

Denny Crane's Champion Cock

by
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FADE IN:

COLD OPEN

INT. LAW OFFICES - BREAK ROOM - DAY

ALAN SHORE gets coffee from an outdated espresso machine with DENNY CRANE by his side.

ALAN

Denny, tell me. How is it that as a nation we've managed to put a Starbucks on every street corner in the world sans this one?

DENNY

Starbucks. Hippies. It's a terrorist front.

The machine goes bonkers and sprays steam on Denny's pants making it look like Denny wet himself.

DENNY (CONT'D)

(wiping his crotch)

Damn Italians and their shoddy junk. I tell you, if this machine were American made, I wouldn't be sitting here with my hands on my crotch.

ALAN

Oh Denny, like you need an excuse to touch yourself.

DENNY

Besides, I've got a hot date with a smoking little number from accounting.

ALAN

I thought you already had a little number.

DENNY

Risk versus reward, my friend. What the Little Lady, and I mean that quite literally, doesn't know, can not possibly hurt me.

ALAN

And what if she did know?

Alan nods over to Denny's side.

DENNY

No.

Denny stares at Alan for a second.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Really?

Denny looks down towards Bethany.

BETHANY

You are a disgusting pig of a man.
I never want to see you again.

Bethany reaches up and takes a quick shot at Denny's package.

Denny goes down to his knees.

ALAN

Was that the risk, or the reward?

Denny chases after Bethany on his knees.

DENNY

My sweet, sweet badger, I was only
kidding! I knew you were there the
whole time.

As Denny walks out the door, SHIRLEY SCHMIDT walks by.

SHIRLEY

(to Denny)

Trouble in paradise?

(to Alan)

I need your help with a case that
may require your...shall we say
special touch?

The espresso machine sprays again and this time hits Alan in the crotch.

ALAN

(wiping his pants)

And, surely, I could use your
special touch as well.

SHIRLEY

(rolling her eyes)

Oh Lord. Go see a vet. You need
to be fixed.

Shirley leads Alan out of the break room.

INT. LAW OFFICES - SHIRLEY SCHMIDT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Shirley walks Alan into her office.

There they see TONY FISH (32) flipping a coin repeatedly as he sits in Shirley's chair with his feet up on her desk.

He's dressed in a faded brown leather jacket and decorated in gaudy jewelry a pawn shop wouldn't pay half price for. He looks like the bastard son of Al Pacino and Peggy Bundy.

ALAN

(to Shirley)

What is this ridiculous Vegas
stereotype doing in your chair?

Shirley walks over to Fish and swipes his feet off her desk.

FISH

This the man ya told me so much
about?

SHIRLEY

Alan Shore, Tony Fish. Tony Fish,
Alan Shore.

Fish stands. Flips his coin. Walks over to, and begins to sniff Alan.

ALAN

Why are you sniffing me like some
sort of a hound dog?

Fish sniffs around Alan's neck.

FISH

I submit everyone to the smell
test.

ALAN

(looking at Shirley)

Everyone?

SHIRLEY

Don't ask, Alan.

FISH

Smells like donkey to me.

ALAN

While I assure you I can be an ass,
I hardly think proof of such donkey-
ness, as you put it, can be found
in my armpits. Or perhaps I simply
need a better deodorant.

SHIRLEY

Alan Shore, Mr. Fish. He's the
best we have.

FISH

(flipping his coin)
He better be, cause I didn't kill
that kid and I sure as hell ain't
paying a dime to those whiney folks
of his.

Shirley grabs his coin out of the air. Fish looks hurt.

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

END OF TAG

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. LAW OFFICES - SHIRLEY SCHMIDT'S OFFICE - DAY

Alan sits across from Shirley as Fish paces the room, lifts a stapler and sniffs it.

SHIRLEY

Put my stapler down, Fish. And sit down, will you? And not in my chair. Alright Alan, Among Mr. Fish's many questionable endeavours he founded a small online gambling site and-

Fish sits down but sniffs the chair before he does so.

FISH

(interrupting)

Yeah, yeah. It's all legal. Check the paperwork.

SHIRLEY

Apparently he let some underage boy-

FISH

(interrupting)

Hey, I have security check points. How was I suppos'd to know the kid lied?

SHIRLEY

Lost \$110,000 in online poker. The little lad got a little depressed and hanged himself. His parents got the credit card bill and are now suing Mr. Fish for wrongful death as a result of his negligence in ascertaining the true age of his clientele.

FISH

They just want their \$110,000 back.

Fish now sniffs the blinds.

ALAN

I'm sure that's all it is. Has nothing to do with seeing Little Timmy with a noose around his neck.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)
 (a beat before he asks
 Shirley)
 How old was the boy?

SHIRLEY
 Just 17. A high school senior.
 Honor society. Student class
 president. Debate Club captain.

ALAN
 In other words, just another
 teenage wasteland doing his family
 a favor, really.

SHIRLEY
 We can't let this one go to trial.

FISH
 Hey, I'm not afraid of no jury. He
 lost and he lost big.

Alan stands as if ready to leave.

ALAN
 (to Shirley as if Fish
 isn't in the room)
 Does he ever stop moving? It's
 like the Energizer Bunny fornicated
 with some cheap Vegas hooker. Why
 can't someone else take this case?

SHIRLEY
 Because the name on the building
 doesn't read Crane, Pool, Schmidt
 and some guy named Alan. He's our
 client and this is your case.

Alan approaches Fish. The two stand eye to eye.

FISH
 How was I supposed to know the
 little schmuck was using mommy and
 daddy's credit card? What, am I
 some kind of physic who can tell
 the future?

ALAN
 (interrupting)
 You mean a psychic?

FISH
 (ignoring his mistake)
 Besides, why would I care?
 (MORE)

FISH (CONT'D)

Dough is dough and if he couldn't handle it, maybe he shouldn't have played?

Alan sniffs Fish.

ALAN

(to Shirley)

Fi Fi Fo Fum. I smell liar.

FISH

(to Alan)

Better smell again, donkey.

Shirley rolls her eyes in the background as Alan gives a grimace of revulsion.

INT. LAW OFFICES - BREAK ROOM - DAY

JERRY stands over the Espresso machine shaking it, with CLARENCE at his side.

JERRY

It died. It just died.

CLARENCE

What did you do?

JERRY

I did nothing.

(Jerry begins to hop)

Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

CARL walks to Jerry and Clarence holding an empty coffee cup.

CARL

Clearly somebody did something, Jumpy. See this cup? It's empty. If you'd done nothing, it'd be full. It's not, thus you did something.

Jerry and Clarence get tense and Jerry stops hopping.

JERRY

It was broken when I got here.

CLARENCE

Well, well...it...it's true. The Espresso machine's pretty old.

Carl puts his arms around Jerry and Clarence. Jerry begins to purr.

CARL

Well boys, then what I'm hearing is that it's time for a new Espresso machine.

Carl walks away. He reaches the door and turns to Jerry.

CARL (CONT'D)

And Jumpy, there's a client in your office. If you're not too busy destroying office property, it may behoove you to see what she wants.

Carl exits.

JERRY

(jumping)

I don't like that man. He's just a mean, mean man. Mean.

Clarence puts his arm on Jerry's shoulder.

CLARENCE

There, there.

INT. LAW OFFICES - JERRY ESPENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Jerry walks into his office and bumps directly into KATIE, whose paperwork flies into the air.

JERRY

Oh my. Oh my. I'm sorry.

Jerry immediately drops to the ground to collect Katie's paperwork.

Slowly Katie joins him.

KATIE

Accidents happen, right?

Jerry doesn't look up.

JERRY

I didn't hurt you, did I? I'm so sorry.

Katie grabs Jerry's hand.

KATIE

It's OK. I should have been watching where I was-

JULIA WREN (O.S.)

Oh, please. Can we cut the sappy soap opera serenade already? Just gag me with my panties.

Jerry and Katie quickly looks up to see JULIA WREN, standing well over six foot four and as beautiful as she is tall. She resembles Jerry's ANDROGENOUS BLOW UP DOLL.

JULIA WREN (CONT'D)

You must be Jerry Espenson? Julia Wren. You're my lawyer.

Looking up, Jerry doesn't move.

JULIA WREN (CONT'D)

This would probably be easier if you stood up.

Jerry sprints to his feet. In the process he steps on Katie's hand, smashing her finger. Katie cries out in pain.

JERRY

Oh, god. Oh, god. I broke her hand. I broke her hand. That's it, I broke her hand. What have I done!

Julie pulls Katie to her feet as if she weighs nothing.

JULIA WREN

Here you go, honey.

JULIA WREN (CONT'D)

Looks like he got you pretty good.

KATIE

(looking at her bruised finger)

Oh, my. Guess he did.

JULIA WREN

Here, let mommy kiss it and make it feel all better.

Julia takes Katie's bruised finger...and seductively licks it before putting it all the way in her mouth and sucking.

Jerry looks on in horror as Katie blushes a deep red.

JERRY

Don't you touch her you wanton harlot!

Jerry's eyes bug out as he realizes what he's just said. He hops out of the office full of the yips.

Katie and Julie stand watching Jerry hop down the hallway.

KATIE

He'll be back as soon as he calms down. He...he gets like this sometimes.

JULIE

He better be back. He's sorta cute.

Kaite covers her mouth with her hand in an effort to hide her chuckle.

INT. LAW OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

Alan, Shirley and Fish walk through the hallway towards the exit.

ALAN

I don't like our chances.

FISH

Why not?

ALAN

Modern society has an abundance of self-reflective items commonly referred to as mirrors. Usually made of glass, they offer a glimpse of yourself when you peer into them. Have you looked in a mirror lately, Mr. Fish?

FISH

Look Donkey, ever wonder what your face would look like with chunks of mirror in it? I'm innocent.

Fish is right in Alan's face.

ALAN

In the eyes of the law? Most likely. Sounds like your Web site is a legitimate business. And as Americans we love our gambling.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

But as Maya Angelou once wrote so eloquently, 'we are more than just the keepers of our brothers and sisters, we are our brothers and sisters.'

Fish stares blankly at Alan.

ALAN (CONT'D)

She was a poet. OK, I'll put it into terms you can understand. You came out of the womb with two horns and a tail. And the jury will see that and, likely, find you guilty.

FISH

Take it back, Donkey.

SHIRLEY

You two stop it.

Shirley steps in between Alan and Fish.

Fish looks at his watch.

FISH

(to Shirley)

Is it 1 already? Hey, where's your john?

SHIRLEY

(pointing)

Take a right at the corner. Then a left at reception.

Fish heads towards the bathroom in a sprint.

ALAN

(to Shirley)

I guess he's late for a very important date.

INT. LAW OFFICES - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A toilet flushes. Fish walks out of a stall and heads towards a mirror. He stares for a second and then, without washing his hands, picks a piece of food out of his teeth.

Out of the corner of his eyes, Fish spots Jerry, holding his briefcase like a security blanket in the corner. Just sitting on the ground in a near-fetal position.

Fish approaches Jerry.

FISH
 What, you some kind of perve?

Fish initiates the smell test.

FISH (CONT'D)
 No, you're alright. I like you.

Jerry looks down. Begins to rock back and forth before he gets up and runs out of the bathroom and bumps into Denny, who now wears a Scottish kilt.

DENNY
 Fish, sorry I'm late. Step into my office.

Denny opens a stall door and the two step inside.

INT. LAW OFFICES - BATHROOM - STALL - CONTINUOUS

Denny and Fish stand inside the stall, neither one has to acutally use the bathroom.

FISH
 This Alan Shore guy you talked so much about, he ain't really being all that much help.

DENNY
 Alan? Really? He's your best shot of getting out of this. He NEVER loses.

FISH
 I go down, you go down.

DENNY
 Trust me on this, we'll be fine. Any questions before I go?

FISH
 Yeah, what's with the dress?

Fish looks incredulously at Denny.

DENNY
 I had a run in with a coffee maker.

Fish scrunches his eyes.

DENNY (CONT'D)

More accurately, one of those anti-American, mafia-imported Espresso machines attacked me for no reason!

INT. LAW OFFICES - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Alan and Shirley stand in the elevator...the door's about to shut when Julia enters.

SHIRLEY

Alan, lunch is on me. I know you don't want this case, but just do your business and be done. OK?

Julia enters.

JULIA

(to Alan)

Do you work here?

ALAN

Apparently, I'm some sort of indentured servant.

JULIA

Well, if you see my lawyer, a cute and cuddly man child named Jerry, can you tell him I'd like to talk to him about our case?

Julia takes out a piece of paper and jots down her address.

ALAN

Jerry?

SHIRLEY

Jerry?

The two look at one another. The door is about to shut again when Fish comes rushing in.

He stands behind Julia and sizes her up.

FISH

Well hello there Miss Jumbo Economy Size Woman.

Julia turns. Ignores Fish and hands the note to Alan.

JULIA

Tell Jerry to stop by tonight. I'll be at home the rest of the evening if he should feel so inclined.

The elevator door shuts.

FISH

(to Alan)

You taking my case, Donkey?

ALAN

Apparently I have little or no choice in the matter.

Fish's hands glances by Julia's backside.

FISH

(shouting to Julia)

You know, I've always said the backside the better the lovin'.

Without looking, Julia lifts her back leg in an effort to kick Fish. Instead, she kicks Alan in the package. Alan goes down and Fish snickers.

INT. LAW OFFICES - DENNY CRANE'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Alan approaches Denny, asleep in his chair. He nudges him.

DENNY

(still half asleep)

No, no Little Badger...I don't want to be the marmot anymore!

ALAN

Denny, wake up.

Denny sits up.

DENNY

I must have been dreaming.

ALAN

No doubt some sort of weird Freudian displacement.

DENNY

What time is it?

ALAN

Late.

DENNY

What are you doing here?

ALAN

I ask myself that each and every week. Today, in particular, I am debating the age old question...are we are brother's keepers in this Fish case.

DENNY

Fish?

Denny begins packing his briefcase.

ALAN

The American Dream. A small time casino owner opened up an online poker site and did nothing while a teenager racked up so much debt that he decided to kill himself.

DENNY

Well, this boy's not the first teenager to get depressed and himself. I blame that Marilyn Manson fellow. For almost four years I thought he was a she? And I sorta thought all that leather was hot! But that music is death metal.

ALAN

This time, Manson has little to do with the destruction of American youth. No, this boy was an All-American. Might as well have been a model for Rockwell. Just got caught up in some gambling he couldn't handle.

DENNY

If he was in high school, he couldn't have been of legal gambling age. Assuming this Fish guy had up all the jibberish disclaimers up on his Internet site, I don't see where this kid's family has a case?

ALAN

They don't. Unless I lose.

DENNY

But you never lose?

ALAN

Maybe winning isn't everything.

Denny puts his arm on Alan's shoulder and the two walk out of the office.

DENNY

First off, this is America and that means winning is the only thing. Secondly, when are you going to realize you can't legislate morality? One day it's online gambling, the next it's smoking or fast food. Is online poker legal in Boston?

ALAN

Yes-

DENNY

Then you have a moral obligation to represent your client to the best of your abilities. As the great George Washington once said, "do your best at all times or don't do anything at any time."

ALAN

(rolling eyes)

George Washington said that?
Really?

DENNY

Well, he would have if he wasn't too busy lying about that damn cherry tree.

The door to the office shuts behind Denny and Alan.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

EXT. JULIA WREN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jerry stands outside of a posh Boston Apartment complex.

JERRY

(to self)

Just apologize for calling her a
wanton harlot and leave. That's
all you have to do. That's it.
That's all. You owe her that.

Jerry pushes the intercom button. Nothing. He pushes it
again. Nothing. Finally, he turns away.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(to self)

Well, you tried.

JULIA WREN (V.O.)

Hello, Big Boy.

A hop. Jerry turns towards the intercom and freezes.

Jerry ignores the sultry voice and turns to leave.

JULIA WREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Stop right there, Jerry. I can see
you. Waive to the camera, Big Boy.

Jerry into a camera but doesn't move his hands from his side.

JULIA (V.O.)

I said waive! And then come on up.
I'll be ready.

A BUZZER sounds as the door to the apartment complex unlocks.

INT. JULIA WREN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry knocks on Julia's front door. It opens gently.

JERRY

(peaking his head in)

Miss Wren?

JULIA (O.S.)
The door's open for a reason,
Jerry. Come on in.

Jerry enters the dining room. There's no Julia.

JULIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm in the kitchen, just a second.

JERRY
This will be brief. I just thought
I owed you an apology-

JULIA (O.S.)
(Interrupting)
For what?

JERRY
For calling you a bad, bad name.
That was completely unprofessional-

Half naked in a pink teddy, Julia saunters into the dining room carrying two mimosas.

JULIA
You're a perceptive man, Big Boy.
The apology is mine for creating an
awkward situation to begin with.

Julia sets the drinks on the kitchen table and walks over to Jerry, standing in the doorway.

JULIA (CONT'D)
So, Mr. Lawyer Man come on in.

Julia escorts Jerry to the table with the mimosas.

JERRY
You still want me to be your
lawyer?

Julia pulls out a chair and offers it to Jerry.

JULIA
Of course I want you as my lawyer.
Don't be silly.

JERRY
I'll stand, thank you.

JULIA
(shoving Jerry down)
No, I insist. Sit.
(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

And have a mimosa. Squeezed the juice myself.

(rubbing her hands)

These hands can work magic when I want them to.

JERRY

What exactly are we dealing with?

Jerry takes a sip of his mimosa.

JULIA

The WNBA fired me because I was in charge of a fantasy football league for my fellow referees. No one else 'gambling' on fantasy football was fired. Want to know why the WNBA fired me?

JERRY

Oh, yes. Yes. Of course.

Julia pulls herself close to Jerry's ear. Jerry gulps the rest of his mimosa.

JULIA

(whispering in Jerry's ear)

I'm a sex addict.

Jerry spits out his mimosa.

EXT. JULIA WREN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry hops down the hallway, Julia following close behind.

JULIA

So, you'll take my case, Jerry?

Jerry turns.

JERRY

Yes. Of course. Tomorrow. My office. My office. Tomorrow.

JULIA

What's wrong with right now?

JERRY

Now is...it's too now!

Jerry hops away.

INT. MCDONALD AND KARCHER LAW OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

Alan and Fish stand in the reception area. In his white sequined vest and dark glasses, Fish looks like Elvis.

ALAN

Now, let me do the talking here.
 (sizing up Fish's outfit)
 And when I said dress
 appropriately, I didn't mean for an
 Elvis convention.

Fish begins to pace around the reception area when GLORIA HOSKINS, a short Asian butterball of hate opens the door.

GLORIA

Mr. Shore. You're reputation
 proceeds you.

ALAN

Why thank you.

Fish begins to sniff Gloria.

GLORIA

Why is this Elvis wannabe sniffing
 me?

ALAN

Oh, it's his thing. Just testing
 the waters.

FISH

(to Alan)
 She smells like sushi. I don't
 think that's good.

Gloria stares down Alan.

ALAN

Neither do I.

INT. MCDONALD AND KARCHER LAW OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM

Gloria walks Alan and Fish into a room where TIM REED is sitting with his wife SHERRY.

Without offering chairs to her guests, Gloria sits

The Reeds look up at Fish, who winks at the couple.

ALAN
Mr. Fish, please. Sit.

Alan shoves Fish into a chair.

ALAN (CONT'D)
So, let's begin shall we? Your clients wants my client to forfeit the credit card debt created by their late son. They also will most likely seek some amount to make up for his tragic loss. Am I in the ballpark?

GLORIA
If Mr. Fish had appropriate security, my clients' son would never have been able to play poker on his Web site.

FISH
Hey, I didn't tie the noose around Little Boy Blue's neck. It ain't my fault he's dead.

TIM
(rises out of his seat)
You son of a bitch.

SHERRY
He was just a boy. Just a boy.

FISH
Maybe he should have learned how to lose like a man?

Ready to pounce, Tim stomps over to Fish.

Fish stands and the two face off chest to chest.

FISH (CONT'D)
What's wrong? Didn't read the book on how to raise a man?

GLORIA
Tim. Sit. Now.

TIM
He was a good boy. A good boy.

Fish initiates the smell test on Tim.

TIM (CONT'D)
What the hell is this weasel doing?

Tim pushes Fish away.

FISH
Smells like a huge pile of carp.

ALAN
Oh, boy.

Tim makes a fist and thinks about punching Fish but thinks better of it. Tim sits down next to Gloria.

GLORIA
If you can't control your client,
this meeting is over.

FISH
Go ahead, hit me. Then I'll just
get more of your money.

ALAN
(to Fish)
Mr. Fish, please sit down.
(to Gloria)
What my client did was legally well
within his rights. Your son,
however, seems to have committed
credit card fraud.

GLORIA
The Wire Act clearly indicates that
online betting is against the law.

ALAN
Oh please, we both know the
that the Wire Act only covers
online betting on sporting events.
Not games of chance. Which, last I
checked, poker is.

Gloria gathers her papers as if she's done with Alan.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Before you go, know that the
problem I'm having is that I simply
can't stand this man.

Alan points to Fish.

ALAN (CONT'D)

His disregard for the sanctity of
life is an affront to humanity.

FISH

What the hell are you doing,
Donkey?

ALAN

(to Gloria)

We offer forgiveness of all credit
card charges fraudulently made by
your client's son.

FISH

Oh no we don't!

ALAN

Yes, we do.

Gloria stands with Tim and Sherry and heads for the door.

GLORIA

I will talk your offer over with my
clients and get back to you.

Gloria exits with Tim and Sherry.

FISH

If I lose one penny of that money,
you're gonna pay, Donkey.

ALAN

Look, if you don't want me as your
legal counsel all you have to do is
fire me. Simple as that.

Alan smiles to himself. Fish makes an Elvis Karate Chop in
Alan's direction.

FISH

You ain't nothing but no hound dog
to me!

INT. LAW OFFICES - BREAK ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

The break room overflows with people including Denny, Alan
and Shirley. Thunderous applause is heard as Carl introduce
a shiny new ESPRESSO MACHINE.

CARL

The office has spoken. And I have answered. No longer must you suffer from nightmares of bad beans and broken dreams. The tyranny of this hunk of junk is over.

The crowd cheers. Carl dumps the old machine into the trash.

CARL (CONT'D)

Come on in boys!

A group of Mariachis performs loudly as they make their way into the break room.

Shirley filters through the crowd as she makes her way up to Carl and pulls his ear towards her.

SHIRLEY

(whispering)

What are you doing?

CARL

(whispering sarcastically)

Making friends. Per your request.

SHIRLEY

(whispering)

Mariachis? This is not what I meant when I said I wanted you to lighten the atmosphere.

CARL

(whispering sarcastically)

Don't worry, it's all good.

In the crowd, Denny spots Alan and heads over to him.

DENNY

Just give me a good, old-fashioned cup of Joe. None of this fancy Express gunk. American made Joe.

ALAN

Yes, nothing says America like the coffee bean.

The two walk out of the break room and down...

INT. LAW OFFICES - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Denny and Alan walk hand in hand.

DENNY

Exactly. So, how's that Fish case going for you?

ALAN

Funny you should ask. I just made a settlement offer against the will of my client.

DENNY

You can do that?

ALAN

No. Not exactly. I'm hoping he terminates my services post haste. I can't stand to be in the same room with that eye sore.

DENNY

Come on, we've represented the worst of the worst. Fish ain't all that bad.

Alan stops walking.

ALAN

Denny, have you met the man?

Denny stops walking and looks back at Alan.

DENNY

No. But I know he's got the best odds in town on his Dead Pool.

ALAN

Dead pool?

DENNY

Yeah. He's got a little gambling den over on the South Side. Takes bets on anything. I've got Mother Theresa as the next famous woman to die. Once the old maid finally kicks it, I'm in the money.

ALAN

Denny, Mother Theresa's been dead for nearly a decade.

DENNY

Really?

ALAN
Yes, Denny.

Denny storms off towards his office. He passes Jerry.

DENNY
I've got to go find my Mother
Theresa slip.

Jerry scuttles up to Alan.

JERRY
Alan. Just the man I was looking
for. I need your help. Can we
talk somewhere....private?

Jerry checks a supply closet to see if it's open. It is!

JERRY (CONT'D)
In here.

Jerry drags Alan into...

INT. STORAGE SUPPLY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Jerry and Alan make their way amid brooms, 60 pack rolls of toilet paper and various cleaning supplies.

ALAN
Not that I don't love spending
closet time with you, Jerry. But
appearances, Jerry. I loathe being
judged on appearances.

JERRY
Alan, I am so...so...sorry. But
you're the only one. The only one
that can help me.

ALAN
What's the problem?

JERRY
My new client. She wants
to....to....to have sex with me?

ALAN
Is she a fiery minx?

Jerry hops. Hits his head on the small overhead closet light.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes. Then I see no problem. You two should dance like rabbits under moonlight.

JERRY

She's my client, Alan. My client.

ALAN

Is that really the problem, Jerry?

JERRY

Yes....yes...yes....no...no...no. I just can't talk to her. She's very attractive and I...I don't know what to do.

Another KNOCK on the door.

ALAN

Just be your wonderfully quirky and charming self, Jerry. And remember, women like a man who can unlock their inner beast.

Alan paws at Jerry and let's out a small roar as if he's a lion just as Shirley opens the door.

SHIRLEY

In the closet again, Alan? If you're done pawing at poor Jerry here, my office. Now.

INT. SHIRLEY SCHMIDT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Shirley and Alan walk in to find Fish sitting in Shirley's chair. His feet are, again, on her desk.

ALAN

Weren't you already told about putting your feet on her desk.

Shirley ignores Fish.

SHIRLEY

Alan, we've got a bigger problem than his feet on any furniture.

ALAN

If this is about the settlement offer I made on behalf of my client, I will step down as council if you wish. I was such a bad little monkey, wasn't I?

SHIRLEY

You need to win this case.

ALAN

I know the name on the building, but I have my own standards. If I need to put in my notice, I will.

SHIRLEY

(to Fish)

Just watch.

Shirley presses play on her DVD player. The TV shows and imagine of a man dressed in a poncho as he holds a rooster in the air with one hand and a trophy in the other...it's Denny!

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

I spell checked all of this before getting you involved. It's Denny.

ALAN

Oh, come now. So, Denny's holding up a chicken?

FISH

That ain't no chicken!

The DVD plays on, showing a close up of the Poncho which reads: Denny Crane's Champion Cock Fighter! Feathers fly in the background.

ALAN

Oh, Denny.

FISH

(with a mile-wide grin)

Now, you gonna get me my \$110,000?

Alan is stunned. The door flies open and the Mariachis enter.

MARIACHI LEADER

Any requests, Senior?

ALAN
(his hand touching Denny
on the TV)
How about his last rites?

MARIACHI LEADER
Senior, I don't know what that is?
But I have just the song for you?

The Mariachi Leader signals to his band, which plays La Bamba as Alan rubs his temples as the DVD plays on with Denny in a cock fighting ring.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. LAW OFFICES - SHIRLEY SCHMIDT'S OFFICE - DAY

Mariachis play on as Alan watches Shirley's TV play a highlight reel of Denny's cock fighting days. Fish remains seated with his feet on Shirley's desk.

Shirley walks over and ushers the Mariachis out the door.

SHIRLEY

Scoot along. Shoo. Shoo.

The Mariachis exit.

ALAN

(to Shirley)

Look, it's not like this is the first time Denny's ran afoul of the law. Pardon the pun. And each time I've managed to get him off.

SHIRLEY

Denny's tag teaming a pair of prostitutes and his medical waste scam can't touch this. I mean...cock fighting? Even for Denny, this is bad. If PETA got their claws on that DVD, there'd be no saving Denny.

Shirley walks towards Fish, who still sits in her chair.

ALAN

(to camera)

Speaking of PETA, I'm sure we're already going to get letters?

FISH

Who are you talking to? Letters? Who cares? Your little friend could get sent to jail.

ALAN

As could you. It's your gambling den.

FISH
I lose that kid's money, or more,
and I'm closed anyway. I ain't
bluffing, Donkey.

Shirley stands over Fish.

SHIRLEY
(sarcastically)
If you wouldn't mind, I'd like my
desk back.

Fish lifts his feet off Shirley's desk, stands and marches
towards the door. He turns to Alan.

FISH
If you care at all about your
friend, I don't lose a penny.

Fish opens the door. The Mariachi music blares as he leaves.
The door slams shut. A beat as Shirley and Alan stare
blankly at one another before Fish opens the door again. The
Mariachi music blares once more.

FISH (CONT'D)
I'm telling you, I lose so much as
a penny and Denny the Cockmeister
goes to jail.

Fish closes the door. Silence.

Shirley sits in her chair, leans back and rubs her temples.

SHIRLEY
Alan, this is one migraine I can't
deal with. Will Fish win?

ALAN
Yes, that degenerate has the law on
his side.

SHIRLEY
Then this should be easy. Make it
happen. Quickly and quietly.

Shirley rubs her head as Alan walks out of the office to a
serenade from the mariachis.

INT. LAW OFFICES - JERRY ESPENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Julia lies on a couch in Jerry's office, as if she were posing for a swimsuit calendar. She's dressed in a tight business suit that leaves almost nothing to the imagination.

Jerry sits at his desk looking over Julia's file, trying desperately not to look up her dress.

JERRY

So, money did change hands in your fantasy football league?

JULIA

Why play if there's nothing to win?

Julia stretches out on the couch. Jerry does a double take...is she wearing panties? Jerry can't stand the thought, so he hides behind Julia's file and reads on.

JERRY

And...and all of the other referees played in the league?

JULIA

Eleven other women, yes.

JERRY

And were any of them reprimanded?

JULIA

Not so much as a slap on the wrist.

JERRY

Have you been clinically diagnosed for your...your...condition?

JULIA

Yes, I was diagnosed with compulsive sexual behavior. Do you want to see my doctor's report?

Julia crosses her legs slowly but Jerry doesn't take his eyes off the file.

JERRY

It's your contention that the head of the WNBA referees...Mr. George....Mason...fired you because of this disease? Why would he do that? It's clearly discrimination.

JULIA
 (sarcastically)
 I don't know, because he was the
 commissioner of the fantasy league
 before I took over? And I only
 lost my job after Sara Smith said I
 boned her?

JERRY
 Sara Smith?

JULIA
 (getting sultry again)
 Bright, blue doe eyes and a smile
 that could sell ice to Eskimos. A
 cute little guard for the Lynx.

Jerry peeks over the file at Julia.

JERRY
 Did you....did you....um...well was
 there ever a time when you-

JULIA
 (interrupting)
 Had sex with her?

Jerry yips and hides back behind the file.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 No. Never. She was so sweet and
 innocent. I wanted to get to know
 her more. I was purely interested
 in getting a few dates. I may be
 an addict, but I have feelings too,
 Jerry. Sometimes I just want a
 normal relationship.

Jerry puts the file down and reaches down into his pants' pocket. He pulls out his fake wooden cigarette.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 You smoke?

Jerry fumbles with the faux cigarette before quickly putting it back into his pocket.

Instead, he picks up the case file and hides behind it again.

JERRY
 No. No. It's just for looks.

JULIA

Go ahead. Put it in your mouth,
Big Boy. I like the way a
cigarette dangles off the lips of a
manly man.

Jerry peeks over the file to see Julia sitting up on the
couch. Yep, pink panties!

He hides again behind the file before he peeks his head over
the top as Julia stands and seductively paces towards him.

Jerry ducks behind the file again. Peeks again. Julia's gone?

Suddenly, Jerry JUMPS in his chair as Julia rubs his
shoulders from behind.

JULIA (CONT'D)

You're so tense, Big Boy. Just
relax and let Madame Julia take
care of you.

Julia flips Jerry's chair around so it's facing her. She
straddles Jerry and begins to kiss him.

The chair suddenly FALLS back and lands on the floor. Jerry
looks up at the ceiling, Julia still somehow on top of him.

JERRY

Oh God, Oh God. Oh, no.
This...this isn't good. No. Good.

JULIA

Just let go, Big Boy.

Katie looks in the office. She scans the office but sees no
one. A KNOCK on the door.

KATIE

Jerry?

Jerry looks relieved. He's saved once again.

JERRY (O.S.)

Down here.

Jerry emerges from behind the desk with a lipstick kiss on
his cheek.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(adjusting his glasses)
Yes...Katie?

Katie's face is as red as Jerry's. Katie puts her hand over her mouth to hide a giggle.

INT. LAW OFFICES - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Shirley shoos the Mariachis out the door. Carl approaches from behind.

CARL

I paid the band for the day. We might as well put them to good use.

SHIRLEY

Mariachis? What were you thinking? No, you weren't thinking. As per usual lately.

Shirley gives Carl a glare as she notices a few clients in the reception area gawking at their mini-scene.

CARL

My office?

Shirley adjusts her suit jacket.

SHIRLEY

Yes. Now.

INT. CARL STACK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Shirley storms past Carl and into his office.

CARL

What's the big deal? So I hired a few mariachis. Do you know how cheap Mexican band labor is?

SHIRLEY

(pacing the office)
You! You! You!

CARL

We've covered that...please, continue with your sentence. I'm just doing what you told me to do.

SHIRLEY

And George Bush is just a victim of faulty intelligence.

Carl raises his finger as if he's about to make a point.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

I said JUST. Look, I brought you in to help keep the lid on this melting pot of idiosyncratic melodrama we call an office.

CARL

Yeah, and when my authoritarian ways proved a little too radical...what did you say then?

SHIRLEY

I told you to lighten up and to earn the respect of your peers. EARN not buy.

CARL

Like that's possible. You're no better than Miss Ellison.

SHIRLEY

Mrs. Ellison?

CARL

Miss. No sane man would ever had married that old hag. My fourth grade teacher. She made me hall monitor and then had the audacity to wonder why I wasn't getting along with the other kids.

(a beat)

Well, I'm done handing out detention slips.

Carl begins tearing up and Shirley walks over to hug him.

Shirley walks over to Carl and goes to hug him.

SHIRLEY

Carl. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you the Crane, Pool and Schmidt hall monitor.

The two embrace.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

You can play nice. Just try to keep it on a milk money budget?

Shirley kiss Carl on the forehead.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)
 (shaking her head)
 What's wrong with a simple take-
 your-dog to work day or some fish?

Carl raises his eyebrows as if the idea's struck a chord.

INT. LAW OFFICES - DENNY CRANE'S OFFICE - BALCONY - DAY

Alan knocks on Denny's door. No response. He enters and looks around the office for Denny.

ALAN
 Denny?

As Alan passes one shelf, he stops and picks up a small replica trophy. It reads: World's Best Friend.

DENNY (O.S.)
 Out here.

Trophy in hand, Alan walks out to the balcony. He spots Denny smoking a cigar, admiring the murky Boston sky.

DENNY (CONT'D)
 Looks like it's gonna rain.

Denny waits for a response from Alan. None comes.

DENNY (CONT'D)
 What are you doing with my trophy?

ALAN
 Just recalling when I gave this to you. Remember what I said?

DENNY
 Yep, BFFs. Best Friends Forever.
 Like blood brothers without the
 needle sticking.

Alan closely inspects the trophy.

ALAN
 Denny, what do you know about KFC?

DENNY
 It's finger lickin' good, why?

ALAN

Those poor chickens live their lives in cages so small that their feet actually begin to meld with the steel wire of their coop.

DENNY

Terrible, I'm sure. But tasty, nonetheless.

ALAN

It makes me wonder if there is a fate worse than death by chicken farm?

Denny takes a long drag on his cigar.

DENNY

Just cut to the chase, Alan.
(a long puff on his cigar)
You know about Fish?

ALAN

(shaking his head)
Cock fighting? Even for your ultra-conservative ways, this is a new low. Dick Chaney could have killed a Congressional Page with that rifle of his and you'd have him beat in the tabloids.

Denny puffs on his cigar and looks at Boston skyline.

DENNY

Oh, please. Step off the pulpit. You just said that those KFC-to-be farm quackers suffer with no hope. My birds have a fighting chance.

ALAN

Cock fighting is a glorified blood letting ceremony. A butcher show. It's completely un-American.

Denny's offended at what he's just heard.

DENNY

It's nothing if not American, my friend.

ALAN

Oh, please. Watching two birds claw each other to death is-

DENNY

(interrupting)

No different than what millions of Americans do every Sunday at the alter of violence known as professional football. Besides, my birds are no ordinary chickens. They're born and bred athletes. Gladiators.

ALAN

And there you sit as Titus, lording over the lives of these poor animals. Thumbs up or thumbs down.

DENNY

Just like Washington or Jefferson, both of whom raised fighting birds.

Alan looks at Denny as he stares off into the Boston skyline.

ALAN

Well, thankfully, the legality of cock fighting hasn't been in question since the days of slavery.

Alan turns to walk away, but before he does he places the replica trophy next to Denny.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You will always be my BFF, Denny. But know that Fish will expose your cock fighting ring if I lose.

Alan walks away from Denny. Denny finally turns to Alan.

DENNY

He's bluffing. He won't hang himself to blackmail me.

Alan stops at the door and turns to Denny.

ALAN

And...if he isn't bluffing? You'd be the Michael Vick of the US Courts. You wouldn't survive.

DENNY

(a long puff of the cigar)
I'm Denny Crane. This is nothing. Besides, you never lose.

A moment of reflection shows Denny's not as certain about his chances of survival as would have been in the past.

DENNY (CONT'D)

You don't? Do you?

INT. LAW OFFICES - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Tape measure in one hand and a cell phone in the other, Carl takes measurements in the corner of the reception area.

CARL

(into phone)

There's enough space, sure. How soon can you get it here?

(pause)

Really? End of day tomorrow?

Great.

Carl's eyes light up.

INT. MCDONALD AND KARCHER LAW OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Alan sits across from Gloria, the Reed's lawyer.

GLORIA

So, your guy gets cold feet and I have to tell my clients to get ready for court? What happened to offering forgiveness of all the credit card debt assumed by the Reed's son. That's all it takes.

ALAN

Apparently, against the will of my client, Mr. Fish. I misspoke. And for that I truly am sorry. Mr. Fish remains adamant that he doesn't owe your clients anything.

GLORIA

Unacceptable. If you must make these poor parents suffer more than they already have, then we'll see you in court.

ALAN

Come now, surely you understand that your case has little to no legal merit.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

You'd be playing a violin in front of the jury, hoping they'd feel sorry for the parents of poor Timmy Reed.

GLORIA

We'll take our chances.

Gloria slams her briefcase shut and stands. Alan, politely, offers his hand and helps Gloria out of her chair.

ALAN

I'll be perfectly honest here and, as honesty isn't my normal policy, please bear with me. But neither you or I want this to go to trial.

GLORIA

To be perfectly honest, I do want this to go to trial. I want to show the court just what kind of degenerate scum you represent. And rest assured I plan on getting far more than the \$110,000 my clients are willing to settle for.

ALAN

Let me talk to my client and see what can be done. Is there a place where I can reach you tomorrow?

GLORIA

I'm done dealing with you, Mr. Shore. I grow tired of your games.

Gloria stands and motions for Alan to stand as well.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

If you wouldn't mind, you know the way out. I suggest you take it.

ALAN

I would like-

Gloria points to the exit.

GLORIA

(interrupting)

Out.

Gloria continues to point to the exit.

ALAN

A chance to-

GLORIA
(interrupting)
Out.

ALAN
Another chance-

GLORIA
Out. Out. Out. Out.

Unable to get a word in, Alan leaves.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH SIDE BOSTON STREET - DAY

Dressed in an expensive Armani trench coat, Alan walks nervously past a few transients in a Boston slum.

He stops, glances at a piece of paper in his hand. It reads: 1511 Liberty Street. Alan looks up to see he's on Liberty. Alan approaches a bum laying against a graffiti-covered wall.

ALAN

Excuse me.

The bum is either asleep or dead, as there's no response. Alan picks up a stick and begins to poke at the bum.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Startled, the bum wakes.

BUM

(shouting)

I shot J.R. I did it!

ALAN

No, it was a dream. But I was wondering if you might be able to help me find a good place to place a wager. Illegally, of course.

The bum stares at Alan.

ALAN (CONT'D)

A bet?

BUM

I know what a wager is. I was just admiring your coat. You looking for Fish's place?

ALAN

You know it?

BUM

Yeah, it'll cost you...

The bum eyes Alan's coat and Alan begins to remove it.

BUM (CONT'D)
Down 18th, right at the alley and
knock on the Devil's Door.

ALAN
I enjoy a good puzzle as much as
the next man, but Devil's Door?

BUM
Yeah, Satan. The Dark Lord.
Mesostopheles?

ALAN
Ah, THE Devil. Got it.

INT. LAW OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Julia and Jerry sit across the table from GEORGE MASON (45)
with slick black hair and a fine-tailored suit.

GEORGE MASON
Time is money. Money is time. And
you're wasting mine. She's not
getting her job back. We done now?
What kind of two-bit ambulance
chaser are you anyway, Dough Boy?

JERRY
I hardly think that a case of
discrimination is-

GEORGE MASON
(interrupting)
Is that what Julia has you
convinced this is? Well, let me
tell you something...she broke the
rules and she's paying the price.
She can ref high school basketball
in Albania for all I care.

Jerry wipes his brow. He's already beginning to sweat.

JULIA WREN
George, that's not fair.

GEORGE MASON
You always were a trouble maker,
Julia. I knew it from the start.
I told them not to hire you.

JERRY

Mr. Mason, please calm down. I'm sure we can settle this amicably.

GEORGE MASON

There's nothing to settle per the contract Julia signed with the WNBA. We have a strict no tolerance policy in regards to gambling.

JERRY

But it was just-

GEORGE MASON

(interrupting)

Do you understand no tolerance?
Let me spell that out for you.
N...O....Tolerance. Comprende?

George reaches into his briefcase. Pulls out a copy of Julia's contract.

JERRY

I just think that-

GEORGE MASON

(interrupting Jerry)

Since you can't read, I've taken the liberty of highlighting the gambling section. Page 14.

George tosses the contract across the table at Jerry. He pushes his chair back and gets up.

GEORGE MASON (CONT'D)

Earth to Dough Boy!

JULIA

George, that's not-

George starts to walk out of the conference room.

GEORGE MASON

(interrupting Julia)

Mommy can't save you now. You should know better than to mess with the big boys. If this goes to court, rest assured she'll have to change your diaper by the time I'm done with you. This is over.

George walks out, leaving Jerry with tears in his eyes.

JULIA
Jerry, are you OK?

Jerry reaches into his pants' pocket with one hand and fiddles with the faux cigarette. Julia rubs his other hand.

EXT. FISH'S GAMBLING DEN - DAY - LATER

Now coatless, Alan walks through a dark alley. On first glance, there are no doors...let alone a Devil's Door.

Alan looks around before he spots an ornate painting of a giant rooster battling a bloodied George Steinbrenner.

ALAN
(to self)
You've got to be kidding.

Hesitantly, Alan approaches the painting and knocks.

The eyes of Steinbrenner slide open and a pair of human eyes can be seen squinting as they look Alan up and down.

The door UNLOCKS and opens to reveal Fish dressed as Liberace in a flashy fur coat and gold pants.

FISH
How'd you find this place?

ALAN
I followed the foul stench of losing. And, may I say, the Liberace outfit is the best yet. He's been dead for 20 years.

FISH
Yeah, well someone's gotta put on a show for these folks. Get in. Don't want no cops following you.

Fish motions Alan to hurry in and Alan follows quickly.

INT. FISH'S GAMBLING DEN - CONTINUOUS

Alan looks around to see the casino equivalent of a roach motel. Dirty tables house even dirtier poker players with a flickering light overhead. Water leaks from the ceiling.

ALAN
I love the atmosphere. A primordial ooze meets Medieval Times feel.

FISH

Welcome to The Den, Donkey. I assume you've finished my case?

ALAN

Yes. You just forgive the credit card debt and we're done. Just like that. It's magic, really.

FISH

Donkey, I ain't kidding. I said I don't pay a dime and I mean it.

ALAN

It's \$110,000.

FISH

Look around. Does that look like chump change to me?

A Little Old Lady comes up and hands Fish some food stamps.

FISH (CONT'D)

What....what's this?

LITTLE OLD LADY

It's just like cash. I give them to the store for groceries.

FISH

(to Alan)

I must look like the Red Cross today.

(to the Little Old Lady)

Get outta my joint.

The Little Old Lady begins to scamper off.

FISH (CONT'D)

(to Alan)

You better finish this case by Monday or I'm putting out a highlight DVD of Denny's finest cockfighting shows.

Alan takes the Little Old Lady by the hand and leaves.

ALAN

Is he always such a gentleman?

LITTLE OLD LADY
 That's Fish. But he does a mean
 'I'll be Seeing You' and his Dead
 Pool has some great odds.

Alan looks at the Little Old Lady, close to death her self,
 and chuckles as they out of the Den.

EXT. FISH'S GAMBLING DEN - MOMENT'S LATER

Alan talks on his cell phone as he emerges from the alley.

ALAN
 (into phone)
 Yeah, Sally. I need a favor.
 (pause)
 While having you and a can of
 whipped cream for lunch is most
 titillating, I won't be back in the
 office today. I need the address
 for the Reed family. It should be
 in the Fish file on my desk.

Alan turns the corner and passes the bum wearing his coat.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Oh, and I'll need the number of a
 good tailor as well.

Alan walks past the bum and heads off towards his car.

EXT. BOSTON LEGAL LAW OFFICES DAY - DAY

George stands on a street corner trying to hail a cab as
 Jerry, with faux cigarette in his mouth, rushes at him with
 Julia in tow. Jerry taps George on the shoulder and he turns.

GEORGE MASON
 Back for more, Dough Boy?

This time Mason goes to poke Jerry in the gut as if he was
 actually the Pillsbury Dough Boy.

GEORGE MASON (CONT'D)
 You're supposed to squeak.

JERRY
 Ya, well it's about time you did
 all of the squeaking.
 (MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Ya see we live in this little place
I like to call America. And here,
discrimination is against the law.

Jerry winks at Julia.

GEORGE MASON

Discrimination?

JERRY

Let's not play stupid. Or are ya
are just actually just that dumb? I
know ya ran the league two years
ago and that no other participating
referees were disciplined. That
means you singled out my client.

George is stunned silent.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Cat got your tongue?

GEORGE MASON

She can't just go around trying to
hump anyone that looks at her.

JERRY

Ah. The truth. Now we're getting
somewhere, Little Lady. And ya
know, I agree with you. Sex and
the workplace just don't mix. But
can you blame her? Just look at
this smokin' body, it is almost a
crime against humanity isn't it?

Jerry pats Julia on the butt.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Could you have fired her for those
office indiscretions? Sure. But
you were more concerned with not
fueling the rumor that the WNBA is
a lesbian love fest.

GEORGE MASON

We are an upstand-

JERRY

(interrupting)

Sure ya are. Who's got a problem
with lesbians?

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

But to protect that precious image
you figured you'd sweep poor little
Miss Wren here under the rug by
firing her for some bogus reasons.

GEORGE MASON

It's in her contract.

JERRY

Just as it is in yours. Are you
stepping down?

No response from George.

JERRY (CONT'D)

NOW we're done. Assuming you're
putting my Doll back on the court.

GEORGE MASON (V.O.)

On one condition. She can't date
our players.

Jerry looks to Julia.

JERRY

Deal. All she needs is a good man
anyway. If ya know what I mean.

Jerry shakes George's hand and turns to Julia.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(to Julia)

I'm hungry. Let's get something to
eat, Doll.

As Julia turns in front of Jerry, he pinches her backside.
Now it's Julia who hops as they walk down the sidewalk.

EXT. POSH INDOOR CAFE - DAY

Jerry and Julia sit at a table in a posh cafe. A waiter
comes to take their order and notices Jerry's faux cigarette.

WAITER

Sir, there's no smoking.

JERRY

Good thing this ain't real, huh?

The waiter stands with a quizzical look before Jerry takes
the faux cigarette out of his mouth and pushes it into the
waiter's hand. Jerry laughs as the waiter flinches.

JULIA
Jerry, come on.

JERRY
What, Doll? I'm just playing with
our friend...
(looks at the name tag)
Frank here.

WAITER
Would you care for anything to
drink? An appetizer perhaps?

JULIA
I'll have-

JERRY
(interrupting)
Water's fine for her. Gotta watch
the figure, Doll. Give me a brew.
Oh, and we'll have the oysters.

The waiter leaves.

JULIA
What's going on, Jerry?

JERRY
What, Doll? Don't need the oysters
to get you going?

Jerry winks and Julia, having decided she's had enough, takes the cigarette out of Jerry's mouth and snaps it in half.

Jerry sits stunned as Julia gets up from the table.

JULIA
You know, I liked you a lot better
before you started smoking. I
thought you were a cute guy, Jerry.
Something different. I guess you
were just pretending because it
turns out you're just another pig.

Julia takes her glass of water and dumps it on Jerry before she walks off, leaving Jerry stunned at the table.

EXT. REED'S HOUSE - DAY

Alan stops on the sidewalk in a worn-down Boston neighborhood with more paint chips on the ground than on the houses. A cloudy sky only adds to the feeling of gloom.

He looks at a sign dangling from the door: The Reeds.

Alan makes his way to the door but can't bring himself to ring the doorbell. He turns to leave and notices a For Sale sign. He turns back to the door and rings the doorbell.

The door opens and Sherry Reed answers. She looks at Alan as if she has some faint recognition of him.

SHERRY
Can I help you?

ALAN
Yes, you can. I'm Alan Shore. We met briefly in my office. Sherry Reed, correct?

It begins to rain on Alan.

SHERRY
Yes, I'm Sherry. If this is about the case, Tim handles all the lawyer stuff. Come in and I can get him.

Sherry opens a flimsy screen door and motions Alan into...

INT. REED'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the home is as cluttered as the outside was destitute.

SHERRY
(yelling for her husband)
Tim...a lawyer's here.
(to Alan)
Can I get you a glass of water?

ALAN
No, thank you. I've had enough water for one day.
(brushes rain off suit)
But if you know any good coat drives going on, let me know.

Tim enters. He's dressed in a locksmith uniform and rubs sleep from his eyes as Alan extends his hand to shake.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Thank you for seeing me. Tim, wasn't it?

Tim doesn't acknowledge Alan's gesture, instead he goes to his wife and puts his arm on her shoulder.

TIM

Was there something you wanted to say? Because our lawyer already told us that we're going to court. We're going to fight for what's right.

ALAN

Actually, much like jolly old Saint Nick, I bring good news. My client has come to his senses and agreed to forgive every penny of that credit card debt.

Sherry's face lights up.

SHERRY

That's great news!

Tim's a little apprehensive.

TIM

What's the catch? Why didn't you just tell our lawyer?

ALAN

(to Sherry)

Is he always this trusting?

SHERRY

You should have see him haggle with the car salesmen.

ALAN

On the scale of humanity I hope I'm still a click above used car salesman. But your husband's right in this instance. I need to ask for a favor on behalf of my client.

TIM

I won't do lift one finger to help that He's a pathetic, disrespectful, greedy son of a-

ALAN

(interrupting)

He's all that, yes. More, really, once you get to know him.

SHERRY

Then why would you want to help
such a bad man?

ALAN

To help a friend in need.

Reaching into his pants' pocket, Alan retrieves a checkbook.

ALAN (CONT'D)

If I can just cut you a check in
the amount of the debt plus \$20,000
for interest, we can do this
without your lawyer. We keep it
out of the papers, get you a little
extra cash and keep my friend out
of trouble. Everyone wins.

TIM

This friend as good a guy as Fish?

ALAN

He's a good guy. But much like
your son, Fish led him astray.

Alan writes a check as Sherry scuttles off to a bedroom.

TIM

Don't think that this check makes
up for the loss of our son.

Alan hands Tim the check. He inspects it.

ALAN

I would never dream it could.

Alan extends his hand again and this time Tim shakes it as
Sherry emerges with a Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer sweater.

SHERRY

It's not exactly Christmas time,
but please, take it.

Sherry hands the sweater to Alan.

EXT. REED'S HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Reed's wave goodbye to Alan. A single wave from Alan, as
he turns and walks down the street- a wry smile on his face
and a gaudy Christmas sweater on his person.

END OF ACT IV

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. LAW OFFICES - RECEPTION AREA - EVENING

It seems as if the entire office is gathered in the reception area.

Carl stands next to the new fish tank, which is covered by a sheet. Next to the tank is a plate of steaks.

SHIRLEY

Can you just get on with the show?

JERRY

(sans faux cigarette)

What's so...so special about a fish tank? And...why do you have a plate of steak? Steak?

CARL

Glad you asked, Jumpy. Well, this is no ordinary tank of fish.

Like a magician, Carl removes the sheet to unveil a tank of piranhas.

SHIRLEY

Are those-

CARL

Yes, piranhas. And each and every Friday one lucky employee of Crane, Pool and Schmidt will get to feed the blood thirsty beasts!

Alan stands next to Denny in the back.

ALAN

(to Denny)

I think I've had enough fish for one week.

DENNY

(to Alan)

Yeah, good work on that case. I don't know what you did, but Fish said he's in the clear without a trial.

ALAN
 (to Denny)
 That's why they call me the miracle
 worker, what can I say?

At the front of the room, Carl holds a top hat with tiny pieces of paper in it.

CARL
 I will now pick one name from this
 hat for the inaugural feeding.

Carl reaches into the hat and pulls out a piece of paper.

CARL (CONT'D)
 And the lucky winner is....me!

Carl turns to the plate of steak. Picks up a juicy steak, one that bleeds red. He dumps it into the fish tank. Nothing. The crowd watches as the steak slowly sinks to the bottom of the fish tank.

Carl taps on the glass.

CARL (CONT'D)
 Will you just eat?

DENNY
 (to Alan)
 Well, this is a dud. Care to join
 me on the balcony?

ALAN
 (to Denny)
 Is it that time of the day already?

Alan and Denny head away from the reception area just as the crowd begins to boo.

EXT. DENNY'S BALCONY - EVENING

Denny and Alan stand outside. Denny hands Alan a cigar and then lights it before he does the same to his own cigar.

DENNY
 I gave some thought to what you
 said about my birds. And while I
 think you're being as touchy as
 ever, I've decided to let them go.

Denny walks to a bird cage in the corner.

DENNY (CONT'D)
 This is The Executioner.
 Undefeated. My prized bird.

Denny reaches down to the cage and the rooster begins to peck at him wildly.

Denny opens the cage and grabs the bird. Bird in hand, Denny approaches Alan as it fights Denny like a ferrell cat.

DENNY (CONT'D)
 It's the least I could do. You
 really saved my bacon.

ALAN
 It was nothing.

Denny forces the rooster upon Alan, it scratches and hisses dangerously close to Alan's face.

DENNY
 Please, take him. He could use a
 good home.

ALAN
 Denny, the last thing I want to
 take home is your prized cock.

DENNY
 Still my BFF?

ALAN
 Against my best judgement, always.

Denny goes to the edge of the balcony and before Alan can do anything, the bird is released into the air.

DENNY
 Fly free. Fly free.

ALAN
 Denny!

The bird plummets over the balcony. Denny and Alan look and watch as the rooster flails into the oncoming traffic.

A car horn BLASTS. The two sheepishly look away and race back into the office, as if not to be incriminated.

DENNY
 They can't fly?

END OF TAG