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thegoodwife

Episode #111

"Painkiller"

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THE GOOD WIFE #111
"Painkiller"
CAST LIST
11/30/09

ALICIA FLORRICK
WILL GARDNER
DIANE LOCKHART
CARY AGOS
KALINDA SHARMA

PETER FLORRICK
GRACE FLORRICK
ZACH FLORRICK
JACKIE FLORRICK
GLENN CHILDS

DANIEL GOLDEN
* DR. SHAWN WESLEY (formerly "Dr. Craig Wesley")
DILLON LOOMIS
TREY DONOVAN
* MOLLY CARLING (formerly "Molly Carlile")
BECCA
* RYAN MURPHY (formerly "Bryan Murphy")
* TINA BOWERS (formerly "Julie Bowers")
A.S.A GENEVA PINE
TOM LI
JILL
NURSE

THE GOOD WIFE #111
"Painkiller"
SET LIST
11/30/09

Interiors:

ALICIA'S APARTMENT
GRACE'S ROOM
ZACH'S BEDROOM
KITCHEN
ENTRY WAY
LIVING ROOM
KITCHEN
HALLWAY
ALICIA'S BUILDING - LANDING FOYER
27TH FLOOR
SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM
ALICIA'S OFFICE
28TH FLOOR
WILL'S OFFICE
HALLWAY
LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM
DIANE'S OFFICE
SECRETARIAL STATION
MEMORIAL NORTH
EMERGENCY ROOM
EMERGENCY ROOM HALLWAY
FAMILY PHARMACY
CORRECTIONAL CENTER
VISITING ROOM
LAWYER'S ROOM
MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM
BOWERS FAMILY HOUSE
IRON MUSCLE GYM
LOCKER ROOM
COP BAR
HARBOR HOSPITAL - JACKIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM
A.S.A.'S OFFICE

Exteriors:

BOWERS FAMILY HOUSE
FRONT PORCH
IRON MUSCLE GYM

TEASER

1

INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - GRACE'S ROOM - NIGHT

1

BECCA. We're close on her, her coy knowing smile.

BECCA
I said I *might* come over.

ZACH
I thought you said--

BECCA
Laya wants to go to the Riviera to
hear "The Prairie Cartel."

REVEAL Becca is actually on iChat--

BECCA (CONT'D)
Is that a stuffed elephant behind
you there, Zachary?

Zach turns. Yes it is. He knocks it to the floor.

BECCA (CONT'D)
That's adorable. I had no idea you
collected stuffed animals.

ZACH
It's-- I'm in my sister's room.

BECCA
Aw. Bro-sis bonding night, how
sweet.

ZACH
My mom moved my computer into the
living room--

GRACE (O.S.)
It's been twenty minutes.

Grace at her door, irked.

ZACH
Five more.

GRACE
You're not even supposed to be on
my computer.

ZACH
So use mine.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE
Mom's out there.

2 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN & LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2

Mom is indeed out there, interviewing MOLLY CARLING, 24, nerdy- *
intellectual, focused. A single mom's dream of a nanny.

MOLLY
I've spent the last year nannying
full-time, but with grad school, I
can really only do part-time--

ALICIA
You're at Northwestern?

MOLLY
Yes. A dual Masters in Business and
Educational Psychology. I'm very
interested in child development.
Have you heard of the EMT?
(Alicia shakes her head)
The Educational Measurement Test.
My father created it.

Oh. Alicia smiles at Molly's pride in this. As-- both pause,
hearing the argument growing in Grace's room: "No, I didn't--
"You did!" "Stop making things up!" Alicia smiles: sorry.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
(getting it)
I'm from a big family. Six
brothers and sisters.

Ah, Alicia nods, liking her, shoots a look to Jackie coming
out of the kitchen: could you take care of that? Jackie
nods, heads toward the bedroom, as...

ALICIA
Anyway, part-time is perfect for us--
I'm just looking for someone to
supplement the hours my mother-in-
law's here.

MOLLY
This would be afternoons, evenings?

Alicia pauses: the argument getting louder-- with Jackie now
joining in:

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE (O.S.)
*Grace, I just cleaned this. What's
it doing on the floor--*

GRACE (O.S.)
Would everybody just get out?

ALICIA
(finally answering Molly)
Yes. I'm hoping to have someone
start next week, so I'll call your
references and be in touch.

They both stand, interview over, Alicia escorting Molly out.

MOLLY
Good, thank you, Mrs. Florrick. I
love your apartment.

ALICIA
Thank you.

Alicia closes the front door, starts back toward the
argument. The phone rings; she picks it up on the way:

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Hello.

WILL (O.S.)
Oh, Alicia, hi. Sorry, it's Will,
I know you just got home--

INTERCUT with...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - WILL'S OFFICE - NIGHT - INTERCUT

...Will, leaving work, on his cell, dressed in a tux.

WILL
--but I just got a call from
Memorial North.

ALICIA
The hospital?

WILL
Yeah, we signed them a month ago.

Alicia covers the receiver as she ventures into...

4 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - GRACE'S ROOM - NIGHT 4

...the argument between Jackie, Zach, and Grace, quickly and silently stopping it by raising her hand. Quiet.

WILL

The administrator called. It seems like there's a bit of a fluid situation over there involving a possible malpractice suit.

ALICIA

A *possible* one?

WILL

Yes.

Alicia gestures to Zach. Stand. He does mope. She points: out of the room. He shuffles out.

WILL (CONT'D)

I think they're being over-cautious, but they're a new client with deep pockets, and they just came off a million dollar malpractice pay-out, so we jump through hoops. They got a call ten minutes ago from a paramedic coming in with a heater.

Alicia picks up Grace's Algebra textbook, opens it for her. Points. Read. Grace shrugs, sits down, reads...

ALICIA

A heater?

WILL

Yes, a high-profile patient.

5 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 5

Alicia heads back into the living room--

WILL

I don't have all the details, but it looks like an OD. I need someone to get over there, and make sure if this does turn into a malpractice suit, we have our ducks in a row.

Alicia pulls out the chair at Zach's computer. Zach frowns, sits, and Alicia shoves a Social Studies book into his hands.

(CONTINUED)

WILL (CONT'D)

Look, I know we've been asking a lot of you lately, so if you want me to put this on Cary, I can.

Alicia frowns at that, finished with her silent little parenting dance...

ALICIA

No, I've got it.

And--

6 INT. MEMORIAL NORTH - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

6

--sudden chaos. In ER. A mix of doctors, patients and-- high school cheerleaders. Huh? Grief-stricken. Tear-stained. Alicia looks oddly at them as she passes, seeing...

...a half-dozen high school football players ahead, seated on benches. Heads in hands. Others pacing. Alicia, trying to figure out what's happening, moves toward a reception desk when she notices...

...a woman at the center of this high school grief. A mom. **TINA** BOWERS, 30s, white. On a good day, she's a professional, strong woman who rules a department; on a bad day: distraught, lost. Alicia recognizes that look. As...

*

KALINDA

Thank god.

Alicia turns, sees Kalinda behind her...

KALINDA (CONT'D)

I thought he was sending out Cary.

ALICIA

What's going on?

KALINDA

Ben Bowers. Woodland Park High star quarterback, USC recruit. He collapsed on the field.

ALICIA

How is he?

KALINDA

I think we're going to find out now.

(CONTINUED)

Kalinda nods toward an ER DOCTOR exiting the ICU, grave look on his face. He approaches Tina Bowers. It only takes three unheard sentences and...

*

...Tina cries out-- not over-loud, but heart-wrenching. Her knees buckle under her and people reach out to keep her from falling to the floor. Alicia finds herself moved by the scene: the cries of a mom.

*

KALINDA (CONT'D)
Okay, time to work.

Alicia turns to Kalinda, surprised by her... indifference? Or is it just professional calm?

7

INT. MEMORIAL NORTH - EMERGENCY ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

7

Bang-- Alicia and Kalinda bang through doors following DILLON LOOMIS, uber-efficient hospital bureaucrat, but not heartless, down an ER hall. On his cell, rushing...

LOOMIS
Get Corporate Compliance, HR, PR--
no, I have outside counsel. Code
was called at 8:35. In-house
called police at 8:45. They're on
their way.

Loomis nods them toward an emergency room bay, and--

---WHOOSH - Kalinda yanks a curtain aside, finding the body of BEN BOWERS, 17, football uniform from the waist down. Sensors on his bare chest. The room strangely quiet after the ER, only Loomis whispering on his cellphone in the background, a nurse moving a heart monitor out the door.

Loomis looks up to Kalinda, Alicia, reporting:

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
Police are five minutes away.

Kalinda nods, immediately starts to take pictures, careful not to touch anything, as...

...Alicia pauses, startled by the grim, naked sight. A dead body. A dead 17-year-old. She moves around it, taking it all in. Just the quiet click-click-click of Kalinda's camera.

Alicia studies his face, his eyes wide open, his ripped jersey, his helmet on the floor-- the whole thing difficult, awful really, even ghoulish. Hushed:

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

One shoe.

What? Kalinda looks up. Alicia nods toward his feet. Only one cleat on. The other foot just a sock. Kalinda shrugs-- so what?-- continues to photograph.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Where's the other one?

Alicia looks around. Nothing on the floor. In the corners. But Kalinda is busy kneeling over a half-moon gym bag...

KALINDA

Is this his bag?

LOOMIS

(nods)

Paramedics brought it in.

Kalinda kneels, gets photos of the open bag. She takes out a pen to open the bag's mouth further:

KALINDA

Alicia.

Oh, Alicia kneels, helps her, holding the pen to keep the bag open as Kalinda zooms in on a prescription bottle. Printed on it "Dr. Wesley."

KALINDA (CONT'D)

That's the attending physician?
"Dr. Wesley?"

LOOMIS

Yes.

KALINDA

Is he on-staff?

LOOMIS

(reluctantly)

Yes.

Kalinda takes a picture. Sees next to it, inside the bag, white dots. Oblong. Oh, free-floating pills at the bottom of the bag.

KALINDA

Uh-oh.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

What?

KALINDA

Eighty milligrams. Where's your doctor?

LOOMIS

Wesley? I'll locate him. Why?

KALINDA

You've got eighty milligrams oxycodone. In a 17-year-old? If you wanted to know when this went south... this just went south.

Loomis frowns, damn, speed dials his cellphone as Kalinda starts to estimate while still taking pictures:

KALINDA (CONT'D)

Cops are two minutes behind us. They take a half hour to call in detectives. Another half hour to find these pills.

(calls out to Loomis)

Your doctor has about ninety minutes before he's arrested.

LOOMIS

I have to get the board together. We could be liable.

KALINDA

First, get to your doctor, make sure he exercises his Miranda.

ALICIA

(to Loomis)

I'll go with you.

But-- bang-- the ICU doors open. Two cops and a suited detective, RYAN MURPHY, cool, laid-back, Mr. March in the cops' charity calendar. Kalinda quickly steps away from the gym bag.

*

MURPHY

Ah, Kalinda. Somehow I should've expected it.

KALINDA

Hey, Murphy. You got here fast.

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY

It's a heater. On a Friday night.
What do you expect?

Kalinda shoots a look toward Alicia who nods, nonchalantly
steps away from the sport bag too.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

So you been documenting the scene?

KALINDA

Yep.

MURPHY

Don't supposed you'd want to focus
my eyes on the salient details?

KALINDA

Where's the fun in that?

Murphy smiles, approaches the body with the two cops as
Kalinda nods to Alicia who starts with Loomis out the door.

8 INT. MEMORIAL NORTH - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

8

The ER. Still noisy. Alicia stops with Loomis, seeing...
the mom, Tina Bowers, seated, being talked to by an African-
American doctor. *

LOOMIS

Damn.

ALICIA

That's Dr. Wesley?

Loomis nods. Alicia exhales deeply, hates that she has to do
this, ventures into the circle of comforters, hears the
whispered, tearful words of DR. SHAWN WESLEY, youthful,
poised, a black McDreamy. *

DR. WESLEY

I'm so sorry, Mrs. Bowers. I'm
just so sorry...

TINA BOWERS

(through tears)
He was 17. How...? *

DR. WESLEY

I don't know...

(CONTINUED)

TINA BOWERS
I want to see him. *

DR. WESLEY
I understand--

ALICIA
Dr. Wesley, can I talk to you a
second?

Alicia's words are quiet, sympathetic, but interruptive.
Both Tina and Wesley look up. *

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Please.

Wesley studies her, confused. Then looks to Tina, but she's
already being comforted by another parent. Wesley nods,
crosses to Alicia: *

DR. WESLEY
Do I know you?

But Alicia walks Wesley even further away. Sees the tears in
his eyes. His devastation.

ALICIA
I'm a lawyer from Stern, Lockhart &
Gardner, doctor. You can't be
talking with the mother right now.

DR. WESLEY
I-- Why not?

Alicia hates herself for being this person. But it's her job.

ALICIA
Your patient overdosed on pills you
prescribed. And there is some
question about the dosage. Even a
simple expression of sympathy could
be construed as an admission of
guilt.

Dr. Wesley stares at her. Startled.

DR. WESLEY
Then it's an admission. That's my
patient. I'm their family doctor.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

And I'm your lawyer. If I were sick right now, I'd do exactly what you told me. But you're in trouble, so you need to do exactly what I tell you.

Wesley pauses, looks at her differently. There's an honesty to that. Alicia adds for good measure:

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Please.

Wesley takes a second, nods-- okay-- follows her. As...

DR. WESLEY

I'm in trouble? The police think--?

ALICIA

Which way to your office?

DR. WESLEY

The south tower.

He points down a hallway toward an elevator.

ALICIA

I want you to go there. And don't talk to anybody. I know this will be difficult, but promise me, please.

DR. WESLEY

I'd never put Ben in harm's way. If you're my attorney, I want you to know that.

Alicia studies him, nods. He reads her face, sensing the sincerity. Appreciating it.

DR. WESLEY (CONT'D)

This is going to be huge, isn't it? The press, people are going--

ALICIA

Just block it out.

He nods. Some amount of awareness of her history. Wesley gets on an elevator.

DR. WESLEY

Alicia, right?

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

Yes.

DR. WESLEY

I'm Shawn.

*

ALICIA

I'll speak to you soon.

And the doors close. Alicia exhales. Hopes she handled that well. No time to pause, she winds back toward the main ER, sees a phalanx of grieving football players/cheerleaders ahead, takes a detour into a little alcove-- way off the normal path-- when she...

...pauses, sees something there. Sticking out from under a curtain. THE OTHER CLEAT. Size 13, still muddy.

How the hell did it get all the way over here? Meanwhile...

9 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - ZACH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 9

...back at home, Zach stands in front of a mirror. Trying to look good. Combing his hair over one eye. Yuck. He shakes the whole mane for a natural look. Doesn't like it.

A hum comes from his bureau. His cellphone. Picks it up. Reads a text. Excited, he grabs his coat. Quietly, secretly, opens his door. As...

10 INT. ALICIA'S BUILDING - LANDING FOYER - NIGHT 10

...Becca, still looking good girl sexy, leans outside the Florrick apartment door, texting. Turns to another teenaged girl, waiting at the elevator door holding it open.

BECCA

He's a Florrick kid. Give him a minute.

The other girl sighs, wants to get going.

The Florrick front door quietly unlocks, opens. Yep: Zach, holding a finger to his lips. Becca smiles. Loves Zach's little boy innocence. Sees his coat.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're warm enough there, Zachary?

Zach grins-- doesn't mind being teased. Whispering:

(CONTINUED)

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10 CONTINUED: 10

ZACH

Hey.

BECCA

This is Laya.

They start toward the elevator when-- SCREAMMM! They spin
back toward the apartment door. It's coming from...

11 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT** 11

...Grace in the kitchen, horrified, staring down at...

...Jackie's body on the kitchen floor.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

12 INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - VISITING ROOM - DAY 12

Peter. A mask of worry. Intensity. Alicia sits across from him in the visiting room. No glass between them.

ALICIA
It was a stroke. She's still unconscious. But stable.

PETER
Which hospital?

ALICIA
Harbor.

Peter nods: okay, not bad.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
The kids couldn't get through to 911 so Becca helped drive her to the hospital.

PETER
Becca?

ALICIA
(sighs)
Zach's friend. It's a long story.

PETER
She *drove*? So...?

ALICIA
(nods: that's right)
She's sixteen. Zach was sneaking out to go to a concert. We already talked.

PETER
I need to get out of here.

Alicia eyes her husband-- a moment of compassion. He's trapped, a lion in a cage. In control now:

PETER (CONT'D)
There's an excellent neurologist, Dr. Westre, at St. Mary's. We should get him over to Harbor to evaluate her. He'll say he's busy; just tell him I would very much appreciate it.

(CONTINUED)

Alicia nods. Eyes him.

ALICIA
I phoned your sister.

PETER
Bet that went well.

ALICIA
She wants updates.

Peter snorts-- right--

PETER
I'll have Golden apply for a sick
bed visit. We'll need a critically
ill notification from the attending
physician. And unfortunately, we
bare the cost of a supervised visit.
It could be several thousand.

ALICIA
(nods: absorbs it)
You should see her.

PETER
Thank you.

Alicia looks toward the guards nearby at the end of the row.
And up toward a blinking red light on a video camera. Peter
notices Alicia's covert looks: what's going on?

PETER (CONT'D)
How are you?

ALICIA
I'm-- It's been a busy 48 hours. I
found someone to fill in at home.
She has good references. And I...
I'm taking over Jackie's Power of
Attorney for the time being.

Alicia pulls out a document, points out the signature line...

ALICIA (CONT'D)
I just need you to sign here. And
here.

Peter signs. Alicia turns the page. No signature line.
Just Alicia's writing there...

"Childs tapped our home phones."

(CONTINUED)

Peter pauses over it. Takes a second, looks up at Alicia. A bombshell. Their eyes meet. For public consumption:

ALICIA (CONT'D)
You can just initial there. And talk to Golden about it later.

Peter stares at his wife. Admiration growing. He initials.

PETER
Thank you.

ALICIA
You're welcome.

Dr. Wesley, sitting at one end of the conference table.

DR. WESLEY
It's just odd. I started the day with one lawyer, now I have... ten.

Chuckles from the table. Will, Diane, Cary, other lawyers. Loomis at the end.

LOOMIS
Your issues are our issues, **Shawn**. *

DR. WESLEY
Thank you for posting my bail, standing by me.

LOOMIS
Of course. We want to see you cleared, **Shawn**. *

WILL
Now due to the popularity of the victim--

DR. WESLEY
Ben.

WILL
Yes, Ben. We believe the State's Attorney's office is guilty of legal overreach.

DIANE
They have charged you with murder--
which is a sign of their
desperation. It's a charge aimed at
headlines.

DR. WESLEY
Isn't that bad? Hi.

This last he directs to a late Alicia, entering. A familiar
face. She nods back as Diane and Will register this...

WILL
No. It means they probably don't
intend to bring it to trial. They
just want to get a plea bargain
with some jail time, any jail time--

DIANE
Which we won't accept.

WILL
Right. We just need to make them
aware of the facts.

DIANE
Which are-- you prescribed the ten
milligram pain killers, but not the
eighty milligram?

DR. WESLEY
That's right.

WILL
Good. So we need to find out where
these other drugs came from. Our
team will do some digging, cut this
off before it goes to trial.

14 INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 14

M.E. TOM LI, small, focused, non-confrontational, conducts
the autopsy of Ben Bowers. The detective, Ryan Murphy,
starts to laugh, seeing Kalinda enter...

*

MURPHY
No way. You can't be here.

KALINDA
Hey, Murphy.

(CONTINUED)

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14 CONTINUED: 14

MURPHY
How did you even get in?

(CONTINUED)

She gives him a patronizing look -- give me some credit.

KALINDA
Hey, Li.

Li looks up from the body, cheerfully:

LI
Kalinda. We miss you.

KALINDA
(looking toward the body)
What's that? Stomach contents?

MURPHY
Don't answer her. I think you ran
into the only cop who can resist
your charms, Kalinda.

KALINDA
Tell him I have a sweet
personality, don't I, Li? Looks
like blueberries and sesame seeds.

*
*

LI
Flax seeds and bananas.

MURPHY
Li, what did I just say?

Li shrugs: can't help himself.

KALINDA
So what's your take on the Florrick
appeal?

MURPHY
I just keep my head down, and
someone ends up signing the checks.

KALINDA
In a street fight, my money's on
Florrick.

LI
Same here.

KALINDA
So was it the oxycodone, Li?

(CONTINUED)

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14 CONTINUED: (3) 14

LI
And alprazolam, ephedra. Kid's got
a pharmacy in his stomach.

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY
Li, shut up.

KALINDA
(smiles at Murphy)
See how easy that was? Take care.

And Kalinda starts out.

15 **EXT. BOWERS FAMILY HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY** 15

Alicia approaches a cheerful middle-class house, notices a sad abandoned football on the lawn, sees a DELIVERY MAN already waiting on the stoop with a large floral arrangement, "Condolences" on it. Alicia nods to him, waits too.

Finally, the door opens. **Tina** Bowers. Three days into a lifetime of grief. She notices the arrangement, nods, then pauses, seeing Alicia, eyeing her... *

TINA BOWERS *
What are you doing here?

Tina takes the delivery man's clipboard to sign... *

ALICIA
I'm sorry, Mrs. Bowers, I'm just trying to piece together what happened--

TINA BOWERS *
No, you're trying to protect the doctor who killed my son.

The delivery man looks between the two nervously.

ALICIA
Look, I know your first instinct might be to slam the door in my face--
-

And-- bang-- she slams the door in her face. The delivery man shoots Alicia a shrugging look then starts back toward his van. Alicia frowns-- what to do? She rips out a piece of notepaper, starts to write on it when--

TINA BOWERS *
Why are you fighting for him? You should be fighting for me.

Alicia sees **Tina** at her window, the screen obscuring her. A confessor's screen. *

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA
I want to know the truth.

TINA BOWERS *
No, you don't. You're a lawyer.
Everyone's painting my son as a
drug addict. As a...

ALICIA
And everyone's painting Dr. Wesley
as a pill pusher. So help me.
Help me find how these drugs got in
Ben's system.

A beat. Tina stares at her. Then disappears from the *
window. Was that it? Alicia sighs, pauses, when the door
opens. Just a foot.

16 INT. BOWERS FAMILY HOUSE - DAY 16

Alicia stands in the entryway with Tina. Delivery food *
trays, flower arrangements everywhere.

TINA BOWERS *
That's the one I hate.

A flower arrangement shaped like a football. Alicia nods.

TINA BOWERS (CONT'D) *
I'm not sure what you want to hear--
my son didn't run around with drug
dealers.

ALICIA
I know, but is it possible a friend,
or the football coach--

TINA BOWERS *
I knew the people in his life.

ALICIA
But kids aren't always... forthcoming.

Tina stares at Alicia. It could be rude, but somehow it's *
not from someone else dealing with it.

TINA BOWERS *
Ben didn't have time. He was
either at school, at practice, or
at the gym-- that was his life--

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

Alicia nods. Sees nearby, a sweatshirt with a logo: Iron Muscle Gym.

TINA BOWERS (CONT'D) *

Maybe it was too much-- I don't know. I'm a single mom. You can't see everything, you can't be there every minute-- when they fall, when they... I read this story by the mom of one of the Columbine killers, and I just thought-- oh my god, I understand.

Tina is just ripped apart. Alicia watches her, moved. *

17 **INT. 27TH FLOOR - SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY** 17

Alicia waits on her cellphone in the corner of the conference room, Kalinda and Cary in the background.

ALICIA

Molly? Everything okay?

INTERCUT with...

18 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - INTERCUT** 18

...Molly on the phone, chopping vegetables. Becca and Zach on the couch, pseudo-studying.

MOLLY

Doing great. Grace is in her room, and Zach's friend Becca is here.

ALICIA

(looks up)

Oh, really? Where are they?

MOLLY

Well, actually, I asked them to stay in the living room if you don't mind. I just felt more comfortable with that.

Alicia smiles, relieved...

ALICIA

Yes, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

Oh, and Mrs. Florrick, is there anything you don't eat, because I'm making a lasagna, but I can make it meatless if you want.

ALICIA

No, anything is good. Thank you, Molly. Well, okay, I was just checking in.

And that's it. Alicia hangs up. Nods. Turns back to...
Kalinda and Cary strategizing:

KALINDA

Look, maybe he OD'ed on oxycodone, but where'd the alprazolam and ephedra come from?

ALICIA

This is from the stomach contents?

KALINDA

Yep, and his last meal. Flax seeds, blueberries, bananas.

ALICIA

(distracted)

Do you know if the hospital has a history of parking ER patients?

CARY

What do you mean?

ALICIA

You know, making them wait.

CARY

No, I know what parking means. But what do you mean?

ALICIA

His missing shoe. I found it in an empty ER ward. I'm just wondering if they parked him.

Kalinda considers it, stares at Alicia.

CARY

You do know the hospital is our client?

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA
Yes, but if they're vulnerable...

CARY
Then we deal with that. What did
you get from his mom?

ALICIA
Not much. Ben didn't do much more
than work out and study--

KALINDA
What gym?

ALICIA
Iron Muscle, why?

KALINDA
Flax seed and bananas-- sounds like
a power smoothie.

CARY
Yeah, gym's a good place to score
some ephedra.
(they both look at him)
What? I read an article.

Kalinda is out the door.

CARY (CONT'D)
Hey, need some help?!

But she's gone.

19 **EXT. IRON MUSCLE GYM - DAY** 19

A serious gym. Not a chain. Downtown.

20 **INT. IRON MUSCLE GYM - DAY** 20

Kalinda, in tank top, track pants, bench presses. Lifts her
barbell-- up, down-- as she checks out her surroundings,
peering one way, seeing...

...three Steroid MUSCLEMEN, inflated like Hulk dolls,
quitting for the day. They pass her. She peers the other
way, still lifting, seeing the trio stop and chat with...

...a trainer in an "Iron Muscle" shirt, TREY DONOVAN (30s),
power Christian, tan, big smile. A Muscleman leans in, asks
Trey something. He nods. Something going down. They start
out. And... Kalinda drops her weights. Follows. Until...

(CONTINUED)

...damn-- they enter the Men's locker room. Kalinda considers this, thinks a second. Sighs. Knows what she has to do. She takes out her cellphone. And...

21 **INT. IRON MUSCLE GYM - ONE HOUR LATER - DAY** 21

...Cary grins, in work out clothes too, approaching:

CARY
So undercover, huh?

KALINDA
Yep.

CARY
What, there's something you can't do yourself?

KALINDA
Poor little me. Need a man.

22 **INT. IRON MUSCLE GYM - TWENTY MINUTES LATER - DAY** 22

Cary lifting weights, Kalinda spotting him, but watching Trey working out on a machine across the gym.

CARY
She wanted to get engaged. Right out of law school. Her dad's Patrick J. Brown. Do you know who that is? Fortune 500. Semiconductors. But I said no. I mean, 26 and married.

KALINDA
Cary. You know I'm not listening, right?

CARY
(smiles)
So you seeing someone?

Kalinda eyes another steroid muscleman stopping by Trey's machine, chatting.

CARY (CONT'D)
Where does your family live?

KALINDA
Okay. When they go into the locker room, don't approach him. Just watch the exchange. And I'll make the approach later.

(CONTINUED)

CARY
I'm sorry, did you hear my question?
(Kalinda rolls her eyes)
Do you have a boyfriend?

KALINDA
Do I have a boyfriend? No. Cary.

Cary peers up to see Trey and the muscleman pass toward the locker room. Cary nods, gets up, follows.

23 INT. IRON MUSCLE GYM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY 23

The muscleman. He stands by Trey's locker-- a permanent trainer's locker. Trey reaches in as...

...Cary eyes them, pretending to open his own locker. He sees Trey offer the muscleman a baggie of something. Pills? Too far away to see exactly. The muscleman starts past and Trey quickly closes his locker, starts to pass Cary too when...

CARY
Let's say I want to bulk up.

TREY
What?

CARY
Let's say I want to bulk up and I want to pay for it. You got anything for me?

Trey studies Cary, smiles.

TREY
Sure.

Trey nods him over to his locker, opens it, takes out a baggie.

TREY (CONT'D)
First one's free.

CARY
What is it?

TREY
Homemade acai berry supplement.
(Cary frowns)
I don't sell drugs.

Cary nods-- okay-- starts away, then--

(CONTINUED)

CARY

If you think of anybody who does...

Cary writes his number on a slip of paper, as...

24 INT. 28TH FLOOR - LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 24

...Alicia sits with Dr. Wesley, who's combing through his file, crossing t's and dotting i's...

ALICIA

And if you could just help me with your handwriting--

DR. WESLEY

Yeah, sorry. Wretched penmanship's a job requirement.

Alicia smiles, pointing. Wesley interprets:

DR. WESLEY (CONT'D)

Patellar--

(Alicia nods, points)

Analgesic. Thank you, Alicia.

ALICIA

For--

DR. WESLEY

For keeping this from feeling like it's spinning out of control.

Alicia smiles, but is distracted by something on the prescription paperwork. Perplexed.

ALICIA

I'm sorry-- you said you saw Ben before he went to school-- that's when you prescribed the oxycodone.

DR. WESLEY

Yes.

As she flips back to an earlier page--

ALICIA

But your shift didn't start until ten that morning.

DR. WESLEY

Oh, right. I saw him at home before I went to work.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

DR. WESLEY (CONT'D)

He had an appointment scheduled for noon, but he didn't want to miss class.

Alicia stares at him. Nods. But she's bothered by this. Covering well.

ALICIA

Give me a minute.

She gets up, walks out of the conference room, and...

25 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - SECRETARIAL STATION - DAY** 25

...crosses toward Will's office. She pauses there. Looks one way. Into Will's office. He's in there: on the phone. She looks the other way toward Diane's office. Diane in there too. She looks again at the prescription. And reluctantly knocks at Diane's office door.

26 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - LATER** 26

Diane, Will, Loomis, Alicia, and Cary. Serious.

LOOMIS

He prescribed prescription narcotics to a teenager out of his house...

DIANE

And then went into work and updated Ben's chart as though there was an official hospital visit at noon.

Alicia, trying to stop this train--

ALICIA

But he said he would have prescribed the exact same thing out of the office.

LOOMIS

It's a game-changer, as far I as I'm concerned. Good job. Thanks for discovering it.

Alicia pauses. Not feeling so good, as...

WILL

So you want to walk away?

Alicia turns to Will, startled.

(CONTINUED)

LOOMIS

The prosecution can argue there was no valid doctor's visit, there's a falsified medical record.

WILL

So do you want to walk away?

LOOMIS

I think it's the smart thing to do.

The partners nod as Alicia watches all this, out of her control. Diane turns to her.

DIANE

Please let Dr. Wesley know the hospital will no longer be involved in his defense.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

A27 INT. 28TH FLOOR - LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A27

Dr. Wesley sits in Alicia's office. Just him and Alicia. Very different from the big show of lawyers upstairs. He absorbs the news for a quiet, tense beat. Alicia filled with guilt. Finally:

ALICIA
I'm really sorry.

DR. WESLEY
What happened to my issues being the hospital's?

ALICIA
I don't think I can answer that.

DR. WESLEY
So I prescribed from home? It was a minor infraction; it wasn't anything unusual -- if a patient needs help, I give it, regardless of where...

(looks up at her)
It's a relief for them, isn't it? The hospital isn't liable anymore. I am.

Alicia stares at him. He's right, but she can't answer. She lifts her hands. Can't say. Dr. Wesley eyes her.

DR. WESLEY (CONT'D)
I can't really afford you without the hospital's support, but if I could... pay you in installments--

ALICIA
(surprised)
You want me to continue?

DR. WESLEY
I could end up with some public defender who... I'd rather stick with you.

ALICIA
I'm the one who got you dumped by the hospital.

DR. WESLEY
So make it up to me.

27 INT. COP BAR - NIGHT

27

Kalinda. She downs a shot, sitting in the booth of a cop bar.

KALINDA
Sorry to hear about your divorce.

Across from her sits GLENN CHILDS.

CHILDS
Thank you.

KALINDA
I was being sarcastic.

Childs stares at her. Sips his beer.

CHILDS
I want your help.

KALINDA
With?

CHILDS
Florrick's appeal. Prior knowledge
of evidence he's bringing, where
and how he's getting it; from whom.

KALINDA
How many investigators do you have
in the State's Attorney's office,
Glenn?

CHILDS
You have special knowledge.
Working directly for Florrick.

KALINDA
That was a long time ago. I have a
different job now.

CHILDS
Yes, and you know how to work two.

KALINDA
(smiles)
How much?

CHILDS
No money.

Kalinda studies him. Things getting serious.

(CONTINUED)

CHILDS (CONT'D)

I don't think you understand how exposed you are on your past work with the state's attorney's office, Kalinda. The subpoenas stopped at Florrick only because I wanted them to stop at Florrick.

KALINDA

You're trying to tie me to his scandal?

CHILDS

You're *typed* to his scandal. I'm offering to keep the record sealed *if* you get me what I need. That's all.

Kalinda. She stares at him.

28 **OMITTED** 28

29 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY** 29

Will, moving down a hall with Alicia.

WILL

Does Dr. Wesley know you're the one who brought it to us?

ALICIA

Yes. If Memorial North waives conflict--

WILL

Big "if".

ALICIA

It's still best for them if Dr. Wesley's cleared-- especially if they're vulnerable on other questions.

WILL

(eyes her)
On his own dime--

Alicia nods. Will stops. Considers. Diane leans in her door, listening.

(CONTINUED)

WILL (CONT'D)
It would just be you -- we've
already reassigned Cary and Kalinda.

ALICIA
Okay.

He nods. And Alicia starts off. Will and Diane's eyes meet.
Two strategists considering this. Will shrugs: why not?
Diane nods: agreed. Meanwhile...

...Alicia starts away when her cell rings. "Twilight Zone."
Alicia stops, surprised, smiles. She answers:

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Jackie?

30 INT. HARBOR HOSPITAL - JACKIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 30

Jackie. Looking a little pale, but otherwise well. In bed.
Alicia surprises herself by how happy she is to see her.

ALICIA
You look good.

JACKIE
Well, I'm just trying to get some
life back in me.

Alicia chuckles. Jackie looks at her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
What did I do now?

ALICIA
Whenever you're complimented, you
treat it like criticism.

JACKIE
No, I don't.

ALICIA
Anyway, thanks so much for phoning
me.

JACKIE
Well, I just--
(realizes she's doing it)
You're welcome.

Alicia smiles. She grabs her hand, squeezes it.

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

So you hired this girl, Molly, to watch Zach and Grace?

ALICIA

Yes.

JACKIE

I don't like her.

ALICIA

(smiles)

Really?

JACKIE

I see your look. You think I don't like her because she's taking my place.

ALICIA

Yes, I do.

JACKIE

She's pushy. A know-it-all.

ALICIA

(smiles)

Peter's going to try to get out to see you.

Jackie turns to Alicia. Suspiciously.

JACKIE

Are you trying to make me feel good?

ALICIA

Yes. But it's true.

A NURSE enters, bringing in a dose of pills--

NURSE

Take these with a full glass of water, Mrs. Florrick.

Jackie eyes the pills as the nurse starts to leave--

JACKIE

What are these blue ones?

The nurse looks.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE
Five milligrams warfarin. *

JACKIE
How can you be sure?

Alicia considers it, thinking, as the nurse smiles:

NURSE
A practiced eye. Not to worry.

Alicia stares at the pills, absorbed. And...

31 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY 31

Zach's bedroom door. It's closed. No, actually open a half foot. Closing in, we hear...

BECCA (O.S.)
It looks kinda naked there.

32 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - ZACH'S BEDROOM - DAY 32

Zach's bedroom desk-- without a computer.

ZACH
Yeah. I think I'll get it back
when my dad's home.

Becca sits on the floor, laptop open in her lap. Zach lies on the bed, head perched on his hand, book open unread in front of him, watching her.

BECCA
Your dad's coming home?

ZACH
Yeah, I think so. On bail anyway.

BECCA
Do you want him home?

ZACH
Yeah. Why?

BECCA
Nothing. Just talking.

She looks toward him. Sees Zach eyeing her. She grins:

(CONTINUED)

BECCA (CONT'D)

So aren't you breaking the rules
with me in here?

ZACH

The door's open.

Becca looks toward the door, smiles, picks up a baseball
mitt, throws it at it, slamming the door.

BECCA

Aren't you breaking the rules with
me in here?

Zach shrugs, studies Becca. Hormones popping like popcorn.
Becca quieter, still smiling, but eyeing him.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Turn your head sideways.

Zach stares at her confused. Becca reaches out, pushes his
bent arm out from under his head, making his face level with
hers. She smiles and leans slowly toward...

...him... slowly... slowly...

...she knows how long she's stretching this out, enjoying the
power. Finally her lips reach his, kisses him. A long
lingering kiss. She backs away. Whispering:

BECCA (CONT'D)

How's that?

ZACH

Good.

Becca whispers passionately...

BECCA

What do you want me to do? What do
you want me to do to you?

ZACH

(puzzled)

I, um...

BECCA

Does she do this for you? Does she?

Zach stares at her, confused.

(CONTINUED)

BECCA (CONT'D)
You say "Oh god, please. You are amazing."
(Zach stares at her)
Come on.

ZACH
(confused)
"Oh god, please. You are amazing."

BECCA
"What do you want me to do to you?"

Zach is starting to recognize it, staring at her warily. Something so wrong here.

ZACH
It's...

BECCA
(grins)
Your dad's sex tape. Say "Just don't stop."

Zach starts to back away, but Becca kisses him again.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Say it.

Zach stares at her. Flat, the hormones talking:

ZACH
"Just don't stop."

BECCA
"What'll you give me? What'll you give me not to stop?"

Zach hesitates. Uncomfortable, but not enough to stop.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Say it. Say "everything."

ZACH
"Everything."

Zach's bedroom door. Grace passes it, shoots a look toward it. Looks toward the living room couch. Two textbooks open there. She goes to...

34 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY 34

...Molly loading the dishwasher...

GRACE

Um, Molly, you know Zach and Becca are in his room?

MOLLY

Yeah. They wanted to play some music, so I said it was alright.

Grace stares at her. Not really an answer.

GRACE

I think my mom didn't want them to.

MOLLY

It's okay. Zach just needs a bit of independence and trust right now. I don't want to infantilize him. Want to help me with dinner?

Grace stares at her. The queasy feeling you're more mature than your minder...

GRACE

Sure.

35 OMITTED 35

36 INT. FAMILY PHARMACY - DAY 36

A photo we recognize. The pill bottle at the bottom of Ben's gym bag. Alicia zeros in on a commercial logo on its prescription label: "Family Pharmacy." When...

JILL

Dropping off or picking up?

Alicia looks up at the pharmacist-- JILL, 40s, diligent, competent, been doing this too long-- in the mostly empty "Family Pharmacy." Alicia slips the photo away, and...

ALICIA

Actually... could you help me...

(name tag)

...Jill? My mother-in-law gets nervous about her pills. And I need to explain how pills are prescribed and dispensed. Do you mind? She's such a nuisance.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

Jill stares at her.

37 **INT. FAMILY PHARMACY - FIVE MINUTES LATER - DAY**

37

A buoyed Jill pulls a large stock bottle from the shelf--

JILL

It's all about tracking and barcoding. When we take twenty pills out of stock, we scan the prescription bottle to log the pills, then scan the stock bottle. In theory, it all reconciles at the end of the day.

ALICIA

In theory?

JILL

Well. Not everyone is diligent. (unhappy with coworkers) Some think when we're busy, they can just skip the barcoding. When the computer reminds them, they just manually override the warning.

Alicia considers it. Nods.

ALICIA

Would you be able to tell me if a certain prescription was barcoded?

JILL

Was it filled here?
(Alicia nods)
You have the Rx number?

Alicia hands her the photo. Jill looks up at her:

ALICIA

My mother-in-law; she takes pictures of all her pills. A bit anal.

JILL

(nods)
B. Bowers. Four ten-milligram oxycodone.
(types it in, sighs)
See, that's what I'm talking about. It's not barcoded.

Alicia stares at her, shakes her head...

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA
Terrible.

38 INT. A.S.A.'S OFFICE - DAY 38

Alicia with A.S.A. GENEVA PINE, mid-30s, blunt, intense, sexy. Never shies away from eye contact - in fact seeks it.

A.S.A. PINE
I *am* plea bargaining. Your doctor's dirty.

ALICIA
There's nothing linking--

A.S.A. PINE
(barreling over her)
He prescribed Ben Bowers oxycodone, and Ben Bowers died of an oxycodone overdose. *That's* a link.

ALICIA
And you've got a task force looking into pill pushing at local gyms, one of which--

A.S.A. PINE
Is Peter holding up okay?

What? Where'd that come from?

ALICIA
Peter?

A.S.A. PINE
Yes. How is he?

ALICIA
I-- He's fine. We've got an Associate looking into one of these pill pushers at Ben's exact gym--

A.S.A. PINE
I can do one year in jail, suspended medical license--

ALICIA
No.

A.S.A. PINE
(surprised)
I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

One year probation. No jail time.
Dr. Wesley *prescribed* ten milligram
pills to Ben and the pharmacy may
have dispensed incorrectly.

A.S.A. PINE

May have? Really, are we playing
"may haves"?

ALICIA

Check with the pharmacy. They
didn't barcode the transaction.
For all we know, they gave him
eighty milligram pills by mistake.
That's reasonable doubt.

Pine stares at her. The slightest concern.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Go ahead, give them a call. I'll
wait.

39 INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - LAWYER'S ROOM - DAY

39

Golden is startled, keeping his voice down, waiting for an
associate to leave:

GOLDEN

A wiretap? How reliable is your
source?

Peter sits with Golden in the jury holding room.

PETER

Reliable. It's Alicia. Childs's
ex-wife told her.

GOLDEN

(considers it)

Assuming it's true, and I file a
motion to compel production of the
taps-- whatever's on those tapes is
going to come out.

PETER

Right.

GOLDEN

The good *and* the bad. I mean, if
there's anything that would work
against us...

(CONTINUED)

Oh. Peter thinks a moment.

PETER
That's a lot to consider.

Golden nods, starts to reply when he sees the door opening, a GUARD there.

PETER (CONT'D)
What's up, Dominic?

The GUARD doesn't answer. Just leaves the door open. Golden and Peter look toward it. Wait. A person finally steps into sight.

PETER (CONT'D)
Kalinda?

Kalinda smiles cockily at the two men as she enters.

40 INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - LAWYER'S ROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER 40

PETER
And here we are again.

Kalinda sits across from Peter and Golden.

KALINDA
Yep, here we are. You know I've only been fired once in my life?

PETER
Still holding a grudge?

KALINDA
Giving you a chance to correct a mistake. But my rates have gone up.

Peter smiles. A job interview.

PETER
And what are your qualifications?

KALINDA
Childs asked me to work for him.

Both men are suddenly interested.

GOLDEN
To do what?

*

(CONTINUED)

Kalinda raises a casual wagging finger: no-no-no.

KALINDA
Outbid him.

Peter looks to Golden...

GOLDEN
We have some... funds. But we'll
need to know the nature of the
information you could supply.

PETER
Childs tapped my home. We don't
want to subpoena the tapes unless
we can preview them.

KALINDA
Without him knowing.

Peter nods: of course.

PETER
So accept Childs' job offer. Work
for him and... us. Should be a
familiar feeling.

Kalinda smiles, meets Peter's smile. Two peas in a
Machiavellian pod.

KALINDA
I always did like you.

Kalinda gets up, starts out. Golden watches her go. Almost
to himself.

GOLDEN
I think I'm in love.

Peter laughs.

41 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY** 41

Diane and Will. Solemn. Intense. Alicia enters cautiously.

ALICIA
This doesn't feel like good news.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

When I gave you the go-ahead to represent Dr. Wesley, I thought you knew not to sacrifice a major client for a minor one.

ALICIA

I didn't. I didn't say anything about the parking.

DIANE

Were you aware Family Pharmacy is owned in part by Memorial North?

ALICIA

(uh-oh)

No.

WILL

You gave the A.S.A. information suggesting the pharmacy was at fault in Ben's death.

ALICIA

I pointed out their inventory methods left a gray area-- which is true.

DIANE

Well, true or not, the pharmacy's now under investigation; and Memorial North wasn't too happy to have their own firm point a finger at them. They fired us.

Oh shit. Alicia stares at them.

WILL

This was our fault. We should've seen the potential for conflict.

DIANE

But put Dr. Wesley's case to bed. Make the best deal you can and get it off your docket now.

Alicia. She stares at him. And nods.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

42 **INT. A.S.A.'S OFFICE - DAY** 42

Alicia, irked, with A.S.A. Pine. Pine's eyes boring into her again. Like she's fascinated by Alicia's existence.

A.S.A. PINE
You asked me to follow-up on the information.

ALICIA
As part of Dr. Wesley's case-- not to launch a new one against the pharmacy.

A.S.A. PINE
I felt it was my professional duty to follow through. By the way, the pharmacy may not have barcoded Ben's prescription-- but they also didn't have eighty milligram oxy in stock that day.
(Alicia stares at her)
You just lost reasonable doubt.

Alicia, absorbing this - how much worse can it get? Pine looks at her. A strange smile.

ALICIA
If we can get the jail time down to four months instead of a year--

A.S.A. PINE
That was yesterday's deal. It's four years now. And a revoked medical license.

Alicia stares at her. You're kidding?

43 **INT. 27TH FLOOR - ALICIA'S OFFICE - DAY** 43

Alicia with a panicked Dr. Wesley.

DR. WESLEY
So we take it to trial.

Alicia hesitates, then:

ALICIA
If that's what you want to do, I'll help you find a lawyer to step in--

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

DR. WESLEY

What? Why?

Alicia is uncomfortable with this.

ALICIA

My firm has asked me to settle this
or help you find new representation.

DR. WESLEY

(stunned)

Four years in prison. I-- My life
would be over. My career...

Alicia studies him, tries to offer gently:

ALICIA

The A.S.A. needs an answer on the
deal by tomorrow morning. Let me
know what you want to do.

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

44

Kalinda. She sits in a chair, leaning back, her feet up on
the conference table. Just staring off into space.
Thinking. Backing out, we see Alicia sits across from her.

In silence. Both women. Pausing for a second. In their
separate worlds.

ALICIA

I need a vacation.

KALINDA

Yep.

ALICIA

He's facing four years in prison,
the loss of his career-- and you
know what? I didn't care.

KALINDA

(mock surprise)

You?

ALICIA

I just wanted his problems out of
my office. What does that say
about me?

KALINDA

It says you're becoming a lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

Alicia looks toward Kalinda. Studies her.

ALICIA
I'm amazed at how little I know
about you.

KALINDA
What do you want to know?

ALICIA
I'm not sure.

Knock-knock. They look up, see Cary knocking on the glass.
Kalinda rolls her eyes: great. More Cary.

CARY
Two things. I looked at the
paramedic's run sheet and you're
right, the times don't add up.
Looks like they parked Ben for
fifteen minutes.

KALINDA
Pretty damning.

ALICIA
But privileged.

CARY
Yeah, only if we represent them.
Right now, we don't.

A beat as they both look at Cary, realizing...

ALICIA
You want to blackmail the hospital
into being our client again?

KALINDA
(chuckles)
I like it.

CARY
It's strategic. Second thing's
even better.

He raises his cellphone, points toward it.

CARY (CONT'D)
The gym guy. He wants to sell some
oxycodone.

45 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

45

Zach works on his living room computer when Molly sweeps past, carrying laundry to fold.

MOLLY

Are you and Grace in therapy?

ZACH

In--? No.

MOLLY

Family therapy. For all this stuff with your father...

ZACH

Oh. No. We're fine.

MOLLY

It can have a serious effect on your psycho-sexual development.

Zach, uncomfortable. Wanting to work.

ZACH

I don't even think about it that much.

MOLLY

Zach. You've got pictures on your computer of your dad with a hooker and a crack pipe.

Zach freezes as Grace, hearing this, peers out of her bedroom.

ZACH

How do you-- what are you talking about?

MOLLY

I saw them when I was checking my e-mail... Does your mom know?

ZACH

(shakes his head)
Don't tell her. You don't understand what's going on here.

Molly studies him, sees Grace too...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

MOLLY
Dinner in ten minutes.

And she sweeps cheerfully into the kitchen. Zach and Grace trade a wary look. Who is she?

46 INT. IRON MUSCLE GYM - NIGHT

46

After hours. Most of the lights off. Just the work-out machines silhouetted in the dark. Trey opens the door for Cary...

CARY
Hey, so homemade acai berry supplement?

TREY
(smiles)
Yeah. Did you try it?

CARY
No. Not my speed.

TREY
It's good stuff. But sometimes you need more. You got knee pain?

CARY
(flat)
Yep, stay awake at night, crying.

Trey laughs. Takes out his business keys, flips them over his finger again and again, thinking.

TREY
Oxycodone isn't cheap.

CARY
Well, try me. I have a good job.

Okay. Trey turns to a duffel bag. Opens it. Tiny plastic baggies, bottles, every shape, size, dosage. A mobile candy-store for a pill head. Cary, perusing--

CARY (CONT'D)
These eighties?
(Trey nods)
How much?

TREY
Twenty.

(CONTINUED)

CARY
How much for ten?

TREY
Two-hundred. And for first time customers, I'll throw in a free Vike.

(Cary nods, reaches for his wallet)
You're sure you don't need some 'roids? Just looking at your muscle mass, you could do with some.

CARY
What's wrong with my muscle mass?

BOOM-- the front door blasts open, and Detective Murphy and two COPS plow through...

MURPHY
Hands on your head.

Trey slumps. Fuck. Stares daggers at Cary...

CARY
There's nothing wrong with my muscle mass.

Kalinda enters behind Murphy, smiles as Trey is cuffed...

KALINDA
See how good I am at repaying favors?

Murphy, gloved, smiles, sees a black book in the duffel.

MURPHY
Wow, the proverbial black book. These all your customers?

TREY
Don't I have the right to remain silent?

Murphy runs his finger down the page as Kalinda looks over his shoulder. Looks up-- something familiar.

MURPHY
What? Recognize one?

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA
(nods, to Trey)
You sold to Ben Bowers? The high
school football player who OD'd.
You sold to him?

TREY
No, I never sell to kids.

MURPHY
What a humanitarian.

KALINDA
Stop lying. It's right--

But Kalinda pauses, finger pointing toward the Bowers'
address when she looks up, realizing something. Oh shit.

47 **OMITTED** 47

48 **EXT. BOWERS FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT** 48

Knock-knock. Alicia and Kalinda wait at a front door. A
second. Then **Tina** Bowers opens the door. *

ALICIA
Could we talk to you a second, Mrs.
Bowers?

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

49 OMITTED 49

50 INT. BOWERS FAMILY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 50

A white pill bottle: 80 mg oxycodone. Tina's shaking hands unscrew it. Pours out the pills. *

TINA BOWERS *

Yes. Trey sold to me-- I met him at the gym. Everything was just so hard... The stress. My job. But Ben never knew about it.

She looks at Alicia and Kalinda in her house...

TINA BOWERS (CONT'D) *

He never had access to these-- I swear-- I counted them.

Kalinda eyes the pills in her nervous hands.

KALINDA

May I?

Tina nods, spills the pills into Kalinda's hand. She studies them, shifts them, picks out two, shows Tina: *

KALINDA (CONT'D)

They look identical, but kids take aspirin tablets, shave off the markings, ridges, round the edges-- so they look like oxy tablets. See.

One of the shaved pills. Tina studies it, a gasp caught in her throat. *

KALINDA (CONT'D)

They swap out the real oxy with the fakes so it looks like no pills are missing. Then they--

Alicia nods to Kalinda: okay, she gets it. Kalinda nods: okay. As Tina sits. Devastated... *

TINA BOWERS *

It's my fault.

Alicia eyes her. Her overwhelming grief--

51 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 51

Grace and Zach, eating dinner. Alicia stares at them, blurts out.

ALICIA
You two are alright, aren't you?

GRACE
Yeah, why?

ALICIA
I want you to come to me when there's anything. Okay?

ZACH
Like what?

ALICIA
I don't know. Anything.

Zach nods, looks down at his meatloaf. As Grace thinks about it. Okay, why not?

GRACE
Do you think I should get the HPV vaccine?

Alicia looks up at her. Well, that is "anything."

ALICIA
The HPV--?

GRACE
It's an STD, and you can get a shot--

ALICIA
No, I know-- I just-- where's this coming from?

ZACH
Molly said we're "hyper-sexualized" because of Dad--

ALICIA
She what?

GRACE
She said she got the HPV vaccine, and I could too.

Alicia doesn't even know where to begin. Maintaining composure--

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA
Okay. This is something we should
talk about together. Not with Molly.

GRACE
Okay.

Alicia, pissed, looks back at her plate. The food suddenly
disgusting. She gets up, takes it to the sink, washes it
off. And--

52 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - ENTRY WAY - NIGHT 52

--Alicia opens the door on Molly starting to unlock it,
groceries in her arms.

ALICIA
You're fired.

Alicia has an envelope in her hand. A check.

MOLLY
I-- Why?

Alicia takes the groceries from her...

ALICIA
Here's a lesson for your next job.
When you want to have a discussion
about sexually transmitted diseases
with your charges... talk to the
parents.

MOLLY
What?

ALICIA
Two weeks pay. Thank you.

MOLLY
I never said anything about sexually
transmitted diseases. They said I
said that? They're lying.

ALICIA
Take the check.

MOLLY
It's because of what I saw on their
computer. That's why.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA
Thank you.

And Alicia closes the door. Hears Molly outside...

MOLLY (O.S.)
You don't know what's going on in
your own house, lady.

Alicia kneels. Slides the check under the door.

53 **INT. COP BAR - NIGHT** 53

The same cop bar. Childs with the same beer. Waiting.
Checks his watch. And... Kalinda slides into the booth
across from him. Childs has a shot ready. Kalinda takes it.

CHILDS
Well?

KALINDA
They're looking for wiretaps.

Childs frowns, worried. Kalinda downs the shot.

CHILDS
My wife told him.

KALINDA
Yep. They want me to locate the
recordings.

CHILDS
How would you do that?

KALINDA
Through you.

CHILDS
(nods)
Why doesn't *he* subpoena them?

Kalinda shrugs. Childs considers it.

CHILDS (CONT'D)
He's worried what's on it. Or he
doesn't remember what's on it.

Kalinda gets up to leave.

CHILDS (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA
Home.

CHILDS
I'm not done.

KALINDA
(smiles)
You want this to work. You need to
give me something to give them.
Phone me when you have it.

And Kalinda leaves. Childs looks after her, suspicious.

54 **INT. HARBOR HOSPITAL - JACKIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER** 54

Alicia, Grace, Zach, and Peter. The whole family by Jackie's
bedside. Golden standing in the doorway, giving them a
modicum of privacy. Jackie's thrilled to see Peter--

JACKIE
You made it.

He smiles. Strokes her hand. Alicia watches him -- the
doting son.

PETER
They taking good care of you here?

JACKIE
Good enough.

PETER
You need anything?

JACKIE
I'm fine. Happy to have you all in
one room.

A nice family moment-- the first time they've all been
together in months. Golden's phone rings. Peter glances
toward him, as Golden turns away to answer.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
So is Molly filling my shoes at home?

GRACE
No. Mom got rid of her.

JACKIE
What?

(CONTINUED)

ZACH
Lasted three whole days.

ALICIA
(to Jackie)
You were right.

JACKIE
Well, I just--

But Jackie stops herself, decides to take the compliment.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

ZACH
We miss you, grandma.

JACKIE
You do not.

ZACH
We do.

Jackie looks toward Grace. She shrugs: yeah, she sort of misses her too. Jackie takes Grace's hand as...

...Golden finishes up his call, crossing to Peter, whispers in his ear:

GOLDEN
Childs is giving her a listen to the taps.

Peter looks at him: really? Golden shrugs.

JACKIE
And Peter, your appeal? How is it going?

PETER
Well, mom. Some new developments that could really help.

And Peter shoots a look toward Alicia.

JACKIE
Well, then maybe you'll be coming home the same time I do.

PETER
I hope so.

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE

Then things can go back to normal.
Wouldn't that be nice?

Alicia studies her. As we back away from the family,
dynamics about to change.

END OF SHOW