THE GOOD WIFE #113
"Hi"
CAST LIST
1/7/10

ALICIA FLORRICK
WILL GARDNER
DIANE LOCKHART
CARY AGOS
KALINDA SHARMA

PETER FLORRICK
GRACE FLORRICK
ZACH FLORRICK
JACKIE FLORRICK
GLENN CHILDS

DANIEL GOLDEN
JUDGE HARVEY WINTER
ASA NATHAN LANDRY (previously Non-Speaking)
JASON RUCKER
SONYA RUCKER (formerly "Susan Rucker")
EUGENE HORNER (FORMERLY "DANNY HORNER")
DETECTIVE LOU JOHNSON (FORMERLY "DET. IRA JOHNSON")
* DETECTIVE ANTHONY BURTON (FORMERLY "DET. ANTHONY BEAL")
MAX
BETH
* KIRSTEN (FORMERLY "DONNA")
COOK COUNTY SHERIFF
SEATTLE CHICK
SERVER

OMITTED

PAM HARPER
Interiors:
ALICIA'S APARTMENT
    MASTER BEDROOM
    VARIOUS ROOMS
28TH FLOOR
    WILL'S OFFICE
    DIANE'S OFFICE
    HALLS
    CONFERENCE ROOM
    SECRETARIAL STATION
CRIMINAL COURTS
    COURTROOM #217
    HALLWAY
SEATTLE CHICK'S BEDROOM
RUCKER HOUSE
    LIVING ROOM
    MASTER BEDROOM
    BATH
POLICE STATION
    INTERROGATION ROOM
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - DORM HALL
STUDIO HALL
    STUDIO APARTMENT
BAR
BUILDING LOBBY
    ELEVATOR

Exteriors
RUCKER HOUSE
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - DORM HALL
NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE
TEASER

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ALICIA.  Being questioned.  As usual.

    SHERIFF (O.S.)
    And there’s no contraband in the
    apartment?

    ALICIA
    That’s correct.

    SHERIFF
    Any firearms?

    ALICIA
    None.

    SHERIFF
    Any other weapons of any kind?

Alicia pauses, stares at the COOK COUNTY SHERIFF.  Tall, muscular, not unkind.  Official language, but human delivery.

    ALICIA
    Well, knives.  Do they count?

    SHERIFF
    What kind of knives?

    ALICIA
    Steak knives.

    SHERIFF
    Can I see them please?

Okay. Alicia opens a drawer.  Kitchen knives.  The Sheriff inspects them, concludes:

    SHERIFF (CONT’D)
    That’s fine.  Which room would your
    husband inhabit?

Alicia pauses, leads him toward the maid’s quarters.  Points in.  Not bad.  Snug, but warm.  The sheriff looks it over.

    SHERIFF (CONT’D)
    If the judge approves electronic
    monitoring, I’ll need a small space
    by the front door for the receiver.
    Do you have wifi?

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
Yes.

SHERIFF
I’ll have to test it to make sure there’s no interference.

Alicia nods, looks up to see JACKIE watching from the kitchen: still pale from her stroke, but mobile, feisty.

SHERIFF (CONT’D)
Now I have to ask your children a few questions if you don’t mind.

ALICIA
What kind of questions?

SHERIFF
Nothing invasive. The same questions I asked you.
(off Alicia’s reluctance)
Please.

Okay. Alicia leads him toward the living room:

ALICIA
Zach. Grace.

A fascinated ZACH and GRACE have been listening all along and pop out of the living room, ready: “Yeah?” “What?”

ALICIA (CONT’D)
Do either of you have contraband in your rooms?

The Sheriff looks toward Alicia, not what he expected. Zach and Grace take a second.

ZACH & GRACE
No.

ALICIA
Do you have firearms?

ZACH & GRACE
(trade a look)
No.

ALICIA
Any other weapons?

They shake their heads as Alicia’s cellphone rings...

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA (CONT’D)
I think that should do it. Would you excuse me, Sheriff?
(answering)
Hello?

DIANE (O.S.)
Alicia? Hello, this is Diane. I’m sorry to interrupt your evening, but we’ve had-- we need you to come in.

Alicia looks up at Jackie, Zach, Grace, the Sheriff.

ALICIA
Now?

DIANE (O.S.)
Yes, I’m sorry. It’s very important.

And we’re with...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLS - NIGHT

...DIANE, in an elegant dress-- as if called from a party-- rushing down the 28th floor hall. (We should say right now-- everything in this episode happens at a rush.)

DIANE
And could you bring a few things? Toiletries, clothing for 48 hours. And a man’s tie...

And-- ding-- the elevator doors open, a woman exiting. SONYA RUCKER (35). African-American, a power woman in a power suit. CEO of an internet firm.

DIANE (CONT’D)
Sonya, I’m so sorry.

Sonya opens her mouth: used to knowing exactly what to say. But she starts to cry. Diane reaches out, hugs her, as...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

JACKIE
What is it about?

Alicia finding a man’s tie in her closet, stuffing it quickly into a small overnight bag.

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
I don’t know. I’ll phone as soon as I find out—Are you okay?

JACKIE
Oh yes, we’ll be fine.

ALICIA
Mrs. Kelzick’s downstairs—she’s just a phone call away.


JACKIE
Is Peter really coming home?

ALICIA
I don’t know. They just do this to prepare. We’ll see.

Alicia starts out; and we’re suddenly with...

INT. SEATTLE CHICK’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

...CARY kissing a pretty SEATTLE CHICK passionately, half-undressed. Whispering. Just the two...

CARY
So when is something supposed to happen?

SEATTLE CHICK
About an hour. Maybe more. You never did mushrooms in the Peace Corps?

CARY
Hey, I was with the good kids.

Seattle laughs, pulls at his shirt...

CARY (CONT’D)
So, what, does your face turn into a cow’s head or something?

SEATTLE CHICK
Just wait. 24 hours of bliss.

But Cary’s cellphone rings. He reaches down for it...

SEATTLE CHICK (CONT’D)
No, no! No cellphones.

(CONTINUED)
She kicks it under a couch, laughing.

CARY
Hey!

He kneels down, hearing the muffled ringing, as Seattle Chick collects his discarded clothes. Answering the phone...

CARY (CONT’D)
Hello?

INTERCUT with...

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

WILL
Cary, I know you were supposed to get tomorrow off, but we need you in, now.

Will, in gym clothes, with gym bag, rushing into the lobby...

CARY
Ummm, okay. I-- Why, what is it?

WILL
Collecting the troops. Put everything on hold for 48 hours, okay?

Shit. Cary looks around, sees Seattle Chick dumping his clothes out the front door.

CARY
Hey!

He races for them, while...

...Will hangs up, dials again, pushes the elevator button...

WILL
Are you there?

KALINDA (O.S.)
Just pulling up now. What do we know?

WILL
Diane’s interviewing the wife now. How bad does it look?
EXT. RUCKER HOUSE - NIGHT

KALINDA looks up at a crime scene. An upscale house. Ritzy neighborhood. Surrounded by cop cars.

KALINDA

Bad.

WILL (O.S.)

Got it. See what you can get.

Kalinda nods, sees DETECTIVE LOU JOHNSON (37), wrestler squat, bullet-headed, tough guy cynical, getting out of his unmarked car. She catches up to him:

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Hey, Kalinda, what’re you doing here?

KALINDA

I had a deposition get cancelled. Saw your lights. What’s up?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Homicide in the suburbs. Better than Cirque du Soleil.

KALINDA

Who is it?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Female, no ID, looks about 20. Security guard says it’s the babysitter.

KALINDA

What is it, a burglary gone wrong?

But Johnson stares at her getting under the crime scene tape.

KALINDA (CONT’D)

Come on. It’s making me nostalgic. I’ve got a police scanner at home to keep me company.

DETECTIVE BURTON *

Hey, Kalinda, what’s up?

Detective ANTHONY BURTON (mid-20s), quietly intelligent * homicide cop, hides his ambition under a quipping street-wise ease. Likes Kalinda. Likes battling her.

(CONTINUED)
Hey, Burton. Just wanted to see the professionals at work.

He opens the door for her. Johnson stares at Burton.

Detective Johnson
Civilians aren’t welcome.

Detective Burton
What? She’s a friendly, Lou. She scratches our back; we scratch hers.

Johnson assents reluctantly. Kalinda smiles as she enters.

INT. 28TH FLOOR – DIANE’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Diane questions an overwrought, rambling Sonya:

Sonya Rucker
I was at work. Our security company called. A panic alarm was triggered at home and no one was picking up. So I rushed home-- the security guard was there, but I-- I ran to the twins’ room.

INT. RUCKER HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Eugene Horner
The kids were fine. She took them to their grandparents.


Eugene Horner (CONT’D)
I said she should wait for you guys here-- that you’d want to talk to her and Mr. Rucker.

Detective Johnson
So Mr. Rucker was with her?

Eugene Horner
No, it was just her.


(continued)
DETECTIVE BURTON
I don’t see the babysitter’s car.
Who picks her up, drops her off?

EUGENE HORNER
Mr. Rucker.
DETECTIVE BURTON
The husband? He’s like a stay-at-home dad, right?

EUGENE HORNER
Yeah-- yes, sir.

Kalinda sees the fireplace. A stand holding a fireplace poker, but the poker is missing.

DETECTIVE BURTON
Do you know where Mr. Rucker is now?

INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE’S OFFICE - NIGHT

SONYA RUCKER
At the movies.

Diane still questioning Sonya as Will listens at the door...

SONYA RUCKER (CONT’D)
We get the babysitter on Thursdays so my husband can take the night off. Otherwise he’s home all day.

DIANE
You haven’t gotten in touch with Jason yet?

SONYA RUCKER
No. I’ve been trying his cell.

Diane trades a look with Will whose cellphone vibrates. A text. He reads it. “Pot at scene.”

DIANE
Could you write down his number?

SONYA RUCKER (doing so)
You don’t think they’ll think Jason...?

DIANE
We have to prepare for everything.

Diane hands the written number out to...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - SECRETARIAL STATION - NIGHT

...Will, who hurriedly dials, gets a machine, rushes into his office, opening a cabinet to pull out a fresh dress shirt...
WILL
Mr. Rucker, this is Will Gardner, a partner at the law firm that represents your wife’s company. When you get this message, could you call me--

INT. RUCKER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM & BATH - NIGHT

And we see why. Kalinda follows Johnson and Burton into the large master bedroom, finding the first sign of violence. Splotches of blood on the floor.

DETECTIVE BURTON

A white wall splattered with blood. Kalinda keeps behind them. A police photographer taking photos. Kalinda looks toward the floor. The blood getting thicker, thicker. Pools of it now. Hushed. Just Murphy’s voice...

DETECTIVE BURTON (CONT’D)

A black dot on the floor-- about the size of a dime. Blood all over it. Burton kneels, studies it. A black rubber nub.

DETECTIVE BURTON (CONT’D)
Hey, Brian. Get a picture of this? What is it?

The CSI snaps pictures, as Kalinda studies it too.

KALINDA
Looks like a rubber nub from under a computer.

Burton, Johnson, the CSI look over at her. She shrugs:

KALINDA (CONT’D)
Just a guess.

Meanwhile, Burton carefully nudges the door open. It’s a beautiful white-tiled master bathroom, but it’s been sprayed with blood, and a pale naked body lies crumpled on the floor, halfway into the shower stall, the walk-in door open.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Is that the babysitter?
SONYA RUCKER
Yes. Lisa Pruitt. I found her--
she was-- in my bathroom.

Sonya swallows tearfully, studying a photo of a sweet young
English major pulled from her Facebook page.

DIANE
I’m sorry to ask you this, Sonya,
but our investigator at the scene
is saying there was marijuana. Did
Jason smoke pot?

SONYA RUCKER
No. I mean, in college. Why?

JASON RUCKER (34). Handsome, Caucasian, professorial. With
an antic spirit. A grown boy. And unaware that he’s on the
verge of having his life explode. He approaches the lobby
elevators, smiles at Alicia approaching the other way, with
her night bag. They push the up button. He recognizes her:

JASON RUCKER
Sorry. You’re...?

Alicia smiles, nods, used to it. Something cheerful, not
dangerous about this guy.

JASON RUCKER (CONT’D)
You get that a lot?

ALICIA
Less so.

JASON RUCKER
Sorry, I’m a news junkie. Your
husband-- I heard he’s getting out.

ALICIA
I don’t know. It changes day to day.

JASON RUCKER
I hope he does.

ALICIA
Thank you.

Ding-- the elevator arrives, and...
INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

JASON RUCKER
Which floor?

ALICIA
(surprised)
You just pushed it.

JASON RUCKER
Oh, you work at Stern, Lockhart? Then maybe you know what this is about? Something about my wife’s company?

ALICIA
Sorry. Junior Associate. I’m the last to know.

Ding-- the doors open on the 28th floor, revealing Sonya there. She goes to her husband, hugs him, holds him tight.

JASON RUCKER
What’s wrong? What happened?

SONYA RUCKER
I...

But she starts to cry. Uh-oh, Jason pales...

JASON RUCKER
The twins--?

No, no, Sonya shakes her head, crying, as Alicia eyes the two.

WILL
Mr. Rucker, do you have a second?

They turn to see Will coming out of the conference room.

INT. RUCKER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM & BATH - NIGHT

Kalinda stands behind, just observing, as Johnson and Burton * lean over the pale, bloody corpse, hushed...

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Not a knife. Those aren’t deep enough for knife wounds.

DETECTIVE BURTON
* Looks like a blunt instrument.

(CONTINUED)
DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Something from the bedroom?

They look around as Kalinda watches them.

KALINDA
Check the fireplace poker
downstairs. It’s missing.

Johnson finally sighs...

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
You’ve seen enough. Let’s go.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A stunned Jason stares at Will, Alicia, Cary. Having just
heard what happened. He starts to say something. Stops.

JASON RUCKER
Oh my god. I... But I just saw her.

WILL
You just saw her-- the babysitter--
when you picked her up?

JASON RUCKER
Yes. I picked her up at her dorm,
and drove her to...
   (slowing down as he
   realizes)
I’m in trouble? I’m the last one
who saw her? They’ll suspect me?

WILL
Yes.

JASON RUCKER
On my god.

Alicia watches, sympathizing. As Cary next to her raises his
hand, stares at it. Um, Alicia turns to him: what are you doing?

JASON RUCKER (CONT’D)
Then why--? I need to go to the
police, don’t I?

WILL
I just spoke to them. I agreed to
surrender you in the morning.
   (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
But these first few hours of an investigation are always the most important. Anything can be misinterpreted.

JASON RUCKER
Well, won’t my coming here—be misinterpreted?

Alicia sees Cary starting to move his hand from side-to-side, up and down. Um.

WILL
Unfortunately it’s a risk we have to take. This early in an investigation, it’s all about leverage. You have the right to remain silent, so our leverage is in how much access we allow the police. They want more. We want less. So we are the gatekeepers to... you.

CARY
Yep.

Will looks over at Cary—um, what’s that about?—but a balding man with a suitcase passes in the hall.

WILL
We are going to have you take a polygraph, Mr. Rucker. This is not about truth or innocence.

JASON RUCKER
I’m sorry— a lie detector test?

Will nods, as he motions to the balding man to enter.

WILL
Yes, I need information. It’s about how much to let you talk vs. how much to keep you silent.

Alicia hands Jason the tie she brought in:

ALICIA
Here you go.

JASON RUCKER
Thank you.

Meanwhile, Will sees his cellphone ringing, steps away...

(CONTINUED)
INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

Skidddd-- squad cars skid up outside the building, sirens screaming! As upstairs...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLS - NIGHT

...Will watches the polygraph test, Alicia and Cary standing behind him:

WILL

In about five minutes the police are going to burst through these doors. I need you to be on for the next 48 hours. That’s how long they have to charge him with murder or release him.

Alicia sees Cary starting to raise his hand again. She reaches out, stops him.

(CONTINUED)
WILL (CONT’D)
It’s now the most crucial 48 hours of his life. If the police charge him, bail’s a long shot and he could be in prison for a year before he comes to trial.

Cary tries to pull his hand away, but Alicia holds on.

WILL (CONT’D)
Even if he’s found innocent, that’s a year of his life gone. So these 48 hours are like a mini-trial. We need to get the cops to look somewhere else and get him released. Okay?

ALICIA
I rode up in the elevator with him. Either he’s the best actor in the world or he didn’t know any of this happened.

WILL
Okay, good. It would be nice if he was innocent. It’s a better hand--

Ding-- two elevators arrive-- and BOOOOM!-- four cops pile out, heading toward the conference room...

DETECTIVE BURTON *
Jason Rucker.

WILL
Come on, we had an agreement--

But Burton ignores him, sees Jason in the conference room, plows inside, rips him from the incomplete polygraph test:

DETECTIVE BURTON *
Mr. Rucker, you are under arrest for the murder of Lisa Pruitt.

Burton slaps handcuffs on Jason, continues:

DETECTIVE BURTON (CONT’D) *
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say or do can and will be used against you--

As he continues, Sonya rushes out of Diane’s office, yelling:

SONYA RUCKER
Jason! JASON!

(CONTINUED)
Will, Alicia and Cary watch Jason being escorted out...

WILL
Okay, here we go. 48 hours.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS - COURTROOM #217 - DAY

PETER FLORRICK enters court between two guards. In all his suited glory: big man on campus...

PETER FLORRICK
Hey, Dominic, how are the kids? Cammy, you look like you’re getting younger. How’s it going, Frank?

DANIEL GOLDEN eyes Peter joining him at the defense table.

DANIEL GOLDEN
You seem happy.

PETER FLORRICK
The fog dissipates, the rain clears, and everything makes sense.

DANIEL GOLDEN
You made a decision?

PETER FLORRICK
Yep. Where’s Alicia?

But Peter sees GLENN CHILDS entering court, starting toward the prosecutor’s table, pausing beside him...

GLENN CHILDS
Peter.

PETER FLORRICK
Glenn. (stops him from turning) So that offer you made?

GLENN CHILDS
What offer might that be?

PETER FLORRICK
(smiles) Freedom today-- if I don’t fight the conviction, stay disbarred, can’t run again.

GLENN CHILDS
Oh, yes, that offer. The smart move would be to take it, so I think I know what you’re going to say.

(CONTINUED)
PETER FLORRICK
“Go to hell?”

GLENN CHILDS
Something like that.

PETER FLORRICK
Do you want the longer version?

GLENN CHILDS
Can’t wait.

PETER FLORRICK
I’m coming for you. Watch your back. I’m coming.

Childs smiles, shakes his head, goes to the prosecutor table. Peter whispers to Golden, determined:

PETER FLORRICK (CONT’D)
I’m testifying.

DANIEL GOLDEN
Would it help if I told you that’s a mistake?

PETER FLORRICK
If I end up in a twelve by twelve cell for the next nine years, I want to know I did everything I could. Try Alicia again.

Golden nods, turns to his cell, dials, as...

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

...Alicia checks her cellphone... “No Service.” She and Cary sit with a nervous Jason, waiting in a cinder block interrogation room. Bare boned. Video camera on a tripod. No one-way mirror. Just a window looking out.

JASON RUCKER
I liked her. I wouldn’t hurt her.

Alicia looks at the camera, goes to it, checking: it’s off.

ALICIA
You were at the movies?

JASON RUCKER
“Legend of Condor Hero.” It’s a wuxia movie.
ALICIA
A...?

JASON RUCKER

ALICIA

ALICIA (CONT’D)
Sorry.

JASON RUCKER
They play them every Thursday night at Armour Square. Chinatown.

ALICIA
Do you have the ticket stub?

JASON RUCKER
No, I threw it away.

ALICIA
You--? Okay, we’ll have to find someone there who saw you.

CARY
My shoes feel like they’re walking on their own.

They both look at Cary.

ALICIA
Cary, could I talk to you a second?

And she steps away. Cary grins, follows her...

ALICIA (CONT’D)
Are you on something?

CARY
No. I like you, Alicia.

ALICIA
I like you too. I need you to pull it together.

CARY
Okay. Here we go. Pulling.
Alicia sighs, peers out, sees...

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

...Will and Detective Johnson, as different as two people can be, negotiating in whispers...

WILL
I showed you his lie detector test--

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
--a partial test you conducted--

WILL
--By a top FBI polygraphist; and he was passing with flying colors.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Then let me question him.

WILL
With conditions.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
I could charge him right now.

WILL
Then do it. What’s stopping you?

Johnson stares at Will, doesn’t like him.

WILL (CONT’D)
You don’t have enough. Two of my lawyers stay in with him at all times. They have freedom to consult privately with camera off. 15 minute breaks every hour.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
What, no food?

WILL
Pizza. In one hour.

Johnson stares at him, frowns, clearly going to give in, while...

EXT. RUCKER HOUSE - DAY

...Kalinda walks with the security guard, Eugene Horner...
KALINDA
The panic alarm was triggered from inside?

EUGENE HORNER
Yeah-- yes, ma’am.

KALINDA
So the alarm wasn’t triggered from someone breaking in? It was triggered by someone already in?

EUGENE HORNER
Yeah. That’s why they’re thinking the husband did it, because he could disarm the system.

Horner is distracted, eyeing a PRETTY BLONDE NEIGHBOR (early 20s) heading from her car to her home. Kalinda eyes him, eyes his interest.

KALINDA
And who else could disarm the system, Mr. Horner?

EUGENE HORNER
Who else? Beside Mr. Rucker? Well, the housekeeper. And, um, Lisa... the babysitter.

KALINDA
Miss Pruitt?

EUGENE HORNER
Yeah. What?

KALINDA
You said “Lisa.”

EUGENE HORNER
Yeah, Lisa Pruitt. Why?

KALINDA
What’s their housekeeper’s name?

EUGENE HORNER
Their--? I don’t know.

KALINDA
But you know Lisa’s name?

Horner stops, stares at her.

(CONTINUED)
EUGENE HORNER
I try to be observant.

KALINDA
Selectively observant. You also can disarm the alarm system, right? It’s not just the housekeeper and Lisa, the babysitter? You can too?

EUGENE HORNER
I don’t think I want to answer any more of your questions, Miss...?

KALINDA
Just call me Kalinda. You seem to have an affinity for first names.

DETECTIVE BURTON *
You don’t need to answer any more of her questions.

Kalinda smiles, sees Burton pulling up in his unmarked car. *
She walks alongside him as he coast toward the house...

KALINDA
So did you find the murder weapon?

DETECTIVE BURTON *
The Poker? Outside the back door, right where the husband dropped it.

KALINDA
(laughs)
The husband? Really? How’s that play?

DETECTIVE BURTON *
He lets himself in, tries to rape her; she resists; he kills her. Steals her missing red purse and triggers the alarm on the way out to make it look like a burglary.

KALINDA
I’m liking the security guard.

DETECTIVE BURTON *
And you’re such an unbiased observer.

(CONTINUED)
Guard sees the babysitter, covets her, lets himself in, disarms the code, tries to rape her, she resists, steals her pretty red purse, triggers the alarm on the way out to make it look like a burglary.

Detective Burton *

Husband lost his job as a cartoonist two months ago. Spends his days being Mr. Mom while wife is off making an internet fortune. Hubby wants to reassert his manhood.

(off Kalinda’s look)

Hey, I’m all for dime store psychoanalysis when it helps me close a case.

Kalinda laughs, starts away:

Kalinda *

Just leave an open mind for the security guard.

Detective Burton *

Hey, my mind is as open as a field of poppies.

EXT. NEIGHBOR’S HOUSE - DAY

The pretty Blonde Neighbor eyed earlier by the security guard. Kirsten (20s). Reality TV reject. Kalinda at her door.

Kirsten *

He is a little creepy. Walks around like he’s saving the neighborhood. Reminds me of that talk show guy.

They peer out toward the security car up the street.

KALINDA

Kimmel?

Kirsten *

Yeah. And you know what? We had a break-in right after he started six months ago.

Kalinda *

Yeah? What’d they take?
KIRSTEN
That’s the thing. Just some money from our bureau, some clothes from my closet, and popsicles.

KALINDA
Popsicles? Huh.

KIRSTEN
*Yeah, I think he just did it so he could come around and take a report, you know? Same thing with three other houses in the neighborhood. Just creepy. And to think they arm them.

Kalinda looks out toward his car.

KALINDA
Yeah, creepy.

She takes out her cellphone, starts to text, and...

INT. POLICE STATION – INTERROGATION ROOM – DAY

...Will looks up from his cell, reading the text as Detective Johnson continues to question a nervous Jason.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Then what did you do?

JASON RUCKER
Well, I dropped her at the house. I made sure she had my cell number, then I went to the movies.

WILL
Did you see the security guard anywhere near the house?

Johnson looks over at Will, smiles, sees what he’s doing.

JASON RUCKER
The guard? Sure. He’s always around.

WILL
Have you seen him around much when you dropped off Lisa Pruitt?

JASON RUCKER
I guess.

(CONTINUED)
DETECTIVE JOHNSON
(smiling at Will)
Yes, thank you, Mr. Gardner, we’re following all leads.

WILL
Really, because I see you have another interrogation room unoccupied.

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS - COURTROOM #217 - DAY


DANIEL GOLDEN
So... very simply, you are in jail right now, sir, because you D.P.’ed cases? Is that right?

PETER FLORRICK
Yes, sir.

DANIEL GOLDEN
Could you explain?

PETER FLORRICK
Well, D.P. means “Declining to Prosecute.” It’s when a State’s Attorney moves an investigation from an active stage to an inactive one.

DANIEL GOLDEN
And you did this often?

PETER FLORRICK
Yes, pretty much every day during the six years I served. A State’s Attorney’s job-- which even our current State’s Attorney should know--

He nods toward Childs at the prosecution table beside LANDRY.

PETER FLORRICK (CONT’D)
--is about marshalling your troops: using your limited resources for greatest advantage.

Judge Winter sits back listening.

DANIEL GOLDEN
And what cases did you decline to prosecute?

(CONTINUED)
PETER FLORRICK
Investigations into allegedly corrupt real estate practices. Speculators were buying up depressed properties around the land where Olympic stadiums were to be built.

DANIEL GOLDEN
So? Why did you stop these investigations? They sound promising.

PETER FLORRICK
For a very simple reason. Lashkar-e-Taiba. A jihadist extremist group believed to be active in Chicago and allegedly involved in the Mumbai attacks last year. I pulled investigators from these other cases because I thought the pursuit of Islamic extremists was more important.

Childs rolls his eyes. Can’t believe it. Florrick wrapping himself in the American flag.

DANIEL GOLDEN
In fact, wasn’t there just an arrest in December?

PETER FLORRICK
Yes, sir. David Coleman Headley. Allegedly a key L.e.T. member.

Golden pauses, pleased at Peter’s answer.

DANIEL GOLDEN
And why didn’t you testify about all this at your trial?

PETER FLORRICK
Well, I should have. But there was a larger consideration. A failing in my personal life--

Peter looks toward the court: no Alicia.

PETER FLORRICK (CONT’D)
--was being used against me. I wanted to protect my family from further pain; and I knew I couldn’t testify about these false corruption charges without testifying about my... life.

(CONTINUED)
DANIEL GOLDEN
Thank you, Mr. Florrick.

JUDGE WINTER
Mr. Landry, your witness.

But Childs reaches over, stops Landry from standing.

GLENN CHILDLS
Actually my witness, your honor.

Golden and Peter turn toward him, startled. Simply...

DANIEL GOLDEN
Um, your honor... objection.

GLENN CHILDLS
On what grounds?

JUDGE WINTER
Mr. Childs, you’re not the judge here.

GLENN CHILDLS
Apologies, your honor.

DANIEL GOLDEN
Mr. Childs is instrumental in the matters directly under consideration here, your honor. Those are the “grounds.”

GLENN CHILDLS
But Peter Florrick is such a great American hero and was so instrumental in the defense of this country--

DANIEL GOLDEN
--your honor--

GLENN CHILDLS
--I’m sure he wouldn’t mind a few softball questions.

JUDGE WINTER
My goodness, the sarcasm is as thick as butter here today.

PETER FLORRICK
I don’t mind being questioned by Mr. Childs, your honor. In fact, I welcome it.

(CONTINUED)
JUDGE WINTER
Well, then, let’s take a short
break for lunch, and take up right
where we left off.

EXT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - DORM HALL - DAY
Kalinda gets out of her car, rushes toward a college dorm,
pauses, sees a police car out front. Damn. A little late.

INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - DORM HALL - DAY
Cards, flowers, burned-out candles grouped around a dorm
doors. A half-dozen kids support each other. Kneel. Weep.
Kalinda joins them, sees Burton and a cop in the dorm room, *
talking to a roommate. Meanwhile, in whispers:

BETH
She was selling drugs-- I bet it
was a drug deal gone bad.

Kalinda turns, interested, to two Juniors gossiping in
whispers. A couple. English major types. Wannabe poetess,
BETH (21), and MAX (22), long-haired Jack Kerouac vibe.

MAX
Come on, you don’t know that.

BETH
I knew her better than you did.

MAX
I think it was that guy from the
neighborhood where she babysat.
She always said he was a nuisance.

KALINDA
Hi. Excuse me. Do you have a
minute?

Max turns to her, looks her up and down. Attractive.

BETH
I have to get to class.

MAX
Are you a cop?

KALINDA
Nope. Homicide.

(CONTINUED)
Max nods, sounds official. Kalinda sees the cops finishing up questioning, starting out...

KALINDA (CONT’D)
This way please.

MAX
(yells back to Beth)
See you after Comp.

Kalinda leads Max down the hall...

KALINDA
So what were you saying about Miss Pruitt’s babysitting? Did she say something about a security guard?

MAX
No. A security--? No. It was the dad she was working for. Um, what’s his name? Burkle? No, Rucker.

Kalinda stares at him. Damn.

MAX (CONT’D)
She said he was getting too close. Making her uncomfortable. They were working on something together. Some project. And she said she was gonna quit.

Kalinda looks up, sees the police approach. Uh-oh.

MAX (CONT’D)
So do you want me to make a statement or something?

KALINDA
Yes, but not right now. Maybe you and I could meet up later and I’ll take it down then. Can I get your number?

MAX
(joking)
Yeah, but I’m dating somebody.

KALINDA
(blanks)
I’ll try to restrain myself.
Will studies a text on his cellphone, looks up at Cary and Alicia. Unhappily. Alicia looks toward him: what?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
So you threw away your ticket stub, is that it?

JASON RUCKER
Yes.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Okay. And this Chinese movie, what was it about?

JASON RUCKER
"Legend of the Condor Heros?" It’s about two sons learning martial arts in Mongolia.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Sounds exciting. And you know Chinese?

JASON RUCKER
Chinese? No.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
So how did you understand it?

JASON RUCKER
The subtitles.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Odd. We checked. There were no subtitles on the print last night.

Will and Alicia trade a look as Johnson continues:

DETECTIVE JOHNSON (CONT’D)
Usually there are subtitles. But not on that one.

WILL
Let’s take a break for a second.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Yes, you do that, Mr. Gardner.

Johnson smiles, gets up from the table...
ALICIA
Detective. The camera.

Oh. Johnson returns to the camera. Showily clicks it off. Nothing up his sleeves, exits.

WILL
What’s going on?

JASON RUCKER
It has nothing to do with this.

WILL
Mr. Rucker, you don’t understand, the decisions you make right now you’ll be regretting for decades if you don’t make them right.

CARY
Yeah.


JASON RUCKER
Look, I just-- you don’t know what it’s like to be out of work: to be just stuck at home.

ALICIA
I do. So tell me.

JASON RUCKER
I... I have a place to work: to do... I do graphic novels. But just on spec. I’m not being paid.

Will trades a look with Alicia: oh jeez.

ALICIA
So you have an office where you do this work? That’s where you were? Not at the movies?

JASON RUCKER
Yeah, it’s just a studio to draw. It’s nothing. It’s the size of a closet.

WILL
And Lisa Pruitt was working with you?

Jason looks toward Will, startled that he knows.

(CONTINUED)
Our investigator is talking to a friend of Pruitt’s. She did writing for your graphic novel?

JASON RUCKER (embarrassed)
Yes.

WILL
Were you sleeping with her?

JASON RUCKER
No.

WILL
What’s there? What’s at your studio that the police will... misunderstand?

JASON RUCKER
I don’t know.

ALICIA
Has she been there? Has Lisa been there?

JASON RUCKER
Yes, once.

Both Will and Alicia slump.

JASON RUCKER (CONT’D)
Look, I didn’t say anything because I knew how it would look.

WILL
Okay, tell us where. Where’s this studio?

INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - DORM HALL - DAY

Burton and a cop rush out of the dorm room on a mission, passing Kalinda...

DETECTIVE BURTON
Hey, sorry, Kalinda. I was just about to take your security guard seriously too.

Kalinda catches up...

(CONTINUED)
KALINDA
What do you have?

DETECTIVE BURTON
Looks like your client had a little love nest. Just found the address on the victim’s computer.

KALINDA
You know the security guard had priors for selling dope? And a hero complex.

DETECTIVE BURTON
Yep, sounds fascinating. You keep on that.

KALINDA
There are three unexplained burglaries in the last six months. All on the nights the security guard worked.

And Burton races ahead out toward his car as Kalinda runs toward her car, getting on her cell, and we CUT TO...

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

...Will outside the interrogation booth...

WILL
Damn. I just sent Alicia off to check it out.

KALINDA (O.S.)
Well, she’s got about ten minutes on them.

WILL
Okay. Calling.
(hits speed dial)
Alicia, where are you?

INTERCUT with...

INT. STUDIO HALL - DAY

...Alicia on her cell outside a loft studio. A row of doors. Not tenement, but not the tops. She searches a planter.

ALICIA
I’m looking for his hide-a-key.
Didn’t he say the planter?
WILL
Yes, and, not to put too much pressure on you, but the police are on their way.

ALICIA
On their way here?

WILL
Yes. About ten minutes behind you. Now it’s not a crime scene, so you are fine to inspect and take anything you want.

Alicia finds the hide-a-key.

ALICIA
Take anything I want? What are we saying? I have the key.

WILL
Look, I don’t know what you’re going to find in there, but until the police declare it a crime scene, you can preserve for our uses anything you find.

Alicia frowns as she lets herself...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

...in, looks at the walls, covered with graphic novel panels. Dark, gritty. Good stuff. A small studio. On the cell...

ALICIA
Has Jason said anything?

WILL
No. But the police could misunderstand something they find. And Kalinda thinks the security guard is heating up.


ALICIA
There’s something written by her. A short story.
Okay, I think we could use that.


Blonde hair on a brush.

Will winces. Considers it. Alicia considers it too.

What do I do?

Is it a long hair?

Yes.

Will frowns, looks toward Johnson heading toward the interrogation room.

Take it.

Alicia nods: does so. Opens the shower door, checks the drain.

No hair in the drain.

Thanks. Good.

She starts to close the shower door when she sees something hanging by the towel. A piece of clothing? She lifts it slightly. A bra. Alicia winces.

A bra. By the shower.

Will slumps. Fuck. Torn. Running the ethical permutations:

One second.

But Alicia hears noise outside. Skidding. She rushes to the studio window, peers out. Sees police cars skidding up two stories below. Dammit.
ALICIA
They’re here.

Hurrying, Alicia hangs up, rushes back into the bathroom, sees a trash pail, empty, a small plastic lining. Takes the lining, pushes her hand through it to grab the bra, wraps it in the lining. Frowns. Fuck. Fuck.

INT. STUDIO HALL - DAY

Alicia quickly rushes out the studio door. Takes the key, quickly clicks it back into the hide-a-key compartment. Hearing footsteps coming up the stairs.

She sticks it back in the planter, steps down the hall away from the stairs as...

...the cops and Burton race to the top, find the door open. * Damn, Alicia didn’t close it all the way. They enter as Alicia exhales and starts down the stairs.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. 28TH FLOOR - WILL’S OFFICE - DAY

The plastic lining is put on Will’s desk. The brush. Then the short story. Will looks up at Alicia.

WILL
Thanks. Are you alright?

ALICIA
I think so.

WILL
You were well within the law?

ALICIA
“Well”?

WILL
You were within the law. I know sometimes it feels like a game, but we’re not here to pursue the truth. We’re here to defend a client.

ALICIA
And if he’s guilty?

WILL
Then he’s guilty. Truth is above our pay grade.

Alicia nods. Okay.

ALICIA
Who’s with Jason now?

WILL
Cary.

Alicia pauses. Uh-oh. Starts to talk, stops.

WILL (CONT’D)
Take a few hours off. Get some lunch or something.

ALICIA
Are you going back to... help Cary?

WILL
Yes. Go. Get this off your mind.

(CONTINUED)
Alicia nods, starts out, sees Diane in her office, talking with Sonya...

ALICIA
Is she telling her?

WILL
Yep. That can’t be a fun conversation.

INT. 28TH FLOOR – DIANE’S OFFICE – DAY

And we’re inside now with... Sonya listening.

DIANE
Why do you not look surprised? You knew he had a studio?

SONYA RUCKER
No, but-- every marriage runs on a few secrets, Diane. Men need their caves.

Diane studies her. Her blase reaction.

DIANE
Did you know he was working with her on writing a graphic novel?

SONYA RUCKER
No. I knew something. It’s been hard for him to be out of work: for me to be the one making money.

DIANE
And you never thought he and Lisa...?

SONYA RUCKER
Why do I suddenly feel like I’m under suspicion?

DIANE
Sonya. The question is going to be asked. If there’s something you want to tell me, now is a good time.

SONYA RUCKER
No.

DIANE
Well is he... innocent?

(CONTINUED)
SONYA RUCKER
Of?
Not the answer Diane expected. She treads carefully:

DIANE
Hurting her?

SONYA RUCKER
Yes, he’s innocent of that.

DIANE
But, sleeping with her? He’s not innocent of sleeping with her?

SONYA RUCKER
(upset)
I don’t know.

DIANE
Is there— I’m sorry to do this, Sonya, but Jason isn’t being up-front with us— is there anything that would lead the police to believe he is guilty?

SONYA RUCKER
(very hard)
There might be.

And as Sonya stares up at Diane, we go to...

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS — COURTROOM #217 — DAY

GLENN CHILDS
Let’s start with the easy questions, shall we?

Glenn Childs facing Peter Florrick on the stand.

GLENN CHILDS (CONT’D)
How many times did you sleep with this prostitute: Amber Madison—?

DANIEL GOLDEN
Objection, your honor. Sex is irrelevant to my client’s guilt.

Childs shoots a look toward Landry who stands:

(CONTINUED)
LANDRY

Mr. Florrick was sentenced for
D.P.ing cases in trade for sexual
favors, so sex is entirely relevant
to his guilt, your honor.
The fact of the sex may be relevant, your honor, but not the minutia.

Then I will endeavor to discern the minutia. You may continue, Mr. Childs, but oh so carefully.

Thank you, your honor. How many times did you sleep with Amber Madison?

Just to be precise, Mr. Childs, by “sleeping with” you mean “having sex?”

Yes, thank you. And just to be even more precise, by “having sex” I also include oral-genital contact.

A frown between the two. They really hate each other.

18 times.

18 times. And how many of these would you classify as “oral-genital--

Objection.

Minutia, Mr. Childs.

Yes, your honor. Apologies. Now...

Childs pauses, sees Alicia seated in the back row of the gallery. Peter follows his gaze. Sees her there too.

Were all these assignations with Miss Madison, were all of these in hotel rooms?

Yes.
GLENN CHILDS
All 18 times, you were in a hotel room?

Peter pauses, looks toward Golden. Golden looks up.

PETER FLORRICK
To the best of my memory.

GLENN CHILDS
Ah, well, let’s see if we can refresh your memory. Did you ever sleep with Amber Madison at your home while your wife was away?

DANIEL GOLDEN
Objection.

Alicia pauses, stares at Peter.

LANDRY
Your honor, the defendant has made it very clear he believed he paid for these various hotel sessions with Amber Madison; we just want to be clear that these were the only sessions.

Peter stares at Alicia as Judge Winters considers it. Reluctantly...

JUDGE WINTER
Overruled.

GLENN CHILDS
So, Mr. Florrick, did you ever sleep with Amber Madison at your home, in your bed, while your wife was away?

Peter stares right at Alicia as he answers...

PETER FLORRICK
No.

Childs appears satisfied with the answer. Still...

GLENN CHILDS
And you know you’re under oath?

(CONTINUED)
PETER FLORRICK
(turns to court reporter)
Cammy, I know I’m under oath, and I know that Mr. Childs is attempting to catch me in a perjury trap, and yet my answer is still: no.

GLENN CHILDS
(smiling)
Thank you, Mr. Florrick.

PETER FLORRICK
No problem.

And Peter gets up, starts back toward the defense table as Alicia exhales deeply. Peter sits beside Golden. At the prosecution table, Childs looks happy and confident. Meanwhile...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - SECRETARIAL STATION - NIGHT

...Diane paces outside her office, on her cellphone, Sonya still inside behind her...

DIANE
She set up a nanny-cam to tape the living room. To see if her husband was sleeping with the babysitter.

INTERCUT with...

EXT. RUCKER HOUSE - NIGHT

...a sighing Kalinda:

KALINDA
Well, that would’ve been helpful to know.

Kalinda, getting out of her car, starts toward the Rucker house, yellow crime tape gone...

DIANE
Yes, more secrets than an O’Neill play here. It’s in a digital clock on the TV set.

Kalinda pauses, sees a person lingering behind her car. A dark figure. A cop? Who is it?

(CONTINUED)
KALINDA
Okay, I’m not sure if I’m going to be able to get in. Do you want me to tell the police?
DIANE
(hesitates)
Well, if I knew for certain the
nanny-cam didn’t have Jason on it,
I’d say “yes.”

KALINDA
I understand. Let me see what I
can do. Oh, does she have a laptop
case with her?

Diane turns, sees Sonya does have a laptop case.

DIANE
Yes, why?

KALINDA
When you get a chance, check and
see if one of the rubber nubs on
the bottom is missing.

DIANE
For any particular reason?

KALINDA
There was one found in the blood at
the scene.

And Kalinda hangs up, continues toward the house, goes to the
back door. Not seeing the figure following her. A dark
parka. Who is it, the security guard? Kind of spooky.

Kalinda peers in the door, sees through the kitchen door...
the living room. The TV set. Nothing on it. She hears a
noise behind her. Looks. No one. Starts to turn back when
she stops. Sees something.

In the dirt. Rain stained. Slips of paper. She reaches
down. Picks it up. “Overnight Shipping. Attempted
Delivery.” She studies it. Sees a “Requested return” check
box. The box checked is... “6:30-8 pm.” Kalinda looks up,
considers it, not seeing the Parka man getting closer, closer.

SERVER
Miss Sharma?

Kalinda looks up, startled. The figure in the parka right
behind her.

SERVER (CONT'D)
Process server. You’ve just been
subpoenaed.

(CONTINUED)
And he slaps her with an envelope, starts away.

KALINDA
Which case?

SERVER
Florrick’s appeal. Have fun.

Kalinda looks up, startled. Not good, not good at all. Recovering her bearings, she makes a call on her cell phone.

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

KALINDA
I’m not testifying.

Kalinda following Childs. An intent Childs.

GLENN CHILDS
Then you’re going to jail.

KALINDA
I have nothing to offer.

GLENN CHILDS
You have everything to offer. And you know you do. Peter Florrick lied on the witness stand. Tell the truth and he spends the next nine years in prison.

KALINDA
Don’t do this.

GLENN CHILDS
Oh, come on, Kalinda, what do you care? You’re out for yourself. You’ve always been out for yourself. And either way, you’re going to tell the truth.

KALINDA
You don’t know that.

GLENN CHILDS
I know the sun is coming up tomorrow. I know you’re gonna tell the truth on the stand and Florrick is going back to prison.

Childs starts off Kalinda stands there, upset. Worried.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Cary stands in a corner, facing the wall, tapping his forehead against the cinder block. Alicia looks toward him. Goes to him.

ALICIA
Are you alright?

CARY
Yeah. What time is it?

ALICIA
Midnight.

CARY
How long have I been here?

ALICIA
Day and a half.

CARY
I was... freaking out.

ALICIA
Yes, I know.

CARY
Did you tell Will?

ALICIA
Will? What, that you were freaking out? No. Why?

CARY
It was a friend from the Peace Corps. I thought I had a day off.

ALICIA
Yes. Cary, I didn’t tell him.

CARY
Why didn’t you? With our contest, why didn’t you?

ALICIA
Cary, I-- there are so many people lined up against us. I just don’t want one more.

Cary studies her face.
CARY
I don’t want you to lose.

ALICIA
I know, I don’t want you to lose either.

CARY
I kind of like you.

ALICIA
(smiles)
Yes. I’m surprised, I like you too.

CARY
I can’t help it. Being competitive. It’s just me. You know--

ALICIA
Don’t tell the scorpion and the frog story. Please.

CARY
(smiles)
The frog riding the scorpion’s back? I hate that story too. Why do people tell it so much?

ALICIA
Because it excuses people’s behavior.

CARY
It does, doesn’t it? Okay, so I won’t. How’s he doing?

They look toward Jason slumped forward on the table asleep.

ALICIA
You don’t want to know.

CARY
Try me.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Diane finishes conferring with Will and enters her office, faces Sonya, shoots a look toward Sonya’s laptop case, zipped open, the aluminum computer peering out.

SONYA RUCKER
What?

(CONTINUED)
DIANE
So you were at the office all night until you got the call from security about the silent alarm?

SONYA RUCKER
Yes. Why?

DIANE
You didn’t go home before that?

SONYA RUCKER
No. Why would I?

DIANE
Our investigator checked the nanny-cam. It hadn’t been turned on.

SONYA RUCKER
Oh. I must have forgotten that morning.

DIANE
Yes. We thought only four people could disarm your security alarm-- Justin, your housekeeper, the babysitter, and the security guard. But we forgot... you could too.

SONYA RUCKER
Yes. Why? What’s wrong?

DIANE
We found notices about a failure to deliver a package to your house. Our investigator checked with the company. You signed for a delivery.

Sonya stares at her. Uh-oh. Realizing...

DIANE (CONT’D)
You signed for delivery at 7:30 pm. When you said you were at work.

Sonya gulps.

SONYA RUCKER
I didn’t do it.

DIANE
Okay, so what were you doing at home?

Sonya. Appalled. Caught. Trying to be the collected CEO.

(CONTINUED)
I was jealous. I thought Jason was sleeping with her. I came home to surprise them.

And...?

He wasn’t there. She was there. Reading a story to the girls. So I left, embarrassed, intent on not being jealous again.

And that was it?

That was it.

I know that doesn’t look good. But it’s true.

Diane nods, studies her.

Can I check your laptop?

Why?

Please.

Sonya nods. Diane goes to it. Slips it out. Checks the rubber nubs on the bottom. All four there.

Diane and Will. Uncomfortable between their offices. Looking off.

You tired?

Tired doesn’t even begin to describe it. Okay, so here’s what we’ve got to do. Build a Chinese Wall.

Yep. You can’t tell me what she said.
DIANE
Complete separation. You represent Jason. I represent her. Each has a strong motive and, in about 12 hours, one of them’s going to be charged. So we can’t talk to each other anymore.

WILL
Understood.

She nods, starts to head back in to her office.

WILL (CONT'D)
Good luck.

DIANE
You too. One of us is going to come out the winner tonight.

And Diane slips into her office.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Alicia studies the lawyers card she found under Lisa’s short story: “Logan & Harper.” Taps it on the bar. Thinking.

Kalinda sits next to her, sips a drink. Distracted.

KALINDA
I’ve been subpoenaed.

Kalinda downs her drink.

ALICIA
To what?

KALINDA
Your husband’s trial.

ALICIA
(looks at her)
Why would they subpoena you?

KALINDA
I know some things.

Alicia studies her.

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
That doesn’t sound good.
(Kalinda nods)
Are you going to tell me?
KALINDA
Do you want to know?

ALICIA
I-- I don’t know. God, I don’t know anymore. The truth always seemed so simple. Lying, not lying.

KALINDA
Do you want him out?

Alicia takes her drinks. Downs it.

ALICIA
I want things to stop spinning.
   (considers it)
You’re right, I don’t want to know.

KALINDA
Stay away from court tomorrow.

Alicia’s cell phone rings. She answers.

ALICIA
Alicia Florrick. Yes, thanks for getting back to me. So, about Lisa Pruitt... I see. Right. Well thank you...
   (hangs up)

KALINDA
What?

ALICIA
That was this lawyer.
   (the card)
Found it near the victim’s belongings in Rucker’s studio.

KALINDA
Lots of lawyers running around this one.

ALICIA
I don’t even know who we’re defending anymore. It’s gotten very confusing.
KALINDA
Yeah.

ALICIA
The lawyer on the phone wouldn’t tell me if Lisa Pruitt had been to see her.

KALINDA
Of course not. That’d be too easy.

ALICIA
But she said what kind of work they do. Matching pregnant women with families who want to adopt.

Kalinda looks toward Alicia sharply.

OMITTED

INT. POLICE STATION – INTERROGATION ROOM – NIGHT

Alicia barrels into the interrogation room in the middle of Detective Johnson’s questioning, a sober Cary sitting with Jason.

ALICIA
Detective, I need you to stop interrogating my client and step out for a second.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
I was just asking a question, ma’am.

ALICIA
You can finish in a minute. Please.

Johnson sighs. Gets up. Starts out.

JASON RUCKER
What’s wrong?

But Alicia crosses to the video camera, shuts it off.

ALICIA
You got her pregnant. Lisa was at your little studio, and you got her pregnant.

JASON RUCKER
No. What? No.

ALICIA
She was going to a law firm for adoption. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA (CONT'D)
Tell me now because they’re going to find it out during an autopsy. You got her pregnant.

JASON RUCKER
No, I couldn’t have.

ALICIA
She was at your studio!

JASON RUCKER
Yes, I know, but I didn’t get her pregnant.

ALICIA
Tell me the truth.

JASON RUCKER
I couldn’t have got her pregnant. I had a vasectomy.

Alicia pauses, stares at him. Stunned.

INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - DORM HALL - NIGHT

Knock-knock-knock. Kalinda knocks at a dorm door. Kerouac on the door. Max opens it, thrilled to see Kalinda...

MAX
Hey. I was wondering when you were coming back for that statement.

KALINDA
Yeah, sorry I’m so late. But a couple more questions have come up about Lisa Pruitt. Did she ever mention being pregnant?

Max looks around, lowers his voice...

MAX
Who said that?

KALINDA
A lawyer. She was contacting a law firm about putting a baby up for adoption.

MAX
Yeah, she told me.

KALINDA
Do you know who the father is?

(CONTINUED)
Yeah. Who she babysits for. Rucker.

KALINDA
(eyes him)
Really?

Yeah. That’s why I think he did it: killed her. He wanted her to get an abortion, she said no.

Kalinda nods, looks past him, sees a laptop open on his desk.

KALINDA
She told you that?

Yeah, he didn’t want to be pinned down.

Well, this is helpful.

You want me to say the same thing to the cops?

Yeah, would you mind? Can you come with me now?

Sure. Give me a minute.

Max slips into his dorm room. Kalinda watches him enter his bathroom. Nudges the door open. Goes to the desk. The laptop. A large dent on one side. She stares at it. Turns it over.

Three rubber nubs. There-- there-- there-- and--
...the fourth is missing. Kalinda smiles.

What’s wrong?

Kalinda sees Max behind her.

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)
Kalinda makes herself comfortable on the stand. It’s momentarily disorienting seeing her on the stand.

GLENN CHILDS
Miss Sharma, the defendant fired you from the State’s Attorney office, didn’t he?

Kalinda makes eye contact with Peter at the defense table.

KALINDA
Yes, he did.

GLENN CHILDS
In your own words, could you explain why he did that?

KALINDA
He said I was working two jobs.

GLENN CHILDS
And were you?

KALINDA
Yes.

GLENN CHILDS
You were working for him; and you were working for...?

KALINDA
You.

Peter stares at Kalinda as Golden looks up from his notes.

GLENN CHILDS
What work were you doing for me, Miss Sharma?

KALINDA
I was running down Bimbo eruptions.

GLENN CHILDS
Would you explain that colloquialism?
DANIEL GOLDEN
Your honor, again, we would object to this line of questioning.

GLENN CHILDS
This is our last witness, your honor. We ask for some leniency.

JUDGE WINTER
Granted. Overruled, Mr. Golden.

GLENN CHILDS
What were “bimbo eruptions”?

KALINDA
You were worried that lawyers and judges were being coopted by powerful forces who used prostitutes to blackmail.

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS - HALLWAY - DAY
Alicia stands outside the courtroom door, leaning against the wall, listening...

GLENN CHILDS (O.S.)
And when you started this task force, there was no sense that Peter Florrick was involved with these “bimbo eruptions”?

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS - COURTROOM #217 - DAY
KALINDA
That is correct. You were more concerned about judges and ASAs.

GLENN CHILDS
But then you discovered Mr. Florrick’s involvement with Amber Madison. Could you explain how she was used to coopt Mr. Florrick?

KALINDA
Yes. A procurer assigned specific prostitutes to flatter and pursue certain clients. The clients were referred to by number. For example, one of the clients was Client #14...

Judge Winter looks up almost imperceptibly.

(CONTINUED)
GLENN CHILDS
And what would these women do?
These prostitutes?
KALINDA
They would discover the marital status and sexual predilections of these clients. To use the example of Client #14: he was found to be a judge, a married judge, with three daughters.

Glenn pauses, studies Kalinda. What are you doing?

KALINDA (CONT’D)
He was deemed to be interested in African-American prostitutes, and the imagery of southern plantation life.

Judge Winter squirms, getting more and more uncomfortable (obviously Client #14), as Peter looks up, seeing where Kalinda is going.

GLENN CHILDS
Okay. And-- um-- So once Mr. Florrick was involved with Amber Madison, then no money traded hands, isn’t that correct?

KALINDA
Yes. And if the client tried to pay, the procurer would return the client’s money. For example, when Client #14 tried to pay for an evening with two African-American women, that money was refunded.

GLENN CHILDS
(eyeing Winter)
Miss Sharma-- You don’t need to refer to a particular client. Just answer the question.

KALINDA
I’ve been asked to answer in my own words. These are my own words.

GLENN CHILDS
Yes, but your words could be more “on point.” Now did Mr. Florrick have sexual relations at home with Miss Madison?

(CONTINUED)
To answer that question, I have to talk about my job, and how it was important to know the names of all the clients. Including Client #14.

GLENN CHILDS
Kalinda!

KALINDA
I’m here under subpoena, Mr. Childs. If asked to name the client names, I must.

Judge Winter stares at Kalinda as Childs hesitates. No idea how to go forward. Golden smiles, stands...

DANIEL GOLDEN
Your honor, I must again object to this sexual line of questioning. It is irrelevant—just as these client’s names are irrelevant. We would respectfully submit that this is beneath the dignity of this court.

JUDGE WINTER
I would tend to agree, Mr. Golden.

GLENN CHILDS
Your honor, surely there is a way to elicit this testimony—possibly in chambers—

DANIEL GOLDEN
—not without these clients’ names becoming part of the public record. Isn’t that correct, Miss Sharma?

KALINDA
Yes, I’m afraid so.

Judge Winter takes a moment. Adjusts his robe.

JUDGE WINTER
I’ve given too much leeway with this sexual testimony, Mr. State’s Attorney. Now I must call it to a halt—

GLENN CHILDS
Your honor—

(CONTINUED)
JUDGE WINTER
No, sir. It is four p.m. and I find myself unpersuaded by your arguments of Mr. Florrick’s guilt. I believe this was nothing more than a sexual witchhunt. But that is not for me to decide. My job is merely to determine if there is enough for a new trial, and, yes, Mr. Florrick, I believe there is.

Peter closes his eyes, moved. Golden’s hand goes over his, squeezes. Both speechless.

JUDGE WINTER (CONT’D)
I’m sorry, Mr. Florrick. I’m sorry this has happened to you. And I’m sorry I don’t have the power to do more than order a new trial. But that is exactly what I’m going to do. You, Mr. Florrick, have been granted a retrial.

Peter finds his eyes wet. He looks toward the back of the court. No Alicia. We find her in...

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS - HALLWAY - DAY
...the antechamber, standing there, stunned. Stunned with pleasure? Or ambivalence?

INT. 28TH FLOOR - SECRETARIAL STATION - DAY
Will and Diane. They stand side-by-side, watching Sonya and Jason hug in Diane’s office.

WILL
Max-- the kid from the dorm was right about the motive. It was just his motive, not Jason’s.

DIANE
She wouldn’t get an abortion?

WILL
They argued, and he killed her.

DIANE
How did Lisa’s bra get in Jason’s studio?

(CONTINUED)
WILL
Jason gave her the keys. She and Max would go there when he wasn’t around.

They look back in at Sonya and Jason. A tense hug, smile.

DIANE
They don’t look so happy, do they?

WILL
(shakes his head)
I don’t understand marriage.

DIANE
It’s a mysterious institution.

WILL
You’ve never wanted it?

Diane smiles at him...

DIANE
Is that a proposal?

WILL
Yes. I’ve been watching you from afar.

The two smile, start off. As...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT

...Alicia’s apartment is quiet. The kitchen. It’s empty. Just the hum of the refrigerator. The master bedroom. A drip-drip-drip from the off-screen bathroom sink. The maid’s quarters. The sound of a furnace coming on. And...

...in the living room, Alicia, Zach, Grace, and Jackie sit. Tensely. In nice clothes. Trying to look casual.

GRACE
This is weird.

ALICIA
Maybe you should watch TV.

ZACH
There’s nothing on.

JACKIE
We could play twenty questions.
Zach and Grace roll their eyes.

ZACH
Does he have a key?

ALICIA
He’ll knock.

GRACE
And it’ll be electronic monitoring? He’ll have to stay in the apartment?

ALICIA
Yes. We’ll all have to adapt.

Another second of silence. Alicia exhales, gets up:

ALICIA (CONT’D)
Okay. Let’s all just get on with our--

But-- bzzzzzt-- the doorbell rings.

GRACE
Here we go.

Alicia smiles, looks at her kids.

ALICIA
I love you both.

Zach and Grace nod. Stand awkwardly. Preparing.

Alicia starts toward the door. Pauses in the foyer. Looks in a mirror. Straightens her hair. Not sure why she did that. She looks away. Reaches for the knob. Opens the door, finding...

...Peter there. A Sheriff behind him.

PETER FLORRICK
Hi.

END OF SHOW