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thegoodwife

Episode #113

"Hi"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT

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THE GOOD WIFE #113
"Hi"
CAST LIST
1/7/10

ALICIA FLORRICK
WILL GARDNER
DIANE LOCKHART
CARY AGOS
KALINDA SHARMA

PETER FLORRICK
GRACE FLORRICK
ZACH FLORRICK
JACKIE FLORRICK
GLENN CHILDS

DANIEL GOLDEN
JUDGE HARVEY WINTER
ASA NATHAN LANDRY (previously Non-Speaking)
JASON RUCKER
SONYA RUCKER (formerly "Susan Rucker")
EUGENE HORNER (FORMERLY "DANNY HORNER")
DETECTIVE LOU JOHNSON (FORMERLY "DET. IRA JOHNSON")
* DETECTIVE ANTHONY BURTON (FORMERLY "DET. ANTHONY BEAL")
MAX
BETH
* KIRSTEN (FORMERLY "DONNA")
COOK COUNTY SHERIFF
SEATTLE CHICK
SERVER

OMITTED

PAM HARPER

THE GOOD WIFE #113
"Hi"
SET LIST
1/7/10

Interiors:

ALICIA'S APARTMENT
 MASTER BEDROOM
 VARIOUS ROOMS
28TH FLOOR
 WILL'S OFFICE
 DIANE'S OFFICE
 HALLS
 CONFERENCE ROOM
 SECRETARIAL STATION
CRIMINAL COURTS
 COURTROOM #217
 HALLWAY
SEATTLE CHICK'S BEDROOM
RUCKER HOUSE
 LIVING ROOM
 MASTER BEDROOM
 BATH
POLICE STATION
 INTERROGATION ROOM
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - DORM HALL
STUDIO HALL
 STUDIO APARTMENT
BAR
BUILDING LOBBY
 ELEVATOR

Exteriors

RUCKER HOUSE
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - DORM HALL
NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE

TEASER

1

INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

1

ALICIA. Being questioned. As usual.

SHERIFF (O.S.)
And there's no contraband in the
apartment?

ALICIA
That's correct.

SHERIFF
Any firearms?

ALICIA
None.

SHERIFF
Any other weapons of any kind?

Alicia pauses, stares at the COOK COUNTY SHERIFF. Tall, muscular, not unkind. Official language, but human delivery.

ALICIA
Well, knives. Do they count?

SHERIFF
What kind of knives?

ALICIA
Steak knives.

SHERIFF
Can I see them please?

Okay. Alicia opens a drawer. Kitchen knives. The Sheriff inspects them, concludes:

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
That's fine. Which room would your
husband inhabit?

Alicia pauses, leads him toward the maid's quarters. Points in. Not bad. Snug, but warm. The sheriff looks it over.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
*If the judge approves electronic
monitoring, I'll need a small space
by the front door for the receiver.
Do you have wifi?*

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

Yes.

SHERIFF

I'll have to test it to make sure
there's no interference.

Alicia nods, looks up to see JACKIE watching from the
kitchen: still pale from her stroke, but mobile, feisty.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Now I have to ask your children a
few questions if you don't mind.

ALICIA

What kind of questions?

SHERIFF

Nothing invasive. The same
questions I asked you.
(off Alicia's reluctance)
Please.

Okay. Alicia leads him toward the living room:

ALICIA

Zach. Grace.

A fascinated ZACH and GRACE have been listening all along and
pop out of the living room, ready: "Yeah?" "What?"

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Do either of you have contraband in
your rooms?

The Sheriff looks toward Alicia, not what he expected. Zach
and Grace take a second.

ZACH & GRACE

No.

ALICIA

Do you have firearms?

ZACH & GRACE

(trade a look)

No.

ALICIA

Any other weapons?

They shake their heads as Alicia's cellphone rings...

(CONTINUED)

1

ALICIA (CONT'D)
I think that should do it. Would
you excuse me, Sheriff?
(answering)
Hello?

DIANE (O.S.)
*Alicia? Hello, this is Diane. I'm
sorry to interrupt your evening, but
we've had-- we need you to come in.*

Alicia looks up at Jackie, Zach, Grace, the Sheriff.

ALICIA
Now?

DIANE (O.S.)
*Yes, I'm sorry. It's very
important.*

And we're with...

2

INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLS - NIGHT

2

...DIANE, in an elegant dress-- as if called from a party--
rushing down the 28th floor hall. (We should say right now--
everything in this episode happens at a rush.)

DIANE
And could you bring a few things?
Toiletries, clothing for 48 hours.
And a man's tie...

And-- ding-- the elevator doors open, a woman exiting. SONYA
RUCKER (35). African-American, a power woman in a power
suit. CEO of an internet firm.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Sonya, I'm so sorry.

Sonya opens her mouth: used to knowing exactly what to say.
But she starts to cry. Diane reaches out, hugs her, as...

3

INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

3

JACKIE
What is it about?

Alicia finding a man's tie in her closet, stuffing it quickly
into a small overnight bag.

(CONTINUED)

3

ALICIA

I don't know. I'll phone as soon
as I find out-- Are you okay?

JACKIE

Oh yes, we'll be fine.

ALICIA

Mrs. Kelzick's downstairs-- she's
just a phone call away.

Jackie nods, smiles. Some kind of corner turned in their
relationship? More understanding.

JACKIE

Is Peter really coming home?

ALICIA

I don't know. They just do this to
prepare. We'll see.

Alicia starts out; and we're suddenly with...

4

INT. SEATTLE CHICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

4

...CARY kissing a pretty SEATTLE CHICK passionately, half-
undressed. Whispering. Just the two...

CARY

So when is something supposed to happen?

SEATTLE CHICK

About an hour. Maybe more. You never
did mushrooms in the Peace Corps?

CARY

Hey, I was with the good kids.

Seattle laughs, pulls at his shirt...

CARY (CONT'D)

So, what, does your face turn into
a cow's head or something?

SEATTLE CHICK

Just wait. 24 hours of bliss.

But Cary's cellphone rings. He reaches down for it...

SEATTLE CHICK (CONT'D)

No, no! No cellphones.

(CONTINUED)

4

She kicks it under a couch, laughing.

CARY

Hey!

He kneels down, hearing the muffled ringing, as Seattle Chick collects his discarded clothes. Answering the phone...

CARY (CONT'D)

Hello?

INTERCUT with...

5

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

5

WILL

Cary, I know you were supposed to get tomorrow off, but we need you in, now.

Will, in gym clothes, with gym bag, rushing into the lobby...

CARY

Ummm, okay. I-- Why, what is it?

WILL

Collecting the troops. Put everything on hold for 48 hours, okay?

Shit. Cary looks around, sees Seattle Chick dumping his clothes out the front door.

CARY

Hey!

He races for them, while...

...Will hangs up, dials again, pushes the elevator button...

WILL

Are you there?

KALINDA (O.S.)

Just pulling up now. What do we know?

WILL

Diane's interviewing the wife now. How bad does it look?

6

EXT. RUCKER HOUSE - NIGHT

6

KALINDA looks up at a crime scene. An upscale house. Ritzy neighborhood. Surrounded by cop cars.

KALINDA

Bad.

WILL (O.S.)

Got it. See what you can get.

Kalinda nods, sees DETECTIVE LOU JOHNSON (37), wrestler squat, bullet-headed, tough guy cynical, getting out of his unmarked car. She catches up to him:

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Hey, Kalinda, what're you doing here?

KALINDA

I had a deposition get cancelled. Saw your lights. What's up?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Homicide in the suburbs. Better than Cirque du Soleil.

KALINDA

Who is it?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Female, no ID, looks about 20. Security guard says it's the babysitter.

KALINDA

What is it, a burglary gone wrong?

But Johnson stares at her getting under the crime scene tape.

KALINDA (CONT'D)

Come on. It's making me nostalgic. I've got a police scanner at home to keep me company.

DETECTIVE BURTON

Hey, Kalinda, what's up?

*

Detective ANTHONY BURTON (mid-20s), quietly intelligent homicide cop, hides his ambition under a quipping street-wise ease. Likes Kalinda. Likes battling her.

*

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA

Hey, **Burton**. Just wanted to see the professionals at work. *

He opens the door for her. Johnson stares at **Burton**. *

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Civilians aren't welcome.

DETECTIVE **BURTON** *
What? She's a friendly, Lou. She scratches our back; we scratch hers.

Johnson assents reluctantly. Kalinda smiles as she enters.

7 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT** 7

Diane questions an overwrought, rambling Sonya:

SONYA RUCKER
I was at work. Our security company called. A panic alarm was triggered at home and no one was picking up. So I rushed home-- the security guard was there, but I-- I ran to the twins' room.

8 **INT. RUCKER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT** 8

EUGENE HORNER
The kids were fine. She took them to their grandparents.

The security guard. EUGENE HORNER (29). A suburban Dirty Harry. Excited by all the attention. **Burton** and Johnson question him in the upscale living room, Kalinda watching. *

EUGENE HORNER (CONT'D)
I said she should wait for you guys here-- that you'd want to talk to her and Mr. Rucker.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
So Mr. Rucker was with her?

EUGENE HORNER
No, it was just her.

Kalinda takes everything in. Children's toys on the floor. A little baggie of pot. A half-smoked joint perched on the edge of a coaster/ash tray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE BURTON

*

I don't see the babysitter's car.
Who picks her up, drops her off?

EUGENE HORNER

Mr. Rucker.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE BURTON

The husband? He's like a stay-at-home dad, right?

EUGENE HORNER

Yeah-- yes, sir.

Kalinda sees the fireplace. A stand holding a fireplace poker, but the poker is missing.

DETECTIVE BURTON

Do you know where Mr. Rucker is now?

9 INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 9

SONYA RUCKER

At the movies.

Diane still questioning Sonya as Will listens at the door...

SONYA RUCKER (CONT'D)

We get the babysitter on Thursdays so my husband can take the night off. Otherwise he's home all day.

DIANE

You haven't gotten in touch with Jason yet?

SONYA RUCKER

No. I've been trying his cell.

Diane trades a look with Will whose cellphone vibrates. A text. He reads it. *"Pot at scene."*

DIANE

Could you write down his number?

SONYA RUCKER

(doing so)

You don't think they'll think Jason...?

DIANE

We have to prepare for everything.

Diane hands the written number out to...

10 INT. 28TH FLOOR - SECRETARIAL STATION - NIGHT 10

...Will, who hurriedly dials, gets a machine, rushes into his office, opening a cabinet to pull out a fresh dress shirt...

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Mr. Rucker, this is Will Gardner, a partner at the law firm that represents your wife's company. When you get this message, could you call me--

11 INT. RUCKER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM & BATH - NIGHT 11

And we see why. Kalinda follows Johnson and **Burton** into the large master bedroom, finding the first sign of violence. Splotches of blood on the floor. *

DETECTIVE **BURTON** *

Struggle here. Here. Got blood spray here. Crenellated.

A white wall splattered with blood. Kalinda keeps behind them. A police photographer taking photos. Kalinda looks toward the floor. The blood getting thicker, thicker. Pools of it now. Hushed. Just Murphy's voice...

DETECTIVE **BURTON** (CONT'D) *

More struggle. More defensive spray. On the door. Handprint. What's this?

A black dot on the floor-- about the size of a dime. Blood all over it. **Burton** kneels, studies it. A black rubber nub. *

DETECTIVE **BURTON** (CONT'D) *

Hey, Brian. Get a picture of this? What is it?

The CSI snaps pictures, as Kalinda studies it too.

KALINDA

Looks like a rubber nub from under a computer.

Burton, Johnson, the CSI look over at her. She shrugs: *

KALINDA (CONT'D)

Just a guess.

Meanwhile, **Burton** carefully nudges the door open. It's a beautiful white-tiled master bathroom, but it's been sprayed with blood, and a pale naked body lies crumpled on the floor, halfway into the shower stall, the walk-in door open. *

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Is that the babysitter?

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

12

 SONYA RUCKER

 Yes. Lisa Pruitt. I found her--
 she was-- in my bathroom.

Sonya swallows tearfully, studying a photo of a sweet young English major pulled from her Facebook page.

 DIANE

 I'm sorry to ask you this, Sonya,
 but our investigator at the scene
 is saying there was marijuana. Did
 Jason smoke pot?

 SONYA RUCKER

 No. I mean, in college. Why?

13 **INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT**

13

JASON RUCKER (34). Handsome, Caucasian, professorial. With an antic spirit. A grown boy. And unaware that he's on the verge of having his life explode. He approaches the lobby elevators, smiles at Alicia approaching the other way, with her night bag. They push the up button. He recognizes her:

 JASON RUCKER

 Sorry. You're...?

Alicia smiles, nods, used to it. Something cheerful, not dangerous about this guy.

 JASON RUCKER (CONT'D)

 You get that a lot?

 ALICIA

 Less so.

 JASON RUCKER

 Sorry, I'm a news junkie. Your
 husband-- I heard he's getting out.

 ALICIA

 I don't know. It changes day to day.

 JASON RUCKER

 I hope he does.

 ALICIA

 Thank you.

Ding-- the elevator arrives, and...

14 **INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

14

JASON RUCKER
Which floor?

ALICIA
(surprised)
You just pushed it.

JASON RUCKER
Oh, you work at Stern, Lockhart?
Then maybe you know what this is
about? Something about my wife's
company?

ALICIA
Sorry. Junior Associate. I'm the
last to know.

Ding-- the doors open on the 28th floor, revealing Sonya
there. She goes to her husband, hugs him, holds him tight.

JASON RUCKER
What's wrong? What happened?

SONYA RUCKER
I...

But she starts to cry. Uh-oh, Jason pales...

JASON RUCKER
The twins--?

No, no, Sonya shakes her head, crying, as Alicia eyes the two.

WILL
Mr. Rucker, do you have a second?

They turn to see Will coming out of the conference room.

15 **INT. RUCKER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM & BATH - NIGHT**

15

Kalinda stands behind, just observing, as Johnson and **Burton** *
lean over the pale, bloody corpse, hushed...

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Not a knife. Those aren't deep
enough for knife wounds.

DETECTIVE **BURTON** *
Looks like a blunt instrument.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Something from the bedroom?

They look around as Kalinda watches them.

KALINDA
Check the fireplace poker
downstairs. It's missing.

Johnson finally sighs...

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
You've seen enough. Let's go.

A stunned Jason stares at Will, Alicia, Cary. Having just heard what happened. He starts to say something. Stops.

JASON RUCKER
Oh my god. I... But I just saw her.

WILL
You just saw her-- the babysitter--
when you picked her up?

JASON RUCKER
Yes. I picked her up at her dorm,
and drove her to...
(slowing down as he
realizes)
I'm in trouble? I'm the last one
who saw her? They'll suspect me?

WILL
Yes.

JASON RUCKER
On my god.

Alicia watches, sympathizing. As Cary next to her raises his hand, stares at it. Um, Alicia turns to him: what are you doing?

JASON RUCKER (CONT'D)
Then why--? I need to go to the
police, don't I?

WILL
I just spoke to them. I agreed to
surrender you in the morning.
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

But these first few hours of an investigation are always the most important. Anything can be misinterpreted.

JASON RUCKER

Well, won't my coming here-- be misinterpreted?

Alicia sees Cary starting to move his hand from side-to-side, up and down. Um.

WILL

Unfortunately it's a risk we have to take. This early in an investigation, it's all about leverage. You have the right to remain silent, so our leverage is in how much access we allow the police. They want more. We want less. So we are the gatekeepers to... you.

CARY

Yep.

Will looks over at Cary-- um, what's that about?-- but a balding man with a suitcase passes in the hall.

WILL

We are going to have you take a polygraph, Mr. Rucker. This is not about truth or innocence.

JASON RUCKER

I'm sorry-- a lie detector test?

Will nods, as he motions to the balding man to enter.

WILL

Yes, I need information. It's about how much to let you talk vs. how much to keep you silent.

Alicia hands Jason the tie she brought in:

ALICIA

Here you go.

JASON RUCKER

Thank you.

Meanwhile, Will sees his cellphone ringing, steps away...

(CONTINUED)

WILL (CONT'D)

It's now the most crucial 48 hours of his life. If the police charge him, bail's a long shot and he could be in prison for a year before he comes to trial.

Cary tries to pull his hand away, but Alicia holds on.

WILL (CONT'D)

Even if he's found innocent, that's a year of his life gone. So these 48 hours are like a mini-trial. We need to get the cops to look somewhere else and get him released. Okay?

ALICIA

I rode up in the elevator with him. Either he's the best actor in the world or he didn't know any of this happened.

WILL

Okay, good. It would be nice if he was innocent. It's a better hand--

Ding-- two elevators arrive-- and BOOOOM!-- four cops pile out, heading toward the conference room...

DETECTIVE BURTON

Jason Rucker.

*

WILL

Come on, we had an agreement--

But **Burton** ignores him, sees Jason in the conference room, plows inside, rips him from the incomplete polygraph test:

*

DETECTIVE BURTON

Mr. Rucker, you are under arrest for the murder of Lisa Pruitt.

*

Burton slaps handcuffs on Jason, continues:

*

DETECTIVE BURTON (CONT'D)

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say or do can and will be used against you--

*

As he continues, Sonya rushes out of Diane's office, yelling:

SONYA RUCKER

Jason! JASON!

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (2) 19

Will, Alicia and Cary watch Jason being escorted out...

WILL
Okay, here we go. 48 hours.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

20

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS - COURTROOM #217 - DAY

20

PETER FLORRICK enters court between two guards. In all his suited glory: big man on campus...

PETER FLORRICK
Hey, Dominic, how are the kids?
Cammy, you look like you're getting
younger. How's it going, Frank?

DANIEL GOLDEN eyes Peter joining him at the defense table.

DANIEL GOLDEN
You seem happy.

PETER FLORRICK
The fog dissipates, the rain
clears, and everything makes sense.

DANIEL GOLDEN
You made a decision?

PETER FLORRICK
Yep. Where's Alicia?

But Peter sees GLENN CHILDS entering court, starting toward the prosecutor's table, pausing beside him...

GLENN CHILDS
Peter.

PETER FLORRICK
Glenn.
(stops him from turning)
So that offer you made?

GLENN CHILDS
What offer might that be?

PETER FLORRICK
(smiles)
Freedom today-- if I don't fight
the conviction, stay disbarred,
can't run again.

GLENN CHILDS
Oh, yes, that offer. The smart move
would be to take it, so I think I
know what you're going to say.

(CONTINUED)

PETER FLORRICK

"Go to hell?"

GLENN CHILDS

Something like that.

PETER FLORRICK

Do you want the longer version?

GLENN CHILDS

Can't wait.

PETER FLORRICK

I'm coming for you. Watch your back. I'm coming.

Childs smiles, shakes his head, goes to the prosecutor table. Peter whispers to Golden, determined:

PETER FLORRICK (CONT'D)

I'm testifying.

DANIEL GOLDEN

Would it help if I told you that's a mistake?

PETER FLORRICK

If I end up in a twelve by twelve cell for the next nine years, I want to know I did everything I could. Try Alicia again.

Golden nods, turns to his cell, dials, as...

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

...Alicia checks her cellphone... "No Service." She and Cary sit with a nervous Jason, waiting in a cinder block interrogation room. Bare boned. Video camera on a tripod. No one-way mirror. Just a window looking out.

JASON RUCKER

I liked her. I wouldn't hurt her.

Alicia looks at the camera, goes to it, checking: it's off.

ALICIA

You were at the movies?

JASON RUCKER

"Legend of Condor Hero." It's a wuxia movie.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

A...?

JASON RUCKER

Wuxia. Wire-fu. Chinese flying.

ALICIA

Oh, like "Crouching Tiger"?

Jason gives her a look. Clearly a tourist. Alicia smiles.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Sorry.

JASON RUCKER

They play them every Thursday night
at Armour Square. Chinatown.

ALICIA

Do you have the ticket stub?

JASON RUCKER

No, I threw it away.

ALICIA

You--? Okay, we'll have to find
someone there who saw you.

CARY

My shoes feel like they're walking
on their own.

They both look at Cary.

ALICIA

Cary, could I talk to you a second?

And she steps away. Cary grins, follows her...

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Are you on something?

CARY

No. I like you, Alicia.

ALICIA

I like you too. I need you to pull
it together.

CARY

Okay. Here we go. Pulling.

(CONTINUED)

Alicia sighs, peers out, sees...

22 **INT. POLICE STATION - DAY** 22

...Will and Detective Johnson, as different as two people can be, negotiating in whispers...

WILL
I showed you his lie detector test--

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
--a *partial* test you conducted--

WILL
--By a top FBI polygraphist; and he was passing with flying colors.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Then let me question him.

WILL
With conditions.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
I could charge him right now.

WILL
Then do it. What's stopping you?

Johnson stares at Will, doesn't like him.

WILL (CONT'D)
You don't have enough. Two of my lawyers stay in with him at all times. They have freedom to consult privately with camera off. 15 minute breaks every hour.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
What, no food?

WILL
Pizza. In one hour.

Johnson stares at him, frowns, clearly going to give in, while...

23 **EXT. RUCKER HOUSE - DAY** 23

...Kalinda walks with the security guard, Eugene Horner...

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA

The panic alarm was triggered from inside?

EUGENE HORNER

Yeah-- yes, ma'am.

KALINDA

So the alarm wasn't triggered from someone breaking in? It was triggered by someone already in?

EUGENE HORNER

Yeah. That's why they're thinking the husband did it, because he could disarm the system.

Horner is distracted, eyeing a PRETTY BLONDE NEIGHBOR (early 20s) heading from her car to her home. Kalinda eyes him, eyes his interest.

KALINDA

And who else could disarm the system, Mr. Horner?

EUGENE HORNER

Who else? Beside Mr. Rucker? Well, the housekeeper. And, um, Lisa... the babysitter.

KALINDA

Miss Pruitt?

EUGENE HORNER

Yeah. What?

KALINDA

You said "Lisa."

EUGENE HORNER

Yeah, Lisa Pruitt. Why?

KALINDA

What's their housekeeper's name?

EUGENE HORNER

Their--? I don't know.

KALINDA

But you know Lisa's name?

Horner stops, stares at her.

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE HORNER

I try to be observant.

KALINDA

Selectively observant. You also can disarm the alarm system, right? It's not just the housekeeper and Lisa, the babysitter? You can too?

EUGENE HORNER

I don't think I want to answer any more of your questions, Miss...?

KALINDA

Just call me Kalinda. You seem to have an affinity for first names.

DETECTIVE BURTON

You don't need to answer any more of her questions.

*

Kalinda smiles, sees Burton pulling up in his unmarked car. She walks alongside him as he coasts toward the house...

*

KALINDA

So did you find the murder weapon?

DETECTIVE BURTON

The Poker? Outside the back door, right where the husband dropped it.

*

KALINDA

(laughs)

The husband? Really? How's that play?

DETECTIVE BURTON

He lets himself in, tries to rape her; she resists; he kills her. Steals her missing red purse and triggers the alarm on the way out to make it look like a burglary.

*

KALINDA

I'm liking the security guard.

DETECTIVE BURTON

And you're such an unbiased observer.

*

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA

Guard sees the babysitter, covets her, lets himself in, disarms the code, tries to rape her, she resists, steals her pretty red purse, triggers the alarm on the way out to make it look like a burglary.

DETECTIVE BURTON

Husband lost his job as a cartoonist two months ago. Spends his days being Mr. Mom while wife is off making an internet fortune. Hubby wants to reassert his manhood.

(off Kalinda's look)

Hey, I'm all for dime store psychoanalysis when it helps me close a case.

*

Kalinda laughs, starts away:

KALINDA

Just leave an open mind for the security guard.

DETECTIVE BURTON

Hey, my mind is as open as a field of poppies.

*

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

The pretty Blonde Neighbor eyed earlier by the security guard. **KIRSTEN** (20s). Reality TV reject. Kalinda at her door.

*

KIRSTEN

He *is* a little creepy. Walks around like he's saving the neighborhood. Reminds me of that talk show guy.

*

They peer out toward the security car up the street.

KALINDA

Kimmel?

KIRSTEN

Yeah. And you know what? We had a break-in right after he started six months ago.

*

KALINDA

Yeah? What'd they take?

(CONTINUED)

KIRSTEN

That's the thing. Just some money from our bureau, some clothes from my closet, and popsicles.

KALINDA

Popsicles? Huh.

KIRSTEN

Yeah, I think *he* just did it so he could come around and take a report, you know? Same thing with three other houses in the neighborhood. Just creepy. And to think they arm them.

Kalinda looks out toward his car.

KALINDA

Yeah, creepy.

She takes out her cellphone, starts to text, and...

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

...Will looks up from his cell, reading the text as Detective Johnson continues to question a nervous Jason.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Then what did you do?

JASON RUCKER

Well, I dropped her at the house. I made sure she had my cell number, then I went to the movies.

WILL

Did you see the security guard anywhere near the house?

Johnson looks over at Will, smiles, sees what he's doing.

JASON RUCKER

The guard? Sure. He's always around.

WILL

Have you seen him around much when you dropped off Lisa Pruitt?

JASON RUCKER

I guess.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
(smiling at Will)
Yes, thank you, Mr. Gardner, we're
following all leads.

WILL
Really, because I see you have another
interrogation room unoccupied.

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS - COURTROOM #217 - DAY

Peter Florrick. He straightens his tie as he sits. On the
stand. Clearing his throat. Golden faces him.

DANIEL GOLDEN
So... very simply, you are in jail
right now, sir, because you D.P.'ed
cases? Is that right?

PETER FLORRICK
Yes, sir.

DANIEL GOLDEN
Could you explain?

PETER FLORRICK
Well, D.P. means "Declining to
Prosecute." It's when a State's
Attorney moves an investigation from
an active stage to an inactive one.

DANIEL GOLDEN
And you did this often?

PETER FLORRICK
Yes, pretty much every day during the
six years I served. A State's
Attorney's job-- which even our
current State's Attorney should know--

He nods toward Childs at the prosecution table beside LANDRY.

PETER FLORRICK (CONT'D)
--is about marshalling your troops:
using your limited resources for
greatest advantage.

Judge Winter sits back listening.

DANIEL GOLDEN
And what cases did you decline to
prosecute?

(CONTINUED)

PETER FLORRICK

Investigations into allegedly corrupt real estate practices. Speculators were buying up depressed properties around the land where Olympic stadiums were to be built.

DANIEL GOLDEN

So? Why did you stop these investigations? They sound promising.

PETER FLORRICK

For a very simple reason. *Lashkar-e-Taiba*. A jihadist extremist group believed to be active in Chicago and allegedly involved in the Mumbai attacks last year. I pulled investigators from these other cases because I thought the pursuit of Islamic extremists was more important.

Childs rolls his eyes. Can't believe it. Florrick wrapping himself in the American flag.

DANIEL GOLDEN

In fact, wasn't there just an arrest in December?

PETER FLORRICK

Yes, sir. David Coleman Headley. Allegedly a key L.e.T. member.

Golden pauses, pleased at Peter's answer.

DANIEL GOLDEN

And why didn't you testify about all this at your trial?

PETER FLORRICK

Well, I should have. But there was a larger consideration. A failing in my personal life--

Peter looks toward the court: no Alicia.

PETER FLORRICK (CONT'D)

--was being used against me. I wanted to protect my family from further pain; and I knew I couldn't testify about these false corruption charges without testifying about my... life.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL GOLDEN

Thank you, Mr. Florrick.

JUDGE WINTER

Mr. Landry, your witness.

But Childs reaches over, stops Landry from standing.

GLENN CHILDS

Actually my witness, your honor.

Golden and Peter turn toward him, startled. Simply...

DANIEL GOLDEN

Um, your honor... objection.

GLENN CHILDS

On what grounds?

JUDGE WINTER

Mr. Childs, you're not the judge here.

GLENN CHILDS

Apologies, your honor.

DANIEL GOLDEN

Mr. Childs is instrumental in the matters directly under consideration here, your honor. Those are the "grounds."

GLENN CHILDS

But Peter Florrick is such a great American hero and was so instrumental in the defense of this country--

DANIEL GOLDEN

--your honor--

GLENN CHILDS

--I'm sure he wouldn't mind a few softball questions.

JUDGE WINTER

My goodness, the sarcasm is as thick as butter here today.

PETER FLORRICK

I don't mind being questioned by Mr. Childs, your honor. In fact, I welcome it.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE WINTER
Well, then, let's take a short
break for lunch, and take up right
where we left off.

27 **EXT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - DORM HALL - DAY** 27

Kalinda gets out of her car, rushes toward a college dorm,
pauses, sees a police car out front. Damn. A little late.

28 **INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - DORM HALL - DAY** 28

Cards, flowers, burned-out candles grouped around a dorm
door. A half-dozen kids support each other. Kneel. Weep.
Kalinda joins them, sees **Burton** and a cop in the dorm room,
talking to a roommate. Meanwhile, in whispers: *

BETH
She was selling drugs-- I bet it
was a drug deal gone bad.

Kalinda turns, interested, to two Juniors gossiping in
whispers. A couple. English major types. Wannabe poetess,
BETH (21), and MAX (22), long-haired Jack Kerouac vibe.

MAX
Come on, you don't know that.

BETH
I knew her better than you did.

MAX
I think it was that guy from the
neighborhood where she babysat.
She always said he was a nuisance.

KALINDA
Hi. Excuse me. Do you have a
minute?

Max turns to her, looks her up and down. Attractive.

BETH
I have to get to class.

MAX
Are you a cop?

KALINDA
Nope. Homicide.

Max nods, sounds official. Kalinda sees the cops finishing up questioning, starting out...

KALINDA (CONT'D)

This way please.

MAX

(yells back to Beth)

See you after Comp.

Kalinda leads Max down the hall...

KALINDA

So what were you saying about Miss Pruitt's babysitting? Did she say something about a security guard?

MAX

No. A security--? No. It was the dad she was working for. Um, what's his name? Burkle? No, Rucker.

Kalinda stares at him. Damn.

MAX (CONT'D)

She said he was getting too close. Making her uncomfortable. They were working on something together. Some project. And she said she was gonna quit.

Kalinda looks up, sees the police approach. Uh-oh.

MAX (CONT'D)

So do you want me to make a statement or something?

KALINDA

Yes, but not right now. Maybe you and I could meet up later and I'll take it down then. Can I get your number?

MAX

(joking)

Yeah, but I'm dating somebody.

KALINDA

(blinks)

I'll try to restrain myself.

29

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

29

Will studies a text on his cellphone, looks up at Cary and Alicia. Unhappily. Alicia looks toward him: what?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

So you threw away your ticket stub,
is that it?

JASON RUCKER

Yes.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Okay. And this Chinese movie, what
was it about?

JASON RUCKER

"Legend of the Condor Heros?" It's
about two sons learning martial
arts in Mongolia.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Sounds exciting. And you know Chinese?

JASON RUCKER

Chinese? No.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

So how did you understand it?

JASON RUCKER

The subtitles.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Odd. We checked. There were no
subtitles on the print last night.

Will and Alicia trade a look as Johnson continues:

DETECTIVE JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Usually there are subtitles. But
not on that one.

WILL

Let's take a break for a second.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Yes, you do that, Mr. Gardner.

Johnson smiles, gets up from the table...

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

Detective. The camera.

Oh. Johnson returns to the camera. Showily clicks it off. Nothing up his sleeves, exits.

WILL

What's going on?

JASON RUCKER

It has nothing to do with this.

WILL

Mr. Rucker, you don't understand, the decisions you make right now you'll be regretting for decades if you don't make them right.

CARY

Yeah.

Cary. Oddly repeating. Alicia and Will look toward him.

JASON RUCKER

Look, I just-- you don't know what it's like to be out of work: to be just stuck at home.

ALICIA

I do. So tell me.

JASON RUCKER

I... I have a place to work: to do... I do graphic novels. But just on spec. I'm not being paid.

Will trades a look with Alicia: oh jeez.

ALICIA

So you have an office where you do this work? That's where you were? Not at the movies?

JASON RUCKER

Yeah, it's just a studio to draw. It's nothing. It's the size of a closet.

WILL

And Lisa Pruitt was working with you?

Jason looks toward Will, startled that he knows.

(CONTINUED)

WILL (CONT'D)

Our investigator is talking to a friend of Pruitt's. She did writing for your graphic novel?

JASON RUCKER

(embarrassed)

Yes.

WILL

Were you sleeping with her?

JASON RUCKER

No.

WILL

What's there? What's at your studio that the police will... misunderstand?

JASON RUCKER

I don't know.

ALICIA

Has she been there? Has Lisa been there?

JASON RUCKER

Yes, once.

Both Will and Alicia slump.

JASON RUCKER (CONT'D)

Look, I didn't say anything because I knew how it would look.

WILL

Okay, tell us where. Where's this studio?

Burton and a cop rush out of the dorm room on a mission, passing Kalinda...

*

DETECTIVE **BURTON**

Hey, sorry, Kalinda. I was just about to take your security guard seriously too.

*

Kalinda catches up...

30

CONTINUED:

30

KALINDA

What do you have?

DETECTIVE BURTON

Looks like your client had a little love nest. Just found the address on the victim's computer.

*

KALINDA

You know the security guard had priors for selling dope? And a hero complex.

DETECTIVE BURTON

Yep, sounds fascinating. You keep on that.

*

KALINDA

There are three unexplained burglaries in the last six months. All on the nights the security guard worked.

And **Burton** races ahead out toward his car as Kalinda runs toward her car, getting on her cell, and we CUT TO...

*

31

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

31

...Will outside the interrogation booth...

WILL

Damn. I just sent Alicia off to check it out.

KALINDA (O.S.)

Well, she's got about ten minutes on them.

WILL

Okay. Calling.
(hits speed dial)
Alicia, where are you?

INTERCUT with...

32

INT. STUDIO HALL - DAY

32

...Alicia on her cell outside a loft studio. A row of doors. Not tenement, but not the tops. She searches a planter.

ALICIA

I'm looking for his hide-a-key. Didn't he say the planter?

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Yes, and, not to put too much pressure on you, but the police are on their way.

ALICIA

On their way *here*?

WILL

Yes. About ten minutes behind you. Now it's not a crime scene, so you are fine to inspect and take anything you want.

Alicia finds the hide-a-key.

ALICIA

Take anything I want? What are we saying? I have the key.

WILL

Look, I don't know what you're going to find in there, but until the police declare it a crime scene, you can preserve for our uses anything you find.

Alicia frowns as she lets herself...

...in, looks at the walls, covered with graphic novel panels. Dark, gritty. Good stuff. A small studio. On the cell...

ALICIA

Has Jason said anything?

WILL

No. But the police could misunderstand something they find. And Kalinda thinks the security guard is heating up.

Alicia frowns. Doesn't sound kosher to her. But she looks around. Studies a desk. Sees a sheaf of writing. "By Lisa Pruitt" on the title page. A short story.

ALICIA

There's something written by her. A short story.

WILL

Okay, I think we could use that.

Alicia pauses. Fuck. Is this right? She looks at the short story, takes it. Finds underneath it. A card for a lawyer. "Logan & Harper." She takes that too. Turns toward the studio's restroom. Peers in. A toilet, sink, shower.

ALICIA

Blonde hair on a brush.

Will winces. Considers it. Alicia considers it too.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

What do I do?

WILL

Is it a long hair?

ALICIA

Yes.

Will frowns, looks toward Johnson heading toward the interrogation room.

WILL

Take it.

Alicia nods: does so. Opens the shower door, checks the drain.

ALICIA

No hair in the drain.

WILL

Thanks. Good.

She starts to close the shower door when she sees something hanging by the towel. A piece of clothing? She lifts it slightly. A bra. Alicia winces.

ALICIA

A bra. By the shower.

Will slumps. Fuck. Torn. Running the ethical permutations:

WILL

One second.

But Alicia hears noise outside. Skidding. She rushes to the studio window, peers out. Sees police cars skidding up two stories below. Dammit.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED: (2)

33

ALICIA

They're here.

Hurrying, Alicia hangs up, rushes back into the bathroom, sees a trash pail, empty, a small plastic lining. Takes the lining, pushes her hand through it to grab the bra, wraps it in the lining. Frowns. Fuck. Fuck.

34

INT. STUDIO HALL - DAY

34

Alicia quickly rushes out the studio door. Takes the key, quickly clicks it back into the hide-a-key compartment. Hearing footsteps coming up the stairs.

She sticks it back in the planter, steps down the hall away from the stairs as...

...the cops and **Burton** race to the top, find the door open. Damn, Alicia didn't close it all the way. They enter as Alicia exhales and starts down the stairs.

*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

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

35

The plastic lining is put on Will's desk. The brush. Then the short story. Will looks up at Alicia.

WILL
Thanks. Are you alright?

ALICIA
I think so.

WILL
You were well within the law?

ALICIA
"Well"?

WILL
You were within the law. I know sometimes it feels like a game, but we're not here to pursue the truth. We're here to defend a client.

ALICIA
And if he's guilty?

WILL
Then he's guilty. Truth is above our pay grade.

Alicia nods. Okay.

ALICIA
Who's with Jason now?

WILL
Cary.

Alicia pauses. Uh-oh. Starts to talk, stops.

WILL (CONT'D)
Take a few hours off. Get some lunch or something.

ALICIA
Are you going back to... help Cary?

WILL
Yes. Go. Get this off your mind.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

Alicia nods, starts out, sees Diane in her office, talking with Sonya...

ALICIA

Is she telling her?

WILL

Yep. That can't be a fun conversation.

36

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

36

And we're inside now with... Sonya listening.

DIANE

Why do you not look surprised? You knew he had a studio?

SONYA RUCKER

No, but-- every marriage runs on a few secrets, Diane. Men need their caves.

Diane studies her. Her blase reaction.

DIANE

Did you know he was working with her on writing a graphic novel?

SONYA RUCKER

No. I knew something. It's been hard for him to be out of work: for me to be the one making money.

DIANE

And you never thought he and Lisa...?

SONYA RUCKER

Why do I suddenly feel like I'm under suspicion?

DIANE

Sonya. The question is going to be asked. If there's something you want to tell me, now is a good time.

SONYA RUCKER

No.

DIANE

Well is he... innocent?

(CONTINUED)

SONYA RUCKER

Of?

Not the answer Diane expected. She treads carefully:

DIANE

Hurting her?

SONYA RUCKER

Yes, he's innocent of that.

DIANE

But, sleeping with her? He's not innocent of sleeping with her?

SONYA RUCKER

(upset)

I don't know.

DIANE

Is there-- I'm sorry to do this, Sonya, but Jason isn't being up-front with us-- is there anything that would lead the police to believe he is guilty?

SONYA RUCKER

(very hard)

There might be.

And as Sonya stares up at Diane, we go to...

GLENN CHILDS

Let's start with the easy questions, shall we?

Glenn Childs facing Peter Florrick on the stand.

GLENN CHILDS (CONT'D)

How many times did you sleep with this prostitute: Amber Madison--?

DANIEL GOLDEN

Objection, your honor. Sex is irrelevant to my client's guilt.

Childs shoots a look toward Landry who stands:

LANDRY

Mr. Florrick was sentenced for
D.P.ing cases in trade for sexual
favors, so sex is entirely relevant
to his guilt, your honor.

DANIEL GOLDEN

The fact of the sex may be relevant,
your honor, but not the minutia.

JUDGE WINTER

Then I will endeavor to discern the
minutia. You may continue, Mr.
Childs, but oh so carefully.

GLENN CHILDS

Thank you, your honor. How many
times did you sleep with Amber
Madison?

PETER FLORRICK

Just to be precise, Mr. Childs, by
"sleeping with" you mean "having sex?"

GLENN CHILDS

Yes, thank you. And just to be even
more precise, by "having sex" I also
include oral-genital contact.

A frown between the two. They really hate each other.

PETER FLORRICK

18 times.

GLENN CHILDS

18 times. And how many of these
would you classify as "oral-genital--

DANIEL GOLDEN

Objection.

JUDGE WINTER

Minutia, Mr. Childs.

GLENN CHILDS

Yes, your honor. Apologies. Now...

Childs pauses, sees Alicia seated in the back row of the
gallery. Peter follows his gaze. Sees her there too.

GLENN CHILDS (CONT'D)

Were all these assignments with
Miss Madison, were all of these in
hotel rooms?

PETER FLORRICK

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN CHILDS

All 18 times, you were in a hotel room?

Peter pauses, looks toward Golden. Golden looks up.

PETER FLORRICK

To the best of my memory.

GLENN CHILDS

Ah, well, let's see if we can refresh your memory. Did you ever sleep with Amber Madison at your home while your wife was away?

DANIEL GOLDEN

Objection.

Alicia pauses, stares at Peter.

LANDRY

Your honor, the defendant has made it very clear he believed *he* paid for these various hotel sessions with Amber Madison; we just want to be clear that these were the *only* sessions.

Peter stares at Alicia as Judge Winters considers it. Reluctantly...

JUDGE WINTER

Overruled.

GLENN CHILDS

So, Mr. Florrick, did you ever sleep with Amber Madison at your home, in your bed, while your wife was away?

Peter stares right at Alicia as he answers...

PETER FLORRICK

No.

Childs appears satisfied with the answer. Still...

GLENN CHILDS

And you know you're under oath?

(CONTINUED)

PETER FLORRICK

(turns to court reporter)

Cammy, I know I'm under oath, and I know that Mr. Childs is attempting to catch me in a perjury trap, and yet my answer is still: no.

GLENN CHILDS

(smiling)

Thank you, Mr. Florrick.

PETER FLORRICK

No problem.

And Peter gets up, starts back toward the defense table as Alicia exhales deeply. Peter sits beside Golden. At the prosecution table, Childs looks happy and confident. Meanwhile...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - SECRETARIAL STATION - NIGHT

...Diane paces outside her office, on her cellphone, Sonya still inside behind her...

DIANE

She set up a nanny-cam to tape the living room. To see if her husband was sleeping with the babysitter.

INTERCUT with...

EXT. RUCKER HOUSE - NIGHT

...a sighing Kalinda:

KALINDA

Well, that would've been helpful to know.

Kalinda, getting out of her car, starts toward the Rucker house, yellow crime tape gone...

DIANE

Yes, more secrets than an O'Neill play here. It's in a digital clock on the TV set.

Kalinda pauses, sees a person lingering behind her car. A dark figure. A cop? Who is it?

KALINDA

Okay, I'm not sure if I'm going to
be able to get in. Do you want me
to tell the police?

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

(hesitates)

Well, if I knew for certain the nanny-cam didn't have Jason on it, I'd say "yes."

KALINDA

I understand. Let me see what I can do. Oh, does she have a laptop case with her?

Diane turns, sees Sonya does have a laptop case.

DIANE

Yes, why?

KALINDA

When you get a chance, check and see if one of the rubber nubs on the bottom is missing.

DIANE

For any particular reason?

KALINDA

There was one found in the blood at the scene.

And Kalinda hangs up, continues toward the house, goes to the back door. Not seeing the figure following her. A dark parka. Who is it, the security guard? Kind of spooky.

Kalinda peers in the door, sees through the kitchen door... the living room. The TV set. Nothing on it. She hears a noise behind her. Looks. No one. Starts to turn back when she stops. Sees something.

In the dirt. Rain stained. Slips of paper. She reaches down. Picks it up. "Overnight Shipping. Attempted Delivery." She studies it. Sees a "Requested return" check box. The box checked is... "6:30-8 pm." Kalinda looks up, considers it, not seeing the Parka man getting closer, closer.

SERVER

Miss Sharma?

Kalinda looks up, startled. The figure in the parka right behind her.

SERVER (CONT'D)

Process server. You've just been subpoenaed.

(CONTINUED)

And he slaps her with an envelope, starts away.

KALINDA

Which case?

SERVER

Florrick's appeal. Have fun.

Kalinda looks up, startled. Not good, not good at all. Recovering her bearings, she makes a call on her cell phone.

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

KALINDA

I'm not testifying.

Kalinda following Childs. An intent Childs.

GLENN CHILDS

Then you're going to jail.

KALINDA

I have nothing to offer.

GLENN CHILDS

You have everything to offer. And you know you do. Peter Florrick lied on the witness stand. Tell the truth and he spends the next nine years in prison.

KALINDA

Don't do this.

GLENN CHILDS

Oh, come on, Kalinda, what do you care? You're out for yourself. You've always been out for yourself. And either way, you're going to tell the truth.

KALINDA

You don't know that.

GLENN CHILDS

I know the sun is coming up tomorrow. I know you're gonna tell the truth on the stand and Florrick is going back to prison.

Childs starts off Kalinda stands there, upset. Worried.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

41 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

41

Cary stands in a corner, facing the wall, tapping his forehead against the cinder block. Alicia looks toward him. Goes to him.

ALICIA
Are you alright?

CARY
Yeah. What time is it?

ALICIA
Midnight.

CARY
How long have I been here?

ALICIA
Day and a half.

CARY
I was... freaking out.

ALICIA
Yes, I know.

CARY
Did you tell Will?

ALICIA
Will? What, that you were freaking out? No. Why?

CARY
It was a friend from the Peace Corps. I thought I had a day off.

ALICIA
Yes. Cary, I didn't tell him.

CARY
Why didn't you? With our contest, why didn't you?

ALICIA
Cary, I-- there are so many people lined up against us. I just don't want one more.

Cary studies her face.

(CONTINUED)

CARY

I don't want you to lose.

ALICIA

I know, I don't want you to lose either.

CARY

I kind of like you.

ALICIA

(smiles)

Yes. I'm surprised, I like you too.

CARY

I can't help it. Being competitive.
It's just me. You know--

ALICIA

Don't tell the scorpion and the
frog story. Please.

CARY

(smiles)

The frog riding the scorpion's
back? I hate that story too. Why
do people tell it so much?

ALICIA

Because it excuses people's behavior.

CARY

It does, doesn't it? Okay, so I
won't. How's he doing?

They look toward Jason slumped forward on the table asleep.

ALICIA

You don't want to know.

CARY

Try me.

Diane finishes conferring with Will and enters her office,
faces Sonya, shoots a look toward Sonya's laptop case, zipped
open, the aluminum computer peering out.

SONYA RUCKER

What?

DIANE

So you were at the office all night until you got the call from security about the silent alarm?

SONYA RUCKER

Yes. Why?

DIANE

You didn't go home before that?

SONYA RUCKER

No. Why would I?

DIANE

Our investigator checked the nanny-cam. It hadn't been turned on.

SONYA RUCKER

Oh. I must have forgotten that morning.

DIANE

Yes. We thought only four people could disarm your security alarm-- Justin, your housekeeper, the babysitter, and the security guard. But we forgot... you could too.

SONYA RUCKER

Yes. Why? What's wrong?

DIANE

We found notices about a failure to deliver a package to your house. Our investigator checked with the company. You signed for a delivery.

Sonya stares at her. Uh-oh. Realizing...

DIANE (CONT'D)

You signed for delivery at 7:30 pm. When you said you were at work.

Sonya gulps.

SONYA RUCKER

I didn't do it.

DIANE

Okay, so what were you doing at home?

Sonya. Appalled. Caught. Trying to be the collected CEO.

(CONTINUED)

SONYA RUCKER

I was jealous. I thought Jason was sleeping with her. I came home to surprise them.

DIANE

And...?

SONYA RUCKER

He wasn't there. She was there. Reading a story to the girls. So I left, embarrassed, intent on not being jealous again.

DIANE

And that was it?

SONYA RUCKER

That was it.

(studying her)

I know that doesn't look good. But it's true.

Diane nods, studies her.

DIANE

Can I check your laptop?

SONYA RUCKER

Why?

DIANE

Please.

Sonya nods. Diane goes to it. Slips it out. Checks the rubber nubs on the bottom. All four there.

Diane and Will. Uncomfortable between their offices. Looking off.

WILL

You tired?

DIANE

Tired doesn't even begin to describe it. Okay, so here's what we've got to do. Build a Chinese Wall.

WILL

Yep. You can't tell me what she said.

DIANE

Complete separation. You represent Jason. I represent her. Each has a strong motive and, in about 12 hours, one of them's going to be charged. So we can't talk to each other anymore.

WILL

Understood.

She nods, starts to head back in to her office.

WILL (CONT'D)

Good luck.

DIANE

You too. One of us is going to come out the winner tonight.

And Diane slips into her office.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Alicia studies the lawyers card she found under Lisa's short story: "Logan & Harper." Taps it on the bar. Thinking.

Kalinda sits next to her, sips a drink. Distracted.

KALINDA

I've been subpoenaed.

Kalinda downs her drink.

ALICIA

To what?

KALINDA

Your husband's trial.

ALICIA

(looks at her)

Why would they subpoena you?

KALINDA

I know some things.

Alicia studies her.

ALICIA

That doesn't sound good.

(Kalinda nods)

Are you going to tell me?

KALINDA

Do you want to know?

ALICIA

I-- I don't know. God, I don't know anymore. The truth always seemed so simple. Lying, not lying.

KALINDA

Do you want him out?

Alicia takes her drinks. Downs it.

ALICIA

I want things to stop spinning.
(considers it)
You're right, I don't want to know.

KALINDA

Stay away from court tomorrow.

Alicia's cell phone rings. She answers.

ALICIA

Alicia Florrick. Yes, thanks for getting back to me. So, about Lisa Pruitt... I see. Right. Well thank you...
(hangs up)

KALINDA

What?

ALICIA

That was this lawyer.
(the card)
Found it near the victim's belongings in Rucker's studio.

KALINDA

Lots of lawyers running around this one.

ALICIA

I don't even know who we're defending anymore. It's gotten very confusing.

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA

Yeah.

ALICIA

The lawyer on the phone wouldn't tell me if Lisa Pruitt had been to see her.

KALINDA

Of course not. That'd be too easy.

ALICIA

But she said what kind of work they do. Matching pregnant women with families who want to adopt.

Kalinda looks toward Alicia sharply.

45

OMITTED

45

46

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

46

Alicia barrels into the interrogation room in the middle of Detective Johnson's questioning, a sober Cary sitting with Jason.

ALICIA

Detective, I need you to stop interrogating my client and step out for a second.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

I was just asking a question, ma'am.

ALICIA

You can finish in a minute. Please.

Johnson sighs. Gets up. Starts out.

JASON RUCKER

What's wrong?

But Alicia crosses to the video camera, shuts it off.

ALICIA

You got her pregnant. Lisa was at your little studio, and you got her pregnant.

JASON RUCKER

No. What? No.

ALICIA

She was going to a law firm for adoption.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Tell me now because they're going to find it out during an autopsy. You got her pregnant.

JASON RUCKER

No, I couldn't have.

ALICIA

She was at your studio!

JASON RUCKER

Yes, I know, but I didn't get her pregnant.

ALICIA

Tell me the truth.

JASON RUCKER

I couldn't have got her pregnant. I had a vasectomy.

Alicia pauses, stares at him. Stunned.

47

INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - DORM HALL - NIGHT

47

Knock-knock-knock. Kalinda knocks at a dorm door. Kerouac on the door. Max opens it, thrilled to see Kalinda...

MAX

Hey. I was wondering when you were coming back for that statement.

KALINDA

Yeah, sorry I'm so late. But a couple more questions have come up about Lisa Pruitt. Did she ever mention being pregnant?

Max looks around, lowers his voice...

MAX

Who said that?

KALINDA

A lawyer. She was contacting a law firm about putting a baby up for adoption.

MAX

Yeah, she told me.

KALINDA

Do you know who the father is?

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Yeah. Who she babysits for.
Rucker.

KALINDA

(eyes him)
Really?

MAX

Yeah. That's why I think he did
it: killed her. He wanted her to
get an abortion, she said no.

Kalinda nods, looks past him, sees a laptop open on his desk.

KALINDA

She told you that?

MAX

Yeah, he didn't want to be pinned down.

KALINDA

Well, this is helpful.

MAX

You want me to say the same thing
to the cops?

KALINDA

Yeah, would you mind? Can you come
with me now?

MAX

Sure. Give me a minute.

Max slips into his dorm room. Kalinda watches him enter his
bathroom. Nudges the door open. Goes to the desk. The laptop.
A large dent on one side. She stares at it. Turns it over.

Three rubber nubs. There-- there-- there-- and--

...the fourth is missing. Kalinda smiles.

MAX (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Kalinda sees Max behind her.

KALINDA

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

THE GOOD WIFE #113
CONTINUED: (2)

"Hi"

GREEN COLLATED

1/7/10

52A.

47

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR48 **INT. CRIMINAL COURTS - COURTROOM #217 - DAY**

48

Kalinda makes herself comfortable on the stand. It's momentarily disorienting seeing her on the stand.

GLENN CHILDS

Miss Sharma, the defendant fired you from the State's Attorney office, didn't he?

Kalinda makes eye contact with Peter at the defense table.

KALINDA

Yes, he did.

GLENN CHILDS

In your own words, could you explain why he did that?

KALINDA

He said I was working two jobs.

GLENN CHILDS

And were you?

KALINDA

Yes.

GLENN CHILDS

You were working for him; and you were working for...?

KALINDA

You.

Peter stares at Kalinda as Golden looks up from his notes.

GLENN CHILDS

What work were you doing for me, Miss Sharma?

KALINDA

I was running down Bimbo eruptions.

GLENN CHILDS

Would you explain that colloquialism?

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL GOLDEN

Your honor, again, we would object to this line of questioning.

GLENN CHILDS

This is our last witness, your honor. We ask for some leniency.

JUDGE WINTER

Granted. Overruled, Mr. Golden.

GLENN CHILDS

What were "bimbo eruptions"?

KALINDA

You were worried that lawyers and judges were being coopted by powerful forces who used prostitutes to blackmail.

49

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS - HALLWAY - DAY

49

Alicia stands outside the courtroom door, leaning against the wall, listening...

GLENN CHILDS (O.S.)

And when you started this task force, there was no sense that Peter Florrick was involved with these "bimbo eruptions"?

50

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS - COURTROOM #217 - DAY

50

KALINDA

That is correct. You were more concerned about judges and ASAs.

GLENN CHILDS

But then you discovered Mr. Florrick's involvement with Amber Madison. Could you explain how she was used to coopt Mr. Florrick?

KALINDA

Yes. A procurer assigned specific prostitutes to flatter and pursue certain clients. The clients were referred to by number. For example, one of the clients was Client #14...

Judge Winter looks up almost imperceptibly.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN CHILDS
And what would these women do?
These prostitutes?

KALINDA

They would discover the marital status and sexual predilections of these clients. To use the example of Client #14: he was found to be a judge, a married judge, with three daughters.

Glenn pauses, studies Kalinda. What are you doing?

KALINDA (CONT'D)

He was deemed to be interested in African-American prostitutes, and the imagery of southern plantation life.

Judge Winter squirms, getting more and more uncomfortable (obviously Client #14), as Peter looks up, seeing where Kalinda is going.

GLENN CHILDS

Okay. And-- um-- So once Mr. Florrick was involved with Amber Madison, then no money traded hands, isn't that correct?

KALINDA

Yes. And if the client tried to pay, the procurer would return the client's money. For example, when Client #14 tried to pay for an evening with two African-American women, that money was refunded.

GLENN CHILDS

(eyeing Winter)

Miss Sharma-- You don't need to refer to a particular client. Just answer the question.

KALINDA

I've been asked to answer in my own words. These are my own words.

GLENN CHILDS

Yes, but your words could be more "on point." Now did Mr. Florrick have sexual relations at home with Miss Madison?

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA

To answer that question, I have to talk about my job, and how it was important to know the names of all the clients. Including Client #14.

GLENN CHILDS

Kalinda!

KALINDA

I'm here under subpoena, Mr. Childs. If asked to name the client names, I must.

Judge Winter stares at Kalinda as Childs hesitates. No idea how to go forward. Golden smiles, stands...

DANIEL GOLDEN

Your honor, I must again object to this sexual line of questioning. It is irrelevant-- just as these client's names are irrelevant. We would respectfully submit that this is beneath the dignity of this court.

JUDGE WINTER

I would tend to agree, Mr. Golden.

GLENN CHILDS

Your honor, surely there is a way to elicit this testimony-- possibly in chambers--

DANIEL GOLDEN

--not without these clients' names becoming part of the public record. Isn't that correct, Miss Sharma?

KALINDA

Yes, I'm afraid so.

Judge Winter takes a moment. Adjusts his robe.

JUDGE WINTER

I've given too much leeway with this sexual testimony, Mr. State's Attorney. Now I must call it to a halt--

GLENN CHILDS

Your honor--

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE WINTER

No, sir. It is four p.m. and I find myself unpersuaded by your arguments of Mr. Florrick's guilt. I believe this was nothing more than a sexual witchhunt. But that is not for me to decide. My job is merely to determine if there is enough for a new trial, and, yes, Mr. Florrick, I believe there is.

Peter closes his eyes, moved. Golden's hand goes over his, squeezes. Both speechless.

JUDGE WINTER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Mr. Florrick. I'm sorry this has happened to you. And I'm sorry I don't have the power to do more than order a new trial. But that is exactly what I'm going to do. You, Mr. Florrick, have been granted a retrial.

Peter finds his eyes wet. He looks toward the back of the court. No Alicia. We find her in...

51 **INT. CRIMINAL COURTS - HALLWAY - DAY**

51

...the antechamber, standing there, stunned. Stunned with pleasure? Or ambivalence?

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

52

Will and Diane. They stand side-by-side, watching Sonya and Jason hug in Diane's office.

WILL

Max-- the kid from the dorm was right about the motive. It was just his motive, not Jason's.

DIANE

She wouldn't get an abortion?

WILL

They argued, and he killed her.

DIANE

How did Lisa's bra get in Jason's studio?

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Jason gave her the keys. She and Max would go there when he wasn't around.

They look back in at Sonya and Jason. A tense hug, smile.

DIANE

They don't look so happy, do they?

WILL

(shakes his head)

I don't understand marriage.

DIANE

It's a mysterious institution.

WILL

You've never wanted it?

Diane smiles at him...

DIANE

Is that a proposal?

WILL

Yes. I've been watching you from afar.

The two smile, start off. As...

...Alicia's apartment is quiet. The kitchen. It's empty. Just the hum of the refrigerator. The master bedroom. A drip-drip-drip from the off-screen bathroom sink. The maid's quarters. The sound of a furnace coming on. And...

...in the living room, Alicia, Zach, Grace, and Jackie sit. Tensely. In nice clothes. Trying to look casual.

GRACE

This is weird.

ALICIA

Maybe you should watch TV.

ZACH

There's nothing on.

JACKIE

We could play twenty questions.

Zach and Grace roll their eyes.

ZACH

Does he have a key?

ALICIA

He'll knock.

GRACE

And it'll be electronic monitoring?
He'll have to stay in the apartment?

ALICIA

Yes. We'll all have to adapt.

Another second of silence. Alicia exhales, gets up:

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's all just get on with
our--

But-- bzzzzzt-- the doorbell rings.

GRACE

Here we go.

Alicia smiles, looks at her kids.

ALICIA

I love you both.

Zach and Grace nod. Stand awkwardly. Preparing.

Alicia starts toward the door. Pauses in the foyer. Looks in a mirror. Straightens her hair. Not sure why she did that. She looks away. Reaches for the knob. Opens the door, finding...

...Peter there. A Sheriff behind him.

PETER FLORRICK

Hi.

END OF SHOW