

Boston Legal
Finding Nimmo

Season 2, Episode 3

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Transcribed by Imamess

Tara walks down the hallway at Crane, Poole and Schmidt, then goes into Alan's office. He's reading some papers.

Tara Wilson: We need to talk Alan.

Alan Shore: No we don't. You've refallen for a former boyfriend. You've decided to go back to him. So be it.

Tara Wilson: **She sits down.** I would like to talk about it.

Alan Shore: Why? To put a tidy little bow on it in celebration of the friendship? We're breaking up Tara. Let's not turn it into a Hallmark moment.

Tara Wilson: At the root of our relationship was a friendship.

Alan Shore: That was perhaps your root. For me it's the little things. Sharing a glass of wine as we do the crossword. Early morning coffee. Listening to books on tape, while I teeth on your left breast. **She gets up to leave.** Tara. **She stops at the door.** Sorry. I have little doubt you're doing what's best for you.

Tara Wilson: I decided not to go back to him.

Alan Shore: Then what is it we're not talking about?

Tara Wilson: As much as it, ah, might not be him. I suppose he made me realize that it isn't you either. As much as I love you and I do very much. I need to move on.

Denny and Alan are standing on the balcony.

Alan Shore: I suppose it's better than moving in. I've really believed if a woman is going to move on, she should be required to move away.

Denny Crane: A woman once left me cause the way I grunted during sex reminded her of her pot-bellied pig.

Alan Shore: You grunt like a pig during sex?

Denny Crane: Huh. And when I fell asleep after? She said I snored like her pig too. You just can't win. Relationships end for all sorts of reasons. The only thing you can do is go fishing. Cancel the rest of your week Al. I'm taking you to Nimmo Bay.

Alan Shore: Don't be ridiculous.

Denny Crane: This is not a meaningful life! Practicing law, drinking scotch at nine o'clock in the morning. Nine o'clock scotch is meaningful, but practicing law, making money, settling petty disputes. Life is in British Columbia in the Great Bear Rainforest. God is out there Alan.

Alan Shore: God likes to fish?

Denny Crane: We need to go to the woods and touch ourselves. Get in touch with ourselves. Man can only truly bond in the woods. Come on Alan. Let's go fishing.

"Canada Song" by Five Iron Frenzy plays as we see beautiful scenery of mountains, forests and rivers. Alan and Denny are wearing headphones and a microphone. They are in a helicopter. Denny is in his element, Alan looks nauseous.(Lyrics to the song are at: <http://www.boston-legal.org/3-nimmo/ep3-nimmo.shtml#know>.)

Alan Shore: I'm not a good flyer. Especially helicopters. I don't understand the aerodynamics. And I'm feeling quite inclined to vomit.

Denny Crane: There's fish down there man.

Alan Shore: Ugh. In that case.

Denny Crane: Comin up to it. Look! There! The Night Explorer. There it is! Nimmo Bay.

We see about a dozen people standing on a water deck. They are waving white towels.

Alan Shore: They're surrendering! Do they think we're attacking?

Denny Crane: That's how they welcome the guest!

Alan Shore: Denny this may not be the time, but, I hate nature!

Detective John Stephenson at Crane, Poole and Schmidt. He walks up to Catherine Piper sitting at a desk.

Detective John Stephenson: Mrs Piper?

Catherine Piper: No.

Detective: Is there some place we can talk? After you can to see us we decided to put a tracking device on Bernard Ferrion's car. He hasn't used it for a over week. We knocked on his door. Talked to neighbors. Nobody's seen him. We entered his house. Looked around. It seems he's vanished.

Catherine Piper: Really? Gee.

Detective: When was the last time you saw him?

Catherine Piper: About a week ago I guess. I had dinner at his house, let's see, on Friday.

Detective: Yeah. That's the last day anybody saw him? What'd you talk about?

Catherine Piper: Well if you must know. I decided to end our friendship. Maybe he went fishing. I hear men do that.

Detective: And did he know that you tried to turn him in?

Garrett Wells and Sarah Holt walking the hallway at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Sarah Holt: ... ??? progress.

Garrett Wells: What progress? Just get him compromised and proceed directly to blackmail. Do not pass go...

Sarah Holt: First of all, I am not about to blackmail him.

Garrett Wells: In so many words.

Sarah Holt: And second, when I decide to screw somebody, even figuratively I still like foreplay.

Garrett Wells: Nice.

Sarah Holt: The man isn't stupid Garrett. I need to move slowly.

Reverend Donald Diddum and Sarah Holt in an office.

Reverend Donald Diddum and Sarah Holt: **Their hands are folded and their heads are bowed.**

Please dear Father, give us the serenity to find accord, passion to find victory and fairness, and to remember that despite our differences may we remain one man under God. Amen.

Reverend Donald Diddum: Okay. We last left off on vacation allowance.

Sarah Holt: Hm. I still have to deny that.

Reverend Donald Diddum: Well it was a custom during the marriage.

Sarah Holt: As a luxury. I like that we start with a prayer. That you for that.

Reverend Donald Diddum: You're a nice person.

Sarah Holt: Can we table the vacation allowance for now and get back to health insurance?

Reverend Donald Diddum: Sure.

Sarah Holt: Give me a sec to just run these numbers.

A guide and Alan are standing on a deck. The guide is demonstrating how to cast. Herepeatedly swings his rod from an imaginary ten o'clock position to the two o'clock position.

Guide: Ten o'clock, Two o'clock. Ten o'clock. Two o'clock.

Alan Shore: Make up your mind. What time is it?

Guide: Forecast, backcast to two. You wanna let the rod do the work.

Alan Shore: When will it finally be my turn? You guides aren't very good at sharing.

The guide hands Alan the rod. Alan awkwardly casts a few times.

Guide: Okay. It's not a fly swatter.

Alan Shore: Where are all the fish?

Denny Crane: Can't hit the river, till you learn to cast. **He's sitting at a table off to the side with a glass of wine in his hand, a bottle of wine and a bowl of something on the table.**

Alan Shore: Look at you, roughing it in the great outdoors.

Guide: Ten two.

Alan Shore: Stop with the time.

Shirley is sitting behind her desk in her office. Catherine is standing at the door.

Shirley Schmidt: Hello Catherine.

Catherine Piper: Hello.

Shirley Schmidt: May I help you?

Catherine Piper: Well I, ah... **She closes the door.** I may have a situation.

Shirley Schmidt: Okay.

Catherine Piper: I had befriended a man. Bernard Ferrion. A seemingly benign little person who had killed both his mother and neighbor. This firm represented him. Alan got him off. Both times! Are you aware of any of this?

Shirley Schmidt: Some.

Catherine Piper: Well. At his core I maintained that Bernard was not evil, which is, I suppose in part why I befriended him. But suddenly became convinced he was evil and would kill again. I went to the police and revealed some things that may have been privileged. I'm sorry about that, but my conscience... ah, anyway the police said little could be done which stunned me, of course, well I became horrified I suppose at the prospect of Bernard taking more human life.

Shirley Schmidt: And?

Catherine Piper: I killed him.

Shirley Schmidt: What do you mean you killed him?

Catherine Piper: I bludgeoned him. With his own skillet. And now the police are asking questions and I don't know what to do.

Shirley Schmidt: Catherine! You killed a man?

Catherine Piper: Yes, dear! If only your prolonged starring could bring him back!

In an office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Shirley Schmidt: She doesn't want us to go to the police. She's not looking to turn herself in so much as, I guess she wants to be prepared should she be arrested.

Paul Lewiston: She killed one of your clients?

Shirley Schmidt: First thing we have to make sure of is we don't have some legal obligation to report it.

Brad Chase: No we don't. A confession to use privilege.

Lori Colson: What about our duty to Bernard Ferrion? He was our client!

Tara Wilson: I'm not sure our duty there would survive his death.

Paul Lewiston: Hit him on the head with a skillet?

Shirley Schmidt: At a minimum it would be a public relations nightmare if it got out that we knew and said nothing.

Brad Chase: I think we need to convince her to confess to the police.

Shirley Schmidt: I don't think she has any intension of doing that.

Brad Chase: Where's the body?

Shirley Schmidt: Evidently in his basement.

Paul Lewiston: She just killed him?

Shirley Schmidt: Yes Paul she killed him. He's dead. Can we move on? Tara? Is this woman insane?

Tara Wilson: Clearly she must be.

Paul Lewiston: She has to be fired.

Brad Chase: No that would be an indirect violation of privilege. If that action could indirectly be...

Paul Lewiston: She kills clients!!

Shirley Schmidt: Ssssh.

Brad Chase: I think we need to convince her to go to the police.

Shirley Schmidt: And if she refuses?

Paul Lewiston: We lie to her. Tell her the police are about to find out.

Shirley Schmidt: We can't lie to her Paul. She's a defacto client!

Paul Lewiston: Doing nothing here could devastate the moral integrity of this firm. Where is Alan Shore? He has a relationship with her.

Shirley Schmidt: He's in Canada.

Lori Colson: Tara dumped him.

Paul Lewiston: Is he reachable?

Shirley Schmidt: Apparently not.

Paul Lewiston: Well! Shirley you need to persuade the woman to confess.

Shirley Schmidt: Even if it's to her legal detriment?

Paul Lewiston: Yes! Sometimes the firm has to come first.

Denny, Alan and a guide fishing in hip waders.

Denny Crane: Ah. You can see them in there. Look at the crystal clear water. My fly went right by his nose. Eat it you picky bastard.

Alan Shore: Should I be concerned that the guide brought a gun?

Denny Crane: Well you never know when a grizzly will wonder around. Relax.

Alan Shore: Just catch a fish, would you please? Unlike you didn't eat back at the lodge. Who cooks it by the way?

Denny Crane: Its catch and release.

Alan Shore: What do you mean?

Denny Crane: We let em go.

Alan Shore: What do you mean we let em go? We just traveled thirty-five hundred miles! We don't get to eat them?

Denny Crane: I brought you out here to expose you to, to...

Alan Shore: The fish! Which I'm now told we can't eat.

Denny Crane: Once you see one, and hold one in your hand, not that you will because they're almost impossible to catch, but I might look in God's fav...

Alan Shore: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Wait just a second. Did you say I might not even get one?

Denny Crane: It's called fishing man, not catching!

Alan Shore: No, no, no. You haul me halfway across the world to help me get over my painful breakup with...

Denny Crane: Tara.

Alan Shore: And now you're telling me the fish are uncatchable?

Denny Crane: By beginners! I'll get one, if you just shut up and let me fish!

Alan Shore: **He casts.** Ugh. Ah!!! Whoa! Oh! Fish on!

Denny Crane: Hey! He got one! Look at that!

Alan Shore: What do I do?

Denny Crane: You've got one on your line!

Guide: Aw right. Tip up! Don't lose it.

Denny Crane: You've got one on your line! Don't horse it in!

Guide: Fight em man! Fight em!

In an office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Shirley Schmidt: The odds are Catherine, the police will find out. It is our united feeling that the best way to achieve the most leniency is for you to go to the police of your own accord and tell them what happened.

Catherine Piper: You're lying dear. It seems to me that if I confess it might make things easier for them.

Shirley Schmidt: Catherine. On the one hand you tried to introduce Bernard Ferrion to your faith in the hopes of saving his soul. But denying this man a funeral, his opportunity to rest in peace with God,

that isn't in keeping with his salvation. Did you commit this act because he was evil? Or because you are?

Catherine Piper: Because he was!

Shirley Schmidt: Then I would advise you, do not let his final legacy be the destruction of your moral and spiritual character. This firm will defend you. I give you my word; you will have this firm's full resources.

Catherine Piper: I want Alan Shore.

In an office at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Reverend Donald Diddum: If I could get him back to the charity of heart discount of six and a quarter...

Sarah Holt: I couldn't sell it.

Reverend Donald Diddum: Well I have a hard time believing that Sarah. You seem so incredibly compelling. Surely you can move Denise a little. Perhaps in the way you move me.

Sarah Holt: I'm afraid I'm gonna have to have another attorney handle this matter.

Reverend Donald Diddum: I beg your pardon?

Sarah Holt: It's just, divorce law isn't my specialty and I feel Denise's interests aren't best being served.

Reverend Donald Diddum: You're doing wonderful work here. We're almost at a meeting of the minds!

Sarah Holt: It's not the meeting of the minds that concerns me. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that.

Reverend Donald Diddum: Wha, what did you mean by it?

Sarah Holt: Nothing. I, I apologize. But I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.

Reverend Donald Diddum: Okay.

Sarah Holt: I'm attracted to you. I mean... I'm not. I just think I am. Which is to say. I have a problem.

Reverend Donald Diddum: Problem?

Sarah Holt: I shouldn't be litigating with clergy.

Reverend Donald Diddum: What do you mean?

Sarah Holt: This has to just be between us. You can't tell your client. Should it ever get back to my client...

Reverend Donald Diddum: No I, I give you my word.

Sarah Holt: I uhm, I have, a clergy fetish.

Reverend Donald Diddum: Clergy fetish?

Sarah Holt: I've been secretly prolonging these negotiations just to be close to you.

Reverend Donald Diddum: Perhaps I can help?

Sarah Holt: You need to leave.

Reverend Donald Diddum: Sarah.

Sarah Holt: You need to go now. Reverend. Just go.

He leaves. Garrett comes in.

Garrett Wells: How did we do?

Sarah Holt: He's ready to fall.

Garrett Wells: When.

Sarah Holt: He'll be back. Then I'll close it.

Shirley, Brad and Tara are coming down stairs into a basement.

Shirley Schmidt: Can't believe I'm here doing this.

Brad Chase: We have to at least see the scene before calling the police.

Shirley Schmidt: Why do they always put the dead bodies in the basement?

Tara Wilson: So they can still entertain.

Denny Crane: Well. There's nothing down here. It looks like she lied to us.

Tara Wilson: Look! ***She points at a freezer.***

Brad Chase: Did she say he was in an icebox

Tara Wilson: No.

Brad Chase: Open it.

Tara Wilson: You open it!

Brad Chase: Why me?

Tara Wilson: You're a man. Do the math.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh no. I'm not opening it. I still can't believe I'm even here. I make over a million dollars a year and I'm in basement looking for a dead midget.

Shirley Schmidt and Tara Wilson: Hah!!!Ah!!! Ahhhhhh!!!

Denny, Alan and the guide are still fishing.

Alan Shore: Ah!! Ha, ha, ho!!

Denny Crane: Another one?

Alan Shore: Ah!

Denny Crane: What's he got on?

Alan Shore: He's bigger than the last one! Look! Denny look!

Denny Crane: I see. I see.

Guide: Keep the tip up! Tip up! That's it. Now let him run.

Alan Shore: Oh my God! I saw his mouth! He had a smile Denny. He likes being caught. D' you see how happy he looked!

Guide: Okay, gain some line on her. Reel it in. Come on. Let me get your drag in.

Alan Shore: The guide is bonding. This is unbelievable Denny. You have no idea. You really should try catching one. Oh my God! Oop! Whoa!

At the police station Catherine is photographed fingerprinted. Shirley and Catherine are sitting in a cell.

Catherine Piper: You promised me Alan Shore!

Shirley Schmidt: You'll get him. As soon as he gets back from Canada.

Catherine Piper: Why can't you just call him?

Shirley Schmidt: Because he has his satellite phone turned off. You'll get him Catherine. I promise. In the meantime arraignment is set for nine AM tomorrow. Between now and then? Do not talk to anybody. And I realize Catherine that for you this represents the challenge of a lifetime. We need to keep all our defense options open and for that to happen? You cannot talk.

Alan comes out from the cabin with a drink in his hand and joins Denny and a fellow-guest sitting out on the deck.

Alan Shore: Excuse me. Is it unusual to catch five cohos in one day? I mean...

Guest: I'd say you had a bit of luck

Denny Crane: Beginners luck.

Alan Shore: You're not competitive over this sort of thing, are you Denny? Could you pass me the ashtray please? ***Denny passes the ashtray.*** Ahh. Thank you. I'd have reached for it myself but my shoulders are a bit sore from all that reeling. ***He looks to the guest.*** How many did you catch?

Guest: I didn't fish.

Alan Shore: Ah! That would put you about even with Denny.

Guest: I'm sorry. Are you Denny Crane?

Denny Crane: Yes I am. And I'm not your father.

Guest: I'm Peter Barrett. I'm an attorney actually and I'm a big admirer.

Denny Crane: Fine. I'm still not your father.

Peter Barrett: You're a salmon catcher, Mr Crane?

Denny Crane: Catch em in my sleep.

Alan Shore: That must be the only place he catches them.

Denny Crane: I see why Tara dumped you. I'm about to.

Alan Shore: There's no Tara. Don't be deceived. Denny and I are lovers.

Denny Crane: I'm a heterosexual. And I catch salmon like one.

Peter Barrett: Well, you won't be catching them for long I'm afraid. Wild Pacific salmon are being wiped out.

Denny Crane: What are you talking about?

Peter Barrett: Sea lice are killing them. The weight of evidence points toward the fish farms.

Denny Crane: Fish farms?

Peter Barrett: The penned fish in the fish farms host the lice, which attach themselves to the baby wild salmon migrating past the pens and it's destroying them. I'm actually here because I'm going into court in Port McNeal tomorrow to try to enjoin another fish farm from going in. Boy! Would I love to go in with the Denny Crane by my side?

Denny Crane: You one of these environmental lawyers?

Peter Barrett: Is there something wrong with that?

Denny Crane: They're evildoers. Yesterday it's a tree, today's is a salmon, tomorrow it's 'Let's not dig Alaska for oil cause it's too pretty?' Let me tell you something. I came out here to enjoy nature. Don't talk to me about the environment.

Alan Shore: All reality. None of it scripted.

Reverend Donald Diddum comes in to Sarah's office. He closes the door.

Reverend Donald Diddum: Sarah I must tell you. I too have felt a connection! Maybe what you're feeling isn't the product of a fetish so much as two of God's children desirous of, of coming together.

Sarah Holt: Take off your collar.

Reverend Donald Diddum: I'm sorry?

Sarah Holt: I wanna see you as a man for a second. Not as a minister. Please take it off. Now give it to me. **She caresses it, then smells it. He opens the top button of his shirt.** Have you come to make love to me Reverend?

Reverend Donald Diddum: Yes.

Sarah Holt: We need to settle the case first. At a number where I can't possibly be accused of any conflict of interest. Three hundred and ninety.

Reverend Donald Diddum: I can sell it to him.

Sarah Holt: Can we make love here? I don't wanna go anywhere. I just wanna do it right here.

Reverend Donald Diddum: It's what God wants.

Garrett Wells: Can I watch? **Speaking from a monitor.** Reverend, Reverend you little slut.

Reverend Donald Diddum: What's going on?

Garrett Wells: What's going on is you selling out your client for sex.

Reverend Donald Diddum: It's what God wants. **Replayed on the monitor.**

Garrett Wells: I'm shocked. This is what's going to happen. You're going to tell your client that he's going to get a check for one hundred thousand dollars. He take it because it's more than he deserves. Perhaps more than he'll get if he goes to trial.

Reverend Donald Diddum: I'll report the both of you.

Garrett Wells: To who? One hundred grand. Think on it. Pray on it. Off you go now.

Denny and Alan, each in a single bed, reading.

Alan Shore: Oh my God. This book? The Stain Upon the Sea? It's all about these sea lice.

Denny Crane: Interesting.

Alan Shore: They call them cling-ons.

Denny Crane: Did you say Klingons?

Alan Shore: The really could wipe out salmon if something isn't done. They have to do something.

Denny Crane: Uh huh.

Alan Shore: Uh huh?

Denny Crane: Huh.

Alan Shore: Don't you care?

Denny Crane: What's the worse case scenario? They're extinct in twenty years or so? I'm seventy-two. I'll be extinct in ten. What do I care?

Alan Shore: That would be humorous if so many people didn't think exactly that way. When does the male-bonding part come in on this trip?

Denny Crane: I'm not into the Canadian weenie-welding.

Alan Shore: What scares you most in life, Denny?

Denny Crane: I told you. I got the mad cow. And my penis only works on medication.

Alan Shore: Yes. Besides that? Dying?

Denny Crane: I've died many times. Can we talk about something other than sex? What about you? What scares you?

Alan Shore: Being alone I guess. Don't get me wrong. I love solitude. I like it best in relationships. Hmm. It's gonna feel strange not having Tara in my bed. I've always had this feeling and I've never shared it with anybody, but I'm convinced in a past life I was murdered in my sleep.

Denny Crane: You're a wacko.

Alan Shore: I try to be vulnerable here. Could you toss me a bone? Give me something?

Denny Crane: I know what you're doing. And I'm not sleeping with you. Forget about it. Turn off the light. You're not getting my bone. **They both put away their book and go under the covers.** Ah. Don't take this personal. **He farts.** Ahh. Keeps away the bad dreams.

Alan Shore: Understood. Denny?

Denny Crane: Hm?

Alan Shore: I'm really glad we did this.

Denny Crane: Me too.

Beautiful forest scenery. We see a cabin. We see an overhead shot of Alan's empty bed. We see Denny and Alan together in Denny's bed. We hear snoring and the sound of pigs grunting. Denny opens his eyes. Alan opens his eyes. They're both shocked and jump out of bed.

Denny Crane: What are you doing in my bed!!

Alan Shore: I don't know!!

Denny Crane: What do you mean you don't know?!!

Alan Shore: I... Got scared! I thought I heard a bear outside. And then I couldn't fall back to sleep. Turns out I find pig sounds rather soothing. Plus your snoring is so rhythmic. I just lay down to c... calm myself. I'm sorry.

Denny Crane: We slept together.

Alan Shore: I won't tell. I promise.

In Denise Bauer's office.

Denise Bauer: One hundred thousand dollars and we're done?

Tim Bauer: Yes.

Denise Bauer: May I ask why?

Tim Bauer: Well! Basically Reverend Diddum convinced me that coming out of this finically richer isn't worth it at the expense of my, uhm, well, dignity. Well, the truth is, Denise, I can provide for myself. And I will make that tour. Having to go a little hungry is perhaps exactly what I need. If I inherit success I can never earn it. So this is ah, this is what I'm doing.

Denise Bauer: Okay. I admire that. Reverend Diddum? I admit I doubted your integrity. I'm sorry.

Reverend Donald Diddum: I accept your apology.

Denise Bauer: Well! Upon execution of the papers. I'll cut a cheque. I guess we're done. **The Reverend and Tim leave.** What did you do?

Garrett Wells: We made a strong presentation regarding the economics of a trial balanced by the risk factor of his losing. Then we made a compelling principal-based argument targeting character. Ultimately they were persuaded.

Denise Bauer: What did you do?

Denny, Alan and the guide are fishing again.

Alan Shore: Hey, Denny!! You might wanna speed up your retrieve!!

Denny Crane: Aw. Shut up.

Alan Shore: **Pulling on his line.** Ugh!

Denny Crane: Bite it. It's right in front of your mouth. Eat it! You miserable bastard!

Alan Shore: This one came in quickly. Maybe word got out I don't eat them. I must be up to fifteen by now. Not that I'm counting. Denny certainly isn't.

Guide: Picture?

Alan Shore: Why not?

Denny Crane: Couldn't be closer to your mouth.

Guide: Oh! It's a steelhead. You got a steelhead.

Alan Shore: It's more beautiful than the next.

Guide: Don't squeeze him too tight.

Denny Crane: You miserable bastard!!

Alan Shore: God these things are strong! They really are extraordinarily beautiful creatures.

Denny Crane: **Denny aims a gun at the water. A shot rings out. Alan and the guide are startled. Got one! He proudly holds up the head of a big fish.**

Shirley and Brad are visiting Catherine in a cell.

Shirley Schmidt: Catherine we have to offer some defense.

Catherine Piper: Look at me dear. I'm old! Older than you even. I'm not gonna go out of this world making excuses.

Brad Chase: I don't know what your impression of prison is but it's not the kind of place where you can sit around and knit afghans months and sell them afterwards. You are up on murder charges!

Catherine Piper: He was gonna kill again. The police wouldn't do anything. He had a look in his eye that he might even whack me if I crossed him. Well! I wasn't gonna wait for that. I tried to introduce the little weasel to God. Well, now he can meet him up close. Face to face.

Alan and the guide are coming out of the water. Denny is sitting on chair out of the water..

Denny Crane: Can I fish yet?

Guide: You still have a timeout. You just sit there.

Alan Shore: **Alan sit down next to Denny.** As you said yourself, these fish are positively majestic. Sacred even. And you shot one.

Denny Crane: Sometimes I get incompatible.

Alan Shore: Really? You've upset the guide. I'll tell you this Denny. I see it now how this kind of nature can renew you spiritually. I really see it. I'll tell you something else. In our day jobs we're lawyers and we're good ones.

Denny Crane: What's your point?

Alan Shore: My point is. Given this. Given those salmon. There's a hearing going on in Port McNeal. We need to go be lawyers now.

Tara is sitting at a desk talking on the phone.

Tara Wilson: Your first logistical obstacle is the robes. Canadian lawyers appear in black robes.

Alan Shore: We should be able to borrow them. **Alan is talking on a cell phone as he and Denny walk up to a helicopter.** If all else fails we could stop at a costume shop. What else?

Tara Wilson: The judges are called, "My lord." It's not, "Your honor" but, "My Lord". It's a lot like in England.

Alan Shore: What time is the motion?

Tara Wilson: According to the docket. Eleven AM. How far away are you?

Alan Shore: Twenty minutes!

Tara Wilson: Well you probably join in progress then. Good luck. **Alan shuts his phone.** And Alan? I miss you.

In Judge Harry Hingham's courtroom.

Clerk: Case number 932612. Commonwealth of Massachusetts versus Catherine Piper on the charge of murder in the first degree.

Shirley Schmidt: Shirley Schmidt for the defendant your Honor, we'll waive reading and enter a plea of not guilty. I'd also like to enter the appearance of Alan Shore.

Judge Harry Hingham: Question of bail.

Shirley Schmidt: My client has not criminal record your Honor, dating back to the eighteen hundreds. She has strong roots in the community. There is no flight risk.

D.A Valarie Murrow Personal recognizance for a homicide case...

Shirley Schmidt: Usually wouldn't apply but my client may have special medical needs, due to her incredibly advanced years. And the criminal act in question here, involves one loan incident of self defense.

D.A Valarie Murrow Excuse me? You're pleading self-defense?

Shirley Schmidt: We are. The defense will stipulate to the fact that she caused Bernard Ferrion to cease living. We will stipulate to cause of death. The only issue before this court will be justification. Hence we move for a speedy and immediate trial citing once again my client's advanced years.

Judge Harry Hingham: Ms Murrow?

D.A Valarie Murrow We have no problem with a speedy trial.

Judge Harry Hingham: Bail is set at three hundred thousand. We'll conference to set up a trial date.

Catherine Piper raises her hand. The affirmative defense of self-defense is so noted. Mrs Piper? You chose to address the court.

Shirley Schmidt: No.

Catherine Piper: I just... Is it possible to request the Robert Blake jury?

In Judge Sean O'Byrne's courtroom.

George Knott: There's just no scientific evidence that the sea lice are causing the death of wild salmon.

Peter Barrett: That is ridiculous! Sea lice wiped out the stock in Norway, they wiped out the stock in Scotland.

D.A Valarie Murrow: All we're saying is let's wait and do the research. This is a vendetta against the farmed fish.

Peter Barrett: This is no such thing. We have no issue with farm fish all long as they can raise their stock in an environmentally sustainable manor and not host millions of sea lice. Closed containment systems have been shown to work.

Judge Sean O'Byrne: Okay gentlemen. I've heard your arguments. I have your briefs. I'll review the matter as well as the science.

Alan and Denny march in.

Denny Crane: Greetings! Oh Canada. Denny Crane.

Alan Shore: Good morning, my Lord. My name is Alan Shore, and Mr Crane and I are attorneys from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. We seek permission to be heard on this issue as friends of the court.

Judge Sean O'Byrne: Mr Shore. We don't wear wigs in Canada.

Alan Shore: Oh! **Alan takes off his wig.**

Judge Sean O'Byrne: Nor do we wear waders.

Alan Shore: My Lord. We've just spent the last two days in your rivers. In your countryside. It is the most spectacular nature I have ever seen. And the fish! They're enough to make one believe in a Higher Power.

Judge Sean O'Byrne: Yes. How many of the Higher Power's creations did you torture?

Alan Shore: Fifteen. Denny didn't catch any. I get your implication Judge, and I acknowledge the hypocrisy of a fisherman pleading for the survival of a species only so that he'll be able to continue dragging them to shore by the lip in perpetuity. But causing a fish discomfiture and cause it to become extinct as two very different things. And when talking about Pacific Salmon! This is a species that goes back to the ice-age. One that is born in a river, migrates up to two thousand miles in the sea, then returns to the very place of birth to spawn. Against enormous miraculous odds, bringing nutrients on it's journey to sustain the bald eagles, the grizzly bears, the wolves, even the Rain Forest's themselves. An entire ecosystem depends on them. If Charlotte the spider were still alive today she'd be writing in her web, "Some fish".

Judge Sean O'Byrne: Yes. Well, forgive me, but I find it insulting to be lectured by an American on the environment.

Denny Crane: Watch it Judge. We're a super power. Don't make us add you to the access.

Alan Shore: Being from the United States I have an expertise on the issue.

Judge Sean O'Byrne: Do you?

Alan Shore: Yes! Remember! We're the country that's practically wiped the grizzly bear off our maps. We got rid of bull trout. To see a Florida panther? You have to go a hockey game. We seek to count hatchery salmon as wild so the numbers go up and we can take the actual wild salmon off the endangered species list. Almost a hundred different bird and animal species have gone extinct in the last thirty years. While our national policy remains, "It's not a priority." I know all about economic interests trumping the environment. And truthfully, if we were talking about the Virgin Island screech owl or the Fresno kangaroo, I might not care, but this is the Pacific Salmon! The sea lice are killing them! Once they're gone Judge, my God! They're gone! Oh! Yes. Mindful that abroad people tend expect shock and awe when Yankees arrive on the scene, we shall leave you with two small, but lasting words.

Denny Crane: Denny Crane eh? **Denny and Alan leave.**

Paul and Catherine are walking the hallway at Crane, Poole and Schmidt.

Paul Lewiston: Next week?

Shirley Schmidt: Well assuming she passes a psychiatric test and is deemed competent for trial?

Paul Lewiston: How can you get to a murder trial in a week?

Shirley Schmidt: Well, there are no facts in dispute. It comes down to justification only. Paul, we can't let this case drag on. The more it lives, the more our reputation....

Paul Lewiston: Shirley. We cannot compromise the woman's defense just as quickly sweep it under...

Shirley Schmidt: Paul we persuaded her to confess for God's sake! Now you're worried about compromising her?

Paul Lewiston: It was in her best interest to come forward.

Shirley Schmidt: Oh. Right. I forgot.

Denny and Alan come out of the elevator still dressed in their hunting gear.

Alan Shore: We look better than we smell.

Alan and Denny prepare themselves a drink, then walk to the balcony.

Denny Crane: Shirley looked at us kinda funny. D' you think she knows that we slept together?

Alan Shore: She might. We still have that glow. Quite a trip.

Denny Crane: I shot my first steelhead!

Alan Shore: Thank you, Denny. You took my mind off Tara. Took me to a new land. Most of all, took me to a new place.

Denny Crane: What do you mean?

Alan Shore: You've occasioned a cynical, material, urban man to feel passion for fish.

Denny Crane: Hm. I think Canada liked us.

Alan Shore: How could they not? **Denny takes a picture out of his pocket. Alan chuckles.**

Denny Crane: I think we make quite a team I can tell you that.

Alan Shore: Yes we do.

Denny Crane: We're good on the road.

Alan Shore: Indeed.