

When I first joined the Court, I would get into a lather over the new cases assigned to me. But I soon learned that when you walk up to the lion and tug at the hide, it comes off and the same donkey of a question of law is underneath.

*(Holmes stands, walks to his desk, and picks up a stack of official court documents. He shows them to the audience)*

When the Court grapples with a decision, we look at the reasoning of the lower court - which is often expressed in a poorly written document. Some lower court judges are like cuttlefish - they seek protection for their feeble intellects in the obscurity of an inky cloud of words.

And how do I decide cases? About seventy years ago, I figured out that I was not God. So when people want to do something that is not expressly forbidden in the Constitution, I say - whether I like it or not - "God dammit, if they want to go to hell, then let them do it." That being said, I often loathe the things that I decide in favor of.

*(Holmes gestures to the antique standing desk)*

I write these missives standing at my Grandfather Jackson's writing desk, since a growing weakness in the knees is conducive to brevity.

*(Holmes grows serious)*

This desk is my battlefield. My sword replaced with a fountain pen. My legal secretaries, my foot soldiers, whom I deploy to ferret out the legal precedent which will carry the day. And the opinions I write are my battle plans, carefully drawn out to bring me victory.

There is a secret but isolated joy in writing judicial opinions. I know that, a hundred years after I am buried and forgotten, men who have never heard of me will still be moving to the measure of my thought.

*(Holmes holds up an example of a legal opinion - it is a single page)*