

# **THE GOOD WIFE**

by

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January 29, 2009

## TEASER

A VIDEO IMAGE of...

...a packed press conference. A lower-third chyron trumpets "Chicago D.A. Resigns" as the grim D.A. approaches a podium, his wife beside him. He clears his throat, reads:

DAVID FOLLICK

Good morning. An hour ago, I resigned as States Attorney of Cook County. I did this with a heavy heart and a deep commitment to fight these scurrilous charges. At the same time, I need time to atone for my private failings with my wife, Alicia, and our two children.

Oh, one of *those* press conferences. Scandal. In the key of Elliott Spitzer. DAVID FOLLICK (40) is a back-slapping Bill Clinton: smart, funny, calculatedly seductive, and now at the end of his career. But he's not our hero. Our hero is...

...his wife, ALICIA (late-30s) standing beside him. Pretty. Proper. She's always been the good girl-- the good girl who became the good wife, then the good mom: devoted, struggling not to outshine her husband. We move in on her as we hear...

DAVID FOLLICK (CONT'D)

I want to be clear. I have never abused my office. I have never traded lighter sentences for either financial or sexual favors.

Ugh. We suddenly enter the video, and we're there with... Alicia as she looks out at the excited reporters, the phalanx of cameras all clicking, boring in on her.

DAVID FOLLICK (CONT'D)

But I *do* admit to a failure of judgment in my private dealings with these women.

Dying inside, Alicia tries to keep a neutral expression on her face as we see what she sees: the edge of the podium... the crisp paper David reads from... his black coat... his sleeve.

DAVID FOLLICK (CONT'D)

The money used in these transactions was mine, and mine alone. No public funds were ever utilized.

There's a piece of lint on his sleeve. A half inch long. Alicia just stares at it. The whole world tied up in that lint.

DAVID FOLLICK (CONT'D)

Alicia and I ask that the press  
please respect our privacy. Give us  
time to heal. With the love of God  
and the forgiveness of...

Etc. Alicia only half-listening now. Sound dull, distant.  
Her hand reaches slowly, unconsciously, toward the lint when--

--David clasps her fingers. Oh, he's done. He guides her  
offstage away from the reporters' shouted questions, into...

EXT. GREEN ROOM - COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE MEDIA ROOM - DAY

...a backstage green room where two political ops sweep up:

POLITICAL OPS

We need to do the Tribune first--  
Channel Four wants a sit down. We--

But Alicia still eyes the lint on David's sleeve. David looks  
toward her, sees how strangely removed she is.

DAVID FOLLICK

Are you alright?

Alicia looks up at him, and...

...**SLAP!** She slaps him so hard David falls to one knee,  
looks up at her stunned. But Alicia, very controlled, very  
proper, straightens her blouse, reaches for her purse, calmly  
and coolly exits into... BLACK. And a title appears...

"Six months later."

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - 27TH FLOOR - LAW FIRM - DAY

Alicia waits, alone, in the 27th floor conference room of a  
mid-level Chicago law firm. Opening a new chapter in her  
life. She wears a new suit, new shoes, new looser hairstyle:  
more career woman than political wife. She looks down at...

...a new leather binder where she's written a one word heading:

Goals

Okay, goals. What goals? She stares at it. Glances up at a  
clock: 9:45. Where is everyone? She goes to the door:

ALICIA

Hi, sorry, this is my first day.  
Isn't the staff meeting at 9:30?

An overbusy SECRETARY nods, clicking away at a computer.

SECRETARY

You're in the wrong conference room. It's up one floor.

Alicia stares at her, and-- shit!--

INT. EMERGENCY STAIRWELL - TRIBUNE BUILDING - DAY

--BAM-- she slams into the stairwell, races up the stairs two at a time, accidentally drops the leather binder-- it rattles down a half-dozen flights. Screw it. Alicia bursts into--

INT. RECEPTION - 28TH FLOOR - TRIBUNE BUILDING - DAY

--the firm's reception. "Stern, Lockhart & Garvin."

ALICIA

Which way to the conference room?

TWO RECEPTIONISTS point through double doors. Alicia bangs through them as the receptionists trade a look:

RECEPTIONIST #1

Is that her?

(the other nods)

Her hair's different.

INT. WORKSTATION ROW - 28TH FLOOR - DAY

Alicia races past workstations, offices. Everything designed in Greene & Greene colors in an attempt to warm up a cold skyscraper build-out. Alicia slows as she sees...

...the glass-walled conference room. Packed with 45 seated and standing associates, partners, paralegals! Shit, shit, shit. She's late! She slips in...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - 28TH FLOOR - LAW FIRM - DAY

...the back, unnoticed behind a screen of standing junior associates, all tall, young. Late 20s seems to be the age du jour here. One notices her, smiles to himself. CARY (27). Her competition. A bright and shiny Harvard grad. Looks like a male model. At the front, a firm Partner wraps up:

WILL

--Anyway, Schering-Plough fired their last firm for this very reason. So, until further notice, your personal lives have been canceled.

Chuckles from the room. WILL GARVIN (38). Handsome. A guy's guy. One of the "Top 50 Chicago Bachelors." Makes it all look easy-- life, law, sex. Another partner takes over:

DAWNA

This is a complicated, multi-jurisdictional class action. So we'll need some of you to help out with the lower-profile client-work to free up our top litigators.

DAWNA LOCKHART (56). A tough, smart feminist. Dresses like a million bucks. The top litigator at the firm, and in town.

WILL

And by "lower profile," Dawna of course means "crucially important."

(the room laughs)

Ed, you'll take witness prep on Highway redistribution. Don, you're on the Brighton criminal. And Alicia, you'll take the pro bono.

Alicia looks up. What? What pro bono? It's on a squeegee board at the front-- "pro bono"-- but she missed the discussion.

WILL (CONT'D)

Everyone else, your task is to show Schering-Plough our A-game. Okay? Let's do this.

And that's it-- the associates all start out, gabbing, as Alicia sees Will slip out the other door. Chasing...

INT. WORKSTATION ROW - 28TH FLOOR - DAY

ALICIA

Will.

Will turns, smiles. A warmer smile than usual. Some kind of history between them or is he always this nice?

WILL

Alicia. Sorry, I didn't introduce you in there, but everything's moving fast with this class action.

The two walk and talk-- everything on the run at this firm:

ALICIA

I just wanted to say thanks for the opportunity, Will. It's a real life saver.

WILL

Hey, no, thanks for coming on board. Hope you're alright with this pro bono. How'd it sound?

Alicia stares at him. Ummmm.

ALICIA  
Interesting.

WILL  
Good. Don't be nervous. You  
worried about the "bad facts?"

ALICIA  
The... ?

"The Bitch is Back" plays. Oh, damn, Alicia's cellphone.  
She digs it out of her purse, snaps it off, as Will laughs:

WILL  
Who gets "The Bitch is Back"?

ALICIA  
My mother-in-law.  
(Will laughs)  
My daughter programmed it.

WILL  
What's *your* ringtone?

ALICIA  
My--? I don't think I want to know.  
My kids aren't too happy with me  
getting my mother-in-law to help out  
at home. So these bad facts...?

WILL  
Right, I have to go into a meeting,  
but--  
(sees Dawna down the hall)  
*Hey, Dawna, are you briefing Alicia?*  
(Dawna nods)  
Good, you're in good hands. So  
we'll have dinner, catch up.

And Will's gone. A whiplashed Alicia jogs to catch up with  
Dawna now. Moving fast:

DAWNA  
So Will speaks highly of you. He  
says you graduated top of your class  
at Georgetown. When was this?

ALICIA  
Fifteen years ago.

DAWNA  
Uh-huh. And you spent two years at...?

ALICIA  
Crozier, Abrams & Abbott.

DAWNA  
Right. Good firm. Why'd you leave?

ALICIA  
I... Well, I had kids. My  
husband's career.

Dawna nods. Alicia eyes her, not sure if there's a tone.  
There doesn't seem to be. Passing her assistant:

DAWNA  
Brian, can you get Mrs. Follick the  
files?

INT. DAWNA'S CORNER OFFICE - 28TH FLOOR - LAW FIRM - DAY

And they enter Dawna's large corner office. A Jack Russell  
Terrier trots up. Dawna pets it as she slips on a headset.

DAWNA  
I want you to think of me as a  
mentor, Alicia. It's the closest we  
have to an old boy's network in this  
town: women helping women. Okay?

ALICIA  
Okay.

DAWNA  
When I was starting out, I got one  
great piece of advice: "Men can be  
lazy. Women can't." And I think  
that goes double for you. Not only  
are you coming back to the workplace  
fairly late, but you have some very  
prominent baggage with this scandal.

She nods to a photo of herself with Hillary Clinton...

DAWNA (CONT'D)  
But, hey, if *she* can do it, so can you.

Dawna smiles. Alicia smiles back as-- thump-- Brian drops a  
FILE BOX beside her.

DAWNA (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Brian. Like many law firms  
we donate 5% of billable hours to  
pro bono work so the indigent have  
options other than the public  
defenders office.  
(MORE)

DAWNA (CONT'D)

Sadly I'm long past my acceptable billable hours on this one; so I need to hand off the retrial.

Alicia takes notes, finds a mugshot taped to the top of the box. Not what she expected. A sweet woman in her late 20s.

DAWNA (CONT'D)

Jennifer Combs. 29 years old. A working mom. Taught second grade. Accused of killing her ex-husband in a faked carjacking. Prosecution thought it was a slam-dunk 30 to life, but the jury came back last week deadlocked.

Alicia keeps trying to take notes, but the terrier sniffs and nuzzles at her lap.

DAWNA (CONT'D)

Six jurors voted to convict; six not. I'm not even sure why the D.A. is retrying, except he wants-- Justice!

Alicia looks up. What?! Oh, the dog's name.

DAWNA (CONT'D)

--he wants to prove himself. So nothing fancy. Stick to my strategy from the first trial. It worked for reasonable doubt and a deadlocked jury. Okay?

Alicia nods, but Dawna sees Brian outside talking with CORMAC (58), the third partner, bullet-headed, says very little, but when he does, he's the voice of God.

DAWNA (CONT'D)

Okay, we'll have to cut this short. Our investigator can get you up to speed for the bail hearing at 3.  
(yelling out)  
Cormac, I'm ready.

ALICIA

The bail hearing-- *it's today?*

DAWNA

Yes, we could delay, but that would leave Jennifer incarcerated for another month. Don't worry, you'll be fine. The D.A.'s not going to argue against a recognizance release.

INT. WORKSTATION ROW - 28TH FLOOR - DAY

And-- *bang*-- Alicia's out the office door, standing there with the file box. The assistant Brian offers a lint roller. Oh. Her skirt covered with dog hair.

ALICIA

Thanks.

Alicia starts to brush it off when she notices Brian's computer: a "You Tube" video paused there. The infamous David Follick press conference. Brian quickly clicks it off. Embarrassed.

BRIAN

Sorry. I like your hair this way.

INT. EMERGENCY STAIRWELL - TRIBUNE BUILDING - DAY

Alicia pushes into the stairwell. Needs a moment to herself. Drop her office face. Looks down toward her fumbled leather binder. "Goals" still written there. She starts down toward it. When...

CARY

Hey, need some help?

Cary. Peering down the stairwell.

INT. WORKSTATION ROW - 27TH FLOOR - DAY

Cary carries the file box toward their neighboring offices:

CARY

I know we're the two new associates, and we should be at each other's throats, but I just want to say... I'm in awe of what you're doing.

Alicia studies him. Is this guy for real? Calculated?

CARY (CONT'D)

Raising a family, then jumping right back into this. My mom's thinking of doing the same thing.

ALICIA

(stares at him)  
...Great.

SONIA

I'm almost done, Cary. Latte on your desk. Hi, Mrs. Follick.

ALICIA

Hi.

SONIA (24), their shared assistant, rushing past, rolling a FILING CABINET into Cary's office. An overbusy Michelle Williams-like college grad.

CARY

It looks like we share an assistant. So tell me when I'm hogging her, okay? And let the best associate win.

(starts into his office)

ALICIA

Excuse me?

Cary turns back, sees her confusion.

CARY

Let the-- Oh. Nothing. I--  
Nothing.

And he enters his office. Alicia frowns: what the fuck was that? She pushes her door open and finds...

INT. ALICIA'S OFFICE - DAY

...a woman sitting in her chair, flipping through a file. Sexy. Casual clothes. Alicia pauses, checks the name on her door.

KALINDA

Don't worry, it's yours.

(standing)

Kalinda Sharma. The in-house.

ALICIA

Oh, right, the investigator. Dawna said you'd take me through the pro bono. Alicia Follick.

Alicia offers a hand. KALINDA SHARMA (25) barely shakes it. An East Indian stunner. Bollywood Erin Brokovich. No-nonsense, independent, a cool temperament, nonchalantly bisexual.

KALINDA

You're David Follick's wife?

ALICIA

That's right.

KALINDA

I worked with him at the D.A.'s office. He fired me.

Oh. Alicia stares at her. This is getting old.

ALICIA

Look, I'll give you his address if you want to complain; but I have a bail hearing at three, so can we do this?

Tougher than she intended. Kalinda stares at Alicia, gets up, goes to her, and... takes the file box. And...

...CUT TO LATER: She slaps a crime photo on the desk. A car beside Lake Michigan splattered with blood.

KALINDA

It started a year ago. A carjacking. That's what the cops thought at first. Part of that series of carjackings in Wilmette last year. Thieves would target upscale cars...

Kalinda lays out three separate crime scenes: BMWs, Lexus.

KALINDA (CONT'D)

...fix a clip to the fuel line, follow the driver a half mile until he ran out of gas, murder the occupants, then take his car.

Kalinda hands Alicia grisly photos of victims shot in the face, gauging her response. Not what she expected. Alicia more fascinated than appalled.

KALINDA (CONT'D)

At first it looked like this newest carjacking was just another in the series. The only problem: the car wasn't upscale. An old 2001 Honda. Also, there was no clip attached to the fuel line. And, last, the passenger was only shot in the arm.

(an injured Jennifer)

Jennifer Combs. She said her ex-husband struggled with the carjacker-- that's why she was only shot in the arm, and her ex-husband was killed.

Alicia notices something in her file:

ALICIA

She taught at Francis Parker.  
(Kalinda looks over at her)  
It's a good school.

Kalinda just stares at her. Okay. Continues:

KALINDA

The cops began to think it was actually a murder disguised as a botched carjacking: Jennifer killed her ex-husband, then shot herself in the arm.

Alicia studies Jennifer's mugshot. She looks like Alicia at the press conference: overwhelmed, vaguely etherized.

EXT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

ALICIA

The weapon?

Alicia and Kalinda cross toward the criminal courthouse:

KALINDA

Never recovered. The cops theorized she threw it into Lake Michigan. They dragged the lake, never found it. Gunpowder residue was inconclusive.

INT. ELEVATOR - COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

ALICIA

And her motive?

The two whispering at the back of a courthouse elevator:

KALINDA

She was in a custody battle with her ex-husband. He remarried and wanted custody of their 3-year-old.

MIA's "You're Good" starts to play. Oh, damn. Another ringtone. Alicia reaches into her purse.

ALICIA

Sorry, my daughter.

INT. HALLWAY - PUBLIC SCHOOL - CHICAGO - DAY

Her daughter, GRACE (13), between classes, moving in a stream of kids almost all talking on their cells. Mildly plump, caught at that age between gawky and pretty.

GRACE

Hey, mom. I want to ask you a question, but I don't want you to freak out, okay?

INTERCUT with...

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALL - COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

ALICIA

Uh-oh.

Alicia now in a courthouse metal detector line with Kalinda.

GRACE

Forget it, I'll ask Zach.

ALICIA

No, no, what?

GRACE

Some girl said dad slept with a hooker my age, and I just--

ALICIA

*What?!*

GRACE

They were playing that tape in computer lab: dad with what's her name, Tina...?

Alicia closes her eyes: fuck. As a guard gestures:

COURT GUARD

Ma'am, you'll have to turn that off.

GRACE

And some girl said her dad was a cop, and he said one of the hookers was my age.

ALICIA

(steps out of line to talk)  
First of all... they were all over twenty. And, second: isn't there a teacher--? Why are they playing *that* in computer lab?!

GRACE

It was the bleeped version. Don't worry, Mom. It's not like I don't know this stuff. Look, I've got History. I'll see you tonight.

And-- *click*-- that's it. Alicia shakes her head-- hates when Grace plays it blase. She sees Kalinda impatient to continue. She rejoins her, moving through the metal detector:

KALINDA

Dawna's defense was simple. The cops never looked for a carjacker. They immediately suspected Jennifer, and ignored everything else. It worked. The jury deadlocked.

Alicia nods as Kalinda pushes into Courtroom #402, looks back at Alicia pausing at the door, intimidated. Staring in. No judge yet. Bailiff and lawyers chatting. Play before curtain.

KALINDA (CONT'D)

What?

ALICIA

Last time I was in court was thirteen years ago.

KALINDA

(dry)

Wow. I was twelve.

ALICIA

(looks at her)

Is that supposed to boost my confidence?

And Alicia enters, starts up...

INT. COURTROOM 402 - COOK CRIMINAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

...the aisle. It feels weird, opening the gallery gate, crossing to the defense table, setting her documents on it.

A prosecutor looks over, looks again. MATAN BRODY (29), African-American, cocky, likes the power if not the paycheck of an A.D.A. He shoots a whisper to the other A.D.A.:

MATAN

That's David Follick's wife.

What?! SANDRA PAI (27), a tough Asian lawyer, looks over. Matan stands, crosses to Alicia, air thick with *schadenfreude*:

MATAN (CONT'D)

Alicia! My god! How are you doing? Matan, remember? From the D.A. Christmas party?

ALICIA

Oh, yes, right. Hi.

MATAN

You're at "Stern, Lockhart & Garvin"?

ALICIA  
Yeah. First day.

MATAN  
Wow, wow. Wow! Oh, this is Sandra  
Pai. She's new-- I mean, since  
David. How's he doing, by the way?

ALICIA  
David? Fine.

MATAN  
Say hello for me, will you? He  
gave me my first job, you know?  
Look at all this.  
(her documents; chuckling)  
You're gonna bury us. I don't know  
how you do it, Alicia. I'd be  
huddled up in a ball somewhere.

Alicia nods, used to these passive-aggressive compliments, as--  
KLANG-- a security vestibule opens, the accused led out.

MATAN (CONT'D)  
Well, back to work. Good luck.

And Matan and Sandra slip back to their table. Sit. Stare  
straight ahead, and allow themselves... grins.

SANDRA PAI  
Shooting fish in a barrel?

MATAN  
Turtles.

Meanwhile, JENNIFER COMBS, is led to the defense table.  
Alicia stands, startled. She's lost a third of her weight.  
Almost nothing left of the 2nd grade school teacher.

JENNIFER COMBS  
Where's Dawna?

ALICIA  
I-- Dawna asked if I would step  
in, Jennifer. I'm Alicia Follick,  
one of the other lawyers at the  
firm.

JENNIFER COMBS  
Step in?! For how long?

ALICIA  
For the retrial.

JENNIFER COMBS

(gasps)

Oh my god.

Alicia tries to reassure her, but everything's moving too fast:

BAILIFF

All rise. The Criminal Court of Cook County is now in session. The honorable Judge Colin Bogira presiding.

JUDGE BOGIRA (62) enters. Not the happiest man in the world. Ex-Marine. Losing his hair. His bench covered with paper clips nervously twisted into various shapes.

JUDGE BOGIRA

Be seated. Okay, let's hear it.

The prosecutors look over at Alicia. Oh. She stands. Um...

ALICIA

I... Your honor...

She sorts through her documents. Matan, seeing an opportunity, jumps to his feet (Chicago trials a contact sport):

MATAN

Your honor, just to refresh your memory, the accused, Ms. Combs, was deemed a flight risk due to an earlier custody hearing--

ALICIA

Your honor, I just--

MATAN

--where she threatened to run off with her daughter.

JUDGE BOGIRA

Yes, and yet just last week, a jury deadlocked on these charges 6 to 6, Mr. Brody. I know our new D.A. wants to look tough, but why are you fighting this?

MATAN

The People are prepared to retry this case right now, your honor. If Mrs. Follick is so intent on getting her client out, why doesn't she agree to a speedy trial?

The judge looks up at the name. Grins. As if a dirty word:

JUDGE BOGIRA  
*Mrs. Follick?*

ALICIA  
(sighs: here we go)  
Yes, your honor.

JUDGE BOGIRA  
The wife of our "esteemed" ex-D.A.  
Your husband and I never quite saw  
eye to eye, ma'am. In fact, I think  
he got exactly what he deserved.

Alicia winces. So does Jennifer sitting beside her.

ALICIA  
Your honor, as you can see, I--

JUDGE BOGIRA  
Mrs. Follick. Don't talk.  
(Alicia doesn't)  
--but if the prosecution thinks  
this will in some way prejudice me  
against your client, he is sorely  
mistaken. Nice try, Matan.  
(Matan shrugs: worth a try)  
Ms. Combs is granted pre-trial  
release with electronic monitoring.  
She's restricted to her home,  
attorney's offices, and transit in  
between. Given that this is a  
rerun, I'll set a trial date for  
next week. Are we all happy? Good.

*Bang--* he quickly hits his gavel, and that's it. Alicia just  
stands there, not sure what hit her. A stunned Jennifer  
stands, shakes her hand:

JENNIFER COMBS  
Thank you.

ALICIA  
(doesn't know what to say)  
I... sure.

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LAW FIRM - (NEXT DAY) - DAY

An electronic monitor. It blinks away on Jennifer's ankle as Kalinda and Alicia take notes, listening:

JENNIFER COMBS

We had a nice time. Michael talked about missing his daughter, and about the life we had together. He wanted to drive along the lake, but we got a flat. He was getting out to fix it when I saw... a red pick-up truck.  
(pained)  
Do we need to do this again?

KALINDA

Mrs. Combs, we're looking for inconsistencies in your testimony. So yes.

Jennifer swallows. Alicia eyes her, sees how hard this is.

JENNIFER COMBS (O.S.)

The driver came up to Michael's window. He was wearing a ski mask, and I... I didn't see the gun until Michael grabbed it. There was this shot, and I saw... Michael's face...  
(pauses, unbearable)

ALICIA

Do you want to pause for a minute?

Kalinda shoots an irritated look toward Alicia.

JENNIFER COMBS

No. Just if there were some water.

INT. WORKSTATION ROW - 27TH FLOOR - DAY

Alicia leans out the conference room door:

ALICIA

Sonia, can you get us some water?

Sonia, at her workstation, covers her headset, whispers:

SONIA

I'm taking notes on Cary's call.

ALICIA

How long?

SONIA

5 minutes. But then I've got his depo.

Alicia frowns, shoots a look toward Cary in his office.

ALICIA

Okay, tell me when you're done. And I need some filing cabinets in my office.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - 27TH FLOOR - LAW FIRM - DAY

Alicia returns to the conference room with bottled water, finds Kalinda mid-questioning: more confrontational.

KALINDA

But that's the problem. You say the red pick-up truck came from here--  
(a crime scene map)  
But there's a Walmart surveillance camera here. And the prosecution played it to make you look like a liar.

JENNIFER COMBS

I'm not lying.

KALINDA

Then you're mistaken, or something, because the tape doesn't show a truck. And that's why we're facing a retrial now, and not an acquittal.

ALICIA

(clears her throat, warmer)  
What Kalinda is saying is-- couldn't you have been mistaken? Couldn't the car have come from... here?

Another part of the map. Jennifer stares at it, and a tear rolls down her cheek. Kalinda rolls her eyes, backs away: too much estrogen for her, as Alicia approaches, sees Jennifer has a small worn photo. LILLY (3).

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Is that your daughter?  
(Jennifer nods, shows her)  
She's beautiful.

JENNIFER COMBS

They won't let me see her. My in-laws-- they have custody, and I--  
(chokes up)  
In one day. Everything.  
(MORE)

JENNIFER COMBS (CONT'D)

My job, my life, my daughter.  
Everything gone. What am I going  
to do?

Jennifer cries. Alicia eyes her sympathetically.

ALICIA

You're going to take it one day at  
a time, Jennifer. We got you  
housing. Go there, take a shower,  
take a nap, don't turn on the TV.  
Do you like reading?

(Jennifer nods)

I'll get you some books. Fiction is  
best. You won't feel like putting  
on nice clothes or make-up, but  
force yourself to. Not for court,  
for you. The superficial things  
matter more than anything right now.

Jennifer wipes her eyes, nods, as Kalinda studies Alicia: for  
the first time authoritative. Something she lived.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, I'll petition the court  
for visitation rights. Okay?

JENNIFER COMBS

If they could even send some  
pictures. The worst thing in prison  
was not having photos of her.

Alicia nods. Takes a second to consider this.

JENNIFER COMBS (CONT'D)

Do you think I have a chance?

ALICIA

I think the jury deadlocked 6 to 6.  
I think Dawna's strategy-- arguing  
that the police were so quick to  
focus on you, they never pursued the  
real carjackers-- is a good one.  
And I think we have the advantage of  
interviewing the first jurors to see  
how to improve our case. So, yes, I  
think we have a very good chance.

JENNIFER COMBS

Thank you. It's hard.

ALICIA

I know.

JENNIFER COMBS  
Does it ever get easier?

ALICIA  
(considers it)  
No.

Jennifer smiles. Likes her brutal honesty.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
But you do get better at it.

INT. WORKSTATION ROW - 27TH FLOOR - DAY

Alicia sees Kalinda staring at her as they exit the room.

ALICIA  
What?

KALINDA  
Nothing. You go interview the jurors; I'll try to figure out how a surveillance camera can lie--

LAUREN YOST  
*Alicia?*

Alicia turns, sees a woman approaching. LAUREN YOST (35), a fit, pretty, and elegant Highland Park mom.

ALICIA  
Lauren?

LAUREN YOST  
Look at you. I love your hair. Phil and I are here doing some estate planning. What about you?

ALICIA  
I work here.

LAUREN YOST  
You're kidding! That's great. You know, Jeanie asks all the time about your Gracie: "When are we gonna' get together again?" And I keep saying "We've got to call."

ALICIA  
That would be great.

LAUREN YOST  
So let's do it. Okay? It's been too long.

And Lauren starts off. Alicia turns, sees Kalinda smiling.

KALINDA

Let me guess. "Too long" means right after your husband's press conference?

Alicia nods. Kalinda chuckles knowingly:

KALINDA (CONT'D)

My job would be a hell of a lot harder if people weren't so predictable.

INT/EXT - DEPAUL UNIVERSITY - DAY

A lecture hall, class over, students rushing out. Alicia questions DR. DOWNING (55), a dignified grey-bearded prof.

DR. DOWNING

That's right. I was the jury foreman.

ALICIA

And you don't mind answering a few questions, Professor? It helps us refine our case for the retrial.

DR. DOWNING

No, certainly. But I don't think you'll need much refining. Your case was very strong, very logical.

Good. Alicia, taking notes, follows him into the hall...

DR. DOWNING (CONT'D)

In fact, I'm not even sure why the other side went to trial. I voted for conviction right from the start.

ALICIA

Good, I just--  
(looks up)  
You mean, acquittal.

DR. DOWNING

No. Conviction.

ALICIA

(pauses, hesitates)  
But, I'm with the defense.

Dr. Downing suddenly stops. Stares at her.

DR. DOWNING

Oh.

And he continues off. Alicia frowns: shit. And--

INT. CHICAGO MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

--Alicia, more nervous now, interviews a MUSEUM CURATOR (34), intelligent, pretty, backing up from a large canvas being hung.

ALICIA

You were a "guilty" vote?

CURATOR

Yes. I mean, it was pretty obvious she did it. Sorry.

(to the workers)

To the left more.

ALICIA

So can you tell me how many voted for conviction right from the start?

CURATOR

Eleven.

ALICIA

*What?*

CURATOR

Eleven. There was just one hold-out. Juror #9. We argued with her for three whole days.

INT. CHICAGO LIBRARY - DAY

ALICIA

But the judge polled the jury, and you deadlocked six to six.

Alicia now interviewing a wispy MALE LIBRARIAN, pushing books through the stacks, whispering:

LIBRARIAN

Yes, well, the judge was only going to declare us deadlocked if we evenly split, so some of us agreed to change our votes to "not guilty" just to get out of there.

(Alicia stares at him: uh-oh)

If it weren't for Juror #9, we would've convicted. She didn't convince us, she exhausted us.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A worried Alicia talks with Kalinda on her cell:

ALICIA

I'm checking her out now. She's the only reason Jennifer isn't facing 30 to life.

KALINDA (O.S.)

Get her details: age, employment, college level. We can gear jury selection to her type.

Alicia nods and...

INT. MRS. DURETSKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cats. Everywhere. In a small apartment. Alicia stares at them as she calls into the kitchen:

ALICIA

No tea for me, Mrs. Duretsky. So the other jurors said you were the only hold out? Is that correct?

MRS. DURETSKY (65) enters. In a mumu. Doesn't inspire a lot of confidence, pouring milk into various plates.

MRS. DURETSKY

Yes. They all thought they were so much smarter than me. But my vote counted just as much as theirs.

ALICIA

Uh-huh. Can you tell me exactly *what* in the defense's case convinced you?

MRS. DURETSKY

*Well...* the whole thing really. I tend to look at people and size them up pretty quickly. That lady-- I liked her.

ALICIA

The defendant: Jennifer?

MRS. DURETSKY

No, no, the lawyer. She never put on airs. I liked that.

Alicia studies her-- a twinge of "uh-oh."

ALICIA

The defense lawyer argued the police never pursued the actual carjacker-- was that the reason you voted "not guilty?"

MRS. DURETSKY

What?

ALICIA

She presented evidence the police never pursued a carjacker. Was that what made you hold out?

MRS. DURETSKY

Oh, I don't know about that. I just tend to get a *feeling*.  
(lifts a cat)  
Don't I, Mrs. Pringles?

Alicia stares at her. Oh fuckin' shit.

INT. ALICIA'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Alicia. She sits depressed in her dusty Mercedes, staring straight ahead. Parked in the building's antiseptic and bright underground garage. She takes out...

...Jennifer's mugshot, looks at it. Damn. When... "Bitch is Back" plays. She sighs. Her mother-in-law. Answering...

ALICIA

Hello? What's wrong, Jackie?

Alicia listens, but she hears laughter, looks up, sees...

...Will and a sexy 26-year-old PARALEGAL laughing intimately, heading home, stopping right in front of her windshield. Um, Alicia slumps down in her seat, trying not to be seen. Not sure why she cares, but she does. Quieter...

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Look, Jackie, she's at a new school. She's left all her old friends. I just need you to go easier on Grace.

INTERCUT with...

INT. KITCHEN - ALICIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

...JACKIE FOLLICK (65), her mother-in-law. A blue blood unstoppable force of nature. An Ike-era widow. Always elegant, always domineering. Unpacking packing boxes...

JACKIE

All I said was: I could help her shop for pants that would make her look slimmer, that's all.

Alicia closes her eyes. Dammit.

ALICIA

Grace is at a perfectly healthy weight right now, and I don't want her to have any body image issues.

JACKIE

She'll only have "body image issues" if she keeps *gaining* weight.

Alicia silently screams "Fuck you" at her phone when...

WILL

*Alicia?*

Oops. A smiling Will peering toward her. Hey. Alicia waves weakly. Will motions for the Paralegal to go on ahead, starts up to her window...

ALICIA

Look, I have to go, Jackie. Let's talk about this when I get home.

And she hangs up as Will arrives...

WILL

Hey. So I heard the bail hearing went well. Congratulations.

ALICIA

Thanks.

WILL

Yeah. You heading home?

ALICIA

I am.

(something on her mind)

Will, can I ask you a question?

WILL

Sure. It's my real hair.

Alicia smiles. Two old friends.

ALICIA

You know the new associate Cary?

WILL

The one in the Brioni?

(Alicia shoots him a look)

What? I'm observant.

ALICIA

Yes, the *one in the Brioni*. He said "Let the best associate win." What's he mean by that?

Will frowns, shrugs:

WILL

What he means is something I thought we weren't making public.

ALICIA

What?

WILL

We only have one associate position open. We agreed to hire two applicants, and in six months decide which one to retain.

ALICIA

So it's a contest? Me or Cary?

WILL

It was that or a cage match.  
(smiles)  
I'm just glad your pro bono's going well.

ALICIA

(forces a smile)  
Me too.

EXT. TAMMS MINIMUM SECURITY UNIT - (NEXT DAY) - DAY

A prison. Trees. Grass. More Club Fed than Folsom.

INT. VISITORS SECURITY VESTIBULE - DAY

Alicia waits. We're not sure why she's here: a prison waiting area. She looks down at the leather binder in her lap. The one word there: "Goals." She clicks her pen, writes under it one word... "Survive." Nods. Sounds about right.

GUARD

Visiting hours are almost over.

She looks up. A GUARD waiting.

INT. VISITING AREA - TAMMA MINIMUM SECURITY - DUSK

He escorts her toward the cafeteria-like visiting area. Families with loved ones. Only one prisoner not being visited. He sees her and...

...smiles. David. Oh, that's why she's here. We recognize him from the press conference. He looks good, wearing his uniform like a three-piece suit. Still handsome, impressive.

DAVID FOLLICK  
They said a visitor, but I thought Mom.

ALICIA  
I've been busy.

DAVID FOLLICK  
It's good to see you.

He reaches out, awkwardly hugs her. She nods, stiff.

ALICIA  
I need you to sign some things.

Oh. David nods, moderately disappointed. Business. They sit.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
We didn't get everything we wanted on the house. It's a bad time to sell.

DAVID FOLLICK  
(sees the number: ouch)  
I see that.

ALICIA  
Most of it will go to court costs. We'll pay for rent out of my salary, and the kids will have to stay in public school.

DAVID FOLLICK  
How are they? Mom says she's helping out around the house.

Alicia digs into her purse as David signs:

ALICIA  
They're good. Grace is fighting your mother over clothes. And Zach is using you to make friends at school-- I'm not sure if that's a sign of health or something worse.

DAVID FOLLICK  
He's "using me?"

ALICIA  
"Funny or Die" has a skit about you. I guess it's cool. Here.

Alicia slides some photos across to David. He looks at them. Grace and Zach. Touched:

DAVID FOLLICK

Thanks.

He reaches a hand across, covers hers. She pulls away.

DAVID FOLLICK (CONT'D)

I know it's been hard, Alicia. You have to believe me, I'm innocent.

(She looks up: are you  
fucking kidding me?)

--of the abuse of office charges.

ALICIA

(getting quieter)

You think I give a good goddamn about that, David? There's a tape of you sucking the toes of a 20-year-old hooker playing in Grace's computer lab, and you think I care about the small print in your employment contract!

DAVID FOLLICK

I was set up, Alicia! The D.A. set me up--!

ALICIA

Oh, stop it, David! Just--!  
No. Look, I'm not here to fight.

She collects the papers. Starts to stand. David, not wanting her to go.

DAVID FOLLICK

Mom said you're on your first case. Congratulations. The Combs case, right? Who's the judge?

ALICIA

Colin Bogira.

DAVID FOLLICK

You're kidding. He hates me.

ALICIA

I know.

DAVID FOLLICK

Wear something revealing. He has a thing for the ladies. That black dress I got you in Houston, wear that.

Alicia looks at him, shakes her head, chuckles. He's amazing.  
An intercom blares: "*Visiting hours have now concluded.*"

DAVID FOLLICK (CONT'D)  
(delaying her)  
You know there was something weird  
about that case: the Combs case.  
There was a rumor going around that  
something got buried: "pitted."

Alicia pauses. Can't help it.

ALICIA  
What?

David takes a moment to think as families pass, leaving.

DAVID FOLLICK  
I don't know. Something important.  
Evidence or testimony.

Alicia considers it, sees a guard approach.

ALICIA  
I should go.

DAVID FOLLICK  
Thanks for playing the bread-winner  
for a while, Alicia. I know you're  
not really built for this stuff.

Alicia looks up at him. He didn't even mean it as an insult--  
which makes it worse.

DAVID FOLLICK (CONT'D)  
It won't last forever. Ryan thinks  
if this appeal goes well, I should  
be out in a year. Then things can  
go back to normal.

Alicia stares at him. Sees the guard waiting.

ALICIA  
You know what, David? It took me a  
decade to realize it. But I *am*  
built for this stuff. And we're  
never going back to normal.

And, with that, Alicia falls in beside the guard, starting  
away. With each step, we see it on Alicia's face. A growing  
determination.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

EXT. WESTERFIELD DRIVE - CHICAGO - (DAYS LATER) - DAY

Alicia. A new side to her. Passion. Arguing with Kalinda:

ALICIA

Look, the cops focused on Jennifer even *before* they did a chemical analysis of the trace evidence; so what if they only did an analysis of what *fit* their theory?

Kalinda snaps photos of the crime scene: a windswept industrial road beside Lake Michigan.

KALINDA

And what if they didn't? What if--  
(Alicia holds up a paper)  
Okay, what's that?

ALICIA

Page one of the crime lab summary. I was digging through the discovery. Look at the top corner.

Kalinda leans in, sees a Xeroxed slanted line.

KALINDA

Looks like a staple.

ALICIA

It is a staple.

KALINDA

And that's odd *because*?

ALICIA

There was no page two.  
(Kalinda looks at her)  
Why did they need a staple if there was no page two?

KALINDA

(takes a second)  
You think they kept page two out of the discovery because there was something incriminating?

ALICIA

I think either they did, or it would be helpful in court to *imply* they did.

Kalinda eyes Alicia. A new Alicia. Liking this version.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Look, Jennifer's innocent, but if we can get her off on a process question, that's still justice.

KALINDA

So just so I'm clear: we're a day away from trial and you're thinking of dropping the old strategy?

ALICIA

Dawna barely convinced a cat lady to acquit. So, yes.

KALINDA

(takes the lab report)  
Okay. I'll check into it.

Alicia nods: good. They turn to the Walmart parking lot.

KALINDA (CONT'D)

So a pick-up truck is crossing a well-lit, empty parking lot and for some reason Jennifer's disorientated, and thinks it's coming not from that direction, but *that* direction.

They compare the views. Nothing alike.

ALICIA

I don't believe it.

KALINDA

Me neither. So how is a truck missed by *that* surveillance camera?

A camera on the side of the Walmart. Alicia shrugs:

ALICIA

Mismarked surveillance tape?

Kalinda looks at her, considers it. Interesting. She crosses to her car, takes off her jacket, drops it inside, unbuttons the two top buttons of her blouse. Preparing.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

KALINDA

Working. *These* are better than subpoenas.

Alicia smiles.

INT. WALMART SALES FLOOR - DAY

The security guard. MITCHELL (40). Tall, skinny, reads SOLDIER OF FORTUNE for the articles. He looks at Kalinda and her breasts, trying not to look at Kalinda and her breasts:

KALINDA

We just need to see how the surveillance system works, and we'll be out of your hair in five minutes.

Alicia glances at Kalinda. She's good. Turning it on.

MITCHELL

Five minutes?

She nods. Okay, Mitchell starts up his office stairs, waves for them to follow. Alicia looks over at Kalinda impressed:

ALICIA

Why did my husband fire you?

KALINDA

He accused me of working two jobs.

ALICIA

Were you?

KALINDA

Oh yeah.

Alicia smiles. And they follow him.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - WALMART STORE - DAY

A surveillance image of the nighttime parking lot. It plays on Mitchell's computer in his office overlooking the sales floor.

MITCHELL

See, the computer automatically records the surveillance, and marks the date and time.

KALINDA

This is the night of the murder?

MITCHELL

Yes. But even if the computer *did* mismark it, I make an hourly sweep around the lot, and I didn't see any pick-up. Look, that's me-- at 11:03-- just before the murder--

The surveillance image: Mitchell crossing the nighttime lot. Kalinda and Alicia frown. A dead end.

KALINDA  
Can we get copies of these?

MITCHELL  
Sure. *Lanie! I need some disks!*

LANIE (45), a slightly hefty secretary in the outer office. She rolls her eyes, irritated:

LANIE  
Alright.

Alicia notices this. Notices Lanie's desk. Framed kid photos, a "Curves" gym bag, a dozen crushed Diet Cokes in the trash. Alicia looks toward Kalinda, getting nowhere with Mitchell. Alicia starts out.

INT. SECURITY BREAK ROOM - DAY

*Ka-lump--* she buys a Diet Coke from a vending machine; drops in more quarters-- *ka-lump--* buys another.

INT. SECRETARIAL WORKSTATION - SECURITY OFFICES - DAY

ALICIA  
Hi. Your machine gave me an extra Diet Coke. Want one?

Lanie glances up at Alicia leaning in her door:

LANIE  
Aren't you one of the lawyers?

ALICIA  
I'm just helping out. If you want.

The Coke. Lanie shrugs-- sure-- takes it. They pop the tops, drink. Alicia nods toward her photos:

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
Look at all those kids. Wow, they're gorgeous.

LANIE  
Thanks. Two kids. Two grandkids.

ALICIA  
I have two teenagers. Tell me it gets easier.

LANIE

I'd be lying.

They laugh. Mitchell, hearing their laughter, slams his office door. Alicia and Lanie trade a joking look.

ALICIA

Is he always that charming?

LANIE

He's fine. Just a lazy mall cop.

They laugh. Lanie leans in, gossips:

LANIE (CONT'D)

When school's out, and all the high school girls come over here, mall cop's the first one down on the floor, showing off his gun. But, night shift, he can't get his fat ass out of his chair. I'm the first one in in the morning, and I'm always waking him up.

ALICIA

(studies her)

Really...?

EXT. ALICIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A downtown apartment building. Middle class nice. Doorman. Surrounded by a sea of traffic, sirens. On the 7th floor...

INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - ALICIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

...Alicia studies the video of the WalMart parking lot on her computer, sipping red wine.

Her 3 bedroom apartment. It's a bit crowded, but pretty. Everything doing double duty: Alicia's desk in the corner of the dining room. A few packing boxes still unpacked. Behind her, Jackie enters, in pearls and apron, sets the table:

JACKIE

Do you really have to work?

ALICIA

Another ten minutes.

(calls into the next room)

Zach! I need your laptop!

JACKIE

When David's father was on the Illinois court, he never brought a single case home. Not once.

ALICIA

He was a judge, Jackie; I'm a junior associate. *Zach!*

ZACH

Mom, I just raised my wanted level.

ZACH (14) enters, upset at interrupting "Grand Theft Auto." A shy AV-kid trying to seem tougher than he is.

ALICIA

I'm proud of you, dear. I just need to play two computer disks side by side. Can you set up your laptop next to my desktop?

Zach shrugs, starts to set them up as Alicia sees Jackie slipping back into the kitchen.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

How's your sister? Any more fights with grandma?

Zach shrugs: noncommittal, but noncommittal-yes. Okay, Alicia gets up, kisses him on the head, starts into the hall.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alicia peers into Grace's room. Posters of Obama everywhere.

ALICIA

How're you doing?

GRACE

I want her dead.

ALICIA

(smiles)

Me too; but not yet. Help me out. Which one for court tomorrow?

She holds up a black slinky dress. Clearly David's choice.

GRACE

Are you serving cocktails in court?

Alicia smiles. Holds up a conservative blue pantsuit.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Better. Why can't Zach and I watch ourselves?

ALICIA

She's only here a couple hours a day, Grace.

GRACE

A couple of very damaging hours.

Alicia smiles, kisses Grace on the forehead:

ALICIA

You will survive.

INT. KITCHEN - ALICIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A boiling pot of water. Pasta. Jackie cooking. A good cook. Across the island from her, Alicia chops carrots.

JACKIE

I talked to David. He said you dropped by.

ALICIA

I did.

JACKIE

I'm glad. He's hurting in there. He's very brave, but he's hurting.

Alicia is silent, chopping. Jackie looks toward her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

He needs you to forgive him, Alicia. I know it's hard but he needs it.

ALICIA

He doesn't need that, Jackie. He needs me to go back to who I was. And I won't do that.

JACKIE

What are you saying?

Alicia sets down her knife, looks at her.

ALICIA

I spent fifteen years not asking him a single question.

(MORE)

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Doing his laundry, cleaning his house, accepting his *reasons* for staying overnight in the city. Because I loved him. Because I... *admired* him. Because I didn't want to end up like my parents: divorced and bitter. And he--

The door opens. It's Grace. She looks between the two.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

We'll be done in a second.

Grace shrugs-- something being discussed. She grabs a piece of bread, exits. Alicia lowers her voice:

ALICIA (CONT'D)

And he took everything I did, every minute of our marriage, and he...  
(still hurts)  
...ripped it open for those cameras.

JACKIE

David didn't want that.

ALICIA

He wanted a prop, Jackie. He didn't want a wife. I looked at him at that press conference, and I realized... I don't know this man.

JACKIE

It takes time, Alicia. Give it time.

ALICIA

No, Jackie. I woke up, and I'm not going back to sleep. If I ever have to go through something like that again, I want it to be because of something *I* did. I'm not going to live or die by someone else's mistakes.

Jackie looks at her, wants to say something, but Zach calls:

ZACH (O.S.)

*Mom, I got it running.*

INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - ALICIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Two identical views of the parking lot. Playing on side-by-side laptop and desktop screens. Alicia and Zach watch.

ZACH  
What is it?

ALICIA  
Video from the night of the murder.

ZACH  
Cool, like "Faces of Death."

Alicia glances over, sees Zach studying grisly autopsy photos. She reaches over, slaps the file closed. Zach shrugs, nods toward the screens.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
What are you looking for?

ALICIA  
I'm not-- [sure]

But something catches Alicia's eye. On the laptop.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
*Zach.* Can you freeze it? *There.*

He clicks a key. Alicia leans in toward the frozen image, studying a small plastic shopping bag blowing across the lot. Suddenly excited.

ZACH  
What? What is it?

ALICIA  
Proof.

ZACH  
Of what?

ALICIA  
Mall cop wasn't there.

EXT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - (THE NEXT DAY) - DAY

A sunny day. Leaves falling from the trees. And...

INT. HALLWAY - COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

...Kalinda rushes toward court, passing a herd of lawyers:

LAWYER  
How's Mrs. D.A. doing?

Kalinda offers a shrug as she pushes into...

INT. COURTROOM 402 - COOK CRIMINAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

...court. Bogira on the bench. Jury seated. A dozen court watchers. Kalinda joins them in the gallery, eyes Alicia and Jennifer at the defense table.

MATAN

And you were married to the victim  
for how long, Mrs. Combs?

The first witness on the stand. CINDY COMBS (30). Plainly-dressed. Pretty, but not botoxed.

CINDY

Two years. Until...

Her voice cracks. Matan gently sets a Kleenex box in front of her as Alicia checks the jury. They seem moved. Not a cat lady in sight. Damn.

MATAN

How did you hear of his murder, if  
you don't mind me asking?

CINDY

I was visiting my family in Miami,  
and the police phoned. It was-- I  
still can't believe it.

MATAN

In her opening statement, the  
defense alleged that your husband  
was intending to reunite with the  
accused-- that in fact that's why  
they were going to dinner the night  
of the murder. Is that true?

CINDY

No. She told him she wanted to  
talk over the custody situation.  
Michael was *worried* about Jennifer.  
He thought she was... obsessed--

ALICIA

Objection, your honor.

JUDGE BOGIRA

On what grounds?

ALICIA

(hesitates a second)  
"Hearsay?"

JUDGE BOGIRA

Nice try, Mrs. Follick. I'll allow.

Alicia frowns. Smooths her collar. Maybe the blue conservative pantsuit was a mistake. She sits, sees Jennifer's worried expression. Nods comfortingly to her.

CINDY

Michael agreed to have dinner with Jennifer because he was afraid of what she might do if he didn't.

MATAN

Thank you, Mrs. Combs. Your witness.

Alicia stands, bumps her knee-- oww-- backs away from the table, covering for it. Nervous:

ALICIA

Now, Mrs. Combs, you stated that Michael wasn't considering reuniting with Jennifer, and yet--

MATAN

Objection.

JUDGE BOGIRA

Sustained.

Alicia pauses. Isn't sure what she did wrong.

ALICIA

In your testimony, Mrs. Combs, you claim that Michael thought my client was dangerous, but isn't it--

MATAN

Objection.

JUDGE BOGIRA

Sustained. Keep trying, Mrs. Follick. You'll hit on it.

ALICIA

I-- Mrs. Combs. Isn't it true your husband changed his mind about fighting my client for custody of their daughter?

CINDY

Yes.

ALICIA  
Wouldn't that suggest your  
husband's attitude had softened--?

MATAN  
Objection.

JUDGE BOGIRA  
Sustained.

Alicia starts to ask more, decides against it:

ALICIA  
Thank you.

An uncertain Alicia sits, offers a smile to a nervous Jennifer worrying this isn't going well. Matan and Sandra, meanwhile, try to swallow their grins. A bailiff hands a note to Alicia. She opens it, reads: "Calm down." Alicia turns to the gallery, nods to Kalinda. And...

INT. COURTROOM 402 - ONE HOUR LATER - DAY

A police detective. BRIGGS (45). Dudley-Do-Right upstanding.

SANDRA PAI  
And why was this carjacking not like  
the other three, Detective Briggs?

DETECTIVE BRIGGS  
Well, there was no clip on the fuel  
line to force the car over.

SANDRA PAI  
This was a detail kept from the press?

DETECTIVE BRIGGS  
Well, we didn't intentionally keep  
it out, but someone imitating the  
carjackings wouldn't know to do it.

SANDRA PAI  
Instead, the victim pulled the car  
over because he had a flat?

DETECTIVE BRIGGS  
Yes, ma'am. A nail had been driven  
into the rear passenger wheel.

SANDRA PAI  
I see. Now why is this something a  
carjacker would never do, detective?

DETECTIVE BRIGGS

Well, it sort of defeats the whole purpose. I mean, how do you steal a car with a flat?

Alicia shoots a look toward the jury, all intently making notes on their pads: obviously a good point. Damn. Jennifer leans toward Alicia, whispers:

JENNIFER COMBS

It's not going well, is it?

ALICIA

(whispers back)  
It's early.

SANDRA PAI

Your witness.

Alicia stands. Takes a moment. Calms herself.

ALICIA

Detective Briggs, what is "the pit"?

Matan and Pai look immediately up from taking notes: huh?

DETECTIVE BRIGGS

Excuse me?

ALICIA

In police circles, what is "the pit"?

MATAN

Objection, your honor?

JUDGE BOGIRA

On what grounds?

MATAN

On the grounds that... relevance.

JUDGE BOGIRA

Well, let us see how relevant this becomes, shall we? Detective.

Kalinda, in the galley, leans forward, nods-- good-- as Briggs clears his throat, not happy with this:

DETECTIVE BRIGGS

The pit? The pit is police slang for evidence that is thought irrelevant to a crime scene.

ALICIA

And when an officer is referring to "dropping something in the pit" or "pitting it" he refers to what?

DETECTIVE BRIGGS

Excluding it from the crime scene narrative. But this is only the case with irrelevant details. We never exclude pertinent evidence.

ALICIA

Was anything from the Combs crime scene pitted?

MATAN

Your honor, objection!

INT. JUDGE BOGIRA'S CHAMBERS - DAY

In chambers. A wall of words. Matan and Pai yelling. As Bogira studies the xeroxed staple on the lab report.

JUDGE BOGIRA

Okay, okay. So, Mrs. Follick, none of this was in the first trial. Is it your intention to pursue a new defense?

ALICIA

Yes, your honor.

Bogira eyes Alicia, steelier than he thought as Matan explodes:

MATAN

Counsel is trying to mislead the jury with a claim of police corruption--!

JUDGE BOGIRA

Oh, shut up, Matan. Is she right? That's the question. Did you bury something?

MATAN

I-- We all know what's going on here. David Follick was a corrupt D.A. If evidence was buried, *he* buried it; and now *she's* benefiting from *his* knowledge!

JUDGE BOGIRA

Which still leaves you with a possible second page missing here!

(MORE)

JUDGE BOGIRA (CONT'D)

I'll give you until Monday to produce it, along with any evidence it references, then I'll rule on admissability. And you, Mrs. Follick, I'm not sure if you're being fed this stuff or you're doing it on your own, but I'm not going to allow a fishing expedition in my court. Understand?

ALICIA

I do, your honor.

JUDGE BOGIRA

You seem to be learning quick, Mrs. Follick, congratulations. But you'll find there's only one rule in trial work. Don't waste the judge's time. Are you wasting my time?

ALICIA

Never, your honor.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

INT. DAWNA'S CORNER OFFICE - 28TH FLOOR - LAW FIRM - DAY

Tense. Alicia stands before the partners: Dawna, Will, and a Solomonic Cormac. Door closed.

DAWNA

The directive was simple: follow the strategy of the first trial. Instead you're pushing for trace evidence that might not even help your case.

Alicia tries to stay strong, certain:

ALICIA

I interviewed the first jury and they voted 11 to one to convict, so I--

DAWNA

Excuse me, that's not true. It was evenly split.

ALICIA

No. Half the jurors switched votes only when they couldn't get a "troubled" juror to deliberate.  
(Will looks up: really?)  
So it was my judgement to change strategies.

Dawna. She studies Alicia. Angrily. A personal slap.

DAWNA

Was it your *judgment* not to update us?

INT. WORKSTATION ROW - 28TH FLOOR - DAY

Alicia finds herself out the door. Looks at her hand. Hates that it's shaking. When...

ALICIA

Alicia!

Alicia sighs. An approaching Lauren Yost.

LAUREN YOST

We've gotta stop meeting like this.  
(laughs)

ALICIA

Hey, Lauren.

Alicia starts off, but Lauren follows...

LAUREN YOST

We're just finishing up the estate documents today. But you know who I ran into downtown? Deena Hart. I told her I saw you, and she said she was going to give you a call so the three of us could have lunch.

ALICIA

Lauren, I don't mean to be rude, but... Deena isn't going to call, and we're not going to have lunch. And that's fine. Really, it is.

Lauren stares at her. The honesty of this pretty blinding.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Everybody's moved on. It's not a good or bad thing. It's just what happens. It's great to see you. I have to get back to work.

And Alicia continues off. Lauren watches her go: the smallest edge of guilt there. While...

INT. DAWNA'S CORNER OFFICE - 28TH FLOOR - LAW FIRM - DAY

...the partners deliberate...

DAWNA

She's a junior associate who doesn't *think* she's a junior associate. Her husband was the D.A., she lived in Highland Park. It's not just trying to teach an old dog new tricks. It's trying to teach an *entitled* dog new tricks.

WILL

Oh, come on, Dawna. She's trying to win a case. You mentor these women until they start competing with you.

DAWNA

What?! Excuse me?!

CORMAC

Okay, okay. What are your recommendations?

DAWNA

I think we should reprimand Alicia, and put Cary in as first chair.

Cormac turns to Will: You? Will considers it.

WILL

You know one thing we haven't talked about? What if there is something in this missing trace evidence?

And...

INT. CRIME LAB - DAY

KALINDA

Just a peek, Danny. Come on.

It's Kalinda smiling flirtatiously with DANNY (32), a nervous Wallace Shawn type, outside the crime lab. Kalinda dressed to accentuate everything that needs to be accentuated.

DANNY

No. How'd you even get in here?

KALINDA

I still have friends in the D.A.'s office. Come on, I know the judge ordered you to look through the raw Combs evidence. What'd you find?

Danny stares at her, and...

INT. DANNY'S WORKSTATION - CRIME LAB - DAY

DANNY

Hairs. Brown. A half inch long.

Danny whispers nervously as Kalinda peers through a microscope.

KALINDA

Pubic hairs?

DANNY

No. Not curled. Don't touch that.

KALINDA

And you checked their residences?

DANNY

There were no matching hairs in the accused or victim's house. Now you have to go. Please.

KALINDA

Where were these found?

Danny sighs, checks a report:

DANNY

On the deceased. His left coat arm.

KALINDA

(incredulous)

And the cops think *this* is immaterial to the case?! They're found on the arm used by a driver to struggle with a carjacker, and--?

DANNY

These didn't come from any carjacker.

KALINDA

How do you know?

DANNY

They're not human.

Kalinda. She stares at him. What?

INT. ALICIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jennifer. She hungrily flips through new photos of Lilly, now a year older. She laughs at her in a witch costume.

JENNIFER COMBS

Thank you. Thank you.

Alicia, still distracted, nods, smiles. Standing in her office now stacked high with files and exhibits. Still no filing cabinets. A phone rings out at the secretarial workstation.

JENNIFER COMBS (CONT'D)

That's her. Isn't it?

ALICIA

Sonia, can you send it in?

But the phone still rings. Alicia leans out her door, finds...

INT. WORKSTATION ROW - 27TH FLOOR - DAY

...Sonia gone-- in the conference room across the hall, taking notes on Cary's deposition. Shit. Alicia answers it:

ALICIA

Alicia Follick's office. Hold on.

Alicia frowns at the buttons on the phone. Not sure which one to push. There. No. Another.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
Pick it up, Jennifer.

INT. ALICIA'S OFFICE - DAY

And a nervous Jennifer takes a deep breath, picks up.

JENNIFER COMBS  
Hello.

LILLY COMBS (O.S.)  
*Mommy?*

Jennifer breaks down, crying. Hearing her daughter's voice.

JENNIFER COMBS  
Baby, it's me.

Alicia at the door finds her eyes wet too. Can't help it.

LILLY COMBS (O.S.)  
*Where are you, mommy? I miss you  
so much.*

JENNIFER COMBS  
I know, I miss you too. I just-- I  
hope I can see you. I want to see  
you.

LILLY COMBS (O.S.)  
*I want to see you too.*

Alicia wipes a tear from her cheek, slowly...

INT. WORKSTATION ROW - 27TH FLOOR - DAY

...steps out, quietly closing the door. She sees Sonia  
rolling a FILING CABINET toward her.

ALICIA  
Oh, good. I'm overflowing in here.

SONIA  
Actually, Mrs. Follick... ah...

She wheels it into Cary's tidy office. Oh, come on!  
Alicia's frustration bubbles over:

ALICIA  
We need to talk, Sonia.

SONIA  
I know. I just-- I have to get  
back to the deposition.

ALICIA

No, stop. You're both our assistants. You're not just working for Cary.

SONIA

I know, Mrs. Follick, but I need this job, and Cary...  
 (trying to be polite)  
 ...he's definitely going to be here. I'm sorry.

And she rushes off. Alicia just stands there, when...

KALINDA

It's not human.

Alicia turns to find Kalinda approaching. What?

KALINDA (CONT'D)

The trace evidence. It's hair from an Italian greyhound. Neither Jennifer or Michael had pets. And here's something else. There's a chemical on the hair. *Alco ectolin*. A lotion for muscle and joint pain.

ALICIA

(peering at her notes)  
 That's the chemical number?

KALINDA

No, his cell. I agreed to drinks.

Alicia looks up, smiles. Starting to love Kalinda.

ALICIA

So we're looking for a greyhound-owning senior citizen?

KALINDA

"We"? I hear you're being bumped to second chair.

Alicia stares at Kalinda. A surprise. She looks around. Sees the Assistant Brian nearby. They lower their voices:

ALICIA

When?

KALINDA

Tomorrow. Cary's being transitioned in. They go back to the first strategy.

Alicia takes a second. Considers it.

ALICIA  
Then that leaves today.

Kalinda nods. A moment between them.

KALINDA  
So go kill him.

INT. COURTROOM 402 - COOK CRIMINAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

The Walmart surveillance. It plays on a courtroom monitor.

MATAN  
This is at 11:03, the night of the  
murder, Mr. Mitchell. And that's  
you crossing the lot, correct?

The Walmart security guard, looking crisp, professional.

MITCHELL  
Yes, sir, that is correct. It's  
part of my job to make a circuit of  
the lot every hour on the hour.

Alicia (wearing the black dress now-- whatever it takes)  
checks how Jennifer is doing. She looks down at the photos  
of Lilly in her hand, still glowing.

MATAN  
And you saw no mysterious pick-up  
truck? No evil carjackers racing  
past you? Nothing the defendant  
claims she saw? Correct?

MITCHELL  
That's correct.

Will enters the gallery, sits behind Kalinda. Whispers:

WILL  
How's it going?

KALINDA  
Can't tell yet. If we undercut *him*,  
we're halfway home. But we still  
have to throw together a defense.

Will nods, sees a man at the back of the court. Leaning  
against the wall watching. Will whispers:

WILL  
What's the D.A. doing here?

The new D.A. GREG CHILDS (45). A Chicago Gavin Newsome. Dignified, tall, humorless, and handsomely greying.

KALINDA

What do you think? They're worried she's working for her husband.

Interesting. Will turns back to Alicia now standing for cross-examination. A bailiff wheels two monitors next to the first.

ALICIA

Thank you. Now, Mr. Mitchell, we have three images here. The middle one is the night of the murder. The left is the surveillance from the night *before* the murder. And the right is the surveillance from the night *after* the murder. Correct? Can you see the dates on all three?

MITCHELL

Yes, I can. That's correct.

ALICIA

Good. And, as you said before, here you are-- let me roll these forward a bit-- here you are crossing the lot at 11:03 on the night of the murder? And here you are...

But Alicia pauses, sees Greg Childs. Eyeing her. A long second.

JUDGE BOGIRA

Mrs. Follick?

Alicia nods, continues. More intent, biting into it:

ALICIA

And here you are, Mr. Mitchell, doing the same the night before and the night after the murder. Making a circuit of the parking lot. It must get old?

MITCHELL

No, ma'am. My job may not pay as much as yours, but I love it.

Matan and Sandra watch Alicia. Where is she going with this?

ALICIA

Okay, now let's fast-forward the image another forty-five minutes, shall we? There. What do you see?

MITCHELL

Nothing.

ALICIA

No, there. Do you need to move closer?

MITCHELL

Oh. It looks like a shopping bag.

ALICIA

Actually it is. A plastic shopping bag. It was windy that night. And it blew across the lot at 11:48.

MATAN

Your honor, objection, what does this have to do with anything?

JUDGE BOGIRA

Beats me. But I'm interested. Aren't you, Mr. Brody? Overruled.

ALICIA

Now let me fast-forward these other two monitors-- the night before the murder and the night after-- to the same time code.

She does so, and-- click-- she freeze-frames all three. And there it is-- the same plastic bag blowing across the lot.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

What do you see?

MITCHELL

(appalled)

I-- I don't know.

ALICIA

I think you do know, sir. Either you have a plastic bag that blows across your lot every night at 11:48 or these are copies of the same tape.

Matan and Sandra close their eyes: oh shit. As Judge Bogira suppresses an appreciative snort, and the jury all immediately turn to make a note on their pads.

Will's grin widens as Alicia clicks "play" on the three monitors. And the exact same bag blows across the lot.

MITCHELL

I didn't-- It's not what it looks like!

ALICIA

I understand, sir. It's not that you *willfully* misled the police?

MITCHELL

No, right-- correct.

ALICIA

It's just that it's cold out at night? And sometimes you don't make the circuit of the lot?

MITCHELL

Yes.

ALICIA

So, on nights you don't go out, you don't record the actual surveillance image; you just set your computer to duplicate the night before in case the manager checks it, is that correct?

MITCHELL

I-- Yes.

Will grins, looks back, sees D.A. Childs exiting unhappily.

ALICIA

So just to be clear: there is *no* recording of the night of the murder, and you were never in a position to see or *not* see a pick-up truck with carjackers?

(Mitchell nods, destroyed)

Was that a yes, sir?

MITCHELL

I'm sorry. Yes.

Jennifer takes a deep breath. The truth.

ALICIA

No further questions.

Matan and Sandra just stare straight ahead, destroyed. As Alicia turns toward her seat, looks for Greg Childs. He's gone. Alicia nods-- good-- then she sees Will, smiling.

She offers a quick smile back, sits. Pats an appreciative Jennifer's hand. Better than therapy.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

INT. ALICIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Will and Alicia. Late night bull session. Alicia's office is an ever-growing chaos of files. Still no filing cabinets.

WILL

So, you've got no rebuttal witnesses?

ALICIA

Just Jennifer.

WILL

And you're wondering whether demolishing the key prosecution witness didn't just save your ass as first chair-- congratulations, by the way--

(Alicia smiles, nods)

--but was enough for reasonable doubt?

Alicia nods. A second of silence as they think.

WILL (CONT'D)

You know what I don't like?

ALICIA

The nail in the tire?

WILL

Yeah. And the old Honda. It just doesn't *feel* like a carjacking. It feels like a murder made to look like a carjacking. Is that a couch?

A couch standing on its end in a corner.

ALICIA

Yeah, maintenance brought it by. Go for it.

Will lowers the couch. Jumps on it. Looks around.

WILL

You need a maid in here.

But Alicia pauses, a new thought nudging her.

ALICIA

Okay, what if it wasn't a carjacking?

WILL

Then you lose.

ALICIA

No, no, what if we don't argue against their case. We agree it was a murder made to look like a carjacking-- *but* Jennifer just wasn't the one who did it?

WILL

Sounds like you're reinventing the wheel.

ALICIA

(getting excited)

No, all they've proven is it wasn't a carjacking, not that Jennifer was the shooter. I need to offer up another suspect. Who are Michael's enemies? Who would want him dead?

Alicia finds a number, dials, sees Sonia pausing at the door:

SONIA

Hi. I just wanted to say: congratulations, Mrs. Follick. I heard you did well in court.

ALICIA

...Thank you.

Sonia starts to say more when Cary calls: "*Sonia!*" She smiles, embarrassed, starts off. Will shoots a look toward Alicia-- what was that about? She shakes her head-- nothing.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Yeah, hey, Kalinda. What do we know about the victim's enemies? No, it just seems like we need to point to a suspect.

Will gets up, whispers:

WILL

Sounds like a late night. Let's do dinner tomorrow.

Alicia nods, regretfully. Watches Will leave. He looks good from this angle. Sexy. He turns the corner. Gone.

ALICIA

No, look, let's talk to the wife-- Cindy-- ask if he had any money troubles?

(MORE)

ALICIA (CONT'D)

No, the thing is: we don't need a wodunit, just a coulda-dunit.

EXT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Morning. Bright and beautiful.

INT. HALLWAY - COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Kalinda and Alicia exit a courthouse elevator, hurriedly walk and talk their way through documents as they head toward court:

KALINDA

That's from the TRW; and that's the family history.

ALICIA

Where are the credit card receipts?

KALINDA

Here. But they're going to object the whole way. You'll need to just string together some implications--

GREG CHILDS

Mrs. Follick, do you have a moment?

They both stop, see a stone-faced D.A. Childs in their path.

ALICIA

I-- sure.

Alicia nods to a reluctant Kalinda: go ahead. Kalinda knits her brow: you sure? Alicia nods. Kalinda continues off.

GREG CHILDS

I don't think we've ever met. I'm Greg Childs.

ALICIA

We've met.

Alicia not smiling, not offering a hand. Okay, no pleasantries. Childs looks around: no one within ear-shot. Time for the adults to talk.

GREG CHILDS

You know he's using you, don't you? David blames me for his downfall. He thinks I set him up. He's using you to get to me.

ALICIA

How do you figure?

GREG CHILDS

Mrs. Follick, please. He told you about the missing trace evidence. He told you about "the pit."

(Alicia smiles)

Don't make yourself collateral damage here. For your own sake.

ALICIA

Mr. Childs. The day you leaked that sex tape to the press, and forced me to shield my kids from every cable news station playing it in 24-hour rotation-- *that* was the day I became collateral damage. You think you have to worry about my husband, Mr. Childs? You've obviously never made a woman angry before.

(smiles politely)

But good luck in court.

And Alicia starts away confidently. Childs watches her go.

INT. COURTROOM 402 - COOK CRIMINAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Cindy Combs back on the stand. Still pale, a pained woman. Alicia approaches, smiling, wind at her back from the Childs talk. *Plop*-- she slaps the Kleenex box in front of her.

ALICIA

Mrs. Combs. Did you and the deceased sign a pre-nuptial agreement?

CINDY

A--? Yes. For tax purposes.

ALICIA

Just so I'm clear: if the deceased were to divorce you-- let's say in order to reunite with his first wife--

MATAN

Objection.

JUDGE BOGIRA

Sustained.

ALICIA

If he were to divorce you, you would be cut off from his pre-marital savings, is that correct?

MATAN

Objection. Relevance.

JUDGE BOGIRA

Sustained. Move it along, Mrs. Follick.

ALICIA

Mrs. Combs, as you testified earlier, you were in Miami at the time of the shooting, visiting family. So the police never suspected or questioned you?

CINDY

Of the murder? No, of course not.

ALICIA

What about your brother?

Matan jumps to his feet:

MATAN

Objection, your honor! Come on! This whole line of questioning is a smoke screen!

JUDGE BOGIRA

Mr. Brody, why don't we wait for a whiff of smoke before we call it a screen, please. I'll allow.

ALICIA

The police never questioned your brother, isn't that correct, Mrs. Combs?

Cindy frowns. This is not going to a good place. Detective Briggs, meanwhile, in the gallery, watches, curious.

CINDY

There was no reason to question him.

ALICIA

Because he lives in Miami?

CINDY

Because Danny had nothing to do with this!

Alicia shoots a look toward the jury: Cindy's new abrasive tone not going over well. Jennifer, meanwhile, watches confused: where's Alicia going with this?

ALICIA

Mrs. Combs, the judge has admitted into evidence the buried--

(MORE)

ALICIA (CONT'D)

(sees Matan jumping up)  
 --strike that-- the "previously  
 unreleased" trace evidence. He has  
 also admitted into evidence the  
 crime lab's finding that these  
 greyhound hairs were covered with a  
 chemical compound called *alco*  
*ectolin.*" Have you heard of this?

CINDY

The chemical? No.

ALICIA

Well, neither had I. It turns out,  
 it is a lotion. A lotion used at  
 dog racing tracks to ease--

MATAN

Objection. Not in evidence.

JUDGE BOGIRA

Sustained. You might want to stay  
 standing, Mr. Brody. I have a feeling  
 we're nearing your smoke screen.

Detective Briggs leans forward in his seat listening as...  
 Alicia gives herself a second, slows it down, makes the words  
 count:

ALICIA

Mrs. Combs, isn't it a fact that, a  
 year ago, at the time of the murder,  
 your brother worked at a dog track--?

MATAN

OBJECTION!

JUDGE BOGIRA

Sustained.

But Alicia eyes the jury, all intently taking notes.

ALICIA

No more questions, your honor.

And she returns to her table, sits. Jennifer leans toward  
 her, whispers...

JENNIFER COMBS

Are you saying Cindy had Michael  
 killed?

ALICIA

No. I'm *implying* it.

Jennifer studies Alicia as, behind them in the gallery,  
Detective Briggs gets up, starts out of court.

INT. ALICIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Alicia and Kalinda sit in her office, feet up. Still a mess.  
Still no filing cabinets. Quiet.

ALICIA

So if they come back today?

KALINDA

It's "guilty." Guilty verdicts  
come fast. "Not guilty" verdicts  
come slow.

ALICIA

So I'll be optimistic, and take a nap.

They both sit back, relax, feet up on the desk. Kalinda sees  
Alicia's laptop: the screen saver playing old family vacation  
photos. One of David, smiling, swim-suited. A happier time.

KALINDA

You know what I don't get.  
(Alicia looks over at her)  
Why you stood by him. I would've  
stuck a knife in his heart.

Alicia. She studies her. It's sort of not rude from Kalinda.

ALICIA

I always thought I would too. When  
I heard about those other scandals,  
those other wives, I thought-- how  
can you allow yourself to be used  
that way? And then it happened.  
And I was...  
(looks for the right word)  
...unprepared.

The two women look at each other. A moment. When Sonia  
knocks at the open door.

SONIA

Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Follick.

KALINDA

(winces: damn)  
The jury's in?

SONIA

No, Judge Bogira wants to see you  
in his chambers.

Alicia and Kalinda trade a look. What?

INT. JUDGE BOGIRA'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The silent chambers. Alicia stands in front of Bogira's desk, waiting. He's not there. She shoots a look toward Matan sitting quietly in the corner. Something weird here.

A second. And Judge Bogira enters. Takes off his robes.

JUDGE BOGIRA

Well, Mrs. Follick.

(how to start)

Chicago Homicide has decided to reopen its investigation into the murder of Michael Combs.

Alicia's eyes widen. What?

JUDGE BOGIRA (CONT'D)

Detective Briggs, doing an admirable amount of due diligence, confirmed that Cindy Comb's brother, Danny, not only had access to his employer's pick-up truck on the night of the murder, but the dog hairs admitted into evidence matched those found at his workplace. The D.A., in his radiant wisdom, has decided to withdraw the charges against your client and pursue a case against Cindy Combs. Isn't that right, Mr. Brody? All I need is a yes or no.

MATAN

(not happy)

Yes.

JUDGE BOGIRA

Good. Then in ten minutes I'm dismissing the jury. Any objections? Good. We're done here.

Alicia can't believe it. She stares at them. And turns, walks from the room.

INT. HALLWAY - COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Jennifer is pale, crying. She can't believe it either. She walks slowly to Alicia and holds her, collapses against her. Both in tears.

JENNIFER COMBS

Thank you.

Alicia just shakes her head, hugs her back, wipes the tears from her face when... a voice comes from behind them...

LILLY COMBS

Mommy.

A small happy voice. Jennifer closes her eyes overwhelmed as she turns to see a little girl approaching. Lilly. Sweet. In Sunday best. She runs. And Jennifer bends down and picks her up. Crying. And...

...Alicia watches, moved.

INT. WORKSTATION ROW - 27TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The office is dark. Just sparkling skyscraper lights outside. The sound of a floor buffer somewhere. Alicia walks toward her office, high heels off, talking on her cell:

ALICIA

No, it just went a little late,  
Jackie. That's all.

JACKIE (O.S.)

I made a pot roast, and I wanted  
to know if you're coming home for  
dinner.

Alicia laughs. Jackie looks up, confused.

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

What? What did I say?

ALICIA

Nothing. That's just the call I  
always used to make to David.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Well, I don't understand your humor.

Alicia smiles, opens her door, finds her office...

INT. ALICIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

...perfect. Files all packed away into three new filing cabinets. Couch. Arm chair. Pictures on the wall. Alicia crosses to her desk.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Are you there?

ALICIA

I'm here. See you in about an hour.  
(stops her from hanging up)  
(MORE)

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Jackie. I don't think I've  
 really said this up til now, but  
 thanks for stepping up.

JACKIE (O.S.)  
 Of course I would. Why wouldn't I?

Alicia smiles: Jackie at her most defensive when complimented.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
 See you at nine.

And Jackie hangs up. Alicia sits. A new chair too. Nice.

WILL  
 Oh.

It's Will. At her door. Leaving a bottle of champagne.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, I didn't know you-- Just an  
 office token. You did great.

ALICIA  
 Thanks. I did, didn't I?

Will laughs. Alicia takes the champagne, looks at the label  
 as Will stands in the door. Neither knowing what to say.

WILL  
 Oh, one more thing. As your boss.

ALICIA  
 Yes, sir.

WILL  
 You've been made my second chair in  
 the civil case. See you tomorrow  
 at 9:30. Staff meeting.

ALICIA  
 Be there.

Will smiles, pauses there a second. Then slips away.  
 Alicia, alone, grins. She puts her feet up on her desk. And  
 glances toward her laptop, playing screen saver photos.  
 Dissolving to a photo of...

...David. And Alicia's smile slips away as she stares at him.

**END OF ACT FOUR**