EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Ridley Scott, Tony Scott
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Robert King & Michelle King
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: David W. Zucker
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Brooke Kennedy
CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Todd Ellis Kessler
CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Ted Humphrey
CONSULTING PRODUCER: Frank Pierson
PRODUCER: Courtney Kemp Agboh
PRODUCER: Amanda Segel
CO-PRODUCER: Corinne Brinkerhoff

the good wife

Episode #118

"Boom"

Written By

Ted Humphrey

Directed By

Lesli Linka Glatter

PRODUCTION DRAFT
WHITE (aka Pre-Production #2): February 27, 2010
BLUE FULL: March 2, 2010
YELLOW PAGES: March 8, 2010; p. 21, 24-27, 52-54, 56-59
GREEN PAGES: April 1, 2010; p. 58-59C, 60

Copyright 2010 CBS Broadcasting Inc. All Rights Reserved.

This script is the property of CBS Productions, a business unit of CBS Broadcasting Inc., and may not be copied or distributed without the expressed written permission of CBS Productions, a business unit of CBS Broadcasting Inc.

This copy of the script remains the property of CBS Productions, a business unit of CBS Broadcasting Inc. It may not be sold or transferred and it must be returned to CBS Productions, a business unit of CBS Broadcasting Inc., promptly upon demand.

THE WRITING CREDITS MAY NOT BE FINAL AND SHOULD NOT BE USED FOR PUBLICITY OR ADVERTISING PURPOSES WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING WITH THE TELEVISION LEGAL DEPARTMENT.
THE GOOD WIFE #118
"Boom"
CAST LIST
4/1/10

ALICIA FLORRICK
WILL GARDNER
DIANE LOCKHART
CARY AGOS
KALINDA SHARMA

PETER FLORRICK
GRACE FLORRICK (non-speaking)
ZACH FLORRICK (non-speaking)
JACKIE FLORRICK

DANIEL GOLDEN
ELI GOLD
JULIUS CAIN
JONAS STERN
PASTOR ISAIAH EASTON
RACHEL WILEY (formerly "Rachel Timms")
GERALD KOZKO/LARGE MAN
CHARLES CLAY III
JUDGE IRA GARRETT (formerly "Judge Ira Gendler")
KAREN SANBORN
RUSSELL THIESSEN
TARIK BASSIR (formerly "Tarik Achaari")
DR. BASSIR (formerly "Dr. Achaari")
PYM GABRIEL
OPPOSING LAWYER
JIHADIST (website video)
ANTHONY KOZKO (non-speaking)

OMITTED

MRS. SASHA KHOURY
CRYUS DAFTARY
AMIR ALHABSYI
NAJAH SARI
JAMAAL RAHMAN
THE GOOD WIFE #118
"Boom"
SET LIST
4/1/10

Interiors:

27TH FLOOR
ALICIA'S OFFICE
STAIRWELL
CONFERENCE ROOM

28TH FLOOR
WILL'S OFFICE
DIANE'S OFFICE
HALLWAY
CONFERENCE ROOM
RECEPTION
SECRETARIAL SUBSTATION

ALICIA'S APARTMENT
KITCHEN
DINING ROOM
STORAGE ROOM/OFFICE
MASTER BEDROOM
* ENTRYWAY

CIVIL COURTHOUSE – COURTMROOM #310

COOK COUNTY VINDICATOR
PRINTING AREA
HALLWAY/BULLPEN
BASEMENT

TARIK BASSIR'S LIVING ROOM
RACHEL'S APARTMENT

LORD IN CHRIST CHURCH
BASEMENT

THE VIOLET HOUR BAR

Exteriors

COOK COUNTY VINDICATOR

DOWNTOWN CHICAGO CONSTRUCTION SITE – LIFT

SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD
LORD IN CHRIST CHURCH
TEASER

White. Then a dot. Another. We move across them coming to a line. It’s a sketch. Meanwhile, we hear...

OPPOSING LAWYER (V.O.)
“At 8:16 pm on November 5th, the explosion hit. It was felt over four blocks away.”

We follow the line to a rectangle— the edge of a sketched suitcase. Oh, it’s a cartoon— a political cartoon— but we’re too close in to see much more than lines, shadings.

OPPOSING LAWYER (V.O.) (CONT’D)
“Federal Investigators determined it was a pipe bomb consisting of ammonium nitrate and anhydrous hydrazine nitrate, which had been thrown through the window of the newsroom layout office.”

Another line. Again leading in from the cartoon’s edge (as if we’re afraid of the middle). This one becomes an airplane outside an airport window.

OPPOSING LAWYER (V.O.) (CONT’D)
“No culprits were ever apprehended, and the federal government continues to investigate.

A last line. Becoming the top of a metal detector: a warning light blinking with cartoon urgency.

OPPOSING LAWYER (V.O.) (CONT’D)
“The explosion killed the plaintiff, Mr. Jeffrey Sanborn, 42, managing editor of the Cook County Vindicator.”

JULIUS (V.O.)
Exception. “Resulted in the death of.”

It’s...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

...JULIUS CAIN sitting with Cary and Alicia across the table from three opposing lawyers. All with thick contracts.

OPPOSING LAWYER
Noted and accepted. Replacing “killed.”

(CONTINUED)
It’s a small insurance negotiation. Tedious below-the-radar work. The Walter Mitty OPPOSING LAWYERS yellow-line their thick settlement agreements, continuing to read:

**Opposing Lawyer (Cont’d)**

“Mr. Sanborn is married, and has two teenaged dependents who will suffer from loss of wages and affection.”

Alicia peers behind the opposing lawyers from the words to the fact: KAREN SANBORN, widow of the deceased. 40’s, red-eyed, soulful. Life is kicking the shit out of her, and Alicia can’t help but sympathize.

**Opposing Lawyer (Cont’d)**

“Mr. Clay and the Cook County Vindicator, jointly and severally, agree to pay...?” Julius?

(looks up at him)

**Julius**

“$250,000 from capped business insurance,” “$100,000 from capped renter’s insurance.” But only if we agree now.

**Opposing Lawyer**

We agree. Mrs. Sanborn?

They turn to Karen who stares straight ahead intently.

**Julius**

Mrs. Sanborn?

**Karen**

The man you’re discussing-- my husband-- he was working on a novel at night, after work. I just started reading it. It’s... beautiful.

(chokes up)

And you’re telling me he’s worth $350,000?

Silence in the room. The lawyers all staring at real pain. Not sure how to handle it. Alicia clears her throat:

(Continued)
ALICIA
Mrs. Sanborn. No money will ever replace your husband. But the only way we can talk here is about money. I’m sorry.

Karen stares at Alicia, hears the warmth in her voice, and it makes her paradoxically angry. A controlled cleansing anger.

KAREN
I’ve been reading a lot of books about grief; and they all suggest waiting six months before you make any big changes in your life. Well, Jeffrey died six months ago this week, so...
(turns to her lawyer)
You’re fired. And you are too.

The three opposing lawyers, stunned, stare at her.

JULIUS
Mrs. Sanborn, if you do this, we have to start over, and you may not get a better settlement from our client.

KAREN
I think I will.

JULIUS
Why? Why do you think that?

Karen raises her cellphone, reads a text...

KAREN
Because I just hired a new lawyer.

And...

INT. 28TH FLOOR – RECEPTION/HALLWAY – DAY

STERN
Jeanette!

JONAS STERN plows off the elevator-- just like in episode 108. Bigger than life. The receptionist, JEANETTE, runs to him, jumps into his arms, thrilled. Stern laughs:

(CONTINUED)
God, I miss you. Get out of this hellhole, Jeanette, and come work for a real firm! Hey, Bob, Larry, and new lawyer I don’t know.

Stern shaking hands with them all as we notice three young lawyers getting off the elevator behind him. They have the clipped efficiency of young RoboLawyers. Two men, one woman.

Oh my god, what is that?

A laughing Stern pointing to a flower arrangement. He pulls one out. Laughing, loving it:

God, fake flowers, they really are at death’s door.

He looks toward the conference room, and...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

I have arrived!

Alicia turns. Oh fuck. Cary turns, Julius turns. Stern in all his glory, loving it.

Mr. Stern, thank you for joining us.

Mr. Sanborn, it is my extreme and unconditional pleasure. Hello, Julius...

(looks toward the glass)

I see you haven’t taken the “S” off yet.

We’re looking for a new Stern.

Stern laughs, turns to Alicia...

Coffee. Two sugars. Thanks.

Alicia stares at him for a second, not sure if it’s a joke.

(to his robo-lawyers)

Anything for you three?

(MORE)
(they shake their heads)
Youth, they have no appreciation
for caffeine.

ALICIA
Mr. Stern, how’re you feeling?

Stern stares at her: not sure if it’s a pointed question.
And maybe it is. He recovers quickly:

STERN
How am I feeling? I’m feeling like
amending a complaint. How’s that sound?

JULIUS
Jonas, insurance is capped at $350,000.
The newspaper can’t pay more.

STERN
It can if it’s an intentional act.

Silence. Alicia studies Stern.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Intentional act opens you up to
punitive damages.

RACHEL WILEY (28). Stern’s female Robo-Lawyer. Sexy. Tough
as an assassin. Knows how to use her body to wrap men in
knots. And one of them seems to be Cary, staring at her
intently, almost angrily. What’s that about?

STERN
I love it when she talks. It sounds
so much better from a young person.

DIANE
How is it an intentional act?

Stern turns to see Diane, cross-armed, entering. Stern
smiles. A man who appreciates drama. He glances at Rachel,
who reaches into her briefcase and hands him a folded up
newspaper. He holds it up-- we only see it from behind.

STERN
Your client published an editorial
cartoon depicting the prophet
Muhammad being humiliated--

DIANE
Being body scanned at an airport
metal detector--

(CONTINUED)
--While other white passengers are being waved through--

DIANE
It was intended to criticize racial profiling--

--But all the while, your client knew that Islam prohibits pictorial depictions of the Prophet. And yet he cut back on security at the exact moment he should’ve increased it--

DIANE
A cost-cutting measure. Read the settlement, Jonas.

STERN
You know what happened in Denmark when the Morning Post published cartoons like this? Riots. Death threats--

JULIUS
Yes, but this is America.

STERN
And, of course, we all know how much Jihadists love America.

DIANE
This isn’t about Mrs. Sanborn, Jonas. This is about us.

STERN
Of course it’s about us. I’m going to destroy your firm. Mrs. Sanborn understands that, don’t you, dear?

KAREN
I do.

STERN
Your client’s newspaper was dying. He was hemorrhaging money. So he stirred up some controversy, hoping for a violent reaction-- the bigger, the better--
DIANE
Is this your closing argument?

STERN
My opening one. And it worked. A radical Islamic group hit the newsroom. Sales went up and revenue skyrocketed-- only it cost Jeffrey Sanborn his life.

ALICIA
How much are you suing for?

STERN
(looks at her)
Didn’t I ask for coffee?

ALICIA
How much in punitive?

RACHEL
25 million. Here’s the amended suit.

DIANE
This all part of the mentorship?

STERN
Oh yeah.
(without turning)
Mrs. Florrick, do you have a moment?

Everybody looks at Alicia. Odd.

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

Stern stares out at the crowded office, closes her door. Turns to Alicia. A quiet intensity:

STERN
“How am I feeling?”

ALICIA
It was an innocent question.

STERN
Nothing with you is innocent, Mrs. Florrick. You keep a good poker face: from all those years changing diapers and flirting with the neighborhood grocery boy.

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
Is there something you want, Mr. Stern?

STERN
Attorney-client privilege. What you know about me, what you know about my... “condition” is for us to know. No one else. Do you understand?

Alicia just stares at him. Doesn’t move, nod.

STERN (CONT’D)
There it is again: that poker face. I always thought the CIA could learn something from the suburban housewife. Do you understand?

ALICIA
I understand the obligations of my job.

STERN
Has your friend Will Gardner stabbed you in the back yet?

ALICIA
Want me to get him on the phone? You can ask.

STERN
Ask him who he’s meeting with right now. Or does the name Gerald Kozko mean anything to you?

Alicia reacts, thrown-- recovers quickly:

ALICIA
He’s a real estate developer.

STERN
Underwater like they all are these days. Looking for a way out. And if I’m not mistaken, his name keeps coming up in connection with your husband’s case.

Alicia doesn’t answer, confirming the point. Stern smiles.

STERN (CONT’D)
Always a pleasure, Mrs. Florrick.

And Stern leaves. Just like that. Alicia pauses there. Thinks a second. Then starts out.
INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Will’s office. Alicia starts toward it, sees Will is inside chatting amiably over sandwiches with another man. A large man. Can’t see who it is.

Will’s SECRETARY enters with something for Will to sign, leaving the door slightly ajar. Alicia moves closer, leans in slightly to hear the two chuckling men...

    LARGE MAN (O.S.)
    It’s never about money. It’s always about something else.

    WILL (O.S.)
    Well, I’m sorry we can’t help.

The secretary exits, closes the door-- noticing Alicia has moved. Alicia peers nonchalantly in at the large man, now standing, shaking hands with Will. He turns and we meet...


        KOZKO
        Mrs. Florrick?

        ALICIA
        Mr....?

        KOZKO
        Kozko. Gerald. We’ve never met.

He offers his hand. She shakes it.

        KOZKO (CONT’D)
        How is Peter?

        ALICIA
        Fine. I didn’t know you knew Will.

        KOZKO
        I don’t. I was shopping for more lawyers to join my defense team, but we seem to have a conflict of interest. You.

        (an awkward second)
        Anyway, it was very nice meeting you. Peter always said he was a lucky man. Now I see why.

(CONTINUED)
And Kozko starts off. Alicia considers it a second. Very odd. Then Kozko returns...

KOZKO (CONT’D)
Would you tell Peter something for me? Tell him-- I’m sorry.

ALICIA
For...?

KOZKO
He’ll know what I mean.

And with that Kozko is gone. Alicia stands there a second, considering it. As we...

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

EXT. COOK COUNTY VINDICATOR - DAY - ESTABLISHING

An old brick building. We can see the blackened exterior from an explosion six months old.

CLAY (V.O.)
My great-grandfather, Lucius Clay, founded the Vindicator.

INT. COOK COUNTY VINDICATOR - PRINTING AREA - DAY


CLAY
In his first editorial, he endorsed Abraham Lincoln. In his last, he railed against Prohibition.


CLAY (CONT'D)
The Trib and the Sun-Times may be bigger, but they have to answer to corporate ownership. For 150 years, we’ve been beholden to no one. No one but the bank.

He smiles. A bit of gallows humor.

INT. COOK COUNTY VINDICATOR - HALLWAY/BULLPEN - DAY

As the group heads through a small hallway towards a bullpen area. Clay pushes a built-in bookshelf, which swings out to reveal a hidden space that resembles a laundry chute--

CLAY
Dumbwaiters. Lucius set them up to shuttle in booze. Here--

He hands out bottles of water from a bar area in the hidden space. Cary’s already ahead of the group, fiddling with a laptop in the bullpen area. As the rest enter, they see...

ON THE SCREEN: Video of a bearded JIHADIST, face covered by muslin wrap, hurls invective in heavily accented-English. Behind him a photo of the bombed-out newspaper building:

(CONTINUED)
JIHADIST (ON VIDEO)
We gladly admit we have done this act to defend the honor of our people and our beloved prophet--

It’s on a WEBSITE: “DEFENDERS OF ALLAH” in English and Arabic, plastered across the top, above the slogan: “JIHAD IS THE WAY.” Clay comes up behind Cary--

CLAY
Yes, I’ve seen this. But how does it hurt us?

CARY
The plaintiff says it’s no secret this group’s been active in Chicago. Six months earlier they committed an identical bombing at a synagogue--

JULIUS
And you had to know the cartoon might provoke them--

CLAY
My job is to provoke.

DIANE
Because it sells papers?

CLAY
Because freedom of the press is meaningless unless somebody actually uses it.

Diane trades a worried look with Julius. Too rah-rah.

CLAY (CONT’D)
I’m not trying to be insensitive. Jeff Sanborn was a very close friend. We came up together-- I appointed him managing editor--

ALICIA
The problem, Mr. Clay, is their argument is you did this to increase your circulation, and...

CLAY
...my circulation increased?
   (Alicia nods)
   (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CLAY (CONT'D)
Look, it’s not like I commissioned this cartoon hoping it would anger Muslims. We had an online contest--best political cartoon, any subject.

DIANE
And you picked the cartoon?

CARY
In consultation with my editors.

DIANE
(looks up)
Jeffrey Sanborn too?

CLAY
Sure, of course.

The lawyers nod. Interesting. A lawyerly colloquy:

JULIUS
So even if Stern can show he intended this to happen, Sanborn was contributorily negligent.

DIANE
Might not be a total win, but it’s enough to get us back to the table.

JULIUS
We’ll need something besides Mr. Clay’s testimony to establish it.

CARY
What about the cartoonist?

CLAY
(shakes his head)
It was an anonymous submission. I sent the money to a Paypal account. Routed through a proxy. No way to trace it.

DIANE
We’ll see. I’ll put Kalinda on it.

INT. THE VIOLET HOUR BAR - NIGHT


(CONTINUED)
RETURNING to the scene of the crime?

Rachel looks up. Smiles.

RACHEL
You’re not going to pout, are you?
I hate when men pout.

Cary sits in the banquette. Rachel grins, tells the model:

RACHEL (CONT’D)
Go away.

He does as Cary scoots closer:

CARY
So let’s inspect the level of coincidence here. I haven’t seen you since college. We bump into each other-- here. You ask what I’m doing. I talk about the Muhammad cartoon case, and then the next day-- lo and behold-- you and your firm are suing my client.

RACHEL
Well, if you put it that way it does sound coincidental.

Rachel’s cell buzzes. She checks the text. Taking her time.

RACHEL (CONT’D)
Cary, think about it. If I let slip a piece of information like that to you, you’d be on the phone to your boss before our second drink.

CARY
Okay, then your turn. What’s going on at work?

Rachel laughs. Considers it.
RACHEL
Okay, I’ll play. Stern wants you.

CARY
Stern wants me? Last night, you wanted me. Now he wants me.

RACHEL
Lockhart, Gardner is going under. It’s a hollowed out shell.

CARY
Because Stern keeps taking our clients--

RACHEL
In one year, your firm will be nothing but an empty floor in an office building. Stern’s got equity, plenty of business. And one more thing: no contest. (Cary looks up at her) That’s right, your little contest with Mrs. Florrick. You’re losing.

CARY
I have more billable hours.

RACHEL
And Florrick’s got a name. Stern is new. There’s a better path to partnership. Think about it. You won’t be alone.

CARY
I won’t be alone?

RACHEL
In leaving Lockhart/Gardner.

CARY
You’re raiding us?

Rachel just smiles, leans forward, kisses him. Then she gets up, leaves. Cary sits, does think about it. As...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A "kitchen cabinet" meeting: PETER with DANIEL GOLDEN, ELI GOLD. End of the day. Pizza.

(CONTINUED)
PETER
And where are we on getting me to church?

GOLDEN
I’m filing a religious exception to electronic monitoring. It’s pretty standard. Probably next Sunday.

ELI
And I’m getting a photographer to church-- I don’t care what the good Pastor says.

PETER
What I say. No.

Eli rolls his eyes, as Peter pauses, sees Golden is distracted...

PETER (CONT’D)
What’s wrong, Daniel? What else?

GOLDEN
Well, nothing probably, but Childs is going a different direction with the retrial. He’s giving up on the sex angle.

Peter and Eli look up.

PETER
He’s--? But that’s all he has. Has he changed the trial date?

GOLDEN
No. Two months away.

PETER
Then I don’t understand.

GOLDEN
I’m hearing chatter about a surprise witness.

In the next room...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT – MASTER BEDROOM– SAME TIME

...Alicia finishes changing out of work clothes, and can’t help overhearing (well, maybe she could if she wanted to)--
ELI (O.S.)
So who can hurt you?

PETER (O.S.)
Well, if they lie, anybody can hurt me.

Alicia gets up, considers it, starts out toward them.

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT – KITCHEN – SAME TIME

GOLDEN
Maybe Childs is quietly trying to make this disappear--

ELI
I doubt that.

PETER
What’s up, hon?

They all shut up, turn to see Alicia at the door. She takes a second, considering it.

ALICIA
Gerald Kozko was at my office today.

Peter trades a look with Eli and Daniel.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
He asked me to tell you something. He said “Tell Peter I’m sorry.”

Silence.

ELI
Damn.

GOLDEN
No. Kozko and Childs hate each other. He’d never give him immunity.

ELI
He would if that was the only way to get Florrick. We need...

But Eli and Daniel pause, seeing Alicia still standing there. An uncomfortable silence as they wait for her to leave.

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA

You’re in my kitchen. Anything you have to say, you can say in front of me.
They look to Peter.

**PETER**

You heard her.

Golden and Eli nod, talk, as Peter looks over at Alicia. Smiles.
INT. CIVIL COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM #310 - DAY

Stern, in his own world. He stares at a row of eight pencils in front of him on a table. He moves one pencil. Then another. Another. A zen exercise? Finally he takes a breath, stands, and we see he’s actually in court...

STERN
Mrs. Sanborn-- was your husband close friends with his employer?


KAREN
Mr. Clay? Yes. Until recently. It had become strained-- their friendship.

STERN
And why was that?

DIANE
Objection. Beyond the scope.

JUDGE IRA GARRETT peers down from the bench. Above the fray. Detests conflict. He hates objections. Pained--

JUDGE GARRETT
Well, I really think we’re safe here, don’t you? You may answer, Mrs. Sanborn.

Diane eyes Stern like he’s a snake, Clay and Julius beside her. Alicia, Cary behind them.

KAREN
Well, the paper was in financial trouble. They had to lay off a lot of staff. The stress took its toll.

STERN
And that was it?

KAREN
No. Jeff was also frustrated by Mr. Clay’s pursuit of a New Yorker cover.

STERN
A...?
KAREN
Something controversial. Like the Obama fist-bump cartoon on the New Yorker. Something that would increase readership.

Cary meanwhile looks across toward Rachel, second chair at Stern’s table. She glances back, the two showing no recognition.

STERN
Mrs. Sanborn-- did your husband help Mr. Clay choose this cartoon to publish in the paper?

KAREN
Yes. It was a contest and he helped Mr. Clay judge it.

STERN
But the cartoon was different, wasn’t it?

KAREN
Yes. I saw the original. It didn’t depict Muhammad. It was just a Middle-Eastern man.

Alicia closes her eyes. Damn. As Diane takes furious notes and Stern shoots a cocky look toward her.

STERN
So whose decision was it to change the cartoon to depict Muhammad?

DIANE
Objection, your honor. Hearsay.

STERN
It’s not being offered for the truth of the matter, Judge. Only as an accurate representation of what Mr. Sanborn said.

Judge garrett sighs-- why can’t we all just get along? Then:

JUDGE GARRETT
That makes sense to me, Ms. Lockhart, doesn’t it? I’ll allow.

(CONTINUED)
KAREN

Jeffrey told me the decision to change it to Muhammad was Mr. Clay’s. To generate more controversy.

Diane shoots a look at Clay, who shakes his head: No. But the damage is done. Behind him, Cary leans into Alicia--

CARY

Is it just me-- or do we really need to find that cartoonist?

INT. 27TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Which is exactly what Kalinda’s endeavoring to do, with the help of PYM GABRIEL-- 20’s, heavyset. Think Hurley from “Lost.” He clicks a few buttons on a laptop--

GABRIEL

Okay, so here’s your cartoon--

--and an image pops up on the screen: the cartoon-- although we don’t see it. He clicks again, ZOOMING IN on a corner of the drawing. The lines we saw during the opening.

GABRIEL (CONT’D)

See this cross-hatching-- how it almost looks like bars? That can indicate a sense of suffocation-- like they can’t say what they mean. In this case, it might indicate someone who’s a Muslim themselves.

KALINDA

(bored out of her mind)
Fascinating. Does this really work?

GABRIEL

Graphology?

KALINDA

As applied to drawing.

GABRIEL

It does if you know what you’re looking for. You don’t respect my job, do you?

KALINDA

I am... incredulous.

(CONTINUED)
Challenged, he clicks another couple of buttons, now bringing up a Google Image search, cross referenced against the drawing. He clicks the keys again, filtering the results--

GABRIEL
It’s best with comparison. You run an image search, cross-referenced with the unique elements of the sample drawing--

Still a whole page full of results.

GABRIEL (CONT’D)
Still too much. Let’s see...

But Kalinda peers toward the screen, thinks.

KALINDA
Narrow it down by location. To Chicago.

Gabriel nods, clicks some more keys. A-ha: now there’s only three matches. Kalinda reaches over and clicks on the first one--and up pops a Facebook page for someone named "Tarik Bassir" of Western Springs, Illinois.

No photograph--just tons of pencil and ink cartoon drawings, many of them depicting traditional Muslim imagery or Middle-Eastern looking figures, women in burkas, etc.

KALINDA (CONT'D)
Well, well. I’m a believer.

GABRIEL
They all end up believing. I seem to breed lowered expectations.  
(reading)
Tarik Bassir.

Kalinda writes down the name, squeezes his shoulder, leaves. Passing by Will’s office where Cary is talking awkwardly with Will...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - WILL’S OFFICE - DAY

CARY
No, the thing is...

Cary pauses, wanting Will’s attention. Oh, Will looks up from his e-mail.
WILL

Yeah?

CARY
When you hired me, I was told the firm had a program for lending associates money against our salaries-- for down-payments, cars.

WILL
Accounting turned you down?

CARY
Yes. Got my eye on a condo in Lincoln Park, interest rates are still low.

WILL
Look, money’s a little tight these days, that’s all. The economy-- Stern.

Cary glances out at Alicia disappearing down the hall.

CARY
I just want to know if there’s anything I should be aware of. About-- my future.

WILL
About your--? No. Nobody’s trying to tell you anything. It’s just money’s tight.

CARY
So I’m still in the running?

WILL
You are. Nobody has made any decisions yet.

Cary stares at him. Not a ringing endorsement.

WILL (CONT’D)
Is that it?

CARY
Yes.

And Will turns back to his e-mails as Cary starts out of the office. Frowning. Disappointed. Empty words. As...
A downtown building under construction. Golden and Gold ride up in a construction lift with Gerald Kozko. The lift stops on a floor and they exit. Golden doing all the talking; Eli doing all the watching.

KOZKO
So... how’s Peter holding up?

GOLDEN
He’s good. He would be better if he had a clearer sense of what Childs was planning.

KOZKO
So he got the message? My apology?

GOLDEN
You and Peter go back a long way. If Childs is threatening you—naturally Peter wants to help his friends in any way he can.

KOZKO
I don’t want to hurt Peter. But it’s not just me. I have a legacy to protect. My son.

He nods across the floor to ANTHONY KOZKO (late 20s) in managerial hard-hat. Good looking kid.

GOLDEN
Peter has a family too.

KOZKO
We all have families.

Eli stares at him, finally...

ELI
Okay, pleasantries over. Whatever you’ve got, or can devise, to hurt Peter— he’s got twice as much to hurt you.

KOZKO
I know your reputation, Mr. Gold.

ELI
Then you know I don’t screw around.

(CONTINUED)
KOZKO
I know Peter has religion.

Eli pauses, surprised.

ELI
Meaning?

KOZKO
He’s off his game. You have some pastor giving him spiritual instruction. And now he’s going to church. Hey, I’m in risk assessment, Mr. Gold. At the moment, Childs is the bigger risk.

GOLDEN
Did he give you immunity?

Kozko just stares at them. Then goes off to join his son. Eli and Golden frown.

ELI
That’s not good.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (EVENING)

The sun’s starting to set as Alicia and Kalinda approach the door of a well-kept suburban home. Kalinda knocks.

KALINDA
We don’t threaten with a subpoena unless he refuses to testify.

ALICIA
How about if we don’t threaten at all?

The door opens, revealing a friendly-looking Middle Eastern woman. DR. BASSIR. 40’s, very well dressed, western.

DR. BASSIR
Yes?

KALINDA
Mrs. Bassir?

DR. BASSIR
Dr. Bassir. May I help you?
ALICIA
Yes, I’m sorry-- is your husband here?

DR. BASSIR
My husband? My husband doesn’t live in this country.

KALINDA
Is there a Tarik Bassir here? A cartoonist?

From behind Dr. Bassir...

TARIK
Yeah, that’s me. What’s up?

TARIK Bassir. Fifteen years old. In jeans, spiky hair, Chuck Taylors, “Joy Division” t-shirt. Off Alicia and Kalinda--

END OF ACT ONE
Alicia and Kalinda sit with Tarik as he explains:

TARIK
Yeah, it was my idea. Some jackhole at the airport gave me a hard time, so I drew about it. First I just made it a random Muslim. Then I thought-- what the hell?

DR. BASSIR
Language.

His mother standing nervously nearby. Tarik smiles, rolls his eyes: old world concerns.

TARIK
I mean-- if I’m going to make a statement, why not really make a statement, you know?

ALICIA
So it was your idea to depict...

TARIK
...the Prophet, yeah. Somebody has to do something or the Fundies win.

ALICIA
The...?

KALINDA
Fundamentalists.

Oh. Alicia nods, as Tarik continues:

TARIK
I emailed Clay, told him I wanted to change the cartoon. Put it out in the open, get other Muslims to re-examine their preconceptions.

KALINDA
Then why’d you do it anonymously?

TARIK
Hey, I’m 15 years old. Why do I do anything?

They smile. Disarming kid. Dr. Bassir sighs.
DR. BASSIR
You have to understand-- I had no idea he’d done this. Not until after.

ALICIA
And would you testify to all this, Tarik?

DR. BASSIR
That’s not up to Tarik.

They look to the mother.

ALICIA
Tarik could testify in camera-- in the judge’s chambers. There would just be the Judge, the court reporter, the lawyers. We’d use a pseudonym.

DR. BASSIR
Mrs. Florrick, Miss Sharma, I know the name of only one cartoonist. Kurt Westergaard, the man who drew one of the Muhammad cartoons in the Danish paper five years ago. And he has lived under 24 hour security ever since. I will not do that to my son. If he was your son, would you?

KALINDA
We could subpoena him.

Alicia looks toward Kalinda: a little tough.

DR. BASSIR
Then subpoena him. I will not let my son testify.

They eye the mom, arms crossed, unyielding.

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

Diane, with Alicia, Kalinda, Clay.

DIANE
You explained he could testify in camera?
ALICIA
Yes. She doesn’t want to take a chance.

DIANE
Well, if she doesn’t produce him, she’ll be held in contempt.

CLAY
No.

They all turn toward Clay.

DIANE
We need him— he’s the only one who can corroborate the cartoon was his idea, not yours.

CLAY
I already have Jeff Sanborn’s blood on my hands. I won’t have this kid’s.

DIANE
This kid is all we have, Charles. (sighs, considers it)
If we don’t use him, we need an alternate story for the jury.

KALINDA
Counterterrorism unit just finished its preliminary bombing report.

DIANE
Can you get your hands on it?

KALINDA
I can try.

INT. RACHEL’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A key turns, the door opens, and Cary and Rachel fumble their way into her darkened apartment. Between kisses, Rachel switches on a light, revealing a chic loft space--

CARY
So I’ll be in good company?

RACHEL
If you leave Lockhart/Gardner?
Cross my heart.

(CONTINUED)
She kisses him again. Reaches down, pulls off one high-heel.

CARY
Because I don’t want to be the only Benedict Arnold.

RACHEL
We got a dozen lawyers leaving en masse in a week. So you’re coming?

CARY
I’m deciding.

RACHEL
Could you?

Her other shoe. Cary reaches down, takes it off. As the two kiss, back up, fall backwards onto her bed. Laughing.

CARY
So who are we talking about? I don’t want it to be a dozen junior associates and me.

RACHEL
It won’t be. An equity partner. Ten associates.

CARY
You got an equity partner?

RACHEL
Hey, there’s a lot of unhappiness at Lockhart/Gardner.

CARY
Which one?

Rachel shoots him a look: you’re kidding, right?

RACHEL
I like your hair messy. Don’t comb it, okay?

CARY
(thinking it through)
Ten litigators, unhappy equity partner. It’s Julius, isn’t it? He was always close to Stern.

Rachel keeps parting Cary’s hair right then left.

(CONTINUED)
RACHEL
You are a smart boy.

INT. CIVIL COURTHOUSE – COURTROOM #310 – DAY

Back at trial. RUSSELL THIESSEN (30’s) in the witness box--

THIESSEN
Yes, I was at the Vindicator when Mr. Clay made the decision to publish the cartoon.

STERN
Did you argue against it?

THIESSEN
I did. I felt it was insensitive to Muslim believers-- especially when the same point could be made without depicting Muhammad.

STERN
You also argued it was reckless?

THIESSEN
Yes. I was the reporter who covered the synagogue bombing. I saw the devastation that caused.

He nods toward the widow, Karen Sanborn, in the gallery. She nods back.

STERN
Were you present when Mr. Clay met with the Vindicator lawyer before printing the cartoon?

DIANE
Objection, your honor! Attorney-client privilege.

STERN
Mr. Thiessen observed the conversation, your honor, and is not covered by the privilege.

JUDGE GARRETT
Regrettably, Ms. Lockhart, I will allow. But you’ll have your chance to cross-examine.

(CONTINUED)
Great, Diane sits, looks over at a worried Clay. Alicia watches him too.

STERN
And what was said at this meeting?

THIESSEN
The lawyer warned Mr. Clay against printing the cartoon.

Stern eyes the jury, all listening intently.

STERN
Why?

THIESSEN
He referenced The New York Times and Yale University Press decisions not to reprint the Danish cartoon. He believed, in both cases, the fear of inciting violence trumped the public’s need to know.

STERN
I see. Thank you, sir.

Stern and Diane glare at each other as they pass, he sitting, she standing.

DIANE
Mr. Thiessen, you were worried the paper would be insensitive to religious believers by printing the cartoon?

THIESSEN
Yes. I’m not a Muslim myself, but I can sympathize.

DIANE
And what is this?

Diane holds up a picture. Thiessen rolls his eyes, knowing where this is going.

THIESSEN
"Piss Christ."

DIANE
I’m sorry, I couldn’t hear you.

(CONTINUED)
THIESSEN

"Piss Christ."

DIANE

Yes, an artwork that depicts a crucifix placed in a cup of urine. This photo illustrated an article of yours on controversial art?

(Thiessen nods)

My goodness. Why not the same sensitivity to religious believers?

THIESSEN

Because that is unlikely to incite violence.

Diane shoots a look toward the jury. Is she losing them? No, they’re right with her.

DIANE

I see. So it’s not about sensitivity. It’s about fear?

THIESSEN

It’s about both.

DIANE

You were fired from the Vindicator, weren’t you, Mr. Thiessen? As part of Mr. Clay’s cost-cutting?

THIESSEN

Yes, but that has had nothing to do with my testimony.

DIANE

Of course not.

Diane sits, knowing she’s only slightly mitigated the damage. Alicia looks toward Clay. Sees his shoulders slumping slightly.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - SECRETARIAL SUBSTATION - DAY

Cary. He heads toward Diane’s office. Stops. Turns to Will’s office. Both partners in. Which one? He starts toward Will’s office.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - WILL’S OFFICE - SAME TIME

WILL

He tried to poach you? Stern did?
Will’s flabbergasted.

CARY
Yes. And twelve others.

WILL
Who?

CARY
The only name I know is... Julius Cain.

Will looks up: oh shit.

CARY (CONT’D)
I don’t want you to think for a moment I was considering taking it.

WILL
Of course not.

CARY
I’m a team player. I just want to do what’s right for the firm.

Will studies Cary, then nods--

WILL
Okay. Thanks Cary. Oh, and I’m working on your loan. We should be able to make it work.

CARY
Great. I really appreciate it.

Cary exits and we go with him. He sees Alicia with Kalinda in the conference room, and his smile grows, grows. He did some good for himself. As...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

...Alicia and Kalinda have photographs and documents spread out, going over the evidence from the FBI report.

ALICIA
Well, that was unsatisfying.

KALINDA
It’s an ongoing investigation. They don’t want to draw any unnecessary conclusions. But...

(MORE)
She indicates a photograph of the bomb scene—debris strewn everywhere, windows blown out and half the walls blown away.

KALINDA (CONT’D)
The theory is that the bomb was tossed in through the window.

ALICIA
Just like at the synagogue.

KALINDA
But the windows were all blown out by the force of the blast.

ALICIA
So?

KALINDA
So there’s no way to tell if the bomb was tossed in or not. At the synagogue bombing they had eyewitnesses who saw two men toss the bomb in and flee the scene.

Kalinda points to a place in the center of the room that’s circled in the photo— the epicenter of the blast.

KALINDA (CONT’D)
That’s the blast site.

She points to the wall behind it, half blown apart.

KALINDA (CONT’D)
Remember what Clay said— those dumbwaiters they used during Prohibition to haul the liquor up. They’re all over the place.

Alicia looks at the photo, the blown out wall—

ALICIA
So if there was a dumbwaiter there—

She looks up at Kalinda. As...
JACKIE
Who are you?

ELI
The plumber. Who are you?

JACKIE
Jackie.

ELI
That means nothing to me.

JACKIE
Peter’s mother.

ELI
Oh. Yes, hello, Mrs. Florrick. I’m Eli Gold. Come on in.

Jackie stares at him, takes her keys from the lock, enters, sees Daniel on the phone pacing in the living room.

JACKIE
You’re not the plumber?

ELI
No. Peter’s image consultant. Call me Eli. I like that brooch.

Jackie stares at him suspiciously. Eli smiles, sizes her up immediately.

JACKIE
Thank you, where’s my son?

ELI
He’s just...


ELI (CONT’D)
He’s meeting with his pastor.

JACKIE
His...?

ELI
Pastor. But go on in. I’m sure they’d love to say hello.
Jackie stares at him, starts to put her purse down, decides against it, takes it with her through the kitchen, pantry, toward the bonus room door and...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - STORAGE ROOM/OFFICE - DAY

...PASTOR ISAIAH sits with Peter, the two talking in whispers, not seeing Jackie peering through the crack in the door.

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - DAY

Jackie backs away, startled, not liking it. She returns to the kitchen, finds Eli there.

ELI
They’ve been meeting once a week for prayer, spiritual guidance and the sharing of Jesus Christ.

Jackie frowns.

JACKIE
Who is that man?

ELI
Isaiah Easton. Pastor at Lord in Christ Church.

JACKIE
(unhappily)
On 95th?

ELI
Yes. Southside.

Eli happily eyes her reaction.

EXT. COOK COUNTY VINDICATOR - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Another shot of the newspaper offices--

INT. COOK COUNTY VINDICATOR - BASEMENT - DAY

Alicia and Kalinda move along a semi-dark corridor in the cellar underneath the building, coming to A DUMBWAITER DOOR set into the wall. The blown apart remnants of a rope and pulley system stick out of it.

KALINDA
So this is the access to the office dumbwaiter.

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
The blast blew it apart. Doesn’t mean the bomb went up this way.

She sees Kalinda concentrating on something on the floor near a basement garbage can.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
What?

Kalinda shrugs, moves the can, revealing a splatter stain on the floor burned into the concrete.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
What is it?

Kalinda shrugs, kneels, sees the splatter extends up the wall, but stops at the edge of a border of tile.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
Kalinda. Words.

KALINDA
Right. The bomb was hydrazine nitrate. Liquid explosive. It stains concrete, not tile.

ALICIA
(looks at her)
How do you know that?

KALINDA
I looked it up.

Alicia shakes her head-- okay-- as Kalinda runs her finger up the stain...

KALINDA (CONT'D)
The splatter stained here, not here. Concrete not tile.

ALICIA
It could’ve been blown down the shaft from the blast.

KALINDA
Not in liquid form.

ALICIA
So what are you saying, somebody mixed the bomb here, and raised it up the dumbwaiter?
KALINDA
I’m not saying anything. I’m just staring at a stain. But if the bomb was mixed here...

ALICIA
We’re talking about an inside job.

END OF ACT TWO
Alicia and Kalinda download their findings to Will and Diane.

   KALINDA
   The blast blew apart the wall with
   the dumbwaiter, so there was no
   evidence it was even there.

   ALICIA
   Should I bring Julius in on this?

   WILL
   No, not yet. We’ll update him later.
   (Alicia stares at him: odd)
   I still don’t understand how the
   Feds missed this--

   KALINDA
   My guess is they didn’t. Their
   investigation is still open-- they
   just haven’t issued any findings
   yet. And they won’t, until they
   catch whoever’s responsible.

Will, seeing Cary in the hall, opens the door:

   WILL
   Cary, come on in.

Alicia notes this. Not sure what to make of it.

   DIANE
   The question is, what does it mean?

   ALICIA
   Stern’s theory is that Clay wanted
   a violent backlash. That rests on
   the fact that he cut back security.

   KALINDA
   But if the bomb came from inside--
   no security could’ve prevented it.

   ALICIA
   Right.

   DIANE
   Stern will argue the bomb was still
   planted by a radical Islamic group--
   they just had help from inside.

(CONTINUED)
CARY
So talk to the employees.

Diane and Will consider it.

WILL
It could help. A lone bomber in the office.

CARY
How many Muslim employees does he have?

WILL
Can’t be many.

KALINDA
So we’re going to racially profile? The exact thing the cartoon was against.

WILL
No, we’re going to step nicely past the ironies and defend our client.

DIANE
(smiles; to Kalinda)
Go over the employees— all of them. But concentrate on the Muslim and Middle Eastern employees for the last five years. Okay?

Kalinda nods, goes, as Diane sees Julius leaving the conference room. Asks Will:

DIANE (CONT’D)
Shall we?

Oh. Will sees Julius too. Nods. He and Diane exit as Cary and Alicia watch, see the two gesture to Julius, escort him into Diane’s office.

ALICIA
What’s that about?

Cary shrugs maybe a little too big, and exits too. Alicia just stands there, alone. What’s going on?

INT. 28TH FLOOR - LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER
Julius Cain sits, politely, unflappably, as Diane and Will fume.

WILL
It’s a betrayal.

(CONTINUED)
JULIUS
It’s a business decision.

DIANE
What happened to loyalty?

JULIUS
It exited the building when you fired half of tax litigation.

Diane and Will pause, offended. Partly because it’s true.

JULIUS (CONT’D)
Look-- I really didn’t want it to get back to you this way. But it’s no secret this place is in some financial trouble--

WILL
Half of which is Stern’s fault.

JULIUS
We were in trouble before Stern started taking clients. Right now, his new firm seems more stable. And I consider him a mentor.

DIANE
So do I. But at the end of the day, I bet on myself, not him. With Stern-- it’s all about Stern.

JULIUS
I’m sorry.

Julius gets up to exit.

WILL
Julius-- you’re one of the best lawyers we have. You have a great client list. So what’s it gonna take?

Julius considers this, takes a folded letter from his pocket. Hands it to Diane and Will.

JULIUS
That’s my offer from Stern.

Diane studies it. A bit thrown. But covering well.

DIANE
We can match it.

(CONTINUED)
JULIUS
And how about gearing up that diversity program we keep talking about?

WILL
That’ll cost money we don’t have.

JULIUS
We lag behind virtually every major Chicago firm in diversity hiring. 
I’m tired of being the poster child for affirmative action around here.

WILL
Okay. We’ll find the money.

Julius nods. Surprised. They said yes.

WILL (CONT’D)
Now it’s your turn to do something for us. The 10 lawyers who planned to leave with you-- their names.

Julius looks up, startled, as Will hands him a pen and pad.

JULIUS
You want me--? But they’ll stay now. Stern wanted me, not them.

DIANE
Yes, but we don’t want turncoats with access to proprietary information.

JULIUS
You’re going to fire them?

WILL
More money for diversity hiring. (Julius stares at him)
Write down the names.

Julius turns to the pad. The pen.
OMITTED
INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE’S OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A photograph of a bombed-out synagogue, with the words “JIHAD IS THE WAY” printed underneath in boldface. Kalinda lays it on the desk. Diane, Will, and Alicia...

DIANE
What is that?

KALINDA
The result of our questioning of employees. One received this from an anonymous coworker a week before the attack.

Will and Diane trade a look. Damn.

WILL
Tell me they didn’t take this to Clay?

ALICIA
They took it to Clay.

DIANE
And he ignored it?

ALICIA
Yes.

DIANE
(sighs)
So it’s even worse now that it’s an inside job. Clay isn’t liable for foreseeable acts of his employees. But now if he had prior notice...

Will shakes his head, looks at Diane--

WILL
If we know this, Stern knows this.

DIANE
That’s a happy thought.

WILL
That’s me, Mr. Cheer. It makes the questioning of Clay tomorrow that much more important.

(CONTINUED)
DIANE
Which brings up another problem:
Julius was handling questioning.

ALICIA
Why is that a problem?

Diane and Will trade a look.

WILL
Maybe Cary should take it.

DIANE
No. Alicia. She can get in
Stern’s face more effectively.

Will and Diane look at each other, surprised at their switch
in mentorees.

INT. 27TH FLOOR – STAIRWELL – MOMENTS LATER

Alicia and Kalinda make their way down the stairs.

KALINDA
The fact is, you know something
about Stern no one else knows.

ALICIA
I can’t use it, Kalinda.

KALINDA
You can’t not use it.

ALICIA
It violates attorney-client privilege.

KALINDA
Only if you tell someone. So don’t
tell someone.

And Kalinda rushes on ahead. Alicia considers it. As...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT – DINING ROOM – NIGHT

Jackie waits in the kitchen, seeing Peter at the door,
shaking hands with Pastor Isaiah. Peter closes the door,
goes to his mother. Sees she doesn’t approve.

JACKIE
I want you to meet Bishop Humphries.
PETER
(smiles)
Mom.

JACKIE
He’s a nice Episcopalian priest. He’ll help you put all this religion stuff in perspective.

PETER
It is in perspective.

JACKIE
(points after Isaiah)
That’s not perspective.

Peter starts toward his room.

JACKIE (CONT’D)
This is about Alicia, isn’t it?

PETER
No. It’s about me, Mom. Me. I need to change.

JACKIE
No, you don’t, Peter. You are a good man. You want to blame yourself. But you apologized. You apologized again. And again. Anybody who wants another apology from you just wants you to be weak. So stop this. Stop this now. My son will not be made weak.

Peter stares at his mom.

PETER
You are one scary mom.

JACKIE
Yes. And you are a good son.

She kisses him on the cheek, as...

INT. CIVIL COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM #310 - DAY (NEXT DAY)

Clay on the stand. Alicia mid-questioning--

ALICIA
Mrs. Sanborn stated under oath that it was your decision to have the cartoon depict the prophet Muhammad.

(CONTINUED)
CLAY
That’s untrue. The cartoonist contacted me with that idea.

Alicia shoots a look toward Karen Sanborn in the gallery. Clearly hurting her.

ALICIA
Still it was your decision to run the cartoon, Mr. Clay. Why did you?

CLAY
Because it was newsworthy. It wasn’t sensational. And-- this is America; we can handle it.

Alicia takes a beat, then heads toward her seat-- no further questions-- as Mr. Stern passes, and winks at her. He loves this. Turns to Clay...

STERN
What is “The Naked Columnist”, Mr. Clay?

CLAY
(sighs: knows what’s coming)
An advice columnist in my paper who supposedly answers questions in the nude.

STERN
I see. And this must be newsworthy? Not sensational?

CLAY
It is not on the front page.

STERN
And of course we’re America so we can handle it-- “The Naked Columnist?”

Alicia watches Stern. A graduate course in action.

CLAY
There is room for entertainment in every paper.

STERN
A lot of room, apparently. You devoted over 10,000 column inches to “The Naked Columnist” over the last year. Do you know how many you devoted to Iraq?

(CONTINUED)
CLAY
I’m battling internet competitors, sir. Competitors who are willing to give away their product for free. I have to maintain a readership.

STERN
Nice segue, sir, thank you. But in maintaining this readership, you had no idea something like this bombing might result?

CLAY
I certainly didn’t expect it.

STERN
You are aware the police now believe the bombing was an inside job?

ALICIA
Objection. Not in evidence.

STERN
Ah, yes-- forgive me. Your Honor, plaintiff’s “Exhibit N”-- this is a police report filed yesterday.

He hands out documents to Alicia and the Judge.

STERN (CONT’D)
You wouldn’t know anything about this, would you Mr. Clay?

ALICIA
Objection! Argumentative.

STERN
It’s a simple leading question, your honor.

JUDGE GARRETT
Overruled. You may answer.

CLAY
I’m sorry-- what was the question?

Stern hesitates, just a bit thrown--

STERN
The question was-- the police now believe this was an inside job.

(MORE)
STERN (CONT'D)
The bomb was raised up through one of the dumbwaiters in your office--

ALICIA
Objection-- again, not in evidence.

STERN
(peeved)
It’s in the investigative report--

ALICIA
The investigative report merely states that it appears the bomb was planted from inside. It doesn’t say anything specifically about dumbwaiters. We ask that statement be stricken from the record--

JUDGE GARRETT
Is that really necessary, Mrs. Florrick? Overruled.

Diane shoots Alicia a look-- what the hell are you doing? But Alicia ignores her as she sits back down.

Stern tries to gather himself, but it’s becoming clear what’s happening: Alicia’s objections are throwing him off his game.

STERN
Thank you. I-- where was I?

Rachel, Stern’s associate, glances up at him-- should she say something? Stern stands there a second, then--

STERN (CONT’D)
Right. The dumbwaiter-- employees. Mr. Clay-- did any of your employees ever come to you with any threats they’d received regarding--

ALICIA
Objection-- overly vague.

JUDGE GARRETT
Mrs. Florrick--

ALICIA
You’re right. Withdrawn, your Honor.

Judge Garrett stares at her. So does Diane. But Stern is now genuinely confused.

(CONTINUED)
JUDGE GARRETT
You may proceed, Mr. Stern.

STERN
Yes, your Honor. I-- just a moment--

He goes back to the plaintiff's table, shuffles through papers-- clearly trying to jog his memory.

JUDGE GARRETT
Mr. Stern?

STERN
Just a moment, your Honor--

Alicia looks over at him as Rachel leans in, whispers--

RACHEL
Inside job. The threat, the document that--

STERN
Quiet.

JUDGE GARRETT
Mr. Stern, do you have any further questions for this witness?

STERN
Dammit, give me a minute!

A stunned silence in the courtroom.

STERN (CONT’D)
I’m-- sorry, your Honor. I was--
I’m just--

Stern hesitates, now totally lost. And finally:

STERN (CONT’D)
I have-- I have nothing further.

Alicia keeps her poker face, staring straight ahead. As Stern looks over at her, a dawning realization. Alicia doesn’t look at him.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. 28TH FLOOR – CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY – LATER

Cary and Kalinda. Their feet up on the table. A work session going nowhere. Papers and files from other people having cleared out.

CARY
Do you know what I don’t understand?

KALINDA
Want a list?

CARY
We’re still treating this like jihad even though it’s an inside job.

KALINDA
Because of the threat. The bomb.

CARY
Right, but doesn’t it make more sense-- Look, you were talking about racial profiling, right? What if somebody is using our bias to make us think it’s jihad when it’s something else?

Kalinda stares at him.

KALINDA
Okay, I’m listening.

CARY
Annnnd...
(stops)
That’s all I’ve got.
(Kalinda rolls her eyes)
I didn’t say I was solving something. I just said I don’t understand.

But Kalinda shushes him. Thinks. Gets up, leaves. Cary calls after her:

CARY (CONT’D)
I want credit for it. Whatever you get, I want credit.
Russell Thiessen is back on the stand. Cary stands to question, taking his time, shooting a smile toward Rachel Wiley as he passes. She just frowns a "fuck you" look back.

CARY
Mr. Thiessen, you covered the bombing at the Oak Lawn synagogue?

THIESEN
That’s right.
CARY
And it’s your opinion that this bomb was very similar to that one?

THIESSEN
Identical.

CARY
In what ways, exactly?

STERN studies Cary-- what’s he up to?

THIESSEN
Well, in both cases the device was fashioned from a metal cannister, densely packed with hydrazine nitrate explosive and a simple remote-triggered circuit.

CARY
I see. But this utilized a different triggering mechanism than the synagogue bombing?

THIESSEN
No, no-- it was identical.

CARY
A modified flashbulb?

THIESSEN
Yes, from a camera-- it’s quite clever. It produces just enough flame to trigger the fuse.

CARY
Interesting. But when you reported on the synagogue bombing-- you never mentioned that fact?

THIESSEN
Well, it’s kind of a technical detail. A little beyond the scope of a basic news article.

CARY
Of course. It’s just... whoever planted the bomb at the Vindicator had to know the layout of the building, the dumbwaiters, Mr. Sanborn’s schedule, and how to build a bomb exactly like the Defenders of Allah’s.
RACHEL  
(a growing realization)  
Objection, your honor!

JUDGE GARRETT  
Objection? There hasn’t been a question yet. Overruled.

Cary grins at Rachel. Stern sighs, seeing the writing on the wall. He scribbles something on a piece of paper, as--

CARY  
And if you never reported on the triggering mechanism, Mr. Thiessen, then the only person I can think of who possesses all of that knowledge—would be you.

Alicia looks toward the jury, sees them furiously taking notes. So does Rachel. As Stern reaches across the aisle with the piece of paper. Diane looks toward him, takes it.

RACHEL  
Objection, your Honor! This is completely without basis--

JUDGE GARRETT  
Yes, I’m afraid you’re right. I have to sustain that objection.

Diane opens it, reads: “$350k.” She considers. Scratches out the number, writes in “$250k.” She offers it back.

CARY  
(watching Stern and Diane)  
That’s okay, your honor. I have nothing further.

And Cary returns to his seat, passing Stern and Rachel. Both trying to hold a poker face, staring straight ahead, as Stern reads the amount. Both crushed, as... Choir singing gets louder and louder, and we find ourselves in...

INT. LORD IN CHRIST CHURCH - DAY

...an historic, predominantly black church on Chicago’s south side. The CHOIR belts out a welcoming hymn as CONGREGANTS stream in, Sunday finest, 99% of them black.

And then there’s Peter, Alicia, GRACE and ZACH, the object of a few stares as they enter at the rear of the church.

(CONTINUED)
Pastor Isaiah sees them, crosses to greet them...

PASTOR ISAIAH  
Mrs. Florrick, thank you for visiting. Peter.

ALICIA  
Pastor. This is Grace and Zach.

Pastor Isaiah smiles, shakes their hands, as Peter sees an acquaintance, crosses to say hello. Pastor Isaiah takes the opportunity to lean in toward Alicia.

PASTOR ISAIAH  
Mrs. Florrick, would you ever like to talk sometime, just the two of us?

ALICIA  
No.

Isaiah laughs at her bluntness.

PASTOR ISAIAH  
I have respected the way you’ve stood by your husband. It’s a lesson in forbearance.

ALICIA  
Well, it’s a lesson in something.

And with that Alicia starts up the aisle with Zach and Grace, as the Pastor eyes her, intrigued. Peter catches up, and the family walks side-by-side toward a pew, a lot of eyes on them.

PETER  
What’d he say?

ALICIA  
He said I’m a lesson in forbearance.

Peter smiles, slips his hand into Alicia’s and gives hers a squeeze. They take their seats. And then Peter’s phone BUZZES-- it’s not noticeable over the music, but Peter checks it-- then whispers:

PETER  
I’ll be right back.

And before Alicia can protest, he’s up again and off, as...
...knock-knock-knock. Rachel Wiley opens her door to find Cary there: with two Starbucks coffees. He offers one.

RACHEL
You told your boss?

CARY
About being poached? Sure.

RACHEL
And Julius? I told you that in confidence.
Cary starts to laugh. She doesn’t even believe that.

RACHEL (CONT’D)
Stern found out I leaked. He fired me.

CARY
I know. That’s why the coffee.

She takes it, looks at it.

RACHEL
Why’d you tell them? Why didn’t you just come over to Stern’s? You don’t seem like the loyal type.

CARY
I know. Crazy, huh?

RACHEL
What about Lockhart/Gardner? Is there a job there?

CARY
For who?

RACHEL
Me.

CARY
No.

Final. Rachel stares at him, crosses to the sink, pours out the coffee, fills the cup with water.

CARY (CONT’D)
What’re you doing?

RACHEL
The coffee was too hot to throw in your face.

Oh. Cary nods. Makes sense. He waits there. Looks toward his scarf. Takes it off, doesn’t want to get that wet, as Rachel returns, throws the water in his face. Cary’s smile never disappears.

CARY
Take care.

Rachel slams the door in his face. And off we go, back to--
INT. LORD IN CHRIST CHURCH – DAY – AS BEFORE

Alicia and the kids alone, doing their best to clap along. Alicia looks around, wondering: where the hell is Peter?

INT. LORD IN CHRIST CHURCH – BASEMENT – SAME TIME

In the basement of the Church. We hear the music down here, muffled but ever present, as we find Peter with Gerald Kozko, greeting. A hug between two titans. Eli watching.

    PETER
    Okay, it’s just us. What’s up?

    KOZKO
    He’s got me in a corner. Childs. He has stuff on me even you don’t know about. And he’ll use it--

    PETER
    Unless you testify against me?

    KOZKO
    Peter, I have no choice--

Eli rolls his eyes.

    PETER
    Childs is going to get you to lie on the stand--

    KOZKO
    It’s not lies. Not the videotape of us.

Peter looks sharply at him. Kozko pauses...

    KOZKO (CONT’D)
    You know, the meeting at the hotel.

    PETER
    Do you believe in hell?

    KOZKO
    Do I believe in hell? Sure. Why?

    PETER
    Do you believe you have to answer for your sins?

    KOZKO
    Peter, we don’t have time.

(CONTINUED)
PETER
Do you believe it?

KOZKO
Yeah, actually I do. Why?

And-- boom-- Peter suddenly, alarmingly reaches out, rips Kozko’s dress shirt, buttons flying as he tears it open. Yanks Kozko’s undershirt down. Revealing...

...the wire. A thin line taped to Kozko’s chest, a small transmitter. Eli winces: fuck. As Peter drops it to the floor, crushes it. Grabs Kozko’s tie, pulls him closer.

KOZKO (CONT’D)
I’m sorry, Peter. Childs threatened me; he threatened everything.

An intense look on Peter’s face we’ve never seen before.

PETER
Let’s not even talk about the stuff I have on you. I know you’re past caring about that. Let’s talk about the stuff I have on your son Anthony. Your married son.

Kozko looks up, worried.

PETER (CONT’D)
That’s right. Your legacy. Your beautiful legacy. You believe in hell now?

KOZKO
Don’t, Peter. You’re a Christian.

PETER
Damn right, haven’t you read the Old Testament?

Peter shoves him away. Kozko races toward the stairs, starts up, as Eli looks toward Peter. Stunned. Impressed. As...

EXT. LORD IN CHRIST CHURCH - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

...Alicia steps out of the church, sees Kozko coming up the basement stairs, trying to save the remnants of his ripped shirt, rushing off to his car, worried. And as Alicia’s trying to process this, she sees...
...Peter coming up. She locks eyes with him, studying him. Without a word, Alicia heads back into Church.

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter, finished changing, exits the master bedroom, hears...

ALICIA (O.S.)
Tonight sounds good. Yeah. No.

Alicia on the phone. Something about her tone. Peter pauses there, listening.

ALICIA (O.S.) (CONT’D)
I can make a reservation. No, it’s fine. Really, Will, it’s fine. I phoned you.

“Will.” Like a slap to Peter’s face. He sees a picture hanging on the wall. Him and Alicia. Hugging. Feels like a million years ago. Peter enters...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

...the kitchen. Alicia sees him, keeps her voice at the same volume. Nothing to hide.

ALICIA
Good, this’ll be fun. See you then.

And she hangs up. Barely looks at her husband as she crosses to the fridge, takes out a cellophane wrapped bowl. Places it on the island. Opens the freezer. Takes out a pizza.

PETER
You’re going out?

ALICIA
Yep.

PETER
Where?

ALICIA
I don’t know. Let the oven preheat ten minutes. And ignore the box; it says 12 minutes to cook. It’s more like 15.

PETER
And I’m not supposed to be jealous?
ALICIA
I don’t think I care what you are.
Tell Zach one hour on the computer.

And Alicia starts into the bedroom. An overwhelmed Peter follows. Her blase’ attitude making him dizzy. Watching the dissolution of a marriage.

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT – MASTER BEDROOM – NIGHT

PETER
I feel like you’re punishing me for something I didn’t do.

Alicia grabs a coat from the closet.

ALICIA
I’m not punishing you, Peter. I’m going out to dinner with an old friend.

PETER
What you saw at church was me protecting my family. He was wearing a wire.

Alicia stops, looks at him. Almost a whisper...

ALICIA
Peter, it’s over.

There it is. The quiet words of finality. Peter quiet too:

PETER
What is?

ALICIA
Us. Me caring. Me thinking you’re actually changing.

PETER
I am changing.

ALICIA
No, you’re not. You want to think you’re changing so you can go back to what you did before.

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT – ENTRYWAY – NIGHT

Alicia opens the front door, Peter behind her...

(continues)
PETER
Then help me. If you’re right,
then help me.

Alicia looks back at him. He’s earnest. Pained.

ALICIA
No.

And Alicia is out the door. Peter tries to follow, but stops on the threshold. Looks down at his feet.

PETER
Alicia.

She turns, sees him stopped there. Both looking down at his feet. Stuck on the threshold.

PETER (CONT’D)
You used to say we’re fine as long as we talk. We can argue; we can fight. The only danger is when we stop. So don’t stop.

Alicia. She almost looks like she’ll return, but-- no, she pushes the elevator button.

PETER (CONT’D)
Then there’s nothing I can say?

ALICIA
That’s right.

And-- ding-- the elevator arrives. Alicia gets on. Pushes the down button. The doors close. And we pan over to... Peter alone in the open doorway. Still stuck at the threshold. He looks toward the empty landing. Alicia gone.

Then Peter has a thought. A dizzying frightening one. He looks down at...

...his feet. Just the tip of his shoes sticking over the edge. He looks over at the HMD unit. And Peter closes his eyes. A cliff diver in Acapulco.

He steps one foot over the threshold. Nothing. His anklet on the other foot. He steps his other foot across, and...

...WAHHHHH-WAHHHH-- the warning alarm sounds. Fully across the threshold now, Peter could still go back, still answer the anticipated police call. But...

(CONTINUED)
...Peter starts slowly toward the elevator. Committing himself more and more with each step. He pushes the elevator button while...

...the alarm sounds.
END OF SHOW