

THE MENTALIST

"Paint It Red"

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Episode 112
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THE MENTALIST

"Paint It Red"
Episode #112
November 24, 2008 - Green Revisions

REVISED PAGES

PINK REVISIONS - 11/21/08

14, 20, 21, 30, 37, 37A

YELLOW REVISIONS - 11/23/08

*(ADDENDUM - SCENE 47 DIALOGUE - INSERT AT END OF SCRIPT)

GREEN REVISIONS - 11/24/08

46, 47, 49, 50, 52

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. A.P. CAID OIL HQ DOWNTOWN SACRAMENTO - NIGHT (N/1) 1

The SIGN outside an imposing edifice of glass and steel proclaims it to be the headquarters of A.P. CAID PETROLEUM.

2 INT. FOYER. EXECUTIVE FLOOR. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - NIGHT 2

FRANK and KEELY are locked in a fervent kiss. He's late 30s, turned corporate suit. She's late 20's, in prim but sexy receptionist kit. They make their way across the luxe foyer with a slightly furtive air, stopping at a set of heavy wooden doors.

KEELY

Are you sure about this? What if
someone sees us?

FRANK

Relax, baby. I've got it all under
control.

He takes a hi-tech card from his pocket and slides it through a scanner. The door locks clunk open. The couple slips through the doors to...

3 INT. A.P.'S OFFICE. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - NIGHT 3

An imposing room, more like an aristocrat's study than an office. Old masters and armor on the wall. A baronial desk. A fireplace even. There's one obvious patch on the wall where a picture has been taken down, but Frank and Keely don't notice that. Tearing at each other's clothes, they go down to the floor on a beautiful silk carpet in the center of the room. After a moment, WE, then Keely, SEE A YOUNG MAN LYING ON THE FLOOR BEHIND THE DESK, STARING AT THEM. Keely **SCREAMS**. They leap up. The young man doesn't move. He's dead.

4 INT. CORRIDOR. EXECUTIVE FLR. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - DAY (D/2) 4

JANE and LISBON walk down a corridor lined with expensive statuary and are greeted by CHO, who's with Frank.

CHO

Hey.

LISBON

Hey.

Cho and Frank fall in beside Lisbon and Jane.

(CONTINUED)

CHO

This is Frank Schiappa. Executive
Director of Security.

LISBON

Lisbon, Jane.

Frank does a sort of mime to indicate he's filing the names
away properly...

FRANK

Lisbon. Jane. Good to meet you.
Like I told your agent here.
Whatever we can do to assist you,
we will do.

LISBON

That's good to hear.

4A

INT. FOYER/OUTSIDE A.P. CAID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

4A

The dead body of the young man is now lying on the floor of
the luxe foyer, directly outside the doors of the office, in
a superman pose, arms stretched out in front of him.

LISBON

(to Cho)

What do we have?

CHO

Name's Harry Lashley, a junior Veep
with the company. He's the son-in-
law of the boss. A.P. Caid?

Frank points out Keely, talking weepily to a uniform
policewoman.

CHO (CONT'D)

The receptionist Miss Duane over
there forgot her phone, came back
to get it, and found him like this.

FRANK

She called security. Luckily I was
working late, and I called 911 soon
as I got here. Then I opened up
Mr. Caid's private office to check
that nothing was amiss. I have an
all access security pass.

They go through the door to...

5 INT. A.P.'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

5

Frank points out the bare patch on the wall.

FRANK

Only one thing was taken.
But it's the most valuable.

Cho hands Lisbon a copy of a GLOSSY SOTHEBY'S-LIKE AUCTION CATALOGUE. The cover reads, "Cabot's -- Old Master Paintings -- Day Sale," and shows a Renaissance PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN in fine apparel. She sits before a window, outside of which a Fourteenth Century Italian world is depicted in rich and minute detail -- farmers toiling in the fields, craftsmen at their work in guildhalls, townspeople marketing, highborn lords and ladies in their castles.

FRANK (CONT'D)

A.P. bought it at auction a couple of months ago. Paid a little over fifty million dollars for it.

LISBON

Wow.

FRANK

Uh huh.

Jane's been examining the body and the scene carefully. He notes TORN STITCHING ON THE SEAMS OF HARRY'S JACKET SLEEVES where they join the shoulder. And one of his shoes is half off.

JANE

You say the doors to this room were closed when you got here?

FRANK

Yes. The office is always locked up when A.P.'s not here. It's a strict rule he has.

LISBON

And Mr. Lashley? Why would he have been here?

FRANK

No idea. His office is two floors down. He had no reason to be here.

LISBON

Maybe he was involved.

(CONTINUED)

Jane moves around the room, closely examining this and that object.

JANE

If we're lucky, we'll find the murder weapon. This was a well planned robbery, obviously...

CHO

Why's that obvious?

JANE

Nobody finds themselves in a locked room full of old masters in the middle of the night by accident. So, well planned. But they didn't expect to meet any opposition, otherwise Mr. Lashley here would have been shot or tasered or tied up and gagged. But when surprised by him, they simply hit him over the head. Which suggests an improvised weapon, yes?

LISBON

I'm listening...

Jane's moving round the room, trying this and that object for heft.

JANE

Something like this...

He points to a miniature bronze BUST OF CAESAR on the desk.

JANE (CONT'D)

I confidently predict forensics will find traces of Harry Lashley on this head.

Cho's willing to go with that, and bags the bust.

FRANK

No offense, but I used to be police myself, and that's not policework. That's guessing.

Jane studies Frank.

JANE

Frank, is there a good diner around here?

FRANK

(off balance)

Uh, yeah. Garrity's. Couple blocks over on Hudson.

JANE

Do they do good eggs?

FRANK

(huh?)

I guess.

JANE

That's the test of a good diner. Eggs. You must have had a contentious relationship with your father.

FRANK

Excuse me? No.

JANE

And tell me, I can't tell with her hair in her face and the weeping, but I imagine Ms. Duane's quite attractive, isn't she? Receptionists are often hired for their looks.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

LISBON

Good question. Where are you going with this?

Jane goes to the body, turns to Lisbon and Cho...

JANE

Look at the shoulder seams on his jacket. Pulled apart. Look at the way he's laid out so straight. And how his shoe's coming off...

He demonstrates, miming taking Harry by the wrists and pulling.

LISBON

Yes, we all noticed. Someone dragged him here.

JANE

Yes. But dragged him from where?
And why? You want to tell us,
Frank?

FRANK

I don't know what you're talking
about.

JANE

I'll explain then. You and Ms.
Duane came up here to have sex in
the boss's office --

Flustered, Frank goes for bluster.

FRANK

--- That's absurd! Why would I do
such a --

JANE

-- Because it's forbidden and thus
very sexy, of course. Especially
if you have father issues. And who
doesn't? It's a furtive, but
powerful challenge to the paternal
authority. So you open up A.P.'s
office. Oh crap, you find a dead
body. You have to report it,
obviously. But how to explain your
presence in his office? A quick
and dirty solution. Drag the body
out of the office, and lock the
doors again before calling the
police.

FRANK

Who is this guy?

LISBON

(smiling faintly)

He's a pain in the ass. But he's
making sense so far. You want to
reconsider your statements?

FRANK

(hesitant)

No.

JANE

Oh please, Frank. It's silly to
deny it. Keely will tell all in a
heartbeat if we ask her.

FRANK

(angry, cornered)

Back off man.

JANE

I would like to, Frank. Believe me, I have zero interest in your sex life, but it occurs to me, in a room like this, there must be security cameras. Yes?

Frank looks abashed.

FRANK

Yes.

JANE

But surely, you wouldn't knowingly record yourself making love on the boss's carpet. You'd have to know the cameras in here were off. Probably because you turned them off yourself. Being head of security and all. They are off, aren't they?

Frank nods, defeated.

JANE (CONT'D)

So, the question is Frank, how long have the cameras been off, and who else might know that they were going to be off this evening?

Frank looks ashen. Lisbon and Cho look predatory. Jane heads for the elevator...

JANE (CONT'D)

You guys can take it from here. I'm starving. I need to go eat some eggs.

(to Frank)

Garrity's, right?

Frank nods. Jane exits.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. HALLWAY/BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2 CONT'D) 6

Lisbon comes through the double doors accompanied by Van Pelt. Van Pelt hands Lisbon the CABOT AUCTION CATALOGUE.

VAN PELT

It's known as "The Moro." It's from 14th Century Italy, a portrait of somebody named Carlotta Moro and it's the only known work by an artist known as the Siennese Master.

INSERT -- catalogue with the Carlotta Moro portrait on the cover.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

It's been owned by two Popes, the King of France, and John Jacob Astor among others. Then A.P. Caid bought it for fifty million dollars three months ago.

Rigsby whistles.

LISBON

What do we know about Caid?

RIGSBY

Apart from he's an idiot with his money...

Rigsby pushes a Forbes Magazine-like business journal across the table. A.P. Caid is on the cover: a brash Ted Turner type, he grins challengingly into the camera, arms crossed with self-confident power. The caption under him reads: "THE ROUGHNECK TYCOON."

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

(pointing at the magazine)

Like the cover says, he got his start as a roughneck in the oil fields, then turned himself into a wildcatter and made a fortune before he was thirty. Tough guy -- his trick's pulling oil out of places where nobody else has the balls to go.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

So where is he now?

RIGSBY

Somewhere on a sailboat. He's been told what's happened, and he's coming back quick as he can. I was thinking, it would've been easy for him to sail up or down the coast a few miles, put in to a small marina, then come back and commit the crime without anyone knowing.

LISBON

Why would he want to do that?

RIGSBY

I'm just saying he could. Maybe he wants the insurance money. Or he wants to get rid of Harry. Doesn't like that he's married to his daughter.

LISBON

(to Cho)

What d'you get from the security staff?

CHO

Everybody at the company that didn't wear a suit knew all about Frank Schiappa and his use of A.P.'s office. Any number of people might have known the cameras were off last night.

LISBON

So I guess we'll have to check up on any number of people.

Lisbon looks around.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Where's Jane?

VAN PELT

I think he's taking a nap.

LISBON

Wake him up. I want to go see Harry's wife. You guys give the Caid personnel files a good hard look for anyone with criminal connections...

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

Lisbon looks at her watch, rises.

LISBON (CONT'D)
Especially Harry Lashley.

VAN PELT
You think he's dirty?

LISBON
He's involved. Why else was he
there in the middle of the night?

7

EXT. A.P. CAID OIL HQ. DOWNTOWN SACRAMENTO - DAY

7

PRE LAP:

STEVIE (O.S.)
It doesn't feel real.

8

INT. FOYER. EXECUTIVE FLOOR. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - DAY

8

STEVIE CAID (late 20's) escorts Lisbon and Jane to her office, which is just down the hall from A.P.'s. The crime scene tape is still up. Forensics still doing their snail-like thing. A shrewd and capable organizer, at the moment, Stevie's professional demeanor seems fragile, as if she might crumble into tears.

STEVIE
If it wasn't for you people, and
all this...
(off the tape etc.)
I wouldn't believe it. Harry's
going to walk through the door, and
this is all just a strange dream.
But here you are. Harry's dead.

LISBON
When was the last time you spoke to
him?

STEVIE
Yesterday afternoon. Just chit
chat, where to go for dinner.
Then he left me a message,
cancelling. He didn't say why.

LISBON
That wasn't unusual? Cancelling
with no reason given?

Stevie shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

STEVIE

No. Harry was very hardworking.
Very keen. Stuff would come up all
the time.

LISBON

What was his job exactly?

Stevie flashes a small, sad smile.

STEVIE

Good question. He was a sort of
jack-of-all-trades for my father.
Did whatever he needed from week to
week. My father liked having
someone on hand with no ties or
friendships within the company.

They enter...

INT. STEVIE'S OFFICE. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - CONTINUOUS

It's much smaller and more utilitarian than her father's
office. A couple of PHOTOS of classic jazz musicians on the
walls. A place to work. A posed picture of her and Harry.
Stevie sits behind her desk.

LISBON

Tough assignment.

STEVIE

Yes. But he only joined the
company when we got married. He
was learning the ropes.

JANE

Your father didn't want Harry to
get a soft ride just because he was
your husband.

STEVIE

Yes. You could put it like that.

LISBON

What was his previous employment?

JANE

He was a musician. A jazz
guitarist.

STEVIE

(surprised)

Yes. How did you know that?

JANE

I looked at his fingers. Guitar player's fingers. Jazz with a flamenco edge, judging by the ridge on his thumb.

STEVIE

(amazed)

Yes.

JANE

He was playing a gig at some ghastly event you had to go to and you struck up a conversation, because you love jazz, so you could talk easily to him, which is normally quite hard for you. Outside of business.

Stevie's thrown completely. How the hell?

STEVIE

I, yes, that's, but...

Stevie looks to Lisbon as if for assistance.

LISBON

(all business)

I'm sorry, Ms. Caid. He's showing off. Can you think of any reason Harry would be on this floor? At that time of night?

STEVIE

No. He would have known that neither I nor my father were here.

LISBON

So...

STEVIE

I understand from my assistant that Frank Schiappa's misbehavior was an open secret amongst the junior staff. He is no longer a Caid employee by the way. Perhaps Harry had found out and he was trying to catch him.

LISBON

Perhaps. Or is it possible he had prior knowledge that a theft was going to take place?

(CONTINUED)

STEVIE

You're asking if he could have been complicit in the theft.

LISBON

Yes I am.

STEVIE

The answer is no. Harry was honest, and gentle. No.

LISBON

He never talked about the painting with you?

STEVIE

No. I didn't approve of buying it. Fifty million dollars is far too much money to spend on a single object. But my father likes things done his way, so...

LISBON

But from what I've gathered, your father very much relies on your advice.

STEVIE

(wryly)

Only when he agrees with it. And when it comes to art, rational arguments don't apply for him. That would be Kathryn Hawkes' area of expertise.

LISBON

Kathryn Hawkes. She is?

Lisbon takes out her notebook and starts writing.

STEVIE

She buys the art for my father's collection.

KATHRYN HAWKES (40's-50's) leads Lisbon past an eclectic mix of classical and modern sculpture.

KATHRYN

A terrible tragedy. Terrible.

LISBON

Did you know Mr. Lashley well?

KATHRYN

No. Not well. I knew of him, obviously. Poor man. Very sad.

LISBON

But you think the loss of the painting is the real tragedy here.

KATHRYN

Well, no. Obviously, a human life is a sacred thing. But 'The Moro' is a uniquely beautiful treasure. Beyond precious.

LISBON

You know the art market. Who would be willing and able to steal such a high-end item?

KATHRYN

Worldwide, there's probably a good hundred collectors with resources and passion enough to do this. But ah, it's public knowledge, Mr. Caid outbid Shirali Arlov to get The Moro. And Arlov wasn't pleased.

LISBON

Shirali Arlov, the shady Russian oil baron?

KATHRYN

Him.

SURVEILLANCE SHOTS of SHIRALI ARLOV -- getting in and out of limos, entering dark doorways -- PLAY ON Rigsby's COMPUTER.

RIGSBY

Arlov is a nasty piece of work. He has a legit front as an oilman, but he's a super-rich gangster basically. They say he likes to have his business rivals delivered to him hog-tied and naked so he can kill them personally. Vicious, greedy, and owner of the finest collection of Renaissance paintings in Russia.

Rigsby's laying it out for Jane, Lisbon, Cho and Van Pelt.

LISBON

Sounds like our kind of guy.

(to Rigsby)

Talk to the organized crime boys upstairs. Find out who Arlov's connections are in California. Who would he have used for a job like this? And where were they last night?

RIGSBY

Got it.

He moves off.

LISBON

(to Van Pelt)

What d'you have?

VAN PELT

Harry Lashley has a past. Ten years ago in Canada, he stole cash from a video store he was working at. Busted and served six months.

LISBON

Damn. I was kind of hoping he was clean.

VAN PELT

Yup. Nope. Then I tried to find any connection he had with the art world, and this popped up.

She hands over a Xerox copy of a cashier's check.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

A month ago, he paid a company called R.W. Arts twenty thousand dollars. That's pretty much the only financial transaction he's made recently.

LISBON

What is R.W. Arts?

VAN PELT

I don't know yet. A shell, probably. The address is just a mailbox in Lockesdale. That's a little farming town up north.

11

CONTINUED: (2)

11

JANE
(to Lisbon)
Interesting. Let's Van Pelt and I
go have a look.

LISBON
You and Van Pelt?

JANE
She's from a little farming town,
aren't you?

VAN PELT
Yes I am.

JANE
Cover.

LISBON
Why do you need cover? You're a
CBI operative.

JANE
You never know, do you?

LISBON
(to Van Pelt)
Just follow procedure.

JANE
Where's the fun in that?

12

EXT. LOCKESDALE TOWN SQUARE - DAY

12

Jane and Van Pelt get out of the Citroen, parked across from
the village green. There's a farmer's market in progress.
Jane takes in the Rockwellesque scene...

JANE
How cute is this? Almost
sickening.

VAN PELT
It sure doesn't look like the lair
of high-end art thieves.

JANE
But no...

Jane points to a small, white-shingled building on Main
Street. A SIGN over the door reads: "ROB WALLACE ART
GALLERY AND FRAMING STORE."

JANE (CONT'D)
R.W. Arts.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

VAN PELT

Bingo.

Van Pelt takes out her badge starts to put it on her jacket pocket as they walk across the street to the gallery...

JANE

Don't start with the badge. Let's see how the land lies first. Then show them the badge.

VAN PELT

Well... okay.

She pockets her badge. As they're about to enter the store...

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Don't do anything embarrassing.

JANE

What d'you mean? I never do anything embarrassing.

VAN PELT

You know what I mean.

They enter.

JANE

No. What d'you mean?

13

INT. WALLACE ART GALLERY - DAY

13

CU on a LITTLE GIRL in a best-company dress, face clean, hair brushed and tied with a pretty ribbon. She is sitting up very straight, a large pumpkin beside her, a blue 4H ribbon on the side of it. She smiles a wide smile, revealing a missing tooth.

ROB WALLACE (O.S.)

You're doing great, Annie. Just another minute...

Annie and her pumpkin are sitting in a light-filled painter's studio. Jane and Van Pelt enter. Across the room from Annie and her pumpkin, ROB WALLACE (30's, handsome in a rugged, Marlboro man way) sits at a canvas, using poster paint to execute a portrait. Annie's proud Parents sit in chairs against the wall behind him, watching.

Noticing Jane and Van Pelt, Rob looks up from his work.

ROB WALLACE (CONT'D)

Morning folks.

(CONTINUED)

VAN PELT

Hi.

ROB WALLACE

Look around. Make yourself at home.

JANE

Will do.

Jane's already prowling around. Van Pelt waits, a little awkward. The little girl's MOM smiles at him, curious about the couple.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hi.

ANNIE'S MOM

Hi.

JANE

I know what you're thinking.

ANNIE'S MOM

You do?

JANE

You're thinking my fiancée is much younger than me.

ANNIE'S MOM

Er, no.

JANE

I'll tell you a secret. I was her professor at college. Seduced her.

ANNIE'S MOM

(politely)
No kidding.

JANE

Her parents were mad as hell.
Right babe?

VAN PELT

Okay. That's what I mean. Come on. Stop it.

JANE

She hates it when I'm open about this stuff.

Annie's parent's exchange a glance. Van Pelt looks daggers at Jane. Jane takes a look at Rob's work.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED: (2)

13

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh it's good. He's good.

(pointing to Van Pelt.)

Could you do a picture of my fiancée?

VAN PELT

No.

JANE

Yes.

VAN PELT

No.

JANE

Hey, who's in charge in this relationship?

VAN PELT

(sternly)

He's just playing the fool. Stop it now.

Van Pelt sighs, tacitly agreeing to cooperate with Jane's play. Rob and Annie's parents look at each other and raise their eyebrows.

14

EXT. LOCKESDALE TOWN SQUARE - DAY

14

Annie and parents leaving the art gallery.

15

INT. WALLACE ART GALLERY - DAY

15

Van Pelt settles into a pose for Rob Wallace, pencil in hand making a preliminary sketch.

ROB WALLACE

Turn just a little to your left.
There. Good.

Jane stands close to Rob, watching him work.

JANE

Don't put her eyes too close together.

Rob looks askance at Jane.

ROB WALLACE

Uh...

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

JANE

Sorry. I'm getting in your space.
Bad habit. Where's your
facilities?

Rob is only too glad to tell Jane where go...

ROB WALLACE

Down the hall, door on your right,
just under the stairs.

As Jane exits...

JANE

Not too close, that's all I'm
saying...

16

INT. HALLWAY. WALLACE ART GALLERY - DAY

16

Jane makes his way down the wide-board floor of the hallway. The walls are plain, unadorned. Everything is simple and clean. Reaching the bathroom, Jane notices a pattern of multi-colored handprints smudged on the wall heading back into the house. He glances backwards, then shuts the bathroom door and heads deeper into the building, following the paint handprints...

17

INT. WALLACE ART GALLERY - SIMULTANEOUS

17

Rob starts sketching.

ROB WALLACE

You have an excellent nose.

VAN PELT

Thank you.

18

INT. BACK ROOM. WALLACE ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

18

Jane enters a small bare room, the faint trace of paint handprints are on the doorknob and smudged on the door frame to a closet. Jane opens the closet. It's empty. Jane raps on the back wall of the closet.

19

INT. WALLACE ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

19

Rob sketching. Van Pelt holding very still.

ROB WALLACE

Just passing through town are you?

Van Pelt has no talent for embellishment.

VAN PELT

Yes. Passing through.

(CONTINUED)

A BUMP O.S. Van Pelt tries to distract Rob Wallace.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)
Have you lived here long?

Rob Wallace nods.

ROB WALLACE
All my life. D'you mind if I ask
you a personal question?

VAN PELT
That depends I suppose.

Another BUMP O.S. -- a slight look from Rob.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)
(quickly)
Go ahead.

ROB WALLACE
How long have you and Patrick been
together?

Van Pelt tries to keep Rob's attention from the SOUNDS of
Jane in the back.

VAN PELT
Um, not long.

ROB WALLACE
Because -- well, okay, I'll say it.
Are you sure about marrying this
guy? He appears to be kind of a
jerk, no offense.

Rob seems oblivious.

VAN PELT
Oh no, yes. I'm not marrying him.
That's, no. Don't worry about
that. Not going to happen.

ROB WALLACE
Well alright then. I'm glad to
hear it.

Another BUMP. Rob doesn't react.

ROB WALLACE (CONT'D)
Turn your head to the right a
little, look down. There. Hold
that.

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

Van Pelt does as she's told and doesn't see Rob take a SHOTGUN from a footlocker.

ROB WALLACE (CONT'D)

Okay, stand up.

Now she sees it.

20

INT. BACK ROOM. WALLACE ART GALLERY - DAY

20

Jane is about to exit, but something makes him go back to the closet: a bare pole with some wire hangers on it, three clothes hooks along one wall. Jane thoughtfully tugs at one of the clothes hooks. Nothing happens. He frowns, tries another. Still nothing. He squints at the last one -- a faint smudge of paint. He tugs, and there is an audible 'click.' The BACK WALL SWINGS OPEN. A hidden door. On the other side, a small chamber and on an easel, the MISSING PORTRAIT OF CARLOTTA MORO.

Jane smiles thoughtfully. Van Pelt appears, followed by Rob Wallace with the shotgun.

ROB WALLACE

Put your hands in the air.

Jane does what he's told.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

21 INT. BACK ROOM. WALLACE ART GALLERY - DAY (D/2 CONT'D) 21

Jane and Van Pelt held at gunpoint by Rob Wallace.

JANE

Steady now. Steady...

VAN PELT

Mr. Wallace, if you would just let me show you my ID. We're from the California Bureau of Investigation. Our office knows we're here. If you kill us, they'll know who did it.

Rob is having trouble keeping up with Van Pelt.

ROB WALLACE

Kill you? Why would I kill you? You're cops?

VAN PELT

Investigating the murder of Harry Lashley.

WALLACE

Lashley's dead? Oh my gosh. He's dead? What happened?

VAN PELT

We were hoping you might tell us that. Seeing that you have the stolen painting in your possession.

JANE

It's a copy. Mr. Wallace here is an art forger. And a very good one, from the look of it. He's not a thief.

VAN PELT

(embarrassed)

Oh. Well then, put the gun down.

22 EXT. WALLACE ART GALLERY - DAY 22

Rob turns a SIGN around to say that the store's CLOSED.

23 INT. WALLACE ART GALLERY - A MOMENT LATER 23

Rob talking with Jane and Van Pelt.

(CONTINUED)

ROB WALLACE

Mr. Lashley came to me a couple of months ago and commissioned two copies of The Moro.

JANE

How did he find you?

ROB WALLACE

People who need my services tend to find me eventually. It's not a crime what I do. If you have a valuable painting, it's only sensible to have a copy made for display. So that you can keep the real thing safe. I gave him the copies a month ago.

VAN PELT

You gave two copies to him already? So what's this one for?

ROB WALLACE

This one, I did for myself. It's a beautiful picture. I'd come to love her.

JANE

Why did he want two copies?

ROB WALLACE

He didn't say.

VAN PELT

And you didn't ask questions.

ROB WALLACE

He paid me ten thousand dollars for each of them. No, I didn't ask questions.

VAN PELT

How do we know this isn't the real thing?

ROB WALLACE

Look, I'm not a forger, I'm an artist. I'm not trying to trick anyone. I always add details that ensure nobody can sell my work as the genuine article.

VAN PELT

(dubious)

That's very ethical of you.
Looks pretty much exactly the same
to me.

JANE

He's telling the truth. Look close.

Van Pelt stares at the painting -- the ineffable smile that hovers around the corner of Carlotta Moro's mouth, the exquisite brushwork of the lace at her neck, the dove in a cage beside her.

VAN PELT

What? What am I looking for?

JANE

Closer.

He points -- out the window behind Carlotta Moro, where the landscape stretches, smaller and smaller into the distance. Farmers in the fields... husbandmen tending cattle... a village wedding...

VAN PELT

(leaning in)

I still don't --

JANE

-- You've almost found it.

Frustrated, Van Pelt squints to see: a hunting party of noble lords and ladies in rich finery... a castle on a hilltop... the battlements patrolled by footmen armed with pikes...

VAN PELT

(eyes widening)

Oh!

Van Pelt's finger reaches out and touches the canvas. Peeking out from all the flags and towers bristling from the castle's battlements, a tiny anachronistic touch: an old-fashioned television aerial.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

A TV aerial. They didn't have TV.

ROB WALLACE

Like I said. I'm not a forger.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

It's beautiful work. Can I borrow this from you for a while? To show our boss?

ROB WALLACE

Uh, I don't know about that. How do I know I'll get it back?

JANE

Let me put it another way. Lend it to me or Agent Van Pelt is fully entitled to take you and the painting back to Sacramento, and keep you there answering dumb questions for hours and hours.

ON ROB. It's not much of a choice...

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

Jane, holding The Moro, wrapped in a blanket, talking with Lisbon.

LISBON

Copies uh? Clever. Harry and his accomplices steal the painting once, but they get to sell it three times.

CHO

Hey, boss. A.P. Caid's back from his trip. He's on the way to his office.

INT. CORRIDOR. EXECUTIVE FLOOR. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - DAY

A.P. CAID strides into frame, laughing. He's tanned and weathered, wearing a Helly Hansen slicker and boat shoes. Jane, Lisbon, Stevie, and Kathryn Hawkes follow. The man's a charismatic self-absorbed force of nature.

A.P. CAID

...No no you have it all wrong. I told Harry to get me a copy made on the hush hush. I mean, hell, what kind of idiot puts fifty million dollars on a wall for anybody to steal?

LISBON

It was a copy that was stolen.

A.P. CAID

(chuckling)

Damn right. The real old girl's in my private vault.

KATHRYN

All due respect, A.P., why didn't you tell me about this? The art here is my responsibility.

A.P. CAID

You didn't need to know. This kind of trick, the fewer people know, the better.

He laughs out loud.

A.P. CAID (CONT'D)

And it paid off uh? Some thieving sonofabitch just paid a whole lot of money for junk.

STEVIE

Daddy, Harry's dead.

A.P. CAID

I'm sorry, baby. You're right. It's too bad. It's tragic. I really liked that kid. He was going to go places here.

A.P. gives his daughter a perfunctory hug, the falsity of which betrays to her the fact that he's too self-absorbed to really give a shit.

JANE

Can we have a look at the painting?

A.P. CAID

You want to see my baby? Sure thing.

25A INT. VAULT. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - DAY

25A

A small room, lined with shelves of cash and bullion and metal boxes with who knows what in them.

The Carlotta Moro portrait sits on an easel at the center of the room.

A.P. admires it proudly, the others behind him.

A.P. CAID

Ain't she a beauty?

(CONTINUED)

KATHRYN

A masterpiece of *quattrocento* portraiture. One of a kind.

A.P. CAID

That's fifty million dollars right there.

JANE

Uh, that's about ten thousand dollars right there. It's a fake.

A.P. CAID

The hell you say.

JANE

Fake as a six dollar bill.

A.P. CAID

That's not funny.

JANE

Take a look at the group on horseback, back there, by the trees.

He gestures for him to lean in for a closer look.

JANE (CONT'D)

The third one from the left, beside the footman --

He points. A.P. leans in, squints. So do Hawkes and Lisbon.

A.P. CAID

Okay, I see the guys on horses. What's so --

A.P. stops. INSERT -- We can SEE that among a group of miniscule knights riding on richly caparisoned horses, one teeny little man in period costume carries an AK-47.

JANE

What do you think, is that a M-16, or a Kalashnikov?

A.P. CAID

Son of a bitch.

A.P. Caid glares at the stunned Kathryn Hawkes.

A.P. CAID (CONT'D)

(pointing at the canvas)

There's a damned machine gun in the painting!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25A

CONTINUED: (2)

25A

A.P. CAID (CONT'D)

How the hell did you not notice that? This bozo could see it, why couldn't you?

KATHRYN

Uh, I'm sure that's not...

She looks. Oh shit.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

(taken aback)

A.P., I assure you --

A.P. CAID

(accusing)

You're supposed to have such a good eye and you bought me a fake?

KATHRYN

(with offended dignity)

Mr. Caid, I can state with absolute certainty that the painting I bought for you and put into your hands was genuine. I have the documents to prove it. If you chose to engage in some clever subterfuge without my knowledge, I can hardly be blamed for the results.

And she sweeps from the room with her chin in the air, desperately clutching her tattered dignity. A.P. seems oblivious to her departure.

A.P. CAID

That sonofabitch. Harry did this. He switched out the real painting for the fake one.

STEVIE

And then bludgeoned himself to death I suppose. You have no basis for that Father...

A.P. CAID

Whichever one of his crackhead musician friends he brought along did that.

STEVIE

That's not fair. You don't know that.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Were you aware that Harry served time in prison? In Canada. Six months for theft. Ten years ago.

Stevie tries to stifle her surprise and dismay.

STEVIE

Yes. I mean, no, I, didn't, but it doesn't, I'm sure it's not. It was ten years ago.

A.P. CAID

(rising anger)

I knew it! I knew he was no good. I knew it. I could feel it. But I kept quiet. For your sake, I forced myself to trust the guy. After all this time you finally find a man, glory hallelujah, and what does he do? He steals fifty million dollars from me. Damn, Stevie.

Stevie turns to Jane and Lisbon. She has to struggle to speak evenly.

STEVIE

Please, I beg you, find my husband's murderer.

LISBON

Yes, ma'am. That's what we're trying to do.

STEVIE

They'll tell you the truth. I want the truth.

Stevie's veneer cracks. With a convulsive sob she rushes from the room.

Scowling, A.P. waves a dismissive hand toward Lisbon and Jane.

A.P. CAID

You people can go.

Lisbon gives him a deadpan gaze.

LISBON

We have all we need from you at the moment. We'll be in touch.

(CONTINUED)

25A

CONTINUED: (4)

25A

They head for the door. Jane pauses.

JANE

Mr. Caid, forgive me for being blu --

LISBON

(muttering)

-- Oh no you don't.

She grabs Jane's arm and discreetly, but with surprising force, pulls him from the room.

26

OMITTED

26

27

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

27

Lisbon and the team run through the case.

CHO

Harry has copies made, but he doesn't hang one on the wall to disguise the robbery. Why?

RIGSBY

Because it was part of the plan. Everybody has to know the painting's been stolen for him to have anything to sell. The painting has to be missing.

JANE

So he makes the switch, then he goes to steal the real painting off the wall, knowing Frank Schiappa's turned off the cameras.

VAN PELT

So then who kills him?

CHO

Whoever ended up delivering the painting to a buyer. Harry outlived his usefulness the minute he used his security pass to get into A.P.'s office.

Lisbon enters.

LISBON

Well, we heard from the organized crime boys about Shirali Arlov.

CHO

We did?

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Uh-huh. The good news, Arlov is in California. In LA. Arrived a couple of days ago.

The team is galvanized.

VAN PELT

That can't be a coincidence.

CHO

What's the bad news?

LISBON

The bad news is, he's travelling on a diplomatic passport. We can't touch him. Under any circumstances.

RIGSBY

If we can just ask him a couple of questions...

Lisbon shakes her head.

LISBON

State Department is crystal clear -- keep off. Arlov controls an oil pipeline route this country needs. It's a national security issue.

RIGSBY

Another argument for energy independence right there.

JANE

Where's he staying?

LISBON

I repeat, we can't touch him.

JANE

No touching. Promise.

SHIRALI ARLOV -- (50's) scarey, cold-eyed -- makes his way through a spectacularly high-end hotel villa, where a half dozen GANGSTERS sit beside a pool where four or five SLUTTY YOUNG WOMEN frolic, the air loud with BALKAN TECHNO MUSIC.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

29 INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN. CBI HQ - DAY (D/3 CONT'D) 29

Lisbon shakes her head as she walks down the hallway to the kitchen, dogged by Jane.

LISBON

Nope, nyet, no. And Minelli said 'no,' too. That's four 'no's.

JANE

Minelli always says no. That's his job.

LISBON

And it's mine to listen to him.

They enter the kitchen where Lisbon makes herself a cup of coffee. Rigsby's there already downing several little yogurt bottles.

JANE

You'll walk away? Arlov is our guy. You're going to let him get away with murder?

LISBON

He didn't do the murder. He probably bought the painting from the murderer.

JANE

We'll never know unless we go talk to him.

LISBON

We'll close this case, but not by causing an international scandal.

JANE

Arlov's the key. We won't get anywhere if we don't get to him.

LISBON

I want to get Harry Lashley's killer as much as you do. But we can't go after Arlov. The State Department --

JANE

-- A fig for the state department.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

I agree. Screw `em.

LISBON

That attitude is why I'm in charge
and you guys aren't.

(off the yogurts)

And would you leave some of those
for everybody else?

Lisbon leaves with her coffee.

RIGSBY

They're so small.

Jane waits until Lisbon's out of earshot.

JANE

How can it be wrong for law
officers to go after a known
criminal?

Rigsby shakes his head in disgust.

RIGSBY

Damn right.

JANE

If we leave now, we can be in LA
before dark.

RIGSBY

What?

JANE

Tell Cho to meet us in the parking
lot. Ten minutes.

RIGSBY

Uh...

Jane's already gone. Rigsby rues his big mouth.

A glamorous swooping BIRDS EYE VIEW of Beverly Hills and the
Sunset Strip...

Jane in back, Rigsby and Cho in front. Jane taps in a number
on his phone. Cho's PHONE RINGS. He answers.

JANE

You ready?

31

CONTINUED:

31

CHO
(to phone)
Yes.

RIGSBY
(doubtful)
Are you ready?

JANE (O.S.)
Ready.

Jane drops his phone into his pocket, still on the line to Cho.

JANE (CONT'D)
What's the signal?

CHO
'She is beautiful.'

JANE
That's it. Let's go.

Jane gets out of the car. He has the fake 'Moro' (that he borrowed from Rob Wallace) in his hand, casually wrapped in a towel. Cho and Rigsby follow at a distance.

32

EXT. OUTSIDE ARLOV'S SUITE - NIGHT

32

A burly GUARD in a flashy suit stands outside Arlov's door.

Jane comes down the corridor, carrying 'The Moro.'

JANE
Hi. I'd like to speak to Mr. Arlov please.

The Guard looks at him blankly.

JANE (CONT'D)
Would you tell Mr. Arlov that Patrick Jane is here? I have the Moro portrait that was stolen a couple of days ago, and I want to sell it to him.

Jane shows him the wrapped frame in his hand. The Guard frowns, puzzled.

33

INT. ARLOV'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

33

The gangster's revels are still in full swing. Arlov is on the couch watching TV. The Guard crosses the room and whispers in Arlov's ear. Arlov frowns, says something brusque in Russian. The Guard hurries away.

34 EXT. ARLOV'S HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS 34

Jane leans against the wall, waiting. The Guard emerges from Arlov's suite. Beckons to Jane.

GUARD

Come.

35 INT. ARLOV'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT 35

Jane enters. Everybody stares at him. The guard escorts him to Arlov. Arlov smiles up at Jane, pats the sofa next to him. Jane complies, sits down. (NB the Moro portrait is not visible from this part of the suite). Arlov has good demotic English, like he went to college here.

ARLOV

(indicating the TV)

World's Best Collisions.

You know this show?

INSERT - ON THE TV - A quick shot of a car crash.

ARLOV (CONT'D)

You should check it out. Amusing and educational. A lesson for us all. Anytime, anyplace, BOOM. Your life can be over.

JANE

That's very true.

ARLOV

Would you like a drink? A snack?

JANE

Yes. Sparkling water please.

This to the Guard, who scowls and looks to Arlov, who nods. The guard moves off.

36 INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT 36

Rigsby watching Cho listen to his phone.

JANE (O.S.)

(faintly)

No ice. Room temperature is fine.

In BG we might notice a little RED BOX on the wall -- a glass fronted FIRE ALARM BUTTON.

37 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT 37

Lisbon enters. Only Van Pelt is at her desk.

(CONTINUED)

37

THE MENTALIST
CONTINUED:

"Paint It Red"

GREEN 11/24/08

37A.
37

LISBON
Where is everyone?

(CONTINUED)

VAN PELT

Weird, they all called in to sign out. Jane wasn't feeling well, Rigsby has a hot date, and Cho got Kings tickets.

Lisbon looks dark...

LISBON

Sonofa...

VAN PELT

What?

Lisbon flips open her phone.

LISBON

Jane's never sick, Rigsby's not dating anyone because he's in love with you, and the Kings aren't playing tonight.

Van Pelt blushes bright red.

VAN PELT

You know that?

LISBON

They're on an east coast road trip. Playing the Knicks tomorrow night.

VAN PELT

No, I mean about Rigsby. How do you know that?

LISBON

(offhand)

Everybody knows that. The Attorney General knows that.

VAN PELT

I'm so embarrassed.

LISBON

Please.

(to phone)

Answer your phone dammit.

The guard hands Jane a glass of sparkling water.

JANE

Thank you.

Jane's PHONE BUZZES in his pocket, he takes it out and looks at it.

INSERT -- The PHONE DISPLAY indicates Cho is on the line and Lisbon is waiting...

ARLOV
D'you want to take that? Feel free.

JANE
Nothing important.

He puts the phone away. Drinks some water, very calm and cool. Arlov picks up the TV remote, pushes pause. The VIDEO FREEZES, mid-horrific accident.

ARLOV
(a shark's smile)
So. Mr. Patrick Jane. You have a painting you want to sell me?

He points his foot at the wrapped frame in Jane's hand.

ARLOV (CONT'D)
The Carlotta Moro?

JANE
Yes.

ARLOV
I don't believe you.

JANE
Take a look.

He unwraps the painting and shows it to Arlov. The frame is right, but the picture is a crudely drawn cartoon version of La Moro on paper.

JANE (CONT'D)
You like it?

Arlov frowns. What's this man's game?

ARLOV
Are you mad?

JANE
Just kidding. Kidding. This was just a prop to get me in the door. I'm aware you already have the painting.

Arlov was about to tell his men to tear Jane up, but this gives him pause.

(CONTINUED)

ARLOV

Really. You are aware.
How are you aware of this?

JANE

A guess. Confirmed by the
predatory smile on your face when
you asked me about it just now.
You enjoy trapping people in nets
of their own making.

A palpable hit with Arlov. He laughs.

ARLOV

Very perceptive of you.

JANE

Not really. Most successful
criminal bosses have a similar
profile. Sadistic and violent,
but also highly methodical and
psychologically astute.

Arlov laughs some more, then turns ice cold.

ARLOV

Why are you here, Mr. Jane?

Jane shows his CBI ID.

JANE

I'm a detective of sorts.

Arlov's men react with surly menace...

ARLOV

Hush boys.
(to Jane)
Explain.

JANE

I'm trying to find out who killed
Harry Lashley.

ARLOV

Who?

JANE

The man that died in the course of
the painting's theft.

Arlov relaxes a little now that he understands Jane's motive
for being here. He pushes 'play' on the TV remote button.

(CONTINUED)

ARLOV

Oh yes. I recall. Poor fellow. If you are looking for a bribe, I'm afraid you're out of luck. You do understand, I have immunity from prosecution in this country.

JANE

Yes, I know. I show you my ID only to discourage you from killing or torturing me or something. You might not be arrested for it, but it would certainly cause a big fuss.

ARLOV

I don't mind a fuss. Anything to avoid boredom.

JANE

Given your immunity, you could tell me who you bought the painting from, and do no harm to yourself.

ARLOV

Inform to the police? Why on earth would I do that?

JANE

Harry Lashley didn't deserve to die. He deserves justice. He has a wife who needs to know what happened.

Arlov laughs, so do all his henchmen and their women.

ARLOV

You're not serious. Justice.

JANE

Perhaps you haven't paid the full price of the painting yet. Perhaps an arrest would save you some money.

ARLOV

That's not a bad thought. But I love my art collection. I love beauty. It's why I do what I do. Who will sell to me if I start sending my suppliers to jail?

JANE

True. Well. I thought it was worth a try. Sorry to waste your time.

ARLOV

(amused by him)

Not at all. You're a very strange kind of policeman. It's been most diverting.

JANE

Can I see it before I go? The Moro? I'm told it's very beautiful.

ARLOV

You appreciate art eh? Of course. Why not?

He gestures to one of his men, who hurries to fetch the painting from the bedroom...

39 INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

39

Cho listening to his phone. Rigsby watching, tense...

RIGSBY

What's happening?

CHO

(to Rigsby)

Soon. Get ready.

40 INT. ARLOV'S HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

40

Arlov's man hands Arlov the Moro portrait. He shows it to Jane.

ARLOV

An Italian Silk Merchant's wife. Six hundred years old, and still alive. Immortal.

Jane reaches out.

JANE

May I?

Arlov hands Jane the painting. Jane admires it.

JANE (CONT'D)

I see why you went to such lengths to get her. She is beautiful.

41 INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS 41

Cho on the phone...

CHO

Now!

Rigsby uses his elbow to smash the glass of the fire alarm box. CLANGALALANG!!!

42 INT. ARLOV'S HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS 42

Everybody turns toward the sound of the fire alarm. For a second nobody is looking at Jane. With conjuror's timing, he SWITCHES ARLOV'S PAINTING FOR THE COPY he brought with him, lying discarded at his side. He simultaneously removes the cartoon from the frame (revealing Rob's copy underneath) and slots it into the other frame. Now Arlov's painting is concealed under the cartoon.

When Arlov turns back to Jane he looks exactly as before, and it's impossible to tell that the paintings have been switched. Arlov takes the painting back.

SOOTHING FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

This is a fire alarm. Will all hotel guests move toward the nearest fire exit. This is a fire alarm...

Arlov scowls at the inconvenience. He's about to rise, looks at Jane, looks at the painting, looks at the cartoon version by Jane's side, and dismissing his inchoate suspicion, stands up. Everybody moves toward the door...

43 EXT. ARLOV'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT 43

Arlov's entourage and other guests shuffle outside, Jane amongst them, painting in hand.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

44 INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT (N/3 CONT'D) 44

Jane climbs into the back of the CBI car carrying the painting. Not a care in the world.

CHO

Well?

Jane grins.

RIGSBY

Yes!

He starts the car.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

You better call Lisbon. Give her an update.

JANE

You call her.

RIGSBY

I'm driving. Cho, you call...

CHO

No way.

JANE

I just robbed a Russian gangster. You can't call Lisbon? Chickens.

Beat. Cho sighs, opens his phone.

WIDE SHOT - the CBI car leaves the lot at speed.

45 INT. FOYER. EXECUTIVE FLOOR. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - DAY (D/4) 45

Jane and Lisbon get off the elevator. He's carrying the Moro portrait. Lisbon's in a grump. They walk to A.P.'s office...

JANE

You're not going to be grumpy like this in the room, are you?

LISBON

Yes I am.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

If you don't mind me saying, that's not very professional.

LISBON

Don't push me, seriously.

JANE

I've said I'm sorry.

LISBON

You had express orders to leave Arlov alone.

JANE

That's why I didn't tell you. You had total deniability.

LISBON

That's not the point...

JANE

The point is my brilliant plan worked like clockwork.

LISBON

What worked? The case isn't closed. You've done nothing yet.

JANE

Watch me.

Jane enters A.P.'s office, holding the painting behind his back.

So A.P. Caid, Stevie and Kathryn Hawkes don't see the painting at first.

JANE

Good morning.

Jane produces the painting.

JANE (CONT'D)

Ta da.

All are amazed.

A.P. CAID

What the hell? You got it back!

Jane hands him the picture.

A.P. CAID (CONT'D)
This is just fabulous. Was it
Arlov that had it?

Jane nods.

JANE
It was.

A.P. hangs the painting over the fireplace.

KATHRYN
How did you get it back? *

JANE
I stole it. *

A.P. CAID
(laughing)
Are you serious? *

JANE
Legally there was nothing we could
do, as you say. But on the other
hand, Arlov had stolen the
painting, so there's nothing he can
do, either.

A.P. chortles with delight.

A.P. CAID
Better and better! I have my
painting back, and when Arlov finds
out I've got it back, it'll kill
him!

Stevie's fuming.

STEVIE
Who cares about Arlov? Who cares
about the damn painting?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Harry's dead and nobody's paying for that. You assured me you would find Harry's killer.

LISBON

We did the best we could, Stevie. There's not much more we can do.

*

*

A.P. shakes his head.

A.P. CAID

Stevie, sweetheart, I know you loved him. Heck, I liked him too. But we got to face facts. Harry was in on this theft. He betrayed me. In a way it's a good thing he's gone. I mean, you might have had children with the bum. Think of that. We dodged a bullet.

*

Stevie nods, defeated, head in hands.

A.P. CAID (CONT'D)

Atta girl. We'll find you some other guy. Main thing is we've sent a message. Nobody messes with A.P. Caid.

JANE

I had a daughter once. She died. Killed. It was my fault. That's how I know that a man who treats his only daughter the way you do is a fool.

*

LISBON

Jane...

Jane gives her a discreet look, like don't worry. I know what I'm doing.

A.P. CAID

What did you say?

JANE

Your child is hurting and you're crowing over a petty triumph like a cockerel on a dung-heap. You're a blind, vain, emotionally stunted fool. You value this, this painting...

(off the whole room)

...all this rubbish, more than the child that loves you.

A.P. CAID

(suppressing anger)

You found my painting. And I'm grateful for that, so I'm going to be patient here.

(to Lisbon)

Get this clown out of my office.

LISBON

Jane...

JANE

How can I make you understand? This painting here is worth nothing. It's nothing...

And with that Jane pulls the portrait of Carlotta Moro off the wall and throws it into the fire. The oil and resin catches quickly and it goes up like a torch. There are SCREAMS of horror as people -- A.P., Lisbon, Stevie -- all try to rescue the painting from the fire. All except Kathryn Hawkes.

LISBON

(shouting)

Jane! Have you gone crazy?

JANE

(calmly)

No. I'm doing my job. Look...

He indicates Kathryn Hawkes, staring back at Jane guiltily, not having moved an inch.

JANE (CONT'D)

You'd think someone whose life is dedicated to fine art would try to save a masterpiece from burning up, wouldn't you? Unless she knew it was just another fake.

(CONTINUED)

KATHRYN

No, not at all, I... You surprised me, that's all.

A.P. CAID

It's a fake?

JANE

Yes. I only found out after I stole it. But Kathryn knew that because it was she who stole the original. And she that still has it safe in her possession.

*
*
*

A.P. frowns, looks from the burning painting to Kathryn Hawkes.

A.P. CAID

Kathryn? Is this true?

JANE

(sympathetically)

What a horrible job you found for yourself, Kathryn, helping a greedy egotist snatch up beautiful things he has no ability to appreciate.

*

Jane has Kathryn Hawkes mesmerized, like a snake mesmerizes its prey. He moves toward her.

*

JANE (CONT'D)

And you don't get paid much, do you? All that money and beauty around you, and you don't get to have any of it. Very frustrating.

KATHRYN

Not, not at all.

JANE

Harry came to you for advice about the painting, didn't he? And you asked him to make a second copy. For your own personal use.

(CONTINUED)

Jane is reading every nuance of Kathryn's discomfort. *

JANE (CONT'D) *

You blackmailed him uh? You must
have found about his theft
conviction in Canada. You
threatened to tell A.P. Destroy
the life he was building with
Stevie. *

LISBON *

(to Kathryn) *

You want to comment on that? *

KATHRYN

It's all nonsense, A.P. Nonsense.

JANE

Is it? The reason you had two
copies made was so you could sell
one to Arlov and keep the real
painting for yourself. Being the
only person who really deserved it.

Stevie is coming out of her haze of grief, angry...

STEVIE

It was her? She did it?

JANE

The same way I switched paintings
on Arlov, she switched them on
Harry, right before the portrait
was to be taken to the vault.

He turns back to Kathryn.

JANE (CONT'D)

All you had to do was go back to
A.P.'s office after hours and take
the real painting.

FLASHBACK

Kathryn Hawkes is taking the painting off the wall.

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CONTINUED:

47

JANE (V.O.)

But poor Harry must have suspected something. He guessed your plan, and he came to stop you.

Harry comes in, goes to stop Kathryn. They fight. Kathryn grabs the little bust of Caesar off the desk and hits Harry over the head.

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

And you killed him.

Harry drops to the floor. Kathryn Hawkes stares down at him, stunned.

END FLASHBACK

48

INT. A.P.'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

48

Jane points at Kathryn.

JANE

Tell the truth, Kathryn.
Our people are already searching
your apartment.

Lisbon gives Jane a quick quizzical look. His look in reply tells her that he's bluffing.

JANE (CONT'D)

They'll find the painting if they
have to tear the place down.
There's no point lying anymore.

Kathryn sits down, feeling weak.

KATHRYN

I never meant to kill him.
If only he hadn't tried to stop me,
everything would have been fine.

She looks pleadingly at the faces around her.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Nobody would have gotten hurt.

With a strangled cry of rage, Stevie jumps up and rushes across the room to attack Kathryn. A.P. stops her, holds her tight.

A.P. CAID

No baby. Don't.

Lisbon gestures peremptorily at Kathryn...

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Stand up please.

Kathryn stands. Lisbon puts cuffs on her.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Kathryn Hawkes, you're under arrest
for the murder of Harry Lashley.
Let's go.

Lisbon leads Kathryn from the room. A.P. and Stevie are
still in an embrace. *

Jane starts to follow Lisbon, stops, turns back to A.P. Caïd.

JANE

My apologies for the pious lecture
I gave you earlier. I needed a
pretext for burning the painting,
and your family dysfunction fit the
bill.

A.P. CAID

No sir. No apology needed. There
was some good hard truth in what
you said.

JANE

Yes there was, but I do hate to be
judgmental.

He raises a hand in farewell, heads for the door.

A.P. CAID

What say we start a foundation in
Harry's memory? Teach art
appreciation to kids or something.

STEVIE

Jazz. We can teach jazz to kids.

A.P. CAID

Whatever you say. Jazz to kids
then.

(beat)

Or jazz and art.

Jane exits the room.

Jane hangs the Carlotta Moro portrait on the wall over his
couch, stands back to admire it with Cho and Rigsby.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

Hard to believe it's a fake.

CHO

Crazy isn't it? One painting's worth fifty million, and the other's only worth a few thousand, but they look identical.

JANE

Yup. Crazy.

(beat)

Funny, now that you mention it, I'm not actually sure if this is the copy. After a while, it gets hard to keep track, doesn't it?

Cho and Rigsby look at each other and simultaneously get up close to examine the painting...

FADE OUT.

THE END

**** ADDENDUM - SCENE 47 DIALOGUE ****

INT. A.P.'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Kathryn Hawkes is taking the painting off the wall.
Harry enters.

HARRY
Stop, Kathryn. Put it back.

Kathryn Hawkes turns, surprised.

KATHRYN
Harry?

HARRY
I'm not going to let you steal the
painting, Kathryn.

Harry crosses to where Kathryn stands behind A.P.'s desk,
holding the painting.

KATHRYN
Don't be stupid, Harry. If I tell A.P.
about your legal problem up in Canada,
how long do you think he'll let you stay
married to mousy little Stevie, hmh?

She tries to push past Harry, the painting under her arm,
but Harry grabs her and tries to take the painting away.

HARRY
No! Stop!

They struggle. Kathryn shoves Harry.

KATHRYN
Let me go!

HARRY
(hanging on)
Give it back!

Harry begins to gain the upper hand, forcing Kathryn
backward onto A.P.'s desk. Her hand scrabbles behind her
for something to use against Harry, finds the bust.
Kathryn swings it wildly, striking Harry on the head. He
drops. Kathryn stares down at him, stunned at what she
has done.

****PRODUCTION NOTE: SCENE WILL BE SHOT MOS. DIALOGUE IS
FOR ACTORS.**