

THE MENTALIST

"Miss Red"

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THE MENTALIST

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Episode #120
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REVISED PAGES

YELLOW REVISIONS - 3/20/09
20, 20A, 22, 22A, 25

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12, 13, 14, 23, 24

GOLD REVISIONS - 4/08/09
39, 46

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. PELICAN COVE MARINA. SAUSALITO, CA - DAY (D/1) 1

Light from the morning sun warms the pristine waters of Sausalito's exclusive harbor, Pelican Cove. Slips here are filled with million dollar yachts; status symbols of the Bay Area's rich and powerful. A small gathering of LOCAL POLICE have cordoned off a section of DOCK, isolating one of the larger yachts.

JANE and LISBON arrive and meet up with VAN PELT and a noticeably peaked RIGSBY; congestion, coughing, etc.

LISBON

What have we got?

VAN PELT

Jim Gulbrand. CEO and founder of the software company Gaia Matrix was reported missing by his live in brother yesterday. Local police responded to the call, but didn't check out his boat until this morning. They found blood on the deck, but no sign of a body.

LISBON

Why did they call us in?

VAN PELT

The marina is privately owned, on lease from the city of Sausalito. It was local PD's choice whether to take the case.

LISBON

(droll)

High-profile missing person's case?
Can't imagine why they gave it up.

Jane, Lisbon and Van Pelt climb on board the yacht. Rigsby thinks about following, but has second thoughts.

LISBON (CONT'D)

You coming?

VAN PELT

He's not feeling well.
(mouths the word)
Stomach.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

I'm fine.

Clearly, he is not. Lisbon steps back.

LISBON

Get me sick and you're working
stake-outs the rest of the month.

Rigsby covers his mouth with his hand.

RIGSBY

(muffled)

Yes, boss.

Lisbon, Jane and Van Pelt survey the crime scene; what little there is of one. Lisbon crouches over a large blood stain.

LISBON

This is it?

VAN PELT

Uh-huh.

LISBON

Nothing else. No weapon? No sign
of a struggle?

VAN PELT

Nothing.

Jane climbs back onto the dock, careful to avoid Rigsby, who is busy coughing up something awful. Jane walks along the dock to the side of the yacht. From his POV, he sees the gangway door, noting that it's **open**.

ANGLE: Back with Lisbon and Van Pelt. Lisbon, independent of Jane, also heads toward the side of the yacht, mirroring his movement. Van Pelt follows with her note pad.

LISBON

What else do we know about the
victim?

VAN PELT

Jim Gulbrand is thirty-three years
old, lives here in Sausalito, and
has an estimated net worth of...
whoa. A hundred million dollars.

LISBON

Rich.

VAN PELT

Very rich. He was also recently divorced from one Kathryn Stubbs-Gulbrand.

Just as Jane did, Lisbon now notices the unlatched open gangway door on the side of the boat.

ANGLE: Jane walks back along the dock toward the front of the yacht. Rigsby stands and makes a move to follow.

RIGSBY

Do you need any...

He feels the effects of the flu and sits back down.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

Nevermind.

Jane peers around the front of the yacht's massive hull and looks at the ANCHOR CHAIN hanging taut, and notes the NUMEROUS LITTLE FISH that swarm around it.

ANGLE: Lisbon, again independent of Jane, mirrors his movement toward the front of the yacht.

LISBON

Did the victim have a criminal record?

VAN PELT

No, but the company he founded, Gaia Matrix, is being investigated by the SEC on securities violations. He was facing heavy fines and possible prison time.

Lisbon sees the same chain hanging from the yacht's hawsehole. The same milling fish. Then she sees Jane standing on the dock, also inspecting the chain. The two share a look and realize their searches are perfectly in sync with one another's -- Lisbon from the deck of the yacht, and Jane from the dock.

Van Pelt and Lisbon walk back toward the wheelhouse. Van Pelt has a realization.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Millionaire victim looking at time in a Federal Prison, disappears. Maybe this is all an elaborate hoax. It would explain why there's no body.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED: (3)

1

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

You take a boat out and go missing, everyone will assume you're at the bottom of the ocean. Your body and your killer are never found.

Jane is now back on board in the wheelhouse.

JANE

That would explain it perfectly.

Lisbon is in the yacht's wheelhouse playing around with the various instruments at the control panel. Jane joins her. Both begin flipping switches, etc.

LISBON

I think it's one of -- Nope.

JANE

Mmm. Maybe one of, uh...

LISBON

Oh, didn't try that one.

Jane pulls a lever and the FOGHORN BLASTS. Rigsby grabs his head in pain. Jane pokes his head out from behind the wheel.

JANE

Sorry.

VAN PELT

What are you doing?

JANE

There's no need to drop anchor when you're tied up at a dockside.

LISBON

And all those fish are there for a reason.

Jane and Lisbon both find a switch marked "ANCHOR WINCH."

LISBON/JANE

Ahhh...

JANE

Please. After you.

Lisbon flips the switch ACTIVATING THE WINCH. Jane, Lisbon and Van Pelt all move to the front of the yacht. Local Police and Rigsby watch from the dock as the massive anchor rises above the waterline.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED: (4)

1

Chained to it, dead as a mackerel, is the body of Jim Gulbrand, somewhat gnawed upon by the fish.

If Rigsby wasn't sick before, he is now...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 EXT. JIM GULBRAND'S MANSION - DAY (D/1 CONT'D) 2

A huge, sprawling, obnoxious mansion. More space than one man should be allowed to possess.

3 INT. GULBRAND MANSION. DEN - DAY 3

The den has been converted into a makeshift RECORDING SPACE. Guitars and amps fill corners. Mic stands set up here and there.

Jane and Lisbon are shown in by KEITH GULBRAND (40's). Keith is dressed in beads and linen and leather in a new age rock fusion kind of style, lean and weathered like an aging rock-star, or someone who has lived like one for many years.

KEITH GULBRAND

Jim and I talked every day. I knew something was wrong when he didn't come home.

LISBON

You live here with your brother, Keith?

KEITH GULBRAND

For a few months. Semi-temporarily. Jim wanted company during his divorce.

LISBON

Tell us about your brother. What kind of people he associated with. What drove him.

KEITH GULBRAND

Jim's life was Gaia Matrix. That's the company he started with Rick. Green platform software. Don't ask me what that is.

LISBON

Rick being Rick Bregman.

KEITH GULBRAND

Rick and Jim are best friends from grade school. Built the whole empire out of our parent's garage. At the time I was totally bummed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEITH GULBRAND (CONT'D)

I'm like dude, where do I set up my drum kit now? Little did I know.

LISBON

Your brother and Mr. Bregman were also being investigated by the SEC for securities violations.

KEVIN GULBRAND

Yeah. Wild uh? They said he was manipulating the company's stock price or whatever, but that's crap. Jim's the most honest person I know. Eccentric, intense, honest. That was Jim.

Jane scans a few wall PHOTOS leftover from the days when this room was used as a den; Jim and Rick Bregman together in front of the Gaia Matrix offices. Jim skipping his yacht. Jim and Keith some years back.

LISBON

What about his personal life? Was he dating anyone?

KEITH GULBRAND

Brooke Harper. Cool woman. For a psychiatrist.

LISBON

She's a psychiatrist?

KEITH GULBRAND

Yes. Works at the Sausalito Rehab Center. I was in there for like, a refresher course. That's how they first met, when Jim came to visit.

LISBON

Did your bother and Brooke have any arguments recently?

KEITH GULBRAND

Nope. Jim was crazy about her. He said she's the only woman who could figure him out. I think he was going to propose to her.

LISBON

Your brother was divorced, recently, from Kathryn Stubbs-Gulbrand?

KEITH GULBRAND

Best thing he ever did. That woman was a nightmare.

LISBON

In what way?

KEITH GULBRAND

She was a giant greed head. All she wanted was a bigger house, a bigger boat, more jewelry.

JANE

You play all these instruments?

KEITH GULBRAND

Keyboards and bass, mostly.

JANE

Sort of new age rock fusion.

KEITH GULBRAND

Yeah. Kinda, yeah. With an edge. How did you know?

JANE

Wild guess. Do you make much money at that? Playing keyboards?

KEITH GULBRAND

No. But I'm not in it for the money. Music is a spiritual thing.

JANE

Yes it is. But so is money. All that exists has a spiritual essence. Or nothing does.

(off the house)

Who gets all this now?

KEITH GULBRAND

A portion of the estate will go to the charities Jim supported. The rest goes to me.

JANE

(lightly)

Ah ha! Motive.

KEITH GULBRAND

Man, chill.

3

CONTINUED: (3)

3

JANE

Just playing.

Keith looks to Lisbon like "hello?"

LISBON

Where were you last Friday night?

KEITH GULBRAND

In bed with a lady friend.
Gretchen something.

LISBON

What time?

KEITH GULBRAND

Picked her up around seven. She
left the next morning.

LISBON

Number?

Keith takes out his phone. Tries in vain to read the small numerals, but can't without glasses. He holds it up for Lisbon, who notes down a number.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Thanks for your time, Mr. Gulbrand.

4

INT. GULBRAND MANSION. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

4

Jane and Lisbon exit.

LISBON

What d'you reckon?

JANE

Possible. You?

LISBON

Not sure.

(to phone)

Cho, Lisbon. Take down this
number...

INTERCUT AS NEEDED WITH:

5

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

5

CHO is at his desk jotting down a number.

CHO

Got it.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

LISBON

Gretchen. No last name. She's the brother's alibi for Friday night. Have Van Pelt check on that. You And Rigsby go talk to Gulbrand's business partner, Rick Bregman. He should be at the Gaia Matrix offices.

CHO

Will do, boss.

Cho hangs up and turns to Rigsby.

CHO (CONT'D)

Hey, Rigsby...

Rigsby has his head on his desk, surrounded by used tissues, coffee cups, and over-the-counter medication. Rigsby somehow lifts his head.

RIGSBY

What?

CHO

Uh, nothing.

6

EXT. GAIA MATRIX - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

6

Silicon Valley, granola-Berkeley-chic. Pine trees, bark-lined hiking trails. A rock garden in the courtyard.

7

INT. GAIA MATRIX. RECEPTION/HALLWAY - DAY

7

Cho and Van Pelt are met inside the door by STUART HANSON, (30's), a slightly nerdy programmer and information security expert. He's in a wheelchair.

CHO

Agent Cho, Agent Van Pelt with the CBI.

STUART

I'm Stuart Hanson. I'll take you to Rick.

Stuart escorts them down the hallway.

VAN PELT

What's your job here, Mr. Hanson?

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

STUART

Jim hates labels and pigeonholes. I'm kind of the security chief, but that sounds so fascistic, doesn't it? What I am really is the firewalls and encryption and off the wall ideas guy.

They arrive at the elevators.

STUART (CONT'D)

Rick's been in the conference room all morning dealing with the fallout from Jim's death. He's pretty broken. We all are. Jim meant so much to this company. To all of us.

8

INT. GAIA MATRIX. RICK BREGMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

8

Rick Bregman sits at one end of a large conference table.

CHO

The company is co-owned by you and Jim, is that right?

RICK BREGMAN

Yes.

CHO

How did that relationship work, exactly?

RICK BREGMAN

Jim was the creative brain behind Gaia Matrix. He was the visionary. I handled the business side. We made a good team, me and Jim. He was a genius, but he wasn't aggressive. Me, I'm a jock. Competitive. I like to win and make no apologies for it.

VAN PELT

Is that what got you into trouble with the SEC?

RICK BREGMAN

My lawyers warned me this line of questioning might come up. This is all I am prepared to say on the subject at the moment.

(prepared; professional)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

RICK BREGMAN (CONT'D)

I am currently being investigated by the SEC on securities violations due to my role here at Gaia Matrix.

CHO

That doesn't sound like you said anything.

RICK BREGMAN

You do understand why I can't comment further.

VAN PELT

Did the investigation cause any animosity between you and Jim?

RICK BREGMAN

No. Not at all. Jim and I... we were like brothers.

CHO

Where were you the night of his murder?

RICK BREGMAN

Home. Alone. Look, you're not getting it. Jim was the creative genius behind Gaia Matrix. This company is now in grave jeopardy. I had nothing to gain and everything to lose by his death.

9

INT. SAUSALITO REHAB CENTER - DAY

9

Jane and a still under-the-weather Rigsby, head down the hallway of a small deluxe private clinic with DR. BROOKE HARPER, (30's), a busy, demure, naturally beautiful psychiatrist.

RIGSBY

Dr. Harper, how long had you been dating Jim Gulbrand?

BROOKE

I met him just after I transferred here from Boston, seven months ago now. His -- an acquaintance of his was staying here. We hit it off right away.

Brooke turns a corner down a hallway. Jane and Rigsby follow.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

Can you think of anyone who might have wanted him dead?

BROOKE

I've thought about that a lot this morning. Jim was a kind, brilliant, gentle generous man. I can't imagine anyone being capable of doing something so awful to him.

JANE

Really? You're a psychiatrist and you can't imagine that?

Brooke gives Jane an appraising glance.

BROOKE

To be more precise. I can't imagine a rational reason to wish him dead.

RIGSBY

It's standard procedure to ask. Where were you the night of the murder?

BROOKE

I was here finishing up some work. If you'd like, I can have the admin nurse send over the paperwork documenting my hours.

RIGSBY

That would be helpful.

Brooke opens a door into her office.

10

INT. SAUSALITO REHAB CENTER. BROOKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 10

DIPLOMAS, CERTIFICATES and MEDICAL LICENSES adorn the wall behind her desk. Rigsby is starting to worsen.

BROOKE

Do you have any leads so far in the investigation?

RIGSBY

We don't discuss our process, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

When exactly did you learn of your
boyfriend's murder?

BROOKE

If you want to know why I'm at work
the day my boyfriend is found dead,
why don't you just ask me?

JANE

Okay. Why are you at work the day
your boyfriend is found dead?

BROOKE

I have patients who need me. And
if I had to sit at home and
actually think about Jim being
gone, I'd lose it. Being here,
whether it looks good in your eyes
or not, is the only way I know how
to cope.

Jane inspects her closely. Brooke's answer seems to be
sincere. He believes her.

Rigsby can't handle this anymore. He hunches over, hands on
his knees, and moans.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

RIGSBY

I'm okay.

JANE

No he's not. He's sick.

BROOKE

Let me have a look at you.

Brooke stands Rigsby up for a closer look. Checking his
pulse, eyes, breathing, etc. Jane watches closely.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Fever? Coughing? Nausea?

RIGSBY

Uh huh.

BROOKE

Flu. I'm not really supposed to do this, but if you'd like, I'd be happy to write you a prescription for an antiviral.

RIGSBY

Sure.

Brooke takes out a pad, writes the scrip and hands it over.

BROOKE

Have this filled. You'll feel better in no time.

Lisbon, Jane and a deteriorating Rigsby enter to find Van Pelt and Cho. Jane is noticeably preoccupied.

LISBON

Anything from Gulbrand's business partner?

CHO

Not much in the way of motive, but he doesn't have an alibi for the night of the murder.

VAN PELT

Gulbrand's brother, on the other hand, checked out. A Gretchen Moore says he was with her the night of the murder. Roommate backs her up.

Rigsby makes a sound like a lung is collapsing.

CHO

Still sick? Go see a doctor will you?

RIGSBY

I did. The dead guy's girlfriend wrote me a prescription.

VAN PELT

So go fill it.

RIGSBY

Eh, by the time it works, I'll be better.

VAN PELT

What did she give you, anyway?

Rigsby easily reads the handwritten scrip.

RIGSBY

Oseltamilvir phosphate.
[oss-el-TAM-eh-veer]

Jane perks up at this, suddenly curious.

JANE

May I see that?

Before Rigsby can react, Jane snatches the scrip out of his hand and reads it over, studying closely. Then Jane slides the scrip on the desk for everyone to see.

JANE (CONT'D)

Anything about this strike you as odd?

The team studies the scrip. "No's" all around. Rigsby lowers his head onto his desk in exhaustion.

VAN PELT

What's odd about it? Oseltamilvir Phosphate.

JANE

Exactly. You can read it. When have you ever seen doctor's writing you can read?

The others nod in agreement.

LISBON

So she's precise? Is that what you're inferring?

JANE

Yes. That and the possibility that Dr. Brooke Harper is not a doctor.

Van Pelt turns to her computer, starts tapping away.

LISBON

Because she has penmanship skills.

JANE

And she didn't have that cold creepy doctor vibe they all have, did she?

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED: (2)

11

They're all familiar with Jane's prejudice against doctors...

RIGSBY

Be fair. Not all doctors are cold
and creepy.

JANE

First day of medical school, you
get a stack of books and a dead
human being. That's going to
change you. Brooke Harper was
warm. Emotional.

LISBON

You liked her, so she can't be a
doctor.

Jane opens his mouth to say no, but stops himself.

JANE

Pretty much.

Van Pelt looks up from her computer.

VAN PELT

The AMA and Boston General both
have records of a doctor named
Brooke Harper.

LISBON

See.

VAN PELT

(reading further)

But it says here she's sixty-four
years old.

Lisbon smiles ruefully at Jane, shaking her head.

LISBON

Is there a word for uncanny yet
irritating?

12

INT. SAUSALITO REHAB CENTER. BROOKE'S OFFICE - DAY

12

Brooke Harper talks to a rich middle-aged playboy PATIENT on
the couch.

BROOKE

Jeff, I'm going to be leaving the
clinic shortly, so this will be our
last session together.

(CONTINUED)

PATIENT

Oh no. But I need you, Dr. Harper.
How will I manage without you?

BROOKE

I'm sorry, Jeff. I've enjoyed our
sessions together. I'm sure the
clinic will provide you with the
best of counselling.

Brooke writes her number on a card.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

But if you ever feel you really
need to speak to me...

She hands him the card. A CLINIC RECEPTIONIST walks in
(30's, female) looking anxious, flustered.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm very sorry to interrupt, Dr.
Harper, but the CBI are here again.
They need to speak to you.

BROOKE

Tell them I'll be with them in ten
minutes.

RECEPTIONIST

They say they have to see you right
now this moment. They were most
insistent. Is something wrong?

BROOKE

Thanks, Maggie. I'll be right out.

The Receptionist exits. Brooke thinks hard for a moment,
and starts swiftly gathering small essentials from around the
office -- a purse, framed PHOTOS, a couple of files -- and
puts them in a tote bag. Meanwhile her patient rambles on...

PATIENT

I feel like I'm on the edge of a
real breakthrough. I'm ready to
start opening myself up again to
people in a real way. My inner
child is finally --

He stops because Brooke plucks from his grasp the card with
her number on it, opens a window, and clambers out of it.
Disappears from view.

(CONTINUED)

PATIENT (CONT'D)

Dr. Harper?

Rigsby and Cho enter. Rush to the window. She's gone.

RIGSBY

Damn.

Rigsby and Cho rush back out the door after her...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 INT. KITCHEN. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2)

13

Lisbon getting coffee. Jane seated. Cho enters, tosses a wig and various assorted eye glasses.

CHO

All I was able to find at Dr. Brooke Harper's apartment. Bank account emptied. Credit cards maxed out. She must have been packed and ready to leave days ago. Her social security number and medical license are fakes, too. We have no idea who this woman is.

LISBON

We know she's very smart. Posed as a doctor for seven months and was able to elude you and Rigsby.

CHO

She didn't elude us. She had a head start.

(off their looks)

Okay, we know she's smart.

JANE

We know she's a professional con woman. Probably specializing in the seduction of rich, but socially awkward men.

LISBON

You think she's done this before?

JANE

Many times.

LISBON

Why kill Gulbrand? What's the motive?

CHO

Maybe he found out the truth about her.

JANE

Then why not just vanish?

(CONTINUED)

Van Pelt enters.

VAN PELT
I've been going through Gulbrand's
financial records and found
something interesting.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Last year, Gulbrand made a series of cash withdrawals from various accounts totaling ten million dollars.

LISBON

What did he use the money for?

VAN PELT

That's just it. The money was never deposited and it doesn't look like he spent it.

LISBON

Meaning he either paid someone off, or he hid the money somewhere. A cash nest-egg. Hidden from the ex-wife and the SEC.

CHO

Maybe that's what Brooke Harper was after.

LISBON

If only we knew who she is and where she is.

JANE

We know she's cool and fearless and systematic. She stayed an extra day at the clinic to try and hook another sucker. She's a planner. Let's take a look at the last fifty items she bought on her credit card, see if we can see what she's planning.

A high-end 'ladies of leisure' place. Spa salads and Chardonnay. Van Pelt and Rigsby approach KATHRYN STUBBS-GULBRAND (28) at a table with TWO WOMEN. Kathryn is beautiful, well-dressed, rich, and utterly miserable.

RIGSBY

Kathryn Gulbrand?

KATHRYN

Kathryn Stubbs-Gulbrand. And you are interrupting.

VAN PELT

Ma'am, we have some questions
regarding your ex-husband's death.

A look of scandal between the other women at the table.
Kathryn clocks this.

KATHRYN

(huffy)

Really? You want to talk to me
now?

Rigsby, still flu-y, is in no mood for this woman.

RIGSBY

We can question you at our station
if you'd prefer?

Kathryn gives in. She'll talk.

KATHRYN

Fine.

Rigsby motions for the Women at the table to exit...

RIGSBY

Thank you, ladies.

Which they do. Rigsby and Van Pelt sit across from Kathryn.

VAN PELT

How long had you and Jim Gulbrand
been divorced?

KATHRYN

Can I just say, for the record,
that this is a total waste of time.

Rigsby gives a stern look.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Fourteen months. That's when I
moved out. The divorce was final a
year ago.

RIGSBY

How did you feel afterwards?

KATHRYN

Peachy. How do you think?

RIGSBY

You were angry?

(CONTINUED)

KATHRYN
Of course I was angry. That's
usually why people get divorced.

VAN PELT

What about the settlement? Court documents show you sued your ex-husband on multiple occasions.

KATHRYN

You bet your ass I did. Jim tried to claim that the money he had in Gaia Matrix stock wasn't actually his, but part of the company's capital. I disagreed, and I won.

RIGSBY

So you weren't upset by the terms of the settlement?

KATHRYN

Why would I be? I got everything I wanted and more.

VAN PELT

We have reason to believe your ex-husband may have hidden money from you during the divorce proceedings.

Kathryn shifts in her seat.

KATHRYN

What?

VAN PELT

He made withdrawals of ten million dollars in cash last year. Were you aware of that?

KATHRYN

That sonofabitch. I knew it. I knew he was holding out on me. That key wasn't for any damn gym locker, was it?

VAN PELT

What key?

KATHRYN

Last year, he started wearing a key around his neck, under his shirt. I asked him about it, and he said it was his gym locker key, but I knew it wasn't. I knew it.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY
(under his breath)
How perceptive.

KATHRYN
What was that?

RIGSBY
Nothing.

VAN PELT
So you didn't know anything about
this money?

KATHRYN
If I did, it would be mine right
now. Where is it?

VAN PELT
We don't know.

KATHRYN
Half of that money is legally mine.
I don't want Jim's loser brother
getting his loser hands on it.

RIGSBY
I'm sure a probate judge will take
care of it. Last Friday, the day
of your ex-husband's murder? Where
were you from seven through ten PM?

KATHRYN
I was at a wine tasting in Napa.

RIGSBY
Was there anyone with you, who can
confirm that for us?

KATHRYN
Can you people charge me with any
crime?

VAN PELT
Uh, no. But --

KATHRYN
-- No. You can't. When you do,
maybe I'll have to start telling
you the details of my personal
life. Until then, mind your own
business.

14

CONTINUED: (5)

14

Van Pelt and Rigsby are momentarily struck dumb by her insolence.

15

OMITTED

15

16

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - LATER

16

Jane examining a CREDIT CARD REPORT and drawing pictures on a whiteboard. Cho watching. Lisbon comes over.

LISBON

Just got off the phone with our liaison at the SEC. Turns out Jim Gulbrand was cooperating with their investigation.

CHO

Rick Bregman never mentioned it.

LISBON

Make sure we ask him about it. What's this?

The whiteboard is like Blue's Clues for grown ups. Divided into two frames of simple drawings. In one frame, LABELED "9 DAYS AGO" -- a man's wig. A boy's track suit. A baseball hat. Ace bandages. In the second frame, LABELED "YESTERDAY" -- a box of cigars, a little black dress, a handgun. Jane points at the first frame.

JANE

Brooke Harper used the credit card only twice in the last couple of weeks. These are the things she bought in one day's shopping, nine days ago. These are the things she bought yesterday.

LISBON

What's with the drawings?

JANE

If I say the word bicycle, what does your mind immediately do?

Lisbon considers it.

LISBON

Picture a bicycle.

JANE

Exactly. This saves everyone time. Now. What do these tell you?

Jane taps the drawings in the first frame.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Brooke Harper wanted to pose as a man.

JANE

Right.

LISBON

But why? And what does this other stuff mean?

She indicates the other frame of pictures.

JANE

Yes. It's a puzzle.

Van Pelt enters.

VAN PELT

That Kathryn Stubbs, she's, she's an unhappy person.

LISBON

Rigsby with you?

VAN PELT

He's getting his prescription filled. I think that Kathryn woman actually made him worse. She's hiding something, too. She wouldn't say who she was with at the time of the murder.

JANE

Interesting.

LISBON

Let's keep an eye on her.

VAN PELT

She told us Gulbrand wore a key around his neck, that he said was for his gym locker. Only there was no key on his body was there?

JANE

Ah ha!

Jane taps the first frame of pictures.

JANE (CONT'D)

Brooke took the key from him. That's why she dressed up as a man.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (2)

16

JANE (CONT'D)

So that she could get to his locker
in the men's changing room at the
gym.

CHO

But if she had found Jim's
millions, she would have simply
vanished then and there. Why stay
around?

LISBON

(thinking it through)

Because, because the money wasn't
there.

Jane taps the second frame of pictures -- the dress, the gun,
and finally, the cigars.

JANE

Exactly. And now she's trying to
get inside somewhere else.

17

EXT. HIDDEN HILLS BACKGAMMON CLUB - DAY

17

CU: A cigar is lit, glowing red.

REVEAL: A man smokes as he waits for his car at a VALET
STAND outside an elegant country mansion where the super rich
go to mingle with their own kind. A top class wine cellar, a
luxury restaurant, and a cigar bar (where as we shall see,
clients can keep their cigars in secure climate controlled
humidors). Jane and Cho enter.

18

INT. RECEPTION. HIDDEN HILLS BACKGAMMON CLUB - DAY

18

Three Rush Limbaugh-types, planted heavily in bourbon-colored
leather chairs, puff away at expensive cigars as women in
cocktail dresses flutter past.

ANGLE: Jane and Cho approach the drop-dead gorgeous
RECEPTIONIST. Everybody is dressed in evening wear. There's
discreet, but good security. A FLOOR MANAGER close by.

RECEPTIONIST

Good afternoon. May I help you?

JANE

Hi, I'm Jim Gulbrand. I'm a member
here.

The Receptionist looks perplexed. The FLOOR MANAGER steps in.

(CONTINUED)

FLOOR MANAGER

Sir, I know Mr. Gulbrand well.
And you are not he.

CHO

What are you doing?

JANE

Confirming Gulbrand's a member
here.

CHO

Why not just ask directly?

JANE

Go ahead and ask him.

CHO

Is Jim Gulbrand a member here?

FLOOR MANAGER

I'm sorry, sir, we don't divulge
membership details.

JANE

See?

CHO

This is a murder investigation.
Mr. Gulbrand is dead.

FLOOR MANAGER

I'm very sorry to hear that.

JANE

Thanks for your help.

Jane saunters toward the steps to the main salon. The
Manager steps in his path.

FLOOR MANAGER

Sir, this a private club...

JANE

(to Cho)

What I'm learning, which is good
for our theory, it's difficult to
wander into this place and hang
out. You need a plan.

CHO

We're going to need to look around
a while.

(CONTINUED)

FLOOR MANAGER

That's not our policy, sir.

CHO

If we have to obtain a warrant,
we'll come back and take every
computer and every piece of paper
in this building, and then we'll
have a sit-down chat with each one
of your members.

The Floor Manager takes a beat, then steps aside.

FLOOR MANAGER

Welcome to the Backgammon Club.

Jan and Cho enter the main salon...

Rigsby and Van Pelt are in a parked car. A few rows ahead of
them, also sitting in a parked car, is Kathryn Stubbs.

VAN PELT

I don't get it. What's she doing?

RIGSBY

Maybe she likes the water.

He reaches in back and pulls out a sandwich, takes a bite.

VAN PELT

Feeling better?

Rigsby finishes his mouthful before speaking.

RIGSBY

Much. It's weird. I know Brooke
Harper isn't a real doctor, but
whatever she gave me really worked.

VAN PELT

Good. I was worried about you.

Van Pelt's gazing out the window away from him. Is that a
shy indication that she's reaching out to him, or is she just
being blandly polite?

RIGSBY

I um, I've been thinking --

A blue PORSCHE pulls into the parking lot and parks next to
Kathryn's car.

(CONTINUED)

VAN PELT

Here we go.

RIGSBY

Can you see who it is?

VAN PELT

No.

The owner of the Porsche climbs out. It's Rick Bregman.

VAN PELT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Rick Bregman.

RIGSBY (O.S.)

The best friend and business partner.

Bregman climbs into the passenger seat of Kathryn's car. Within seconds, they're locked in a passionate embrace.

VAN PELT

And lover of the ex-wife...

A Sunday lunchtime crowd. Going for the ambience of a millionaire's living room in the south of France in the 1970's. Elegantly dressed people playing backgammon and bridge or chatting in little groups, smoking cigars. Jane's at a backgammon board, playing opposite a suave SAUDI PRINCE (in tux, not robes). Cho sits alongside, sipping a coke, scanning the room.

Jane throws double sixes and snatches victory at the last minute.

JANE

Double?

The Prince laughs through his pain.

SAUDI PRINCE

No, you win. Outrageous luck you have, neh? You are a monster. What is it now?

JANE

Twenty thousand dollars.

Cho does a slow take on Jane. Jane avoids his eye.

SAUDI PRINCE
I must have my revenge.

JANE
If you insist.

They start setting up the board for another game. Cho talks to Jane under his breath.

CHO
Jane...

JANE
What?

CHO
You want me to spell it out?

JANE
I'm just having fun.

Cho's about to object further, but Jane sees Brooke Harper enter with a group of beautiful people, all looking fabulous, dressed to the nines.

JANE (CONT'D)
Thar she blows.

Brooke drifts away from the group. She doesn't know them. She used them as cover to get through the door. We now see that she has a box of cigars in her hand, as well as a clutch bag. She enters an adjoining room.

JANE (CONT'D)
Excuse me if you will, I must forgo this game. My date is here.

SAUDI PRINCE
Of course.
(shrugs)
Maybe that's lucky for me eh?

He takes out his wallet.

SAUDI PRINCE (CONT'D)
Twenty thousand.

Cho's giving Jane a hard look. Jane sighs.

JANE
(to the Prince)
That's alright. Forget it.

(CONTINUED)

SAUDI PRINCE

Certainly not. You won fair and square.

JANE

Actually, no. I cheated.
Controlled the dice.

Jane demonstrates. By holding and throwing the die with a certain technique, he is able to roll sixes. Then again. And again...

JANE (CONT'D)

I was going to take your money and give it to some worthy charity, but my friend here is a moralist of childish simplicity. Good to meet you.

He shakes hands with the astonished Prince, and walks away with Cho, following Brooke.

CHO

You're the childish one.

In answer, Jane pokes Cho in the ribs.

21 INT. CIGAR BAR. HIDDEN HILLS BACKGAMMON CLUB - CONTINUOUS 21

Jane and Cho enter. Sofas, low tables, easy chairs, ashtrays, low lights. Hunting PRINTS and a fake library. People sitting about smoking cigars and drinking brandy.

One end of the room is lined to head height with cherrywood lockers, humidors for member's personal cigar collections. That's where we find Brooke.

Jane and Cho's POV -- She very casually goes to one of the lockers, and tries to open it with a key from her purse.

Damn. It doesn't work. She keeps trying a couple more times. Looks at the key, checks the number. It's the right locker number alright. Damn. She doesn't see Jane behind her.

JANE

Hello, gorgeous.

She doesn't even look around.

BROOKE

Beat it, creep.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

I'd call you by your right name,
but I don't know what it is.

Brooke turns around. Sees that she's cornered. Plays it cool.

BROOKE

Oh. Hello, Mr. Jane. I'm
impressed. Well done.

JANE

Oh, for finding you? It wasn't so
difficult.

BROOKE

Will you have a cigar?

Offering him the cigar box, Brooke's edging around, preparing to make a run for it.

JANE

Thanks, no. I'm told they're bad
for your health.

BROOKE

Who wants to live forever?

JANE

It would be horrible, wouldn't it?
Immortality. Imagine the boredom.
My friend Cho will take hold of
your wrist now, so as not to let
you escape us again.

Cho takes her wrist.

CHO

Hi.

BROOKE

Mmm. Warm hands.

JANE

I bet you say that to all your
arresting officers.

Brooke smiles, as the three of them stroll out together.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

22 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2 CONT'D) 22

Jane and Cho with Brooke Harper. She keeps up an air of amused insouciance, like she's Audrey Hepburn on a jape. (We may notice Brooke's bag on the ground beside her chair.)

JANE

Who are you, Brooke?

BROOKE

How did you find me?

JANE

Let's make a deal. We'll tell how we found you, and you tell us who you are.

Brooke sizes up Jane.

BROOKE

Okay.

(in perfect British
accent)

My name is Angela Dalibar. I'm from Birmingham, England by way of Hong Kong. How did you find me?

JANE

I planted a GPS tracking device on you. They're quite advanced, technologically. No bigger than a stick of gum.

Brooke looks down at her bag with a sense of betrayal.

CHO

Tell us more about yourself, Angela. How long have you been a professional con woman?

BROOKE

All my life I suppose. And I confess my name's not really Angela.

JANE

And I didn't plant a GPS on you.

(CONTINUED)

BROOKE

How then?

JANE

Maybe you're just not as enigmatic and elusive as you think you are.

BROOKE

I wouldn't be so sure of that.

JANE

No? You manipulate people because you take pleasure in it; you enjoy being the smartest person in the room. You're interested in money, of course, but only so far as it allows you to continue conning people. And you allow yourself one indulgence. It's not men obviously. It's not drinking, or drugs -- you fear those would impair your abilities. You move around too much to have a pet...

Jane studies Brooke's face intently.

JANE (CONT'D)

I guess chocolate. You have an almost obsessive addiction to chocolate.

Brooke smiles.

BROOKE

You're good.

JANE

So what makes you do this, Brooke? Neglected as a child? Is this your way of getting attention? Or is it something darker? You were hurt by someone close. Someone you trusted deeply.

Brooke gives Jane nothing.

BROOKE

I suppose I'm a genuine mystery.

CHO

We have your prints now. We'll know who you are soon enough.

(CONTINUED)

BROOKE

D'you think one can ever truly know another person? I doubt it.

Cho pushes the locker key across the table.

CHO

How do you come to have Jim Gulbrand's key in your possession?

BROOKE

He gave it to me.

CHO

But didn't tell you what it would unlock.

BROOKE

It wasn't given as a real key, it was a symbol of our love. It's the key to his heart.

JANE

You say our love with conviction. Are you really going to tell us you loved him too?

BROOKE

Yes. To my great surprise. I did grow to love him, in a way. He was a good kind man.

JANE

That's sweet.

CHO

Yes it is.

Jane picks up the key.

JANE

This is also the key to a locker with ten million dollars inside.

BROOKE

(breezily)

Oh really? I thought it was cigars. I love a good cigar.

JANE

Nope. Ten million dollars.

(CONTINUED)

BROOKE

But that's just silly. Why would Jim keep ten million dollars in a locker?

JANE

You're good.

Van Pelt questions Kathryn Stubbs-Gulbrand.

VAN PELT

What were you doing out here?

KATHRYN

Duh, looking for the money. Rick figured maybe there were secret compartments in the boat somewhere.

VAN PELT

How long have you been seeing Rick Bregman romantically?

KATHRYN

About a year.

VAN PELT

You were divorced from Jim Gulbrand about a year ago. Were you involved with Rick while you were still married to Jim?

KATHRYN

Involved?

VAN PELT

Were you having sexual intercourse with him?

KATHRYN

No. Rick wouldn't do that to Jim.

VAN PELT

But you would.

KATHRYN

I have needs, like anybody else. I refuse to be ashamed of my needs.

23

CONTINUED:

23

VAN PELT

Why did you lie to us about your relationship?

CUT TO:

24

EXT. PELICAN COVE MARINA. DOCK - SAME TIME

24

Rigsby is with Rick Bregman, questioning him separately.

RICK BREGMAN

Because I knew how it would look.

RIGSBY

You mean you knew it might make you look guilty of Jim's murder.

RICK BREGMAN

No. Yes. It wasn't just that. Gaia Matrix's stock has been falling for months. This market has hurt even the best of companies. The last thing I need is a Page Six sex scandal to make things worse.

RIGSBY

So you misled us in order to protect your money?

RICK BREGMAN

I misled you to help protect the company Jim and I built from the ground up.

RIGSBY

Were you aware Jim Gulbrand was cooperating with SEC investigators?

RICK BREGMAN

Jim would never go behind my back.

RIGSBY

He would and he did. The only question is if you found out, what would you do to stop him?

RICK BREGMAN

This conversation is over.

RIGSBY

When did you find out about the ten million dollars he was hiding?

(CONTINUED)

	THE MENTALIST	"Miss Red"	GOLD 4/08/09	39.	
24	CONTINUED:			24	
		RICK BREGMAN			
		Over.			
25	OMITTED			25	*
26	EXT. GAIA MATRIX - DAY			26	*

Jane and Lisbon are with Stuart Hanson.

STUART
Ten million dollars? That's a lot
of money.

JANE
Jim trusted you with the security
of his company. He valued your
outside-the-box thinking. You
advised him where to put the money,
didn't you?

Stuart balks.

LISBON
Stuart, we don't care if hiding
this money was in any way unethical
or illegal. Our focus is on the
homicide investigation.

STUART
It's not that. It's... I
absolutely promised Jim I wouldn't
say anything.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

We've learned that his girlfriend, Brooke Harper, is a con woman. We believe she was after the money and may have killed Jim to get it.

Jane pulls out the locker-sized key he took from Brooke.

JANE

We found her with this key. She was trying to open Gulbrand's cabinet at the Backgammon Club. The key didn't work. Evidently she took this from Jim, but doesn't know where the money is.

Stuart is fascinated.

STUART

No kidding. Wow. That's some lady.

LISBON

If you can help us find the money, we can prove Brooke was looking for it, and establish a motive for the murder.

Jane tosses the key in the air and catches it, like a coin.

JANE

So, Stuart? Do you know where the money is?

STUART

No. Well, not the exact location, anyway. Jim came to me for some 'outside-the-box' security advice, like you said. He wanted to hide the money from his ex-wife. I told him safety deposit boxes and offshore accounts can be traced rather easily, so they wouldn't be of any use.

JANE

Where did you tell him to hide the money?

STUART

Off the grid. Out of the financial institutions. Any place where a trail couldn't be established.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Like a home safe?

STUART

No. Anything on his property could be subject to search. It had to be secure, obviously, hence the key. But more importantly, it had to be in a place no one would think to look.

JANE

Hidden in plain sight.

STUART

Yes. But that was the extent of my involvement. I have no idea where he actually hid the money.

JANE

I see.

Jane tosses the key into the air again, but this time accidentally drops it on the ground where it bounces under a table.

JANE (CONT'D)

Oops.

Jane kneels down, but can't reach the key. He has to lie flat on his stomach right beside Stuart in order to reach beneath the table. Once the key is in hand, he climbs up.

JANE (CONT'D)

Don't want to lose that now, do we?

ON the key...

Jane and Lisbon walking back to their car...

LISBON

What do you make of it? You think he knows where Jim hid the money?

JANE

I'd say he knows the general whereabouts of the money, but he doesn't know exactly. And the devil is in the details, isn't he?

28

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY

28

Brooke is in the interrogation room. Jane enters and puts down the locker key on the table, along with a file, unopened.

JANE

Here's what happened...

BROOKE

I'm all ears.

JANE

Two weeks ago, you took the locker key from around Jim's neck while he was sleeping, and replaced it with an identical one, so Jim was none the wiser. But when you went to open his locker at the gym, the key didn't fit. The money must be hidden somewhere else. But where? Last Friday, you got impatient, and you pushed Jim to tell where the money's hidden, but he wouldn't tell, so you got mad, and you killed him.

BROOKE

No.

JANE

You probably didn't mean to do it, did you? It was an accident.

BROOKE

It wasn't. I didn't do it.

JANE

The sad thing is, for all your skills, the answer was right there in front of you and you didn't see it. You didn't do enough research.

Jane taps the key on the table, simultaneously dropping a small object into Brooke's bag.

BROOKE

(feigning disinterest)

You're playing me. You don't know either.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Jim's security systems were all designed by the same man at Gaia Matrix.

BROOKE

Stuart Hanson?

JANE

Him. He suggested a hiding place for the money. You could have squeezed the truth from him very swiftly I imagine. Putty for a woman like you. Instead, you had to kill a man.

BROOKE

I wouldn't do that. You don't know me.

Jane opens the file on the table. Takes a beat, reads.

JANE

Lindsey Smith from San Diego. Dad Ryan's a salesman. Mom Debbie's a homemaker. Two Miss Teen Temecula County titles, varsity softball, church choir soloist. Then you disappear from the record for a while, and when you come back, you're a con artist with two fraud convictions. What happened?

Brooke is stone-faced. She isn't going to give an inch.

JANE (CONT'D)

Do you keep in touch with your parents?

(beat)

No? Not even your mom's birthday? Christmas? They must miss you terribly. They were so proud of you. There's no one in the family was as smart and beautiful and full of promise as their girl Lindsey. What happened to you? Drugs? A man? A woman?

BROOKE

Nothing happened. I like money and I'm easily bored.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

There must be more to it than that.
It's a mean hard lonely life you
lead. What drives you?

BROOKE

(cold)

A passion for excellence.

Jane shakes his head sadly.

JANE

Okay.

He stands.

JANE (CONT'D)

Relax for a while. An agent will
be along to run through the formal
charges against you. Run away.
Good luck to you, Lindsey.

BROOKE

And to you.

Jane exits, leaving the file and the key on the table.
We stay on Brooke for a beat, looking at the key.

Jane enters sits down on his couch, checks the time on his
cell. Cho's at his desk typing up a report.

CHO

What luck with Harper?

JANE

There's no luck involved. The
outcome is a given.

CHO

Is that so?

JANE

It's applied psychology and
Newtonian physics.

Brooke picks up the key, takes a beat, stands up. She pulls
her hair back into a severe pony tail.

31 INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

31

Brooke opens the door of the interrogation room, casually looks around. There's no-one watching her except one UNIFORMED STATE COP, who gives her a second puzzled glance, and is about to ask her for an ID. In response, she strides directly to him and pretends to be D.A. or some such big cheese.

BROOKE
(crisp authority)
You call that a uniform shirt?
It's filthy.

There is indeed a tiny spot on it...

UNIFORMED COP
But --

BROOKE
-- Filthy. No excuses, Stiles.
I won't hear them. I'll address
this matter with your Captain at
the earliest opportunity.

With that, she marches off. The Cop doesn't consider asking for an ID. Brooke walks down the hallway and out through double doors.

ANGLE: Jane, at the other end of the hallway, watching Brooke go.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

32

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

32

Jane and Van Pelt watching stationary RED BLIP on A LAPTOP
COMPUTER GPS SCREEN. Lisbon enters.

LISBON

No movement yet?

VAN PELT

She made one stop and has been in
her motel room ever since.

*
*
*

LISBON

What did she stop for?

*
*

JANE

Chocolate.
(off her look)
Thank you, by the way.

*
*
*

LISBON

For what?

JANE

For letting us play it out like this.

LISBON

Eh. We would have had to let her
go anyhow. Nothing to hold her on
unless we get some hard proof.
And this is a simple plan at least.
It's when you start buying props
and costumes and what have you that
I get nervous.

VAN PELT

Trick plays like this? My dad
calls them chewing gum plays.
Sometimes, you fool the other guy,
sometimes, you get gum in your
hair.

The blip starts to move.

JANE

Hooray. She's moving at last.

They grab their coats. Van Pelt picks up the computer and
they exit...

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

CU ON GPS SCREEN -- The red blip moving across the map.

33

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

33

ESTABLISHING a BUSY STATION.

ANGLE -- Jane and Lisbon are sitting in the CBI SUV watching the LAPTOP GPS SCREEN.

ONSCREEN -- The red blip stops moving.

LISBON

(anxious)

A train station. It had to be a train station.

JANE

What's wrong with a train station?

LISBON

People, trains, tunnels, noise. More people.

(into radio)

Her vehicle is stopped inside the station. Hold your positions until I give the word.

34

INT. TRAIN STATION. SIDE ENTRANCE - DAY

34

Rigsby discretely covers a side door.

RIGSBY

Yes, boss. Standing by.

35

INT. TRAIN STATION. TICKET COUNTER - DAY

35

Van Pelt hovers near the ticket counter.

VAN PELT

Copy that.

36

EXT. TRAIN STATION. FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

36

Cho sits outside on a small bench near the entrance, a newspaper held up in front of his face.

CHO

All set.

37

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

37

Jane and Lisbon in the SUV...

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

LISBON

I can already see my hair with a big chunk cut out.

JANE

You'll look good with short hair. I can see it. Kind of a Peter Pan style?

Lisbon goes back to the blinking red light on her screen.

LISBON

(to radio)

Okay, heads up. She's in motion approaching the station now. Cho, do you have a visual?

38

EXT. TRAIN STATION. FRONT ENTRANCE

38

Cho peers out over his newspaper at a minivan pulling to a stop in a loading zone.

CHO

Affirmative. She's exiting the vehicle now.

Cho watches as Brooke climbs out of her car, heads around to the passenger side, and pulls open the sliding door. A figure is sitting inside.

Cho watches as Brooke lowers a ramp and climbs inside the van. Seconds later she emerges... with STUART HANSON.

CHO (CONT'D)

She has Stuart Hanson with her.

39

INT. SUV - ON JANE AND LISBON

39

Jane holds out his hand to be low-fived. Lisbon does so, only a little begrudgingly.

40

EXT. TRAIN STATION. FRONT ENTRANCE - ON BROOKE

40

Brooke closes the door behind her and pushes Stuart in his wheelchair toward the front entrance of the train station. She's holding a gun to Stuart's back.

CHO (O.S.)

She has a gun. Be advised. Brooke Harper is armed.

41 INT. TRAIN STATION. SIDE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 41

Rigsby shuffles around the corner to try and catch a glimpse of Brooke as she enters the station.

LISBON (V.O.)

Rigsby, Van Pelt, what's your status?

RIGSBY

I have Harper and Hanson in sight. Van Pelt, she's moving your way.

42 INT. TRAIN STATION. TICKET COUNTER - CONTINUOUS 42

Van Pelt sees Brooke pushing Hanson her way, headed for a commuter locker room.

VAN PELT

Got 'em. Looks like she's headed for the commuter lockers. I'm on her.

Van Pelt moves in, careful not to be seen.

43 INT. TRAIN STATION - COMMUTER LOCKER AREA 43

Brooke wheels Stuart inside the commuter locker area. A hundred sturdy numbered lockers line the wall.

As Brooke and Hanson approach the wall, they stop abruptly. Stuart's chair is stuck up against a small step leading to the lockers.

STUART

It's the step. I'm stuck.

BROOKE

Don't move. Don't say anything and don't do anything. This had better be the right place.

Stuart, frightened and helpless, nods that he will follow her commands. Brooke slips up the step, matching the number on her key, forty-four, to the corresponding locker. She looks back at Stuart, who in his terror, hasn't moved a muscle.

Brooke turns back, slides the key into the lock and turns it. It works! The locker door swings open. Inside, Brooke finds a large duffel bag crammed down in the bottom. She lifts the bag and opens it. Inside, is ten million dollars in cash.

ANGLE: Van Pelt keys her radio.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

VAN PELT

The locker is open. I think she has the money.

44

INT. SUV - ON JANE AND LISBON

44

LISBON

Okay...

JANE

Wait. Wait a moment.

45

INT. TRAIN STATION - COMMUTER LOCKER AREA

45

Brooke is busy stuffing the money back into the duffel. Behind her, Stuart quietly rolls the chair back from the step, keeping his eyes locked on Brooke, her back still turned to him. For a second, it looks as if Stuart might try to flee. But then...

Stuart Hanson stands, steps up onto the locker platform, and silently walks toward Brooke.

Van Pelt reacts from her vantage point.

VAN PELT

Oh, my...

Brooke has her back turned to Hanson as she zips up the bag of money. Hanson silently comes up behind her, then, in one swift motion, slips his hand into her coat and grabs the gun.

Brooke spins around, but it's too late. Stuart Hanson has the gun pointed right at her.

STUART

Hand over the money or I will kill you.

Brooke is speechless. She has no choice but to hand over the money. Stuart slowly backs away; the gun held discretely at his side, but pointed right at Brooke. He slips the gun into his pocket and steps through the entrance of the locker room.

Cho is waiting with gun raised.

CHO

Don't move!

Stuart turns to run out the other door, but Rigsby is there with gun raised.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

Don't even think about it, Hanson!

Stuart drops the bag to his side and places his hands on his head as Rigsby and Cho move in to make the arrest.

ANGLE: Brooke, who has been watching this unfold, tries to quietly slip away. But Van Pelt is right there to meet her.

VAN PELT

You're under arrest, again.

Jane and Lisbon are in with Stuart Hanson. Lisbon is reading over a large file.

LISBON

Jason Bradshaw. Jason Wade.
Anthony Wade. Anthony Samuels.
The list goes on. All alias's
you've used in scams ranging from
identity theft to Ponzi schemes.
You're quite the virtuoso.

STUART

Thank you.

LISBON

But this would have been your most
daring and successful crime yet.
Ten million dollars of Jim
Gulbrand's money.

JANE

Gulbrand was the perfect mark.
Rich, liquid and unconventional.
I bet he didn't even check your
references when he hired you at
Gaia Matrix.

STUART

Nothing says trustworthy like a
wheelchair.

JANE

You convinced Gulbrand the train
station would be a genius place to
hide his money. Screw orthodox
wisdom. Think sideways, right?
And he ate it up. Why wouldn't he?
Then you simply needed to get the
key from him.

46

CONTINUED:

46

FLASHBACK

47

EXT. PELICAN COVE MARINA. YACHT - NIGHT (N/O)

47

Stuart climbs on board the yacht, using the rear gate.

JANE (V.O.)

You went to the yacht that night
because you knew he'd be alone.

Stuart quietly sneaks up behind Gulbrand, picks up a small fire extinguisher from the wheelhouse, and slams it into the back of Gulbrand's head, knocking him unconscious. Gulbrand slumps over; a small trickle of blood drips onto the deck.

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

You also knew he kept the key with
him.

Stuart takes the key from around Gulbrand's neck.

48

SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

48

Stuart lifts Jim Gulbrand's body up off the deck.

JANE (V.O.)

You did what needed to be done.
You killed Gulbrand and got rid of
the body.

Stuart pushes the body over the side. Noticeably absent, is the sound of the SPLASH the body would make hitting the water. Stuart peers over the bow of the boat and sees the unconscious body of Jim Gulbrand hanging from the anchor -- caught by his belt.

48A

SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

48A

Stuart presses the "ANCHOR WINCH" button we saw in the teaser, lowering Jim's body into the water.

END FLASHBACK

49

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

49

Jane et al...

JANE

But you didn't count on Brooke
Harper. You couldn't know she'd
swapped the real key for a look
alike.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

JANE (CONT'D)

You didn't realize anything was wrong until you tried to open the locker.

FLASHBACK

50

EXT. GAIA MATRIX - DAY (D/2)

50

Jane tosses the key in the air and catches it like a coin.

JANE (V.O.)

It wasn't until I came to Gaia Matrix with the real key, that it dawned on you what she had done. I can only imagine your surprise.

Stuart watches the key as Jane tosses it in the air.

END FLASHBACK

51

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

51

Jane et al. Stuart is done. Everything Jane's said has been true. He is resigned to his fate.

STUART

I spent six months living in that chair. Six months and not one person ever questioned me. Why did you?

JANE

Simple. Whenever I meet someone in a wheelchair...

FLASHBACK

52

EXT. GAIA MATRIX - DAY (D/2)

52

Jane drops the key under the table and climbs down to pick it up. From his vantage, he is afforded a close look at the bottom of Stuart's shoes.

JANE (V.O.)

I check the bottoms of their shoes.

Sure enough, the bottoms of Stuart's shoes are scuffed.

END FLASHBACK

53

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

53

Jane rises to exit.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

The bottom of your shoes were scuffed.

Jane grins.

JANE (CONT'D)

I've been checking shoes for years, and this is the first time it's paid off. Gratifying. Very gratifying.

Stuart looks at Jane, bewildered.

JANE (CONT'D)

You never do that?

Clearly, the answer is no. Jane shakes Stuart's hand, then exits. Lisbon gives Stuart a wry smile.

LISBON

He's a pistol, isn't he?

She exits, leaving Stuart to ponder his fate.

54 EXT. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/2) - ESTABLISHING 54

55 INT. CONFERENCE AREA. CBI HQ - NIGHT 55

Brooke Harper is seated in handcuffs at the table. A Uniformed Cop watches her in BG.

Jane enters, sits down with her.

JANE

Sorry about the cuffs.

BROOKE

My own fault.

JANE

I wish I could let you go again, but you know...

BROOKE

I understand.

JANE

That urge you have to get over on people. That need to be smarter than the next guy? It'll keep on biting you in the ass.

(CONTINUED)

BROOKE

So my butt will hurt occasionally.
I'll still be smarter than the next
guy.

An FBI AGENT enters.

AGENT HAYES

Brooke Harper?

BROOKE

No. Jessica Waters. That's Harper
over there.

She indicates another woman. The Agent starts to go for it.
Jane stops him.

JANE

Agent, this is Harper...

Brooke smiles at Jane.

BROOKE

Worth a try.

AGENT HAYES

(a tad irked)

Brooke Harper, I'm Agent Fred
Hayes. I'll be in charge of
transporting you to the Federal
Detention Center in Davis. Let's
go.

Brooke rises.

BROOKE

See you around, Patrick.

AGENT HAYES

I doubt that you'll be seeing
much of anybody for a few years.

JANE

I don't know about that, Agent Hayes.
She's very good at what she does.

Brooke smiles coyly back at Jane, as Agent Hayes escorts her
out of the room.

FADE OUT.

THE END