

**Boston Legal**  
**Til We Meet Again**  
**Season 1, Episode 14**  
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***In a pub, Alan Shore and Tara Wilson are seated at a small table having drinks.***

**Alan Shore:** When a man turns 40, he begins to take measure of himself. I must admit I don't like what I see.

**Tara Wilson:** You're turning 43.

**Alan Shore:** If you don't mind, I'm trying to appear vulnerable to facilitate my snorkeling up your thighbone later.

**Tara Wilson:** Alan? You boyfriend. Me girlfriend. You have a season's pass.

**Alan Shore:** You're ruining the conquest part, which is all it's really about for me.

**Tara Wilson:** Really? Well, how about a little playacting then?

**Alan Shore:** Only this time I get to be the sheep.

**Tara Wilson:** I'm gonna sit over there and pretend to be alone.

**Alan Shore:** Oh ha ha ha. Come on.

**Tara Wilson:** You're gonna approach me, being the stranger that you are, and conquest me.

**Alan Shore:** Oh, don't be silly.

**Tara Wilson:** No. I'd like to see how you operate. Mr Shore. ***She walks over to the bar.***

**Joe:** ***He notices her and comes over.*** How you doin'?

**Tara Wilson:** Fine, thank you.

**Joe:** I'm Joe.

**Tara Wilson:** I'm with somebody.

**Joe:** Who?

**Alan Shore:** ***He comes up.*** Hello. I'm a complete stranger and I'm here to pick you up. ***He looks at Joe.*** Oh! I see! There's two of us. ***He prepares to toss a coin.*** I'll be evens, you'll be odds.

**Joe:** You got a problem?

**Alan Shore:** No, actually. I just saw this fair maiden here talking to a tree trunk, and since I'm an arborist I thought I could help translate.

**Joe:** Here's a health tip. Walk away.

**Alan Shore:** Why would I do that?

**Tara Wilson:** All right, guys.

**Alan Shore:** Don't be deceived by my cushy appearance.

**Tara Wilson:** Excuse me. I actually am with him.

**Joe:** I don't care. Walk away or I lay you out.

**Alan Shore:** I don't mean to be a stickler, but isn't the object to lay her out?

***With his fist Joe hits Alan on the chin.***

**Tara Wilson:** Hey!

**Alan Shore:** Oh gee, I'm sorry. I was reaching for my wallet.

**Alan Shore:** I see. Allow me to reach for mine. ***He walks away.***

**Tara Wilson:** ***She follows him.*** Are you all right?

**Alan Shore:** Fine. ***He walks up to group of strong-looking men and pulls out his wallet.*** Hello big people. Sorry to intrude. ***To the tallest.*** But you seem rather strapping. Here's \$300.00 could you be so kind as to go hit that man down there.

**Mike:** Really?

**Tara Wilson:** Alan!

**Alan Shore:** There's an extra hundred if he goes down.

**Mike:** You're on. ***He takes Alan's money and walks away.***

**Alan Shore:** Make it a good one!

**Tara Wilson:** Oh, for God sakes.

***Mike walks over to Joe, turns him around and hits him in the face. He raises his arms in celebration. Joe turns Mike around and hits him. Mike goes down.***

**Alan Shore:** ***To Edwards.*** Here's a hundred, go help your friend. ***Mike is back up and going at it with Joe. Edwards joins in and hits Joe who goes down. His friends join in.*** Gee. Seems Joe

has buddies. **Alan hands out bills to the rest of the group and they join in.** One for you. One for you. I got plenty of em. Hit em hard now. You. And for you. **It's an all out brawl!**

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Alan and Tara are walking down the corridor.**

**Tara Wilson:** You don't think the evening was slightly symptomatic of something? You take me to a college frat bar and you start a fight.

**Alan Shore:** I did not start it.

**Tara Wilson:** You certainly did start it.

**Catherine Piper:** **She comes up.** Alan? Wonderful news. The Kerwin deposition has been canceled. You don't have to go. Your morning is now free. Which works out, because it seems these two police officers are here to arrest you.

**Officer Jackson:** Are you Alan Shore?

**Catherine Piper:** My, aren't you clever! I bet you make detective one day. Was my calling him, Alan, a clue?

**Officer Jackson:** Please place your hands behind your back.

**Alan Shore:** Why?

**Officer Jackson:** Sir, please. You're under arrest for conspiracy to commit assault and battery. You have the right to remain silent.

**Catherine Piper:** You have it all memorized! Aren't you the spiffy jiffy. And a sharp dresser.

**Officer Jackson:** You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you.

**Catherine Piper:** Not to worry dear. I'll cancel the rest of your day.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, in Denny Crane's office, he, Shirley Schmidt and a client, Dominick Ryan, are watching the news on Television.**

**TV Announcer:** ...and in an unprecedented, if not bizarre move the selectmen of Summersport, Massachusetts, a small south shore town, population of 18,000, voted 6 to 2 yesterday, to ban read meat. As of midnight, it is now illegal to serve or sell beef within the township. Mayor George Bostwick, calling the law, a Health and Safety Regulation.

**Dominick Ryan:** Gawd... Health and Safety!?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Did they not call a town meeting to discuss this?

**Dominick Ryan:** Well they did, and nobody really took it that seriously. But the mayor controls the selectmen, and this is exactly the publicity he's hoping to buy. In the meantime, my steakhouse is out of business.

**Denny Crane:** How can you ban read meat?

**Dominick Ryan:** Well, they got a whole campaign. They're gonna go with it. They plan to promote Summersport as the Seafood Capital of the world!

**Denny Crane:** We're carnivores. When the pilgrims landed, the first thing they did was eat a few Indians.

**Dominick Ryan:** Is there anything we can do?

**Shirley Schmidt:** We'll get an immediate TRO.

**Denny Crane:** I'll argue it myself. Ban read meat! That cannot pass constitutional muster.

**Shirley Schmidt:** The word is muster, Denny, but, you're right the law lacks condiments. Let's mark up a motion and get going, and let's do it in Suffolk. We should contact the owners of the other affected restaurants and have them join us.

**In Judge Jamie Atkinson's courtroom.**

**Clerk:** Three, two, seven, four, four. Commonwealth versus Alan Shore. Conspiracy to commit battery.

**Alan is brought in and he joins Tara at her table.**

**Tara Wilson:** Tara Wilson, for the defendant Your Honor, we'll waive reading. I shouldn't think there'll be any question of bail.

**Judge Jamie Atkinson:** What have we got here?

**D.A. Casey Mathias:** He paid some guys in a bar to assault another guy.

**Alan Shore:** Judge, the guy insulted my honor; I was required by the cannons of barroom conduct to respond. This being America, I simply enlisted unsuspecting warriors who had no idea what I was getting them into.

**Judge Jamie Atkinson:** Was anybody hurt?

D.A. Casey Mathias: Cuts and bruises. There was some damage to the bar.

Tara Wilson: My suggestion is we admit to sufficient facts. You continue it without a finding; my client makes full restitution to the bar.

Judge Jamie Atkinson: That's not gonna fly.

Tara Wilson: It was self-defense, Mr Shore was hit. That fact that he hired others to do the hitting back doesn't preclude...

Judge Jamie Atkinson: You want a not guilty, Counsel? You need a trial.

Alan Shore: We could do it today.

Judge Jamie Atkinson: You're ready to proceed now?

Alan Shore: I'll stipulate to all the facts in the police report, though I must take issue with some of the spelling.

D.A. Casey Mathias: **The Judge looks at him.** If he stips to the facts, I could be ready tomorrow.

Alan Shore: Jury trial of course. I could provide the court with a list of my closest peers.

Judge Jamie Atkinson: I leave for Aspen on Wednesday, so we will complete this in one day. **Alan mouths 'Aspen'**. Ten o'clock tomorrow. The defendant is released on personal recognizance. Mr Shore? It would be big mistake to come in here thinking this is funny.

Alan Shore: **To Tara.** You mean it's not funny?

### ***In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom.***

Shirley Schmidt: You cannot just ban read meat.

Attorney Timothy Simms: Any municipality can pass reasonable health regulations...

Shirley Schmidt: Ah. Yes. Let's just pause on that word reasonable.

Attorney Timothy Simms: Many towns are dry forbidding the sale of alcohol...

Shirley Schmidt: There's an enormous difference between the sale...

Judge Clark Brown: Hold on a second Ms Schmidt. In my courtroom we allow counsel to finish their thoughts. We do not..."

Shirley Schmidt: If I could interrupt. The author of this particular and preposterous legislation happens to be both politically ambitious and a glutton for publicity, which this new law, funny thing, happens to be generating.

Attorney Timothy Simms: Red meat poses legitimate health concerns.

Shirley Schmidt: So do overzealous elected officials, we don't just ban them. If only we could.

Judge Clark Brown: Now! I shall do the interrupting. If nothing else, I pride myself on being a conscientious fact-finder.

Denny Crane: Oh, brother.

Judge Clark Brown: Mr Crane, did you say something?

Denny Crane: It's a stupid law. Overturn it. Be a man.

Denny Crane: Mr Crane was trying to be helpful, apparently he did not succeed.

Judge Clark Brown: What is the reason specifically for your client banning the sale of red meat?

Attorney Timothy Simms: Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy.

Judge Clark Brown: Mad cow disease?

Attorney Timothy Simms: We're fearful of an outbreak.

Judge Clark Brown: In Summersport?

Attorney Timothy Simms: Everywhere.

Shirley Schmidt: That's ridiculous!

Judge Clark Brown: Very well. We shall hold an evidencary hearing. First person I shall hear from is the mayor. Then Ms Schmidt, if you so desire, I shall listen to your client. Until the, we are adjourned.

Denny Crane: Put on a dress.

Judge Clark Brown: Two o'clock! **He pounds his gavel and leaves.**

Shirley Schmidt: What are you doing?

Denny Crane: I know this judge. I know where his buttons are.

Shirley Schmidt: Research shows, Denny, it's not wise to antagonize the people whose favor you're trying to court.

Denny Crane: Oh, come on, Shirley. You still antagonize me, and we both know what's really going on don't we?

Shirley Schmidt: You sweet man. It's been a long time since you hit my button. I doubt you'd even know where to find it.

Denny Crane: Just a matter of time, Shirley. Just a matter of time. **To Dominick.** This doesn't involve you, man. It's sexual.

Dominick Ryan: I thought you said the judge would strike the law down?

Shirley Schmidt: It just got a little tougher, Dominick. They played the Mad Cow card.

***In the courthouse, out in the corridor Mayor George Bostwick is surrounded by reporters.***

Mayor George Bostwick: Sometime a mayor has to do what's right, even if it isn't popular. Red meat presents risks which I, as the guardian of my constituency, am unwilling to assume.

***Further down the corridor, Denny, Shirley and Dominick are also surrounded by reporters.***

Shirley Schmidt: Legislation is capricious on its face, that will our only comment at this time.

Denny Crane: Pop goes the weasel. How are you?. Denny Crane. Still cuckoo for Coco Puffs. Who's your daddy? Denny Crane. Pop goes the weasel.

***In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, Mayor Bostwick is on the stand.***

Mayor George Bostwick: Simpy put. I don't think we can guarantee the safety of beef.

Attorney Timothy Simms: Why not?

Mayor George Bostwick: Well, for starters, we just lifted the ban on Canadian cattle where Mad Cow disease was just found. Again.

Attorney Timothy Simms: The percentage of Mad Cow in Canada is statistically...

Mayor George Bostwick: B-b-b-but why take chances? Consider this disease. It's incurable, it rots the brain, it's invariable fatal, and it's a painful death.

Attorney Timothy Simms: But our government has assured us there's absolutely no danger in this.

Mayor George Bostwick: Our government is pro-beef, are you kidding? In the last five years the agriculture business has donated 140 million dollars to congressional and presidential candidates. Fast food chains, the Cattlemen's Beef Associate. You name it. They've all given big bucks.

Attorney Timothy Simms: But the Department of Agriculture says that...

Mayor George Bostwick: Oh please. The USDA is in the meat industry's back pocket.

Judge Clark Brown: What evidence do you have of that?

Mayor George Bostwick: You want evidence? How about the last Secretary of Agriculture appointed meat industry advocates to top jobs at the USDA? How about the Secretary's former Chief Of Staff used to be chief lobbyist for the National Cattlemen's Beef Association? The USDA has been bought.

Attorney Timothy Simms: Pretty strong words, Mr Bostwick. Oprah got sued for saying less.

Mayor George Bostwick: Well what does that tell you? The meat industry gets to sue a talk show host for putting down a hamburger? Free speech doesn't apply when it comes to beef?

Judge Clark Brown: Well, certainly the USDA has an interest in making meat safe?

Mayor George Bostwick: But they have a double mandate Your Honor. And while one may be to keep beef safe. But the other, the bigger one, is to promote the sale of American meat. You think there's a real interest in this country in rooting out Mad Cow disease? It's don't ask, don't tell.

Shirley Schmidt: Objection!

Mayor George Bostwick: This past April, a cow, stumbled and fell in Texas. The vet suspected a central nervous system disorder. That animal should have been tested. It wasn't. It was quickly slaughtered and put into pig feed. Why? Because God forbid we discover Mad Cow disease. It'd cost billions and billions of dollars! Well, I'm not gonna wait. If that gets me sued. So be it.

Shirley Schmidt: How many people in this country have been afflicted with the human strain of Mad Cow disease?

Mayor George Bostwick: I don't plan to...

Shirley Schmidt: To wait. Yes. How many?

Mayor George Bostwick: We don't know.

Shirley Schmidt: There have been no confirmed cases.

Mayor George Bostwick: According to some scientists, many people we think have Alzheimer's could in fact be sick from Mad Cow disease.

Shirley Schmidt: Are you a scientist sir?

Mayor George Bostwick: No.

Shirley Schmidt: Before you became mayor, what was your occupation?

Mayor George Bostwick: I owned auto dealerships.

Shirley Schmidt: You were a car salesman? Given that 3 million people are killed or injured on our roads every year, do you also plan to ban automobiles?

Mayor George Bostwick: No.

Shirley Schmidt: What about Salmonella? Any plans to criminalize chickens?

Mayor George Bostwick: People don't die from chickens or...

Shirley Schmidt: What about mercury in fish?

Mayor George Bostwick: It's a concern. But again, I made a judgment as mayor and the selectmen concurred that the dangers of beef...

Shirley Schmidt: Have you any personal political ambitions beyond that of being mayor of Summersport?

Mayor George Bostwick: I'm not trying to get headlines, if that's what you're saying?

Shirley Schmidt: I didn't say that, but... funny you did. **Under her breath to Denny.** Have you got anything?

Denny Crane: You would agree, Mr Mayor that by an large, vegetarians are communists?

Mayor George Bostwick: I certainly would not.

Denny Crane: We're at war, Mr Bostwick. Think we can win that war if we suddenly say to our soldiers no more meat? Think a nation of fish-eaters can protect the world you wimp?

Attorney Timothy Simms: Objection?

Denny Crane: Withdrawn. Nothing further.

Mayor George Bostwick: Wimp?

Shirley Schmidt: What the hell are you doing?

Denny Crane: Don't bother with the merits, Shirley. This case, it's all about the judge.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Alan and Tara walk into the conference room. Paul is there.**

Alan Shore: You asked to see us.

Paul Lewiston: Sit.

Alan Shore: **In a stage whisper to Tara.** Not to worry. This is standard. He purposely doesn't look up. It's a technique taught in the forties for establishing dominion.

Paul Lewiston: You were involved in a bar altercation last night.

Alan Shore: Altercation? I think not. It was a brawl.

Paul Lewiston: And you were arrested?

Alan Shore: I was. Trial starts tomorrow actually. Can I count on you as a character witness?

Paul Lewiston: Who's defending you?

Alan Shore: I'm representing myself. With Tara's assistance.

Paul Lewiston: There's not opportunity to plead this out?

Alan Shore: Only if I plead guilty, which is of course, unacceptable. I have to worry about a three strikes law since I plan to commit future crimes.

Paul Lewiston: Ha! I don't know what kind of career death-wish you have, Mr Shore, but if you're convicted, if you get time, your employment will be terminated. That may be of little consequence to you...

Alan Shore: If I had a nickel for every time you've threatened to fire me, Paul, I could simply retire.

Tara Wilson: **Under her breath.** Alan, cut it out.

Paul Lewiston: It is not my habit to lecture. **Alan scoffs.** But what you did last night was selfish. We have a reputation here at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. **Alan mouths along 'Crane, Poole and Schmidt.'** The attorneys here take great pride in that reputation. It undermines everyone at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. **Alan mouths along 'Crane, Poole and Schmidt.'** when a lawyer here is criminally prosecuted. Your actions hurt people. All of us must now tender explanations to our friends, our colleagues, to safeguard and repair the reputation of Crane, Poole and Schmidt. **Alan mouths along 'Crane, Poole and Schmidt.'** Stop it!!! I've had it. Do you hear me? I have had it. Get out. Both of you.

**In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, Dr Raymond Young is on the stand.**

Dr Raymond Young: Personally, I would never eat meat.

Attorney Timothy Simms: Why doctor?

Dr Raymond Young: We don't have the means to keep track of what cattle are being fed. Nor are we adequately testing them in my opinion.

Shirley Schmidt: Your Honor. I object to paranoia being offered as evidence.

Dr Raymond Young: I'm sorry, but it's absolutely reckless for a government to be telling us we're safe, when the scientific community can't necessarily detect all the ways this disease can be contracted or transmitted.

Judge Clark Brown: But let's look at statistic. Nobody in this country seems to be getting sick from Mad Cows.

Dr Raymond Young: Judge, we just can't know that. The disease may have an incubation period of up to 40 years. You may be infected right now.

Judge Clark Brown: My point is nobody now seems to be demonstrating symptoms.

Dr Raymond Young: We don't know that for sure either. The human strain of the Mad Cow disease called Creutzfeldt-Jakob. But we call it CJD. You can also get CJD sporadically, with no link to infected meat. And some of the people we've diagnosed with Alzheimer's might in fact have CJD. We don't know how many cases there really are. You cannot tell me the government has all this figured out.

Shirley Schmidt: And the government just covers this up?

Dr Raymond Young: Well, it's probably not so much a cover-up. It's just we're not terribly motivated to discover the problem. The economic consequences would be too severe.

Shirley Schmidt: Economic consequences? The beef industry would risk an outbreak of Mad Cow disease? That wouldn't bankrupt them overnight?

Dr Raymond Young: The beef industry can't always tell when a cow is sick. And they're desperate to believe that isolated cases are isolated cases.

Shirley Schmidt: And the Department of Agriculture just plays along?

Dr Raymond Young: The month after that sick cow was found in Washington state? Mad Cow disease testing dropped almost 50%. That's outrageous.

Shirley Schmidt: It eventually went up?

Dr Raymond Young: Look. They tried to track the herd where that Washington cow came from? They couldn't find 53 of the 80 cows. They've since admitted their cattle track-back system isn't up and running, and it would have to be done on a voluntary bases. Voluntary! Please! What meat-packing plant wants the distinction of having a mad cow? Which is why I order the fish.

Shirley Schmidt: **Under her breath.** Denny?

Denny Crane: Hmm?

Shirley Schmidt: I'm getting my ass kicked here.

Denny Crane: I can see that.

Shirley Schmidt: Any suggestions?

Denny Crane: **To Dr Young.** How old are you, sir?

Dr Raymond Young: 46.

Denny Crane: I'm 72. I can mop the floor with you. You know why? I eat meat. Makes me strong. Builds up my immune system, fights off a whole bunch of other diseases I might have had if I weren't so strong. Red meat saves lives, maybe. Ever think about that?

Dr Raymond Young: I'm sorry but there's no real evidence to support that opinion.

Denny Crane: Oh. Sorry. Any hard evidence to support yours?

Dr Raymond Young: Hard evidence? No. **Denny smugly lifts his hand to the Judge, the Judge smiles.** But I don't think we really wanna wait for that evidence to come rushing in.

Denny Crane: **He is dejected. Under his breath to Shirley.** I had him there. Right till the end.

**In Judge Jamie Atkinson's courtroom. Edwards is on the stand.**

Edwards: He basically offered us a hundred dollars to fight.

D.A. Casey Mathias: You took the money?

Edwards: Yes.

D.A. Casey Mathias: And you fought?

Edwards: Yes.

D.A. Casey Mathias: Thank you sir.

Alan Shore: Interesting. We agreed to stipulate to the facts and the prosecution sees fit to distort them just the same.

D.A. Casey Mathias: Objection!

Alan Shore: Mr Edwards? I didn't say, 'Here's a hundred dollars, go fight.' Did I?

Edwards: Well...

Alan Shore: Did I not first ask your friend Mike to avenge an assault committed against me?

Edwards: Yes.

Alan Shore: And then when Mike was attacked, I enlisted you and others to go to his aid, did I not?

Edwards: Yes.

Alan Shore: And the man who first assaulted me had many colleagues who joined the fray? Did he not?

Edwards: Yes!

Alan Shore: In fact Joe's friends first turned it into a brawl, wouldn't you say?

Edwards: Yes.

Alan Shore: And as a friend of Mike's, is it your testimony you would not have gone to his aid, had I not offered you the money?

Edwards: No. I would've probably jumped in anyway at that point.

Alan Shore: Well! Given your honest and forthright testimony, which has shed blinding light on what happened at the bar that night, would you now consider yourself a witness more for the prosecution or the defense?

Edwards: Uh. I guess, defense.

Alan Shore: Thank you, Mr Edwards. You deserve another hundred.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Denny, Shirley and Dominick are in the lobby.**

Dominick Ryan: We're going to lose?

Shirley Schmidt: It hasn't gone well. Surely you've noticed?

Dominick Ryan: My grandfather started this steakhouse. How can...? I just can't believe it!

Shirley Schmidt: It isn't over yet. We still have some summations, but...

Denny Crane: **He lifts his hand to stop Shirley, then he leads her aside.** I'll tell you this one more time. Play the judge! The man lives with his mother, he wears lifts. The buzz word is nansy pansy.

Shirley Schmidt: I beg your pardon?

Denny Crane: Nansy. Pansy. He doesn't wanna fall on that side of the fence. It's even worse than namby, pamby.

Shirley Schmidt: What are you talking about?

Denny Crane: Trust me, Shirley. For once, can you do that?

Shirley Schmidt: Nansy. Pansy.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Alan is in his office seated behind his desk.**

Tara Wilson: **She comes in.** I was thinking perhaps I should close.

Alan Shore: Don't be ridiculous.

Tara Wilson: I'm sorry?

Alan Shore: No offense, Tara, but since I handled the witness, the jury will be expecting...

Tara Wilson: Did you see the faces on the jury? They weren't impressed. They found you smug. You were perhaps too self-satisfied to notice.

Alan Shore: Are we at certain point in our cycle, Tara? **She crosses her arms and doesn't answer.** I apologize.

Tara Wilson: Do you? That's a first.

Alan Shore: **He gets up, walks around his desk and stands in front of her.** Say what you must.

Tara Wilson: I was hugely embarrassed by what happened at the bar. Not to mention terrified. I could have been injured. Did that ever occur to you? I mean it would have been one thing had you had any Neanderthal reaction and swung back! But your response was considered! You reflectively, calmly, orchestrated your violence. People could have been hurt. I could have been hurt. But you've not once considered that, because contrary to the rumor that you are the center of the universe, clearly you are the universe. And I for one am getting sick of it.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Paul and Shirley are in the conference room.**

Shirley Schmidt: Alan Shore's a good lawyer, Paul. If we fire him it does leave a hole.

Paul Lewiston: I am certainly mindful of that, but how far do we let him push us? He has done this at every firm he has worked for. He defies them to the point..., his last firm sued him.

Shirley Schmidt: Yes! And he went on, they didn't.

Chelina Hall: **She comes in.** Schmidt! Called?

Shirley Schmidt: Chelina? I called you three hours ago! Where have you been?

Chelina Hall: Patriots parade.

Shirley Schmidt: The Patriots parade was last week!

Chelina Hall: Three Super Bowls. Four years. I'm still on parade.

Shirley Schmidt: You worked on the Yenetty meat packing case last year. Didn't you?

Chelina Hall: Yes.

Shirley Schmidt: What do you know about that cow in Washington State? **Chelina shrugs.** I am about to suffer an embarrassing defeat in court. I need to show that what happened in Washington was an isolated... **Chelina puts up her hand.** What?

**Chelina Hall:** Don't go near the Washington case. It's possible; it wasn't even a downer cow.

**Shirley Schmidt:** What do you mean downer cow?

**Chelina Hall:** Basically it means that the cow fell down. We're told that the mad cows are easy to spot because they stumble and fall. We were told that this cow fell. But eye witnesses in Washington say the cow was walking, and was tested only as a fluke.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Which means...?

**Chelina Hall:** While we're being told that the sick cows show easily detectable symptoms...

**Shirley Schmidt:** ...they sometimes don't and therefore go undetected.

**Chelina Hall:** Stay away from the Washington case.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Thank you, Chelina. **Chelina nods, then leaves.** Pardon the expression, but, I'm dead meat.

**Paul Lewiston:** You really think you're going to lose?

**Shirley Schmidt:** I'm tempted to employ Denny's strategy.

**Paul Lewiston:** Which? Is...?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Nansy. Pansy.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Brad and Lori are in the kitchen.**

**Brad Chase:** All I know is he instigated the brawl. The charge is conspiracy to commit aggravated assault.

**Alan Shore:** **He comes in.** Talking about me Brad?

**Brad Chase:** Yeah, we're just trying to imagine you as the... instigator.

**Alan Shore:** What's that supposed to mean?

**Brad Chase:** Sorry. Forget it.

**Alan Shore:** No! Let's not forget it. How about you say what you have to say, or is that too monumental an effort, completing whole sentences?

**Lori Colson:** Come on, Alan.

**Alan Shore:** You wanna talk about me, Lori? Perhaps you should reposition yourself behind my back. Isn't that the rule of the game?

**Lori Colson:** I don't talk about you behind your back.

**Brad Chase:** You're not that interesting.

**Alan Shore:** **He shoves Brad.** I'm tired of this. Get that?

**Brad Chase:** Oh, ha. I dunno what's going on with you, sport, but you're certainly smart enough to realize that I could probably dismember you in about...

**Alan Shore:** **He shoves Brad again.** Then do it.

**Lori Colson:** Cut it out!

**Tara Wilson:** **She comes in.** What the hell is going on?

**Alan Shore:** Careful, Tara. I wouldn't want you to get hurt. Listen to me? Talking to others as if I weren't the only one in the universe. When will I learn?

**Tara Wilson:** No! When will we learn... that you are always right? That it makes sense to start a barroom brawl. That it's perfectly reasonable to get into a shoving match at the office. Nothing could be going on with you. When will we learn? Get help.

**In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, Shirley is giving her closing.**

**Shirley Schmidt:** We had an expression in this country years ago called, 'Where's the beef?'

Translation? Where's the substance? Your Honor, do you know anybody who's been victimized by Mad Cow disease? Know anybody who knows anybody? Know anybody, who knows anybody, who knows anybody? There's simply not a shred of evidence to suggest that a single person in this country has ever become ill from a mad cow. But... why wait? That's the mayor's shingle. Why? Wait? Because this man and others like him, have sacrificed their lives and their livelihoods building their restaurants. Maybe as a courtesy, we could wait for a scintilla of evidence before arbitrarily destroying their businesses. The fact is the USDA has done an exemplary job conducting tests and establishing safeguards to prevent the outbreak of Mad Cow disease. Which is probably why, it hasn't broken out. But we could give into our fear and panic, baseless panic, but that would make us... **She looks down at Denny, then up at the Judge.** ...a nation of nansy, pansy's. I don't know about you, but I don't want to be a nansy, pansy.

**Attorney Timothy Simms:** Towns make rules all the time. Lots of em. Zone fast-food restaurants out of business. Through permits, they can control how you build your house! Some towns ban alcohol. Cigarettes. Others have curfews. We do all kinds of things. The only legal requirement is that the laws



are reasonable. It is not unreasonable to fear an outbreak of Mad Cow disease. We've had a case in Washington State. Another, last month, in Canada, we just lifted the ban on Canadian beef! The incubation period for this disease could be decades. We have no guarantee that we're not already infected. It is simply reckless for the government to be injecting certainty, when the scientific community cannot. And forget Mad Cow, we already know that eating beef can cause high cholesterol, heart disease, it increases the risk of colon cancer, there's listeria and ecoli, which has already killed people. Dioxin! The poison that almost killed the Ukrainian president that stuff is on our grazing grass! Scientists say the average American has about 10 units of Dioxin in their blood fat, simply from eating animal fat. There are all kinds of reasonable justifications for a mayor to try to reduce red meat from diet of his citizenry. And let me remind you, there is nothing, nothing in the constitution that guarantees anybody the right to sell a hamburger.

**Denny mouths 'Nansy, pansy' to the judge.**

**In Judge Jamie Atkinson's courtroom, D.A. Mathias is giving is his closing.**

**D.A. Casey Mathias:** This wasn't self-defense. Mr Shore was not under any physical threat when he paid the first man to fight. This was vengeance for hire. And once that violence began he started paying others to escalate it. These facts are not in dispute. The only real question for you here is, "Is Mr Shore above the law or not?"

**Alan Shore:** I've been accused of reflectively, perhaps even glibly, orchestrating a little revenge. Well, I guess that's how I wanted it to look. A man punched me in the face, in front of my girlfriend, and while my instinct was to hit him back, the truth is, I was afraid. I was fearful, that if I retaliated he would beat me up. So I got somebody else to do my fighting, then things got out of hand, and... well... I had to send more and more troops to a war that should have ended quickly. But, make no mistake, my reaction that night was not so much reflective, as it was, primal. A man hit me, and while we like to think of ourselves as being evolved... maybe I should have just hit him. There's a warrior that lies within the belly of every man, a warrior who, in my case, has always gone unsatisfied. I tried to satisfy it, but without pain. That's what the craven do sometimes. They stand out of the fray, thump their egos along with their chests, and let others do the fighting. **He walks back to his table and sits down. Tara reaches over to take his hand. He glances down for a moment then caresses her hand with his thumb.**

**In Judge Clark Brown's courtroom, all parties present.**

**Judge Clark Brown:** **He comes in.** Well, thank you all for staying late. I did some research of my own. As you may know I pride myself on being a conscientious fact finder.

**Denny Crane:** There we go. **He shakes his finger at the Judge and mouths 'No nansy, pansy' to him.**

**Judge Clark Brown:** Mad Cow disease is here, and for all the guarantees supplied by the government, the scientific community doesn't back 'em up. We all have a right to be concerned. The governmental agencies in place to protect us seem to be controlled by the industries we need protection from! This Mad Cow disease started out in Europe and worked its way over here. And it is true; the scientists are at odds with our government. But as a tryer of fact, a judge must rely on facts and there is no evidence of an epidemic. If a judge were to allow himself to be governed by fear alone, well, then it is true and I agree it would make him a... a... nansy, pansy. This judge is anything but! I find the law banning sale of red meat to be premature, if not capricious, and it is hereby overturned.

**Denny Crane:** Way to go, Judge.

**Judge Clark Brown:** Case adjourned!

**Shirley Schmidt:** Anybody up for a burger?

**Dominick Ryan:** Thank you. Thank you. Thank God.

**Shirley Schmidt:** Well, Denny, I admit I had my doubts, but you won this case. Thank you.

**Denny Crane:** Does this mean we're having sex tonight?

**Shirley Schmidt:** Allow me the dream a little longer.

**Denny Crane:** I won the day. I deserve to be rewarded.

**Shirley Schmidt:** I'll give you this. **She puts her mouth to his ear and breaths:** Denny, Dennyyy, Dennyyy Craaane!

**Denny Crane:** Whoa.

**In Judge Jamie Atkinson's courtroom, she is reading the verdict.**

**Alan Shore:** **Under his breath to Tara.** I must be acquitted. She's not smiling.

Tara Wilson: Shh.

Judge Jamie Atkinson: Madam Foreperson, you've reached a unanimous verdict?

Foreperson: We have, Your Honor.

Judge Jamie Atkinson: What say you?

Foreperson: Commonwealth versus Alan Shore, on the count of conspiracy to commit aggravated assault, we find the defendant, Alan Shore, not guilty.

Alan Shore: We appeal, Judge.

Judge Jamie Atkinson: Members of the jury, this completes your service, you can go. Mr Shore! This probably doesn't have to be good bye, so much as, 'Until we meet again.'

Alan Shore: Yes, Your Honor. **To Tara.** She's attracted to me.

Tara Wilson: No doubt.

Alan Shore: Tara? I am sorry. I never meant to put you in any danger.

Tara Wilson: I know.

Alan Shore: When you... launched into that diatribe about me being the...

Tara Wilson: The Universe.

Alan Shore: You said you were sick of it. Are you sick of me? **Tara doesn't reply.** Are you sick of me, Tara?

Tara Wilson: No.

Alan Shore: As much as I... loathe... sentiment, together with it's expression... I cherish you. You should just know, you really, really smell good.

Tara Wilson: You smell good too.

**At Crane, Poole and Schmidt, Denny is having a cigar out on the balcony. Alan joins him, cigar and drink in hand.**

Denny Crane: How'd you do?

Alan Shore: Jury was out 15 minutes. Not guilty. I think they took pity on me.

Denny Crane: Congratulations.

Alan Shore: I hear you won.

Denny Crane: Um.

Alan Shore: Everything okay?

Denny Crane: I don't have Alzheimer's. I have Mad Cow disease.

Alan Shore: Well, it's nice to finally know. **A beat.** Ever beat up anybody with your bare hands?

Denny Crane: Many times. Why?

Alan Shore: Just asking.

Denny Crane: Have you?

Alan Shore: No.

Denny Crane: Well! Makes you a better man than I, I guess.

Alan Shore: Guess so.