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THE GOOD WIFE

Episode #103

"Fixed"

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THE GOOD WIFE #103
"Fixed"
CAST LIST
8/24/09

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

RAY DEMORY (formerly "Ray Dempsey")
CAROL DEMORY (formerly "Carol Dempsey")
DANIEL GOLDEN (formerly "Ryan Golden")
JAMES MCCLOON
JUDGE LEE SUTMAN
VIRGINIA SUN (formerly "Virginia Snow")
DR. STANLEY WINSOR (formerly "Dr. Stanley Winton")
MISS POLLOCK (formerly "Mr. Pollock")
LARA
CALVIN TOBER (formerly "Calvin Tucker")

SUPER
SENIOR CITIZEN
WOMAN (V.O. only)

THE GOOD WIFE #103
"Fixed"
SET LIST
8/24/09

Interiors:

ALICIA'S APARTMENT
 MASTER BEDROOM
 LIVING ROOM
 KITCHEN
 PANTRY
 MAID'S ROOM
 HALLWAY
27TH FLOOR
 BULLPEN
 HALLWAY
28TH FLOOR
 HALLWAY
 LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM
 DIANE'S OFFICE
CIVIL COURT
 HALLWAY
 COURTROOM 201
 JUDGE'S CHAMBERS
TAMMS CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION - PRISON ATTORNEY ROOM
GOSSET, HARPER & LONG
 CONFERENCE ROOM
 VARIOUS LAW FIRM HALLWAYS
 ELEVATOR
 DANIEL GOLDEN'S OFFICE
 RECEPTION
THE HUNGRY KITTEN
APARTMENT HALL
SKYSCRAPER - LOBBY
JEWELRY STORE
KALINDA'S CAR

Exteriors:

CIVIL COURT
THE HUNGRY KITTEN
RAYBURN STREET - SOUTH BRIDGEPORT
DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - JACKSON STREET
DOWNTOWN CENTRAL BUS STOP

TEASER

1

INT. GOSSET, HARPER & LONG - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

1

ALICIA. She sits patiently. Being questioned. We're not sure where yet. A polite OFF-SCREEN QUESTIONER:

QUESTIONER (O.S.)

And this was on the sixteenth?

ALICIA

Yes.

Some rustling of papers.

QUESTIONER (O.S.)

And who first told you about your husband's infidelity, Mrs. Florrick?

Alicia pauses. Unexpectedly personal. She takes a second.

ALICIA

CNBC.

QUESTIONER (O.S.)

I'm sorry, I don't understand.

ALICIA

I was at the cleaners, waiting in line. They had CNBC playing on a TV. It was on the crawl at the bottom.

Ah, the questioner nods, and we meet... DANIEL GOLDEN (39). A smiling lawyer. Boyish face. Polite to everyone, especially his enemies. In a tony law firm. Overlooking the city. Two young ASSOCIATES on both sides of him, taking notes.

GOLDEN

And, just so we're clear, you never once suspected your husband's infidelity before that moment, is that correct, Mrs. Florrick?

Alicia pauses. Looks up at Golden. Realizes it's true:

ALICIA

That's correct.

(CONTINUED)

1

GOLDEN

I'm sorry for asking all these personal questions. But our appeal depends on proving that your husband made some untruthful statements at work *not* because he was trying to cover up illegal acts as a State's Attorney, but because he was trying to hide an affair from his wife. You understand?

Alicia notices one of the Associates staring at her. A young woman. Judging her? Or just blankly uncaring?

ALICIA

I understand.

GOLDEN

Good. Now turning to the call-girl. She made some statements in the press--

But-- *bleet-bleet*-- Alicia's cellphone. Alicia nods her apology, steps away, answers...

ALICIA

Alicia Florrick... When?

2

INT. GOSSET, HARPER & LONG - VARIOUS LAW FIRM HALLWAYS - DAY

2

Alicia pushes out a door, starts toward the firm elevators, Golden keeping up. Jovial, as always.

GOLDEN

I'll phone your office to arrange another time, okay?

Alicia nods, presses the down button, Golden waiting with her:

GOLDEN (CONT'D)

Thanks for doing this, Alicia. I know it can't be easy: having me stick my nose in your business. How are the kids holding up?

ALICIA

Good.

(CONTINUED)

GOLDEN

Good. New school's okay? Because I'm on the board at Briarcrest, if you're interested, it's one phone call.

ALICIA

No thank you.

GOLDEN

Just so you know, Alicia, Peter has a lot of friends. Judges and lawyers and business folks who don't like how all this came down. They want to help.

Alicia stares at him.

GOLDEN (CONT'D)

I'm just saying: if you need anything, day or night, give me a call.

Golden offers a card. Alicia stares at it.

ALICIA

We're fine.

Okay, Golden nods. Understands. Takes the card back. *Ding*. Thank god. The elevator. She gets on, but Golden holds open the doors.

GOLDEN

Oh, and one more thing. We're looking for any correspondence Peter might have had with a Gerald Kozko. Like the store, but with a K and a z.

(Alicia stares at him)

The real estate developer. Peter said all his private correspondences are at your apartment; so it would really help us if you could--

(the doors start to blare)

If you could look for any letter or card from him! Okay, that's it. Dentist visit is over.

Golden lets the doors close. And...

RAY DEMORY

Running, biking, ocean swimming.
You swim 2.4 Miles; bike 112 miles;
then run a full marathon.

Alicia follows Cary up the aisle. Court uncharacteristically crowded. Jury trial. More lawyers than usual. Alicia notices KALINDA sitting in the gallery, nods to her, then follows Cary through the gallery gate toward a bench behind the plaintiff's table, four B-team Associates sitting there.

DIANE

And you placed third in the
Hawaiian Ironman, is that correct?

RAY DEMORY

Yes, I did, yeah.

Uh-oh, there's no room for Alicia on the short bench. She's left standing until a BAILIFF takes pity on her, sticks a folding chair next to the bench. Alicia nods her thanks... sits. Klunk. It's lower than the bench. She looks like a kid at the adults table.

DIANE

So tell me what happened on the
12th, Ray?

RAY DEMORY

Well, it was right after the
Ironman. We were back in the hotel
when I felt a migraine coming on.
So I took these pills my doctor
prescribed...

Cary leans toward Alicia, whispers:

CARY

Ray Demory. He's our test case.
If Diane wins this one, there's a
massive class action in the wings.

Alicia nods, but tries to keep focused on the testimony.

RAY DEMORY

The next day, at the hospital, I
found out I had a stroke.

DIANE

And these pills you took-- they
were *Zennapril*, correct?
(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

The drug manufactured by these
three gentlemen here?

The defense counsel stands slowly and mock sadly:

MCCLOON

Your honor, there's nothing I enjoy
more than watching Mrs. Lockhart
work her courtroom magic. But it
would save us all a lot of time if
we just acknowledged my clients
manufactured *Zennapril*, and stop
poking at them like perps on
AMERICA'S MOST WANTED.

JAMES MCCLOON (45). A modern day Charles Laughton. The
world's big so he has to be bigger.

DIANE

Funny, I didn't hear an objection,
your honor.

MCCLOON

(smiles, starts to object)
"I..." Actually, forget it.
Pointing is good. Let's all point.

JUDGE LEE SUTMAN (60) rubs his forehead. Kindly, and losing
control of the court. Judge Ito as Santa Claus.

JUDGE SUTMAN

Let's please refrain from the
crosstalk, counselors. Please.

MCCLOON

Yes, your honor. I will try not to
interrupt Miss Lockhart again. It
will be difficult, but I will try.

Diane just smiles, shakes her head-- a lot of history between
these two-- as Cary leans in again to Alicia, whispers...

CARY

James McCloon. Killer defense
counsel. They call him the "Velvet
Shiv."

Alicia nods, eyes McCloon. Sees he's got the same B-team of
Junior Associates on the bench behind him.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

So, Ray, after emergency treatment for a stroke, you underwent seven months of rehabilitation; and how would you describe your physical condition now?

RAY DEMORY

(a gallows chuckle)

Well, you're looking at it.

He points toward his chair. And we see for the first time it's a wheelchair-- blocked by the witness stand.

RAY DEMORY (CONT'D)

Mostly it's been hard on Carol.

He nods toward his wife in the front row. CAROL (25). Pink-cheeked, Midwestern, straight out of a Whistler painting. Had to grow up fast-- it makes her more human, likable.

RAY DEMORY (CONT'D)

We married a year ago, before my stroke, and she... you know...

(has to pause)

...I'm sorry, she didn't buy into this. I mean, one day her husband is an Ironman, the next he's... an invalid.

But he stops, can't continue, looking at Carol. Alicia looks between them. Moved. Carol wiping her eyes, tearing up.

INT. CIVIL COURT - HALLWAY - DAY

DIANE

Brandon, Lahna, you take point on legal precedent.

Diane, in General mode. The six Associates and Kalinda gathered around her in the courthouse hall. An improvised strategy session.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Cary, you take Alicia, and review anything that might undercut the class action. I don't want to win the battle and lose the war.

Alicia takes notes, but glances up and sees Carol down the hall pushing her husband's wheelchair up to the restroom.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE (CONT'D)

Use Kalinda whenever you need.
Okay. Let's get to it.

The Associates start off, passing Carol and Ray. Only Alicia pauses, watches Ray wheel the rest of the way into the restroom as Carol waits outside, slumping, exhausted. No longer having to put on a strong front for him.

ALICIA

Mrs. Demory. Hi. Can I get you anything?

CAROL

(looks up, smiles)
No, I'm fine. Sorry, I must've had a zombie look on my face.

ALICIA

No, no. We all need a moment. I'm Alicia.

CAROL

Right, you replaced Bree. Nice to meet you.

They shake hands. No recognition on Carol's face of Alicia's background. Alicia nods, liking the anonymity for once. Alicia notices a shoebox in Carol's lap. Seeing the look:

CAROL (CONT'D)

This is what keeps us going.

Carol opens the top. It's filled with opened letters, photos. Carol raises one. A boy on a ventilator.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Michael Graff. He took Zennapril after a Little League game.
(more photos: young people)
Jenny Hollis. She was a dancer.
Tod Roller. His wife left him after the stroke.

ALICIA

They all wrote you?

CAROL

Yes. 138 of them. I...
(tears up)
Sorry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6

CAROL (CONT'D)

They're counting on us, you know?
The lawyers felt Ray was the best
spokesman, so if we don't win,
they're... stuck. It's just a lot
of responsibility.

Alicia nods, knows. They hear Ray calling "Carol" from
inside the restroom. Carol smiles apologetically, stands:

CAROL (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me.

ALICIA

Can I help?

CAROL

No. "For better or for worse... in
sickness and in health," you know.
I never really thought about those
words before.

And she enters the restroom. Alicia watches the door swing
closed.

7

INT. CIVIL COURT - COURTROOM 201 - DAY

7

MCCLOON

Comfortable, sir?

Ray back on the stand. McCloon now questioning...

RAY DEMORY

As much as I can be.

Alicia is back on her folding chair, watching a bit more
intensely, a bit more involved, shooting occasional looks
toward a concerned Carol.

MCCLOON

Were you aware, Mr. Demory, that
15% of migraine sufferers under 40
experience at least one stroke--

DIANE

(stands)

Your honor, is that the new style
these days: begin a statement with
"Are you aware" and insert anything
you want into the record?

Judge Sutman sighs: a long day.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE SUTMAN

It would be nice if everyone started *addressing* the bench, and not just debating each other *through* the bench.

MCCLOON

Of course, your honor, you make a good point. I'll withdraw the question. Mr. Demory, you said your doctor prescribed Zennapril for your migraines?

RAY DEMORY

Yes.

MCCLOON

I see. Then you must be suing him too?

DIANE

Objection. Relevance.

MCCLOON

Isn't it the case, Mr. Demory, the only reason you're not suing your doctor is because his pockets aren't as deep as my client's?

DIANE

Objection! Your honor! Can we have a ruling!

MCCLOON

Please, I must request a side bar, your honor?!

JUDGE SUTMAN

(yet again)

Approach the bench.

Diane quickly whispers to her back-up bench before starting up:

DIANE

Get me all references to secondary prescriptions in Ray's deposition.

And-- bang-- the Associates are off, rushing through their depo books, searching. Alicia too, eyeing her fellow hungry Associates-- all a decade younger. She lifts a stack of depositions from the floor when...

...thlop-- something falls from underneath one, flutters to the floor. A torn piece of paper, the size of a hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Alicia reaches down, picks it up. Blank. She flips it over, sees...

...a diagram scribbled on the other side. Twelve circles in two rows. She looks up at the jury box. Twelve chairs in two rows. A diagram of the jury. She looks down at the scrap again. One circle is marked with an X. And along the side is scribbled the amount...

...\$35,000.

Alicia looks up. Uh-oh. Is someone bribing a juror?!

She studies the diagram again, the X marking the chair of Juror #2. Alicia leans slightly to peer at Juror #2's seat in the back row. A calm, tall woman with a stylish haircut.

But Alicia pauses, realizes something. It's unclear from the way it's drawn which is the front and back of the jury box. She looks at it from the other side-- the X now marks Juror #11's seat. She looks up at...

...Juror #11: a young and professorial African-American male.

EXT. CIVIL COURT - DAY

KALINDA

So what are you saying? Someone's bribing a juror?

A dismissive Kalinda studies the scrap of paper as the two bang out of the courthouse. Lunch time. Everybody rushing out.

ALICIA

I'm not saying anything. I just found it.

KALINDA

This could be anything. A seating chart for a garden party. A football line-up.

ALICIA

(incredulous)

With twelve linemen?

Okay. Kalinda studies the scrap again. Investigator hat on. She notices something in the top corner: something printed there. Easy to overlook. A logo of some kind-- right on the rip. Two cartoon legs. Cat paws.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

ALICIA (CONT'D)

What's that?

Kalinda takes a moment. She's seen it before. She puts a piece of paper under the scrap, draws the completion of the cat paws. A little cat waiter. She looks up at Alicia. And...

9

EXT. THE HUNGRY KITTEN - DAY

9

...the logo matches signage on a restaurant. The Hungry Kitten. A lunchtime dive. Alicia and Kalinda staring up at it.

ALICIA

(smiling)

Come here often?

KALINDA

Got a problem with that?

10

INT. THE HUNGRY KITTEN - DAY

10

The dining room. It's busy, crowded, loud. Kalinda and Alicia study it. More a bohemian crowd. Artists, models. No one in suits. Kalinda notices paper placemats on all the tables. She grabs one. Shows it to Alicia.

ALICIA

Yep.

It's the same as the torn scrap. Clearly someone drew the diagram on a placemat over lunch, tore it to take it away...

ALICIA (CONT'D)

So we should talk to the hostess, see if anybody from the court regularly eats here--

KALINDA

No, we should take a deep breath, show this to Diane, and keep--

But Alicia grabs Kalinda's arm: *shh!* She hears a booming man's voice. A familiar voice. The other room. They turn, start in that direction. The voice getting louder, louder. They turn the corner, find the voice's owner...

...McCloon.

In a private room, with his legal team of five. Alicia and Kalinda stare in at them.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

I don't think we have to talk to
the hostess.

One of the legal team, a redheaded 27-year-old named JILLIAN,
looks up, sees them. Goes to the door. Slams it in their
face as Alicia and Kalinda trade a look.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE11 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY**

11

The scrap. With its now familiar diagram. Diane and WILL lean over it as Alicia downplays it:

ALICIA

It could mean anything. It could just be a doodle. We don't know.

Alicia standing tentatively in front of the partners.

WILL

You found it in *our* depositions?

ALICIA

Yes. But there's a chance it was on the floor and just stuck to one, we don't know. We just thought it should be brought to your attention.

DIANE

(to Will)

Remember last year?

WILL

Yep.

DIANE

Was McCloon ever cleared of that?

WILL

It's still up for review.

Alicia looks between them. Clearly something the partners only need to discuss. She watches as they mind-meld:

DIANE

So you think we... what?

WILL

Don't go to the judge. It makes no sense. How does it get in our depos?

DIANE

McCloon sticks it in there. He wants a mistrial, but wants us to go to the judge to request it?

(CONTINUED)

WILL

(nods)

Or he's just screwing with your head.

Alicia watches, surprised, and, yes, pleased, by how seriously they're taking this.

DIANE

There's another possibility. There was a young associate on his team. A redhead. She came over and introduced herself this morning. She said she worked as a paralegal here last summer.

ALICIA

Yes, I saw her at the restaurant.

WILL

So, what, McCloon has a whistleblower in his midst?

DIANE

Young idealistic Junior Associate sees something wrong, feels bad about it, slips us a warning in our depositions. I could see that.

Will nods, looks out at the city. Considers it.

WILL

Okay. So this is what we do. We do our homework. Look into Juror #2.

ALICIA

And #11.

Alicia flips the scrap over. Oh. They nod: right.

WILL

Then go to the judge if we have anything. You don't want a mistrial, right?

DIANE

(shakes her head)

Ray was good on the stand. The jury liked him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED: (2)

11

DIANE (CONT'D)

And McCloon's defense seems to be a variation of holding his breath and threatening to turn blue.

WILL

This trial is sounding more and more fun. Okay, so you can't risk one bad juror-- not with civil cases needing an unanimous verdict.

DIANE

And once they deliberate, it's too late to change jurors.

WILL

Right, so let's find out if one is bad now. Put in for an alternate.

DIANE

(nods)

I'll put Kalinda and Cary on it.

Alicia frowns - speak up, now or never -- then quickly:

ALICIA

Excuse me. I'd like to do this.

Diane and Will look up at her. Will stays silent, looks to Diane. It's up to you. She shrugs:

DIANE

Okay.

Alicia nods: good. And...

12

INT. 28TH FLOOR - LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

12

VIRGINIA SUN (50). A jury consultant. Professional, slick, an aging model with a soothing voice:

VIRGINIA

Juror #2 is Marilyn Wolk, a hairdresser from South Bridgeport. We scored her an 85 positive on our bias scale, one of the highest scores we've ever given, so we believe she is firmly in your camp.

Kalinda rolls her eyes, not believing this crap, sitting with Alicia in the large conference room. Placards along the wall: one for each juror.

(CONTINUED)

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

Now I know you pay me only to help
select jurors, but if I knew what
you were after, I could offer
further consultation.

KALINDA

No, this is good. Keep going.

Virginia looks toward Kalinda. Clear animosity. Okay. She
points toward another placard:

VIRGINIA

Juror #11 is Calvin Tober. He's a
grad student in comparative
history. We scored him only a 62%
positive on the bias scale: well
within the range of acceptability.
But we like him. Being African-
American, he is more prone to
mistrust authority. He is
intelligent, but not to the point
of overcoming bias--

KALINDA

Not like Asians or Mexicans?

Virginia frowns slightly:

VIRGINIA

We only talk in racial stereotyping
because you pay us to, and we find
racial profiling works. But if I'm
not needed, I'll--

KALINDA

You're not needed.

Virginia stares at her. Alicia softens it.

ALICIA

Thank you.

Virginia nods, leaves, as Alicia raises an eyebrow at
Kalinda:

ALICIA (cont'd) (CONT'D)

You have issues?

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA
Paying her \$100,000 for three months of high school-level psychology? Yeah, I guess I do have issues.

Alicia smiles. Yep, she likes Kalinda.

ALICIA
So what are you thinking?

KALINDA
Wolk works as a rent-a-chair hair stylist, right? She only gets paid when she actually has a customer. She could've claimed financial hardship and ducked jury duty. So why didn't she?

ALICIA
Civic duty?

Kalinda stares at her: you're kidding.

KALINDA
Jury tampering pays better.

Alicia stare at Juror #2's photo. MARILYN WOLK.

ALICIA
Okay. But let's check into both.

Kalinda nods, and they split up.

13 **INT. CIVIL COURT - COURTROOM 201 - DAY** 13

DIANE
Objection, your honor. Is this really necessary?

Back in court. Carol on the stand. Nervous, tense. McCloon cross-examining...

MCCLOON
The Demorys are seeking damages for "loss of consortium," your honor. The jury needs to understand that loss.

Alicia sits down into her usual folding chair, returning to court, Cary next to her, whispering...

(CONTINUED)

CARY

What's going on?

ALICIA

What?

CARY

I heard you're on some hush-hush project. What is it?

ALICIA

(smiles)

...Hush-hush.

Cary grins at her. Okay. They look back up at Diane and McCloon arguing again:

DIANE

Sir, the term "consortium" is not limited to--

MCCLOON

I know what the term "consortium"--

JUDGE SUTMAN

Counselors, please. I have prided myself on not using my gavel once in my thirty years on the bench, but you are truly making me reconsider. Now, Miss Lockhart, I just-- overruled.

McCloon smiles toward Diane, whispers an aside:

MCCLOON

...ka-ching...

(to the witness)

Mrs. Demory, before your husband's stroke, how often did you have sexual relations?

Carol stares at him, truly embarrassed.

CAROL

I don't know, I guess, twice a week.

Alicia, meanwhile, looks toward the jury. Concentrating on Juror #2. Marilyn Wolk. Paying intent attention.

(CONTINUED)

MCCLOON

And *since* the stroke, how often do you have sex?

CAROL

I... I don't know.

Alicia pans toward juror #11 now. CALVIN TOBER. Odd. All the other jurors are paying intent attention to the sex talk except him, staring down at his pad. Alicia studies him.

MCCLOON

Would you say it was less?

CAROL

Yes, less.

MCCLOON

But your husband isn't completely paralyzed from the waist down, is he?

CAROL

(staring at him, pissed)

No.

MCCLOON

So there are ways...?

Carol stares at him, red-faced, as...

...Alicia feels eyes on her. She turns, looks toward the B-team behind McCloon's defense table, finding... the redhead, Jillian, staring at her. Jillian quickly looks away, and...

...Alicia considers it. Studies her. Was that the look of a whistle-blower? Meanwhile...

...*knock-knock*-- we're with Kalinda investigating, first knocking on a suburban door near Juror #2. It opens, and Kalinda smiles:

KALINDA

Hi, my name's Kalinda. I'm sorry to bother you... My husband and I were thinking of buying a home in the area.

And we cut away to...

15 **INT. APARTMENT HALL - DAY** 15

...Kalinda holds a small, brown paper-wrapped box, now in front of an apartment door near the other juror: #11.

KALINDA

I hate to trouble you, but I'm in the next building over and the delivery man left this at my door by mistake. Is there a Mr. Tober in this building?

It's a Kalinda-investigating-montage. We get to see a bit of how Kalinda works as we bounce back to...

16 **EXT. RAYBURN STREET - SOUTH BRIDGEPORT - DAY** 16

...Juror #2's suburban neighborhood, Kalinda continues:

KALINDA

We're interested in the pre-school around the corner, and I just wanted to get a sense of the rest of the neighborhood...

Then we cross-cut between Juror #11 and #2's neighborhood...

17 **INT. APARTMENT HALL - DAY** 17

Inside juror #11's apartment building:

KALINDA

I can always come back later; if you know about when he gets home, or anyone else in his family?

18 **EXT. RAYBURN STREET - SOUTH BRIDGEPORT - DAY** 18

And back at the suburban house, we meet the housewife, LARA (29), bored and therefore friendly. Points to Juror #2's house:

LARA

They're the Wolks. She's a hairdresser. And he-- Well, I think he's out of work.

KALINDA

Oh, I'm sorry. It's hard times, isn't it? But their house is lovely. Looks like they put a lot into it.

19 **INT. APARTMENT HALL - DAY**

19

 SENIOR CITIZEN

 No, comes and goes mostly. Kind of private.

And back to Juror #11's apartment building, a SENIOR CITIZEN with a walker, nods toward an apartment across the hall:

 SENIOR CITIZEN (CONT'D)

 I think he's a student. Tober, I think his name is. You could ask the super, Ozzie. Me, I usually don't like black people but he seems nice. Where you from, dear?

 KALINDA

 Chicago.

 SENIOR CITIZEN

 No, originally. Are you Saudi or something?

Kalinda stares at her, tries to keep smiling...

 KALINDA

 No.

20 **EXT. RAYBURN STREET - SOUTH BRIDGEPORT - DAY**

20

And back with the housewife, Lara...

 KALINDA

 So you were saying about that house, they've been fixing it up a bit?

 LARA

 Yeah, the Wolks. Storm windows in front. New air conditioning. They just bought a car too. Finally. I don't know how he does it actually--
 (but)

 Hey, look, there he is now.

The Wolk garage door opening. A hybrid car pulling out. A moustached man driving. DEREK WOLK (30).

 LARA (CONT'D)

 That's the husband. Derek.

(CONTINUED)

Kalinda apologizes to Lara...

KALINDA

I'm sorry. I forgot I have to meet
the realtor.

And Kalinda backs away, starts hurriedly toward her car,
watching the hybrid pass. Kalinda jumps in, roars her car to
life, speeds off after the hybrid, as...

21 **INT. CIVIL COURT - HALLWAY - DAY** 21

...an upset Carol sits in the courtroom hallway, Alicia
comforting her.

CAROL

No, I'm alright. I'm just angry at
myself for letting him get to me.

ALICIA

It's hard when people treat your
private life like a crime scene.

Carol nods, looks up at Alicia:

CAROL

Yeah, but I guess there are greater
tragedies...

She nods toward two parents down the hall. Their kid in a
wheelchair. The Gerbers. One of the Zennapril families.

CAROL (CONT'D)

He takes a pill one night. And the
next morning he's like that.

Alicia nods-- it puts it in perspective. She watches as
Carol starts toward them. Hugs the parents. Kisses the boy
on the cheek. *Bleet-bleet*. Alicia's cell. Answering...

ALICIA

Alicia Florrick.

INTERCUT with...

22 **INT. GOSSET, HARPER & LONG - DANIEL GOLDEN'S OFFICE - DAY** 22

GOLDEN

Alicia, I'm so glad to get you.
It's Daniel. Daniel Golden.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

Oh, hi, I'm actually a bit busy.

GOLDEN

I'm just wondering if you got a chance to look for those Kozko letters? We're struggling with these weekend meetings Peter had with him last March. The 9th, the 16th, the 25th.

ALICIA

I haven't looked yet.

GOLDEN

Anything that will show Peter didn't go into these meetings knowing there was something... "untoward" would help us.

But Alicia just watches the Gerbers. That's what a family really in crisis looks like.

GOLDEN (CONT'D)

Oh, and Alicia, I was chatting with the headmaster at Briarcrest on another matter, and he mentioned they have some scholarships that might be appropriate for Zach and Grace if you--

ALICIA

(abrupt)
Mr. Golden.

GOLDEN

Yes?

ALICIA

Don't. Please.

Golden pauses a second.

GOLDEN

Yes, I'm sorry.

And Alicia hangs up.

23 **EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - JACKSON STREET - DUSK** 23

Kalinda. She eyes the brand new hybrid. Now parked in a row of employee spaces outside a 75-floor skyscraper. Kalinda turns to the skyscraper, and...

24 **INT. SKYSCRAPER - LOBBY - DUSK** 24

...she crosses the lobby toward the elevators-- stops-- sees... a moustached Derek Wolk buttoning a SECURITY GUARD jacket, replacing a guard behind reception.

Oh. Kalinda nods. I guess he got a job.

Derek gets up, starts in her direction. Kalinda turns away, pretends to be checking the wall-sized BUILDING DIRECTORY. Waits for him to pass. Good. He's gone. She starts to turn away when she notices something on...

...the directory. The name of a law firm. On the 70th floor. Harden, McCloon & Freebeck. She zeroes in on the middle name... McCloon.

25 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - MAID'S ROOM - NIGHT** 25

ALICIA

That's pretty tenuous, isn't it?
Her husband works at McCloon's
firm?

Alicia on her cell at home. Searching through files of letters in the overpacked maid's quarters. Packing boxes, furniture, odds and ends from their mansion. Talking with...

26 **INT. SKYSCRAPER - LOBBY - NIGHT** 26

...Kalinda in a corner of the lobby, eyeing Derek...

KALINDA

Look, I'm not saying it's a smoking
gun. I'm just saying she didn't
put it down on her *voir dire*, so if
we wanna' get rid of her, we can.

27 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - MAID'S ROOM - NIGHT** 27

Alicia nods...

ALICIA

Okay. Let's take it to Diane, see
what she says. Thanks. Bye.

(CONTINUED)

Alicia hangs up. Pauses. Looks at the piles of stuff. Filing cabinets, ceiling-high packing boxes, files. She slumps. Too much to search. She sees a ROLLTOP DESK. Peter's desk. Considers it. And...

...in JUMP CUTS...

...she tries to open it-- the top locked-- she tries the drawers-- locked too-- wait, one opens halfway-- something blocking it-- she reaches in, curls her fingers up-- dislodges the blockage-- pulls it out: a small videotape. Unmarked. No label. No writing. She starts to put it aside. But...

...she looks back toward it. Tempting to watch. Whatever it is. She looks toward the door, hears...

...GRACE and ZACH arguing over the remote control in the other room. She carefully closes the door-- finds the video camera in a packing box-- pops the tape in-- flips open the view screen-- hesitates, her finger over "play." What is she going to find? She clicks it, and...

...it starts in black. Rustling. Bed covers. A whisper:

PETER (O.S.)

...is she gone?...

Oh hell, this isn't going to be good. Alicia leans against a wall, bracing herself, hearing a *shhh* from someone off camera.

PETER (CONT'D)

Check the driveway. Is she gone?

Peter whispering, coming into focus out of the darkness. In bed. The camera moves toward the window. A female giggle, as the camera peers out, sees Alicia starting toward her car.

GRACE

She's gone! Dad!

Oh, it's Grace. Zach runs in too. The three talking over each other, laughing, and...

...Alicia exhales. Smiles. Not what she expected. She frowns at her paranoia, watches... home movie jump cuts. Peter in the kitchen. With an apron.

PETER

How do I look?

(CONTINUED)

The kids laugh. Peter puts on a chef's hat, crosses his arms in fey French fashion. Alicia can't help but smile, watching him. More home video jump cuts...

The oven. A cake cooking, bubbling.

PETER (CONT'D)
I don't think it's supposed to look like that. Get me the--

A jump cut: Peter in the front hall now, ripping up roses, pricked by the thorns...

GRACE
You were s'posed to get rose petals already petaled, Dad, not roses.

Grace laughing, hugging a charmingly inept Peter. She really loves her dad, the two spreading rose petals from the front door to the kitchen. Another jump cut to:

...a present. A beautiful bracelet. Tastefully luxurious.

ZACH (O.S.)
Wow. That looks expensive.

PETER
Yep, that's your third year of college.

Laughter. Alicia watches it all, smiling and... moved. It's a lost time really. As distant as the Incas. The film finally cuts to...

ZACH
*Here she comes; here she comes!
Light the candles!*

A cake. Not so beautiful. Lopsided. The words "Happy 'Just Because' Day." And...

...Alicia smiles, eyeing the video when she pauses, looks in the top corner of the frame... the digital timecode date. 3/16/09. Alicia looks up.

28 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - HALL - NIGHT

28

Alicia on her cell carrying the video, rushing:

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

It's the date you were talking about-- the 16th-- one of the days he was supposedly with Kozko. He couldn't've been; he was with us-- the whole day.

(excitement on the phone)

Okay. I'll bring it to your office. Thirty minutes.

Alicia turns into...

INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

...the kitchen, finds JACKIE preparing a large ham.

ALICIA

I'm heading out.

JACKIE

But I'm making dinner.

ALICIA

Wow, that's big.

But Alicia notices a very large gift basket, recently opened, surrounded by plastic wrap, some fruit.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Where'd this come from?

JACKIE

It was on the doorstep. I think it's from your work.

Work? Alicia looks closer. Finds several gifts still in the basket: CDs, a Nintendo DS in its original packaging, beside it, two iPod Touches opened. What the--?

Alicia finds the attached gift card. Opens it. Reads: "Please think of us as family. Daniel Golden."

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Very nice of your firm, isn't it?

Alicia opens a drawer. Takes out a large plastic garbage bag. Shakes it open. Jackie pauses, sees Alicia take the remnants of the basket and shove it in: Nintendo, CDs, iPods-- She moves toward the fruit in the bowl, pours it into the bag too.

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Um, dear?

But Alicia is intent, moving on to the ham now. She lifts it out of the pan, shoves it into the garbage bag too.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Alicia! What are you doing?!

ALICIA

What else was in the basket?

JACKIE

I don't know. Some bananas This is very wasteful, Alicia.

ALICIA

Anything else?

JACKIE

I don't know, cookies.

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

30

Grace and Zach are flopped on the couch, eating bananas, cookies, when Alicia passes through with her garbage bag. She takes the half-eaten bananas and cookies, drops them in the bag too. Continues on. Grace and Zach trade a look: what the hell?

31 **INT. GOSSET, HARPER & LONG - RECEPTION/ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

31

After hours. Darkened offices. Receptionist long gone. Elevator doors part and Alicia is met by Golden himself.

GOLDEN

Oh, good, I'm so glad. Do you have the tape?

Alicia smiles. A little heightened, intense.

ALICIA

Why yes. Something else too. A gift.

Golden stares at the white garbage bag Alicia thrusts out.

GOLDEN

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

Ham. iPods. Some half-eaten
bananas.

GOLDEN

(stares at her, deadpan)
How nice.

Alicia leans in, stares into Golden's face.

ALICIA

Don't try to buy me and don't ever
try to buy my kids, you understand?

Klump-- she drops the garbage bag at his feet. Then, on top,
she drops the small video tape. Golden stares at her,
impressed despite himself. A force to be fuckin' reckoned
with.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

32

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

32

Alicia and Kalinda stand in front of Will and Diane finishing up. A polished conclusion:

ALICIA

We're still working on the other juror - juror #11. And we're not saying juror #2 was definitely bought off. We just think, based on appearances and the fact that it only takes one bad juror to toss out a favorable verdict, we should use this as pretext to bump Juror #2 and put in the alternate.

That's it. Will and Diane sit back. Pause. Think.

WILL

They make a good point. Better safe than sorry.

DIANE

What does the jury consultant say about the alternate?

Kalinda rolls her eyes.

ALICIA

The alternate is a Republican. Not as good for us as the current juror.

Diane and Will sit back: that makes it harder.

DIANE

So what if Juror #2 wasn't bought off? I just replaced a good juror with a bad alternate.

WILL

So smoke out McCloon. Bring the potential bias to the judge-- don't insist on replacing Juror #2. Just bring it up. And if McCloon goes crazy, you know she was bought, and fight for her expulsion.

DIANE

And McCloon doesn't go nuts?

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Say you were just following your
duty as an officer of the court.
And back off.

Diane and Will trade a look. Not an easy decision.

WILL (CONT'D)

It's your call.

Yep, it is. And...

33 INT. CIVIL COURT - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY 33

...Judge Sutman stares at Diane and McCloon, really not happy
to be dealing with this. Diane concludes...

DIANE

We don't know what this means, your
honor. We just know it wasn't in
Juror #2's *voir dire*.

Judge Sutman looks to McCloon who shrugs...

MCCLOON

I don't even look at the guards at
my reception; I go straight down to
the parking garage.

JUDGE SUTMAN

I don't understand, Miss Lockhart, do
you want Juror #2 off the jury or not?

Diane eyes McCloon too. Can't tell which way this is going.

DIANE

We're undecided, your honor. We
merely felt an obligation to bring
it to the court's attention.

MCCLOON

Hey, if Miss Lockhart has any
hesitation at all, I say, let's
dump her.

DIANE

(careful backpedal)
Of course, we are willing to
stipulate to the fairness of this--

(CONTINUED)

MCCLOON

Hey, just put in the alternate. We have no objection, your honor.

Diane frowns: shit, as...

JUDGE SUTMAN

Okay, fine. Juror #2 is out, and we'll put in the alternate.

Diane stares at the judge. It all moved too fast. Diane turns away, sees McCloon grinning. Fuck.

INT. CIVIL COURT - HALLWAY - DAY

Kalinda watches Alicia try to keep up with a pissed Diane charging down the courthouse hallway. Some talking to. Alicia nods, slows, crosses toward Kalinda.

ALICIA

We got played.

KALINDA

What happened?

ALICIA

It was a McCloon set-up. Jillian, wasn't a whistle-blower. She put that placemat in our depositions to play with us: to get us to dump our best juror.

KALINDA

We don't know that.

ALICIA

McCloon didn't fight it! He welcomed it. He wanted #2 off.

KALINDA

Right. Because we were wrong. It wasn't #2. It was #11.

Alicia sighs, pauses, looks at her.

ALICIA

Or... it's no one.

KALINDA

Okay, maybe. But we find out.

ALICIA

I don't know. We thought number #2 looked guilty because she wanted to serve on a jury. She was being a good person, and we thought that made her look guilty.

KALINDA

So?

ALICIA

If that X were on juror #5 or 8 or anyone, we would pry into their lives and find something that looks guilty because people from the outside look guilty.

KALINDA

Yes, and sometimes people from the outside look guilty because *they're guilty*. I mean, what's your point: we don't look?

Alicia stares at her. A long second.

ALICIA

I don't know. I don't like... prying.

KALINDA

Then don't. Let me.

Alicia stares at her. Nods.

Juror #11. No longer the hairdresser. Now the alternate: a stern Republican. Arms crossed. He's watched by... Alicia still on her folding chair, listening to the testimony.

DR. WINSOR

In our Phase I and II trials, we never once found a causal link between Zennapril and brain stem stroke.

DR. STANLEY WINSOR (50's), a defense expert witness. Too many degrees, not enough bedside manner.

MCCLOON

Dr. Winsor, is it possible that Mr. Demory took a wrong dosage of Zennapril for his migraine headache?

DR. WINSOR

He shouldn't have taken any Zennapril at all. It's not indicated for headache relief.

McCloon works the jury, eyebrows raised as if this is news.

MCCLOON

Zennapril is not approved for migraines?

DR. WINSOR

No. It's a powerful drug intended only for use by patients suffering schizophrenia.

Alicia frowns. Fuck. Not going well.

INT. APARTMENT HALL - DAY

At a ground floor apartment. Kalinda sees the yellowed nameplate beside the door buzzer, "O. Ravitch. Superintendant." Kalinda musses up her hair, knocks on the door. Twice more. Fast. The SUPER finally comes.

KALINDA

Oh, thank God. I hope you can help me. I just locked myself out of 4B, and I left my purse inside.

SUPER

Where's Tober?

KALINDA

He left earlier. Jury duty, I think, but he said to ask the super -- "Ozzie", right?

SUPER

I never seen you.

KALINDA

Look, I know this is awkward, okay? I met Calvin last night at Rudy's... around the corner. I came back with him and...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA (CONT'D)

anyway, he let me sleep in while he
went off to... please, I'm already
late for work.

The Super sucks his teeth, considering, and...

37 **INT. GOSSET, HARPER & LONG - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY** 37

The two Associates from the opening. They stare at Alicia,
the chair between them empty, waiting for Golden. The
conference room silent. Alicia looking around: a bit busy.

Golden finally charges in, out of breath:

GOLDEN

Sorry, Mrs. Florrick.

Alicia nods: fine. Golden whispers something to the
Associates. Surprised, they pick up their papers and leave.
A second. Just Golden and Alicia.

GOLDEN (CONT'D)

I wanted to apologize for the other
night. I sent that basket before
our conversation. No one will ever
send you anything again.

ALICIA

Thank you.

Golden clears his throat. There seems to be more honesty in
him now. Not so many smiles. More respect, less patronizing.

GOLDEN

I don't mean to keep doing this, but I
need to ask another favor. It's
regarding the videotape you gave me.

ALICIA

Okay.

GOLDEN

There was a present in it. A bracelet.

Alicia stares at him.

GOLDEN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

I need you to look for the receipt.

ALICIA

Why?

(CONTINUED)

GOLDEN

(clears his throat)

I want to use the videotape to try to get Peter a new trial-- I think it's very effective-- but I'm afraid the prosecution will suggest the present was not paid for by Peter.

ALICIA

(staring at him)

Why would they suggest that?

This is hard for Golden. He's liking Alicia now. Maybe there's even a crush there.

GOLDEN

Mrs. Florrick, as you know I technically don't represent you. I represent your husband. And so, as much as I would like to be completely forthcoming with you, in these circumstances I don't believe I can.

Alicia studies him. A bad feeling in her stomach. Careful:

ALICIA

This Kozko, he gave Peter things? And you believe he regifted one of these things-- this bracelet-- to me?

Golden wants to say more. Can't.

GOLDEN

I can say this: it would be helpful if we found the receipt.

Alicia meets his eye. And...

INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

...bang-- Alicia throws open her bureau drawer. Intent. Flushed. She finds her jewelry box, opens it. Digs through the jewelry. Dumps it out. No, not there.

INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - PANTRY/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Klunk-- Alicia throws open the pantry door. Looks through the various cans. Soup cans. Creamed corn. Finds one at the back. Unscrews the top. A disguised jewelry safe. She pours out...

(CONTINUED)

...the jewelry. Finds-- there-- the bracelet. She stares at it. Like it was a turd. Alicia looks closer at the bracelet. The fastener. A few letters she can't read.

JACKIE

If it's money you're concerned
about --

Jackie in the kitchen, wiping up counters.

ALICIA

What?

JACKIE

You don't have to be proud. I know
you're carrying a lot of...
responsibility. The rent alone.

ALICIA

Jackie, I am making a decent
salary.

Alicia crosses to a kitchen drawer, searching through it:

JACKIE

I just want you to know there's
more than enough room.

Alicia stares at her. Are you fucking kidding? Move in with
the mother-in-law?

ALICIA

We're okay for now. But thanks.

She leaves the kitchen as Alicia sighs, sees her cellphone
blinking on the counter: "One message." She picks it up,
hits "dial" as... a woman comes on the line...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Yeah?

Alicia looks up, not sure who this is.

ALICIA

Kalinda?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hold on.

Some rustling over the receiver. Alicia, confused, curious,
continues to search the drawer as Kalinda comes on.

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA (O.S.)

Hello?

ALICIA

*Oh, hey, it's Alicia. I'm
returning your call. Who was that?*

KALINDA (O.S.)

*Donna. I found out something about
Juror #11?*

Okay, Alicia shakes her head: that's the most she'll get out of her. Alicia finds a credit card magnifying glass in the drawer.

KALINDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*I was talking to the super in his
building, and he let me into his
apartment.*

ALICIA

Why did he let you into his apartment?

KALINDA (O.S.)

Do you really want to know?

ALICIA

(good point)

No.

Alicia studies the necklace fastener with the magnifying glass. Four letters there... *Sole'*.

KALINDA (O.S.)

*Here's the thing. Tober's bank
account. He just deposited \$20,000
in cash.*

Alicia slumps. Exhausting to always suspect.

KALINDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I think we have our bribed juror.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

40

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

40

"Sole'" reads the bracelet clasp. Peering at it through a jeweler's loupe is MISS POLLOCK. A delicate woman with elegant taste.

MISS POLLOCK

Yes, it's ours. You lost the receipt?

ALICIA

And I need a copy for my tax records.

A high-end jewelry shop. Pollock, already at her computer.

MISS POLLOCK

It's a beautiful piece. One of our finest. When was it purchased?

ALICIA

February or March. Maybe January.

MISS POLLOCK

I'm sorry, you said "Florrick?"

ALICIA

Yes.

MISS POLLOCK

I found the receipt, but it's not under "Florrick." Might it be under a different name?

ALICIA

I'm not sure. What name do you have?

Miss Pollock looks up at her. Pauses.

MISS POLLOCK

I'm sorry, I'm not able to give out that information.

ALICIA

Could the name be "Kozko?"

But Miss Pollock still stares at her.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

MISS POLLOCK

I'm sorry. I'm afraid I can't give
out that information.

Alicia nods. Flustered.

41

INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN / HALLWAY - DAY

41

Kalinda rushes toward an arriving and distracted Alicia...

KALINDA

So I tracked down Tober's ex-wife.
She says he was five months behind
on alimony. Then last week, he
gave her ten grand. He claimed he
took out a second mortgage on his
house.

ALICIA

So that's it?

KALINDA

The only problem... Tober doesn't
own a house.

Alicia stares at her.

KALINDA (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

ALICIA

Yeah.

(distracted)

Kalinda. Do you know a man named
Kozco?

KALINDA

Gerald Kozco? The Real Estate
Developer.

ALICIA

(nods)

What does he have to do with my
husband?

Kalinda takes a second. Oh. That's where Alicia is taking
this.

KALINDA

I don't know. Does he have
anything to do with him?

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

You worked at the State's
Attorney's office for how long?

KALINDA

Two years.

ALICIA

And did you ever... see anything?

KALINDA

Like what?

ALICIA

Like... payoffs and gifts--
(frustration bubbling over)
Oh, I don't know-- I'm not even sure
I want to know. I thought my
marriage was rock-solid. Now every
rock I turn over, I find a half-
dozen more.

Kalinda isn't comfortable with this doorway into her life:

KALINDA

Look. You don't go to the State's
Attorney's Office to find saints.
(splitting off)
I'll get back to you about Tober.
If his pay-off is \$35,000, he's
still owed another 15k. My guess
is he gets it before deliberations.

ALICIA

Well, that's end of today.

KALINDA

Okay, I'll rush then.

Kalinda is out the door, leaving a distracted Alicia. And...

MCCLOON

Objection, your honor! This is a
research document, not promotional
material!

And we're back in the trenches, Diane cross-examining the now
testy Dr. Winsor. The judge barely looking up:

(CONTINUED)

42 THE GOOD WIFE #103 "Fixed" PINK COLLATED 8/24/09 42A.
CONTINUED: 42

JUDGE SUTMAN
Overruled.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

Then let me continue quoting:
"Primary Outcome for Zennapril
include a 40% reduction in the
average frequencies of *migraines*."

DR. WINSOR

We test drugs for all possible
outcomes, ma'am. That doesn't mean
we recommend it. Zennapril is an
anti-psychotic intended only for
schizophrenics.

We're with Alicia now, watching Juror #11. Calvin Tober.
Staring off into space. Not listening? Alicia turns back
toward the gallery, sees six other Zennapril families joining
the first one. All hanging on every word in the trial as...

DIANE

Would you tell the court what this
is, doctor?

A document. Winsor looks at it. His expression tightens.

MCCLOON

Objection. We haven't seen--

DIANE

Discovery materials, item 469.
(to Winsor)
I'll help you, sir. This document
is an application to the EMEA,
seeking approval to market
Zennapril in Europe as a migraine
medication. Am I correct?

DR. WINSOR

(hard for him)

Yes.

DIANE

Filed twenty months ago. Doctor
Winsor, would you please tell the
court whose signature is on this
application?

Dr. Winsor pauses. Cornered.

DR. WINSOR

It's my signature.

(CONTINUED)

Diane nods. Good. She glances toward the jury. As Carol in the gallery takes Ray's hand. Hopeful now. She looks back toward the Zennaprill victims, all nodding with hope.

DIANE
No further questions, your honor.

JUDGE SUTMAN
Mr. McCloon?

McCloon shakes his head grimly.

JUDGE SUTMAN (CONT'D)
Then that concludes our trial
testimony. We will finish the day
with summations and jury
instructions, then ladies and
gentlemen of the jury, the trial
moves into your hands--

43 **OMITTED** 43 *

44 **INT. KALINDA'S CAR - AFTERNOON** 44

Behind the courthouse, court staffers and jurors exit through the rear doors. Faces we recognize. Sitting in her car, Kalinda keeps an eye on them when--

--There! Calvin Tober.

He exits, heads down the block, sees a bus pulling up to a stop. He runs to catch it, as Kalinda keys her ignition to follow.

48

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

48

Alicia. Uncomfortable to be back here again. With the partners. Pitching.

DIANE

And she's sure it was a pay-off?

ALICIA

No. She saw an envelope trade hands, but she doesn't know what was in the envelope.

WILL

And she didn't see the driver?

ALICIA

No. It was a black Nissan. And Kalinda got a partial plate. J15. She's running it now. Crossing it with make and model. But it may take a while.

WILL

Start with McCloon's legal team.

Alicia nods, makes a note. As Diane looks out the window. Frowns. Hates this.

DIANE

I don't know. The jury's deliberating. They've already sent word to the judge they may have a verdict by today.

WILL

So if we pull the trigger, we do it now.

DIANE

I'd have to bring the judge everything. The place mat, the 35,000, the alimony.

WILL

Too late now to request another juror. It'd be a definite mistrial.

DIANE

And I feel like the jury was with me. The summation-- they were nodding. They want to give this to us.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Yes, unless Juror #11 torpedoed it.
We're risking a mistrial either
way.

Diane nods. Struggles.

DIANE

Damn. This is roulette. This
isn't law.

WILL

We're talking about a felony crime
here. We still have an obligation.

Tap-tap. They turn, see Cary at the door, tapping on the
glass. Diane nods him in.

CARY

The judge wants you in chambers.

Diane and Will trade a look.

WILL

This'll be interesting.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR49 **INT. CIVIL COURT - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY**

49

Diane. McCloon. High noon in a judge's chamber. Judge Sutman enters. He's not used to being the leading man. But he is now. He sits. Nods to the stenographer. She starts typing.

JUDGE SUTMAN

In the next ten minutes, we're going to figure something out.

McCloon and Diane both start to talk, but Sutman raises his voice:

JUDGE SUTMAN (CONT'D)

In the meantime I want silence. Not McCloon silence, not Lockhart silence. Silence. Unless I point to you, you won't speak.

MCCLOON

Your honor--

JUDGE SUTMAN

Sergeant Largon!

A large suited OFFICER opens the door.

JUDGE SUTMAN (CONT'D)

Just wait there, sergeant.
(back to Diane, McCloon)
Anyone who speaks *without* my permission will be held in contempt.

Diane. And McCloon. Silent. The slightest edge of growing respect.

JUDGE SUTMAN (CONT'D)

The jury has reached its verdict. I'm holding that verdict until we settle an issue that has arisen. The foreman has approached me about being followed by someone from one of your legal teams. Who would that be?

A tense second. Diane masks her surprise, already gauging her options. She raises her hand.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE SUTMAN (CONT'D)

You may speak.

DIANE

Your honor, we had reasons to believe that Mr. McCloon bribed one of the jurors.

McCloon starts to open his mouth, but Sutman shoots him a look.

DIANE (CONT'D)

We intended to bring these charges to your honor, but we first wanted to be certain of our information.

JUDGE SUTMAN

And so you had one of the jurors followed?

Diane. She takes a second. Can't explain it. McCloon raises his hand. An eager student. The judge points to him.

MCCLOON

Your honor, I am stunned! I am--!

JUDGE SUTMAN

Mr. McCloon, without the outrage please.

MCCLOON

Clearly Miss Lockhart has nothing solid and she's trying to torpedo this verdict before it comes in. She's worried it won't go in her favor.

Diane shoots a pissed look toward McCloon. He shoots one back.

JUDGE SUTMAN

Okay, Ms. Lockart, I'm holding you in contempt for having a juror followed. You owe the legal defense fund \$80,000 to be paid no later than Friday of next week.

MCCLOON

And I think I am damn well owed an apology --

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE SUTMAN

Ah, ah - I didn't point at you.
That'll be \$10,000, Mr. McCloon.
Now, we are all going back into
that courtroom and we are all
living with this verdict.

Diane closes her eyes. Damn.

JUDGE SUTMAN (CONT'D)

And if you have evidence of jury
tampering, Miss Lockhart, take it
up on appeal. Too many people have
selflessly invested their time for
your playground tactics to throw
this into mistrial. That's it.

INT. CIVIL COURT - COURTROOM 201 - DAY

All rise in the courtroom as the jury files in. Twelve
normal people.

A disappointed and worried Alicia watches them, keeps a
lingering eye on Calvin Tober heading toward his seat. She
turns, trades a look with Kalinda. Well, here we go. Also
in the gallery...

...Carol squeezes her husband's hand while behind them, three
other victims wait. The Gerber family. A young woman with
crutches. A teenager in a wheelchair. All nervous.

JUDGE SUTMAN

Ladies and gentleman of the jury
have you reached a verdict?

Calvin Tober stands. The first time we hear him:

CALVIN TOBER

Yes, your honor.

Diane glances back at Alicia. Here we go.

JUDGE SUTMAN

And what is your verdict?

CALVIN TOBER

(reads)

"We, the jury, find for Raymond
Demory and against the defendant
Zennaprill Pharmaceutical.

(CONTINUED)

The courtroom erupts. Alicia blinks, stunned. They won. She didn't expect that. Diane is thrilled, shoots a competitive look toward a depressed McCloon.

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN TOBER (CONT'D)

And we assess damages in the sum of
\$800,000 in compensatory damages
and 3 million in punitive damages.

Oh my god. Carol's eyes widen, stunned, squeezing Ray's
hand. Behind them, the Zennaprill families start crying,
while...

...the pharmaceutical executives immediately and sharply
stand, start out. Diane collects her files, her briefcase,
stands, and smiles at Alicia as she passes.

McCloon holds the gallery gate open for her, nodding "Nicely
played."

MCCLOON

Settle and I won't pursue an
appeal.

DIANE

I still have my class action
clients.

MCCLOON

Right... I'll get you some numbers
by day's end..

Diane nods good, walks out the gate as Alicia, hearing this,
smiles, looks back toward the victims hugging. Thrilled.

Alicia exits, finds Kalinda on the courthouse steps...

ALICIA

So we were wrong.

KALINDA

It happens.

ALICIA

People sometimes just look guilty.

Kalinda shrugs when...

CAROL

Alicia.

Alicia turns, finds Carol and Ray below in the parking lot.
She starts down to them, smiles, hugs Carol.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Thank you.

ALICIA
It was all Diane.

CAROL
I want you to have something.

The shoebox of letters, photos.

CAROL (CONT'D)
These are the people you helped
today.

Alicia smiles, sees Ray and Carol turning to their car. And
her smile drops. It's...

...a black Nissan.

Her face still, grim, Alicia takes a few paces, walks to the
rear of the car, looks at the license plate.

J15 772.

The same prefix. Oh fuck. Fuck. Alicia stares at it.
Looks toward sweet-faced Carol. Looks toward that shoebox of
photos, letters.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Thank you again. It's kind of amazing.

ALICIA
Is it?

CAROL
Yes. Why?

ALICIA
Ever been to The Hungry Kitten?

CAROL
The restaurant? Sure. Ray loves
it.

ALICIA
And you borrowed our deposition
books?

CAROL
Diane asked us to look through
Ray's earlier statements.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA
You accidentally left something.

Alicia takes out the placemat scrap, shows it to Carol who stops smiling, stares at her.

CAROL
What is that?

Carol's not a good liar. Alicia shakes her head, disgusted.

ALICIA
You didn't have to do it. You would've won.

CAROL
(smiles)
We did win.

And Carol gets in the car.

52 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT** 52

A party. In the large conference room. Champagne. A spread of food. Lawyers. Will refills Diane's flute, extolling her victory to the gathered partners. A happy relieved time. And...

...Alicia watches it through the glass. Not feeling festive at the moment. She sees Diane moving through the party, accepting congratulations. She comes out into the hall, sees Alicia. Smiles.

ALICIA
They bribed the foreman. Our clients did.

Diane reacts, masking some surprise. She nods Alicia into her office across the hall.

53 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT** 53

It's dark. Just a desk light. Beautiful cityscape outside.

ALICIA
They drive a black Nissan. Their license plate has the prefix J15. There was no whistle-blower. Our clients bribed the jury.

DIANE
Maybe.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

No. It's true. We have to bring this to the judge.

Diane smiles benignly at Alicia.

DIANE

We already did. You were there. We brought our suspicions to the judge and he overruled us.

ALICIA

Yes, but now we know.

DIANE

We fulfilled our obligations under the law.

Alicia stares at her. Almost under her breath:

ALICIA

It's wrong.

DIANE

No. We follow the law, Alicia. Sometimes it's wrong, sometimes it's right. But we always follow the law. And today, you helped a lot of people in pain find justice.

"Justice?" There's the word. Alicia stares at Diane as she takes a moment, returns to the party, leaving Alicia alone.

Peter Florrick. He sits in his prison blues. Smiling. The sound of the rustling of papers. Staring at him is...

...Alicia. Sitting across the table in a prison attorney meeting room. Minimum security visible through the window. She's still stone-faced, preoccupied. The Diane conversation fresh in her mind.

PETER

How are you doing?

ALICIA

Good.

Sitting at the table with them is Golden, feeling like an interloper, busying himself with sorting through depositions.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

I heard work is going well.

ALICIA

It is. It's good.

Peter laughs:

PETER

You sound like Grace. "How's school?" "Good." How's your teachers?" "Good."

Alicia smiles. Peter likes her smile.

PETER (CONT'D)

Are you having fun? That's what's important.

Alicia chuckles. Then laughs. He is so out of it.

ALICIA

Fun as Disneyland.

Peter's smile sinks. Stares at her.

PETER

Well, it's good you're making a life for yourself. Give you a break from this... whole situation. Right, Daniel?

GOLDEN

(knowing glance at Alicia)

Alicia can handle herself. I know that.

Peter smiles, agreeing. He reaches for Alicia's hand.

PETER

Daniel and I want to talk to you about something...

GOLDEN

Um, Alicia, we've been going over our appeal strategy-- and we may need you to do something we didn't expect.

Alicia withdraws her hands, folding them on the table. This should be good.

GOLDEN (CONT'D)

We need you to testify.

(CONTINUED)

Ah. Alicia nods.

PETER

Sorry, but we've gone over it every
which way.

GOLDEN

We need you to say on the stand
when you found out about the affair
so we can show that Peter was lying
to protect you.

Alicia raises an eyebrow: really? Golden quickly adds:

GOLDEN (CONT'D)

From the affair.

PETER

It's Bill Clinton all over again.
You remember what we used to say
about him. They were using sex to
crucify him. Well, they're doing
the same with me.

ALICIA

Crucifying you?

Peter stares at her. You know what I mean.

GOLDEN

We need you to do this, Alicia.

PETER

Please. I wouldn't ask you if I
didn't need it. Will you testify?

Alicia stares at them. Lets the silence stretch. And we
BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW