ALICIA FLORRICK
WILL GARDNER
DIANE LOCKHART
CARY AGOS
KALINDA SHARMA

PETER FLORRICK
GRACE FLORRICK
ZACH FLORRICK

DANIEL GOLDEN
ELI GOLD
KYA POOLE
JULIUS CAIN
BECCA
COURTNEY WELLS

AUSA HARRISON RIVERS
JUDGE PATRICE LESSNER (FORMERLY "JUDGE PAM LESTER")
* ERIC DORFMAN (FORMERLY "FRANCIS DORFMAN")
* TAMMY DORFMAN (FORMERLY "TERI DORFMAN")
* LEMOND BISHOP (FORMERLY "LERON BISHOP")
* TONY GURSTELLE (FORMERLY "BILLY GURSTELLE")

MR. RAY
MOTORCYCLE COP
FEDERAL AGENTS
THE GOOD WIFE #115
"Fleas"
SET LIST
1/29/10

Interiors:

28TH FLOOR
  DIANE'S OFFICE
  HALLWAY
  CONFERENCE ROOM
  RECEPTION

27TH FLOOR
  ALICIA'S OFFICE
  SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM
  BULLPEN
  ALICIA'S APARTMENT
    MASTER BEDROOM
    KITCHEN
    LIVING ROOM
  ALICIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LANDING
  DORFMAN & ASSOCIATES
  GYM
  FEDERAL COURT
    COURTROOM #4
    HALL
    JUDGE'S CHAMBERS
  ALICIA'S CAR
  LOCK-UP - LAWYER CONSULTATION ROOM

Exterior

HORSE CORRAL
SCHOOL PARKING LOT
MR. RAY
Well, let’s start with soft targets.

MR. RAY, a cheery Tony Robbins efficiency expert with a power-point. WILL paces at the back, DIANE seated. No one else.

MR. RAY (CONT’D)
These are reductions you can make without further layoffs or reorganization.

He clicks a power point. The screen remains blank. Oy.

WILL
Is one of them I.T.?

DIANE
Why don’t you just tell us.

MR. RAY
Certainly. Annually you spend $10,000 on paper products. Cups.

WILL
You’re kidding.

MR. RAY
We would suggest moving to a self-policing hydration policy.

WILL
What, everybody brings their own cups?

MR. RAY
Yes. The policy is presented as “Going green” -- with fact sheets posted next to coolers on reducing land fills.

Will and Diane trade a look. Again oy.

MR. RAY (CONT’D)
You spend $38,000 on season tickets to the Chicago Cubs--

WILL
Now, that’s just good business. We entertain clients.
MR. RAY
We would suggest season tickets for a less expensive sport franchise.
The Chicago Red Stars.

WILL
The...?

MR. RAY
Professional women’s soccer.

Will stares at Diane-- he’s kidding. She shrugs:

DIANE
We’ve got to cut somewhere.

MR. RAY
The floral budget for the firm is $28,000.

WILL
(sees Diane’s wince)
Yep, cut somewhere.

MR. RAY
We suggest moving to perennials or going artificial. We also suggest you no longer validate for parking.

Will sighs-- this’ll take a while-- dials his cellphone...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT – DAY

Alicia’s cellphone rings. A hand reaches for it, answers...

PETER
Hello.

INTERCUT with... Will, still in the conference room, confused:

WILL
Oh, I... Is this...?

PETER
No. Alicia left her cellphone at home.

WILL
Oh.

Will pauses, knows who it is. PETER pauses, knows who it is.

(CONTINUED)
PETER
Do you want to leave a message?

WILL
No, she’s with another lawyer.
I’ll try him. Thanks.

And Will hangs up, considers it: well, that was interesting. He starts to dial again as we CUT TO...

...Peter clicking off the cell, lays it down. Considers it too. Hmmm. He returns to the dining room where Kya is midway through a talk. GOLDEN there. ELI GOLD sitting in a corner. As...
INT. DORFMAN & ASSOCIATES - DAY

TAMMY
Dorfman & Associates. Sorry, we
don’t have our phones in yet, Mr.
Gardner. Let me tell him.

TAMMY DORFMAN (25), perky, smart, go-getter. At a reception desk in a law firm-- actually a law firm to be. A whole floor of a skyscraper without walls. Yelling:

TAMMY (CONT’D)
Dad, Mr. Gardner wants you to start without him.

And we cross the wide expanse to ERIC DORFMAN (44), a bullet of a defense lawyer. Looks like a pro wrestler.

ERIC DORFMAN
Thanks, babe. Could you get us coffee?

He continues guiding ALICIA and CARY through his firm-to-be. Just tape on the floor. Wires hanging. Overlooking the city.

ERIC DORFMAN (CONT’D)
Partners offices here. Conference room there. Waiting room. I think there’s some kind of flowing thing-- What is it?

TAMMY
A glassed-in waterfall.

ERIC DORFMAN
My daughter’s the designer. We have the drywall in next week.
ALICIA
No longer a mom and pop operation, huh? Last time we saw you, you were in a storefront.

ERIC DORFMAN *
Not quite Stern, Lockhart, but we’re on our way. You’re stepping through a wall.

ALICIA
Sorry.

TAMMY *
We heard Stern, Lockhart was in trouble.

Tammy approaching with coffee. Her dad scolds:

ERIC DORFMAN *
Tammy.

CARY
We’ve had a few layoffs, but we’re steady now. Where’s all the money coming from?

ERIC DORFMAN *
Insider trading.

TAMMY *
Dad’s joking. New corporate clients. And a depressed retail market.

They step into an “office” without walls. Just desks, files, computers, chairs, couches, exposed wire, and stunning views.

ERIC DORFMAN *
So, look, I’m alright if we combine lawsuits, but we really need to combine. No stabbing in the back.

TAMMY *
If you make a settlement at our expense, we’ll sue your ass.

ERIC DORFMAN *
(smiles)
My daughter. She just graduated from law school.

(CONTINUED)
TAMMY
Yep, out to save the world.

ALICIA
We agree. We want a united front. You represent union employees, we represent non-union.

CARY
What’s this?

A glass case on the table, filled with mounted rocks.

ERIC DORFMAN
The world’s 14 highest peaks. Annapurna. Broad Peak. Makalu.

ALICIA
You climbed them?

ERIC DORFMAN
Two left.

TAMMY
Dad’s hobby. I don’t know how it happened: the outdoorsman sired a homebody.

Alicia smiles, liking them.

ALICIA
So shall we join suits?

CARY
Do you have something written up?

ERIC DORFMAN
Over a handshake. That’s how I do everything.

He offers a hand. Alicia and Cary shake it. Then...

ALICIA
Sorry, we’re Junior Associates. We do everything in writing.

Eric laughs, takes out a pen, signs their contract--

ERIC DORFMAN
Okay, settlement. I think we have a strong case for summary judgement, but we need to prove--

(CONTINUED)
A cacophony of screams as a DOZEN FEDERAL AGENTS exit the elevators and swarm across the empty space, guns drawn. Alicia and Cary almost jump, startled, look across toward Eric who rolls his eyes, seems more blase. His daughter too, both putting their hands on their heads.

ERIC DORFMAN
Come on, Rivers, this is harassment.

RIVERS
Nope, Eric. This is an arrest.


ERIC DORFMAN
For what? Come on. What’d I do?

RIVERS
Didn’t you hear, hands on your head?

Oh. Alicia and Cary comply, as Eric is cuffed:

ERIC DORFMAN
Come on, these are my lawyers; they’ll have me out in 24 hours.

Alicia and Cary trade a look. Um.

RIVERS
Not with this one. Mrs. Lipton!

A female agent steps forward to frisk Alicia, manhandling her.

ALICIA
Hey.

ERIC DORFMAN
What’s the charge this time, Rivers?

RIVERS
First degree murder.

Dorfman stares at him, stunned, trades a look with his daughter, as agents unplug and bubble-wrap computers, packing them in boxes. A ballet of Fed professionalism.
ERIC DORFMAN
Who’d I kill?

RIVERS
Kelli Gerber Smith.

ERIC DORFMAN
Oh, come on, you lost a case. When I lose a case, I don’t go pee on your lawn.

Rivers leans in to his face, intense:

RIVERS
She was innocent. And you gave her over to that scum.

CARY
Hey, that’s ours!

Cary points toward their files being boxed up too.

ALICIA
Excuse me, sir, we are lawyers with Stern, Lockhart, and Gardner. We are not employees of this firm--

CARY
--and do not grant you permission to confiscate our work product.

RIVERS
Given that I can’t distinguish between “work-product” in the field, I will segregate these files, and you can get a court order to have them returned.

Alicia looks over at Cary, ready to argue, but sees he’s got something in his hand over his hand. His cellphone. Light blinking. Alicia stares at him: wide-eyed. Are you crazy? But Cary just smiles and winks. And...

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

...the digital video now plays on Cary’s cellphone as Diane and Will study it...

WILL
What’s his name?

(CONTINUED)
CARY
AUSA Rivers.

Will looks toward Diane. They both shrug: never heard of him.

DIANE
It’s federal. I don’t know the cast of characters.

The footage becomes a bit more shaky as Dorfman is escorted out, yelling. The cellphone following.

WILL
What’s he saying?

ALICIA
He told them we were his lawyers. And we would have him out in 24 hours.

DIANE
You led him to believe that?

CARY
No. We were there on the furlough lawsuit.

WILL
(to Diane)
The metro suit. We decided to marry union with non-union. So why murder?

CARY
Dorfman was defending a drug dealer. There was a witness testifying for the prosecution-- a Kelli Gerber Smith-- and Dorfman supposedly gave her name to his client-- the drug dealer-- who had her killed.

WILL
What drug dealer?

ALICIA
LeMond Bishop.*

Will and Diane-- both take a moment. A traded look. Never quite been so impressed. Alicia eyes their reactions.

(CONTINUED)
WILL
Bishop is one of Dorfman’s clients?

DIANE
Talk about having a tiger by the tail.

WILL
Explains why his firm is growing.

ALICIA
He asked us to take over his on-going cases-- just while he’s being held. He doesn’t have his staff lined up yet.

Diane and Will trade a look. Alicia and Cary are surprised by their hesitation.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
He wanted us to argue for his release. He can pay us.

WILL
It’s a drug case. First things the Feds will do is freeze his assets.

ALICIA
He can pay when they’re... unfrozen.

Cary looks between the partners, sees there’s something up.

CARY
He seemed good.

DIANE
We’ll take it under review.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Alicia and Cary find them outside the partner’s door. Pause.

ALICIA
What was that about?

CARY
Either they don’t like him or... the rumors are true. Stern, Lockhart’s going down.

They see a FLORIST taking flowers from a pot, leaving it empty. Cary and Alicia trade a look: uh-oh.

(CONTINUED)
CARY (CONT’D)
Dammit, and I have student loans.

Alicia looks worried too. Her assistant, COURTNEY, approaches, blue tooth in ear:

COURTNEY
Alicia. Your husband.

CARY
Yeah, at least you have someone to fall back on.

Alicia stares at him: not the most comforting thought.

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT – DAY

Peter entering the kitchen, moving away from his arguing staff, on the mobile home phone:

PETER
No, it’s nothing-- we just can’t find the tax returns.

INTERCUT with... Alicia starting down the stairs toward her office. Both in movement, Peter starting toward his bedroom.

ALICIA
And why do you need them?

PETER
Eli. He needs to look into anything that can be used against us.

ALICIA
Uh-huh. Under my bed. A box marked... I think “House files.”

PETER
Okay, thanks. How are you doing?

Peter changes directions, starts toward the master bedroom.

ALICIA
Well, I was almost arrested this morning.

PETER
What?

ALICIA
Do you know an A-USA named Rivers?

(CONTINUED)
PETER
Yeah, intense, out to save the world? Why, what happened?

ALICIA
He was arresting another lawyer for-- it’s a long story-- but I almost got caught up in the sweep.

PETER
He’s a zealot. Don’t look a zealot in the eyes.

Alicia smiles, pauses: this is the way it should be like to talk with your husband.

ALICIA
How’re you doing?

PETER
Good. I made myself a BLT. And I couldn’t stop smiling.

ALICIA
You know, this is the closest we’ve had to a normal conversation.

PETER
Yeah, I like it.

ALICIA
Maybe we should talk on the phone more.

PETER
Oh, yeah, you left your cellphone here. Will phoned.

Peter frowns: knows he shouldn’t have gone there on the heels of such a nice conversation. Alicia nods, tense:

ALICIA
Yeah, he got in touch already. Okay, back to work.

PETER
Back to work.

And we stay with Peter-- not Alicia-- as he arrives in the master bedroom. Reaches under the bed, drags out a file box. Sharpie scrawl on top reads “House Files.” Good. Taped shut. He reaches toward...

(CONTINUED)
...the bedside table, opens the drawer, takes out a letter opener when he stops... glances back in the drawer. Sees something. The edge of red foil. Recognizable. He opens the drawer further, reaches in. It’s...

...a condom. Three condoms actually. Peter pauses there, takes a second. Alone in the master bedroom. Thinking this through. As...

**INT. GYM - DAY**

...Will ties on his shoes, court side, dropping his cellphone into the bucket, as judges, lawyers join him on the court.

**WILL**

I say judges are skins this time!

Laughter. Warm up. Will drives up the court, goes to the basket, easy lay-up. But when he turns, he finds... a suited man on the court staring at him. Rivers.

**WILL (CONT’D)**

Hello?

**RIVERS**

Mr. Gardner, AUSA Rivers.

**WILL**

That’s okay, we won’t hold it against you. Suit up.

Rivers doesn’t move. Will double-takes, sees he’s still standing there, staring at him.

**RIVERS**

You phoned. You wanted your work-product back.

**WILL**

Yeah, but at the office. This is a friendly County game.

**RIVERS**

You’re thinking about taking the Dorfman case. We would advise against it.

Will smiles, takes the ball, passes it.

**WILL**

Really. What else would you advise?

(CONTINUED)
RIVERS
You’re having money issues. You can’t afford trouble with the federal courts.

WILL
(laughs)
Wow. This is like the movies. You have to threaten me with audits or something.

RIVERS
That’s the IRS. It would be a federal crime to influence the IRS.

Will grins, yells to the other players:

WILL
Hey, I’m being threatened over here. Can you believe it?

The players laugh. Disregard him.

RIVERS
Mr. Dorfman is in trouble. He is guilty. His assets are frozen. It would be a mistake to represent him.

WILL
And what would happen? I like knowing the consequences before I do something stupid.

RIVERS
Again, we urge you not to pursue it.

WILL
Too late. I already am.

RIVERS
As of when?

WILL
As of ten seconds ago. Good job, Rivers, you just won Dorfman an attorney.

Will shoots a basket. Sinks it.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

INT. FEDERAL COURT - COURTROOM #4 - DAY

A grand and sterile Federal courtroom. Intimidating. Will starts up the aisle, is greeted by Tammy Dorfman:

TAMMY
Thank you, Mr. Gardner. My dad is just so thankful.

WILL
No problem. We’ll see what we can do.

And Will continues on toward the defense table as Tammy smiles at a following Alicia and Cary. Will looks over at Rivers laughing with the Bailiff, court reporter. Will nods, gets it. To himself:

WILL (CONT’D)
Yep, not my playground.

A door opens. And JUDGE PATRICE LESSNER (40) sweeps in. Pretty, fast-talking. Likes to keep her courtroom moving. Oddly her arm is in a cast. Even before she sits:

JUDGE LESSNER
Mr. Rivers, what do we have today?

RIVERS
(fast; knows she likes fast)
Several motions on Eric Dorfman, your honor, and I’m sorry to hear about your accident.

JUDGE LESSNER
Thank you; I got your card. I imagine you are seeking detention pending trial?”

Will looks over at these two. Excluding him.

RIVERS
Yes, your honor. Mr. Dorfman, in our opinion, released a witness list to a killer, and given that there will be vulnerable witnesses in this case, we ask for pretrial detention.

WILL
Your Honor, this is a simple case of harassment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
AUSA Rivers failed to convict LeMond Bishop on RICO charges and is now going after his lawyer as retribution.

JUDGE LESSNER
In your opinion.

Will pauses. Alicia looks past him at the judge who uses a hanger to scratch under her irritated cast.

WILL
Excuse me.

JUDGE LESSNER
In your opinion.

WILL
Yes in my opinion. He’s trying to subvert the 6th amendment right to counsel.

RIVERS
Mr. Gardner is prone to hyperbole, your Honor. Kelli Gerber Smith offered to testify against one of the most dangerous kingpins in this country, and, in our opinion, was brutally tortured and murdered for her troubles.

WILL
The prosecution’s evidence is thin at best. Generic carpet fibers found on the body and access to a witness list. That hardly makes Eric Dorfman suspect number one.

JUDGE LESSNER
In your opinion.

Will just stares at the judge.

WILL
Yes, your honor, I thought it was obvious, when I speak, it’s my opinion. When he speaks, it’s his.

CARY
(whispers to Alicia)
Whoa, boy.

JUDGE LESSNER
Mr....?
WILL
Gardner, your honor.

JUDGE LESSNER
It’s equally obvious that I’m a judge, and yet you continually refer to me as “your honor.” All I ask is that you do the same with your opinion, and remind yourself and the court that it is in fact your opinion.

Will stares at her, stupefied. Is it hazing or what?

RIVERS
Your honor, if I could return to the facts. Mr. Dorfman was one of four people to hold the witness list that was sealed under a court order. There were carpet fibers found on the tarp covering Ms. Smith’s body that came directly from Mr. Dorfman’s law firm. And he was, in our opinion, the only one with anything to gain if her name got out.

WILL
This is a vindictive prosecution and should be treated as such...
(afterthought)
...in my opinion.

JUDGE LESSNER
The court disagrees, Mr. Gardner, and orders pretrial detention. I’ll see you both back here on Wednesday at nine a.m. for pretrial motions.

And that’s it. Will frowns at the judge. Then sees Rivers shooting a cocky look his way as he leaves.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

DIANE
It’s their playground; you play by their rules.

Will and Diane starting toward the conference room.

WILL
They’re so cocky. It’s just another courtroom. They treat it like St. Peter’s.
DIANE
Didn’t we agree to not take this?

WILL
No, we agreed to cut the flower and paper cups; the least I can do is take the cases I want.

DIANE
You sure this isn’t pride?

WILL
Of course, it’s pride. What’s wrong with pride? Pride built the pyramids.

DIANE
And Watergate.

WILL
(notices a vase of flowers)
God, they do look fake.

DIANE
Those are the real ones.

Oh. Will pushes into...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

...a strategy session, ready to go. JULIUS CAIN, KALINDA, Alicia, Cary, a few other lawyers. Not sitting:

WILL
Okay, four people had access to that witness list. Find out who they were, where it went.

KALINDA
Rivers, the court clerk, Dorfman, the judge.

WILL
Good. Did they or anyone around them leak it? Let’s also look at the prosecution’s assumptions: the witness in this original case--

ALICIA
Kelli Gerber Smith.
WILL
Are we sure she was even actually murdered due to the case? And if she was, did the killers really need the witness list to know she was going to testify?

JULIUS CAIN
How do we find that out?

KALINDA
Go to Bishop.

Everyone looks over at Kalinda. Whoa.

CARY
You want to go ask a drug kingpin whether he really needed a witness list to kill somebody?

WILL
Well, there's probably a better way to put it. But, in theory, he wants his lawyer out too, so if he could... (gingerly) ...help steer us toward evidence that would exonerate Dorfman, that would be good. You up for it?

Kalinda. She considers it. Shrugs.

KALINDA
Sure.

Will grins. Loves that about her.

WILL
Okay, everybody else. Let's find out what evidence Rivers has. I don't want to wait for discovery. My guess it's coming to us slow.

INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

The condoms. Peter considers them, puts them back in the bedside table, closes the drawer, and rejoins...
...Gold, Kya, Golden. Everyone at home in the kitchen. Getting coffee, milk, etc. A pacing Eli...

ELI GOLD
This is how it works. Germs enter the political bloodstream through anonymous twitter account. These are picked up by political blogs that-- (dead end) I’m going to drop the metaphor.

PETER
No, see how far you can take that.

ELI GOLD
There’s a twitter account out there-- Upriser7-- anonymous-- it’s saying things about you and Alicia.

PETER
Isn’t that... expected?

ELI GOLD
Some of them are true.

Peter looks up.

PETER
Like what?

ELI GOLD
(reading)
“Saint Alicia, as she’s called behind her back, is despised because of her close connection to boss, Will. Widely hated, she’s given all best cases--”

PETER
Are we saying that’s true?
ELI GOLD
“Alina and Peter sleep in separate rooms. He’s in the maid quarters. She’s in the master. Not even a real marriage.”

Peter stares at him. Uh-oh.

GOLDEN
The danger is it’ll be picked up by a political blog then go into the mainstream.

ELI GOLD
I reduce the damage by flooding the zone with bogus tweets that say the opposite. Any search engine gets overwhelmed by both.

PETER
So... then who knew we were in separate rooms?

ELI GOLD
There’s stuff about Mrs. Florrick’s work too. Her competition for a job. Her connection to... her boss.

PETER
What’s that say?

KYA
You don’t want to read it.

ELI GOLD
That she’s sleeping with him.

Peter eyes Eli Gold. The honesty of men.

PETER
Okay, let’s find out who’s sending these tweets.

Eli gathers up his gear to leave...

EXT. HORSE CORRAL - DAY

KALINDA
Mr. Bishop?


(CONTINUED)
Doing his best to seem like an MBA, not a drug kingpin. Leaning against an active horse corral, he eyes Kalinda and Alicia approaching.

BISHOP
So you’re my lawyer’s lawyer?

KALINDA
Actually, she is.

BISHOP
(grins)
What’s that make you? My lawyer’s lawyer’s lawyer?

KALINDA
No. Because that would be comic.

Bishop laughs as his right hand man, TONY GURSTELLE (27), * white, tall, intense but handsome eyes, steps forward to frisk Kalinda.

BISHOP
It’s alright. The lawyers are on our side, didn’t you hear, William? When we were picking sides, they got the cops; we got the lawyers.


ALICIA
Beautiful horses.

BISHOP
They’re not mine. Rich people need places to board them.

KALINDA
One of your legit businesses?

BISHOP
Hey, I’m all legit these days. Isn’t that right?

GURSTELLE
It is.

BISHOP
So you wanted help with Dorfman? Good. I like him. Did he show you his rock collection?

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA

Yes.

BISHOP
I think he just picked up those rocks on the street.
(to Bill)
Guy has rocks from the top peaks around the world.

GURSTELLE

Everest?

BISHOP

No, not that one yet. Mountain climbing, never made sense to me. Bunch of idiots who need something to do. But he’s a good lawyer. And a lucky one. We didn’t even have to go to trial with that witness dying.

ALICIA

Being murdered.

Bishop turns to her, eyes her. Intimidated, Alicia looks away. Bishop smiles at that.

KALINDA

Mr. Dorfman has been accused of leaking the witness’s identity allowing you to... murder her.

BISHOP

Well, as I’m sure you’re aware, he didn’t do that because I didn’t do that.

KALINDA

Right, but if you could... steer us toward what really happened, I think that could help Mr. Dorfman.

BISHOP

“What really happened?”

Alicia clears her throat, bravely tries straightforward:

ALICIA

Is there some evidence that points toward the murder happening for other reasons? Reasons that didn’t require the witness list.

(CONTINUED)
Bishop stares at her. Not angry eyes. Calm, long-suffering.

BISHOP
I own a chain of six sporting good stores, four restaurants, ten dry cleaners. I am a businessman. So I don’t want you to make the same mistake as the government: thinking that, because of the color of my skin, I sell drugs. Because... that would be racism, wouldn’t it?

Alicia and Bishop stare at each other. A second. Then...

INT. ALICIA’S CAR – DAY

...thud-- Alicia and Kalinda close their car doors, sit there.

ALICIA
Well, this is an exciting day.

KALINDA
You wanted to come.

But Alicia sees Tony Gurstelle approaching. She nudges Kalinda’s arm as he comes up to her window. She rolls it down:

GURSTELLE
So... here’s the thing. I won’t say much. I won’t answer questions. But Bishop likes Mr. Dorfman, thinks he got a raw deal.

KALINDA
We do too.

GURSTELLE
Rivers found the black SUV that carried this dead witness. Unfortunately, this SUV was never meant to be discovered, so it may not be as... “clean” as one would hope.

ALICIA
Was Dorfman ever in this SUV?

Gurstelle just stares at her. Not gonna answer that.

GURSTELLE
Again, if there is any attempt to subpoena or question myself or Mr. Bishop, we will deny this;

(MORE)
but Rivers discovered this SUV two weeks ago—right after the murder—and he has kept it under wraps ever since.

KALINDA
Why?

GURSTELLE
To keep it out of your hands. To surprise you at trial. We would advise you to fight it’s inclusion.

And that’s it: Gurstelle goes. Kalinda and Alicia watch him.

ALICIA
Talk about pacts with the devil: getting trial advice from the killers.

INT. FEDERAL COURT—COURTROOM #4—DAY

Will stands. In court again:

WILL
Objection, your honor. This SUV was kept from us intentionally. The only reason the court knows about it at all is because we brought it up! It should be thrown out.

Judge Pam Lester barely looks at him...

JUDGE LESSNER
I’ll give you some leeway, Rivers. Go ahead.

Will frowns, sits beside a worried Dorfman in orange jumpsuit, two guards behind him. Alicia and Cary watching. We glimpse Tammy in the gallery.

RIVERS
In addition, your honor, we discovered an impression made on the console from a hastily written note. “Gerbre.”
(offers a photo)
This of course was the middle name of the victim, and as you can see the last two letters were inverted. This clearly matches...
(another photo)
...the accidental inversion made on the witness list. We submit this into evidence--

(CONTINUED)
Objection, your honor. Again this evidence has been intentionally withheld from us, summarily removed from all exhibit lists, and should be excluded.

In your opinion.

(frowns: fuck her)
Yes, in my opinion.

While Mr. Gardner and his white shoe firm may have the resources to process evidence expeditiously, in our opinion, the Federal government does not.

Not according to your own lab’s time stamp. IN MY OPINION... Mr. Rivers was holding onto this key discovery evidence for weeks, your honor, and lying to this court about its existence--

Mr. Gardner is working with old information, in our opinion. I would submit this revision of the evidence room stamp--

Objection.

I will accept. Continue, Rivers.

Thank you. I would--

Excuse me, your honor, I objected.

Yes, I know, Mr. Gardner, and I accepted Rivers evidence.

Yes, but you failed to rule.

The judge looks up as... Dorfman tenses: what are you doing?
JUDGE LESSNER
My ruling is implicit, Mr. Gardner. Now sit down.

WILL
No, it isn’t, your honor. And I will sit down when you rule.

Silence in the court. You could hear a pin drop. Alicia watches this stand-off, a red-faced Judge flabbergasted.

JUDGE LESSNER
Would you like to be held in contempt, Mr. Gardner?

WILL
No, I wouldn’t, your honor. But I would like a ruling on my objection.

JUDGE LESSNER
You are trying my patience...

WILL
I understand that, your honor, but we both know if you don’t use the proper form of “sustained” or “overruled,” the matter can’t be later appealed; and I was surprised, in reviewing your past court cases, how often you encouraged lawyers to move on without actually ruling, and therefore avoided having your “non-rulings” overturned on appeal...

Silence. The judge ready to explode. Oh, Will adds:

WILL (CONT’D)
...in my opinion.

JUDGE LESSNER
Mr. Gardner, I have never quite been so... offended in all my years on the bench.

WILL
I understand that, your honor, but I still want a ruling. A ruling I can appeal.

Rivers looks over at Will, startled by his balls, but sees Judge Lester’s resolve weakening. Shoring her up:

(CONTINUED)
Your honor, this evidence is necessary for our prosecution.

Well, a conviction is necessary for your prosecution, but that doesn’t make it a worthy argument.

One hour for lunch.

Bang-- the judge hits her gavel. Rivers startled...

Your honor--!

I said one hour for lunch!

An angry Judge Lester sweeps out of court, and Will collects his papers to leave, looks back at Alicia, sees her smiling in awe. He smiles back, likes the confirmation.

Wow.

When you’re in someone else’s school yard, you either play nicer or meaner.

What the hell was that?

Will turns to find Rivers charging up to him. Calmly:

Do you have a map?

Do I...?

A map. So I can show you where you live. That, my friend, was a Chicago defense. Get used to it.

And Will and Alicia stroll from court.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY

Alicia, Cary, Julius Cain, and Kalinda walking behind Will starting toward the stairs...

WILL
Even if the judge kicks the SUV-- which, given my courtroom performance, isn’t all that likely--

ALICIA
Although fun.

WILL
--we still need to undercut the carpet fibers from Dorfman’s office-- that’s the only thing that ties him to the body.

JULIUS CAIN
(checking his notes)
Dorfman’s carpet is US “Taupe Dream,” one of the most common in the country.

WILL
Good. Anything on the witness list?

KALINDA
Two other prosecutors in Rivers’ office had access to it. They were listed on the initial filing before Rivers took over the case. I’m data-mining them now to find any connection with Bishop’s crew.

CARY
Is either prosecutor black?

JULIUS CAIN
Oh, here we go.

CARY
What? Data-mining. It’s about limiting options.

WILL
(stopping this)
Okay. Cary stay on the carpet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Kalinda stay on the non-racist data-mining. And...
(noting for Alicia)

ALICIA
I’ll go to my office.

Yep, that’s about it. Will charges upstairs as Alicia starts toward her office, slows, seeing...

INT. 27TH FLOOR - ALICIA’S OFFICE - DAY

...Eli Gold lying on her couch. Again. She leans against her desk, stares at him. Without opening his eyes:

ELI GOLD
Yes, I do have a home.

ALICIA
Good. Have you ever tried using it?

ELI GOLD
Interesting case?

ALICIA
Yes. May I help you, Mr. Gold?

ELI GOLD
(reads)
“Saint Alicia isn’t just sleeping with her boss, she’s using him to get promoted.”
(off Alicia’s look)
Upriser7. A tweet. From about two hours ago.

ALICIA
About me?

ELI GOLD
Yes. And Peter. But mostly you.

Alicia stares at him. He hands her a stack of print-outs.

ELI GOLD (CONT’D)
At first I thought it was intended to derail Peter’s campaign, then I realized, no, it’s about you. We’re just collateral damage.

ALICIA
(reading)
This is on the internet?
ELI GOLD
Yes. Ben Smith just linked to it in a
Remainder item, so it might get some
wider play. Please excuse the melodrama,
but does anyone here have it out for you?

Alicia shoots a look toward Cary. Eli Gold sees the look.

ELI GOLD (CONT’D)
Young guy, twelve o’clock? Would
he know you and Peter are in
separate rooms?

ALICIA
(horrified)
That’s in here?

ELI GOLD
He even mentioned the name of the
moving company that put the bed in.

ALICIA
“Saint Alicia?” It doesn’t sound
like him.

ELI GOLD
That’s the thing about the internet.
Nobody sounds like themselves.

INT. 27TH FLOOR – SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY
Courtney eats a sandwich in the small conference room
laughing with another assistant when they see Alicia enter.

ALICIA
Hi.

The other assistant nods, gets up, leaves. Lunch over.

COURTNEY
Want to make a call, Mrs. Florrick?

ALICIA
No, no. Just-- You know the movers
I had out to put the other bed in?

COURTNEY
Your apartment? Yes.

ALICIA
Is there any way... Cary could’ve
heard about that?

(CONTINUED)
COURTNEY
Heard the movers put in another bed?

ALICIA
Yes.

Courtney stares at her. A bit offended.

COURTNEY
No.

ALICIA
I don’t mean, on purpose.

COURTNEY
I’m discreet, Mrs. Florrick.

ALICIA
Yes, I know, it’s not-- It’s just, the blue tooth...
(points to her ear)
You could say something near...

But Alicia sees her offended face, and decides to back down.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
Forget it. Nothing.

Courtney nods. But is offended. Shit-- Alicia backs away, out of the conference room, and...

INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY

crosses toward her office, eyeing Cary, as she...

INT. 27TH FLOOR - ALICIA’S OFFICE - DAY

goes to her laptop, clicks on a web site, sees another tweet pop up... “Upriser7: No time for more now. Later.” Alicia looks across toward Cary, typing. But she pauses, notices something else... on her couch...

A large brown grocery bag. She picks up her phone, starts toward the bag...

ALICIA
Yes, could you stop Mr. Gold. He just left--

But Alicia PAUSES, seeing the bag is filled with hundred dollar bills. Blocks of them. Wrapped in bank tape.

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA (CONT’D)
Um, no, my mistake.

She hangs up. Gapes. The bag. It’s filled with hundreds. $100,000? More? Each block marked $5,000. Holy--!

Alicia looks up. Coworkers passing blithely; Courtney, crossing toward her workstation, shooting miffed looks toward her. Alicia thinks for a second, turning over the possibilities. She picks up the phone... No. She goes to her door, looks out... um... where is she? There.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
Kalinda?
(her voice too low)
Kalinda.

She waves to Kalinda. Kalinda waves back parodying. But Alicia gestures urgently. Okay, Kalinda approaches...

KALINDA
What’s up?

ALICIA
(a little pinched)
Could you come into my office?

KALINDA
Why certainly, ma’am.

Kalinda enters. Alicia closes the door.

ALICIA
Could you look in that bag?

KALINDA
That bag?

Yes. Kalinda smiles-- why the drama?-- crosses to it, peers in. Her smile drops.

KALINDA (CONT’D)
Money.

ALICIA
Yes.

KALINDA
A lot of it.

ALICIA
It would appear so.

(CONTINUED)
Kalinda nods, exits, as Alicia looks after her. Um?

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

The money. Now in an organized heap on Diane’s desk.

KALINDA
Two-hundred thousand dollars. And the vague whiff of marijuana.

Diane, Alicia, Kalinda stare at it.

DIANE
What did you say to him?

ALICIA
Bishop? Nothing. We asked him about the murder.

Will enters, checking his Blackberry.

WILL
Yeah, what’s up? And why does it smell like a frat house in here?

Diane motions to the table. The cash.

WILL (CONT’D)
Huh. (only takes a second) Bishop?

DIANE
Our best guess.

WILL
I’ll make the call.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

LeMond Bishop. He sits resplendent at the conference table, a glass of bottled water.

BISHOP
It’s your retainer.

Diane, Will, and Julius sit at the table with him. Alicia and Kalinda by the door. No one else.

DIANE
I didn’t know you were hiring.
BISHOP
I’m not. I need new lawyers.

Will and Diane trade a look.

DIANE
Don’t you already have representation?

BISHOP
In jail. I need someone now. Business is piling up.

Alicia shifts uncomfortably. Bishop notices this, eyes her.

WILL
This is... a bit unorthodox. We represent your current lawyer.

BISHOP
Yes. My experience is lawyers are good at making the unorthodox orthodox.

DIANE
Why us?

BISHOP
(points at Will)
One of my aides saw him in court.

WILL
(off Diane’s look)
I was... off-script.

BISHOP
Nice touch bringing the black guy.

Julius looks at him with distaste.

JULIUS CAIN
For your information, I’m an equity partner.

BISHOP
Where you from?

JULIUS CAIN
None of your business.

BISHOP
I have a corporation-- a large one-- with a lot of employees, and they sometimes get into trouble.

(MORE)
I need a firm to look after their interests, and mine—help me make the best financial and legal decisions. I pay well, I pay on time, and I help those who help me.

Kalinda unhappily eyes Will and Diane, opens the door, leaves.

BISHOP (CONT’D)
You have a DUI involving the Baja * Fund CEO. I could tell you things that would help you with the arresting officer.

Will and Diane trade a look.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Alicia escorts Bishop to the elevators. Bishop eyes her.

BISHOP
I met your husband once. Taller than I expected.

ALICIA
Yes, he is tall.

BISHOP
Electronic monitoring is a bitch, isn’t it?

Alicia nods uncomfortably as they come up to Bill Gurstelle in reception, flipping through a magazine.

GURSTELLE
They don’t validate. How can they not validate?

Bishop ignores him, nods back toward the conference room:

BISHOP
They’re going to argue about this. Then they’re going to say yes.

ALICIA
Maybe.

BISHOP
No, no maybe. Money makes things predictable. So here’s their signing bonus. This Rivers-- this Rivers-- I have something.

(CONTINUED)
An awkward Alicia waits at the elevator with them, as...

**INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

DIANE
It’s not the same as Scheffrin-Marks. You don’t even believe that!

A heated argument between Will and Diane...

WILL
How is it different? Do you know how many kids died from their asthma medicine--?!?

DIANE
Oh my god, the sophistry here is just blinding---

WILL
Scheffrin-Marks has white employees in suits; Bishop’s crew has African-American--!

DIANE
Oh, don’t try to sell this on the back of racism. Scheffrin-Marks didn’t set out to kill anybody.

WILL
And Shane Marx, Paul Din, Johnathan Graham? All murderers--

DIANE
Accused murderers.

WILL
Now who’s the sophist? We’re not in a court of law, Diane. It’s just you and me. We represent murderers. We get them off.

DIANE
No. We keep the courts honest.

WILL
And why shouldn’t the courts be kept honest about Bishop?

Diane sits back. Will knows he has a point...
WILL (CONT’D)
Everybody deserves representation.
Does that stop when we come to--

DIANE
--a criminal organization whose
sole purpose is to sell drugs and
murder to control territory?

WILL
Yes, sure. Put it any way you
want, it’s still a true statement.

DIANE
We’re doing this for the money.

WILL
Of course we are. We’re not a
charity. We do this or we lay off
half of acquisitions. Ten lawyers
with ten families--!

DIANE
Not to mention your season tickets.

Will stares at her. Fuck you.

WILL
Do you hear the wolves at the door,
Diane? Because they’re there.

DIANE
I need to think about this.

Diane starts to exit, finds Alicia there.

ALICIA
Sorry. He had a parting... piece
of information about Rivers.

WILL
What?

ALICIA
Rivers was sleeping with Kelli
Gerber Smith. The murdered witness.

Will stares at her, startled.

END OF ACT TWO
**ACT THREE**

INT. FEDERAL COURT – COURTROOM #4 – DAY

WILL

Objection, your honor.

A more cowed Judge Lester on the stand.

JUDGE LESSNER

"Overruled." How’s that, Mr. Gardner? Do you approve of that?

WILL

I do, thank you, your honor.

Alicia nods, the judge more compliant even while disagreeing.

JUDGE LESSNER

So if there are no more pre-trial motions maybe we can move this along--

WILL

Actually, the defense asks that AUSA Rivers be disqualified as prosecution’s representative.

Rivers is stunned, jumps up:

RIVERS

On what grounds?

JUDGE LESSNER

That’s my question, Mr. Rivers.

RIVERS

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE LESSNER

On what grounds, Mr. Gardner?

Will crosses to the judge with a piece of paper as Alicia eyes Cary typing on his cellphone. Is he tweeting?

WILL

This is a signed affidavit from a hotel clerk at Lake Avenue Motel confirming that Mr. Rivers spent the night with Kelli Gerber Smith on nine occasions.

Rivers horrified. Dorfman looks up at Will, startled.

(CONTINUED)
RIVERS
I-- Relevance!

WILL
Do I even need to respond, Your Honor?

JUDGE LESSNER
Is this true, counselor?

Rivers organizes his papers. Off his pedestal, stalling.

RIVERS
Your honor--

JUDGE LESSNER
Answer the question, Mr. Rivers.

RIVERS
Yes. But, I assure Your Honor that it will in no way effect my ability to prosecute this case.

INT. FEDERAL COURT - HALL - DAY

Bang-- Will exits court: the conquering hero. Cary high-fives him, Alicia smiles, Tammy behind them...

TAMMY *
How’d you find that out?

WILL

TAMMY *
Too bad it didn’t disqualify Rivers.

WILL
We didn’t want it to. It undercut the judge’s trust in Rivers, and got her to kick the SUV.

Will starts off as Alicia stops Cary...

ALICIA
Cary. Do you have a second?

CARY
Sure. What?

But Alicia pulls him away from a crowd. How to start?

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
Are you tweeting about me?

CARY
Am I “tweeting” about you?

ALICIA
Yes. Are you Upriser7?

CARY
Am--? What are you talking about?

ALICIA
There’s someone gossiping on-line about me.

Cary eyes her. She’s serious.

CARY
And you thought it was me?

(Alicia shrugs)

Well, thanks. Sure. Good to be working with you too.

And Cary starts off, disgusted. Alicia watches him go.

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Home. Alicia comes through the door. Exhausted. Drops her briefcase. Looks around.

ALICIA
Hello?

ELI GOLD
I’m in here, hon’.

Not the voice she expected. She enters the kitchen, finds Eli Gold typing on his Blackberry.

ELI GOLD (CONT’D)
How was work?

ALICIA
(smiles caustically)
Where’s...?

ELI GOLD
In the shower. The kids are in bed. I let them watch a little TV. Have you ever seen WHEN A STRANGER CALLS?

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
The movie?
(Eli nods)
A long time ago.

ELI GOLD
We just traced the I.P. address for
the last anonymous tweet.

ALICIA
And?

ELI GOLD
It’s coming from inside the house.

Alicia stares at him. Damn.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT
Will on his cellphone rushes down the hall...

WILL
No, just a bit of an emergency.
Rivers found another way to get the
SUV in. Through the GPS.

On the other end of the line...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT
Alicia, on her cell, slumps, sitting on her bed. Peter sits
on the other side. Door closed.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
No, it’s alright. About a half
hour. No problem.

Alicia hangs up. Exhales. Puts her shoes back on.

PETER
Is that Will?

ALICIA
Yes. I have to go back in.
(back to the subject)
So what do you think?
PETER
I think one of them is angry at us. They either don’t want me to run.

ALICIA
Or me to work.

PETER
So, which one? Zach or Grace?

ALICIA
This is crazy, Peter. Someone else must’ve used our wifi without us knowing.

PETER
Eli is checking. But we should talk.

ALICIA
I’ll do it. Tomorrow.

Alicia gets up to leave.

PETER
An all-nighter?

ALICIA
No. A few more hours.

PETER
I found condoms in your bedside table.

Alicia pauses at the door. Looks at him.

PETER (CONT’D)
I was looking for your letter opener. At first I thought they might belong to Zach: you found condoms in his room or something. But then I thought: no, you wouldn’t take them. You’d have a sensible conversation with him about responsibility. Then I thought: they were yours. But it didn’t make sense. You have an I.U.D.

ALICIA
I had it removed.

Peter looks up at her, surprised.

(CONTINUED)
PETER
So condoms do make sense?

ALICIA
They do.

PETER
For who?

Alicia just stares at him. A long pause. It could tip either way. Alicia goes to the bed, turns her purse over, pours the contents out.

ALICIA
Go ahead, check.

PETER
I was looking for the letter opener!

Alicia bangs open her closet door.

ALICIA
There are drawers in here too! Check!

PETER
I was looking for--! What do you want from me, Alicia?! I will never touch another woman-- again.

ALICIA
Do you want a prize? That seems like the minimum prerequisite.

PETER
For both of us.

ALICIA
Then trust me.

PETER
Then don’t go back to work.

There, he said it. Alicia stares at him, goes to the bedside table. Opens the drawer. Takes out the condoms. Holds open her purse. Drops them in.

ALICIA
Trust me.

And Alicia exits. Peter looks after her, pissed.
A tiny judge’s chamber. Government issue. Barely room for Judge Lester, Will, Rivers, two A-USAs, and Alicia, Cary. Yelling. Everybody hates each other now...

RIVERS
The GPS isn’t the same as the SUV-- in our opinion.

WILL
It’s contained in the SUV-- in my opinion--

RIVERS
But it’s data is separate, and it’s tracked through satellite imaging, in our--

WILL
Which is only accessed THROUGH THE SUV which was THROWN OUT!

RIVERS
Your honor, the GPS shows this SUV drove right from Mr. Dorfman’s office to the site where the body was dumped. On the night of the murder.

Alicia looks up, startled. Something gnawing at her.

WILL
You have no proof my client was in the SUV or at his office at those times!

Alicia sees Cary slipping a note to Will as...

RIVERS
This isn’t about Mr. Dorfman pulling the trigger, your honor. We don’t need to prove that-- in our opinion. This is about whether he was complicit in the witnesses’ death. And the inference--

WILL
(Cary’s note)
Was the GPS factory installed?

(CONTINUED)
RIVERS
What? I don’t know.

JUDGE LESSNER
How is that relevant, Mr. Gardner?

WILL
If the GPS was installed at the factory, it should be considered part of the automobile-- whether or not the tracking information was pulled from satellite technology.

An aide meanwhile finishes whispering in Rivers’ ear.

RIVERS
The GPS was manufactured by REI, Incorporated. Not by General Motors. A separate corporate entity that uses separate satellites to gather information. Therefore, we should be able to introduce this information into evidence.

The Judge looks toward Will who shoots a look toward Alicia and Cary, the two caught up short.

JUDGE LESSNER
Overruled, Mr. Gardner. The GPS data is allowed into evidence.


INT. LOCK-UP - LAWYER CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

Lock-up. Eric and Tammy Dorfman stare at Alicia and Cary.

ALICIA
We’re still looking for ways to undercut the GPS, but we need to know. Were you at your law office that night?

ERIC DORFMAN
The night of the murder? Yes.

CARY
But you didn’t talk to or see any of the Bishop crew?

ERIC DORFMAN
No.

(CONTINUED)
CARY
Then why were they at your office?
This GPS has them at your office?

ERIC DORFMAN
I don’t know. They could’ve been
parked there for all we know.

ALICIA
(eyes Eric)
All “we” know? Who’s we?

TAMMY
We. Dad and me.

Alicia takes a moment, eyes Tammy.

ALICIA
So you were there?

TAMMY
Yes.

Cary trades a look with Alicia. Eric pauses, notices the
look too. But before he can say anything...

ALICIA
Okay, we’ll try to do what we can
to undercut the GPS. Thanks.

Alicia and Cary start to leave.

ERIC DORFMAN
Mrs. Florrick. Could you stay a
minute?

Alicia nods. Tammy starts to stay too.

ERIC DORFMAN (CONT’D)
No, Tammy. We’re fine.

Oh. Tammy, surprised, nods, leaves with Cary. Waiting for
the door to close...

ALICIA
She had access to the witness list?
And she gave it to Bishop?
(ERIC stares at her)
Why? To win the case?

(CONTINUED)
ERIC DORFMAN
I had a struggling firm. She wanted to show Bishop we could handle his business.

ALICIA
And you? You knew?
(ERIC shakes his head)
Then that’s your defense.

ERIC DORFMAN
No. If you even think of using her to free me, I’ll confess.

ALICIA
She’s not my client.

ERIC DORFMAN
I’m your client, and I will confess.

ALICIA
Eric, this-- I don’t think you understand, with that information, Bishop will kill her.

ERIC DORFMAN
No. He knows if he moves against her, I’ll tell Rivers everything. I have some files socked away, and Attorney/client privilege be damned.

ALICIA
Then what are you going to do? Because if I found out your daughter leaked the witness list, Rivers can’t be far behind.

Eric nods. It’s true. Considers it.

ERIC DORFMAN
Will you take a message to Bishop for me?

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM – DAY

ZACH and GRACE. They stare at their mom speechless. Their usual family meeting spot.

ZACH
Mom...?

ALICIA
I won’t make a big deal of it. I won’t have “a talk.” No scolding. No mothering. Just... I want to know.

GRACE
Well, I don’t tweet.


ZACH
You really think...? Mom, this is stupid.

ALICIA
Don’t say stupid. There were only two IP addresses used: the internet at your school and... here.

ZACH
I can’t believe it. It’s like a police state.

ALICIA
Don’t be melodramatic. I’m asking you a question.

ZACH
No, you’re not.

GRACE
And you’re not saying “no.”

Before Zach can explode at his sister...

ALICIA
Grace, don’t.
(to Zach)
You didn’t do this? You didn’t write these things?

(CONTINUED)
ZACH
No. No!

ALICIA
And that’s the truth?

ZACH
Mom?!

ALICIA
What? At least let’s pretend we all know what happened the last six months.

Zach and Grace frown, embarrassed...

ZACH
That was different! We didn’t tell you about those pictures because--they were trying to hurt you.

ALICIA
It was a lie. And not just one lie. It was over and over again.

ZACH
But a lie like lying about Jews in your basement.
  (off Alicia and Grace’s confusion)
You know, with Nazis.

ALICIA
Okay, so let’s trust each other again. My defenses are down. Let’s go. Tell me.

ZACH
I told you.

And with that Zach gets up and leaves.

GRACE
He did it. That’s the way he and Becca talk all the time.

Alicia frowns at Grace: no time for this.
EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT – DAY

Becca. She sits on the hood of her mini coop, laughing with three other juniors: mean girls. In the school parking lot—not so close to the school it feels like Nickelodeon.

ELI GOLD
Becca?

Becca looks up. Finds the certain and odd personage of Eli Gold.

BECCA
She’s still in class.

Eli smiles. Moves closer. The other girls start to split.

BECCA (CONT’D)
You got a problem?

ELI GOLD
That depends, Upriser7?

Becca smiles, grins, studies Gold, unintimidated.

BECCA
So, what, you’re from the Internet police?

ELI GOLD
Just an interested bystander who wants to protect his six-figure income. So you and Zach talk a lot? He tells you a lot about his parents, is that it?

BECCA
Oh no. Have I been a bad girl?

ELI GOLD
No. Dear Becca. Because that would only make you want to do it again. You know what you’ve been? Gum on the bottom of my shoe. A little spoiled brat who’s gonna get pregnant at 17, abortion at 18, meet some sweaty frat boy over spring break, and work as a dental hygienist until the day you die.

BECCA
And you-- you’re a perv.

(CONTINUED)
Eli laughs. Becca smiles, sees a MOTORCYCLE COP pulling through the lot, and starts to scream, an earth-curdling scream! People in the parking lot turn. The cop makes a u-turn, revs up. As Becca smiles at Eli Gold, whispers:

BECCA (CONT’D)
I’d work on my story, perv.

The cop approaches as Eli turns, smiles...

MOTORCYCLE COP
Oh, Mr. Gold, I’m sorry.

Becca’s smile drops. Oh shit.

ELI GOLD
That’s alright. Just the daughter of a friend. She’s alright now. Aren’t you, Becca?

Becca nods, humbled. The cop smiles, nods, starts off again.

ELI GOLD (CONT’D)
I have a lot of friends. I’m sure you do too. The only difference, my friends aren’t in homeroom. So I want you to listen to me. Stop tweeting. If you tweet, I will know you tweet. And I will-- have you seen DRAG ME TO HELL?
(she nods)
It will be like that. Do you understand?
(she nods)
I want to hear the words.

BECCA
I understand.

ELI GOLD
Good. And enjoy high school. It’s really the best time of your life.

And Eli Gold starts away. Becca stares after him, leans back against her car, exhales.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - RECEPTION - DAY

Ding-- the elevator opens. And Rivers charges out, along with six other Federal Agents. Will greets them...
INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bill Gurstelle sits at the conference table with Cary, Julius, and Alicia as the agents rush in...

GURSTELLE
(reciting)
My name is Bill Gurstelle, and I am guilty of the murder of Kelli--

Rivers yanks him to his feet-- the agents cuffing him.

WILL
He’s surrendering himself freely. Gentlemen.

GURSTELLE
--I acted alone and with no consultation with anybody else--

RIVERS
(to Will)
Get out of my way!

GURSTELLE
--I had no access to the witness list or any other information other than my own.

Rivers turns to Will, fuming as a cuffed and Mirandized Gurstelle continues in the background...

RIVERS
What kind of deal did you make?

WILL
You got the murderer.

RIVERS
Come on, what kind of deal with Bishop?!

WILL
Do you expect an answer? Really?! What kind of deals do you make every day?! With killers?! With drug dealers?!

RIVERS
I am in pursuit of the good!

(CONTINUED)
WILL
You are in pursuit of your own sanctity! Take your suspect. He killed Kelli Gerber Smith. You won.

RIVERS
You wake up with fleas, counselor. You pay your rent, you go to your restaurants, but you still wake up with fleas.

And Rivers escorts Gurstelle out as we find Alicia, forgotten in the tumult. She eyes Will who sees her look. They hold each other’s stares.

36  EXT. HORSE CORRAL - DAY

LeMond Bishop. He stands in his usual spot, watching the horses.

BISHOP
I’m firing you.

Will, Julius, and Alicia stand with him.

BISHOP (CONT’D)
No reflection on your work. I just feel more comfortable with Dorfman.

WILL
And keeping the evidence he has on you secret?

BISHOP
Well, that doesn’t hurt. Good work on his defense, by the way.

WILL
Good work on your deal. Dorfman keeps everything he knows under-wraps, you turn over the murderer.

BISHOP
Well, we only ended up there because of your defense.

Bishop nods to Alicia. She doesn’t nod back.

WILL
We can always work with Dorfman, share your business.

(CONTINUED)
BISHOP
(smiles)
No thanks. I need an up-and-comer. Someone who’s hungry.

WILL
You don’t think we’re hungry?

BISHOP
Not like Dorfman. Guy’s a mountain climber.

Will. Keeping a stoic face.

WILL
Well, I’m sorry it didn’t work out.

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

Laughter. Diane and Will laugh in her office, beer in his hand, wine in hers. Dusk.

WILL
And so I was pitching our firm to a drug dealer, telling him we’d validate for parking again...

Belly laughs. The two exhausted.

DIANE
They don’t teach you that in law school.

WILL
He said, no. He checked our financials and thinks we have a year left.

Laughter, but less of it. Still funny. Then not. They take sips of their drinks. In the silence.

DIANE
So what are we going to do?

WILL
I don’t know.

DIANE
Lay off acquisitions?

Will nods, considers it, looks off, sees Alicia working in the conference room with Julius.

(CONTINUED)
WILL
Or split up?

DIANE
Do you want that?

WILL
It’s an option. I take my people; you take yours.

DIANE
We could shop for another drug dealer.

Laughing again. One step from despair laughter.

WILL
They’re the only ones making money these days.

DIANE
Or find a third partner.

Silence. Serious now.

WILL
Okay. How’s that work?

DIANE
Find a replacement for Stern. Bring him in as equal partner. Someone with a client list, some equity.

WILL
You’re willing to give up a third?

DIANE
A third of what? A sinking ship? Sure. We’re going to kill each other if we don’t find a referee.

WILL
(growing on him)
A third partner? Someone neutral, someone we agree on?

Diane nods. Will reaches out a hand. Diane shakes it.

WILL (CONT’D)
And optimism fills the void.

DIANE
I think that’s alcohol.

(continuing)
WILL
Just as good.

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - LANDING - DUSK

A kiss. Zach kissing Becca. The two standing in the elevator door of his apartment landing. Keeping the elevator door open. Both with school daypacks.

ZACH
You sure?

BECCA
Yeah. Let’s go. Before I change my mind.

ZACH
Wait.

Zach starts toward his apartment door.

BECCA
What’re you doing? Let’s go.

ZACH
One second. I have to get something of mine.

And Zach quietly opens the apartment door...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - DUSK

...slips to Alicia’s empty master bedroom, enters, crosses to the bedside table, opens the drawer, finds--

--uh-oh. Where are they? He searches, searches. The condoms, where are they? He looks up. Thinks about it a second. A decision.

He leaves the bedroom, goes to the front door. Exits again, rejoining Becca. And we stay on the closed door.

END OF SHOW