

THE MENTALIST

"Russet Potatoes"

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THE MENTALIST

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Episode #117

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREET. DOWNTOWN SACRAMENTO - DAY (D/1) 1

Morning. Everyone's heading to work, ready or not. On the sidewalks a sea of corporate drones, tight-skirted assistants, power-suited attorneys --

And CARL RESNICK, late 20's, a schlub with a please-don't-hurt-me air. But today, a determined schlub, a schlub with a mission. He plows through the crowd dragging something heavy -- maybe he's got a large suitcase, maybe his bike lost a tire, we can't tell. Carl's puffing a self-help mantra --

CARL

...Self isn't something you *find*,
it's something you *create*. The
more action you take, the more
progress you make...

Mostly no one's paying attention to Carl -- he's that kind of guy -- but one Woman scurries out of his way, does a *horrified double-take* --

But Carl's gone, lost in the crowd.

2 INT. LOBBY. CBI HQ - DAY 2

JANE, CHO and LISBON in the shorter, cops-only security line, suffering the usual pre-coffee office boredom. A loooooong beat... Jane points to a Woman in a red dress in the civilian line --

JANE

Red dress. Go. Guess.

A game they play sometimes. Cho eyes the Woman carefully --

CHO

She's... allergic to perfume?
(off them; defensive)
It's a good guess. She just
sneezed.

JANE

She's having an affair. Next?

LISBON

Hang on. An affair? You just made
that up.

(CONTINUED)

Jane points to others in line in quick succession --

JANE

Hiding a terminal illness, about to propose to her girlfriend, and... about to quit his job. That or kill his boss.

LISBON

Made. Up.

JANE

Not at all. You see, the woman in the red dress has a peculiar --

But we'll never know how Jane knew, because just then --

ANGLE - NEAR THE BIG GLASS DOORS

Carl Resnick pushes through the entrance doors, still dragging something, making a ruckus, still determinedly muttering self-help jargon --

CARL

My attitude toward life determines life's attitude toward me, got a job to do, ya gotta do it right...

Whatever he's dragging gets stuck as the doors close. He has to yank it free. Thunk, thunk.

LISBON (O.S.)

Stop!

ANGLE - NEAR THE METAL DETECTORS

Jane watches as Lisbon, Cho and a couple of other agents draw their guns on Carl because --

LISBON (CONT'D)

Let me see your hands, NOW.

There's a trail of smeared BLOOD behind Carl. Leading up to the thing he's dragging: a knotted-up blanket with something heavy in it. An ARM has popped out. It's a YOUNG WOMAN, gunshot wound. Carl blinks. And oddly, *laughs*.

CARL

Whoa! Make a federal case out of it, why don't you?

Jane eyeing this apparent madman with interest as --

ANGLE - THE DOORS BEHIND JANE

RIGSBY and VAN PELT quietly enter, guns drawn --

To join Lisbon, Cho, and the other agents, their guns still trained on Carl. He holds the blanket end in one hand and the other is suspiciously thrust in a pocket. Jane watches, intrigued, as the situation escalates --

CHO

Drop it! Drop the blanket --

VAN PELT

-- Show us your hands, sir, we have to see your hands --

RIGSBY

-- Show us your hands or we'll shoot.

CARL

Wow, that's gratitude for you.

LISBON

Put it down, let go now and put your hands above your head.

A calm voice, controlled. Lisbon inches forward, her eyes never leaving Carl's hand in his pocket. Carl is miffed.

CARL

I bring you a gift and this is how I'm treated?

RIGSBY

(sotto)
Sick bastard...

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (3)

2

Jane clocks -- CARL'S EYES (slightly red, pupils dilated), CHEST (steady breathing).

JANE

What gift?

LISBON

(ignoring Jane)

Sir, you don't want to die today, do you? Put your hands up, now.

CARL

I dragged this for three blocks, Lady!

Now Carl's mad. His hand making a fist in his pocket. A fist around a gun?... Proper procedure is to --

RIGSBY

(softly)

Take the shot, Boss. Take it...

LISBON

Show me your damn hands. Hands!

CARL

A man stands up for himself. I will not be walked all over!

Carl takes a step forward, Lisbon has no choice but to fire --

And Jane steps toward Carl. From this angle, he's blocking everyone's shot.

LISBON

Jane!

Jane examines Carl's face --

JANE

Red eyes, dilated pupils -- you on drugs, Mr...?

CARL

Resnick. Carl Resnick.

(insulted)

I don't do drugs. Crack is wack.

JANE

Hey. Look over there.

Carl looks where Jane points and Jane takes Carl's wrist. Carl absently drops the blanket.

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

Steady pulse. Rock steady after dragging a body three blocks.

CARL

(turning back)

Huh? Hey.

LISBON

Jane, you need to move away.

JANE

So Carl -- she's a gift? That's why you brought her here to us?

CARL

Her? Them.

JANE

There's more than one?

CARL

It's a whole bagful, fella. You need glasses?

Jane eyes the woman's body, then Carl, puzzled.

JANE

A bagful of what, exactly?

CARL

(as to the impaired)

Potatoes.

JANE

Potatoes.

CARL

I'm supposed to deliver them to the police. You are police, right?

Jane's tone is soothing.

JANE

Near enough.

Jane waves his hand in front of Carl's face twice, quickly, studying how his pupils react.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hmmm, very good subject.

2

CONTINUED: (5)

2

LISBON

Subject?

Jane turns to Lisbon, pleased.

JANE

For implanting a suggestion. He's
been *hypnotized*.

FADE OUT.

3 - 4 OMITTED

3 - 4

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. OBSERVATION. CBI HQ - DAY (D/1 CONT'D) 5

Rigsby and Jane watch Cho and Carl in INTERROGATION.

RIGSBY
The man's lying.

JANE
Is he?

RIGSBY
Given that the girl he dragged in here dead is not actually a bag of spuds like he says, yes.

JANE
It's not a lie if he believes it.

6 INT. INTERROGATION. CBI HQ - SAME TIME 6

Carl is trying his best to help Cho.

CHO
So, Carl. Why would you bring a bag of potatoes to the police?

Carl pauses. He can't remember. An embarrassed grin --

CARL
Uh, I don't... I can't...

CHO
(prompting)
Potatoes to cops, potatoes. Not doughnuts, but potatoes... Did someone tell you to do it?

CARL
Yes! Yes.

CHO
Who?

CARL
Uhhh... I can't remember.

CHO
Try.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

I'm trying.

CHO

Carl, what if I told you it wasn't potatoes? That in fact it was a dead girl you were dragging around.

Carl seems genuinely horrified.

CARL

You have a twisted sense of humor.

CHO

Here's proof, Carl. What do you see here?

Cho throws down a PHOTO: the dead Woman on the Lobby floor, still in the blanket. Carl is bewildered, seeing only --

CARL

Potatoes.

INT. OBSERVATION. CBI HQ - SAME TIME

Rigsby and Jane.

RIGSBY

He's crazy.

JANE

Hypnotized.

RIGSBY

Come on.

And Lisbon enters as --

JANE

Hypnosis is just a way to connect to the imagination rather than the conscious mind. The mind will accept whatever the imagination creates, however bizarre.

LISBON

Hypnosis is what you use -- against my explicit orders -- to get witnesses to tell the truth. That's a little different from getting someone to see a dead girl as a sack of vegetables.

JANE

Eh, different in scale.

RIGSBY

But he doesn't look like he's in a trance or anything.

JANE

Neither did Minelli, when I hypnotized him to stop smoking. A subject acts normally, except inside the suggestion. Carl's suggestion was to have this very powerful hallucination. And to forget who did it. Whoever did this is very good, I must admit.

LISBON

Good enough to hypnotize Carl into killing the girl?

Jane is thoughtful.

JANE

Depends on whether Carl, deep down, wanted to kill the girl.

LISBON

But if he's hypnotized --

JANE

-- No suggestion in the world can make you do something against your moral character, against your true will. A hypnotized saint is still a saint.

LISBON

So if Carl's a killer, he can be hypnotized to kill. Otherwise...

RIGSBY

Otherwise the hypnotist must have killed the girl and framed Carl for it.

Rigsby's PHONE RINGS. He stays to take the call as Jane and Lisbon peel into --

Where Van Pelt approaches with a file as they head for the bullpen.

LISBON

So, is Carl a killer? What do we know about him?

Before Van Pelt can speak --

JANE

Sells cars or boats, or stuff like that.

(off them)

Well mannered and over-groomed, but too badly dressed to be gay. Salesman.

VAN PELT

(impressed)

He works at a dealership over on Fulton.

LISBON

He have a record?

Van Pelt looks at Jane to see if he'll guess. He graciously gestures for her to go ahead.

VAN PELT

Not even a parking ticket.

JANE

He's a good boy. Obeys authority. Makes him a very easy subject for trance.

They reach the --

LISBON

Well, can you fix him? Lift the trance or whatever so he'll remember who did this?

JANE

I could try, but without knowing the trigger it would be like playing Marco Polo in the Atlantic. Takes forever and you get all pruny. Easier to find ourselves the hypnotist and ask him.

Jane flops onto his couch. Rigsby enters, closing his phone as he walks.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

Got an i.d. on the victim. Her fingerprints were on file with the school board. She's Mary Beth Hendrix, 27. Her sister's on her way in from the airport.

10

INT. LISBON'S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY

10

CLOSE ON Lisbon's desk, the PHOTO of the dead Woman. WIDER as LINDSAY HENDRIX, late 20's, shy and heartsick, shakily pushes the photo back to Lisbon, there with Jane and Rigsby.

LINDSAY

That's Mary Beth. She... someone *shot* her?

LISBON

A gunshot wound to the head, I'm sorry. Coroner says she died instantly.

LINDSAY

I can't believe it. She was fine when I left.

JANE

You live together?

LINDSAY

(forces a smile)

Two country girls in the big city. I didn't want to come at first, but Mary Beth said she'd take care of me. Funny, huh?

She tears up. Lisbon offers a box of tissues.

LISBON

Lindsay. Your trip. You were in San Francisco?

LINDSAY

(nods)

Just overnight. For work. I'd just landed when you called.

RIGSBY

Mary Beth's an elementary school teacher, is that right?

LINDSAY

She was. Last year I got her a job where I work. At the Model Life Centre, downtown? Mary Beth was the boss' assistant. I'm the event planner. I help set up the doctor's NLP seminars around the country.

LISBON

NLP?

LINDSAY

Neurolinguistic programming.

Lisbon's none the wiser.

JANE

Sneaky ways to influence people doesn't sound as catchy.

LINDSAY

(a bit piqued)

Dr. Daniel changes lives.

JANE

Dr. *Royston* Daniel?

LINDSAY

(a proud nod)

He's the best.

JANE

(sees the light)

Ah ha.

LISBON

Who's *Royston* Daniel?

JANE

One of the pre-eminent hypno-therapists in the country.

Cho with Carl. He's devastated.

CARL

Mary Beth is dead? Oh, my God...

CHO

You know Mary Beth then?

11

CONTINUED:

11

CARL

Sure. I met her at the Model Life Centre. I'm taking Dr. Daniel's NLP course. To help me be a better salesman.

CHO

And Mary Beth?

CARL

At the Monday class, I didn't understand the exercise, and Mary Beth spent her whole lunch explaining it to me. A great teacher. Patient, you know? Even with a dope like me.

CHO

So do you remember now who hypnotized you?

CARL

(squeezes eyes shut, then)
I got nothing. Sorry. But Mary Beth -- what happened to her?

12

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

12

Jane, Lisbon and Rigsby watch Carl, horrified as Cho tells him what he did to Mary Beth's body...

LISBON

So we go take a look at Daniel and this Model Life Centre.

JANE

Let's bring Carl.

LISBON

Why?

JANE

That's where the hypnotists are.

LISBON

Carl is still our prime suspect in this. We can't use him as bait.

JANE

As long as we don't lose him or break him, what's the problem?

12A EXT. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - DAY 12A

Imposing structure, lots of money here. Striding to the big glass doors are Jane, Lisbon and Carl, (hands cuffed discreetly in front of him) held firmly by Rigsby.

13 INT. FOYER. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - DAY 13

On the MONITOR on the wall above Jane, Lisbon, Carl and Rigsby: "DR. ROYSTON DANIEL PRESENTS: NLP 101 - GET WHAT YOU WANT FROM WHOEVER YOU WANT."

RIGSBY

"Get What You Want From Whoever You Want." Sounds like a scam.

LISBON

Not to mention bad grammar.

CARL

(defensive)

Neuro-linguistic programming is not a scam. It's the science of willpower and persuasion and communicating more deeply. A way to better your life.

RIGSBY

Scam.

JANE

Maybe it's a scam that will make your life better.

LISBON

Oooh, deep.

Prompted by APPLAUSE O.S., Jane opens the door and goes inside...

14 INT. AUDITORIUM. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 14

JANE'S POV: Interested if not wild applause from the crowd as a distinguished MAN, 50's, professorial, walks out ON STAGE. Takes the mic with an almost zenlike air.

OUT OF POV as Jane, intrigued, enters the auditorium. Lisbon motions to Rigsby to watch Carl, then follows.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

Good afternoon. My name is Dr. Royston Daniel.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DISTINGUISHED MAN (CONT'D)

And I'm here to teach you the secrets of neuro-linguistic programming. Some of you may not fully believe in the power of trance, but I promise -- you will.

Lisbon's intrigued; some audience members nod significantly to each other, knowing what's coming. Behind the man, a YOUNGER MAN walks out, 30's, hipper clothes, charismatic.

DISTINGUISHED MAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, young man. This is not the moment. I'm speaking.

Jane watches as the Younger Man leans into the Older Man, **briskly pats his hand twice**. Which apparently is a signal, because --

The Older Man blinks, *coming out of his trance*. He stares at the crowd, puzzled.

DISTINGUISHED MAN (CONT'D)

Where... Where am I?

He eyes the Younger Man.

DISTINGUISHED MAN (CONT'D)

Dr. Daniel, what happened?

An amazed GASP from the crowd, then applause. Even Lisbon is somewhat impressed. The Younger Man -- DR. ROYSTON DANIEL -- puts his arm around the Older Man as they face the audience.

DANIEL

Ladies and gentlemen, give a round of applause to Mike here for being such a good sport. As you may know, I am Dr. Royston Daniel.

The audience applauds enthusiastically. Daniel grins. He got `em. Jane goes down to the front.

LISBON

Jane...

Jane keeps going. Lisbon sighs, but waits to see what he'll do. He walks up the steps to the edge of the stage, and beckons to Daniel. Lisbon follows him down to the front.

DANIEL

Hello?

JANE

I'd love a quick word in private if I may.

Daniel plays to the audience.

DANIEL

I'm kind of in the middle of something here.

The audience thinks this is more of the routine and laughs.

JANE

It's important. Your boat is on fire.

DANIEL

My boat? I don't have a boat.

JANE

No, not any more.

Daniel looks to RICK TIEGLER, 20's, slick, in the front row.

DANIEL

Rick, page security, would you?
(tough, to Jane)
Sir, I don't know what your issue is but --

Looking daggers at Jane, Lisbon moves him aside to show her badge to Daniel.

LISBON

Sir...

Jane throws up his hands.

JANE

All right, all right. I was trying to avoid upsetting everybody. Your assistant Mary Beth has been murdered.

Daniel looks stunned. The audience gasps and murmurs. Lisbon comes to the front and shows her badge.

LISBON

California Bureau of Investigation.
We need to speak with you.

14

CONTINUED: (3)

14

DANIEL

(to audience)

I know you'll understand and excuse me, folks. The very able and eloquent Rick Tiegler will conduct this seminar from here on in. Hope to see you all again soon.

Daniel hands the mike to Rick, who is flustered, but recovers fast. Bounds up onstage as Daniel gets down offstage and follows Jane and Lisbon out of the auditorium.

RICK

(to audience)

Wow. Well, as Dr. Daniel showed you, trance is incredibly powerful. And we're going to teach you how to unleash that power for yourselves.

The audience rustles with interest.

RICK (CONT'D)

Let's start by relaxing with a few simple breathing exercises, then I'll show you how to supercharge your life. How's that sound?

The audience thinks that sounds good.

15

INT. FOYER - MODEL LIFE CENTRE - DAY

15

Jane, Lisbon and Daniel emerge from the auditorium and join Carl and Rigsby. Daniel shows no recognition of Carl.

CARL

(sheepish)

Hi, Dr. Daniel.

JANE

Carl? Is this who hypnotized you?
Let's see your eyes...

Jane pushes Carl so he's almost nose to nose with Daniel.

DANIEL

(backs away)

Hey!

LISBON

Jane.

(to Daniel)

Sir, do you know this man?

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

DANIEL

Mmmm, the face is familiar. Is he
one my students?

Jane looks at Carl, then Daniel, discerns no hypnotic
connection.

JANE

Hmm, well. Nope. Rigs, why don't
you and Carl go to the seminar
while we speak with Dr. Daniel?

RIGSBY

Boss?

LISBON

I'll stick with Carl.
(off Jane)
That way I'll know he won't get
lost or broken.

16

INT. DR. DANIEL'S OFFICE. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - DAY

16

Opulent but tasteful. Dr. Daniel with Rigsby and Jane.
Daniel is trying to hide his upset.

DANIEL

This is terrible. Poor kid. I had
a bad feeling -- when I couldn't
reach her last night. Not like her
to disappear.

RIGSBY

She have problems with anyone
lately? Bad breakup, anyone who
might want to hurt her?

DANIEL

(shrugs)

I wouldn't know. Mary Beth's
personal life was her own.

RIGSBY

She was brought to us by Carl
Resnick out there. He was
hypnotized to think she was a big
old bag of potatoes.

Daniel is impressed.

DANIEL

Strong stuff.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Who could have done that, Doctor?

DANIEL

Oh, very few people have the talent to create a trance that powerful. Very few.

JANE

Besides you, of course. What were you doing last night between midnight and six?

DANIEL

Oh, wait now. You don't think I killed Mary Beth?

JANE

Did you?

DANIEL

Well. Maybe I need a lawyer here.

JANE

Maybe. I wouldn't know. Rigsby? He need a lawyer?

A standoff, two alphas locking horns. Rigsby breaks through the tension.

RIGSBY

Dr. Daniel, how about you tell me about your students. What kind of people want to get "what they want from whoever they want"?

DANIEL

Who doesn't want to make his life better? Using trance as a tool, NLP can help everyone from insomniac soccer moms to high-powered executives. Smokers, weight challenged -- anyone who wants to improve his life.

RIGSBY

And control the lives of other people?

DANIEL

(acknowledging)
Some students want to sell to their customers better.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Or make people like and respect them. Nothing wrong with that, right?

This last directed at Jane with a cheerful fuck-you smile.

LINDSAY

Royston, I have those files you needed -- the advance work for the seminar in San Francisco.

Lindsay Hendrix is at the door. Daniel is surprised.

DANIEL

Lindsay? You came in?

LINDSAY

I had to keep busy, you know, I...
I had to.

Lindsay forces a smile, but the vulnerability shows. Daniel takes the file.

DANIEL

Thanks. But you don't belong here, Lindsay. Not today. Whatever it is can wait. It's not important.

LINDSAY

What?

She seems a little lost. Daniel uses a gentle tone to mask the harsh words.

DANIEL

I am otherwise occupied, as you can see. Go home. Grieve. We'll survive, don't worry. Take care of you.

A beat. Lindsay's emotional, embarrassed.

LINDSAY

Sorry... Sorry... You're right, this was a bad idea... Sorry...

Lindsay exits, tearful. Jane is admiring.

JANE

"Take care of you." That's the smoothest blow-off I've ever heard. You really are good.

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

And he exits with a smile, leaving Rigsby alone with Daniel.

17 INT. AUDITORIUM. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - DAY

17

Lisbon and Carl seated in the back of the auditorium listening to Rick Tiegler in mid spiel. Carl is watching Tiegler like a hawk, but then so is Lisbon...

RICK

Are you feeling it? Are you all feeling it?

All in the audience say or at least murmur "YES." Lisbon almost does, but stops herself.

RICK (CONT'D)

Good, good. Now I'm going to talk to you individually, and invite one or two of you to come and help me up onstage. Will you do that? Will you help me if I ask you?

Again all in the audience say "Yes."

Rick gets down off the stage and prowls up the aisle, looking for good soft targets. He starts in a alarm when he sees Carl in back.

RICK (CONT'D)

Wh -- why are you --?

CARL

What do you want me to do here?

Too late, Tiegler realizes that the woman next to Carl is a cop. Lisbon eyes Carl, sees his mesmerized expression, looks back to Tiegler, suspicion in her eyes...

RICK

(smiles at Carl)

Oh, sorry, I thought you were someone else...

Tiegler tries to move on...

LISBON

Hang on a minute, sir...

RICK

Kinda busy right now.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

Lisbon stands up. Tiegler runs to the door. Lisbon quickly cuffs Carl's handcuffs to his chair and sprints after Tiegler.

LISBON

Stop!

18

INT. NEAR FOYER - MODEL LIFE CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

18

BOOM! Lisbon and Tiegler come tumbling through the auditorium doors, pound toward the grand stairway. Like an expert calf roper, Lisbon swiftly subdues Tiegler --

Just as Jane comes down the stairs.

JANE

You didn't like the class?

LISBON

I think we found our mystery hypnotist.

She handcuffs Tiegler (with a second set of handcuffs). Jane smiles at Tiegler on the ground...

JANE

What do you know, I got what I want from who I want. This NLP stuff really works.

Off his smile --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

19 INT. INTERROGATION. CBI HQ - DAY (D/1 CONT'D) 19

Cho interrogating Rick. Rick's agitated, a little twitchy.

RICK

I'm not talking about Carl.
I don't know anything about him.

CHO

Okay. Let's talk about your job.
You're pretty good at what you do I
guess.

RICK

I try.

CHO

Agent Rigsby asked around at the
center. Everyone says you're Dr.
Daniel's number one guy.

Rick can't help puffing a bit with pride.

RICK

I'm proud to assist Dr. Daniel in
his work. And yes, I'm good at
what I do. That's what the model
life is all about.

CHO

If anyone could put the hex on Carl
Resnick, it's you.

RICK

I wouldn't say that. Nope.

CHO

You ever try your stuff on Mary
Beth Hendrix?

RICK

I don't want to talk about her
either.

Cho eyes Rick carefully. Then Rick's hands. A little shaky.

CHO

Are you a drinker, Rick?

(CONTINUED)

RICK
No. I mean, I like a drink.

CHO
Would you like one now?

RICK
You offering?

CHO
No.

Beat.

RICK
I'm not a drunk. I've been under a lot of stress.

CHO
I understand. Were you drunk when you killed Mary Beth?

RICK
I didn't.

CHO
That's right, you didn't. But if something happened when you were drunk, that means you had diminished capacity. It means you're not responsible like you would normally be.

RICK
Yeah?... Yeah, I know that.

CHO
Well. Is that how it was?

A long beat. Rick squirms.

RICK
Maybe. I really don't know.

CHO
Tell me what happened.

RICK
I was mad at Mary Beth. Yesterday I'd kind of... asked her out, and she said no. She said no way, actually. In hell.

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

CHO

So last night you were mad, maybe
you went to a bar to forget?

RICK

Yeah, I hoisted a few. Dozen. A
man's gotta blow off steam, you
know? I know I lasted till like
one, but then I guess I blacked
out.

FLASHBACK

20

INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT - NIGHT (N/O)

20

*QUICK FLASHES: Mary Beth's BODY on the floor, the GUN in
someone's hand, a pool of BLOOD...*

RICK (V.O.)

(hard to say it)

When I woke up... It was five a.m.
and I was in Mary Beth's living
room. Standing over her body. A
gun in my hand, I could smell the
powder. I was just standing there,
calm as could be.

*And now the whole picture: RICK with the gun, horrified as
he looks down at Mary Beth...*

END FLASHBACK

21

INT. INTERROGATION. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

21

CHO

So you killed her.

RICK

I... I guess I did. I don't know.
But like you said, I'm not
responsible!

CHO

And after you killed her. That's
when you decided to use your skills
to frame Carl Resnick?

RICK

We'd been partners in a trance
exercise. I'd already put him
under a few times. It's easier
after that. Especially on Carl.
Such a creampuff.

(CONTINUED)

CHO

What did you think was going to happen, when Carl dragged a murdered girl's body to the cops with a gun in his hand? Did you think Carl was walking out of there alive?

RICK

(sheepish)

Weeeeelllll...

Cho stands.

CHO

Rick, we're charging you with the murder of Mary Beth Hendrix. Stay put.

A22 OMITTED

A22 *

B22 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

B22 *

Late afternoon shadows. At the big table, Rigsby and Carl sit near each other. Lisbon pops her head in just as a Teacher exits. Rigsby's just scribbling a final note --

*

*

RIGSBY

Be with you in a sec...

(seeing her)

Oh, hey, Boss. Has Cho searched Tiegler's place yet?

*

*

Lisbon plops into the seat next to Rigsby. (NOTE: During the following, Rigsby will be mirroring Lisbon's movements -- the way she sits, crosses her legs, touches her face, etc.)

LISBON

He's getting the warrant. I'm all done with the student interviews -- how's it going here?

*

*

*

She crosses her legs. Rigsby follows suit.

RIGSBY

Couple more teachers to go. So far, nobody knows much about Tiegler or Mary Beth.

CARL

I can't believe Rick killed Mary Beth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARL (CONT'D)

Do you think Dr. Daniel will set up a place to make donations in her name? A charity for a school would be good.

LISBON

(to Rigsby; re: Carl)
He's still here?

CARL

(modest pride)
I've been helping Agent Rigsby parse the submodalities of the teachers' language patterns.

RIGSBY

Translating their double-talk. "Reframing," "pacing," "representational systems." I don't get half of what these guys say.

Lisbon leans forward to look at Rigsby's notes. Rigsby leans forward, too. Odd. Lisbon clocks it.

LISBON

What are you doing?

RIGSBY

What? Nothing.

She sits back. Rigsby sits back.

LISBON

Are you... mimicking me?

RIGSBY

(sheepish)
It's called "modeling." You kind of model yourself on your subject...

LISBON

Subject? You're trying this NLP stuff on me?

RIGSBY

No! Sort of.
(to Carl, annoyed)
You said it would establish rapport!

She stands.

LISBON

(amused)

Yeah, needs work. Come back to the office when you're done here.

She exits.

RIGSBY

I don't believe this NLP stuff works at all.

Carl smiles, and as we'll remember later, *snaps his fingers and points at Rigsby.*

CARL

You will.

And he exits. Another Teacher enters and Rigsby starts the next interview...

Cho takes a pizza box around to Lisbon, Van Pelt and Jane. Lisbon and Van Pelt take a slice. Jane refuses, troubled by something.

JANE

No thanks.

CHO

You have to.

VAN PELT

It's tradition. The case is closed.

JANE

Hmmm.

LISBON

Hmmm? There's no *hmmm* here. An hour ago we found the gun that killed Mary Beth, in Tiegler's apartment, with Tiegler's prints.

CHO

Plus, you know, the confession.

Van Pelt does a victory fist-bump with Cho without looking up from her pizza.

JANE

Rick Tiegler's black-out. Didn't strike you as odd?

Rigsby approaches (we see Carl exit in the b.g.) --

RIGSBY

He got drunk, he blacked out, killed somebody. Who hasn't been there?
(off them)
Kidding.

JANE

Tiegler came out of a drunken stupor standing upright over a body instead of lying facedown in a pool of vomit? Almost sounds more like a trance than a blackout.

CHO

Somebody hypnotized Tiegler into killing Mary Beth and hypnotizing Carl.

JANE

Something like that.

LISBON

I didn't eat all this cheese and grease for nothing. The case is closed. You're just seeing "suggestion" everywhere, Jane.
(teasing)
You're too suggestible.

JANE

Ha ha.

LISBON

Oh, right, too much of a control freak for that.

RIGSBY

(sotto)
Pot? Meet kettle. Kettle? Pot.

But Lisbon hears him, gives him a hard look. Just then Lindsay Hendrix enters, timid.

LINDSAY

Um, hi, Agent Lisbon. I'm here for my sister's effects, from our apartment?

LISBON

Sure. Agent Rigsby will help you.

Rigsby, about to take a huge bite of pizza, puts it down, gravely disappointed. Lindsay turns to go with Rigsby. Jane calls after her.

JANE

Ms. Hendrix. A question: do you believe Rick Tieglar killed your sister?

LISBON

Jane.

But Lindsay turns, puzzlement and relief mixed.

LINDSAY

Actually... I kind of don't. I was going to talk to you about it. How did you know?

Lisbon doesn't want Jane to have quite such a swift victory. She steers Lindsay away --

LISBON

Come to my office.

JANE

(sotto)

Control freak.

Lisbon and Rigsby with Lindsay Hendrix.

LINDSAY

I'm sorry to be such a bother...

LISBON

What exactly is your concern, Lindsay?

Jane enters.

LINDSAY

It's just nagging at me, I'm sorry. Did Rick say how he got into our apartment?

LISBON

No, he claims he was blacked out. Why?

LINDSAY

It's just... Mary Beth really disliked him. Like really. I can't imagine she'd let him into our place.

Lisbon slides a file toward Rigsby.

LISBON

Well, there's no way he broke in. The BFS report says there was no damage to the door.

LINDSAY

Then I don't get it. I mean, we have a peephole, a deadbolt? Mary Beth got really security-conscious after she and Royston got mugged.

RIGSBY

She and Dr. Daniel?

LINDSAY

Yeah, when he took her to Maui for the weekend, some kids there mugged them. It was awful.

RIGSBY

She and Dr. Daniel were a couple.

LINDSAY

For six months now. I thought he told you.

JANE

And, voila.

Lisbon sighs.

Rigsby, Jane and Lisbon confer quietly. We can see Lindsay in Lisbon's office, waiting patiently.

RIGSBY

Daniel told us Mary Beth was just his assistant, he didn't know anything about her personal life.

LISBON

Okay, so Daniel lied to us. Why?

RIGSBY
Embarrassment, fear, privacy...

JANE
(helpful)
Guilt. Maybe.

RIGSBY
It's probably nothing. But it is a
loose end.

LISBON
That Tiegler's defense attorney
could use to hang us with. We
better go pick up Daniel.

JANE
If you walk over there, you can
work off some of those case closed
pizza calories.

LISBON
Ha ha.
(to Rigsby, off Lindsay)
Get everything she knows about her
sister and Daniel.

She and Jane move off and Rigsby goes back into --

Rigsby sits down next to Lindsay.

RIGSBY
Lindsay, tell me exactly when Mary
Beth and Dr. Daniel started dating?

LINDSAY
Royston wouldn't hurt Mary Beth, if
that's what you're thinking. Not
in a million years. He loved her.

RIGSBY
This is just routine. Relax, we'll be
done in no time.

Van Pelt and Daniel stride past stunning glass walls.
Daniel's impatient but curious, Van Pelt all business.

DANIEL
I'm really quite busy, you know.

VAN PELT

We'll have you back here very soon,
Doctor.

DANIEL

If you could just tell me what this
is about...

VAN PELT

Just a few questions, that's all.

DANIEL

But a few questions about what?

VAN PELT

Not sure, sir, I won't be the one
asking.

DANIEL

Come on, Agent. A hint.
(a charming smile)
You're too pretty to be so solemn.
Talk to me.

Van Pelt tries to hide a withering look with mixed success.
Daniel clocks it.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Ah. The curse of the pretty girl.
(off her)
You've been told you're gorgeous
since you were twelve, so now you
hate hearing what most women long
for.

VAN PELT

I have a job to do, that's all.

DANIEL

Are you really that tough?
(off her)
Didn't think so.

VAN PELT

You don't know anything about me.

DANIEL

No?

VAN PELT

No.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

You're ambitious, more than you'll let anyone see. A girl from Nowheresville desperate to make it big. But you worry you'll always be small-town, small-time, that you don't have what it takes. That's why you're so shut down to everything but your job.

He looks to see if he's hurt her. She holds him with a look.

VAN PELT

Dr. Daniel? No offense. But I've been working with Patrick Jane for nine months. You want to get under my skin, you'll have to up your game.

Damn. As Daniel gives her an admiring look, they're out.

Rigsby, Jane and Van Pelt watch as IN OBSERVATION, Cho questions Dr. Daniel. As Lisbon enters the room --

27 INT. INTERROGATION. CBI HQ - SAME TIME 27

Cho and Dr. Daniel. Daniel is calm, collected. A resonant voice, charismatic.

DANIEL

I'll tell you again, Agent Cho. I wasn't sleeping with my assistant.

CHO

Assistant's sister says different, Doctor.

DANIEL

Then she's lying or misled somehow.

CHO

You didn't take Mary Beth to Maui? In November, you two didn't go to Paris for a week?

DANIEL

On business, yes. I travel extensively, teaching.

28 INT. OBSERVATION. CBI HQ - SAME TIME 28

VAN PELT

Same story for twenty-three minutes now.

LISBON

Maybe he's telling the truth. Maybe it's Lindsay Hendrix who's lying.

JANE

No. This one's lying. See how he's afraid to break eye contact?

RIGSBY

I'll get the truth out of him.

Rigsby exits. The others are a little puzzled.

29 INT. INTERROGATION. CBI HQ - SAME TIME 29

Cho is solemn. Disappointed.

CHO

I think that's not true, Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Look, Agent Cho, I came here as a courtesy. If there's nothing new, I'd like to go.

Rigsby enters.

RIGSBY

Hey, Cho, may I?

Cho's puzzled too, but hey, it's Rigsby.

CHO

Uh, sure.

RIGSBY

Dr. Daniel, tell the truth. You'll feel better. Trust me.

DANIEL

I'd like to go now.

Without warning, Rigsby smashes Daniel's face into the table.
Turning his nose to bloody pulp. Oddly, Rigsby's voice is calm, reasonable, like nothing's happened --

RIGSBY

When you tell the truth.

30 INT. OBSERVATION. CBI HQ - SAME TIME

30

Jane, Van Pelt and Lisbon react.

JANE

Whoa!

31 INT. INTERROGATION. CBI HQ - SAME TIME

31

CHO

Rigsby!

RIGSBY

You were sleeping with her, weren't you? Weren't you? Tell the truth, Royston. Tell me.

Cho rushes to Rigsby as Jane, Van Pelt and Lisbon rush in.

DANIEL

All right! All right! We were together! We'd been dating since September. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

Cho and Lisbon wrestle Rigsby away. But he offers no resistance. A satisfied grin on his face.

RIGSBY

Now that feels better, doesn't it?

Van Pelt stares at the nonchalant Rigsby, horrified. Daniel grips his bloody nose, moaning.

DANIEL

You broke my nose! You crazy bastard!...

Jane eyes Rigsby's face as Lisbon hisses in Rigsby's ear --

LISBON

Agent Rigsby, step outside.

31A

INT. HALLWAY. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION - MOMENTS LATER

31A

Jane, Lisbon, Van Pelt with Rigsby. (Cho is Interrogation with Daniel.) Jane studies Rigsby as --

LISBON

Your gun and your badge.

RIGSBY

Boss, come on...

LISBON

Now.

Rigsby hands over his gun and badge to Lisbon.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Do you get what you've just done?
Damn it, Wayne.

JANE

Oh, dear.

LISBON

(Duh, Rigsby hit a guy)
I know!

JANE

No. This.

Jane waves his hand in front of the Rigsby, just as he did with Carl in Act One. Lisbon remembers it, too.

LISBON

No. No way.

(CONTINUED)

31A

CONTINUED:

31A

JANE

I'm afraid so. Rigsby's been
hypnotized.

VAN PELT

Oh, dear.

Off them --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

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

32

The gang follows Rigsby toward his desk. Rigsby is skeptical but mightily amused. (Note: he no longer has a sidearm.)

RIGSBY

Oh, I've been hypnotized, have I?
Are you going to make me do
embarrassing things? Pretend I'm
Tina Turner or something?

JANE

Would you like to be Tina Turner?

RIGSBY

Jane, trust me. I'm not
hypnotized. I feel fine. Totally
normal.

CHO

Normally, you don't break the noses
of your suspects.

RIGSBY

(a chuckle)

What are you talking about? I just
questioned the man.

Jane and a worried Lisbon step aside into the HALLWAY...

LISBON

Could this be something
psychological? A psychotic break
or something?

JANE

No. Hypnosis, that's all.

LISBON

I thought you can't hypnotize
someone to do something against his
moral character.

JANE

Rigsby has a brutal streak. If you
didn't know, now you know. Not an
uncommon trait in those drawn to
policework.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

I'm calling a shrink, to make
sure...

JANE

I'll prove it. Deeply hypnotized
subjects have very few inhibitions.

Jane leads them back to the BULLPEN.

JANE (CONT'D)

Rigs, do me favor. Close your
eyes. Relax. Good. Now, don't
tell me, just think about it, think
about what you most want to do
right now. You can do anything you
like in the whole world. What will
you do? I want you to open your
eyes and do it. Do what you want.

Rigsby rises from his chair, goes to Van Pelt, takes her in
his arms, and gives her the longest and sexiest kiss in the
history of CBS television.

JANE (CONT'D)

Okay, then.

CHO

Huh.

Lisbon shakes her head. Rigsby and Van Pelt come up for air.
Van Pelt is upset, embarrassed and aroused all at once, and
takes a beat before wrenching herself away.

LISBON

Okay, he's hypnotized.

VAN PELT

Well, unhypnotize him.

JANE

Are you sure?

Van Pelt punches Jane on the shoulder.

VAN PELT

Do it.

JANE

I can't. The hypnotist used a
specific trigger to induce trance.
Without knowing it, I can't bring
him out.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

I have to go.

JANE

Where do you have to go to?

RIGSBY

I can't tell you. See you later.

He heads for the exit.

LISBON

Rigsby, no.

JANE

Let him. Let's see what happens.

LISBON

He's not a guinea pig. Rigsby,
stay here. That's an order.

RIGSBY

Sorry, Boss. I have to go.

Cho hastens to get in his way.

CHO

Rigs, you can't leave. You're not
okay.

RIGSBY

Stop messing around, Cho. I'm
fine.

He shoves Cho aside.

LISBON

Hey!

The situation's escalating, someone could get hurt. Jane
steps in.

JANE

It's okay. Grace, talk to him.
He'll listen to you.

VAN PELT

Rigsby!

Rigsby pauses, turns.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Please stay. Please.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED: (3)

32

Rigsby's torn.

RIGSBY

Okay. But not for long.

Rigsby comes back. Van Pelt takes his arm solicitously.

VAN PELT

Come sit by me.

RIGSBY

Okay.

33

INT. LISBON'S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY

33

Lisbon, Cho and Jane.

JANE

Rigsby didn't talk to Tiegler, did he?

CHO

Nope.

LISBON

So Tiegler didn't do this. Maybe Tiegler didn't kill Mary Beth either.

(eyes Jane)

Looks like you were right. Rick Tiegler was put in a trance by the real killer and just thought he blacked out.

CHO

And the same person put Rigsby under.

LISBON

We need to question everyone Rigsby interviewed at the NLP Center, and anyone else he's talked to.

CHO

Has to be Dr. Daniel, right? He's the only one with the chops to do this.

LISBON

Plus he lied about sleeping with the victim.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Even an innocent man might want to avoid the shame of being dragged into interrogation. And why would he want Rigsby to punch him in the face?

CHO

Although why would anyone *else* want Rigsby to punch Daniel in the face?

JANE

My guess, that punch was the unintended side effect of a much deeper hypnotic command.

LISBON

A command to do what?

JANE

Yes, there's the rub.
(cheerful)
Let's find out, shall we?

Off Lisbon, not liking the sound of that at all --

33A

EXT. STREET NEAR COURTHOUSE - DAY

33A

Lisbon walking, anger in her stride. Cho meets her, coming from the direction of the courthouse. He's carrying a file. They continue toward the courthouse --

CHO

Jane's off doing his thing?

LISBON

Yes, and I should be there. What the hell happened? Tiegler got *bail*? Just like that?

CHO

No record, he's not a flight risk. Plus it's Judge Milton. He set the bail at fifty thousand.

LISBON

Fifty grand for an accessory to murder charge?

CHO

That's the thing. ADA dropped it to obstruction.

(CONTINUED)

33A CONTINUED:

33A

LISBON

A deal? I wasn't consulted.

CHO

Me neither. Tiegler found some juice somewhere. Got a defense attorney from Horton & Fleer, whole nine.

They reach the --

33B EXT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

33B

Bounding up the steps --

LISBON

Find out about Tiegler's bond. Maybe there's still time...

RICK

Hello, Agents.

It's Rick Tiegler, a grin on his face one might call "shit-eating." He waves away his well-dressed Lawyer.

RICK (CONT'D)

Nice day, huh? To be walking free in the world?

At Lisbon's nod, Cho moves away, starts making a call about Tiegler's bond as --

LISBON

Mr. Tiegler, you need supervision. We think you may have been hypnotized by the person who killed Mary Beth.

A beat. Tiegler bursts out laughing.

RICK

Really? That's your play?

LISBON

You could be in danger, sir.

RICK

You're the danger, lady! Look at this bruise!

He yanks on his pants way too low for Lisbon's tastes to reveal a purple bruise on his hip.

(CONTINUED)

RICK (CONT'D)

Marble staircase you threw me down.
Marble.

LISBON

I didn't throw you down a
staircase. Yet.

RICK

Hey!

LISBON

Mr. Tiegler, what if you were
hypnotized to take the blame for
Mary Beth's murder and that person
is still out there? You'd be a
loose end, right?

Tiegler's smile falters... but then he laughs again.

RICK

You cops will try anything, won't
you? To make me doubt myself. You
and my mother. Not going to work,
I live the model life now. You
have a good day, Agent Lisbon. Try
not to bruise anyone.

And he saunters down the steps. Cho clicks shut his phone,
steps back in.

CHO

Tiegler's bond? Tiegler didn't
post it.

LISBON

Who did?

CHO

The Model Life Centre,
Incorporated.

The two exchange a look. Lisbon frowns.

LISBON

Follow it up. I have to get back.

Cho nods and they go in opposite directions on the steps.

A child's PLAYGROUND in one corner. Jane, Rigsby and Van
Pelt walk past swing sets, slides, a merry-go-round.

VAN PELT

Why are we here?

JANE

I wanted to bring him somewhere he can feel safe, relaxed. A reminder of when he was young. Before he started getting hurt.

Rigsby's eyes flick to Jane.

VAN PELT

Hurt by who?

RIGSBY

Yeah, hurt by who?

JANE

Whoever it was. Mom, stepfather? Brother? Eh. None of my business. Here we are. Please, sit.

They near the swings and sit down on a bench.

RIGSBY
(angrily)
Nobody hurt me.

VAN PELT
(anxious)
Jane, don't upset him.

JANE
I know what I'm doing.

RIGSBY
Jane, are you still on the hypnosis
kick? Seriously, man, you've got
it wrong.

JANE
I want you to trust me, Rigsby.
I'm going to try and break the
trance, okay? It won't hurt. I'll
just see if I can get you back to
your own self. You'd like that,
wouldn't you?

RIGSBY
You've got it wrong.

JANE
Maybe so. Everybody makes mistakes,
don't they? That's life -- ups and
downs. Look at those swings there.
Up and down. Up and down. That's
life eh? Just relax into it. No
need to worry. Up and down. Up and
down. How are you feeling, good?
Are your hands tingling, buzzing?

RIGSBY
Tingling, a little.

JANE
Good, okay. Yes, you're looking at
the swing sets, good. Up and down,
up and down. Just watch. Feel the
tension draining out...
(to Van Pelt)
I need to find the hypnotic
trigger. Could be visual,
auditory, physical...

Jane pats Rigsby's arms, grasps his hands, touches his face, looking for a physical trigger.

RIGSBY

Dude. Don't feel me up.

JANE

Keep breathing deep. Feel your breathing, the air in and out, in and out...

But Rigsby's getting agitated instead. Starting to sweat.

RIGSBY

Stop, Jane, hang on.

He bats Jane's hands away.

JANE

What?

RIGSBY

Splitting headache, man. Step off.

Van Pelt is worried, but Jane motions her to stay put.

JANE

You're just breathing, Rigsby, nothing to hurt you...

RIGSBY

You are, man. You're hurting me.

He's getting angrier about it.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

Stop it, okay? Stop using your stuff on me!

JANE

Rigs, your reaction is part of the suggestion, a built-in defense mechanism, to stop me trying to help you.

VAN PELT

Rigsby, let Jane help you.

RIGSBY

-- Stop! I have to get to...
I have to get out of here.

He shoves Jane, hard.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

He takes off.

VAN PELT

Wayne! Stop!

She starts to run after him, but Jane stops her.

JANE

He's in too deep. He might hurt
you if you try and stop him.

Rigsby is already across the street, tossing a last glance
over his shoulder as he dodges between HONKING cars to get to
wherever the hell he's going...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

34A INT. AUDITORIUM. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - NIGHT (N/2) 34A

Dark, empty, spooky. The doors open... It's Rigsby. Looking for someone...

35 INT. DR. DANIEL'S OFFICE. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - NIGHT 35

Dr. Daniel (black eye, bandaged nose) sits behinds his desk. Rigsby enters. (Note: Rigsby seems *normal* in tone and attitude. And everything he does seems reasonable to him.)

RIGSBY
Hullo, Dr. Daniel.

DANIEL
Agent Rigsby? Thank God you're here. Help!

LINDSAY
Oh, shut up, Royston.

Lindsay Hendrix steps from the corner, her gun trained on Daniel. Now we see Daniel is handcuffed to the chair. Lindsay's tone to Rigsby is gentle, vulnerable (and she's using it to reinforce Rigsby's trance).

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Thank you, Wayne. Thanks for helping me.

RIGSBY
I had to come.

LINDSAY
I know.

FLASHBACK

36 INT. LISBON'S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2) 36

Rigsby sits down next to Lindsay.

LINDSAY
Royston wouldn't hurt Mary Beth, if that's what you're thinking. Not in a million years. He loved her.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

RIGSBY

*This is just routine. Relax, we'll
be done in no time.*

*CLOSE ON: Lindsay's hand as it touches Rigsby's shoulder
once, quickly. (This is the trigger.) Then she leaves her
hand on his arm. Establishing rapport. Matching Rigsby's
breathing, his blinking...*

LINDSAY

*I will, I'll relax. I feel safe
with you, Wayne. Very safe.*

*HER EYES seem kind. Rigsby has to lean close to hear her low
voice. Her voice is alive with inflection now --*

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

*I feel safe and relaxed, very
relaxed sitting here, and I feel I
can tell you anything, anything at
all. Let me tell you about Dr.
Daniel...*

*Lindsay takes his other hand in hers. Rigsby doesn't resist.
Off him --*

END FLASHBACK

37

INT. DR. DANIEL'S OFFICE. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - CONTINUOUS 37

LINDSAY

*Don't worry, everything will be
fine now.*

DANIEL

*Agent Rigsby. Agent, I want you to
relax and listen to the sound of my
voice. Listen to me, for God's
sake!*

Lindsay frowns...

ANGLE ON DR. DANIEL - SECONDS LATER

*A RIIIIIIIP! SOUND and then a piece of duct tape is plastered
over his mouth.*

38

OMITTED

38

39

EXT. ROOF. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - NIGHT

39

*A dark night, city lights are far away. The big "LIFE" sign
glows in the BG.*

(CONTINUED)

Lindsay and Rigsby drag Daniel, still handcuffed to the chair, across the flat roof. Lindsay glares at Daniel.

LINDSAY

I was in love with you, you arrogant bastard. Like I've never loved anyone. But you only wanted Mary Beth. That cow. I thought if she were gone, you would finally see me, and love me for who I am.

RIGSBY

But you were in San Francisco when Mary Beth was murdered.

LINDSAY

They have these things called rental cars. I drove up here, did the deed, hypnotized that skeeze-bag Rick to take the blame, then got back just in time to catch my flight. Got off that plane here thinking finally Royston and I can be together. Finally he'll really see me. And the gifts I have.

RIGSBY

But he didn't see you.
(quietly)
It's hard, when they don't see you.

LINDSAY

(bitter; to Daniel)
What a moron I was. When I came to you, you said, "It's not important. We'll do fine without you. Go home." And in that moment I knew -- you'd never love me. Never. So now you're going to die.

Daniel "mmp!"s in protest. Lindsay turns to Rigsby, vulnerable eyes --

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

He hurt me, Rigsby. He *hurt* me.

Rigsby frowns, and BAM, socks Daniel across the jaw so hard he knocks the chair over. Daniel hits the deck, unconscious.

Lindsay faces Rigsby and touches his shoulder once, quickly -- the trigger -- then holds his hands, re-establishing rapport, anchoring him in a trance state.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

You want to protect women, don't you? I saw how you look at that red-haired agent.

RIGSBY

Grace. Her name is Grace.

LINDSAY

Well, now I need your protection, Wayne. Your help with a special job. You'll help me, won't you?

JANE

Hello, Rigsby. Hey, is that Venus up there, or Mercury?

Rigsby turns, startled. It's Jane, smiling cheerfully. Lindsay aims the gun and he raises his hands.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hansel and Gretel used bread crumbs, we had Rigsby.

Jane holds up his cellphone, shows her a GPS readout.

JANE (CONT'D)

I knew Rigsby would lead us to the guilty one. So we put a tracking device in his pocket.

LINDSAY

Smart. Except for the part where I have a gun.

JANE

Oh, I have a gun, too. Lisbon?

Lisbon emerges from darkness and levels a gun at Lindsay.

LISBON

Drop the weapon, Lindsay.

LINDSAY

So predictable. Rick!

Rick Tiegler appears behind Lisbon, aiming a SHOTGUN at her head.

RICK

You should put the gun down, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Ohforheavensake.

LINDSAY

Drop the weapon, Agent Lisbon.

LISBON

Tiegler, you just made bail, don't do this...

LINDSAY

Shut up! Drop the weapon, Agent!

JANE

Best do as she says.

Lisbon obeys, puts down her gun.

JANE (CONT'D)

I am impressed, Lindsay. There aren't three people in the world who could have done an induction on a cop. But Rigsby's guard was up when he was with Dr. Daniel and Carl. You, however, slipped right in, you bad little mouse.

LINDSAY

I was never the sparkling, vivacious one. That was Mary Beth. All the boys loved her. Never me. But when I started working for Dr. Daniel, I realized I had a talent to reach people's unconscious. People trust me. They let down their defenses. Finally I was worth something. Finally I was in control.

JANE

Look around you. Are you in control now? Everybody here, you have to kill. That's madness. That's not control. You're having a nervous breakdown, Lindsay. You need help. We can help you.

This last said with tremendous confidence Jane doesn't feel. A beat, is Lindsay wavering?...

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

Beautiful night for a swim, don't you think? The ocean is so nice tonight.

Lindsay strolls to the railing, looks down. Nothing but darkness below. It almost could be dark water out there.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Hear the crash of the waves out there, Rigsby? Peaceful.

RIGSBY

Yeah. It's nice.

JANE

It's not nice, Rigsby, it's not the ocean --

LINDSAY

-- How about you show Royston the beautiful dark ocean? Take him for a swim. I love night swims. Don't you?

Rigsby shrugs his assent, shoves Daniel's chair toward the roof's edge.

LISBON

Stop!

JANE

Rigsby, listen to me, listen to my voice --

LINDSAY

-- You know that won't work. Hey, Wayne. Take Jane swimming, too. He wants to go.

JANE

No, Rigsby, I don't want to...

LISBON

Rigsby!...

But Rigsby shoves Daniel near the edge and firmly takes Jane's arm. Lisbon starts forward, but stops when Tiegler brandishes the shotgun.

RIGSBY

C'mon, Jane, let's go swimming, man.

JANE

Rigsby, it's not water down there,
it's cement.

Rigsby and Jane approach the building's edge. He pauses...

LINDSAY

The water's gorgeous, isn't it?
Mr. Jane loves the water just like
you do.

JANE

Rigsby, don't!

LINDSAY

Go ahead. Let him go for a swim.
Help him in, then help Royston.
The water is so warm, healing...

Rigsby prepares to push Jane over the edge... Jane points
urgently.

JANE

Sharks! Right there! Look!

Rigsby pauses and looks.

JANE (CONT'D)

There! See that? There's great
whites down there. Tear your arm
off soon as look at you.

RIGSBY

(confused)
Sharks? Where, dude?

LINDSAY

There's no sharks, they're all
gone. They're gone, Wayne. You
can go in the water now...

JANE

No, she's lying. She wants you to
get eaten. Who is this woman?

Rigsby hesitates. Lindsay waves her gun at Jane to shut him
up, moves closer, impatient --

LINDSAY

Just get in the damn water! Throw
Jane in the water!

(CONTINUED)

And she starts to grab Rigsby by the shoulder and spin him around, but suddenly moves her hand, clumsily clutching his arm instead. An odd, clumsy move. Jane's eyes narrow.

JANE

Why not touch his shoulder,
Lindsay?

LINDSAY

(to Rigsby)
Throw Jane in the water! Do it!

JANE

Don't bother.

And he briskly taps Rigsby on the shoulder. The trigger. It's enough to interrupt the trance state. Jane leans close to Rigsby's ear, commanding --

JANE (CONT'D)

Wake up.

LINDSAY

No, Rigsby --

But Rigsby turns, sees Lindsay with the --

RIGSBY

Gun!

Instinctively he knocks the gun out of her hand and kicks her legs out from under her in one smooth motion.

JANE

Yes. Gun. Thank you, Rigsby.

Without Lindsay to command him, Tiegler just stands there with the shotgun, perplexed. Lisbon snatches the gun from him, and cuffs him. Meanwhile...

JANE (CONT'D)

You've been in a trance state.

RIGSBY

Get out of here.

JANE

Lindsay killed her sister to get to Daniel. When Daniel spurned her, she tried to make you kill him. And have it look like you both died during an attempted arrest.

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CONTINUED: (7)

39

RIGSBY

Seriously, get out of here.

Lisbon goes to Lindsay sitting disconsolately on the ground.

LISBON

Lindsay Hendrix, you are under arrest for the murder of Mary Beth Hendrix and the kidnapping of Royston Daniel...

Lisbon starts handcuffing her. Jane is happy to be alive. Off him --

FADE TO:

40

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

40

Rigsby and Cho walk away from their desks. Rigsby's modest but pleased.

RIGSBY

...I don't know, I just suddenly came out of it. I knew I had to take her down. Bam.

They go to...

41

INT. KITCHEN CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

41

At a table, Jane is enjoying some tea. Lisbon is fixing her fourth coffee. Van Pelt is burrowing in the fridge when Rigsby and Cho enter.

CHO

Yes, you 'took down' a 100-pound woman, but in that context, you did good.

RIGSBY

What d'you mean, in that context?

LISBON

Oh, in the context of someone who let himself get hypnotized and nearly threw his colleague off a building, and finally managed to overpower a small crazy woman to retrieve the situation, you did good.

She smiles to take the sting out of it. Rigsby knows he's owed a ribbing, so he's good-natured about it.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

Be fair, a small crazy woman with a gun. A gun is a gun.

JANE

And anyone can be hypnotized. And she was extremely good. Better than, well no, not better than me, but close. Close-ish.

LISBON

(hands Rigsby his gun)
Which is why the Professional Standards Unit cleared you for assaulting Dr. Daniel. You weren't yourself.

(to Jane)

But he is now, right? Himself? Completely unprogrammed.

JANE

Yes, he is.

RIGSBY

Last two days are gone, but other than that I'm good to go...

VAN PELT

Oh. So you don't remember anything from when you were hypnotized?

RIGSBY

You know, fragments, but not really. Thank goodness, right?

VAN PELT

Yeah.

Mixed emotions in the "yeah." Rigsby laughs, not noticing.

RIGSBY

Oh lord, did I make a fool of myself? Cluck like a chicken?

(beat)

I didn't do Tina Turner, did I?

Lisbon and Jane exchange a look with Cho. Van Pelt gives them a warning glare.

VAN PELT

No. You were perfectly normal.

RIGSBY

Well, good. That's a relief.

She moves off. Rigsby studiously avoids watching her go.

JANE

Coward.

RIGSBY

What?

JANE

You really don't remember?

RIGSBY

What don't I remember?

CHO

He remembers.

Cho exits. Lisbon follows.

LISBON

You so remember.

RIGSBY

Remember what?

Jane rests a hand on his shoulder.

JANE

It'll come to you.

Jane exits. Off Rigsby --

FADE OUT.

THE END