

THE **MENTALIST**

"Bloodsport"

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Directed By
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Episode 311
#3X6411

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CAST LIST

PATRICK JANE
SENIOR CBI AGENT TERESA LISBON
CBI AGENT KIMBALL CHO
CBI AGENT WAYNE RIGSBY
CBI AGENT GRACE VAN PELT

DATE
MANNY FLACCO
ROWDY MERRIMAN
CHARLOTTE MITCHELL
LEN ARTASH
SUGE LIMA
BEATRIZ FLACCO
BIG MAN
J.J. LAROCHE
JOE REYES
TOM MITCHELL
LOIS
FLOYD BENTON
DAWN KERR
FRANK LOPEZ
SPORTS REPORTER

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

ARENA - NIGHT
 BACKSTAGE
 FLACCO'S LOCKER ROOM
 HALLWAY
 MERRIMAN'S DRESSING ROOM
CBI HQ - DAY & NIGHT
 LISBON'S OFFICE
 INTERVIEW ROOM
 BULLPEN
 HALLWAY
 INTERROGATION ROOM #1
 INTERROGATION ROOM #2
 ELEVATORS
INNER CITY COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY
CHARLOTTE MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY
 LIVING ROOM
 OFFICE
BENTON'S GYM - DAY & NIGHT
HOSPITAL - DAY
 HOSPITAL ROOM
 HALLWAY
 WAITING AREA
 ELEVATORS
 TOM MITCHELL'S ROOM

EXTERIORS

INNER CITY COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY
CHARLOTTE MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY
BENTON'S GYM - DAY
SUBURBAN SCHOOL - DAY
BACK ALLEY OAKLAND - DAY
 GEARHEAD HANGOUT

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DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

DAY 1

Scene 54 - 55

NIGHT 1

Scene 1 - 14, 57

DAY 2

Scenes 15 - 35

NIGHT 2

Scene 36 - 38

DAY 3

Scenes 39 - 42

NIGHT 3

Scenes 43 - 44

DAY 4

Scenes 44A - 53, 56, 58 - 59
(Scenes 60 - 61 Omitted)

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. ARENA - NIGHT (N/1) 1

Two Mixed Martial Arts FIGHTERS are going at it in the CAGE. MANNY FLACCO (20's), an up-and-coming contender, fights with grace and intelligence against ROWDY MERRIMAN (30's), a brutish journeyman fighter. At cage-side, we establish SUGE LIMA and LEN ARTASH -- we'll be properly introduced to them later..

In the crowd, Rigsby sits with a pretty DATE. She seems reasonably demure at first glance.

DATE

Yes! Hit him again!
Again! Kill him! Kill the
sonofabitch!

Rigsby looks a little uncomfortable.

RIGSBY

(calm down gesture)
Uh...

DATE

Yeah! Break his face!

In the cage, Flacco executes a brutal takedown of Merriman.

2 INT. BACKSTAGE. ARENA - NIGHT 2

A food VENDOR pushes her CART along a hallway. She notices something on the floor and frowns. She bends down to look closer.

CU on a RED DROPLET on the linoleum floor. The Vendor reaches down and touches it -- BLOOD. She looks up. There's another one, further down the hallway.

3 INT. ARENA - NIGHT 3

The two Fighters are in their corners. The hot Date turns back to Rigsby.

DATE

So, you must hit a lot of guys uh?

RIGSBY

I'm a cop. Comes with the job
sometimes, but it's only ever --

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

DATE

-- That's so hot. I'd love to see
you hit someone.

RIGSBY

Um, maybe, I mean...

The BELL RINGS to start the next round. The two fighters
come out of their corners and exchange exploratory jabs.

4 INT. BACKSTAGE. ARENA - NIGHT

4

The blood spots form a trail that leads the Vendor toward a
WALL LOCKER. The Vendor approaches the locker, looks at it
curiously.

5 INT. ARENA - NIGHT

5

Flacco counters Merriman's attack with a series of lightning-
fast combinations. The crowd ROARS. Rigsby's Date is on her
feet, screaming. Rigsby glances at his watch.

6 INT. BACKSTAGE. ARENA - NIGHT

6

The Vendor reaches out and opens the locker...

7 INT. ARENA - NIGHT

7

Merriman is driven back into the walls of the cage. A hard
jab sends him reeling, then a roundhouse kick sends him
crashing to the canvas.

8 INT. BACKSTAGE. ARENA - NIGHT

8

The locker OPENS and a BODY falls to the floor. The Vendor
SCREAMS.

9 INT. ARENA - NIGHT

9

The crowd ROARS as the REF counts Merriman out. Merriman
lies dazed as flashbulbs FLARE.

CUT TO:

10 INT. BACKSTAGE. ARENA - LATER

10

A FLASH illuminates the murder victim lying sprawled on the
floor. She is a woman in her late 20's or early 30's.

ARTASH (O.S.)

Charlotte Mitchell was her name.

The front of her shirt is stained with blood from TWO GUNSHOT
WOUNDS.

(CONTINUED)

Rigsby is overseeing the FORENSICS TECHS, while fight promoter LEN ARTASH (50's, shiny suit) watches in horrified fascination.

ARTASH (CONT'D)

...She was a book writer. Writing a book.

LISBON and CHO flank Artash.

CHO

We've got control of the crime scene, but it's looking like a wide suspect list.

LISBON

Get a statement from every security guard, vendor, and attendant. Find out who could get backstage.

CHO

Right. It's going to be in the hundreds, at least.

Shaking his head in dismay, Cho heads off. Artash tears his gaze from the body.

ARTASH

Look, just to be clear, I don't own this arena. I simply promoted the fight. I have no liability here.

JANE stands next to Lisbon, gazing intently at Artash. Throughout the whole conversation, he doesn't take his eyes off him. In fact, Jane is miles away, and Artash just happens to be in his eyeline, but Artash is increasingly discomfited.

LISBON

What was Charlotte Mitchell's connection to you?

ARTASH

She was writing a book, about this fight. About my guy Manny Flacco and Rowdy Merriman. Said it was a microcosm of whatever. I figured any PR for my boy Manny is good PR. That's the kind of kid he is.

Rigsby approaches.

RIGSBY

Shot twice. Close range. Still got her purse, money and jewelry intact. M.E. estimates time of death to be between 8:30 to 9:00 pm.

ARTASH

That was right in the middle of the fight.

Rigsby gets a PHONE CALL, frowns when he sees the number...

RIGSBY

Excuse me...

He walks away. Lisbon continues with Artash.

LISBON

When was the last time you saw Ms. Mitchell?

ARTASH

We were supposed to sit together during the fight. She never showed up. Sir, why are you staring at me like that?

Jane shakes his head, comes back from a distant reverie.

JANE

Oh, was I staring? I'm so sorry, my mind was somewhere else entirely.

Lisbon looks askance. Jane seeks to show he's on the ball --

JANE (CONT'D)

(beat, recalls data)
Charlotte Mitchell, right? And you're Leonard Artash, promoter.

Artash looks quizzically to Lisbon. This is the CBI?

LISBON

Consultant.

JANE

Let's talk to the fighters, shall we?

LISBON

Really?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Rigsby just told us it wasn't a robbery and we know it wasn't sexual. And it looks cold-blooded, not a crime of passion. So what does that leave? I'll bet your pension it's something to do with the fight.

ARTASH

But Manny and Merriman were in the cage when she was shot.

JANE

Are you a detective?

ARTASH

No.

JANE

Well then...

11 INT. FLACCO'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

11

Manny Flacco getting dressed in a sharp suit. SUGE LIMA, his cornerman and manager ties his tie for him, whispering to him as if to a horse.

LIMA

...You the man, kid, you the man, you were fantastic in there, you messed him up like he was dogmeat, you're gonna be champion of the world, yes you are, champion of the world...

A PHOTOGRAPHER stands nearby snapping pictures. Several sportily dressed SECONDS and various HANGERS ON hang about, high-fiving each other and generally celebrating as if they all had won the fight. Flacco's wife BEATRIZ stands between him and Jane and Lisbon.

BEATRIZ

You have to deal with this now?

LISBON

Yes we do, ma'am.

FLACCO

What's the problem Bea? Who are those guys?

BEATRIZ

They're cops.

(CONTINUED)

LIMA

Oh come on now, can't it wait?
Let the boy enjoy his win. Talk to
him after we've checked in with the
doctor.

FLACCO

I don't need the doc.

LIMA

Better safe than sorry, right?

BEATRIZ

Manny's got nothing to do with
this.

FLACCO

Nothing to do with what?

LISBON

Charlotte Mitchell was murdered
earlier this evening.

FLACCO

Charlotte? Murdered? Oh my God.
How? When? Why?

LIMA

Stay cool. Don't get excited.

JANE

She was found shot to death in a
service corridor under the arena.
Happened while you were fighting.

Flacco turns on Beatriz and Lima.

FLACCO

You knew and you didn't tell me?
Am I a child?

BEATRIZ

Come on, Manny, you know we're
trying to protect you...

LIMA

Didn't want to spoil your night.

FLACCO

Who did this?

LISBON

That's what we're looking into.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

You liked her a lot huh? The dead lady, whatshername.

FLACCO

Whatshername?

JANE

Charlotte Mitchell.

FLACCO

Yeah I liked her. Everybody did. She was good people.

BEATRIZ

(unconvincing)
Yeah.

LIMA

Yes she was.

JANE

Okay, thanks. Got it. Which way is Merriman's room?

LISBON

(irked)

Oh we're done here, are we?

JANE

Sorry, yes. You have more questions? She has more questions.

LISBON

Did anyone see Charlotte Mitchell arrive at the arena?

Nope.

LISBON

Did anyone see her here at any point at all this evening?

Nope.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Okay then. I'm going to need names and contact numbers for everybody here.

JANE

While you do your police thing, I'll go talk to the other guy.

Jane exits to...

12 INT. HALLWAY. ARENA - CONTINUOUS 12

Jane finds Merriman's dressing room, goes to open the door. There's a BIG MAN standing casual sentry, holds up a hand.

BIG MAN

You don't want to go in there.

JANE

These are not the droids you're looking for.

Jane walks in while the Big Man tries to fathom his meaning.

13 INT. MERRIMAN'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 13

The identical room, but peopled by glum gangster types. Merriman is dressed in sweats and sunglasses, pacing up and down, punching lockers and walls, very angry. Everybody turns to look at Jane. The room is decidedly hostile to outsiders.

JANE

Hi. Tough night uh?
(lets that land)
But listen, consolation wise, you know what Nietzsche said. Was macht uns nicht umbringt, macht uns starker.

That doesn't win anyone over.

MERRIMAN

The hell are you? You know what, I don't care, get your butt outta here.

Jane shows his ID card.

JANE

CBI. Investigating a murder.

MERRIMAN

A cop? Screw murder. I got a robbery to report. That little fanny-pack Flacco wouldn't have won dip, if he didn't have the stinking ref in his pocket. Sonofabitch was headbutting me the whole night. Who got murdered?

JANE

Charlotte Mitchell.

MERRIMAN

No kidding. The book writer? That's messed up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

MERRIMAN (CONT'D)

Ain't gonna be no book now I guess.
Did they rape her as well? She was
kinda hot.

Jane stares at him a beat.

MERRIMAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

JANE

Either you're a genius manipulator
concealing your complicity in this
crime, or you're a dimly lit clown.
Which is it?

Merriman moves toward Jane with bad intent.

14

INT. HALLWAY. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

14

Lisbon is moving toward Merriman's dressing room, when the
door flies open and Jane hurries out, shutting the door
firmly behind him.

JANE

(to the Big Man)

You were right.

Jane hastens down the hallway. Merriman and several of his
Hangers On come busting out of the dressing room to have it
out with Jane. They follow him down the hallway.

MERRIMAN

Say that again you sonofabitch!

LISBON

Hey!

She follows them all.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

15 INT. LISBON'S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2) 15

Lisbon's on the phone. Van Pelt appears with a folder.
Van Pelt indicates the folder.

VAN PELT

Ballistics came back. Nine millimeter weapon. Rifling patterns and striations on the bullets indicate the gun used to kill Charlotte Mitchell was also used in a murder back in 2001. The weapon was never recovered. Killer was a man named Joe Reyes. Got out eight months ago. Early release.

LISBON

Cho's still working his way through suspects from the arena. Take Rigsby, go talk to Reyes. Find out where his gun went. I'm going to meet the victim's father.

VAN PELT

(awkward)
Rigsby's busy.

LISBON

With?

VAN PELT

Mr. Laroche is interviewing him.

LISBON

Oh?

Lisbon stands up, miffed.

16 INTERVIEW ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY 16

Rigsby sits across from J.J. LAROCHE, the PSU officer (CBI's version of Internal Affairs). LaRoche is looking through his notes.

LAROCHE

(not looking up)
A man named Todd Johnson was murdered while in CBI custody.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY
Yes. Cop killer. Burned to death
in his cell.

LAROCHE
I wanted to ask your opinion on
some things. You were an arson
investigator before coming to CBI,
right?

RIGSBY
Down in San Diego.

LAROCHE
Familiar with pyrophoric igniters?

RIGSBY
Sure. Liquid or solid?

LAROCHE
Used in conjunction with a xylene
accelerant?

RIGSBY
Overkill, I'd say.

LAROCHE
Really? And the fire safety system
here in CBI? Easy to access and
deactivate?

RIGSBY
Top of the line ESFR system? No,
bypassing that took real know-how.

LaRoche nods, Rigsby has confirmed LaRoche's own belief.

LAROCHE
You could deactivate it, couldn't
you?

RIGSBY
Yes I could.
(smiling)
You accusing me?

LAROCHE
(smiling back)
You confessing?

Rigsby laughs. Then --

LAROCHE (CONT'D)
Your father is Steven Robert
Rigsby?

(CONTINUED)

Rigsby frowns, obviously surprised by this question.

RIGSBY

Yes he is. What does that have to do with your investigation?

LAROCHE

He used to be affiliated with the Iron Gods motorcycle gang, yes?

RIGSBY

You know he was.

LAROCHE

(off file)

Yes. I have his sheet here. Robbery, narcotics, extortion, assault, manslaughter. Quite the rascal.

RIGSBY

Look, I've got nothing to do with my father.

LAROCHE

Nothing at all? No card at Christmas?

RIGSBY

No. We don't talk, I don't know where he is.

Lisbon enters, angry.

LISBON

LaRoche, you're meant to inform me if and when you speak with any of my people.

LAROCHE

That's not a right. That's a courtesy we extend on occasion.

LISBON

Well, in the future, I would ask you to extend that courtesy to me.

LAROCHE

Hmmm.

LaRoche nods to himself thoughtfully, makes some more notations, then looks up with an off-putting smile.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (3)

16

LAROCHE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Agent Rigsby. That should do it.

Rigsby gets up and leaves.

LISBON

So you'll let me know next time you speak with my guys.

LAROCHE

I understand that's your preference.

LISBON

And?

LAROCHE

I'll bear it in mind.

With that he shambles out, leaving Lisbon vexed.

17

EXT. INNER CITY COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

17

Van Pelt and Rigsby approach a rundown building. A SIGN says it's the CARELLA GARDENS COMMUNITY CENTER. From inside comes the SOUND of SINGING.

18

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

18

JOE REYES (30's-40's) is leading a small CONGREGATION in a hymn. Van Pelt and Rigsby enter.

REYES

Amen.

He notices Van Pelt and Rigsby at the back.

REYES (CONT'D)

Welcome.

He addresses the congregation, indicates Rigsby and Van Pelt.

REYES (CONT'D)

We have newcomers, brothers and sisters. Make them welcome.

The congregation turns and smiles at Van Pelt and Rigsby. Rigsby shows his badge.

RIGSBY

Joseph Reyes?

Reyes' face falls.

19

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER

19

Van Pelt and Rigsby sit with Joe Reyes.

REYES

My gun? A woman was killed with my gun?

RIGSBY

Same one you used back in 2001.

Reyes shakes his head sorrowfully.

REYES

There's no escaping the sins of the past. All you can do is ask the Lord's guidance and keep on.

VAN PELT

Did you know Charlotte Mitchell?

REYES

No, ma'am, I did not. And I don't have that gun either.

RIGSBY

Got rid of it back when you shot the guy. What'd you do with it?

REYES

I gave it to my lady friend at the time.

VAN PELT

What did she do with it?

REYES

That I don't know, ma'am. Haven't seen her since my arrest.

RIGSBY

The lady's name?

REYES

Dawn. Dawn Kerr.

RIGSBY

Address?

REYES

Don't know, sir. I never looked for her when I got out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

REYES (CONT'D)

After finding my faith, I knew I had to turn my back on evil ways and that type of person that would lead me there.

Rigsby and Van Pelt get up to go.

VAN PELT

Why'd you kill that man back in 2001? If you don't mind my asking.

REYES

Don't know, ma'am. Foolishness. I did a lot of bad things, back in the day. That was just the one they caught me for.

He shrugs, gazes out the window.

REYES (CONT'D)

God's plan.

20

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

20

Van Pelt and Rigsby walk back toward their car.

VAN PELT

Seems clean, but we should keep an eye on him, don't you think?

Rigsby doesn't say anything, lost in his thoughts.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

You okay?

RIGSBY

(snapping out of it)
Sure. Why wouldn't I be?

VAN PELT

You're being quiet. Like something's bugging you. Was it LaRoche?

RIGSBY

No.

He gets in the car. Van Pelt looks at him, sensing something's wrong.

21

EXT. CHARLOTTE MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY

21

Establishing. A small, well-tended bungalow: picket fence, flower garden.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

TOM MITCHELL (V.O.)
(on television)
Come on, hold up the paper.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)
(on television)
Daaad.

22

INT. CHARLOTTE MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY

22

The living room matches the outside; quaint, old-fashioned, everything just so. TOM MITCHELL (60's) -- an old-time newspaperman who looks like he has a fedora perched on the back of his head even when he doesn't -- sits on a couch with LOIS (50's), a lady friend. On the television is a VIDEO of Charlotte Mitchell a few years ago, fresh out of college.

TOM MITCHELL
(stopping the video)
She was a good girl. A fine human being.

Trying to mask his sorrow, he turns a sob into a cough, and Lois takes his hand. Lisbon and Jane sit nearby.

LISBON
We're sorry for your loss, Mr. Mitchell.

JANE
Would you mind if I looked around a bit?

Tom Mitchell nods vaguely, gets up.

TOM MITCHELL
(gesturing)
Kitchen's over there. Office is this way.

He heads through a door.

23

INT. OFFICE. CHARLOTTE MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY

23

A small, neat room. A desk under the window, bookshelves and filing cabinets along the walls.

TOM MITCHELL
Here are her notebooks. She kept good notes. I taught her that. I was apologizing to her only last week, for teaching her a dying profession. Journalism, dying out you know. All this internet.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

He covers his face.

LOIS

Tom, why don't we go back to the living room.

Mitchell nods mutely, mopping at his eyes. Lois leads him out. Lisbon picks up the most recent notebooks. Jane starts looking around.

JANE

I won't be a minute.

Lisbon nods, follows Tom Mitchell and Lois. Jane is alone in a room full of books, PHOTOGRAPHS, awards, and FRAMED COLUMNS: from this he can learn the story of Charlotte Mitchell's life.

24

INT. CHARLOTTE MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY

24

Lois and Lisbon help Tom Mitchell to a chair.

LISBON

Can I get you something, Mr. Mitchell? A glass of water, maybe.

TOM MITCHELL

Yes, please.

He picks up the remote and restarts the video.

TOM MITCHELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hold it higher.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL (V.O.)

(obviously delighted)

It's just a town hall report.

She holds a copy of the Sacramento Examiner.

TOM MITCHELL (V.O.)

It's your first real newspaper article. This is big.

Slumped in his chair in the flickering light of the television, Tom Mitchell looks frail -- crushed by age and grief.

25

INT. OFFICE. CHARLOTTE MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY

25

Jane moves around the room, the SOUND of video clear from next door.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL (V.O.)
I've been in real newspapers
before.

TOM MITCHELL (V.O.)
Those weren't real newspapers.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL (V.O.)
They were so.

As he listens, Jane's eye takes in a SNAPSHOT of Charlotte Mitchell looking like a badass foreign correspondent outside the Peshawar Press Club; a PLAQUE reading *CROCKER AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN JOURNALISM*; another PICTURE of Charlotte Mitchell in a graduation gown with a diploma, father at her side.

Suddenly, OS there's a CRASH. Jane reacts.

Lisbon and Lois are kneeling beside Tom Mitchell, who lies crumpled on the floor. A chair and coffee table are overturned next to him. On the television, Charlotte smiles happily and reads from her article...

TOM MITCHELL (V.O.)
Okay, now go to the page and read it.

A rustling as Charlotte turns the pages. Then --

TOM MITCHELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Go on.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL (V.O.)
I'm reading it.

TOM MITCHELL (V.O.)
Ha ha. Out loud.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL (V.O.)
Grove Park Interim Mayor Joyce
Franklin presided today over the
opening of a brand new --

As Jane enters, Lisbon tosses him a cell phone.

LISBON
Heart attack. Ambulance.

She returns to performing chest compression. On Jane, dialing.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

27 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2 CONT'D) 27

Jane watching the Flacco/Merriman fight ON TAPE. He gets right into it. Nearby, Lisbon on the phone.

LISBON

Thanks. Let us know.

(hangs up)

Doctor says Tom Mitchell had a major cardiac arrest.

JANE

I could have told them that.

LISBON

They've been able to stabilize him, but he's still unconscious. They're going to keep him in the ICU until he wakes up.

JANE

Poor man.

On the TV SCREEN, the crowd ROARS as Merriman goes down; off which, Jane and Lisbon watch...

LISBON

Went down and stayed down.

JANE

Yup.

LISBON

I've been going through Mitchell's notebooks. Aside from a lot of stuff about the dangers of Mixed Martial Arts fighting and blood markers, she was looking for a fight fixing angle. What do you think?

JANE

Merriman took a fall? Can't see it. Worth killing over though. Lot of money to be made on a sure thing.

Cho enters.

(CONTINUED)

CHO

I found Joe Reyes' girlfriend, Dawn Kerr. The one he says he gave the gun to.

LISBON

You and Rigsby go check her out.

She looks at Jane.

LISBON (CONT'D)

I think we should talk to the promoter, Artash. See what he has to say about fight fixing.

Two YOUNG FIGHTERS are sparring in the ring under the watchful eye of FLOYD BENTON, (50's) an ex-boxer who owns the gym. Artash is nearby, on the phone.

Lisbon and Jane enter.

LISBON

Mr. Artash.

He holds up a finger -- wait...

ARTASH

(to phone)

Sixty-forty split. With an option for his next three fights.

He listens for a moment.

ARTASH (CONT'D)

Hey, alternatively, go eat a shoelace. I want the deal done by Friday. Call me back.

Artash stashes his phone, smiles broadly at Jane and Lisbon.

ARTASH (CONT'D)

We got it. Manny's fighting for the title, six months time. Two million dollar purse. Can I pick 'em or what?

He points to the ring.

ARTASH (CONT'D)

See the tall kid? He's going to be my next champion. Mark my words.

Jane hears that, heads towards the ring.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

LISBON

Could we talk quietly some place?

29

EXT. BENTON'S GYM - DAY

29

A rundown building in a rundown neighborhood. Artash steps out into the parking lot with Lisbon.

LISBON

Fight fixing: what can you tell me?

ARTASH

Doesn't happen. Like I told Charlotte -- it's not financially viable in this day and age. She'd been reading about past fixes in boxing, wanted to know if it exists in MMA. It doesn't.

LISBON

How come?

ARTASH

The Board finds out about a fixed fight, everybody involved is done, forever. So first, there's that. Second, you need a fighter willing to take a dive.

LISBON

You're saying Merriman wouldn't do it?

ARTASH

You met him, right? Egomaniac. He'd never agree to such a thing.

LISBON

How'd he get along with Charlotte Mitchell?

ARTASH

He resented her a little, I think. He wanted her to portray him as a good guy and she wasn't buying it.

LISBON

He's not a good guy?

ARTASH

Flacco's the good guy, Rowdy's the villain. That's how we sold the fight, because that's who they are. Manny's a sweetheart, Rowdy's a natural jerk.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

How did this resentment toward
Charlotte show itself?

ARTASH

I don't know, the way he acted
around her.

LISBON

How?

ARTASH

Coarse, lascivious, like it would
be a bad idea to let him get her
alone.

Jane is watching the two fighters. Artash's PROSPECT is
quick and wary, darting in with quick jabs and then dancing
back.

Beside Jane, FLOYD BENTON, the gym's owner, yells advice at
the Prospect's heavier OPPONENT.

BENTON

Stick the jab, then shoot! Stick
and shoot!

JANE

Your fighter looks bigger and
stronger. Shouldn't he be winning?

BENTON

(disgusted)
He's slower and dumber.
Keep walking, bub. I need advice,
I'll call my mother.
(yelling)
Get off the ropes!

JANE

You're Floyd Benton, that trains
Manny Flacco?

Benton looks at Jane properly for the first time.

BENTON

Used to. Until he got too big and
smart to learn. Police huh?

JANE

How did you know?

BENTON

Police and fine women act like they got a right to be wherever they're at. And you ain't no fine woman. Stick that jab you sonofabitch! Stick it!

JANE

I'm here about Charlotte Mitchell.

BENTON

Yeah. Poor girl. You think it was about the fight?

JANE

What do you think?

BENTON

I think if it wasn't about the fight, you wouldn't be here.

JANE

So, what aspect of the fight would motivate murder?

BENTON

You're the detective. I'm supposed to do your job for you?

JANE

How about I do your job for you? Fair exchange.

BENTON

Shoot.

JANE

Artash's prospect there has a tell. Taps his forehead before he throws the right upper cut. When he does that, your man should step to his right and throw a hook.

Benton looks at Jane with new respect.

BENTON

Damn if you ain't somewhat correct. You got an eye.

JANE

Now you. Who killed Charlotte Mitchell?

BENTON

Don't know. But I will say this,
there is more to Manny Flacco than
meets the eye.

JANE

Oh? Like what?

BENTON

Just a vibe I get.

JANE

That vibe have anything to do with
him firing you as his trainer?

BENTON

I'm a bigger man than that.

The Fighters return to their corners and Benton is
immediately up and on point...

BENTON (CONT'D)

Listen up now, your man there taps
his head when he's gonna throw the
upper cut...

ON Jane watching with interest...

DAWN KERR (30's) stands in the crosswalk outside the school
wearing a blaze orange vest and carrying a stop sign.

DAWN KERR

Come on now, get going.

She hurries the kids across the street with cheerful
scolding. Rigsby and Cho approach.

CHO

Dawn Kerr? We need to talk.

He shows her his badge.

DAWN KERR

What's this about?

RIGSBY

You remember a guy named Joe Reyes?
We want to know what happened to a
gun he gave you.

Dawn looks around, alarmed.

31

DAWN KERR

Look, can you keep it down? People here might get upset, they knew about my past business.

CHO

The gun. What'd you do with it?

DAWN KERR

I gave it to my cousin Bobby. I don't know what he did with it.

RIGSBY

Where's your cousin Bobby?

DAWN KERR

Dead. Got blown up in Iraq.

Rigsby's PHONE RINGS.

RIGSBY

(answering)

Hello?

LAROCHE (O.S.)

(on phone)

Agent Rigsby? This is J.J. LaRoche.

INTERCUT WITH:

32

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

32

LaRoche sits at Rigsby's desk.

LAROCHE

Where are you? We need to talk more.

RIGSBY

I'm working a case.

He glances over to where Cho is talking with Dawn Kerr.

LAROCHE

When are you coming back in?

RIGSBY

I couldn't say. It's an active case.

LAROCHE

I could ask Agent Lisbon to bring you back. Should I do that?

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

I'll be there in an hour.

He hangs up, heads back to where Cho and Dawn are talking.

DAWN KERR

I got two kids I'm trying to raise right, who don't know what kind of life I used to lead --

RIGSBY

Thank you, ma'am. We'll be in touch.

(to Cho)

Let's go. Gotta get back.

They head back to the car.

CHO

Says she was at parent-teacher conference night before last. Should be easy to check.

He looks over at Rigsby, who looks preoccupied.

CHO (CONT'D)

Anything wrong? Who called?

Rigsby looks at him, about to say something. Then --

RIGSBY

Nothing. Nobody.

He gets in the car.

Rigsby sits across from LaRoche.

LAROCHE

Sorry to bother you again, Agent Rigsby, just a few things that don't seem to match.

He looks at his notes.

LAROCHE (CONT'D)

You said there'd been no contact, but phone records show six phone calls from your father between June and July of 2008.

RIGSBY

What does this have to do with somebody burning a cop killer to death here in CBI?

LAROCHE

It doesn't, directly. But it speaks to character.

RIGSBY

You're questioning my character?

LAROCHE

Did you know there are criminological studies that posit criminality as a heritable trait? Like eye color, or a baritone voice.

RIGSBY

What?

LAROCHE

I just mean it's not necessarily your fault, Agent Rigsby. You may simply be predisposed to criminal behavior. Scientifically speaking.

RIGSBY

My father called me about a mix-up with his parole officer. Was I supposed to ignore him? Hang up?

LAROCHE

You forgot that conversation? Or chose not to speak of it?

Rigsby stands up.

RIGSBY

Are we done? I think we're done.

He leaves. LaRoche watches him go.

34 INT. HALLWAY/BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

34

Rigsby walks right past Van Pelt without acknowledging her as she greets him. Van Pelt, takes a beat and walks on to --

35 INT. LISBON'S OFFICE - DAY

35

Van Pelt puts her head in the room. Lisbon's at her desk.

(CONTINUED)

VAN PELT

I got something. A security guard had a run-in with Charlotte Mitchell before the fight.

LISBON

How come we didn't hear about this before now?

VAN PELT

He left the arena before the fight ended. He was filling in for a guy and his wife went into labor. He didn't connect it to the murder until he saw Charlotte Mitchell's picture on the television.

LISBON

So what'd he see?

VAN PELT

Charlotte Mitchell was trying to get in to the dressing room area before the fight. Because she didn't have the right kind of access laminate, the guard wouldn't let her in. She was agitated, made a scene, and he threw her out. This was at approximately six-thirty.

LISBON

Six-thirty? That puts her in the arena an hour before the M.E.'s estimate.

VAN PELT

Yup. And that means Flacco and Merriman both had opportunity. They're suspects, too.

LISBON

Bring them both in. Let's see what they have to say under questioning.

Merriman strolls arrogantly through CBI, followed by a thuggish-looking POSSE. Cho meets him.

CHO

Mr. Merriman, your associates are going to have to wait outside.

MERRIMAN

They're cool.

CHO

They're cool outside.

Merriman stops, his eyes narrow. Across the room, Flacco stands talking with Lisbon. His manager Lima and his wife Beatriz are with him.

MERRIMAN

Flacco, you little punk. You used plastered wraps, didn't you? A punk like you can't hit like that, I know.

Flacco is calm and unaffected by Merriman.

FLACCO

Hey, good to see you, Rowdy. Nice fight

Merriman starts across the room toward Flacco.

CHO

Mr. Merriman, come back.

He starts after Merriman.

MERRIMAN

You want to go again, Manny? I'll knock you out right here.

LISBON

Mr. and Mrs. Flacco, why don't we go into my office?

FLACCO

Sure. Come on, Bea.

MERRIMAN

Running away, Manny? Just like you did in the cage, huh?

Flacco turns to Merriman with a smile.

FLACCO

Two million people saw me kick your butt. Live with it.

That's too much for Merriman, who goes for Flacco. Lima jumps on Merriman before he can get to Flacco, and then Merriman's posse goes for Lima. Beatriz screams angrily, starts swinging her purse.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Hey! No!

She and Cho throw themselves into the fray, but a full-on brawl has broken out.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Rigsby! Get over here.

As the CBI Agents work to suppress the violence, Jane enters, watches bemused.

JANE

I'm all for working outside the box, Lisbon, but this seems a bit beyond the pale, don't you think?

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

37 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1. CBI - NIGHT (N/2 CONT'D) 37

Merriman sits sullenly across from Cho. He looks like he got the worst of it in the brawl.

MERRIMAN

Nah, I didn't kill the writer lady.
Why would I?

CHO

I've looked at your rap sheet.
There's a pattern of violence
against women.

MERRIMAN

Tsst. If I slap a bitch, she
asked for it. Bitches like to get
slapped. Don't ask me why.

CHO

Did Charlotte Mitchell ask for it?

MERRIMAN

No she didn't. I asked her for it
though. You know? But she was
like eeew. I disgusted her. Nice
clean college lady.

CHO

She rejected you. How did that
make you feel?

MERRIMAN

Like I had to call another bitch to
break me off a piece. Which I did.

CHO

She was researching you and Flacco.
Maybe she found out something about
you, you didn't want anybody to
know.

Merriman smirks at Cho.

MERRIMAN

I got nothing to hide. I'm a
straight up thug. Proud of it.
What's there to say about me that
ain't already been said?
Nah. Little Mr. Perfect -- he's
the one got secrets to be hiding.

(CONTINUED)

37

CHO
Flacco? What's he got to hide?

MERRIMAN
He was knocking boots with the
writer lady, for one. Dogging on
that nasty little wife of his.

CHO
You have proof of that?

MERRIMAN
(dismissive)
Proof. Ask the punk. He'll be
like uh buh ub uh guh um.

Cho glances over at the window.

38

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2. CBI HQ - NIGHT

38

Lisbon is sitting across from Flacco and Beatriz. Van Pelt
enters and leans down to whisper in Lisbon's ear. Lisbon
nods, turns to address Flacco and Beatriz.

LISBON
Mr. Flacco, do you want your wife
present during our interview?
Normally we do this alone.

FLACCO
I need her here. I got no secrets
from Bea.

LISBON
Okay. What kind of relationship
did you have with Charlotte
Mitchell?

FLACCO
She was writing a book about me and
Rowdy, about the fight.

LISBON
Which started when?

FLACCO
Since when I started training for
the fight. About six months ago.

LISBON
And when you weren't training?

FLACCO
What does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

BEATRIZ

Don't act dumb, Manny. She wants to know if you were sleeping with her.

FLACCO

What? No.

BEATRIZ

Look at me when you say that.

FLACCO

Honey, I wasn't sleeping with her.

BEATRIZ

Honey? Please.

(to Lisbon)

So he was sleeping with her. So what?

FLACCO

Bea --

BEATRIZ

-- Don't. I don't want to hear it.

Beatriz turns to Lisbon.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

We been together since I was thirteen. Married since seventeen. Four kids. You think I don't know what goes on? He's a professional athlete. I blame the women. Men don't know any better.

FLACCO

Baby, I never.

BEATRIZ

(ignoring him)

Manny's pretty good, he doesn't go crazy, but let's see, there was a nurse at the physio clinic, two waitresses in Vegas, the girl from Len's club --

LISBON

Where were you the night of the fight, Ms. Flacco?

BEATRIZ

Backstage. I can't watch while Manny's fighting. I wait until it's over.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON
Anyone with you?

BEATRIZ
Yes. Plenty of people. There's
always people around.

LISBON
Was there --

BEATRIZ
-- But yeah, I could've sneaked off
and killed the lady. Only I
didn't. We done?

LISBON
For now.

Beatriz gets up and heads out, Flacco following.

FLACCO
Bea, come on, don't be mad...

BEATRIZ
(over her shoulder)
You want to talk to Floyd Benton.
Lady was going to write about how
he dopes the young fighters in his
gym. That's why we took Manny out
of there.

LISBON
Thanks. We'll look into that.

Lisbon sits across from Benton.

LISBON
Where were you the night of the
Flacco-Merriman fight?

BENTON
At the fight. Had to buy a ticket,
you believe that?

LISBON
Charlotte Mitchell asked you about
steroid use at your gym, correct?

BENTON
Beatriz Flacco hasn't liked me
since she was a little girl in
pigtails.

LISBON

What's Beatriz Flacco got to with this?

BENTON

She told you that crap.

LISBON

We understand from multiple sources that Flacco dropped you as his trainer because you pushed steroids on him.

BENTON

Nobody was pushed to do anything.

LISBON

But there was steroid abuse, and Charlotte Mitchell found out about it.

BENTON

Big scoop. Athletes get juiced.

LISBON

Steroid abuse is a crime.

BENTON

(amused)

So arrest me. I won't resist. I've done far worse things than abuse steroids. I wouldn't hurt a lady over picayune nonsense like that. Steroids.

He kisses his teeth.

Jane sits with perplexed Lisbon.

LISBON

They've all got motive and they've all got opportunity.

JANE

Anything in the notebooks?

LISBON

I read her last six months of notes.

Lisbon picks up one of Charlotte Mitchell's NOTEBOOKS from her desk.

LISBON (CONT'D)
Nothing useful that I could see.
I learned a lot about the business
of mixed martial arts though.

JANE
Let me have a look.

Lisbon tosses the notebook to him.

LISBON
Be my guest.

Jane opens the notebook, starts looking through it.

41 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY 41

Rigsby sits at his desk, brooding. Joe Reyes approaches.

REYES
Excuse me, Agent?

Rigsby looks up.

RIGSBY
Mr. Reyes. What brings you here?

REYES
I saw on the TV that the dead
lady's father had a heart attack.
He gonna be okay?

RIGSBY
Not sure yet. He's still in ICU.

REYES
Huh.

Beat. Reyes hesitates.

RIGSBY
What's up, Mr. Reyes?

REYES
I lied before.

RIGSBY
Take a seat.

Reyes sits down.

REYES
I told you that I don't see Dawn
any more.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

REYES (CONT'D)

Well sometimes, I do, see her. Now and again. You know, for old times sakes.

RIGSBY

Hey. Why not.

REYES

You people got me to thinking about that damned gun and all the trouble it made and I went to see Dawn and she told me that she told you she gave the gun to her cousin Bobby that died.

RIGSBY

That's right. We can't track the gun past him.

REYES

Yeah well that's not the truth what she said. She didn't give the gun to Bobby, rest his soul. She only said that because he's dead, can't deny it. And she didn't want to get in trouble.

RIGSBY

What did she do with the gun?

42

EXT. GEARHEAD HANGOUT. BACK ALLEY OAKLAND - DAY

42

A working garage facing a large courtyard in the back alley of a working class Oakland neighborhood. Several CUSTOM CARS and BIKES are being worked on, one with its engine on a hoist. A dozen ROUGHNECK GEARHEAD type men and a few women(20/30's) are sitting around, playing dominoes and drinking, working on the cars. MUSIC is BLARING. Rigsby and Cho approach the domino players, and show their badges to one of them -- FRANK LOPEZ -- a neighborhood shotcaller. (40's). He's had a couple beers and he's in a good mood.

CHO

Frank Lopez? We need to talk to you.

LOPEZ

(amiable)

CBI? I never have been questioned by the CBI.

Lopez moves his chin and two guys vacate their seats to give Rigsby and Cho some place to sit. They sit.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

Thank you.

LOPEZ

What you got?

CHO

Ten years ago a woman named Dawn Kerr gave you a nine millimeter handgun.

LOPEZ

She did?

RIGSBY

Do you still have the weapon?

LOPEZ

Why do you ask?

RIGSBY

The gun was used in a murder two days ago.

LOPEZ

Oops.

(thinks)

Dawn Kerr. Not ringing any bells. What kind of gun was it?

CHO

Nine millimeter.

LOPEZ

(thinks)

Oh, yeah! I remember the gun. A Glock. Nice weapon. Yeah, Dawn. Skinny crazy girl. What happened to her?

RIGSBY

She's doing fine. The Glock?

LOPEZ

I lost it.

Cho and Rigsby sigh. Nothing is ever easy.

CHO

You lost it?

Lopez nods affirmatively, unaware of Cho and Rigsby's skepticism.

(CONTINUED)

LOPEZ

About four years ago. In a club. That place Narcissus -- you know it? There was a scuffle. I had to run out of there after some punk, and next time I look, the nine was gone. It was a sweet gun, but what can you do?

RIGSBY

Uh-huh. Where were you two nights ago?

Now Lopez notices Rigsby's skepticism, seems even more amused.

LOPEZ

I was here. Any of these guys can tell you. Don't believe me, lie detect me. I ain't worried.

Lopez goes back to his game. Rigsby follows Cho, who's reading a text message off his phone.

RIGSBY

What'd you get?

CHO

That guy LaRoche. He wants to talk to me. Wants me to come in.

Rigsby reacts with alarm. Cho doesn't notice. Glances at Rigsby.

CHO (CONT'D)

What'd he talk to you about?

RIGSBY

Okay, the thing is, I have to tell you something. I should've before, but I didn't. Here goes.

He glances at Cho, takes a deep breath.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

Two years ago my dad called me. He was getting hit with a parole violation. Seen consorting with known criminals. Looking at a full twenty year bit in Folsom.

Cho shakes his head.

CHO

So you alibied him out.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY

Yeah, I said he was with me at the time. But I'm family, so the Parole Officer asked if there was anybody else there -- you know, to verify it. And I said you.

CHO

What?

RIGSBY

It just came out of my mouth. I swear to God, if I could've taken it back I would've. But they never checked back with you and so everything seemed fine and I just kind of forgot about it. Until LaRoche started in on me.

Cho is stony cold.

CHO

You involved me in your perjury and now PSU is investigating it.

RIGSBY

If LaRoche finds out I lied over this, my career's over.

CHO

Yes it is. Unless I lie as well. Back you up, right?

RIGSBY

I'm sorry man. I've put you in a bad spot.

CHO

I've been a cop for close to ten years. Never lied to another cop. Not once.

RIGSBY

I'm not, I'm not asking you to lie now. I... You got to do what you think is right.

CHO

Yes.

RIGSBY

So what are you going to do?

CHO

I'm not lying for you.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (4) 42

Cho gets in the car and drives away. Rigsby watches him go.

43 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/3) 43

Jane sits on the couch, watching TELEVISION. ARTASH is ON SCREEN MAKING AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

Behind Jane, Rigsby sits at his desk, solemn and quiet. Cho is nowhere to be seen.

ARTASH (V.O.)

(on television)

Manny Flacco will be fighting for the MME middleweight crown on Cinco de Mayo! It will be a second American Revolution! What a country! Where else could a kid from the barrio and the son of Armenian immigrants come together to make something like this happen?

Jane DOODLES idly in Charlotte Mitchell's NOTEBOOK as he watches.

ARTASH (CONT'D)

(on television)

Me, a guy who five years ago owned some parking lots and a couple of nightclubs and a kid who never graduated high school -- but we both had a dream, and now the dream is a reality. God Bless America!

Lisbon enters.

LISBON

Did you find anything in Mitchell's notes?

Jane puts down the pen and points at the television.

JANE

Not a thing. Manny Flacco's challenging for the middleweight crown. Len Artesh just announced it.

Jane gets up, slips the notebook in his pocket.

LISBON

What are you doing?

JANE

Going to talk to Artash. You coming?

44

INT. BENTON'S GYM - NIGHT

44

Flacco is working out in the ring with a SPARRING PARTNER while Lima watches.

LIMA

Sweep the leg! Come on,
transition!

Artash stands off to the side, talking with a grizzled-looking old SPORTS REPORTER.

SPORTS REPORTER

You think Flacco's ready for this
fight?

ARTASH

He was born ready. The question is
whether the Champ is ready for what
Flacco's going to bring.

JANE

Hey Artash, I've got some questions
for you.

Jane walks toward Artash, Lisbon following behind.

JANE (CONT'D)

You were born here in America?

Artash nods.

ARTASH

That's right.

JANE

But your parents were born in
Armenia, yes?

ARTASH

Yes. Why?

JANE

What's your father's name?

ARTASH

Arik Artashian.

JANE

Uh-huh. And your mother's?

ARTASH

Nancy. What's this about?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Nancy? That doesn't sound
Armenian.

ARTASH

It's not. It's what she called
herself after she got here to
America.

JANE

What was she christened?

ARTASH

Nargiz.

JANE

Bet that means something pretty.

ARTASH

It's a flower. Do you --?

JANE

Just one more question.

Jane suddenly pulls the notebook from his pocket.

JANE (CONT'D)

You recognize this?

He opens the notebook to the back, revealing pages written in
some kind of code. Artash stares at it. Lisbon arriving,
stares at it as well.

ARTASH

No. What is it?

JANE

I found it in the back of Charlotte
Mitchell's notebook. I don't know
what it is. Code, most likely.

The old REPORTER glances at it over Artash's shoulder.

SPORTS REPORTER

That's shorthand. I had to learn
it back when I was a cub reporter.

LISBON

Can you read it?

SPORTS REPORTER

(unsure)
It's been a while.

He squints, shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

SPORTS REPORTER (CONT'D)

Nope. Can't read any of it.
But people developed their own
styles. To keep the other journos
from stealing stories or leads.

JANE

Charlotte Mitchell learned
shorthand from her father. He was
an old-time newspaperman.

SPORTS REPORTER

Nobody uses shorthand anymore.
We've got these.

He holds up a digital recorder.

JANE

She wasn't using it in place of a
recorder. She was using it to hide
something she'd learned.

He looks over at Lisbon.

JANE (CONT'D)

The doctors said that Tom Mitchell
had taken a turn for the better.
They expect him to be conscious in
twelve to twenty-four hours, don't
they?

Lisbon nods.

JANE (CONT'D)

So there we are. I'll bet Tom
Mitchell can read this. And then
we'll know what it was Charlotte
Mitchell learned that got her
killed.

Jane turns and walks away. Lisbon goes with him. Artash and
the Reporter watch them go.

LISBON

I went through that whole book.
There was no shorthand in it.

JANE

Really? How strange. I wonder
where it came from then.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

44A INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY (D/4)

44A

LaRoche opens the door of the interview room and directs Cho inside.

LAROCHE

You served in the military, didn't you, Agent Cho?

CHO

Yes.

LAROCHE

Rangers, was it?

CHO

Special Forces.

LAROCHE

Hmm.

He takes a beat, makes a note...

LAROCHE (CONT'D)

So you understand the idea of honor.

That doesn't sit well with Cho. He looks stoney. He pushes a file across the table to Cho.

LAROCHE (CONT'D)

That's an affidavit Wayne Rigsby signed, saying you and he spent an afternoon with Agent Rigsby's criminal father. You remember that day, Agent Cho?

Cho stares down at the file, not saying a word.

LAROCHE (CONT'D)

Agent Rigsby initially claimed to have no contact with his father, then became evasive when confronted with his falsehood.

LaRoche folds himself into a chair, eyes never leaving Cho.

LAROCHE (CONT'D)

Looking into it, I discovered that Wayne provided an alibi that kept his father out of jail.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44A

CONTINUED:

44A

LAROCHE (CONT'D)

And you were part of that alibi.
So I just need you to confirm -- on
your honor -- that you were indeed
there that day.

Cho shuts the file and slides it back across to LaRoche.

CHO

Yes I was. I was there with Rigsby
and his father.

LAROCHE

Okay. Good. What did you do that
afternoon? The three of you. Give
me some details.

CHO

I don't recall.

LAROCHE

Nothing at all? Strange.

CHO

I was there. I'll swear to it. Do
I need to sign something to make it
official?

LaRoche eyes Cho measuringly.

LAROCHE

No. That won't be necessary.
That'll be all. Thanks, Agent.

Cho leaves.

44B

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

44B

Cho walks into the bullpen, stops at Rigsby's desk.

CHO

I told him I was there.

Rigsby stares up at Cho with disbelief and gratitude. Before
he can say anything, Lisbon enters.

LISBON

Alright, let's go. We've got to
get to the hospital. Jane and Van
Pelt are already there.

She looks from Cho to Rigsby, sensing something unspoken
going on.

LISBON (CONT'D)

You two okay?

(CONTINUED)

44B

CONTINUED:

44B

Cho nods, not wanting to go into anything.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Okay. Come on. I'll explain on the way.

45

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

45

Behind a curtain a shadowy figure lies in a hospital bed. OVER we HEAR the creepy, mechanized SOUND of a RESPIRATOR. The door to the room opens, and Cho sticks his head in, glances around. He speaks into his radio mike.

CHO

(into radio)

All clear in Mitchell's room.

He shuts the door.

46

INT. HALLWAY. HOSPITAL - DAY

46

Cho shuts the door.

CHO

(into radio)

Hallway's clear.

47

INT. WAITING AREA. HOSPITAL - DAY

47

Rigsby sits reading a magazine. He looks around, speaks into his radio mike.

RIGSBY

All clear here.

48

INT. ELEVATORS. HOSPITAL - DAY

48

Van Pelt stands near the elevators, watching as the doors open and people walk off.

VAN PELT

Wait a minute.

For a moment, we catch a glimpse of Joe Reyes, walking purposefully. Then he turns a corner and is gone.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

I think I saw Reyes. He's heading your way.

49

INT. WAITING AREA. HOSPITAL - DAY

49

Rigsby sits up as Reyes walks past him.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

RIGSBY

I see him. Cho, cut him off.

Rigsby gets up and falls in behind Reyes.

50

INT. HALLWAY. HOSPITAL - DAY

50

Cho hurries down the corridor and turns the corner. Up ahead of him, Reyes stops. Rigsby approaches from behind Reyes.

RIGSBY

Mr. Reyes. What are doing here?

Reyes turns around in surprise. Cho moves in toward him.

REYES

I was just coming to pay my respects.

Cho and Rigsby grab Reyes, and start hustling him back the way he came.

REYES (CONT'D)

I swear, I didn't mean anything...

The CAMERA watches them go, then creeps back around the corner, finds a WHITE-COATED FIGURE opening the door to Tom Mitchell's room and slipping inside.

51

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

51

The white-coated figure shuts the door and turns to reveal that it is Suge Lima. He picks a pillow up from off a bed as he heads toward the shrouded figure and the mechanized breathing of the respirator. He takes a tighter grip on the pillow, pulls aside the curtain...

...And stares in shock at the creepy-looking "Rescue Annie" CPR training doll hooked up to the respirator, rubberized chest going up and down.

LISBON

Mr. Lima, put your hands up where I can see them.

Lima turns to find Lisbon -- gun drawn -- and Jane in the doorway.

JANE

Mr. Mitchell got out of the hospital yesterday. We'll send him your best wishes.

(CONTINUED)

LIMA

He told you what was written in the notebook?

Jane shakes his head.

JANE

No. I wrote the shorthand code myself. If Charlotte Mitchell was murdered because she discovered a secret, I knew I just had to convince the killer that the secret didn't die with her. Eh voila.

Lisbon pats down Lima, finding a 9 MM GLOCK HANDGUN tucked into the waistband of his pants.

LIMA

But it wasn't me!

LISBON

Save it. This is the gun that shot Charlotte Mitchell. And you're the one who shot her.

51A

INT. TOM MITCHELL'S ROOM. HOSPITAL - DAY

51A

Tom Mitchell lies in bed. Lois sits beside him.

LISBON

You can have these back now, Mr. Mitchell.

She hands him back the notebooks.

JANE

I scribbled in one of them. Sorry, but it was how we caught the man who shot your daughter. I thought you wouldn't mind.

Tom Mitchell takes the notebooks.

TOM MITCHELL

Thank you.

LOIS

So it's over? You solved the case?

LISBON

Yes, ma'am. We're just clearing up the loose ends.

52

INT. BENTON'S GYM - DAY

52

Jane and Lisbon stand with a stunned Len Artash.

ARTASH

I never would have figured Suge
Lima as a murderer. That's
shocking, terrible.

LISBON

Yes it is.

ARTASH

Why did he do it? What for?

JANE

Good question.

Artash somewhat discomfited by Lisbon's steady gaze.

ARTASH

So um, is there anything I can do
to help?

JANE

Yes actually, your mother's name
again -- a flower?

ARTASH

Yes, Nargiz.

JANE

Nargiz -- means Narcissus, right?
Just like the name of your club?
You named it after your mom.

ARTASH

Yeah.

JANE

Club Narcissus, where Frank Lopez
lost Joe Reyes' gun that Dawn Kerr
gave him.

ARTASH

Who? What?

LISBON

You don't know them, but we know
how you got the gun Lima used to
kill Charlotte Mitchell. And
you're under arrest.

Lisbon pulls out handcuffs.

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

JANE

The only thing we don't know yet,
is why you had to kill her.

LISBON

And that's what you're going to
tell us.

Off Artash...

CUT TO:

53

INT. LISBON'S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY

53

Lisbon sits across from Flacco and Beatriz.

LISBON

Mr. Flacco, do you remember about a
year ago, having blood taken for
testing?

FLACCO

Sure. Results came back, said I'm
healthy as a horse. Suge told me.

Flacco is realizing that something bad is coming.

LISBON

Suge lied. He and Artash submitted
them under his name, not yours,
just in case. Markers showed a
high level of a protein that
indicates cranial bleeding and
spinal leakage.

BEATRIZ

Oh my God.

LISBON

Charlotte Mitchell figured out the
switch.

FLASHBACK

54

INT. OFFICE. CHARLOTTE MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY (D/1)

54

*Charlotte Mitchell is at her desk, reading a medical
diagnosis and talking on the phone.*

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL

*I know that blood was Manny's, not
yours, Lima. If Manny gets in the
cage, he could die.*

INTERCUT WITH:

55 INT. BENTON'S GYM - DAY (D/1) 55

Lima is on the phone. Behind him, Flacco jumps rope.

LIMA

*What the hell you talking about,
lady? And how'd you get your hands
on those tests?*

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL

Stop the fight, Lima. Or else.

LIMA

*Alright, alright. I'll stop the
fight. Don't you worry.*

He hangs up the phone, redials.

LIMA (CONT'D)

Len? We got a problem.

END FLASHBACK

56 INT. LISBON'S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY 56

Flacco stares at Lisbon numbly.

FLACCO

*Suge and Artash wanted to keep me
from finding out I'm sick.*

BEATRIZ

*Those sons-of-bitches! They risked
your life!*

LISBON

*They couldn't let anybody know. No
MMA authority would let you in the
cage if it got out.*

FLACCO

*So they killed Charlotte because of
me.*

LISBON

*Half of two million dollars makes
people do crazy things.*

FLASHBACK

57 INT. BACKSTAGE. ARENA - NIGHT (N/1) 57

*Suge Lima is grasping Charlotte Mitchell's arm in the empty
backstage hallway.*

(CONTINUED)

LIMA

It's one doctor's opinion. He looks fine to me.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL

Do you really think you can get away with this? I'm going to tell everyone. You'll never get away with it.

She tries to get away from Lima.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Let go of me!

They struggle. There is a muffled BANG. Then ANOTHER. Charlotte Mitchell looks down in surprise at the gun in Lima's hand.

END FLASHBACK

Beatriz and Flacco walk with Jane toward the elevators.

BEATRIZ

Poor woman.

FLACCO

I'm never going to fight again, am I? So what am I going to do?

JANE

Give up, I expect. Too bad you've got those kids. Otherwise you could always --

Jane mimes hanging himself. Beatriz gasps in horror at the thought. Flacco puts an arm around her protectively.

FLACCO

(outraged)

What the hell's the matter with you?

JANE

What? You asked.

BEATRIZ

Shut up.

She turns to Flacco.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

You got skills, baby. There's lots
you can do, lots you got to offer.

The elevator arrives, and she pushes Flacco in, turns back to
Jane.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

You're just bitter because you're
alone.

She wraps her arms around her husband.

JANE

That's true.

The elevator doors shut. Jane heads back into the office.

Coming out of the kitchen, Lisbon falls in step with Jane,
mug of coffee in hand.

LISBON

You do have to feel for Flacco.
He's lost his livelihood.

JANE

Meh. Lost a life of getting hit in
the head, but got his marriage back.
Seems like a good trade to me.

LISBON

Aren't you the romantic.

JANE

Makes the world go round.

He sits down on his couch. Lisbon goes. Rigsby glances up
at Cho, who has his head down, working.

RIGSBY

Hey. Cho.
(Cho looks up)
Thank you.

Cho holds his gaze a beat, looks down. Not a word. Rigsby
goes back to his work. Jane watches them, curious. And we --

FADE OUT.

THE END