THE GOOD WIFE #122
"Running"
CAST LIST
4/27/10

ALICIA FLORRICK
WILL GARDNER
DIANE LOCKHART
CARY AGOS
KALINDA SHARMA
PETER FLORRICK
GRACE FLORRICK
ZACH FLORRICK
JACKIE FLORRICK
ELI GOLD
KURT MCVEIGH
LANA DELANEY
DETECTIVE ANTHONY BURTON
PASTOR ISAIAH EASTON
GIADA CABRINI
TRISH ARKIN (formerly "Mindy Arkin")
JACK ARKIN
HUNTER
RAYMOND OROZCO
HEATHER
SECURITY GUARD
REPORTER
WAITRESS
BRAD (NON-SPEAKING)
FOLEY (NON-SPEAKING)

OMITTED

JAMES O'SHEA
FRED THE CHEF
LINDA
THE GOOD WIFE #122
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Interiors:

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

27TH FLOOR
  BULLPEN
  ALICIA'S OFFICE
  CONFERENCE ROOM

SKYSCRAPER
  HALLWAY
  FREIGHT ELEVATOR
  LOADING DOCK

OBBIE'S PIZZA - DINING ROOM
KALINDA'S CAR
CLAPBOARD HOUSE
ARKIN'S HOUSE
MCVEIGH'S FARM
EVEREST
CLANCY'S
GOLD MEDAL STORAGE
  UNIT #33
HOTEL BAR
HANK LYDELL'S HOUSE
  FOYER
  LIVING ROOM
HOTEL BALLROOM
  HALLWAY
  GREEN ROOM

Exterior

LOADING DOCK
OBBIE'S PIZZA
CLAPBOARD HOUSE
MCVEIGH'S FARM
GOLD MEDAL STORAGE
SOUP KITCHEN
TEASER

EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

KALINDA waits. The slightest impatience. Pacing on a skyscraper loading dock, looking out at the night. A black SEDAN pulls up, headlights slashing across her. A woman gets out. LANA THE FED. A smile on her face. Calm.

LANA
Is this the place?

Kalinda just turns inside. Lana smiles, follows.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

They continue down a fluorescent skyscraper hall.

LANA
No hello?

KALINDA
Hello.

Kalinda opens a freight elevator door.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Lana and Kalinda crowd into the elevator stuffed with plastic-wrapped office furniture. Just room enough for a cozy two.

LANA
This is all just an elaborate plan to get me alone, isn’t it?

KALINDA
You found me out.

Lana smiles as they start up. Lana reaches toward Kalinda’s forehead, moves a hair off it.

LANA
Do you ever let your hair down?

KALINDA
No.

LANA
Even in the shower?

KALINDA
No.

(CONTINUED)
Lana smiles when-- ding-- they get off into...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - RECEPTION - DAY

...an anonymous hallway, turning the corner toward reception, a SECURITY GUARD blocking their way:

SECURITY GUARD
We’re redoing the floors.

KALINDA
It’s her.

The guard nods, lets them through. The floor empty, except for two people. Will and Diane. In the large conference room. Not even assistants. Kalinda leads Lana in, as...

OMITTED

INT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

...a tan suburban VAN pulls up to the loading dock, ALICIA waiting there now. The van doors open. JACK ARKIN (32) gets out. A cop. Intelligent. Think Harvard Grad who joined the Academy. Baseball cap down. Trying to hide his face.

Alicia motions him inside as his wife gets out the passenger door. TRISH ARKIN (28). Pretty. Open-faced. Optimistic. One year off a Wisconsin farm. She smiles at Alicia.

ALICIA
How are you?

TRISH
Trying to be open-minded.

Alicia nods: understands. Motions her inside too.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

And we’re making the same path Kalinda and Lana took.

ALICIA
You’re supposed to turn off your cells and beepers.

JACK
They’ll expect me on call.

ALICIA
We’ll be twenty minutes. Most.

(CONTINUED)
Jack nods. Clicks off his cell. As they get into...

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

...the same freight elevator. Alicia, Jack, Trish.

TRISH
I can’t believe we’re doing this.

JACK
We could still turn back.

Alicia watches this exchange between husband/wife.

JACK (CONT’D)
I love you.

Trish leans forward, kisses him, as-- ding.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - RECEPTION - NIGHT

SECURITY GUARD
We’re redoing the floors.

The guard again, but he sees Alicia, Trish, Jack. He nods.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT


LANA
Okay, I’ll go first. Due to agency-wide budget cuts, the FBI has to be very selective with Federal Witness Protection monies.

DIANE
You have our proffer.

LANA
(a sheet of paper)
Yes. Very elegantly put. Unfortunately, for my purposes, I’ll need more... specificity.

WILL
(rote)
Mr. Arkin is part of a joint task force with the Cook County Sheriff’s Office.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
He witnessed-- and was pressured to participate in-- illegal activities by other members of his drug task force. Some of these activities crossed state lines. He is willing to help the FBI bring these corrupt cops to justice--

LANA
And save his own ass.

Silence. Diane stands, nods to Jack and Trish...

DIANE
Okay, maybe this was a mistake.

LANA
Alright, alright. I understand Internal Affairs is looking into this Task Force. Why don’t I just let them do their work?

WILL
Because the State’s Attorney wants to be reelected and won’t let an investigation of his pet project become an embarrassment.

LANA
And what about the people in this room who could benefit from such an embarrassment?

Lana looks toward Alicia. So do Will, Diane, Kalinda.

ALICIA
I’ll step out.

KALINDA
No, the Arkins came to you. It’s your case.

Lana turns to Kalinda. Interesting. Kalinda never protects anyone, and yet she jumped on that.

LANA
If you don’t mind, Mrs. Florrick. I think it’s better to avoid any appearance of a conflict.

Will nods to Alicia...

WILL
Thanks.
Alicia pats Trish’s hand-- you’ll be fine-- steps out...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

...into the hall, watches the participants inside. Frozen out. She heads down...

INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN - NIGHT

...the stairs toward her office. Mostly empty. Except a woman sitting at the bottom of the stairs. Eyes closed, ear buds in, iPod playing. Alicia starts to step around her.

GIADA

Hi.

GIADA. Beautiful as ever. She smiles at Alicia.

ALICIA

Hi?

GIADA

I’m Giada. You’re-- “Alicia”?

ALICIA

Yes. Are you waiting for...?

GIADA

Will, yes. They said it’s alright to wait here.

ALICIA

Uh-hmm, he might be some time.

GIADA

That’s okay. You’re a friend from college, is that right?

ALICIA

Of Will’s? Yes.

GIADA

I’m at DePaul. Third year.

ALICIA

(eyes her)

Oh, you’re in law school?

Giada eyes her back. Is there something heightened there?

(CONTINUED)
GIADA
Yes. In law school. It’s probably not too different these days, my guess.

ALICIA
Probably not.

Alicia turns to go to her office, but...

GIADA
Will talks a lot about you. It almost makes me jealous.

ALICIA
Don’t be.

Giada smiles, realizes her lightness isn’t connecting.

GIADA
J.K.
    (off Alicia’s look)
    Just kidding.

ALICIA
Nice meeting you.

Giada watches her go, eyes her. That was interesting. As Alicia crosses to her office, pauses at her desk, glances back toward Giada. Giada notices her glance, waves back. Alicia waves too. Oy. She grabs her purse, coat, starts to leave as...

OMITTED

13

OMITTED

14

15

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

...Jack points toward surveillance photos of the task force.

JACK
That’s Hunter. He set up the drop house for the stash.

HUNTER. A grizzled cop. Shaved head to cover for baldness. Other cops straight out of THE SHIELD. Lana places more surveillance photos in front of him...

JACK (CONT’D)
That’s Brad. He stashes the meth. Foley-- he moves the guns.

(CONTINUED)
LANA
And you have proof?

Will nods to Jack: go ahead. Jack takes out his cellphone, clicks open a grainy photo of an arsenal of weapons and duffel bags in an anonymous STORAGE RENTAL.

LANA (CONT’D)
And where’s this?

Will laughs. Lana smiles.

WILL
Mr. Arkin, at some risk to his own
life, took photos of the task
force’s drop house, and will gladly
share their location-- upon the
receipt of an immunity deal.

LANA
You said there were other cops
involved, Mr. Arkin. If you could
study these photos from the I-57 pull-
over, the Love Park bust, and the
Stony Island shooting.

More photos. Cops and detectives from various busts.

JACK
I don’t know his name, but-- him.

Jack points to a street cop. Lana circles the face.

JACK (CONT’D)
Him. And him.

The last face. Kalinda looks again. It’s Detective Burton.
Fuck. A punch to her stomach. She covers well.

LANA
Okay. I’ll need a week to brief my
superiors, and then we’ll work out
the details.

OMITTED

INT. 28TH FLOOR - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Meeting over, Kalinda leads Lana back toward the freight elevator. Lana gets on. Kalinda doesn’t.

(CONTINUED)
LANA
You’re not coming?

KALINDA
Nope.

And the door closes, elevator going down. Kalinda pauses there a second, alone, considers it. And...

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Burton. He stands at a bar. Two drinks ready. Kalinda eyes him from the door. Torn. She starts to turn away, then-- no-- crosses to him. Burton sees her, smiles.

DETECTIVE BURTON
Hey, you’re late.

KALINDA
Yep.

DETECTIVE BURTON
(reading her)
And you’re unhappy.

KALINDA
Nope. Just drinking.

And she drinks her shot.

DETECTIVE BURTON
Then we’ll just stand here.
(Kalinda nods, drinks)
You know who I don’t get? Existential poets.

KALINDA
This stuff you’re slipping me, Tony-- these crime reports and evidence-- you ever worry about getting caught?

DETECTIVE BURTON
Getting caught? Slipping you things? No. Why?

KALINDA
Just part of doing business?

DETECTIVE BURTON
Yeah. It’s for a friend. Some things you do for a friend.
Burton stares at her...

DETECTIVE BURTON (CONT’D)
I feel like you’re having a conversation with yourself, Kalinda, and I’m just listening in.

KALINDA
Figuring you out, that’s all.

DETECTIVE BURTON
Ask me questions. I’m good at answering.

Kalinda pauses a second.

KALINDA
No. Another time.

EXT. OBBIE’S PIZZA - NIGHT
Where the power Democratic crowd goes to let their hair down.

INT. OBBIE’S PIZZA - DINING ROOM - NIGHT
Laughter. Alicia, Zach, Grace, Peter laughing hard, recalling a disastrous birthday party. This must’ve been what they were like pre-scandal. Telling Peter...

ALICIA
The only problem was Jackie got a pinata--

ZACH
So we all went outside-- in a rainstorm--

GRACE
--swinging bats at a pinata.

A burst of laughter.

PETER
How come I never heard about this?

ZACH
And everybody kept slipping--

GRACE
But grandma was worried about us using baseball bats--

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
So she gave them all wooden spoons.

Laughter. The image too funny. Peter eyes his family. Happy.

PETER
Yep, my dignified family.

GRACE
You’re stuck with us.

RAYMOND OROZCO
So your first free meal, and you choose Obbie’s.

An approaching diner. Mayoral staffer, RAYMOND OROZCO.

PETER
Ray. How’s it going? Alicia, kids, this is Raymond Orozco from the mayor’s office.

RAYMOND OROZCO
Just wanted to say: Rich is a big fan, Pete, always has been. He’d love to show his support.

Grace shoots Zach an incredulous look: “Pete?”

PETER
I’d love it too. Tell him he can drop that dinosaur, Tolins & Brauer, and talk to Alicia about her firm.

Alicia shoots a scolding smile to Peter.

RAYMOND OROZCO
That’s right, you’re at...?

ALICIA
Lockhart/Gardner.

RAYMOND OROZCO
Right. Well, we just might look you over. Oh, and Pete.

The kids laugh-- there it is again “Pete.” Alicia shoots them a friendly hush look as Raymond leans toward Peter, whispers in his ear. The two chuckle. And Ray starts off.

(CONTINUED)
GRACE
“Pete?”

ZACH
What’d he say?

PETER
“Childs’ days are numbered.”

ZACH
Wow, you’re like big time now.

PETER
Flavor of the week. Tomorrow he’ll whisper the same thing to Childs.

A PRETTY WAITRESS arrives...

WAITRESS
Anything else I can do for you?

PETER
Nope, we’re ready.

She nods, leaves the check, starts off again.

GRACE
Do you like it, dad?

PETER
Do I like...?

GRACE
This stuff.

PETER
I don’t know. I like what it can do.

Grace nods, likes that answer. Alicia too, as Peter turns over the check, sees written at the bottom...

...“Call me,” a happy face, and a phone number.

Peter looks up, sees the Waitress smiling, nodding, as... Alicia’s cellphone rings. She checks the number...

ALICIA
Sorry, work.

She moves away from the table to talk as Peter takes out his credit card, motions to the waitress. She rushes over as...
...Peter rips off the bottom of the check. Hands it to her:

PETER
No, thank you.

WAITRESS
I’m sorry. I thought...

PETER
No, just the check. No dessert.

She nods—official again—rushes off to ring up the check as Peter sees Alicia on her cellphone, being told something awful.

PETER (CONT’D)
What’s wrong?

C18 OMITTED
D18 OMITTED

INT. KALINDA’S CAR/EXT. CLAPBOARD HOUSE – NIGHT

Skidddddd. We speed through traffic, racing up to a crime scene. A mass of patrol cars. A clapboard two-story. Near a college campus. Kalinda driving. She jumps out, sees...

...a cop sitting on the sidewalk, head in hands, upset.
FOLEY. From the task force. A wrestler’s body. Kalinda eyes him as she rushes past, starts into...

OMITTED

INT. CLAPBOARD HOUSE – NIGHT

...the house. Blindingly bright. And surgically clean. Plastic at the door, windows. A meth finishing house.

HUNTER
Hey, Kalinda, you can’t be here.

HUNTER (40), the task force leader, holding her at the door. But Kalinda sees at the base of the stairs... Jack. His corpse. His signature baseball cap next to him.

KALINDA
What happened?

HUNTER
Out. Out and I’ll tell you.

(CONTINUED)
Kalinda sees another corpse at the top of the stairs. Blood.

EXT. CLAPBOARD HOUSE - NIGHT

HUNTER
It’s a meth finisher. They manufacture it out of town, dry and package it here. We’d been working on the bust for a week.

Kalinda stares at an emotional Hunter, then eyes Foley and BRAD on the curb, a skinny Task Force member.

HUNTER (CONT’D)
Jack was the first one through the door. Cleared. We came in-- shot came out of nowhere. Top of the stairs. Meth dealer named Gorman. We’d been following him for six months. Trade of fire-- we took him down.

KALINDA
Why was Jack through the door alone?

HUNTER
He wasn’t through the door alone. We were there.

KALINDA
Not fast enough.

Hunter stares at her. Fuck you. Looks past her toward a detective getting out of his car. Not polite:

HUNTER
Would you excuse me a second?

And Hunter brushes past Kalinda, heads toward the arriving detective. The two men hug each other, and Kalinda sees the other man is...

...Burton.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Lana. With Diane and Kalinda.

LANA
I’m sorry, are you really blaming me for this leak?

DIANE
Within 48 hours of our proffer, our client was dead--

LANA
Yes, and we’re all very saddened, but we can still get these corrupt cops off the streets.

KALINDA
By giving you the stash location?

Lana turns toward Kalinda. Dry Kalinda. Lana nods, notices an edge of intensity there.

DIANE
Unfortunately, he never gave the location to us.

Lana studies her, considers whether it’s true.

LANA
Okay. Then let’s chalk this up as a bad first date. Lucky you, you can still pursue your lawsuit. Now for wrongful death.

And Lana leaves.
OMITTED

INT. ARKIN’S HOUSE - DAY

A TV playing an interview. Hunter. At the crime scene.

HUNTER (ON SCREEN)
Jack was... special. He was...
(torn up)
A hard man, but then he’d talk all the time about his wife.

A news report. Watching it is Trish. Tearful but angry.

TRISH
I recorded it. It just-- Can you believe it? Watching them.

Alicia nodding with her. Kalinda there too. Trish fighting back tears:

TRISH (CONT’D)
Just them even using his name. They killed him and people’d think they’re best friends.

Alicia sees Kalinda nodding to her: ask her.

ALICIA
You know our firm wants to bring a suit against Cook County and the City of Chicago? For wrongful death.

TRISH
Yes, they phoned. I just don’t want to look like I’m profiting from this.
ALICIA
I know.

Kalinda eyes Alicia, decides to dive in herself.

KALINDA
We worry Internal Affairs will bury this because it’s embarrassing to the State’s Attorney. Give us a chance to investigate it.

TRISH
By bringing a lawsuit?
(Kalinda nods; to Alicia)
So you think I should do this?

ALICIA
(awkward)
I think bureaucracies are often prompted to action by the threat of money.

Trish looks at Alicia, knows she’s right. Nods.

TRISH
Do I have to sign something?

OMITTED

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY


KALINDA
The task force was targeting meth labs. Their story is that Arkin came through the door first, and was shot by a meth dealer named Randy Gorman.
(crime scene photo)
He fell on his back here. Then the rest of the task force returned fire, killing Gorman.

ALICIA
But there’s an inconsistency.

She points toward a blood stain next to the body.

(Continued)
ALICIA (CONT’D)
Lab found Jack’s blood mixed with
his saliva-- exactly two feet from
the body, here.

DIANE
Suggesting?

KALINDA
He fell face-first onto the
landing, then someone flipped him
over onto his back.

Will and Diane trade a look.

DIANE
It was staged.

WILL
We’ll need ballistics.

DIANE
I’m on it.

Will shoots a quick look toward Diane who rolls her eyes.

WILL
Okay, so our story is this. The
task force discovered Jack was
going to testify, killed Gorman,
then used Gorman’s gun to kill
Jack.

DIANE
Let’s finish this off in
depositions. Cook County won’t
want this in the press.

INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY

Alicia accompanies Kalinda down the stairs...

ALICIA
You seem hot on this.

KALINDA
I’m friends with a lot of cops.
The bad ones hurt the good ones.

ALICIA
So... this is a crusade?

(CONTINUED)
KALINDA
(stares at her)
It’s a job. And a job I’ll do well.

And that’s it, Kalinda starts off. Alicia nods, starts toward her office, sees Eli sitting on her couch. Oh, happy days. She starts to slump, quickly puts on a smile.

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

ELI GOLD
Notice I’m here as an invited guest now-- being a client of your firm.

ALICIA
Yes. Welcome.

ELI GOLD
Do you mind if I’m blunt, Mrs. Florrick?

ALICIA
Always a pleasure.

ELI GOLD
I brought my business here. I didn’t have to.

ALICIA
Do you mind if I’m blunt, Mr. Gold? (Eli smiles, nods)
You brought your business here because we’re a good firm. And let’s agree right now: there’s a statute of limitations on playing that card.

ELI GOLD
Fair enough. This is Mimi Collins. 24-year-old art student at Whitley. (photos)
Two years ago she was raped and brutally beaten by her ex-boyfriend, a Michael Placedo.

ALICIA
If this is a criminal matter, Mr. Gold, you should take it upstairs.

(CONTINUED)
ELI GOLD
No, it’s more like an allegory.
Mr. Placedo was sent to prison for
20 years by the State’s Attorney at
the time: your husband.

Ah, Alicia starts to get it, nods.

ELI GOLD (CONT’D)
Mimi Collins went back to Art
School, a happy and healthy young
co-ed in fear of nothing.

ALICIA
Somehow I think this is going to
end badly.

ELI GOLD
Glenn Childs, in a general review
of your husband’s cases, argued
that Mr. Placedo be released with
time served. And...
(one last photo)
That is Mimi Collins’s body.
Discovered two weeks ago in a Chicago
landfill.

Alicia is moved by the photo, but hates that Eli is using it.

ALICIA
It sounds like your first campaign
ad.

ELI GOLD
Yes, and it would be-- if it
weren’t for the fact that Peter has
decided to wait four years to run.

Alicia looks up, surprised:

ALICIA
Really?

ELI GOLD
Yes, he said, while at dinner with
you and the kids, he worried about
the “seductive allure of power.”

ALICIA
Mr. Gold. Who does the “seductive
allure of power” sound like?
ELI GOLD
Yes, I know, the good pastor
Isaiah. I want you to talk to him.
(Alicia smiles)
He thinks he’s helping you restore
your marriage. Tell him you don’t
need it.

Alicia smiles. She’s up, escorting him to the door:

ALICIA
Always good to see you, Mr. Gold.

ELI GOLD
Peter can’t win without you.

There it is. Alicia and Eli pause over that.

ELI GOLD (CONT’D)
You know it’s true. Peter only wins
if he gets your Good Housekeeping
seal of approval. Voters need to
see you together. On that stage
holding hands.

Alicia collects the photos, hands them back to Eli.

ALICIA
Good-bye, Mr. Gold.

EXT. MCVEIGH’S FARM - DAY

“Bang”-- the distant sound of a gunshot. Inside...

INT. MCVEIGH’S FARM - DAY

...BOOOOOOM!--- The second shot rings loud as KURT MCVEIGH,
stands at the top of a barn’s wooden stairwell, firing a gun
held on a C-stand at a ballistics dummy at the bottom of the
stairs, sand bags behind it. Diane beside McVeigh.

MCVEIGH
Mr. Gorman got off three rapid
shots at the task force lead man,
Mr. Arkin. All hit their target,
center, two high, one low.

DIANE
This matches the crime scene?
MCVEIGH
No. My stairwell is two steps taller. I’ve adjusted by lowering the C-stand.

McVeigh positions another ballistic dummy at the top of the stairs, then starts down, Diane beside him...

MCVEIGH (CONT’D)
Mr. Arkin had his gun out, but was surprised by the assault. He fell as he was firing, here on the landing as another member of the task force, Mr. Hunter, rushed in, and fired three shots from here...

Another gun on C-stand below the landing. He positions it.

MCVEIGH (CONT’D)
This will be inexact here. Covering up.

McVeigh aims up the stairwell, and BOOOOM-BOOM-BOOM- three shots in quick succession. Hit the ballistic dummy.

MCVEIGH (CONT’D)
You alright?

DIANE
Yes. What’s it say about me that I find this exhilarating?

MCVEIGH
(smiles)
You’re human. The first shot hit Mr. Gorman in the arm. Second shot went past him, hit the bathroom door. Third shot hit Mr. Gorman in the jaw, to his right. The whole trade of fire took approximately eight seconds.

DIANE
And are we saying the task force then planted a drop gun on Mr. Gorman? Or was it his?

McVeigh looks at her awkwardly.

MCVEIGH
It was his.
DIANE
And so how did this-- I mean, are you saying--?

But Diane pauses, looks at him, reads his manner.

DIANE (CONT'D)
You’re saying it happened the way the police said?

MCVEIGH
Yes.

DIANE
It wasn’t staged?

MCVEIGH
That’s correct.

DIANE
And you don’t find the timing of the shooting coincidental?

MCVEIGH
I think Mr. Arkin was in a dangerous line of work, and took his life into his hands every time he executed a search warrant.

DIANE
And the blood and saliva stain? You don’t think Mr. Arkin was flipped over on his back?

MCVEIGH
My guess is that, in the extremity of the moment, one of Mr. Arkin’s partners turned him on his back to check his vitals; and failed to report this during the investigation.

DIANE
You seem to accord the police a great deal of honesty.

MCVEIGH
I do.

DIANE
And you brought me out here to, what...?
Your firm asked me to examine the evidence.

Yes, but we’ve asked that before and you just said “no.”

That’s true. It’s because of my... feelings for you that I have shown you this. I won’t bill you for the effort.

Your “feelings for me?”

I was approached by the State’s Attorney’s office.

To argue against our lawsuit?

Yes. I declined.

Why?

Because you approached me first. And, given our connection, it would be a conflict of interest.

I think you should do what you want, Kurt. I think you should testify for the State’s Attorney’s office. I wouldn’t hesitate to argue against you.

I think it would... complicate matters.
Matters are complicated already. There are only so many employers, and it’s a bad economy, so I think you should never hesitate to take a job. I won’t.

MCVEIGH
(studies her)
You wouldn’t mind that?

DIANE
I am a big girl.

McVeigh smiles. Loves her at that moment. A phone rings in his lab. Starting out:

MCVEIGH
Let me think about it.

DIANE
Good. I’ll just get my coat.

McVeigh nods, exits, and Diane immediately takes out her cellphone, snaps dozens of pictures of the stairwell, the dummies, the markings on the wall.

INT. EVEREST - NIGHT
A beautiful restaurant overlooking the nighttime city.

WILL
Okay, so here we are. Dinner.

Across from him sits not Alicia, but Giada...

GIADA
And I’m treating.

WILL
Damn right you are.

Giada smiles...

GIADA
So I ran into Alicia Florrick.

WILL
(studying the menu)
Uh-huh. Where?

(CONTINUED)
GIADA
At the office. She seems nice.

WILL
Yes, and a very talented lawyer.

GIADA
I’m sure. I felt like I was intruding.

WILL
You felt like you were intruding? I don’t understand that.

GIADA
I felt like I was being checked out by someone who had skin in the game.

Will looks up at her, smiles.

WILL
Do you ever blink? Even at night at home when people aren’t looking?

She smiles as a Spanish WAITER comes up, talks fluently and happily in Spanish with Giada. She talks fluently back. As Will watches, sees he’s being referred to. Sits back, folds his arms, waits for it to end. It does; the waiter leaves.

GIADA
He likes you.

WILL
I’m so glad.

GIADA
Do you want me to translate?

WILL
No. Understood every word.

Giada laughs. Will looks up, notices other patrons holding up glasses, nodding to Giada. Giada nods slightly back.

WILL (CONT’D)
So do you come here a lot?

GIADA
My dad does.
WILL
Your dad?  Who’s your dad?

GIADA
If I tell you, do you promise not to freak out?

WILL
Okay, not only do you have to tell me now, but nothing could live up to that introduction.

GIADA
Ernesto Cabrini.

WILL
I don’t know who that-- Oh, I do know who that is. Fourth richest man in Europe?

GIADA
Third. Not that we’re counting.

WILL
So... men freak out about that?

GIADA
Only the ones uncomfortable with their own masculinity.

Will smiles at that. Raises a hand for the waiter.

WILL
What’s your most expensive wine?

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A steno machine. A court reporter sets it up, as Diane and Alicia place Trish Arkin in a comfortable chair...

DIANE
There’s no pressure in this. It’s just a deposition. They’re polite and uncomplicated. They’ll just need some basic information. No one’s trying to score points.

But Alicia sees CARY walking down the hall. What the heck? She stands, crosses toward the door.
INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

ALICIA
Cary. Hello. Everything alright?


CARY
Alicia. Hi. How are you?

ALICIA
Um. I’m good. How are you?

CARY
I’m good too.

ALICIA
Are you-- Do you have a meeting with Will?

CARY
No.

ALICIA
Did you talk to reception?

CARY
No. I’m here for you.

ALICIA
For me?

CARY
Yes, the deposition. I’m working with Glenn Childs now.

Alicia stares at him as enters the conference room.

END OF ACT ONE
Cary sits, smiling, a bottle of Perrier in front of him. The self-confidence of a pasha. He stares at Trish.

CARY
Hi. How much money did your husband make last year?

TRISH
Last year? I don’t know. My guess is $55,000.

CARY
And is it true that you took a vacation in Antigua last February?

Trish looks toward Alicia who nods: it’s alright.

TRISH
Yes.

CARY
Do you remember how much it cost?

TRISH
No.

CARY
$8,545. And change. That, ma’am, is over 15% of your husband’s yearly salary.

TRISH
I work too.

CARY
Yes, part time as a nurse. That’s an additional $23,000 a year.

ALICIA
Just to save you time, Cary, we would stipulate to Mr. Arkin’s involvement in the task force’s corruption.

CARY
Yes, Mrs. Florrick, thank you. I know you would stipulate. But I’m looking to itemize.

Alicia stares at Cary, gestures: Be my guest.
CARY (CONT’D)
So let’s talk about the recent
purchase of your automobile.

INT. 28TH FLOOR – HALLWAY – DAY

Diane and Will watch the deposition from outside. Cary makes
eye contact-- a slight nod/wave.

WILL
Cute of the State’s Attorney, isn’t it? Shows some unexpected wit.

DIANE
Cary’s a good lawyer.

Will and Diane trade a look.

WILL
You think we made the wrong decision?

DIANE
Not necessarily. Let’s see how well he does against us.

KALINDA
What’s Cary doing here?

They turn to see an approaching Kalinda.

WILL
Working for the opposition.

KALINDA
(nods)
Smart.

DIANE
He’s drawing blood too.

KALINDA
I have some thoughts about finding this secret stash.

WILL
Good. That could help with a settlement. Keep us informed.

INT. CLANCY’S – HIGH TEA – DAY

Jackie in her element. Three women all her age. Voices like
tinkling china. At high tea. Listening spellbound...

(CONTINUED)
JACKIE
Mr. Daley called.
(oohs and ahhs)
He said he wanted to call Peter
before, but he was too busy. I
knew exactly--

But she stops, sees a man talking to the MAITRE D'. Eli
Gold. Looking very much out of place.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Would you excuse me a second?

Jackie stands, pastes on a Gioconda smile, crosses to him.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Mr.-- What was it again? Goldman?

ELI GOLD
(smiles)
Gold. Mrs. Florrick, hello. I
thought you could help me with a
little problem.

Some women pass, eye Gold.

JACKIE
This is not really the place.

ELI GOLD
Yes, unfortunately, this is a time-
sensitive matter regarding your son.

Jackie eyes him, nods toward a corner, moving him from the
flow of traffic.

ELI GOLD (CONT'D)
Peter is questioning whether he
should wait four years and run then.

JACKIE
No, he’s not.

ELI GOLD
I’m sorry, he is. And if we don’t
file by the end of the week, we’ll
be forced to wait four years.

Jackie stares at Eli. As different as two people could be.

JACKIE
You aren’t lying?
Eli almost laughs, keeps it straight.

ELI GOLD
No, I’m sorry, I wish I were. Pastor Isaiah talked to him.

Jackie pauses, studies Eli...

JACKIE
Who introduced him to this Pastor?

ELI GOLD
I did, but not with that intention.

JACKIE
Mr. Gold, there is one thing you need to know about my son. He is easily moved. You need to pre-screen the people who see him.

Eli Gold: surprisingly good advice. He nods.

JACKIE (CONT’D)
And I will talk to this man. Plan on announcing by the end of the week.

ELI GOLD
Thank you.

JACKIE
Are you good, Mr. Gold?

ELI GOLD
Am I good? I’m the best, ma’am.

JACKIE
I will need you to be.

Eli nods, turns, starts out, smiling to himself. Sees old ladies staring at him as they pass. He nods:

ELI GOLD
Shalom.

INT. ARKIN’S HOUSE – DAY

A cellphone photo. Of the weapon and drug stash. Kalinda clicks it on. In the Arkin home. Trish watching...
TRISH
I’m sorry. He thought he was protecting me: not telling me where this stash was. What are you looking for?

KALINDA
These cellphone photos leave a time and date--

A dialogue box pops open with a time and date stamp.

KALINDA (CONT’D)
There. Saturday, March 13th.

TRISH
How does that help you?

KALINDA
Do you have your credit card bills?

INT. 27TH FLOOR - SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Plop-- a bill is opened on the table, Kalinda’s finger running down the column of numbers. Her laptop next to her. Kalinda comes to the date...

...3-13-10. There. Five charges on that date. One of them: “ARCO gas.” The address. A charge of $65.

She types the address into Google Maps, hits “Search Nearby,” types in “self-storage.”

...four tacks on Google Maps. One closest to her location. She clicks it. The business name pops up: “GOLD MEDAL STORAGE.” She taps on it, and...

OMITTED

INT. GOLD MEDAL STORAGE - DAY

...there it is. “Gold Medal Storage.” A modern warehouse-like storage building. She starts toward it, as...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

...McVeigh sits in another deposition. His turn.

CARY
Objection. Plaintiff’s counsel has an ongoing relationship with the expert witness.

(CONTINUED)
Diane smiles across at Cary.

DIANE
That seems more like a reason you shouldn’t hire him than I shouldn’t question him.

CARY
Preserving my objection for trial.

Diane smiles confidently at Cary’s presumption. Cary smiles back, feeling like a peer. Cary, Diane, the outside council, a court reporter, and McVeigh.

DIANE
Mr. McVeigh, on Tuesday last, did you conduct an experiment duplicating the April 16th officer shooting?

MCVEIGH
I did.

DIANE
And this experiment was conducted at your farm?

MCVEIGH
It was.

DIANE
In your barn?

MCVEIGH
Yes.

DIANE
And this experiment led to your conclusion that the police investigation was accurate?

MCVEIGH
That’s correct.

DIANE
Are you familiar with the FBI standards for ballistic investigation?

McVeigh looks across at her: where is this is going?

MCVEIGH
I am.
McVeigh looks straight at Diane. Eyes glued to her.

DIANE
You are correct.

Cary makes a note. Not happy with this.

DIANE
The assailant’s firearm was lowered through the use of a C-stand?

MCVEIGH
Yes.

DIANE
And the FBI standards caution that a C-stand is not a steady base for a firearm?

MCVEIGH
I believe that’s correct.

DIANE
You believe?

MCVEIGH
Yes. I believe.

DIANE
Well, let’s move on. In what other ways do your home-spun investigative methods clash with FBI standards?

(CONTINUED)
McVeigh stares at her.

DIANE (CONT’D)
Do you need a minute, Mr. McVeigh?

INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

The deposition—now seen from outside the conference room. It comes to a conclusion. McVeigh starts out—we can’t read his face. But we can read Cary’s, as he follows. It did not go well.

Diane stays in the room, seated, taking her time, contemplative. The Court Reporter folds up her steno machine, puts it away. Diane stands, exits the room, crosses to her office. Will sees her...

WILL
How’d it go?

DIANE
Well.

And that’s it. Diane enters her office, closes her door, sits. Stares at her desk.

INT. GOLD MEDAL STORAGE - DAY

Klunk— a WORKER breaks off the lock of a storage unit as Lana waits behind him with Kalinda...

LANA
See how much fun it is to be a Fed.
24 hour court orders.

Kalinda reaches past her and—rrrrrrrk—raises the rolling garage door revealing, yep, the stash of guns, duffel bags.

LANA (CONT’D)
Eldorado.

They step in. Scan...

INT. GOLD MEDAL STORAGE - UNIT #33 - DAY

...the shelves of weapons. Lana pulls on plastic gloves, unzips a duffel bag—filled with baggies of crystal. Kalinda takes out her cellphone, turns to exit.

LANA
Who you calling?

(CONTINUED)
KALINDA
Lockhart/Gardner.

But-- rrrrrrrk-- Lana lowers the garage door in front of her. Just the two of them inside.

KALINDA (CONT’D)
Something on your mind?

LANA
Let me see your phone.

KALINDA
Why?

LANA
I want to see who you’re phoning.

KALINDA
No.

LANA
Why?

KALINDA
Because I don’t like being questioned.

Kalinda reaches past her to open the garage door, but Lana stops it halfway up.

LANA
According to Mr. Arkin, there were three other corrupt cops. We immediately put them under surveillance.

Lana takes out a surveillance photo. Places it in front of Kalinda. It’s of her and Burton at the hotel bar.

LANA (CONT’D)
That’s you with a Detective Anthony Burton two hours after our proffer, and one hour before Mr. Arkin was murdered.

(another photo: intimate)
And here you are ten minutes later in his car.

Kalinda doesn’t even look at them, just studies Lana.

KALINDA
So?

(CONTINUED)
LANA
So... Kalinda. There were only five of us in that room for that proffer. And one of us leaked.

KALINDA
And that’s why these photos are so important? This one of me in the car-- because it shows me...
(taking her time)
...”leaking”?

LANA
It shows you in a compromised position.

KALINDA
With a man.

Lana studies her. The two close.

LANA
With a corrupt-- cop.

KALINDA
And yet I phoned you about this stash, didn’t I?
(Lana nods)
Which I wouldn’t do if I were... compromised.

LANA
True.

Kalinda smiles. Almost a whisper now...

KALINDA
I guess I could just be confused.

Lana studies her. The two very close now, just the shift of weight from one foot to the other bringing them closer.

LANA
Are you?

Their faces are inches apart now as...

INT. GOLD MEDAL STORAGE – DAY

...outside the storage unit now, the partly-closed garage door blocking everything but their legs.
A gift on Will’s desk. A WOODEN WINE BOX with a bow and a card. Will opens the card as he talks on his phone...

WILL
Good job, Kalinda. Anything you can find to tie it to the task force would help. You alright? You sound like you’ve been running. Okay.

Will hangs up, shoots a look across the hall toward the conference room where Alicia is deposing Hunter. Will opens the card, reads: “How’s your masculinity now?” He smiles.

DIANE
You got a secret admirer now?

Diane at his door. Will distracted, opening the box:

WILL
It appears so.

Will finds a bottle of wine inside. Blinks.

DIANE
Something special?

WILL
An $8,000 bottle of wine.

DIANE
A what?

WILL
An $8,000 bottle of wine.

DIANE
(looks in)
So, what, are you a kept man these days?

WILL
I’m working on it.

Meanwhile, in the deposition...

...Alicia questions Hunter. Heated. Angry.
ALICIA
You just said the opposite.

HUNTER
No, I did not, ma’am.

ALICIA
Then I don’t understand--

HUNTER
Well, I can’t help you with that--

ALICIA
You saw the police investigative report. You saw the crime scene photos. How did Mr. Arkin’s saliva end up on the landing two feet from his head?

CARY
Why don’t we take a break--

ALICIA
No, we’re fine.

Cary looks toward Hunter, worried. Hunter looking more shifty.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
Do you have an answer, Mr. Hunter? You say you didn’t touch the body? So how did he end up on his back?

HUNTER
I want to confer with counsel.

ALICIA
If that helps you with the truth, sure.

Hunter stares angrily at Alicia, then leans toward Cary, conferring in whispers. Alicia looks out toward Will’s office, sees him talking with Diane over a bottle of wine.

CARY
Mr. Hunter would like to... adjust his testimony.

ALICIA
Adjust? Sure, let’s adjust.

HUNTER
I did move Jack Arkin’s body.

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
And why did you do that, sir?

HUNTER
Jack was shot and fell face forward. I then, after firing upon and killing Mr. Gorman, proceeded to turn Jack over on his back because he was wearing a wire. Trying to nail us.

Alicia stares at him. Oh shit.

ALICIA
And what happened to this wire?

HUNTER
We gave it to Internal Affairs.

Alicia looks toward Cary who smiles.

CARY
This wire will be supplied to you by the end of business day today.

HUNTER
And guess what, lady? That wire--the wire that was supposed to catch us--it shows everything went down exactly the way we said. And I’ll be waiting for your apology.

Cary leans in toward Alicia, smiles...

CARY
You know what I would do if I were you, Alicia. I’d get ready for a season of losing.

END OF ACT TWO
A recording playing on a computer. Listening are Will, Diane, Kalinda, ten associates, all crowded in Will’s office. The sound of five loud gunshots. A man’s yell. Then a rustled microphone, a falling body. More yells. Gunfire.

WILL
They’re saying this supports their version of events.

DIANE
Hate to say it, but I think it does.

Alicia notices the bottle of wine and gift box behind Will.

KALINDA
It doesn’t matter if it supports it.

ALICIA
What do you mean?

KALINDA
Look at the incident report. Gorman was lying in wait, gun in hand. (nods to the recording) And within seconds of Arkin coming through the door, Gorman was firing.

ALICIA
You think he was set up?

KALINDA
The task force knew Arkin was the first one through the door. They didn’t need to kill Arkin. They just needed Gorman to do it.

Will studies Kalinda, nods.

WILL

Kalinda is out the door, on her way.
EXT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Jackie. She doesn’t look happy as she eyes several homeless African-American men waiting at a kitchen door. The door is opened by PASTOR ISAIAH. Calm, direct, splendid as always.

PASTOR ISAIAH
Apologies, gentlemen, for my lateness. Please head in and--

He sees Jackie waiting.

PASTOR ISAIAH (CONT’D)
--find yourselves a seat.
(goes to Jackie)
Mrs. Florrick? Hello.

JACKIE
Hello, “Pastor.”

Isaiah studies her. Can read everything in her body language.

PASTOR ISAIAH
What can I do for you?

JACKIE
You can leave my son alone.

Isaiah smiles.

PASTOR ISAIAH
Won’t you come in?

JACKIE
(she won’t)
You say you’re a man of god; then stop making him feel this way.

PASTOR ISAIAH
And what way is that, ma’am?

JACKIE
Like he’s a bad man.

PASTOR ISAIAH
He is a bad man.

JACKIE
How dare you?

(CONTINUED)
PASTOR ISAIAH
I’m a bad man. Even you, Mrs. Florrick--

JACKIE
Who do you think you are?! You think you know people? You just use the same words with everyone! You just say “god” and you think you can make people feel bad about themselves.

PASTOR ISAIAH
Mrs. Florrick, your son approached me. He wanted advice from me. And I will continue to offer advice--

JACKIE
And I will do everything in my power to stop you. You don’t know my son. This is a phase. You are a phase.

PASTOR ISAIAH
Then we’ll... see.

JACKIE
No, you’ll see. He’s running. This year. He’s my blood; and I don’t know what your god does, but it doesn’t match that.

The two stare at each other.

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

Alicia in her office. Hard at work. Most other people gone. There’s a knock at her door. She looks up. Will. With take out.

WILL
Dinner. We’re never getting out.

Alicia smiles. It’s actually kind of welcome.

ALICIA
Let’s do it.

INT. 27TH FLOOR - ALICIA’S OFFICE - TEN MINUTES LATER - NIGHT


(Continued)
WILL
The first time we met? It was a pool party, wasn’t it? Indoctrination, or what’d they call it?

ALICIA
(comically obvious)
“Orientation?”

WILL
A midnight pool party. About a hundred law students all trying to impress each other. Did you swim?

ALICIA
No, I was too shy. You were the one doing cannonballs.

WILL
(laughs)
God, that’s so embarrassing.

ALICIA
It wasn’t at the time.

WILL
So what did you think of me?

ALICIA
Ahhhh... no.

WILL
What?

ALICIA
Dangerous conversation.

WILL
Now you have to tell me. I’ll tell you what I thought of you.

ALICIA
So Giada seems sweet.

Will laughs...

WILL
Now there’s a segue. Yes, she is sweet.

(CONTINUED)
ALICIA
And third year at DePaul.

WILL
(eyes her, smiles)
Yep, just getting her retainer out.

Alicia smiles. Actually very comfortable to talk this way.

ALICIA
So is this the way it will always be between us?

WILL
I want to say yes. But I want to know what you mean?

ALICIA
Just talking this way. Casual. And...

WILL
Blunt?
(Alicia nods)
I like myself around you, Alicia. I don’t like myself around a lot of people.

ALICIA
You do.

WILL
No, it’s an act. Perfected over a millennium.

Alicia’s cellphone rings.

WILL (CONT’D)
Don’t answer it. It’s just life again.

ALICIA
That’s why I have to.
(answers)
Hello. Hey, what’s up, Kalinda?

Will smiles: of course: Kalinda.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
No, just with Will...
(a scolding whisper)
Noooo.
Will looks up at that. Interesting.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
Okay. Be right there.
(hangs up)
Kalinda got Gorman’s phone records. The night of the shooting he got two phone calls from a Hank Lydell.

WILL
Hank Lydell? Who’s Hank Lydell?

ALICIA
No idea. Kalinda checked. No priors. I’m meeting her now.

WILL
Okay. Nice dinner.

ALICIA
Yes. Worth the wait.

Will stops her as she starts out the door.

WILL
We always have options, Alicia.

Alicia turns, stares at him. What does that mean?

WILL (CONT’D)
I’m just saying.

She nods, continues out as Will watches her go.

INT. HANK LYDELL’S HOUSE – FOYER – NIGHT

Alicia, Kalinda waiting in the foyer of an upscale house. Quietly:

ALICIA
And we have no idea who Hank Lydell is?

KALINDA
Or why he was urgently phoning a meth dealer an hour before he killed a cop.

ALICIA
Well, it doesn’t look like an addict’s house.

(CONTINUED)
I don’t think there is a look to an addict’s house. So what were you doing with Will?

(smiles)

Having dinner.

Kalinda starts to say more, but a woman enters the foyer.

HEATHER (29).

Thank you for waiting. Mr. Lydell is right this way.

INT. HANK LYDELL’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HANK LYDELL. An 85-year-old in a wheelchair. Staring at a TV.

That’s very unlikely. Hank has some good days, but his arthritis keeps him from dialing the phone.

And you’ve never heard him talk about a man named Gorman?

No.

Who else would have access to the phone?

Here? Well, any of us.

“Us?”

Nursing care. Hank has 24 hour nursing care. I have the graveyard shift.

Is there any way to tell who was the nurse here on the night of this killing? May 15th.
Heather nods, flips through a clipboard by the refrigerator. Runs her finger down the list.

HEATHER
That was Trish. Trish Arkin.

Kalinda and Alicia trade a stunned look.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
Did I say something wrong?

KALINDA
No. That’s just the wife of the deceased.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY
Will closes the door of Diane’s office. A private meeting. Just Kalinda, Alicia, Will, Diane.

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

WILL
So... our client did it?

ALICIA
She apparently warned the meth dealer her husband was coming to arrest him.

DIANE
How did she even know him?

Alicia looks to Kalinda to answer, but she’s distracted, bothered. A feeling she isn’t familiar with: guilt.

ALICIA
Apparently through her husband. He was selling confiscated meth back to the dealer.

WILL
And the rest of the task force?

KALINDA
Innocent.

ALICIA
Well, we don’t know that for sure, but it does look like it was just Arkin who was stashing weapons and drugs. He realized Internal Affairs was looking into him, so he thought he’d make a deal and turn on his partners.

DIANE
And Trish...?

ALICIA
There were 40 calls between Trish and Gorman. His neighbors say they frequently saw her car there. We think they were having an affair and Trish tried to save Gorman from the bust.

(CONTINUED)
DIANE
So she wasn’t mourning Jack? She was mourning Gorman.

WILL
Well, that explains the leak. When we counted who was in the room, we didn’t count the wife.

KALINDA
Yep.

They all look toward Kalinda.

DIANE
And you want to hear an even greater irony? Cook County wants to avoid embarrassment. We just got an offer to drop the case.

WILL
How much?

DIANE
A half million.

Will just shakes his head, chuckles.

WILL
So Trish gets her husband killed, blames the police, and makes a cool $500,000.

Kalinda gets up, leaves the room.

ALICIA
Are we taking it?

WILL
Well, I don’t think we can get them any higher.

ALICIA
No, I mean, are we taking anything? She’s guilty, and she’ll get off.

Diane and Will trade a look. A novice’s hesitation.

WILL
She’s our client. It’s our job.
ALICIA
And at what point is our job... wrong?

WILL
When it fails our client.

Silence. Alicia staring at Will.

DIANE
Okay, let’s advise the client to take the offer.

And Diane gets up, exits the office. After a second, Alicia gets up and leaves too.

EXT. MCVEIGH’S FARM – DAY

The farm again. Diane’s car pulls up. When—booom-booom-boom! Inside...

INT. MCVEIGH’S FARM – DAY

...McVeigh fires away at a ballistic dummy—work, not fun. He glances up, sees a red light blinking. Sees on a video monitor Diane waiting at his door, ringing his bell.

McVeigh considers it, starts to aim at the ballistics dummy again... stops. Looks over at Diane. Still there. Now looking up at the surveillance camera. McVeigh takes off his ear protection.

EXT. MCVEIGH’S FARM – DAY

McVeigh opens his door. Looks at Diane standing there. She doesn’t say a word, just stares at him. He takes a second, opens the door wider. She smiles, starts in. He follows her in, closes the door behind her.

INT. HOTEL BAR – NIGHT

Kalinda sits at the bar, two shots ready. She sees Burton approach. Nods to him relieved. He doesn’t nod back, stands at the bar with her. She slides the shot toward him.

DETECTIVE BURTON
So I seem to be a suspect. Apparently, Internal Affairs is looking into my connection with this Arkin shooting.

KALINDA
I heard.
DETECTIVE BURTON
This stuff seems to be coming from your lawsuit.

KALINDA
That’s right.

DETECTIVE BURTON
That’s why all your questions about what I do for friends-- you thought I did it?

KALINDA
Yes.

DETECTIVE BURTON
Well, you know what? Go to hell.

And he leaves. Kalinda watches him go, pauses a second, then starts after him. Stops him in the middle of the room. Grabs his arm.

DETECTIVE BURTON (CONT’D)
What?

KALINDA
Nothing, I just...

Kalinda looks around. The hardest words for her.

KALINDA (CONT’D)
I’m sorry.

Kalinda slips him an envelope.

DETECTIVE BURTON
What’s this?

KALINDA
Who really tipped off Gorman.

Burton looks at her, nods, starts off. Leaving Kalinda alone in the bar. And...

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

...a press conference being set up. Lectern. Raised platform. In a small hotel ballroom. Very similar to the ballroom at the opening of the season.

(CONTINUED)
REPORTER
Is this just an exoneration victory lap or is he going to announce?

ELI GOLD
Gail, you’re going to find out in one hour.

REPORTER
Come on. Is Mrs. Florrick going to be on stage with him?

Eli laughs, starts off, as the reporter follows him. And we find...

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

...Alicia seated in a green room backstage, staring straight ahead. Deep in thought. Peter across from her.

PETER
I don’t know.

ALICIA
They’re not going to leave us alone. The press.

Peter nods, looks off.

PETER
I was reading about these murals in Sienna. One showing good government. People happy. Buildings going up. Courts making good decisions. On the opposite wall -- bad government. The same people, but injured, unhappy, making bad decisions. And I was thinking: it only works if people step up. If people sacrifice.

Alicia studies him.

PETER (CONT’D)
I was an okay State’s Attorney, Alicia. But I want to be a great one. With your help.

ALICIA
I don’t want the kids involved.
PETER
They won’t be.

ALICIA
I want to work.

PETER
I want you to work.

Peter reaches out a hand to hold hers. Alicia stares at it, as...

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

...pop— the cork is pulled from the $8,000 wine.

Will takes a paper cup, blows some dust out of it, sits, pours himself a cup, takes a sip. Not bad. Not great. He stares at the bottle. Really, $8,000?

He puts the bottle down. Thinks about it. Looks off. Out the window into the night. It takes him a second and another sip. But he stands. Buttons his coat. Grabs the phone.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

The press conference. Flashes. A few TV cameras. Not as crowded as the first time around, but clearly there is interest. Peter alone at the lectern. Four grinning LOCAL POLITICIANS behind him.

PETER
A little more than a year ago, I stood at this podium and apologized to the public and to my family about a personal failing—

Meanwhile...

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

...Alicia watches, off-stage, feels her cellphone buzz. Takes it out, sees the caller ID. She answers...

ALICIA
Hello. Will?

INTERCUT with...
...Will in his office, hearing the noise of the hall:

    WILL
    Alicia. Hi. Where are you?

    ALICIA
    Peter’s press conference. Is everything alright?

Will takes a second. This complicates matters.

    WILL
    Yes. I was just thinking: I don’t want to go through life and think something didn’t happen just because I didn’t make myself clear.

    ALICIA
    I can’t hear you.

Fuck. Will frowns. Hard to find that same emotional tone.

    WILL
    I said... I want to make something clear.

    ALICIA
    Hold on.

Alicia moves down the hall, away from the noise of Peter’s speech, passing Eli who eyes her. What’s she up to? Where’s she going? He watches her turn a corner.

In Will’s office.

    WILL
    Okay, I just need to say it. We’ve been up and down, back and forth, and I look at you, Alicia, and I think--

    ALICIA
    Will--

    WILL
    I just need to say it.

    ALICIA
    No.
A firm Alicia. Stopping it. Will surprised.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
Show me the plan.

WILL
The...?

ALICIA
Plan. I get the romance. Show me the plan.

WILL
Not everything needs a plan.

ALICIA
Everything that matters does. I have two kids who mean the world to me. I have the press waiting for any whiff of a new scandal. And I have a husband. So if you want to cut through that noise, show me a plan. Poetry is easy, parent-teacher conferences are hard.

Alicia hears Peter’s voice— an emphatic part of his speech. Some cheers.

ALICIA (CONT’D)
I have to go now.

Will stumped. Nothing to say.

WILL
I-- Okay.

But Alicia hangs up, starts toward Eli, who’s waving to her—hurry.

ELI GOLD
You’re going to make my life hard, aren’t you?

Alicia nods, starts toward the end of the hall, the stage beyond, hearing Peter’s voice getting louder:

PETER (O.S.)
Chicago once again needs a change. A new beginning. And I believe I am that change. I am that new beginning.
And that’s it. Spattered claps. Yelled questions from reporters. The other politicians hug him, shake his hands as Peter smiles, motions toward...

...Alicia in the hall. She looks out at him and pauses. She takes a step toward the door when she hears a cellphone ring. She takes it out of her pocket studies the caller ID.

“Will.”

She stands there a second. And looks back up at Peter.

PETER (CONT’D)
Alicia.

And she looks back at the cell, frozen there.

END OF EPISODE