

THE **MENTALIST**

"Red Tide"

Written by
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Episode 103
#3T7803

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CAST LIST

PATRICK JANE
SENIOR CBI AGENT TERESA LISBON
CBI AGENT KIMBALL CHO
CBI AGENT WAYNE RIGSBY
CBI AGENT GRACE VAN PELT
CBI AGENT VIRGIL MINELLI

HOPE
WIN
DAMON TANNER
LISA TANNER
MARLA PAPPAS
PHILLIP REEKER (AKA "FLIPPER")
DALE MERRICK
ANDY
KYLE RAYBURN
DANE MERRICK

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

CBI HQ - DAY

BULLPEN

INTERROGATION ROOM

OBSERVATION ROOM

CHRISTINE TANNER'S HOUSE - DAY

LIVING ROOM

SANTA MARTA BEACH SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

BULLPEN

HALLWAY

INTERROGATION ROOM

CBI CAR - DAY

FLIPPER'S TRAILER - DAY

HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

EXTERIORS

SANTA MARTA BEACH - DAY

CHRISTINE TANNER'S HOUSE - DAY

TRAILER PARK (NEAR BEACH) - DAY

HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

SECRET BEACH/CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY & NIGHT

CBI HQ PARKING LOT - DAY

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DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

NIGHT 0

Scene 36, 38, 42, 46

DAY 1

Scenes 1 - 30

NIGHT 1

Scenes 31 - 33

DAY 2

Scenes 34 - 35, 37, 39 - 41, 43 - 45, 47 - 48

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SANTA MARTA BEACH - DAY (D/1) 1

Early morning in Paradise. Through a LONG LENS it's a perfect California postcard -- bright blue sky, waves crashing up and down the sand. Hardly anyone out this early, but a few hardy SURFERS out on the water and --

Two little GIRLS, 7, at tide's edge. Droopy drawers and clumsily tied bikini tops. Eyeing something washed up on the sand, we can't see what. A jellyfish, maybe, or a horseshoe crab. Their body language clear -- the Taller Girl daring the Blond Girl to touch it. Gross! Don't be a chicken!...

The Blond Girl reaches out, tentative, to touch --

A DEAD TEENAGE GIRL. Yellow swimsuit, *thin braids* tangled in seaweed. The little Blond Girl SQUEALS for her mom as a wave washes over the body and we --

CUT TO:

2 INT. CBI HQ. SACRAMENTO - DAY 2

A flurry of activity -- CHO and LISBON organize fingerprint gear, load guns, pack evidence kits -- preparing to head out.

(In the b.g., JANE and VAN PELT walk around the room close together (we don't know why yet), drawing closer to Lisbon.) ON A MONITOR near Lisbon, a YEARBOOK PHOTO of our Teenage Victim, smiling and happy (and wearing braids). As RIGSBY enters --

LISBON

Victim is Christine Tanner,
fifteen. Drowned. Washed up on
the beach in Santa Marta.

(to the room)

Who's got the ultraviolet?

Rigsby tosses her the ultraviolet wand, starts packing.

RIGSBY

So she drowned. Why us?

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Coroner found a head wound consistent with getting hit by a surfboard, and found water in her lungs, only it was ditch-water. No salt. Lot of bugs.

JANE

Excellent.

(off Lisbon)

The killer's clever, but not quite as clever as he thinks he is.

VAN PELT

Isn't this Santa Marta PD's case?

LISBON

Only above the high tide mark. Any bodies in the water are State business.

Lisbon eyes the photo of Christine on her computer screen. The girl looks so happy.

Jane and Van Pelt near Lisbon, occasionally turning this way or that. Now Lisbon, puzzled, sees *Jane has his hand lightly on Van Pelt's wrist, as if taking her pulse while they walk.* Jane's very intense, eyes half-closed as if seeing something no one else can.

LISBON (CONT'D)

All right, what are you doing?

JANE

Grace is *mentally telling me* where she hid the keys to the van. If I find them, I get to drive.

LISBON

So now you are a psychic.

JANE

No no. It's all science.

Jane, still touching Van Pelt's wrist, pirouettes away with her, an eerie, slow-motion waltz. Lisbon and the others can't help watching...

JANE (CONT'D)

Keep concentrating, Grace... *With your mind only*, tell me forward, backward, right, left...

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

CHO

How is that science?

RIGSBY

Ssssh!

Rigsby's enthralled.

Jane puts out his hand as if feeling a vibration in the air...

CHO

(to Van Pelt)

He watched you hide the keys.

JANE

From the men's room? Now *that*
would be a trick.Jane reaches *past* Van Pelt, into the planter behind her.
Pulls out the *keys*.

JANE (CONT'D)

Who's got shotgun?

Off him, a smile as he leaves the others, flummoxed --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3

EXT. SANTA MARTA BEACH - DAY (D/1 CONT'D)

3

A memorial service out on the water: A circle of twelve or so TEENAGE SURFERS, leis around their necks, bobbing gently on their surfboards. Amongst them, featured but not focussed on particularly -- Fit, tan, various shades of blond -- are DALE, 16, HOPE, 15, WIN, 15 and ANDY, 16. (Several other locals watch the ceremony from the beach, including a few SURFERS, 20's to 50's.)

Jane, Cho and Rigsby walk down the beach, toward this scene, hot and awkward in their suits --

CHO

You had the keys in your hand the whole time.

JANE

Nope.

RIGSBY

Van Pelt told you beforehand.

JANE

If I tell you how it's done, the Magic Circle sends a team of assassins to kill us all. It's the law.

They arrive at a MAKESHIFT SHRINE in the sand where people have left flowers, candles, teddy bears, handwritten notes.

RIGSBY

(pointing)

Her body was discovered right there. Coast Guard says that would indicate she was put in the water somewhere within a half mile north of this spot and between five hundred and a thousand yards out from shore. Any further along the coast or out to sea, the current would have taken her to Mexico.

JANE

How long was she in the water?

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

We're waiting on the coroner to
tell us that.

The mourning surfers toss their leis in the center of the
circle, then they start paddling toward the beach.

Jane's gaze rakes the beach. He zeroes in on one of the
spectators on the sand. A surfer, 30's, more like a BEACH
BUM. Stringy braids, unkempt; he seems very upset, pacing
and muttering to himself. Jane starts to move toward the
bum, but Hope comes out of the water and tentatively
approaches the CBI trio. Her friend Win kinda scootches up
behind her, drawing closer as the conversation continues.
Dale and Andy walk away, up the beach with their boards.

HOPE

Hey. Excuse me. Are you guys
cops?

RIGSBY

CBI.

HOPE

What's CBI?

JANE

Cops.

Hope turns toward Win.

HOPE

They are cops.

(to Jane et al)

I told him you were cops. He
thought you were like, men in
suits. So is it true what they're
saying? Somebody killed Chris?

JANE

It's true.

Hope and Win are appalled.

JANE (CONT'D)

Christine was your friend?

HOPE

Yeah. We hang at the same breaks.
I love Chris. What happened?

RIGSBY

We don't know yet. What's your name?

HOPE

Hope. That's Win.

Win steps back self-consciously.

WIN

Hey.

CHO

When did you last see Christine?

HOPE

Uh, three days ago? Sunset patrol. Epic north-east swell. Chris loved to go out at sunset. She'd stay out until it was dark as dark.

JANE

How did she seem lately? Any enemies? Mean boyfriends? That kinda thing?

WIN

Not 'round here. Everybody loved Chris.

RIGSBY

Was she dating anybody?

WIN

(smiles at the old fashioned notion)
Dating?

RIGSBY

Okay. Was she hooking up with anybody in particular?

HOPE

Dale Merrick mostly.

Win looks pained.

WIN

Jeez, Hope.

HOPE

What? They were hooking up.

(CONTINUED)

WIN

Yeah but, you know, Dale wouldn't hurt Chris.

HOPE

Duh. Of course not. They didn't ask that. They asked who she was hooking up with. Which would be Dale. It's not a big dark secret.

Rigsby hands Hope his pad and pen.

RIGSBY

I need you to write your names, and numbers we can reach you at.

As the kids comply.

JANE

Win, if Christine was a color, what color would she be?

Hope and Win are thrown off balance a little...

WIN

Uh... Orange, I guess. Or Pink.

HOPE

Orange is right.

JANE

(to Hope)

If she were an animal, what kind of animal would she be?

HOPE

I don't know. A rabbit. How is this relevant?

JANE

Everything's relevant.

Hope looks at the CBI team with great seriousness.

HOPE

Chris was good people. I hope you find who did this.

JANE

We'll try our best.

4 EXT. SANTA MARTA BEACH - MOMENTS LATER 4
Rigsby, Jane and Cho walk up the sand toward the PARKING LOT.
PIER in the b.g.

RIGSBY
How is that relevant?

CHO
We're looking for someone who
doesn't like orange rabbits.

JANE
Exactly. You know what, boys? I
like it here. I think I'll stay a
while.

Jane stops, and starts taking his clothes off. Cho and
Rigsby look at him and each other.

RIGSBY
Oh-kay.

5 EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - DAY 5
ESTABLISHING a rundown little dump in a bad neighborhood.

6 INT. LIVING ROOM. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - DAY 6
A dark cluttered wreck of a room. Decent TV. Lisbon and Van
Pelt talk to DAMON TANNER, mid-30's, Christine's father.
Hollow-eyed and beaten down, a drinker -- Christine's loss
only the latest blow. Next to him on the couch is LISA, a
tough 12. In a broken La-Z-Boy is MICAH, 7, playing on a
battered old Gameboy. Both are pale and exhausted from
weeping.

Van Pelt's watching Lisbon like a hawk, trying to learn.

TANNER
Excuse the mess. Chris was the
house-proud one round here.

LISBON
We understand. Mr. Tanner, we may
have to ask some tough questions.

She looks at the kids meaningfully.

TANNER

Huh? Oh, that's okay. Can't tell Lisa nothing she hasn't heard before, and Micah don't give a shit. Slow. He's only sad because he sees Lisa is.

LISBON

When did you notice Christine missing?

TANNER

Yesterday morning. She hadn't made nothing for the kids. I realized I hadn't seen her in a while. She might be away for one night without my knowing, but...

LISBON

When did you see her last?

TANNER

(thinks)
Tuesday morning.

VAN PELT

Any idea where she was during that time period?

TANNER

No. Chrissy's real independent. Never had to worry about Chrissy.

LISBON

It takes you two days to notice your child is gone and another day to report it.

TANNER

(defensive)
I work construction okay? Never miss a day. I work. I got things on my mind. I can't be watching her all the time.

LISBON

Her mother's not around?

TANNER

Died. Killed.

VAN PELT

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

TANNER

July ninth two thousand and three.
Guy on drugs t-bones her car.
College kid. Walked away laughing.
Not a scratch. You know? Not a
scratch.

Lisbon just stares at him, as if she had gone away somewhere
in her mind. Van Pelt waits a beat, expecting Lisbon to take
up the questioning.

VAN PELT

So, Christine kind of took over
from her mom huh? Cleans. Cooks.
Looks after the little ones.

TANNER

Yeah. I don't know what we're
going to do now.

Lisbon comes back. Evidently she's been somewhere rough.
Looks at her notes.

LISBON

Christine was arrested last year.
Possession.

TANNER

Couple of joints. No big deal.

LISBON

What happened that she got into
drugs?

TANNER

She wasn't into drugs. She was
straight edge, if anything. It was
her dumbass friend Marla.

LISBON

Marla. Last name?

TANNER

Pappas. Chrissy doesn't see her so
much any more. Not since she got
big into surfing. Started hanging
with a different crowd.

LISBON

Who are they?

6

CONTINUED: (3)

6

TANNER

Surfers, but not like bum surfers. They seem like good kids. Upscale. Come pick her up in Audis and what have you. They were a good influence. Helped with her schoolwork. Got her thinking about college.

LISBON

Any in particular that she was close to?

TANNER

I didn't really know them. But there's a few names I'd hear all the time. Andy, Dale, Hope. Lately, there was some guy named Flipper she talked about.

LISBON

Talked about how?

TANNER

Just that they were hanging with him. Meet you at Flipper's, like that.

7

EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - DAY

7

Lisbon and Van Pelt emerge. Lisbon shoves her folder of notes in her bag, more angrily than she meant to. Papers fly out. Lisbon curses as she picks them up.

VAN PELT

(sympathetic)

It's got to be tough.

LISBON

What?

VAN PELT

I mean, a drunk driver -- isn't that what happened to your mo...

She trails off, silenced by the dark look in Lisbon's eyes.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Sorry. Not my business.

Lisbon punches buttons on her phone as they approach the car.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

LISBON

We don't share our personal lives in this unit. It's not useful and it's not professional.

(to phone)

Cho. Names to check. Marla Pappas, Andy, Dale, Hope...

8

INT. (TEMPORARY) SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

8

CLOSE ON Cho on the phone, taking notes as he walks.

CHO

Flipper? OK, uh huh...

WIDER as Cho sits at his temp desk, taps at a computer keyboard. Behind him, Rigsby is unloading some of their shit from boxes. Cho writes notes in a pad with the other.

CHO (CONT'D)

(listens)

Got it.

(off computer)

Here's a nice coincidence. There's a Marla Pappas in Youth Authority lock-up. Possession and resisting arrest. I'll get her in here.

9

INT. CAR - DAY

9

Lisbon and Van Pelt get in, Lisbon on phone.

LISBON

Great. Where's Jane?

10

INT. BULLPEN. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

10

CHO

Ah, still pursuing inquiries at the beach.

11

EXT. SANTA MARTA BEACH - DAY

11

Two surfers passionately make out on towels, their boards jammed in the sand behind them. Jane ambles along, now shirtless with pantlegs rolled up... Grabs a surfboard, puts it under his arm, never breaking stride. The surfers don't notice.

12 EXT. SANTA MARTA BEACH - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 12

Amidst other surfers (including, we will later realize, the Beach Bum) and other beachgoers, Jane trots out toward the water, the board slung under his arm with casual style. As he prepares to leap into the surf --

13 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY 13

Lisbon and Van Pelt talk to MARLA PAPPAS, seventeen years of hard living and sadness cloaked in sardonic bravado.

LISBON

Marla, you're a friend of
Christine Tanner?

MARLA

What do you want?

LISBON

Christine's dead.

A tiny flinch.

MARLA

What do you want?

LISBON

I want you to help us find out who
killed her.

MARLA

Killed. How?

LISBON

Drowned.

MARLA

Drowned. Damn. I can't help you.
I would. But me and Chris didn't
hang out so much any more. She was
making something of herself she
said. And I'm a negative force.
Nice uh? What kind of freak drowns
somebody?

LISBON

You tell us. Who does she know
that might have reason to do this?

Marla shrugs, but starts thinking.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON (CONT'D)

Maybe she's been hooking up with
somebody she shouldn't have?

A name obviously occurs to Marla. A sly look fades in.

MARLA

Now that you mention it...

Lisbon has heard that tone before.

LISBON

Yes, Marla. If you help us, I'll
talk to the prosecutor. See if I
can help you on these charges you
have pending.

MARLA

Her dad is a devil worshipper. He
was molesting her as part of his
satanic rituals.

Lisbon and Van Pelt look at her poker-faced.

MARLA (CONT'D)

I'm kidding.

Lisbon stands, nods to Van Pelt and they start to go.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Last year, Chris was banging an
older guy. Like *old*. She called
him Pops.

VAN PELT

No name? Just Pops?

MARLA

Pops. That was it. One time, she
said he was getting weird, and she
was talking about dumping him.
But I don't know if she ever did.
Like I say, we haven't been close
for a while now.

Lisbon and Van Pelt think they have a live lead.

LISBON

That's interesting. But it's not
enough for a call to the D.A.
Didn't she say anything else about
him? Anything at all?

13

CONTINUED: (2)

13

MARLA

(racking her brains)

Uh, he's good in bed. He likes
rockabilly music.

(beat)

That's it.

LISBON

Thanks.

Lisbon and Van Pelt go.

MARLA

That's enough, right? Call the DA!

14

INT. BULLPEN. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

14

Lisbon enters, Van Pelt trailing. Cho and Rigsby are at
desks nearby.

CHO

Got a hit with the deputy
interviews. Philip Reeker, goes by
"Flipper." Bad-ass surfer.
A long sheet, including time for
assault on a woman a few years
back.

LISBON

How bad?

RIGSBY

Hundred stitches bad. Got an
address.

LISBON

(to Rigsby)

Let's go.

VAN PELT

(hopeful)

Boss?

LISBON

Work the phones.

As Lisbon exits, she checks the clip in her gun. Van Pelt
watches them go, yearning for action.

15 EXT. TRAILER PARK. NEAR BEACH - DAY

15

An ancient trailer in the back row. From deep inside the dark interior we HEAR the muffled sound of sinister THRASH METAL MUSIC, cranked high.

Lisbon and Rigsby cautiously approach. No guns drawn, but definitely ready for trouble.

She steps forward and BANGS on the door with authority.

LISBON

Phillip Reeker. Police. May we speak with you, please?

A beat. Rigsby nudges the door open a crack...

THEIR POV - INSIDE THE TRAILER

Makes Jame Gumb's basement look very done, very Hamptons WASP. The music is BANGING now. Tension is high. They both draw their weapons. The place is too spooky not to.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Mr. Reeker!...

At her nod, Rigsby shoves open the door, she and Rigsby enter--

16 INT. FLIPPER'S TRAILER - DAY

16

To find Jane and PHILLIP REEKER, the beach bum -- AKA Flipper -- so deep into playing chess that they don't notice anyone's arrival for a moment. Reeker looks up first.

REEKER

Friends of yours?

JANE

Ho, hi, guys. Come on in. Sit down and watch me discredit Nimzovich's theory on the French advance once and for all.

REEKER

Dream on, Trick.

Jane moves a bishop and takes a big swig of his beer. The move makes Reeker frown and Jane grin. Off him --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 INT. HALLWAY. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY (D/1 CONT'D) 17

Jane and Lisbon on their way to Interrogation. Lisbon's looking through Christine's case file, including her PHOTO.

LISBON

What led you to Flipper anyway?

JANE

(points to photo)

His hair was braided the exact same way as the victim's. Same person did their 'do.

18 INT. INTERROGATION. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY 18

A sullen "Flipper" in the chair. Fancies himself a rebel philosopher. Lisbon and Jane seated opposite.

REEKER

I guess you must be bad cop.

LISBON

I try.

REEKER

Tough uh? Go to it sister.

LISBON

You can be pretty tough yourself.

Lisbon tosses some PHOTOS on the table between them. A WOMAN with horrible bruises, stitched cuts on her face.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Roberta Varnushi. Did quite a number on her.

REEKER

That was unfortunate. But it was from a love situation.

LISBON

No kidding.

REEKER

We had different expectations and that led to friction. What can you do?

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Friction? She nearly died.

REEKER

You know what she was doing that started the argument, when I hit her? She was pouring the sump oil from her car right into the storm drain. Okay? You might as well take an axe and go chop up a family of dolphins. So forgive me for caring too much.

LISBON

Was Christine Tanner damaging marine life somehow?

REEKER

What? No. Chris understood. Chris was a child of the ocean.

LISBON

Yes, you like to hang out with children, don't you?

REEKER

I do. They're pure in flesh and spirit. What's not to like?

LISBON

Christine was a beautiful girl.

REEKER

Yes she was.

JANE

So why'd you kill her?

REEKER

I really misjudged you. I didn't kill her. Why would I kill her?

JANE

Did you sleep with her?

Long creepy look from Reeker.

REEKER

Oh I thought about it. I thought about it alot. But no, I didn't. You know why?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Why?

REEKER

Because it would be wrong. And I'm all about doing what's right. I wait 'til they hit legal age. Then whoa nelly.

LISBON

(stern glint in her eye)
When did you last see her?

REEKER

So you can try to pin it on me? No thanks.

JANE

Flip, the thing is, Lisbon's looking at you like you're a pork chop because you fit the profile. Your life is in chaos. You're lonely and depressed and addicted to drugs and pornography, and a little nuts, to be honest. You're exactly the kind of man that does terrible things to women.

Takes a beat. Reeker's about to cry, or something.

JANE (CONT'D)

But I don't think you did this. I know that deep down, you're a good man. You should learn to use your bishops more efficiently, but otherwise... A good man.

Reeker considers Jane, a frown...

REEKER

Saw Chris three days ago. Sunset patrol at Devon Point break.

JANE

Tuesday? With Hope and Dale and those guys?

REEKER

Right. We rode til dark and then we partied a while on the beach.
(off Lisbon's look)
Then I went home. On my mother's life.

19

INT. HALLWAY. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

19

Cho, Rigsby, Van Pelt working in the b.g. as Lisbon talks to Damon Tanner. Kids, Micah and Lisa, in tow. Tanner is agitated. And drunk.

TANNER

Whaddaya mean "person of interest"?
This guy kill my Chrissy or what?

He's loud. The kids shrink back, but resignedly. Used to it. Lisbon clocks it. Her mouth tightens.

LISBON

Mr. Tanner. If we make an arrest,
I will call you first, I promise.

Behind her, Rigsby leads Reeker, still cuffed, to a holding tank. Tanner sees them, pushes by Lisbon, belligerent --

TANNER

Is this him? Is this him?

Lisbon intercepts him.

LISBON

Go home, Mr. Tanner. Look after
your children.

TANNER

You're dead motherfucker! You're
dead!

Lisbon grabs him and shoves him toward the door.

LISBON

(screaming)
Go home! Now!

Tanner busts into tears. Lisbon stands and looks at him, frozen. Lisa, leading Micah, comes and takes her father's hand.

LISA

Let's go home, Dad.

Tanner obediently follows his daughter out. Lisbon's PHONE RINGS.

LISBON

(calmly to phone)
Lisbon.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

Still talking, her eyes meet Van Pelt's...

20

INT. BULLPEN. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

20

Lisbon briefs Cho, Van Pelt, and Rigsby. They're all looking at her like kids at the quiet calm teacher that just screamed for the first time.

LISBON

Coroner just told me Christine was put into the water sometime early Wednesday morning. So this Tuesday night party is critical. Somebody who was there must know what happened later that night.

21

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

21

Big place -- this school has money. A memorial has just been held for Christine Tanner. A blown-up PHOTO of her sits on the easel near the stage. Stragglers are still leaving. Dale, Win, Hope and Andy are seated together in the front row. The way Andy and Hope are casually entwined tell us they are a couple. Lisbon approaches.

LISBON

Hi people.

DALE

Lady, we don't need a grief counsellor.

HOPE

We know how to grieve.

LISBON

Good. I'm not a grief counsellor. The principal didn't want to mention homicide detectives in front of other students. I'm Agent Lisbon, California Bureau of Investigation.

Jane appears.

JANE

Hi guys. I know Hope and Win. You must be Dale, and you're Andy.

The kids murmur in reply, a little alarmed.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

JANE (CONT'D)

Quick test. If you could be any animal you want, what would it be? Quick.

Points at each kid in turn.

ANDY

Uh, Dolphin.

DALE

Same. Or like, a killer whale?

HOPE

A gull. Or a condor, something with wingspan.

WIN

Tiger?

JANE

Interesting.

WIN

What?

The kids are confused and off balance now. What's his game? Jane keeps them off balance by abruptly changing the subject.

JANE

When I spoke to you before, about Tuesday night at Devon Point, you didn't mention that you had a party after you went surfing.

HOPE

Party? It wasn't a party.

JANE

Not what Flipper says.

ANDY

(disgusted)
Flipper told? Dude.

DALE

We had some brews. Played frisbee. What's the big deal?

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED: (2)

21

JANE

The big deal is you were the last people, aside from her killer, to see Christine alive. She was drowned later that night.

The kids react with the shock expected of them.

ALL AD LIB

Oh my God. Scary. If we'd known... etc.

The bell RINGS.

HOPE

We have AP English?

LISBON

We'll walk you.

22

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

22

Jane and Lisbon walking with the four kids. Around them, a few students hurry to class.

LISBON

Tell us about this party Tuesday night.

WIN

Ma'am, we didn't tell because, we were drinking beer. We're all going to be applying for college next semester? We can't get caught drinking.

HOPE

My mom would exterminate me.

ANDY

Plus we were trespassing. The beach at Devon Point is totally private property.

The kids glance at Dale. Jane catches it.

JANE

Dale? What's Devon Point to do with you?

Dale looks sheepish, almost ashamed, as they reach the school building.

(CONTINUED)

DALE

It's my dad's land. He's building these heinous condos? We go there to, well, to spite him I guess.

LISBON

Who was there that night?

WIN

Us and Flipper, that's all.

LISBON

When did the party break up?

WIN

Ten? Ten-thirty maybe?
Chris stayed to clean up.

ANDY

She's all Save Our Oceans, you know?

LISBON

Where was Flipper at this point?

ANDY

He left a while before. When the weed ran out.

(quickly)

My mom has a prescription.

WIN

You think he came back maybe?

HOPE

Like Flipper did it? No.

DALE

(upset)

We shouldn't have left her there.

HOPE

She wanted to stay. You ask me, she was meeting someone.

DALE

Shut up, Hope. You don't know that.

HOPE

No, but I think it, and so do you.

JANE

What makes you think she was meeting someone?

HOPE

Because, Dale asked her to come home with him and she said no.

Jane looks to Dale who confirms with a nod.

JANE

You and Chris were lovers weren't you?

DALE

(laughs)

Lovers. Uh no. We hooked up on occasion.

JANE

You made love. You were lovers.

The other kids are amused by Dale's discomfort.

DALE

(squirming)

I wasn't in love with her or anything. I mean, Andy was totally there too. Right Andy?

ANDY

Yeah.

DALE

It was no big deal. We're all friends. Me and Andy hook up with Hope too, sometimes. Doesn't mean we're "lovers.".

HOPE

Yeah. That would be weird.

JANE

Ever hear of a guy named Pops?

Dale freezes for a micro-second before shaking his head.

DALE

Pops? No.

On Jane, clocking the freeze.

22

CONTINUED: (3)

22

JANE

Thanks, kids. That's it for now.
Don't leave town.

LISBON

That's a cop joke.

23

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

23

Lisbon and Jane walking back toward the gates.

LISBON

"Hooking up." Times keep changing,
don't they?

JANE

Yes, they do.

24

EXT. SECRET BEACH/CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

24

It will be a multi-million-dollar condo development on prime oceanfront, right now it's just a big clearing. Waves CRASH as trucks and equipment ROAR, ready to break ground. A large TROUGH of rainwater. Heavy chain-link fence all around, No Trespassing SIGNS.

A CEMENT TRUCK dumps a gooey load of cement down its chute into a TRENCH, filling it up.

AT THE GATE, Lisbon and Jane are led in by project manager KYLE RAYBURN, 40, who's grumbling --

RAYBURN

How long ya gonna be, do you think?

LISBON

Christine Tanner's murder may have occurred here, Mr. Rayburn. It takes as long as it takes.

RAYBURN

(groans)

I already got the developer way up my tail-pipe -- we're three weeks behind thanks to the crappy labor pool here.

He and the Cement Truck Driver exchange a glare --

RAYBURN (CONT'D)

An economy like this and people just don't show up for work? Boggles my mind.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

(idly)

Anybody not show up lately?

Jane clocks the remnants of a BONFIRE nearby, a circle of stones and charred wood. Lisbon looks at the waves crashing. Gorgeous.

RAYBURN

Just this week, the night guard. Walked off the job. Cement trucks show up in the morning, they can't get on the freaking site. That alone put me back six hours.

LISBON

When was it he quit?

RAYBURN

Tuesday.

Lisbon and Jane exchange a glance. Jane starts to look around more intently.

JANE

What section were you working then?

Rayburn points...

RAYBURN

South east quad.

Jane wanders off.

LISBON

What's his name, the night guard?

RAYBURN

Eddy Garcia. I got his paperwork in the site office, if you want it.
(to erring worker)
Jorge, what are you, nuts? It goes over there!

He turns back to Lisbon. A beat.

LISBON

The paperwork?

RAYBURN

Right. So you think he might have done this murder?

(CONTINUED)

He leads the way.

JANE

Lisbon. Come and have a look at
this.

Lisbon turns --

Jane is crouched to study a new cement floor. Lisbon comes
over and bends low like Jane.

LISBON

It's cement. What.

JANE

You have to let the light hit it
right.

She sees what he sees.

LISBON

Oh yes.
(calling out)
Mr. Rayburn?

Rayburn comes over and grudgingly bends down to look at the
cement floor in the same way.

RAYBURN'S POV - When the light hits the cement right, out in
the middle of the floor, you can see a little pink bump, an
imperfection in the smooth surface.

JANE

See that?

RAYBURN

What is it?

JANE

The tip of Eddy Garcia's nose.

RAYBURN

Get outta here.

Rayburn walks over to the bump, bends down and touches it,
screams and falls on his ass.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

25 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY (D/1 CONT'D)

25

The body of Eddy Garcia, encased in a shroud of cement, is lifted by four strong men into the back of the coroner's wagon.

Lisbon and Jane talk with Rayburn.

LISBON

How is it you don't notice a nose
in your floor?

RAYBURN

It's what I'm telling you.
We're trying to finish this thing
too fast.

MERRICK (O.S.)

What the hell is going on here?

DANE MERRICK - a large rich man - emerges from a black merc that seemed to creep up unseen like a cat. From the car stereo comes the FAINT THUMP of clearable ROCKABILLY music. Merrick sees Garcia's body.

MERRICK (CONT'D)

Oh for heaven's sake. That's a
person? Someone I employ?

LISBON

We think so.

Merrick sighs wearily, pinches his nose.

MERRICK

God help me. If it's not one
thing...

He turns on his heel and walks back to his car.

LISBON

Mr. Merrick, Dane Merrick?

Merrick pauses impatiently, eyeing Jane and Lisbon.

MERRICK

OSHA right? Talk to my lawyers.
As you saw, I have no knowledge of
this regrettable incident.

(CONTINUED)

Lisbon shows her badge.

LISBON
CBI. Serious Crimes Unit.

Merrick was about to get into his car, but turns back...

MERRICK
Serious crimes? No no no.
The man fell into wet cement.
If someone else had been here with
a camera, he'd be on America's
Funniest Videos. Serious crimes.
Come on guys, I have condos to
build.

LISBON
I'm sorry sir. But this is now
a crime scene. You will have to
suspend work while we investigate.

MERRICK
Suspend work hell. I'm calling
Tommy Alvarez.
(pointed)
The Chief of Police.

JANE
We believe this situation here is
related to the death of Christine
Tanner. Do you know her?

A hit.

MERRICK
I've heard the name obviously.
It's been on the news.

JANE
Your son Dale hasn't discussed the
case with you? He and Christine
were close -- did you know that?

MERRICK
I knew that he knew her.

JANE
But you never met her?

MERRICK
I suppose I might have at some
point, but I don't remember her.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED: (2)

25

MERRICK (CONT'D)

My son has a lot of friends.
Is this an interrogation?

JANE

Is it?

LISBON

(admonishing look to Jane)
No, Mr. Merrick, it's not. Thank
you for your cooperation. We may
be in touch later.

Merrick tamps down his irritation.

MERRICK

I understand you have a job to do.
Please do it as quickly as you can.

Merrick goes to his car. Jane watches him go. Waits til
Merrick is opening the car door...

JANE

Hey, Pops.

Merrick turns automatically.

JANE (CONT'D)

I hear you're good in bed. What's
the secret?

Merrick takes a half beat too long to reply, and Jane is now
certain he's right.

MERRICK

I don't know what you're talking
about, but you mean to be offensive
I guess. And you've succeeded very
well. I'm going to be taking this
up with your superiors. What's
your name?

JANE

My name is Patrick Jane and I have --

LISBON

(stepping in front of him)
-- Jane. Don't.

JANE

I have no superiors. And I'll tell
you what I'm talking about, you
sweaty little pervert.

(CONTINUED)

Jane lets that hang, forcing Merrick to step toward him, or risk appearing to back off.

LISBON

Jane...

JANE

You were having sex with a fifteen-year-old girl.

Rayburn, the project manager's, eyes go wide.

LISBON

Jane!

Merrick stalks over to Jane, gets in his face.

MERRICK

Are you insane?

JANE

Mr. Merrick, look me in the eyes and tell you didn't have sexual relations with Christine Tanner.

MERRICK

I never touched Christine Tanner...

JANE

Liar.

MERRICK

...And believe me when I tell you that you have just now made the worst mistake of your miserable little life.

JANE

(perfectly equable)
Believe me, however this turns out, I've made worse mistakes. And you're lying about Christine. You were laying her like carpet. Arrest him Lisbon.

LISBON

(strangled)
On what charge?

JANE

Statutory rape.

25

CONTINUED: (4)

25

LISBON

Don't be ridiculous. We can't prove anything of the sort.

JANE

He's playing rockabilly. What more do you want?

LISBON

Mr. Merrick, I can only apologize for my colleague's bizarre behavior --

JANE

-- Hush, Lisbon. Don't be so damned blinkered. Look at him. He was raping her all right, I just don't know yet whether he killed her as well.

(turning to Merrick)

Did you kill her? Look me in the eye and tell the truth, you filthy old goat.

Merrick punches Jane on the nose. Jane goes down like timber and Merrick goes to follow up with a good kick...

Two UNIS launch on Merrick. Roaring with anger, he is wrestled to the ground. Jane crawls onto a cement bag, holding his bleeding nose. Lisbon watches balefully.

26

INT. CBI BULLPEN. SACRAMENTO HQ - DAY

26

MINELLI and Lisbon walking and talking.

MINELLI

You brought him all the way back here why?

LISBON

The local Chief begged me not to put him in his jail. Merrick's a big cheese down there.

MINELLI

That is a signal, is that not a signal to cut the man loose?

LISBON

He hit Jane pretty good. People were watching. I had to arrest him.

(CONTINUED)

MINELLI

This guy is connected. This guy has Arnold's cellphone number. You have zero evidence of any wrongdoing. I know you're not so dumb you can't look the wrong way.

LISBON

(evenly)

I'm not so dumb I can't see motive either, sir. If Merrick was having sexual relations with Christine, that makes him suspect number one in her killing.

MINELLI

If. It's a hunch. Based on rockabilly.

LISBON

It's a Jane hunch. You keep him around for a reason.

(beat)

Let us work Merrick until his lawyer arrives, maybe we'll get something more.

MINELLI

Work him gently.

Minelli walks on. Turns.

MINELLI (CONT'D)

Is Jane okay?

LISBON

Bruised. I'll tell him you asked.

Merrick sits opposite Cho. Both silent, gazing placidly at each other. Finally...

CHO

Do you have a thing for youngsters in general, Dane? Or was it Christine in particular that appealed to you? That, I can understand. Because you know, you meet some fifteen-year-olds, they're just as smart and mature and articulate as any adult.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

CHO (CONT'D)

Right? They are adults, basically.
Maybe Christine was one of them.

MERRICK

Are you serious? Do you actually
obtain confessions with that
gambit?

CHO

All the time.

MERRICK

Amazing. People are stupid.
Listen, I admire cops. You do a
great job and I'm happy to chat
with you guys until my lawyer gets
here. But I'm not going to say
anything you want to hear.
So relax uh?

28

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

28

Jane and Lisbon watching, unhappy.

JANE

He's not, is he? He's not going to
confess.

LISBON

What did you think, he was going to
break under the bad lighting
conditions?

JANE

Let's go back to Santa Marta then.

LISBON

What for?

JANE

To put the second half of my
cunning plan into effect.

He exits. Lisbon sighs.

LISBON

Jane, wait...

She follows him out..

29

INT. CBI HQ. SACRAMENTO - CONTINUOUS

29

Jane and Lisbon walking.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

LISBON

What cunning plan?

Jane takes out his phone, dials.

JANE

Dale. Hi. Patrick Jane. Listen,
we need your help. Do you want to
help us catch Christine's killer?

(listens)

Okay then. Good. Meet me at Devon
Point with your friends, tonight.
At sunset.

He puts his phone away.

LISBON

What cunning plan?

30

EXT. CBI HQ PARKING LOT. SACRAMENTO - DAY

30

(Note: It's not clear which of the nearby buildings is CBI HQ.) Jane leans against the CBI sedan, waiting on Lisbon. Dane Merrick walks to a limo with his FANCY LAWYER, enjoying the taste of freedom. Merrick sees Jane, tells the Lawyer to wait and comes over.

MERRICK

Just so you know, I'm going sue the
CBI and the AG's office for wrongful
arrest and unlawful imprisonment.
I'll drop the suit when they fire you
and Agent Lisbon.

JANE

Best of luck.

MERRICK

Not scared of me uh? Mistake.

Lisbon's walked up behind him.

LISBON

Keep walking, Mr. Merrick. I might
have to arrest you again.

Merrick leans in close.

MERRICK

Cute. If you were fifteen years
younger, I'd give you a shot.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

He winks and walks away. Off Lisbon and Jane...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

31 EXT. SECRET BEACH/CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT (N/1) 31

Spooky shadows, the wind wailing. Dale, Hope, Win and Andy approach the chain-link fence. Dale in the lead, as usual. Hope, timid, tightly clutching Andy's hand. The gate is ajar.

DALE

Uh, Mr. Jane? Mr. Jane?...

JANE

Thanks for coming.

He's right behind them. The kids jump. Lisbon joins them from the shadows.

LISBON

We need your help. First Christine, then the security guard... This case is getting murkier and murkier. Maybe the guard stumbled across Chris being killed. Or maybe it's a love triangle...

WIN

(smiling)

A love triangle?

JANE

That's funny to you?

WIN

(chastened)

No.

JANE

Tell me, do you sincerely want to help catch Christine's murderer?

KIDS TOGETHER

Yes, of course. Yes, etc.

JANE

No matter who it might be? What if the killer is a relative, or a friend? Someone close to you?

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

HOPE

It doesn't matter.

LISBON

Did you know your friend Flipper served time in prison for assaulting a woman?

Gasps of surprise all round.

ANDY

It was Flipper? He did it?

JANE

Don't know. Could be. There again, Dale, did you know that Christine was having an affair with your father?

DALE

What?! No way. No, that's not, that's ridiculous. No.

HOPE

Dale, face it.
(to Jane)
We knew. We all knew.

Dale slumps, head in hand, tacitly assenting. The shameful secret's out.

JANE

What did you think about their relationship?

DALE

I thought it was gross of course.

HOPE

And illegal and wrong and sad.

DALE

What was I going to do? Bust my own dad? It's not like he was forcing Chris to do it. She was totally into it.

JANE

Is it your father you thought she was going to meet that night?

HOPE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (2)

31

DALE

No. I don't know. I don't know.

JANE

Just because they were having an affair, it doesn't mean your father killed Christine.

ANDY

It could have been Flipper.

JANE

Right. Or someone else.

WIN

You said you had a way of finding out.

JANE

Really a way you can find out.

He leads them toward the gate. There's some kind of light ahead, flickering. They go through...

32

EXT. SECRET BEACH/CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 32

A giant BONFIRE burns, flames licking at the dark. The CRASH of the surf on the beach. It's spooky.

JANE

I want to hypnotize you all. So you remember details of that night.

Lisbon sees the kids' reaction.

LISBON

It's safe. He's fully trained, he used to hypnotize people for a living.

JANE

Your subconscious minds may recall things that can help us. Hypnosis will let you come up with those things.

WIN

Uh, no thanks.

DALE

Hang on. Like what kind of things?

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

JANE

Who knows? Maybe something Chris said. Maybe a glimpse of somebody up on the bluff there. The smallest thing you recall might be a vital clue.

ANDY

I don't want you messing inside my head. No offense.

JANE

That's the thing with hypnosis. I can't mesmerize you against your will. It's not possible. You're in control the whole time.
(a pleading smile)
What do you say?

LISBON

Christine really needs your help.

Off the kids, what else can they do but...

33

EXT. SECRET BEACH/CONSTRUCTION SITE - MOMENTS LATER

33

The kids now sit on a log near the crackling flames. Jane stalks among them. Lisbon watches, getting a sense of the showman Jane once was. CU on Jane's fingers tapping his leg in rhythm, establishing an "anchor" for the kids... He walks behind them slowly --

JANE

Close your eyes... Listen, listen only to my voice... And think of that night... the bonfire... the sound of the ocean... The sound of the ocean.

The kids fall into varying degrees of trance. Andy resists, but Hope is completely under, it seems.

JANE (CONT'D)

I don't know what you will recall of that night, but you will recall something because it's all there in your memory and all you have to do is go back to that night and be there, and there you are.

HOPE

Aaah!

(CONTINUED)

The others jump out of their trance states.

JANE

What is it, Hope? What do you see?

Hope, eyes wide open, is still inside her memory. She points to the bluff.

HOPE

I see, I see Dale's father. There.
By that wall.

DALE

No you don't.

JANE

Shhh. What is he doing, Hope?

HOPE

Staring at us. At Chris. That's
all. Staring. What's wrong with
him?

Jane touches her shoulder.

JANE

Come back now, Hope.

Hope shakes off the trance state, looks confused.

HOPE

What? What happened?

JANE

You're okay. Well done.

WIN

Whoa. You really saw Dale's dad?

DALE

No you didn't. You didn't.

HOPE

Dale, I did. I'm sorry, I can't
help what I saw.

DALE

My dad didn't kill Christine!

HOPE

How do you know he didn't?

ANDY

Yeah, how do you know?

Dale splutters, lost for something to say.

DALE

Screw all of you guys.

He stomps away into the darkness beyond the circle of bonfire light.

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

You suck!

Hope is distraught. Runs after Dale.

HOPE

Dale, wait. Don't be mad...

She disappears into the darkness.

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

Wait...

Leaving Andy and Win and Jane looking at each other.

WIN

Dale's mad. We should go.

ANDY

Eff Dale. His dad killed Christine.

Win glares at Andy.

WIN

Yeah, well, it's late anyway.

JANE

Thanks for your help boys.

ANDY

No problemo.

Win walks off into the dark. Andy scrambling to catch up. Jane and Lisbon are left alone with the ocean and stars and crackling fire.

LISBON

Very cunning. Now what?

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED: (3)

33

JANE

Sometimes intense pressure
solidifies a diamond, and sometimes
it just smashes the rock into tiny
pieces.

LISBON

You could have just said, "Now we
wait."

Jane smiles with contentment.

34

INT. BULLPEN. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY (D/2)

34

Morning. Lisbon and Jane and Cho, near the big double doors,
sipping coffee and eating doughnuts. Lisbon eyes her watch.

LISBON

What do you think? Did it work?

Jane eyes his watch.

JANE

Three, two, one... Now!

A beat. Lisbon eyes Jane. Jane laughs.

JANE (CONT'D)

How cool would it have been if one
of them had walked in?

Just then the doors open.

It's Hope. She smiles diffidently at Jane and Lisbon, shy
and childlike in the unfamiliar surroundings.

HOPE

Hi. Did you arrest him? Did he
confess?

JANE

Mr. Merrick? No.

LISBON

(stern)

No, he didn't. Thing is, Hope, Mr.
Merrick has a cast iron alibi for
that evening.

JANE

So in reality you couldn't have
seen him standing on that bluff.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

HOPE

But that's so weird. In my trance,
I saw him clear as day. Maybe it's
symbolic?

JANE

You want symbolic? You're a condor
and Chris was a rabbit.

HOPE

What does that mean? That doesn't
mean anything.

JANE

No?

(fixes her with a look)

I think it means you never liked
Christine Tanner.

HOPE

No.

JANE

I think it means you didn't see
anyone in your trance. In fact,
you weren't in a trance at all.
You only pretended to be
hypnotized, in order to give us a
fake story and incriminate an
innocent man.

HOPE

But... Oh, God...

LISBON

Let's go talk somewhere quiet,
shall we?

Hope starts to tear up...

35

INT. INTERROGATION. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

35

Lisbon and Jane and Hope, seated. Hope is a sobbing mess.

LISBON

Just tell us what happened.

JANE

From the beginning.

As she speaks, we see FLASHES from that night --

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

HOPE

Flipper'ed already left -- wasted
as usual...

FLASHBACK

36

EXT. BEACH/CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

36

The bonfire... Christine and the others a little loopy,
laughing...

And Eddy Garcia emerges out of the dark. Angry, yelling.
The kids react, scared.

HOPE (V.O.)

The guard told us to get out or
he'd call the cops. Dale told him
to step off, his dad owns the
place...

Dale steps forward, drunk from booze and being 17 and
immortal. An argument, Garcia grabs Dale's shoulder, Dale
breaks free, punches Garcia across the jaw with his fist.
Garcia goes down --

A wet THWACK as Garcia's head hits the bulldozer blade.
Garcia doesn't move. A beat and Christine runs to check
Garcia. Starts to cry. Off Dale, realizing what he's done --

END FLASHBACK

37

INT. INTERROGATION. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

37

HOPE

He didn't mean to, it was an
accident! We couldn't help the
guard, see. But Dale we could. So
we promised not to tell. All of
us. Except Chris. Not Chris.

FLASHBACK

38

EXT. BEACH/CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

38

Dale still stands over the dead guard. As the others beg and
plead with her not to, Christine takes out her phone and
starts dialing. No way is she going to let a killing be
covered up. Not by anyone for any reason.

HOPE (V.O.)

You've gotta understand...
Everything Dale worked for, his
whole life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

HOPE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*It was just washing away, because
Chris has to do the right thing.*

*Dale has a shovel in his hands as he argues with the
implacable Chris.*

END FLASHBACK

39

INT. INTERROGATION. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

39

She swallows, it's hard to say --

HOPE

Dale hit her. We were all standing there and he just hit her on the head. Then she was still moving, so he drug her to the ditch there and drowned her in it. Held her under until she stopped moving.

LISBON

And you and Win and Andy didn't say a word. Two people murdered.

HOPE

What if I was next? I've never seen Dale like that. He was like a different person or something.

Jane puts a hand on her shoulder.

JANE

You're safe now.

Van Pelt puts her head around the door, beckons...

40

INT. BULLPEN. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

40

Dale stands, waiting. Jane and Lisbon and Van Pelt join him.

DALE

I can't let my dad be punished for something he didn't do. I know for a fact he had nothing to do with this.

JANE

We know it also.

DALE

You do?

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

JANE

We know it was you that killed
Christine and the guard.

DALE

What?! No! That's not right. Who
told you that?

LISBON

Hope.

DALE

No she didn't. I don't believe
you.

41

INT. INTERROGATION. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

41

Dale looks stricken as Hope repeats her story in his
presence. Lisbon and Jane between them.

HOPE

I'm sorry, Dale. I had to tell the
truth. I had to.

DALE

How can you do this? I knew you
had a cold streak, but this...

HOPE

Dale, don't. You're only making it
worse by continuing to lie. You're
only deceiving yourself.

Dale points at Hope.

DALE

It was her. It was her who killed
Chris. She was jealous of her ever
since she started hanging out with
us. Used to be it was Hope was
queen bee. Then Chris arrives and
we only hook up with Hope when, you
know, Chris isn't available.

HOPE

That's so distorted and not true.

DALE

No. I'm telling the truth now...

FLASHBACK

42 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT 42

Dale standing over the body of the Guard as before. He and the others trying to persuade Chris to put away her phone.

DALE

...I killed the guard all right. I did that. It was an accident. Then Chris says she's going to call the police. We can't cover it up she says. It's wrong. And Hope, I don't know, Hope just went crazy. Killed her.

Hope snatches the shovel from Dale and with a mighty swing hits Chris over the head.

END FLASHBACK

43 INT. INTERROGATION. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY 43

Dale mimes the action...

DALE

Killed her.

HOPE

(angrily to Dale)
I did it for you jerk. I did it for you.
(turning to Jane and Lisbon)
She was screwing his father! And she's acting as judge over his life? Telling him his life is over? He's going to jail because she, she's got to show integrity, and morals? She was a prissy self righteous hypocritical bitch and she was going to ruin his life.

Dale's like - "there you go, it was her."

Van Pelt appears at the door, beckons. Off Lisbon's look of bemused - 'What now?'

44 INT. BULLPEN. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 44

Win and Andy are waiting nervously. Lisbon and Jane join them.

WIN

It was Flipper.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Really.

ANDY

Yes it was. Flipper.

LISBON

It's strange you say that because we believe that it was Dale killed the guard, and Hope who then hit Chris in the head with a shovel, to stop her from calling the police.

ANDY

(amazed)

How did you know that?

JANE

She's psychic.

WIN

Dale must have told them, you dope.

(sees ray of hope)

But that's what happened alright. Me and Andy were like, whoa! But what could we do?

ANDY

These are our friends.
We couldn't tell.

JANE

I don't think so.

WIN

You don't think what?

LISBON

Walk this way.

Lisbon ushers them toward the interrogation room.

Jane and Lisbon usher in Win and Andy, whose faces fall on seeing Hope and Dale; now seated glumly alongside each other.

JANE

You two couldn't tell because you were part of it. All four of you killed Christine.

FLASHBACK

46 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT 46

Hope's in charge, yelling at the boys and getting them to help drag Christine to the ditch.

JANE (V.O.)

*Hope made all of you take part,
to make all of you equally guilty.
So that no one remained innocent to
go tell on the others.*

All four kids hold a feebly struggling Christine down in the ditch-water until she stops moving.

END FLASHBACK

47 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. SHERIFF'S OFFICE 47

Jane continues, Lisbon and the four kids listen...

JANE

And now you're all equally under arrest.

Off the four teenagers...

48 INT. BULLPEN. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER 48

FLASHBULBS OF PHOTOGRAPHERS AND NEWS TV CREW LIGHTS flare on the other side of double doors as Rigsby leads in Dane Merrick, shaken, in handcuffs. Watching are -- Lisbon and Damon Tanner, his two kids in BG.

TANNER

Statutory rape? What'll he get?

LISBON

He won't do time. Tough to prove him guilty in a court of law. But we'll have fun trying.

Tanner nods. Their attention turns to his kids.

LISBON (CONT'D)

You have good kids.

TANNER

Yes.

LISBON

You are all they have.

(CONTINUED)

TANNER

I know that.

LISBON

So be good to them.

TANNER

I am good to them.

A defensive tone. Don't get personal. Tanner starts to walk away and Lisbon is about to let him. But then she goes after him.

LISBON

Mister Tanner.

(he pauses)

My father was a good man, like you are, and after my mom died, he was a helpless drunk like you are. Killed himself and damn near killed me and my brothers, too.

She hands him a card.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Get some help. Your children deserve it. And so do you.

She walks out. On Tanner and his kids and the office bustle...

FADE OUT.

THE END