? Why
was I carrying a gun?

He is silent again, wrestling with the many ways to voice his anger - what should be the first question is 'Why was the boy carrying, waving, pointing, a gun...?'

MALIK (CONT'D)

I carry it for protection.

ALAN

(sounding a
little like
Dorothy...who's
not in Kansas
anymore)

But you're not in Sri Lanka
anymore.

MALIK

No.

(taking it the
other way)

There I knew who my enemies
were. It was political. Here,
what I see on the news
everyday, here it's not even
personal. It's - random.

Alan has no reply to his response. Malik is right.

INT. SHIRLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

SHIRLEY is meeting with a potential client, MS. SANCHEZ, who looks like she's undergoing chemotherapy (which she is) - she is thin and either openly bald or wearing a head scarf.

SHIRLEY

So, let me get this straight. Your group was demonstrating in front of Cheswick Incorporated, and the president of the company obtained a restraining order. Which you want to contest.

MS. SANCHEZ

That's right.

SHIRLEY

Were you on the sidewalk or on the company's private property?

MS. SANCHEZ

We were on the sidewalk.

SHIRLEY

Were you obstructing pedestrian traffic? Detaining vehicular traffic in any way?

MS. SANCHEZ

No.

SHIRLEY

Were you harassing the company's employees in any way?

MS. SANCHEZ

No.

SHIRLEY

Well, I must say I'm a little puzzled. May I ask what you were protesting?

MS. SANCHEZ

We're an off-shoot of the Compassionate Coalition, the Massachusetts chapter, if you will.

Shirley shakes her head - she isn't familiar with the group.

MS. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

It's a nonprofit grassroots organization of cancer patients

mostly, along with their physicians and other concerned parties. We advocate for access to marijuana - for medicinal purposes - as prescribed by a physician.

SHIRLEY

Ah. And you chose to demonstrate in front of Cheswick's because -

MS. SANCHEZ

Mr. Cheswick is an outspoken opponent of medicinal marijuana.

SHIRLEY

I see. Well in all honesty, it sounds like you have a rather straightforward, and simple, case. And we're a rather high-profile, and expensive, law firm. Wouldn't it be -

MS. SANCHEZ

We want the high profile. We want the publicity. We want our day in court.

SHIRLEY

Well, I'm not sure you'll get a day in court for such a simple matter. I can't counsel you on how to break the law, but there are other things -

MS. SANCHEZ

None of us will risk jail for any of the time we have left.

A beat.

SHIRLEY

Ms. Sanchez, while I may sympathize with your position, I confess I'm a little uncomfortable using the court for publicity.

MS. SANCHEZ

But in the long run, our goal

is to bring about justice.
It's unfair to allow the use
of tobacco and alcohol, but not
marijuana. It's unfair to
force people to suffer through
the nausea and appetite
suppression of chemotherapy,
especially when they very much
need nutritional strength, when
a remedy is at hand. And it's
unfair to expect people to pay
ten times more for a
pharmaceutical version of THC,
one that has serious side
effects, when a relatively
inexpensive, natural version is
readily available.

A beat.

MS. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Do you have a problem using the
court for justice?

SHIRLEY

Of course not. Especially when
I have such an articulate
spokesperson to put on the
stand.

Shirley stands and reaches out to shake Ms. Sanchez's
hand, signaling both that their meeting is at an end and
that she has accepted Ms. Sanchez as a client.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

I'll draw up the papers, and
I'll be in touch. It was a
pleasure meeting you.

MS. SANCHEZ

Likewise. And thank you.

Shirley nods. Ms. Sanchez leaves.

INT. CRANE POOLE AND SCHMIDT HALLWAY - DAY

DENNY sidles up to Alan as he's walking.

DENNY

I hear you're taking on the
janitors' case.

ALAN

Actually, she's an architect,
and he's a chemical engineer.

DENNY

Really? What are they doing
being janitors?

Alan stops to look at Denny.

ALAN

I suppose they should be taxi
drivers instead?

Denny nods as if to say "Well, yes!"

INT. CRANE POOLE AND SCHMIDT HALLWAY TOWARD ELEVATOR -
DAY

DENISE and BRAD are walking in the hallway toward the
elevator. The elevator doors open and two people (BRAD'S
PARENTS), a man and woman, looking like hillbillies
(which they are), look out vacantly. Brad immediately
turns and practically runs away.

Denise is surprised and puzzled. She walks quickly after
him, to his office.

INT. BRAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Denise enters Brad's office, to find him sitting as small
as possible on the floor behind the door. She looks at
him questioningly.

BRAD

I can't go out there.

DENISE

Why?

BRAD

Because they'll see me.

DENISE

Who?

BRAD

My parents.

Denise is shocked. She peeks out the door.

DENISE
But - I thought you grew up in
Boston.

BRAD
I know.
(in answer to
her question)
Tennessee.

DENISE
(digesting,
trying to
accept)
That must've been pretty
growing up.

BRAD
I grew up in a swamp.

A beat.

BRAD (CONT'D)
And I left when I was sixteen
and haven't been back since.

DENISE
You haven't seen your parents
since you were sixteen?

BRAD
Look at them! They have an IQ
of 100.

DENISE
Well that's not so-

BRAD
Combined.

She peeks out the door again. Appearances suggest he's
right.

DENISE
But -

BRAD
I don't know. Recessive genes.
Hospital mix-up.

A beat.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Alien impregnation.

Denise is simultaneously amazed, horrified, and impressed
(that Brad has become what he has, give...).

DENISE
So how did they find you?

BRAD
I called them - well, I called
the neighbor with the phone -
told them I was going to be a
father.

He grins feebly. She's angry.

DENISE
I see.

BRAD
(defensively)
I never thought they'd come
here. I never thought they'd be
able to find the place.

DENISE
Crane Poole and Schmidt?

BRAD
Boston.

A beat.

BRAD (CONT'D)
They don't know I'm a lawyer.

She is shocked at this. Wouldn't anyone's parents be
proud that their son was a lawyer?

DENISE
And you don't want to see them
because -

BRAD
Because I can't be what I am in
their presence. I turn into
Charlie.

Denise looks puzzled.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Flowers for Algernon? It's a
book. Don't you read? I read. I
read good! Oh my god, it's
happening.

DENISE
What?

Before her very eyes, Brad morphs into - an idiot. He
nods vigorously and stutters.

BRAD
I - go fer - learnin. That's
how -

DENISE
Don't be -

BRAD
Stupid? See! You were going to
call me stupid. I'm not.

He pounds his fist into his thigh.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I'm not stupid. I'm not stupid.

DENISE
I was going to say don't be
foolish.

PAUL knocks at the door, which is slightly ajar, then
walks in. He sees Denise standing there, but not Brad,
who is still on the floor behind the door.

PAUL
Oh excuse me, is Brad - ?

Denise is flabbergasted and of no help at all. Paul
vaguely senses something's wrong, but he's annoyed rather
than genuinely alarmed. After all, this is Crane Poole
and Schmidt.

PAUL (CONT'D)
If you see Brad, could you
please tell him that I have a
new case I'd like -

DENISE
(recovering)
No, he's too stupid to take on

a new case at the moment.

She says the whole sentence before realizing what she's said. Brad cringes.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Too busy. He's too busy to take on a new case.

PAUL

Too busy to take on a new case? But he's only got Barrow. Is he suddenly incapable of handling more than one case?

Brad groans. Paul hears the groan, and reaches out to pull the door toward him in order to see behind it. Denise grabs the door, preventing him from doing so.

DENISE

Yes. No. Yes.

She suddenly recovers, morphing herself, into the smooth, courteous, professional lawyer.

DENISE (CONT'D)

(smiling warmly)

I'll tell him you're looking for him.

She turns back to Brad and glares at him, then leaves.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Shirley pops her head in Claire's office; CLAIRE looks up from her desk.

SHIRLEY

Have a minute?

Claire nods.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

I have a case I'd like you to sit in on.

Claire is surprised. Surely Shirley doesn't need her assistance.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

A group advocating medicinal marijuana is contesting a restraining order issued as a result of their peaceful demonstration.

CLAIRE

That sounds like a simple matter.

SHIRLEY

It is. But - how shall I put this. I once was someone who could have used medicinal marijuana.

Claire opens her mouth, then closes it. Don't ask; don't tell. And of course she's too young to get the Murphy Brown reference.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

So, in the interests of avoiding the appearance of a conflict of interest -

CLAIRE

Certainly.

SHIRLEY

Thank you. I'll keep you apprised of the schedule.

INT. COURTROOM - ALAN'S CASE - DAY

Typical courtroom set-up. The prosecutor for the case, MS. O'NEILL is present, as is JUDGE #1 and JURY, and various other courtroom personnel. Alan is questioning Chandrika.

ALAN

Ms. Mendis, you are married to Malik Mendis, are you not?

CHANDRIKA

Yes. We have been married for thirty years.

ALAN

So you know him pretty well.

CHANDRIKA

I think so, yes.

ALAN

Would you say he is a violent man? A man with violent tendencies?

CHANDRIKA

No, not at all. In fact, that's why we left Sri Lanka.

ALAN

Could you elaborate upon that please?

CHANDRIKA

Well, as you should know, there is a civil war in Sri Lanka. There is much shooting, much killing.

ALAN

And the people who do this shooting, this killing - what can you tell me about them?

Chandrika is unsure of how to respond.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, let me be more specific. Are they professional soldiers, trained men and women -

CHANDRIKA

Yes, of course. But there are also many children. They are forced into the army. They are taught to use a gun. They are told that if they do not shoot, they will be shot. It is awful. As I said, that is why we left.

ALAN

Thank you.

Alan takes his seat. Ms. O'Neill rises to question Chandrika.

MS. O'NEILL

Ms. Mendis, you say you have been married to Mr. Mendis for thirty years.

CHANDRIKA

Yes.

MS. O'NEILL

You must love him very much.

CHANDRIKA

Yes, of course.

She smiles at Malik.

MS. O'NEILL

So you would say anything to
keep him from going to prison.

CHANDRIKA

Well - I - I suppose, perhaps,
but what I have said is true.

MS. O'NEILL

Thank you.

INT. CRANE POOLE AND SCHMIDT HALLWAY - DAY

Paul is walking behind Shirley. He calls out to her.

PAUL

Oh, Shirley.

Shirley stops and turns.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Do you know who those people in
the lobby are - the -

SHIRLEY

No, I thought you knew.

PAUL

Oh.

He walks away.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Alan is in his office. His desk is covered with guns of
all kinds. Denny comes running into his office.

DENNY

You didn't tell me you had
guns!

ALAN
No, I didn't.

Denny looks inquiringly at Alan, asking only the superficial question, missing the Alan's subtext.

ALAN (CONT'D)
It's Exhibit A. I intend to demonstrate that it's actually quite difficult to tell toy guns from real guns.

Denny looks briefly at the mess of guns, then picks up a machine gun.

DENNY
This one's a toy gun.

He casually fires off a clip. All the plate glass wall partitioning of Alan's office shatters.

ALAN
(from under his desk)
No, that one's a real gun.

FADE
OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. COURTROOM - ALAN'S CASE - DAY

Courtroom set-up as before. Alan rises.

ALAN
May I call to the stand, Mr. Dharmadassa.

MR. DHARMADASSA, a Sri Lankan man, takes the stand.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Mr. Dharmadassa, you are originally from Sri Lanka?

MR. DHARMADASSA

Yes, I emigrated just two years ago.

ALAN

And do you know, by any chance, Malik or Chandrika Mendis?

MR. DHARMADASSA

No. I'm afraid I do not.

ALAN

Very good. Now when you were living in Sri Lanka, there was a civil war going on?

MR. DHARMADASSA

Yes. It had been going on for quite some time. It goes on still.

ALAN

And the soldiers fighting that war. Could you describe them? For example, are they men, women, or children?

MR. DHARMADASSA

Mostly men. And some children. In some areas, many children.

ALAN

Now, when you say children, what age are you talking about?

MR. DHARMADASSA

Well, I don't know for sure.

ALAN

Under eighteen?

MR. DHARMADASSA

Oh surely.

ALAN

Under fifteen?

MR. DHARMADASSA

Many, yes.

ALAN

Under twelve?

MR. DHARMADASSA
Some, yes. I myself have seen
some as young as ten.

ALAN
Thank you.

INT. COURTROOM - SHIRLEY'S CASE - DAY

Typical courtroom set-up. The prosecutor for the case, MR. BARTON is present, with his client, MR. CHESWICK. JUDGE #2, CLERK, and various other courtroom personnel are also present. Many in the courtroom observing the proceedings look as if they belong to MS. SANCHEZ'S GROUP. Shirley and Ms. Sanchez are sitting together at Shirley's table. Shirley leans to speak quietly to Ms. Sanchez.

SHIRLEY
(to Ms.
Sanchez)
Were you able to get word out
to your group?

MS. SANCHEZ
(nodding
conspiratorially)
They're here.

CLERK
All rise. Court is in session.

All do rise as JUDGE #2 [hopefully played by Howard Hesse] walks in to the bench. All resume their seats except for Mr. Barton and Shirley.

MR. BARTON
John Barton, representing Mr.
Cheswick, your Honor.

SHIRLEY
Shirley Schmidt, representing
Ms. Sanchez et al, your Honor.

JUDGE
Thank you. Mr. Barton, your
first witness?

MR. BARTON
Mr. Robert Cheswick, please.

Mr. Cheswick [hopefully played by Tommy Chong] takes the stand.

MR. BARTON (CONT'D)

Mr. Cheswick, would you please state your full name for the court?

MR. CHESWICK

(not
immediately)
Robert Cheswick.

MR. BARTON

And Mr. Cheswick, you are President of Cheswick Incorporated, is that correct?

MR. CHESWICK

(again, a
little delayed
while the
neurons
connect)
Yes.

MR. BARTON

And what does your company make?

MR. CHESWICK

Cheese chips.
(he grins)

Claire snickers. Shirley glares at her.

MR. BARTON

And you applied for a restraining order...

MR. CHESWICK

I did.

Mr. Barton had hoped for a more elaborate answer, given his leading tone.

MR. BARTON

Could you please tell the court why.

MR. CHESWICK

Why what.

MR. BARTON
Why did you apply for a
restraining order?

MR. CHESWICK
Because they were demonstrating
right in front of my factory.

MR. BARTON
'They' meaning...

MR. CHESWICK
(he points to
Ms. Sanchez)
That woman and her group.

MR. BARTON
The group advocating that
Massachusetts pass the
exemption that would allow
medicinal marijuana.

MR. CHESWICK
That's right.

JUDGE #2
Wait a minute. You make cheese
chips - and you oppose the
exemption - that would allow
people to use marijuana?

MR. CHESWICK
I do.

Judge #2 looks like he's about to ask why, but then looks
at Shirley, assuring himself that she'll ask.

MR. BARTON
And why did that bother you.

Someone in the court throws up.

MR. CHESWICK
That's why.

MR. BARTON
I beg your pardon?

MR. CHESWICK
They were throwing up. A lot.
Made my cheese chips -

Someone else throws up.

MR. CHESWICK (CONT'D)

Look bad. People are going to think it's my cheese chips making them sick.

MR. BARTON

Thank you. No further questions.

Mr. Barton heads to his seat, but Mr. Cheswick isn't finished.

MR. CHESWICK

And it's not.
(reminiscent of Mr. Christie who makes good cookies)

MR. CHESWICK (CONT'D)

I make good cheese chips.

MR. BARTON

Thank you, Mr. Cheswick.

Mr. Barton takes his seat. Shirley rises to question Mr. Cheswick.

SHIRLEY

Did the protestors trespass on your private property?

MR. CHESWICK

No.

SHIRLEY

Did they harass your employees in any way?

MR. CHESWICK

No.

SHIRLEY

Did you happen to notice if they harassed or prevented pedestrians from using the sidewalk.

MR. CHESWICK

No.

A beat.

MR. CHESWICK (CONT'D)

Wait a minute.

(carefully)

Yes, I noticed. No, they didn't.

SHIRLEY

And what about traffic - did they in some way obstruct traffic?

MR. CHESWICK

No.

SHIRLEY

Thank you. Now, Mr. Cheswick, you've heard Ms. Sanchez explain that her group specifically targeted your company as the location for their demonstration because you have been quite vocal in opposing the legalization of medicinal marijuana. Is that correct?

MR. CHESWICK

Is what correct.

SHIRLEY

Do you oppose the legalization of medicinal marijuana?

MR. BARTON

Object-

MR. CHESWICK

Yes.

SHIRLEY

May I ask why you object to the use of marijuana?

Mr. Cheswick looks vacant.

MR. CHESWICK

I don't remember.

INT. CRANE POOLE AND SCHMIDT HALLWAY - DAY

Denny is walking behind Alan. Denny calls out to him.

DENNY

Alan, you've got to let me sit
in on your case.

Alan looks at him as if to ask 'Why'?

DENNY (CONT'D)

There'll be guns!

Alan ponders this response.

ALAN

Perhaps you're right. Perhaps
it would be good for you to sit
in.

A beat.

ALAN (CONT'D)

But only if you don't say
anything.

DENNY

Do I ever?

INT. COURTROOM - ALAN'S CASE - DAY

Courtroom set-up as before. Except that Denny is now sitting with Alan and Malik. And Mr. and Ms. Parker, the boy's parents, are present. Alan is questioning Malik.

ALAN

Mr. Mendis, could you please
tell us what happened on the
morning in question.

MALIK

I was at my job, doing my work.
I am a cleaner at your
building.

ALAN

The building in which the
offices of Crane Poole and
Schmidt are located.

MALIK

Yes. Then suddenly this, this

boy, he jumps out. He is pointing a gun at me. I reacted.

ALAN

And when you say you reacted, what exactly do you mean?

MALIK

I shot him.
(to the
parents, with
sincere
remorse)
I am so sorry.

A beat.

MALIK (CONT'D)

I thought he was going to shoot me.

ALAN

You always have a gun with you when you work?

MALIK

Yes, it is for protection. I see on tv all the time how people here, well, sometimes it seems worse than in Sri Lanka. People shooting - there is no war going on here, I do not understand it.

ALAN

But Mr. Mendis, surely you knew the boy was playing.

MALIK

No, I did not. I'm sorry.

He appeals to the parents once again.

MALIK

I was surprised. I did not expect it. I was at work, doing my job, I didn't expect there to be any children there. And the boy had on this hat, and his face was covered - like a mask, like you see on tv when

people rob a bank. I thought it was a break-in maybe. And as Chandrika said, in my country, young boys have real guns. I thought he was pointing a real gun at me.

INT. COURTROOM - SHIRLEY'S CASE - DAY

Courtroom set-up as before. Shirley rises.

SHIRLEY

Your Honor, if I may recall Ms. Sanchez.

Ms. Sanchez takes the stand.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Could you please tell the court why you organized the demonstration for which you later were subject to a restraining order?

MR. BARTON

Objection, irrelevant.

SHIRLEY

Your Honor, we heard why Mr. Cheswick wanted to prevent the demonstration. I believe we're entitled to hear why Ms. Sanchez and her group wanted to hold the demonstration.

JUDGE

Overruled. Proceed.

SHIRLEY

Ms. Sanchez?

MS. SANCHEZ

We believe it is a serious miscarriage of justice to withhold marijuana from people who desperately need it for its medicinal value. Many cancer fighters undergo chemotherapy, and one of the side-effects of that treatment is severe nausea - so much so that we can hardly keep down what little we eat.

And we are in desperate need of nutrition. The THC in marijuana alleviates the nausea, and boosts our appetite as well.

SHIRLEY

But surely you're aware that there are pharmaceutical versions of THC.

MS. SANCHEZ

Of course. But one, they're far more expensive than marijuana. And too, they have serious side-effects.

SHIRLEY

But marijuana also has side-effects.

MS. SANCHEZ

True. But they're no worse than those of alcohol and tobacco. Both of which are legal.

SHIRLEY

Thank you.

INT. COURTROOM - ALAN'S CASE - DAY

Courtroom set-up as before. Alan stands.

ALAN

If it please the court, I'd like to introduce Exhibit A.

He walks to the exhibit table, which is strewn with guns.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Actually, exhibits A through K.

Let me see...

(pretending to choose)

This one -

He picks up a gun, and turns, pointing it at the jury. Two men in the jury hit the deck, and a woman faints.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Oh dear.

A beat.

ALAN (CONT'D)
And this one's a toy gun.

MS. O'NEILL
Objection, your Honor.

The judge raises her eyebrow as if to ask 'On what grounds?'

MS. O'NEILL (CONT'D)
The law requires toy guns to be marked with an orange streak so they're distinguishable from the real thing by anyone who cares to look carefully. The gun in Mr. Shore's hand has black tape wrapped around, presumably, the orange markings. Mr. Shore has obviously tampered with -

ALAN
Not only is this a toy gun, this is Bobby's toy gun. I suspect it was he who did the tampering. After all, no self-respecting eight-year-old would be caught dead playing with an orange gun.

A beat.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Regardless, am I to understand that you would have my client, indeed anyone who is unfortunate enough to have a gun pointed at him or her, to first ask "Gee, is that a real gun or a toy gun?" Then, I suppose, one really must ask "And is it loaded or not?" And then, surely, "And does this person really intend to shoot me or is he just bluffing?" By which time, if it had been real, and loaded, and pointed with full intent, my client, or indeed anyone, would be dead!

INT. BRAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Denise enters Brad's office a little covertly. Brad is sitting at his desk.

DENISE
They're back.

He reacts.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Are you sure they're your parents? They're asking for a Billy Bob - you even changed your name? What's wrong with Billy -

She breaks off, suddenly up to speed: she realizes exactly what's wrong with "Billy Bob" for someone who wants to be a high-powered Boston lawyer. She sits, expecting to hear the story.

BRAD
Billy Bob Three actually.

DENISE
How many Billy Bobs were there?

BRAD
Five.

DENISE
You have four brothers?

BRAD
No. I have seven brothers.

A beat.

BRAD (CONT'D)
The other three are named Billy Joe.

DENISE
Eight kids?

BRAD
Twelve. I've got four sisters. Bobby Joe. One, two, and three.

A beat.

BRAD (CONT'D)

And Vanessa.

DENISE

Twelve kids.

BRAD

Yeah, that's why I sort of
thought -

(gesturing to
her abdomen)

Apparently there's a
relationship between the
intelligence gene and the
fertility gene.

DENISE

But you think the intelligence
gene skips a generation -

She stands up quickly, hand on abdomen.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I've changed my mind.

Brad reacts.

BRAD

No! You can't! I mean -

DENISE

(viciously)

I will not give birth to a
moron!

She goes to the door, opens it widely to leave.

BRAD

(suddenly
switching
sides)

Hey just because you're
intelligent doesn't mean you're
a good person. There's lots of
very smart people I'd rather
not know. And some of my best
friends are

DENISE

They are not!

They both see Alan walk by, showing Chandrika out, after,
presumably, another meeting with her in his office.

BRAD
There. The night cleaner. Jane?

DENISE
No...Mary?

They don't know her name. They have no idea. Even though she's been there for years, cleaning their offices every night.

BRAD
Sandra?

DENISE
Chandra!

BRAD
See. I'm sure she's a very nice person.

INT. CRANE POOLE AND SCHMIDT HALLWAY - DAY

Paul is walking behind Denny. He calls out to him.

PAUL
Oh, Denny.

Denny stops and turns.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Do you know who those people in the lobby are - the -

Denny peeks around Paul to look at them.

DENNY
No.

A beat.

DENNY (CONT'D)
Should I?

INT. COURTROOM - SHIRLEY'S CASE - DAY

Courtroom set-up as before. Shirley rises to call her next witness.

SHIRLEY
Ms. Smith, please.

Ms. Smith, looking quite ill, goes to the witness stand.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Ms. Smith, could you -

Ms. Smith throws up. Fortunately she has a vomit bag with her.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Thank you, Ms. Smith.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Mr. Brown, please.

Mr. Brown, also looking quite ill, goes to the witness stand.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Mr. Brown, could you -

Mr. Brown throws up. He too has a vomit bag with him.

MR. BARTON

Your Honor, this is ridiculous.

SHIRLEY

Ridiculous? These people are dying. They are undergoing a terribly difficult treatment-

Someone in the court begins giggling. Claire turns, sees the air in the back of the courtroom a bit smokey, then faces front again, trying hard not to snicker. Someone else giggles. Claire snickers. Shirley glares at her.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

- in the hope they'll survive. Does their throwing up disturb you? Then let their physicians prescribe marijuana.

MR. BARTON

This isn't about whether or not medicinal marijuana should be legalized. This is about whether or not the demonstration disadvantages Mr. Cheswick's business interests.

The judge looks inquiringly at him, for surely the demonstration, in the long run, would advantage his business interests.

MR. BARTON (CONT'D)
I mean whether or not the
demonstration implies that Mr.
Cheswick's product makes people
sick to their stomach.

JUDGE
His cheese chips.

There is more giggling from the back of the courtroom.

FADE
OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. COURTROOM - ALAN'S CASE - MORNING

Courtroom set-up as before. Ms. O'Neill rises to call his
next witness.

MS. O'NEILL
I call Dr. McArthur to the
stand.

DR. MCARTHUR takes the stand.

MS. O'NEILL (CONT'D)
Dr. McArthur, would you state
your profession and
accreditation, please.

DR. MCARTHUR
I have a Ph.D. in Psychology,
and I am a social psychologist.

MS. O'NEILL
Thank you. Would you say, in
your expert opinion, that it is
normal for children to play
aggressive games such as
"Cowboys and Indians" or "Cops
and Robbers."

DR. MCARTHUR
Yes, that is normal.

MS. O'NEILL

And since it is normal, would you say that it is reasonably expected?

DR. MCARTHUR

(shrugging at the odd question)

Yes.

MS. O'NEILL

Thank you.

Alan rises to question Dr. McArthur.

ALAN

Dr. McArthur, you say that aggressive games are normal.

DR. MCARTHUR

Yes.

ALAN

Would you also say they're healthy?

DR. MCARTHUR

Well, there are many studies showing the cathartic value of such games, yes.

ALAN

By 'cathartic value' you mean...

DR. MCARTHUR

They provide a safe outlet for our aggressive impulses. Without them, more people might be expressing their anger off the playing field, so to speak.

ALAN

I see. Forgive me, but - I can understand that if you're angry and need to let off steam, you should have a go at a punching bag. But if you need to let off steam by pretending to kill people, well, shouldn't

you go see a psychiatrist?

MS. PARKER, Bobby's mother, rises from her chair in the court.

BOBBY'S MOTHER

Are you saying there's
something wrong with my son?

There is outcry in the court.

JUDGE #1

Order!

MS. O'NEILL

Objection, your Honor.
Slandering the deceased is not
only distasteful and
irrelevant, but misguided. The
boy in no way shares the blame
for what happened. He was
playing a harmless game. I
suspect he didn't even connect
pulling the trigger with -

Alan looks pointedly at her as she is about to make his case for him - she realizes that too late.

MS. O'NEILL (CONT'D)

(finishing
lamely)

Causing someone's death.

INT. BRAD'S OFFICE - MORNING

Denise strides into Brad's office.

DENISE

They're here again. Or still
here. They wouldn't have -

Brad shrugs. It's possible.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Haven't you even talked to
them? Brad, they're your
parents. At least take them out
to dinner.

BRAD

Will you come with me? They're
expecting a -

DENISE

A broodmare?

He shrugs, conceding.

BRAD

A wife.

INT. CRANE POOLE AND SCHMIDT HALLWAY - MORNING

Paul is walking behind Alan. He calls out to him.

PAUL

Oh, Alan.

Alan stops and turns.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Those people in the lobby - are
they your clients?

Alan walks to take a look, then returns to Paul.

ALAN

No.

PAUL

And...you're not, ah,
considering hiring them?

Alan reacts to Paul's implication, walks to take another
look, then returns to Paul.

ALAN

No.

Paul mutters a 'Hmm' then walks away.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Shirley pops her head in Paul's office.

SHIRLEY

Do you have a minute?

PAUL

Certainly, come in.

Shirley enters and takes a seat.

SHIRLEY

I don't want to intrude on your personal life, but I have some concerns, and - I suspect you have thought a great deal about these matters.

PAUL

Go ahead.

SHIRLEY

Do you think that the use of marijuana leads to the use of harder drugs like heroin and cocaine?

PAUL

Well, I'm no expert, but, as you say, I have thought a lot about these things. And no, I think it's more likely that there's a common cause. If one takes marijuana to escape one's life, one might also take other drugs, also to escape. But if one takes marijuana to alleviate nausea, why would one move onto heroin or cocaine? They don't have that effect.

SHIRLEY

Okay, but if one took marijuana for its medicinal value, and then having discovered its - relaxation value -

PAUL

I suppose the medicinal use of marijuana might lead to the non-medicinal use of marijuana, yes. But as I understand it, the 'relaxation value' of marijuana is no 'worse' than that of alcohol and tobacco. And as I'm sure you'll point out if it becomes relevant, the side-effects are also no worse.

SHIRLEY

You're right. It's not particularly relevant, but -

PAUL

You just want to know what
you're defending?

SHIRLEY
Something like that. Thanks.

Paul nods a 'You're welcome,' and Shirley leaves.

INT. CRANE POOLE AND SCHMIDT LOBBY - MORNING

Denise and Brad walk out of Brad's office toward the
lobby where Mr. and Mrs. Chase are sitting.

BRAD
(in greeting)
Mom, dad.

Brad's parents stand in greeting; they are happy to see
Brad.

MRS. CHASE
Billy Bob Three! You've put on
your Sunday suit for us.

BRAD
I'd like you to meet Denise.

MRS. CHASE
Oh, she's a purty one. She's
got on her Sunday best too.

DENISE
Pleased to meet you, Mr. and
Mrs. Chase.

MRS. CHASE
Oh, big city manners and all
too.

BRAD
We'd like to take you out to
dinner. Some place fancy. My
treat. Is there anywhere
special you'd like to go? I'll
call and make reservations.

They pause just a moment.

MR. CHASE
Is there a House of Pancakes
here? I hear it's real posh.

Brad looks at Denise as if to groan.

INT. DENNY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Alan and Denny are talking about Alan's case.

ALAN

Do you know that toy companies make about \$50 million a year selling toy guns? Still, it's nothing compared to the \$2 billion made selling real guns. And that's just domestic sales. I understand we make another \$36 billion in export sales. Even so, given the comparative purchasing power - I don't imagine an eight-year-old has a lot of disposable income - it's probably comparable. Which is no coincidence, I think. The toy gun market is just - training ground for the real gun market.

DENNY

You can't say that in court.

ALAN

No. I can't. It's not the point. I have to show that Malik was acting in justifiable defence.

DENNY

You do know it's illegal to point a gun at someone.

ALAN

Is that in your 'sad but true' category? Yes, I do know. But the boy isn't on trial, Malik is.

A beat.

ALAN (CONT'D)

And why is it that only the boys play with toy guns.

DENNY

What, you want them to play
dolly instead? And grow up to
be fairies?

Alan ignores Denny's comment.

ALAN

It's not just because they're
the ones targeted by the toy
companies. They tried a GI
Jane. The girls aren't
interested. In violence. In
killing games.

A beat.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Why do you suppose that is? Are
we hard-wired for violence? Is
our Y chromosome really just a
broken, defective, X?

DENNY

Not mine. My Y's not broken.

Shirley happens to walk by.

ALAN

Shirley, did you ever play
Cowboys and Indians.

SHIRLEY

Actually, I did. I had a cute
little outfit too. With a
turquoise cowboy hat.

A beat.

ALAN

I'd like to see that. Do you
think you could wear that to
the office sometime?

Shirley reacts, and continues on by.

DENNY

My daddy took me hunting and it
never did me no harm.

Alan looks at him as if to say "That's debatable." Denny
sees the look.

DENNY (CONT'D)
Learned some important lessons
about life.

ALAN
Did you? Like what?

DENNY
Killing's a part of life.

ALAN
Oh please.

DENNY
We can't all live in a
dollhouse, and bake cakes all
day.

Denny nods toward the now-absent Shirley. Alan opens his
mouth - then decides not to bother.

DENNY (CONT'D)
Out in the real world, it's
kill or be killed.

ALAN
Apparently, Malik Mendis agrees
with you.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - MORNING

The door to Paul's office is open; Brad enters.

BRAD
You wanted to see me, sir?

PAUL
Yes, Brad. We've inherited a
case from Garing and Cross.
They'd planned to file a motion
for disqualification, on the
grounds of pecuniary interest,
but before we proceed, I'd
like you to take a look. It
might be better to seek a
dismissal on the grounds of
insufficiency, per chapter 449.

Brad looks vacant.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Brad?

BRAD

Yes sir?

PAUL

Did you hear me?

BRAD

Yes.

PAUL

Do you understand?

BRAD

Yes. It's legal stuff. With a judge. In the big house. With all the stairs.

Brad's mortified. He grabs the file and makes a quick exit.

INT. COURTROOM - ALAN'S CASE - DAY

Courtroom set-up as before. Ms. O'Neill is questioning Ms. Parker.

MS. O'NEILL

Ms. Parker, you are also a cleaner in the building that houses the offices of Crane Poole and Schmidt.

MS. PARKER

Yes, I suppose so. I mean, I don't know all the offices there. Only the floors I clean.

MS. O'NEILL

And you were cleaning your floors on the morning in question.

MS. PARKER

Yes.

MS. O'NEILL

And you had taken your two boys, Bobby and Billy, to work with you that day?

MS. PARKER

Yes. They had changed our schedule all around. Told me I had to work weekends. So I wasn't seeing my kids that much. I thought, what's the harm? There's no one there but us cleaners, they could run around and play, they'd be safe, and I could be with them.

MS. O'NEILL

But you weren't with them.

MS. PARKER

No, they had chased each other up the stairs and ended up on the next floor. I didn't realize until I heard -

MS. O'NEILL

Thank you Ms. Parker.

INT. DENISE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Denise's door is open; Denise is sitting at her desk; Brad enters, carrying the file he took from Paul.

BRAD

I need help. Can you help me with this?

DENISE

Didn't Paul explain what he wants you to do with it?

BRAD

Yeah, but it was all big words. And Latin. I didn't learn no Latin.

He slumps into a chair.

DENISE

You didn't learn no English neither.

She accepts the file from him, and takes a look at it. For a very long time. Finally, she looks up at him.

DENISE (CONT'D)

It's legal stuff.

A beat.

DENISE (CONT'D)
We gotta git us a lawyer. From
up on all them stairs.

She's mortified. She stands up, then paces as she puts
together a plan.

DENISE (CONT'D)
This has got to stop! Now! We
have to take them to lunch.
We'll have pancakes. Blueberry.
Then they'll go away. We, um,
we make them go away. Because,
um, we'll put them on a, we'll
put them on a -

Brad supplies the missing word.

BRAD
On a bus!

DENISE
Yeah. We put them on a bus.
Then they'll be gone. And we'll
be okay.

A beat.

BRAD
That's a good plan. You're real
smart.

He grins at her with admiration. She grins back.

Then they rush out to catch his parents before they leave
the building.

FADE
OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. COURTROOM - SHIRLEY'S CASE - DAY

Courtroom set-up as before. Mr. Barton rises to present his closing.

MR. BARTON

Your honor, the issue here is whether or not Mr. Cheswick's restraining order is justified or not. And I think the critical question then is whether or not the demonstration is implied defamation, of Mr. Cheswick's product. People are going to assume, however incorrectly, that Cheswick's cheese chips makes people sick. If it were not for the persistent - ah, vomiting - during the demonstration, and if Mr. Cheswick did not make a food product, I suspect he would not have requested the restraining order. But that is the nature of the protest, and the nature of his product.

He starts to sit down, but Mr. Cheswick gestures at him urgently.

MR. BARTON

And if it may please the court - I advised Mr. Cheswick against this, but -

Mr. Cheswick stands up eagerly with a box full of small bags of his cheese chips.

MR. CHESWICK

I want to give everyone some of my cheese chips.

(pause)

They won't make you sick.

He goes to the judge and hands him a bag of chips.

JUDGE #2

Sounds like your new advertising slogan.

Mr. Cheswick thinks about that.

MR. CHESWICK

No, I like the old one better.

JUDGE #2

And that was?

MR. CHESWICK

(after a pause)

I don't know.

Mr. Cheswick goes to Shirley's table and hands a bag of chips to her and one to Claire. Claire takes hers appreciatively.

CLAIRE

Thank you!

She starts to tear it open. Shirley glares at her, her own bag untouched on the table. Claire stops unwrapping hers. The people at the back of the courtroom beckon enthusiastically to Mr. Cheswick. He eagerly goes to them and begins handing out bags of cheese chips. They practically maul him. In no time at all, he stands there not with an empty box, but with no box at all. He returns to his seat beside Mr. Barton.

JUDGE #2

Ms. Schmidt?

Shirley rises to present her closing.

SHIRLEY

Thank you, your Honor. There is another issue here, that of disturbing the peace. That is, after all, what restraining orders are issued for - to restrain people from disturbing the peace, from causing distress. So the question we have to ask ourselves is - how are we defining 'peace'? And what's wrong with disturbing it?

Shirley steps out from behind the table.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

'Peace' often means, or is often the result of, 'ignorant

bliss'. Many people are unaware of the medicinal benefits of, and the urgent medicinal need for, marijuana. Many people are unaware that the pharmaceutical alternative is expensive and dangerous. Many people are unaware that Massachusetts can choose to adopt an exemption, the state can choose to allow the medicinal use of marijuana, under the care of a physician.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

May we disturb that peace, that blissful ignorance - with knowledge? Well, in this case, what you don't know can hurt you. If not today, maybe tomorrow. When you get cancer. And have to undergo chemotherapy.

A beat.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

On that basis alone, I argue that it is permissible. But we are a nation founded on rebellion, on disturbing the peace. Not only should it be permissible, it should be obligatory. Especially when that peace is the result of ignorance, an ignorance that is harmful.

Shirley returns to her seat.

INT. COURTROOM - ALAN'S CASE - DAY

Courtroom set-up as before. Ms. O'Neill rises to give her closing.

MS. O'NEILL

Malik Mendis should have known. He should have known Bobby's gun was a toy gun. He should have known it wasn't,

therefore, loaded. And he should have known Bobby had no intent of really killing him.

A beat.

MS. O'NEILL (CONT'D)
Because this is not Sri Lanka. This is the U.S. of A. And we don't arm our children.

Ms. O'Neill sits. Alan rises to give his closing.

ALAN
Oh but we do. As we speak, I suspect there are hundreds, thousands, of men teaching their young sons how to use a gun. No doubt believing it'll make a man of him. What kind of man - I don't really want to get into that at the moment.

A beat.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Use of force is justified when a person reasonably believes that it is necessary. 'Reasonably' according to whom? To the individual person? But then we must admit all sorts of personal idiosyncracies.

According to the community? But Mr. Mendis was new to our community. In the community in which he lived most of his life, children don't play with guns, they carry real ones.

Ms. O'Neill has argued that it is the standards of our community that should prevail. Well then surely we have a responsibility to newcomers to clearly inform them about our community. In citizenship classes, we should be sure to say "Welcome to our country. By

the way, we have made killing into a game for our youngsters. You should know that about us."

A beat.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Furthermore, with all due respect, Your Honor, I question the wisdom, indeed the reasonableness, of using a sick standard over well, no, scratch that - a country that conscripts its children into its armies and gives them real guns compared to a country that says "Here's a gun, go have fun pretending to kill people" - it's a toss up as to which is the more sick.

INT. COURTROOM - SHIRLEY'S CASE - DAY

Courtroom set-up as before.

CLERK

All rise. Court is in session.

JUDGE #2

It is likely that people are more aware of Mr. Cheswick's cheese chips than of his stand on medicinal marijuana. It is also likely that the ordinary passerby will not read the protesters' signs, especially if they are distracted -

Someone loudly throws up.

JUDGE #2 (CONT'D)

In such a compelling way. I therefore find Mr. Cheswick's concern about the reputation of his cheese chips to be reasonable. If not somewhat short-sighted.

A beat.

JUDGE #2 (CONT'D)

And despite the evidence that Ms. Sanchez's group was indeed demonstrating in a nonobstructive manner, I'm going to uphold the restraining order.

Shirley nods, accepting the defeat.

JUDGE

Nevertheless, because the group has demonstrated in such a civil fashion, and because I am in agreement with Ms. Schmidt's arguments about disturbing the peace, I'm going to do whatever I can

(looking directly at Ms. Sanchez)

To see that your group is able to demonstrate in another, perhaps more effective, location.

He does the gavel thing, rises, then leaves.

CLERK

All rise. Court is adjourned.

Shirley turns to Ms. Sanchez.

SHIRLEY

I'm sorry we lost. But -

MS. SANCHEZ

No, we won. This is a win. We've made the news.

She gestures at the members of her group in the courtroom who are celebrating, if in a somewhat subdued fashion. Except for those at the back. Who are a little more exuberant in their celebration.

MS. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

And I thank you.

INT. COURTROOM - ALAN'S CASE - DAY

Courtroom set-up as before. Malik is sitting anxiously with Alan. Chandrika and Ms. Parker are in the court.

JUDGE #1
Members of the jury, have you
reached a verdict?

JURY FOREPERSON stands.

JURY FOREPERSON
We have, your Honor.

JUDGE #1
And how do you find?

JURY FOREPERSON
In the matter of Mendis vs. The
State of Massachusetts, we find
the defendent not guilty.

JUDGE #1
Thank you. You are dismissed.
Court is hereby adjourned.

The judge does the gavel thing, then rises to leave.

CLERK
All rise.

Judge leaves.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Court is adjourned.

Malik slumps with relief, Chandrika goes to him to hug
him; Malik stands to hug her. Alan waits to congratulate
Malik. When Malik and Chandrika end their embrace, Malik
wordlessly shakes Alan's hand solemnly. Alan nods. Malik,
a little perplexed but not wanting to be rude, shakes
Denny's hand as well.

DENNY
Denny Crane.

INT. ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

The elevator is crowded. We can't see Denise or Brad, as
they are apparently at the very back of the elevator, but
we can hear them.

DENISE (V.O.)
Did it work? How're you
feeling?

BRAD (V.O.)

Normal.

Then he adds quickly, as if in response to her look of concerned inquiry.

BRAD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My normal. Normal for me. And you?

DENISE (V.O.)

I'm good.

The elevator stops at the Crane Poole and Schmidt floor.

DENISE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It worked.

Everyone in front of Denise and Brad exit the elevator.

DENISE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We're back.

We finally see them. They step out, each of them every bit the brisk and bright lawyer - well, almost every bit: Brad's wearing a Huck Finn straw hat and Denise is sprouting pigtails.

EXT. DENNY'S BALCONY - EVENING

Alan and Denny are sitting on Denny's balcony, having their evening scotch and cigar.

DENNY

Shirley lost.

ALAN

I heard.

DENNY

Just as well. People really shouldn't smoke that stuff.

He takes a big draw on his big cigar.

DENNY (CONT'D)

But we won.

Alan reacts to his use of the word 'we'.

ALAN

Yes. We did.

A beat.

DENNY

You want to take away all the
guns, don't you.

ALAN

Just the toys, Denny, just the
toys.

DENNY

But they're all my toys.

Alan reacts.

FADE
OUT

THE END