

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Ridley Scott, Tony Scott
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Robert King & Michelle King
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: David W. Zucker
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Brooke Kennedy
CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Todd Ellis Kessler
CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Ted Humphrey
CONSULTING PRODUCER: Barry Schkolnick
PRODUCER: Courtney Kemp Agboh
PRODUCER: Amanda Segel
CO-PRODUCER: Corinne Brinkerhoff

thegoodwife

Episode #115

"Fleas"

Written By

Amanda Segel

Directed By

Rosemary Rodriguez

PRODUCTION DRAFT

WHITE: January 22, 2010

BLUE PAGES: January 26, 2010; p. 3-5, 8-9, 12, 15-18, 20-22, 26-29, 40-41, 47, 54, 58

PINK PAGES: January 29, 2010; p. 5-10, 16-17, 22-26, 29, 35, 37-38, 41, 47-49, 55

Copyright 2009 CBS Broadcasting Inc. All Rights Reserved.

This script is the property of CBS Productions, a business unit of CBS Broadcasting Inc., and may not be copied or distributed without the expressed written permission of CBS Productions, a business unit of CBS Broadcasting Inc.

This copy of the script remains the property of CBS Productions, a business unit of CBS Broadcasting Inc. It may not be sold or transferred and it must be returned to CBS Productions, a business unit of CBS Broadcasting Inc., promptly upon demand.

THE WRITING CREDITS MAY NOT BE FINAL AND SHOULD NOT BE USED FOR PUBLICITY OR ADVERTISING PURPOSES WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING WITH THE TELEVISION LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

THE GOOD WIFE #115
"Fleas"
CAST LIST
1/29/10

ALICIA FLORRICK
WILL GARDNER
DIANE LOCKHART
CARY AGOS
KALINDA SHARMA

PETER FLORRICK
GRACE FLORRICK
ZACH FLORRICK

DANIEL GOLDEN
ELI GOLD
KYA POOLE
JULIUS CAIN
BECCA

COURTNEY WELLS

AUSA HARRISON RIVERS

JUDGE PATRICE LESSNER (FORMERLY "JUDGE PAM LESTER")

* ERIC DORFMAN (FORMERLY "FRANCIS DORFMAN")

* TAMMY DORFMAN (FORMERLY "TERI DORFMAN")

* LEMOND BISHOP (FORMERLY "LERON BISHOP")

* TONY GURSTELLE (FORMERLY "BILLY GURSTELLE")

MR. RAY

MOTORCYCLE COP

FEDERAL AGENTS

THE GOOD WIFE #115
"Fleas"
SET LIST
1/29/10

Interiors:

28TH FLOOR
DIANE'S OFFICE
HALLWAY
CONFERENCE ROOM
RECEPTION
27TH FLOOR
ALICIA'S OFFICE
SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM
BULLPEN
ALICIA'S APARTMENT
MASTER BEDROOM
KITCHEN
LIVING ROOM
ALICIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LANDING
DORFMAN & ASSOCIATES
GYM
FEDERAL COURT
COURTROOM #4
HALL
JUDGE'S CHAMBERS
ALICIA'S CAR
LOCK-UP - LAWYER CONSULTATION ROOM

Exterior

HORSE CORRAL
SCHOOL PARKING LOT

TEASER

1

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

1

MR. RAY

Well, let's start with soft targets.

MR. RAY, a cheery Tony Robbins efficiency expert with a power-point. WILL paces at the back, DIANE seated. No one else.

MR. RAY (CONT'D)

These are reductions you can make without further layoffs or reorganization.

He clicks a power point. The screen remains blank. Oy.

WILL

Is one of them I.T.?

DIANE

Why don't you just tell us.

MR. RAY

Certainly. Annually you spend \$10,000 on paper products. Cups.

WILL

You're kidding.

MR. RAY

We would suggest moving to a self-policing hydration policy.

WILL

What, everybody brings their own cups?

MR. RAY

Yes. The policy is presented as "Going green"-- with fact sheets posted next to coolers on reducing land fills.

Will and Diane trade a look. Again oy.

MR. RAY (CONT'D)

You spend \$38,000 on season tickets to the Chicago Cubs--

WILL

Now, that's just good business. We entertain clients.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

MR. RAY

We would suggest season tickets for
a less expensive sport franchise.
The Chicago Red Stars.

WILL

The...?

MR. RAY

Professional women's soccer.

Will stares at Diane-- he's kidding. She shrugs:

DIANE

We've got to cut somewhere.

MR. RAY

The floral budget for the firm is
\$28,000.

WILL

(sees Diane's wince)

Yep, cut somewhere.

MR. RAY

We suggest moving to perennials or
going artificial. We also suggest
you no longer validate for parking.

Will sighs-- this'll take a while-- dials his cellphone...

2

INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

2

Alicia's cellphone rings. A hand reaches for it, answers...

PETER

Hello.

INTERCUT with... Will, still in the conference room, confused:

WILL

Oh, I... Is this...?

PETER

No. Alicia left her cellphone at
home.

WILL

Oh.

Will pauses, knows who it is. PETER pauses, knows who it is.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Do you want to leave a message?

WILL

No, she's with another lawyer.

I'll try him. Thanks.

And Will hangs up, considers it: well, that was interesting.
He starts to dial again as we CUT TO...

...Peter clicking off the cell, lays it down. Considers it
too. Hmmmm. He returns to the dining room where Kya is midway
through a talk. GOLDEN there. ELI GOLD sitting in a corner.
As...

3 INT. DORFMAN & ASSOCIATES - DAY

3

TAMMY

Dorfman & Associates. Sorry, we don't have our phones in yet, Mr. Gardner. Let me tell him.

*

TAMMY DORFMAN (25), perky, smart, go-getter. At a reception desk in a law firm-- actually a law firm to be. A whole floor of a skyscraper without walls. Yelling:

*

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Dad, Mr. Gardner wants you to start without him.

*

And we cross the wide expanse to ERIC DORFMAN (44), a bullet of a defense lawyer. Looks like a pro wrestler.

*

ERIC DORFMAN

Thanks, babe. Could you get us coffee?

*

He continues guiding ALICIA and CARY through his firm-to-be. Just tape on the floor. Wires hanging. Overlooking the city.

ERIC DORFMAN (CONT'D)

Partners offices here. Conference room there. Waiting room. I think there's some kind of flowing thing-- What is it?

*

TAMMY

A glassed-in waterfall.

*

ERIC DORFMAN

My daughter's the designer. We have the drywall in next week.

*

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

No longer a mom and pop operation, huh? Last time we saw you, you were in a storefront.

ERIC DORFMAN

Not quite Stern, Lockhart, but we're on our way. You're stepping through a wall.

ALICIA

Sorry.

TAMMY

We heard Stern, Lockhart was in trouble.

Tammy approaching with coffee. Her dad scolds:

ERIC DORFMAN

Tammy.

CARY

We've had a few layoffs, but we're steady now. Where's all the money coming from?

ERIC DORFMAN

Insider trading.

TAMMY

Dad's joking. New corporate clients. And a depressed retail market.

They step into an "office" without walls. Just desks, files, computers, chairs, couches, exposed wire, and stunning views.

ERIC DORFMAN

So, look, I'm alright if we combine lawsuits, but we really need to combine. No stabbing in the back.

TAMMY

If you make a settlement at our expense, we'll sue your ass.

ERIC DORFMAN

(smiles)

My daughter. She just graduated from law school.

(CONTINUED)

TAMMY

Yep, out to save the world.

ALICIA

We agree. We want a united front.
You represent union employees, we
represent non-union.

CARY

What's this?

A glass case on the table, filled with mounted rocks.

ERIC DORFMAN

The world's 14 highest peaks.
Annapurna. Broad Peak. Makalu.

ALICIA

You climbed them?

ERIC DORFMAN

Two left.

TAMMY

Dad's hobby. I don't know how it
happened: the outdoorsman sired a
homebody.

Alicia smiles, liking them.

ALICIA

So shall we join suits?

CARY

Do you have something written up?

ERIC DORFMAN

Over a handshake. That's how I do
everything.

He offers a hand. Alicia and Cary shake it. Then...

ALICIA

Sorry, we're Junior Associates. We
do *everything* in writing.

Eric laughs, takes out a pen, signs their contract--

ERIC DORFMAN

Okay, settlement. I think we have a
strong case for summary judgement,
but we need to prove--

(CONTINUED)

FEDERAL AGENTS
 DON'T MOVE! EVERYBODY, HANDS ON
 YOUR HEADS NOW!

A cacophony of screams as a DOZEN FEDERAL AGENTS exit the elevators and swarm across the empty space, guns drawn. Alicia and Cary almost jump, startled, look across toward **Eric** who rolls his eyes, seems more blase. His daughter too, both putting their hands on their heads. *

ERIC DORFMAN *
 Come on, Rivers, this is harassment.

RIVERS *
 Nope, **Eric**. This is an arrest.

Alicia eyes AUSA HARRISON RIVERS (38). Handsome, tall, African-American. Denzel Washington authority. A quiet severity.

ERIC DORFMAN *
 For what? Come on. What'd I do?

RIVERS
 Didn't you hear, hands on your head?

Oh. Alicia and Cary comply, as **Eric** is cuffed: *

ERIC DORFMAN *
 Come on, these are my lawyers;
 they'll have me out in 24 hours.

Alicia and Cary trade a look. Um.

RIVERS
 Not with this one. Mrs. Lipton!

A female agent steps forward to frisk Alicia, manhandling her.

ALICIA
 Hey.

ERIC DORFMAN *
 What's the charge this time, Rivers?

RIVERS
 First degree murder.

Dorfman stares at him, stunned, trades a look with his daughter, as agents unplug and bubble-wrap computers, packing them in boxes. A ballet of Fed professionalism.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC DORFMAN

Who'd I kill?

*

RIVERS

Kelli Gerber Smith.

ERIC DORFMAN

Oh, come on, you lost a case. When I lose a case, I don't go pee on your lawn.

*

Rivers leans in to his face, intense:

RIVERS

She was innocent. And you gave her over to that scum.

CARY

Hey, that's ours!

Cary points toward their files being boxed up too.

ALICIA

Excuse me, sir, we are lawyers with Stern, Lockhart, and Gardner. We are not employees of this firm--

CARY

--and do not grant you permission to confiscate our work product.

RIVERS

Given that I can't distinguish between "work-product" in the field, I will segregate these files, and you can get a court order to have them returned.

Alicia looks over at Cary, ready to argue, but sees he's got something in his hand over his hand. His cellphone. Light blinking. Alicia stares at him: wide-eyed. Are you crazy? But Cary just smiles and winks. And...

...the digital video now plays on Cary's cellphone as Diane and Will study it...

WILL

What's his name?

CARY

AUSA Rivers.

Will looks toward Diane. They both shrug: never heard of him.

DIANE

It's federal. I don't know the cast of characters.

The footage becomes a bit more shaky as Dorfman is escorted out, yelling. The cellphone following.

WILL

What's he saying?

ALICIA

He told them we were his lawyers. And we would have him out in 24 hours.

DIANE

You led him to believe that?

CARY

No. We were there on the furlough lawsuit.

WILL

(to Diane)

The metro suit. We decided to marry union with non-union. So why murder?

CARY

Dorfman was defending a drug dealer. There was a witness testifying for the prosecution-- a Kelli Gerber Smith-- and Dorfman supposedly gave her name to his client-- the drug dealer-- who had her killed.

WILL

What drug dealer?

ALICIA

LeMond Bishop.

*

Will and Diane-- both take a moment. A traded look. Never quite been so impressed. Alicia eyes their reactions.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Bishop is one of Dorfman's clients?

DIANE

Talk about having a tiger by the tail.

WILL

Explains why his firm is growing.

ALICIA

He asked us to take over his on-going cases-- just while he's being held. He doesn't have his staff lined up yet.

Diane and Will trade a look. Alicia and Cary are surprised by their hesitation.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

He wanted us to argue for his release. He can pay us.

WILL

It's a drug case. First things the Feds will do is freeze his assets.

ALICIA

He can pay when they're... unfrozen.

Cary looks between the partners, sees there's something up.

CARY

He seemed good.

DIANE

We'll take it under review.

Alicia and Cary find them outside the partner's door. Pause.

ALICIA

What was that about?

CARY

Either they don't like him or... the rumors are true. Stern, Lockhart's going down.

They see a FLORIST taking flowers from a pot, leaving it empty. Cary and Alicia trade a look: uh-oh.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

CARY (CONT'D)

Dammit, and I have student loans.

Alicia looks worried too. Her assistant, COURTNEY, approaches, blue tooth in ear:

COURTNEY

Alicia. Your husband.

CARY

Yeah, at least you have someone to fall back on.

Alicia stares at him: not the most comforting thought.

6 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

6

Peter entering the kitchen, moving away from his arguing staff, on the mobile home phone:

PETER

No, it's nothing-- we just can't find the tax returns.

INTERCUT with... Alicia starting down the stairs toward her office. Both in movement, Peter starting toward his bedroom.

ALICIA

And why do you need them?

PETER

Eli. He needs to look into anything that can be used against us.

ALICIA

Uh-huh. Under my bed. A box marked... I think "House files."

PETER

Okay, thanks. How are you doing?

Peter changes directions, starts toward the master bedroom.

ALICIA

Well, I was almost arrested this morning.

PETER

What?

ALICIA

Do you know an A-USA named Rivers?

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Yeah, intense, out to save the world? Why, what happened?

ALICIA

He was arresting another lawyer for-- it's a long story-- but I almost got caught up in the sweep.

PETER

He's a zealot. Don't look a zealot in the eyes.

Alicia smiles, pauses: this is the way it should be like to talk with your husband.

ALICIA

How're you doing?

PETER

Good. I made myself a BLT. And I couldn't stop smiling.

ALICIA

You know, this is the closest we've had to a normal conversation.

PETER

Yeah, I like it.

ALICIA

Maybe we should talk on the phone more.

PETER

Oh, yeah, you left your cellphone here. Will phoned.

Peter frowns: knows he shouldn't have gone there on the heels of such a nice conversation. Alicia nods, tense:

ALICIA

Yeah, he got in touch already. Okay, back to work.

PETER

Back to work.

And we stay with Peter-- not Alicia-- as he arrives in the master bedroom. Reaches under the bed, drags out a file box. Sharpie scrawl on top reads "House Files." Good. Taped shut. He reaches toward...

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

...the bedside table, opens the drawer, takes out a letter opener when he stops... glances back in the drawer. Sees something. The edge of red foil. Recognizable. He opens the drawer further, reaches in. It's...

...a condom. Three condoms actually. Peter pauses there, takes a second. Alone in the master bedroom. Thinking this through. As...

7

INT. GYM - DAY

7

...Will ties on his shoes, court side, dropping his cellphone into the bucket, as judges, lawyers join him on the court.

WILL

I say judges are skins this time!

Laughter. Warm up. Will drives up the court, goes to the basket, easy lay-up. But when he turns, he finds... a suited man on the court staring at him. Rivers.

WILL (CONT'D)

Hello?

RIVERS

Mr. Gardner, AUSA Rivers.

WILL

That's okay, we won't hold it against you. Suit up.

Rivers doesn't move. Will double-takes, sees he's still standing there, staring at him.

RIVERS

You phoned. You wanted your work-product back.

WILL

Yeah, but at the office. This is a friendly *County* game.

RIVERS

You're thinking about taking the Dorfman case. We would advise against it.

Will smiles, takes the ball, passes it.

WILL

Really. What else would you advise?

(CONTINUED)

RIVERS

You're having money issues. You can't afford trouble with the federal courts.

WILL

(laughs)

Wow. This is like the movies. You have to threaten me with audits or something.

RIVERS

That's the IRS. It would be a federal crime to influence the IRS.

Will grins, yells to the other players:

WILL

Hey, I'm being threatened over here. Can you believe it?

The players laugh. Disregard him.

RIVERS

Mr. Dorfman is in trouble. He is guilty. His assets are frozen. It would be a mistake to represent him.

WILL

And what would happen? I like knowing the consequences before I do something stupid.

RIVERS

Again, we urge you not to pursue it.

WILL

Too late. I already am.

RIVERS

As of when?

WILL

As of ten seconds ago. Good job, Rivers, you just won Dorfman an attorney.

Will shoots a basket. Sinks it.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

8 INT. FEDERAL COURT - COURTROOM #4 - DAY 8

A grand and sterile Federal courtroom. Intimidating. Will starts up the aisle, is greeted by Tammy Dorfman: *

TAMMY *

Thank you, Mr. Gardner. My dad is just so thankful.

WILL

No problem. We'll see what we can do.

And Will continues on toward the defense table as Tammy smiles at a following Alicia and Cary. Will looks over at Rivers laughing with the Bailiff, court reporter. Will nods, gets it. To himself: *

WILL (CONT'D)

Yep, not my playground.

A door opens. And JUDGE PATRICE LESSNER (40) sweeps in. Pretty, fast-talking. Likes to keep her courtroom moving. Oddly her arm is in a cast. Even before she sits:

JUDGE LESSNER

Mr. Rivers, what do we have today?

RIVERS

(fast; knows she likes fast)
Several motions on Eric Dorfman, your honor, and I'm sorry to hear about your accident. *

JUDGE LESSNER

Thank you; I got your card. I imagine you are seeking detention pending trial?"

Will looks over at these two. Excluding him.

RIVERS

Yes, your honor. Mr. Dorfman, in our opinion, released a witness list to a killer, and given that there will be vulnerable witnesses in this case, we ask for pretrial detention.

WILL

Your Honor, this is a simple case of harassment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILL (CONT'D)

AUSA Rivers failed to convict LeMond Bishop on RICO charges and is now going after his lawyer as retribution. *

JUDGE LESSNER

In your opinion.

Will pauses. Alicia looks past him at the judge who uses a hanger to scratch under her irritated cast.

WILL

Excuse me.

JUDGE LESSNER

In your opinion.

WILL

Yes in my opinion. He's trying to subvert the 6th amendment right to counsel.

RIVERS

Mr. Gardner is prone to hyperbole, your Honor. Kelli Gerber Smith offered to testify against one of the most dangerous kingpins in this country, and, in our opinion, was brutally tortured and murdered for her troubles.

WILL

The prosecution's evidence is thin at best. Generic carpet fibers found on the body and access to a witness list. That hardly makes Eric Dorfman suspect number one. *

JUDGE LESSNER

In your opinion.

Will just stares at the judge.

WILL

Yes, your honor, I thought it was obvious, when I speak, it's my opinion. When he speaks, it's his.

CARY

(whispers to Alicia)
Whoa, boy.

JUDGE LESSNER

Mr....?

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Gardner, your honor.

JUDGE LESSNER

It's equally obvious that I'm a judge, and yet you continually refer to me as "your honor." All I ask is that you do the same with your opinion, and remind yourself and the court that it is in fact your opinion.

Will stares at her, stupefied. Is it hazing or what?

RIVERS

Your honor, if I could return to the facts. Mr. Dorfman was one of four people to hold the witness list that was sealed under a court order. There were carpet fibers found on the tarp covering Ms. Smith's body that came directly from Mr. Dorfman's law firm. And he was, in our opinion, the only one with anything to gain if her name got out.

WILL

This is a vindictive prosecution and should be treated as such...
(afterthought)
...in my opinion.

JUDGE LESSNER

The court disagrees, Mr. Gardner, and orders pretrial detention. I'll see you both back here on Wednesday at nine a.m. for pretrial motions.

And that's it. Will frowns at the judge. Then sees Rivers shooting a cocky look his way as he leaves.

DIANE

It's their playground; you play by their rules.

Will and Diane starting toward the conference room.

WILL

They're so cocky. It's just another courtroom. They treat it like St. Peter's.

DIANE

Didn't we agree to not take this?

WILL

No, we agreed to cut the flower and paper cups; the least I can do is take the cases I want.

DIANE

You sure this isn't pride?

WILL

Of course, it's pride. What's wrong with pride? Pride built the pyramids.

DIANE

And Watergate.

WILL

(notices a vase of flowers)
God, they *do* look fake.

DIANE

Those are the real ones.

Oh. Will pushes into...

INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

...a strategy session, ready to go. JULIUS CAIN, KALINDA, Alicia, Cary, a few other lawyers. Not sitting:

WILL

Okay, four people had access to that witness list. Find out who they were, where it went.

KALINDA

Rivers, the court clerk, Dorfman, the judge.

WILL

Good. Did they or anyone around them leak it? Let's also look at the prosecution's assumptions: the witness in this original case--

ALICIA

Kelli Gerber Smith.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Are we sure she was even actually murdered due to the case? And if she *was*, did the killers really need the witness list to know she was going to testify?

JULIUS CAIN

How do we find that out?

KALINDA

Go to Bishop.

Everyone looks over at Kalinda. Whoa.

CARY

You want to go ask a drug kingpin whether he really needed a witness list to kill somebody?

WILL

Well, there's probably a better way to put it. But, in theory, he wants his lawyer out too, so if he could...

(gingerly)

...help steer us toward evidence that would exonerate Dorfman, that would be good. You up for it?

Kalinda. She considers it. Shrugs.

KALINDA

Sure.

Will grins. Loves that about her.

WILL

Okay, everybody else. Let's find out what evidence Rivers has. I don't want to wait for discovery. My guess it's coming to us slow.

The condoms. Peter considers them, puts them back in the bedside table, closes the drawer, and rejoins...

12 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY 12

...Gold, Kya, Golden. Everyone at home in the kitchen.
Getting coffee, milk, etc. A pacing Eli...

ELI GOLD

This is how it works. Germs enter
the political bloodstream through
anonymous twitter account. These are
picked up by political blogs that--
(dead end)
I'm going to drop the metaphor.

PETER

No, see how far you can take that.

ELI GOLD

There's a twitter account out there--
Upriser7-- anonymous-- it's saying
things about you and Alicia.

PETER

Isn't that... expected?

ELI GOLD

Some of them are true.

Peter looks up.

PETER

Like what?

ELI GOLD

(reading)
*"Saint Alicia, as she's called behind
her back, is despised because of her
close connection to boss, Will. Widely
hated, she's given all best cases--"*

PETER

Are we saying that's true?

(CONTINUED)

ELI GOLD

"Alicia and Peter sleep in separate rooms. He's in the maid quarters. She's in the master. Not even a real marriage."

Peter stares at him. Uh-oh.

GOLDEN

The danger is it'll be picked up by a political blog then go into the mainstream.

ELI GOLD

I reduce the damage by flooding the zone with bogus tweets that say the opposite. Any search engine gets overwhelmed by both.

PETER

So... then who knew we were in separate rooms?

ELI GOLD

There's stuff about Mrs. Florrick's work too. Her competition for a job. Her connection to... her boss.

PETER

What's that say?

KYA

You don't want to read it.

ELI GOLD

That she's sleeping with him.

Peter eyes Eli Gold. The honesty of men.

PETER

Okay, let's find out who's sending these tweets.

Eli gathers up his gear to leave...

KALINDA

Mr. Bishop?

An African-American man turns. **LEMOND** BISHOP (29). Tall, shaved head, calm.

*

Doing his best to seem like an MBA, not a drug kingpin. Leaning against an active horse corral, he eyes Kalinda and Alicia approaching.

BISHOP

So you're my lawyer's lawyer?

KALINDA

Actually, she is.

BISHOP

(grins)

What's that make you? My lawyer's lawyer's lawyer?

KALINDA

No. Because that would be comic.

Bishop laughs as his right hand man, **TONY GURSTELLE** (27), white, tall, intense but handsome eyes, steps forward to frisk Kalinda. *

BISHOP

It's alright. The lawyers are on our side, didn't you hear, William? When we were picking sides, they got the cops; we got the lawyers.

Alicia eyes Bishop. A confident man. Bishop sees her look. Pauses. Recognizing her?

ALICIA

Beautiful horses.

BISHOP

They're not mine. Rich people need places to board them.

KALINDA

One of your legit businesses?

BISHOP

Hey, I'm all legit these days. Isn't that right?

GURSTELLE

It is.

BISHOP

So you wanted help with Dorfman? Good. I like him. Did he show you his rock collection?

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

Yes.

BISHOP

I think he just picked up those rocks on the street.

(to Bill)

Guy has rocks from the top peaks around the world.

GURSTELLE

Everest?

BISHOP

No, not that one yet. Mountain climbing, never made sense to me. Bunch of idiots who need something to do. But he's a good lawyer. And a lucky one. We didn't even have to go to trial with that witness dying.

ALICIA

Being murdered.

Bishop turns to her, eyes her. Intimidated, Alicia looks away. Bishop smiles at that.

KALINDA

Mr. Dorfman has been accused of leaking the witness's identity allowing you to... murder her.

BISHOP

Well, as I'm sure you're aware, he didn't do that because I didn't do that.

*

KALINDA

Right, but if you could... steer us toward what really happened, I think that could help Mr. Dorfman.

BISHOP

"What really *happened*?"

Alicia clears her throat, bravely tries straightforward:

ALICIA

Is there some evidence that points toward the murder happening for other reasons? Reasons that didn't require the witness list.

(CONTINUED)

Bishop stares at her. Not angry eyes. Calm, long-suffering.

BISHOP

I own a chain of six sporting good stores, four restaurants, ten dry cleaners. I am a businessman. So I don't want you to make the same mistake as the government: thinking that, because of the color of my skin, I sell drugs. Because... that would be racism, wouldn't it?

Alicia and Bishop stare at each other. A second. Then...

14 INT. ALICIA'S CAR - DAY 14

...thud-- Alicia and Kalinda close their car doors, sit there.

ALICIA

Well, this is an exciting day.

KALINDA

You wanted to come.

But Alicia sees Tony Gurstelle approaching. She nudges Kalinda's arm as he comes up to her window. She rolls it down: *

GURSTELLE

So... here's the thing. I won't say much. I won't answer questions. But Bishop likes Mr. Dorfman, thinks he got a raw deal.

KALINDA

We do too.

GURSTELLE

Rivers found the black SUV that carried this dead witness. Unfortunately, this SUV was never meant to be discovered, so it may not be as... "clean" as one would hope.

ALICIA

Was Dorfman ever in this SUV?

Gurstelle just stares at her. Not gonna answer that.

GURSTELLE

Again, if there is any attempt to subpoena or question myself or Mr. Bishop, we will deny this;
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

GURSTELLE (CONT'D)

but Rivers discovered this SUV two weeks ago-- right after the murder-- and he has kept it under wraps ever since.

KALINDA

Why?

GURSTELLE

To keep it out of your hands. To surprise you at trial. We would advise you to fight it's inclusion.

And that's it: Gurstelle goes. Kalinda and Alicia watch him.

ALICIA

Talk about pacts with the devil:
getting trial advice from the killers.

15

INT. FEDERAL COURT - COURTROOM #4 - DAY

15

Will stands. In court again:

WILL

Objection, your honor. This SUV was kept from us intentionally. The only reason the court knows about it at all is because we brought it up! It should be thrown out.

Judge Pam Lester barely looks at him...

JUDGE LESSNER

I'll give you some leeway, Rivers.
Go ahead.

Will frowns, sits beside a worried Dorfman in orange jumpsuit, two guards behind him. Alicia and Cary watching. We glimpse **Tammy** in the gallery. *

RIVERS

In addition, your honor, we discovered an impression made on the console from a hastily written note. "Gerbre."

(offers a photo)

This of course was the middle name of the victim, and as you can see the last two letters were inverted. This clearly matches...

(another photo)

...the accidental inversion made on the witness list. We submit this into evidence--

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Objection, your honor. Again this evidence has been intentionally withheld from us, summarily removed from all exhibit lists, and should be excluded.

JUDGE LESSNER

In your opinion.

WILL

(frowns: fuck her)

Yes, *in my opinion*.

RIVERS

While Mr. Gardner and his white shoe firm may have the resources to process evidence expeditiously, in our opinion, the Federal government does not.

WILL

Not according to your own lab's time stamp. IN MY OPINION... Mr. Rivers was holding onto this key discovery evidence for weeks, your honor, and lying to this court about its existence--

RIVERS

Mr. Gardner is working with old information, in our opinion. I would submit this revision of the evidence room stamp--

WILL

Objection.

JUDGE LESSNER

I will accept. Continue, Rivers.

RIVERS

Thank you. I would--

WILL

Excuse me, your honor, I objected.

JUDGE LESSNER

Yes, I know, Mr. Gardner, and I accepted Rivers evidence.

WILL

Yes, but you failed to rule.

The judge looks up as... Dorfman tenses: what are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE LESSNER

My ruling is implicit, Mr. Gardner.
Now sit down.

WILL

No, it isn't, your honor. And I
will sit down when you rule.

Silence in the court. You could hear a pin drop. Alicia
watches this stand-off, a red-faced Judge flabbergasted.

JUDGE LESSNER

Would you like to be held in
contempt, Mr. Gardner?

WILL

No, I wouldn't, your honor. But I
would like a ruling on my objection.

JUDGE LESSNER

You are trying my patience...

WILL

I understand that, your honor, but we
both know if you don't use the proper
form of "sustained" or "overruled," the
matter can't be later appealed; and I was
surprised, in reviewing your past court
cases, how often you encouraged lawyers
to move on without actually ruling, and
therefore avoided having your "non-
rulings" overturned on appeal...

Silence. The judge ready to explode. Oh, Will adds:

WILL (CONT'D)

...in my opinion.

JUDGE LESSNER

Mr. Gardner, I have never quite
been so... *offended* in all my years
on the bench.

WILL

I understand that, your honor, but
I still want a ruling. A ruling I
can appeal.

Rivers looks over at Will, startled by his balls, but sees
Judge Lester's resolve weakening. Shoring her up:

(CONTINUED)

RIVERS

Your honor, this evidence is necessary for our prosecution.

WILL

Well, a conviction is necessary for your prosecution, but that doesn't make it a worthy argument.

JUDGE LESSNER

One hour for lunch.

Bang-- the judge hits her gavel. Rivers startled...

RIVERS

Your honor--!

JUDGE LESSNER

I said one hour for lunch!

An angry Judge Lester sweeps out of court, and Will collects his papers to leave, looks back at Alicia, sees her smiling in awe. He smiles back, likes the confirmation.

ERIC DORFMAN

Wow.

*

WILL

When you're in someone else's school yard, you either play nicer or meaner.

RIVERS

What the hell was that?

Will turns to find Rivers charging up to him. Calmly:

WILL

Do you have a map?

RIVERS

Do I...?

WILL

A map. So I can show you where you live. That, my friend, was a Chicago defense. Get used to it.

And Will and Alicia stroll from court.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 INT. 27TH FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY

16

Alicia, Cary, Julius Cain, and Kalinda walking behind Will starting toward the stairs...

WILL

Even if the judge kicks the SUV--
which, given my courtroom
performance, isn't all that likely--

ALICIA

Although fun.

WILL

--we still need to undercut the
carpet fibers from Dorfman's office--
that's the only thing that ties him
to the body.

JULIUS CAIN

(checking his notes)

Dorfman's carpet is US "Taupe
Dream," one of the most common in
the country.

WILL

Good. Anything on the witness list?

KALINDA

Two other prosecutors in Rivers'
office had access to it. They were
listed on the initial filing before
Rivers took over the case. I'm
data-mining them now to find any
connection with Bishop's crew.

CARY

Is either prosecutor black?

JULIUS CAIN

Oh, here we go.

CARY

What? Data-mining. It's about
limiting options.

WILL

(stopping this)

Okay. Cary stay on the carpet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILL (CONT'D)
Kalinda stay on the non-racist data-
mining. And...
(nothing for Alicia)

ALICIA
I'll go to my office.

Yep, that's about it. Will charges upstairs as Alicia starts
toward her office, slows, seeing...

17 INT. 27TH FLOOR - ALICIA'S OFFICE - DAY 17

...Eli Gold lying on her couch. Again. She leans against her
desk, stares at him. Without opening his eyes:

ELI GOLD
Yes, I do have a home.

ALICIA
Good. Have you ever tried using it?

ELI GOLD
Interesting case?

ALICIA
Yes. May I help you, Mr. Gold?

ELI GOLD
(reads)
*"Saint Alicia isn't just sleeping
with her boss, she's using him to
get promoted."*
(off Alicia's look)
Upriser7. A tweet. From about two
hours ago.

ALICIA
About me?

ELI GOLD
Yes. And Peter. But mostly you.

Alicia stares at him. He hands her a stack of print-outs.

ELI GOLD (CONT'D)
At first I thought it was intended
to derail Peter's campaign, then I
realized, no, it's about you.
We're just collateral damage.

ALICIA
(reading)
This is on the internet?

(CONTINUED)

ELI GOLD

Yes. Ben Smith just linked to it in a
Remainder item, so it might get some
wider play. Please excuse the melodrama,
but does anyone here have it out for you?

Alicia shoots a look toward Cary. Eli Gold sees the look.

ELI GOLD (CONT'D)

Young guy, twelve o'clock? Would
he know you and Peter are in
separate rooms?

ALICIA

(horrified)

That's in here?

ELI GOLD

He even mentioned the name of the
moving company that put the bed in.

ALICIA

"Saint Alicia?" It doesn't sound
like him.

ELI GOLD

That's the thing about the internet.
Nobody sounds like themselves.

Courtney eats a sandwich in the small conference room
laughing with another assistant when they see Alicia enter.

ALICIA

Hi.

The other assistant nods, gets up, leaves. Lunch over.

COURTNEY

Want to make a call, Mrs. Florrick?

ALICIA

No, no. Just-- You know the movers
I had out to put the other bed in?

COURTNEY

Your apartment? Yes.

ALICIA

Is there any way... Cary could've
heard about that?

COURTNEY

Heard the movers put in another bed?

ALICIA

Yes.

Courtney stares at her. A bit offended.

COURTNEY

No.

ALICIA

I don't mean, on purpose.

COURTNEY

I'm discreet, Mrs. Florrick.

ALICIA

Yes, I know, it's not-- It's just, the blue tooth...

(points to her ear)

You could say something near...

But Alicia sees her offended face, and decides to back down.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Forget it. Nothing.

Courtney nods. But *is* offended. Shit-- Alicia backs away, out of the conference room, and...

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

19

...crosses toward her office, eyeing Cary, as she...

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

20

...goes to her laptop, clicks on a web site, sees another tweet pop up... "*Upriser7: No time for more now. Lter.*" Alicia looks across toward Cary, typing. But she pauses, notices something else... on her couch...

A large brown grocery bag. She picks up her phone, starts toward the bag...

ALICIA

Yes, could you stop Mr. Gold. He just left--

But Alicia PAUSES, seeing the bag is filled with hundred dollar bills. Blocks of them. Wrapped in bank tape.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Um, no, my mistake.

She hangs up. Gapes. The bag. It's filled with hundreds. \$100,000? More? Each block marked \$5,000. Holy--!

Alicia looks up. Coworkers passing blithely; Courtney, crossing toward her workstation, shooting miffed looks toward her. Alicia thinks for a second, turning over the possibilities. She picks up the phone... No. She goes to her door, looks out... um... where is she? There.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Kalinda?

(her voice too low)

Kalinda.

She waves to Kalinda. Kalinda waves back parodying. But Alicia gestures urgently. Okay, Kalinda approaches...

KALINDA

What's up?

ALICIA

(a little pinched)

Could you come into my office?

KALINDA

Why certainly, ma'am.

Kalinda enters. Alicia closes the door.

ALICIA

Could you look in that bag?

KALINDA

That bag?

Yes. Kalinda smiles-- why the drama?-- crosses to it, peers in. Her smile drops.

KALINDA (CONT'D)

Money.

ALICIA

Yes.

KALINDA

A lot of it.

ALICIA

It would appear so.

(CONTINUED)

Kalinda nods, exits, as Alicia looks after her. Um?

21 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY** 21

The money. Now in a organized heap on Diane's desk.

KALINDA
Two-hundred thousand dollars. And
the vague whiff of marijuana.

Diane, Alicia, Kalinda stare at it.

DIANE
What did you say to him?

ALICIA
Bishop? Nothing. We asked him
about the murder.

Will enters, checking his Blackberry.

WILL
Yeah, what's up? And why does it
smell like a frat house in here?

Diane motions to the table. The cash.

WILL (CONT'D)
Huh.
(only takes a second)
Bishop?

DIANE
Our best guess.

WILL
I'll make the call.

22 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY** 22

LeMond Bishop. He sits resplendent at the conference table, *
a glass of bottled water.

BISHOP
It's your retainer.

Diane, Will, and Julius sit at the table with him. Alicia
and Kalinda by the door. No one else.

DIANE
I didn't know you were hiring.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

I'm not. I need new lawyers.

Will and Diane trade a look.

DIANE

Don't you already have representation?

BISHOP

In jail. I need someone now. Business is piling up.

Alicia shifts uncomfortably. Bishop notices this, eyes her.

WILL

This is... a bit unorthodox. We represent your current lawyer.

BISHOP

Yes. My experience is lawyers are good at making the unorthodox orthodox.

DIANE

Why us?

BISHOP

(points at Will)

One of my aides saw him in court.

WILL

(off Diane's look)

I was... off-script.

BISHOP

Nice touch bringing the black guy.

Julius looks at him with distaste.

JULIUS CAIN

For your information, I'm an equity partner.

BISHOP

Where you from?

JULIUS CAIN

None of your business.

BISHOP

I have a corporation-- a large one-- with a lot of employees, and they sometimes get into trouble.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I need a firm to look after their interests, and mine-- help me make the best financial and legal decisions. I pay well, I pay on time, and I help those who help me.

Kalinda unhappily eyes Will and Diane, opens the door, leaves.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

You have a DUI involving the **Baja** Fund CEO. I could tell you things that would help you with the arresting officer.

*

Will and Diane trade a look.

23 **INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY** 23

Alicia escorts Bishop to the elevators. Bishop eyes her.

BISHOP

I met your husband once. Taller than I expected.

ALICIA

Yes, he is tall.

BISHOP

Electronic monitoring is a bitch, isn't it?

Alicia nods uncomfortably as they come up to Bill Gurstelle in reception, flipping through a magazine.

GURSTELLE

They don't validate. How can they not validate?

Bishop ignores him, nods back toward the conference room:

BISHOP

They're going to argue about this. Then they're going to say yes.

ALICIA

Maybe.

BISHOP

No, no maybe. Money makes things predictable. So here's their signing bonus. This Rivers-- this Rivers-- I have something.

(CONTINUED)

An awkward Alicia waits at the elevator with them, as...

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

DIANE

It's not the same as Scheffrin-Marks. You don't even believe that!

A heated argument between Will and Diane...

WILL

How is it different? Do you know how many kids died from their asthma medicine--?!

DIANE

Oh my god, the sophistry here is just blinding---

WILL

Scheffrin-Marks has white employees in suits; Bishop's crew has African-American--!

DIANE

Oh, don't try to sell this on the back of racism. Scheffrin-Marks didn't set out to kill anybody.

WILL

And Shane Marx, Paul Din, Johnathan Graham? All murderers--

*

DIANE

Accused murderers.

WILL

Now who's the sophist? We're not in a court of law, Diane. It's just you and me. We represent murderers. We get them off.

DIANE

No. We keep the courts honest.

WILL

And why shouldn't the courts be kept honest about Bishop?

Diane sits back. Will knows he has a point...

(CONTINUED)

WILL (CONT'D)

Everybody deserves representation.
Does that stop when we come to--

DIANE

--a criminal organization whose
sole purpose is to sell drugs and
murder to control territory?

WILL

Yes, sure. Put it any way you
want, it's still a true statement.

DIANE

We're doing this for the money.

WILL

Of course we are. We're not a
charity. We do this or we lay off
half of acquisitions. Ten lawyers
with ten families--!

DIANE

Not to mention your season tickets.

Will stares at her. Fuck you.

WILL

Do you hear the wolves at the door,
Diane? Because they're there.

DIANE

I need to think about this.

Diane starts to exit, finds Alicia there.

ALICIA

Sorry. He had a parting... piece
of information about Rivers.

WILL

What?

ALICIA

Rivers was sleeping with Kelli
Gerber Smith. The murdered witness.

Will stares at her, startled.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE25 **INT. FEDERAL COURT - COURTROOM #4 - DAY**

25

WILL
Objection, your honor.

A more cowed Judge Lester on the stand.

JUDGE LESSNER
"Overruled." How's that, Mr.
Gardner? Do you approve of that?

WILL
I do, thank you, your honor.

Alicia nods, the judge more compliant even while disagreeing.

JUDGE LESSNER
So if there are no more pre-trial
motions maybe we can move this
along--

WILL
Actually, the defense asks that
AUSA Rivers be disqualified as
prosecution's representative.

Rivers is stunned, jumps up:

RIVERS
On what grounds?

JUDGE LESSNER
That's my question, Mr. Rivers.

RIVERS
Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE LESSNER
On what grounds, Mr. Gardner?

Will crosses to the judge with a piece of paper as Alicia
eyes Cary typing on his cellphone. Is he tweeting?

WILL
This is a signed affidavit from a
hotel clerk at Lake Avenue Motel
confirming that Mr. Rivers spent
the night with Kelli Gerber Smith
on nine occasions.

Rivers horrified. Dorfman looks up at Will, startled.

(CONTINUED)

RIVERS

I-- Relevance!

WILL

Do I even need to respond, Your Honor?

JUDGE LESSNER

Is this true, counselor?

Rivers organizes his papers. Off his pedestal, stalling.

RIVERS

Your honor--

JUDGE LESSNER

Answer the question, Mr. Rivers.

RIVERS

Yes. But, I assure Your Honor that it will in no way effect my ability to prosecute this case.

INT. FEDERAL COURT - HALL - DAY

Bang-- Will exits court: the conquering hero. Cary high-fives him, Alicia smiles, Tammy behind them...

*

TAMMY

How'd you find that out?

*

WILL

How? Inside source.

TAMMY

Too bad it didn't disqualify Rivers.

*

WILL

We didn't want it to. It undercut the judge's trust in Rivers, and got her to kick the SUV.

Will starts off as Alicia stops Cary...

ALICIA

Cary. Do you have a second?

CARY

Sure. What?

But Alicia pulls him away from a crowd. How to start?

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

Are you tweeting about me?

CARY

Am I "tweeting" about you?

ALICIA

Yes. Are you Upriser7?

CARY

Am--? What are you talking about?

ALICIA

There's someone gossiping on-line about me.

Cary eyes her. She's serious.

CARY

And you thought it was me?

(Alicia shrugs)

Well, thanks. Sure. Good to be working with you too.

And Cary starts off, disgusted. Alicia watches him go.

INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Home. Alicia comes through the door. Exhausted. Drops her briefcase. Looks around.

ALICIA

Hello?

ELI GOLD

I'm in here, hon'.

Not the voice she expected. She enters the kitchen, finds Eli Gold typing on his Blackberry.

ELI GOLD (CONT'D)

How was work?

ALICIA

(smiles caustically)

Where's...?

ELI GOLD

In the shower. The kids are in bed. I let them watch a little TV. Have you ever seen WHEN A STRANGER CALLS?

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

The movie?
(Eli nods)
A long time ago.

ELI GOLD

We just traced the I.P. address for
the last anonymous tweet.

ALICIA

And?

ELI GOLD

It's coming from inside the house.

Alicia stares at him. Damn.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Will on his cellphone rushes down the hall...

WILL

No, just a bit of an emergency.
Rivers found another way to get the
SUV in. Through the GPS.

On the other end of the line...

INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

ALICIA

Oh.

Alicia, on her cell, slumps, sitting on her bed. Peter sits
on the other side. Door closed.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

No, it's alright. About a half
hour. No problem.

Alicia hangs up. Exhales. Puts her shoes back on.

PETER

Is that Will?

ALICIA

Yes. I have to go back in.
(back to the subject)
So what do you think?

PETER

I think one of them is angry at us.
They either don't want me to run.

ALICIA

Or me to work.

PETER

So, which one? Zach or Grace?

ALICIA

This is crazy, Peter. Someone else
must've used our wifi without us
knowing.

PETER

Eli is checking. But we should
talk.

ALICIA

I'll do it. Tomorrow.

Alicia gets up to leave.

PETER

An all-nighter?

ALICIA

No. A few more hours.

PETER

I found condoms in your bedside table.

Alicia pauses at the door. Looks at him.

PETER (CONT'D)

I was looking for your letter
opener. At first I thought they
might belong to Zach: you found
condoms in his room or something.
But then I thought: no, you wouldn't
take them. You'd have a sensible
conversation with him about
responsibility. Then I thought:
they were yours. But it didn't make
sense. You have an I.U.D.

ALICIA

I had it removed.

Peter looks up at her, surprised.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

So condoms do make sense?

ALICIA

They do.

PETER

For who?

Alicia just stares at him. A long pause. It could tip either way. Alicia goes to the bed, turns her purse over, pours the contents out.

ALICIA

Go ahead, check.

PETER

I was looking for the letter opener!

Alicia bangs open her closet door.

ALICIA

There are drawers in here too!
Check!

PETER

I was looking for--! What do you want from me, Alicia?! I will never touch another woman-- again.

ALICIA

Do you want a prize? That seems like the minimum prerequisite.

PETER

For both of us.

ALICIA

Then trust me.

PETER

Then don't go back to work.

There, he said it. Alicia stares at him, goes to the bedside table. Opens the drawer. Takes out the condoms. Holds open her purse. Drops them in.

ALICIA

Trust me.

And Alicia exits. Peter looks after her, pissed.

30

INT. FEDERAL COURT - JUDGE'S CHAMBER - DAY

30

A tiny judge's chamber. Government issue. Barely room for Judge Lester, Will, Rivers, two A-USAs, and Alicia, Cary. Yelling. Everybody hates each other now...

RIVERS

The GPS isn't the same as the SUV--
in our opinion.

WILL

It's contained *in* the SUV-- in my
opinion--

RIVERS

But it's data is separate, and it's
tracked through satellite imaging,
in our--

WILL

Which is only accessed THROUGH THE
SUV which was THROWN OUT!

RIVERS

Your honor, the GPS shows this SUV
drove right from Mr. Dorfman's
office to the site where the body
was dumped. On the night of the
murder.

Alicia looks up, startled. Something gnawing at her.

WILL

You have no proof my client was in
the SUV or at his office at those
times!

Alicia sees Cary slipping a note to Will as...

RIVERS

This isn't about Mr. Dorfman
pulling the trigger, your honor.
We don't need to prove that-- in
our opinion. This is about whether
he was *complicit* in the witnesses'
death. And the inference--

WILL

(Cary's note)
Was the GPS factory installed?

(CONTINUED)

RIVERS

What? I don't know.

JUDGE LESSNER

How is that relevant, Mr. Gardner?

WILL

If the GPS was installed at the factory, it should be considered part of the automobile-- whether or not the tracking information was pulled from satellite technology.

An aide meanwhile finishes whispering in Rivers' ear.

RIVERS

The GPS was manufactured by REI, Incorporated. Not by General Motors. A separate corporate entity that uses separate satellites to gather information. Therefore, we should be able to introduce this information into evidence.

The Judge looks toward Will who shoots a look toward Alicia and Cary, the two caught up short.

JUDGE LESSNER

Overruled, Mr. Gardner. The GPS data is allowed into evidence.

Damn. Will, Alicia, Cary frown. Losing.

INT. LOCK-UP - LAWYER CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

Lock-up. **Eric** and **Tammy** Dorfman stare at Alicia and Cary. *

ALICIA

We're still looking for ways to undercut the GPS, but we need to know. Were you at your law office that night?

ERIC DORFMAN

The night of the murder? Yes. *

CARY

But you didn't talk to or see any of the Bishop crew?

ERIC DORFMAN

No. *

(CONTINUED)

CARY

Then why were they at your office?
This GPS has them at your office?

ERIC DORFMAN

I don't know. They could've been
parked there for all we know.

ALICIA

(eyes Eric)

All "we" know? Who's we?

TAMMY

We. Dad and me.

Alicia takes a moment, eyes Tammy.

ALICIA

So you were there?

TAMMY

Yes.

Cary trades a look with Alicia. Eric pauses, notices the
look too. But before he can say anything...

ALICIA

Okay, we'll try to do what we can
to undercut the GPS. Thanks.

Alicia and Cary start to leave.

ERIC DORFMAN

Mrs. Florrick. Could you stay a
minute?

Alicia nods. Tammy starts to stay too.

ERIC DORFMAN (CONT'D)

No, Tammy. We're fine.

Oh. Tammy, surprised, nods, leaves with Cary. Waiting for
the door to close...

ALICIA

She had access to the witness list?
And she gave it to Bishop?

(Eric stares at her)

Why? To win the case?

(CONTINUED)

ERIC DORFMAN

I had a struggling firm. She wanted to show Bishop we could handle his business.

ALICIA

And you? You knew?
(Eric shakes his head)
Then that's your defense.

ERIC DORFMAN

No. If you even think of using her to free me, I'll confess.

ALICIA

She's not my client.

ERIC DORFMAN

I'm your client, and I will confess.

ALICIA

Eric, this-- I don't think you understand, with that information, Bishop will kill her.

ERIC DORFMAN

No. He knows if he moves against her, I'll tell Rivers everything. I have some files socked away, and Attorney/client privilege be damned.

ALICIA

Then what are you going to do? Because if *I* found out your daughter leaked the witness list, Rivers can't be far behind.

Eric nods. It's true. Considers it.

ERIC DORFMAN

Will you take a message to Bishop for me?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

32 INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

32

ZACH and GRACE. They stare at their mom speechless. Their usual family meeting spot.

ZACH

Mom...?

ALICIA

I won't make a big deal of it. I won't have "a talk." No scolding. No mothering. Just... I want to know.

GRACE

Well, I don't tweet.

Grace looks toward Zach. Alicia does too. A startled Zach.

ZACH

You really think...? Mom, this is stupid.

ALICIA

Don't say stupid. There were only two IP addresses used: the internet at your school and... here.

ZACH

I can't believe it. It's like a police state.

ALICIA

Don't be melodramatic. I'm asking you a question.

ZACH

No, you're not.

GRACE

And you're not saying "no."

Before Zach can explode at his sister...

ALICIA

Grace, don't.

(to Zach)

You didn't do this? You didn't write these things?

(CONTINUED)

ZACH

No. No!

ALICIA

And that's the truth?

ZACH

Mom?!

ALICIA

What? At least let's pretend we all know what happened the last six months.

Zach and Grace frown, embarrassed...

ZACH

That was different! We didn't tell you about those pictures because-- they were trying to hurt you.

ALICIA

It was a lie. And not just one lie. It was over and over again.

ZACH

But a lie like lying about Jews in your basement.

(off Alicia and Grace's confusion)

You know, with Nazis.

ALICIA

Okay, so let's trust each other again. My defenses are down. Let's go. Tell me.

ZACH

I told you.

And with that Zach gets up and leaves.

GRACE

He did it. That's the way he and Becca talk all the time.

Alicia frowns at Grace: no time for this.

33

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

33

Becca. She sits on the hood of her mini coop, laughing with three other juniors: mean girls. In the school parking lot-- not so close to the school it feels like Nickelodeon.

ELI GOLD

Becca?

Becca looks up. Finds the certain and odd personage of Eli Gold.

BECCA

She's still in class.

Eli smiles. Moves closer. The other girls start to split.

BECCA (CONT'D)

You got a problem?

ELI GOLD

That depends, Upriser7?

Becca smiles, grins, studies Gold, unintimidated.

BECCA

So, what, you're from the Internet police?

ELI GOLD

Just an interested bystander who wants to protect his six-figure income. So you and Zach talk a lot? He tells you a lot about his parents, is that it?

BECCA

Oh no. Have I been a bad girl?

ELI GOLD

No. Dear Becca. Because that would only make you want to do it again. You know what you've been? Gum on the bottom of my shoe. A little spoiled brat who's gonna get pregnant at 17, abortion at 18, meet some sweaty frat boy over spring break, and work as a dental hygienist until the day you die.

BECCA

And you-- you're a perv.

(CONTINUED)

Eli laughs. Becca smiles, sees a MOTORCYCLE COP pulling through the lot, and starts to scream, an earth-curdling scream! People in the parking lot turn. The cop makes a u-turn, revs up. As Becca smiles at Eli Gold, whispers:

BECCA (CONT'D)

I'd work on my story, perv.

The cop approaches as Eli turns, smiles...

MOTORCYCLE COP

Oh, Mr. Gold, I'm sorry.

Becca's smile drops. Oh shit.

ELI GOLD

That's alright. Just the daughter of a friend. She's alright now. Aren't you, Becca?

Becca nods, humbled. The cop smiles, nods, starts off again.

ELI GOLD (CONT'D)

I have a lot of friends. I'm sure you do too. The only difference, my friends aren't in homeroom. So I want you to listen to me. Stop tweeting. If you tweet, I will know you tweet. And I will-- have you seen DRAG ME TO HELL?

(she nods)

It will be like that. Do you understand?

(she nods)

I want to hear the words.

BECCA

I understand.

ELI GOLD

Good. And enjoy high school. It's really the best time of your life.

And Eli Gold starts away. Becca stares after him, leans back against her car, exhales.

Ding-- the elevator opens. And Rivers charges out, along with six other Federal Agents. Will greets them...

34 CONTINUED:

34

WILL

This way, gentlemen.

35 INT. 28TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

35

Bill Gurstelle sits at the conference table with Cary, Julius, and Alicia as the agents rush in...

GURSTELLE

(reciting)

My name is Bill Gurstelle, and I am guilty of the murder of Kelli--

Rivers yanks him to his feet-- the agents cuffing him.

WILL

He's surrendering himself freely. Gentlemen.

GURSTELLE

--I acted alone and with no consultation with anybody else--

RIVERS

(to Will)

Get out of my way!

GURSTELLE

--I had no access to the witness list or any other information other than my own.

Rivers turns to Will, fuming as a cuffed and Mirandized Gurstelle continues in the background...

RIVERS

What kind of deal did you make?

WILL

You got the murderer.

RIVERS

Come on, what kind of deal with Bishop?!

WILL

Do you expect an answer? Really?! What kind of deals do you make every day?! With killers?! With drug dealers?!

RIVERS

I am in pursuit of the good!

(CONTINUED)

WILL

You are in pursuit of your own sanctity! Take your suspect. He killed Kelli Gerber Smith. You won.

RIVERS

You wake up with fleas, counselor. You pay your rent, you go to your restaurants, but you still wake up with fleas.

And Rivers escorts Gurstelle out as we find Alicia, forgotten in the tumult. She eyes Will who sees her look. They hold each other's stares.

EXT. HORSE CORRAL - DAY

LeMond Bishop. He stands in his usual spot, watching the horses.

*

BISHOP

I'm firing you.

Will, Julius, and Alicia stand with him.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

No reflection on your work. I just feel more comfortable with Dorfman.

WILL

And keeping the evidence he has on you secret?

BISHOP

Well, that doesn't hurt. Good work on his defense, by the way.

WILL

Good work on your deal. Dorfman keeps everything he knows under-wraps, you turn over the murderer.

BISHOP

Well, we only ended up there because of your defense.

Bishop nods to Alicia. She doesn't nod back.

WILL

We can always work with Dorfman, share your business.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

(smiles)

No thanks. I need an up-and-comer.
Someone who's hungry.

WILL

You don't think we're hungry?

BISHOP

Not like Dorfman. Guy's a mountain
climber.

Will. Keeping a stoic face.

WILL

Well, I'm sorry it didn't work out.

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

Laughter. Diane and Will laugh in her office, beer in his
hand, wine in hers. Dusk.

WILL

And so I was pitching our firm to a
drug dealer, telling him we'd
validate for parking again...

Belly laughs. The two exhausted.

DIANE

They don't teach you that in law school.

WILL

He said, no. He checked our
financials and thinks we have a
year left.

Laughter, but less of it. Still funny. Then not. They take
sips of their drinks. In the silence.

DIANE

So what are we going to do?

WILL

I don't know.

DIANE

Lay off acquisitions?

Will nods, considers it, looks off, sees Alicia working in
the conference room with Julius.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Or split up?

DIANE

Do you want that?

WILL

It's an option. I take my people;
you take yours.

DIANE

We could shop for another drug dealer.

Laughter again. One step from despair laughter.

WILL

They're the only ones making money
these days.

DIANE

Or find a third partner.

Silence. Serious now.

WILL

Okay. How's that work?

DIANE

Find a replacement for Stern. Bring
him in as equal partner. Someone
with a client list, some equity.

WILL

You're willing to give up a third?

DIANE

A third of what? A sinking ship?
Sure. We're going to kill each
other if we don't find a referee.

WILL

(growing on him)

A third partner? Someone neutral,
someone we agree on?

Diane nods. Will reaches out a hand. Diane shakes it.

WILL (CONT'D)

And optimism fills the void.

DIANE

I think that's alcohol.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
Just as good.

38 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LANDING - DUSK** 38

A kiss. Zach kissing Becca. The two standing in the elevator door of his apartment landing. Keeping the elevator door open. Both with school daypacks.

ZACH
You sure?

BECCA
Yeah. Let's go. Before I change my mind.

ZACH
Wait.

Zach starts toward his apartment door.

BECCA
What're you doing? Let's go.

ZACH
One second. I have to get something of mine.

And Zach quietly opens the apartment door...

39 **INT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT - DUSK** 39

...slips to Alicia's empty master bedroom, enters, crosses to the bedside table, opens the drawer, finds--

--uh-oh. Where are they? He searches, searches. The condoms, where are they? He looks up. Thinks about it a second. A decision.

He leaves the bedroom, goes to the front door. Exits again, rejoining Becca. And we stay on the closed door.

END OF SHOW