

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

# thegoodwife

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

PINK PAGES: March 3, 2010; p. 11-11C, 15-17, 21, 24-27, 37-37A, 38-39, 41-44, 48-50A, 51

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 - COURTROOM #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...

1

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

1

...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:

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)

STERN (CONT'D)

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.

STERN (CONT'D)

Oh my god, what is that?

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

STERN (CONT'D)

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

He looks toward the conference room, and...

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

STERN

I have arrived!

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

KAREN

Mr. Stern, thank you for joining us.

STERN

Mrs. Sanborn, it is my extreme and unconditional pleasure. Hello, Julius...  
(looks toward the glass)  
I see you haven't taken the "S" off yet.

JULIUS

We're looking for a new Stern.

Stern laughs, turns to Alicia...

STERN

Coffee. Two sugars. Thanks.

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

STERN (CONT'D)

(to his robo-lawyers)  
Anything for you three?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STERN (CONT'D)  
(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--



STERN

--While other white passengers are being waved through--

DIANE

It was intended to criticize racial profiling--

STERN

--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--

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

5 INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

5

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...

...GERALD KOZKO exiting alone. 50's. An immaculately dressed bulldog. G. Gordon Liddy as a shady real-estate developer. He stops, noticing Alicia. He takes a second, surprised. Nods.

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**

A6 **EXT. COOK COUNTY VINDICATOR - DAY - ESTABLISHING** A6

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*.

B6 **INT. COOK COUNTY VINDICATOR - PRINTING AREA - DAY** B6

Diane, Cain, Alicia, Cary follow the client, CHARLES CLAY III (40s). Part Arthur Sulzberger, part P.T. Barnum-- balancing journalistic integrity with 21st century business realities.

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

Clay gestures about. More *Village Voice* than *New York Times*.

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.

C6 **INT. COOK COUNTY VINDICATOR - HALLWAY/BULLPEN - DAY** C6

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.

Hip bar. Hip music. Hip everything. Six-figure 28-year-olds trying to feel like players. Rachel Wiley sits in a corner banquette, male model whispering in her ear. Cary approaches.



CARY  
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.

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...

...Alicia finishes changing out of work clothes, and can't help overhearing (well, maybe she could if she wanted to)--

(CONTINUED)

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.

ALICIA  
You're in my kitchen. Anything you have  
to say, you can say in front of me.

(CONTINUED)

They look to Peter.

PETER  
You heard her.

Golden and Eli nod, talk, as Peter looks over at Alicia.  
Smiles.

10 **OMITTED**

10

11 **OMITTED**

11

12 **OMITTED**

12

12 THE GOOD WIFE #118 "Boom" GREEN COLLATED 4/1/10 16-17.  
CONTINUED: 12

13 INT. CIVIL COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM #310 - DAY

13

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 Sanborn on the stand. In black. Restrained. Tough. The jury watches her intently, liking her.

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...?

(CONTINUED)



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.

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, heavysset. 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.

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...

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...

16

**EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO CONSTRUCTION SITE - LIFT - DAY**

16

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.

17 **EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (EVENING)**

17

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?

(CONTINUED)

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**

ACT TWO

18 INT. TARIK BASSIR'S LIVING ROOM- MINUTES LATER- DAY (EVENING) 18

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?

ARIK

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

They smile. Disarming kid. Dr. Bassir sighs.

(CONTINUED)



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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

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...

...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)

KALINDA (CONT'D)  
(distracted)  
...there is something here.

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...

...the key starts to turn in the lock of Alicia's door when Eli Gold opens it. JACKIE there, startled, trying to let herself in. She stares at him. He stares at her.



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...

But Eli pauses, considers it. Nods. Why not? More pointed:

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...

26 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - STORAGE ROOM/OFFICE - DAY** 26

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

27 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - DAY** 27

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.

28 **EXT. COOK COUNTY VINDICATOR - DAY - ESTABLISHING** 28

Another shot of the newspaper offices--

29 **INT. COOK COUNTY VINDICATOR - BASEMENT - DAY** 29

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

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**

**ACT THREE**

30 INT. 28TH FLOOR - WILL'S OFFICE - DAY (NEXT MORNING) 30

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?

31 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER** 31

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.

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.





34

**INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

34

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 unforeseeable 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...

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.

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)

(CONTINUED)

STERN (CONT'D)

The bomb was raised up through one of the dumbwaiters in your office--

ALICIA

Objection-- again, not in evidence.

STERN

(peevied)

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

38 INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - LATER

38

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.

39

**INT. CIVIL COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM #310 - NEXT DAY**

39

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?

THIESSEN

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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...

41 INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - DAY - SAME TIME

41

...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.

(CONTINUED)

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--

42 INT. LORD IN CHRIST CHURCH - DAY - AS BEFORE 42

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

43 INT. LORD IN CHRIST CHURCH - BASEMENT - SAME TIME 43

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...

...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.

45 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT** \* 45

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... \*

46 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT** \* 46

...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? \*

(CONTINUED)

46

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. \*

47 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT** \* 47

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. \*

48 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT** \* 48

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

(CONTINUED)

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. \*

48 THE GOOD WIFE #118 "Boom" GREEN COLLATED 4/1/10 60.  
CONTINUED: (3) 48

END OF SHOW

\*