

RIZZOLI

"See One. Do One. Teach One."

by
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(Based on THE APPRENTICE by Tess Gerritsen)

Revised Studio Draft
TNT
OSTAR ENTERPRISE PRODUCTIONS

AUGUST 27, 2009

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BEACON HILL - MANSION - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A CHINA TEACUP AND SAUCER. It's wobbling on an unstable surface, we can't tell what...

TIGHT ON a MAN'S EYES, TERRIFIED. A few DROPS of BLOOD SEEP from a gash on his cheek.

REVEAL the TEA CUP is balanced on his BOUND KNEES. Duct-taped ankles, knees, wrists, mouth. He FIGHTS the urge to move. A wedding band GLINTS on his left hand.

SILHOUETTE OF ANOTHER MAN is BACKLIT by an enormous stained glass window. He FORCES a crying WOMAN to take off her nightgown. We can't make out his features but we can tell that he's grinning. He RAISES his hand. He HOLDS a KNIFE. She SCREAMS. It MORPHS into another sound as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

TWANG! a basketball BANGS into a backyard hoop. Misses.

EXT. RIZZOLI FAMILY HOME - DAY

REVEAL DETECTIVE JANE RIZZOLI, 30. She PLAYS B-ball with her brother, FRANKIE JR., 28, a Boston P.D. patrol officer. He has on a BOSTON PD T-shirt. She wears nice sweat pants and a tank top that reads: Scare Yourself Every Day.

Jane's face is arresting: a quirky beauty that evolved over time. She's a high-strung Yankee, yet she moves with an athletic grace. She SHOOTs. It goes in.

JANE

Finally.

FRANKIE JR.

Still behind by ten.

She SMILES.

JANE

I will beat you someday.

FRANKIE JR.

You beat me at everything. Let me be better at something.

He has a smile on his face, tries to convince them both that he's joking. But there's too much history and hurt truth behind it. Makes her sad. She PASSES the ball to distract him.

He RUNS down the driveway for a LAY-UP. She DEFENDS. He THROWS an elbow. CRACK!

JANE

Ow!

FRANKIE JR.

Oh, crap --

Blood FLOWS from her nose. Frankie pulls off his T-shirt, HANDS it to her.

FRANKIE JR. (CONT'D)

Oh, man, I'm so sorry, Janie. I'll get ice.

JANE

Uh...S'okay...

She WOBBLER away, holding his shirt to her nose.

INT. RIZZOLI FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Jane uses a faded rooster towel to wipe blood from her nose as ANGELA RIZZOLI, 55, enters. The kitchen, like Angela, was new in the 70's. Both are held together by pride and hard work. She snatches the towel from Jane, hands her paper ones.

ANGELA

On the nice towels? What happened?

Angela scrubs the towel as Jane stops the bleeding. She MIMES wiping blood over Angela's back. Frankie Jr. LAUGHS.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What're you two doing back there?

They laugh like little kids.

FRANK SR. (O.S.)

What's so funny?

FRANK RIZZOLI, SR. 55, and MIKE "MIKEY" RIZZOLI, 32, Jane's oldest brother, CARRY groceries and a cake.

MIKEY

Wow, you look great, Sis.

JANE

Blood is the new black.

She pretends to hug him, he BACKS AWAY, WINKS at Frankie Jr.

MIKEY

You do that?

JANE
I needed a nose job. Don't worry.

MIKEY
You're a screw-up, Dude.

He CUFFS him playfully, but Frankie Jr. looks STUNG.

JANE
I ran into his elbow. C'mon, Mikey.

Jane's cell rings: POP version of DRAGNET THEME SONG. She hunts for it.

ANGELA
Oh, someone named Bird Something keeps calling.

Jane and Frankie Jr. trade a knowing LOOK.

JANE
Detective Crowe? You answered my phone, Ma? Why didn't you tell me?

JANE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Rizzoli.

EXT. BEACON HILL - MANSION - SAME TIME (INTERCUT)

DET. DARREN CROWE, 30's, on his cellphone. He has a frat-boy's insouciance combined with an aging ballplayer's good looks. He stands on the lawn of a mansion as CRIME SCENE UNIT (CSU) TECHS and BOSTON P.D. UNIFORMS SWARM in and out of an expensively renovated mansion.

CROWE
Bad things on Beacon Hill, and you're up.

JANE
Let me talk to Frost.

ANGLE: DET. BARRY FROST, 28, buff African American cop, PUKES into bushes. Crowe taunts him with a SALUTE. Frost pukes again.

CROWE
He's busy.

JANE
On my way.

Jane hangs up, tosses bloody paper towels into the trash. Her nose has stopped bleeding but Angela hands her an icepack.

ANGELA

It won't be attractive if your nose swells. Never know who you might run into.

FRANKIE JR.

Ma --

Jane takes the ice, throws Frankie Jr. a grateful look.

JANE

I meet so many great guys at work. Too bad they're all dead.

She grabs her stuff, starts to exit. Angela FROWNS.

JANE (CONT'D)

I told you I was on-call --

ANGELA

It's Frankie Jr.'s birthday!

FRANKIE JR.

Go. It's fine.
(wishes he was going)
Murder?

JANE

Yeah. You'll get there, Frankie.

She HANDS him a gift.

JANE (CONT'D)

If you hate it, gift receipt's inside.

She gives him a quick KISS on his cheek. Jane pecks her mother then her father on the cheek --

JANE (CONT'D)

I'll call you, Ma. Bye, Pop. See at the salt mines, Frankie. Your ass is getting big, Mikey.

INT. JANE'S CAR/EXT. RIZZOLI'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Jane gets into her state issue Ford. It's parked next to a van that reads: RIZZOLI & SONS PLUMBING. Boston's Best Since 1954.

JANE'S POV: THRU WINDSHIELD INTO KITCHEN

Angela and Frank laugh and fuss over Mikey and Frankie Jr.

CLOSE ON: Jane's hands. WE SEE two nasty and identical HEALED RED SCARS on her palms. She RUBS them absently as she stares at her family. SHOVES her car into reverse and takes off.

INT. JANE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

As she drives, Jane reaches for clean clothes from the back seat. She PULLS UP to a stoplight, wriggles out of her pants. A truck driver SMILES. She SMILES back.

His smile grows into a LEER. She REACHES UNDER HER SEAT, while she gives him a shy smile. Grabs something and THROWS it on top of her car: police CHEERY LIGHT. LIGHTS and SIRENS through the red stoplight, enjoying his terrified reaction in her rearview mirror.

INT. DR. ISLE'S CAR (MOVING) - SAME

DR. MAURA ISLES, late 30's, behind the wheel of an SL-500 Mercedes. Sleek, like her car, in form-fitting black. She's strikingly pale with a slash of red lipstick, blunt-cut raven hair.

BEEP! Maura SEES a car in her rearview mirror trying to PASS her on the right. She slows down. Driver FLIES past her. Dirt and sand from the shoulder WHIP up around her car.

MAURA

Go ahead, asshole. I see plenty
like you on cold slabs all day
long.

INT. MAURA'S CAR/EXT. BEACON HILL MANSION - CONTINUOUS

She pulls the SL-500 into a long driveway, parks next to a coroner's van with black letters: Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Office of the Medical Examiner. TWO MORGUE ATTENDANTS wave from the front seat. She waves back.

REPORTERS and CAMERA CREWS work the taped-off crime-scene, hovering as close as COPS will let them. She gets out.

ANGLE ON: REPORTER KITTY VANSEN, 31, TV-pretty as she SPIES Maura. She PUSHES her beleaguered CAMERAMAN toward Maura. He perks up: SCHWING. Dr. Maura Isles may be a cold pathologist, but she's also a smokin' hot woman.

KITTY

Go, go. It's Queen of the Dead. Get
her and stay close.

Maura, with her medical case, deftly moves away from Kitty as Kitty and the cameraman run. Kitty shoves a mic at Maura.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Dr. Isles -- What can you tell us about the murders?

MAURA

I'll have a statement for you later tonight, Kitty.

KITTY

C'mon, please, something for the 11'o'clock? This leads.

Maura starts up STEPS as Crowe puts out a hand to stop Kitty from going any further. She backs away.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Bet if I was a corpse, she'd talk to me.

Maura enters the mansion. Crowe casually applies chapstick and smooths his Ken-doll hair then turns back to Kitty.

CROWE

I'll give you a soundbite.

ANGLE ON Jane as she POWERS toward them, steps between Crowe and Kitty, BLOCKING the shot. Cameraman lowers his camera.

JANE

Where's Frost?

CROWE

Where else?

Crowe points at Frost, nearby and partially concealed by bushes. He's stopped puking, but he doesn't look good.

FROST

(calls to her)

Bad fish sticks.

Crowe SNORTS as Frost CROSSES to join Jane.

JANE

Least he's not trying to get his mug on-camera.

Jane pulls a small tin of Vick's VapoRub from a pocket, hands it to Frost. He rubs it under his nose. They walk up the front steps.

Jane REACHES for the door. She pulls her hand back and rubs her palms together. She catches Frost's concerned look.

JANE (CONT'D)

It's going to rain.

FROST
Hands hurt?

JANE
Not that bad.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Jane and Frost stand in a marble entry, stare at a vast home. Polished, old wood, cathedral-height ceilings.

JANE (CONT'D)
Not in South Boston anymore,
Dorothy.

DET. VINCE KORSAK, 50's, doughy in his shirt sleeves and breathing hard, appears from another part of the house.

JANE (CONT'D)
Korsak?

Korsak EYES Frost, not happy to see him.

JANE (CONT'D)
You know my new partner.

FROST
Good to see you. Thought you were
on vacation.

KORSAK
Cut it short.

He looks intently at Jane, his old partner. She senses something more than just antipathy toward Frost.

JANE
That bad?

DET. KORSAK
Worse.

INT. BEACON HILL - MANSION - FAMILY ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON the body of a MAN: the bound man we saw earlier. No sign of the woman. His throat has been SLIT, and he's seated, propped against a wall under a comet's tail of dried BLOOD.

Jane, Frost and Korsak, all gloved, process the crime scene as Maura SLIDES a tongue depressor into the deep neck wound. It goes almost all the way in. Frost turns away.

MAURA
Almost 5 centimeters.

FROST

If you got this, I can start
processing the rest of the house.

Jane nods sympathetically. Frost exits. Korsak smirks.

MAURA

Carotid artery and jugular have
been transected. What's odd is how
precise it is - almost surgical.

JANE

You think our perp might have some
medical training?

Maura nods, looks up and studies Jane's broken nose.

MAURA

Hairline fracture of the nasal bone
above the lateral nasal cartilage.
Not disfiguring.

Korsak looks at the corpse, confused.

KORSAK

Looks pretty disfiguring to me.

JANE

Can you pop it out?

Maura pulls off her gloves. Korsak watches, baffled.

MAURA

Can't you do something safe like
yoga? Might hurt a little --

Maura POPS Jane's nose into place. An audible CRACK!

JANE

Ow! A 'little'?

MAURA

Put ice on it for the next 24 hours
so you don't look like Mike Tyson.

Jane turns to Korsak.

JANE

Who is he?

KORSAK

Dr. Richard Yeager, 36,
pediatrician. Housekeeper found
him. He's a newlywed. Wife Gail is
missing.

Jane SCANS photos of a beautiful bride and groom arranged on a baby grand. She absent-mindedly touches the piano, so familiar with the instrument, she TAPS KEYS like they're an extension of her body. PLAYS a few notes of the haunting Falling Slowly.

JANE
Needs tuning. Nobody plays.

Jane sees a shot of the bride showing off a big diamond ring.

JANE (CONT'D)
Diamond was too small so she whacked him and walked out?

KORSAK
No. We got signs of forced entry.

Jane looks carefully at Dr. Yeager's body. Her face takes on a haunted look as she finds something. She LIFTS pieces of a broken china cup and saucer from next to the body.

JANE
Well-to-do couple. The man bound and posed. The woman missing. And a teacup...

QUICK POP: SCALPEL glints in a man's hand as he DRIVES IT through something to SKEWER it to a dirt floor. It's so quick and so dark, it's hard to tell what the "something" is -- but it looks like a WOMAN'S HAND.

BACK TO SCENE

Jane squeezes her hands into fists.

JANE (CONT'D)
Is he out? Is the Surgeon out?

MAURA
Oh my God. Korsak, did you know this?

KORSAK
No, no. He's not out. It's his M.O. that's all.

MAURA
Why didn't you warn us? Warn Jane at least.

KORSAK
I'm sorry. I wanted your unbiased assessment.

Maura moves to Jane.

JANE

We put that son of a bitch behind bars. How is this possible?

KORSAK

Listen to me: It's not him, it's not the Surgeon. I checked with prison authorities: he's in lockdown at Souza-Baranowski.

Jane reflexively rubs her palms together.

MAURA

Let's make sure.

Jane nods, DIALS her cell.

JANE

(to phone)

Frost, call I.P.S. at Souza-Baronowski. I want a visual on Warren Hoyt...yes, now. And tell 'em I want video confirmation.

She hangs up, TRADES a LOOK with Maura. Walks to the victim.

CLOSE ON red circular marks on the corpses's skin. She GASPS.

JANE (CONT'D)

He's been Tasered. Like Hoyt did...

KORSAK

Any sick perp could do this if he watched TV news or read a paper. We've got a copycat.

JANE

No -- you said it was worse. It is. We didn't release this detail.

She turns her face so only Maura can see her fear.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hoyt's trained an Apprentice.

INT. HOME GYM - NIGHT

A MAN in silhouette works a heavy set of barbells as he watches local news on a small TV. There's a strange tattoo that encircles his elbow: 68W HCS. We realize it's the MAN who terrorized the Yeager's.

CLOSE ON TV as Jane's face POPS up --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SOUZA-BARONOWSKI PRISON - MAX SECURITY REC ROOM - SAME

Jane's face. PULL-BACK to REVEAL PRISONERS watching footage of her in a local crime story.

FIND WARREN HOYT, 40's, watching. Good-looking, a guy who might drive a Volvo and listen to talk radio. And then we see his eyes: inhuman evil is embedded there. He SMILES and FINGERS something in his pocket. He BLOCKS TV SCREEN.

HOYT
Hello, Jane. So good to see you.

A pissed and BURLY Chicano prisoner, MIGUEL, 20's, PUSHES Hoyt from behind.

MIGUEL
Hey, Hoyt, vendejo! Move!

With sudden, manic intensity, Hoyt pulls a homemade SHIV he had concealed in his pocket. He DRIVES it neatly between the man's ribs. Catches the man as he FALLS FORWARD.

PRISONER (O.S.)
Miguel!

HOYT
Through the pericardium, into the aortic chamber. I'm grateful you volunteered to help, Miguel. This will be over in seconds.

Hoyt LAYS his hands in the STREAM OF BLOOD pumping from the dying man's chest. He has the look of someone at the height of sexual pleasure. PRISONERS YELL as GUARDS RUN in, clubs out. GUARD 1 YANKS Hoyt to his feet.

GUARD 2
Back! Everyone get back!

Hoyt is serene as he's cuffed and led past hardened criminals who step away from the deadliest one in their midst. Hoyt SMILES up at the TV as footage of Jane still plays.

HOYT
It's time, Jane.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BEACON HILL - MANSION - NIGHT

Jane and Korsak walk toward a CSU van. The lawn and driveway are still swarming with CSU's, news crews and Cops.

KORSAK

I'm sorry.

JANE

Stop. I'm a cop first, Hoyt's victim a distant second.

He looks at her, wants to say something. Finally --

KORSAK

Hoyt's the reason you don't want to be partners, isn't he?

JANE

This again? You know why: I'm allergic to cats. And dogs. And all the other sad, furry creatures you keep rescuing, Detective Doolittle.

KORSAK

(suspicious)
You never sneezed.

JANE

Frost is my partner now.

KORSAK

Paper cuts make him gag.

JANE

He came from Narcotics. Gore is new to him. He's a good detective.

They grab metal cases from the back of a CSU van, head back inside.

INT. BEACON HILL - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Maura MAKES notes as Jane and Korsak set up equipment. As two MORGUE ATTENDANTS try to force Dr. Yeager's rigor-mortis stiffened body into a body bag --

MORGUE ATTENDANT 1

He's not gonna bend.

MAURA

Watch the head. It's attached by fascia.

They TIP the body onto a stretcher. Jane moves to where the body was propped. She bends down, looks out at the room.

REVERSE ANGLE: coffee table in the center.

JANE

Our perp went to a lot of trouble with that teacup. He wanted to know if Yeager moved. Why? What was he doing? And why force Yeager to watch? Let's move the table.

Korsak moves it as FBI SPECIAL AGENT GABRIEL DEAN, 35, enters. GQ-handsome and completely unaware of how hot he is. He BADGES Jane.

AGENT DEAN

Special Agent Gabriel Dean. You must be Det. Rizzoli.

He turns solicitously to Maura, admiring her.

AGENT DEAN (CONT'D)

And you must be Dr. Maura Isles.

Maura smiles unexpectedly, removes her latex gloves to shake his hand. The chemistry between them isn't lost on Jane.

JANE

What's the FBI doing here?

AGENT DEAN

Saw the homicide advisory. And possible kidnapping. We have an APB out on Gail Yeager.

JANE

So do we. You get a lot of routine advisories. What makes this one special?

AGENT DEAN

Hey, we're on the same side.

JANE

Are we? You Fed Boys like to show up to take the bat and ball. I'll call you if I need you -- Boston Bureau?

Morgue Attendants carry the body out. As Maura leaves --

MAURA

Jane, I'll do the autopsy in the morning.

(to Dean)
Come if you like.

Dean smiles. Jane shoots Maura a look that could kill: thanks a lot. Maura shrugs innocently and exits.

AGENT DEAN
I'm just here to observe.

JANE
Let's do luminescence where the table was.

KORSAK
This baby is 400 watts. Picks up everything.

Jane HITS the lights. The Crimescope makes their faces GLOW GREEN as a PATCH of carpet that was under the table LIGHTS UP a bright white. Jane FLIPS the lights ON. She looks grim.

JANE
Semen. He made her husband watch while he raped her. Just like Hoyt.

EXT. BEACON HILL MANSION - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: video of Hoyt, alone in a cell.

JANE (V.O.)
Airtight alibi, all right.

Frost SHOWS Jane video of Hoyt on Frost's cellphone. Korsak SLUMPS against a car, RUBS his sleepless eyes.

FROST
He killed a prisoner tonight.
Stabbed him with a shiv he made from a razor and a spoon.

JANE
Tonight? That's not a coincidence.

A light RAIN FALLS on them as Jane pulls out car keys.

JANE (CONT'D)
We can't get in the prison until 7:00. Korsak, go get some sleep.

KORSAK
Where're you going?

JANE
I'll explain later. C'mon, we've got just about enough time.

OFF Frost's confused look --

EXT. DR. O'DONNELL'S VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a hand as it BANGS on a door. Reveal Jane and Frost at the front door of a beautiful Victorian home.

FROST
Maybe we should wait 'til morning.

JANE
She's Hoyt's only visitor.

FROST
You saying she's the Apprentice?

JANE
That'd surprise even me. Look at this place. Built on the bones of victims. She's almost as sick as these perps she studies.

DOOR swings open. Facing them: DR. JOYCE O'DONNELL, 40's, Grace Kelly classy with the same sheet of blond hair.

DR. O'DONNELL
Detective Rizzoli. What an unpleasant surprise.

JANE
We need to talk.

DR. O'DONNELL
(closing door)
Call my office.

Jane STOPS the door with her hand.

JANE
We have a killer out there. His signature is identical to Hoyt's.

We can see from the way Dr. O'Donnell tries not to stare that she knows how Jane got those scars on her palms.

INT. DR. O'DONNELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. O'Donnell sips tea from a Mid-Century Modern set. Jane and Frost don't touch theirs. Her living room is like her: expensive and calculated -- perfect for a Vanity Fair spread.

DR. O'DONNELL
I'm a forensic psychiatrist. My work advances our understanding of these troubled men. I'm not sure how I can help you.

JANE

You visit him. Could he have trained some perp he met inside, someone as deranged as he is?

Dr. O'Donnell gets up, pulls a file from a cabinet, rifles through it and holds up a photo of a second grade boy.

DR. O'DONNELL

You can only see the end result. This is Warren at seven.

JANE

He's called the Surgeon because he enjoys cutting women and their partners up with a scalpel. Seven at last count. I have a hard time worrying about his sad childhood.

DR. O'DONNELL

You think of violent acts as manifestations of evil. As though Warren has control over his behavior. Like many others, he doesn't know why he kills.

JANE

That's why I'll always have a job.

As she's talking, Jane subtly plays with a few strands of her hair. Not girly, just distracted.

DR. O'DONNELL

Did you know hair twirling is often a sign of sexual frustration?

JANE

That right? I always wondered. Better get on with my night then.

Jane smiles politely, STANDS. Frost follows her lead.

JANE (CONT'D)

Thanks for your time.

EXT. SOUZA-BARANOWSKI PRISON - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Jane and Frost walk up to the main entrance. Jane puts fingers in her hair absently, stops, now aware of her habit.

FROST

You sure you want to do this?

JANE

I'm sure I don't.

INT. SOUZA-BARANOWSKI PRISON - INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

Jane and Frost face Warren Hoyt. His hands are shackled but he's as comfortable as a man chatting at Starbucks.

HOYT

You're different, not like the others. I feel your anger, absorb your rage, just by your scent.

He takes a deep inhale, smiles. She fights to stay steady.

JANE

See one. Do one. Teach one. That's what they taught you in medical school. Who did you teach, Hoyt?

HOYT

I dropped out, Jane. You know that. I like your neck. It's very white. And your breasts. Very firm.

JANE

You think you're Hannibal Lector? Don't flatter yourself. You think I can't make your life more miserable than it is?

Hoyt smiles, turns to Frost.

HOYT

I like an audience. I prefer it when they're tied up, but silence works, too.

JANE

Who did you sic on the world? Gimme me a name.

HOYT

All my life I have been meticulous about finishing what I start. This disturbs me. That I haven't finished what I started with you.

JANE

And you won't, you sick scumbag.

HOYT

Very good, Jane. You've learned how to irritate me. You know, my mother smelled of Chanel #5 and mink when she pinched my skin. She liked to grab me here --

He lifts his shackled hands to indicate his throat as a GUARD reacts. Hoyt lowers his hands. Guard steps back.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Perhaps that's why I'm partial to
the throat. Do you dream about me?
I dream about you.

JANE
I don't think about you. But I'll
visit every goddamn day if you tell
me who your friend is. Who killed
Dr. Yeager and where's his wife?

Hoyt MOTIONS for the PRISON GUARD.

HOYT
(like a therapist)
I see our time is up.

He stands, not bothered that his ankles are shackled. Like a caged but still powerful lion, he deftly shuffles to the door. He stops, looks at Jane. A parting volley --

HOYT (CONT'D)
You're right -- my friend is out
there. Enjoy him. He'll enjoy you.

She watches him leave, FIGHTS to maintain her composure.

JANE
Swell.

Her cell RINGS. She JUMPS. Exhales hard, calmly answers.

JANE (CONT'D)
Rizzoli...we're on the way.

She hangs up, looks at Frost.

JANE (CONT'D)
They found Gail Yeager.

INT. JANE'S CAR/EXT. STONYBROOK PARK - DAWN

Jane pulls in, stops. She rubs her jaw, LOOKS through the windshield. Agent Dean STEPS from the woods to join Korsak and Crowe. Frost gets out.

JANE
I'll catch up.

Jane DUMPS out her purse: gum, balled-up tissue, Boston Red Sox water bottle, Vick's VapoRub, a touch-screen Sudoku Puzzle. SEARCHES but can't find what she's looking for.

Puts her hand between the seats. SMILES as she holds up a tube of old lipstick: Eureka.

EXT. STONYBROOK RESERVATION - WOODS - DAY

Jane approaches Dean, Korsak, Crowe and Frost.

CROWE
You wearing lipstick, Rizzoli?

Jane looks at a shaken MAN with a Labrador.

JANE
Dog find her?

KORSAK
Yup.
(channels dog)
Mmmm-mmm. Dead lady, my favorite.

AGENT DEAN
Dr. Isles is in the woods with the body. I'll show you.

They push through brush as Korsak fawns over the dog.

KORSAK
Who's a good boy, huh?

CLOSE ON a woman's body, her long blond hair a stiff mat of straw. She's naked, her abdomen bloated. Maura uses a hypodermic needle to extract fluid from the corpse's eyeball.

MAURA
Vitreous potassium. Gives us an estimate for post-mortem interval.

Maura SHOWS the syringe to Jane.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Nice and clear.

JANE
Damn it. We could've saved her.

MAURA
Don't go there, Jane. She's been dead at least 48 hours.

JANE
Look at the way the body's laid out. Why didn't he bury her?

MAURA
It's odd, isn't it.

AGENT DEAN

Didn't have time.

JANE

I don't think so. Means something.

AGENT DEAN

You know more about Hoyt than anyone. What's the Apprentice's next move?

JANE

He'd kill again.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - MORGUE - DAY

BODIES of Dr. Yeager and Gail Yeager are on separate metal tables. Maura WORKS on Gail's body. Korsak has on a large O.R. gown and bouffant paper cap. He EATS a cheese Danish. Jane enters. He offers her one from a box.

KORSAK

(mouth full)

Want one?

JANE

(re: dead bodies)

Maybe they do.

KORSAK

Nope. Not hungry. Where's Frost?

JANE

Uh, bathroom.

Maura smiles. Korsak nods, a little smug.

JANE (CONT'D)

Prison was a bust. Hoyt has no contact with any prisoners. Email, correspondence, all a dead end.

KORSAK

So how'd he train an Apprentice?

JANE

Someone he knew before prison? Med school, maybe?

AGENT DEAN (O.S.)

Did you do a wet prep yet?

Jane WHIRLS around, startled by Dean's sudden appearance. She and Maura exchange a LOOK.

MAURA

I hadn't planned to but I can.

Maura takes a scraping from Gail Yeager's vagina (we don't see this), puts it on a slide, LOOKS through a microscope.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Sperm is motile.

KORSAK

You mean like it's moving?

MAURA

That's what motile means.

Jane turns on Dean.

JANE

How did you know?

AGENT DEAN

(evasive)

I didn't.

JANE

Yes, you did.

MAURA

(siding with Jane)
It's not standard procedure to check to see if the perp is also a necropheliac.

Dean's cell rings. He walks out to take the call.

JANE

FBI's hands are all over this case.

MAURA

Something's not right.

PRE-LAP AUDIO:

MAURA (CONT'D)

It just got weirder.

INT. MAURA'S FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Jane, Frost and Korsak are in Maura's tricked-out lab. Maura lets Jane look through a MICROSCOPE. She does.

JANE

It's a strand of hair.

MAURA

Technical name is 'Zombie Hair.'

JANE

It's Gail Yeager's?

She shakes her head, "no."

FROST

It was transferred from the perp to
Gail Yeager's body?

MAURA

Had to be. I found blue carpet
fibers, too, And look at the root.
Notice anything strange?

POV THRU MICROSCOPE: the hair looks like the end of a broom.

JANE

It looks ragged, almost like a
brush.

Korsak pushes her aside to get a look. Frost looks irritated.

KORSAK

There's a black band near the root.

Korsak hogs the microscope as Frost clears his throat.

MAURA

Distal banding and brushlike root
ends are postmortem changes.
Whoever we're looking for had close
contact with a corpse.

KORSAK

Wait -- so our Apprentice had sex
with Gail Yeager after she, uh,
expired. And sex with --
(points at hair)
-- a different woman who was, uh,
also expired and decaying.

He shakes his head, unnerved by this thought. Frost
inadvertently GAGS. The two men unexpectedly share a LOOK as
their faces register the same thing: Ick. Korsak looks away.

JANE

We've got another victim or our
Apprentice works with dead bodies.

FROST

What about someone in a funeral
home? Gail Yeager buried her mother
two weeks ago.

As Frost and Jane start to leave, Korsak follows.

FROST (CONT'D)
We got this.

Jane TOSSES Korsak an apologetic shrug.

INT. WHITNEY FUNERAL HOME - DAY

JOEY VALENTINE, 30's, is dressed like an artist: cool specs and shirt. Takes his exterior-decorating of the dead very seriously. He looks at a photo of Gail Yeager as Jane and Frost watch him.

JOEY
Sure, I remember her. Had to convince her to let me use Mac Glam and a curling iron on Mom. She turned out beautifully. Features really popped.

Joey masterfully dusts the dead woman with a blush brush.

JANE
You don't have an embalmers' license.

JOEY
Haven't gotten around to it.

FROST
Because you have a criminal record.

Joey freezes, holding out the make-up brush.

JOEY
You're not gonna tell my boss?

JANE
Only if you killed Gail Yeager. Where were you Wednesday night?

JOEY
Here. Look, everybody told me what a good job I did, how alive Mom looked, so why would I kill Gail?

Jane shows him a search warrant.

JANE
We'll need to search the premises and your car.

Frost starts to exit. Jane hangs back, makes sure he can't hear her. She puts a hand to her healing nose.

JANE (CONT'D)

Um...can you recommend something to cover bruises?

INT. SOUZA-BARANOWSKI PRISON - HOYT'S CELL - SAME

FOOTSTEPS can be heard as GUARDS approach down a long corridor. Hoyt reaches under his thin mattress, pulls out a crumpled tissue. Inside is a BLUE PILL. He dry swallows it, lies back. Guard RAPS on the bars.

GUARD 2

Let's go, Hoyt. You got your one hour on the yard.

They open his cell, but Hoyt clutches his abdomen and MOANS. They PULL him up, try to get him on his feet. But he PITCHES forward, his eyes ROLLING back in his head. He COLLAPSES.

GUARD 2 (CONT'D)

He's faking. Be careful.

Guard 2 KNEES Hoyt in the balls. He doesn't react.

GUARD 1

He ain't faking.

Guard 1 grabs his Walkie-Talkie.

GUARD 2

I need Medical on Cell Block 4-Adam. Got a man down.

INT. BOSTON P.D. PRECINCT - HOMICIDE - JANE'S AREA - DAY

Jane and Frost are working. She stands, stretches then studies a Boston map with colored PUSH PINS.

JANE

Hoyt hit here, here and--

She puts her finger on a RED push pin.

JANE (CONT'D)

Here. My apartment. The Apprentice hit here. There's no pattern.

FROST

Yeah, there is: all the murders are within Boston city limits.

A heavy beat as she realizes what Frost means --

JANE

To make sure I was on the case...

FROST

You should eat something. I ordered
a pizza.

Frost exits. Jane goes back to work. Doesn't see or hear a
MAN silently approach her in the SHADOWS.

CLOSE ON: MAN'S BLACK LEATHER SHOE.

Man (O.S.)

Jane.

Jane STARTLES. REVEAL Man: it's Frankie Jr. dressed for work
in his BOSTON PD PATROL OFFICER uniform.

JANE

Frankie, you scared me.

FRANKIE JR.

Sorry.

He's miserable. He holds out a graded exam. She looks at it.
It's bad. She puts her arm around her bigger little brother.

JANE

You can take it again. You'll pass.

He LOOKS at her, as close to tears as a strappy, athletic
tough guy can get. He SHAKES his head.

FRANKIE JR.

Jane, this was the third time. You
took it once. I guess I'm not cut
out to be a detective.

FROST (O.S.)

Hey, Frankie.

Frost is back with a pizza.

FROST (CONT'D)

You on tonight?

FRANKIE JR.

Uh, yeah, just finishing my shift.

FROST

Want some pizza?

FRANKIE JR.

No thanks. See you soon.

He pecks her on the cheek, EXITS. Jane watches him leave,
concerned and powerless.

FROST

He okay?

JANE

Uh, yeah. Some girl thing.

OFF Jane, troubled.

INT. MAURA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Maura is on her computer as Jane enters. She's holding two cans of tuna fish and a box of crackers.

MAURA

Hey.

JANE

Brought you some gourmet take-out.

She hands Maura a can. Maura POPS it open, grabs two plastic forks, hands one to Jane. Agent Dean enters. He sniffs, makes a face.

AGENT DEAN

Someone eating cat food?

Jane HOLDS UP the can of tuna.

JANE

It's a chick thing. What's up?

AGENT DEAN

You might want to sit down.

Jane and Maura trade a look: uh-oh.

AGENT DEAN (CONT'D)

This morning, at around 10 a.m.,
Warren Hoyt escaped custody.

ON Jane as she DROPS heavily into a chair.

JANE

Oh shit...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SOUZA-BARONOWSKI PRISON - HOSPITAL - SURGERY ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON SECURITY FOOTAGE: an unconscious Hoyt is prepped for surgery by a DOCTOR and a NURSE. As an ANESTHESIOLOGIST is about to inject him, Hoyt LUNGES up, brandishing a SCALPEL. Within seconds, he's used it TO KILL all three people.

PULL BACK: WARDEN, Jane and Dean watch the carnage.

JANE

My god...Why wasn't he cuffed?

WARDEN

He was unconscious. Two doctors have assured me he was suffering from appendicitis.

JANE

He went to medical school, and you let him volunteer in the pharmacy. He could've faked it.

WARDEN

I don't think so --

JANE

200 milligrams of Decadron would give him an abnormal white-cell count. Mimics all the symptoms.

WARDEN

How do you know that?

JANE

Five minutes of research.

AGENT DEAN

Doesn't explain how he got out of here.

WARDEN

We've looked at all the security tape, tracked everyone's movements. We had a food delivery, the coroner's office picked up a body, and three prisoners were transferred. They've all been cleared.

JANE

Could he still be inside?

WARDEN

We're in lockdown while we search.

Jane turns back to the monitor which has continued to play.

CLOSE ON: Hoyt as he LOOKS DELIBERATELY INTO THE SECURITY CAMERA. He SMILES as he RAISES his left hand. Holds a scalpel to it, THEN PRICKS HIS PALM. It trickles BLOOD.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
What's he doing?

Jane folds her hands together to HIDE her scars. Jane trades a look with Dean. He's watching her intently.

JANE
It's a message for me.

EXT. JANE'S APT. - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Frankie Jr. and Frost surround Jane protectively.

FRANKIE JR.
Go stay with Mom and Dad.

JANE
No. I'm staying in my home. He's not doing this to me again.

She WALKS toward the entrance to her building.

JANE (CONT'D)
Go home.

FRANKIE JR.
You know that's not gonna happen.

JANE
If I was a guy, you wouldn't worry like this.

FROST
He doesn't kill men.

As she walks away --

JANE
I'm a homicide cop. He's not gonna kill me.

INT. JANE'S APT. - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jane looks exhausted. She finishes unloading her dishwasher. Then mixes water and orchid food in a glass pitcher. A NOISE STARTLES her. She grabs her gun, points it at -- the ice-maker as it makes another batch of ice.

JANE

God-damnit.

She grabs the pitcher, carries it to --

LIVING ROOM

She waters orchids that float out of Italian pottery. Her apartment is warm and inviting. She checks the deadbolt, moves to a window, lifts a curtain.

JANE'S POV: a Crown Vic with Frankie Jr. and Frost sits across the street. Frankie Jr. gives her a "you okay" look. She nods, DROPS the curtain. Looks around at her impeccably neat apartment. PULLS out a vacuum, starts to vacuum.

INT. JANE'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jane's interrupted by a loud RAP at her door. She turns off the vacuum, looks out her peephole. Opens the door to AVERY MCMILLAN, 20's, pretty and a night owl holding a law book.

JANE

Oh, god, Avery. I'm sorry. Did the vacuum wake you up?

AVERY

No, I was up studying.

JANE

How's law school?

AVERY

Awful. Remind me again why I thought I wanted to be a lawyer?

JANE

I know the feeling: 'Where the hell was I on Career Day?'

They smile at each other.

JANE (CONT'D)

You want to come in?

AVERY

Two hundred pages of Torts to go. Just making sure you're okay.

JANE

Yeah, why would you ask that?

AVERY

You always vacuum when you have a really tough case.

JANE

Better than drinking. Sorry. I'll stop making so much noise. 'Night.

Jane closes the door, looks around at her silent apartment.

EXT. JANE'S APT. BUILDING - LATER

Jane walks up to the Crown Vic, leans in.

JANE

You don't have to follow me.

FRANKIE JR.

We're staying with you.

JANE

Get a patrol car here. I don't want Hoyt using his scalpel to turn my neighbors into crafts' projects.

EXT. MAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A HAND KNOCKS. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Jane knocking hesitantly. Then harder. The door swings open. Maura answers, as beautiful as ever, in yoga pants and a silk tank top.

JANE

Why do you always look like you're about to do a photo shoot? I'm taking you up on your offer.

MAURA

Good. I'm glad you did.

JANE

I brought my security team.

Jane points across the street. Maura looks out her window.

ANGLE ON: Frankie Jr. and Frost sit in a car together. They wave. Maura waves back.

INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's as beautiful and tasteful as its owner. Jane RUBS her jaw. Maura looks concerned.

MAURA

T.M.J. Temporomandibular joint disorder. Open your mouth.

Jane does. Maura looks --

MAURA (CONT'D)

Your molars look like you're 102
from grinding.

JANE

That's the nicest thing anyone's
said to me all day.

MAURA

Under any stress, Detective?

JANE

You mean, other than the fact that
an escaped serial killer luno is
trying to kill me again? No.

MAURA

I'll show you some exercises to
relieve the jaw pain.

JANE

What if you just help me kill Hoyt?

Maura smiles.

INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Jane fingers the bedspread in a HOUSE BEAUTIFUL room. It
looks like the tags have just been removed. She smiles.

JANE

Will it bother you to have a live
person in your house?

MAURA

Only a little.

JANE

I'm glad I'm not the only one who
doesn't have time for a love life --

She's interrupted by a KNOCK on the front door.

JANE (CONT'D)

Or not. God, I'm sorry. You were
expecting someone. I'm gonna go --

MAURA

He's dropping something off. Stay.

Maura exits. Jane hears VOICES, cracks open the door. It's
Dean.

ON DEAN

As he hands Maura a 9 x 11 envelope.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Jane's here.

DEAN

I know. I'll go.

MAURA

I don't feel right about not telling her.

DEAN

You can't.

ON JANE, like a 7th grade girl who's seen her best friend with the boy she likes. She CLOSES DOOR, lays on the bed. Maura KNOCKS.

JANE

Go away. I'm asleep.

Maura walks in, lays on the bed next to Jane. They both STARE at the ceiling.

JANE (CONT'D)

Are we having a sleepover or is this your way of telling me you're attracted to me?

They both GIGGLE at this thought.

MAURA

I'm not seeing him.

JANE

Yet.

MAURA

Somebody should, don't you think?

JANE

Yup.

MAURA

Should we draw straws?

JANE

What if we just show him our tits, let him pick?

Maura HITS her with a pillow.

JANE (CONT'D)

What'd he want?

MAURA

I can't say.

JANE
Fine. Go sleep in your own room.

MAURA
Jane --

JANE
Did you ever like the same guy as
your best friend?

MAURA
No.

JANE
Did you ever have a best friend?

MAURA
No.

JANE
You'd tell me if you were a Cyborg,
right?

MAURA
No, I don't think I would.

They both laugh. It's quiet for a beat. Then, like little
girls at a sleepover --

JANE
Dean is really hot.

MAURA
Shut up. I won't be able to sleep.

INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAWN

Jane wakes, looks around, confused. Remembers where she is,
grabs her things and tiptoes out.

INT. JANE'S CAR - DAY

Jane drives. Her cell rings: a disturbing SCI-FI tone.

JANE
Hi, Ma.

ANGELA (V.O.)
What's the matter with Frankie Jr.?

JANE
Ma, I'm on my way to work.

ANGELA (V.O.)

He's acting like the world is ending. He tells you everything. What is going on?

JANE

Going into the garage. Can't hear you. Call you lay--
(as she hangs up)
--Ter.

INT. BOSTON P.D. PRECINCT - HOMICIDE - JANE'S AREA

Jane's working with Frost, going through Hoyt's MURDER BOOK.

JANE

Did Dean say anything -- why he was visiting Dr. Isles at 3 a.m.?

FROST

He was surprised to see us. Said he was dropping something off. Asked why you were there.

JANE

What'd you say, I'm a wuss?

FROST

Yeah. That's exactly what I said.

Maura walks in with two big lattes, holds one out to Jane.

Jane opens the lid.

JANE

Too much foam.

She HANDS it back. Maura looks concerned. Jane CRACKS UP.

JANE (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. Thank you.

MAURA

I have some good news and some bad news.

JANE

Good news.

MAURA

I was able to ID the carpet from Gail Yeager's body. Navy Blue 428. Used in automobiles.

JANE

That narrows it down.

MAURA

To 1.2 million. Blue is a popular color.

JANE

What's the bad news?

MAURA

No hits on the semen or the fingerprints. Our Apprentice is a ghost.

Jane sighs. Her cell rings again: DRAGNET ring.

JANE

(to phone)
Rizzoli...where?

She hangs up, TURNS to Maura.

JANE (CONT'D)

We've got another body.

INT. ENORMOUS CAPE COD HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON: DEAD MAN.

He's SLUMPED against a wall, bound and bloody and very dead. Dean looks on as Jane studies a photo Korsak shows her of a YOUNG COUPLE. MAN in the photo is their victim.

KORSAK

Alexander Ghent. His wife, Kareenna.

JANE

Let me guess: she's missing.
(off his nod)
No sign of a teacup this time. You know what that means.

KORSAK

The Apprentice didn't need a warning device because he had a pal: Hoyt.

JANE

(to Dean)
Why are you here before us?

Before he can answer, Frost pokes his head in.

FROST

Jane, you better come see this.

EXT. ENORMOUS CAPE COD HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

A FLORIST DELIVERY MAN holds a wrapped flower arrangement.

DELIVERY MAN

Hey, all I know is I got a delivery
for a Detective Rizzoli.

JANE

(to Frost)

Check him out, will you?

She takes the card off of the arrangement with gloved hands.
You can almost hear her heart beat with fear as she reads it:

CLOSE ON: typed signature. **Prickly on the outside, succulent
on the inside, just like you. Best - Henry Dudboot.**

In the b.g., Frost continues to interrogate the Delivery Man.
Korsak looks over her shoulder, reads the note.

KORSAK

Who's Henry Dudboot?

CLOSE ON: computer screen. The name **HENRY DUDBOOT** rearranges
into **THEODORE BUNDY**.

INT. BOSTON P.D. PRECINCT - HOMICIDE - JANE'S AREA - SAME

Jane is on her computer. Korsak sits next to her.

JANE

It's an anagram for Theodore "Ted"
Bundy. Bundy was fascinated by
necrophelia.

Frost enters on this.

FROST

Clever. He paid with a one-off
credit card. Used a payphone. None
of it's traceable.

JANE

Hoyt's playing with me. But I think
I know what this means.

Jane GOOGLES **Bundy**, finds what she's looking for, reads it --

JANE (CONT'D)

"The grounds where you kill them or
leave them become sacred to you,
and you will always be drawn back."
Bundy said that. Sacred Ground.
That's why they didn't bury her.

KORSAK

Gail Yeager. He didn't bury her so he could visit --

JANE

--any time he wanted. But we took Gail's body, so he needed a replacement: Karena Ghent. The grounds where you leave them become sacred. Maybe he'll go back.

KORSAK

Be kind of stupid.

JANE

Let's stake it out. What else do we have?

KORSAK

What if it's a trap?

JANE

It's Hoyt -- we assume it's a trap.

EXT. BOSTON P.D. - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Frost and Jane walk toward her car. Korsak lags behind, looking sad. Jane stops, walks back to Frost.

JANE

Korsak's being a baby. You mind riding alone?

He good-naturedly shakes his head, "no." She tosses KEYS.

JANE (CONT'D)

We'll cover the north end of the park. You take the South.

(to Korsak)

Oh, for chrissake, lighten up.

INT. KORSAK'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Korsak drives. He's happy. Jane rides shotgun. She sniffs.

JANE

What is that smell?

KORSAK

(innocent)

What smell?

JANE

You know exactly what smell. There's a cat in here.

A HUGE tabby cat emerges from between the seats. MEOW.

KORSAK
It's just Barney Miller.

Jane turns away from Korsak, PINCHES the septum of her broken nose to trigger a sneeze. It works: she SNEEZES.

KORSAK (CONT'D)
Hey, you sneezed.

JANE
I told you, I'm allergic. It's him or me.

Korsak SUDDENLY WRENCHES the wheel, PULLS over and STOPS. He GRABS a cat carrier from the trunk of the car, PUTS Barnie Miller inside. WOOF! Jane LOOKS at the cat. WOOF!

A DOG BARKS nearby. Korsak MARCHES toward the sound.

JANE (CONT'D)
Korsak --

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD - SHOULDER - NIGHT

Korsak MAGLIGHTS bushes. Jane follows. His LIGHT HITS a dirty Maltese with a cute face.

KORSAK
Hello, boy.
(checks dog's parts)
'Scuze me - Girl. What're you doing by yourself? Where's your collar?

JANE
How do you do that? Do you wear a homing device?

INT. KORSAK'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER

Barney Miller HISSES from the carrier at the Maltese, now on Korsak's lap. Jane DRIVES.

KORSAK
What should we call her?

JANE
"P.W."

KORSAK
P-whipped?

Jane smiles innocently.

JANE
Police Woman.

KORSAK
Suzanne or Pepper?

JANE
Blech. Neither. Joe Friday.

KORSAK
'Jo' like Josephine?

JANE
Did you even go on vacation?

KORSAK
Sort of. I fostered a litter of
German Shepherd pups. Cagney and
Lacey got adopted by this nice
lady. Wanted Crocket and Tubbs to
stay together, but they got good
homes. Still have Kojak. Vince
Mackey needs open heart surgery --

JANE
Okay, okay. We're supposed to be on
a stake-out.

INT. KORSAK'S CAR / EXT. STONYBROOK RESERVATION - NIGHT

Jane and Korsak sit in the car, hidden in trees and brush.
Barney Miller, in his carrier, is on Korsak's lap.

JANE
(to radio)
Frost, you see anything?

FROST (V.O.)
Negative.

Jo Friday JUMPS UP and LICKS Korsak's face. He pushes her
off. Makes a KISSING SOUND at the cat. Cat HISSES.

JANE
Why do we always want the ones who
don't want us?

Rizzoli points to Jo Friday, who's wagging her tail.

JANE (CONT'D)
Jo Friday loves you.

KORSAK
Too easy. I gotta pee.

JANE
Got to be kidding me.

KORSAK
You want me to do it here?

JANE
I'll cover for you.

EXT. STONYBROOK RESERVATION - LATER

Jane waits, irritated. She SCANS for Korsak, sighs.

JANE
Later that same day --
Korsak?

KORSAK (O.S.)
Gimme a minute. It got more
complicated.

JANE
T.M.I.

KORSAK (O.S.)
Huh?

JANE
Too much information.

She sits down, her gun out. SUDDENLY, there's MOVEMENT in the trees. She's instantly on alert, gun ready --

JANE (CONT'D)
Korsak?

No answer. MORE MOVEMENT. Jane starts to RUN as a FIGURE in head-to-toe black and night goggles SPRINTS away. Jane CHASES the fleeing figure. Branches SLAP her face.

JANE (CONT'D)
Freeze! Police. I will shoot you.

MAN
Jane, don't.

The man stops. Removes his night goggles. It's Dean.

JANE
What the hell?

AGENT DEAN
I was chasing someone.

JANE
Bullshit. I was chasing you!

AGENT DEAN
You think I'm the Apprentice?

Frost APPEARS from behind, out of breath from running.

FROST
Couldn't raise you on the radio.

Jane is still unsure of Dean.

JANE
How did you know we were here?

A MOAN interrupts them. Jane MAGLIGHTS the trees, follows the noise. Her light SWEEPS OVER Korsak, BLEEDING from a slash-wound to his throat.

JANE (CONT'D)
Vince!

FROST
(on radio)
Officer down!

Jane puts pressure on the bleeding wound. Korsak's eyes find hers. He seems to be trying to tell her something.

JANE
Shhh. You're gonna be okay.

He tries to move, FLICKS his eyes to the trees.

JANE (CONT'D)
Frost - I think something's over there.

Frost SHINES his MAGLIGHT: a naked woman MOVES.

JANE (CONT'D)
Get another ambulance: it's Kareenna Ghent.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jane paces in a corridor as Maura WALKS up.

MAURA
How's he doing?

JANE
Still in surgery.

MAURA
And the victim?

Dean walks toward them from the other end of the hallway.

AGENT DEAN
Sedated. We're waiting to talk to her.

JANE
I'm waiting to talk to her. Far as I'm concerned, you're a suspect.

Maura puts a hand on Jane, MOVES her away from Dean.

MAURA
Jane, he'd be covered with blood if he'd stabbed Korsak.

JANE
Maybe.

ON DEAN, right behind them.

AGENT DEAN
Oh, come on. Let's get coffee. Clear this up.

MAURA
Okay.

JANE
I'm gonna go do paperwork.

MAURA
C'mon, Jane.

JANE
Rain check, not tonight.

She walks away. Maura BREAKS FREE from Dean, CATCHES UP.

MAURA

The hell with coffee. Let's go drink.

Jane GRINS.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

They split a bottle of nice red wine at a tall table by themselves. Jane pours it into Maura's glass.

JANE

First "guy" who broke my heart was Susan Smart in third grade.

Maura smiles.

JANE (CONT'D)

We played every day. Usually at her house because her parents were divorced and her mother worked. We got away with murder.

MAURA

What did you do?

JANE

Tried on her mother's clothes. Clunked around in her shoes. We had this game: we'd steal eggs and toss them back and forth. And we baked mud pies -- I mean, in the oven. Couldn't get away with that stuff at my house.

MAURA

So what happened, Susan cheated on you?

JANE

How'd you know? Threw me over for Becky Zeppy. I was crushed.

MAURA

I didn't have girlfriends.

JANE

None? You were a Boys' Girl?

MAURA

No. I was so weird, I was happy with books and my chemistry set.

JANE

Did you kill small animals?

MAURA

I don't think so.

(off Jane's smile)

Okay, I loved dissecting dead ones.

JANE

You are really weird.

MAURA

Yes, I am. That's why you love me.

Jane NOTICES TWO MEN, staring at them. Jane thinks they're just staring at Maura.

JANE

When did you realize you had power over men?

MAURA

College. What about you?

Jane looks startled.

JANE

I don't.

MAURA

How can you be such a good detective and so dumb? You think I'm bad at the girl stuff --

Maura POINTS at the men. They WAVE at Jane and Maura.

JANE

It's all Susan's fault.

MAURA

Want to stay at my house, just until this is over?

Jane lays down money, grabs her purse. LOOKS at Maura.

JANE

What if it's never over?

She stares at Maura, stricken.

INT. JANE'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jane sits on her couch, STARES into space. She holds her handgun. Jo Friday, freshly bathed, is at her feet, dog-smiling at her. Jane shows the little dog her gun --

JANE

I already have a best friend.

A NOISE. The dog BARKS. Jane looks through her peephole. UNLOCKS her door, holds up the gun with both hands. Dean stands there. Jane points the gun at his chest.

AGENT DEAN
You can't really believe I'm the
Apprentice.

JANE
Can if I feel like it.

Jo Friday jumps happily on Dean. He leans down and pets her.

AGENT DEAN
Hey, buddy, what's your name?

JANE
Can you visit Jo Friday during
business hours?

He looks at her until she lowers her gun. Then comes inside.

AGENT DEAN
Why did Hoyt go after you?

JANE
Dumb luck. First victim was mine.
In case you hadn't noticed, I'm his
favorite type: female.

AGENT DEAN
Oh, I've noticed.

A beat between them. Jane BLUSHES.

JANE
You want coffee?

Without waiting for an answer, Jane moves to --

KITCHEN

She FIRES UP an espresso machine. Dean looks around.

AGENT DEAN
You have a really nice place.

JANE
You sound surprised.
(off his look)
You thought I lived in my sterile
little hovel with dead plants and
TV dinners, didn't you?

He shrugs. Yeah, he did. Jane hands him the espresso. They TRADE a smile, then walk back into --

LIVING ROOM

There's an upright piano that he hadn't noticed before.

AGENT DEAN

You play?

JANE

Mostly I fold laundry on it. My grandfather thought my mother married beneath her. Gave me what she didn't want so I wouldn't make the same mistake. Which I won't because I'm never getting married.

AGENT DEAN

What happened to your hands?

A beat as she decides whether to tell him. Then --

JANE

Hoyt is good at setting traps.

FLASHBACK: A WOMAN SCREAMS as Jane, gun out, FLIES down rickety stairs into a darkened basement.

A DEAD MAN and UNCONSCIOUS WOMAN on a cot. Jane RIPS the tape off her mouth as it hits her -- WOMAN didn't scream. She SEES a boombox just as WHAM! - Warren Hoyt SLAMS her to the ground with a PIPE. He stands over her, SKEWERS her hand to the ground with a scalpel.

Korsak APPEARS, GUN OUT. BAM! Hoyt drops.

BACK TO SCENE:

JANE (CONT'D)

I keep taking the bait. Just like he knows I will.

AGENT DEAN

So Korsak saved you. That's why you requested a new partner?

JANE

No. Look, I'm not Hoyt's victim. I'm the one who caught him, helped save that woman.

AGENT DEAN

Not without a great deal of damage to you.

JANE

So I'm damaged.

AGENT DEAN
That's not what I said.

She sits on the couch. Jo Friday sits next to her.

JANE
You're not wrong.

AGENT DEAN
Why do you feel the need to outdo every man?

JANE
I have to work harder just to be treated like everybody else.

AGENT DEAN
You're not everybody else.

She looks away. He wills her to look at him. She does.

AGENT DEAN (CONT'D)
You think a gun and an attitude will keep you alive?

JANE
Yup. That and two patrol officers outside.

He SITS very close to her.

AGENT DEAN
I could stay...

She FREEZES, desperately wanting him to stay. Not sure if that's a good idea.

JANE
I can't put you at risk.

AGENT DEAN
Of what?

She looks at him. He looks at her. RAW SEXUAL ENERGY gyrates between them. She stands, completely unnerved by him.

JANE
You have to go, uh, now.

AGENT DEAN
Okay. Good-bye, then.

She waves good-bye. He walks out. She watches him go.

INT. BULLPEN - JANE'S AREA - DAWN

She works on her computer. No one else is in yet. Her cell rings the Sci-Fi Mom tone. She just looks at it.

JANE

It's 6 a.m., Ma. Give it a rest.

It stops. Starts again. Jane pretends to answer it.

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh, hello, Mother...You're worried about me? That's so sweet...no, I'm fine.

Maura enters with two cups of coffee. Jane doesn't see her.

JANE (CONT'D)

Why, yes, I am in charge of a big case...You read about me in The Globe? Oh, Mom, I love you, too. It's so great to finally hear you say something nice --

Maura tries to tiptoe away. Jane hears her, FLUSHES RED.

JANE (CONT'D)

Okay, I feel silly. You're early.

MAURA

Sorry. Thought you were talking to someone.

JANE

My fantasy mother. I never once had a conversation with her when she wasn't doing something: peeling potatoes, washing dishes, sweeping, telling me what to do.

Maura hands her a latte, sits near her.

MAURA

They have a button for "light foam."

JANE

That is the best news. Can't sleep. My place has never been cleaner. I can't stop thinking about...him.

MAURA

There'd be something wrong with you if you weren't terrified.

Jane's cell RINGS again. She turns it off.

MAURA (CONT'D)
What's my ring tone?

Jane BLUSHES. Then PLAYS POP Version of FUNERAL DIRGE.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Nice and upbeat. You tell your mom
Hoyt's out?

JANE
Good idea. She'll have me sleeping
under my pink canopy bed.

MAURA
I always wanted a pink canopy.

Jane LOOKS at Maura, SMILES.

JANE
I wanted a horse. You think I
wanted to be a cop because I knew
it would bug my mother?

MAURA
No. I think you wanted to be a
superhero.

JANE
Oh, but I am, Doctor. Please don't
tell me you've always wanted to
dissect dead people.

MAURA
Okay, I won't.

Jane starts to dial her phone. STOPS. Looks at Maura.

JANE
Is it too early to call Agent Dean?

MAURA
(this is hard to say)
He went back to D.C.

JANE
What? What do you mean, "back to
D.C."? Isn't he out of Boston?

Maura looks uncomfortable. Shakes her head "no."

MAURA
This is a lot bigger and a lot more
complicated than we thought.

JANE

Talk to me. I saw him three hours ago. When did you talk to him?

MAURA

Um, after that.

JANE

Oh. Okay, this is awkward.

Heavy silence DROPS between them like a drape.

JANE (CONT'D)

Why did he come to your house the night I was there?

MAURA

He had some questions. About another case.

JANE

I saw him give you an envelope, with photos. What case?

MAURA

It involves national security.

Jane puts the coffee down, STARES at Maura as though she's reevaluating their entire relationship.

JANE

Are you kidding me?

Maura looks miserable. Jane picks up her stuff.

MAURA

Where are you going?

Jane says nothing. Just walks away.

EXT. JANE'S APT. - DAY

She throws her suitcase into her car, looks up at her apartment. Jo Friday is whining and scratching at a window. Jane sighs and MARCHES back inside.

INT. JANE'S APT. - HALLWAY OUTSIDE AVERY'S APT. - LATER

Jane holds dog food and a bed. At her feet, Jo Friday waits patiently. Avery OPENS her door and SCOOPS up the dog.

JANE

You're sure?

AVERY
Positive. She can help me study
Contracts, right Jo?

Jo Friday BARKS happily as Jane hurries away.

EXT. DULLES AIRPORT - LANDING STRIP - LATER

A plane lands.

CAPT'S VOICE
Welcome to Washington, D.C.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Jane walks up to the building, goes inside.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SECURITY ENTRANCE - DAY

Jane walks up to a UNIFORMED GUARD.

JANE
I'm here to see Special Agent
Gabriel Dean.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SECURITY ENTRANCE - LATER

Jane is fuming as Dean comes toward her.

AGENT DEAN
(to Guard)
It's all right.

JANE
You sure? Maybe you should set up a
perimeter around the White House --

Dean steers her away from the Security Guard, leads her by
the arm to the street exit.

JANE (CONT'D)
I'm not leaving.

AGENT DEAN
You bring your gun?

JANE
At the hotel. I decided not to
shoot you. But that was awhile ago.

AGENT DEAN
C'mon. I want you to meet someone.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - SENATE BUILDING - DAY

Establishing.

INT. SENATE BUILDING - SENATOR CONWAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jane and Dean sit facing SENATOR SAM CONWAY, 50's. He takes a file from a locked drawer, hands it to Jane. She opens it.

CLOSE ON: photo of a bearded man in a Shalwar Kammez: a long shirt reaching his knees. He's slumped against the wall, bloody and bound just like Dr. Yeager and Alexander Ghent.

JANE

Where is this?

Senator Conway and Dean trade a look.

SENATOR CONWAY

Kabul, Afghanistan.

JANE

It looks like Hoyt's work.

AGENT DEAN

Operation Enduring Freedom. Four thousand ground troops, a hundred casualties a day, fifty of them civilians.

Dean hands her a bigger file. Jane looks at similar crime scenes over and over: dead men. Naked, bloodied women.

JANE

A war zone: it's a serial killer's paradise. Nobody notices if a few more die. That's why you kept me in the dark: our killer is a soldier, isn't he?

AGENT DEAN

Yes.

JANE

He must've finished his tour. Came to Boston to meet up with Hoyt. But Hoyt was behind bars.

SENATOR CONWAY

We started investigating the Afghanistan killings two years ago.

JANE

I don't get it: why didn't the Hoyt killings ring alarm bells?

AGENT DEAN

They did. We couldn't find a connection. Until the bulletin for the Yeager killings came across my desk.

JANE

We have the Apprentice's DNA, his prints. If he's a soldier, he has to be in a military database. And he's not. We checked.

The two men look at each other. Dean sighs.

AGENT DEAN

Have you ever heard of 'sheep dipping'?

She shakes her head "no."

AGENT DEAN (CONT'D)

It's when the C.I.A. borrows a soldier for a Black Ops mission.

SENATOR CONWAY

Green Berets were sheep-dipped so they could secretly train the Mujahideen in Afghanistan. Their identities were wiped from all databases.

JANE

So they couldn't be identified as American military. You think our Apprentice was a green beret, working for the C.I.A.?

AGENT DEAN

Yes.

JANE

Hoyt was always crazy. But our Apprentice was an elite soldier. Maybe he stopped being able to tell the difference. We train our best men to be killers, and we're surprised when they are.

AGENT DEAN

I hate that he's a soldier.

JANE

Me, too. Wait, that's the connection. What if he had other training? Hoyt enrolled at Ft.

Stewart as a combat medic after dropping out of medical school. Could the Apprentice be a medic?

AGENT DEAN

Maybe. Let's go to Ft. Stewart in the morning. Cross-reference their service records. We'll nail these sons-of-bitches.

INT. AGENT DEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Dean pulls to a stop in front of Jane's hotel.

AGENT DEAN

If you get hungry, Washington Grill makes great steaks.

Jane hesitates: is he asking her out? She doesn't want to misinterpret him. She waits. He doesn't say anything. She gets out, hides her disappointment: back to Jane The Cop.

JANE

See you in the morning.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jane flops on the bed. KNOCK, KNOCK. She straightens up, looks through the peephole: it's Dean. She can't help herself: she SMILES as she opens the door.

AGENT DEAN

I was asking you out, okay?

JANE

"Out" out?
(off his nod)
Didn't want to be presumptuous.

AGENT DEAN

So?

JANE

So, yes. Just gimme a minute.

He smiles as he leaves her room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Jane looks beautiful with a little make-up and a fresh shirt. Her cellphone rings: POP version of FUNERAL DIRGE. She answers it.

JANE

Rizzoli...Maura? Wait, what?

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME (INTERCUT)

Maura is in Jane's apartment while UNIFORMS SWARM. It's destroyed: couch is reduced to knife slits and stuffing. Everything is smashed.

MAURA

I'm in your apartment.

JANE

Why?

MAURA

They got in, Jane. I'm just glad you weren't here.

JANE

Is anything missing?

MAURA

I can't really tell.

JANE

I'll catch the next plane.

MAURA

I have to go to my office. I'll have a uniform stay until you get here. Jane --

JANE

What?

MAURA

Be careful.

Jane HANGS up. Throws clothes and her gun into her suitcase, starts out the door. Dean is there, mid-knock.

JANE

I have to go. He was in my apartment.

She hurries past him without a "good-bye."

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. TAXI / EXT. JANE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A taxi pulls PAST a parked Boston PD patrol car. CORONER'S VAN BLOCKS the sidewalk and ENTRANCE to Jane's building. Jane JUMPS out of the cab, grabs her suitcase. She tries to SQUEEZE past the van. Morgue Attendant 1, who was at the first crime scene, stops her.

MORGUE ATTENDANT 1
Uh, Detective Rizzoli, can you I.D.
the body before you go in?

JANE
What body?

Morgue Attendant shrugs, baffled, points to the van.

MORGE ATTENDANT 1
Sorry, thought you knew. Doctor
Isles said it's your neighbor, uh --

As he looks through paperwork --

MORGUE ATTENDANT 1
It's a young female, 20's maybe --

JANE
Oh god -- Avery? Is it Avery?

Jane JUMPS into the back of the van. She SHAKES as she UNZIPS the black body bag. INSIDE IS WARREN HOYT.

HOYT
Nice to see you Jane.

Jane SCREAMS. The Morgue Attendant gets in behind her, locks the doors. Hoyt HOLDS UP a Taser Gun.

ZZZZT! He STUNS her. Jane DROPS to the floor, WRITHES in pain. Hoyt climbs into the driver's seat, PULLS AWAY as Morgue Attendant Tasers Jane again. She blacks out as we --

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP FROM BLACK:

INT. CORONER'S VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Jane opens her eyes. She's tightly duct-taped: hands bound in front at her waist. Ankles and knees TAPED. She SQUIRMS like a caught fish. Van VEERS suddenly, PITCHES her into her suitcase. She FIGHTS to move her hands enough to reach it.

EXT. FOREST - MINUTES LATER

Van STOPS.

INT. CORONER'S VAN (STOPPED) - DAY

Jane's facedown. She BLINKS as the doors are THROWN OPEN. Hoyt SMILES like he's off to a ballgame. He and The Apprentice drag Jane to the lip of the van. Hoyt lowers his head so he and Jane are nose-to-nose. He RUNS THE SCALPEL along her cheek.

HOYT

I am so happy to finish what we started.

The SCALPEL BITES into her cheek, draws blood. IN ONE FAST MOVE, she head-butts Hoyt then FLIPS to face him. In her TAPED HANDS, she CLUTCHES the gun from her suitcase. BOOM!

He goes down. The Apprentice LUNGES. BOOM! He FALLS. Jane GRABS the scalpel, saws off the duct tape, JUMPS OUT. She stands over Hoyt, raises her gun. He smiles. She FIRES twice.

ANGLE ON: Hoyt, smiling as he holds out his bloody palms.

HOYT (CONT'D)

We match.

COP CARS FLY IN. LIGHTS AND SIRENS. The cavalry has arrived. But Jane doesn't need them. Our girl has rescued herself. Maura PULLS right up to Jane, WHEELS SCREECHING. Jumps out.

MAURA

Jane!

Jane and Maura EMBRACE.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

JANE

Um...it was kind of a weird day.

Agent Dean WATCHES them in the b.g.

MAURA

Dean was really worried.

JANE

Oh, so you were hoping I was out of the picture, weren't you?

MAURA

(laughing)

Where's the fun in that?

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Two EMT's work on Hoyt. Maura, Dean and now Frost and Crowe surround Jane. An EMT wipes Jane's cheek with a pad.

JANE
How did you find me?

MAURA
Actually, I called the FBI when you didn't show up. Agent Dean was able to ping your cellphone.

JANE
What about Avery, she okay?

CROWE
So okay. Wicked hot.

MAURA
Jo Friday is fine, too.

AGENT DEAN
You were right about Ft. Stewart.

Dean HOLDS UP a photo of two Army buddies: Hoyt and the Apprentice.

DEAN
His name is John Stark.

Morgue Attendants ROLL the GURNEY with the BODY BAG past them. Jane STOPS them, STARES at it.

JANE
Hoyt killed that prisoner so the prison would summon his Apprentice from the Coroner's Office.

AGENT DEAN
He hid under the dead man in the body bag. Slipped right by us.

Jane UNZIPS the body bag then remembers Frost is watching.

JANE
Might want to wait over there.

But he's rock steady. He LIFTS the dead man's arm for her.

JANE (CONT'D)
Wow, look at you!

CLOSE ON: the tattoo on his arm: 68W HCS. PHOTO of Hoyt and the Apprentice MOVES into the frame. TATTOO and SYMBOL embroidered on the uniforms MATCH: 68W HCS.

AGENT DEAN
68W Health Care Specialists.
They met during training.

Jane watches EMT's lift Hoyt into the ambulance.

JANE
He's like a cockroach. Should've
squeezed off a few more rounds.

A police CAR PULLS next to Jane. Its passenger is Korsak,
heavily bandaged.

JANE (CONT'D)
Get your ass back to the hospital.

KORSAK
I had to make sure you were okay.

JANE
I'm fine. Go. Now, or I won't walk
Jo Friday.

She gives him a faux stern look. He waves as the car pulls
away. Dean clears his throat.

AGENT DEAN
I know I said dinner, but what
about breakfast?

Jane smiles, about to answer, when her cell rings --

JANE
(to phone)
Rizzoli...
(explains to Dean)
Dispatcher.

Jane walks away. STAY ON Dean, watching her protectively.

JANE (CONT'D)
(to phone)
Call Crowe. I'm taking the day off.

Maura and Dean TALK to each other. Jane SEES this. Something
HITS her heart hard. She turns back to her phone.

JANE (CONT'D)
We'll take it.
(hangs up, calls to Frost)
We got a homicide in Dorchester.

Jane and Frost get in Frost's car, pull away. Jane looks
back. Maura is walking after the car, calling her name.

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh, brother...Stop the car, Frost.

Jane gets out, WALKS OVER to Maura, who looks hurt and confused.

MAURA

What're you doing?

JANE

Being a petulant baby.

MAURA

That's what I thought.

JANE

Good, getting better at this girl stuff.

Jane LOOKS at Dean in the b.g. Maura FOLLOWS her look.

JANE (CONT'D)

This is stupid. He's not worth it.

A BEAT between them before they both BUST UP, laughing.

JANE (CONT'D)

Okay, yes he is.

MAURA

What do we do now?

JANE

Hell if I know.

MAURA

I say on three, we jump in my car and go get a massage.

JANE

Deal. 1-2-3. Go.

INT. MAURA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

They JUMP in, PEEL off like Thelma and Louise. Dean watches them. Now he's confused. They LAUGH like 7th grade girls as they drive away.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT