

THE MENTALIST

"Red Sauce"

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THE MENTALIST

"Red Sauce"
Episode #119

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REVISED PAGES

YELLOW REVISIONS - 3/04/09

1, 2, 2A

GREEN REVISIONS - 3/09/09

47, 47A, 48, 48A, 49, 49A

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. CBI HQ - DAY (D/1)

1

An office birthday party is in progress. LISBON sits with a cake in front of her, candles lit. There is small stack of presents next to her. CHO, RIGSBY and VAN PELT are just finishing singing.

VAN PELT

Blow out the candles and make a wish.

Lisbon blows out the candles.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Okay, now the presents.

Lisbon picks up the first gift. An air of anticipation. They are about to play what has become a birthday ritual: the stump-the-Mentalist game. Lisbon looks at the cylindrical package to see if she can guess what it is.

LISBON

A vase?

JANE

It's a yoga mat.

Lisbon looks over at Van Pelt, who smiles and shrugs: he's right. Lisbon opens the present -- a yoga mat.

VAN PELT

We talked about that Ashtanga class. I thought...

LISBON

Thank you. It's very nice.

CHO

Okay, what about mine?

Cho hands Lisbon a wrapped box. Jane eyes the box, eyes Cho.

JANE

A bottle of wine. Champagne, I'd guess. Vintage?

He raises an eyebrow at Cho's extravagance.

CHO

I think birthday's are important.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

Lisbon opens the box: Jane was right again. He smiles happily. Rigsby holds up his -- an envelope.

RIGSBY

(confident)

Ten bucks you don't get this one.

Jane stares at the envelope as if with X-ray eyes.

JANE

Gift certificate to... some kind of spa?

Rigsby hands it to Lisbon.

RIGSBY

Damn.

She opens the envelope and finds a gift certificate.

JANE

How about some cake?

CHO

Where's your present?

Oh shit. Jane covers.

JANE

It's on its way.

Lisbon shakes her head.

LISBON

Typical.

Van Pelt's PHONE RINGS and she answers it.

JANE

What does that mean? You don't really think I forgot your present, do you?

Lisbon looks at him, cuts the cake.

JANE (CONT'D)

It's on its way.

LISBON

Yeah right.

Lisbon passes out pieces of cake, just a tad disappointed.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

(an aside to Cho and
Rigsby)

Grumpy because Daddy didn't get her
a pony.

1

CONTINUED: (3)

1

Cho and Rigsby laugh at him. Lisbon glares at Jane with mock ferocity, hefts the piece of cake in her hand with plans of mayhem, but Van Pelt puts down the phone and saves the day...

VAN PELT

-- Boss, we got a call.

Jane looks relieved.

2

EXT. CALIFORNIA ARROYO - DAY

2

The DEAD BODY OF A MAN, somewhat the worse for wear, sits perched in the low branches of a pinon tree. Below it, Lisbon, Rigsby, Van Pelt and Cho stand, looking up thoughtfully with a pair of HIGHWAY PATROLMEN, and TWO FORENSICS TECHS with stepladders.

FORENSICS TECH

Looks like a gunshot to the temple.
There's no ID.

The Tech hands over a small brass coin and a Mexican finger cuff, bagged.

FORENSICS TECH (CONT'D)

This is all we found on him --

He hands them to Rigsby.

INSERT -- diamond pattern is cut into the center of the coin, and there is worn and faded lettering incised around the edge.

RIGSBY

A straw tube, and I don't know,
a religious medal?

VAN PELT

Or a good luck charm, maybe.

CHO

Didn't work too well, if it was.

Jane wandering about, looks over.

JANE

Our victim works in a video game
arcade in the next big town to the
north of here.

LISBON

How d'you get there?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

There was a big storm here in the last week, wasn't there?

CHO

Yup. Lot of rain. Four inches of snow in the mountains.

Cho looks around.

CHO (CONT'D)

(the lightbulb goes off)

Wait, we're in an arroyo, aren't we?

VAN PELT

You're right. When the river rises, this spot must be underwater.

Cho points at the body.

CHO

So he was carried down here from somewhere upriver and got caught in the tree.

LISBON

Okay, where does the arcade come from?

He plucks the coin and the straw tube out of Rigsby's hand and holds it up.

JANE

This is a token for playing arcade video games. And this is a Peruvian finger cuff, they give them out as cheap prizes in arcades. Our man is too old to be hanging out in video arcades, unless he's into kids, but I don't think he looks the type, so I bet he works in one. Either way, find the arcade, find information.

RIGSBY

What's the next big town upriver?

CHO

Sierra Vista.

Jane tosses the coin to Lisbon.

LISBON

It's a theory.

(to forensics)

We're off. He's all yours.

She walks back to the vehicles, leading the rest of the team in her wake.

JANE

Do I detect a residue of grumpiness in your demeanor?

LISBON

No.

JANE

I swear, Lisbon, your gift is on its way.

LISBON

I am not grumpy and I don't give a damn about your supposed gift.

Jane looks to the others and gestures as to say, there, she's proven my point.

JANE

She's still grumpy with me, isn't she?

RIGSBY

Not touching that.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. SIERRA VISTA (ESTABLISHING) - DAY (D/1 CONT'D) 3

A Santa Clarita like town of brand new sub-developments. Serried ranks of sunbaked streets in an arid high desert landscape. The town's center of gravity is the highway and commercial malls that cluster there.

4 EXT. SIERRA VISTA HOUSE OF GAMES - DAY 4

Just off the highway -- Video Games! Mini Golf! Pizza! The kind of place you take eleven-year-olds for birthdays, and where high school students hang out. The CBI team gets out of their car.

VAN PELT

This is the only arcade in town.

CHO

And only a couple of miles from the river.

Jane breathes in deeply, savoring the air as if in an Alpine glade.

JANE

Gasoline, cheese and mesquite. Wonderful. This is the place.

LISBON

We'll see.

Jane heads to the entrance. The others follow.

5 INT. SIERRA VISTA HOUSE OF GAMES - DAY 5

The CBI team enters. Inside is an attack on the senses -- FLASHING LIGHTS, BELLS, WHISTLES and SIRENS.

JANE

Who's got a dollar?

CHO

I do.

Jane holds out his hand. Cho hesitates, he's not loose with his money.

JANE

I'll give it right back.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

He takes a dollar from Cho, and makes his way to a change machine. He feeds in Cho's dollar, four tokens are released. Jane holds one of them up for CBI to see: the same diamond-cut pattern as the token found on the body. Grins.

JANE (CONT'D)

Open sesame.

Lisbon has to give it up again.

LISBON

Well, okay...

Jane gives Cho the tokens.

6

INT. SIERRA VISTA HOUSE OF GAMES. OWNER'S OFFICE - DAY

6

Sitting on a high stool, the OWNER, a paunchy, balding man staring down at a PICTURE of the victim. Shocked, but too jaded and sedentary to show much. Talking with Jane and Lisbon.

OWNER (O.S.)

Yup, wow. Wow. That's Ed Didrikson. Yeah. He's been working for me about two years.

Jane looks pointedly to Lisbon. He was right.

LISBON

Okay. Okay.

OWNER

What happened?

Lisbon takes the photograph back.

LISBON

Somebody killed him. You know of anything that could explain why that happened?

The Owner shakes his head slowly.

OWNER

No. Kept to himself, mostly. No trouble, no trouble at all. An honest reliable married man type guy.

LISBON

Wife's name?

(CONTINUED)

OWNER

(thinks)

Don't recall. Karen, Carol,
something like that.

LISBON

What was his position here?

OWNER

Shift manager. Ran the till, kept
the kids in line. He was good at
that. It's a responsible position.

LISBON

Any money go missing lately?

OWNER

Nope. And I keep tabs, trust me.

JANE

Why should we trust you?

OWNER

Uh, it's just a phrase, like, you
know.

JANE

I know what?

OWNER

No. You don't know anything, I'm
saying it's just a thing to say.

JANE

Oh. Okay. I understand. It's a
figure of speech. We shouldn't
trust you really.

OWNER

Yes. No. You should.

Flustered, the Owner looks to Lisbon for help.

LISBON

When did you last see Didrikson?

OWNER

Friday night when he left work.
He didn't show up for work next
day, I called his home. First
nobody answered, next day his
wife's there, says he had a family
emergency. Doesn't know when he'll
be back.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

An emergency?

OWNER

That's all she said.

JANE

What was her manner on the phone?
Calm? Upset?

OWNER

Upset, I guess.

LISBON

We'll need his home address.

OWNER

Sure thing.

The Owner doesn't move from his stool.

LISBON

Now, if you would.

The Owner launches himself into motion and shuffles off.

A6A

INT. SIERRA VISTA HOUSE OF GAMES - DAY

A6A

Jane and Lisbon talk with Rigsby, Van Pelt and Cho.

LISBON

(to Van Pelt)

Get on to the DMV. See if
Didrikson had a car, and pass that
along to local PD.

JANE

(off the owner)

I don't trust that guy.

LISBON

(to Jane and Rigsby)

No. You two stay here and talk to
some of these kids that Didrikson
kept in line. See if they have a
different take on the guy.
I'll take Van Pelt and Cho and
check out the wife.

Rigsby looks over to the very seedy looking teenagers that
are gathered around the video games.

RIGSBY

(glumly)

Teenagers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

A6A

CONTINUED:

A6A

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

I hate questioning teenagers. It's like talking to mud.

JANE

You need more love in your heart.

RIGSBY

Is that my problem?

JANE

Watch me now.
(to Lisbon)
See you later.

Jane glides off toward the video machines. Rigsby bids Lisbon a rueful farewell and follows him to...

6A

INT. SIERRA VISTA HOUSE OF GAMES. ARCADE - CONTINUOUS

6A

A group of HESHERS gathered around an old-school pinball machine. They are watching as one of their number, PUTT-PUTT (a Jackie-Earle-Haley-circa-1977 type), racks up an impressively high score. Jane and Rigsby approach.

JANE (CONT'D)

Not bad. Do you want to see how a true master does it?

Jane steps forward, puts a quarter in place, claiming next game. The kids stare at him and Rigsby, and they gaze back at them with great seriousness.

PUTT-PUTT

What are you, sex perverts or cops?

RIGSBY

(aside, to Jane)
See?

JANE

He's a cop. I'm just a concerned citizen.

Putt Putt spits.

PUTT-PUTT

We got nothing to say to you.

An ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD in white boy gangsta trappings steps up with some half-assed gang sign.

MIDGET THUG

(a piping treble)
Yeah, screw the cops.

(CONTINUED)

Giggles all round.

JANE

(to midget thug)

Even for a midget villain like yourself, that's an untenable ethical position. Every modern society has some kind of police force. It's like saying, screw the public transport system.

Beat of silence as the teenagers stare in bemusement.

7

EXT. SIERRA VISTA SUBURB - DAY

7

A nice-looking neighborhood, everybody takes care of their front yards, but you know that four years ago none of it was here, and you get the feeling that there's not a lot of old-fashioned neighborliness that goes on.

Lisbon, Van Pelt and Cho get out of the car. Van Pelt points at a HOUSE down the street, reads notes from her phone/blackberry.

VAN PELT

County tax records list the owners as Edwin and Jenny Didrikson, moved here two years ago from Texas. No kids, no criminal records, nothing much of anything as far as the data goes. Only odd thing, they paid for the house in cash, no mortgage.

They get out, start toward the house.

8

INT. SIERRA VISTA HOUSE OF GAMES. ARCADE - DAY

8

Jane racks up a huge score on the pinball machine. The crowd of spectators has grown. Putt Putt and Midget Thug still among them. All very impressed. Rigsby's bored.

PUTT PUTT

Crazy. How d'you do that?

JANE

Focus. Watch now. I'm going to make this machine do my bidding.

Jane works the machine with fingers and body English like Fred Astaire.

JANE (CONT'D)

Do. Exactly. What. I. Tell. You.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

BELLS RING and LIGHTS FLASH as Jane hits a record score. About twenty balls come cascading into the game. The crowd cheers, all **transfixed** by the display. Jane steps away from the machine and looks to the Midget Thug.

JANE (CONT'D)

Take over.

Midget Thug does as he's told instantly. Jane touches Putt Putt.

JANE (CONT'D)

Come with me.

Obediently, Putt Putt follows Jane and Rigsby past his posse of friends and over to a corner table at the snack bar.

9

INT. SIERRA VISTA HOUSE OF GAMES. SNACK BAR - DAY

9

Jane, Rigsby and Putt Putt sit down.

JANE

Tell us what you know about Ed Didrikson.

Putt Putt frowns, placing the name.

PUTT-PUTT

Oh, yeah. Eddie that works here?

JANE

Yes.

PUTT-PUTT

Eddie's a cool guy. He'll hook you up any time, if he knows you.

JANE

Hook you up with what?

PUTT-PUTT

Yeah, you know, weed. It's Tiny's stuff, but --

JANE

Tiny?

PUTT-PUTT

Biker. Rolls with the X's? His stuff, same price, but he doesn't mess with people like Tiny does. Or you can borrow money from him? He charges a heavy vig, but that's alright.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

That's what Didrikson calls it?
A vig?

PUTT-PUTT

Yeah, why? Did I say it wrong?
Vig?

Jane looks to Rigsby.

JANE

Did he say it wrong?

RIGSBY

No, that's right.

Jane turns back to Putt-Putt.

JANE

What else can you tell us about
him?

PUTT-PUTT

He's always talking about respect.
Won't tolerate any kind of dis.
One time Slow Ritchie gave him the
finger? Eddie just reached out and
broke it. Man, you could hear the
crack. Ritchie's on the floor
screaming and Did looks at him real
cold, cusses him out in French or
something, and goes about his
business.

RIGSBY

French?

PUTT-PUTT

(shrugs)
I don't know. Something foreign.

JANE

Interesting. Did you know he's
dead?

PUTT-PUTT

What? Eddie? No? What happened?

Putt Putt had no idea.

PUTT-PUTT (CONT'D)

That's too bad. He was a good guy.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Thanks for your help. You can go now.

He taps Putt Putt on the chest, breaking the light hypnotic contact. Putt Putt hesitates -- What just happened? -- then wanders off back inside the arcade.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hmm.

RIGSBY

What?

10 OMITTED

10

11 EXT. DIDRIKSON HOUSE - DAY

11

Van Pelt and Lisbon are KNOCKING on the FRONT DOOR. Cho comes from around the back.

CHO

Back's locked as well. Feels like a deadbolt.

LISBON

Windows are all secure too.

VAN PELT

(glancing up at the house)
Somebody's watching us from upstairs.

In a SECOND-FLOOR WINDOW, the curtain falls back into place.

LISBON

(yelling up at the house)
Jenny Didrikson! This is the CBI.
Police. Let us in!

Waits. No response. Cho and Van Pelt look to Lisbon. What now? Lisbon considers their options.

LISBON (CONT'D)

We can't wait on a warrant.
But we've got good reason to believe someone in the house is in immediate jeopardy. Let's go in.

Cho and Van Pelt agree.

Cho kicks open the front door. Lisbon, Cho and Van Pelt head into the house, guns drawn.

12

INT. DIDRIKSON HOUSE - DAY

12

Lisbon, Cho and Van Pelt move round the ground floor, in proper SWAT style. In the living room, the television is tuned to an EXERCISE PROGRAM with the SOUND OFF.

LISBON
(calling out)
Mrs. Didrikson?!

Lisbon and Cho and Van Pelt start up the stairs, but are confronted by JENNY DIDRIKSON crouched at the top, a SHOTGUN in her hands, pointed at them. (NB -- we'll come to know her better as GINA RUSSO, so that's what we'll call her from the start.)

The CBI trio scramble for cover.

GINA
(scared but firm)
Get the hell out of my house right now you murdering scum. Swear to God, I'll blow you away.

Lisbon talks loud and calm, from cover.

LISBON
Mrs. Didrikson, I'm going to show you my badge.

GINA
I got people coming. You better get out of here.

Lisbon shows her badge.

LISBON
We're with the California Bureau of Investigation. Put down the gun.

GINA
California Bureau of my ass! Get outta my house! I will shoot you!

Lisbon pulls out her cellphone.

LISBON
Mrs. Didrikson, I'm dialing 911, alright? Uniformed police will come, and sort this out. In the meantime, we'll all relax.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

GINA

Screw you. I'm counting to ten,
then I'll start shooting.
One... two... three...

Lisbon's PHONE BEEPS. It's Jane.

LISBON

(answering)

Jane, get off the phone. I've got
a situation.

GINA

Four... five...

13

INT. SIERRA VISTA HOUSE OF GAMES. SNACK BAR - DAY

13

Jane on his cellphone. Rigsby next to him.

JANE

Lisbon, I think I know what we have
here...

14

INT. DIDRIKSON HOUSE - DAY

14

Lisbon on the phone. Guns pointing both ways.

GINA

Six... seven... eight...

Before Lisbon can answer, the front door is kicked open and a
team of US MARSHALS burst in, guns drawn, while another team
of MARSHALS enters from the back.

EXLEY

Freeze! Drop your guns! Down on
the ground! Hands behind your
heads!

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

15 INT. DIDRIKSON HOUSE - DAY (D/1 CONT'D)

15

A Mexican standoff with Lisbon, Van Pelt and Cho, the US Marshals, and Gina/Jenny Didrikson, all pointing guns at each other. Jane's voice can be heard coming from Lisbon's phone, still in her hand.

JANE (O.S.)

(over phone)

Lisbon? I think Didrikson used to work for the Mob, and went into Witness Protection. That's why he's out here. I'm on my way. Be there in a minute. Lisbon?

LISBON

Yeah thanks.

Snaps shut her phone. The lead Marshal -- EXLEY, (40's) in plain clothes -- stares at Lisbon and the others in confusion. KNOX, his partner, female, African-American, stands by.

EXLEY

Who are you people?

Lisbon shows the Marshals her CBI badge.

LISBON

Agent Lisbon, Agents Cho and Van Pelt. California Bureau of Investigation.

EXLEY

We're US Marshals.

CHO

Yes. We can see that.

EXLEY

Okay fellas, stand down.

They all gingerly lower their weapons. Even Gina. Exley makes a gesture and the uniformed Marshals leave the house.

EXLEY (CONT'D)

Sorry about scaring you like that, Agent. We get the bell, we come running. No hard feelings, right?

(CONTINUED)

CHO

We weren't scared.

KNOX

Why are you here? What did Eddie do now?

LISBON

He's dead. Single bullet to the temple. We found his body about fifteen miles down river from here.

Gina and Knox and Exley are gut-punched.

KNOX

No.

EXLEY

Damn. Damn!

Gina wails.

LISBON

You didn't know he was missing? He's under your protection.

Exley has lost his patronizing tone.

EXLEY

Jenny informed us he'd gone missing three days ago. But he's gone AWOL before now, we figured, we were hoping he was on a drunk or --

Gina comes down the stairs.

GINA

You sonosofbitches! I told you! I told you they got him! I told you! Bastards!

She tries to go for Knox. Van Pelt has to hold her back tightly.

VAN PELT

I'm sorry for your loss, ma'am.

GINA

Bastards!

Gina collapses in a heap of tears on the stairs. Jane comes in the front door.

JANE

Wow. What did I miss?

16

EXT. DIDRIKSON HOUSE - DAY

16

Jane and Lisbon talk with Exley and Knox as they walk away from the house.

EXLEY

Until two years ago, Ed Didrikson was Eddie Russo. Ran numbers in Philly, for the Battaglia family. Some loan sharking and collections. He got caught with ten kilos of coke and the Feds flipped him. He testified against Santino Battaglia and his family. Battaglia didn't go down, but two of his sons went away for life. Russo and wife came here under our supervision in the witness relocation program.

LISBON

So what happened d'you think? What went wrong here?

EXLEY

(shrugs)

It's the old story I guess. He couldn't resist contacting someone back home, from his old life. That someone sold him out to Battaglia. Happens a lot to our clients.

KNOX

We tell them again and again. Your old life is dead. Gone. Forget it. But they don't listen.

JANE

Aren't you people witness protection? Doesn't that mean you protect people?

EXLEY

We're not bodyguards, Agent. We only physically met with Russo once a week. We had our scheduled meeting with him the day before he went missing.

LISBON

And Jenny alerted you to his absence, but you did nothing.

(CONTINUED)

EXLEY

What should we have done? Alerted the media? Like I said, this was not the first time Eddie jumped the fence. This was not our fault.

JANE

Did you know Eddie was dealing drugs?

Exley and Know exchange a rapid glance.

EXLEY

No.

JANE

Yes. Selling marijuana and pills. To children.

KNOX

(dismissive)

No. Where'd you get that?

JANE

Kid at the arcade where Eddie worked. They say he was fronting for a biker named Tiny.

KNOX

You guys have been busy, huh?

LISBON

Let's be clear on this. You guys didn't know of any criminal activities the victim might have been engaged in?

KNOX

He was a made man, a mafioso. He's not going to turn around and join the church choir. There's an adjustment period.

LISBON

So you did know?

EXLEY

No, we didn't. Nor do we now. This is starting to feel like an interrogation. Not appreciated. We have reports to write. Nice meeting you.

Exley heads for his car.

17 INT. KITCHEN. DIDRIKSON HOUSE - DAY

17

Van Pelt and Cho sit across from Jenny Didrikson, who used to be Gina Russo. She is distraught.

VAN PELT

Do you prefer Gina or Jenny?

GINA

Who gives a damn? Call me what you like.

VAN PELT

Gina then. When did you last see your husband?

GINA

Last Friday morning. He never came home from work. He called that afternoon and said he had some business to do, that he'd be home late. That's the last I heard from him.

CHO

What kind of business was that?

GINA

I don't know. Business. I didn't ask.

CHO

You didn't ask? Or you didn't want to know?

GINA

Oh I get it. He's a bad man. Must have been doing something wrong, yeah? Out there raping and killing people probably. Deserved what he got uh?

Jane enters, watch from the doorway.

VAN PELT

Gina...

GINA

What could he be doing wrong in this place? Vandalizing cactus?

Exhausted, she takes a beat.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

You don't like it here?

Gina makes a face.

GINA

You know what's the worst? The food. No good red sauce, no sausage. They put pineapples on their pizza.

VAN PELT

Do you have any idea who might have done this?

GINA

Who do you think? That pig Sonny Battaglia and his people. They swore they'd get to him, and they did. My husband did the right thing, didn't he? He did what his country asked him to do. So why didn't they take care of us the way they were supposed to?

CHO

Did you or your husband recently talk to anyone from the old days? From your previous life?

GINA

No, what are we, idiots? No.

JANE

Who do you talk to?

GINA

Yeah, right? Who? I talk to nobody. The wind.

LISBON

So how would the Battaglias have found out where you were located?

GINA

The Marshals of course. Somebody paid one of those Witsec sonsofbitches to rat us out.

Jane sits down with Gina, takes her hands.

17

CONTINUED: (2)

17

JANE

Gina, look at me. Whoever did this? We will catch them, I promise.

Gina calms down a notch, and nods seriously.

GINA

Okay.

18

EXT. DIDRIKSON HOUSE - DAY

18

Jane, Lisbon, Cho and Van Pelt confer.

LISBON

What did you learn?

JANE

She's scared. She's of Italian heritage. She bites her nails. Doesn't like pineapple.

LISBON

Useful stuff. Cho, reach out to the Organized Crime Unit, get a line on Sonny Battaglia and his people. Who's in charge? And who would they call on for this kind of job?

Cho nods.

LISBON (CONT'D)

(to Van Pelt)

You and Rigsby go find this biker name of Tiny, bring him in.

VAN PELT

Do we know who he rides with?

JANE

Kid said something about his being with the X's.

CHO

Cool. That's the X's. I know a guy in San Berdoo has a C.I. with them. We'll find Tiny, no problemo.

18A

EXT. TINY'S CHOP SHOP - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (N/1)

18A

18B INT. TINY'S CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

18B

Three BIKERS sit in a circle around a suitcase of beer. It's the end of the day, work's over, they're kicking back, laughing. Van Pelt and Rigsby enter.

TINY
We're closed.

RIGSBY
Is one of you Tiny?

LARGE BIKER
Who's asking?

Van Pelt takes out her badge.

VAN PELT
We're with the California Bureau of
Investigation.

TINY rises to his feet with a roar and goes for Rigsby.

RIGSBY
(wrestling Tiny)
Hey! Calm down willya?

They fall in a heap on the floor and things are about to get ugly, when Van Pelt pulls the stun gun she grabbed from the glove box out of her pocket, and she zaps Tiny with it. He calms down very abruptly. Rigsby, still holding onto Tiny, is zapped as well.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)
Ow!

Van Pelt points at the other two bikers, hand on her gun.

VAN PELT
Get out of here before I call your
parole officers.

The other two bikers skedaddle. Wincing, Rigsby gets to his feet.

RIGSBY
Thanks, I guess.

VAN PELT
You're welcome.

She pulls out a pair of cuffs, puts them on Tiny.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)
Get up.

(CONTINUED)

She stands the wobbly Tiny up and leads him to a chair.

RIGSBY

You know, we just want to ask you some questions. That's all.

Tiny spits on the floor.

TINY

I got anger-management issues. And I don't like cops.

VAN PELT

(sitting Tiny down)

Ed Didrikson was found dead yesterday. You know anything about that?

Tiny is surprised, but covers well.

TINY

Who's Ed Didrikson?

RIGSBY

You and Eddie were in business together, dealing marijuana.

TINY

Mari-what?

RIGSBY

We just want to know who killed him. Helps us with that, and we don't care a whole lot about your business affairs. You know?

Tiny figures what the hell.

TINY

Eddie was a rat. Rats get dead. Not by me. Not by me. But it happens. Nobody likes rats.

VAN PELT

He ratted on you?

TINY

A couple weeks back? Eddie and me were in his car, doing business, and we got busted by the Sierra Vista PD, holding ten pounds of weed. I'm in the tank two days. I go before the judge, and it's just me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18B

CONTINUED: (2)

18B

TINY (CONT'D)

Eddie's gone, and I mean gone -- he's not even on the docket any more, he's off the original arrest report.

RIGSBY

What does that tell you?

TINY

Obviously he's a narc or a snitch, and he's so well connected, he don't mind that I know that's what he is. Dirty lowdown scum.

Tiny leans back, shakes his head.

TINY (CONT'D)

But that don't mean I killed him.

19-20 OMITTED

19-20

21 INT. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2)

21

Lisbon, Jane, Van Pelt, Cho and Rigsby break down the case.

RIGSBY

Sierra Vista PD confirmed John Tiny Callaghan was arrested two weeks ago on marijuana charges, but they say he was alone. Not with Eddie Didrikson. They don't know anything about him, they say.

LISBON

How about a record of the vehicle Tiny was busted in?

RIGSBY

No vehicle. Apparently Tiny was on the street when he was stopped.

CHO

Walking around with ten pounds of marijuana.

RIGSBY

That's what the Sierra Vista PD Chief says.

LISBON

How'd he sound when he was saying it?

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

Like he was covering for some other
guy's mess.

CHO

So we need to speak to those
Marshals again, huh?

LISBON

I'll be giving them a call. What's
the word on Sonny Battaglia?

VAN PELT

After his two sons went to prison,
Sonny Battaglia retired. Left the
family business to his number
two...

(checks notes)

Joseph "Joey" Grapenuts Angelini.

LISBON

So Angelini would only want to send
Eddie Russo his best wishes. It's
Battaglia would want him dead.

VAN PELT

He's out of the business, pushing
seventy. Lives in Palm Desert.
Some people say he's not really
retired at all, just playing it
that way to keep his hands clean.

JANE

Palm Desert right here in
California?

LISBON

No.

JANE

Palm Desert is not in California?

LISBON

No, you can't sneak off and go talk
to Sonny Battaglia.

JANE

Oh, I thought you meant Palm Desert
wasn't in California. Confused me.

Jane smiles with angelic innocence at Lisbon, wanders off.

24

EXT. GOLF COURSE. ISLA PARAISO RESORT - DAY

24

Two OLDER GENTLEMEN are at the men's tee, getting ready to tee-off. One is big and fat (we will learn that this is SANTINO "SONNY" BATTAGLIA), the other small and withered and skinny (another MOBSTER, and Sonny's golf partner). Both of them look a little incongruous in their overly dapper golf attire. Behind them, are two LARGE BODYGUARDS with bulges in their jackets, indicating that they are armed.

Jane heads toward Battaglia et al. Battaglia sets up a tee shot, swings viciously and shanks it.

JANE

Excuse me, Sonny Battaglia?

Sonny Battaglia fixes him with cold eyes.

BATTAGLIA

Keep walking, Jack.

The Bodyguards move in with unhurried speed.

JANE

My name's Jane. Patrick Jane.
I need a moment of your time if I may.

The bodyguards crowd Jane.

BATTAGLIA

For what?

Jane smiles in his relaxed, relaxing way.

JANE

To speak about Eddie Russo.

Sonny Battaglia stares for a beat, looks around for spectators.

BATTAGLIA

Are you a cop?

JANE

No. Not really.

BATTAGLIA

Good. You alone?

JANE

Ye-es.

Battaglia glances at one of the bodyguards.

(CONTINUED)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

25 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY (D/2 CONT'D)

25

Battaglia and his cronies watch with amusement as the bodyguard puts his gun to Jane's head. Jane smiles gamely through his fear, holds up three fingers.

JANE

There's three reasons I'm not scared. Well, okay, I am scared. Three reasons I'm not terrified.

BATTAGLIA

Please, tell.

JANE

One, you didn't get to be your age, rich, and unimprisoned by shooting people willy nilly on golf courses.

BATTAGLIA

(enjoying himself)

True. Up to now. But you know what consistency is?

JANE

The hobgoblin of little minds.

BATTAGLIA

That's right. Emerson. Reason number two?

JANE

I can significantly improve your golf game.

Battaglia smiles ruefully.

BATTAGLIA

Yeah, you and a hundred other gavones. Number three.

JANE

I know where to find Eddie Russo.

Battaglia studies Jane for a beat, shrewd suspicion in his eyes. He looks to his golfing partner, who shrugs, then to his bodyguard with the gun. He shakes his head, meaning, put the gun away. The bodyguard obeys.

(CONTINUED)

BATTAGLIA

So how you going to improve my game?

JANE

Very simple. Easy. You want to think of hitting the ball as an event rather than a process. As an assault rather than an act of creation. You need more flow.

Beat.

BATTAGLIA

(lightly)

Flow. I changed my mind. Shoot him.

JANE

What's your favorite song?

BATTAGLIA

You're the smartass, you tell me.

Jane appraises him carefully...

JANE

Hmmm... It's one of three things. Sinatra, Elvis or Italian opera.

Battaglia acknowledges Jane's right.

BATTAGLIA

Caruso. Santa Lucia.

JANE

Perfect. Now, hand me one of those sticks and we'll get started...

BATTAGLIA

Sticks?

JANE

Whatever you call them. Not a fat one, the other kind.

Suspicious that he's being played with, Battaglia hands Jane a driver.

Knox and Exley enter and are met by Lisbon.

LISBON

Thanks for dropping by.

(CONTINUED)

EXLEY

(grumpily)

What's the deal? We haven't got a lot of time.

LISBON

Come to my office. It's quieter.

Exley and Knox sit facing Lisbon.

LISBON

I won't beat around the bush. Two weeks ago, did you guys get Eddie Russo off the hook on a drug bust?

Exley and Knox both look surprised and angry by the notion.

EXLEY

No. We did not. What are you talking about?

LISBON

Somebody did. And made Russo's accomplice very angry at him.

KNOX

(flustered)

Why would we do that?

LISBON

Maybe you made a deal with Russo. Maybe he gets to deal drugs and whathaveyou and you look the other way and even help him out; just so long as he keeps helping the Feds do their thing.

EXLEY

Let me explain the real world to you, Teresa. Russo is already squeezed dry for testimony. The Federal Prosecutors don't need him any more. They don't give a damn what happens to him. And neither do we. If he gets busted, that's his problem. Less work for us.

Exley stands. Knox follows his lead. Cho enters.

EXLEY (CONT'D)

So, either the local cops were in business with Russo, or, my guess, you're just as misinformed as you are disrespectful and dumb.

Exley leaves, followed by Knox, Cho standing aside to let them by.

CHO

Bye now.

LISBON

Sounds dirty, doesn't he?

CHO

Yup.

LISBON

Check with IA on him and his partner. See if anything pops.

Cho nods.

LISBON (CONT'D)

And where's Jane?

Cho clears his throat uneasily.

CHO

Uh, don't get mad, but I have a feeling he might have gone to talk to Battaglia.

LISBON

Damn it.

CHO

Should one of us head down to Palm Desert just in case?

Lisbon considers it, shakes her head.

LISBON

He made his bed.

Half singing, half humming Santa Lucia, Battaglia squares up to the ball, and as he hits the high note, swings smoothly in rhythm with his singing and smacks the ball arrow-straight down the fairway. Battaglia rounds off the song with a whoop of triumphant laughter. His opponent looks sourly at Jane.

28

CONTINUED:

28

OTHER MOBSTER

I shoulda shot you myself when you showed up.

29

EXT. GOLF COURSE - MOMENTS LATER

29

Jane, Battaglia and the other Mobster walking down the fairway. Battaglia throws his arm around Jane affectionately.

BATTAGLIA

(to his partner)

All the hours I spend on this course, all the thousands I've wasted on tapes and videos and coaching? And blondie does it with singing. How you like that?

JANE

Just bringing out the talent that was already inside you.

Battaglia catches the light mockery in Jane's tone.

BATTAGLIA

Yeah.

(beat, edge of menace)

So now tell me, my strange new friend. Where is Eddie Russo?

Jane looks closely at Battaglia as he waits for a reply.

JANE

You don't know?

BATTAGLIA

Know what?

JANE

Eddie Russo is dead.

BATTAGLIA

(deadpan)

No kidding.

JANE

Killed. A couple of days ago. He's in the State morgue in Sacramento under the name of Ed Didrikson.

BATTAGLIA

Who did it?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

You didn't know. Interesting.

BATTAGLIA

Who did it?

JANE

Don't know.

Battaglia claps his hands happily.

BATTAGLIA

Today is a good day. Listen, if you ever find out who killed Russo, call me, okay? I want to send whoever did it some flowers and a thank you note.

Jane takes out his phone.

JANE

What's your number?

Battaglia takes Jane's phone and starts tapping in the number.

OTHER MOBSTER

What are you doing? Don't give him your number.

BATTAGLIA

This guy? What's he going to do?

He finishes, gives the phone back.

BATTAGLIA (CONT'D)

That's a clean line. You can talk.

Jane pockets the phone.

(NB into view has come other GOLFERS AND STAFF in a HOSPITALITY TENT beyond the eighteenth hole.)

JANE

Thanks. Tell me, if you didn't do it, who would be next in line?

BATTAGLIA

An angry husband, most likely. Eddie was a degenerate skirt hound.

JANE

Is that right?

(CONTINUED)

BATTAGLIA

An animal. Compulsive. How was it done? How'd they do him?

JANE

Oh, don't worry, he didn't suffer. Thanks for your time, Mr. Battaglia.

Jane raises a hand in farewell, turns to walk away.

BATTAGLIA

Hey, wait. I'm not finished talking to you.

JANE

I'm finished talking to you.

BATTAGLIA

(amused and needled)

What are you, Al Pacino all of a sudden? You don't act that way with me.

JANE

I do when there are witnesses around.

He indicates the hospitality tent.

BATTAGLIA

(to his friends)

What am I going to do with this guy? He's got a screw loose.

JANE

You think you have a certain dark outlaw charm about you, and you do. You do. But you live by oppression. In reality, you're a greedy twisted little sadist.

Jane walks away. Battaglia takes a beat to recover, and though it hurts him to do it, he chooses to laugh it all off.

BATTAGLIA

Hey screw you, Blondie. You're lucky you helped me beat Arnold Palmer here, eh? Else I'd plug you right you now. Hell with witnesses.

Battaglia's minions obligingly laugh with him. We hold on Battaglia long enough to feel his dawning sense that he didn't get the best of the exchange.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (3)

29

BATTAGLIA (CONT'D)

Screw you.

On Jane strolling away...

30

INT. CBI HQ - DAY

30

Lisbon, Cho, and Rigsby look incredulously at Jane. The case timeline is on a whiteboard behind them.

RIGSBY

You played golf, with Sonny Battaglia.

JANE

I did.

LISBON

And what did you find out?

JANE

Battaglia didn't kill Russo, and golf is easy.

LISBON

You're sure of that?

JANE

Sure. It's all about rhythm. Anyone can do it.

Lisbon gives him a deadpan...

JANE (CONT'D)

Yes. Battaglia's clean. I think, hard to say with sociopaths. That doesn't mean some other mafioso didn't do it of course. Battaglia thinks it's a jealous lover.

CHO

The key is who sprung Eddie from that charge. And I'm betting it was those Marshals.

RIGSBY

Which means we have to accuse the Sierra Vista PD of double-dealing. That's always fun.

Van Pelt enters from the other side of the office.

(CONTINUED)

VAN PELT

A vehicle registered to Edwin Didrikson just entered the system. It was towed from the lot outside House of Games Monday morning.

Rigsby shakes his head in disbelief.

RIGSBY

Sierra Vista PD couldn't find their ass in the dark.

LISBON

If Russo's car was still outside House of Games, it means someone picked him up.

VAN PELT

Maybe the arcade security cameras got a picture of who that was.

LISBON

Let's find out.

The place is empty, lights down. The Owner is trying to fix the Dance Revolution machine. Rigsby and Cho talk to him.

RIGSBY

We need to look at your security tapes.

OWNER

Tapes? I have no tapes.

CHO

You have cameras.

OWNER

Of course. But only the little red light works. That's all you need. What you want to see anyhow? Nothing happened here.

RIGSBY

We want to know who picked up Russo.

OWNER

I can tell you that. His wife picked him up. I saw her in the parking lot.

31

CONTINUED:

31

Rigsby and Cho look at each other.

CHO

His wife?

OWNER

Yeah.

CHO

You're sure it was her?

OWNER

Sure. I mean, I assume it was his wife. She's picked him up a couple times before.

CHO

Brunette, slim, maybe five-four?

OWNER

No. Pretty black lady, five-ten. Glasses, short hair.

Cho and Rigsby look at each other in surprise.

32

EXT. SIERRA VISTA HOUSE OF GAMES - DAY

32

Cho and Rigsby walking to their car.

RIGSBY

(to phone)

Boss, we'll be needing to speak to Marshal Knox about a few things...

33

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/2)

33

Marshal Exley comes barging in, mad as all get out. Yells at Jane and Lisbon, the only people there.

EXLEY

What do you people think you're playing at? Who's your supervisor? I'm going to get some answers right now or I am going to kick some serious butt around here.

LISBON

Hello, Marshal Exley.

EXLEY

I just got a call from my chief telling me that you put in an official request to question Marshal Knox. As a person of interest in the Russo case.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Yes.

EXLEY

Why are you trying to ruin her?
It's all over the department.

LISBON

Did you know she met with Russo
Friday night, the night he
vanished?

EXLEY

You're saying she fingered him?
Set him up for the mob?

JANE

It certainly looks that way.

EXLEY

That's garbage. That's absurd. I
would have known. She's my partner
for godsake. I would know if she
wasn't straight.

LISBON

We confirmed with Sierra Vista PD.
When Russo got arrested, Knox went
in and got him off the charges, as
if on behalf of the Marshal's
Service.

Another blow to Exley. His world's upside down.

EXLEY

But why would she do that?

JANE

No good fingering Russo if he's
locked up safe in prison.

EXLEY

(weakly)
This is a mistake. There's some
explanation.

LISBON

Why can't we find her to hear her
say that?

EXLEY

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED: (2)

33

LISBON

Do you know where she is?

EXLEY

No.

LISBON

Okay then.

Beat. Exley sits down. Suddenly very tired.

34

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ALLEY. SACRAMENTO - NIGHT

34

A SACRAMENTO PD CRUISER glides slowly down a rainslick urban gulch. It's headlights find a GOVERNMENT ISSUE SEDAN parked tight against a wall. There's a woman in the driver's seat. Motionless.

35

EXT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - A MOMENT LATER

35

One POLICE OFFICER approaches while his partner stands back. Shining his flashlight inside the car -- he sees Marshal Christy Knox slumped in her seat, still alive and breathing, but only barely.

COP

Two Alpha forty-four, I need fire and rescue to roll code three to the five hundred block of Lexington. Re: attempt suicide.

On the seat next to her are scattered pills, and a post-it note, on which is written, "I'M SORRY."

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

36

INT. BULLPEN CBI HQ -DAY (D/3)

36

Lisbon on the phone, walking in, to Jane and Cho with Exley, who sits with head in hands.

LISBON
(to phone)
Got it, thanks.

She hangs up.

LISBON (CONT'D)
She's been taken to County General.
They're pumping her stomach now.

Exley stands.

EXLEY
She going to be okay?

LISBON
They don't know exactly what she
took or how much, so it's too early
to tell for sure, but it looks like
she'll make it.

Exley takes a beat, murmuring thanks and prayers to whatever
God he favors.

EXLEY
I'll get over there.

LISBON
Wait. We'll come with you.

EXLEY
That's okay, thanks, I can manage.

Lisbon looks awkward.

LISBON
I respect your distress, Marshal
Exley. She's your partner. But
please understand the situation
here. We have a case to run and
she's still a person of interest.
We need to talk to her.

Exley stifles a flash of anger.

(CONTINUED)

EXLEY

I understand. You have a job to do.

JANE

Hey, here's a thought. What if you did it?

He points at Exley

EXLEY

(indignant)
Me? What? Me?

Jane cogitating swiftly and he's seeing it all now...

LISBON

Jane...

JANE

Yes. Knox didn't set Russo up for the mob. She was meeting him that night because they were having an affair.

The other CBI team members are intrigued. Exley is angered.

RIGSBY

Yes. It makes sense.

EXLEY

That's absurd!

JANE

See how angry? That lowlife crook in bed with your Christy? Don't go telling us you don't have a secret crush on her...

EXLEY

Don't push me. That's crap, okay?

JANE

And this is the sort of scandal that screws up your career, along with hers, right? Any man in your position would want to kill him.

EXLEY

That's enough.

Jane raises innocent palms.

JANE

I don't say that you did know about the affair. I'm only saying that if you did, you'd be our prime suspect. Funny really, your best defense is your apparent lack of the most basic detective skills.

Exley goes for Jane.

EXLEY

You sonofabitch!

Cho steps in his path.

CHO

Easy.

JANE

Sorry. Just thinking aloud. No offense.

Exley growls at Jane and stalks out.

LISBON

Well, that pushed his buttons. Cho, come with me to the hospital. (to Van Pelt and Rigsby) You two go see Gina Russo. See what she has to say about all this. (to Jane) You stay out of trouble.

JANE

I will try.

Lisbon exits with Cho. Jane turns to Van Pelt.

JANE (CONT'D)

Can I see your phone?

Van Pelt hands him her phone.

VAN PELT

You really think he did it? Exley?

Jane takes the phone, taps in a number.

JANE

Do you think he did it?

VAN PELT

If there was an affair, he had motive, like you say.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED: (3)

36

RIGSBY

If.

VAN PELT

And he didn't respond well to being prodded.

RIGSBY

Nobody does.

Jane hands Van Pelt back her phone.

JANE

When someone answers, say, "Is Mary there?"

VAN PELT

Why?

JANE

Please. Just do it.

We hear a MUFFLED VOICE answer. Van Pelt hesitates. Jane gesticulates -- do it!

VAN PELT

Hi. Is uh is Mary there?

37

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

37

Sonny Battaglia stands next to a WATER HAZARD, cellphone to his ear. In the pond, one of the bodyguards wades about, looking for Battaglia's lost ball...

BATTAGLIA

No, lady. Wrong number.

He points with his five iron.

BATTAGLIA (CONT'D)

Over there, try.

38

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

38

Van Pelt hangs up the phone.

VAN PELT

Wrong number. What was that about?

JANE

Groundwork. Rigsby, put these on.

Jane hands Rigsby a pair of black sunglasses. He puts them on. Jane appraises the effect.

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

That'll work. Do you have some
whatchamacall, warm-up gear, sweat
pants? The shiny type?

RIGSBY

No. Yes. Where is this going?

JANE

Give me your phone.

Rigsby sighs, but does as he's asked. Jane punches in a
number.

RIGSBY

I don't like this.

JANE

Relax.
(hands back the phone)
Ask to speak with Mary.

Rigsby is reluctant.

JANE (CONT'D)

Seriously.

Again, a muffled voice.

RIGSBY

May I speak with Mary please?

Battaglia stands on the green, phone to his ear, irritated.

BATTAGLIA

No.

He snaps the phone shut.

Rigsby shuts his phone.

JANE

What did he say?

RIGSBY

No. Who was that?

JANE

Excellent. Let's go. Where's your
sweat pants and stuff?

RIGSBY

In my locker. Who was that?

JANE

Sonny Battaglia.

RIGSBY

Sonny Batt -- Sonny Battaglia? Why
are we prank calling the mafia?
Why is that a good idea?

Jane's leaving and Rigby and Van Pelt are compelled to follow.

VAN PELT

Jane...

Rigsby and Van Pelt exit in pursuit of Jane.

41

INT. CBI HQ - DAY

41

LONG SHOT -- Jane, Van Pelt and Rigsby on a phone again.

RIGSBY

(disguised voice)

Hola, puede hablar con Mary, por
favor.

The tinny noise of anger at the other end of the line.
Rigsby holds the phone away from his ear, looks at Jane.

42

EXT. DIDRIKSON HOUSE/STREET - DAY

42

Jane, Rigsby and Van Pelt get out of a CBI VEHICLE stopped
several houses down from the Didrikson house. Rigsby's in
shiny athletic wear. Jane has a brown paper grocery bag.

*

JANE

Okay, here we go...

RIGSBY

(dubious)

Oh-kay. But I'd feel better if
Lisbon knew about this.

JANE

Such a mama's boy.

As he and Van Pelt walk toward the house, leaving Rigsby by
the vehicle, Jane turns to Van Pelt.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

You understand what to do, yes?
You stay a few minutes, so she
doesn't get suspicious, then leave
when Rigsby phones you.

*
*
*
*
*

VAN PELT

What's my reason for leaving?

*
*

Jane shrugs as he punches in a number on his phone.

*

JANE

Doesn't matter. Something about
work. Be vague.

*
*
*

Van Pelt looks dubious.

*

VAN PELT

Rigsby's right, you know. The boss
told us to go see Gina Russo. She
told you to stay out of trouble.

*
*
*
*

Jane waves her quiet, speaks into his phone.

*

JANE

Hi, Sonny, it's me, Patrick Jane.

*

INTERCUT AS NEEDED WITH:

43

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

43

Battaglia on the phone. Half expecting another wrong number...

BATTAGLIA

Oh, yeah, you. Okay. You got a name for me?

JANE

No, not yet. Soon maybe. But never mind that. Mary wants to know, did anybody leave any messages for her?

Battaglia turns beet red.

BATTAGLIA

What are you crazy? You little jerk, I'm going to tear your freakin' --

Jane cuts the connection, highly amused, and walks up to the front door of the Didrikson house. Beside him, Van Pelt shakes her head and sighs.

*
*

44

INT. KITCHEN. DIDRIKSON HOUSE - DAY

44

Gina stands talking with Van Pelt. Behind them, Jane is unpacking the grocery bag: a can of San Marzano tomatoes, onions, fresh garlic, etc.

*
*

GINA

You gotta talk to the Marshals for me. I want to know when I'm going to get moved.

*
*
*
*

VAN PELT

Uh, that's not really our purview, but...

*
*
*

GINA

Thanks, I'd appreciate it.

*
*

She glances back at Jane.

*

GINA (CONT'D)

What's he doing?

*
*

JANE

You said you couldn't get good food out here, so I thought I'd cook you some.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pours olive oil into a pan, turns on the burner, hands her an onion.

JANE (CONT'D)

If you want to help, you can chop this.

Gina looks at Jane with pleased surprise.

GINA

Okay.

Together, they start preparing the meal.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

I can't imagine being stuck out here in the desert.

(off her agreement)

Alone with the coyotes and tumbleweed and bad red sauce.

GINA

Yeah.

JANE

I mean, the old neighborhood might not have been much, but there was a community.

GINA

At least people knew who you were, cared about how you were doing.

JANE

Out here you're all alone. When you said you were homesick, Eddie probably told you to make friends, join a gym or something, right?

GINA

Yoga he says.

JANE

Right, like standing on your head, listening to flute music is the answer.

Gina laughs. Van Pelt considers defending yoga, but her PHONE RINGS.

VAN PELT

(answering)

Yes? Okay. Got it.

She hangs up.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

I've got to go do something. Work.

JANE

Come back soon. We'll still be here.

He turns to Gina.

JANE (CONT'D)

Pass me that garlic, will you?

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44A

INT. KITCHEN. DIDRIKSON HOUSE - LATER

44A

Jane and Gina sit at the kitchen table with plates of pasta in front of them, a bottle of wine on the table. Gina holds up her glass.

GINA

Salut.

The clink, sip. Gina takes a bite.

GINA (CONT'D)

Marron, that's good.

JANE

Gina, we believe Eddie had a romantic relationship with Christy Knox, of the Witsec Program.

(CONTINUED)

Gina blinks, blind-sided. Takes a minute to recover.

GINA

Romantic? With the Marshal lady?

(laughs)

No. Never happen. No. You kidding me?

JANE

Why are you so sure? Eddie liked the ladies, didn't he? A womanizer. Famous for it.

GINA

In his old life, maybe. He changed.

JANE

Changed? Really? You think people can change who they are?

GINA

Sure. People change.

JANE

Eddie couldn't change. He used to be somebody. Now he's got to be nobody? No. So even after dragging you all the way out here to the middle of nowhere, still some nights he didn't come home. Business, right? Just like before.

Gina's silence is a form of assent.

JANE (CONT'D)

Before you can move on, you have to make things right now, Gina. Tell the truth.

Gina pushes her plate away, makes a contemptuous gesture.

GINA

That for the truth. I'm saying nothing.

JANE

You found out he was cheating and you snapped. You shot him.

Gina glares at Jane defiantly.

GINA

You can say whatever you like.
Means nothing. You have to prove
it.

JANE

Where did you do it, Gina? Where's
the gun you used?

Gina dead eyes Jane, gets up.

GINA

You want some coffee? Dessert?

JANE

No thanks.

He watches her as she crosses to the refrigerator.

JANE (CONT'D)

The reason I'm here alone? My
colleagues are kinda straight
arrows. I didn't want them mixed
up in anything, you know, sketchy.

GINA

What sketchy?

Beat. Jane gives Gina a sinister look.

JANE

I went to talk to Sonny Battaglia.
See what he had to say about all
this.

GINA

Oh?

JANE

He's an impressive man. Knows how
to get what he wants.

GINA

He's a vicious scumbag.

JANE

Yes. He doesn't speak well of you
either. He seems to think it was
you that encouraged Eddie to turn
rat in the first place.

GINA

That's not true!

(CONTINUED)

JANE

That's what he thinks. And you know how he is once he gets an idea in his head. Stubborn.

(beat)

He offered me a very sweet deal.

Gina's scared now.

GINA

What kind of deal?

JANE

What kind do you think?

Gina looks around instinctively for danger.

GINA

Tell me.

Jane gets up, crosses to Gina.

JANE

Gina, here's the bottom line. Either you can make me look good with the cops, and confess what you did. Or, you can make me look good with Battaglia, and die. Your choice.

Gina backs away from Jane.

GINA

Die? But, but, you're a cop.

Jane follows.

JANE

And they never bend the law, do they? Besides, I'm not a real cop, I'm a consultant. I'm not breaking any oaths to the State or anything. Just looking out for number one.

(looks at his watch)

Better make up your mind.

Battaglia's man is on his way.

Gina takes a beat. Looks at Jane shrewdly.

GINA

I don't believe you.

He takes out his phone, punches in a number.

(CONTINUED)

44A

CONTINUED: (4)

44A

JANE

I'll call Sonny. Let him tell you himself. You know his voice, don't you?

(beat, to phone)

Hi, Sonny. It's me again. That woman we were talking about? She's right here.

45

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

45

Battaglia on the phone...

BATTAGLIA

Listen you piece of dirt! You docturd! You're dead, you hear me!

46

INT. KITCHEN. DIDRIKSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

46

Jane on the phone.

JANE

Yes. Sure. I'll put her on.

He hands the phone to Gina, who takes it warily.

GINA

Hello?

47

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

47

Battaglia on the phone...

BATTAGLIA

I will tear your head off and eat your spine! I will chew on your eyeballs! Nobody screws around with me and lives. You get me? Nobody!

48

INT. KITCHEN. DIDRIKSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

48

Gina snaps the phone shut, terrified now.

JANE

What's it going to be, Gina?

He takes out a little mini digital recorder.

JANE (CONT'D)

Confess or die?

GINA

You can't do this.

(CONTINUED)

A CAR PULLS UP outside. It's the CBI car, but Gina doesn't know that. Jane peers out the window. His POV -- Rigsby gets out, walks toward the front door, wearing his hair slicked back a little, and sunglasses. He looks the part.

JANE

He's here already. Didn't think he'd be so fast.

Gina looks out the window, sees Rigsby. Sees him adjust his concealed shoulder holster.

GINA

Oh God.

Gina looks around frantically for protection. Jane holds up the recorder.

JANE

There's no guns in the house.
The police took them all.
It's me or him, Gina. Me or him.

GINA

Alright! Alright! I confess.
I did it. I killed Eddie.

JANE

Good. Tell me the details.

Rigsby RINGS the front DOORBELL.

GINA

Stop him! Tell him to stop!

JANE

Details.

GINA

(quickly)

I watched him leave work with her on Friday night. I followed them to a motel. They were there for two hours and then she drove him back to his car, and there was nobody around. I shot him. Then I drove him to a bridge and I dumped him over the edge.

Jane turns off the recorder.

JANE

Thank you. Perfect.

48

CONTINUED: (2)

48

The door opens, Rigsby walks in. Gina quails.

JANE (CONT'D)

Agent Rigsby, arrest this woman.

Rigsby pulls out handcuffs. ON Gina, realizing she's been conned...

48A

EXT. CBI HQ (ESTABLISHING) - DAY

48A

49

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

49

A chastened-looking Exley is talking to Lisbon and Jane.

EXLEY

Knox wanted to apologize to you in person, but she's not out of the hospital yet.

LISBON

What's she going to do now?

EXLEY

She's out of the Marshal service, of course. She's going to take some time to figure out what to do next.

He clears his throat awkwardly.

EXLEY (CONT'D)

My apologies too. I got turned around. I was out of line. Congratulations on solving the case.

He shakes his head.

EXLEY (CONT'D)

It certainly isn't the way we do things in the Marshal's Office, but I guess it worked.

He heads out. Lisbon turns to Jane.

LISBON

Yeah. Speaking of which -- what were you thinking? Unbelievable.

JANE

Believe, Lisbon. Believe. We have closed another case. Pizza is on its way.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Toying with mafia bosses is no way
to close cases. It's stupid.

JANE

Meh, you're just looking to find
fault. And I know why.

LISBON

Oh really.

JANE

You're still grumpy about that
birthday gift.

LISBON

Please don't start that again.

JANE

Anyhoo, you needn't be grumpy anymore.

Jane gestures toward her office. Lisbon gives him a
suspicious look and walks warily into --

-- there she finds, grazing placidly at the papers on her desk --
a small but BEAUTIFUL PONY, with a sign around its neck saying,
"Happy Birthday." Lisbon turns to yell at Jane, but he has such
a happy smile on his face, as do Van Pelt and Rigsby and Cho,
who have gathered to watch; that she can't help but smile
herself, just a little.

FADE OUT.

THE END