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# thegoodwife

Episode #109

"Lifeguard"

Written By

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Directed By

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THE GOOD WIFE #109  
"Lifeguard"  
Cast List  
12/2/09

ALICIA FLORRICK  
WILL GARDNER  
DIANE LOCKHART  
CARY AGOS  
KALINDA SHARMA

GRACE FLORRICK  
JACKIE FLORRICK

TERRANCE RAMSEY (formerly "Daryl Ramsey")  
TALIA RAMSEY  
JUDGE HENRY BAXTER  
SHANNON VARGAS (formerly "Shannon Conrad")  
VICTORIA ADLER (formerly "Amanda Adler")  
ASA MARK RICHARDSON  
MARGY VARGAS (formerly "Margy Conrad")  
DETECTIVE FRANK SEABROOK  
JULIAN CAIN (formerly "Warren Cain")  
WALLACE GIBBS  
JUDGE ROBERT PARKS  
HOWARD BRIGHTMAN  
\* SHAW (formerly "Shaw Patterson")  
RECEPTIONIST

Omitted

Mark Creighton  
Henry Paulson  
Sarah Baxter  
Prosecutor  
Bailiff  
Zach Florrick (b.g. only)  
Voice (O.S., from Highland Park House)  
Judge Dauer  
Judge Lionel Higginbotham  
Professor Lave

THE GOOD WIFE #109  
"Lifeguard"  
Set List  
12/2/09

Interiors:

27TH FLOOR  
BULLPEN  
SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM  
CARY'S OFFICE  
28TH FLOOR  
HALLWAY  
SECRETARIAL STATION  
WILL'S OFFICE  
DIANE'S OFFICE  
JUVENILE COURTS BUILDING  
HALLWAY  
LOBBY  
GALLOWS  
UNDERGROUND HALLWAY  
BAXTER'S CHAMBERS  
BAXTER'S COURTROOM  
ALICIA'S APARTMENT  
DINING ROOM  
GRACE'S BEDROOM  
HALL  
ENTRY WAY  
PALGRAVE ACADEMY - WAITING ROOM  
CHIEF JUSTICE'S OFFICE - WAITING AREA OUTSIDE  
COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM  
BASKETBALL COURT  
BAXTER'S OLD HOUSE

Exteriors:

GRACE'S SCHOOL  
\* PALGRAVE ACADEMY  
PARKING LOT  
JUVENILE COURTS BUILDING - COURTHOUSE STEPS  
BAXTER'S OLD HOUSE  
SUBURBAN HOUSE

TEASER

1 INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY 1

The office. Crowded. Active. People rushing this way, that. We slalom through them, toward...

2 INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY 2

...Diane's office where three officials, oozing authority, power, sit. Two women, one man. Staring straight at us, like pashas.

VICTORIA ADLER  
We've been watching you.

DIANE, the person being watched, laughs, leaning against her desk.

DIANE  
Now that sounds sinister.

The three smile. The middle one, VICTORIA ADLER (40), is a pleasant Chief Justice who carries herself like a queen.

VICTORIA ADLER  
I know how much you hate praise, Diane, so please, forgive us. What you have done for women-- through example, encouragement, and perseverance is truly unparalleled. Your work on Emily's List, your mentoring of young lawyers, your shattering of the glass ceiling...

DIANE  
I have a feeling we're coming to a very significant "but."

WALLACE GIBBS  
No, a small one. --"But" you now have a hard decision to make.

A Democratic macher, WALLACE GIBBS. Meticulous metrosexual.

DIANE  
And that is?

VICTORIA ADLER  
We want you to be a judge.

Diane stares at them. Laughs, surprised:

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

No.

VICTORIA ADLER

Yes.

Victoria, playing emissary, nods to Wallace.

WALLACE GIBBS

We're here as representatives of Democratic ward and committee chairs. We would like to slate you on the upcoming ballot.

DIANE

I... I'm startled.

VICTORIA ADLER

We need more women judges, Diane. We need better judges. Right now we have two lifeguards for every swimmer...

(off Diane's look)

Two judges who understand the law to every one who doesn't. And we need to maintain that ratio.

DIANE

I hope I'm a lifeguard.

VICTORIA ADLER

That's the reason we're here.

Diane looks out toward Will talking with a ring of Associates.

DIANE

And my firm?

VICTORIA ADLER

You'll have to divest, of course.

Diane takes a moment: oh.

WALLACE GIBBS

We don't do smoke-filled rooms anymore, Diane, but we do manage the primary ballot. So if you agree, you'll be the only woman slated, and thus a shoo-in.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA ADLER  
That's how I became Chief Justice.  
But it means leaving all this  
behind.

DIANE  
I-- I don't know what to say.

VICTORIA ADLER  
Say yes.

DIANE  
Can I take a few days?

VICTORIA ADLER  
You can take a week. You've done  
well, Diane. Claim your prize.

Diane stares at them, looks out toward Will. And...

3 **INT. JUVENILE COURTS BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY** 3

ALICIA  
Simple assault.

MARK RICHARDSON  
Six months detention, three years  
probation.

ALICIA  
Two years probation, no jail time.

Plea bargaining. ALICIA rushing through a courthouse lobby  
with ASA MARK RICHARDSON (31), college lineman who turned his  
football scholarship to a good advantage.

MARK RICHARDSON  
You know it's called "bargaining,"  
right? Why am I the only one  
making concessions?

Alicia smiles: enough of pro now to appreciate the game of law.

ALICIA  
I just gave you an extra year on  
probation.

MARK RICHARDSON  
You're not giving me anything on  
detention.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

Because my client doesn't deserve it. He's a 98 pound wallflower--

MARK RICHARDSON

--who clocked a classmate with an algebra textbook--

ALICIA

--*because* he was being bullied.

MARK RICHARDSON

Nineteen stitches. A cracked eye socket. So what's someone from Stern, Lockhart doing in Juvenile Court anyway?

ALICIA

God's work. One of our bigger clients, it's his housekeeper's son. Let him plead "No Contest." Three years probation.

MARK RICHARDSON

Come on, I make that deal, I'm looking for a job.

ALICIA

No, you have the flexibility to go to zero, or you would've made a call to go down to three months.

Richardson smiles.

MARK RICHARDSON

So your husband told you all our secrets?

ALICIA

Some. Look, my client is an "A" student. Never had a bad day before; never have one again. Unless you incarcerate him.

Richardson shakes his head, but it's a head-shake of surrender:

MARK RICHARDSON

One year probation. Two hundred hours community service. *And* he takes responsibility in open court. No "bully-did-this, I-did-that"--

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA  
Thanks.

MARK RICHARDSON  
Go and sin no more.

And Alicia starts across the lobby toward her clients.

4 INT. JUVENILE COURTS BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY 4

TALIA RAMSEY  
You want Terrance to plead guilty?

Alicia talks with TALIA RAMSEY (30s), the middle class African-American mother of her client, a concerned and delicate mom who has made her one obsession the protection of her son.

ALICIA  
I want him to go home. The plea is a formality, Talia, that's all, and it's a minor misdemeanor.

TALIA RAMSEY  
But he'll have a criminal record.

ALICIA  
--that would be expunged when he finished probation.

TALIA RAMSEY  
He's not a criminal.

ALICIA  
I know. How do you feel about this, Terrance?

TERRANCE RAMSEY (13), small, bookish, with prominent spectacles that make him look even more like bully-bait. He shrugs.

TERRANCE  
I don't know.

ALICIA  
Think you could tell the judge what you did and apologize for it?

TERRANCE  
I guess. I *am* sorry.

ALICIA  
I know. I just--

(CONTINUED)



4

CONTINUED:

4

A ringtone (same as the pilot) "Mom, pick up the phone; Mom pick up the phone". Darn.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Sorry, that's my daughter. Give me one minute.

(answers)

Grace? Everything alright?

INTERCUT with...

5

**EXT. GRACE'S SCHOOL - DAY**

5

...GRACE, walking outside her school on her cell beside another girl on *her* cell talking with her mom. SHANNON (13), quirky, with flavored lip gloss and cheek sparkles.

GRACE

Yeah, everything's great. So can Shannon come over?

ALICIA

Who's Shannon?

GRACE

A girl in my class. How old are you?

SHANNON

Thirteen.

GRACE

She's thirteen too.

SHANNON

My mom said it's okay.

GRACE

Her mom says it's okay.

ALICIA

And it's alright with Jackie?

GRACE

Yeah, she said it's fine, but she wanted to ask you.

Alicia eyes Talia grooming Terrance's hair, and taking off his glasses, preparing him for court. Alicia frowns at that: don't take off his glasses.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA  
Okay, then, it's fine. Help  
grandma with any clean up.

Grace nods to Shannon who laughs, spirited, and runs on ahead.

GRACE  
Yeah. And guess what, Mom?

ALICIA  
What?

GRACE  
Shannon's dad's in prison, too.  
I'll see you tonight.

And Grace clicks off. Alicia holds the phone to her ear for a beat, unsure what to do with that. She turns toward Talia and Terrance, but they're already heading into court. Shit.

6 INT. JUVENILE COURTS BUILDING - BAXTER'S COURTROOM - DAY 6

JUDGE BAXTER  
Six months probation. 100 hours  
community service.

JUDGE HENRY BAXTER (40) renders judgement on a 16-year-old. Baxter is lean, shaggy, liberal, the life of the party. Bailiffs and court reporters love him. He keeps things moving and fun.

JUDGE BAXTER (CONT'D)  
You're lucky it's Christmas time,  
Mr. Thompson. Defecate again in  
your neighbor's closet, I won't be  
so jolly. And who's our next  
contestant, Danny?  
(Bailiff hands him papers)  
Young Master Terrance Ramsey.

Alicia rushes up the aisle, seeing Terrance already passing through the gallery gate. She quickly pauses beside Talia, whispering...

ALICIA  
You have his glasses?

TALIA RAMSEY  
He's fine without them.

ALICIA  
No, I just... could I get them?

(CONTINUED)

Talia reaches into her purse for them as Baxter reviews the file, glancing up intermittently to assess Terrance. Looking a little bigger without his glasses.

JUDGE BAXTER

Where's your counsel, young man?

ALICIA

Here, Your Honor.

JUDGE BAXTER

Oh good, shall we all gather around the campfire here, counselor? And I understand you've reached a plea agreement, Mr. Richardson?

Alicia finally grabs the glasses, and rushes up the aisle to join Terrance as Richardson at the prosecution table:

MARK RICHARDSON

Yes, your honor, Mr. Ramsey has agreed to plead guilty to Simple Assault.

JUDGE BAXTER

Is that correct, Mr. Ramsey, you're ready to plead guilty?

TERRANCE

Yes, Sir.

Alicia slips the glasses into Terrance's hand. Oh, he nods, puts them on...

JUDGE BAXTER

You understand, Mr. Ramsey, you have the right--

But Baxter stares at Terrance now with glasses--

JUDGE BAXTER (CONT'D)

Is there a problem, counselor?

ALICIA

No, your honor.

JUDGE BAXTER

Does Mr. Ramsey need his glasses to see me, Ms.--?

ALICIA

Florricks, your honor.

(CONTINUED)

Baxter leans back, smiles, shoots a look toward the grinning Bailiff...

JUDGE BAXTER

Well, we're in for a treat today,  
aren't we Danny? Some good old  
Florrick magic.

Alicia frowns: just the usual judicial pound of flesh.

JUDGE BAXTER (CONT'D)

Why don't you take off those  
glasses and put them in your  
pocket, son?

Terrance nods, does so, as...

JUDGE BAXTER (CONT'D)

To the charge of Simple Assault,  
how do you plead, Mr. Ramsey?

He looks at Alicia who nods.

TERRANCE

Guilty, Your Honor.

JUDGE BAXTER

And, in your own words, what happened?

TERRANCE

At lunch Reggie said he was going  
to beat me up after school. He  
called me a little bitch and said  
he was going to break my glasses.  
He scared me and I threw my book at  
him.

Talia watches, concerned for her son.

JUDGE BAXTER

And the state's recommendation?

MARK RICHARDSON

One year probation and 200 hours of  
community service.

JUDGE BAXTER

You caused serious injuries, Mr.  
Ramsey. Broken eye socket, stitches.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

The other child is recovering well,  
your honor.

JUDGE BAXTER

Break a nose and your punishment is  
picking up trash? What's the  
message there?

ALICIA

Your Honor, I just want to say--

JUDGE BAXTER

The agreement you have is between  
you and the Government, Mr. Ramsey.  
As such, I am not party to that  
agreement and may impose a harsher  
sentence. Do you understand that?

Terrance blinks as Alicia looks on, frustratingly impotent.  
She shoots a look toward Richardson.

JUDGE BAXTER (CONT'D)

Mr. Ramsey, I am sentencing you to 9  
months detention. You will receive  
the guidance you need to become a  
productive citizen and come to  
understand that actions have  
consequences.

(softer)

This will be the best thing for you.  
Okay, next contestant.

Terrance's hearing is over. The courtroom tries to move on.

ALICIA

Your Honor, I'm sorry, but-- we  
made an agreement. No jail--

JUDGE BAXTER

People versus Marcus Townsend.

TWO GUARDS approach, one carrying handcuffs.

ALICIA

No, wait.

She looks back toward Talia, appalled, on her feet.

TALIA RAMSEY

Terrance--!

(CONTINUED)

The guards start to lead Terrance out: everything moving fast, as Alicia turns to Richardson:

ALICIA

What's the hell's going on?

Richardson shrugs - not sarcastic, just: what do you want me to do? Talia rushes up from the gallery. Richardson puts himself between Talia and the judge. It is an act of compassion, under the circumstances.

TERRANCE

Mom.

It's a last lost syllable as Terrance is led out of court.

**INT. JUVENILE COURTS BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY**

Alicia approaches a stunned Talia...

ALICIA

He's downstairs in a holding area.  
A bus is taking him to the  
detention center.

TALIA RAMSEY

He's never been away from home  
before. Not even for a night.

A woman barely holding on. Hard for Alicia:

ALICIA

I'm sorry.

TALIA RAMSEY

Can I-- I see him first?

ALICIA

No, not here.

TALIA RAMSEY

Can you see him?

ALICIA

I-- I don't know. I can try.

TALIA RAMSEY

Please, tell him "I love him."  
Tell him "I'll get him out." I--  
He hasn't eaten all day.

## 8 INT. JUVENILE COURTS BUILDING - GALLOWS - DAY 8

Alicia rushes down a passageway in the bowels of the criminal courts building. Her cell phone rings: the "Twilight Zone" jingle that indicates Jackie.

She digs out her phone, silences it, reaches the end of the hall. The guard glances at her badge and lets her into...

## 9 INT. JUVENILE COURTS BUILDING - UNDERGROUND HALLWAY - DAY 9

...a passage looking out onto a large interior courtyard where YOUNG DELINQUENTS (11 - 16 years old, tough) are being loaded on buses. Alicia is stopped at a fence, seeing Terrance, just about to board, the other kids towering over him, goofing around. Terrance quiet and terrified.

ALICIA

Terrance! Over here!

Terrance turns, cheeks tear-streamed. It breaks Alicia's heart.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Your mom-- she wanted you to know...

But the kids around him laugh, yell "What's his mom say?" Mimicking her voice: "I love you, Terrance." Smooching. Alicia frowns: shit.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

I'm working to get you out.

TERRANCE

I'm sorry.

It's heartbreaking. A kid blaming himself. As a guard pushes him up onto the bus. And...

...Alicia can only watch as Terrance is pushed toward his seat. He struggles to put on his glasses, looks toward Alicia. Alicia has to brace herself to keep from crying.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

10 INT. JUVENILE COURTS BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

10

Alicia sees Richardson and a GUARD chatting amiably.

ALICIA

This where you come to celebrate?

MARK RICHARDSON

I don't like what happened either.

ALICIA

Your boss wanted six months. You got nine.

Richardson starts off, Alicia follows him...

MARK RICHARDSON

Look, Florrick is not the most popular name around here.

ALICIA

That's not what this was about. This was a bait and switch.

Richardson stops, turns to her.

MARK RICHARDSON

Oh, come on. A judge has indigestion, you get six months. He has a good meal, someone goes free. It balances itself out.

ALICIA

Not for Terrance Ramsey.

MARK RICHARDSON

Then what do you wanna do? You act like this isn't the water we're both swimming in.

Alicia starts away. Richardson considers it, looks after her.

MARK RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Baxter is well-liked. But he's all over the map with sentencing. Someone just complained last week.

Alicia pauses. Waits. Knows she's about to be thrown a bone. Okay, she walks back to Richardson.

(CONTINUED)



MARK RICHARDSON (CONT'D)  
Howard Brightman at Legal Aid. You  
think your kid got screwed, talk to  
Howie.

Alicia nods, goes, as...

11 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - GRACE'S BEDROOM - DAY 11

...an image pops up on Grace's desktop computer. A severe  
prison: Stateville Correctional.

SHANNON  
That's not the way you enter in. I  
think that's for guards.  
(looking out the window)  
I wish I lived on the 9th floor.

Shannon at the window, looking out. Grace at her computer.

GRACE  
How many times do you go?

SHANNON  
To see my dad? Every month. It's  
a long ways. What's yours?

Shannon shoves Grace aside at the computer so she can type...

GRACE  
Tamms Minimum. What did your dad  
do?

SHANNON  
(types)  
Nothing. I mean, he says he didn't.  
They say he sold drugs. Crystal.  
(looks at photos)  
Wow, that's not bad.

GRACE  
So what did he say happened?

SHANNON  
He was set up.

GRACE  
(laughs)  
Yeah, my dad too.

(CONTINUED)

SHANNON

I think your dad's prison is nicer  
than mine.

Knock-knock. Jackie opens the door...

JACKIE

I thought I'd make snacks for you  
two young ladies.

Grace rolls her eyes. Jackie on her best behavior. Celery  
with peanut butter. Jackie sees the photos on the computer  
screen...

JACKIE (CONT'D)

What are you looking at here?

GRACE

Nothing. Thanks, Grandma.

SHANNON

We're comparing prisons.

Grace frowns at Shannon: don't go there.

JACKIE

Comparing-- I don't think I  
understand.

GRACE

(knowing Jackie)  
Shannon's joking. We're okay.  
Thanks, grandma.

JACKIE

So is your mom coming to pick you  
up, Shannon?

SHANNON

No, I have my bike.

JACKIE

Your bike? Where do you live?

GRACE

Garfield Park, on Lake.

Clearly from Jackie's look: that's not great.

JACKIE

Maybe I should phone your mother.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE  
No, no, we're okay. Thank you.  
Bye. We gotta do homework.

12 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - HALL - DAY** 12

Jackie finds herself out in the hall. She pauses there, hears laughter inside. She leans in toward the door to hear:

SHANNON (O.S.)  
She's the one who took you there?

GRACE (O.S.)  
Yeah, to see my dad? She thinks he's staying at a country club.

The two laugh. As...

13 **INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN & SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY** 13

...HOWARD BRIGHTMAN (35), a man with a box, crosses with Alicia through the bullpen. Brightman is an anachronism-- a hippie in hippie's clothing. He keeps looking behind him.

ALICIA  
Thanks for agreeing to meet, Mr. Brightman.

HOWARD BRIGHTMAN  
Howie. So do you always have a buffet like that?

Alicia looks back, didn't even think of it.

ALICIA  
Did you want something? A muffin or something?

HOWARD BRIGHTMAN  
No. No, I'm fine. So, yeah, you were interested in my client, Damian Harken? Kid stole a chicken from Costco. Richardson agreed to a plea of simple theft and supervised release. But Judge Baxter gave him nine months.

14 **INT. 27TH FLOOR - SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 14

ALICIA  
You filed a motion to reconsider?

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD BRIGHTMAN

Yep, Baxter denied it.

ALICIA

On what grounds?

But Brightman pauses, sees another bagel tray on a side table. A lot of food. Staring at it...

HOWARD BRIGHTMAN

Um, he sentenced within the guidelines. Judicial discretion. So every day they just put out all this food?

ALICIA

Every day. Why don't you...

HOWARD BRIGHTMAN

No, no, I had lunch. Baxter is a bipolar sentencer. No one wants to confront him because we all have to go back there. You looking to file a motion to reconsider?

ALICIA

I am.

Howard sets the box on the conference table...

HOWARD BRIGHTMAN

A year ago we started segregating cases by judge. So these are all the Baxter cases. Maybe I'll just grab one.  
(the bagels)

ALICIA

Please.

As Brightman crosses to the bagels, Alicia opens the box, packed with files.

Alicia's finger runs down a filing motion, comes to "Sentence..." Her finger runs over to the written in sentence: "3 *mnths* probation." She flips the sheet to the mugshot: a hunted looking 15-year-old Caucasian. She places the photo down on the small conference table, Brightman gone now. Turns to...

...another filing motion. Again "*Sentence:*" Again her finger runs over to the scrawled sentence: "*1 yr Detention.*" She flips to the mugshot: a 16-year-old African American girl.

Alicia pauses, considers it. Takes the photo, places it carefully on the other side of the desk. Looks at the two mugshots. One white. One black. She turns to the new file, more determined. And...

16 **INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER - DAY** 16

..."*8 mnths Detention*" reads a new sentence. A determined Alicia flips over to the mugshot, knows exactly what she'll find. Yep, an African-American kid. She places it on...

...the desk. And we see she has a large display of mugshots. Eight on one side of the desk. Six on the other. No denying one side is predominately black (with one stray white kid), and the other side is white.

Alicia sits back, stares at it. Anger growing in her belly. Meanwhile...

17 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - WILL'S OFFICE - DAY** 17

...Diane stands in front of WILL. Silence for a second.

WILL

Wow.

DIANE

Yes.

WILL

(addressing her)

Your honor.

They both smile.

DIANE

It's not a given.

WILL

Yeah it is. Cook County Democrats say you're a judge, you're a judge. The vote's a formality.

DIANE

So you think I should?

(CONTINUED)

WILL

I think you'd be crazy not to.  
These chances don't come along  
every day.

DIANE

And the firm?

WILL

We survived losing Stern. We'll  
survive... you.

Diane looks over at Will, her first hesitation.

DIANE

And my people?

WILL

Your people?

DIANE

The lawyers who came over with me.

WILL

Funny, I thought they were *our*  
people. Isn't that what we said  
the first day: no fiefdoms?

DIANE

We also said we wouldn't stab each  
other in the back.

WILL

And we didn't. Stern left of his  
own free will.

DIANE

Just promise me you won't clean  
house.

WILL

Diane. If it were the reverse,  
would you promise me?

Diane studies him, nods, starts out.

WILL (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Diane.

And she's gone. Will takes a second, sits. Grins. An  
imperial grin. He makes the quiet "rahhhh" of a stadium  
roar. He won. As...

18

INT. 27TH FLOOR - SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

18

...Alicia still has the two dozen mugshots out on the table. Mostly African-American kids on one side. Caucasians on the other.

CARY

Aren't we supposed to be on Sheffrin-Marks?

Alicia, CARY, two other lawyers. One higher level, JULIAN CAIN (32), African-American, funny, wields his authority with a calm certainty.

JULIAN CAIN

This *is* Sheffrin-Marks. Sheffrin anyway. He asked us to take care of his housekeeper's kid, and...

(playfully)

...Alicia promptly went out and got him locked up.

ALICIA

Sorry.

(points to the photos)

These are all from Legal Aid. Baxter's cases. Everybody on this side got probation. Everybody on *that* got jail time.

CARY

So you're filing a motion to reconsider-- based on what?

KALINDA

He's a racist.

KALINDA at the door. Julian turns:

JULIAN CAIN

Well, I'd take this up to Will. Get his advice.

CARY

You're barking up the wrong tree. Baxter is old school liberal. Million man march. All that.

JULIAN CAIN

And of course liberals can't be racists.

(CONTINUED)

CARY

Hey, hey. I'm just...  
(nods toward the mugshots)  
...Twenty cases doesn't mean  
anything. We'd need to know the  
race of everyone else Baxter  
sentenced and then do a regression  
analysis to look at other variables  
that could explain the pattern.

They all stare at him.

CARY (CONT'D)

You know, statistics: a real chick  
magnet.

JULIAN CAIN

So Kalinda, you help Alicia get the  
hard data for her motion, and use  
Mr. Statistic here. He has nothing  
better to do.

CARY

Who says I have nothing better to  
do?

JULIAN CAIN

I do.

Alicia starts out with her photos when Cary slips out...

CARY

Hey. One thing.  
(Alicia returns)  
I wouldn't go to Will.

ALICIA

Why?

CARY

He's best buds with Baxter.

Alicia stares at him.

ALICIA

How do you know?

CARY

I researched the partners. Didn't  
you?

(CONTINUED)



Alicia considers it, smiles. Actually nice of Cary.

ALICIA  
Thanks.

20 INT. 28TH FLOOR - SECRETARIAL STATION - DAY 20

Will working in his office, on the phone. Alicia looks in on him, turns the other way. Diane in her office. Staring out her window, not on the phone. Alicia considers it, and...

21 INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY 21

...the two dozen mugshots. Again displayed, now on Diane's table. Diane inspects them as Alicia inspects Diane...

ALICIA  
I could be wrong. It's a small sampling.

Diane steps away, considers it. Takes a second.

DIANE  
Get a larger one.

ALICIA  
So you think I *should* pursue the biased sentencing charge?

DIANE  
What else do you have?

ALICIA  
Mitigation. Or withdraw the plea. Argue Baxter didn't properly admonish Terrance.

DIANE  
Maybe on appeal, but you have to go back to Baxter with this motion.  
(looks back at the photos)  
When Illinois still had the death penalty, juries were 10 times more likely to sentence an African-American than a white one. I challenged three death sentences with that argument.

ALICIA  
Did it work?

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

Twice. Judges should know they can't get away with bias in sentencing.

ALICIA

I don't want to fight a cause at the expense of a client.

DIANE

You won't. Don't make your arguments specific to Baxter. Throw in some other judges too. If Baxter is smart, he'll read between the lines, and reconsider.

ALICIA

You know Judge Baxter is a friend of Will's?

DIANE

I don't see the relevance. This isn't personal. A judge's job is to be an impartial arbiter. Two lifeguards to every swimmer.

(of Alicia's look)

Nothing. If Baxter fails, it's in everybody's interest to make that known.

ALICIA

Thank you.

DIANE

No problem. You should knock on my door more often, Alicia.

But Diane pauses, almost forgot her own future turn.

ALICIA

I will.

DIANE

You're doing a good job. My apologies if I haven't said that up till now.

ALICIA

Thank you.

Alicia turns to exit, smiles. It's nice to get a compliment from someone who rarely does. It means a lot.

22

## INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

22

Rows and rows of stats on a computer screen. Dry as driftwood. Alicia studies it on her laptop, in the kitchen, Jackie preparing dinner in the background.

JACKIE

Her name is Shannon. She rode her bike here. She didn't want me to phone her mother.

ALICIA

Uh-huh.

JACKIE

She just seemed a little... mature for Grace.

(Alicia turns to Jackie)

Her father's in prison, you know.

Alicia smiles...

ALICIA

Jackie. Your son's in prison.

JACKIE

Yes, but not in Stateville.

Alicia chuckles, turns back to the computer.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

What? I wish I could laugh about it.

ALICIA

I'm not laughing about "it." I'm laughing about you.

JACKIE

I guess that's me: a figure of fun.

Alicia sighs, peers out toward the living room. The kids not in earshot.

ALICIA

I like that Grace has a friend, Jackie, that's all. She's been slow to make friends at school.

JACKIE

Then let me introduce her to some friends at the DLC.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

Oh, please, Jackie, not the debutante stuff.

JACKIE

What? It's not the way it used to be. There are black cotillions. Mexican cotillions. The girls work in soup kitchens.

ALICIA

Let's just let Gracie pick her own friends, okay?

JACKIE

Did you even ask Grace what her friend's father is in prison for? Shouldn't we find that out? What if it's something bad?

ALICIA

What if it is? She's not her father.

Jackie considers this, not pleased, as Alicia's cellphone RINGS: "Kalinda" pops up on the display. Answering:

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Hello.

INTERCUT with...

...Kalinda on the phone. Cary rearranging Alicia's pictures on the conference table.

KALINDA

Much as I hate to admit it, Stat Boy may have something. We looked at all the kids Baxter sent to detention sorted by date.

CARY

The racial pattern didn't exist until--

Kalinda raises a hand-- shut up, would you let me.

KALINDA

The racial pattern didn't exist before June 2008.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

Why?

CARY

I still don't know if it's racism  
or--

KALINDA

Do you want to talk to her?

(to Alicia)

We don't know, but something in  
June changed for Baxter.

ALICIA

What?

KALINDA

I don't know.

ALICIA

Can you find out?

KALINDA

Oh yeah.

Kalinda nods, smiles, and...

...we're back in Baxter's court. Alicia and Richardson wait at the motion bar as Baxter reads Alicia's motion to reconsider. Alicia looks back at Talia Ramsey sitting worried in the gallery.

Alicia nods, smiles hopefully-- "I'm trying"-- as Richardson leans toward Alicia, whispers:

MARK RICHARDSON

Went for it, huh?

ALICIA

Had to.

Baxter finishes reading, shoots a grinning look toward his Bailiff.

JUDGE BAXTER

It's a beautiful day, isn't it,  
Danny?

(the Bailiff nods)

So let's all take a short break,  
shall we?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE BAXTER (CONT'D)  
Everybody get some sunshine.  
(then to Alicia)  
Counselor, in chambers.

Alicia looks up. Oh shit. That doesn't sound good.  
Richardson picks up a legal pad to follow, but...

JUDGE BAXTER (CONT'D)  
Not you, Mr. Richardson.

Alicia pauses. Double shit.

25 INT. JUVENILE COURTS BUILDING - BAXTER'S CHAMBERS - SAME 25

The chambers. Lots of light. Windows open. Wind blowing.  
Alicia follows Baxter in. He takes off his robes: a jeans  
and sandals guy.

JUDGE BAXTER  
Have some birthday cake.

A half-eaten cake on the desk. Remnants of a party.

ALICIA  
No, thank you, your honor. Happy  
Birthday.

JUDGE BAXTER  
It's not mine. The court reporter.

Ah, Alicia nods. Baxter opens a window even wider as Alicia  
shivers slightly. Waits. Baxter finally goes to his desk,  
turns to her, and...

JUDGE BAXTER (CONT'D)  
So I'm biased against African  
Americans?

Alicia pauses. Okay, here we go...

ALICIA  
Your Honor, we looked at five years  
of statistics--

JUDGE BAXTER  
Who's that?

Baxter points toward two pictures on the wall. Baxter  
shaking hands with two men.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE BAXTER (CONT'D)  
President Obama and Senator Burris.  
I don't think I need to take any  
lessons from you, ma'am.

ALICIA  
I didn't think I was trying to  
offer any--

JUDGE BAXTER  
What was your husband's record on  
racial issues-- I mean, before he  
went to prison?

ALICIA  
Your honor, this is not about my  
husband--

JUDGE BAXTER  
You're damn right it's not; it's--

ALICIA  
You sentenced Terrance Ramsey too  
harshly.

JUDGE BAXTER  
Don't interrupt me. Who the hell  
are you--!

ALICIA  
I am a lawyer in your court. I am  
a lawyer who filed a motion to--

JUDGE BAXTER  
Did you consider the education of the  
defendant? In your little statistical  
jeremiad? Did you consider family  
structure? Community resources?  
Quality of representation? No, you  
went right to race!

ALICIA  
My motion didn't single you out--

JUDGE BAXTER  
And how clever was that, Mrs.  
Florrick. A warning shot. Send  
Mr. Ramsey home or else.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

That is not what I was doing. I was pointing out a pattern that you might not even be aware of.

He holds the motion out to Alicia.

JUDGE BAXTER

I don't respond well to threats, Mrs. Florrick. Withdraw this before it becomes part of the record. Take it.

Alicia looks at the motion, takes it.

JUDGE BAXTER (CONT'D)

You've just been spanked, Mrs. Florrick. The human reaction is to get mad. But I would think long and hard about whether you want to continue down this path. Are we understood?

Alicia takes a moment.

ALICIA

We are understood.

JUDGE BAXTER

Good bye.

Alicia stares at him a second. Baxter already turned toward some e-mails on his computer. Alicia nods, heads out the door.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

26

**INT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY**

26

A tub filled with cellphones. Carried by JUDGE ROBERT PARKS (established episode #104), suited up and walking among other basketball players:

JUDGE PARKS  
Come on, all your cellphones.  
Let's go.

A high-end urban gym. Will and Baxter, in gym clothes, take out their cells, drop them in, as they lace up their sneakers for a mid-day pick-up game. Mid-conversation:

WILL  
I didn't even know Alicia had a  
case before you.

JUDGE BAXTER  
(playfully)  
Pretty sure she doesn't anymore.

JUDGE PARKS  
(to Baxter, re: Will)  
He's back already for another  
lesson, huh?

WILL  
(shaking hands with Parks)  
How's hizzoner today?

JUDGE PARKS  
Hizzoner's getting ready to sky  
walk your ass.  
(to Baxter)  
How's life in kiddie court? Little  
tots treating you alright?

A laughing Parks jogs onto the court.

JUDGE BAXTER  
How long's she been at your firm?

WILL  
A few months. What's the case?

JUDGE BAXTER  
Run of the mill. Of course, she  
treated it like a matter for the  
Supreme Court. Precedents from  
death row appeals.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE BAXTER (CONT'D)  
Constitutional references on every  
page. Rookie mistakes.

WILL  
She has her heart in the right  
place. She'll get there.

JUDGE BAXTER  
(laughs)  
Heart in the right place? That  
used to be the quickest way to get  
fired at your firm. You sleeping  
with her?

Will grabs a ball, throws it at Baxter who laughs:

JUDGE BAXTER (CONT'D)  
Keeping your fingers crossed  
Florrick loses his appeal?

WILL  
Nope.

JUDGE BAXTER  
Wow, you look serious.

WILL  
Just not sleeping with her.

JUDGE BAXTER  
Not even a little? Not even in  
your head?

Will jogs out onto the court. Baxter considers it-- hmmm.  
Interesting. Will can't even joke about it. Baxter jogs out  
onto the court too:

JUDGE BAXTER (CONT'D)  
Hey, about this case. Do your  
girlfriend a favor and tell her to  
move on.

27 **EXT. PALGRAVE ACADEMY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT** 27

Late afternoon. Alicia parks her car, gets out, hurries  
toward the building.

28 **INT. PALGRAVE ACADEMY - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT** 28

New carpets. Clean windows. Except for the receptionist  
behind a thick security window, it looks like the waiting  
room of a hospital, not a jail. Talia Ramsey sits, anxiously  
waiting for Alicia.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

What happened?

TALIA RAMSEY

They called. They said Terrance got hurt. Now they won't let me see him.

Alicia crosses to the receptionist, taps the glass.

RECEPTIONIST

Visiting hours are over, ma'am.

ALICIA

Her son was hurt.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, she can come back tomorrow.

ALICIA

She works. And it's an hour's drive. Could you make an exception?

RECEPTIONIST

No visitors except between 11 and 2.

ALICIA

(eyes her)

Can I speak to your supervisor?

RECEPTIONIST

Sure. He'll be in at 9 tomorrow.

ALICIA

Would you at least tell me her son's condition?

RECEPTIONIST

I don't have that information.

ALICIA

Terrance Ramsey. Please.

RECEPTIONIST

I can't help you, ma'am, I'm sorry.

Alicia starts to argue when she turns, sees a SECURITY GUARD behind her. Unyielding.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Visiting hours are between 11 and 2.

(CONTINUED)

Alicia frowns. The indifference of bureaucracy.

29 **EXT. PALGRAVE ACADEMY - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER** 29

Alicia and Talia stand by Talia's car.

TALIA RAMSEY

I let him leave the lights on at home. He's scared of the dark. You think they let him keep a light on in there?

ALICIA

I don't know.

TALIA RAMSEY

I baby him. Too much.

ALICIA

No matter how old, they're our babies.

TALIA RAMSEY

I hoped he wouldn't face things like this. Thought if I just watched him real close, I...

It's hard. Talia wipes her eyes. Opens her car door. As Alicia watches her, moved. Mother to mother.

30 **EXT. BAXTER'S OLD HOUSE - NIGHT** 30

Headlights cross a darkened townhouse-- a handsome, 3-story Georgian. It's Kalinda parking. She and Cary get out, start toward the house, passing a realtor's "For Sale" sign.

KALINDA

Don't talk, okay? I used to work with this guy.

CARY

What's that supposed to mean?

As they reach the front door, it opens suddenly. A BEAM OF LIGHT hits Cary in the face, blinding him as--

31 **INT. BAXTER'S OLD HOUSE - SAME** 31

DETECTIVE SEABROOK

Don't move an inch!

(CONTINUED)

Kalinda smiles, keeps moving, unintimidated. A man at the door. DETECTIVE FRANK SEABROOK (32), plainclothes, weathered, lumberjack handsome.

KALINDA  
(entering house)  
Hey, Frank.

DETECTIVE SEABROOK  
K. Bring a friend?

CARY  
(hands up)  
I come in peace.

KALINDA  
Colleague. Not my decision.

Seabrook laughs. The house is mostly dark. Emptied of furniture. Kind of ghostly...

DETECTIVE SEABROOK  
So what's your beef with Judge  
Baxter?

KALINDA  
I don't think I have one.

DETECTIVE SEABROOK  
Then why'd you want to meet?

KALINDA  
Came across a crime report with  
your name on it. Mind walking me  
through it?

DETECTIVE SEABROOK  
Burglar broke in here. Back  
window. Flipped the lock. The  
judge wasn't here. Only his wife.

KALINDA  
No warning from the security  
system.

Seabrook laughs: the security system. Cary chuckles too.

KALINDA (CONT'D)  
What'd the guy want?

DETECTIVE SEABROOK  
Mrs. Baxter said it was robbery.

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA

"Said?"

DETECTIVE SEABROOK

She was pretty shaken up. She had a cut on her cheek, wrists looked like someone'd been handling her.

KALINDA

Rape?

Seabrook shrugs: that would make sense.

CARY

Why lie about being raped?

Seabrook and Kalinda look at Cary.

KALINDA

Cary. Wanna go sit in the car?

(to Seabrook)

I couldn't find a case file in the SA's office. You never caught the guy? Bad description?

DETECTIVE SEABROOK

Nope, good description. His honor phoned later, said his wife just wanted to drop it.

KALINDA

Did she happen to mention the race of the perp?

Cary shoots a look toward Kalinda. The key question.

DETECTIVE SEABROOK

Yep. African-American. Why?

KALINDA

And this was summer of 2008?

DETECTIVE SEABROOK

Yep, June.

Kalinda nods. All she needs to know.

Kalinda starts back toward her car, Cary catching up...

CARY

I don't believe it. People aren't that simple.

KALINDA

People are *exactly* that simple. Before the assault, Baxter's sentencing is race neutral. After, it's not.

CARY

But that could be anything. People do things for a hundred reasons.

KALINDA

No. People like to think they do things for a hundred reasons. They do things for one reason.

CARY

What reason? Come on, Yoda. What reason?

KALINDA

Sex. Money. Hatred. Love. You want to make people mysterious. People aren't mysterious.

CARY

Okay, so then the same thing goes for you. You're not mysterious. By the same logic, you're completely knowable.

KALINDA

Sure.

CARY

Then hit me. Go ahead, I want to know. You owe me, you know.

KALINDA

Cary. I...

(pauses, looks at him)

You and I have nothing in common. You and I come from different worlds. It's not just Mars and Venus. It's spaghetti and hydrogen. We're different categories. I'm knowable. But not to you.

(CONTINUED)

Kalinda gets in her car. Cary watches, smiling broadly. He likes her.

33 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - GRACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 33

GRACE  
I don't know. I just--  
everybody's dad seems so normal.

Grace and Shannon after school, sitting on the floor, homework books open in front of them.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I just want things to be normal.

SHANNON  
Maybe nothing's normal. I mean,  
maybe we decide what's normal.

GRACE  
You and me?

SHANNON  
Yeah. What do you want to be  
normal?

GRACE  
(smiles)  
Eating dessert for breakfast.

SHANNON  
There. That's normal now. No  
school on Thursdays.

GRACE  
No, Mondays.

SHANNON  
Okay, we just made that normal.

GRACE  
Vacations in Spain. I want to live  
in Barcelona.

SHANNON  
Okay. That's normal. Living in  
Chicago is abnormal.

GRACE  
Really abnormal.

The two laugh, as...



34

**INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - ENTRY WAY - NIGHT**

34

...the doorbell rings. Jackie goes to the door, opens it, meets MARGY VARGAS (33), Shannon's mother. A wide awake woman, always watchful, wary for life's next buffeting.

MARGY VARGAS

Hi, I'm Shannon's mother.

JACKIE

Oh, hello. Nice to meet you.

MARGY VARGAS

I just-- I'm sorry, I have to take Shannon home.

Something distracted, even rushed about her attitude.

JACKIE

I'm so glad you came. I was worried about Shannon riding home on her bike. I'm Jackie, Grace's grandmother. Please, come in.

MARGY VARGAS

Actually, I'm sorry, I can't. We have to-- we're in a bit of a rush.

Jackie stares at her, not thrilled about that. Always attuned to the subtext. And she's not liking this subtext.

JACKIE

Grace, Shannon! Your mother is here!

(to Margy)

So you live in Garfield Park?

MARGY VARGAS

Yes.

Very brief. Very sharp. Jackie studies Margy.

JACKIE

Are you sure you won't come in?

MARGY VARGAS

I'm sure.

GRACE

Yeah, what?

Grace and Shannon starting toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE

(correcting her)

"Yes, what?" Shannon's mother is here.

SHANNON

Oh, hey, mom. This is Grace.

MARGY VARGAS

Hi. I'm sorry, we have to go. Do you have your homework?

Shannon nods. And Margy barely smiles as Shannon looks back toward Grace, embarrassed:

SHANNON

See you tomorrow.

And that's it. They rush toward the arriving "dinging" elevator, a neighbor getting on. They get on too. Gone. Grace turns to Jackie, sensing something went sour...

GRACE

What did you say to her?

JACKIE

(truly innocent)

Nothing.

Grace stares at her, disbelieving, then leaves the room.

Alicia, Kalinda, Julian across from a standing Diane...

JULIAN CAIN

Baxter should have disclosed this.

KALINDA

They arrested a guy who fit the description Mrs. Baxter gave them, but then she wouldn't come in to ID. Wasn't up to it. Baxter asked them to let it go. A few months later, the suspect was murdered in a drive-by.

ALICIA

What can I do with this?

Diane pauses. That's the big question, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

Not much. Judges are human.

But clearly she's troubled, looking out.

JULIAN CAIN

It's like Alan Dershowitz. Before 9/11, he believed police coercion was unconstitutional. After 9/11, he argued for torture.

DIANE

How's your kid doing?

ALICIA

My kid?

(realizing her mistake)

Oh, Terrance. Fractured arm, some bruises, but recovering.

DIANE

Did they find who did it?

ALICIA

His mother thinks guards let some gang kids into his cell. Initiation.

DIANE

He's still in the infirmary?

ALICIA

He goes back into the general population in two days.

DIANE

Not a lot of time to work with.

JULIAN CAIN

The way I see it, it doesn't make sense to go back to Baxter with the same motion. We should try to take the cases away from him, file a Motion to Substitute for Cause.

DIANE

Let me try a more direct route.

36

**INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY**

36

Diane. Still with the same distracted look on her face. The three powerful visitors are back, going over memos, legal pads: Victoria Adler, Wallace Gibbs, and a third:

WALLACE GIBBS

And Sheffrin-Marks? Your client or Will's?

DIANE

Both of ours.

Victoria trades a look with her two cohorts.

VICTORIA ADLER

But he brought it in?

DIANE

Yes. Why?

VICTORIA ADLER

We would rather it not be you. It doesn't look good, representing a pharmaceutical company against 300 working class plaintiffs.

Diane nods: gets it. Doesn't like it, but gets it.

WALLACE GIBBS

And your name, "Lockhart"? That's an English name?

VICTORIA ADLER

We don't need to go into that now.

DIANE

What's wrong with my name?

WALLACE GIBBS

The electorate is 19% Irish. They go for an Irish name.

Diane chuckles.

VICTORIA ADLER

I know. The things we have to think about. I think a speech to the Irish-American Heritage Center handles that problem.

(CONTINUED)

Diane gets up. Uncomfortable. Victoria notices this, mentions to the other two:

VICTORIA ADLER (CONT'D)  
Could you give us a minute?

Gibbs and the other one nod, get up, exit. Leaving Victoria and Diane.

VICTORIA ADLER (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

DIANE  
Do you know Henry Baxter?

VICTORIA ADLER  
Yes.

DIANE  
Juvenile court.

VICTORIA ADLER  
Yes, I know. You have a Junior Associate accusing him of racism.

Diane looks toward Victoria, for the first time realizing she may not have a friend here.

DIANE  
No, biased sentencing.

VICTORIA ADLER  
I'm glad you brought it up, Diane. That's what I like about you. Very direct. I was going to talk to you about it. You need to talk to her.

DIANE  
Who?

VICTORIA ADLER  
Your Junior Associate. Ask her to apologize to Baxter.

DIANE  
You're kidding?

VICTORIA ADLER  
No.

Silence. The two staring at each other.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

You said you wanted to get rid of the swimmers. More lifeguards.

VICTORIA ADLER

I did. Baxter is a lifeguard.

DIANE

I-- But he acts in contravention to the law.

VICTORIA ADLER

Well, that's a matter of opinion.

DIANE

No, it's not. It's a fact.

VICTORIA ADLER

Judges don't go up against each other, Diane. You can't question a sitting judge.

DIANE

Yes, but you can. You're the Chief Justice.

Victoria stares at Diane...

VICTORIA ADLER

I want to know that you're serious about running, Diane. That you're serious about being a judge.

DIANE

I thought I told you I was.

VICTORIA ADLER

Yes, now you have to act like you are. Talk to your Junior Associate. It's one kid sentenced. That's all. Don't overturn the apple cart because of one kid.

And with that Victoria leaves. Diane stares after her, stunned.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

37 INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

37

Judge Parks. Imperious as a Roman Emperor.

JUDGE PARKS

No continuance.

Will at the defense table looks up surprised:

WILL

Excuse me, sir?

JUDGE PARKS

I said: no continuance. We're going to trial.

Will looks toward his second chair, stunned too. Something routine being rejected. The case isn't important. What's important is Will's stunned look.

WILL

Your honor, I-- the plaintiff has acquiesced to our request.

JUDGE PARKS

Yes, and the bench has not.  
(Will still stunned)  
What is so hard to understand here, Mr. Gardner? You asked for a continuance and I said "no." Next motion.

Will whispers to his second chair...

WILL

And that, young sir, is called a "tax." He's punishing us.

38 INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY

38

Diane and Will.

WILL

You complained about Baxter to the Chief Justice?

DIANE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

So, what, is this some last parting gift to the firm?

DIANE

Baxter's wife was assaulted. And he's been sentencing from his bias ever since.

WILL

You don't know that. You don't know why anybody decides anything.

DIANE

I have eyes. And you'd have them too if he wasn't a friend.

WILL

And what? Seriously, what? You're going to recall a judge? Let's figure out how that works, because I'd love to see the plan. Because anybody can fight city hall; what you can't fight are judges.

DIANE

There's a kid in prison right now--

WILL

Oh, come on, you don't even know his name. This stopped being about a kid awhile ago.

And Will shoves out of her office.

Grace returns home, unhappy, dumps her book bag on the couch.

JACKIE

Grace. Where's Shannon?

GRACE

I don't know.

JACKIE

I thought she was coming home with you.

GRACE

I thought so too. But I guess whatever you told her mom worked.



Grace charges toward her room...

JACKIE  
I didn't tell her mom--

But-- bang-- Grace slams her door. Jackie pauses there.  
Startled. What's going on?

40 **EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY** 40

Knock-knock. Jackie stands at the door of a suburban house,  
waiting. Frowning at a dripping spray nozzle on a garden  
hose. The door opens. Margy Vargas. Shannon's mom.

MARGY VARGAS  
Hello?

JACKIE  
Hello, we met yesterday. Jackie.  
Grace's grandmother. I'm here to  
pick up Grace.

MARGY VARGAS  
She's... not here.

Shannon comes to the door behind Margy, peering past her.

JACKIE  
Really? She said she was coming  
here after school. Her best  
friend's house.

SHANNON  
Mom?

MARGY VARGAS  
It's okay, Shannon.

Margy steps out on the stoop, closes the door. Looks Jackie  
in the eye. A reflected coldness.

MARGY VARGAS (CONT'D)  
What do you want?

JACKIE  
I want to know why you are doing  
this?

MARGY VARGAS  
I don't need to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE

You're wasting water. You should turn that off.

The dripping spray nozzle. Margy ignores it.

MARGY VARGAS

Get off my property.

JACKIE

Your husband is in a worse prison. We should be worried about you, not you us.

MARGY VARGAS

Okay, you want to know why? Because your son put my husband in prison.

JACKIE

He did not.

MARGY VARGAS

He was the State's Attorney. My husband never sold drugs in his life, and your son put him in prison for ten years. For something he never did.

JACKIE

You are a very gullible woman.

MARGY VARGAS

And you are a bitch.

Jackie stares at her, appalled.

JACKIE

My son is honorable man. If he put your husband in prison, he deserved it.

MARGY VARGAS

Go to hell.

Jackie stares at her. Reaches for the dripping nozzle, starts to turn it off...

MARGY VARGAS (CONT'D)

Leave that alone.

(CONTINUED)

But Jackie picks it up, and sprays Margy in the face. Margy is so stunned she doesn't know what to do, as Jackie drops the hose and starts toward her car.

A41 **INT. 27TH FLOOR - CARY'S OFFICE - DAY** A41

More stats on a computer screen. Cary, not Alicia, looking at them this time. Engaged. He has an insight, grabs the mugshots from Baxter's sentencing, starts out toward...

B41 **INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY** B41

...Alicia and Kalinda, talking.

CARY  
Okay, you got a problem.

KALINDA  
Really? Stat Boy says we have a problem.

Cary starts laying out the mugshots from Baxter's cases - black kids on one side, white kids on the other...

CARY  
Black kids go to detention. White kids go home, right? Question is why.

KALINDA  
We know why.

CARY  
An African-American man assaults Baxter's wife, he starts out meting out harsher sentences to blacks. But, look. I analyzed his sentences using two non-racial factors. First, family structure.

He rearranges the mugshots, moving a couple of the white kids to the black side and vice versa. The overall balance of white vs. black doesn't change. Pointing to the two sides:

CARY (CONT'D)  
Single parent homes. Two parent homes. But the racial makeup stays the same. Now age...

He rearranges the photos again. And again, the overall balance of black vs. white doesn't change.

(CONTINUED)

B41

CONTINUED:

B41

CARY (CONT'D)

Over 14. Under 14. Racial makeup?  
The same.

Alicia and Kalinda exchange a look. Uh-oh.

ALICIA

So are you--? There was no change  
in sentencing in June of 2008?

CARY

No, there was. A radical change.  
But it wasn't race.

Kalinda and Alicia pause a second, staring at Cary...

ALICIA

But if it wasn't race, what was it?

CARY

I don't know. I'm telling you what  
it's not. I can't tell you what it  
is.

KALINDA

So the assault of Baxter's wife is  
irrelevant to his change in  
sentencing?

CARY

No. We know it's relevant.  
Because in June in 2008, he started  
handing out harsher sentences. But  
we just don't know why.

Kalinda considers this for a second, thinking, realizing.

C41

**INT. 28TH FLOOR - WILL'S OFFICE - DAY**

C41

Will at his desk, standing, checking e-mails, getting ready  
to head out. Kalinda enters, files under her arm:

KALINDA

We need to talk.

WILL

Tomorrow. I'm late for a lunch.

\*

KALINDA

About Henry Baxter.

Will looks up at her.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

No.

There's a familiarity there. The two can cut through the shit.

KALINDA

You have your staff tiptoeing around you because he's a friend--

\*

WILL

Really, "tiptoeing?" Calling him a racist-- that's tiptoeing?

Kalinda closes the door. Will stares at her as she crosses to his desk, lays down the sentencing files...

KALINDA

You're my boss. You can tell me to bugger off whenever you want, but something happened here.

WILL

Henry is not a racist! Do you know what a charge like that does to someone? In Chicago!

KALINDA

I know he's not a racist.

Will. He stares at her, wind knocked out of his sails.

KALINDA (CONT'D)

But something happened. He started sentencing more harshly last June. You're his best friend, so help me. What happened?

\*

\*

He looks down at the files and photos. Considers it.

WILL

I don't know.

KALINDA

But you suspect?

WILL

No, he borrowed money, that's all.

KALINDA

How much?

(CONTINUED)

WILL  
(frowns, clearly on his mind)  
\$120,000.

Kalinda looks up. Holy--!

WILL (CONT'D)  
He said he was in a tight spot;  
gambling; but he was going to make  
it right.

KALINDA  
Did he pay it back?

WILL  
Some.

KALINDA  
Did he say anything about an  
enforcer visiting his house. A  
bookie's enforcer?

WILL  
No.

KALINDA  
That's why he dropped the charges  
in June. It wasn't a rape. He  
knew the attacker.

Will considers it, sees something in the sentencing files.  
Flips to another. And another.

KALINDA (CONT'D)  
What?

WILL  
Damn.

Kalinda looks, sees his finger is under the detention center  
listed: "Palgrave Academy." He flips to another file. There \*  
it is again. "Palgrave." He looks up at Kalinda. \*

D41 **OMITTED** \*D41

E41 **EXT. PALGRAVE ACADEMY - DAY** \*E41

Modern, efficient, clean. Could be a school except for the \*  
numerous guards watching mostly lower-income kids. \*

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA  
Thank you for agreeing to see us on  
such short notice.

SHAW  
No problem at all. We're very  
proud of our facility.

Kalinda and a silently watchful Will follow SHAW, the  
Palgrave director-- finicky, polished, always in movement--  
down a series of stairs...

SHAW (CONT'D)  
So you have a client who *might* be  
sent here?

KALINDA  
Yes. He's in juvenile court *right*  
now, and his family's *very* worried.

SHAW  
Well, *first of all, I'm sorry; and*  
*second,* we're a private facility;  
all we do is handle the overflow of  
juveniles sentenced in Cook County.  
So we're very safe here; one guard  
for every twenty inmates.

KALINDA  
Thank goodness. They pay you then?  
The county does?

SHAW  
Yes, for every juvenile we get a  
stipend.

WILL  
And how do you know Henry Baxter?

Kalinda shoots a look toward Will. Getting to the point.

SHAW  
Judge Baxter?

WILL  
Yes, he's a friend. You two  
met...? He told me, but I forgot.

SHAW  
Through our wives. You know Ellen?

WILL  
Yes. Wonderful tennis player.

SHAW \*  
(smiles)  
Yes. We went sailing. \*

WILL  
Last June?

SHAW \*  
Around then. If you'll excuse me,  
this way's the exit. \*

WILL \*  
Is that when you arranged the  
kickbacks? \*

Shaw stops, stares at Will.

SHAW \*  
The...?

WILL  
The money you gave to Henry for  
sending kids to you?

SHAW \*  
What are you talking about?

WILL  
Whose idea was it, yours or his?

SHAW \*  
Lieutenant Michaels, could you show  
these two out? \*

A guard approaching. Will shoves past him. \*

WILL \*  
Come on! Was it yours or his?!

SHAW \*  
Get him out! \*

The guard pushes Will toward the exit. \*

WILL \*  
Hey, I'd start looking for a good  
defense attorney, pal! \*

(CONTINUED)



But Shaw is already around the corner. Gone. Will shakes  
the guard off, allows himself to be escorted with Kalinda  
toward the exit. \*

KALINDA \*

You look good in action. \*

WILL \*

He was a friend. How does that  
happen? \*

KALINDA \*

It happens.

WILL

What's the solution: don't trust  
anybody?

KALINDA

Works for me.

41 OMITTED 41

42 OMITTED 42

42 THE GOOD WIFE #109 "Lifeguard" GREEN COLLATED 12/2/09 50.  
CONTINUED: 42

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

43

**EXT. JUVENILE COURTS BUILDING - COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY**

43

Will. He stands, waiting, jaw set, deep in thought when Baxter approaches, sees him...

BAXTER

Okay. What'd I do now?

Will looks toward him, tries to smile...

WILL

Just give me an explanation. Even a half-assed one will do.

BAXTER

Okay.

(smiling)

I thought we were working a zone defense.

Will doesn't smile, studying him...

WILL

I just spent the morning with your ex.

BAXTER

(hesitant)

Ellen. Really? How's she doing?

WILL

I asked her about your gambling.

Baxter. The first sense there's something wrong.

BAXTER

So what's this, an intervention?

WILL

No. I wish we had one a year ago.

BAXTER

(studying him)

People are filling your head with nonsense, Will.

And Baxter starts off. Will follows.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

What nonsense? Like you being in debt? Your sudden interest in sending kids to Palgrave Academy?

BAXTER

You are in thrall to your Junior Associate. She wandered out on some wild tangent and now you're following her out there--

WILL

Palgrave Academy only gets money from the county if you send kids there. How much did they pay you per kid? How much--?

JUDGE BAXTER

Ellen doesn't know what she's talking about. She's ill. She--

WILL

Did you even just say the words to yourself to see how they sounded? "I'm sending kids to prison to make money." It's not even about doing good. No one here is helping orphans, but-- *this*. How could you even live a day with *this*?

JUDGE BAXTER

Palgrave is a good place for rehabilitation. These kids are better off there.

Will leans in toward him...

WILL

How bad do you have to behave before you start acknowledging it?

JUDGE BAXTER

Don't you dare judge me. You, the litigator who whored himself out to the lowest scum. Don't you dare judge me!

WILL

(simple, quiet)  
You're going to jail.

(CONTINUED)

And with that Will starts away. Baxter stares after him, stunned. Starts to yell something. No. People staring.

44 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - GRACE'S BEDROOM - DAY 44

After school. Grace sits at her computer, doing homework.  
"Dink." A box pops up on her computer screen:

"Shannon Vargas would like to chat."

Below it are two buttons. "Receive" or "reject." Grace considers it, slides the cursor up toward "reject," then passes right over it, continuing on to "receive." Yep, she clicks it, and...

...Shannon appears in a box on the screen, Grace pictured in the corner.

SHANNON  
Your grandmother's crazy.

Very loud. Grace's speakers, not Shannon's voice. Grace turns down the volume.

GRACE

I told you.

SHANNON

My mother was gonna sue.

GRACE

I thought you weren't s'posed to talk to me.

Shannon nods. Considers it.

SHANNON

So let's not talk.

GRACE

(smiles)

I won't if you won't.

They're silent for two seconds.

SHANNON

So does your mom know your grandmother's crazy?

GRACE

She suspects it.

They smile. And as they talk...

...Alicia, Talia and Terrance await an audience with the Chief Justice. Terrance, mostly recovered from his injuries, appears much as we first met him: shy, with spectacles, reading a book.

ALICIA

How are you doing, Terrance?

TERRANCE

I'm okay. I'm--

But the Chief Justice's door opens. Victoria Adler there.

VICTORIA ADLER

Hello. I'm Chief Justice Adler.

TALIA RAMSEY

Yes. I'm Talia Ramsey.

VICTORIA ADLER

And this is Terrance?

TERRANCE

Yes, ma'am.

VICTORIA ADLER

That judge worked for me, Terrance.  
I share responsibility for what he  
did. I'm very sorry.

Terrance nods.

TERRANCE

It's okay.

As they talk, Talia leans slightly toward Alicia. Whispers:

TALIA RAMSEY

Thank you. You don't know how much...

Alicia smiles at her: it's okay. And Talia nods back,  
feeling she can exhale for the first time in weeks.

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

Diane leans against her desk, waiting, staring straight at  
Victoria Adler.

VICTORIA ADLER

It's proving more difficult to  
overcome than we'd like.

DIANE

My English surname?

VICTORIA ADLER

Well, that never helps. But your  
client roster. I'm sorry.

DIANE

I could still run.

VICTORIA ADLER

Yes, you could. We'd send in a  
ringer to undercut your support.  
It wouldn't be pretty.

DIANE

Might still be fun.

VICTORIA ADLER

Better to wait. Let us see how you  
do here the next few years. Try  
not to cause any more ripples.

(CONTINUED)



DIANE

You're filled with water metaphors,  
aren't you?

Victoria stands, smiles superficially, shakes Diane's hand...

VICTORIA ADLER

Again, I'm sorry this didn't work out.

And Victoria leaves. Diane pauses there a second. A hint of  
sadness. A judgeship that'll never come by again.

WILL

Was that the kiss off?

Will at Diane's door.

DIANE

Yep.

WILL

How'd you handle it?

DIANE

With grace. And a hint of anger.

WILL

Always liked that about you.

DIANE

(before he can leave)

His name was Terrance.

WILL

Who?

DIANE

The kid. Terrance Ramsey. He's  
home with his mother now.

WILL

And happiness rules.

Will leaves. And Diane pauses there a second. Looks at her  
desk, her office. She actually likes it here. And, yeah,  
happiness I guess does rule.

END OF SHOW