

THE MENTALIST

"Carnelian"

Written by
Bruno Heller

Directed by
Kevin Dowling

Episode 116
#3T7816

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

PRODUCTION DRAFT
January 23, 2009
BLUE REVS. 1/27/09
PINK REVS. 1/28/09
YELLOW REVS. 3/09/09
GREEN REVS. 3/13/09

© 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

"Carnelian"
Episode #116

March 13, 2009 - Green Revisions

REVISED PAGES

BLUE REVISIONS - 1/27/09

2, 4, 5, 8, 11, 12, 25, 26, 26A, 27, 30, 31, 32, 40, 41, 45,
46

PINK REVISIONS - 1/28/09

1, 28, 28A

YELLOW REVISIONS - 3/09/09

27, 27A, 27B, 27C, 27D

GREEN REVISIONS - 3/13/09

27, 27A, 27B, 27C, 27D

TEASER

FADE IN:

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

1

A crew-cut State Marshal, anxiety on his face, holding a slip of paper, enters via the double doors, hurries down the hallway and around past the spiral stairs into the BULLPEN, where he pauses long enough to realize he's in the wrong place and hurries on toward Lisbon's office.

RIGSBY, VAN PELT and CHO are working and JANE is lying on the sofa, doing a Sudoku puzzle really fast.

CHO

He's from the AG's office. We're catching a hot one.

JANE

Hooray. I am about to go mad with boredom.

VAN PELT

Don't say hooray. Someone's died.

JANE

If they have, my happiness makes no difference to them.

VAN PELT

Nor does catching their killer for that matter.

JANE

True. But it makes a big difference to the killer.

LISBON enters holding a sheet of paper.

LISBON

(grumpy)

This is an E-Mail received twenty minutes ago by the Attorney General and the Governor. "Pay attention. At exactly eleven-oh-five AM today, at latitude 35.047 and longitude 116.49, you will see an arrogant and greedy person punished with death and you will know I am serious -- signed, Joe Q Public."

JANE

Interesting.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

LISBON
Probably nothing.

RIGSBY
Why not let the local police handle
it then?

LISBON
Some fool let the Governor read the
damn thing. So he talks to the AG,
the AG talks to Minelli, and
Minelli tells me we need to cover
it, personally. Rigsby, you're the
fastest driver. Let's go. If we
leave now and push it, we can be
there at eleven-oh-five.

Rigsby grabs his stuff.

JANE
Where is it?

LISBON
The Mojave Desert. Middle of
nowhere, a quarter mile off the
highway.

JANE
Interesting.

LISBON
Three hours away. Boring.

JANE
But the desert is beautiful this
time of year.
(jumps up off sofa)
Let's all go. We can bring a
picnic lunch.

Cho, Rigsby and Van Pelt murmur agreement, 'Yeah that would
be a laugh.' Lisbon sighs.

LISBON
Someone has to stay to answer the
phone.

Van Pelt looks glum. She's the rookie.

2 EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY

2

Jane, Lisbon, Rigsby and CHO walk across open desert. Jane has
a paper bag of sandwiches. Rigsby has a SHOTGUN.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Sharks as big as buses.
Brilliantly colored sea monsters.
Those mountains were volcanos.

CHO

This is a goat turd, about six
months old.

He tosses it. Beat.

JANE

Still, there were giant sharks here.

LISBON

Okay. We've done our job. Someone
jerked our chain pretty good. Let's go.

JANE

Wait. We should wait a little.

LISBON

For what? What could possibly happen?

JANE

I have no idea. But it's a pleasant
spot, and we have sandwiches.

LISBON

Eat them in the car. We've wasted
enough time.

RIGSBY

Hey, d'you hear that?

They all listen. We HEAR A FAINT SCREAMING NOISE, getting
louder...

LISBON

Yes.

CHO

What is tha...

Jane looks directly up and they all do likewise...

THEIR POV -- a MAN PLUMMETS FROM THE SKY directly above them,
his face in a rictus of wide-eyed open-mouthed screaming fear.
BLAAAM -- He hits the ground right in front of them, raising a
cloud of dust. ON their stunned expressions...

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY (D/1 CONT'D) 3

The same scene an hour after impact. Now there's COPS and FORENSICS TECHS, a coroner's truck and a couple of sheriff's vehicles and TWO NEWS CREWS at the roadside, a thousand yards from Whitaker's body.

Rigsby takes details from JOYCE TRAN, one of FIVE PEOPLE IN JUMPSUITS toting helmets. (They are Tran, NADIA SOBELL, DE SHAUN BRAEMAR, HOLDEN PEARY and RAND FAULK. Those not talking to Rigsby are blackberrying. I'll describe each of them as they introduce themselves into the story.)

Cho walks away from the body toward this scene as he breaks it down on the phone...

CHO

Our victim's name is David Whittaker. One of a party of six casual sky divers that went up with an instructor this morning. All executives of a company called Carnelian Prime Trust, out here on a corporate adventure retreat. Our victim was VP of human resources.

INTERCUT WITH:

4 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY 4

Van Pelt at her desk, taking notes.

VAN PELT

David Whittaker, Carnelian Prime Trust. Got it. I'll start digging.

5 EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - CONTINUOUS 5

Cho heads back to the road where all the big vehicles are parked, taking us to...

ANGLE -- By the CBI VEHICLE, in a personalized jumpsuit, Jane and Lisbon talk with MIKE SPRUELL (40's crew-cut ex-military) as he examines the HARNESS that the dead man was wearing.

(CONTINUED)

SPRUELL

Yes, see? Right here? The master strap was cut nearly all the way through. That has to be deliberate. That's evil.

INSERT: On the harness; a tell tale clean-edged cut through most of the strap.

SPRUELL (CONT'D)

The whole shebang would have just ripped apart when deployed. The chute would come clean off.

LISBON

Who rigged the chutes?

SPRUELL

Me. I did. Yesterday evening. And double-checked every one of them A-Okay. I guarantee it. This, this was done afterwards.

JANE

By someone who knows about parachutes.

SPRUELL

Yes. I've been rigging chutes for fifteen years. Not one accident. Not one. Never... This is unreal....

LISBON

(re: harness)

There's a number here. Is there any way to identify which chute would go with which jumper? Are they assigned to individuals?

SPRUELL

No. I have the jumpers pick up the first one they come to and put it on. The rigs are only numbered for maintenance logs.

LISBON

Who had access to the chutes after you rigged them?

SPRUELL

They were in the hangar overnight. We don't lock it. So...

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

So anyone with access to the
airport, basically.

Spruell nods. Rand Faulk approaches and interrupts with an
air of natural command. He's a big tall handsome man.

FAULK

Agent Lisbon, is it? We're
leaving. Keep my office informed.
(to Spruell)
You'll be hearing from our lawyers.

Faulk strides away, talking to his EARPHONE. He waves his
hand in the air and a BLACK LIMO and a BLACK HIGH-END SUV
glide to rest at his side.

FAULK (CONT'D)

...Yes. Do it now. But at two
point five...
(listens)
Tell him I don't care.

Lisbon shakes her head, amused rather than angered by Faulk's
manner. Jane looks at her, as to say, are you going to let
him get away with that?

LISBON

Hush.
(beat, raises her voice
just enough)
Mr. Faulk.

Faulk turns around.

LISBON (CONT'D)

This is a murder investigation.
You can't leave until we say you
can leave.

Faulk is given pause, he takes a beat before choosing a
patronizing smile.

FAULK

I apologize. I thought we'd
answered all your questions.
Do we have your permission to
leave, Agent Lisbon?

LISBON

Yes you do. But we'll have a lot
of follow-up questions.

(CONTINUED)

FAULK

You have our location.

LISBON

Yes we do. See you soon, Mr.
Faulk.

Beckoning briskly to Sobell, Faulk gets into the limo and Sobell follows. The other Carnelian execs get into the SUV, and the two cars glide away.

Off Lisbon's showdown with Faulk, Jane mimes putting away six guns. Lisbon waves off the teasing compliment, and addresses Cho and Rigsby as they approach and walk together toward their vehicles.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Is the body on the move yet?

RIGSBY

Nope. Forensics are still working
the scene.

LISBON

(annoyed)

He fell out of the sky. What can
they be working on for an hour?

RIGSBY

(shrugs)

Nerds. They won't be hurried.
(off limo)
Who's Mister Big?

LISBON

Randall Faulk, CEO of Carnelian
Prime Trust.

(off Rigsby's blank look)

One of the top ten private equity
firms in the world. They buy and
sell big companies. Oil, Steel,
auto plants, hotel chains. You
name it, they own it.

RIGSBY

Rich bastards.

LISBON

Soon as the scene's clear, you two
go check out the airport. Who had
access to the parachutes last
night? And look into Spruell's
background. See if anything bumps.

(CONTINUED)

ONSCREEN: An African-American ANCHORWOMAN speaks to camera.

NEWS ANCHOR

...I have scored one for the little guy, and I will do it again, unless Carnelian Prime Trust makes a public apology for its greed and arrogance, that has caused pain to so many, and promises to change its ways. Yours truly, Joe Q Public.

Faulk uses the remote to SWITCH OFF the TV.

ANCHORMAN (O.S.)

Chilling story, Marth --

FAULK

Illiterate nonsense.

LISBON

Perhaps. But the threat to your lives is explicit. We'll need to arrange a security plan with the marshal's service. What time are you returning to the city?

FAULK

We're not. We're staying here. We're continuing the retreat.

NADIA SOBELL, (30's) English, is a dry, cool, gorgeous finance genius.

SOBELL

Oh for God's sake, Rand. Don't be tedious.

Faulk gives Sobell a warning look and gesture. She gives him one right back. They have a close relationship, obviously.

HOLDEN PEARY (50's) is the IT guy. Sharp, skinny, super-rich techno wizard in architect glasses and Prada.

PEARY

I'm not sure staying here is an advisable safety posture.

FAULK

We stay. Anything else would be a form of surrender.

JOYCE TRAN (30's) is the PR and marketing maven -- chic, stylish, deeply cynical, relentlessly chipper and deflective.

(CONTINUED)

TRAN

Perhaps there are other considerations here.

SOBELL

Potential death springs to mind.

FAULK

I'm not letting some random lunatic disturb Carnelian. This is a test of our strength. David would want us to continue.

DE SHAUN BRAEMAR (30's) is African-American, ex-military. Charm and a soldierly bearing mixed a little too judiciously. So smooth it feels he's playing you, even when he's isn't. Chief Operating Officer.

BRAEMAR

Yes he would. Yes he would. David never backed down.

JANE

David wouldn't want you to acknowledge his tragic and untimely death? He wouldn't want his passing to interfere with your kayaking schedule?

Braemar smiles very thinly. Sobell laughs sardonically. Faulk gives Jane a haughty glance.

FAULK

Joan, was it?

JANE

Jane.

FAULK

Jane. This week we spend here is not a vacation. This is a test. A bonding. A rite of passage. What we learn here about ourselves and each other is at the core of Carnelian's philosophy of success. There will come an appropriate moment to mourn our dear friend. This moment is a time to show resolve, and courage.

Agreement from the others, albeit grudgingly from Sobell.

FAULK (CONT'D)

Now, perhaps you'll give us a briefing on the case so far.

LISBON

We investigate murder. We don't give briefings.

PEARY

Why on earth not? We have a right to know. We're the victims here.

LISBON

David Whittaker is the victim.

BRAEMAR

Anyone of us might have picked up the bad chute. Any one of us might be dead now.

JANE

Yes. The saboteur didn't know which of you would die. He felt that any one of you people here fits the bill. Greedy and arrogant. How do you feel about that? Scary and weird I would think.

SOBELL

Is this group therapy?

JANE

Do you want group therapy?

FAULK

We want professional police detectives. I'll be talking with your superiors to assure myself that you people are the best option going forward.

LISBON

That's a good assurance to get.

JANE

One question. What's the worst thing you people have done lately?

SOBELL

How much time have you got?

TRAN

Now Nadia, that's not fair...

SOBELL

Oh hush you silly woman.

For a split second, Tran snarls angrily before putting on a mask of calm friendship.

TRAN

I'm sorry you think so.

FAULK

We control assets of over fifty billion dollars. We own companies that employ half a million people in total. In the last six months, with the economy the way it is, I've had to put about fifty thousand of those men and women out of work. Some blame Carnelian for their misfortune of course. It's understandable.

JANE

But it doesn't bother you personally.

FAULK

Certainly it does. I have security concerns like anyone else. I don't think I'm bulletproof.

JANE

I mean it doesn't bother you that people are out of work on your say-so.

FAULK

No. That's my job. To make the tough decisions. Tough but rational and ethical. And yes, I'm afraid people suffer as a result. It's the way of the world.

TRAN

Way of the world.

JANE

But it can't surprise any of you that someone is taking a stand against you.

FAULK

Malcontents will always be with us. I'll send you our register.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

You have a register of malcontents?

BRAEMAR

Anyone who's sued us or threatened to sue or written hostile letters, that sort of thing, they're logged in the register.

LISBON

That would be a useful thing to look at.

Braemar looks to Faulk who nods.

BRAEMAR

You got it...

Braemar taps at his Blackberry. (N.B. The Carnelian execs Blackberry a lot.)

10 EXT. SMALL TOWN AIRPORT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY 10

ESTABLISHING a 60's terminal. A row of hangars. One runway.

11 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE. SMALL TOWN AIRPORT - DAY 11

Cho and Rigsby with the butch lady AIRPORT MANAGER. She taps at her computer.

CHO

We'd like a list of everyone who has an airport security pass.

AIRPORT MANAGER

Do you have a warrant?

RIGSBY

It's not privileged information, ma'am. You can give it to us without prejudice.

AIRPORT MANAGER

(dubious)

Well, okay... If you're sure.

RIGSBY

Yes, ma'am.

He hands her a card.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

Send it to that address.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

The Airport Manager taps at her keyboard. Rigbsy gets on the phone...

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

Hey, you'll be getting the airport list any second now.

INTERCUT WITH:

12 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS 12

On phone whilst tapping at keyboard and looking at monitor.

VAN PELT

Okay. Got it. I'm going to cross-check it against the Carnelian list.

Taps at the keyboard. ONSCREEN: A THOUSAND NAMES go by in a flash, and BING! A single name and address pops out.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

One name on both lists. Lee Skelling.

13 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE. SMALL TOWN AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS 13

Rigsby takes the phone from his ear turns, to the Airport Manager.

RIGSBY

Lee Skelling?

AIRPORT MANAGER

He works the baggage truck a couple days a week.

13A EXT. SKELLING PLACE - DAY 13A

An off the grid, semi-self sufficient homestead in the woods. Angry and hyped, LEE SKELLING comes out the front door in cuffs, held by Rigsby and Cho. They head for the CBI van.

SKELLING

Snivelling lackeys of pigs is what you are, you know that? You know that? Goddamn lackeys! Cattle!

RIGSBY

Calm down, Lee.

SKELLING

Make me.

A TEN YEAR OLD BOY, call him TANNER appears in the doorway with a SHOT GUN, cocks it.

(CONTINUED)

TANNER

Stop right there! You let go of
him right now!

Cho and Rigsby stop moving, but don't let go of Skelling.

SKELLING

It's not loaded. Not loaded.
(yelling at his son)
Put it down right now, idiot!

TANNER

But Daddy...

JESSIE SKELLING emerges from the house carrying a BABY --
She's late 30's, beautiful, but kinda pale and sickly,
wearing jeans and a wolf T-shirt, an incongruously lush
blonde head of hair. She snatches the gun out of the boy's
hands and cuffs him around the back of the head.

JESSIE SKELLING

Get inside, boy.

The boy obeys. Jessie gives Cho and Rigsby a defiant look
and follows him indoors. Cho and Rigsby sigh with relief.
Skelling scoffs at them as they continue on to the van.

SKELLING

Scared the pants off you, didn't
he?

CHO

Yes he did.

RIGSBY

No he didn't.

14-15 OMITTED

14-15

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

16 EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY (D/2 16

Jane and Lisbon drive through early morning desert beauty.

17 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 17

Cho takes a piece of paper from a file, opens it and shows it to Lee Skelling.

CHO

Two years ago, you sent this letter to the Carnelian Headquarters.

(reads)

"You greedy sonsofbitches ought to know better than to outright steal from decent American citizens like myself. You are no better than scum in my book. You better pay up or there's going to be consequences." Do you recall writing that letter?

SKELLING

Yes I do.

CHO

Tell me about it.

SKELLING

Like the letter says, which I wrote in a moment of anger, they stole from me. From my family. And then when I called them on it, they not only didn't pay me, they did their damndest to throw me in jail.

CHO

How did they steal from you?

SKELLING

I used to work on the line at Grant Aerospace. Fan ducts for airliners. They had a whole incentive thing going. If a shop floor guy comes up with an idea that speeds the line or saves costs? He gets a bonus. Fifty thousand dollars.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SKELLING (CONT'D)

I came up with an improvement on the riveting gear that saved five and half cents per unit. That's huge. Fifty thousand for me, right?

CHO

That's a lot of money.

SKELLING

The CEO shook my hand. I had it in writing. Then Carnelian Prime buys Grant Aerospace and come time to pay, they welsh on my bonus. When I complained about it, they sacked me.

CHO

What did you do then?

SKELLING

Oh I tried to take 'em to court. Me and one cross-eyed old lawyer out the phone book against twenty Ivy League weasels. No contest. Never got a hearing. They counter-sued. Darn near got me put in prison. Demanding money with menaces they called it.

CHO

Sounds like a bad injustice was done. Sounds like you have a right to be angry.

SKELLING

Yes I do. I have a right.

18 EXT. SKELLING PLACE - DAY

18

Jane and Lisbon get out of their car, and head for the front door. Jessie Skelling emerges from the house with a BABY on her hip. Lisbon shows her badge.

JESSIE SKELLING

Your friends already took Lee. What do you want?

LISBON

Are you Jessie Skelling?

JESSIE SKELLING

No, I'm Cindy Crawford. Jessie's on vacation in Mexico.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

Jessie turns and goes indoors. Jane and Lisbon follow.

19

INT. SKELLING PLACE - CONTINUOUS

19

Jessie goes about her chores as if Jane and Lisbon hadn't walked in. There's guns mounted on the wall, survivalist paraphernalia everywhere. As they talk, her kids REBA and CODY come in and out. The baby's audible but unseen in a cot.

LISBON

Ma'am...

JESSIE SKELLING

I don't even want to look at you people, you make me too mad. Lee's done nothing! Nothing!

JANE

Jessie, if your husband is innocent, we're your best friends. We will prove he's innocent. Will you help us?

Beat.

JESSIE SKELLING

Sit down.

Jane and Lisbon sit down.

JESSIE SKELLING (CONT'D)

You want some water? Or a Soda?

JANE

Some water would be lovely.

19A

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY

19A

Cho talking to Skelling...

CHO

Where were you the night before last? From nine PM till nine the next morning.

SKELLING

At work and then at home.

CHO

At work at the airport.

(CONTINUED)

SKELLING

Yes. And yes, I could have gotten into Spruell's hangar and messed with that parachute, but I didn't. I worked my shift and went home. That's all I did. I didn't even know those Carnelian people were there jumping that day, and I wouldn't give a damn if I did know.

CHO

No?

SKELLING

Okay, I would give a damn. I have always wanted to talk to those people face to face. They could have given me that money. It's peanuts to them. Nothing. I would want to ask them why, is all. But cut a man's chute? No.

CHO

Four years with the Rangers. You're familiar with parachutes.

SKELLING

Yes I am. You been in the military, Cho?

CHO

Yes.

SKELLING

Then you know. I would chop a man's head off and pee down his neck before I would ever cut his chute that way.

(laughs, shakes head)

I mean, that's bad. That's out there.

CHO

Lee, did you send those messages? Are you Joe Q. Public?

SKELLING

No I am not.

Jessie continues to do her chores. Jane moves around. Lisbon sits. Reba and Cody are in and out.

JESSIE SKELLING

Lee is a God fearing man. He
couldn't kill somebody like that.
No way.

JANE

He was a soldier. He can kill.

JESSIE SKELLING

For his country. Not for himself.

JANE

What's the difference d'you think?

JESSIE

I don't know what it is. But it's
all the difference in the world.

JANE

You're very confident of his
innocence. How can you be so sure?

JESSIE SKELLING

I asked him if he did it. And he
said no he didn't do it.

JANE

You suspected he might indeed have
done it, but he denied it. And you
believe him.

JESSIE SKELLING

Lee don't lie to me. He'll cause
me trouble and grief a hundred
which ways, but he won't lie to me.

JANE

Wives often say that about their
husbands. Easy to fool yourself that
the people you love are honest.

JESSIE SKELLING

Yes it is. But I know he wouldn't.

LISBON

Why?

JESSIE SKELLING

Because.

Jane taps at his own hair to indicate Jessie's.

JANE

Because you're sick?

Jessie TAKES HER HAIR OFF. It's a WIG. Underneath which, she's nearly bald -- the telltale effects of chemo.

JESSIE SKELLING
Because I'm dying. He doesn't want to lie to someone that'll be sitting with The Almighty pretty soon.

Jessie puts her hair back on.

JANE
I'm sorry.

JESSIE SKELLING
Stuff happens. What are you going to do? Cody, don't you eat that...

Jessie jumps up and grabs some kibble from the kid's hand and puts it back in the sack of dog food.

JESSIE SKELLING (CONT'D)
(to the kid)
You want something to eat, there's some peanut butter in the cupboard.

Coming back to her seat facing Lisbon, Jessie's wig is slightly askew. Lisbon points at the wig and makes a straightening gesture. Jessie straightens it. Lisbon nods. Checks her notes.

LISBON
The night before last, what time did Lee come home?

JESSIE SKELLING
Same as every night, half past midnight. My husband did not do this thing. If he went to jail, who would look after the children? They'd go into care. He wouldn't do that to me. He wouldn't.

LISBON
Thanks for your time, Mrs. Skelling.

20 OMITTED 20

21 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY 21

Jane with Skelling.

21 CONTINUED:

21

JANE

Your wife says you wouldn't do that to her. But I don't know. Maybe you would if you thought you could get away with it.

SKELLING

When I was working for Grant Aerospace, Jessie was getting the best treatment for her sickness. If I hadn't of bitched and moaned and made a nuisance of myself, I would still have a job and health insurance and Jessie would be okay.

(beat)

So why did I bitch and moan, right? Why couldn't I be quiet and keep the job? I don't know. I don't know.

JANE

Ego and pride and vanity I expect.

Skelling allows Jane a sardonic smile.

SKELLING

Something like that I guess. If I thought I could get away with it? Yes, I would kill every last one of those bastards. But you can't kill rich people and get away with it.

22 INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - FEW MOMENTS LATER

22

Jane and Lisbon head for her office.

LISBON

I know, I know. I can read your mind.

23 INT. LISBON'S OFFICE. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

23

Lisbon sits down.

JANE

Oh, can you really.

LISBON

You're thinking Mr. Skelling is innocent and we should release him.

(calls out)

Cho!

(CONTINUED)

JANE

That's amazing. That's what I was thinking. How do you do that? Let me try.

He stares at her, making a mystical gesture with his hand.

JANE (CONT'D)

You're thinking Jane's right, he is innocent, and we should let him go.

LISBON

No. I think you just want him to be innocent because his guilt would be too simple. He's got motive, opportunity, and no alibi.

Cho enters.

CHO

Yes boss?

LISBON

Let Lee Skelling go.

CHO

Uh okay.

LISBON

We've no hard evidence against him.

CHO

Will do.

Cho exits. Beat.

JANE

We should go talk to the Carnelian executives again, throw a cat among the pigeons.

LISBON

You think? Why?

JANE

What if this is not about what it looks like it's about? What if this is about something else entirely?

LISBON

Like?

JANE

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

So you're suggesting we throw a
blind cat among the pigeons.

JANE

Yes.

LISBON

No.

24 EXT. BLUE JAY RANCH - DAY 24

Horses running across their paddock to watch Jane's Citroen
arrive. ARMED SECURITY MEN are on guard.

25 EXT. STABLES. BLUE JAY RANCH - DAY 25

Faulk, Sobell, Tran, Peary and Braemar in cowboy gear.
Horses are being prepped in BG. Jane and Lisbon approach.

FAULK

Good morning. I understand that
you released a promising suspect.

JANE

Meh. We don't like him for it.
We think, that is, I think, Agent
Lisbon disagrees with me, I think
that the answer lies with one of
you here.

BRAEMAR

That's absurd.

JANE

Why?

SOBELL

You're saying one of us sabotaged
David's parachute?

JANE

Why not? The chutes were all
clearly numbered. The saboteur
would simply have to make sure not
to choose the dud.

PEARY

But they couldn't know who would
pick the dud. They'd be killing a
randomly selected colleague. Why
would anyone want to do that?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Yes. Don't know yet. But we'll find out. Tell us a little about yourselves. Let's use this sadness to get to some real truths, shall we? You first, Joyce.

TRAN

(smiling brightly)
Me first to do what exactly?

JANE

I'll tell you what I think, just to get the ball rolling. I think you've made your way in the world by concealing your true feelings under a mask of positivity and niceness. Underneath, you're a seething mass of ugly bitter resentment.

Tran looks sour and opens her mouth to make a caustic reply, but Jane turns to Peary.

JANE (CONT'D)

You think Faulk is a stupid buffoon, but you're far too clever to be brave and tell him so.

PEARY

How dare --

Jane's moved on already.

JANE

-- And you, Mr. Braemar. Marine Corps, yes? Office politics must feel kind of trivial in comparison. How often do you fantasize pulling out a couple of weapons and showing these civilians a little reality?

Braemar shakes his head in disgust and puzzlement.

BRAEMAR

That's baseless and inappropriate. And I resent it.

Cooby, the Ranch Manager comes over.

COOBY

The horses are saddled and ready to go, Mr. Faulk.

(CONTINUED)

FAULK

We'll be right there. Agent Lisbon, this is a high profile case. A career defining case if concluded successfully. Are you sure this is how you wish to proceed? With clownish games?

Lisbon deadpans him with a civil servant face.

LISBON

I apologize. Mr. Jane is a consultant. His statements in no way reflect an official CBI view.

JANE

I'm simply trying to get a full picture of the group dynamic here. For instance, does anyone resent the sexual relationship between Faulk and Mizz Sobell? Any of you?

The look on the faces of the execs tells us Jane is on target.

SOBELL

Why would anyone resent it?

FAULK

Don't engage with him, Nadia.

JANE

You let him tell you what to do?

FAULK

That's enough. You can go now.

26 EXT. DRIVEWAY. BLUE JAY RANCH - DAY

26

Jane and Lisbon walking to the CITROEN.

*

LISBON

You threw a cat alright. What valuable insights did you glean as a result?

JANE

Nothing really. A bit disappointing.

LISBON

So maybe, just maybe, this case is about exactly what it looks like it's about. Bitter unsub with a grudge against rich fat cats.

JANE

Nice drive anyway.

LISBON

Nice three hour drive.

They get in.

JANE O.S

You hungry? I'm hungry.

26A EXT. ROADSIDE FARM STAND - DAY

26A

SIGNS for fresh strawberries, apples and corn in both English and Spanish, beckon to passing drivers. A brazier smokes in the BG. A handful of CUSTOMERS mill about with baskets of produce. Jane and Lisbon walk back from the stall and lean against the passenger door of the CITROEN, eating fruit. *

LISBON

What's weird about those guys, none of them really gives a damn. A colleague falls out of the sky and they're pretty much okay with it. Is that guilt or indifference?

JANE

Corporate brainwashing. It's turned them into robots. Grief isn't productive, that's all.

LISBON

I don't buy that. People make up their own minds. You can't brainwash them.

JANE

Sure you can. That's what these corporate retreats are for. Primitive brainwashing via group suffering. It's like office karaoke, or fraternity hazing. *

LISBON

Oh?

JANE

When everybody's been seen weak and humiliated, they become part of the group. *

LISBON

I went on a retreat. When I got promoted to head of the unit. I wasn't humiliated. I wasn't brainwashed.

JANE

(laughs)
Tshsh. If you say so.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON
I'm not. It was useful actually.

JANE
For what?

LISBON
Learning communication and
leadership skills. Building trust.
Something you might profit from.

JANE
Hah. What's that mean?

LISBON
Like you don't know you have major
trust issues.

JANE
I trust people. I trust you.

LISBON
No you don't. And I don't trust
you either. *

JANE
That's upsetting that you think
that. I hadn't... Really, you
don't trust me? *

LISBON
(amiably)
Of course not. How many times have
you lied to me? Misled me, tricked
me? Is that trust? No. *

Jane arcs his apple core into a distant bin with casual grace
and accuracy. *

JANE
We'll have to remedy that. Let's
do a trust fall.

LISBON
A trust fall.

JANE
I'm sure you did it at your CBI
retreat. Turn around, fall
backward and I'll catch you.

LISBON

Oh yes. We did those. No.

JANE

You won't?

LISBON

We have a long drive still.

JANE

See. This stuff works. Here we've got two co-workers recognizing the boundaries of their professional relationship. You want to trust me, but something's holding you back.

LISBON

Yes. You're untrustworthy. It's my job not to trust you.

JANE

Lisbon, I want you to know that you can trust me. When it really matters, I will be there for you. I will. I need you to know that.

Jane outstretches his arms.

JANE (CONT'D)

Let me catch you.

Lisbon is almost touched. Almost. Part of her still suspects a gag.

LISBON

Come on.

JANE

Please.

LISBON

Fine.

She turns her back to him. Pauses a moment. Can't believe she's going through with this. Closes her eyes and drops backwards straight into Jane's waiting arms. He peers down at her.

JANE

See. Trust me.

He boosts her upright.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON
Oh wow, it worked. Suddenly
I trust you.

JANE
Ha ha.

They get back in the car.

LISBON
I let you drive me around the
country in this contraption.
That's serious trust right there.

They drive off.

27 INT. CITROEN (ON HIGHWAY) - NIGHT (N/2)

27

Jane and Lisbon cocooned in darkness. Lisbon dozing.

JANE
Talk to me.

LISBON
Do I have to?

JANE
No, I can fall sleep and we can
drift into oncoming traffic. Your
call.

Lisbon sighs.

LISBON
Did you see any good movies lately?

JANE
No. You?

LISBON
No.

Beat.

INTERCUT WITH:

28 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT 28

Van Pelt reading a paper file. BING -- an IM message alert.
She looks up at her computer screen. Frowns, and picks up
her phone...

VAN PELT
Lisbon, we just got another message
from Joe Q Public...

QUICK INSERT OF MESSAGE on Van Pelt's SCREEN...

29 INT. CITROEN (ON HIGHWAY) - CONTINUOUS 29

Lisbon writes as she repeats what Van Pelt tells her...

LISBON
When all go to bed they best say
their good-byes, for prompt at my
bidding, all things will rise, and
the king of the rats will meet his
demise. Signed Joe Q Public.
That's it?
(listens)
Okay.
(puts down phone)
Bad poetry now.

JANE
Yes, that's very badly written eh?
What's that mean? All things will
rise? Oh.

(CONTINUED)

A realization dawns. Jane stops the car, turns it around and heads back the way they came.

LISBON

What? What do you think it means?

JANE

He's planted a bomb to kill Faulk.

30 INT. FAULK'S BEDROOM. BLUE JAY RANCH - NIGHT

30

Faulk, asleep in his spartan room. We glide under the bed to reveal a hand-made BOMB taped to the underside. A bomb with a clock, timed to go off at midnight. Tick tick tick...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

31 INT. FAULK'S BEDROOM. BLUE JAY RANCH - NIGHT (N/2 CONT'D) 31

Faulk asleep, in moonlight. Footsteps approach, the door busts open and Jane walks in, switches on the light.

Faulk sits up in befuddled alarm and indignation.

FAULK
What the hell!? What are you
doing?

Lisbon follows Jane in.

LISBON
Bear with us, Mr. Faulk. We have
reason to believe --

Jane's on the floor looking under Faulk's bed.

JANE
-- Yes. There it is.

He grins triumphantly at Lisbon

JANE (CONT'D)
Told you so.

Lisbon ducks down to look. Sees the bomb.

LISBON
(very calm)
No need to gloat. Mr. Faulk,
there's an explosive device of some
kind under your bed.

Faulk's eyes go wide.

FAULK
Oh my God.

He moves to get out of bed.

LISBON
Wait.

FAULK
What d'you mean wait?

LISBON
Let me just get a better look...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

She examines the bomb from a better angle.

LISBON (CONT'D)

No. I don't think it has a pressure trigger. You can get up.

FAULK

(querulous)

You don't think?

LISBON

I'm pretty sure it doesn't. It's timed to go off at midnight. So we have plenty of time yet. If you'll get up slowly now... We don't want to jar the device in any way...

Faulk gets slowly off the bed.

JANE

BOOM.

To his credit, Faulk doesn't jump in alarm, but simply glares at Jane -- like, are you nuts? -- as he exits the room fast. Lisbon looks at him the same way as they exit also...

LISBON

For God's sake.

JANE

Sorry. Couldn't resist.

ON THE BOMB -- tick tick tick.

32 EXT. BLUE JAY RANCH - NIGHT

32

Jane, Lisbon, Faulk, Sobell, Peary, Braemar, Tran and Cooby watching, (from cover) waiting anxiously for the bomb to go off.

33 INT. FAULK'S BEDROOM - BLUE JAY RANCH - NIGHT

33

ON THE BOMB -- tick tick tick. It ticks past zero hour at midnight. Nothing happens.

34 EXT. BLUE JAY RANCH - DAY (D/3)

34

The sun has just risen. Jane and Lisbon are still waiting. Jane yawns.

NEW ANGLE reveals a bomb squad van in BG. Then a BOMB SQUAD OFFICER emerges from the ranch house holding the bomb.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER

It's disarmed.

(CONTINUED)

A MOMENT LATER

Jane and Lisbon confer with the Officer, holding the bomb to show them what happened.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER (CONT'D)
She's a nasty little girl. Timed to blow at midnight. Anyone inside twenty feet would have been red mist. But see this little wire here? It came loose at some point. Disarmed her. Silly mistake.

LISBON
Huh. Lucky.

Jane starts to poke at the device, inquisitive as ever.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER
Don't do that. Even when it's disarmed, if you touch the red terminal, that'll close the circuit, and we're barbecue.

JANE
Good to know.

Jane steps back.

LISBON
Looks like expert work.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER
Absolutely. You got hi-test Army ordinance combined neatly with a hobby store trigger. Whoever made this knows his onions. Besides being slick enough to sneak in here and plant this girl.

LISBON
Army ordinance?

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER
Yup. The innards of five mark I9 army issue grenades, packed together.

Jane and Lisbon look at each other.

Two STATE TROOPER'S CARS and the Citroen parked outside the Skelling home. Troopers lounging about idly.

36 INT. SKELLING PLACE - CONTINUOUS

36

Jane and Lisbon with Jessie, folding laundry.

JESSIE

Soon as he heard about the bomb,
he knew you people would be on him.
He grabbed his gear and he lit out
of here.

LISBON

How did he hear about the bomb?

JESSIE

I told him. I listen to the police
scanner? Kind of a hobby. You
hear some things, my gosh.

LISBON

Where did he go to? His truck's
still here.

JESSIE

A friend gave him a ride.

LISBON

Friend's name?

JESSIE

Sure, like I'll tell you.

LISBON

Lee's only making things worse by
running.

JESSIE

Right. He said to tell you that
he's one hundred percent innocent,
didn't do it, but he knows that
doesn't matter, not once the law's
got hold of you. And he's not
about to stand still and be got
hold of. And I don't blame him.

JANE

D'you know where's he gone to?

JESSIE

Wouldn't you like to know.

JANE

I do know. I wonder if you do.

(CONTINUED)

JESSIE
Yeah? Where's he gone?

JANE
The mountains.

Jessie blinks. A hit.

JESSIE
You're welcome to look. You won't
find him.

JANE
I bet you're right. He's a capable
man, your husband.

JESSIE
Yes he is.

LISBON
Is he armed?

JESSIE
If he is, it's for hunting, nothing else.

JANE
Send him my best wishes when you
next speak to him.

JESSIE
I will.

37 EXT. SKELLING PLACE - DAY

37

Jane and Lisbon walk back to the car.

LISBON
Damn it, I should never have let
him go.

JANE
He didn't do it.

LISBON
Maybe not, but it sure looks like
he did.
(to phone)
Rigsby, issue an APB on Lee
Skelling.
(to phone)
Armed and dangerous, headed for the
mountain counties.

JANE
Didn't do it.

38 EXT. BLUE JAY RANCH - DAY

38

Faulk is interviewed by a FEMALE TV NEWS JOURNALIST.

FAULK

Carnelian is a company founded on good American values, and one of those values, Sarah, is courage in adversity. These tragic circumstances will only make us stronger. We will be a better company for this. The sick individual behind this campaign against us will not effect us in any way.

39 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

39

Jane, Lisbon, Van Pelt, Rigsby and Cho watching FAULK ON TV...

FAULK (V.O.)

We will not be intimidated.

Lisbon switches off the TV.

RIGSBY

Fool. Playing the hero. He'll get himself killed.

LISBON

He has to look tough. Carnelian has to turn this to their PR advantage or it could really hurt their business.

JANE

How's Carnelian's stock price?

Van Pelt is fast.

VAN PELT

Down fifteen percent since Whittaker's death and still dropping.

JANE

I wonder whether anyone made money off that drop?

CHO

Shorting the stock you mean?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Yes. If you know beforehand that Carnelian is going to be targeted by Joe Public, because you are Joe Public, betting against them on the markets would be easy money.

RIGSBY

Couldn't be Lee Skelling then. He's got no money to bet with.

JANE

It's not Skelling. We know that already.

LISBON

You know that. We're keeping an open mind.

Lisbon looks to Van Pelt, who nods keenly.

VAN PELT

On it. I'll run the market trading logs. See if anybody made a killing, so to speak.

Van Pelt, a little disappointed to get no laugh, starts tapping rapidly at the keyboard.

LISBON

Any word on Skelling?

RIGSBY

A couple of potential sightings in the Mount Whitney area. Locals and the parks service are all over it. We'll get him.

JANE

Doubt it. Skelling is in his element up there. This is his survivalist fantasy life come true. Probably got a place all prepped. He'll go to ground like a grizzly bear.

VAN PELT

Eureka.

They turn to Van Pelt.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

I've found a trading account that made a series of moves on the market against Carnelian stock. The trades exactly mirror our timeline.

LISBON

The account have a name attached?

VAN PELT

That's behind a firewall. It'll take a while to access, oh hold on, there's a subsidiary track...

Taps away...

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

...To a British bank. A company account in the name of NS Holdings.

RIGSBY

NS. Nadia Sobell.

JANE

Ah ha!

LISBON

(to Rigsby and Cho)

Your turn to drive to the ranch.

40 INT. BLUE JAY RANCH - DAY

40

Cho and Rigsby question Peary, using a crutch to nurse a bandaged ankle.

RIGSBY

We're looking for Nadia Sobell.

PEARY

She's with the others out on the mountain. Playing war.

CHO

War.

PEARY

With those paintball guns? We divide into teams and creep about the woods trying to kill each other. It's actually kind of fun. If I hadn't twisted my ankle... But what do you need to speak to Nadia for?

41 EXT. WOODED MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

41

With goggles and camo gear on, Nadia Sobell moves stealthily through the trees, paintball gun at the ready, scanning for "enemies."

Her POV -- she catches sight of De Shaun Braemar, up ahead, unaware that's he been seen.

Sobell creeps forward, silently as can be, like a real sniper. Braemar pauses in a clear spot. Sobell rises to take up a shooting position. Levels her gun and WAP -- hits him with a YELLOW SPLAT... She smiles, then CRACK! She falls down dead, shot in the chest by an unseen killer with a real gun.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

42 EXT. BLUE JAY RANCH - DAY (D/3 CONT'D)

42

Jane and Lisbon arrive to join Cho and Rigsby. Jane is somber and thoughtful; Lisbon is angry. Cho and Rigsby are deadpan. They head to the ranch house together.

LISBON
Where are we at?

CHO
The body went to the lab a couple hours ago. The local PD's working a grid search at the crime scene.

LISBON
Any news on Skelling?

RIGSBY
Nothing recent, but the last good sighting of him was mid-morning, at a trailhead three and a half miles from the ridge where Sobell was shot. Timeline says he could have made it easy.

JANE
Coincidence. He didn't do it.

LISBON
We don't -- Never mind. Whoever did do this thinks we're idiots.

JANE
Yes. A mistake.

LISBON
How so? We certainly look like idiots when our number one suspect gets killed, practically right in front of us.

RIGSBY
Not in front of us.

CHO
Any messages from Joe Public?

LISBON
Not a word.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

We won't hear from him. That disguise has grown boring, I suspect.

RIGSBY

You think Joe Public's a ruse? But what's the motive for killing Whittaker and Sobell then?

JANE

Yes, that's the question. Whittaker's death was random. Any one of them could have chosen the dud chute. But Sobell's wasn't. What does that mean?

LISBON

We give up. What?

JANE

I'm not entirely sure.

Lisbon sighs.

LISBON

Are Faulk and the rest inside?

Cho nods. Jane and Lisbon head to the ranch house. Lisbon notices for the first time the bag that Jane is carrying.

LISBON (CONT'D)

What's in the bag?

JANE

Picnic lunch.

LISBON

What's in the bag?

JANE

Bomb.

She elbows him.

LISBON

Ha ha. What's in the bag? Seriously.

Jane looks very serious.

JANE

Seriously, it's a bomb.

Lisbon narrows her eyes, doesn't know what to believe...

43 INT. BLUE JAY RANCH - DAY

43

Jane and Lisbon facing Faulk, Tran, Braemar and Peary; a subdued and pensive group. The bag is at Jane's feet.

JANE

What happened?

FAULK

Sobell and I were competing against De Shaun and Joyce. I was tracking Joyce when I heard the shot. Then I heard De Shaun yelling from over the ridge...

BRAEMAR

She was nearly gone already when I got to her. She looked at me, and she tried to speak, and then she wasn't there. And I started yelling for help.

Jake Cooby, the Ranch Manager, approaches.

COOBY

Your cars are here, Mr. Faulk. You want them to load the baggage on now?

FAULK

Sure, thanks Jake.

Cooby glides out again.

LISBON

You're leaving?

FAULK

Yes. It was a mistake to stay. I was tempting fate to prove a point. And now poor Nadia has paid for it. It's too much.

TRAN

You can't blame yourself.

JANE

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

PEARY
(off Jane)
Excuse me...

FAULK
That's alright. The barb is well placed. I can see clearly now. I've been wrong. This company has been wrong. I'm going to issue a statement. An apology.

BRAEMAR
No. No. You can't give in to this psycho.

FAULK
Not an apology to Joe Public, to the general public. The people. Carnelian is going to change its ways and become a new company. Redeemed by suffering. Reborn and rebranded. Ethical, honest, clean.

In BG Rigsby enters from outside.

TRAN
Brilliant. That's brilliant, Rand.
Jane is seeing the whole picture now.

JANE
(sincerely)
Yes it is. Brilliant.

FAULK
(somberly)
Necessary. I want a campaign plan on those themes ready by next week.

TRAN
I'll get someone working on a rough draft...

Tran gets on the phone. Rigsby beckons discreetly to Jane and Lisbon. They step aside.

RIGSBY
(good news)
Call from Van Pelt. Forensics got a hit on the bullet that was taken out of Sobell.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

A boat-tail 264 caliber bullet
manufactured by Winchester in 1989,
part of a custom batch to be given
to the top ten finalists in the
Annual American Cowboy Shootist
competition in Reno, Nevada.

LISBON

You're kidding me.

Jane's happy. Things are falling serendipitously into place.

JANE

Let me guess. Jake Cooby.

RIGSBY

Seventh place.

LISBON

Cooby? The ranch manager?

JANE

Of course. It all fits. This is
perfect.

RIGSBY

It is?

LISBON

Why would Cooby want to kill
anyone?

JANE

Let's go ask him.

Jane goes back to Faulk, speaks quietly so the others can't
hear.

JANE (CONT'D)

Mr. Faulk, where's Jake Cooby at
right this minute?

FAULK

Jake? In the kitchen probably.

JANE

Thanks.

FAULK

Wait. Why is Jake involved?

JANE

The bullet that killed Nadia was
special apparently. Almost
certainly belonged to Jake.

(CONTINUED)

FAULK

A special bullet? No. Jake?
Can't be.

JANE

You know him quite well, don't you?

FAULK

Sure. Been coming here for six
years. We're friends. He's a good
man. Salt of the earth. This
can't be.

JANE

Forensics don't lie. He never
expressed animosity toward you?

FAULK

No. Never.

JANE

Well, he must have some secret
grudge against you. In the kitchen
you say...

Jane turns to go find Cooby. Has a thought, turns back.

JANE (CONT'D)

Maybe you can help us.

FAULK

Of course. Anything I can do.

JANE

Come with me to speak with Cooby.

FAULK

Uh...

LISBON

Hold on. I don't think that's a
good idea...

JANE

It's him Cooby's angry with.
Let's use that. Vex him a little.
Open him up.

LISBON

Might work, but it's too risky.

JANE

You can be right outside to shoot
Cooby if things go haywire.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (4)

43

Lisbon shrugs, maybe...

44 INT. KITCHEN. BLUE JAY RANCH - DAY

44

Jane puts a kettle on the stove. Jane and Faulk have just this minute confronted Cooby.

COOBY

You saying it's me? I shot her?

JANE

Yes, and cut Whittaker's parachute, and planted the bomb that nearly killed Mr. Faulk here.

COOBY

I surely did not. Why in heck would I do all that?

JANE

That's what we want to know.

COOBY

(stunned)

Are you guys for real? Come on. How long have you known me Mr. Faulk?

FAULK

Why Jake? What have I ever done to you that would justify this? Help me understand.

Cooby's angry now.

COOBY

Okay, now see here, I don't know how, but you got the wrong idea about me.

JANE

Is that right? Why was it one of your prize bullets that killed Nadia Sobell?

COOBY

It was?

Jane opens up the bag at his feet, and pulls out the TIME BOMB that was found under Faulk's bed.

JANE

And why did you make this clever thing?

(CONTINUED)

Cooby's confused by how wrong Jane is. Faulk is alarmed.

COOBY

Huh? What? Is that a bomb?

JANE

It's your bomb, Jake. You made it.

COOBY

No I didn't. What are you smoking, man?

JANE

No? Really? This isn't your trigger?

Jane 'inadvertently' throws the on/off switch on the device as he offers it to Cooby. The CLOCK starts ticking down TWENTY SECONDS.

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh.

COOBY

Is that...?

FAULK

Oh for Godsake!

Jane tries to hand the device to Cooby, but Cooby's backing away. In BG the kettle is boiling.

JANE

Okay. Everybody needs to calm down. No problem...

Jane peers at the device.

JANE (CONT'D)

Looks like it'll disarm if I pull the wire out of this red terminal here...

FAULK

No!!

Faulk snatches the device out of Jane's hand and deftly pulls out the correct wire to disarm rather than detonate. The bomb's safe. Faulk puts it down on the kitchen table.

FAULK (CONT'D)

There, you idiot. What the hell are you playing at --

Jane's smile stops him.

(CONTINUED)

JANE
Ah ha, as they say.

FAULK
What are you talking about?

JANE
You knew how to disarm that bomb.
Because you made it. You planted
it to divert suspicion from
yourself, ergo it was you that
killed Whittaker and Sobell.

Faulk affects amusement.

FAULK
I'm sorry to spoil your theory, but
it was obvious how to disarm the
bomb.

Cooby's in BG fascinated, as if at Wimbledon.

JANE
No it wasn't. I bet you ninety
percent of people would think
pulling this wire here would be the
right thing to do.

He pulls the wire out of the red terminal and Faulk recoils
and screams...

FAULK
Noooo!

Nothing happens.

JANE
The bomb squad took the explosive
out. This is Playdoh. And you are
a wretched, scheming, cold-hearted
murderer.

Faulk uncurls from an ignominious crouch, conscious he has
truly blown his cover now; morally if not legally.

FAULK
You're mad.

Jane turns off the boiling kettle.

JANE
Mr. Cooby, where do you keep the
tea?

Cooby points. Jane finds tea bags.

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

Thanks. Would you ask Agent Lisbon to come in?

Cooby exits. Jane makes his cup of tea. Faulk's in an unfamiliar game, playing defense.

FAULK

You have no legal proof whatsoever.

JANE

Oh legal proof will be found no doubt. But personally, I don't need it. I just like to know I'm right.

Jane sips at his tea, content. Lisbon enters.

JANE (CONT'D)

Agent Lisbon, arrest this man.

FAULK

This is absurd!

Lisbon looks at Jane deadpan, waiting.

JANE

Arrest this man, please.

Satisfied, Lisbon takes her cuffs out.

45 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY

45

Faulk sits. Jane paces.

JANE

I knew it was you as soon as the bomb under your bed failed to go off. Too clever, Randy. Too clever.

FAULK

Don't call me Randy.

Cho enters, sits opposite Faulk, puts a file on the table. Faulk looks at it.

JANE

But why would you want to randomly kill one of your executives? Didn't make sense. Then Sobell was shot and I saw your game, Randy.

FAULK

That's very childish.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Whittaker's death was merely camouflage to disguise Sobell's death. She's the one you needed dead.

FAULK

I won't say anything until my lawyer arrives, but suffice to say, you have no proof. Nothing.

JANE

Question is, what did Sobell have on you? What was she going to do?

FAULK

Nothing.

JANE

That was a rhetorical question. We know everything we need to now.

Cho opens the file. Reads.

CHO

This is an affidavit from Nadia Sobell's lawyer. Nadia was secretly negotiating to join KBT, your number one rival. She was also drafting a sexual harassment suit against you to coincide with her departure. That's why she was shorting Carnelian stock. And that's why you needed to kill her.

JANE

Because nobody gets on top of Randall Faulk, do they? Nobody.

FAULK

Where's my lawyer?

JANE

I have to tell you, the whole Joe Public ruse was genius. I couldn't see how it would profit you to attack your own company. But you, you have vision. Carnelian reborn and rebranded. Everybody loves a comeback. Everybody loves redemption.

FAULK

You have nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CHO

We have enough to rip you to pieces.

JANE

And you know it. Before your lawyer arrives and ties everybody's hands, let's make a deal.

Beat.

FAULK

I'm listening.

JANE

We'll call Whittaker manslaughter one, we'll forget about the bomb, and we won't ask for the death penalty.

This isn't procedure and Cho's about to speak, but Jane gives him a glance asking for forbearance. Faulk looks bleak.

FAULK

In exchange for what?

46 EXT. SKELLING PLACE - DAY (D/4)

46

Morning.

47 INT. SKELLING PLACE - DAY

47

On the kitchen table is a RIPPED OPEN ENVELOPE AND A CARNELIAN CHECK. It's made out to the Skellings in the sum of five hundred grand, and it's signed by Randall Faulk. Lee and Jessie Skelling do a sort of hug/slow dance.

Their raggedy ass kids sit at the kitchen table beaming, at the novel sight of Mom and Dad happy for the first time in who knows how long.

FADE OUT.

THE END