THE GOOD WIFE #119
"Mock"
Cast List
4/15/10

ALICIA FLORRICK
WILL GARDNER
DIANE LOCKHART
CARY AGOS
KALINDA SHARMA

PETER FLORRICK
GRACE FLORRICK
ZACH FLORRICK

GERALD KOZKO
AMAL VERMA
FRIDA VERMA
SIMRAN VERMA
AUSA CLAY BELKIN (FORMERLY "EVAN BELKIN")
GIADA CABRINI (FORMERLY "GIADA SCALIA")
SADIE HART
SHEILA BOW
JUDGE GORDON TOMLIN (FORMERLY "JUDGE JAMES TOMLIN")
ELSBETH TASCIONI (FORMERLY "ELSBETH MANN")
PATRICK BIGELOW (FORMERLY "DAMIAN BIGELOW")
SHERIFF
HUNTER
WILL'S ASSISTANT
INDIAN SHOPKEEPER
MERCHANT
COURT CLERK
SERGEANT (V.O. ONLY)
RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O. ONLY)
T.V. ANNOUNCER (V.O. ONLY)
PUJARI BROTHERS (NON-SPEAKING)

OMITTED

JUDGE GLASS
ANGELA BOYLAN
MIRA SHARMA
COURTNEY WELLS
PROSECUTOR
TECHNICIAN
BANKER
SECRETARY
CAR VOICE (V.O. ONLY)
DANIEL GOLDEN
Interiors:

27TH FLOOR
  CONFERENCE ROOM
  BULLPEN
  ALICIA'S OFFICE
28TH FLOOR
  HALLWAY
  LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM
  WILL'S OFFICE
ALICIA'S APARTMENT
  ZACH'S BEDROOM
  VARIOUS ROOMS
  LIVING ROOM
  DINING ROOM
ALICIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING
  LANDING
  ELEVATOR
  FOURTH FLOOR LANDING
SIMRAN'S APARTMENT
DEPAUL COLLEGE OF LAW
  TEACHER'S ROOM
  CLOAK ROOM
  COURT
BROADVIEW ICE PROCESSING CENTER - HEARING ROOM
STORE
PUJARI TRAVEL & TOURS
MCHENRY DETENTION CENTER
NORTH POND RESTAURANT
CARY'S CAR
SECOND INDIAN MARKET

Exteriors:

ALICIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING
BROADVIEW ICE PROCESSING CENTER
PUJARI TRAVEL & TOURS
INDIAN MARKET
TEASER

1

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT – ZACH’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Rewind. We’re back in the middle of ALICIA and PETER’s argument (from episode 118). But we’re watching it from the kids’ rooms now. Too far away to hear it all...

PETER
Alicia-- I was trying to protect our family. That’s what you saw.

ALICIA
No. You weren’t. This has never been about your family. This has been about you--

And backing out, we see we’re peering through a small gap in Zach’s bedroom door, ZACH leaning by it, trying to hear...

PETER (O.S.)
That’s not true.

ALICIA (O.S.)
It is. And you know what, I’m finished. I’m done.

GRACE
(a whisper)
They’re fighting.

Zach looks up, nods. GRACE, coming through their shared bathroom, homework interrupted, crosses to lean next to him, listen too. The sound of the front door opening.

ALICIA (O.S.)
It’s over, Peter. It’s my turn to be selfish.

GRACE
(whispering)
Mom’s leaving?

ZACH
I don’t know.

They hear a last plea from Peter...

PETER (O.S.)
When are you coming home?

A mumbled reply, then silence. And the two kids slump.

(CONTINUED)
GRACE
They’re gonna divorce?

ZACH
We don’t know that.

GRACE
Mom just left. She just walked out the door.

ZACH
I don’t know-- We’ll be okay.

Grace slumps beside him. Two scared kids.

GRACE
I was liking dad home too. It was like before.

Zach nods when suddenly-- WHAAAAHHH-- a SIREN-like sound blares. Grace and Zach look at each other. Zach pushes the door open, and they start toward...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT
...the front door, carefully. The siren coming from there.

ZACH
Dad?

The two turn into the foyer, see the front door wide open. The HMD unit blinking, blaring angrily. He sprints out the door, turns the corner to...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - LANDING - NIGHT
...the elevator, but it’s closed. Zach places his ear to it. The sound of the elevator moving. He looks back toward Grace in the apartment doorway, eyes meeting: oh my god. As...

EXT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT
...Alicia sees a cab approaching, waves for it. Out of service, it passes. Alicia lowers her hand, looks at the ring on her finger. Considers it. She hears her cellphone ring. Checks the caller. “Will.” Answering:

ALICIA
Hi.
INT. 28TH FLOOR - WILL’S OFFICE - NIGHT

WILL pulls a new shirt out of his office drawer:

WILL
Hey. I was just— I have a reservation at North Pond. In forty minutes. If that’s alright?

ALICIA
It’s alright.

WILL
You’re sure?

ALICIA
I’m trying to be spontaneous these days.

Will chuckles, but hears the tension in her voice. Not sure whether to comment on that. No.

WILL
Okay, I’ll see you then. Okay?

ALICIA
Yes.

EXT. ALICIA’S APT. BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT

Alicia hangs up, waves down a cab. Opens the door when she...

...pauses, seeing a man approaching. Crossing the street toward her. It takes Alicia a disbelieving second, watching the man approach. And she suddenly gasps, realizing it’s...

...Peter. Alicia slams the cab door, rushes toward him, horrified. A concerned gasp:

ALICIA
Peter, no.

PETER
I love you.

ALICIA
No, you can’t be down here! No--

Alicia looks around, horrified! As Peter finds himself single-minded, only eyes for her...

PETER
Just don’t leave me.

(CONTINUED)
Alicia takes him by the arm, drags him back...

ALICIA
You need to be upstairs--

PETER
I can’t lose you. I can’t lose Zach and Grace--

But she hits speed-dial on her cell, rushing, pulling him--

ALICIA
Daniel, Daniel Golden, please. Tell him it’s an emergency. I don’t care where he is! Peter is going to be arrested in about twenty minutes!

Meanwhile--

OMITTED

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT

--WAHHHHH- the siren still blares as Grace races through the apartment, panicked-- through the kitchen-- to Peter’s room:

GRACE
Dad! Dad!

Empty. Crying, she turns back toward the master bedroom, yelling-- DAD!-- but Zach is already there, shaking his head. But they hear--

--ding-dong-- the doorbell. Their eyes widening, they race back to the foyer to find someone at the open front door--

AMAL VERMA, (20’s) East Indian descent, born in America. Studious, guileless. Yelling:

AMAL
Is everything alright?! My mom’s getting complaints from the tenants.

But before they can answer-- ring-- the kitchen phone rings. And Grace and Zach spin toward it: a more horrifying sound.

GRACE
That’s the police.
(Zach starts toward it)
No, wait-- don’t!

(CONTINUED)
ZACH
Grace, we have five rings or dad’s going to prison.

GRACE
But dad has to answer!

ZACH
We’ll say we’re getting him.

GRACE
Oh my god.

ZACH
That’s four rings. One of us has to get it.

A millisecond stand-off. Then Grace snatches it, surprising Zach.

GRACE
Hello.

SERGEANT (V.O.)
This is Sergeant Thacker at HMD Center, please identify yourself.

GRACE
This is Grace. Grace Florrick.

Zach grimaces at Grace: what are you going to say?

SERGEANT (V.O.)
We’ve received an alert there’s been an unauthorized breach of the perimeter; please put Mr. Florrick on the line.

GRACE
That’s my dad. I um...

SERGEANT (V.O.)
Please, put your father on the line. I need to speak to him now.

GRACE
Hold on, I have to find him.

Grace puts down the phone, Zach whispering sharply...

(CONTINUED)
ZACH
Say he’s in the shower. I’ll go downstairs--

GRACE
No, no, no.

But Zach is already racing out the door past a bewildered Amal toward the elevator, pushing the button, trying to get the elevator back, while...

...Grace goes to the master bedroom door. Opens and closes it for the sound effect. Also for effect:

GRACE (CONT’D)
“Dad, there’s a man on the phone.”

Grace makes momentary panicked eye contact with Amal on the sideline of this little drama, then returns to the phone, picks it up...

GRACE (CONT’D)
I’m sorry, he’s in the shower. He said he’ll be right out.

SERGEANT (V.O.)
He’s not there, is he?

GRACE
He’s here. He’s just in the shower. He’s rushing.

SERGEANT (V.O.)
This is my last request for you to put Mr. Florrick on the phone.

GRACE
“Dad?! He needs you right now.”

And-- click-- the Sergeant hangs up. Grace looks up, near tears. Zach sees her putting down the phone, returns.

GRACE (CONT’D)
They’re gonna take dad.

Zach takes a second. A grown-up second. Thinking about it. Coming to a thought. Then he moves-- fast. And we’re with him, racing into...

...his bedroom, digging in his closet. A pile of clothes, layers of junk, then a forgotten and neglected SKATEBOARD. He digs it out, starts out, determined toward...

(CONTINUED)
...the front door, going to the threshold, seeing Amal peering at the blaring HMD unit.

ZACH
Amal, back up.

Amal does, as Grace stares at Zach, their eyes connecting: “What are you doing?” And--

--WHAM! Zach slams his skateboard across the screeching HMD, plunging it into silence. A serious, almost grim, silence. The unit now in pieces. Grace looks at Zach, some shared understanding of what he’s doing. In the quiet.

Zach takes the skateboard, backs up into the middle of the foyer, stares at the spot on the bookcase where the HMD was situated, expertly steps onto the skateboard-- starts with an high ollie, stepping on the tail, and...

...flips the board up into Crooked Grind against the spot on the bookshelf, and--

--CRASH!-- he lands wiping out on the floor, as--

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

--Peter and Alicia stand in the elevator. In pale silence.

ALICIA
What do we do?... Peter?

Peter reaches out a hand. Alicia looks at it, reaches out.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
You’re going back to prison.

PETER
I know.

And-- ding-- the elevator arrives, and--

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - LANDING - NIGHT

--an exiting Alicia and Peter find chaos. Amal kneeling beside an injured Zach on the floor, groaning in pain, and Grace on the phone. Peter immediately hops into the action:
PETER
What happened, Zach? Are you okay?

ZACH
My arm, I was skateboarding--

Alicia eyes her son, then turns to Grace on the phone...

GRACE
No, he’s here. My dad’s right here. No, it was the skateboard.

Alicia looks toward the HMD unit, broken, as Peter lifts him:

PETER
It’s okay. I’ve got you.

Zach nods and Alicia watches Peter carry his son to the couch. An almost heroic image. Then she turns, hearing Grace on the phone, lying...

GRACE
No, he never left. My dad’s with my brother. He’s bleeding--

ALICIA
Grace...
(a whisper)
...what’re you doing?

Grace looks up at her mom, her eyes tear-stained. Covers the receiver.

GRACE
Keeping dad.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - LANDING - NIGHT

The open apartment door. The sound of walkie-talkies. Cops moving. An hour later. And we find ourselves with...

...a woman pausing, staring at the open door. ELSBETH TASCIONI. Well-dressed but vaguely loopy. A female Columbo. 12 thoughts dancing in her head: 10 good. We follow her into...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

...Alicia’s apartment. She looks around. For some reason she concentrates on the foyer bookcases, touching the wood when she hears the SHERIFF (from episode 114) in the kitchen questioning Amal...

SHERIFF
And when you first arrived at the apartment, did you see Mr. Florrick?

Amal looks past the sheriff toward Grace who pleads with him with her eyes. The sheriff doesn’t notice this, but Elsbeth does. Always observant.

AMAL
Yes.

SHERIFF
You’re sure?

AMAL
Yeah, he just got out of the shower.

Grace nods her thanks to Amal.

SHERIFF
And your mother is the building manager?

AMAL
Yes, on the fourth floor. I came up because we got some complaints about the noise.

SHERIFF
Do you have some ID?

Amal reaches into his pocket as Elsbeth moves on, bored. She bores easily. She sees in the living room Zach, Alicia applying cotton swabs to his head, whispering...

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
What were you thinking?

ZACH
They were going to arrest--

But Alicia shushes him, seeing Elsbeth peering in.

ALICIA
Hello?

ELSBETH
These are beautiful bookcases.

And she moves on. Alicia looks after her: what the hell? But we stay with Elsbeth seeing a skateboard in the foyer. A scar on the wall from the skateboard hit. She considers it. Looks toward...

...several wires running up to where the HMD unit was. The phone and power lines. She studies them. Takes out her cellphone, takes a picture. And another.

ALICIA
Excuse me. This is my house.

ELSBETH
Yes, it’s lovely. Did you have a designer?

ALICIA
(stares at her)
Are you with the police?

But the Sheriff interrupts...

SHERIFF
Mrs. Florrick, your daughter said the HMD sent a false positive because your son was...
(cheks his notes)
...attempting a Crooked Grind and slammed into it?

ALICIA
Sheriff-- she’s just a kid.

SHERIFF
Meaning, what? She’s lying?

ELSBETH
Officer, if I could interrupt--
He turns to a pleasant and unassuming Elsbeth.

ELSBETH (CONT’D)
Good evening first of all. I’m going to ask Mr. and Mrs. Florrick not to answer any more of your questions. Mrs. Florrick, I am your new lawyer, and I ask that all questions be directed through me.

Alicia looks toward her, surprised.

SHERIFF
I could drag Mr. Florrick in right now.

ELSBETH
Yes, I understand that. And where was Mr. Florrick when you arrived in the apartment?

SHERIFF
He didn’t answer his HMD call--

ELSBETH
Due to the fact that his son was injured, bleeding from a skateboarding accident. Again, where did you find Mr. Florrick?

SHERIFF
We received a warning of the perimeter being breached.

ELSBETH
Due to a malfunctioning unit. You found Mr. Florrick in his apartment, didn’t you?

SHERIFF
Because he returned.

ELSBETH
Or never left. Who installed the HMD unit?

SHERIFF
The--? Who? I did. Why?

ELSBETH
Do you know what an OHS clip is? (Sheriff stares at her) (MORE)
An itty-bitty wire clip-- about this big-- it’s required by the sheriff’s department whenever the HMD is installed: one clip for every one foot of wire. Do you know how much wire you installed?

She nods toward the wire and the demolished unit.

**SHERIFF**
Who are you?

**ELSBETH**

Alicia eyes Elsbeth, starting to like her.

**SHERIFF**
People don’t want permanent fixtures in their houses.

**ELSBETH**
Well, that is very kind of you, Sheriff, but it’s still an infraction. And unfortunately in this case your loose wire is what tripped up young Mr. Florrick’s skateboard, causing his injury.

Elsbeth smiles blissfully. The frustrated Sheriff turns away as Alicia smiles at Elsbeth...

**ALICIA**
Thank you.

**ELSBETH**
You know, I wish I had an eye with color. I’m always putting oranges with reds. Is that you?

**ALICIA**
Is that...?

Oh, a cellphone ring. Alicia slips it out of her pocket, turning away. She checks the caller. “Will.” Oh God no! She completely forgot Will is waiting at a restaurant for her. To herself...

**ALICIA (CONT’D)**
Oh no.

(CONTINUED)
She answers...

ALICIA (CONT’D)

Will, I’m so sorry. It’s been chaos here.
INT. NORTH POND RESTAURANT - NIGHT

...Will sits alone at a table in a restaurant. On his cell:

WILL
Hey, is everything alright?
(listens)
Oh my god. No, no, take care of it... No, no, I'm fine. Don't be. It's okay. We'll talk tomorrow. No, no, go.

And Will hangs up, sits there a minute, considering it. He sees a couple at another table. The woman reaching across, taking the man’s hand. Committed.

Will. A decision crosses his face. He takes out his cellphone again. Hits speed dial.

WILL (CONT’D)
Hey, Sadie. Sorry for flaking out on you. No, my emergency fell through. Do you wanna--
(laughs at her)
What favor? I break a date, and I have to perform a favor?

EXT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET - MORNING


INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT - VARIOUS ROOMS - MORNING

Alicia. Up early, dressed for work. She sits alone in the kitchen-- the quietest moment of the day-- thinking. She peers toward the bonus room door. She gets up, goes to it. Closed. Alicia starts toward...

...the front door, sees a new HMD unit there. Bigger, more secure, wire fastened to the wall. Alicia focuses on the scar from the skateboard. Some broken bookcase molding. And...

EXT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

...ding-- she exits the building and starts toward her car when she passes...
...the Sheriff and another officer heading in: toward the elevator. Ummm. What now? Alicia pauses, considers it, reverses course, starts in,...

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - MORNING

...sticking her arm into the closing elevator. She slips in and the elevator starts up. Alicia staring at the Sheriff and the other tall officer.

ALICIA
What’s wrong?

SHERIFF
(unfriendly now)
I’m not headed toward your floor.

Alicia looks toward the pressed button. Number 4. Oh.

Ding-- the elevator stops on the 4th floor; the sheriff and officer get out, go to an open apartment door. Just a glimpse of another man inside. Alicia considers it, lets the elevator doors close. Starts down again.

Alicia runs through the possibilities. What’s going on? She pauses, then... raises a finger toward the 4th floor button. Pushes it. And...

INT. ALICIA’S APT. BUILDING - FOURTH FLOOR LANDING - MORNING

...ding-- Alicia gets off on the 4th floor, approaches the open door, seeing the Sheriff and two cops inside, observing a quiet conversation. Alicia peers past their shoulders at...

INT. SIMRAN’S APT. - DAY

...a suited man sitting across from Amal...

BELKIN
You don’t need to be nervous, I’m your friend here.

A-USA CLAY BELKIN, (30’s), a young Robert Kennedy: committed, over-zealous, a political survivor. Amal nervous:

AMAL
They’re not mine. Really.

“Mine?” Alicia peers toward two passports, three driver’s licenses, two credit cards on a coffee table.

(CONTINUED)
BELKIN
The Sheriff ran your ID last night, Amal, and it triggered a red flag warning to--me. You see, there are a dozen other credit cards, driver’s licenses, and passports with your name on it. Do you know how that could’ve happened?

AMAL
No. I don’t.

Alicia hears a tea kettle, turns to see a nervous SIMRAN VERMA (40’s) preparing tea in the kitchen. Amal’s mother, conservatively dressed, more maitre’d than building super. Always polite. Unlike her kids, a slight Indian accent. Alicia goes to her.

ALICIA
Is everything alright, Simran?

SIMRAN
Oh, Alicia, yes. I just-- they have a few questions for Amal-- that’s all-- about his work.

ALICIA
Do you want me to... do anything?

SIMRAN
Oh, I don’t know. They said it would only take a minute. Amal isn’t in trouble. I...

But that’s all Simran can get out: her lip quivering. Alicia nods, slips back out toward the cops. The discussion more heated.

BELKIN
You don’t want to get in trouble, Amal.

AMAL
No.

BELKIN
Then why aren’t you answering honestly?

AMAL
I am answering honestly.
ALICIA
Excuse me, gentlemen. Is Mr. Amal a suspect?

All the cops turn to Alicia. Silence. Alicia very aware she’s the shortest person in the room.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
Because if so, you should probably read him his rights.

BELKIN
He’s not a suspect at this time. We’re asking a few questions, that’s all. Mrs. Florrick, is it?

ALICIA
Yes. You just accused him of being dishonest and warned him he could get into trouble.

Belkin trades a look with the Sheriff...

BELKIN
We are trying to ascertain his connection to an identity theft ring.

ALICIA
Simran, I think you should invite these gentlemen to leave.

BELKIN
We only need a few more minutes, Mrs. Verma.

ALICIA
If you don’t want them here, Simran, you can ask them to leave.

Simran looks from Alicia to Belkin: hates being on the spot.

SIMRAN
Gentlemen, would you please leave?

INT. SIMRAN’S APT. - TWO MINUTES LATER - DAY

The door closes: authorities gone. And Simran stares at Amal.

AMAL
I didn’t do anything wrong, mom. I swear.
Alicia hands them her card, checks her watch...

   ALICIA
   My guess is they're just fishing.
   Look, I have to rush to work, but if
   they come back, just give me a call.

   SIMRAN
   Thank you, Alicia.

And Alicia rushes out the door, then...

   INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

   ...rushes through another one. Now at work. Heading toward
   Will’s office. To WILL’S ASSISTANT:

   ALICIA
   Does he have a moment?

   WILL’S ASSISTANT
   Actually, Will’s out today.

   ALICIA
   He’s--? Oh, court?

   WILL’S ASSISTANT
   No. Volunteer work. All very last
   minute. He’s out until Thursday.

   ALICIA
   Thursday?

Alicia pauses. Uh-oh. She considers it, starts away, not
what she expected. As...

   INT. DEPAUL COLLEGE OF LAW - TEACHER’S ROOM - DAY

   WILL
   So this is the favor?

Will and SADIE HART (39). Sexy Sadie. College Prof. A few
wrinkles, but it adds to her Rene Russo good looks.

   SADIE
   For an old college chum. Very hot.

Will in a judge’s robe.

   WILL
   That’s right, you have a thing for
   judges.

   (CONTINUED)
SADIE
My first husband.

Will checks himself out in a mirror:

WILL
You’re right. Not half bad. I wonder if I can get it fitted.

Sadie laughs. And...

INT. DEPAUL COLLEGE OF LAW - COURT - DAY

PATRICK
Objection, your honor.

PATRICK BIGELOW (24), an intense, fussy, and acne-scarred third-year law student, jumps up at the prosecution table:

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Calls for speculation. The question asks Mr. Hunter to guess the answer rather than to rely on facts.

GIADA
Yes, that is the definition of “speculation,” congratulations Mr. Bigelow. Too bad I didn’t do that.

GIADA CABRINI (25), the cross-examining “defense attorney.” Smart as a whip, sexy as a model, argumentative as a political panelist, Giada encourages similes. Lots of them.

WILL
Miss Cabrini, the prosecutor has both correctly defined the objection and accurately ascertained what was objectionable. Sustained.

Will. On the bench. Surprised he’s enjoying himself. Law school mock trial. Looks like a real court: bench high, prosecution, defense tables, jury, gallery.

GIADA
Exception.

WILL
Noted. When you go to mock trial appeal court, Miss Cabrini, you can argue it there.

(CONTINUED)
Laughter from the gallery. Students. Will smiles, pleased with himself, shooting a glance toward Sadie in the front row. She smiles back, as an intense Giada turns to the witness:

GIADA
Now, Mr. Hunter, I just want to understand the sequence of events here. You said you saw my clients entering the cottage?

And Giada points toward her two clients: male and female.

HUNTER
Yes. I was hunting in the forest when I heard a scream.

GIADA
Actually you said “screams.”

HUNTER
Yes, screams.

GIADA
And you said you recognized these screams as belonging to the witch?

HUNTER
That’s right. She lives there.

GIADA
Now how does that work, Mr. Hunter, how do you recognize a scream?

HUNTER
What do you mean?

GIADA
Had you ever heard the witch’s scream before?

HUNTER
No. But she lives in that gingerbread house.

GIADA
And you just assumed it was the witch’s scream? Coming from inside her oven?

HUNTER
No, I recognized her voice.

(CONTINUED)
Will’s phone vibrates. He reaches under his robe, checks the caller. “Alicia Florrick.” Considers it.

GIADA
Ah, you have the power to distinguish between screams? What about this one?

And SCREEEEEEEEM! Giada screams. Startled, Will looks up from his cell.

PATRICK
OBJECTION, your honor!

WILL
Miss Cabrini-- sustained!

GIADA
Sustained what? What’s the objection?

Patrick is lost: not sure. Will fills in...

WILL
Badgering the witness.

GIADA
You’re arguing the prosecution’s case, your honor.

WILL
(starting to get heated)
Excuse me, Miss Cabrini, I am not doing anything of the sort--

SADIE
Okay, let’s leave it there.

Sadie standing in the front row, interrupting.

SADIE (CONT’D)
We’ll pick it up tomorrow. Now remember: even though this is a mock trial, I don’t want the jury discussing the case. This is not a joke. Grades depend on its outcome. And let’s thank our judge, Mr. Will Gardner for volunteering his time.

She claps. And the rest of the class claps too. As Will, still a bit in the heat of the moment, eyes Giada who only taps her hands politely. And...
...Alicia sits with CARY, and four other Associates in the small conference room, going through a brief.

CARY
Anyone else bothered by the argument on page 18? Mid-page.

ALICIA
You mean mine?

CARY
Well, I didn’t know it was yours; I just find the citings... off-topic. Our clients are suing because their video game was stolen, that’s all.

ALICIA
Well, I’m here to listen, Cary. So tell me how my citings could be more--on topic?

But Alicia pauses, sees a receptionist escorting two people toward her office. Amal and his sister, FRIDA (21)-- working undergrad, jeans, boots, hip blouse.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
One minute.

Alicia gets up, leaves. Cary watches her go, eyes Frida and Amal, as...

...KALINDA falls in beside Alicia.

KALINDA
What’s up?

ALICIA
Nothing. Neighbor kids who need help.

KALINDA
Want me to get rid of them?

ALICIA
(smiles)
No. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)
KALINDA

Billable hours, Alicia. Your little contest is coming to an end and Cary has his eyes on the prize. Billable hours.
ALICIA
Thanks, Kalinda. I’m fine.

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

Amal and Frida. Mid-conversation....

FRIDA
Sorry, but we didn’t know who else to contact.

ALICIA
It’s alright. What happened?

AMAL
They came for her an hour after you left.

FRIDA
They can’t just take her away, can they?

AMAL
This is about me. They want me.

ALICIA
I-- wait, who came?

Kalinda leans in the office door, listens in...

FRIDA
Mom was going out to the grocery store when... this van-- these men got out, and took her. All we got was this phone number to call. (hands Alicia a card) The line’s been busy all day.

Kalinda peers over her shoulder at the card.

KALINDA
Immigration.

ALICIA
But your mom-- I thought-- isn’t she a citizen?


(CONTINUED)
FRIDA
She spent eight thousand dollars on an immigration attorney who ripped her off and never filed for a Green Card. So she just gave up.

AMAL
She’s lived here 27 years.

Kalinda eyes Alicia, sees her warming toward them.

KALINDA
Look, I have a few names of immigration attorneys. I’ll get them for you.

But Amal and Frida stare at Alicia.

INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY

Alicia and Kalinda start away...

KALINDA
You’re such a pushover.

ALICIA
I am not; I’m responsible.
(off Kalinda’s look: a boast?)
No, I mean, responsible for the Feds questioning him.

KALINDA
(oh)
Alicia. You’re not responsible for everything bad in the world.

ALICIA
Where would they put her? The mom?

KALINDA
Broadview, McHenry Detention, general population at Cook County. They make it a shell game.

ALICIA
But you could find her?

KALINDA
So you’re the pushover, but I’m the one who actually does the work?

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
No, that’s okay, I’ll do it. I’m fine.

And Alicia starts toward her office, smiling, knowing Kalinda will crumble. And...

EXT. BROADVIEW ICE PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

A squat nondescript windowless building. Bland 1990s government architecture. Inside...

INT. BROADVIEW ICE PROCESSING CENTER - HEARING ROOM - DAY

...the hearing room is more DMV than Federal court. A scared Simran is led into the room by two guards.

FRIDA
Mom!

Frida and Amal behind a barrier with Alicia, Kalinda. Not much room for spectators. Simran turns, waves as Alicia nods to Kalinda:

ALICIA
Thanks.

KALINDA
Hey. My good deed for the year.

Alicia moves up to Simran, a grateful Simran...

SIMRAN
Thank you, Mrs. Florryck.

COURT CLERK
Please stand on the lines.

A COURT CLERK points toward two taped marks on the floor. Alicia looks oddly at this, but they obey as...

COURT CLERK (CONT’D)
All rise please. The Honorable Judge Gordon Tomlin presiding.

And-- click-- a TV screen on the table at the front is turned on. IMMIGRATION JUDGE GORDON TOMLIN (44). African-American. A good guy, though over-busy. His face fills the screen. And Alicia realizes the reason for the marks: two video cameras are turned on: one for their table, one for the prosecution’s. BRAZIL by way of today’s immigration courts.

(CONTINUED)
JUDGE TOMLIN (ON SCREEN)
I am Judge Tomlin; presiding
immigration judge via closed-circuit in
Miami, currently presiding over Cook
County ICE. Are we ready, Miss--?

SHEILA BOW
--Bow. Yes, your honor.

ICE “prosecutor” SHEILA BOW (30s) a grown-up girl scout.

SHEILA BOW (CONT’D)
ICE is petitioning the court for
summary judgement on Simran Verma’s
immediate removal and deportation
to her native India.

Everything moves quickly, efficiently here. A racing
monotone. Alicia trying to catch up...

ALICIA
Your honor, I’m sorry-- Simran has
lived in America for 27 years--

JUDGE TOMLIN (ON SCREEN)
Too loud for the microphone, ma’am.

Oh. Alicia lowers her voice.

ALICIA
Mrs. Verma has demonstrated good
moral character, supports herself as
a building manager, and would be
subjected to undue hardship by being
separated from her American-born
children. She more than qualifies
for adjusted resident status.

Simran looks back toward Frida and Amal, offers a comforting
smile.

SHEILA BOW
Your honor, I have a copy of
Simran’s application for a driver’s
license from the DMV.

Alicia looks up: uh-oh. As Kalinda also frowns, sees where
this is going.

(CONTINUED)
SHEILA BOW (CONT’D)
On the application, she checked the voter registration box thus making a false claim of citizenship: a Federal offense.

ALICIA
Your honor, these forms are confusing and often filled out by rote--

SHEILA BOW
The application clearly states that making a false claim is a serious Federal offense. Mrs. Verma should be permanently inadmissible as a citizen of the United States.

ALICIA
Your honor, her ties to America are strong--

JUDGE TOMLIN (ON SCREEN)
Too close to the microphone again, ma’am. Summary judgment approved. Mrs. Verma’s deportation is approved. Next case.

ALICIA
Your honor, please--

But the screen goes blank. No one to argue with. Kafka for the 21st century. The guards take Simran’s arms. Her eyes wide, appalled:

SIMRAN
What do I do? Mrs. Florrick!
(calling back)
Frida, Amal!

They yell “Mom” back as she’s taken from court. Gone. Oh my god, Alicia turns: that was so fast. Horribly fast. She sees Kalinda, then looks past her and sees a man waiting at the back of the court. AUSA Belkin.

KALINDA
What?

Alicia shakes her head, starts toward him, Kalinda following.

ALICIA
So that’s what this is about?
BELKIN
I won’t confirm or deny, but it would’ve been better if you’d let us question him, ma’am.

ALICIA
What do you want?

BELKIN
Identity theft is a multi-billion dollar burr in the side of America. All I ask is that Amal do his patriotic duty and help us bring down a major player.

ALICIA
He does that, you’ll stop his mom’s deportation?

BELKIN
I’ll put in a good word.

And Belkin starts out of court. Alicia watches him go. Kalinda frowns:

KALINDA
That’s the problem with good deeds. They multiply.

END OF ACT ONE
A laughing DIANE. She stares at Will’s robe on a hanger.

WILL
What, I got it cleaned?

DIANE
So this is why you dropped all your appointments for the next two days?

WILL
Hey, doing good for the community, keeping an eye on the law school prospects.

DIANE
And of course there’s always your good friend, Professor Sadie Hart.

WILL
You know what, I’m not a bad judge.

DIANE
(chuckles)
What’s the case?

WILL
The mock trial? It’s...
(pauses)
...a murder. Double defendants. Brother and sister.

DIANE
And the victim?

WILL
A... homeowner.

Diane eyes Will, his embarrassment...

DIANE
It’s a fairy tale, isn’t it?

WILL
Hansel and Gretel.
(Diane laughs)
But it brings up some interesting legal issues: trespass, Castle Laws--

(CONTINUED)
DIANE
Eating other people’s houses?

Will’s Assistant leans in the door:

WILL’S ASSISTANT
Oh, Will, Alicia dropped by yesterday wanting a few minutes.

Will pauses as Diane eyes him...

WILL
Okay. Got it.

The assistant closes the door...

DIANE
We have to deal with that too.

WILL
That?

DIANE
The Junior Associate position. Cary or Alicia. We said six months; it’s been seven.

WILL
Bad economy to drop somebody.

DIANE
You’re not getting cold feet?

WILL
Next week.

DIANE
Next week.

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

Amal and Frida sit on the couch...

ALICIA
They think your work is a front for selling stolen IDs.

FRIDA
The travel agency?
KALINDA
They traced the false IDs to that address. Have you seen anything there?

Kalinda in the doorway, indifferent. Alicia at her desk.

AMAL
No. But-- I haven’t wanted to see.

FRIDA
He’ll get our mom a visa? This Belkin? If Amal cooperates?

KALINDA
Yes. Thew feds want you to download three files from your boss’s computer: PAL-one, two, three.

Silence. Frida looks at Amal, a hesitant Amal.

FRIDA
It’s mom. You have to, Amal.

AMAL
I know.

INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY

Alicia and Kalinda lean against an assistant’s desk, watch the siblings argue in Alicia’s office...

ALICIA
You seem less than sympathetic?

KALINDA
Their mom’s illegal.

ALICIA
With 27 years in this country.

KALINDA
27 years of being illegal.

ALICIA
(looks at her)
I would’ve thought you’d be more sympathetic.

KALINDA
(smiles)
Why?

(MORE)
Because my parents immigrated here legally you thought I’d be more sympathetic to someone who immigrated here illegally?

ALICIA
My mistake.

KALINDA
I buy a car, you think I’d be more sympathetic to someone who steals one?

ALICIA
Okay, I get it.

CARY
So, who are they?

Cary approaching, nodding toward Frida and Amal arguing.

KALINDA
Big case. Can’t talk about it.

CARY
Yeah. They’re the video game clients, right?

KALINDA
Can’t talk about it, Cary.

Cary eyes the siblings as Alicia sees across the bullpen...

...Will coming down the stairs. He sees her, stops, nods. She nods too, starts off toward him. As Cary keeps watching Frida and Amal discussing.

CARY
You need some help with it? I know the gamer world.

But Kalinda smiles, starts off.

INT. 27TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Will closes the conference room door. Just him and Alicia.

WILL
Hey, sorry I didn’t return your call right away. I’m on this... mock trial thing at DePaul.

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
That’s alright. I was just making sure everything was alright. After the other night.

The door bursts open. Laughing assistants with salads.

WILL
One minute.

Right, the assistants back away. Just Alicia and Will again.

WILL (CONT’D)
Everything’s alright.

ALICIA
You sure? Because I’m... sorry.

WILL
Alicia, you have no reason to be sorry. I was pushing a situation that was wrong to push.

The words sound final. Alicia isn’t sure what to think.

ALICIA
You weren’t.

WILL
I was. I have to go. Don’t worry. We’re good. We’re gonna be good.

And with that he’s gone; out the door. Alicia leans there a second. Unsatisfied. And alone.

OMITTED

INT. STORE / EXT. PUJARI TRAVEL & TOURS – DAY

Amal nervously fiddles with a small FLASH DRIVE, eyeing the Pujari TRAVEL AGENCY in the MINI-MALL down the street.

AMAL
“PAL-one, two, three?”

ALICIA
Yes, just three files. That’s all they want. You won’t be alone. Look.

She points to TWO SEDANS parked up the street.

(CONTINUED)
AMAL
Did you tell them about the Pujari brothers?

ALICIA
Belkin knows your bosses are potentially dangerous. He also knows you’ve done nothing wrong.

AMAL
And he’ll keep his promise to release my mother?

ALICIA
We have a deal in writing.

Amal nods, goes to the door. Sweating, nervous:

AMAL
Here I go.

ALICIA
Amal. Take a deep breath. Just think of your mom. I have somebody in there if anything goes wrong. Okay?

Amal nods. He crosses the street toward the mini-mall.

INT. PUJARI TRAVEL & TOURS - DAY

A niche travel agency. Catering to the Indian community. India travel posters. Indian employees. Several desks. A TRAVEL AGENT helping INDIAN CUSTOMERS.

Amal enters, nods to the other agent, crosses toward the backroom, seeing, then double-taking at...

...one of the customers. Kalinda. She frowns slightly at him: act casual. Right, he does so, entering the backroom.

Kalinda thumbs a travel brochure, glancing toward the GLASS WINDOWED BACK OFFICE where the PUJARI BROTHERS confer. At their dimensions, you’d never mistake them for Bollywood dancers. Amal nods to them, drops his daypack, coat, starts back toward the front when...

...klink-- he drops his flash-drive.

Dammit, Kalinda eyes him, alarmed: pick it up. He does so nervously, shooting a look back toward the brothers, oblivious, as... Kalinda exhales. And...

(CONTINUED)
...Amal crosses to a computer on the main counter, slips out his flash-drive, hand shaking. Kalinda approaches him:

KALINDA  
Sir, are there any direct flights to Agra? 
(sotto)  
Stay calm.

AMAL  
When have you ever known someone to stay calm when you tell them to “stay calm”?

KALINDA  
Why don’t you turn the screen toward me so I can see the flights to Agra?

INT. STORE / EXT. PUJARI TRAVEL & TOURS - DAY

Alicia watches Amal and Kalinda through the window. Hard to see. Too many travel posters in the way.

INT. PUJARI TRAVEL & TOURS - DAY

The screen. Turned slightly toward Kalinda, as Amal’s hand shakes on the mouse, trying to scroll down a list of files.

AMAL  
Where is it?

KALINDA  
Try a search.

Kalinda looks toward the glass office, but one of the Pujari Brothers is exiting, starting toward the front.

KALINDA (CONT’D)  
Okay. Just one of them is heading our way. So minimize the screen.

Amal shakes, as he minimizes the screen, but Kalinda sees...

...the brother stop at a desk, remove a SMALL TIN BOX. He calls over his brother and shows him the contents of it.

Kalinda tries to pick up their conversation. Hindi. One of the brothers looks up at Kalinda who quickly averts her eyes to a model elephant on the counter. A sharp whisper:

(CONTINUED)
AMAL

Found it.

The files. “PAL1. PAL2. PAL3.”

KALINDA

Good. They’re not looking.

Amal subtly slips the flash drive into his computer terminal, clicks the keyboard. The drive illuminates.

Kalinda looks back toward the Pujari Brothers, sees one suddenly checking his BLACKBERRY... Freezing. Something’s up. He shows the text message to his brother, who anxiously looks out toward the street.

Shit. Kalinda frowns, alarmed, watching one of the brothers slip his SIM card out of his Blackberry into a water pitcher, while the other hides the TIN BOX in a secret stash BENEATH THE ARMREST OF HIS CHAIR.

KALINDA (CONT’D)

Damn. Keep going.

The Pujari Brothers rush across the room and out the front door, and--

EXT. PUJARI TRAVEL & TOURS - DAY

...the street is filled with shouts--“Hands on your head! Now! Hands on your head!”-- a sudden charge of Feds with guns, Belkin in the lead...

BELKIN

Federal agents, don’t move!

As...

INT. PUJARI TRAVEL & TOURS - DAY

...Kalinda skirts into the backroom, reaches under the armrest of the chair, finding the tin box. She slips it into her jacket.

INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY

Alicia and Belkin argue soundlessly in the conference room as a nervous Amal watches from a chair outside. Cary sees him, passes. Returns. Sits beside him.

CARY

I’m a big gamer.
Amal looks over at him.

CARY (CONT’D)
At school, they used to call me the thumb-meister. “Grand Theft Auto,” you know.

Amal just stares at him as...

INT. 27TH FLOOR – CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

ALICIA
What do you mean, you’re not releasing Simran? We had a deal.

Alicia and Belkin go at it.

BELKIN
Right. We had a deal. Your boy blew it apart.

ALICIA
What? Amal got you the data.

BELKIN
He also warned the Pujari Brothers to get out.

ALICIA
No, he didn’t.

BELKIN
Someone sent them a text.

ALICIA
You still got what you wanted. You made the arrest.

BELKIN
I didn’t want to bust the Brothers. I wanted their buyer. We only arrested them so they didn’t take off on us. Now the whole operation will scatter. Because of your client, eight months of work are shot to hell.

ALICIA
And Simran? What about Simran?

BELKIN
Mrs. Verma? Deportation.

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
Belkin, this is--

BELKIN
No, ma’am, you know what this is? The law. She broke the law. And now she’s paying the consequences.

INT. DEPAUL COLLEGE OF LAW - CLOAK ROOM - DAY

Mock court over, Will changes out of his robe, hangs it carefully on a hanger, studies it.

GIADA
Mr. Gardner, do you have a moment?

Will turns. Giada at the door of the cloak room.

WILL
Sure. What do you need?

GIADA
What am I doing wrong?

WILL
What are you--? I didn’t know you were doing anything wrong.

GIADA
There have been 38 objections, and I’ve lost 34. So what am I doing?

WILL
(smiles knowingly)
Well, at the moment what you are doing is playing the ref.

Giada smiles. Nods, acknowledging it.

GIADA
Okay. But tell me. Teach me.

WILL
You want me to tell you why I’m deciding against you?

GIADA
Yes. Half those objections could’ve gone either way.
WILL
That’s not true. Where you from? Chicago?

GIADA
Is this important for the lesson?

WILL
This is important for a life lesson. A judge asks you a question, you answer. You don’t come back with another question.

GIADA
Why?

WILL
Because court is a lesson in humility. And you just came back with another question.

GIADA
So you’re deciding against me because I’m not humble?

WILL
No, I’m deciding against you because you’re wrong on the law, but life is not the classroom, and judges decide things all the times based on whim: on which attorney they like, they trust--

GIADA
So you don’t like me?

WILL
Oh my god, you’re like a three year old with your questions. I said the textbooks go out the window when you’re in court. Charm and finesse are just as important as logic.

Giada pauses. A student really trying to absorb this.

GIADA
Okay. I need to work on my charm?

WILL
To succeed in court you need to work on everything.
GIADA
Okay, then what?


WILL
Let’s see. Cross-examination.

INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN & 28TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Alicia exits her office, checks she has everything, exhales, tired. Most have already left. As she moves past the darkened offices... Someone there. Weird. Spooky. She turns a corner toward the elevators

KOZKO
Mrs. Florrick?

The man steps out of the shadows. GERALD KOZKO.

KOZKO (CONT’D)
Sorry to startle you. Gerald Kozko.

ALICIA
Yes, I know who you are. How did you get in here?

KOZKO
(looking around)
The elevator. I only need a minute.

ALICIA
I’m leaving now.

KOZKO
Please.

Alicia eyes Kozko: is he dangerous? She shrugs, starts up the stairs. He joins her.

KOZKO (CONT’D)
I want you to give a message to your husband. Tell him my son had nothing to do with this. I was the one who made the deal with Childs. I’m cleaning up my mess. My son is completely--

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA

No.

Kozko looks at her, surprised.

KOZKO
Mrs. Florrick--

ALICIA
(fed the fuck up)
No. That’s it. Mr. Kozko, I’m not your go-between. You want to give Peter a message, pick up the phone.

KOZKO
Mrs. Florrick, you don’t realize--

ALICIA
Yes, and I don’t want to realize. I’ve had enough! Of everything.

And Alicia drops a file on a secretary’s desk, starts toward the elevator...

KOZKO
I’m stuck, Mrs. Florrick. You don’t understand, I have no one else.

ALICIA
You know what? I don’t care. I don’t know you. You don’t know me.

And Alicia slips into the elevator, leaving Kozko in the office. A sad and sunken figure. Barely a whisper:

KOZKO
Help me.

But-- ding-- the elevator doors close on him.

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT – ZACH’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Grace and Zach stare at their mom, uncomfortably. Another family conference. After a second...

ALICIA
Okay, from now on we tell each other the truth. No matter how difficult. No lying to the sheriff about skateboards or to me about secret packages, okay?

(CONTINUED)
ZACH
Where’s dad?

ALICIA
This isn’t about him. This is about us.

Zach and Grace trade a look. Unpredictable Mom.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
I’ll start. I’ve been angry with your father. I almost walked out a few nights ago. But we’ve decided to give it a go.

ZACH
In separate rooms?

ALICIA
(blunt)
Yes. And you two will just have to deal with that. You’re almost grown-ups; you’ll have to realize adults have complicated emotions. Okay, Zach, your turn.

ZACH
My...?

ALICIA
What’s on your mind?

GRACE
Mom, we have homework.

ZACH
I’m seeing Becca.

Silence. Alicia nods, nods...

ALICIA
Okay, this is progress. And I will be honest by saying “I don’t like Becca.” But I want you to bring her to dinner so we can have a proper introduction.

ZACH
Okay.

ALICIA
Grace?

(CONTINUED)
Her turn. They look toward Grace. She takes a second.

**GRACE**
Who’s Will?

Alicia. She hesitates only slightly.

**ALICIA**
Will Gardner. My boss.

**GRACE**
I heard you talking on the phone. A week ago. Whispering. At night.

Alicia takes a second. This honesty thing hurts. Zach shifts uncomfortably.

**ALICIA**
He’s my boss. And we used to know each other in college. And we... thought we were attracted to each other. But it’s over.

**GRACE**
What’s over?

**ALICIA**
Thinking we were attracted to each other.

**GRACE**
But he’s still your boss?

**ALICIA**
Yes.

**ZACH**
So what happened?

**ALICIA**
Actually, that’s all I intend to share right now. Your dad and I are agreeing to make this work. And I’ve agreed to trust you again. Now you can go back to homework.

And Alicia gets up and exits. Zach and Grace trade a look.

**GRACE**
It’s getting to her.
INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Alicia starts toward her room when she pauses, feels her cellphone buzzing. She answers...

ALICIA
Yeah?

INTERCUT with...

INT. 27TH FLOOR – CONFERENCE ROOM – NIGHT

KALINDA
It’s me.

ALICIA
You’re working late.

KALINDA
Yes, this good deed you’ve saddled me with.

ALICIA
Belkin’s not going to budge. I already went to him. They weren’t after the Pujari Brothers. They were after their buyers.

KALINDA
Then we may have something to negotiate with.

And we see in Kalinda’s hands the TIN BOX she took, bright blue GEMS inside.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT – DINING ROOM – DAY

Alicia and Peter. They sit across from each other. Some kind of moment of truth. Alicia’s honesty tour.

PETER
Okay. Go ahead.

ALICIA
Did you threaten Kozko?

PETER
Yes.

There’s a relief in hearing the truth. Alicia nods.

ALICIA
Downstairs at Lord of Christ?

PETER
Yes. Do you want to know why?

(Alicia nods)

He was wearing a wire. He made a deal with Childs for immunity.

ALICIA
And why’d he do that?

PETER
I don’t know why.

ALICIA
You steered investigations away from him?

Peter takes a moment. Looks at her.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
Everything, Peter. I want to know everything.

PETER
Everybody has friends; everybody has enemies. I did things for Kozko-- as a friend.

ALICIA
Illegal things?

PETER
No. But-- the line gets... fuzzy.

(CONTINUED)
Alicia considers that. She reaches into her pocket, places a bracelet (episode 103) on the table. Peter stares at it.

ALICIA
Who bought that?

PETER
I did.

ALICIA
Why is the receipt not in your name?
(Peter looks up at her)
I checked the store.

Peter studies her, surprised.

PETER
I wanted to buy you something nice. I didn’t have the money. Kozko lent me the money.

ALICIA
And that was illegal?

PETER
That was fuzzy.

Alicia shifts in her chair. Peter sees her discomfort.

PETER (CONT’D)
I want to run again, Alicia. I want to do it right this time. But I only want to do it if you’re with me. If we’re in this together.

Alicia stares at Peter. Considers it.

EXT. INDIAN MARKET - DAY


MERCHANT
These? No, I don’t know who handles these.

Kalinda with a photo of the gems. The Merchant is nice, patient. A meticulous suit. Kalinda points at the photo:

KALINDA
See, here, they look like they were mounted on a necklace or something.

(CONTINUED)
MERCHANT
Well, your best bet with jewelry isn’t the market.

KALINDA
Well, thank you, sir.

MERCHANT
The box is another matter.

Kalinda turns back.

KALINDA
You recognize the box?

The Merchant nods, points toward the tin box in the photo.

MERCHANT
It’s a camphor box. It’s sold here, in the market.

KALINDA
Where?

INT. DEPAUL COLLEGE OF LAW - COURT - DAY


WILL
Is the defense ready with its first witness?

Giada stands at the defense table:

GIADA
Yes, your honor. I just have a quick motion first.

WILL
Proceed.

She approaches the bench...

GIADA
Title 28 U.S.C. 455(a) provides that a judge must recuse himself “in any proceeding in which his impartiality might be reasonably questioned.” The defense asks that you do so now: recuse yourself.
Miss Cabrini, we've been through this. I'm not biased against you.

I agree. You're biased for me.

Really? You'll have to explain that one.

Yesterday, after court, you gave me advice on how to question and cross-examine witnesses for this trial--clearly demonstrating bias.

Sadie looks up from the gallery. Eyeing the two.

You asked for advice--

United States v. Burger. "If a reasonable person, knowing the relevant facts, would harbor doubts about the judge's impartiality, then he must recuse himself."

Will angrily stares at Giada...

Motion denied, Miss Cabrini--

But Sadie stands, interrupting...

Why don't we take a break for a minute? Mr. Gardner.

Will looks toward Sadie. An edge to her voice. Will looks back toward Giada who smiles, blinking her eyes charmingly.

WILL
She set me up.

Will and an unhappy Sadie.
SADIE
Okay, I think we’re in an awkward area here, “your honor.”

WILL
What, I didn’t do anything wrong.

SADIE
Thanks so much for your help.

WILL
You believe her?

SADIE
I believe I’ll take the robe.

Will takes off the robe, hands it to her.

SADIE (CONT’D)
Yep. Men and 25-year-olds. Same thing happened to my ex.

WILL
What are you talking about?

But Sadie is already out the door.

INT. MCHENRY DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Alicia speaks to Simran through a microphone in a heavy glass partition. A row of other attorneys confer with immigration CLIENTS alongside Alicia.

ALICIA
We think these gems-- they’re Kashmir blue sapphires-- were used in payment for the IDs. And if we find the smuggler of these sapphires, we’ll find the buyer.

Simran seems shell-shocked. Staring straight ahead.

SIMRAN
And if you find the buyer...?

ALICIA
Belkin will get you a visa.

SIMRAN
They’re deporting me on the next transport.

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
I know. My associates are still running these sapphires down.

SIMRAN
I don’t know anybody in India. My life is here.

ALICIA
I know.

SIMRAN
Can I see Amal and Frida before I... go?

ALICIA
(unlikely)
I’m working on that.

A guard taps her shoulder. Simran nods, wipes her eyes. Emotion sneaking up on her.

SIMRAN
Please, Mrs. Florrick, you have the key to my apartment. There are a few items, sentimental things...

And Simran slides a small scribbled note across the desk.

ALICIA
Of course. I’ll bring them.

SIMRAN
And tell Amal it’s not his fault.

And that’s it. The guard pulls her away, crying, through a door. Alicia just stares at the door, moved.

OMITTED

INT. SIMRAN’S APT. - DAY

Alicia lets herself into Simran’s apartment. She looks around, crosses to a small Hindu SHRINE in the corner, picks up the small SILVER BELL, puts it into her bag. Finds...

...a PHOTO ALBUM beside SCHOOL PORTRAITS of AMAL and FRIDA. She puts them in a bag too. Venturing further into the apartment, Alicia opens the second drawer in a night table. Finds a small JEWELRY BOX. She opens it, and stops, finding...

(CONTINUED)
...a Kashmir blue sapphire necklace. The same type of gems Kalinda found. Alicia looks up, considers it. As...

**EXT. INDIAN MARKET - DAY**

...Kalinda moves through the market on her cellphone:

**KALINDA**

Can you hear me, Cary? Hello. I need you to bring it to me.

**INTERCUT with...**

**INT. CARY’S CAR - DAY**

...Cary driving, confused, not the streets he’s used to, talking to Kalinda on the box...

**CARY**

What, the gems?

**KALINDA**

No, no, the box. I need the box.

Cary looks over at the **TIN BOX** on the dash.

**CARY**

Alright, but I’m just driving in circles here. Little India is a nightmare.

**KALINDA**

I’ll e-mail them to your car: the directions.

**CARY**

That’s my other line. Hold on.

Cary clicks over to...

**INT. SIMRAN’S APT. - DAY**

...Alicia exiting Simran’s apartment, on her cell...

**ALICIA**

Hey, Cary. Are you with Kalinda?

**CARY**

No, I’m looking for her right now. And-- ha, ha-- very funny; it’s not about gaming-- Ah!

The nav screen: lighting up with directions.

(CONTINUED)
CARY (CONT’D)
Got her. What do you need?

ALICIA
Tell her, I think Simran is involved. The sapphires used to pay the Pujari Brothers... I found the same jewels in her apartment.

CARY
Damn. Okay. I’ll tell her.

INT. SECOND INDIAN MARKET – DAY
Kalinda and Cary across the counter from the shopkeeper, in turban, scrutinizing the camphor box, speaking only in Hindi:

INDIAN SHOPKEEPER
Na-mah-steh. Ap sohm-jeh?

Cary looks over at Kalinda.

CARY
What’d he say?

KALINDA
I don’t know. I don’t speak Hindi.

CARY
What do you mean you don’t speak Hindi?

KALINDA
I didn’t grow up in India.
(to the keeper)
Do you speak English?

INDIAN SHOPKEEPER
Meh na-hee so-ma-jta. Ahp ka-hahn say hay?

CARY
Seriously, Kalinda. Where’s your cultural identity?

KALINDA
(frowns: shut up)
I am looking for a box like this. This.

She hands the box to the shopkeeper who nods, points toward a shelf when...

(CONTINUED)
CARY
Hey.

KALINDA
What?

CARY
I don’t think Simran is involved.

KALINDA
You just get a hunch?

CARY
No, better.

And Cary points to a row of shabbily framed EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH photos. One of them is a photo of Frida.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. 28TH FLOOR - WILL’S OFFICE - DAY

Will sits at his desk, staring straight ahead.

DIANE
So you’re back?

WILL
I’m back.

DIANE
Did Hansel and Gretel get off?

WILL
I don’t know. I recused myself.

Diane laughs...

DIANE
You recused yourself from the prosecution of Hansel and Gretel? What, were you dating Gretel?

WILL
For a few weeks. A bad time.

Diane laughs as Will looks across toward the conference room, a meeting there. Kalinda, Belkin, Frida, Amal, and... Alicia. Will lingers over Alicia who is turned away: not seeing him.

WILL (CONT’D)
What’s that?

DIANE
That? A personal case. Immigration. I’m letting them run with it.

Knock-knock-- Will’s Assistant at the door:

WILL’S ASSISTANT
Someone to see you, Will. Giada Cabrini. No appointment.

Will looks up, surprised. Diane notices this:

DIANE
Long lost love?

WILL
No. A student. This should be interesting. Send her in.
The Assistant nods, leaves. Diane too. And Will takes a second, decides how to sit, looks across the hall toward Alicia. Giada arrives at his door with a cookie:

GIADA
Your honor.

WILL
Miss Cabrini.

GIADA
I thought I’d bring you some gingerbread.

Will smiles. She smiles in return, places a Gingerbread Man on his desk.

WILL
So did you win?

GIADA
No, actually. To be honest, I think they did it.

WILL
Very clever, getting me recused.

GIADA
Yes, well, you were biased.

WILL
And you’re here because...?

GIADA
I want to take you to dinner. No hard feelings.

Will studies her. Something about her. Certainty mixed with intelligence.

WILL
How old are you?

GIADA
Twenty-five. How old are you?

WILL
Not twenty-five.

GIADA
Well, I won’t hold that against you. Come on, I’ll buy.

(CONTINUED)
WILL
Let me think about it.

GIADA
Okay... I’ll wait.

Giada sits in a chair. Will laughs, while across the hall...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

...Belkin is unhappy...

BELKIN
You’re wasting your time. Deportations fall under ICE. The U.S. Attorney’s office can’t countermand their order of removal.

ALICIA
You can authorize an S-1 visa.

BELKIN
A snitch visa? For whom, the mother?

KALINDA
You want the Pujaris’ contact with organized crime, right? Well, if Simran gets deported, that name goes with her.

Belkin studies them.

BELKIN
I seem to be missing something. I’m open to a new proffer, but I’ll need to see a statement.

Alicia and Kalinda look toward Frida. She hesitates. Looks down at her feet. Amal eyes her. Shoots her a whisper:

AMAL
I sacrificed. Now it’s your turn.

Frida stares at her brother, nods. She announces to Belkin a rehearsed statement:

FRIDA
I was the courier between the Pujari Brothers and their buyers. I kept it from my mother and Amal. I was the one who texted the Brothers you were watching.

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
Okay, that’s enough.
(to Belkin)
Get the visa and you’ll get the rest.

Belkin stares at her, considers it.

BELKIN
Give me a few hours.
(aside to Alicia)
She’ll get jail time, you know.

ALICIA
She knows.

And Belkin leaves as Alicia looks across the hall toward...

...Will, in the office, Giada across from her. Writing something on a piece of paper. She hands it to him. And there’s something about the exchange. Something more than a normal exchange. And Alicia finds herself eyeing...

...Giada as she leaves, passing. A smile on her young pretty face. And Alicia looks back, sees Will staring after her, then turning her gaze to Alicia.

Two plates of glass between them. A long moment. Then Will looks away.

INT. CARY’S CAR - NIGHT

AMAL
Thank you.

Amal in the backseat. The car parked outside McHenry Detention Center. Cary and Kalinda in the front seat.

CARY
No problem.

Amal sees GUARDS escort his mother out. He smiles, gets out, crosses to his mother who rushes to hug him.

CARY (CONT’D)
That’s nice. Isn’t that nice?
(Kalinda nods)
So no big case? No video games?
We just did some good here?

(CONTINUED)
KALINDA
Actually Alicia and I did some good here. You just drove the car.

CARY
That’s not fair. I--

KALINDA
Shhh--

A news report playing quietly on the radio. Kalinda turns it up, startled. But the report’s over...

RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O.)
...police are still investigating.

CARY
What is it? Let go.

Cary shoves her hand away.

CARY (CONT'D)
Hold on, I’ll play it back.

Hits a REWIND BUTTON on the radio. It REPLAYS the news:

RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O.)
“Chicago real estate developer Gerald Kozko is missing, and feared to have taken his own life. Police found his abandoned car parked midway across...”

INT. ALICIA’S APARTMENT- NIGHT

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
“...Michigan Avenue Bridge. A body hasn’t been recovered, but divers continue to search...”

Alicia. She stares, standing in front of her TV, watching footage of the bridge. Photos of Kozko. And Alicia just stands there. A voice yells off:

GRACE (O.S.)
Mom, dinner.

PETER (O.S.)
Babe, we’re just sitting down.

And Alicia stares at the TV. And...
END OF EPISODE