

Boston Legal
Catch and Release
Season 1, Episode 3
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The scene opens at night in Alan's office. He's working at his desk and Sally is nervously pacing with a folder in her hand.

Sally Heep: Why aren't you helping me?

Alan Shore: Sally, I have a trial of my own beginning tomorrow. A rather big one.

Sally Heep: But this is my very first trial.

Alan Shore: You've certainly been in court before. I have no doubt you'll do well.

Sally Heep: Motion practice. This is with a jury. I don't—I don't think I'm ready.

Alan gets up from his desk, closes his office door, walks over to Sally and takes the folder out of her hand. He takes her hands in his and looks at her intently.

Alan Shore: Sally, look at me. You trust me?

Sally Heep: I do.

Alan Shore: And because you trust me, you'll believe what I'm about to tell you.

Sally Heep: I will

Alan Shore: That's all it is.

Sally Heep: All what is?

Alan Shore: Trial law. Getting the jury to trust you, so you'll believe what you tell them.

Sally Heep: Really?

Alan puts his hands on either side of her face and strokes her face.

Alan Shore: Sincerity, Sally. Once you learn to fake that, there'll be no stopping you.

Theme song

Daytime. Denny's office. There is a medical tray on his desk with syringes and supplies. We see that a gentleman in a suit, wearing medical gloves, is injecting something into Denny's forehead. Paul walks into Denny's office.

Paul Lewiston: Denny, we've got...what's going on?

Denny Crane: A little maintenance work, Paul. Wouldn't hurt you by the way. You look like a prune.

Paul Lewiston: We have the Kaneb meeting in 15 minutes.

Denny Crane: Excellent. Why do I care?

Paul Lewiston: You care because this is the construction project that the entire firm has been working on for 18 months. You care because Byron Kaneb cares and he expects you to be present.

Denny screams in pain.

Denny Crane: Ooh! Ow! Damn it, man, what have you done? ***Denny jumps out of the chair. There is a piece of syringe still stuck in his forehead above his left eyebrow.***

Dr. Lott: Uh, the needle broke. Not to worry. Just let me remove it.

Denny Crane: Don't you touch me.

Dr. Lott: Mr. Crane, half the needle is still in your forehead. Just let me remove it.

Denny Crane: You're not touching me! Get Dr. Michaels back down here. This is what happens when I let his kids cut their teeth on my head.

Dr. Lott: If I could just remove the needle—

Denny Crane: Don't you touch me.

Paul Lewiston: Denny. There's a needle in your head. Let him at least remove it.

Denny Crane: Get me Dr. Michaels!

Alan and Lori are walking down the hall at CP&S, talking.

Alan Shore: I really don't need a second chair for this.

Lori Colson: Sexual harassment is a specialty of mine.

Alan Shore: Mine too!

Lori Colson: No doubt, but while your experience tends to be hands on, mine—

Alan Shore: Tends to be more wishful thinking.

Lori Colson: Not to mention, you ooze.

Alan Shore: I ooze.

Lori Colson: Yes. That certain something that subliminally champions misogyny. You need me.

Alan Shore: Lori, as much as I may want you. Desire you, even. I do not need you.

Lori Colson: See that right there? Ooze.

Inside a conference room at CP&S. A meeting with Byron Kaneb, the client, and Paul, Brad, Tara, and Denny, who still has the needle stuck over his eyebrow.

Byron Kaneb: When can I dig my hole?

Paul Lewiston: We're almost there, Byron.

Byron Kaneb: Don't tell me we're almost there, Paul. We've been *almost there* for 6 months. When will we *be* there?

Brad Chase: City Council agreed to the variance for the golf course on Monday. Today we're expecting an answer from the Redevelopment Commission for the outdoor mall and my sources say they're going to rule in our favor.

Byron Kaneb: What about the damn EPA?

Tara Wilson: The blue-spotted salamander just got downgraded from "endangered" to "threatened" last week. So the marina looks like a go. Except for—

Byron Kaneb: Except for what?

Paul Lewiston: It seems there's a river where some salmon spawn. Evidently there's some environmental lawyer who's making a stink.

Byron Kaneb: When you say "stink"—

Paul Lewiston: He got a T.R.O.

Byron Kaneb: A fish? My city's being held up by a fish?

Paul Lewiston: We are meeting the lawyer today. We will make it go away.

Alan, Lori and their client Wendy Moore are walking down the hallway of the courthouse.

Alan Shore: Do you plan to contribute or are you simply assigned to mop up the ooze?

Christine Pauley: Alan. **Christine Pauley is standing in the doorway of one of the courtrooms. She addresses Alan as he walks by. Alan turns to see who called his name.**

Christine Pauley: Hello. Christine Pauley. **Christine walks over and shakes the hand of the client.**

Lori Colson: Oh, I've heard so much about you.

Christine Pauley: **(to Alan)** How are you?

Alan Shore: Fine. Thank you. If you'll excuse us, we're due in court.

Christine Pauley: Yes, I know. I'm opposing counsel.

Alan Shore: **(looking incredulous)** I beg your pardon?

Inside Judge's chambers with the judge, Alan, Christina and Lori.

Judge Paul Resnick: What do you want me to do?

Alan Shore: I expect you to disqualify her. This is tantamount to stalking. She got herself assigned to this case because I'm on it. Not to mention, as an officer of the court I question whether Ms. Pauley even has the capacity to try a case. She was released from a mental facility last week.

Judge Paul Resnick: Certainly, counsel, if you want to conflict out—

Alan Shore: I can't conflict out. I'm the only one who knows the case here. Ms Colson was simply put on to—

Judge Paul Resnick: Ms. Pauley, what's going on? Of all the cases to start off with, you pick against an ex-boyfriend you tried to kill?

Christine Pauley: Actually, your honor, I didn't pick it. My firm came to me.

Alan Shore: Please Christine, I—

Christine Pauley: Because I used to date Mr. Shore, they thought I could shed some light on some of his procedural eccentricities, which I did. Since I also happen to have extensive experience in sexual harassment law, the senior partners asked me if I would first chair. I agreed.

JD: We start at 11 a.m.

Alan Shore: Your honor—

JD: Mr. Shore, if you want to conflict out, do so. But I have no legal basis to disqualify Ms. Pauley.

Alan picks up his briefcase and walks out of the judge's chambers. Christine and Lori follow him out and down the courthouse hallway.

Christine Pauley: May I speak with you alone, Alan?

Alan Shore: No, you may not Christine. And if you choose to be on this case, please conduct yourself at arm's length and on the record. It's just coincidence to you. Your first case out of the hospital—

Their voices are escalating as the conversation continues.

Christine Pauley: I consider it a preposterous coincidence—

Alan Shore: You have no business trying a case—

Christine Pauley: But truth be told the partners came in--

Alan Shore: I know you better than your partners.

Christine Pauley: How sad you can't be happy for me.

Alan Shore: I'm not happy.

Christine Pauley: Clearly. **She walks away, angry.**

Lori Colson: Well that seemed perfectly normal.

Sally, talking to client Ramone Valasquez in another hallway of the courthouse.

Sally Heep: The D.A. offered a three-month suspended. I think we should take it.

Ramone Valasquez: Does it go on my record?

Sally Heep: Well, yes, but—

Ramone Valasquez: The answer's no. I didn't do it.

Sally Heep: Ramone.

Ramone Valasquez: I didn't take that wallet, and as a matter of principle, I won't pretend that I took it.

Sally Heep: They have an eyewitness.

Ramone Valasquez: Look here. I might seem like some court-appointed charity case. But I'm an honest man. I don't steal. And I won't agree to any plea that says otherwise.

Sally looks up and recognizes Walter Seymore from CP&S walking by.

Sally Heep: Mr. Seymore? Hi. Sally Heep. I'm in litigation at the firm. **She walks over to shake his hand.**

Walter Seymore: I know that.

Sally Heep: Are you in court today, or—

Walter Seymore: No, but you are. I'm here to observe your work, Miss Heep. Good luck. **He walks away after shaking her hand.**

Denny's office. Denny is at his desk with the needle still in his forehead. Paul walks in.

Paul Lewiston: Denny? The lawyer who got the T.R.O.? On the Kaneb construction project—

Denny Crane: Ah, pay him off, Paul. Give him a bottle of scotch and some money to buy some more bus bench ads.

Paul Lewiston: He says he's your son.

Denny and Paul walking to the conference room and enter, where Donny Crane is standing. Brad, Tara and other unnamed lawyers are seated at the conference table.

Denny Crane: It's true. You're a lawyer now.

Donny Crane: Hey. Dad. **Donny walks around the table to stand in front of Denny.**

Donny Crane: You've got a needle in your head.

Denny Crane: Small accident. Not to worry. Son.

Donny Crane: Dad. **Shyly hugs Denny. Pats him on the back. Denny responds by patting his back.**

Denny Crane: You're a lawyer now. That's how you greet people?

Donny extends his hand.

Donny Crane: Donny Crane.

Denny grasps his extended hand in a handshake.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane.

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Donny Crane: Donny Crane.

While the conference is going on, Denny stands outside the conference room talking to Paul.

Denny Crane: I had a one-night stand with his mother. I paid for his education and so forth. I did everything I could to be a good father.

Paul Lewiston: When's the last time you saw him?

Denny Crane: Oh, I don't know. When he was 12?

Brad walks out of the conference room and over to the two of them.

Brad Chase: We've offered several decent compromises.

Paul Lewiston: And?

Brad Chase: He just keeps on saying his name.

Denny Crane: Oh, I'll talk to him. **Walks back into the conference room.** How's my boy?

Donny Crane: They don't really need to bug you with this, dad.

Denny Crane: So what's this all about? Saving some fish?

Donny Crane: Well, see, your lawyers, who are clearly very talented, persuaded a judge to eliminate the distinction between farmed salmon and wild salmon.

Paul Lewiston: The President of the United States proposed eliminating that distinction.

Donny Crane: Yeah, I know. That's probably why the judge granted your motion. Dad, wild salmon are an endangered species. The administration figures if you eliminate the distinction between farmed and wild and count them both as one, the numbers would go up and you could take 'em off the endangered list. And that way, they can lift the environmental protections in place to protect them. Which, of course, allows you to build more shopping malls.

Denny Crane: Well, son, look at the big picture. If building this mall can save a species from becoming endangered, let's by all means do it. **Denny reaches over and slaps Donny's leg.**

Inside the courtroom of Alan's trial. His client is on the witness stand.

Wendy Moore: I was vice president in charge of alternative investments.

Alan Shore: And at the time of the affair Mr. Ralston was—

Wendy Moore: He was and remains, president of the firm.

Alan Shore: This romantic affair lasted how long, Ms. Moore?

Wendy Moore: About nine months, at which point I broke it off.

Alan Shore: Because?

Wendy Moore: Mainly, because I was a married woman, and I wanted to work things out with my husband.

Alan Shore: I see. And how did Mr. Ralston handle the break up?

Wendy Moore: At first, I think fine. But then he would continue to try to get back together. He would schedule lunches, meetings, ostensibly about business only to pursue his romantic interests. He started calling me after hours. Sometimes he would send flowers. Eventually, it got so bad I simply had to leave.

Alan Shore: You went to another brokerage firm?

Wendy Moore: At a lesser position for less money. There seemed to be a stigma about my departure.

Christine has been writing on a yellow legal pad all this time. She turns the page and continues to write faster and more frantically.

Wendy Moore: I don't know. Maybe people thought that I had secretly been fired. I don't know. **Mr. Ralston leans over to whisper something to Christine Pauley. She puts her hand on his arm, but keeps writing frantically.** What I do know is I was basically forced out of my job by his relentless, unwanted sexual advances.

Alan Shore: Thank you Ms. Moore. **Alan returns to his seat. Christine is still writing frantically.**

Lori Colson: **(to Alan)** She looks demented.

Judge Paul Resnick: Ms Pauley? **Christine gets up to begin her cross examination.**

Christine Pauley: Leading up to your affair with my client, he made welcome sexual advances?

Wendy Moore: Well, not at first. I was a married woman.

Christine Pauley: But at some point. The advances became welcomed?

Wendy Moore: Yes.

Christine Pauley: A love affair then ensued?

Wendy Moore: Yes.

Christine Pauley: So, I guess my client's strategy was if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. A strategy you certainly ratified.

Wendy Moore: Well, I—

Christine Pauley: Since dogged perseverance was rewarded the first time, I guess it would only be natural for him to adopt this strategy again.

Wendy Moore: I may have sent mixed signals the first time, but I did no such thing this time.

Christine Pauley: Ah. When you left, did you tell prospective employers the reason?

Wendy Moore: No, I—

Christine Pauley: Why not?

Wendy Moore: I suppose I feared that it wouldn't depict me in the best possible light. I was a married woman having an affair.

Christine Pauley: Got it. So this stigma you refer to—people wondering whether you were fired or not—that stigma was at least partly caused by you embarrassment over your own behavior—a married woman having an affair.

Wendy Moore: I suppose that's true. But I—

Christine Pauley: Thank you, Ms. Moore. **Christine returns to her seat. She and Alan exchange looks. Christine winks at Alan.**

Inside the courtroom of Sally's trial. Her client's accuser is on the witness stand.

Sylvie White: I was reaching into my purse to get some change. To feed the homeless. That's when I saw him coming.

D.A. Huff: Who?

Sylvie White: Him. The guilty defendant sitting right there.

Sally Heep: Objection.

Judge Stephen Bickell: The jury will disregard the reference to the defendant's guilt.

D.A. Huff: Then what happened?

Sylvie White: He reached into my purse, grabbed my wallet and started rifling through it.

D.A. Huff: What did you do?

Sylvie White: I stood there frozen. I was shocked. He started running away as he was rifling through it. Then he turns, and he's coming back.

D.A. Huff: Then what happened?

Sylvie White: I ran. He started chasing me. Thank God he was tackled by some people. I don't know what he might have done.

D.A. Huff: Miss White, are you absolutely sure that it was the defendant?

Sylvie White: I can show you the pictures.

D.A. Huff: What pictures?

Sylvie White: I have one of those little phone camera thingies. I snapped his picture.

D.A. Huff: And you have them?

Sylvie White is going through her purse, finds them and hands them to D.A. Huff.

Sylvie White: Look. You can see he's got the wallet.

D.A. Huff looks at pictures, walks over to Sally and hands them to her. It's clearly a picture of her client, who looks at her sheepishly. Over Sally's shoulder, Walter Seymore is clearly sitting there watching her.

That night, inside Paul's office. Paul is sitting at his desk listening to Walter Seymore talk to Sally.

Walter Seymore: You just let the pictures be introduced without so much as an objection.

Sally Heep: Well, I thought. Um. The prosecution didn't know about them either. So I couldn't claim unfair surprise.

Walter Seymore: You could've gotten time to prepare a cross-examination. To research the photos for authenticity. Instead, you sat there quietly. There's eyewitness testimony from the victim. Positive I.D. and pictures.

Paul Lewiston: How do you plan to proceed now Sally?

Sally Heep: Um. **Pauses, shaking her head.** My client wants to testify.

Paul Lewiston: And say what?

Sally Heep: Um. That he's innocent. **Paul and Seymore just stare at Sally.**

The next day, Donny, Brad and Denny in Denny's office.

Brad Chase: It's a fish, for God's sake.

Donny Crane: It's not just a fish. It's a salmon. Which the government is trying to wipe out.

Brad Chase: Look, I like to fish myself. Catch and release, the whole shebang. Pull 'em in by the lip, throw 'em back out to prove you're humane.

Donny Crane: You're mocking me. He's mocking me, dad.

Denny Crane: You're a crane. Get used to it.

Brad Chase: We *will* go to court.

Donny Crane: I *love* court. Donny Crane.

Brad Chase: Look, Donny. You seem like a nice kid. I have no doubt that you're a terrific attorney. But you are not him (**nodding at Denny**).

Donny Crane: You're like a son to him, aren't you? Does he hug you much?

Brad Chase: Look, if this is about some score between you and the old man—

Donny Crane: It's not about any score. Hey. If you people want to go to court.

Denny stands up behind his desk.

Denny Crane: Beat it, will you Brad? **Brad gets up and leaves and closes the door.**

Denny Crane: Is it a score? Was I not there enough?

Donny Crane: Were you not there enough? Dad, I haven't seen you in 15 years.

Denny Crane: I may not have had the time to give that most dads had. But I thought I was giving you something much more important. Money.

Donny Crane: You gave me something even more important than that, dad. You gave me the Crane legacy, and I fully plan on living up to it. So—**he stands up**—I'll see you and your team in court. Donny Crane.

Back to the courtroom where Sally's trial is taking place. Her client is on the witness stand.

Ramone Valasquez: At first I saw it. But I didn't see it. If that makes any sense. Uh, it took a few seconds to register.

Sally Heep: What took a few seconds?

Ramone Valasquez: My wallet. I lost it two days earlier. And then I see it right there in her bag.

Sally Heep: *Your* wallet?

Ramone Valasquez: Yeah. It's this funky orange color, it's not like there could be two of them, and I lost it on Washington right where we were at. So I figured she stole it. That woman stole my wallet.

Sally Heep: So—

Ramone Valasquez: So I walked right up and snatched it back. Self help.

Sally Heep: You snatched back your own wallet.

Ramone Valasquez: Yes I did. And I hustled off 'cause truth be told, the woman looked a little vicious.

Sally Heep: So what happened next?

Ramone Valasquez: Well, I started to go through it to make sure it was mine and as I was going through the inside I saw "Oh my God! It's not my wallet." It looked exactly like mine, but it wasn't. Truth is, I discovered later I'd left it in my car. It was all a big mistake. So I started to run back to return it. And she just took off. And I started chasing, yelling "Lady, wait! I'm bringing it back". Y'know, I'm bringing it back. And then I got tackled and...here I am.

Sally Heep: Your witness. **Sally walks back to her table and notices Seymore watching her.**

D.A. Huff: So the wallet that you ripped out of Miss White's purse, the wallet that you ran off with, you thought it was your own?

Ramone Valasquez: Yes ma'am.

D.A. Huff: Because it looked exactly like yours.

Ramone Valasquez: Yes ma'am. This one here. **He reaches into his pocket and pulls out an identical orange wallet.**

Back to Alan's courtroom, with Daniel Ralston on the witness stand.

Daniel Ralston: When we broke up, it was because she felt committed to working things out with her family. It wasn't that things were emotionally over between us.

Christine Pauley: She said that?

Daniel Ralston: Yes, and I suppose I felt, you know, when two people love each other you persevere through obstacles. My so-called sexual harassment. It wasn't about sexual advances. It was about getting her to be true to her feelings.

Alan Shore: You were trying to show her that she felt like having sex with you?

Daniel Ralston: Please don't trivialize this.

Alan Shore: I assure you, sir, I take it very seriously. You say it's okay to harass women in the workplace so long as you love them.

Daniel Ralston: I believed, and still believe, she was in love with me.

Alan Shore: I see. And she lacked the autonomy to make up her own mind.

Christine Pauley: Objection.

Alan Shore: She lacked the mental capacity, perhaps, to be truly happy without you.

Christine Pauley: Objection! **(Louder)**

Alan Shore: Why is it some people simply refuse to accept that it's over?

Christine Pauley: Objection! **At this point Christine is yelling her objection and comes to her feet, angry, and then looks flustered.**

Outside the courtroom, in the hallway, Christine is talking to Alan. Lori is standing nearby, listening.

Christine Pauley: I truly apologize. For a second I thought you were personalizing it, Alan, and I was out of line. I'm sorry.

Alan Shore: It's okay. You all right?

Christine Pauley: Yes. It is ridiculous, the stress of a trial a week out of the rubber room. Going up against you.

Alan Shore: Why are you doing this?

Christine Pauley: It was always safe, inside work, you know? It was a little cocoon.

Alan Shore: Can you continue?

Christine Pauley: Oh, yes. It's just a little---Again, I apologize for the outburst.

Christine turns and walks away. Lori walks over to Alan.

Lori Colson: Whatever you can do to keep it personal.

Alan Shore: I'm sorry?

Lori Colson: She's kind of been kicking our ass, Alan. That's the first crack I've seen in her armor.

Alan Shore: I'm not going to exploit her.

Lori Colson: Alan, if you can't put your client's interest ahead of Christine's, then step aside. Let Number Two take over.

Inside CP&S. Byron Kaneb is talking to Paul, Brad and Denny.

Byron Kaneb: We now have to go to court?

Paul Lewiston: No, we are confident we'll be able to handle this.

Byron Kaneb: I hire one of the biggest law firms in Boston—definitely one of the most expensive—and I'm being neutralized by salmon man? Who happens to be your son.

Denny Crane: Let me tell you something, Byron. **Denny takes a deep breath and then makes a tough face, but says nothing.**

Paul Lewiston: Brad Chase is one of our finest litigators. He will handle this. **Brad gives Byron a knowing wink.**

Inside Brad's courtroom, where he is addressing Judge Leslie Bishop.

Brad Chase: Your honor, we've had meetings with the Environmental Protection Agency and they signed off on this already.

Donny Crane: With all due respect, the EPA gets steamrolled by the administration all the time.

Brad Chase: No matter what anyone proposes these days, there's always somebody somewhere who jumps up and says, "Whoa, the environment." Now there's a word, your honor, a very simple word that describes what my client is trying to do here.

Judge Leslie Bishop: Please don't let the word be 'progress.' **Brad is momentarily stymied.**

Brad Chase: How about 'people'?

Judge Leslie Bishop: 'People'?

Brad Chase: Yes. We are trying to invest in the future of people. Creating jobs at a time of unemployment. We're talking about over one thousand jobs. We're talking about benefiting people below the poverty line. We are talking about people hoping to education their children, afford medical coverage, feed their families. Basic human needs. This man wants to put all that on hold because it inconveniences a fish.

Judge Leslie Bishop: Mr. Crane?

Donny Crane: Well, first. This whole thing kinda goes to the whole farmed salmon issue. The government is trying to count these genetically raised salmon as wild ones.

Judge Leslie Bishop: So they can take salmon off the endangered species list. I get that. So what?

Donny Crane: So what?

Brad Chase: People, judge. Jobs. Insurance. School books. Food. People.

Donny Crane: Well, farmed salmon is terrible for people. They're carcinogenic. They don't even look like real salmon. By the way, they're fed these little pellets to turn their meat red. Otherwise it's this pallid, white –

Brad Chase: People. Jobs. America first.

Donny Crane: There's a rumor—I can't give evidence on this, but there's a rumor the cattle they have to kill due to mad cow disease, they ground 'em up and then feed the meat to the farmed salmon.

Brad Chase: Objection, your honor. There is nothing in the record that even remotely substantiates that.

Judge Leslie Bishop: Counsel, the river in question only concerns wild salmon so can we get off the farmed salmon?

Donny Crane: We're talking about lifting the environmental protections on that river. They're inflating the salmon count with the farmed numbers to get those protections lifted.

Brad Chase: People. Jobs. Food chain.

Donny Crane: Oh, yes. People and jobs. Wild salmon is a billion-dollar industry in this country alone. Once we destroy the wild salmon population – and that's what we're doing – that's a billion-dollar industry gone. People. Jobs. School books. And we'll have to go back to eating meat. People. Cancer.

Brad Chase: We'll just eat the farmed stuff. There's nothing wrong with synthetic food, your honor. We live in a synthetic country, for God's sake. **Donny looks incredulous when Brad says this.**

Donny Crane: Whoa. And on that note, I'll rest. Donny Crane.

That night. Alan and Sally are talking at a bar.

Sally Heep: You should've seen Seymore's face. I think I'm about to get fired.

Alan Shore: (*chuckling*) You won't be fired. **He takes Sally's hand in his.**

Sally Heep: What am I going to do? What can I possibly say in my closing? I've got nothing.

Alan Shore: Rabbit.

Sally Heep: I'm sorry?

Alan Shore: Pull a rabbit out from under your dress. You know what Gerry Spence does in these hopeless situations? He just tells the jury a story.

Sally Heep: A story?

Alan Shore: Any story. As long as it's interesting. He just entertains the jury. He gets them right here—**Alan points to the center of his palm** – and in that moment when he has them right here he connects the story to his case. Sometimes barely. Sometimes ridiculously. And then he asks the jury to let his client go and for God knows what reason they often do. A good story may be your rabbit. **Off-screen we hear a woman say Alan's name. He turns, and it's--**

Christine Pauley: I'm sorry, Sally. This is a little important. (*to Alan*) I need your number.

Alan Shore: You have my number, Christine. I haven't changed it.

Christine Pauley: Alan, every lawsuit eventually comes down to a number. What's your number?

Alan Shore: 750,000.

Christine Pauley: (*laughs*) And I'm the insane one. 250,000

Alan Shore: It's too low.

Christine Pauley: It's more than fair. She got other employment.

Alan Shore: At less pay.

Christine Pauley: The present-day value of 200—

Alan Shore: That offer is rejected, Christine.

Christine Pauley: I don't know if I'm up to closing. I think I am. But I don't--. My client will only go up to 250. **Alan and Christine stare at each other for a moment.** Please.

Alan Shore: (*slightly shakes his head*) That number won't get it done, Christine. **Christine gets up and leaves.**

The next day, inside Sally's courtroom trial. The opposing attorney is finishing her closing.

D.A. Huff: A man with felony priors for robbery and burglary. But this time, he stole the wallet by mistake. Sure. **She sits down. Sally stands up, turns around and sees Walter Seymore looking at her, then turns around and begins her close.**

Sally Heep: One day, I was in my kitchen. I think I was about 15. And in came Fred, my big chocolate Lab. And in his mouth was a dead rabbit. The neighbor's pet rabbit. And I thought "This is it for Fred." If they find out he killed their adored pet, Animal Control would be down, and --. So, I took the rabbit. Washed him off in the sink. Pulled out the blow dryer. Got him all white and fluffy looking. And I snuck over to my neighbor's backyard and I put him back in his cage, hoping they'd think he died of natural causes. That night my parents came into my room. The neighbor's pet rabbit had died three days ago, they told me. They buried him in the woods. And some wacko evidently dug him up, washed him off, and put him back in the cage. **(A few jurors are smiling).** But I remember thinking to myself the truth is not only stranger than fiction, but often less believable. And that's what we have here, ladies and gentlemen. The logical version, I suppose, is that my client stole that wallet. The less believable, but quite possibly true account, is that he mistook it for his own. Nobody, not one of us, can be sure it didn't happen exactly the way Ramone Valesquez said it did. That's reasonable doubt. **Walter Seymore is smiling. Sally returns to her table and sits down next to her client.**

Alan is in the kitchenette, staring down at his cup of coffee. Lori walks in.

Lori Colson: People like to stare at their coffee a lot here.

Alan Shore: All set?

Lori Colson: Yep. You like being a lawyer, Alan?

Alan Shore: I do, actually. You?

Lori Colson: Yeah. Except for the days when the job is ugly. When you have to go against your instincts to be kind or compassionate. It's important that she not close well. **Alan gives her a bit of a smirk.**

Inside the courtroom of Alan's trial. He is closing.

Alan Shore: Some people simply cannot let go. You love a person so desperately. You perhaps begin to lose sight of reason. And you begin to act unreasonably, perhaps out of control, even. It's possible Daniel Ralston had no control over his behavior. Maybe he truly couldn't stop pursuing Wendy Moore. Maybe he had to keep calling. Had to schedule those lunches. Had to seemingly stalk her, if you will. He was in love with her. People in love lose their grip. **At this point Alan turns and looks at Christine's table.** But what's at issue here is her state of mind. Her mental state. Not Mr. Ralston's state of mind. But Wendy's. **Christine squirms in her chair a little bit.** Was she reasonably upset by this relentless pursuit? She's a married woman with a family, trying to salvage her marriage and her boss keeps calling. Keeps coming. Keeps coming. Keeps propositioning her. The fact that she once loved this man only makes it worse. More difficult. What choice did she really have but to leave? Maybe that was his plan all the time. He knew he couldn't fire her. Maybe that was his psychological game. Where the only thing she could really do in the end was get in her car, and drive off. He created a hostile working environment with repeated, unwelcomed sexual advances, ladies and gentlemen. That is prima facie classic sexual harassment. **Alan turns from the jury and sits down at his table. Christine stands up to begin.**

Christine Pauley: Love happens in the workplace all the time. In fact, it's where most affairs start. Most relationships. It happens. So do breakups. As a woman, I am offended by the onslaught of these lawsuits. As neutral as the language may be, sexual harassment law is gender biased. It exists to protect woman. It feeds into the perception that women are weaker than. It goes all the way back to common law where women were denied the right to enter into contracts because we lacked mental capacity. Today's harassment law is designed to protect us from sexual banter in the workplace because we just can't take it. I can take it. Can you? Can you? Do we really need to cleanse the workplace of all sexual expression so that it'll be safe for us? These laws treat us as if we were either psychologically or emotionally impaired. And I'm sick of it. Are some cases legitimate? Absolutely. But here, this woman is a grown up. She entered into an adult consensual relationship with her boss. It ended. Perhaps bumpy. He's hurt. He's still in love. So she sues. She wasn't fired. She is a college-educated vice president of a brokerage firm. She's 34 years old. She's a professional. She's here today to tell you that she can't stick up for herself. She is here today trying to take advantage of a law that declares women to be the weaker sex. Not for me, ladies and gentlemen. I wouldn't have gotten in my car and driven off. I'd have sooner driven over him. **Alan chuckles.** Let's treat these people—both of them—as if they were grown-ups. **She sits down.**

Brad, Denny, Paul and Donny are in Judge's Chambers.

Judge Leslie Bishop: My own quick research reveals wild salmon, especially Atlantic salmon, are threatened with extinction. They're an endangered species, which means the environmental protections on that river have to stay in place.

Brad Chase: Your honor, they're not endangered if you count the farmed salmon.

Judge Leslie Bishop: I'm not counting the farmed salmon. And the idea to count them is absurd. That river stays protected. Your variance is officially pulled. A permanent restraining order is now in effect.

They're leaving judge's chambers and Paul is chiding Brad.

Paul Lewiston: I keep telling you you talk too fast. You talk too damn fast. "America first." "We're a synthetic country." What's wrong with you? **They stay behind to talk. Denny follows Donny down the hall.**

Denny Crane: The best man won in there.

Donny Crane: You know. Dad. I've never really had a big trial to speak of. This is the--. For the last ten years or so, I've pretended to be you. Through college. Law school. And, I always felt like whenever I'd go into a courtroom, I'd kinda...channel you or something. But this is the first time I actually felt it. I was Donny Crane.

Denny Crane: Yes. You were. Yes you were.

Back to Alan's courtroom

Foreperson: On the matter of Moore versus Ralston, on the question of liability, we find in favor of the plaintiff. We further order the defendant to pay damages in the amount of \$125,000.

Alan Shore: (under his breath) Damn it.

Judge Paul Resnick: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, thank you for your time. You are discharged.

Alan Shore: (to Wendy) I'm sorry.

Wendy Moore: I got my verdict anyway. Thank you. **They shake hands.** (to Lori) Thank you. **They shake hands.**

Lori Colson: You're welcome.

Christine is saying goodbye to her client and then turns towards Alan.

Alan Shore: Congratulations, Christine. You tried an excellent case. **He shakes her hand.**

Christine Pauley: Alan? I can and do accept that it's over. The thing is, while I was institutionalized the only person who wrote to me, who came to visit me, who called me, was you. My world became quite two-dimensional. There was the hospital. And you. And when I was suddenly faced with having to walk away from both the hospital and you, it was more than I could---. But I am going to make it.

Alan Shore: I have no doubt. **He takes her by the shoulders and smiles.** You tried an excellent case.

Christine smiles a thank you. We should eat at that wonderful Indian place some time.

Christine Pauley: I'd like that. **They briefly kiss.**

Evening. Alan and Denny stand on the balcony looking over the city.

Denny Crane: You don't think she'll go Glenn Close on you, do you?

Alan Shore: No. Out of compulsive curiosity I always befriend my most colorful ex-girlfriends.

Denny Crane: Beautiful woman, Glenn Close. Always meant to have sex with her.

Sally is walking out onto the balcony.

Sally Heep: Well. I went with the rabbit.

Alan Shore: Of what variety?

Sally Heep: I told an urban legend story for my closing. Involved a rabbit. Got the jury right here **(she points to the center of her palm).**

Alan Shore: And?

Sally Heep: They came back in 32 minutes. Not guilty.

Alan Shore: You're kidding!

Sally Heep: I thought we could celebrate. Like rabbits.

Alan Shore: Your hutch or mine?

Sally Heep: 9:00. My hutch. Be there. **(to Denny)** Sally Heep. **She turns to leave. Denny raises his glass to her.**

Denny Crane: Well, it seems we're all winners today. In court. In love.

Alan Shore: You didn't win in court today, remember? Your side lost.

Denny Crane: Ooh, that's right. He was really something. You should have seen him.

Alan Shore: May I ask, how does a man not see his son in 15 years?

Denny Crane: Oh, don't start with me. **Denny sits in his chair.**

Alan Shore: I'm being curious. Not judgmental. **Alan sits in his chair.** Is that who Denny Crane is?

Denny Crane: **(sighs)** He's not my son.

Alan Shore: What do you mean he's not your son?

Denny Crane: His mother slapped me with a paternity suit. I settled. She came back, about 10 years later with a guilty conscience and admitted that I wasn't the father. Just deep pockets. But I liked the kid. So I kept paying for his education and so forth.

Alan Shore: Obviously he doesn't know.

Denny Crane: His mother said it would break his heart. He so liked being the son of Denny Crane. Hmmm. Who wouldn't?

Donny Crane: You're not my father? **Donny is standing in the doorway and has obviously overheard this revelation.** I'm not your son? **Denny stands up.** I'm not your son.

Denny Crane: Not by blood.

Donny Crane: Then how? You didn't raise me. Who's my father?

Denny Crane: You'll have to discuss that with your mother.

Donny Crane: It's all been a lie.

Denny Crane: Hey. What wasn't a lie was your performance in that courtroom. You're a hell of a lawyer. You did channel me.

Donny Crane: I—I gotta go. **He turns and starts to walk away, then stops and turns around.** Sir? Is it all right if I keep the name?

Denny Crane: Of course.

Donny Crane: Donny Crane. **He turns and leaves.**

Fade to black.