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# thegoodwife

Episode #112

"Bad"

Written By

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Directed By

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THE GOOD WIFE #112  
"Bad"  
CAST LIST  
12/16/09

ALICIA FLORRICK  
WILL GARDNER  
DIANE LOCKHART  
CARY AGOS  
KALINDA SHARMA

PETER FLORRICK  
GLENN CHILDS

DANIEL GOLDEN  
COLIN SWEENEY (formerly "Colin Foley")  
NANCY CROZIER  
JUDGE TIMOTHY STANEK  
CHARLOTTE ARMITAGE (formerly "Renee Armitage")  
MARIEL ARMITAGE  
JUDGE HARVEY WINTER  
ASA NATHAN LANDRY  
ASA MATAN BRODY  
AMBER MADISON  
JULIUS CAIN  
TOM LI  
MARCO  
JULIE (formerly "TINA")  
TV ANNOUNCER (V.O. only)  
RECEPTIONIST (V.O. only)

OMITTED

BRYAN MURPHY  
TONY MILHARIC  
COP

THE GOOD WIFE #112  
"Bad"  
SET LIST  
12/16/09

Interiors:

27TH FLOOR  
ALICIA'S OFFICE  
28TH FLOOR  
WILL'S OFFICE  
DIANE'S OFFICE  
HALLWAY  
CONFERENCE ROOM  
RECEPTION  
CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING  
COURTROOM #18  
HALLWAY  
COURTHOUSE - JURY ROOM  
PROBATE COURTROOM  
SWEENEY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT  
STUDY  
GUN SHOP  
DIANE'S MASTER BEDROOM  
ALICIA'S CAR  
FIRING RANGE  
MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM

Exteriors

WEST SIDE OF CHICAGO - CITY STREET  
REMOTE WOODED AREA

TEASER

1 INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - COURTROOM #18 - DAY

1

Daniel Golden. He stares straight at us, intones:

GOLDEN

This is not about sex. Let me  
repeat that because it bares  
repeating. *This is not* about sex.

Golden's opening statement. PETER at the defense table.  
Judge HARVEY WINTER presiding. Golden points toward A.S.A.  
LANDRY at the prosecution table.

GOLDEN (CONT'D)

Now my opponent, your honor, would  
have you believe this case is  
positively drenched in sex. And if  
we were asking for a new trial  
based on whether my client was a  
good husband, he might be right.

Peter glances toward the gallery. No Alicia. Wait, someone  
enters the court, and he sees her out in the hall on her  
cell. Peter pauses over that as...

GOLDEN (CONT'D)

So what is this really about? My  
client was convicted and sent to  
prison for a very simple, almost  
prosaic, reason. He told his  
subordinates to "D.P."-- that is  
"Decline to Prosecute"-- certain  
cases, and the prosecution believes  
this was in trade for financial and  
sexual favors. Yes, that's it.  
After all the sexual sturm and drang  
of the last eight months, that's  
what it all comes down to.

Peter notices an intent CHILDS in the gallery, watching. The  
two men make eye contact. No love lost.

GOLDEN (CONT'D)

But the prosecution has a problem,  
your honor. The evidence they  
presented at trial was entirely  
circumstantial. And to be granted a  
new trial, we don't even need to  
disprove any of it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

GOLDEN (CONT'D)

What we need to do-- what we intend to do-- is to persuade your honor that if the jury had heard the new evidence you will hear over the next two weeks, they likely would have reached a different verdict.

2

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

2

Alicia out on her cell, talking with Will...

ALICIA

No, I'm alright. I'm just staying for the opening arguments.

INTERCUT with...

3

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

3

...Will on his phone gesturing toward an assistant showing him two or three possible court exhibits:

WILL

How's it going?

ALICIA

Good. They feel good.

WILL

Good, the judge likes Peter. He just needs to be given a reason to decide for him.

Alicia nods, uncomfortable at the strategizing. She peers through the gap in the door: Golden still talking.

WILL (CONT'D)

Anyway-- sorry to be loading up on you-- but the client should be here in an hour.

ALICIA

Which client?

WILL

Colin Sweeney.

Alicia pauses, raises an eyebrow. Will grins...

ALICIA

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

I love the reaction that name gets.  
It's like the horses in "Young  
Frankenstein."

ALICIA

So we're really going to represent him?

WILL

We're really going to represent  
him. And, lucky you, you're now  
second chair.

ALICIA

Lucky me.

Will looks up, sees Diane at his door. To Alicia...

WILL

See you in an hour.

He hangs up, turns to Diane, as--

DIANE

Clients are going to bolt.

WILL

Your clients. Bleeding-heart  
feminists who don't pay the bills.

DIANE

Don't play that game. This isn't a  
feminist issue. Colin Sweeney  
killed his wife.

WILL

Colin Sweeney was found not guilty  
of killing his wife.

DIANE

So was O.J.

WILL

Yes, and-- Why am I the one  
standing up for innocent-until-  
proven-guilty here?

DIANE

Because you're not. You want his  
company's business.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

As should you. We've lost a third of our business with Stern leaving the firm. We can't be turning up our noses at any clients these days.

They both look toward the hall, see Kalinda there with two stainless steel suitcases, nodding to Diane. Ready.

WILL (CONT'D)

Because we're certainly not making money from your pet causes.

DIANE

It's not a pet cause. It's not even a lawsuit yet. I'm considering it.

WILL

Come on. You can't win. You don't even want to win. You just want to harass gun manufacturers.

Diane goes to the door, pauses there...

DIANE

So it's the wild west, is it? You have one vote, and I have one vote, so we do what we want?

WILL

Looks like it.

DIANE

We're heading into a bad time.

WILL

Yep. Seems inevitable.

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

Fwop-fwop. The second sectioned suitcase is opened by Kalinda, revealing a bevy of guns. More guns already laid out from the first suitcase. Street guns. All types. All erotically shiny.

KALINDA

Revolvers, semi-automatics. 6-shot. 8-shot.

Diane stares at them. An arsenal. Five or six associates around her. Cary and Julius Cain among them.

(CONTINUED)

CARY

Wow.

JULIUS CAIN

To win, we've got to show that the gun manufacturers violated state law by knowingly allowing guns to be distributed illegally--

KALINDA

Every single one was purchased within two miles of here.

Diane shakes her head, ogles the collection of firearms--

DIANE

They're all unloaded?

KALINDA

(nods, showing how)

Drop the magazine. Slide the bolt to check for a chambered round. Do a physical check of the barrel. You're unloaded.

Kalinda offers the gun to Diane. She takes it gingerly. Clearly uncomfortable, but intrigued.

DIANE

It's very odd. The attraction of handguns, isn't it? Almost primal.

JULIUS CAIN

It's a good look. Sarah Palin-esque.

DIANE

Thank you.

Kalinda doesn't respond: her usual reaction to liberal novices.

DIANE (CONT'D)

And what is this?

KALINDA

Kel-Tec 32. 7 shot. 9 mm.

DIANE

It's very small.

(CONTINUED)



KALINDA  
(offers a smaller one)  
Smith & Wesson. J Frame "Lady Smith."

DIANE  
And how much would this cost on the  
street?

KALINDA  
Depends. That was fifty.

Diane nods, aims, sees the associates suddenly gathered at  
the conference room window. Gossiping:

CARY  
I heard it was a necrophilia thing.

JULIUS CAIN  
No, he chopped her up: put her in  
the dog food.

Diane sees passing in the hall with Will... COLIN SWEENEY.  
40's, handsome in a dissolute, Dorian Grey kind of way-- a  
bit of the dandy in an elegant Savile Row suit. Claus Von  
Bülow without the accent.

JULIUS CAIN (CONT'D)  
What was that jury thinking?

CARY  
Tough to convict when they never  
found a body. The perfect crime.

And they watch as Will leads Colin Sweeney into his office.  
A second later, Alicia follows.

CARY (CONT'D)  
Why's Alicia on it?

Kalinda looks up-- news to her. She watches Alicia.

JULIUS CAIN  
You know why. Her husband  
prosecuted him the first time.

CARY  
So?

JULIUS CAIN  
Who better to defend him.

5

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

5

A handshake. Gentle. Regal. Sweeney shakes Alicia's hand...

SWEENEY

Mrs. Florrick. A pleasure to meet you.

Alicia offers a polite smile, then pulls her hand away.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I killed her with my other hand.

Will and Alicia trade a look until Sweeney smiles:

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Joking. Sorry, I've developed a perverse sense of the comic over the last year.

WILL

Well, let's not try to joke like that in court, shall we?

SWEENEY

Do you think it will get to that: court?

WILL

Cantwell is a top litigator; he wants a trial. Our goal is just to avoid a jury. You're in a similar situation to OJ, if you don't mind me continuing the metaphor?

SWEENEY

Mind? I embrace it.

He smiles at Alicia who doesn't smile back.

WILL

Like OJ, you were found not guilty, but people think you did it. They want to see you hurt. Your stepdaughter is counting on that-- that's why she's suing you in civil court--

SWEENEY

Charlotte and I... never saw eye to eye, I'm afraid. She resented Carolyn leaving her father for me.

(CONTINUED)

Alicia takes notes, listening, trying not to look at Colin who constantly shoots looks toward her, taking pleasure in his ability to unnerve.

WILL

Well, unfortunately, the Illinois "Slayer Statute" says you can't inherit someone's estate if you cause their death, so if Charlotte wins, she gets the money, the company--

SWEENEY

What do you think, Mrs. Florrick?

ALICIA

What do I think of what?

SWEENEY

Your husband prosecuted me. You must have an opinion of my guilt or innocence.

ALICIA

My opinion is irrelevant.

SWEENEY

Not to me. Not at this moment. You think I killed my wife?

ALICIA

Of course.

Sweeney smiles at the honesty as Will shifts slightly...

WILL

You pay us to represent your interests--

SWEENEY

(only eyes for Alicia)  
Even though her body was never found?

ALICIA

I'm sure you found a way to dispose of it.

SWEENEY

Chopped her up and buried her in a landfill somewhere?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALICIA  
Or in Lake Michigan.

SWEENEY

And my alibi?

ALICIA

That you were driving from St.  
Louis to Chicago at the time?

SWEENEY

So you have no problem representing  
a murderer?

ALICIA

I have a great problem with it.

SWEENEY

But you'll do it anyway?

ALICIA

Unless you would like to exclude me.

SWEENEY

Not for the world.

Will looks between them. Nods.

WILL

Okay, great. Now that that's settled...

**INT. PROBATE COURTROOM - DAY**

A small court. Barely two rows in the gallery. Packed. 60  
spectators, reporters in a room built for 40. Entering is  
JUDGE TIMOTHY STANEK. 25 years on the bench, all of it in  
probate. Meticulous, strong-willed, married to his ways. He  
pauses at the door, turns it back and forth. It squeaks.

JUDGE STANEK

Cory, let's get some WD-40 on this.

The Bailiff nods as Stanek heads toward the bench:

JUDGE STANEK (CONT'D)

Quiet down. Give me that. You.  
Now.

A reporter in the front row with an iPhone, typing.

JUDGE STANEK (CONT'D)

Don't try to hide it. Now.

The reporter frowns, walks up with his iPhone. Stanek  
reaches out with a trash bin.

(CONTINUED)

The reporter reluctantly drops it in, as Will at the defense table with Sweeney and Alicia smiles to himself: he actually likes Stanek.

JUDGE STANEK (CONT'D)  
Okay, now I know you all are excited about this trial, but this is a probate matter and, as such...

A cell rings in the back row. Stanek shoots a look toward it, and a dozen spectators quickly reach toward their belts.

JUDGE STANEK (CONT'D)  
...and, as such, you're just visiting here. I live here. And my rules go. Mr. Gardner, are you ready?

WILL  
Yes, your honor.

JUDGE STANEK  
Mr. Cantwell--

He looks toward the empty plaintiff's table...

JUDGE STANEK (CONT'D)  
Where the hell is Cantwell?

He looks toward the court when a whispering fit starts in the second row. Finally a young woman stands. NANCY CROZIER. ("Kro-sher.") Mid-20s. Just out of law school. Sexy. Awkward. Nervous as hell.

NANCY CROZIER  
Your honor, I um...

JUDGE STANEK  
Who are you?

NANCY CROZIER  
I um-- Nancy Crozier... Your honor. Mr. Cantwell has taken sick, and the plaintiff... She asked me to step in.

Will just stares at her, incredulously, starts to smile. A slam fuckin' dunk. Alicia eyes the girl sympathetically. She's shaking nervously. Incredulous...

JUDGE STANEK  
Miss Armitage?

CHARLOTTE ARMITAGE (mid-20s) stands in court next to Nancy. A little overweight. Plain. Taken to sweater vests. Could be a small town travel agent.

JUDGE STANEK (CONT'D)

You can request a continuance if you would like to look for other representation. As you can see, the defense has spared no expense in waging its defense.

CHARLOTTE

Yes, your honor, I know. Nancy and I go way back, and I think I'd rather go with someone I trust.

Alicia eyes her through all this. Something likable and respectable about that.

JUDGE STANEK

Ma'am, you're not old enough to go way back, but if Miss... what is it?

NANCY CROZIER

Crozier.

JUDGE STANEK

...Crozier is your choice, come on up here, Miss Crozier. That's where you sit.

Nancy starts forward, then-- oops-- rushes back to grab her files, as Will whispers to Alicia...

WILL

Slip in a motion for a bench trial before she knows what hit her.

Alicia nods, stands...

ALICIA

Your honor, just a quick request before we begin. We respect your judgement in this matter, and ask that this be a bench trial.

JUDGE STANEK

Miss Crozier?

But Nancy is busy unloading her files on her table.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY CROZIER

I'm sorry, what was the question,  
your honor?

JUDGE STANEK

They want this to be a bench trial.  
They want not to have a jury. Do  
you have an argument?

NANCY CROZIER

Ummm...

Nancy looks over toward Alicia who purposefully looks blase.

NANCY CROZIER (CONT'D)

I don't know.

JUDGE STANEK

Well, if you don't know, then I  
must decide against you.

Alicia frowns slightly at "decide against you"-- the judge  
hinting.

NANCY CROZIER

The only thing I want to say, your  
honor, is I think it's...

(finding the word)

...fairer if we have a cross-section  
of people, not just one. Please  
don't take that the wrong way.

StaneK smiles to himself at the sweetness.

ALICIA

Your honor, I think it's "fairer"  
if we decide this matter on the law  
and not on the passions of a jury.

Nancy raises her hand. StaneK smiles, starting to like her.

JUDGE STANEK

Miss Crozier?

NANCY CROZIER

That might be true, but I'm not  
going to try to... rile up those  
passions, you know? I just want  
them to hear the truth.

Alicia shoots a look over toward an innocent Nancy. Is it an  
act?

(CONTINUED)



JUDGE STANEK

Well, Miss Crozier, you've won your first argument. We'll start picking a jury tomorrow.

Nancy smiles, claps her hands.

NANCY CROZIER

Sorry, your honor, I was just... Thank you.

JUDGE STANEK

You're welcome.

Alicia looks between them. Oh fuck. Stanek brings down his gavel. And Alicia sits next to Will...

WILL

What happened?

ALICIA

Cute and perky twenty-six just happened.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

7 INT. COURTHOUSE - JURY ROOM - DAY

7

Matan Brody. He sits staring straight ahead. Hostile.

GOLDEN

Thank you for giving us a few minutes, Mr. Brody.

MATAN

What do you want?

Peter and Golden sit across from him. In the jury holding room. Peter's home away from home.

PETER

We're going to subpoena you to testify.

MATAN

You understand I'll be a hostile witness? \*

PETER

We understand you weren't always that hostile. \*

MATAN

That was before you were corrupt.

Peter stares at him, as Golden tries to break the ice:

GOLDEN

I think what we're saying, Mr. Brody, is we're not the enemy here. Peter hired you at the State's Attorney's Office. He promoted you-- four times. Glenn Childs has promoted you once, and he'll never let you rise higher because he thinks you've still got one leg in Peter's camp.

Matan turns to Golden...

MATAN

Ah, so that's what this is about? Influencing my testimony.

PETER

No, we're trying to get you to tell the truth-- even if it hurts Childs.

(CONTINUED)

Matan stands, disgusted.

MATAN  
I've always told the truth.

PETER  
I know a lot of people who always told  
the truth, and yet here I sit. Are  
you really fulfilled chasing my wife  
from court to court? I respected you.  
Childs turned you into an errand boy.

\*  
\*

Golden winces slightly at "boy."

MATAN  
Mr. Florrick, you hired me. I'm  
grateful for that. You ran a tough  
department. I admired that. But the  
day you started slipping your wife  
information to use in court-- that's  
the day I lost respect for you.

Matan starts toward the door when the Bailiff opens it, letting  
in... Glenn Childs. Matan stops in his tracks, frowns: fuck.

CHILDS  
Seems like a busy room.

MATAN  
They asked me here.

CHILDS  
Yes. They asked me here too.

Matan shoots an angry look back toward Peter.

CHILDS (CONT'D)  
They must've wanted us to bump into  
each other.

PETER  
A quirk of scheduling. I only have  
a minimal number of visiting hours.

MATAN  
I told them to go to hell.

CHILDS  
I have no doubt.

Matan pauses-- wants to say more-- then starts out the door,  
frowning. Of course Childs has doubts. After he's gone:

(CONTINUED)

CHILDS (CONT'D)  
So that's why I'm here? To see  
Matan leaving?

PETER  
No, we just needed a third for pinochle. \*

CHILDS  
Next time, just phone me with your  
strategic plan, so I don't have to  
actually leave my office.

And Childs leaves. Peter and Golden trade a look...

GOLDEN  
What do you think?

PETER  
I think we'll find out when Matan  
testifies.

8 OMITTED 8

9 OMITTED 9

10 INT. SWEENEY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY 10

Will and Alicia wait in a palatial apartment with magnificent  
skyline view. Louis XIV chairs, African fetish dolls,  
disturbing manga blow-ups. The Marquis De Sade's bachelor pad.

WILL  
You think he'd sell them after his  
wife's death.

They stare up at a massive manga print of a dying Japanese  
woman, a knife in her gut.

ALICIA  
My guess is he didn't start buying  
them until then.

Will smiles, looks at her...

WILL  
So are they talking electronic  
monitoring?

Alicia looks at him, confused. Oh, jumping subjects:

ALICIA  
With Peter? Yes. If he wins the appeal.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

The kids are excited?

ALICIA

Yes. But... nervous.

WILL

And you?

ALICIA

Same.

WILL

It's going to be weird, huh?

ALICIA

What do you mean?

WILL

I don't know what I mean.

The two slip into silence. Then...

WILL (CONT'D)

We said we'd have dinner, didn't we?

ALICIA

(considers it)

Yes. We should.

SWEENEY

Should what?

They look up at Sweeney entering the room. Things serious again.

WILL

Nothing. Talking.

SWEENEY

So sorry to keep you waiting but I had pressing business to attend to.

A sexy AMAZON WOMAN leaves in long leather boots.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

You're comfortable, I hope?

(gesturing about)

After Carolyn... disappeared, I sold the house and moved in here. A bit cramped, unfortunately.

(CONTINUED)

Alicia looks about at the cavernous space-- cramped it ain't.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Now as I understand it-- you're going to try to make me likable.

WILL

Well, in a civil case we can't keep you off the stand. You have to testify--

SWEENEY

Yes, before a jury. That was... unexpected.

WILL

Unexpected things happen in courtrooms, Mr. Sweeney. That's why we try and avoid them if we can.

SWEENEY

And now you're worried I'll say something unfortunate on the stand: like what I did with her remains?

ALICIA

Take this seriously, Mr. Sweeney. If you value your money take this seriously.

Will looks toward Alicia; she's found a workable scolding vibe with Sweeney. Sweeney smiles:

SWEENEY

Thank you, Mrs. Florrick. Of course. I do value my money, so I will.

11 INT. SWEENEY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - STUDY - DAY

11

Will paces on his cell in the hall, as Alicia sits in Sweeney's manga-covered study making notes...

ALICIA

A civil case can get ugly. They can pick over your marital troubles with a fine-toothed comb. So you two fought, didn't you?

SWEENEY

Constantly. Carolyn and I had a... tempestuous relationship.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

But we were devoted to each other.  
Classically S&M.

ALICIA

That's her, isn't it?

A large photograph. A beautiful woman. In her forties.

SWEENEY

Yes. She hated that photo. So I  
got it enlarged.

ALICIA

They're going to put on evidence  
that you were unfaithful to her  
with multiple women. Is this true?

SWEENEY

Well, I had sex with other women.  
Carolyn didn't do tricks. And she  
knew I needed them. So... she was  
okay with me going elsewhere.

ALICIA

I'm sorry... tricks?

SWEENEY

Leather, handcuffs, cross-dressing--  
Does that make me more or less  
likable? Sorry, I've lost track of  
the zeitgeist these days.

ALICIA

But you still claim you were in  
love?

SWEENEY

Yes. Madly.

Alicia takes this in for a second. Then she pulls out a  
thick document-- accountant's ledgers, lots of numbers--

ALICIA

Her accountant testified at the  
murder trial that she demanded to  
see the books that day. Whatever  
she saw apparently upset her.

She shows Sweeney the document--

ALICIA (CONT'D)

And one thing she saw was this.  
Withdrawals, by you, of hundreds of  
thousands of dollars--

SWEENEY

I told you-- Carolyn didn't  
begrudge me my appetites.

ALICIA

There were rumors she wanted to  
oust you from the family business--

SWEENEY

Yes, and there are rumors you knew  
about your husband's whores.

ALICIA

Probably not the best answer in  
court.

Sweeney smiles. Likes her strength.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Is it true that when they told you  
of your wife's death, you said "Oh  
no, now I'll need a fourth for  
Bridge."

SWEENEY

Yes, and when Paul McCartney was  
told of John Lennon's death he said  
"What a drag." I'm not going to  
make a very good witness, am I?

ALICIA

No, you're not.

SWEENEY

I didn't do it.

Alicia looks at Sweeney. The most genuine he's ever been.  
Almost pleading, sympathetic. After a second, he smiles:

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

How'd that sound?

Alicia frowns. Just a scam.



14

**INT. GUN SHOP - DAY**

14

*Ka-lick--* the bolt of a .22 caliber is yanked back by a gun shop proprietor, JULIE, a 29-year-old feminist: leather skirt, bright lipstick, no-nonsense. She hands it to Diane. Her shop a Candyland of guns.

JULIE

Volquartsen 3.5 compact. 10-shot mag. Adjustable rear and blade front. It'll take down any man in his tracks.

Diane takes it, just as fascinated with Julie as the gun, Kalinda standing next to her...

KALINDA

What if she doesn't have a FOID?

JULIE

Apply for one. You'll have a gun in 30 days.

KALINDA

And if she doesn't have 30 days?

Julie studies Kalinda...

JULIE

Do you have a Firearm Owner ID?

Kalinda takes out her card. Shows it.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Then buy it for her.

And that's it-- Julie turns to another customer.

DIANE

That's our case. That's how illegal guns get out on the street--

KALINDA

(shrugs)

A lot of ways. Gun shows. Across the border. Do you want to buy it?

DIANE

Do we need it?

KALINDA

I don't know. Do you?

(CONTINUED)

Diane looks at Kalinda. Clearly she's implying something.

KALINDA (CONT'D)

I was checking on a court date and I found out. You passed on the lawsuit. So-- what are we doing here?

Diane pauses. Uncomfortable. She looks around. Lowers her voice:

DIANE

Ten years ago, a drug dealer named Jeffrey Spellman was convicted of a double-murder in the 24th ward. At his sentencing hearing he threatened to kill his lawyer when he got out.

KALINDA

You were his lawyer?

DIANE

(nods)

I also spoke last week at his parole hearing-- *against* his release.

KALINDA

He saw you speak?

DIANE

(nods)

He'd made subsequent threats.

Kalinda studies her. This *is* serious.

KALINDA

Has he been released?

DIANE

They decide on Friday.

KALINDA

Okay. You need a gun.

DIANE

No-- I-- The thing is: I don't want to need one. I've been at the forefront of gun control my entire life. My father wrote the first legislation into the Illinois constitution.

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA

You need something easy to shoot.  
Light on recoil. 9 mm. A Beretta.

DIANE

(starting out)  
No, this was a mistake.

KALINDA

Look, you're my boss, and I'll do  
whatever you want. But you spoke  
at a killer's parole hearing, and  
he saw you speak against his  
release. That is what I'd call...  
a volatile situation. So listen to  
me on this. You need a gun.

Diane stares at her. Considers it. And...

15 INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - COURTROOM #18 - DAY 15

Matan. An unhappy Matan. He's on the stand. Pausing.  
Moving the microphone closer to himself. He stares out at  
the court. Mid-questioning.

GOLDEN

Well, let me rephrase that, Mr.  
Brody. What task force did Mr.  
Florrick ask you to head up?

MATAN

It was a task force focusing on  
fraudulent real estate deals.

GOLDEN

Deals called land flips?

MATAN

Yes.

GOLDEN

As you understood it, there was an  
attempt to buy up land, cheaply, and  
through fraudulent means, near the  
stadiums that were to be built for  
the Olympics?

MATAN

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

GOLDEN

And during the time you were heading up this task force-- this task force created by Mr. Florrick-- you were approached by Mr. Childs, who was Mr. Florrick's chief deputy, isn't that correct?

Matan trades a quick look with Childs in the gallery.

MATAN

Yes, sir.

GOLDEN

And he approached you to keep an eye on Mr. Florrick, is that correct?

Matan looks from Childs to Peter, considering it.

MATAN

Could you define "keep an eye on"?

GOLDEN

He suggested that Mr. Florrick might have a hidden motive for this task force?

LANDRY

Objection, your honor.

JUDGE WINTER

I have no idea why you are objecting to that, Mr. Landry.

LANDRY

A leading question, your honor.

JUDGE WINTER

I know I might need a score card here, Mr. Landry, isn't Mr. Matan a hostile witness? Isn't he on your side?

LANDRY

It's still leading, your honor.

JUDGE WINTER

Alright. Overruled. You may answer the question.

MATAN

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

GOLDEN

I think you might have to remind us all what that "yes" means.

MATAN

Yes, Mr. Childs suggested that Peter might have a hidden motive.

GOLDEN

And the hidden motive was that Peter arranged this task force in order to then "shake down" the real estate developers for payoffs?

Matan looks toward a stern Childs.

MATAN

Yes, sir.

GOLDEN

And did you agree with Mr. Childs' estimation?

LANDRY

Objection. Requires speculation.

GOLDEN

Within his expertise, your honor.

JUDGE WINTER

Overruled.

MATAN

My opinion was irrelevant. I did what I was asked.

GOLDEN

By whom?

MATAN

Excuse me.

GOLDEN

You said you "did what you were asked." Who are you referring to?

MATAN

That was a figure of speech.

GOLDEN

Yes, I understand. But figures of speech mean something.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GOLDEN (CONT'D)

So who asked you to do something?  
Your boss, Mr. Florrick, or your  
peer, Mr. Childs?

Matan frowns, knows he's going down a certain path.

MATAN

Mr. Childs.

GOLDEN

At that time Mr. Childs was the  
Deputy State's Attorney. And what  
did he ask you to do?

Matan frowns, decides to commit to the path he's taking.

MATAN

He asked me to keep track of Peter.  
He thought he was being bribed to  
D.P. cases.

Matan sees Childs get up and start out of court. Fuck him,  
Matan decides.

GOLDEN

And so how are those cases going  
now?

MATAN

Excuse me.

GOLDEN

These cases that Peter asked you to  
drop, you must be fervently pursuing  
them now that Peter Florrick is no  
longer around to obstruct them.

MATAN

No, sir.

GOLDEN

My goodness, what happened to them?

Matan pauses, realizes the truth of this.

MATAN

We dropped them.

Judge Winter sits back as Landry frowns to himself: damn.  
Golden returns to his seat as Peter reaches across, squeezes  
his arm: good job.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE WINTER  
Your witness.

And with that...

16 INT. PROBATE COURTROOM - DAY - LATER 16

...Nancy Crozier stands, now in another court, but it may take us a minute to catch up...

NANCY CROZIER  
Thank you, your honor. Actually,  
just to be clear... you are the  
defendant's sister-in-law, Mariel?

MARIEL ARMITAGE on the stand. 40's. Heroin chic.

MARIEL  
Yes, you mean the defendant who  
killed my sister?

WILL  
Your honor, do I really need to  
object?

JUDGE STANEK  
We all need to perform our roles  
here, Mr. Gardner. Yes, you need to  
object. And yes I need to sustain.

NANCY CROZIER  
Sorry, your honor, we won't let  
that happen again. I'm sorry,  
members of the jury.

Alicia rolls her eyes as she watches the jury: perfectly charmed by Nancy, loving her.

NANCY CROZIER (CONT'D)  
Now I have to ask you a question  
I'm not proud of: a sexual  
question. Do you mind?

MARIEL  
No, please. That's why I'm here.

NANCY CROZIER  
Okay. You and the defendant, Mr.  
Sweeney, had... sex: sexual relations?

MARIEL  
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY CROZIER

He had sex with his wife's sister?

MARIEL

That's correct.

NANCY CROZIER

Sorry, I think I'm blushing. I'm from Michigan and this is all new to me.

The jury chuckles with her as Alicia leans toward Will:

ALICIA

She's very good.

NANCY CROZIER

Miss Armitage-- Mariel-- what could possibly have led you to sleep with your own sister's husband?

Mariel takes a moment, emotional.

MARIEL

I've struggled with addiction my whole life. Drugs, alcohol. My sister and I were estranged-- over that. I suppose I was... getting back at her. And Colin was only too happy to help. He made me do things... things he said his wife wouldn't do. He--

NANCY CROZIER

Okay, I think that's enough. Thank you, I think I'll sit down now.

Alicia glances over at Charlotte again, who stares straight ahead, somberly. Then she looks over at Sweeney, sitting between her and Will, as...

...Peter. Happy, enthused...

PETER

Great work. Really great work. Did you see Childs? We're getting close now.

But Golden's staring at his Blackberry. Something bad.

PETER (CONT'D)

What?



GOLDEN

Roman Belikov-- the Russian mobster  
we used to threaten Amber Madison  
into keeping her mouth shut?

PETER

Yes. What about him?

GOLDEN

I don't think he's such a threat  
anymore.

Golden hands the Blackberry to Peter. An internet news  
article-- "Russian Mobster Murdered"-- with a photo of  
Amber's Russian john. Golden frowns as Peter nods, getting  
it...

PETER

She told Childs she wouldn't  
testify. But now... she's going to  
be out for blood.

GOLDEN

This won't be pretty.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

18 INT. COURTHOUSE - JURY ROOM - NIGHT

18

Alicia and Peter sit across from each other--

ALICIA

No. I won't be there.

Peter looks at her, surprised at her certainty.

PETER

I understand. It might be rough. Madison could say anything. Although Golden thinks it might be better if you were there. For the judge to see...

Alicia just looks at him, says nothing. Peter nods.

PETER (CONT'D)

Golden also thinks the Sheriff's department will come to the house to set up electronic monitoring in case I'm released. You alright with that?

ALICIA

Yes, but I wanted to agree on a few things first.

PETER

Okay.

ALICIA

There is a maid's room. We've been using it for storage. I'll clear it out, and put a bed in there.

(Peter stares at her)

In the meantime, we can both use the master bath. Jackie's been helping out on weekdays while I'm at work. I think she should continue: picking up the kids up at school, making dinner. And we don't have a study. I have your old rolltop desk in storage. I'll put that in the dining room. Okay?

Peter nods. But he studies her.

PETER

Do you love me?

Alicia smiles, puts her hand on top of his.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

I do.

PETER

You're sounding like a lawyer.

ALICIA

I am a lawyer.

PETER

*Do you want to be together again?*

\*

Alicia is calm, clinical, as if talking about somebody else:

ALICIA

Peter, I've been hurt deeply. I imagine I'll heal some day, but for the moment, we need to make a plan. Okay?

PETER

Okay.

ALICIA

We still have your computer, so we can set that up, but--

19 **INT. DIANE'S MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

19

A master bed. Refined quilt. Tasteful sheets. 1000 thread count. A gun is placed on it. Beretta 950 Jetfire. Then a box of ammunition. Then a Barnes & Noble shopping bag. Diane stares down at it all. We're in...

...her bedroom. Clearly refined taste. Modern art on the walls. Diane sits on the bed, carefully touches the gun. Picks it up. It's heavy. A nice heaviness. Diane moves it from hand to hand. Just the slightest edge of a smile on her lips.

She opens the Barnes & Noble bag. Takes out Philip Roth's latest book. A Dave Eggers novel. And a book about guns.

Diane opens the box of cartridges. Looks at the perfectly lined bullets. Takes out one. More pointed than she expected. She looks at the gun. Finds the magazine release. Out klunks the magazine. She studies it.

Takes one of the bullets and carefully edges it in with a satisfying click. Hmmm. She takes the gun and slides the magazine in. Another good click.

There it is. A loaded gun. Diane raises it, looks down the site at the dark bedroom window. And smiles. A different smile.

(CONTINUED)

A smile of command. Then her smile grows even wider and changes in character as she realizes: what am I doing?

She takes the magazine out, removes the bullet. Places it back in the box. And reaches for the Philip Roth.

20 **INT. PROBATE COURTROOM - DAY** 20

Nancy Crozier standing nervously in front of the witness stand. Referring to high school note cards.

NANCY CROZIER

As I was saying, Mr. Sweeney...  
um... there was blood and skin  
found on a rope at your house,  
right?

Colin Sweeney. On his best behavior. Calm, shy. Definitely playacting.

SWEENEY

Yes, that's right.

NANCY CROZIER

And this blood-- and skin-- the  
police say it all matched your  
wife? Is that right?

SWEENEY

Yes. We like to cut our own  
firewood and wrap the kindling in  
rope. And I believe my dearest  
Carolyn cut herself.

Alicia shoots a subtle frown toward Sweeney: don't overdo it.  
He smiles, nods.

NANCY CROZIER

That seems understandable. I get  
that. So, I need to ask this  
question, Mr. Sweeney, please excuse  
me.

The jury could just reach out and hug Crozier as she turns to  
another note card.

SWEENEY

Go right ahead, dear.

NANCY CROZIER

Thank you. You never strangled  
your wife, did you?

(CONTINUED)

SWEENEY

(chuckles)

My goodness, no.

NANCY CROZIER

Thank God. And, um, this thing here. This um... what is it?

(a piece of paper)

This hospital report.

Will whispers to Alicia...

WILL

Here it comes. You object. It'll play better from you--

NANCY CROZIER

This must be an aberration.

SWEENEY

What is it? I can't see it.

NANCY CROZIER

It says that your wife was admitted to the hospital in April, 1997--

ALICIA

Objection, your Honor. This was excluded at the previous trial for-- relevance.

JUDGE STANEK

I'll allow.

(Alicia doesn't sit)

Your exception is noted, counselor. Sit down.

Fuck. Alicia sits, as she and Will brace themselves.

NANCY CROZIER

Your wife seems to have told the medical staff something extraordinary: that you tried to strangle her.

SWEENEY

Well, that's a bit melodramatic.

NANCY CROZIER

Yes, I know it is. My mom always used to say "when you don't know, ask." So this is me asking.

(CONTINUED)

SWEENEY

(voice still sweet)

Certainly. Carolyn and I were practitioners of breath play.

NANCY CROZIER

I'm sorry, what is "breath play?"

Will leans toward Alicia, out of the corner of his mouth:

WILL

Oh god.

SWEENEY

Well, I'm sure they have it in Michigan too, Miss Crozier. Breath play is erotic asphyxiation. Carolyn liked the feeling of being strangled when she was having sex.

Silence in the court. Crozier lets it sit there. Alicia glances at Charlotte in the gallery. But she's looking down, her head in her hands, devastated.

NANCY CROZIER

Oh. I see. I think I'd better sit down now.

Crozier turns to Alicia with a killer's smile...

NANCY CROZIER (CONT'D)

Your witness.

Will comes down the hallway with Alicia, Kalinda and Cary--

WILL

Okay, we go on the offensive. I'm not letting some 26-year-old law school grad get the better of me.

ALICIA

It's an act.

WILL

It's working. So if we can't prove our guy's innocent, we need to shovel dirt on somebody else.

CARY

What about the plaintiff?

ALICIA

Charlotte? The jury feels sorry for her-- she lost her mother. If we suggest she's the killer--

KALINDA

(shakes her head)

Go after the sister, Mariel. Suggest she was the killer.

ALICIA

The jury liked her.

CARY

They didn't like her. They believed her.

WILL

Okay, I'm listening.

CARY

Mariel was jealous of her sister. She slept with Sweeney to get back at her. In my experience that level of jealousy doesn't just end. Did the cops even check her alibi?

KALINDA

Supposedly she was in rehab when Carolyn disappeared.

WILL

Okay. Get a subpoena for the records. And Alicia, if we're tearing down the sister's alibi-- we need to shore up Sweeney's.

ALICIA

How fun.

WILL

Yep. You're the Sweeney wrangler these days.

Sweeney sits as Alicia stands, glancing at some of the artwork on the walls. Keeping her distance.

SWEENEY

I told you, I was in my car, on the drive back from St. Louis.

22

22

ALICIA  
With no GPS, and no cell phone.

She pauses at a particularly disturbing manga picture. A crying Japanese woman, teardrops as big as matchbooks.

SWEENEY  
You like Manga? I find the style  
bracingly visceral.

ALICIA  
You weren't really driving back  
from St. Louis, were you?

SWEENEY  
No.

Sweeney. Serious for a moment. All pretense gone.

ALICIA  
You know we're losing?

SWEENEY  
Yes.

ALICIA  
So no jokes, no lies, no  
diversions. Where were you?

Sweeney stares at her. Nods. And...

23 **OMITTED**

23

24 **INT. ALICIA'S CAR - SAME TIME**

24

Alicia glances over from the driver's seat at Sweeney.

ALICIA  
You're kidding, right?

SWEENEY  
That's him. Over there--

He points at a guy in the doorway of a rundown row house.

25 **EXT. WEST SIDE OF CHICAGO - CITY STREET - DAY**

25

MARCO. 30, African-American. He glares at an approaching Alicia and Sweeney. A weirder trio you could not imagine.

MARCO  
Sweeney. What you need?

(CONTINUED)



SWEENEY

Just a minute of your time, Marco.

MARCO

My time's like anything else. One hundred percent negotiable.

But Sweeney's already forking over a pair of fifties.

SWEENEY

Marco, this is my lawyer. I need you to tell her where I was the day my wife disappeared.

MARCO

(shrugs)

I got here about three-thirty like I always do. You rolled up after that, looking to score some opie--

SWEENEY

(to Alicia)

Opium. Sometimes mixed with hash.

MARCO

You bought me out and took off. After that-- hell if I know.

Alicia looks at Sweeney in disbelief.

SWEENEY

I lit up in my car. Next thing I remember, I was at home, waiting for Carolyn. Now you see why I didn't tell you before?

ALICIA

You didn't do it?

SWEENEY

Kill Carolyn? No.

ALICIA

So why the games, the jokes?

MARCO

Do you guys mind? I'm working here.

Right. Sweeney and Alicia start away, Sweeney considering Alicia's question...

(CONTINUED)

SWEENEY

You know when I started to get the best tables in restaurants? The day they thought I killed my wife.

Alicia just stares at him, baffled.

ALICIA

Is it really that important to get the best tables in restaurant?

SWEENEY

(looks at her oddly)

Of course. Why do you look at me the way you do; why am I on the front page of the *Chicago Sun-Times*; why does *Page Six* care what play I saw last night? If your wife is dead, and everyone thinks you did it, well... what's the difference?

Nancy Crozier. She stands waiting in the reception area, staring at a piece of modern art as Alicia enters...

ALICIA

Miss Crozier. Hello?

NANCY CROZIER

Oh, hello. I'm sorry, I forgot your name...

ALICIA

Alicia Florrick.

NANCY CROZIER

Right, nice to see you. I hope we can make a deal today. I hate this courtroom fighting.

ALICIA

Yes. Will suggested we start, and he'll join us later.

Alicia studies her, as they walk back towards the conference room. Something vacant in her eyes. The arrogance and narcissism of youth. Alicia takes a second...

ALICIA (CONT'D)

You're doing very well in court.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY CROZIER

Oh, I don't know about that. I'm just a beginner.

ALICIA

No, you're not.

Crozier looks at her. Sees Alicia's knowing smile. Oh, a real conversation. As they enter...

A27

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

A27

NANCY CROZIER

Why do you say that?

ALICIA

Because I think you know exactly what you're doing.

NANCY CROZIER

I wish I did.

There's a falsity to the way she says it. Alicia smiles:

ALICIA

Your witness, Mariel, she doesn't have an alibi for the night of the murder. She left rehab at 4.

NANCY CROZIER

And, what, she rushed over to kill her sister out of jealousy?

ALICIA

It's been known to happen.

Crozier giggles girlishly.

NANCY CROZIER

The jury didn't hate her. They hated your client.

ALICIA

We spoke to Mr. Sweeney. He's willing to offer your client 50% of the estate.

NANCY CROZIER

No. Charlotte lost her mother to Sweeney. He needs to walk away from the estate. Charlotte will offer him a yearly stipend. Low six figures.

(CONTINUED)

By the way, all of this is spoken within her usual character and voice. There is no dropping of her personae.

ALICIA  
No. Sweeney has an alibi.

NANCY CROZIER  
And I'm sure it's a good one. It'll be fun to try to prove it.

Just then Nancy's Blackberry buzzes. And as she checks it-- Alicia's phone buzzes. She checks hers-- her eyes widening-- as Nancy looks up from her Blackberry, smiling--

NANCY CROZIER (CONT'D)  
Well, I don't think we have anything to talk about then. Nice meeting you. I love your jacket. My mom has one just like it.

And Nancy exits, leaving Alicia staring at her phone-- then Alicia turns and bolts out of the room, towards...

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

27

...where Will stands, watching the TV monitor. On it: police cars at some kind of construction site-- excavators and earth-movers, holes in the ground--

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*--a construction crew made the grisly discovery this morning. The site was formerly the location of Colin Sweeney's palatial mansion, but it was sold after the disappearance of his wife...*

Alicia enters, sees shots of a football-shaped body bag being carried off, soil samples being taken and bagged.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*The remains, which were found in a shallow grave at the edge of the property, have yet to be identified, but investigators believe they belong to the missing Carolyn Armitage...*

Alicia slumps against the door frame, looks at Will.

ALICIA  
I don't even know why I feel bad. At least it's certain now. He did it.

(CONTINUED)

27 THE GOOD WIFE #112 "Bad" YELLOW COLLATED 12/16/09 41.  
CONTINUED: 27

WILL  
Yep, and we're still defending him.  
Alicia nods: that's why.

28 **OMITTED** 28

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**29        **INT. SWEENEY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY**

29

Alicia with a distraught Sweeney. Again, she keeps her distance--

ALICIA  
Oh, don't even try it.

SWEENEY  
What?

ALICIA  
Don't even patronize me with your tears.

Sweeney turns away, composes himself, turns back.

SWEENEY  
I thought somewhere in the back of my mind-- and I will admit that it made no sense-- Carolyn might be still alive-- like Ken Lay, faking his own death, and hopping off to a small island somewhere.

Alicia studies Sweeney. Dammit. Is this real emotion?

ALICIA  
You're saying you had nothing to do with this?

SWEENEY  
I'm saying I have done some terrible things in my life. I have... But I did not kill my wife.

ALICIA  
Then how does her skull end up buried in your back yard?

SWEENEY  
Someone put it there.

Alicia stares at him, considering it as...

A30        **OMITTED**

A30

30        **INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY**

30

Kalinda stands next to an uncomfortable Diane. Her gun in her hand. A silent firing range. Just the two of them.

(CONTINUED)

KALINDA

The grip is still.  
(holding out her gun hand)  
The focus is on the front sight.

Diane reluctantly raises her gun hand. Focuses on the front sight. And the shadow target in the distance.

KALINDA (CONT'D)

Are you steady?

DIANE

I think so.

KALINDA

(lowers her voice)  
Now the hardest part. The trigger. There is a natural tendency for the muscles in your hand and wrist to move in tandem with your finger. A sympathetic reaction. You need to resist that. You need to let your forefinger act independently, squeezing. Do you understand?

DIANE

I think so.

KALINDA

And so, with almost no pressure at all, you concentrate on the center of the target...

DIANE

(still quietly)  
Why can't I shoot to injure?

KALINDA

You pick up a gun, you shoot to kill. Or you don't pick up a gun.

Diane takes a long intake of breath, then... lowers her gun.

KALINDA (CONT'D)

He got out. Your parolee.

DIANE

I know.

KALINDA

You are trying to stop, with deadly force, somebody who is trying to kill you.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE  
Somebody who has a mother, father,  
birthday parties, conversations...

KALINDA  
They are a shadow target, a bullseye.

DIANE  
So you dehumanize them?

KALINDA  
They are dehumanized. The world  
doesn't march to your drummer. It is  
sometimes bad, dangerous, cruel. So  
slowly, carefully raise your weapon...  
(Diane reluctantly does so)  
...make your finger work independently  
of your fist, arm, and gently,  
indifferently focus on your target,  
and... squeeze.

BOOOOOM!-- Diane shoots, her bullet firing through the head  
of her target. Not a bullseye but not too far off either.

DIANE  
Oh my god.

KALINDA  
Nice.

Diane looks past, sees she did well.

KALINDA (CONT'D)  
Raise your arm, try again.

Diane looks over at Kalinda, then raises her arm again, and--  
BOOM!-- Another shot. Meanwhile...

31 **OMITTED**

31

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

32

...evidence boxes are piled on the floor, as Cary indicates:

CARY  
I've been going over the books  
Sweeney's wife demanded to see the  
morning she disappeared. Look...

He points to something. Will looks--



WILL

Renmart-- what's that?

CARY

It's a dummy corporation Charlotte Armitage set up. So I cross-referenced the books against the other discovery, and look at this--  
(another document)  
Mariel Armitage has been in rehab several times recently. All paid for by her loving niece, Charlotte.

Will studies the document, his radar up--

CARY (CONT'D)

Everybody thought Carolyn was angry about the money Sweeney was spending. Maybe she was angry at Charlotte.

Will nods, and...

**INT. PROBATE COURTROOM - DAY**

...Charlotte is on the stand, with Will cross-examining...

CHARLOTTE

My relationship with my mother?

WILL

Yes, ma'am. How was it?

CHARLOTTE

It was a wonderful relationship. She was my best friend.

WILL

Thank you. And can you tell me what "Renmart" is?

CHARLOTTE

I'm sorry?

Nancy Crozier looks up. Something off. She stands.

NANCY CROZIER

Your honor, I think I may have to object here. My only concern is relevance.

But Stanek is distracted by a bailiff entering through the squeaking side door...

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STANEK

Corey, I thought we were going to get some WD-40 on those hinges.

(to Crozier)

Overruled.

Nancy Crozier frowns: not happy at all about that.

NANCY CROZIER

But, your honor, I just--

JUDGE STANEK

I said overruled.

Alicia smiles, looking over at Crozier: young and perky only gets you so far. Will nods, continues on.

WILL

So what is Renmart?

CHARLOTTE

It was a company I started a few years ago. I live on a farm-- I was going to market a line of organic jams and jellies--

WILL

And you withdrew a fair amount of money from the family trust to fund this... fruit stand, didn't you?

CHARLOTTE

My mother okayed that...

WILL

But after your mother disappeared-- you continued to withdraw money, isn't that correct?

Sweeney sits up-- this is the first he's heard of this.

WILL (CONT'D)

Yet you never produced a single jar of jam. And your "company" has no physical address except a P.O. Box, no assets except a bank account that you can access any time you like--

NANCY CROZIER

(more desperate)

Objection, your honor.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STANEK

On what grounds?

NANCY CROZIER

On... let me look here.

(a law book)

JUDGE STANEK

And while you're looking, overruled.

Nancy looks up, unhappy, and losing her perkiness.

WILL

You were sending money away to your aunt in rehab? And you didn't want your mother to know--

CHARLOTTE

That's not true.

WILL

So Carolyn knew you were doing this?

CHARLOTTE

No-- I-- not at first, but--

WILL

And when she found out, she was angry?

Nancy Crozier looks over toward the jury. For the first time they seem to be siding with the defense. Damn.

Kalinda watches as M.E. TOM LI uses a pair of tweezers to pick up something small and white from a decomposing head.

LI

Muscina Stabulans...

KALINDA

A maggot?

LI

Not just any maggot. This little fellow is usually found in rural areas, often near livestock... But this was buried behind Sweeney's house, within the city limits.

Kalinda considers that, as...

LI (CONT'D)

What's even more unusual is that it's here at all.

KALINDA

Why wouldn't a maggot be on a corpse?

LI

Oh it would, as long as there were flesh to eat. But after two years I'd expect to find a clean skull. A head with so much tissue still preserved suggests contaminants in the soil-- usually lead or arsenic--

KALINDA

Arsenic was used in pesticides?

LI

Until they banned it in the 1970's. But if it was used before that, there'd still be concentrations of it in the soil.

KALINDA

Pesticides like those used on a farm?

LI

Maybe. Why?

KALINDA

You know who lives on a farm... in a rural area, near livestock...?

LI

Don't tell me you're the killer?

KALINDA

(starting out)

You're a prince, Li.

35 **OMITTED**

35

36 **INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - COURTROOM #18 - DAY**

36

Amber Madison. She smiles out at the court. Enjoying herself as Landry questions her...

AMBER

Peter is the sort of man who expects things to be handed to him. Like I was.

(CONTINUED)

LANDRY  
This was at the hotel?

AMBER  
Yes. I had a room. He called his wife, said he'd be late. Afterwards, he asked me if he could see me again.

LANDRY  
How many times?

As she continues to answer questions, we move toward the double doors at the back of the court.

AMBER  
Two dozen. It went on for months. Sometimes two, three times a week.

Through the double doors, we glide, finding...

37 **INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY** 37

...Alicia leaning against the wall, listening.

LANDRY (O.S.)  
And he knew you were being... provided to him?

AMBER (O.S.)  
Yes. Afterwards, I would make a call in order to get paid. He heard me make those calls.

CHILDS  
Mrs. Florrick.

Alicia looks up, sees Childs approaching. He opens the door--

CHILDS (CONT'D)  
Would you like to come in?

Alicia eyes Childs. An intense stare. Then Childs just nods to her, enters on his own, and we follow him to...

38 **INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - COURTROOM #18 - DAY** 38

...his seat, as Landry continues...

LANDRY  
Did Mr. Florrick ever say anything about having to do something in return for your... services?

(CONTINUED)

AMBER

Yes. He told me that the men who paid me had cases against them. And Peter understood that he had to do something about those cases.

LANDRY

"Do something?"

AMBER

Make them go away. He laughed about it, actually. He said it was the price of doing business in Chicago.

Amber finally meets Peter's gaze, gives him a smile. An assassin's smile. Landry sits, as Golden stands for cross.

GOLDEN

Ms. Madison-- you say Mr. Florrick knew that someone else was paying for your services, is that correct?

AMBER

Yes.

GOLDEN

Then why would he pay you as well?

AMBER

He never did.

Now Golden produces a document, hands a copy to Amber, to Landry, and to Judge Winter.

GOLDEN

You recognize this?

AMBER

No.

GOLDEN

It's bank records, for an account in the name of Loretta Krispinsky. That's your real name, isn't it?

(no answer)

This particular account was closed some time ago, but the transactions are there. Repeated deposits in the amount of \$3,500.00.

Golden now hands over copies of another document.

(CONTINUED)

GOLDEN (CONT'D)

Now these are records from one of Mr. Florrick's personal accounts. With corresponding withdrawals in that same amount, \$3,500.00. And always within a day or two of when you deposited the money.

Amber looks at the document, busted.

GOLDEN (CONT'D)

I'll remind you, you're under oath, Ms. Madison. Or should I say, Ms. Krispinsky? You were paid twice, isn't that correct?

AMBER

No.

GOLDEN

You were paid by your procurer who thought they were bribing Mr. Florrick for his services. And you were also paid by Mr. Florrick-- who didn't know you were being paid by others. Isn't that correct?

Amber. She is silent, staring out at Landry who frowns slightly.

AMBER

You can make numbers look like anything you want.

GOLDEN

Actually you can't.

Alicia takes a second hearing this. Then starts off. As...

GOLDEN

I have no further questions for this witness, your honor. I think we've had quite enough of Amber Madison.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**41 **INT. DIANE'S MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

41

Dark. Diane awake in bed. Listening. A distant siren. Her eyes flitting toward her door with each sound. Then...

...CREAK. This creak sounds different very specific. A door opening downstairs. Diane's eyes widen slightly. She looks toward her bedside drawer. She reaches out one arm carefully toward it. Slowly and silently she opens the drawer, when--

--klunk-- something drops to the floor downstairs, knocked off a shelf? Diane pulls out...

...her Beretta. She hears another creak. Closer. Another door. She keeps the gun close to her. Security blanket close. She carefully and silently pops out the magazine. No awkwardness now as she reaches into...

...a box of ammunition, takes out a few bullets. Keeps one eye on the door, and-- click-click-click-- pops in three bullets. She looks toward...

...her bedroom door. Sound getting closer. Diane raises her gun. Flips the safety. Waits. Heart pumping. And...

...the door opens. Wider, wider.

She focuses on the front site, keeps it targeted on the opening door, and finds... her dog, panting, coming through the door. She exhales, exhausted. Of course. She lowers her gun. Sighs.

DIANE

Justice.

The dog goes to her, licks her hand. And we're...

42 **EXT. REMOTE WOODED AREA - MORNING**

42

...suddenly in a field, POLICE DOGS howling ghostly in the morning fog, as we drift through the white-out finding...

...Chicago PD digging. Three police dogs alongside the cops, intent on a patch of ground. Something found.

A43 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME (DAY)**

A43

Will once again watches on the TV monitor-- news coverage of the police activity in the wooded area--

(CONTINUED)



TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...the rest of Carolyn Armitage's remains were discovered buried behind the New Caledonia farm of Charlotte Armitage, her daughter. Arrested at the scene was Charlotte Armitage...

Kalinda, Alicia, and Cary enter behind Will to see a sound bite: a screaming Charlotte, out of focus, telephoto lens zooming in, being escorted, cuffed toward a police car...

CHARLOTTE

*Don't you see? He set me up?! I didn't do this! I didn't--! I--!*

Alicia trades a look with Will as...

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

*He put her body here! He killed her for her money! Now he's setting me up! Don't you see!*

And off Alicia, still not knowing quite what to believe...

43

**INT. COURTHOUSE - JURY ROOM - DAY**

43

Peter sits in the courthouse meeting room, eating a takeout sandwich for lunch. The door is opened by a BAILIFF who steps aside, letting in... GLENN CHILDS.

\*  
\*  
\*

CHILDS

Give us a moment.

\*  
\*

The Bailiff nods, leaves. Peter gestures to his sandwich.

\*

PETER

Chicken salad?

\*  
\*

CHILDS

I have an offer to make.

PETER

I can't wait.

CHILDS

Tomorrow, you can go home. Free. I will argue for your release. On humanitarian grounds. You should be home with your family.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Now why would you do that?

CHILDS

Because I am a humanitarian.

PETER

(chuckles)

And the catch?

CHILDS

The catch is hardly worthy of its name. The conviction stands. You know you D.P.'ed those cases, Peter. There's just the two of us here. We can admit our failings to each other.

PETER

You want me to let the guilty verdict stand?

CHILDS

Yes. With time served, you're home tomorrow.

PETER

And my disbarment stands?

CHILDS

Yes.

PETER

And I could never run against you?

CHILDS

That's right. You have no chance, Peter. You realize that.

PETER

If I have no chance-- then why are you here?

CHILDS

At a certain point, this has to move beyond retribution. For both of us. You have to think about your family. Or... risk a failed appeal and another nine years in prison. How old will you be then? How old will your kids be? Birthday parties. Boyfriends. College graduations-- while you're in prison.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHILDS (CONT'D)

A life lived. All while you... grow  
old in prison.

Childs goes to the door.

CHILDS (CONT'D)

That's the deal. Go home tomorrow.  
Or risk nine more years in prison.  
Think about it.

(to the Bailiff)

You can take him back now.

\*  
\*

And Childs goes. Peter eyes the door as the Bailiff enters  
with cuffs.

\*  
\*

44 INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY 44

The gun. The Beretta. Diane puts it on her desk.

DIANE

I need you to take it. I don't  
feel... comfortable anymore.

Kalinda standing across from her. She nods.

KALINDA

You can be made comfortable.

DIANE

I don't think so.

KALINDA

You're scared of it?

DIANE

No...

(faces the truth of this)

I'm liking it.

Kalinda nods, understands, wraps the gun into the bag beside  
it. Takes it.

KALINDA

I'll hold it for you.

DIANE

I'm not going to change my mind.

Kalinda nods, slips the gun into her jacket.

KALINDA

I'll send you my bill.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE  
I'd expect no less.

Kalinda smiles, exits. As Diane sits there. Looks off.

45 INT. 27TH FLOOR - ALICIA'S OFFICE - DAY 45

Alicia works at her desk, distracted, looking off, when she sees a man approaching across the bullpen. Sweeney. Carrying a large rolled-up painting under his arm. He comes to the door...

SWEENEY  
Mrs. Florrick. I brought you something. A token of my esteem.

He unrolls the painting, revealing the manga print of the woman's face, crying.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)  
I thought it somehow strangely appropriate for you.

Alicia takes the gift, at a loss for words. Finally, in a voice tinged with doubt--

ALICIA  
You didn't do it... did you?

SWEENEY  
Do what?

ALICIA  
Kill her. Your wife. Bury her in Charlotte's yard.

SWEENEY  
If I did that-- why would I keep the skull in my yard?

ALICIA  
To point us to Charlotte.

SWEENEY  
You're being paranoid, Mrs. Florrick. Sometimes things are exactly as they seem. The unlikely maneuver is exactly that: unlikely.

Alicia studies him, says nothing. Finally--

SWEENEY (CONT'D)  
I have to go. Congratulations.

And Sweeney starts off. Then turns back with a smile:

(CONTINUED)

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

You just have to trust people.

And he goes. Alicia watches him, appalled. She looks back down at the manga print: the crying woman. And... her phone intercom beeps. A voice...

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Mrs. Florrick. Your husband on line two.

Alicia looks toward the phone.

**END OF SHOW**