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# thegoodwife

Episode #101

"Stripped"

Written By

Robert King & Michelle King

Directed by

Charles McDougall

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THE GOOD WIFE #101  
"Stripped"  
Cast List  
9/3/09

ALICIA FLORRICK  
WILL GARDNER  
DIANE LOCKHART  
CARY AGOS  
KALINDA SHARMA  
PETER FLORRICK  
GRACE FLORRICK  
ZACH FLORRICK

JACKIE FLORRICK

GLENN CHILDS  
CHRISTY BARBOSA (formerly "Christy Kozlov")  
WILLIAM ERICCSO (formerly "William Roderick")  
JUDGE ABERNATHY  
DR. GERALD GIRTZMAN (formerly "Dr. Gerald Gurvitz")  
LLOYD MCKEON  
ARIANNA AVARSKI (formerly "Ari Avarski")  
COLLIN GRANT  
LEAH  
TALIA  
MAURA  
PLAINTIFF  
BUSINESSWOMAN  
OLDER WOMAN  
RECEPTIONIST  
POLICEMAN  
APPELATE SPOKESMAN  
AMBER (V.O. only)  
CBS CORRESPONDENT (V.O. only)  
NEWSCASTER (V.O. only)

Omitted

RYAN GOLDEN

THE GOOD WIFE #101  
"Stripped"  
Set List  
9/3/09

Interiors:

ALICIA'S APARTMENT  
  MASTER BEDROOM  
  LIVING ROOM  
  ZACH'S BEDROOM  
  KITCHEN  
  DINING ROOM  
  FOYER  
  HALL  
  GRACE'S BEDROOM  
27TH FLOOR  
  CONFERENCE ROOM  
  BULLPEN  
28TH FLOOR  
  HALLWAY  
  LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM  
  RECEPTION  
UNKNOWN BEDROOM  
CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - ANDERSONVILLE  
DOWNTOWN HOTEL - LOBBY  
EVEREST - DINING ROOM  
HOTEL SUITE  
COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE  
  HALLWAY  
  LEAH'S OFFICE  
"WORLDWIDE ELITE" OFFICES  
CIVIL COURTS BUILDING (formerly "Richard J. Daley Courthouse")  
  LOBBY  
  CIRCUIT COURT ROOM #32  
  CAFETERIA  
  HALLWAY

Exteriors:

"WORLDWIDE ELITE" OFFICES  
UNIVERSITY (formerly "University of Chicago")  
FRAT HOUSE  
TAMMS MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON  
  VISITOR GATE  
  YARD  
CIVIL COURTS BUILDING (formerly "Richard J. Daley Courthouse")  
DOWNTOWN HOTEL  
CHICAGO STREET

**TEASER**

1 **INT. UNKNOWN BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 1

Sex. Flashes of it. A black screen, then short rhythmic bursts. Clothes. Skin. Hair. Peter and a woman. No sound. No, wait, there is a sound: one person breathing. But it's not the lovers. It's...

2 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING** 2

...ALICIA wide awake in bed, staring overhead at a crack in the ceiling. Her mind preoccupied with images of sex and...

...the press conference. Flashes of cameras. Peter's hand. The podium. His speech. All from her POV. Alicia closes her eyes, tries to squeeze the images away when...

GRACE (O.S.)  
Mom. Breakfast.

Oh, right. Time to start her day. Alicia gets up, and...

3 **INT. 27TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY** 3

PLAINTIFF  
Why are you doing this?

Alicia looks up. In the middle of a deposition now. Her laptop in front of her. Just four people and an unmanned video camera crammed into a tiny conference room. A PLAINTIFF, his LAWYER, a COURT REPORTER.

ALICIA  
Doing what, Mr. Dykman?

PLAINTIFF  
Asking questions you know the answer to.  
(Alicia nods to the court reporter to stop)  
No, let's get this down. Sheffrin-Marks is using you to delay us. To keep from paying us. Is that why you went to law school, to do this?

Alicia stares at him. He's right. But an ASSISTANT enters, slides a NOTE to Alicia. One word scrawled: "Upstairs."

ALICIA  
Do you know what this...?

"...is about." But the rushing Assistant is already out the door. Alicia turns to the plaintiff:

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
Why don't we break for lunch?

4 **INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY** 4

And we're rushing with Alicia now across the bullpen,  
starting toward the stairs, Cary falling in beside her:

(CONTINUED)

4

CARY

How's it going with your Sheffrin-Marks depos?

ALICIA

Fine.

CARY

Really? My eyes are glazing over. Oh, hey, some of the Junior Associates are getting together tonight for drinks at J Bar, if you wanna come. At ten. Just Bran', Kyle, Brittany in contracts.

He nods toward two JUNIOR ASSOCIATES, young as the Jonas Brothers. An intense pacing BLONDE who looks 18.

ALICIA

Thanks, Cary. I'm just-- I have to get home...

CARY

Right, hey, no, I get it. Kids and everything. Oh, hey, congratulations. That's great, your husband's appeal.

Alicia looks over. Not her favorite subject. As they start up the stairs to the executive floor...

5

**INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY**

5

CARY

Looks like he could get out of prison any month now, huh?

ALICIA

Looks like it.

CARY

"Early Show" had a story on it. Good stuff on you too. You catch it?

ALICIA

No. Missed it.

CARY

I caught it on-line. I'll send you the link.

ALICIA

That's okay.

CARY

No, no, it's easy.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

And they arrive at the upstairs conference room where WILL gestures to Alicia: come on in. Right, she nods to Cary, enters, as Cary watches her cross and sit behind the partners. Curious. What's he missing out on? And we're...

6

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

6

...inside now. Four people dwarfed by the large room. Will, DIANE, an ASSISTANT, and a YOUNG WOMAN across from them. A client? An employee? A walk-in? Mid-conversation:

DIANE

And when did you say this was?

CHRISTY

June 15th. Four months ago.

WILL

Do you have anything with the date?

CHRISTY

A parking receipt.

She reaches into an accordion folder as Alicia peers past Will and Diane at her: CHRISTY BARBOSA (22). The most striking thing about her is how striking she is. A dark Angelina Jolie beauty trying to play down her looks with a clipped over-studied voice, short hair, glasses. No accent.

DIANE

Had you ever met Mr. McKeon before?

CHRISTY

No, I'd seen his family on the news; I heard about their hotels and stuff, but that's about it.

Alicia eyes Will and Diane: what is this? Contractual dispute? Wrongful termination? But Alicia sees Christy look toward her, recognizing her. Quick eye contact. Then her eyes move on.

WILL

Well, the problem here, Christy, is any civil suit could be seen as... opportunistic.

CHRISTY

Because of their money?

WILL

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTY

I'm sorry, but I didn't choose who would rape me.

Alicia looks up. "Rape?" Not the word she expected.

**INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY**

Will and Diane exhale outside, see Alicia exit to join them.

DIANE

Alicia, if you don't mind, we just need--

WILL

No, it's alright. Stay.

Diane looks at Will. He's serious. Okay, she nods; and Alicia joins them, listening. Hushed...

WILL (CONT'D)

I don't know about this. It's a criminal case, not a civil one.

DIANE

Except the State's Attorney rejected the charges--

WILL

Because it has Duke lacrosse written all over it--

DIANE

Oh, come on!

WILL

What come on? Put your politics aside, Diane. You're Glenn Childs, and you get this dropped in your lap-- a stripper at a bachelor party accusing the son of the most powerful family in Chicago of rape-- and you don't think it's Duke lacrosse II--

Alicia listens, finally getting some sense of this.

DIANE

He's worried about the McKeon family money; he's worried about their campaign contributions--

WILL

Diane, we're overextended. How many Sheffrin-Marks depositions do we have left?

(CONTINUED)



ALICIA

210.

WILL

210. We need to keep our eye on the ball. Christy will just look like she's trying to make some quick cash from the McKeon family.

DIANE

Do you believe her?

WILL

I believe a lot of things I can't prove.

Will, for the first time, looks toward Alicia, who surprises herself by silently siding with Diane. After a second...

WILL (CONT'D)

Okay, here's what I think. I know the McKeon family lawyer.

DIANE

Ericcson?

WILL

Right, William Ericcson.

(smiles: history there)

That's all we need-- two Wills. The McKeons are gonna want to keep this out of the press-- even if he didn't do it-- so my guess is they throw her some cash-- \$50,000 or so-- just to keep her quiet. Let's see what I can get.

Diane thinks about it. Nods. Agreed. She reenters the conference room as Will starts off, getting on his cell. He turns back, nods to Alicia to accompany him. On his cell:

WILL (CONT'D)

Mr. Ericcson please. Tell him it's the other Will.

(to Alicia)

I want you to be there. Don't say anything. Just listen. And look serious.

ALICIA

I can do that.

Will smiles. Old friends again...

7

WILL

How you holding up here?

ALICIA

I'm... holding up.

A shared smile. Alicia starts downstairs when Will stops her:

WILL

Oh, yeah, how do you know her?

ALICIA

Who?

WILL

Christy.

ALICIA

I... don't.

WILL

You--? So why did she ask for you  
to be on the case?

Alicia stares at him oddly-- no idea-- but someone comes on the line, and Will starts away, leaving Alicia, still confused, continuing down the stairs.

8

**INT. 27TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

8

Alicia, back in the now empty deposition room, stares at her laptop. A link blinking there. She hates this. Starts to close the laptop. Then-- can't help it-- hits the link. Streaming video. A SPOKESMAN making a statement on courthouse steps...

APPELATE SPOKESMAN

"Two months ago Peter Florrick was sentenced to ten years for bribery and corruption. Today was the first step toward his release."

An "Early Show" report. It cuts to: library footage of Peter in his glory. A CORRESPONDENT in Voice Over:

CBS CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

*He was known in Chicago simply as  
"The Hammer"...*

PETER FLORRICK

"I don't care who you are, you commit a crime in my town, I will find you."

(CONTINUED)

CBS CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)  
*He jailed cop-killers... CEOs...  
corrupt politicians...  
(footage of the above)  
...until "The Hammer" got hammered.*

The iconic footage of Peter and Alicia at his resignation:

PETER FLORRICK  
"But I do admit to a failure of  
judgment in my private dealings  
with these women..."

CBS CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)  
*Within weeks, Chicago's  
incorruptible States Attorney found  
himself with all the trappings of  
modern American scandal...  
(a photo of Childs)  
...a law man in hot pursuit...  
(shots of the following)  
...an embarrassed wife... a blushing  
call girl... and an R-rated sex tape.*

A typed out version of the audio tape plays as we hear sex:

AMBER (V.O.)  
*...Does she do this for you?...*

PETER FLORRICK (V.O.)  
*...oh god, please, you--*

*Click--* Alicia hits pause. Still hurts.

KALINDA  
Ever heard the whole thing?

Alicia, startled, finds Kalinda at her door. Casually rude questions seem to be her forte.

ALICIA  
Nope.

KALINDA  
You're the only one who hasn't.

ALICIA  
Yep.

Kalinda nods, drops a file on her desk, a photo of Lloyd McKeon on the top...

KALINDA  
This is everything I have on McKeon.

(CONTINUED)

And she's out the door. Alicia glances down at the McKeon photo. Does he look like a rapist? A blandly handsome face. Alicia looks at the laptop. The frozen image of the sex tape words still there. She closes it. Takes the file, and starts out...

**INT. EVEREST - DINING ROOM - DAY**

ERICCCSON

What? I beat you 3 sets to 2!

The settlement lunch. Laughing taunts. WILLIAM ERICCCSON (40). Greying handsome. The kind of fit only money can buy. Think Bradley Whitford. Loves a good joke, hates to lose.

WILL

Come on, you don't even believe that.

Will. The two laugh. At a power lunch spot. Red brick, racing waiters, and old money. Sitting with them...

...Alicia looks toward the other two people at the table. LAWYERS from Ericcson's firm. Silent and funny as mannequins. They stare back at Alicia. Stepford lawyers.

ERICCCSON

So, this is driving me crazy. How do I know you?

Alicia. Being spoken to. Oh. She points to herself.

ERICCCSON (CONT'D)

Yes. Miner, Parsons & Layton?

WILL

No. Alicia is actually our newest Junior Associate: one month in. Will Ericcson, Alicia *Florrick*.

Ericcson looks to Will incredulously, then smiles at Alicia. Offers a hand...

ERICCCSON

Nice to meet you, Mrs. Florrick.

ALICIA

And you.

ERICCCSON

I'm rooting for your husband. I know he's got a lot of enemies in this town, but I always root for the underdog.

(Will snorts incredulously)

Just ignore him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICSSON (CONT'D)

The only reason anyone is forced to  
resign in America these days is  
sex.

(CONTINUED)

Will eyes Alicia. Sees her discomfort. Or imagines it.

WILL

So why don't we talk about Lloyd McKeon?

ERICSSON

(still studying Alicia)

It's sad, really. I remember when you had a respectable firm, Will, one that didn't sink to scurrilous charges like these.

WILL

What charges might those be, *Will*? I haven't said anything yet.

ERICSSON

(smiles)

Look, do you think you're the first firm she's been shopping this lawsuit to? There's nothing there. Even the States Attorney--

(nods to Alicia)

--the new States Attorney thinks there's nothing there--

WILL

And yet I got you to a settlement lunch on a half hour's notice.

Ericsson smiles. Two pros keeping their "tells" to a minimum.

ERICSSON

Mrs. Florrick, what do you say to someone bringing unsubstantiated sexual charges against a public figure in order to gain an advantage?

Will opens his mouth, but Alicia is already answering:

ALICIA

You want to know what *I* would say?

ERICSSON

I do.

Will's foot nudges up alongside Alicia: *careful*.

ALICIA

I'd say you're trying to change the subject from rape.

(CONTINUED)

9

Silence. Ericcson stares at her, finally grins, raises his hands: guilty as charged, as Will relaxes-- good. To Will:

ERICCSON

I would agree that, as offensive and misguided as these charges are, the optics don't exactly play in our favor. So we're willing to tender a cursory offer.

Ericcson writes a number on a post-it note, slides it across to Will who opens it. Alicia leans slightly, reads \$450,000. Alicia and Will don't react-- work hard not to react. Wow.

10

**EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY**

10

Alicia and Will walk away from the restaurant. A second. Then an aside to Will...

ALICIA

McKeon did it.

Will pauses, nods:

WILL

If it had been under a hundred thou', I would've said "no." Over a hundred thou'...

ALICIA

What about "well over?"

Will looks at her. Good point.

11

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

11

Christy sits across from Alicia. Waiting. In silence. They look toward the glass wall. Will and Diane outside discussing.

ALICIA

If you don't mind my asking, Miss Barbosa, why did you ask for me?

CHRISTY

I saw you on TV.

(realizes that needs more)

I thought you'd understand... What it's like to be... misunderstood.

Alicia nods. A flicker of sympathy. Will and Diane enter:

WILL

Sorry about that. McKeon's lawyers made a financial offer that Diane and I actually agree on.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

A first. It's a cash settlement.  
\$450,000.

Christy stares at them:

CHRISTY

You're kidding. We don't have to  
go to court? He just offered that?

WILL

Yes, you'll have to sign a standard  
confidentiality agreement. Both parties  
free each other of liability and agree not  
to speak to anyone including the press.

CHRISTY

What?

DIANE

It's standard in civil agreements.

CHRISTY

Yes, but-- I want everybody to know he  
settled. Can't we tell the police?

DIANE

Not if we sign a confidentiality  
agreement. McKeon could withdraw the  
award and sue you for defamation.

Christy considers it, turns to Alicia...

CHRISTY

What do you think?

Alicia. Suddenly all eyes on her. Diane starts to interrupt,  
but Will shakes his head: let her go.

ALICIA

You are looking for justice, Christy.  
And sometimes justice comes in a form we  
don't expect. If you take this money,  
the settlement will be known to the two  
people who matter most. You and him.

Will nods to Alicia. Even Diane seems unfussily pleased.  
Christy pauses, considers it. A quiet authority:

CHRISTY

I'm sorry, no. He'll know how much  
it costs to rape somebody and get  
away with it, that's all.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CHRISTY (CONT'D)

This isn't about money. This is about him admitting he did this to me.

Alicia stares at Christy. Her strength, control. Liking her.

12 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY** 12

ALICIA

She's right.

Alicia joins Will and Diane outside. No response. Did she say it too quietly? Will already on his cell...

WILL

Okay, Ericcson. How flexible are you on confidentiality?

DIANE

"Exclude new criminal discovery."

WILL

(into the phone)

Oh, come on. This isn't-- You want to go to court, is that it?!

(covering receiver, quick)

Take it as far as pre-trial? He doesn't want to go to trial.

Diane thinks about it, nods. Will gets back on, pretend-angry:

WILL (CONT'D)

Look, you want to make McKeon "The Bachelor Party Rapist," be my--! Oh, go to hell!

And Will hangs up. Looks at Diane and Alicia...

WILL (CONT'D)

Okay, we just turned down a half-million bucks.

DIANE

Feels good, doesn't it?

A smiling Diane starts off as Will turns to Alicia...

WILL

Okay, we've got a case.

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

13

**INT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - ANDERSONVILLE - DAY**

13

Christy breaks eggs into a pan. In her small, hygienically tidy one-bedroom. Alicia and Kalinda listening...

CHRISTY

You have to size these things up pretty quickly. This one seemed... cool. A downtown hotel suite. Twelve clients. Stockbroker types. No one out of control. Easy.

Kalinda and Alicia shoot confused looks toward an OLDER WOMAN (52) in the corner of the room. As if waiting for a bus. Odd. Who is she?

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

They paid \$400 for a 90 minute, two girl fantasy strip.

KALINDA

Two girl? Who was the other?

CHRISTY

Maura... I don't remember her last name. That was the only time she worked.

OLDER WOMAN

*Kogda ti zakonchees s tvoey diskussi?*

Russian. Alicia and Kalinda look toward the woman as Christy bickers with her: "Ya skazala, ti mogli be smotrit TV." Umm...

CHRISTY

Sorry, my mom insists on being here during all this. It's a nightmare.

Alicia smiles-- human-- but Kalinda continues on, brusquely:

KALINDA

And McKeon, how did you meet him?

CHRISTY

The groom? He offered me another 100 for a private lapdance. I didn't know it was McKeon until afterwards. When I got in the bedroom--

14

**INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

14

Wham-- startlingly fast, violent ultra-saturated close-ups: a deadbolt locked; light flicked off; hand over mouth; zipper--

15

**INT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - ANDERSONVILLE - DAY**

15

ALICIA

Did you tell anyone afterward?

CHRISTY

Maura. Our driver, Grant. He suggested she drive me to the hospital for the rape exam.

KALINDA

And the service, "Worldwide Elite," how long did you work for them?

CHRISTY

Two years.

KALINDA

And what else did you do there?

Christy pauses. Alicia looks toward Kalinda, confused.

CHRISTY

What do you mean?

KALINDA

I mean, what else did you do there?

Christy stares at her, shoots a quick look toward her mom.

CHRISTY

For a year I was an escort.

Alicia slumps almost imperceptibly. Not a good turn.

KALINDA

Didn't you think that might be important to tell us?

CHRISTY

I haven't gone on a call in a year. I was in an abusive relationship; I needed the money to move out. When I moved, I stopped working.

KALINDA

But still stripped?

Christy nods reluctantly. Embarrassed. Alicia eyes her, and...

16

**INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY**

16

ALICIA

So what's your point, a call girl  
can't get raped?

Alicia and Kalinda arguing-- but now for Will's benefit-- as  
they follow him down a firm hallway.

KALINDA

Yes, that's my point, thanks. She  
lied to us. Why believe her now?

ALICIA

Because she walked away from a half  
million dollars-- and when did she  
ever lie to us?

KALINDA

Look, the more you bond with these  
clients, the less helpful you are.  
Someone's gonna' have to argue this  
in court.

This last is to Will who knocks on Diane's door as he passes:

WILL

Your stripper was hooking.

DIANE

Why is she *my* stripper when she  
does something bad?

Will chuckles, moving on with Alicia, Kalinda.

WILL

Okay, the whole point is to  
prepare for trial so we don't  
actually have to go to trial--  
(stops a passing Cary)  
Cary, right?

CARY

Yes, sir.

WILL

Nice suit. I have a job for you.  
(Cary nods: ready, sir)  
I need you take Alicia's Sheffrin-  
Marks depositions for a week.

A disappointed Cary nods-- got it-- watches jealously as Will  
continues on with Alicia and Kalinda:

(CONTINUED)

WILL (CONT'D)

This is all settlement poker. No one wants to go to trial. But the person with the better hand makes the better deal, okay? So get me some good cards.

17 **INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY** 17

A sign: "State's Attorney's Offices." LEAH (27), a young, sweet-faced ASA, rushes past, followed by Alicia and Kalinda.

LEAH

And why do I help you again?

KALINDA

Because you like me.

Leah laughs, pushes into her small civil servant office...

18 **INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - LEAH'S OFFICE - DAY** 18

LEAH

That still works with people?

KALINDA

Like a charm. Come on, you ran a solid rape investigation, you should be dying to slip us the Witness Interviews.

Leah considers it, looks at Kalinda and Alicia, crosses to a filing cabinet, reaches in, when...

CHILDS

Leah. Could you step outside for a second.

GLENN CHILDS at her door. With a uniformed GUARD.

19 **INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY** 19

Alicia and Childs. Face to face now. In the door of his office. Neutral ground.

CHILDS

And you're telling me your husband has nothing to do with this?

ALICIA

Mr. Childs. My firm is bringing a civil action, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

CHILDS

Designed to embarrass my office and  
make it look like I don't care about a  
rape victim.

ALICIA

A happy coincidence.

Childs clears his throat, waits for a person to pass:

CHILDS

I understand the need to blame someone  
for your husband's downfall, Mrs.  
Florrick, but I didn't release that  
sex tape to hurt you or your family.  
I have kids too. Two boys. And I  
want you to know, I was holding back.  
I had more to release about your  
husband. A lot more. Disturbing  
things. But, out of compassion, I  
held back. I--

ALICIA

Mr. Childs, if you have something to  
show me, just do it, okay? Because  
the one thing I don't have time for  
these days is empty threats.

Childs studies her. Turns to a sheepish Leah:

CHILDS

Nothing is to be released to them.  
Nothing.  
(to Alicia)  
You want something, get a subpoena.

And he starts off. Alicia watches him go.

**EXT. "WORLDWIDE ELITE" OFFICES - DAY**

A brownstone. On a quiet tree-lined street. Inside...

**INT. "WORLDWIDE ELITE" OFFICES - DAY**

...Alicia and Kalinda follow ARIANNA AVARSKI (50) upstairs.  
A tall and exotic ex-model type.

ARIANNA

I like Christy. She was one of my  
best dancers. But I have nothing  
to add here. I'm sorry.  
(picks up a stray paper)  
Clean up after yourselves, people.

Two pretty bookers look up as she passes by. An escort booking office. High end. In the Emperor VIP mode. With four clocks overhead. London. Los Angeles. New York.

ALICIA

We just need contact information, Miss Avarski, that's all. For the driver and the other stripper.

ARIANNA

Dancer. Look, I would love to--

KALINDA

(bad cop)

Because we'd really hate to subpoena your books and customer records.

Arianna stops, turns to Kalinda, smiles, liking her:

ARIANNA

You're East Indian?

(Kalinda nods)

It's very popular these days. Mumbai. Bollywood. We get a lot of requests. So if you're ever looking...

KALINDA

You'll be the first I'll call. The contact information.

Arianna smiles, loves Kalinda, nods her into her office as Alicia pauses. Looks up the office hall. Sees it's covered with...

...headshots. Body shots. Half-naked. Row upon row. A wall of women. Alicia passes them. Like a naturalist, studying. Grouped into three sections. A. B. C. Alicia sees one of the bookers eyeing her. Alicia nods.

ALICIA

Why A, B, and C?

TALIA (18), sexy, knowing but not indifferent. An ex-escort working in the office. She sizes Alicia up: non-threatening:

TALIA

\$1,500 an hour. \$2,100. \$3,100.

Alicia nods, looks between the photos. No difference.

ALICIA

What makes someone more expensive?

(CONTINUED)

TALIA  
(studies Alicia)  
Is this about the rape?

ALICIA  
No.

And it isn't. A direct and honest answer. Talia nods. Okay.

TALIA  
Regular clients. Special requests.

ALICIA  
Special...?

TALIA  
No condoms.

Ah, Alicia nods: of course. Didn't think of that. Pauses for a second. Really didn't think of that. Too close to home.

TALIA (CONT'D)  
Or role-playing. Or being dominated.  
Whatever they...  
(looks at Alicia)  
...whatever they can't get at home.

Ah. Alicia eyes Talia. Clearly she recognizes Alicia.

ALICIA  
People really pay \$3,000 an hour?

TALIA  
(nods)  
The day rate is \$31,000, dawn to dawn.

Alicia can't believe it. They hear Arianna's voice in the office. Look toward her. Then back:

ALICIA  
So, about this rape...

Talia smiles: yep, it's about the rape. Alicia nods: sorry.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
...can you get me contact info  
on... the other dancer that night.

TALIA  
Maura? Sorry, she quit right  
afterwards. Left a fake number,  
fake address, fake social. It  
happens a lot.



ALICIA  
And the driver, know where we can find him?

22 **EXT. UNIVERSITY - NIGHT** 22

College campus. Frat row. An eternal party. STUDENTS pass Alicia who talks on her cell, walking behind Kalinda:

ALICIA  
Look, I'm getting home late. Could you ask grandma to stay till ten?

INTERCUT with...

23 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT** 23

...ZACH on the phone in their apartment, yelling:

ZACH  
Grandma, can you stay till ten?  
Mom's gonna be late.

JACKIE  
(passing through)  
Don't shout, dear. If she has to,  
she has to.

Meanwhile, Alicia and Kalinda arrive at a frat. A party inside. Actually, more than a party. A STRIPPER IN A COP UNIFORM, the roar of FRAT BOYS. Alicia backs away to hear:

ZACH  
Grandma can stay. So, Mom, I was...  
(waits for Jackie to leave)  
I was talking to grandma and she said she visited dad over the weekend, and he was saying how much he missed us.

Alicia closes her eyes. Fuck her! As... Zach hears a *knock* at the front door. Odd. It's kind of late. He looks toward GRACE not paying attention watching TV.

ALICIA  
Grandma said that?

ZACH  
Yeah, but it's not like she was saying it to mean anything.

Zach tosses a pad of paper at Grace who looks up, pissed:

GRACE  
*What?!*

(CONTINUED)

Zach points at the door. Grace frowns, grudgingly gets up, crosses to it, knees him behind his leg, as...

ZACH

Anyway, mom, I was thinking maybe we should be going there, you know, visiting him.

And we're with... Grace now, opening the door. No one there. An unmarked MANILA ENVELOPE on the doormat. Odd. She looks down the apartment hall. Empty. The elevator going down. As...

...Alicia sees Kalinda gesture to the driver in the party, COLLIN GRANT (27). In sunglasses looking over the party-goers.

ALICIA

The thing is, Zach, your dad didn't want you guys to see him like this-- in prison. He didn't want you to... worry. But let me see if he changed his mind. Okay?

Zach nods, then sees Grace pulling photos out of the envelope-- *sexual* photos. What the--?! Zach reaches over, stops her, nods warningly toward Jackie coming out of the kitchen, singing.

Zach's bed. Covered with eight photos. Zach and Grace look from one to another. In silence. Startled. Surveillance photos shot through blinds. A naked woman hugging Peter.

GRACE

Is that dad?

Zach nods. Turns to another photo... The two kissing. The two in bed. The two smoking a small glass pipe.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Is that...?

ZACH

I don't know.

GRACE

But you're thinking it too?

ZACH

Dad told us he made mistakes.

GRACE

But not *that*.

Zach looks back toward the photos. She's right. Both a bit overwhelmed, uncertain. All feels bigger than them.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Do we tell mom?

ZACH

(collecting the photos)

They didn't send these to us. They sent them to Mom. To hurt her. And I don't want them to hurt her.

Grace nods, agreeing, as Zach opens a desk drawer, drops the photos in, closes it.

**EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT**

Alicia now stands with Kalinda on the party doorstep, waiting, Alicia watching...

...the stripper inside. The lone woman. Forcing one of the HUSKY FRAT BOYS to kneel, pulling out cuffs as the party goes wild. Alicia watches. Not prudishly. If anything there's a slight smile on her face at the ludicrousness of this: the ludicrousness of sex. While...

...Kalinda sees a FRAT BOY approaching, swaying, eyeing her.

KALINDA

No.

The only word needed. The kid slinks off. As Collin Grant exits the party. The driver. Granite bodybuilder. Shaved head. Thinks he's Secret Service.

GRANT

Five minutes.

ALICIA

We understand you can corroborate Christy's story.

GRANT

Which was?

ALICIA

She told you about the rape right after it happened.

Grant shakes his head at a frat boy trying to get in:

(CONTINUED)

GRANT

Well, look, I like Christy-- she's  
a good tipper-- but when she  
drinks, she doesn't know what the  
hell she's talking about.

(CONTINUED)

Alicia and Kalinda stare at him. Uh-oh.

KALINDA

But you do?

GRANT

Hey, it's my job. Christy gave him a lap dance. He paid her; we went home; and no one said anything about any rape. I don't blame Christy for trying to get some extra cash out of McKeon, but, hey, she's lying.

Alicia and Kalinda just stare. Oh shit.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

26           **EXT. TAMMS MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - VISITOR GATE - DAY**           26

Alicia's face. Distracted. Thinking. Where is she? *Bzzt--*  
a minimum security gate opens, slides across her face. Oh.

27           **EXT. TAMMS MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - YARD - DAY**           27

For a moment it looks like lovers strolling in a park.  
Alicia and PETER. Making the circuit of the prison yard. In  
silence. Not uncomfortable silence. He looks good. In  
control. Bill Clinton in prison. Mid-conversation:

ALICIA

So?

PETER FLORRICK

I don't know; do they *want* to see me?

Alicia takes a second, and Peter guesses:

PETER FLORRICK (CONT'D)

Zach does, Grace doesn't?

ALICIA

Well, she's hurt. She thought you  
were everything.

Peter nods, looks off, upset. Alicia eyes him, moved.  
Despite herself. Another CONVICT nods to Peter passing.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

So two months in, you seem well.

PETER FLORRICK

I am. Some good guys in here.  
There's probably less backstabbing  
than in the State's Attorney office.

Alicia smiles, Peter too. He eyes her.

PETER FLORRICK (CONT'D)

You look good, Alicia.

ALICIA

Business attire.

PETER FLORRICK

No, no, you look good. Like it  
agrees with you.

Alicia shrugs. Lets the compliment rest there as they sit at  
a table. Peter lowers his voice, no guards nearby...

(CONTINUED)

PETER FLORRICK (CONT'D)  
So here's the thing about Childs.  
Everything he does is a political  
calculation; everything he--

ALICIA  
(not unkind)  
Peter, no. We can't be doing this.

PETER FLORRICK  
Yes, we can. *Illinois Court rule*  
*1.6(c)*. An attorney can use any--

ALICIA  
No, no, I mean... I don't want to  
be used.

PETER FLORRICK  
Look, I know you don't believe me,  
Alicia, but Childs set me up-- and  
if what I give you can help a rape  
victim, what's wrong with that?

Alicia stops, stares at him.

ALICIA  
How did you know she was a rape victim?  
(Peter pauses)  
Peter? I never told your mom.

PETER FLORRICK  
Ryan told me.

ALICIA  
(confused)  
Your appellate lawyer?

PETER FLORRICK  
Yeah. He was the one who referred  
Christy to you. What's wrong?

ALICIA  
(thinking this through)  
I'm hard pressed to think what's  
*not* wrong. So... he *what*?

PETER FLORRICK  
I mentioned to Ryan you were at Stern,  
Lockhart, and if he didn't have time  
for Christy's case, maybe you would.  
I thought you'd want the work. You're  
looking at me like I'm crazy.

ALICIA

You thought it was a good idea to send me a hooker to represent?

PETER FLORRICK

No, I thought it was a good idea to send you a *rape victim*.

Alicia closes her eyes. Realizing:

ALICIA

Oh my god, you had sex with her.

PETER FLORRICK

What?

ALICIA

You're using her first name, Peter. You're saying "Christy." She's one of your whores.

PETER FLORRICK

Alicia, stop it.

But Alicia stands, sickened. Peter gets up too, chases.

PETER FLORRICK (CONT'D)

Alicia. Please! When will you stop thinking I slept with everyone?! When will you forgive me?

He's genuine. Real. Hurt. Okay, Alicia comes back to him.

ALICIA

How much did you spend on Amber? You had sex with her, what, ten times? Twenty times?

PETER FLORRICK

You don't really want to--

ALICIA

If I'm supposed to forgive you, I want to know what I'm forgiving you for. At \$3,000 a pop that's, what, \$60,000? Did you pay her not to use condoms? Was that extra?

PETER FLORRICK

Please, Alicia...

ALICIA

Your weekend trip to Houston, did you take her?

(CONTINUED)



27

PETER FLORRICK  
You know I didn't.

ALICIA  
I don't know what I know. Grace's  
12th birthday party, you said you  
had to leave early. Where did you  
go, Peter? Answer those questions,  
then we can talk about forgiveness.

And she starts off. We stay with Peter, watching her.

28

**EXT. CIVIL COURTS BUILDING - DAY**

28

A slick 30 story building. Modern as a microchip. Will  
starts across the plaza toward it with Kalinda...

WILL (AS ADR)  
Remember, it's settlement poker.  
We only prepare for trial to jam  
the other side, and get them to  
settle.

A flushed Alicia rushes up, late. Coming from prison.

ALICIA  
Sorry.

WILL (AS ADR)  
Don't worry about it. So forget  
the driver. This is a pre-trial  
hearing...

They push into court...

29

**INT. CIVIL COURTS BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY**

29

KALINDA (AS ADR)  
Right, all we need to do is win the  
most motions.

WILL  
We need to box McKeon in. There's  
only one of two ways his semen ends up  
in the rape kit. Consensual sex or  
rape. So we get him to swear there  
was no consensual sex.

KALINDA  
Why would he do that?

ALICIA  
He's got a wife.

(CONTINUED)

Will nods to Alicia: good. As a beautiful Christy approaches:

(CONTINUED)

WILL

There you are. How you doing?  
Nervous?

CHRISTY

No, but maybe I should be.

Christy chuckles toward Alicia, but she doesn't chuckle back.

WILL

This is just a pre-trial hearing.  
The State's Attorney is trying to  
quash our subpoenas, so we...

But their dialogue sinks away as we stay with...

...Alicia eyeing Christy. More harshly now. The Peter  
confrontation still ringing in her ears.

Did Christy have sex with her husband? She coldly studies  
Christy's youth, her figure. So this is what men react to.  
It all seems so fake-- the pretend-shy way she brushes the  
hair from her eyes, her deferential manner.

WILL (CONT'D)

Okay, so Kalinda, I need you to sit  
on the State's Attorney's office  
upstairs, wait for the subpoena.

ALICIA

I'll do that.

Kalinda shoots a look toward Alicia, surprised.

WILL

You'll--? You don't have to.

ALICIA

I know. I'll be back.

WILL

You alright?

ALICIA

Yeah, sure. I'm fine.

But Will suddenly laughs, seeing a placard on the courtroom door.

WILL

Oh my god! This is too good! We  
got Judge Abernathy!

CHRISTY

Judge--?

(CONTINUED)

WILL

A new judge. He's to the left of Michael Moore. He's involved with the ACLU, NOW, MoveOn. Justice may be blind, but judges sure aren't. God, Ericcson must be pulling his hair out.

**INT. CIVIL COURTS BUILDING - CIRCUIT COURT ROOM #32 - DAY**

Ericcson. Definitely not happy. As JUDGE ABERNATHY enters. Abby Hoffman with a trimmed beard and metrosexual flair. He leans in toward the microphone. A bit nervous. New.

JUDGE ABERNATHY

Please don't stand. Everybody sit back down please. We've got the big courtroom here, don't we?

Will sits, shoots a smile toward Ericcson, frowning.

ERICCCSON

Your honor, given the stature of my client, Mr. McKeon...

He nods toward LLOYD MCKEON (28) at his table. Handsome. Quick to smile. Not the face of a villain.

ERICCCSON (CONT'D)

...and given the fact that this pre-trial hearing has already garnered the attention of our friends in the press...

He nods toward the back row. A SCRAGGLY FILM CRITIC TYPE.

ERICCCSON (CONT'D)

...we ask the court to seal the pre-trial filings, and avoid a show trial.

JUDGE ABERNATHY

Mr. Ericcson, I don't think we need to do all that, do we? 1st Amendment issues and all. I deny the petition-- with regret. Mr. Gardner?

Ericcson frowns toward Will who is enjoying this, stands. No Alicia in court. Just he and Christy at the plaintiff's table.

WILL

Yes, your honor. We have a lot of testimony focusing on whether this was a consensual act between Mr. McKeon and my client...

(pats Christy's shoulder)  
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

...but if Mr. McKeon is willing to stipulate there was indeed a consensual sexual act, we would forego this testimony.

JUDGE ABERNATHY

That's a good point. Mr. Ericcson, how do you respond?

Ericcson whispers with McKeon who shoots a glance toward his pretty SOCIALITE WIFE with a small group in the gallery. McKeon shakes his head; and Ericcson stands, not happy about it:

ERICCCSON

We will stipulate there was no sex of any kind, forced or consensual, your honor.

Will smiles-- good-- goes for the next...

WILL

The plaintiff also asks for an expedited trial date, your honor, and a DNA sample from Mr. McKeon, DNA results from the rape kit, and the State's Attorney investigative reports. They have been... reluctant to furnish them.

JUDGE ABERNATHY

Thank you, counselor. I will grant all three motions. Mr. Ericcson?

Ericcson waves off the judge as he collects his papers.

JUDGE ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

I interpret Mr. Ericcson's gesture as acquiescence. I'll see you all back here-- let's see, my docket is clear-- in five days. How's that for expedited. As a side note, I'd like to ask for a second of silence for the recent mass killings in Darfur. If you please.

He lowers his head. Ericcson frowns, lowers his head, shoots a look over at Will who nods happily.

JUDGE ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

Okay, thank you. Court adjourned.

Will crosses to Ericcson, opens the gate for him:

WILL

Good start, don't you think?

(CONTINUED)

30

ERICCCSON

I understand you're having trouble  
with the driver.

WILL

And you're boxed in on the rape kit.

ERICCCSON

Still think I'll roll the dice.  
See you on the 22nd.

And Ericcson exits. Will frowns: damn.

31

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

31

Cary exits another depo, stretching, bored out of his mind.  
He looks across toward the other deposition room. Empty  
except for Alicia. And a lot of boxes and documents. She's  
working hard, digging through them. He crosses to her.

32

**INT. 27TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

32

CARY

Hey, so you know Will.

Alicia looks up at Cary at the door, confused. What?

CARY (CONT'D)

Mr. Gardner. You two went to  
school together. That's what they  
were saying the other night at  
drinks. So that's why.

ALICIA

Why what?

CARY

Why you're, you know...

He shrugs. Alicia just stares at him... uh-huh.

ALICIA

Cary, if you don't mind I've had only  
a week with these, and I've got court  
in three hours...

CARY

Oh, yeah, I heard. You got an  
expedited trial date to force the  
other side to settle; now you're  
the ones suffering.

Alicia stares at him. Yeah, thanks. Cary casually picks up  
a file:

(CONTINUED)

CARY (CONT'D)  
So what are you looking for?

ALICIA  
(reading, half to herself)  
"TZK Industries." I've seen that  
before. What's TZK Industries?

(CONTINUED)

32

Alicia turns toward her laptop to search for it as Cary takes out his iPhone (or equivalent), speaks into it...

CARY  
"TZK Industries."

Alicia glances up from typing, smiles at his techie-ness.

CARY (CONT'D)  
It's a furniture supply company.  
"Elegant furniture. For home and  
business." What are you looking for?

ALICIA  
I-- something to undercut Christy's  
driver. It was in the Witness  
Interview...

But Alicia fades away as she comes to the bottom of the slick TCB website: a dozen names under "Board of Directors"-- half with the same last name-- "McKeon." Alicia stares at them:

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
It can't be that easy, can it?

CARY  
What?

Alicia stares up at him. Smiles. Maybe it can be that easy. And...

33

**INT. CIVIL COURTS BUILDING - CIRCUIT COURT ROOM #32 - DAY**

33

...we're in court now. No jury. Just the judge listening. Collin Grant on the stand. In a suit. An uncomfortable suit.

WILL  
So I find this odd, Mr. Grant. You were there, and you say there was no rape? So either you're lying or my client's lying?

GRANT  
All I know is what I saw, sir.

Will nods, goes to Alicia who hands him a document. Ericcson eyes them: what's that about? Next to him, McKeon sees his worry, and worries too. While...

WILL  
Mr. Grant, this is a copy of your wife's W-2. Could you read the name of your wife's employer please?

(CONTINUED)



GRANT  
(leans in to read)  
TZK Industries.

Alicia shoots a look toward the back row. The reporter still there. Looking up from his notes. Interesting.

WILL  
And TZK Industries is a company owned by the McKeon family to supply furniture for their properties--?

ERICSSON  
Objection, your honor. Not in evidence.

JUDGE ABERNATHY  
Well, I think it's alright for it to be asked, Mr. Ericcson. I--  
(considers it a second)  
Actually, sustained.

WILL  
(startled)  
Your honor, you sustained the objection?

JUDGE ABERNATHY  
I did. Mr. Ericcson has a point.

Alicia eyes the judge-- uh-oh-- as Will nods, surprised: okay.

WILL  
Mr. Grant, isn't it an amazing coincidence, that after a year of unemployment, your wife got a job in July from the McKeons, a month after the June Bachelor Party incident?

GRANT  
No.

JUDGE ABERNATHY  
And why is that, Mr. Grant?

GRANT  
Because my wife and I are divorced.

Alicia looks up: what? Will pauses only a second, catches a glimpse of a grinning Ericcson. McKeon relieved now too.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
My wife and I have been separated for a year now, so her getting this job has nothing to do with me.

(CONTINUED)

33

Alicia melts in her seat, Christy shooting worried looks toward her, as Will stays smooth, calm:

WILL

But, sir, wouldn't you benefit even if only in the form of lowered spousal support?

GRANT

I guess, but I'm not Warren Buffett.

Abernathy smiles at his comment. Ericcson too.

34

**INT. CIVIL COURTS BUILDING - DAY**

34

Recess. Alicia and Will bang out the courtroom doors.

ALICIA

Sorry, I didn't see--

WILL

Don't ever let your first chair get undercut that way again.

And Alicia watches Will push toward an exit. Not a good day. She turns, sees Kalinda approaching. Not looking happy.

ALICIA

Good news?

Kalinda offers a stare-- Are you kidding? She whispers:

KALINDA

I just got the rape kit results. The State's Attorney wasn't stonewalling; they sent it out to a commercial lab and just got it back.

ALICIA

And?

KALINDA

It's not McKeon's DNA.

Alicia stares at her: what the hell.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

35 OMITTED

35

A36 **EXT. 28TH FLOOR - LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

A36

Christy. Upset. Speechless. Staring at Alicia and Kalinda.

ALICIA

The rape kit came back and it's not his sperm. It's not McKeon's DNA. Grant says you're lying. McKeon says you're lying.

CHRISTY

I'm not lying. I-- It's really not his?

KALINDA

Christy, we need to get the full--

ALICIA

Who else did you have sex with that night?

Kalinda glances toward Alicia. Odd. Now she's the harsh one.

CHRISTY

No one. I swear--

ALICIA

Well, you obviously had sex with someone. Because it's not his sperm! Maybe it's a boyfriend, another client. Maybe you're still turning tricks.

Christy looks at her, eyes wet. Quiet.

CHRISTY

You need to talk to Maura.

ALICIA

We can't find Maura.

KALINDA

(kinder)

You really don't remember anything that could help us find her?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTY

We didn't talk. She was on her cellphone the whole night till her battery ran out. I'm sorry, I have to get to class.

She grabs her book bag, stands.

36

**INT. 28TH FLOOR - RECEPTION - DAY**

36

*Ding--* the elevator doors close on a crumbling Christy as Kalinda and Alicia stare, lost. Kalinda looks toward Alicia:

KALINDA

Not that I mind it, but when did you become me?

ALICIA

You didn't believe her. I did.

KALINDA

Look, I'm not saying it's likely, but maybe she's telling the truth. Christy said the light was flicked out, then she was held down. Maybe it was McKeon with a friend. So let's see if the cops tested the other party-goers.

Alicia considers it, sees Will walking with Diane.

ALICIA

Worth a try.

And Alicia starts after them, catching up with them mid-conversation:

WILL

It's not just that. What's up with your bud, Abernathy? He's going out of his way to kill us.

DIANE

You know how this works. Liberal judge gets on the bench, doesn't want to rule from his bias, so he bends over backwards the other way.

WILL

Didn't you say you had some pull with him? He wanted to get on your Glass Ceiling committee or whatever it is?

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

(smiles caustically)

"Emily's List." Are you suggesting  
I influence a sitting judge in some  
untoward fashion?

WILL

No, just in a toward one. Come on,  
come to court, let him see your sad  
little liberal face, and contemplate  
a life without all his leftie  
friends.

Diane laughs, shakes her head, splits off as...

(CONTINUED)

36

ALICIA

Will, look. I'm sorry. I--

WILL

Don't be. We're a team. No  
apologies.

Right, Alicia nods: thanks. Will smiles as he continues off.

37

**INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - ZACH'S BEDROOM - DAY**

37

The surveillance photo of Peter with a naked woman. Zach  
stares at it. Looks closer. His dad's eyes. Then the  
woman's eyes. He turns to his computer, and--

--BRIEF CUTS now--

--Zach runs the photo through a scanner-- clicks his mouse--  
enlarges the photo pixels on his screen-- prints a blow-up of  
his dad's eyes-- tapes it next to the computer-- then the  
woman's eyes-- pixels as big as nickels--

GRACE

What're you doing now?

Grace returning home, dropping her book bag on the bed.

ZACH

Close the door.

GRACE

(seeing the photos)

Oh, come on, Zach. Let it go!

Zach goes to the door, slams it.

ZACH

Would you shut up and look at this.

He thrusts the blow-up of Peter's eye at her. A white dot  
reflected in the iris.

ZACH (CONT'D)

See that. It's called a "specular  
highlight." It's like a... light  
in the eye, you know, reflected in  
it. See where it is. To the left.

Left of the cornea. Now Zach pulls out another blow up. The  
lady's eye. The white dot in it.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Now look at this: the lady's eye.  
See. The dot is to the right.

(CONTINUED)

37

GRACE

Okay?

ZACH

They're not in the same picture.  
Dad's face was photoshopped into it.

Grace stares at Zach. A long stare. You're kidding? Her eyes wet. Wanting to believe it, but also not.

ALICIA (O.S.)

*Hello, Zach, Grace! I'm home!*

The two trade a look. Shit! Mom! Zach quickly yanks down the photos, as...

38

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

38

...Alicia and Jackie pull food from grocery bags, put it away. Just the two. Alicia turns quiet, private:

ALICIA

Jackie. I have a request to make.

JACKIE

Certainly, dear.

ALICIA

You want the kids to visit Peter,  
talk to me. Don't talk to Zach.

Jackie turns to Alicia, confused:

JACKIE

When did I talk to Zach?

ALICIA

You told him his dad was lonely in  
prison.

JACKIE

Because he is. I'm sorry, I don't  
know what I did wrong.

ALICIA

(trying to stay civil)  
Don't go around me by going to my  
kids.

Jackie looks like she's going to argue when-- *bang*-- Zach and Grace enter. A bit too Donna Reed.

ZACH

Hey, mom, how was work?

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA  
Crappy. I thought I'd make  
breakfast.

JACKIE  
(chuckles disapprovingly)  
For dinner? My goodness.

Alicia kisses Zach and Grace on the foreheads:

ALICIA  
Like when you were kids. You don't  
have to like it. It's for me.

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

Law books at one end of the table. Alicia, Grace, and Zach at  
the other. Eating pancakes. Alicia looks between the two.

ALICIA  
So what is it?

GRACE  
What is what?

ALICIA  
The thing that's making you two act  
so weird tonight.

ZACH  
Mom, we're teenagers.

ALICIA  
Oh, right. And you were such  
beautiful babies.

Grace and Zach roll their eyes playfully and "blah-blah-blah"  
as Alicia smiles, takes her plate into the kitchen, yelling:

ALICIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Okay, so I want to show you some  
pictures of where Dad is staying.

GRACE  
What?

ALICIA (O.S.)  
I want to make sure you know what's  
involved with visiting dad in  
prison. Okay?

There's a knock at the front door. Zach and Grace trade an  
alarmed look, shoot a glance toward the base of the door for  
another envelope when Alicia reappears:

(CONTINUED)



39

ALICIA (CONT'D)

So, Zach, can you show me how to get  
to "Google images" on your computer.

And she starts toward his room. Zach jumps up, starts after  
her, nods to Grace who is already on her way to the front  
door, as...

40

**INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - ZACH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

40

...Zach skirts around Alicia to get to his computer first,  
clicking the photos off his screen. Alicia looks at him.

ALICIA

What was that?

ZACH

Nothing, homework.

Alicia looks at him weird. Then at the computer. But...

GRACE (O.S.)

*Mom, someone's here!*

41

**INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - FOYER - NIGHT**

41

No envelope. Just Kalinda at the door. Odd to see her here.  
Truly out of place. Grace stares at her. Her sexy clothes.  
Kalinda stares back, then past her. Kids make her uncomfortable.

ALICIA

Oh, hey. Still no Maura?

Kalinda shakes her head, raises a file. Something not great.

42

**INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - HALL - NIGHT**

42

A minute later. Grace peers in at Alicia and Kalinda in the  
dining room. Something mildly unsettling about this to her.  
Mom having another life. Looking so animated in this other  
life. She hears the words "DNA... sperm... rape kit" as...

43

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

43

...Alicia and Kalinda flip through a report...

KALINDA

I was going to the crime lab to see  
if they ever collected DNA from the  
other party-goers when--

She stops, sees Grace. Alicia turns, sees her too.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

You can watch a little TV; I'll be right in.

Grace nods, starts off.

KALINDA

Want to do this later?

ALICIA

(quieter, distracted)

No. I think I just caught my son checking out porn.

Kalinda stares at her-- okay,-- really doesn't want to get involved, moving on:

KALINDA

Anyway, I asked a cop friend to run the rape kit results through CODIS.

(off Alicia's look)

The nationwide DNA database. And they got a hit.

ALICIA

Who, the best man?

Kalinda shakes her head, hands her a rap sheet. A linebacker-large, crew-cutted MUGSHOT.

KALINDA

Manny Lyons. A rapist serving twenty-to-life in an Ohio supermax.

ALICIA

I don't understand.

KALINDA

You're in good company.

ALICIA

But... he's a convicted rapist? So Christy was raped?

KALINDA

Apparently.

Alicia. She takes a second with that. Christy again turning in her mind.

ALICIA

So I don't get it-- how did he-- Was he at the party?

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA

Far as I can tell, he was in a holding  
cell in Columbus at the time-- if  
these records can be trusted.

44      **INT. 27TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**      44

WILL

This makes no sense.

(CONTINUED)

Will stares at two separate piles of files, reports on the conference table in the deposition room. Alicia and Kalinda nod, going through them, frustrated.

ALICIA

We know. This pile is everything on the Manny Lyons rape; this one our rape. And we can't find one thing in common.

WILL

(flipping through reports)  
No connection with *McKeon*?

ALICIA

Nope, we checked it.

WILL

Did he work at the hotel?

KALINDA

No. No shared M.O. either.  
(reads)

"Manny Lyons broke into an Upper Arlington apartment, held a knife to the neck of a 40-year-old divorcee, raped her, and stole her car. He was stopped running a traffic light ten miles away. The divorcee identified him in a six-pack photo line-up."

And as she continues we stay with Alicia studying the piles. Something just on the edge of her consciousness as she stares down at them. An edge of blue. She pulls the blue out. It's a swirly blue logo at the top of a form. "Broadson Labs."

Alicia stares at it. Thinks. Reaches over to the other pile, scours through it. Will and Kalinda eye her...

WILL

What?

But Alicia shakes her head, needs to pursue this. Finds a xeroxed report. Flips through it. Faster. There. At the back. A form. No blue on it because it's xeroxed, but there at the top is the same swirly logo.

ALICIA

They have one thing in common.

45

**INT. CIVIL COURTS BUILDING - CIRCUIT COURT ROOM #32 - DAY**

45

DR. GERALD GIRTZMAN (38). On the stand. Everywhere he sits is his throne. His diction stiff. His manner brusque. Loves being the center of attention. Mid-questioning:

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

And you were the lab supervisor who worked on analysis #5795-- the rape kit in this case-- professor?

DR. GIRTZMAN

Doctor.

Alicia smiles. This will be fun. Will in first chair. Christy beside him. Kalinda in the gallery. Abernathy on the bench. Ericcson and McKeon at the respondent's table.

ALICIA

Doctor. And these are your initials-- "G.G."-- at the bottom of the report?

DR. GIRTZMAN

Yes, those are mine.

ALICIA

Oh, wait, excuse me. This isn't analysis #5795. It's 579-four. The Manny Lyons case. My mistake.

Ericcson rolls his eyes: a cheap lawyer trick.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

I see you ran the analysis on both? And given their sequential numbering, I imagine you worked on one right after the other?

DR. GIRTZMAN

It appears so.

Ericcson stops scribbling in a pad. Looks up. Uh-oh.

ALICIA

And both these cases matched the DNA with the same culprit, Manny Lyons, is that correct?

DR. GIRTZMAN

It is.

The reporter at the back looks up from his notes. Interesting. As Diane enters the court, sits at the back. Catches Will's eye, raises an eyebrow: how's she doing? He nods: clear sailing so far.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

So let me follow the logic here.  
Manny Lyons has never set foot in  
Chicago--

ERICSSON

Objection. Not in evidence.

JUDGE ABERNATHY

I will sustain that.

ALICIA

Isn't it true, Dr. Girtzman, the  
only connection between Manny Lyons  
and Christy Barbosa is that you  
worked on both cases?

ERICSSON

Objection. Argumentative.

JUDGE ABERNATHY

Mrs. Florrick. This is not a  
debating society. Sustained.

ALICIA

Dr. Girtzman, would you call the  
standards at a commercial lab  
relaxed?

DR. GIRTZMAN

No. And your honor, may I answer  
her earlier question? Personal  
privilege.

Ericsson rolls his eyes. Oh god, please don't.

JUDGE ABERNATHY

If you would like.

DR. GIRTZMAN

We handle an immense backlog of  
untested rape kits from crime labs  
across the country; we do so with  
speed and professionalism--

ALICIA

And yet isn't it true, sir, that  
your lab almost lost its  
accreditation in 2005--

DR. GIRTZMAN

That was never proved!

ALICIA

--when it cross-contaminated two DNA samples that were out-sourced from a crime lab--

DR. GIRTZMAN

That is an old slander!

ALICIA

That you failed to sterilize scissors that then carried the DNA from one sample to--

DR. GIRTZMAN

I don't have to answer this!

JUDGE ABERNATHY

Actually, you do, sir.

Dr. Girtzman. Taken up short. He nods. Of course. As the Reporter quickly scribbles notes; and Christy makes eye-contact with Alicia, nodding thank you. Alicia nods back.

WILL

(standing)

Your honor, given this testimony, we move that the rape kit be reanalyzed at a second genetic lab.

JUDGE ABERNATHY

I think that is an understandable request. Mr. Ericcson?

Ericcson sees a flash of worry on McKeon's face, quickly stands. Smooth...

ERICCSON

Your honor, we would stipulate that Mrs. Florrick has made her case.

(nods to Alicia)

Dr. Girtzman cross-contaminated the two samples--

DR. GIRTZMAN

Excuse me, sir. I did not--

ERICCSON

(ignoring him)

--but we would argue that's the very reason it can not now be retested.

WILL

You've got to be kidding!

(CONTINUED)



ERICSSON

The very fact that the sample is now agreed to be contaminated means it can't be tested with any authority.

WILL

Your honor!

Abernathy raises a finger-- one second-- needs to think about it. Rubs his chin. As Diane watches Abernathy: which way is he going to go? The Reporter at the back looks up too, curious.

JUDGE ABERNATHY

Mr. Gardner, you argued the rape kit was contaminated. You can't now argue it's probative. Plaintiff's motion for retesting is denied.

WILL

Your honor--

JUDGE ABERNATHY

The motion is denied!

Alicia and Will look at each other. Nothing to do. They sit, and Will whispers to Alicia...

WILL

We need to find the other stripper.

**END OF ACT THREE**



RECEPTIONIST

If I could just see some ID, Mr.  
McKeon.

Will pauses. Oh. Not that easy. Alicia leans forward,  
smiles:

ALICIA

Actually, can I ask you a question.  
(checks her nametag)  
...Rosemary? There was a bachelor  
party here in June that resulted in  
a rape. Were you here then?

The Receptionist looks around, cautious:

RECEPTIONIST

I was.

ALICIA

Well, the only person we believe can  
corroborate the rape victim's story  
was using a cellphone that night.  
And we're thinking she might have  
used the bathroom phone when her  
battery ran out. So we were hoping  
to glance at the bill to see if  
there's a number she phoned.

Will stares straight ahead-- interesting, the honest  
approach. Rosemary pauses.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll have to speak to my manager.

And she starts off. Will and Alicia standing there.

WILL

Nice thought.

ALICIA

All else fails try honesty.

WILL

I'm putting 20 dollars on  
deception.

Alicia smiles.

BUSINESSWOMAN

Will! My god, what are you doing  
north of The Loop?

A BUSINESSWOMAN, young and beautiful...

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Seeing how the other half lives.  
(introducing)  
Alicia, Marlana.

BUSINESSWOMAN

Nice to meet you. Ask for a view  
of the lake, it's beautiful at  
night. Call me, Will.

And she kisses his cheek, starts off.

ALICIA

She thinks we're getting a room.

WILL

Yep.

The two lean against the reception desk. They see the  
Businesswoman whispering with FRIENDS, nodding toward them.

ALICIA

Now *they* think we're getting a room.

WILL

Worried?

ALICIA

(looks at him)  
You?

WILL

We could do worse.

Will grins. Starts to say something when...

RECEPTIONIST

I'm having trouble getting my  
manager. Could you hold on for  
another minute...

While saying this, the receptionist pulls out the printed  
bill, pointedly lays it on the counter, starts off again.  
Will and Alicia stare at it...

WILL

I owe you twenty.

Alicia turns the bill to them. A long list of phone numbers.

ALICIA

Christy and Maura arrived at 11:15.

Will nods, turns the page. The two peer over it...

(CONTINUED)

47

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Here's one. 11:20. Out-of-state  
area code.

Will starts dialing the number into his cell as Alicia sees  
the Businesswoman smiling, offering her an approving nod.  
Alicia smiles back, offers a winking thumbs up.

WILL

Hello. You don't know me but--

48

**INT. CIVIL COURTS BUILDING - CIRCUIT COURT ROOM #32 - DAY**

48

MAURA (19). On the stand. A requisite sexiness, but with a  
more rural flavor. And embarrassed. Will approaches:

WILL

Were you the other dancer there  
that night, Maura?

MAURA

I was-- yes.

Abernathy reaches over, squeaks the microphone closer to her.  
Maura nods her thanks.

WILL

And your driver that night, Mr.  
Grant, what did he tell you after  
you took Christy to the hospital?

MAURA

He told me that the McKeons were  
very rich, and we should just keep  
our mouths shut.

The reporter writes hurriedly, getting every word down.

WILL

And that's why you went back home  
to Michigan?

MAURA

(looks toward Christy)  
Yes, I'm sorry. I was scared.

Christy nods back to her: it's okay.

WILL

And to reiterate: Christy told you  
about the rape immediately  
afterwards?

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

Yes, in fact, he--  
(points at McKeon)  
--followed her out to the parking  
lot, and said "Don't tell anyone.  
Just take the money and shut up."

Ericcson frowns. Next to him, McKeon frowns even more. And behind, his new wife frowns most of all.

**INT. CIVIL COURTS BUILDING - CAFETERIA - DAY**

Alicia and Christy sit at a courthouse cafeteria table. COPS, LAWYERS, JURORS. Nothing to do but wait.

CHRISTY

Thank you, Alicia for... you know.

Alicia nods. She does. And they wait. Alicia eyes her.

ALICIA

Christy, just curious. Where did you meet my husband?

Christy looks up, confused-- or pretend confused:

CHRISTY

Your husband? I've never met your husband.

Alicia eyes her. She seems genuine, real. Okay. Let it go.

ALICIA

My mistake.

**INT. CIVIL COURTS BUILDING - CIRCUIT COURT ROOM #32 - DAY**

Court again. A quiet buzzing. Christy, Alicia, Will at the plaintiff's table, nervous. Ericcson, McKeon, Stepford Lawyers at the defense table. All stand as...

...Abernathy goes to the bench, sits. Doesn't admonish anyone not to stand this time, as Diane enters, sits in the gallery.

JUDGE ABERNATHY

Good afternoon. I've given this case quite a bit of thought. As you can imagine.

Abernathy looks up, sees Diane in the gallery.

JUDGE ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

You have both argued your case well. But I find myself judging in favor of the defendant.

And the world crashes in. Will closes his eyes: shit. Alicia looks toward the judge, truly surprised. Christy finds tears in her eyes. Pained, this is difficult:

JUDGE ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

Without a DNA match on the rape kit, we have a classic he-said, she-said; and as much as my...

(looks directly at Diane)

...personal sympathies lie with the plaintiff, the evidence doesn't warrant a favorable decision. Judgment in favor of the Defendant.

*Bam--* Abernathy hammers his gavel, seeming more mature as he walks from the court. Diane stands as...

...Christy sits there appalled, looking across toward a thrilled McKeon, first hugging Ericcson, then reaching across the gallery bar to hug his wife. The Reporter at the back makes a last note, and disappointed, starts out of the court.

ALICIA

Are you okay?

CHRISTY

No.

ALICIA

I'm sorry. I believe you.

Christy nods. And they watch as a triumphant McKeon and his wife start from court, laughing, Ericcson following, passing Christy's Russian mom, tear-stained, staring angrily at them.

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

THREE REPORTERS buzz around McKeon, his bride, and Ericcson starting out of the courtroom into the hall. Alicia and Christy watch destroyed from the courtroom door...

LLOYD MCKEON

This is all I want to say. I have been falsely accused by a woman who wanted nothing more than a quick payday. But every year there are thousands of women who are abused, and we shouldn't let this false--

(CONTINUED)

51

POLICEMAN

Mr. McKeon.

A COP approaching followed by a half-dozen other REPORTERS.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

You are under arrest for the rape  
of Christy Barbosa.

The reporters roar excitedly with questions as TWO COPS  
handcuff McKeon, blood draining from his face. As...

...Alicia and Christy watch. Stunned. The emotions all  
flipped now. Christy in tears. Happy tears. She leans  
against Alicia for support as Alicia puts an arm around her.  
Christy sees her mother, rushes to her, as...

...Alicia approaches the hall balcony, looks down on McKeon  
being escorted away by the police, his new bride screaming,  
the reporters swirling...

CHILDS

It must be hard to lose, Mrs.  
Florrick.

Glenn Childs beside her, looking down.

ALICIA

Not if it forces you to prosecute.

CHILDS

Yes, thank you. I'm coming out of  
this with a criminal case I'll win,  
and you're coming out with a loss.  
Nice job.

Alicia smiles, starts away as we hear...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

*Lloyd McKeon was arrested today for  
rape, literally seconds after he  
was cleared in a civil case on the  
same charge.*

52 **OMITTED**

52

A53 **OMITTED**

A53

B53 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

B53

Images of McKeon being rushed from the courthouse, his wife  
trailing, screaming. It's on the TV in Alicia's living room.  
Jackie watching. Volume low...

(CONTINUED)



NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
*State's Attorney Glenn Childs  
credited smart work by his  
prosecutors in finding DNA samples  
not tainted by the commercial lab  
that tested the rape kit.*

Alicia enters the apartment, exhausted. Home. Nice to be home. She exhales. Drops her briefcase. Nudges her shoes off. Hears from the next room...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Childs also refuted claims that the  
arrest was a reaction to public  
pressure in the wake of the failed  
civil suit.*

Alicia smiles, sees Jackie watching the TV. Jackie doesn't turn, having heard the door close...

JACKIE  
(nodding toward the TV)  
This is yours?

ALICIA  
Yes.

JACKIE  
Is he going to jail?

ALICIA  
I think so.

Jackie pauses a second. Turns off the TV. Grudgingly.

JACKIE  
Then that's good.

And Jackie gets up, starts past. Alicia nods, chooses to take it as a compliment:

ALICIA  
Thanks.

Jackie heads toward the door, grabs her coat, not overjoyed. Alicia considers this. Jackie troubled by her doing well in her work life.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
Good night.



PETER FLORRICK (V.O.)

*...oh god, please, you are amazing...*

It's the sex tape, now playing quietly on Alicia's laptop open beside her. The hushed whispered passion:

AMBER (V.O.)

*...what do you want me to do? What do you want me to do to you?...*

PETER FLORRICK (V.O.)

*...just don't stop...*

Alicia turns to a mirror. Looks at herself. Her face. Studying her reaction.

AMBER (V.O.)

*...what'll you give me? What'll you give me not to stop?...*

PETER FLORRICK (V.O.)

*...everything...*

AMBER (V.O.)

*...you're lying....*

PETER FLORRICK (V.O.)

*...everything...*

And then there's just the sound of sex as we BACK OUT.

**END OF ACT FOUR**