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thegoodwife

Episode #105

"For the Camera"

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THE GOOD WIFE #105
"For the Camera"
CAST LIST
9/16/09

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

GLENN CHILDS

JUDGE RICHARD CUESTA
* MATAN BRODY
PATRICE WILCOX (formerly "Patrice James")
CLARENCE WILCOX (formerly "Clarence James")
DETECTIVE ALEC SHORES (formerly "Detective Randall Shores")
DR. TARA ROTHBART
BREE
PROFESSOR JOLIE
JOSH BALDWIN
BEN
CHIEF JUSTICE
WOMAN
ROBBER
UNDERCOVER COP
FEMALE GUARD
PASSING GUARD (O.S. only)

THE GOOD WIFE #105
"For the Camera"
SET LIST
9/16/09

Interiors:

27TH FLOOR
ALICIA'S OFFICE
CONFERENCE ROOM
STAIRS
BULLPEN
28TH FLOOR
LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM
DIANE'S OFFICE
WILL'S OFFICE
HALLWAYS
RECEPTION
COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURT
COURTROOM #302
TAMMS MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON
MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON CELL
ANOTHER VISITORS ENTRANCE
VISITORS DAY ROOM
PRIVACY COTTAGE
SUPER MAX PRISON
VISITOR ENTRANCE
CELL BLOCK
NO-CONTACT ROOM
ILLINOIS APPELLATE COURT
BALDWIN LAW FIRM
WAITING ROOM
CHICAGO PD - HOMICIDE
SECOND LIQUOR STORE
GROCERY MART
HOSPITAL

Exteriors:

CHICAGO PD - PARKING LOT
TAMMS MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - PRIVACY COTTAGE
FIRST LIQUOR STORE
COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURT

TEASER

1

INT. GROCERY MART - NIGHT

1

"Stay Awake" pills. A cute blonde woman (20s), grabs them from a display:

WOMAN

Look, I'll worry about getting addicted to pills when I get out of med school. Right now, I've got mid-terms, and I need this.

She and her date start toward the cash register in a family-run grocery mart, mostly empty, when-- BOOM-- the front door bangs open, a man blasting in, firing a gun into the ceiling!

ROBBER

Everybody shut up, and don't move!

The ROBBER. African-American. Large. Mid-20s. In a Chicago Bulls sweatshirt. He hops the counter, shoves the Persian store-owner to the floor, slams open the cash register when--

ROBBER (CONT'D)

What you staring at?! Get down!

*

The woman and her date drop hurriedly down. Both peering up, seeing the robber shoving cash into his pockets. But the woman turns, sees...

...a customer creeping up the aisle, gun drawn. A PLAIN-CLOTHES COP. He gestures toward her: shhh, and he JUMPS UP:

UNDERCOVER COP

CHICAGO P.D.! DON'T MOVE!

But-- BOOM-- the Robber fires, blasting a cereal box near the cop's head! The cop fires back, hitting tequila bottles behind the Robber's head, and we see...

2

INT. 27TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

2

...it's a TV movie playing on a monitor in the downstairs conference room. Five lawyers watching. ALICIA, CARY, a few we haven't met yet. No one seated: the screening arranged on the fly. On the screen...

...BOOM-- the Robber fires again-- the cop hit, mid-chest. Slow motion, he waves his arms, starts to drop, as the Med Student on the floor screams, silently, in slow-motion, as...

(CONTINUED)

CARY

Oh, come on. Talk about "undue publicity." You're telling me *that* didn't affect the jury pool--?!

BREE

No, I'm saying we don't have time!

Looking up at a clock is BREE (31), mid-level litigator, most senior person in the room. Dresses and argues meticulously. Intelligence to her is an aphrodisiac. The argument fast:

BREE (CONT'D)

We have fifty-five minutes to get this brief to the county clerk. If we're late, Clarence Wilcox stays on death row. We can't risk it.

But-- BOOOM-- they all look toward the screen, the Robber blasting two shots into the cop's head. Cary points at it:

CARY

We can't *not* risk it. The "undue publicity" argument is the weakest part of the brief--

Alicia peers toward Cary: interesting that he's the passionate one on this.

BREE

--Which would be a problem if it were the only part of the brief. We've got five other solid arguments in there--

ALICIA

Let's ask Will.

They all look at her. The power of the rarely offered opinion.

BREE

He'll agree with me.

ALICIA

Good, then it'll be settled.

Cary smiles, peers toward Alicia: odd they're in agreement.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Look, if it doesn't end up in the brief, Will can't use it in oral arguments. Right?

Bree brushes her hair back nervously. Jeez. 53 minutes now.

(CONTINUED)

BREE

This is crazy. There's no time to write it.

Clearly that's a yes. Alicia bursts out the door, Cary too, running, starting up the stairs, Bree yelling after them:

BREE (CONT'D)

It'll mean open heart surgery on the brief!

3 INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAYS - DAY 3

Cary and Alicia turn the corner, moving fast.

ALICIA

This is odd.

CARY

Yeah. We can compete tomorrow.

Alicia smiles, liking him at that moment, as they rush up to Will's door...

4 INT. 28TH FLOOR - WILL'S OFFICE - DAY 4

Will looks up: Yeah?

ALICIA

We think we have time to add one more argument to the Legal Aid appeal, but we need to do it quickly.

WILL

(looks at watch)
"Quickly" would seem to be an understatement. What time's the cut-off?

CARY

5 pm. There was a cable TV movie broadcast a week before jury selection. We believe it influenced the jury.

WILL

(hmmm, interesting)
Why didn't Legal Aid pursue it?

CARY

We don't know.

WILL

Can you do it in 48 minutes?

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA
Just.

Will takes a second, rubs his chin, then... nods-- go-- and Cary and Alicia blast out the door...

5 INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAYS - DAY 5

CARY
You're the faster typist.

ALICIA
We need to get cable viewership in Cook County.

CARY
I'm on it.

6 INT. 27TH FLOOR - ALICIA'S OFFICE - DAY 6

And-- *wham*-- Alicia almost slams the "return" key on her laptop, her office filled with lawyers, people arguing, overlapping, all points important, but Alicia typing. Just racing forward. Trying to block them out. Bursting in:

CARY
I got cable viewership from six years ago--

ALICIA
Just give me the numbers.

CARY
It's not broken out by program.

ALICIA
What?!

All the lawyers grab for some of his paper. Helping. Bree checks the clock...

BREE
We're not going to make it.

ALICIA
We have twenty minutes. We e-mail it, and-- damn.

BREE
"Damn?" Don't say "damn."

ALICIA
Shh--!

Alicia hurriedly cuts and pastes as Cary tosses the paper:

(CONTINUED)

CARY
This'll take an hour.

ALICIA
Ask upstairs if he needs it?

Right. Cary bursts out the door, races toward the stairs.

7 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - WILL'S OFFICE - DAY** 7

He again races to Will's office, out of breath now, Will in with Diane. Cary composes himself, knocks...

WILL
Yeah?

CARY
We're almost done with the TV movie argument, but we can't specify the saturation of the jury pool.

WILL
You don't have the ratings broken out?
(Cary nods)
Okay, we'll slip it into a Friend of the Court brief. Just submit what you have...
(checks a clock: ten to five)
...now.

Right. Cary bursts out the door, running. Leaving Diane and Will. Diane looks to Will: what was that?

WILL (CONT'D)
The appeal Legal Aid couldn't handle-- they gave it to us a week before oral arguments.

DIANE
Interesting?

WILL
(shrugs: sure)
Clarence Wilcox. Supposedly killed an off-duty cop in a grocery store. Been on death row for six years. Legal Aid thinks he got an unfair trial. But you know what the Appellate Court thinks of technicals.

DIANE
They'll kill it?

WILL
Oh yeah.

8 INT. 27TH FLOOR - ALICIA'S OFFICE - DAY 8

But in Alicia's office, it's still chaos, everybody seemingly leaning over Alicia's shoulder, talking at the same time, looking up toward the clock. Five minutes.

BREE
The typo! There! No, there!

Cary sees Alicia's trying to concentrate, yells:

CARY
SHUT UP!

And... everybody does. Silence. The office crowded, but quiet, as Alicia scans the paragraphs she just wrote. Cary peers up toward the clock-- two minutes-- carefully hits speed dial on his cell, whispers in the silence:

CARY (CONT'D)
This is Cary Agos at Stern,
Lockhart, and Gardner. We have a
death row appeal coming to you...

He looks toward Alicia. She nods, hits a "send" key.

CARY (CONT'D)
...now. If you don't mind I'll
stay on the line and make sure you
receive it.

A second. Another second. Everybody waiting. Looking toward Cary. He shakes his head. Alicia peers toward the top bar on her computer's desktop: the faded WiFi icon...

ALICIA
Dammit, WiFi's low! Come on, come
on.

CARY
(into his cell)
You're sure? You don't see it?

Alicia again hitting "send." Eyeing the WiFi bar. It strengthens... slightly. One more bar! She looks up toward Cary. Well? He smiles:

CARY (CONT'D)
Good to know, thank you.

Clearly got it! The lawyers all cheer, high five, causing...

9 INT. 27TH FLOOR - STAIRS - DAY 9

...Will and Diane, starting down the stairs, to look. Not unpleasant:

(CONTINUED)

DIANE
What did Noel Coward say? God
spare me from the over-enthusiasm
of the under-experienced.

Will smiles, both watching as the Junior Associates in the
office cheer. And...

10 INT. ILLINOIS APPELATE COURT - DAY 10

...*thump*-- a brief is dropped on the appellant's table in the
well of the Illinois Appellate Court by... Will. Behind him
sit Bree, Cary, and Alicia. Waiting for the three justices
to arrive at their bench. The court isn't crowded: just
another day hearing appeals. Alicia peers back, sees...

...KALINDA entering, starting down the aisle toward them when
she hears someone calling "Hey, K.!" She turns, sees a clump
of cops. Goes to them. Two detectives and two uniformed.

KALINDA
Showing support for the home team?

DETECTIVE SHORES
Oh, yeah. Come on, K., come back
home.

ALEC SHORES (35). A suited version of THE SHIELD. Muscular.
Intimidation is attitude, not physical. He really likes
Kalinda: a kindred spirit. Next to him sits another suited
detective, MULLER (38), African-American, a get-along type.

KALINDA
Hey, your people fired me.

DETECTIVE SHORES
Florrick fired you. Come on, we
miss your accent.

KALINDA
Yeah, tell Mike to stop ticketing
my car for registration violations.

DETECTIVE SHORES
That's the way he shows love.

Kalinda laughs, crosses to her seat behind Alicia who shoots
her a look. Whispers:

ALICIA
Nice time?

KALINDA
Hey, cops have better parties.

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF JUSTICE
People of the State of Illinois vs.
Clarence Wilcox.

The three robed Illinois Appellate Justices. Now in their chairs. Will approaches the lone podium as...

CHIEF JUSTICE (CONT'D)
Mr. Gardner, we've read your brief,
and we're now prepared for oral
arguments. You may begin.

WILL
Thank you, Chief Justice. May it
please the court... six years ago
Clarence Wilcox, a 24-year-old
Chicago man, was arrested for the
murder of a plainclothes officer
during the robbery of a grocery
store in South Chicago.

We find Alicia subtly reciting the opening words to herself:
a well-rehearsed opening...

WILL (CONT'D)
It is our contention that Clarence
Wilcox did not receive a fair
trial. He has spent the last six
years on death row due to--

CHIEF JUSTICE
(interrupting)
Mr. Gardener. Please explain your
"undue publicity" arguments.

Will looks up, surprised, as Cary turns to Alicia: fuck yeah.

WILL
Yes, your honor. It is our
contention that Clarence Wilcox--

CHIEF JUSTICE
How is it different from the Scott
Peterson appeal? That also
involved a TV movie released prior
to jury selection.

Will nods-- the TV movie argument-- and turns slightly toward
Alicia and Cary-- the closest a partner gets to a shout-out.

WILL
Yes, well, your honor, in that
case, the TV movie didn't show the
Peterson character murdering his
victim. In COP KILLER, our client
is shown shooting the victim.

(CONTINUED)

The justices pause. A surprisingly good point. Cary lowers his hand below his seat, and Alicia smiles, privately low-fives it. And...

11 **INT. ILLINOIS APPELATE COURT - TEN MINUTES LATER - DAY** 11

...oral arguments over, Bree, Cary, Alicia, and other lawyers quietly cheer, pat each other on the back as Will nods, collecting his papers:

WILL
Yeah, nice last minute Hail Mary with the TV movie. Justices love novelty in arguments.

BREE
Can you get a preview on the decision?

WILL
Let me see what I can find out. But don't get your hopes up. 95% of automatic appeals are rejected out of hand. But good job.

Will starts off, followed by teacher's pet, Cary, as Alicia smiles, feels good about the case, collects her papers, briefcase, deposes when she finds...

...a woman staring at her. In the first row of seats. PATRICE WILCOX (34). African-American. Voice innocent. Eyes wide. Overwhelmed. She holds the hand of her 7-year-old daughter. Norman Rockwell would be proud.

PATRICE
Sorry to bother you, but my name's Patrice Wilcox.
(Alicia confused)
Clarence's wife.

ALICIA
Oh, of course, I'm so sorry.
Alicia Florrick.

PATRICE
Do you know why Clarence wasn't in court today?

ALICIA
Why? Well-- During an automatic appeal, the defendant's not usually seated. Didn't anyone tell you?

No. Patrice is at once embarrassed and disappointed. This is making Alicia uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICE
So you're his new lawyers then?

ALICIA
No. Legal Aid didn't have the staff to argue the appeal, so we're just on temporarily.

Alicia pauses, realizes this sounds officious.

PATRICE
Because you never said anything about Clarence being innocent.

ALICIA
Yes, unfortunately, that wasn't the point of this appeal. It was whether some mistake was made in the law.

PATRICE
But isn't it a mistake in the law if he didn't do it? If he was with me that night?

Alicia stares at her. A woman more heartbroken than angry.

PATRICE (CONT'D)
Have you ever even met him?
(Alicia shakes her head)
And you're arguing for his life?

Alicia feels punched in the stomach. Patrice reaches into her purse, takes out a photo:

PATRICE (CONT'D)
I want you to have this. That's the last time he held his daughter.

She leaves the photo with Alicia and starts up the aisle with her daughter. Alicia feels naked, standing there, photo in her hand. She looks down at it. Clarence on a beach, holding his infant daughter, waving. Alicia hears...

...a side-door opening. Looks over, sees Will exiting. Crossing toward the table, stacking up his papers.

WILL
We lost the appeal.

ALICIA
What? When? How do you know?

(CONTINUED)

WILL
The Chief Justice's clerk. He sets
up time for writing opinions.
It's an easy "no."

Alicia winces. Damn.

ALICIA
I thought we had it.

WILL
To be honest, I did too.

Alicia pauses, looks up the aisle toward Patrice leaving.

ALICIA
What do we do now?

WILL
Go back to the office.

ALICIA
No, about the case.

WILL
The case? It's not ours. It's
Legal Aids.

Alicia eyes the photo of Clarence, his daughter. Will
watches her:

*
*

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

12 INT. 27TH FLOOR - ALICIA'S OFFICE - DAY

12

The photo of Clarence and his daughter. Alicia still studies it as...

KALINDA
Actual innocence?

Kalinda, her feet up on Alicia's desk, chair leaning back.

ALICIA
Yes.

KALINDA
We lost the automatic appeal; now you want to appeal on actual innocence?

ALICIA
I read the trial record. The defense never put his wife on the stand. She was his alibi, and the jury never heard from her.

KALINDA
Because... wives lie. I can't believe I have to be telling you this. And she had priors.
(Alicia looks at her)
I read the trial record too.

ALICIA
Juvenile priors.

KALINDA
Oh, well, then those don't count.

ALICIA
(sensing the heat)
What am I missing here?

KALINDA
When I worked at the States Attorney's office, we called these "appeals by hunch." This guy had his trial. An expensive trial. He killed a cop...

ALICIA
Allegedly...

KALINDA
No. Twelve jurors, true and strong, found him guilty.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA (CONT'D)

That means "not allegedly." That means he killed a cop. And sometimes people with...

(nods to the photos)

...cute daughters, and sweet little wives do bad things. Sometimes very bad things.

Alicia and Kalinda. They take a moment staring at each other. And Alicia starts out. Kalinda calls after her:

KALINDA (CONT'D)

I'm not helping on this one. Not a cop-killer.

13 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAYS - DAY** 13

Alicia turns a corner from the top of the stairs, sees Will in his office, talking with Diane and... Cary. Cary? What's that about? She slows, slows. Will gestures her in.

14 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - WILL'S OFFICE - DAY** 14

WILL

Cary wants to take a week on Clarence Wilcox. See if there's any foundation for an evidentiary appeal.

Alicia looks toward Cary: really? He shrugs: what the hell?

DIANE

On actual innocence.

WILL

We think it's a good idea. For a week.

DIANE

It's good promotable work. And, not to sound too cynical, but it burns off the hours we owe the pro bono consortium.

WILL

So are you two up to doing this?

Cary and Alicia trade a look.

DIANE

You did a good job on the Wilcox brief. Bree sings your praises as a team.

CARY & ALICIA

Sure./Why not?

15 INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAYS - DAY 15

Alicia and Cary start away. Alicia looks over at him.

CARY
What? It's a good cause.

ALICIA
I'm just trying to fit this into
the fuller Cary picture.

CARY
Hey, there aren't that many
generations left. You've taken the
greatest generation, the lost
generation, the Pepsi generation;
what do we have left? "The
Surprise Generation." So...
surprise.

Alicia smiles as they stop at the elevators.

CARY (CONT'D)
Look, the truth is, his wife came
up to me yesterday. With his
daughter. Really cute, you know.
Gave me this.

The photo. Clarence with daughter. Alicia laughs.

CARY (CONT'D)
What? It meant something to me.

No, no. Alicia takes out her photo. Identical.

CARY (CONT'D)
Oh, wow.

ALICIA
Yeah, you think she has a car
filled with them?

CARY
Hey, it worked. We're on it.

Alicia nods-- true-- as they get on the elevator.

CARY (CONT'D)
I'm kind of liking her more now.

16 INT. BALDWIN LAW FIRM - WAITING ROOM - DAY 16

Patrice **and her daughter**. Pretty and sweet. In the waiting
room of a low rent attorney's office. She sees Alicia
approach...

*

(CONTINUED)

PATRICE
Mrs. Florrick, thank you so much
for doing this. Thank you.

But Alicia just smiles knowingly, takes out one of the pictures of Clarence on the beach. Then Cary appears behind her with another. Patrice smiles, unembarrassed. Dropping the innocent act:

PATRICE (CONT'D)
Would you have pursued it if I
hadn't given you pictures?

CARY
That's what I said.

ALICIA
So, what, do you hand these out
like party favors?

PATRICE
Lawyers tend to forget he's a
person. Look, I love my husband.
He's innocent. I know he's
innocent. And I would do anything
for him. Anything.

A door opens and JOSH BALDWIN leans out (40's, a low rent but high energy lawyer).

JOSH BALDWIN
Patrice, how're you doing?

PATRICE
Good. I just wanted to introduce
you.

*
*
*

A17 INT. BALDWIN LAW FIRM - DAY

A17

We can see Patrice reading to her daughter through a waiting room door as Baldwin leaves them, fiddling with a compact battery-operated blood-pressure kit, leading Alicia and Cary, back through the halls of his law firm.

*
*
*
*

JOSH BALDWIN
I thought we had a good defense.
We could've won.

CARY
Except...?

JOSH BALDWIN
Except it was me against about a half-dozen ASAs. This was the first case in that High-Profile task force your husband set up.

(CONTINUED)

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A17 CONTINUED: A17

Alicia pauses. "Her husband." She's always thrown by that.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH BALDWIN (CONT'D)
It handled only four or five cases
a year. So they put all their
resources into this.
(yells out to a secretary)
Tammy, how do you work this thing?!

But Alicia takes the kit from him. Pushes an "on" button on
the side. Oh. He nods:

JOSH BALDWIN (CONT'D)
Thanks. You know who your husband
put in charge of that task force?
(Alicia shakes her head)
Glenn Childs.

Oh. Alicia takes a second with that, as Baldwin laughs...

JOSH BALDWIN (CONT'D)
Small world, huh? Go to the
deepest heart of Appalachia, you
won't find a town smaller than
Chicago. Up there. Top two boxes.

A pile of boxes in a store room. Cary pulls over a chair,
starts to climb it, as Alicia slides the blood pressure cuff
on to Baldwin's arm, straightening it. *
*

CARY
Why didn't you put Patrice on the
stand? *

JOSH BALDWIN
She had priors. The jury would
think she was lying to protect her
husband. *

Alicia pushes the "on" button. The cuff inflates. *

ALICIA
You need to be calm for this. *

JOSH BALDWIN
(tugs the cuff off)
I think I'll live with the mystery.
It wouldn't have mattered anyway.
It all came down to the eyewitness. *

ALICIA
The med student? *

JOSH BALDWIN
Yeah. Everything else was
circumstantial. The blood spatter.
(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

JOSH BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Clarence wearing a Bulls sweatshirt
two days after the murder. But
that lady stood right up in court
and pointed at Clarence, and said
"He did it." That's when I knew it
was over. *

Alicia stares at **him**, and... *

17 **INT. HOSPITAL - DAY** 17

A female Doctor on break. DR. TARA ROTHBART (35), warm,
likable, with an infectious laugh, and nothing like her
blonde counterpart in the TV movie. Just the opposite.

TARA

It was awful, wasn't it? My dad
taped it for me.

(Cary and Alicia chuckle)

First of all, I was in there buying
cat food. And I was alone! I'm
suddenly this blonde co-ed **who**
falls in love with the detective. *

CARY

Was anything right in it?

TARA

Well, I did see him-- Wilcox-- that
was true. He ran in, fired his
gun, yelled at me to kiss the
floor, but I peered up, and I saw
him kill that police officer. *

Cary and Alicia pause. The certainty, and the calm of her
certainty, is pretty devastating.

ALICIA

You have no doubts?

TARA

I've seen people die-- a lot of
people die actually. On the
operating table. I worked for a
summer in South Chicago. But I've
only seen one person murdered.
It's not something you forget.

ALICIA

You think we're on a fool's errand?

(CONTINUED)

TARA

I think we all have jobs to do. I save the lives of some people who I know as soon as they get well are going to go out and kill. But I still try to save them. It's your job to try to get him off. It's the prosecutor's job to stop you. And it's my job to tell the truth.

Alicia and Cary stare at her. She smiles. A wonderful person, really.

TARA (CONT'D)

I would say "good luck." But I wouldn't mean it. Take care.

And she starts off down the hospital hall.

CARY

What do you think?

ALICIA

I think we're in trouble.

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

18

A video of a black man on a rooftop as seen through a window. Shaky cam. Silent. What's he doing? Something suspicious.

WILL

What am I looking for?

It's a video playing on a laptop, Will watching it intensely.

PROFESSOR JOLIE

Just watch.

JOLIE (38), a serious-- perhaps over-serious-- psychologist. A little brittle, but intent on her work. Will watches the man look quickly toward the camera then run off.

PROFESSOR JOLIE (CONT'D)

Okay, the police believe that man just killed someone, and you are the only eyewitness. So...

She clicks a laptop key and-- blink-- an array of six mugshot photos pop up: front and side views (a six-pack). Will leans in to study them as do the other occupants of the conference room: Cary, Bree, a few other lawyers. Only...

...Kalinda sits back. Incredulous, doubtful, impatient.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR JOLIE (CONT'D)
That's the six-pack photo array the
police present to you. Which one
is it?

Will studies their faces, as...

DIANE
That one.

Will looks back, laughs, sees Diane has entered the room too,
enjoying the game.

WILL
Yeah, maybe, hold on. Yeah, that
one.

PROFESSOR JOLIE
You're confident?

WILL
I'm confident.

PROFESSOR JOLIE
You're wrong.
(Will laughs: you're
kidding)
The culprit isn't one of these.

Kalinda rolls her eyes. The easily entertained partners.

PROFESSOR JOLIE (CONT'D)
This is when we explain to the jury
about cross-racial identification.
Studies still haven't adequately
explained why, but it's harder for
Caucasians to identify subtle
differences in African-American
faces, and African-Americans in
Caucasians.

KALINDA
And how much do you charge to say
that?

They all turn to Kalinda. The blunt Cassandra at the dinner
party.

PROFESSOR JOLIE
My consultation rates are
comparable. \$20,000 for a routine
appeal.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
Well, we filed an evidentiary
appeal. We don't know if we have
it yet.

PROFESSOR JOLIE
(to Kalinda)
Would you like to try it?

Kalinda shrugs. Approaches the laptop. Jolie clicks a key
and another short video plays, this one closer: another
culprit. Caucasian. Near a playground. Glimpsed through
monkey bars. He shoots a look toward the camera, then runs
off. A caustic eye:

KALINDA
Let me guess: a terrorist?

PROFESSOR JOLIE
You don't need a story, do you?

Kalinda doesn't. She clicks a key. Another six-pack pops
up. Kalinda scans the photos as Will and Diane shoot a smile
toward each other. Kalinda taking this very seriously.

KALINDA
It's none of them.

PROFESSOR JOLIE
You're confident?

Kalinda shoots her a look: are you serious? Okay, Jolie
takes a second. Reaches slowly toward a computer key, taps
it. And the third mugshot pops to the front, next to the
frozen playground image.

PROFESSOR JOLIE (CONT'D)
Nope, number three.

Kalinda. She's startled for a second. Looks between the two
pictures. The same person. She considers it. And...

19 **INT. CHICAGO PD - HOMICIDE - DAY** 19

DETECTIVE SHORES
Hey, hide everything! Here's the
opposition.

Shores, feet up on his desk, laughing with a circle of suited
detectives, including Muller, seeing Kalinda approach.

KALINDA
So... busy day I see.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE SHORES

Hey, we're at a 65% clearance rate.
Doing our part to clean up after
you.

KALINDA

Yep, it looks that way.

Shores laughs. Kalinda perches on the desk, lets her hands
rest casually on Shores' ankles, his feet still on the desk.

KALINDA (CONT'D)

So... Clarence Wilcox? Tell me
about his line-up.

Shores laughs. Studies Kalinda. Sees she's serious.

DETECTIVE SHORES

That was six years ago.

KALINDA

Yep.

DETECTIVE SHORES

Lady came in. Described the
suspect. Black man, six foot, mid-
20s. In a Bulls sweat top. Seemed
pretty certain. We had Howie do a
sketch.

Kalinda pulls a SKETCH from a file under her arm.

DETECTIVE SHORES (CONT'D)

Yep. We found your guy. Matched
the sketch. Had blood spatter on
his sweat top. Tried to wash the
blood out, failed. We put him in a
line-up. Six guys. All black.
All the same height, same build.
Lady pointed right at him.

KALINDA

And...?

DETECTIVE SHORES

And... we went out to get a steak
afterward, I don't know, what do
you wanna hear?

KALINDA

I want to hear you didn't put your
thumb on the scale. No hint, no
nod, no nudge?

DETECTIVE SHORES

No hint, no nod, no nudge.

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA

What about a six-pick? Did you show her a six-pack first?

Shores pauses. Only the slightest second.

DETECTIVE SHORES

Is it in the investigative report?

(Kalinda is silent)

Then no. Wow, you've lost your sense of humor these days.

Kalinda smiles. Humor this. She lifts his legs, tips him over backward. Shores hits the floor, laughs, clamors up, watches her go.

20 **EXT. CHICAGO PD - PARKING LOT - DAY** 20

Kalinda starts toward her car. Sees Muller leaning against it.

KALINDA

Hey, Muller, what's up?

But Muller just passes her, starts off. That's odd. Kalinda considers it, sees her driver-side window open just an inch.

Uh-oh. She carefully opens her car door, finds...

...a manila folder there. Oh. She opens it. A xeroxed SIX-PACK PHOTO ARRAY. Clarence and five other black men. Kalinda studies it, and immediately swears under her breath.

21 **INT. 27TH FLOOR - ALICIA'S OFFICE - DAY** 21

Slap-- Kalinda drops the photo array in front of Alicia.

ALICIA

I thought you weren't helping on this one.

Okay, Kalinda reaches to take the folder back, but-- no, no-- Alicia holds onto it, opens it...

KALINDA

The eyewitness described him as a six foot black man, mid-twenties, in a Bulls sweatshirt.

Alicia studies the photos: all black men, all twenties, and... one stands out. Clarence Wilcox. Still in his Bulls sweatshirt.

ALICIA

Oh my god.

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA
Yep, the only one in a Bulls
sweatshirt. They showed the
eyewitness this six-pack before the
line-up.

ALICIA
Gotta get this to Will. It's
enough for an evidentiary appeal.

KALINDA
Probably. If you're going all the
way with this, you'll have to talk
to your husband.

ALICIA
My husband? Why?

KALINDA
He knows where the bodies are buried.

ALICIA
No.

Kalinda shrugs: suit yourself. Alicia looks up at Kalinda.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Thanks for this.
(the six-pack)
You alright?

KALINDA
Yep.

And Kalinda starts out.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

A22 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - RECEPTION - DAY** A22

The elevator doors open. Will starting out, followed by Alicia, Carey, Bree. Excited. Smiles all around. Will in General mode:

WILL
Okay, we got our retrial. Good job on getting that six-pack.

Cary shoots the smallest jealous look to Alicia.

ALICIA
It was Kalinda.

WILL
(onto the next)
Now things get interesting. Bree, pull together everything we have from the first trial. Cary and Alicia, I want you to re-interview the witnesses. Six years go by, people have a very different memory of things. And get Kalinda to undercut this eyewitness. Look into her background, whatever dirt you can dig up.

ALICIA
You're not going to find anything.

WILL
We'll see. Everybody's got something. Okay, today's a win. What have you done for me lately?

And, with that, they start off.

22 **INT. MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON CELL - DAY** 22

PETER FLORRICK reads a book in his cell when from off-screen:

PASSING GUARD (O.S.)
Peter. You've got a visitor.

Peter looks up: really? Confused. He gets up. As...

23 **INT. VISITOR ENTRANCE - DAY** 23

...Alicia waits at a large double gate. Strangely large. Intense guards pass, eyeing her with no-nonsense glares. HONKKK-- a loud blare announces the opening of the first double gate. Alicia steps through, as...

24 **INT. ANOTHER VISITOR'S ENTRANCE - DAY** 24

...we crosscut to someone else stepping through another prison visitor gate. Kalinda. The gates here more friendly, not so heavy. Sunlight streams through a window. A friendly chirp announces the closing of the gate behind her. And...

25 **INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY** 25

...we bounce back to Alicia being escorted down a cellblock. Intense men in orange jumpsuits leaning against their bars. Angrily staring. Without a sound. It's almost scarier without a sound, as...

26 **INT. VISITOR'S DAY ROOM - DAY** 26

...we crosscut to Peter being seated at a bench in the warm visitor's day room, waiting. Kids running past. A coke machine. He looks toward the entrance, waiting for...

27 **INT. NO-CONTACT ROOM - DAY** 27

...Alicia who awaits another HONNNNNK, another massive door opening. The guard leads her down a row of seats in front of plate glass. A no-contact room. No one else here. As...

28 **INT. VISITOR'S DAY ROOM - DAY** 28

...we jump back to Kalinda, at another prison, hearing another friendly chirp as a door closes behind her. She crosses to a bench, and sits down across from... Peter. He stares at her, confused:

PETER FLORRICK
Kalinda?

KALINDA
Yes.

PETER FLORRICK
Where's Alicia?

And we see where she is...

29 **INT. NO-CONTACT ROOM - DAY** 29

...Joining Patrice at a plate of glass in the no-contact room, watching a prisoner in leg and wrist irons being guided toward the glass. It's...

...CLARENCE WILCOX. A destroyed man. Only a few vestiges of the father in that beach picture. A startled Alicia watches him come forward. A man without hope. He only smiles when he sees...

(CONTINUED)

CLARENCE

Pat.

Patrice. He puts his hand on the glass. She puts it on the other side, and...

...Alicia watches, not sure how to start. So she doesn't.

30 **INT. TAMMS MINIMUM SECURITY - VISITOR'S DAY ROOM - DAY** 30

Peter meanwhile just studies Kalinda. We don't have to insist on the difference between a supermax and minimum security. It's there, and it's day and night.

KALINDA

Your wife doesn't want to visit you to get your take on this case. I don't deal in the same moral shades of black and white, so... hi.

PETER FLORRICK

What case?

KALINDA

Clarence Wilcox.

Peter smiles, grins. A knowing grin.

PETER FLORRICK

She's defending the cop-killer?
(Kalinda nods)
But he did it. You know he did it.

KALINDA

What I know and what I don't have shifted a bit.

Peter. The gears turning his head. Realizing something.

PETER FLORRICK

This comes back to Childs. He was the top man on that case.

KALINDA

Yep, he's not happy about the retrial.

Peter nods. Laughs. Thinking it through.

PETER FLORRICK

This could hurt him.

KALINDA

It could.

(CONTINUED)

PETER FLORRICK
It's an interesting dynamic, isn't
it? Childs does poorly, voters
start to remember me fondly.

Kalinda considers it, smiles.

KALINDA
You know what I like about you?
(Peter shrugs)
You're three months into a ten year
sentence, and you're plotting your
political comeback.

PETER FLORRICK
(smiles)
Hey, politics is just a game of
chutes and ladders. I'm just
starting over at square one.

Kalinda smiles. Peter leans in. Quieter:

PETER FLORRICK (CONT'D)
Here's the problem. You see that?

A small box in the ceiling. Red light blinking. Quiet
chirp.

PETER FLORRICK (CONT'D)
Conversations between family
members and convicts are subject to
prison surveillance-- except under
certain circumstances.

KALINDA
Sh. Conjugal... circumstances?

PETER FLORRICK
(nods)
You and I are adults. We can talk
honestly and directly. I can help
your case. But I can't help you.

Kalinda studies him. Meanwhile...

31 **INT. NO-CONTACT ROOM - DAY**

31

...Alicia finishes with Clarence behind the no-contact glass:

CLARENCE
I've done other things in my life--
if you want I can tell you about
them-- but I didn't do this.

Alicia studies him, Patrice beside her.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA
The officer who took your mugshot--

CLARENCE
Shores.

ALICIA
Right, Detective Shores. Did he
put you in that Bulls sweatshirt?

CLARENCE
No.

ALICIA
Did anybody else?

CLARENCE
No, I came in wearing it.

Disappointed, Alicia takes notes. Then considers--

ALICIA
Didn't they want it for evidence?

CLARENCE
Yeah, but they wanted to take my
mugshot first.

Alicia pauses, looks up...

ALICIA
They made you keep it on for the
mugshot?

CLARENCE
Yeah.

ALICIA
Did they say why?

CLARENCE
No. I tried to take it off, but
that guy, Shores, said no, keep it
on. They wanted it in the picture.

Alicia stares at him, thinking. And...

32 INT. COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURT - COURTROOM #302 - DAY 32

...*bang*-- a gavel comes down, and we look up to meet our old
friend, JUDGE CUESTA (Mr. Paymer). And he's not smiling.

JUDGE CUESTA
And, here we are again, Mrs.
Florrick.

(CONTINUED)

Alicia is actually sitting on a bench behind Will and Clarence at the defense table.

ALICIA
Your honor?

JUDGE CUESTA
And who do we have over here? ASA
Becker and, my goodness, the Deputy
State's Attorney. Mr. Brody, how
are we today? *

The prosecution table. REGGY BECKER in first chair. Tall, *
sturdy, Gary Cooper formidable. Next to him, MATAN BRODY. *

MATAN *
We're ready, your honor.

Alicia looks across toward Matan. *

JUDGE CUESTA
Strange that we have to be ready at
all. I thought this case was
previously adjudicated. And yet
the Appellate Court found reason to
reverse my ruling.

MATAN *
Not by our hand, your honor.

JUDGE CUESTA
That's right. Who saw fit to
question my ruling, Mrs. Florrick?

But Will stands. The lawyer of record.

WILL
Your honor, actually we mean no
disrespect. We believe your honor
was given incorrect information by
those trying the case.

JUDGE CUESTA
Ah, good. As long as there's no
disrespect. And I guess it's better
to be considered a fool than a cheat.

Alicia sees Matan dart a look toward the back of the *
courtroom. Alicia follows his gaze to... GLENN CHILDS, *
standing by the door. Childs nods sharply to Matan: You. *

JUDGE CUESTA (CONT'D) *
Well, shall we begin. Mr. Becker. *

But Matan grabs Becker's arm. Let me. Matan stands, as *
Alicia looks back toward Childs: the real puppet-master here. *

(CONTINUED)

MATAN

*

Your honor, we would like to
introduce into the record the
transcripts from the first trial.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
Objection.

JUDGE CUESTA
Overruled. So moved.

MATAN *
The prosecution rests, your honor.

Will is startled. Very few times is he startled. Alicia too. **She looks back toward Childs who** doesn't smile, but we can see he's pleased with himself. Clarence, on the other hand, is worried. *

JUDGE CUESTA *
Thank you, Mr. **Brody**. Mr. Gardner, are you ready to proceed?

WILL
I-- your honor, we're caught... a bit unawares.

JUDGE CUESTA *
Yes, my guess is that was Mr. **Brody's** intention.

MATAN *
It was, your honor.

Patrice, **in the gallery**, frowns, worried. Clarence trades a look with her. *

WILL
Defense requests a recess until tomorrow morning.

JUDGE CUESTA *
No, Mr. Gardner. I know how this works, counselor, you have witnesses you still need to prep. Well, Mr. **Brody** surprised you. Now the ball's in your court.

WILL
Actually, your honor, our witnesses are on their way to court now.

We can see from Alicia's tense face this isn't true.

JUDGE CUESTA
Good, then you'll just need a short recess. Ten minutes.

Bang-- Cuesta slams his gavel, charges from court, some heat on him-- no judge likes having his judgements reversed-- and--

33

EXT. COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURT - DAY

33

--Will, Alicia, Cary, Bree, all on cellphones, talk over each other on the courthouse steps, all phoning witnesses: just glimpses of conversations here and there "I know we said tomorrow, sir--" "How long will you be in Baltimore--?" "Can you please give us call with an ETA--?" But-- Bree raises a hand, yells out:

BREE
Got one!
(but...)
Two hours away.

Damn. Meanwhile, Kalinda comes up to Alicia...

KALINDA
We need to talk.

ALICIA
We're short a witness.

Kalinda pulls Alicia aside.

KALINDA
Remember what I said about visiting your husband?

ALICIA
Yes.

KALINDA
Well, I know you like obsessing over the ethical niceties...
Illinois Court ruling 1.6 subsection c. An attorney may use leaked information, just not--

ALICIA
Kalinda, **there's no need.** Peter has nothing on this case.

*

KALINDA
He does.

ALICIA
How do you know?

Kalinda pauses only a second: some part of her screaming "this is a bad idea," but...

KALINDA
I saw him.

Alicia stares at her. She might as well have said she saw a martian.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA
You saw him? You saw Peter?

KALINDA
Yes.

ALICIA
You saw my husband in prison?

KALINDA
I used to work for him. I told
you.

ALICIA
How often do you visit my husband
in prison?

KALINDA
Come on. Don't go there. *

ALICIA
Why not?

KALINDA
Because... it's not pertinent. And
it's not true!

Alicia considers it. Angry now. She turns to Kalinda. With
quiet venom...

ALICIA
Don't... visit my husband in prison.

Kalinda stares at her, starts to respond. Hesitates. Then:

KALINDA
Then you visit him. You want to
help Clarence, go visit him.

But Alicia walks away, disgusted. Everywhere she fuckin'
turns is her husband.

34 **INT. COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURT - COURTROOM #302 - DAY** 34

Cuesta again. Not looking much happier. Staring down at Will.

JUDGE CUESTA
Well?

WILL
Defense calls Detective Alec Shores
as a witness.

Startled, *Matan* jumps up. *

(CONTINUED)

MATAN

Objection, your honor. Detective Shores isn't on the defense's witness list.

*

WILL

That's right. He's on yours.

Judge Cuesta hides a smile as Matan starts to argue, stops, looks toward ASA Becker, unsure. Becker's unsure.

*

*

JUDGE CUESTA

Is he in court anyway? Maybe we can get something done today.

Will turns to Alicia on the bench behind him, whispers:

WILL

I want you to do this.

But Alicia shoots a look to a startled Cary...

ALICIA

Cary prepped for it.

WILL

But you know it?
(Alicia nods)
Then let's go.

Alicia shoots an apologetic look to Cary, nods, gets up.

CUT TO LATER:

The six-pack photo array. Detective Shores on the stand studies it, unimpressed...

DETECTIVE SHORES

Yeah. It was the sweatshirt he was wearing. So?

ALICIA

You don't think it's prejudicial to put only one suspect wearing a Bulls sweatshirt in a photo line-up intended to find a suspect in a Bulls sweatshirt?

DETECTIVE SHORES

I don't know. It's what he was wearing.

Clarence stares at the cop. Intensely.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA
And you found bloodstains on this
sweatshirt?

DETECTIVE SHORES
Yes. He tried to wash the blood
out, but it left a stain.

ALICIA
Where was the bloodstain,
detective?

DETECTIVE SHORES
Where? Here.

JUDGE CUESTA
The witness is pointing to the fore-
arm of his right sleeve.

*
*

ALICIA
And how did the suspect explain
this stain?

DETECTIVE SHORES
He said he was in a pick-up game
the night before the murder. Made
contact. And got a nose bleed.

ALICIA
And did this blood match the
victim's?

DETECTIVE SHORES
The police lab couldn't get a DNA
match. Since he washed the shirt,
it degraded the blood.

ALICIA
So that would be a "no"?

DETECTIVE SHORES
That would be a "no."

Shores looks toward Kalinda in the gallery. No smiles
between these old friends now.

ALICIA
Detective, I'm curious, if you were
to get a nose bleed in a pick-up
game, what would you do?

DETECTIVE SHORES
I don't understand your question,
Ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA
You're playing some two-on-two, you want to keep playing, but your nose is bleeding, what do you do?

DETECTIVE SHORES
What do I do? Well, I--

Shores starts to bring his right sleeve up to his nose when he quickly stops. Shit.

ALICIA
Let the record show that Detective Shores attempted to wipe his nose the fore-arm of his right sleeve--

*

MATAN
Excuse me, your honor, he did nothing of the kind--!

*

ALICIA
--consistent with the stain on the accused's sweatshirt--

MATAN
Objection!

*

JUDGE CUESTA
Detective Shores, what were you preparing to do?

DETECTIVE SHORES
Your honor, I was preparing to raise my right hand to my face to wipe my nose.

Will frowns. Fuckin' liar.

JUDGE CUESTA
Objection sustained. Continue, Mrs. Florrick.

But Cuesta eyes Shores, giving him some slack, but also not sure he's telling the truth.

ALICIA
Detective, isn't it true that the only reason you arrested Mr. Wilcox was because he was wearing a Bulls sweatshirt?

DETECTIVE SHORES
No, he matched the physical description.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA
Detective, do you own a Chicago
Bulls sweatshirt?

MATAN *
Objection, Your Honor. What's the
point here?

ALICIA
I'm trying to show that at the time
of Mr. Wilcox's arrest, Bulls
apparel was quite popular. And
therefore it wouldn't be unusual to
find a multitude of suspects in
Bulls sweatshirts.

Judge Cuesta looks toward Shores. Considering it, intrigued.
For the first time intrigued.

JUDGE CUESTA
Overruled. Answer the question.

Shores doesn't like the way this is going.

DETECTIVE SHORES
No. I don't own one of those.

JUDGE CUESTA
You're under oath, Detective Shores.

DETECTIVE SHORES
I understand that, your honor. I'm
not a fan.

JUDGE CUESTA
Well, I am. And I have a Bulls
sweatshirt. Identical to that one.

MATAN *
Your honor, objection!

JUDGE CUESTA
I'm sorry, you're objecting to me?

MATAN *
No, I'm just objecting to the...
general tenor of...

JUDGE CUESTA
Lenny, do you have one of these
Bulls sweats?

The Bailiff. Standing stiffly, he takes a second, nods.

JUDGE CUESTA (CONT'D)
Judy, how 'bout you?

(CONTINUED)

The court reporter. She raises a hand. Two fingers.

JUDGE CUESTA (CONT'D)
Anyone else?

The courtroom. A dozen or so people grudgingly raise their hands. Will grins as **Matan** bites his lip. More people raise their hands. Alicia trades a smile with Patrice in the front row. *

WILL
Your Honor, given this testimony, we request that Detective Shores' work product be excluded from the record.

JUDGE CUESTA
Nice try, Mr. Gardner. But there's nothing here that rises to the level of Fruit of the Forbidden Tree. You'll have to do better than that. But you and Mrs. Florrick do get an "E" for effort. Any further questions?

Alicia and Will trade a disappointed look. Dammit.

ALICIA
No, your honor.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

35 INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY 35

Diane and Will study a financial report. Not looking up.
Just partners reviewing.

DIANE
You got some traction on Clarence
Wilcox?

WILL
Looks like it. You should've seen
Childs slinking around the back of
the court.

*
*

They both chuckle.

DIANE
And what happened with Cary?

WILL
What do you mean?

DIANE
You have him running something down
with Kalinda?

WILL
Oh, right, his choice.

DIANE
When you bumped him from second
chair.

Will looks up at her. Takes a second.

WILL
Okay, am I being grounded?

*

DIANE
(business-like, calm)
We had an agreement. 6 months and
we see what cream rises to the top.

WILL
And we are... seeing.

DIANE
Not if you're promoting one over
the other.

WILL
Diane. I want to be very specific
here. Very clear. Alicia is a
secret weapon. She freaks him out.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

Cary?

WILL

No, Childs. She's a Junior Associate, and the State's Attorney of Cook County can't think straight around her. He should be **staying 100 miles away from this retrial, but he can't**; he's like a cat with string; dangle Alicia in front of him, and he loses control of his case and his bowels.

*
*
*
*
*

Diane chuckles, nods.

DIANE

Okay. And what about her?

WILL

Her? Alicia? What do you mean?

DIANE

She's still Florrick's wife. She has an agenda, whether you believe it or not.

WILL

And what would that be?

DIANE

Embarrassing the man that derailed her husband's career.

Will stares at her, considers it, as...

FEMALE GUARD (O.S.)

There is no audio or visual recording. There is no monitoring...

36 **EXT. TAMMS MINIMUM SECURITY - PRIVACY COTTAGE - DUSK** 36

A small cottage in the shade of the prison.

FEMALE GUARD (O.S.)

...There is no outside intervention... However...

37 **INT. TAMMS MINIMUM SECURITY - PRIVACY COTTAGE - DUSK** 37

FEMALE GUARD

...a panic button is located just inside the front door should you require our assistance.

(CONTINUED)

Alicia in a drab Motel 6-like room. Two FEMALE GUARDS, one going through Alicia's bag.

FEMALE GUARD (CONT'D)
For security reasons, you will not be permitted to leave the premises until 6 a.m. tomorrow, unless said panic button is activated.

Alicia stares at her. This is weird.

FEMALE GUARD (CONT'D)
Step over here and raise your arms.

Alicia does so, and the guard pats her down.

38 **EXT. FIRST LIQUOR STORE - DUSK** 38

The police sketch we saw earlier of the robber. An older ASIAN OWNER of a liquor store shakes her head, studying it.

KALINDA
You're sure?

The woman now nods. Kalinda and Cary stand with her on the front door of her liquor store...

CARY
The thing is, Mrs...

He waits for her to add her name. She doesn't. Kalinda smiles.

CARY (CONT'D)
...you phoned the cops about an armed robbery a week after the one we're investigating. And we thought it might be the same suspect because you're only two blocks away...
(finishing)
...from the other.

The Owner looks toward Kalinda who smiles apologetically...

KALINDA
The suspect, was he possibly wearing a Bulls sweatshirt?
(the owner shakes her head)
Well, thank you.

Cary and Kalinda start away...

CARY
So this is kind of cool. Kind of out here... "investigating."

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA
(looks at him)
You're chipper, aren't you?

CARY
Dangerously chipper.

Kalinda laughs despite herself. Takes out a map, covered with red dots.

KALINDA
Okay, so here's the plan. We look for armed robberies *after* Clarence Wilcox was arrested, and see if any match this sketch.
(the police sketch)
That'll give us another suspect in court, okay? We'll split up the interviews.

She rips the map down the middle, hands one half to Cary.

CARY
How long you been working at Stern, Lockhart?

KALINDA
No.

CARY
What?

KALINDA
Ask them about the MO, the Bulls sweatshirt. Any description that's remotely similar to Clarence.

CARY
What'd I do?

KALINDA
Uninterested.

CARY
You're uninterested in talking?

KALINDA
How much would you imagine we have in common?

CARY
I don't like talking to people I have a lot in common... with.

Kalinda studies him.

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA
Okay, I have a proposition for you.
Find this person...
(the sketch)
...and I'll tell you whatever you
want to know.

CARY
Whatever I want?

KALINDA
And more.

CARY
Okay. You just saved Clarence
Wilcox's life.

Kalinda laughs. Cary starts off. Kalinda calls after him:

KALINDA
Cary.

He smiles, comes back, takes the artist sketch too. Starts
off again.

39 **INT. TAMMS MINIMUM SECURITY - PRIVACY COTTAGE - NIGHT** 39

Alicia. Alone now. In the Motel-6-like room. Waiting.
Sitting on the bed. Oh, she looks at the bed. Wrong idea.
She gets up, moves to the small dining table, sits, tries to
scoot her chair in. Can't. Oh. She looks down. It's
bolted to the floor. Great.

The front door opens. And there is Peter. Suddenly. A
guard behind him. A pause. Night outside. Okay. Alicia
stands. This is fuckin' awkward.

Peter enters. The door closes behind him. And... Alicia and
Peter stand at opposite ends of the room.

ALICIA
Hi.

Peter takes a second. Nods back.

PETER FLORRICK
Is this weird or what?

ALICIA
Weird. And in such pretty
accommodations.

PETER FLORRICK
(smiles)
I had them put in that painting.

(CONTINUED)

An ugly seascape. Alicia smiles.

PETER FLORRICK (CONT'D)
Can I ask a favor?
(Alicia on her guard)
It's not bad. I know we have some
work to do. But I haven't taken a
shower alone in months.

Alicia smiles, relieved. Peter is going to make this easy.

ALICIA
Yes, I'm sorry, go.

Peter pushes past into the bathroom. Alicia nods, lets him
go. Stands alone in the room. Exhales... deeply. Starts to
sit, but it's the fuckin' bed. Seems to fill the room. She
stands awkwardly. While...

40 **INT. SECOND LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT**

40

CARY
Was he this man? Was the robber
this man?

Cary following BEN (50), an African-American Liquor Store
Owner. Lot of character in his face.

BEN
Could be. I'm not great with
faces. It went so fast. Who are
you again?

CARY
A lawyer.

BEN
You're a lawyer? What're you doing
here?

CARY
I don't know. Was this man, this
robber, was he wearing a Bulls
sweatshirt?

BEN
A Bulls sweatshirt? I couldn't
really say. Soon as he burst in the
door, he yelled "kiss the floor,
don't look up." So I didn't.

Cary pauses, stares at him...

CARY
He said what?

(CONTINUED)

BEN
"Kiss the floor, don't look up."

CARY
He said those exact words?

BEN
He had a gun on me. I think I'd remember what he said. Seemed a good idea. So I kissed the floor.

But Cary is already on this cellphone:

CARY
Kalinda, I got something. The doctor eyewitness, she said the robber told her to "kiss the floor." Well, guess what I just found out this one said?

41 **INT. TAMMS MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - PRIVACY COTTAGE - NIGHT** 41

Alicia and Peter. They work at the table. Documents between them. They could be a married couple paying bills.

ALICIA
The weak link in this case is Shores. If I can discredit him, the case will fall apart.

PETER FLORRICK
47th Street Homicide.

ALICIA
What's that?

PETER FLORRICK
Double-homicide. Accused was shot in the back. Shores was accused of planting a gun.

ALICIA
Was it ever proven?

PETER
Didn't have to be-- during a suppression hearing, the judge ruled the gun inadmissible so I had to DP the case.
(off her look)
Decline to prosecute.

Alicia stares at Peter. Studying him. He looks up, sees her stare...

(CONTINUED)

PETER FLORRICK

What?

Alicia shakes her head: nothing. Uncomfortable. Meanwhile...

42 **INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY** 42

...Kalinda follows Cary toward his office. Excited.

KALINDA

So this guy robbed him and told him
to kiss the floor-- in *May of 2003*?

CARY

Yeah, a month after Clarence was
convicted. And here's the thing:
the cops told him they caught this
robber--

(checks his scribbled
notes on a napkin)

--a month later. Two, maybe.

KALINDA

So it couldn't have been Clarence.
He was in jail.

CARY

Yeah. This guy-- nice guy, by the
way-- he was supposed to go to
court to testify, but they didn't
need him-- because the robber
copped a plea.

Kalinda nods-- good-- has her phone out already, excited,
thinking out loud:

KALINDA

Armed robbery. No injuries. Money
taken. He probably got four years.

CARY

Okay, so let's not lose track here.
About my reward.

KALINDA

(into the phone)

Mike, can you look up armed robbery
plea bargains in the summer of
2003?

(to Cary)

What reward?

CARY

No, no, you know what reward. Let
me think of some really
embarrassing question.

(CONTINUED)

But Kalinda just smiles, starts away, into the phone:

KALINDA
No, I'm looking for an armed robbery.

43 INT. TAMMS MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - PRIVACY COTTAGE - NIGHT 43

Silence. Dark. Someone lying on the bed. It's Alicia staring up at the ceiling. And on the floor beside the bed...

...Peter, also staring up. Pillow under his head. Blanket over him.

PETER FLORRICK
I bet this is the first time this has happened in here.

Alicia smiles to herself, doesn't laugh.

ALICIA
You okay?

PETER FLORRICK
I'm great.

ALICIA
(turns)
Are you joking?

PETER FLORRICK
No, I'm serious. This is the closest five minutes I've had to normalcy in the last eight months.

Alicia nods, stares up at the ceiling.

PETER FLORRICK (CONT'D)
It's like we're at camp.
(Alicia laughs)
Want me to tell you a story?

Laughing, Alicia peers over the side at Peter on the ground. He looks toward her expectantly. She takes a second, considers it. And not unfriendly...

ALICIA
Good night, Peter.

Peter nods, reaches out a hand toward her. She looks at it, takes it. And they both lie back, staring up at the ceiling. Their hands touching for a second.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

44 INT. COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURT - COURTROOM #302 - DAY 44

A sidebar. Judge Cuesta, on his bench, runs a pen down a legal summary, crossing off long swaths of exhibits, witnesses, barely listening to the counselors standing right at his bench. **Matan**, Will, Alicia, **Becker**. (No whispering: there is no jury.) *

MATAN *

Your honor, please, this is too much. Detective Shores was never found guilty of planting a gun--

WILL

Because the judge suppressed the gun evidence and the State's Attorney declined to prosecute-- *

MATAN *

Is that what Peter is saying?

He directs this toward Alicia. Cuesta shoots a glance toward Alicia too, then returns to his crossing out, as...

WILL *

Excuse me, sir. You can talk to me. Leave my junior associate out of it.

MATAN *

No, come on, let's face facts here, your honor--

JUDGE CUESTA

I think that's what we're trying to do, **Mr. Brody**. *

MATAN *

Detective Shores is an honored homicide detective. I have worked with him for a decade now, and he has been nothing but professional and-- *

JUDGE CUESTA

A perjurer?

MATAN *

Excuse me, your honor--!

JUDGE CUESTA

I don't like someone staring me right in the eye and lying.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE CUESTA (CONT'D)

There's not a cop I know who **isn't**
a Bulls fan--

*
*

MATAN

*

Your honor, that is irrelevant--

JUDGE CUESTA

I will decide what is irrelevant.
If you want to file a complaint,
that's why Judy is here.

(his court reporter)

Mr. Gardner, I think you've made a
strong "fruit of the forbidden tree"
argument. If I can't trust Shores, I
can't trust the evidence tied to him.

Cuesta throws the marked-up legal summary on the bench.

JUDGE CUESTA (CONT'D)

The line-up, the Bulls sweatshirt,
the artist sketch is now stricken
from the record--

MATAN

*

Your honor--!

JUDGE CUESTA

Oh shut up, **Matan**, that leaves you
the eyewitness. That's the
cornerstone of your case anyway.

*

Matan does shut up, realizing he's right.

*

JUDGE CUESTA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Florrick, Mr. Gardner. Do you
have any other tricks up your
sleeve?

WILL

No, your honor.

JUDGE CUESTA

Well, we're in recess until
tomorrow at ten-- when I intend to
decide on this case-- a second
time. Are we all happy? Good.

45 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY** 45

A mugshot of an African-American man. Mid-twenties. Tall.
Same facial structure as Clarence.

KALINDA

That's Michael Parsons.

Kalinda and Cary filling in Will and Alicia studying the
picture...

(CONTINUED)

CARY

He was convicted of four armed robberies in South Chicago over a two year period.

KALINDA

He pled and was sentenced to Wabash Valley for four years.

WILL

So *this* is the killer?

KALINDA

We believe so.

WILL

Where is he now?

Cary and Kalinda trade a look.

CARY

Well, that's the bad news. He's dead.

KALINDA

He died in prison in 2006.

Will-- wham-- kicks a box of discovery, spilling files, startling everybody.

WILL

So we're stuck. They've got an eyewitness. And we've got nothing.

Alicia stares at the photo, considers it. Looks up at Cary, sharply. Something occurring to her. A plan. Cary stares at her: what? Alicia just stares back, and...

*
*
*

46 INT. 27TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

46

...Dr. Tara Rothbart again joins Alicia and Cary and now Kalinda in the small conference room...

*

ALICIA

Thank you for coming in, Ms. Rothbart.

TARA

No problem. But I wish I could actually help you.

CARY

Maybe you can. We just have a picture to show you. We discovered another man we think was responsible for the crime.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

Tara smiles, patiently, but uncomfortably. Hates turning them down.

KALINDA

His name is Michael Parsons, and he was convicted of armed robberies identical to yours.

CARY

In fact, he even used the same language from yours. He yelled for everyone "to kiss the floor."

*

TARA

I'm sorry. If I could help you, I would. But Clarence Wilcox did this.

ALICIA

Just keep an open mind, please, Tara. This is the police sketch drawn from your description, right?

*

*

Alicia lays it down on the bench. Tara nods.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

And here is a mugshot of the man we think did it. Michael Parsons.

Alicia lays the mugshot beside it.

CARY

Please look at them carefully.

*

*

TARA

(she does)

I'm sorry. I really wish it was him. But it's not.

ALICIA

You're sure?

TARA

Yes.

ALICIA

You're sure Clarence Wilcox is the man you saw?

And Alicia places the second mugshot next to the other.

TARA

Yes, I'm sure. I'm sorry, but Clarence Wilcox did this.

(CONTINUED)

And she picks up his mugshot.

ALICIA
That's not Clarence Wilcox.

TARA
(pauses)
Excuse me.

CARY
We switched their faces. That's
Michael Parsons.

*
*

Tara. Stunned, she looks down at the photo. Her mouth open.

TARA
It's... not.

ALICIA
It is. This one is Clarence
Wilcox.

And Alicia picks up the first mugshot...

CARY
You just said this man didn't do
it. And this man did.

*

Tara stares at her. Speechless. For a second. Looking at
the photos. Then...

TARA
Oh my god.

47 INT. COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURT - COURTROOM #302 - DAY 47

And now Tara is on the stand. Taking a second.

TARA
I am certain. The man I saw
killing a police officer was not
Clarence Wilcox.

Will questioning. Matan at the facing table frowns, his body
very still. He looks toward the back of the court where
Childs stands. Sighs. Then leaves.

*
*
*

TARA (CONT'D)
In fact, your honor, can I say
something to Mr. Wilcox?

*

Cuesta nods: go ahead. Clarence looks up toward her.

TARA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I don't know what else
to say. I'm just so sorry.

(CONTINUED)

Clarence, choked up, nods back to her, Patrice behind him blinks away tears, as Alicia watches.

48 INT. COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURT - COURTROOM #302 - DAY 48

Minutes later. The courtroom cleared. Just six people sitting around one of the tables. Dwarfed in the expanse. Cuesta, Will, **Matan**, Alicia, **Becker**, and a court reporter leaning in to listen... *

JUDGE CUESTA

Here's the thing, Mr. **Brody**. I don't like to be reversed. In fact, I hate it. So I have some advice for you **and the good** State's Attorney: keep that from happening. *

MATAN *

Your honor, I want to insist--

JUDGE CUESTA

You don't have room to insist. And you should be grateful. I'm giving **your office** an out as big as the great outdoors. *

MATAN *

I don't understand, your honor.

WILL

Blame **his** predecessor. *

And they all slightly turn toward Alicia sitting stalk-still.

JUDGE CUESTA

It is not the job of the bench to offer you advice, **Mr. Deputy Chief**. I am just telling you very clearly: I want this to go away. *

Matan stares at him, and... *

49 INT. COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURT - DAY 49

...a television camera, and a few stray reporters hang listening to Glenn Childs as he continues:

GLENN CHILDS

The regrettable corruption during Peter Florrick's term till infects my department. Every step of the Wilcox case was supervised and approved by my predecessor, and I'm doing everything in my power to correct his mistakes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GLENN CHILDS (CONT'D)

That is why I've decided to
withdraw charges against Mr.
Clarence Wilcox.

Alicia and Will watch. A cynical eye.

WILL

Are you okay with this?

Alicia pauses, sees a thrilled Patrice hugging her daughter.

ALICIA

Yes.

And Alicia starts toward Patrice who smiles, seeing her.

PATRICE

They say he's coming out this door.

A holding cell door. The joy in her voice infectious.
Alicia smiles, waits with her. Patrice shoots a look to her:

PATRICE (CONT'D)

You know, words are hard...

ALICIA

I know.

PATRICE

No. It's not like people say. I
just...

(eyes wet)

I never expected him to get out.

Alicia eyes her. Thinking. Her own life reflected in this.
A loud klang. The holding room door opens. And...

...they all turn toward the darkness inside. Expectantly.

END OF SHOW