

THE **MENTALIST**

"Bloodshot"

Written by
Gary Glasberg

Directed by
Chris Long

Episode 115
#3T7815

Warner Bros. Entertainment
4000 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, CA 91522

PRODUCTION DRAFT
January 12, 2009
FULL BLUE 1/14/09
PINK REVS. 1/15/09
YELLOW REVS. 1/16/09

© 2009 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.
This script is the property of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced or used by any means, or disclosed to, quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

THE MENTALIST

"Bloodshot"

Episode #115

January 16, 2009 - Yellow Revisions

REVISED PAGES

PINK REVISIONS - 1/15/09

14, 21, 21A, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36

YELLOW REVISIONS - 1/16/09

3, 4, 12, 23, 28, 50, 51, 51A, 52, 53, 53A, 54

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CBI HQ - DAY (D/1) 1

Morning. GOVERNMENT TYPES hurry to get to work. JANE pulls up in his CAR. Waves to the GUARD, TOMMY, 40's, at the main gate.

JANE
Hello, Tommy.

TOMMY
'Morning, Mr. Jane. Have a good one.

JANE
You too.

Jane swipes his security badge, pulls in and parks. As he climbs out, he glances at the busy COFFEE CART near the building entrance. Standing in line, waiting for their drinks, VAN PELT chats and smiles with a handsome YOUNG MAN, late 20's, (who we'll later learn is DAN HOLLENBECK) in the full garb of a young corporate lawyer or lobbyist -- square suit, light coat over his arm, briefcase.

Jane can't help but smile as he clocks Van Pelt's body language around the young man; a coy smile, her hand brushing against his, a whisper, and finally a peck on the cheek before they part. Jane enters the building before Van Pelt sees him.

2 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY 2

CHO and RIGSBY sit at their desks sorting through dozens of files. LISBON carries over another stack of folders. Jane enters, greeted by grumpy growls and grunts. He's followed shortly by Van Pelt with coffee and a spring in her step.

VAN PELT
Good morning, everybody.

CHO
What's so good about it?

LISBON
Here, have some more files.
They're auditing the division again.

(CONTINUED)

VAN PELT

No problem. Let me just get some milk for this and I'll dig in.

Coffee in hand, she heads for the kitchen.

CHO

No problem? What's with her?

THEIR POV: Van Pelt cheerfully says hi to some co-workers.

JANE

Notice the relaxed body language and general sense of emotional satisfaction.

RIGSBY

Yes.

JANE

Someone has engaged her romantic interest.

RIGSBY

Who?

JANE

Couldn't say.

RIGSBY

Nah. Can't be. She's focused on her work right now. Nah.

JANE

Well then I must assume the man that kissed her outside was making an embarrassing mistake.

RIGSBY

Who? Who kissed her?

JANE

I didn't get his name.

RIGSBY

It's probably that knucklehead in payroll. He's been stalking her like a chicken. What did this man look like?

Lisbon starts back toward her office. Suddenly Jane's CELL PHONE BEEPS. He checks a text message.

CHO

How d'you stalk a chicken?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

RIGSBY

You know what I mean.

JANE

(calling out)

Lisbon...

She turns back.

LISBON

What?

Jane crosses toward her office and hands her his phone.

QUICK INSERT -- Jane's phone screen.

She reads...

LISBON (CONT'D)

There's a very large bomb nearby.

Are you smart enough to find it?

PRELAP - EVACUATION ALARM SIREN over...

3 EXT. STREET. CBI HQ - DAY

3

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES exit the building in a calm, orderly fashion. SECURITY OFFICERS direct the evacuation. MINELLI files out with Lisbon and Jane. In the BG, Cho, Van Pelt and Rigsby are explaining to Uni Officers what's happened.

MINELLI

Another bomb threat. That's the third this year.

JANE

Not on my phone it isn't.

MINELLI

Granted they don't usually come into CBI, but that's what the drills are for.

JANE

The text read, "Are you smart enough to find it?" I think this was directed at me.

LISBON

Well, of course you think it's about you. Just relax. It's probably nothing. It could be a hoax.

*
*

JANE

Could be.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

MINELLI

Where's the bomb squad?

LISBON

A few minutes away. PD's doing a preliminary sweep of the building. So far they haven't found anything.

*

*

Jane looks around -- curious, suspicious.

JANE

(sotto)

Are you smart enough to find it?

MINELLI

Okay, listen, if this really is about Jane, I don't want --

Jane's walking away at a clip toward the parking lot.

MINELLI (CONT'D)

Hey...

Lisbon sighs, follows him.

LISBON

Jane, stop right there.

Minelli's PHONE RINGS. He answers.

MINELLI

(into phone)

Minelli. Yessir, let me explain what's happened...

As Lisbon goes after Jane --

4 EXT. PARKING LOT. CBI HQ - DAY

4

Rows of cars. Jane walks through the lot, followed by Lisbon.

LISBON

Where are you going? You know the rules. We have to wait for the all clear.

JANE

Come on, don't be scared.

LISBON

I'm not scared. I'm following protocol.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

The text said a very large bomb. A large bomb can only be transported in a large car. And it didn't say inside CBI, it said nearby. Ergo -- the parking lot. Simple.

LISBON

Exactly. They challenged you with an easy puzzle. They want you to find the bomb.

JANE

If there is a bomb. Probably a hoax like you said....

Jane looks into one car, then another. Comes to a VAN and eyes it curiously. He circles the vehicle, pausing to look through a porthole window in the side.

JANE'S POV -- Inside he sees a MAN, 40's, dressed in suit pants and a bloodied dress shirt, his wrists chained and suspended over his head. His mouth gagged and he has the words "YOU'RE NEXT" written on his forehead in black felt tip.

Jane KNOCKS on the glass.

JANE (CONT'D)

Whoa. Hey...?

The MAN, 40ish, panicked, turns to see Jane. Jane tries the door, but it's locked. The man pulls, gesturing toward the front of the van. Jane runs to the front and peers inside.

This time, on the driver's seat, Jane sees an EXPLOSIVE DEVICE WITH A CRUDE DIGITAL TIMER.

JANE (CONT'D)

Lisbon -- found it.

Lisbon hurries over.

ANGLE ON: The timer on the bomb ticking down in seconds. 20...19...18...17...

Jane rushes around, trying the other doors. No luck. Lisbon sees the clock ticking down. 10...9...8...

LISBON

Oh no.

JANE

Use your gun to break the window!

Lisbon starts pulling at Jane.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

There isn't time. Come on.

Jane hesitates. 5...4...

ANGLE ON: The MAN inside the car, struggling, terrified.

Jane looks deep into the frightened eyes of the man inside the car. Lisbon tugs at him again.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Jane... run!

Lisbon takes off ahead of him. Jane follows a couple of yards behind her.

ANGLE ON: The bomb ticking down. 3...2...

They're both in a full sprint when KA-BOOM! The VAN EXPLODES, launching ten feet in the air and flipping over. The blast throws Jane over the hood of a small car and face down on the concrete. Lisbon -- unhurt -- rushes to his aid.

Jane coughs, perhaps a bit dazed and hyperventilating.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

JANE

I'm okay. I just...

LISBON

(into her phone, Nextel style)

I need an ambulance... NOW.

Jane props himself up.

JANE

No ambulance. I just... there's something in my eyes. I...
(cough...)

And as he stares up at Lisbon, eyes wide, scared --

JANE (CONT'D)

I can't see.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. HOSPITAL - DAY (D/1 CONT'D) 5

Jane is in bed, bandages taped over his eyes. Lisbon stands by his side with DR. FULLER, female, 40's, as she examines an x-ray of Jane's skull.

DR. FULLER

You're a lucky man, Mr. Jane. This could have been much worse.

JANE

That's what people keep telling me. Why can't I see?

Fuller flips though Jane's chart.

DR. FULLER

There's a moderate concussion with some short term memory loss. Disorientation, headache, and of course, the fleeting blindness. This is most likely due to small floating blood clots in the vessels around the eyes demonstrating as CVI or cortical visual impairment.

LISBON

So how long will his vision be effected?

DR. FULLER

It's hard to say really. The body's healing powers are unpredictable. But forty-eight to seventy-two hours is the norm. We must wait and see, so to speak.

JANE

Humor, great. Everybody loves a witty doctor in times of trouble. I've heard enough. Can you guys take the discussion outside?

DR. FULLER

Mr. Jane, this is temporary. Your sight will return and you'll be back to work. But it's going to take time and patience.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Time I have. I lost my patience a while ago.

DR. FULLER

You're alive. Appreciate it.

JANE

Oh, I do.

DR. FULLER

If you'll excuse me, I'll check in again later.

LISBON

Thank you, doctor.

And as the doctor exits, she passes Cho in the doorway. Lisbon pinches Jane's arm.

JANE

Ouch.

LISBON

I'll do worse if you keep mouthing off to people who are trying to help you.

CHO

How is he?

LISBON

Guess what, he's a bad patient.

CHO

Who'd have thought?

JANE

I am not a bad patient. She's a bad visitor.

LISBON

What did you find out?

CHO

The vic is James Medina, forty-four, stockbroker, out of Highlands. The van wasn't his. It was reported stolen yesterday. We're digging up everything we can on Medina. Question. Is it possible he was on some bizarre suicide mission?

JANE

No. I looked in his eyes. That was a man who very much didn't want to be where he was. Whoever did this wanted me to watch James Medina die in terror.

CHO

And they nearly killed you too.

JANE

That wasn't the intention though.

LISBON

What then?

JANE

"You're next" was written on the man's forehead. Whoever did this wanted me to be haunted by that and be afraid.

LISBON

Why?

JANE

I don't know yet.

LISBON

You're going to be fine.

JANE

Probably.

LISBON

We'll find out who did this.

JANE

Good.

Cho and Lisbon exchange glances again.

JANE (CONT'D)

Don't keep looking at each other like that.

LISBON

Like what? You can't see.

JANE

I can feel your pity.

LISBON

Would you stop please. We'll be back.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

Cho touches his shoulder.

CHO

Later man.

And they exit, leaving Jane with a UNIFORMED GUARD outside the door. Jane leans back into his pillows and lets his bravado down. Alone, quiet, he shows us a glimmer of vulnerability.

6 EXT. MEDINA HOME - DAY

6

A comfortable moneyed suburban house. Cho and Rigsby watch as LAURI MEDINA, 40ish, devastated, puts her DAUGHTERS, 10 and 8, in her SISTER'S CAR.

LAURI

Girls, I love you. Be good with your Aunty Rose, okay?

Lauri kisses her girls and they pull away.

CHO

Sweet kids.

LAURI

Jim loved them so much.

RIGSBY

We have a couple of questions about your husband.

LAURI

This is crazy. I kissed him goodbye when he left for work this morning, and now...

CHO

He didn't seem preoccupied?
Troubled by anything unusual?

LAURI

Preoccupied, yes, but there was nothing unusual about it. My husband was a stock broker. These days that's like being a professional gambler.

CHO

What about your personal finances?

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

LAURI

We're fine, thank you. I never let Jimmy put all our money into the market.

RIGSBY

Did he ever mention a particular client being unhappy?

LAURI

Do you know how many clients have lost money over the last six months? A lot of people are angry, and they blame their brokers. He got hate letters, phone calls, e-mail.

RIGSBY

Any specific threats? Did he ever mention names?

LAURI

No, but talk to his partners. They'll know. They're getting threats too.

7

INT. HALLWAY. BROKERAGE FIRM - DAY

7

Upscale, modern office space. The company logo is on the wall -- A BULL READY TO FIGHT. ROBERT LYNCH, 50's, senior partner at Lynch-Halstead, walks with Rigsby and Cho.

CHO

Was Jim Medina well-liked, Mr. Lynch?

LYNCH

Jimmy was considered one of the boys on the trading floor. He had a loyal following of both blue chip investors and novice day traders. Granted, a few customers foolishly held us responsible for recent economic events, but that's to be expected.

CHO

We'll need names.

LYNCH

I'll make sure you get them.

They stop in front of an open door.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

RIGSBY

This is Medina's office?

LYNCH

As a Vice President here, Jim occupied this space for nearly eleven years.

CHO

May I?

LYNCH

Of course.

8

INT. MEDINA'S OFFICE. BROKERAGE FIRM - MOMENTS LATER

8

Cho and Rigsby search through drawers, thumbing through letters and financial documents.

RIGSBY

What about office staff?

CHO

Anybody take a dislike to him?

LYNCH

When you spend as much time together as we do, there are bound to be differences. Now that you mention it, there was one employee about a year ago... Terry Andrews.

CHO

Is Terry a man or woman?

LYNCH

Mr. Andrews used to work here as a junior trader -- until he got into a shouting match with Medina and Jimmy fired him. Once or twice Terry waited outside the gates for Jim to drive past. He was menacing, that's for sure.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Cho and Rigsby exchange a glance.

9

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

9

Eyes still taped, Jane lays in bed, frustrated. Finally he rips the blood pressure cuff off his arm and pulls the taped pulse monitor from his fingertip.

(CONTINUED)

Jane gingerly gets up out of bed and starts feeling his way toward the closet. Finds the closet door and starts pulling his clothes off hangers. Suddenly --

DR. FULLER
What are you doing?

Dr. Fuller stands in the doorway.

JANE
Leaving. I have work to do.

DR. FULLER
(sternly)
So do I. Back in bed.

JANE
Sign me out.

DR. FULLER
Not yet.

She takes his arm and, standing beside him, guides him back toward the bed.

JANE
You have a lovely graceful curve to your hip, Doctor. If you don't mind me saying so.

Fuller smiles.

DR. FULLER
Thank you. Now don't make me strap you to the bed.

She turns to go.

JANE
Doctor, don't be long. Maybe we can go for a walk later.

DR. FULLER
Relax, Mr. Jane.

JANE
This is relaxed.

The doctor exits, then turns back into the doorway.

DR. FULLER
And leave my staff alone. Do you understand?

Jane sniffs the air.

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

JANE

Your soap has lavender in it.
Chamomile too. Delightful.

The Doctor turns and goes. Off Jane, grinning --

10 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/1)

10

The team works into the evening. A pizza box and some soda cans are strewn about. Van Pelt sits at her computer.

VAN PELT

Terence Carter Andrews, forty-six years old. Worked two years at Lynch-Halstead in the junior trader program. Tax files indicate he also worked as a guard for several of the security companies that cover the State Capitol system.

LISBON

He was a state house employee? He worked here?

VAN PELT

That's what it says. He has a sheet on him. Domestic abuse and two DUI's.

LISBON

Bring up his picture.

They all huddle around Van Pelt's desk. A PHOTO of Andrews, mid 40's, rock-solid, appears.

CHO

Where's he working now?

VAN PELT

Guest relations manager for something called Hype.

11 EXT. CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

11

A line of CLUB-GOERS dressed for action, line up to get past a velvet rope controlled by a SNARKY CLUB KID and TERRY ANDREWS in a cheap tux. He's a big man. Rigsby and Lisbon approach.

CLUB KID

You, Little Miss Fierce, can come in. But lose the back-up dancer. Too too butch.

Lisbon gives him a level look. Flashes her badge.

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

LISBON

Step away, kid.

The Club Kid obeys. Terry looks at them balefully.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Terence Andrews?

ANDREWS

What do you guys want?

LISBON

Do people call you Terence or Terry?

ANDREWS

They call me Mr. Andrews.

LISBON

Somebody killed James Medina today.
Thoughts?

ANDREWS

I'd like to buy whoever did it a
bottle of fine french brandy and a
good Havana cigar.

RIGSBY

You flat out hated him, huh?

ANDREWS

Yes I did. So you think I had
something to do with it.

RIGSBY

Crossed our minds.

LISBON

Come downtown with us. We'd like
to ask you a few questions.

ANDREWS

I got nothing to say. I didn't do
it.

Andrews turns to go. Rigsby reaches out and grabs his arm,
but Andrews pulls it free and *shoves* Rigsby back hard into a
crowd of club-goers. He looks down at Lisbon.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

You want some too, honey?

LISBON

No thanks.

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED: (2)

11

Lisbon hits him with a small *stun gun* and he drops like a sack of potatoes. The crowd gawks and chatters.

RIGSBY

Fun's over, people. Back up. Give him some air.

LISBON

Are you okay, Mr. Andrews?

Disoriented, Andrews stares up at Lisbon and nods.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2) 12

Jane, dressed and using a red-and-white cane, cautiously enters. The UNIFORMED GUARD that was watching him at the hospital helps him around the corner. Dark glasses cover Jane's bandages. Van Pelt catches sight of him.

VAN PELT
Hey, aren't you supposed to be in
the hospital?

JANE
No.

VAN PELT
Yes you are.

JANE
They had enough of me. Can you
blame them? Officer Powell here
was good enough to drive me back.

VAN PELT
(to Powell)
Thank you... I guess.

Powell exits. Suddenly Van Pelt's CELL RINGS. She checks it, then ignores it, muting the ring tone.

JANE
Go ahead, talk to your boyfriend.
I don't mind.

VAN PELT
(blushing)
Shush.

JANE
What are you embarrassed about?

VAN PELT
I'm not, I'm --

Lisbon hurries over, silencing Van Pelt.

LISBON
Jane. What the hell?

JANE
My doctor said it's okay if I go
back to work.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

LISBON

She did not. She said you insulted the entire ward and you're a complete pain in the ass.

JANE

So?

LISBON

So you can't do that.

JANE

What was I supposed to do -- listen to television? Besides, the food was terrible.

LISBON

You need to rest.

JANE

I need to be back at work.

LISBON

You're blind.

JANE

Not a problem. My other senses have all become super-heightened, like Daredevil.

LISBON

Okay.

JANE

Now if you'll excuse me.

Using his cane, he moves forward but bumps into a bullpen partition.

JANE (CONT'D)

Oops.

As Lisbon, not amused, watches him continue --

13

INT. INTERROGATION. CBI HQ - DAY

13

Rigsby question Andrews.

RIGSBY

Where were you yesterday morning?

ANDREWS

My shift at the club ended at three-thirty.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

I went back to my place, watched a little TV and I went to bed. I was asleep until eleven or so.

RIGSBY

Anybody who can vouch for that time frame?

ANDREWS

Nope. I live alone. On account my lady walked out when I lost my job.

Suddenly, the door opens. Cane in hand and still wearing his glasses, Jane wanders in.

JANE

Sorry. Don't mind me.

ANDREWS

What's this? What's going on?

Jane finds a folding chair and sits very close to Andrews.

RIGSBY

Jane --

ANDREWS

He's blind.

JANE

Cool, huh? Did you kill James Medina?

ANDREWS

Screw him. I didn't kill him. I could have, I wanted to, but I didn't.

Jane sniffs at Andrews, leaning in close.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JANE

Have we ever met before?

ANDREWS

No.

JANE

What happened? Why did you fight with Medina in the first place?

(CONTINUED)

ANDREWS

I was a junior trader in the company program. The guy had been picking on me for months. I think I took a job his nephew wanted. Anyway, a freaking envelope falls off his desk. Pick it up he says. Like that. Pick it up. I don't think so. Pick it up your own damn self is what I said. Big deal. But he figures, "Hey, let me just snap my fingers and totally screw up this dude's life."

JANE

Can I hold your hand?

He reaches out, takes Andrews' hand.

JANE (CONT'D)

Artistic fingers.

Andrews pulls his hand away. Jane puts his fingers gently to Andrews' face.

JANE (CONT'D)

Soft.

ANDREWS

Don't do that.

Jane stands up abruptly.

JANE

Nice meeting you, Terry. Be well.
(to Rigsby)
You can let him go.

Unfolding his cane, he starts back toward the door.

RIGSBY

Uh, that's not your call.

JANE

I didn't say you must let him go, I said you can. If you want. Being as he's innocent.

ANDREWS

Thank you.

Lisbon enters.

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

LISBON

Jane --

JANE

Oh, you scared me.

Lisbon guides/pulls him out of the interrogation room.

14 INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

14

LISBON

How many times do I have to tell
you about disrupting interviews
that way?

JANE

Sorry.

He takes off his glasses and starts taking off the bandages.

LISBON

Stop, what are you doing?

JANE

How will I know if I can see or not
if I have bandages on?

The bandages come off...

LISBON

Well?

Jane peers around.

JANE

Black as night.

LISBON

I'm sorry. I'm sure --

JANE

-- Never mind. Listen, Andrews
didn't do it.

LISBON

You sensed that with your
superpowers?

JANE

Yes I did. He was filled with anger.
But not fearful guilty murderous
anger. That has a tang of ammonia
about it. His is more of a clean
righteous anger. Lemony.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

LISBON

Lemony.

JANE

This blind thing really works.
Without vision, I can tune into my
other senses much more clearly.

LISBON

That's great. Let me go make you a
superhero costume. What are you
going to call yourself?

Jane reaches out and touches her face, feels it.

LISBON (CONT'D)

What?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

JANE

I want to know what your face feels
like when you're smiling.

Rigsby emerges from the interrogation room, reacts
quizzically to Jane and Lisbon, who steps away from Jane, a
tad self-conscious.

RIGSBY

So what's the deal, boss?

LISBON

Get forensics to test him for any
explosives residue. If that comes
up clean, let him go.

RIGSBY

Will do.

Rigsby exits to the bullpen.

JANE

I'm still convinced there's a
connection between Medina and me.
Before you make my costume, will
you take me to visit his widow?

Lisbon sighs, and surrenders to the Jane of it all.

LISBON

Maybe.

JANE

Thank you. Incidentally, you're
smelling particularly good today.

Lisbon walks away.

JANE (CONT'D)

Is that cinnamon in the mix there
somewhere?
(beat)
Lisbon?

15 INT. KITCHEN. MEDINA HOME - DAY

15

Lauri Medina puts down a tray of tea in front of Jane and
Lisbon.

LAURI

Your tea is in front of you, Mr.
Jane.

JANE

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

Both women watch as he reaches to the left, stops, and then drifts to the right where he finds a small pitcher of milk. He pours.

LISBON

Mrs. Medina, we don't want to keep you from your family. We just have a few more questions.

LAURI

I understand. I'm happy to help.

JANE

I can feel what a warm, caring home this is. I'm very sorry for your loss.

LAURI

They tell me you were injured trying to help Jimmy. Thank you.

JANE

I think whoever did this was targeting your husband and me, also. I don't know why. But something links us. I have to ask, have we ever met before?

LAURI

Not that I know of.

JANE

Are you sure? Perhaps years ago?

LAURI

I'm sorry, Mr. Jane, but I really don't think so.

*
*

JANE

Would it be a terrible inconvenience to show me some of your husband's personal things? Jewelry, anything he used a lot.

*

LAURI

Sure, I guess. Why?

JANE

Holding something of James' will help me pick up a feel for him. Get a sense of his being.

15

CONTINUED: (2)

15

LAURI

Uh, okay.

Lauri goes to get the stuff. Once she's out of earshot, Lisbon leans in and whispers.

LISBON

A sense of his being?
What are you playing at?

JANE

Just go with it. I've got to practice the touchy feely stuff. It's been a while.

LISBON

You're not staying blind.

JANE

No, right, because bad stuff like this doesn't happen nearly as often as people think.

16

INT. DEN. MEDINA HOME - MOMENTS LATER

16

Jane sits on the sofa, feeling his way through a bunch of stuff on the coffee table. Lisbon stands beside him. Lauri Medina watches as well.

Jane holds a pair of glasses.

JANE

Bifocals. I can feel the change in thickness.

LAURI

Jim couldn't read without them. He was considering surgery, but I liked the way he looked in glasses. He held off because of me.

JANE

Horseshoe cuff links. Your husband liked horses?

LAURI

We liked to ride together. We were planning a trip to the coast next fall.

Jane reaches in and removes a *shiny gold Rolex*.

JANE

Feels expensive.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

LAURI

Yes. He wore that one to business functions.

JANE

There's a jewel on back. What's this engraved around it?

LAURI

A bull. It was a company gift from Lynch-Halstead. A little too much bling for Jim's everyday taste.

As Jane turns the watch over and rubs his fingers over the ENGRAVED "FIGHTING BULL" on the back we --

FLASHBACK

17 INT. JANE'S HOME/MALIBU OFFICE - DAY

17

MOS -- A YOUNGER JANE (before the Red John incident), eight years ago, slick, flashy, sits in a modern but comfortable office overlooking the ocean with a **WOMAN**, 30's (who he'll later remember as JILL LAMONT). She's **handing Jane an identical watch** to the one that was Jimmy's. We never see her face. Jane's memory denying him all but oblique views of her. What he remembers clearly is the watch...

Jane turns the watch in his hand, feeling it, closes his eyes.

ANGLE -- Jane rubs his thumb over the ENGRAVED LYNCH-HALSTEAD FIGHTING BULL on the back. Pauses. Squints as if he's feeling something.

He reaches out for her hands. As all four hands come together squeezing the watch simultaneously, we --

END FLASHBACK

18 INT. DEN. MEDINA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

18

Jane puts down the watch. Troubled.

LISBON

Jane?

JANE

Mrs. Medina, thank you for your help.

Jane stands. He gets up to leave.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

LAURI
(to Lisbon)
Is he alright?

JANE
I'm fine. Sorry. Just thinking.

Lisbon takes Jane's arm to guide him out.

LISBON
We'll call if we learn anything.

He gently pulls away, unfolding his cane.

JANE
I can manage.

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

19

Jane talks to the team.

JANE
The watch I recalled was the exact same, it had the same engraving on the back as James Medina's watch. Which came from Lynch-Halstead. So, years ago, I must have done a psychic reading for someone else connected to the firm.

CHO
You don't know who?

JANE
I can't remember. I try to see the woman's face and recall her name, but I can't do it.

VAN PELT
But she paid you and was hurt so badly she's still holding a grudge.

JANE
Probably.

RIGSBY
The man's blind. Go easy maybe.

VAN PELT
Sorry.

JANE
No, no. That's okay.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

Suddenly Van Pelt's CELL TONES. She gets a TEXT MESSAGE and smiles at it. Jane clocks it as does Rigsby. She quickly pockets the phone.

LISBON

Did you keep records on your customers or clients, whatever you called them?

JANE

Yes. Had to. You have to know what lies you told 'em the last time.

LISBON

Where are they?

JANE

On a disk somewhere in my boxes I expect.

LISBON

Van Pelt, sit down with Jane and help him find his records.

JANE

But first, would someone be willing to make me a cup of tea?

20

INT. KITCHEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT

20

Rigsby makes Jane his hot tea.

JANE

Honey please, and not --

RIGSBY

-- Not too much lemon, I know.

JANE

Did you make sure the water --

RIGSBY

-- is truly boiling. Yes I did.

JANE

Thanks.

RIGSBY

(leaning in
confidentially)

Jane, do me a favor. Find out from Van Pelt who this guy is that she's dating. Like, what's the score?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

The score.

RIGSBY

Are they serious. Have they, you know.

JANE

Ask her yourself.

RIGSBY

Yeah right. No. Come on. You know what the situation is. It's against the rules. Relationships between co-workers.

JANE

What are you, a man or a mouse?

RIGSBY

Well, a man, obviously.

JANE

Could have fooled me.

RIGSBY

We'd be slipping around. That's if she wanted to. Which she doesn't as far as I can see.

(beat)

And if it is that guy in payroll, I'll kill him.

JANE

Well, that would be a strong romantic statement. Women like a man that will kill for them.

(loud)

Hey, Van Pelt?

RIGSBY

Don't.

JANE

What? Trust me. Honesty is best.

RIGSBY

No. No.

Van Pelt enters.

VAN PELT

What's up?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Grace, a personal question. Rigsby and I were wondering who this man is that you were kissing by the coffee cart?

Van Pelt and Rigsby are both angry and embarrassed.

VAN PELT

That, that's none of your business.

JANE

He's not from payroll?

VAN PELT

Payroll? No. He doesn't work here, he's, none of your business.

Van Pelt stalks away. Jane smiles innocently at Rigsby.

JANE

Well, thank heavens for that anyway. No killing needed.

RIGSBY

Don't be so sure.

JANE

You'll see, honesty is best.

RIGSBY

Honestly, if you weren't blind, I would kick your butt.

JANE

I know it. Would you guide me to my couch?

21 BULLPEN. CBI HQ - A MOMENT LATER

21

Rigsby helps Jane to his sofa, and exits quickly without looking at Van Pelt, who is looking through SHOEBOXES under Jane's desk. On the side of each box, he's scribbled the contents. As they talk, she lifts the lids, thumbing through one after another.

VAN PELT

That was cruel. Why did you do that?

JANE

Yes it was. This blindness nuisance is making me mean. I'm sorry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

JANE (CONT'D)

(beat)

But you two do need to talk.

VAN PELT

There's nothing to talk about.

Is this it?

She's holding up a scratched old disk, then realizes her mistake.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Sorry. Is it a silver CD with RPB written on it in black?

JANE

Could be.

Van Pelt loads it into her computer. She starts opening windows and clicking through files.

JANE (CONT'D)

You have a lot to talk about.

VAN PELT

Like what.

JANE

Is it serious, you and coffee cart man?

VAN PELT

Too early to tell.

JANE

I'd like to meet him. What floor does he work on?

VAN PELT

He doesn't. He's a lawyer. He was visiting. No offense, but why is my private life your business, or Rigsby's?

JANE

Me, I'm nosy. But Rigsby loves you. Only he's scared of emotional commitment. You're attracted to him, but you're deeply repressed and emotionally shut down.

VAN PELT

Oh is that right.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

JANE

Because, because of some trauma in your past that you've never spoken of, to anyone, ever. Even yourself.

Van Pelt sits very still for a moment, as if hiding from something terrible. Jane's hit home. He hears her silence.

JANE (CONT'D)

Sorry. It came to me. Thinking aloud.

VAN PELT

What? I wasn't listening.

JANE

What's his name?

VAN PELT

Dan.

JANE

Can I meet him?

VAN PELT

If you like.
(off computer)
Here's your client list. I'll run it against Lynch-Halstead's records.

She types on the keyboard. Bing.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

One match. A client you both shared a long time ago -- Carol Gentry?

JANE

Carol Gentry...

FLASHBACK

22 EXT. JANE'S HOME/MALIBU OFFICE - DAY

22

This time a younger Jane sits outside overlooking the sea as he meets with CAROL GENTRY, 30's, tough, but holding back tears. Jane sips a glass of wine, just the tiniest bit bored by his job...

(CONTINUED)

JANE

(bestowing a grace)
She forgives you, Carol. Your
mother truly forgives you.

CAROL

I don't understand, Mr. Jane. She
forgives me?

JANE

Yes. That's what she says. And I
believe she's sincere.

Beat. Carol gets angry.

CAROL

She was a vicious evil abusive
woman. But I loved her and cared
for her like a good daughter. What
did I ever do that she should
forgive me for?

Jane realizes he's made a mistake. He changes tack to
preserve his calm omniscience.

JANE

It's a hard truth, but people don't
change when they pass on. They
simply become the essence of who
they are. Your mother was a
complicated --

CAROL

-- She forgives me? That lunatic
bitch forgives me?

JANE

People are very complicated, aren't
they? I'm afraid that's all we
have time for this week, Carol.

Carol's anger deflates into self-loathing sadness.

CAROL

Oh. Okay, yes. Sorry. I just...
I don't...

JANE

Let's talk more about all this next
time, shall we?

CAROL

Yes, okay.

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

She hands him a check.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mr. Jane.

Jane smiles sympathetically at her and pockets the check.

END FLASHBACK

23 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

23

Jane motionless, pale, lost in reverie.

VAN PELT

Jane? You alright?

JANE

Yes. I think.

Jane stands up, sways, and with a groan falls unconscious to the floor.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/2 CONT'D) 24

Jane lies on his sofa looking pale and wan. A MEDIC puts bandages back over his eyes as Minelli and Lisbon gaze down at him.

MINELLI
Is he alright?

The Medic nods yes.

JANE
I'm one hundred percent okay.
There's no need to send me back.

The Medic grabs his kit and steps away.

LISBON
(serious)
Sir, he needs to be in hospital.
He has to listen to you if you make
it an order.

Minelli takes pity on Jane.

MINELLI
I could, but someone did try to
kill him remember. We can protect
him better here. At less expense.

JANE
Thank you, Virgil.

MINELLI
Okay. But this is a favor.
If you die in this department, I'm
responsible. I do all the
paperwork.
(to Lisbon)
In fact, if he does die for
whatever reason, move him to a
public area, would you? I'd be
very grateful.

JANE
I hope he's smiling.

MINELLI
(looks at watch)
Places to be.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Minelli walks away. Jane slowly sits up, preparing to stand, looking very weak.

LISBON
(frustrated)
Damn.

JANE
A little help here?

25 INT. CONFERENCE AREA. CBI HQ - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

25

Jane sits with Lisbon, Cho, Rigsby and Van Pelt; getting a briefing.

LISBON
So we've started checking out your old client, Carol Gentry...

JANE
She's not a suspect.

LISBON
Lynch-Halstead was her broker for a while, but --

JANE
-- It's a coincidence. She's not a suspect.

CHO
How can you be so sure?

JANE
Carol Gentry killed herself five years ago. Left no family.

Everybody's quiet as they consider this and the burden of guilt that Jane must be carrying.

JANE (CONT'D)
What happened? Did everybody leave?

LISBON
We're all here.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

JANE

So, we're back to square one I guess.

LISBON

Not quite. Van Pelt did a deeper search.

VAN PELT

We cross-checked spouse's names and came up with a second hit. You had a client, name of Jill Lamont. Her husband was Paul Krager, and he used to work for Lynch-Halstead.

JANE

Jill Lamont? Yes...

ON JANE --

FLASHBACK

26

INT. JANE'S HOME/MALIBU OFFICE - DAY

26

The first flashback we saw in Scene 17. A younger Jane sits with the WOMAN we now see clearly -- JILL LAMONT. She hands him the engraved watch.

JANE

Mrs. Krager, tell me more about your husband. Anything.

JILL LAMONT

He loves me. Loves our son. Family's everything to him. But I've noticed a change lately.

JANE

What kind of change?

JILL LAMONT

He seems preoccupied. I asked the other wives if anything was happening at work, but they said no.

JANE

And that's when you began to wonder if he's being unfaithful?

JILL LAMONT

That's right.

ANGLE -- Jane rubs his thumb over the engraving of a fighting bull on the back. Pauses. Squints as if he's feeling something.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Wait, something's coming through.
Feel it with me...

He quickly reaches out for Jill's hands. All four hands are clasped together squeezing the watch simultaneously.

JANE (CONT'D)

I'm feeling Paul hasn't been one hundred percent honest with you. He hasn't been happy. You know that. Do you sense someone else in his life? Your senses never lie.

Jill start to cry.

JILL LAMONT

Yes, yes I do. There's someone else. Is he leaving me?

JANE

Talk to him, Jill. Don't let Paul ruin what you have together.

And as he continues to rub Paul Krager's Rolex in his hand, we:

END FLASHBACK

26A OMITTED

26A

26B INT./EXT. LOBBY. BROKERAGE FIRM - DAY (D/3)

26B

Cho and Lisbon exit the elevators, walking Robert Lynch out of the building.

LYNCH

Interesting. Paul Krager's a name I haven't heard in a while. He never even entered my mind.

LISBON

What can you tell us about his personal life?

LYNCH

Well, we've all made our mistakes over the years. Fat wallets and good wine can do that to a man.

CHO

You're referring to his divorce?

(CONTINUED)

26B CONTINUED:

26B

LYNCH

That was no divorce... that was a massacre. His wife remarried, I think. But Krager's whole world fell apart. Work-wise, he never recovered. Went off the rails to be frank. We had to let him go.

They push through the outside doors to the busy street and walk toward a waiting TOWN CAR.

LISBON

Who actually did the firing?

LYNCH

Now that you mention it, Jimmy Medina did. Jim did a lot of the axe-work here. Unfortunate part of the job.

This understandably resonates with Lisbon and Cho.

CHO

Any idea where we could find Krager now?

Lynch is about to climb into the waiting car, hesitates.

LYNCH

Last I heard, someone saw him at a church soup kitchen during the holidays. There but for the grace of God... if you know what I mean.

Lynch slips into the car and closes the door. As Cho and Lisbon watch him pull away --

27 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

27

Lisbon, Cho and Rigsby look through files on the Krager family. Jane leans on Van Pelt's desk.

RIGSBY

Lynch was right. The legal fees alone nearly bankrupted Krager. His wife took their son, moved East and remarried.

CHO

So where's Krager now?

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

Based on what we can find out, he was so devastated losing his family, his whole world collapsed.

LISBON

No current address. He hasn't filed a tax return in years. And his last known employer was Lynch-Halstead -- in 2001.

CHO

Boy, you really did a number on him.

JANE

Thanks. Yes I did.

LISBON

No. You simply confirmed what she knew in her heart anyhow.

Jane starts to move toward his sofa.

JANE

Has anybody contacted her? Jill Lamont?

RIGSBY

I left word. No answer yet.

LISBON

We've put out an APB on Paul Krager. Cho and I will follow some leads.

Jane lays down to rest.

LISBON (CONT'D)

(to Jane)

You, don't move from there.

(to Rigsby and Van Pelt)

Nobody take him anyplace. Clear? No excitement of any kind.

RIGSBY

Clear boss.

VAN PELT

Clear boss.

JANE

Crystal.

As Jane, still wearing his glasses, settles in.

29A EXT. CBI HQ. (ESTABLISHING) - NIGHT (N/3) 29A

30 INT. KITCHEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT 30

Van Pelt making coffee, Rigsby making a PB&J sandwich.

VAN PELT

Did you see how many clients he
had?

RIGSBY

I guess he helped a lot of people.

VAN PELT

I'm not so sure.

RIGSBY

Hi, can I help you?

This to a young man -- Dan Hollenbeck, who we remember from
the coffee cart. Van Pelt turns and sees who it is.

VAN PELT

(very surprised)
Dan! Hey.

DAN

Hi.

Van Pelt goes to him quickly. Embarrassed to have her
private life appear at work.

VAN PELT

Hi. What are you doing here?

DAN

I had another meeting upstairs. I
thought I'd stop by, say hello. Is
that cool?

VAN PELT

Yes. Totally. No. It's a
surprise. That's all.

DAN

So, introduce me to your colleague,
who's staring at me so strangely.

VAN PELT

Yes. Ha ha.

She brings him over to Rigsby.

(CONTINUED)

VAN PELT (CONT'D)
(awkward as hell)
Agent Rigsby, this is my friend Dan
Hollenbeck.

DAN
Good to meet you.

Dan holds out his hand to Rigsby, who takes a half beat to respond...

RIGSBY
(muttering)
Howyoudoing.

DAN
Excellent. And you?

RIGSBY
Good.

VAN PELT
Okay, so --

RIGSBY
(off the briefcase)
A lawyer, are you?

He says this like, "A snake, are you?"

DAN
I am.

Rigsby kisses his teeth, contemptuously. Dan smiles at him amiably.

DAN (CONT'D)
Do we have a problem?

Rigsby holds Dan's gaze.

RIGSBY
No. No problem. Takes all sorts.
Even lawyers.

VAN PELT
Okay, that's enough, both of you.

DAN
A pleasure to get to know you,
Agent Rigsby.

He turns his back on Rigsby and takes Van Pelt's hand.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

DAN (CONT'D)

Can we be somewhere private for a moment?

VAN PELT

(flustered)

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

DAN

-- Please...

VAN PELT

Okay...

Rigsby interjects himself...

RIGSBY

(calm resolve)

Wait. I'm sorry. Actually, you and me do have a problem. Not a big one, but we do need to talk. No trouble. I swear.

DAN

Alright then.

VAN PELT

It is not alright.

RIGSBY

No trouble, I promise.

DAN

(still amiable)

It's okay, Grace, it's fine.

31 INT. MEN'S ROOM. CBI HQ - NIGHT

31

Rigsby and Dan enter.

DAN

So, here we are. Talk away.

RIGSBY

I don't know you, Dan. Maybe you're a nice guy, I don't know. I hope so. If you ever hurt Grace Van Pelt, in any way, I will find you and cause you pain. Because she means a lot to, to this unit. You treat her right, okay?

Dan is maybe just a little intimidated...

(CONTINUED)

DAN

I hear you. I appreciate your concern. You care for Grace. Don't worry. I'm a nice guy.

RIGSBY

Okay then. Sorry to get heavy with you. I had to say it. Just so long as we understand each other.

DAN

Sure thing. I understand. I do.

Rigsby turns back toward the door as Dan rushes up behind him and RABBIT PUNCHES him hard in the neck. Rigsby falls, and as he does Dan pulls his 9MM handgun from its holster. He then bashes Rigsby over the head with the butt of the gun as hard as he can. Rigsby goes down, and Dan keeps hitting him.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

32 INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/3 CONT'D) 32

Dan exits the men's room, adjusting his tie.

33 INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 33

In a closed toilet stall, Rigsby -- unconscious and bleeding -- is cuffed (with his own handcuffs) to a metal pipe.

34 INT. KITCHEN. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS 34

Dan rejoins an anxious Van Pelt, drinking coffee.

VAN PELT

I'm so embarrassed. What did Rigsby say?

DAN

No call for embarrassment. He's a good-hearted person. I like him. He wants you to be happy, or else.

Van Pelt summons a smile.

VAN PELT

What did you say?

DAN

I said I would do my best.

VAN PELT

(smiles a little)
You did?

DAN

I did.
(then)
Where's this psychic character you told me about? I'm dying to meet him.

VAN PELT

He wanted to meet you too.

35 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - A MOMENT LATER 35

ON JANE -- very still, with the glasses, it's hard to say if he's awake or asleep. Van Pelt and Dan come over.

VAN PELT

Jane?

(CONTINUED)

Jane starts up from sleep, looks around, only to clutch at his eyes and realize all over again that he's blind.

JANE

Damn.

VAN PELT

Sorry, I wasn't sure whether to wake you or not.

JANE

I'm awake.

VAN PELT

You said you wanted to meet the man I've been dating.

Jane sits up.

JANE

Yes I did. Is he coming?

VAN PELT

He's here.

Jane's fully alert now.

JANE

Here? Here now?

VAN PELT

Yes.

Dan touches Jane's arm.

DAN

Right here. Dan Hollenbeck, sir. It's a real pleasure to meet you. Grace has told me so much about you.

Dan's looking around surreptitiously, waiting on the last few people to exit the office, leaving him alone with Van Pelt and Jane.

JANE

Hello, Dan. Great to meet you.

Jane puts out his hand to shake, Dan takes it. Jane puts his other hand on Dan's shoulder.

DAN

Excuse my asking, but are you, uh...

JANE

Blind. Yes.

VAN PELT

Temporarily blind. Think positive.

JANE

Yes. Positive. Right.
I wonder, Van Pelt, where is Rigsby exactly?

VAN PELT

I don't know. In the kitchen if I know Rigsby. You need him for something? I can go look for him if you want.

JANE

Lisbon? Cho?

VAN PELT

Still out chasing down Paul Krager. Nobody here but us.

JANE

Of course.
(beat)
So, Dan, nice hard grip you have there. Working man's hands. And a faint scent of chemicals. But an expensive Italian suit. Interesting.

VAN PELT

Dan's a lawyer.

DAN

A very junior lawyer. I lobby the state senate.

JANE

But you're good with your hands. Good at building things. Maybe as a hobby.

DAN

I guess.

JANE

What sort of things do you build? As a hobby?

DAN

You know, stuff.

JANE

And your parents? Where are they?

Beat.

DAN

(without affect)

They're dead.

JANE

Sorry to be a busybody. Just want to be sure Grace finds the right young man.

VAN PELT

Hush.

Van Pelt hasn't caught on that the tension in the air isn't romantic. There's a real sense of cat-and-mouse going on between Hollenbeck and Jane.

JANE

Well, I'm hungry. Guess I'll go find something to eat...

He stands up.

VAN PELT

Don't be silly. I'll get you something.

JANE

That's okay. I can manage.

Dan gets right up close to Jane, his back to Van Pelt. He rests his hand on the gun tucked in his waistband.

DAN

(whispers in his ear)

Think I'm dumb? Make the wrong move and I'll shoot her in the head.

JANE

I hear you.

VAN PELT

What are you guys whispering about?

JANE

Nothing. Some chips would be nice.

VAN PELT

What kind?

JANE

I'm easy.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (4)

35

Van Pelt's walking away when the PHONE RINGS, and she checks the caller ID.

VAN PELT

It's the boss.

She picks up the phone.

36 INT. ABANDONED FACTORY SPACE. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

36

Garbage strewn about. Clearly a squat. In one corner, someone's makeshift home. Paul Krager's fall from greatness. On the walls, PHOTOS and clippings of Krager's pre-occupations -- Jane, Medina, Jill LaMont and their teenage son. And a more current photo of **KRAGER'S SON** -- who we recognize as Dan Hollenbeck. As we see this, Lisbon's talking. Cho is studying the photos, and an elderly PAUL KRAGER sits on an old ripped mattress in handcuffs.

LISBON

Looks like we've cracked it.

(on phone)

We found Paul Krager. He has an obsession with Jane and Medina.

Remember he has a son? Krager says he lives here in the city now. Goes by Dan Hollenbeck -- six-foot-one, one-seventy, dark hair...

37 INT. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

37

Van Pelt listening to this on the phone, looks right at Dan. She turns pale. Dan reveals he has a gun, which he now keeps low, hidden and pointed at her.

VAN PELT

(unnaturally)

Oh. Thank you Agent Lisbon. Okay. Good. We're here. See you soon.

She hangs up.

38 INT. ABANDONED FACTORY SPACE. DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

38

Lisbon looks at Cho, curious. Then back to the phone.

LISBON

That was weird.

39 INT. BULLPEN. CBI - CONTINUOUS

39

Dan with a gun on Van Pelt and Jane. He whispers --

DAN

Sorry about this.

(CONTINUED)

Van Pelt's gaze goes to her own GUN AND HOLSTER, lying on her desk.

VAN PELT
(playing for time)
I don't understand.

JANE
He's the bomber. He killed James
Medina. Now he's come to kill me.

Van Pelt edges toward her gun, but Dan notices.

DAN
Don't even think about it.

Dan is quick to grab her gun and pocket it. He's getting more hyper as the situation develops. Checks to make sure no one's entering the bullpen.

DAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I had to lie to you,
Grace. Truly. But I needed you.

VAN PELT
Why?

JANE
To get access to the statehouse
lot. He needed your ID badge.

VAN PELT
You sonofabitch...

JANE
Be cool, Van Pelt.

Van Pelt looks around for help. The office is deserted.

DAN
Grace, relax. I have no desire to
hurt you. Just do as I say.

VAN PELT
Give it up, Dan. Please.

DAN
I'm in too deep. Can't stop now.
Don't make me hurt you.

JANE
Do as he says.

DAN

Oh you're a nice guy now, aren't you?
You destroyed my life. For what?
Because my dad cheated on my mom.
Big deal! He wasn't perfect. Hello?
For that, he's on the street? He
loses everything? One day I'm at the
best, the best private school in Los
Angeles. Okay? Playing soccer with
movie star's kids. Next minute I'm
in Dogpatch New Jersey with my
weeping mom, getting my ass whipped
by thugs that don't even speak
freakin' English. Why? Because you,
you had to be the man who knows. You
had tell my mom the "truth."

JANE

I'm sorry.

DAN

Sure you are. With a gun at your head.
(to Van Pelt)
Take out your handcuffs. You can
help me get him out of here.

JANE

Where are we going?

DAN

Somewhere quiet and private. You
won't like it. Stand up.

Jane obeys.

DAN (CONT'D)

Time to go. Come on.

Dan quickly cuffs Van Pelt's hands behind her back and drapes
her coat over them to conceal what he's done. Jane puts one
hand on Van Pelt's shoulder for guidance as Dan stands behind
them, gun ready.

DAN (CONT'D)

Okay... where's your car, Grace?

He pokes the gun in her back.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

VAN PELT

In the side parking lot. A Jeep.
Iowa plates.

*

DAN

I didn't know you were from Iowa.
Famous potatoes, huh?

VAN PELT

That's Idaho, you ignorant jerk.

DAN

Yeah? So what's Iowa famous for?

JANE

Gullible women.

Van Pelt glares at Jane, irked by the insult.

*

VAN PELT

That's not fair.

DAN

Get moving.

*

And as they exit the bullpen --

*

40 OMITTED

40

41 EXT. CBI HQ - NIGHT

41

Jane, Van Pelt and Dan emerge from the building and come down
the steps. Suddenly Jane *HEARS* Tommy, the Guard, chaining
the front gate for the evening.

*

*

JANE

Hey, Tommy... you still here?

TOMMY

Closing up, Mr. Jane. You folks
need anything?

And with that, Jane turns and elbows Dan hard in the gut
EXPOSING THE GUN IN HIS HAND.

JANE

Run, Grace!

*

Van Pelt and Jane take off. The Guard sees the gun in Dan's
hand and draws his sidearm.

TOMMY

Freeze!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Dan raises the 9MM and fires at Tommy. The two exchange gunfire as Jane (holding onto Van Pelt's shoulder) runs for the side gate.

VAN PELT
Jane, grab hold of me!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

Tommy is injured and drops to the ground. Van Pelt guides Jane scurrying across the street. Dan leaves Tommy writhing in pain and hurries to catch the others.

*
*
*

41A EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

41A

Jane and Van pelt duck down trying to get cover as they dodge between cars in the crowded lot.

JANE

Get us to your car.

VAN PELT

But I can't drive.

JANE

We'll manage.

Dan scans the dark lot, waiting for Jane and Van Pelt to show themselves. There they are. BLAM! BLAM! Jane and Van Pelt make it to Van Pelt's JEEP.

JANE (CONT'D)

Keys!

VAN PELT

In my front left pants pocket.

Jane delves into Van Pelt's pants pocket and retrieves the car keys. Beeps the door open. They scramble to get in as Dan, an excited look on his face, shoots at them front across the lot. BLAM! BLAM!

42 INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

42

A bullet strikes the window. Another sparks and careens off the hood. Jane's in the driver's seat, Van Pelt in the passenger seat. Jane fumbles the key into the ignition, starts the car. Dan's nearly on them. Jane puts the car into gear. It lurches backward -- CRUNCH -- into the car behind. Dan steadies himself to shoot, but Jane throws the car into gear and floors it. The car darts forward.

VAN PELT

Turn! Turn right.

CRUNCH! The Jeep side-swipes another parked vehicle.

JANE

Which way?

VAN PELT

Floor it! Go.

Jane nails his foot down again blindly and they drive away.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Straighten up! Left! Go! Stop!

CRASH! Another car.

JANE

Sorry.

VAN PELT

Go back! Reverse! Yes! No!

CRUNCH!

By this method, Jane and Van Pelt dodge their way across the lot, with Dan in hot pursuit.

But finally, Jane gets the bumper caught against another car and they're immobilized. Dan approaches, raises his gun to shoot Jane through the windshield when -- CLICK. The 9MM jams. He recocks it and -- BAM!

A gunshot hits Dan in the torso and drops him to the ground, DEAD. We RACK-FOCUS to Lisbon, gun raised. Lisbon runs up close behind. Kneels to check Dan.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Oh thank God. Thank God.

JANE

Can I assume something good happened?
Lisbon?

LISBON

Didn't I say no excitement of any
kind?

Then Jane remembers --

JANE

Rigsby...

42A INT. MEN'S ROOM. CBI HQ - A MOMENT LATER

42A

Two UNI OFFICERS have uncuffed Rigsby. He holds a towel to a wound on his head as the door swings open and Van Pelt appears, out of breath.

*

VAN PELT

Oh. Oh. You're alive. Are you
okay?

He moves toward her, woozy, fumbling a bit. She embraces him
in a hug. The Officers exit.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

THE MENTALIST
42A CONTINUED:

"Bloodshot"

YELLOW 1/16/09

53A.

42A

RIGSBY
No bother. I'm fine. Just a little...

(CONTINUED)

VAN PELT
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

RIGSBY
(barely conscious, but
happy)
S'alright.

They realize they're still holding each other. The awkwardness is palatable. Suddenly a JANITOR walks in and they quickly separate. A beat as the janitor realizes what he's walked into. On sight of them he immediately turns and leaves.

As Rigsby and Van Pelt stand there silently -

43 EXT. CBI HQ AND ENVIRONS - DAY (D/4) 43

ESTABLISHING gorgeous DAYBREAK. Birds singing, a breeze in the trees, the Sacramento River rolling by.

44 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY 44

Jane sitting on his own in the early morning. Glasses and bandages still on. He takes off the dark glasses, and slowly starts to remove the bandages.

ANGLE -- Lisbon is watching Jane furtively from across the room. She starts to move closer, not on tiptoes exactly, but she doesn't want him to hear her.

Once the bandages are off, Jane keeps his eyes closed for a moment, scared to find out the truth. Then, slowly, he opens his eyes... and smiles joyously.

Jane's POV -- a blur and then the first thing he sees is Lisbon's look of concern turning into a big smile.

JANE
You have no notion how good it is
to see your face, Rigsby.

Lisbon's face drops.

LISBON
Rigsby?

Jane laughs. Gotcha.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END