

THE GOOD WIFE

Pilot Outline

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TEASER

1. Prologue.

A press conference. Standing at a podium is a nervous official reading a statement: “As of today, I have tendered my resignation as District Attorney of Chicago. I am determined to fight these charges and regain the trust of my family.”

Oh, one of *those* press conferences. Scandal. In the key of Elliott Spitzer. The grim official is DAVID FOLLICK (40), a backslapping Bill Clinton: smart, political, funny, calculatedly seductive. But we move in on our real hero.

His wife. Standing beside him.

ALICIA FOLLICK (late-30s). Proper. Pretty. She’s always been the good girl—the good girl who became the good wife, then the good mom: in her navy St. John suit: devoted, struggling never to outshine her husband. She tries to keep a neutral expression on her face as David continues: “This charge that I had some kind of untoward relationship with these call girls is ludicrous. I have never abused my office. I have never taken bribes. I have never...”

This isn’t sounding good: financial *and* sexual indiscretions.

A mortified Alicia glances up at the room, the hordes of reporters. Surreal. She looks toward David, notices a half-inch piece of lint on his sleeve. She focuses on it, obsesses on it, finds herself reaching up to remove it when a hand takes hers. Oh, it’s David, done with his statement, escorting her from the room, away from the shouting reporters, into...

...a backstage green room where four political advisors immediately sweep around him: “We’ll set up an interview with the Tribune—” “We’ll need Alicia to do an interview on Good Morning, Chicago—“ Alicia eyes them from across the room. Eyes the lint on David’s suit. David crosses to her to ask quietly, “Are you alright?” And...

...SLAPPPPP!...

Alicia slaps him so hard she almost knocks him over. He falls to one knee, looks up at her stunned. But Alicia, very controlled, very proper, just straightens her coat, grabs her purse, and leaves.

2. First Day.

Three months later.

Alicia waits, alone, in the 27th floor conference room of Stern, Lockhart & Garvin, a mid-level Chicago law firm. Opening a new chapter in her life, she's desperate to forget the last one: wearing a new Nanette Lepore suit, new shoes, new hairstyle: looser, more career woman than political wife. She looks up at...

...a clock: 9:45. Conference room still empty. Okay, something's wrong. She goes to the door, asks a secretary: "I'm sorry, it's my first day; isn't the staff meeting at 9:30?" The secretary nods. Alicia: "Is everyone just late?" The secretary shakes her head: "You're in the wrong conference room. It's up one floor."

BAM— Alicia blasts into the stairwell—shit—runs up the stairs two at a time, accidentally drops her new binder; it rattles down several flights. Screw it. She continues on. Snags a stocking racing through a 28th floor door into the upstairs reception. Interior decoration all trying to warm up the skyscraper look with hints of Stickley, Falling Waters.

"Which way to the conference room?" The receptionist points through double doors. Alicia bangs through them, leaving the two receptionists trading a look. "Is that her?" The other nods. "Her hair's different." As...

3. The staff meeting.

...Alicia passes corner offices, secretarial stations, coming to the identical *upstairs* glass-walled conference room; the only difference, this one packed with people, seated, standing. The full staff. Partners, associates, paralegals. Forty-five people.

Shit. Alicia grimaces—the worst thing for her is to be late. She slips in the back, unnoticed behind a screen of standing junior associates, all tall, young. Late 20s seems to be the age du jour here. Someone notices her. CARY (26), her competition. Formidable. Harvard grad. Runway model handsome.

The meeting wraps up, Alicia trying to piece together what she missed. A massive civil suit fell into the firm's lap the night before. A pharmaceutical company fired their representation. "We'll need a full-court press to impress them. So associates need to take the lower priority cases. Jonah, you'll take Harbor; Janice, you'll get a continuance on trial readiness. And Alicia, you'll take the pro bono."

Alicia looks up at this: What? Something she missed.

There it is listed on a squeegee board: "pro bono retrial." But the meeting is breaking up. Alicia sees one of the partners starting out the door, rushes after him: "Will." And...

4. Will.

...WILL GARVIN (38) turns with a smile. He always has a smile. Will is someone who makes it all look easy—life, law, sex—even when it’s not: he’s on his second divorce, and isn’t sure he likes the law anymore. He and Alicia had a crush on each other at Georgetown Law, and still comfortably tease and joke as if no time passed.

As they walk, rush, Will discusses Alicia’s pro bono case as if she were already up to speed: Ideally we wouldn’t want you to jump into a trial like this, but we need to free up our first string for this civil case; so you think you’ll be all right with it?

Alicia just stares at him: “Oh, yeah, no problem.” Good, because Will was the one who suggested the retrial be handed off to her. It’s a low priority pro bono case, the firm just donating its billable hours. It’s also a retrial, so the defense strategy is pretty much set in stone from the first trial. So you’ll be fine.

Alicia nods, tries to find out more, but her cell rings “The Bitch is Back.” Will laughs: Who gets “The Bitch is Back?” Oh, her mother-in-law. Alicia’s daughter has a wicked sense of humor and set up the ring tones. Will laughs, asks what Alicia’s ring tone is, but they’re interrupted by a woman passing: “We’d better do this now. Let’s go.”

Oh, she’s pointing to Alicia. Do what? Alicia follows...

5. Dawna.

...senior partner, DAWNA LOCKHART (56), into her impressive corner office overlooking the Chicago River. Tough, powerful, self-assured, over-busy, Dawna is a SEX IN THE CITY feminist, always dressing like a million bucks, and multitasking with calm efficiency: answering phones, yelling orders out to her male assistant, and now...

...filling Alicia in on the law firm’s expectations: promptness, teamwork, and absolutely no office politics! “We’re all rowing together or we’re all sinking.” But there’s something about Dawna’s tone: her condescension. She eyes Alicia trying to take notes, talks fast, then pointedly repeats it slowly so Alicia can catch up.

She has a packed box all ready for Alicia: the retrial files. Dawna was the original lawyer on the case—defending an indigent woman accused of killing her ex-husband and making it look like a failed carjacking. Dawna made a silk purse out of a sow’s ear with this trial: it was a 1st degree murder charge with some “bad facts,” and Dawna ended up with a deadlocked jury: 6 to 6. She’s not even sure why the D.A. is retrying, except he’s new and intent on proving himself.

Alicia continues to take notes, or try to take notes as Dawna’s dog, an aging Jack Russell terrier, jumps up on her, nuzzling and sniffing. Dawna suddenly yells mid-sentence: “Justice!” Alicia looks up: what—? Oh, the dog’s name.

Dawna finishes by talking about the petition she filed for bail. The hearing is today at four—JUSTICE, down! We could ask for a continuance, but that would keep the accused in prison for another month. The two are interrupted by...

...the other new associate, Cary, needing a briefing on the civil case. He was given the plumb assignment of second chair. Alicia can see the difference in the way Dawna treats him: warmer, more patient. Clearly he's Dawna's protégé.

Alicia is dismissed, exits with the file box, catches her breath. Dawna's male assistant doesn't even look up, offering her a lint roller. Oh, Alicia sees her skirt covered with dog hair. Starts to roll it off as...

6. Cary.

...Cary exits, offers to help Alicia with her file box. Sure. Cary chats as the two continue on to the elevator, and down a level to their neighboring offices.

He asks how she's holding up after the scandal of the last three months. "Wow, you must be strong. After all that, I'd be hiding in a cave." Alicia just eyes this kid, not sure if he has an agenda or not. He talks about the phenomenon of Comeback Moms, and how he really respects her for that—to return to the workplace after so many years away, raising kids. His mom is thinking of doing the same.

Alicia sees a small metal clip on his pant leg, offering "You might want to do something about that." Oh, Cary quickly slips it off. Was he wearing that at the staff meeting? He bikes to work: that's why the clip. You know, for the environment.

The two come to their neighboring offices where they share the same assistant, SUZANNE (25), a calculatedly perky and ambitious college grad. She clearly has a boss-crush on Cary, already working to unpack his office, as she yells over her shoulder to Alicia an afterthought, "The investigator came by to fill you in."

Alicia nods, starts to enter her office when Cary offers her a last "Let the best man win." Alicia stops: what? Oh, Cary quickly backtracks: Sorry, I shouldn't have said anything. Forget I said a word. And he enters his office. Gone.

Alicia stares at his closed door, frowns. As she is eyed by...

7. The crime.

...a woman sitting in Alicia's tiny office. KALINDA SHARMA (27), the investigator. An East Indian stunner. A Bollywood Erin Brokovich. Sexy, no-nonsense, driven, sexually free, independent, a cool temperament. She has a boyfriend who's a cop, another who's a rap star, a girlfriend who's a political op. (Her bisexuality never commented on: just an unremarkable fact of life.)

She's there to take Alicia through the crime. Pulling exhibits from the trial box—gory crime scene photos, autopsy diagrams, evidentiary reports—she explains...

It started a year ago. A carjacking. Or at least that's what the cops thought at first.

There had been a series of grisly carjackings in the upscale Chicago suburb of Wilmette. Thieves would target an expensive parked car, fix a clip to its fuel line, follow the driver a mile until he ran out of gas, pretend to be Good Samaritans, rob the driver and passenger, shoot them in the face, dump their bodies, and take the car.

But right away there was something suspicious about this newest crime scene.

For one thing, the car wasn't upscale. Why would carjackers target a rusting Honda? For another, there was no clip on the fuel line. And last, and most tellingly, the passenger was only shot in the leg. This was JENNIFER LARCH (29), the accused, a pretty but painfully shy mother and grammar school teacher. Alicia studies her picture: recognizes that lost, hunted, and overwhelmed look on her face.

Jennifer claimed the driver, her ex-husband, MICHAEL, struggled with the carjacker, and that's why she was only shot in the leg. But the police began to think the crime was a murder disguised as a foiled carjacking. Jennifer, they believed, was the one who shot and killed Michael, then injured herself. And...

8. To the courthouse.

...as Kalinda and Alicia start toward the Cook County Courthouse for the bail hearing, Kalinda continues...

Jennifer, instead of using her cellphone to call for help for her dying ex-husband, drove a half-mile to a gas station payphone. She said she couldn't get any cell reception, but the police began to believe that Jennifer drove in order to dump the murder weapon. So Jennifer was arrested and charged with 1st degree murder. Her motive? She was in an ugly custody battle with Michael over their 4-year-old daughter.

9. In court.

The defense table. Alicia goes to it. Sits. An actress shoved out on stage. Waiting for the judge. Her cellphone rings Guns n' Roses "Sweet Child of Mine." She quickly slaps it off.

The prosecutor enters. MATAN BRODY (29), African-American, cocky, likes the power if not the paycheck of an A.D.A. He looks over at the defense table, sees Alicia. What the—? He looks again.

The wife of the *ex*-D.A.

He elbows the other A.D.A., SANDRA PAI, a tough Asian lawyer in angular pantsuits, points, whispering: “Wow, they must really be broke—he has his wife working.” The two stroll over to...

...Alicia, offer their hellos, sympathies, the air thick with *schadenfreude*. Matan worked under Alicia’s husband in the D.A.’s office, and met Alicia at Christmas parties. He asks how David is doing, congratulates her for landing on her feet, compliments her strength, observes the phenomenon of moms returning to the workplace, etc. And Alicia, used to this routine tour of the inanities, gives her usual stock polite answers.

Matan and Sandra return to the prosecution table, trying to suppress grins, can’t help it. Like shooting fish in a barrel.

The accused is escorted in. Jennifer. Startled, she sees Alicia: where’s Dawna? Alicia starts to explain she’s a replacement from the same firm, but Jennifer cuts to the chase: How long have you been practicing? Alicia pauses, admits she worked for two years out of law school, but this will be her first case in 13 years.

Jennifer crumbles. She’s been abandoned.

The judge enters. His Honorable COLIN BOGIRA (62). Not the happiest man in the world. Ex-Marine. Losing his hair. Nicotine gum wrappers covering his desk. He barely looks up, turns to the defense table: “Okay, let’s hear it.”

Alicia stands. Opens her mouth, pauses. Where are the words? She utters an “*um*,” but that’s all she gets out as Matan interrupts: Illinois has great difficulty with granting bail, your honor, due the cruelty of the crime, and Jennifer’s threat, in the midst of a custody hearing before the murder, to run off with her daughter.

Alicia, always the good girl, keeps trying to interrupt “Your honor, I... Your honor...” But there isn’t much politeness in Chicago criminal courts, the prosecutor barreling on: “The people are ready to retry this right now, Your Honor. If Mrs. Follick is so intent on getting her client out why doesn’t she just agree to a speedy retrial?”

And Judge Bogira looks up at the name—“Mrs. Follick?” Really?

He smiles, waves for Matan to shut up, turns to Alicia: “So, Mrs. Follick, your husband and I never quite got along.” Uh-oh, Alicia starts to clear her throat, interject, but Bogira waves her off too... “—but if the prosecution thinks that will in some way prejudice me against your client, he is sorely mistaken. Bail granted.”

And that’s it. Alicia stands there. She didn’t even get out a full sentence, and she won. Jennifer offers her a handshake: thank you. No problem, Alicia nods. She’s a lawyer now—*again*.

ACT ONE

10. The interview.

Back at the office, Kalinda and Alicia question Jennifer who is thrilled to have her first good cup of coffee in a year.

Alicia tries to get her assistant, Suzanne, to take notes, but she's busy prepping Cary for an evidentiary hearing. So Alicia takes notes while dealing with a human resource drone who continually enters, exits, needing her "new employee" info: social security numbers, I9 forms, driver's licenses. Kalinda finally shoves a chair in front of the door.

Jennifer has only one thing on her mind: seeing her 5-year-old daughter. After her arrest, she lost custody to her in-laws. The worst thing was having no one visit her in prison.

Promising to work on reversing the custody decision, Alicia can't help but feel a kinship with Jennifer: especially when Jennifer talks about how overnight she went from being an ordinary housewife to a murderer; and how the press used family photos of her making lion faces at her daughter to make her look unbalanced. Alicia gets it.

Kalinda, meanwhile, interrupts, having no time for this emotional crap. The Achilles heel of the case, to Kalinda's mind, is Jennifer's claim to have seen the carjacker's red pick-up truck approach from across an empty Walmart parking lot. The prosecution easily showed Jennifer was lying, by playing the Walmart's security video. No truck.

Could Jennifer have been mistaken?

No, Jennifer apologizes, sticking to her story—even though it hurts the case. Alicia studies her throughout: her body language, what she does with her hands. This is something Alicia is good at: ferreting out lies. She says it's because she's raising two teenagers. (Although, as the always-blunt Kalinda points out, it didn't work so well with her husband.)

Interview over, Alicia and Kalinda set tasks. Kalinda will try to undercut the surveillance tape; Alicia will question the jurors from the first trial—the ones who agreed to post-verdict interviews—in order to tweak her presentation for the second trial. She tries to get her assistant to phone the jurors to set up interviews, but Suzanne is busy now taking notes on a Cary teleconference. Great, Alicia sighs.

11. The competition.

Heading down to her car in the underground garage, Alicia sees Will returning from lunch. She starts to wave when she sees a pretty paralegal laughing with him, seemingly intimate. Oh. Alicia, feeling uncomfortable, hangs back, trying not to be seen, but her cell phone rings—"The Bitch is Back." Damn. Will hears it, turns, laughs: What are you doing there?

He hurriedly tells the paralegal to go on ahead, and escorts Alicia to her car. Alicia looks over at him, decides to ask. Cary mentioned ‘Let the best man win.’ What’s he talking about? Is there something I should know?

Will starts cautiously. There was some reluctance to hire someone like Alicia, someone with so much scandal baggage, so Will argued to the other senior partners that they hire *both* Alicia and Cary, give them six months to prove themselves, and whoever doesn’t, fire.

Alicia thanks him for believing in her. Then she gets in her car, shaken.

12. The foreman.

DePaul University. Classes out. The jury foreman, DR. DOWNING, a Jeffrey Toobin-like history professor, rushes from class to class as Alicia runs to catch up. Intent on doing well, we see a new intensity in her eyes as she asks him about the trial evidence: what worked for him, what didn’t. She’s trying to fine-tune for the next trial.

To Alicia’s pleasure, Dr. Downing says everything worked. It was a great case. Very convincing. The witnesses were believable, solid. In fact, he voted for conviction right from the start.

Alicia stops: Wait, what?

He voted for conviction right from the start. Yes, but, I’m with the defense.

Oh. The professor looks at her anew: I thought you were with the D.A.’s office. How can you represent that murderer?

Shit. Alicia charges on: But why do you think six other jurors found her not guilty? The judge polled the jury afterwards and you were equally deadlocked 6 to 6.

No, from the very beginning: the jurors voted 11 to 1 to convict: on the very first ballot. Five jurors eventually went over to the “not guilty” side because they wanted out of that jury room; they needed to prove to the judge they were hopelessly deadlocked. They weren’t convinced, they were exhausted.

Alicia stares at him: Uh-oh.

13. The hold-out.

Alicia phones Kalinda about this newest hitch. The deadlock wasn’t necessarily even. It started as an 11 to 1 vote until one heroic juror convinced five others to peel off to her side. Alicia’s visiting the heroic female hold-out right now. Kalinda tells her to get all her particulars: race, income, education, so they can gear jury selection toward her profile.

A woman's voice comes from inside the hold-out's apartment, "Let yourself in." Alicia enters, finds an apartment filled with cats. Hundreds of them. Covering TV sets, couches, and large stacks of newspapers. A woman exits the bathroom in a mumu. FANNY (60), angry: "I don't like the plumbing. It makes noises at night." Fanny seems to think Alicia is the plumber.

Correcting her, Alicia asks her cautiously about the case. Oh, yes, Fanny remembers everything about it. She liked the defense attorney. She had very pretty clothes.

Uh-oh. Alicia asks why she voted "not guilty." Well, it was mostly because she hated the other jurors. They took her sandwich. They said they didn't, but she knows they did. Who else could have taken it? Well, she sure showed them.

Alicia stares at this woman. Oh my god. She realizes, unless they get a jury full of crazy cat ladies, they'll lose.

ACT TWO

14. David.

Tamms Minimum Security Prison. An old brick prison. Some trees. Barbed wire. Not exactly Club Fed, but not bad either. Families talk with prisoners in a cafeteria-like visiting area, except for...

...one prisoner sitting alone at a table. He looks up, pleased, seeing his visitor approaching: it's Alicia. David grins "Well, this is a surprise."

We recognize him from the press conference. David looks good, wearing his khaki prison uniform well: like a three-piece suit. Two months into a two year plea bargained sentence for selling lighter sentences to drug dealers, he's still the handsome, impressive D.A., with a sense of humor, sly seductive manner. Sometimes it's hard to hate him.

When they said there was a visitor, he thought it was his mother. Alicia explains: she hasn't visited him because... well, she had to deal with the house sale, moving, getting the kids into public school, finding a job.

David finally pushes her to admit the real reason. She was angry—*is* angry.

David nods. Having seen the kids a few days earlier, he wants to know how they're *really* doing. Well, Grace, their 13-year-old, says she's alright with the switch to public school, but schoolmates discovered her background and played her "*the* tape." David winces: damn. David Jr. (14), on the other hand, is making lots of friends. He's using the scandal and infamy for its celebrity-value. Alicia's not sure whether that's a sign of health or something else.

David takes Alicia's hand, knows this is hard on her, but he's innocent. She shoots him a look: come on. David amends— innocent of the abuse of office charges. Alicia never gave a shit about that. It's the fact that there is a tape out there of him talking about sucking the toes of a 22-year-old hooker!

They start to argue until Alicia interrupts herself: No, no, she's not here to fight. She has a client who talked about how hard it was to be in prison and have no family visiting. So that's why she's here.

Yeah, the kids told David her new job was going well. Who's the judge? Bogira. David laughs: Bogira hates me. Alicia nods: she knows. But David immediately reverts to schemer mode. Bogira likes the ladies. Wear something revealing in court. That black outfit you have. He'll love that. Alicia shakes her head: that's not her.

David was the original D.A. on the case, and he starts to remember there was something about the case: what was it? Early on the cops followed a false lead, but then they discovered Jennifer's custody motive, and turned to her pretty quick.

Alicia looks up, interested: what false lead?

Nothing much. Some trace evidence on the victim's clothes. Nothing came of it. The cops "pitted" it. You know, deep-sixed it. Never reported on it because it was irrelevant.

Alicia stares at him, thinking.

15. The murder scene.

The murder scene. Mundane in the daylight. An empty windswept turnout near Lake Michigan. Kalinda "walks the scene," taking pictures, as Alicia fills her in on the possibility of trace evidence that went nowhere, but was left out of the discovery.

Kalinda nods: Interesting. You could push the police corruption angle. Yep, Alicia nods, already going there, or even accuse the D.A. of withholding evidence. It might be enough to raise reasonable doubt even without a cat lady.

In a better mood, the two cross toward the Walmart parking lot, where Jennifer saw the pick-up approach. They eye the three surveillance cameras, and start to think it through: If Jennifer is telling the truth, then the pick-up crossed here: in full view of the cameras.

So why didn't it appear on the surveillance tapes?

16. The security video.

Kalinda and Alicia approach the harried and defensive Walmart Security Guard. And this is where Kalinda is at her best: ratcheting up her flirtatious Erin Brokovich side, transforming a man's defensiveness into puppy dog agreeability.

Alicia just stands in awe of her.

The guard takes them upstairs to his office overlooking the sales floor, shows them the surveillance tape from the night of the murder. No approaching red pick-up truck. Is there any way the cassette tape could have been mislabeled with the wrong date? No. But even if it were, the guard made his nightly rounds at 11:00 just before the carjacking. And he saw no pick-up. As Kalinda continues to question him, Alicia notices...

...the outer secretary's office. A desk covered with framed baby pictures. A trash can filled with Diet Cokes. Alicia considers it, buys two Diet Cokes from a machine, approaches the heavysset secretary, LANIE (45), offers her one, lying: "The machine accidentally gave me two."

The two chat. Lanie, like Alicia, returned to work after raising a family. Her only gripe: the company keeps giving raises to idiots who don't follow the rules—just because they're men. Alicia knows the feeling: "Which men?" Lanie considers it, closes the door on the security guard to really talk.

17. Home life.

Day over, Alicia returns to her small downtown apartment, her cellphone ringing again "The Bitch is Back." Alicia yells through the door: "I'm here." And...

...JACKIE FOLLICK (65) whips the door open. A blue blood force of nature. Always elegant, always domineering, an Ike-era widow intent on whipping her grandkids into shape. Jackie complains about Alicia not answering her calls. She picked up an application for a private school. Grace is still being bullied at school and David Jr. just brought home a new public school friend who seems "unclean."

Alicia patiently tells her she doesn't have the money for a private school as she runs the WalMart surveillance tape on her VCR. Jackie insists, Catholic schools are cheaper, but Alicia, needing another TV to run a second surveillance tape, goes in search of it.

GRACE (13) doesn't have it. A girl caught at that age between gawky and pretty, Grace is surfing her bedroom computer. Alicia asks her about the bullying at school. Grace rolls her eyes—grandma is being melodramatic. She whispers: Please, make her go away. Alicia laughs, tells her to reprogram the ring tones, then goes to her son's room finding...

...DAVID JR. (14), a shy AV-kid trying to seem tougher than he is, with his new friend. A girl. TALIA (15). Pretty, but overly pierced. Talia is thrilled to meet Alicia, treating her and David like celebrities. Alicia shoots a scolding look at David Jr., then rolls his TV out—she needs it. David tries to close his bedroom door, but Alicia shoves it open again: uh-uh-uhhh.

Alicia simultaneously rolls two surveillance tapes on side-by-side TVs as Grace enters, eating a bowl of nighttime cereal: "What are we looking for?" Alicia shrugs, eyes the Walmart parking lot on the side-by-side sets. No pick-up truck. Alicia gets Grace's help in rewinding one of the images to the security guard crossing the lot. Nothing interesting. Unexceptional. Until...

...Alicia yells "stop." Grace freezes the image. Alicia leans in toward the TV, smiles. Points at the frozen screen: "That!" It's a plastic grocery bag blowing across the lot.

18. First witnesses.

First day of trial. Court 307. Alicia takes a deep breath then enters.

Matan questions the first prosecution witness. CINDY (30). The widow. Devastated. Teary eyed. Talking about the loss of the love of her life. She's a witness used primarily to make a jury understand the emotional stakes. And...

...Alicia, sitting at the defense table, checks the jury. It seems to be working. The jury moved. All smart, college educated. Not a single crazy cat lady. Damn.

Matan also gets Cindy to undercut Jennifer's claim that Michael was thinking of reconciling with her. Alicia objects: opinion, not in evidence. Bogira overrules her. Alicia frowns, looks at her conservative pant suit: damn, maybe David was right.

Time for Alicia's cross. Alicia starts to ask Cindy why Michael had asked to stop custody proceedings if they weren't thinking of reconciling, but she can't get the full sentence out because Matan keeps objecting: "No foundation." The Judge sustains. Alicia isn't sure what she did wrong. She tries rephrasing it, but "Objection. No foundation." "Sustained."

Alicia just stands there, the court's eyes upon her. Trial work is like a geometry of language. Alicia finally gets out one uninterrupted question, then sits. Not good.

Kalinda, watching in the gallery, isn't happy, but...

...Matan and Sandra, at the prosecution table, suppress grins. Piece of cake. They call their next witness. A police detective. BRIGGS (50). The first one at the scene. He explains why they immediately suspected Jennifer. There was no fuel clip used to force the car over. Instead there was a nail driven into the rear tire, and the victim pulled over because of the slow leak.

Matan asks: Has he ever, in his professional capacity, heard of carjackers causing a leak in a tire to force a car to the side of the road? No. That defeats the whole purpose of a carjacking. You can't steal a car with a flat.

Alicia eyes the jury. That's working well too. Damn.

“Your witness.” Alicia stands, takes a moment, asks the Detective: “What’s ‘the pit?’”

Matan looks up, surprised at the question. Detective Briggs is too, pausing: Excuse me? “What’s ‘the pit?’” Matan objects. The judge asks on what grounds. Matan has no idea: just knowing he doesn’t like the look on the detective’s face. “Relevance.” Overruled.

Kalinda, in the gallery, leans forward. On to something here.

Alicia offers the detective helpfully, “Isn’t the pit the slang for where the police sink evidence they think is irrelevant to a crime scene?” The detective reluctantly nods: he’s heard the slang used before. “And when you refer to “putting something in the pit” are you referring to expunging evidence from the discovery offered to the defense?”

The detective tries to explain: at every scene there are irrelevancies: leads that look like they will pan out, but are never pursued by cops. Discovery only requires handing over the police reports and accompanying evidence. The stuff in the pit is as irrelevant as, well, “whether the stock market was going up or down at the time of the killing.”

Alicia asks: Was there any evidence at the carjacking scene that was dropped in the pit? Matan objects: “Prejudicial.” The judge motions for Matan and Alicia: In chambers.

19. In chambers.

Heated voices inside.

Judge Bogira asks Alicia: What’s going on? Alicia answers she’s putting on a case. Yes, but this isn’t the case put on at the first trial. Alicia nods simply: that’s correct. Matan interrupts: counsel is trying to prejudice the jury by suggesting there was police corruption where there was no police corruption. Alicia: that’s for the jury to decide.

Judge Bogira eyes Alicia. She’s tougher than he thought. He nods: Okay, Mrs. Follick is taking another tack. It’s within her rights. Let’s see where she takes this. But there are no new names on the witness list, so she’s going to have to pursue this with the witnesses she has.

Matan leaves angrily. Alicia starts to follow when Judge Bogira calls her back: Know what judges hate more than anything? Having their time wasted. Don’t waste my time. Alicia nods.

ACT THREE

20. In trouble with the partners.

Alicia is escorted in to see the firm’s three senior partners—Will, Dawna, and the bullet-headed founder of the firm, CORMAC—and they’re not happy. Dawna is downright

pissed. Alicia's task was simple. Follow the strategy of the first trial. Instead, she's trying to make a name for herself by going with a risky ad-hoc strategy.

No, Alicia interrupts. The first jury didn't deadlock 6 to 6. It was really 11 to 1, and five caved just to get out of the jury room. This is a slap at Dawna. Alicia realizes she's making an enemy in her, but she has to explain why she changed the strategy. Cormac suggests the partners discuss it in private, and as Alicia is excused, we stay with...

...the partners: Dawna arguing they should put Cary in as first chair; bump Alicia down to second. But Will defends Alicia: she did what any of us would do: follow the winning strategy. Dawna just doesn't like her.

But Dawna interrupts calmly, logically: No, what she doesn't like is how she, Dawna, worked for the last twenty years to break the glass ceiling and become one of the town's first female partners, only to see a sweet little mom, like Alicia, who spent the last decade popping out kids, take advantage of the opportunities she created to botch a winning strategy. If Will wants to sleep with her, go sleep with her, but this is business.

A tense silence. Will calmly throws it back in her face: You're just afraid her strategy will beat yours. The two start to argue furiously when Cormac steps in, breaks it up. He'll be the tie-breaker. He'll decide who stays on the case.

21. The trace evidence.

Kalinda, meanwhile, flirtatiously convinces a crime lab technician not to wait for the subpoena, and show her the trace evidence from the scene that was kept out of the discovery. Okay, he relents, showing her what was found on the victim's clothing.

A half-dozen blonde hairs—short—a half-inch long.

They didn't come from his head. Or Jennifer's. Or anyone in the victim's household.

Reading the report, Kalinda finds it interesting that the hairs were found on the victim's left coat sleeve. Kalinda demonstrates: that was the arm the driver would've used to struggle with the carjacker. Are the hairs from the carjacker's head?

The smitten lab technician disagrees. The hairs couldn't have been from the carjacker. Why not?

They're not human.

22. Report to me.

Kalinda returns to fill in Alicia, but Dawna pulls the investigator aside. She wants Kalinda to report to her. Anything Kalinda finds out, she wants to know first so she can keep track of what damage Alicia is doing. What happened with the trace evidence?

Kalinda eyes Dawna, not liking her. She calmly lies: Nothing yet; we're subpoenaing the evidence. Good, Dawna nods: Show it to me first. Kalinda just smiles: sure.

23. Updating.

Meanwhile, Alicia, waiting nervously in her office, yells out to Suzanne to get Kalinda on the phone. But Suzanne isn't there, returning from a Starbucks run with Cary's coffee. Frustrated, Alicia finally pulls her aside. You're *both* our assistants, not just Cary's. So do your job. But Suzanne is completely honest: this *is* my job. If I don't do what Cary asks, he can get Dawna to fire me. Before Alicia can argue with her...

...Kalinda pulls Alicia into her office to tell her about the non-human hairs. Alicia finds this odd too: Could it be from a pet? Did Jennifer or Michael have dogs or cats? No, they didn't.

Could it be from a fur collar? Kalinda nods, possible, but not a synthetic hair, it'd have to be real. She has a friend who works at a private lab who can tell her with more specificity what animal hair it is. She'll take it there.

Kalinda starts to warn Alicia about the office politics, decides against it. But Alicia brings it up: there's a chance she's being bumped to second chair. Either way, you should pursue this. Kalinda nods: sounds good.

There's a moment between them. Just a moment. Kalinda offers: Kill him in court. And we're...

24. The security guard.

...in court, the Walmart security guard on the stand. Very official looking, in uniform. His answers crisp, authoritative. Alicia eyes the jury: they're impressed.

Matan takes him through the night's surveillance video. There you are in the video, right? Yes, I do a circuit of the Walmart every hour. And at 11:00, I saw no pick up truck. Just me crossing the parking lot there.

Will enters the courtroom, sits in the gallery beside Kalinda who whispers, asking what the partners decided. Will shakes his head: not good. But he stops, sees standing at the back: a dignified suited man, tall, handsomely graying at the temples. GREG CHILDS (45). The new D.A. A Chicago Gavin Newsome. "What's the D.A. doing here?" Kalinda shrugs: "They're worried." Will considers this as...

...Alicia stands for cross-examination, wearing the black dress David suggested. She sets up two new video monitors next to the first one, and explains the first monitor is the surveillance from the night before the murder, the second the night *of* the murder, the third the night after. She freezes all three images at the moment the uniformed guard was

crossing the lot. Is that you? Yes, the guard acknowledges. Alicia forwards one of the monitors to a minute later when...

...a plastic bag blows across the parking lot. Freezes it. She forwards the second monitor to the same time code, freezes it. The third monitor to the same moment, freezes. And there on all three monitors is an identical plastic bag blowing across the parking lot.

Alicia turns to the guard: "These are copies of the same tape, aren't they?"

Matan looks up, appalled. The guard tries to deny it, but Alicia lets the three images run forward, side-by-side, the shopping bags blowing across the lot identically.

The jury furiously takes notes as Will starts to grin. He looks back at D.A. Childs exiting unhappily.

Alicia continues to question the guard, dragging out what the secretary, Lanie, told her. The weeks around the murder were so cold, the winds off Lake Michigan were so biting, and the superstore's parking lot was so uneventful, the guard never made his hourly circuit. He never recorded the surveillance cameras because he didn't want his bosses to know he never made the circuit. So when the police asked for that night's surveillance tape, the guard just copied tapes from the week before. So, unfortunately there is no tape of the night of the murder.

Court over, Will greets Alicia happily. She just saved her career. If the other partners want to push her out of first chair, he will quit.

ACT FOUR

25. The D.A.'s office.

A morning strategy meeting at the D.A.'s office. The new D.A., Greg Childs, isn't happy. He does everything politely, including this: ripping Matan and Sandra a new one.

How could they be beaten by Follick's wife? Matan and Sandra argue this isn't about her. She's not smart enough for this defense. They're really fighting David. He's using his wife to embarrass the new D.A.'s office.

26. Chemical analysis.

Alicia and Kalinda visit the private lab doing analysis on the non-human hairs. Kalinda used to date the technician, RODNEY, a short, balding but brilliant scientist. Alicia smiles: wherever they go, Kalinda has dated someone; and none of them hold a grudge.

Rodney shows them the tests he did. He can't trace the hair back to a particular dog, but he can tell what breed: greyhound. Also of interest: coating the hair is a substance called

alco ectolin. A lotion for muscle and joint pains. Alicia sighs, concludes: we're looking for an elderly greyhound owner?

27. Thinking it through.

Back at the office, Alicia updates Will on where they stand. Even if they had a rebuttal witness, Judge Bogira has held them to their current witness list. Is their case strong enough to send to the jury with a rebuttal?

Alicia worries about the detective. The jury believed him. It doesn't make sense that carjackers would target the victim's rusting Honda. Will nods: And why *would* the carjackers sink a nail into the rear tire? But Alicia pauses, getting an idea...

What if we accept it's not a carjacking? What if we don't fight the prosecutor's evidence pointing toward a faked carjacking? Will shakes his head: then you're arguing the prosecution's case.

No, what if someone else killed Michael and made it look like a carjacking?

Will begins to see where she's going: Jennifer wouldn't have had to find a way to pull the car over. She was *in* the car. She could just ask Michael to pull over. But someone else would've had to put the nail in that tire. Meanwhile...

...Alicia sees her assistant, Suzanne, returning to her desk, again with a Starbucks run for Cary. Alicia whispers to Will: Do me a favor; squeeze my left shoulder. Will, always-accommodating, smiles, complies as...

...Suzanne peers in, sees the closeness of Alicia to a senior partner. Suzanne considers it, knocks at the door: Sorry to interrupt, but did either of you want Starbucks? Alicia smiles: No, I'm fine.

28. Michael's enemies.

Kalinda and Alicia question Jennifer about what enemies Michael might have had. Any business problems? No. Any arguments with friends? No. Any debts? No. Kalinda suggests they phone Michael's widow, Cindy, to ask her the same questions. Alicia gets her cell number from the witness list. Phones. Cindy answers, and Alicia starts to reply when she stops, looks up at Kalinda. What? Alicia hears in the background...

...the yap-yap-yap of dogs.

Alicia asks Cindy where she is so they can ask her a few quick and simple questions.

29. Cindy.

The dog races. Greyhounds sprinting around a track, chasing a decoy rabbit.

Kalinda and Alicia start into the stadium when Alicia stops, points toward a staff parking lot. A red pick-up truck parked there.

The two approach, see a large tattooed man taking dog cages from the bed carrying them inside. Kalinda and Alicia follow, find the man working as a trainer: rubbing down the greyhounds after racing. Kalinda looks at the lotion: *alco ectolin*. The hefty trainer looks up to see them, asks: Are you looking for my sister?

Kalinda and Alicia smile and nod. Yep.

ACT FIVE

30. Back in the stand.

Alicia recalls Cindy as a witness, and questions the teary-eyed widow about her finances. Did she and Michael sign pre-nups? Matan objects, but Judge Bogira overrules: you can answer. Yes, they did sign pre-nups. And Michael had how much in savings?

More objections; more overruling. Cindy doesn't know how much. Alicia has all the data ready: Cindy would've lost Michael's half-million in savings if they divorced. Also Michael had a million dollar life insurance policy. So if Michael truly were thinking of reconciling, then Jennifer wasn't the one with the motive. Cindy was.

Cindy turns cold, argues that the police checked her out: she had an alibi for that night. But Alicia presents evidence about her brother's vehicle: a pick-up truck. She presents evidence of calls made from her brother's cellphone to her home five minutes after the murder. She presents evidence of Cindy putting money in her brother's account.

Cindy has answers for every charge but her cool starts to evaporate. She gets angry, as...

...Matan and Sandra just stare straight ahead, trying not to reveal what they're thinking: fuck.

31. Waiting for the verdict.

Alicia sits in her office, waiting for the verdict, taking off her shoes, rubbing her feet. Not used to so much time on high heels. "The Bitch is Back" rings on her cellphone. Alicia smiles, answers.

It's Jackie, cooking a roast, wondering whether Alicia will be home for dinner. Alicia laughs, then has to explain to an offended Jackie why she's laughing. It's the call she always made to David. Jackie just shakes her head, not understanding her humor. Alicia takes a moment, offers sincerely: thanks for stepping in, Jackie, when no one else would. Jackie quickly reacts the way she always does to gratitude: defensively: of course, she would; why wouldn't she help?

Alicia smiles: she'll be home by seven. She hears a knock at the door. It's Suzanne, the always-helpful Suzanne, offering pleasantly: the jury is in.

32. The verdict.

Silence. The bailiff hands the verdict to Judge Bogira. He reads it, nods, gives it to the bailiff to read out loud, as... Alicia takes Jennifer's hand under the table, squeezes it comfortingly; and Matan and Sandra at the prosecution table brace themselves; and D.A. Childs stands at the back, calmly waiting.

"Not guilty."

Stunned, not what she expected, Jennifer squeezes Alicia's hand back, and jumps to her feet, crying. She can't help herself, tears pouring.

33. Afterwards.

Jennifer hugs Alicia, thanking her. Free now. Able to get her life back. She hears a shout behind her. "Mom!" Jennifer turns to see her five-year-old daughter running to her, jumping in her arms, the two weeping.

34. Next case.

Will slips a bottle of champagne on Alicia's desk, starts to leave when he bumps into Alicia returning. Will congratulates her. Alicia thanks him for standing up for her.

Silence. Romantic, tense energy.

Then Will starts out. Turns back. Oh, forgot something. She's going to sit second chair to him on the civil case. And that's it. Will exits. Alicia smiles. Starts to collect her things when she sees her screen-saver kicking in on her laptop. A montage of family pictures, dissolving: Kids at Christmas, kids at the Grand Canyon. And...

...there he is. David, smiling. And Alicia's smile disappears.