

# THE MENTALIST

"Crimson Casanova"

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Episode 113  
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Episode #113

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**REVISED PAGES**

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35, 35A

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT (N/1) 1

Nestled amongst the rolling hills of Steinbeck Country, California, lies the serene and picturesque Calistoga Canyon Resort & Spa. Spanish Mediterranean architecture. Luxurious suites with private patios opening onto landscaped courtyards. An oasis of relaxation, far from the hectic life its upscale patrons lead.

Looking in on one of the private villas, we see the low flicker of light from candles glowing behind sheer curtains. MAKE-OUT MUSIC PLAYS very softly. The mood is quiet, romantic -- that is until **THREE SHOTS** ring out in the night. Muzzle flashes lighting up the room.

2 EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - DAY (D/2) 2

JANE, LISBON, RIGSBY and VAN PELT walk the grounds of the resort, heading to the crime scene...

LISBON

(off notebook)

We've got Claire Wolcott, female Caucasian, 32 years old. Found shot to death in her room. Her husband has friends in the Governor's office. He called in some favors, wants the investigation to be kept discreet and low key.

RIGSBY

His wife is murdered and his priority is discretion?

Lisbon leads the way into...

3 INT. VICTIM'S VILLA. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONTINUOUS 3

Inside the villa, candles are set up near the bed. An empty bottle of good champagne rests in an ice bath; two half-filled glasses nearby. An expensive dress, high heels and silk lingerie have been tossed on the floor in the heat of passion. The body of CLAIRE WOLCOTT lies naked under a blood-soaked silk sheet on the bed, as if asleep. The adjacent pillow is dented, by someone else's head, presumably. A door to a patio is half open.

A UNIFORM COP stands by.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY  
(off the room)  
Oh. Okay.

LISBON  
Yup. Mrs. Wolcott was cheating on  
Mr. Wolcott.

RIGSBY  
Which makes Mr. Wolcott suspect  
number one.

LISBON  
Number two. Number one would be  
Mrs. Wolcott's mystery lover.  
The room's registered under Claire  
Wolcott, so no help there. At two  
twenty-four AM, the night staff and  
a few guests heard three gunshots.  
Nobody could tell from where  
exactly. Fifteen, twenty minutes  
later, hotel staff checked the room  
and called 911.

RIGSBY  
Boom. Found a shell.

With a pen, Rigsby picks up a shell casing across the room  
from the bed and inspects it.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)  
Nine millimeter.

LISBON  
Leave it for forensics.

Van Pelt points to another shell on the floor.

VAN PELT  
And another.

JANE  
So the lover didn't do it.

LISBON  
Because...?

Jane acts it out.

JANE  
Casings indicate the shooter was  
across the room here. He or she  
stepped in from outside and started  
blasting away.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

JANE (CONT'D)

If the lover had done it, he'd have been closer to the victim. Wouldn't have needed to shoot so many times. And look...

He points out a spot of blood on the floor. Some distance from the bed. The others look at it.

JANE (CONT'D)

Circular. Meaning a vertical drip, from someone standing right here bleeding, right? Not spatter from the victim.

LISBON

(grudging)

You're a forensics expert now.

JANE

So Claire and mystery lover are asleep. Someone comes in through the open door. Shoots them and leaves. Poor lover is woken by a bullet, Claire dead beside him. Aaaah!

Jane acts out waking and finding a dead body next to him.

JANE (CONT'D)

But then nobody comes right away. Mystery lover, who is only slightly wounded, gets to thinking maybe it would be best to just slip away.

Jane exits via the glass door to the patio.

4

EXT. VICTIM'S PATIO. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONTINUOUS 4

Jane crosses the courtyard searching the ground. Lisbon heads out from the room after him.

Jane finds a tiny spot on the pathway.

JANE

There we go.

Sure enough, there's a spot of blood, then another; like a trail of bread crumbs leading down the path. The trail leads to A PARKING LOT, and disappears. They comb the lot for more spots.

LISBON

Anything?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

JANE

No. You?

LISBON

No.

Jane eyes the car nearest the last blood spot. A high-end white CADILLAC. Its license reads "DOCLADY."

5 INT. RECEPTION AREA. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - DAY

5

Jane and Lisbon with a CONCIERGE behind a counter, a COMPUTER SCREEN before him.

The Concierge checks the computer...

CONCIERGE

The silver Caddy arrived last night, two-thirty-one.

Jane grins, looks to Lisbon...

JANE

Seven minutes after the shooting took place.

LISBON

(to Concierge)

Name and room number?

6 INT. ROOM 112. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - DAY

6

Jane and Lisbon stand outside room 112 with a RESORT EMPLOYEE. Lisbon KNOCKS on the door. No answer.

LISBON

Open it.

The employee opens the door. Lisbon and Jane enter. Inside, **a medical bag opened on the counter. First aid paraphernalia strewn about.** A gorgeous FEMALE DOCTOR, 30's, lies asleep in bed, spooning with PAUL FRICKE, 35, a nebbishy looking guy with a fresh bandage on his arm. Lisbon knocks on the wall.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Hey. Wake up.

Fricke and the Doctor wake with a start. Fricke fumbles for glasses on the bedside table.

DOCTOR

Oh my God. Who are you?

Lisbon shows her badge.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

It's alright, ma'am. CBI. We need  
to talk to you, sir.

FRICKE

What's this about?

JANE

Take a wild guess.

Fricke sighs and gets out of bed, more whiney than contrite.

FRICKE

I'm not under arrest am I? I've  
done nothing wrong.

Lisbon flinches ever ever so slightly

LISBON

Pants on. Then we'll talk.

FADE OUT.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7 EXT. FRONT PATH. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - DAY (D/2 CONT'D) 7

Staff and guests watch coroner's men take Claire Wolcott away. Among them is KATIE, (20's) a waitress.

8 EXT/INT. VICTIM'S VILLA - DAY 8

Rigsby's outside the door talking with a hotel manager - KEVIN HAIGHTLY, (40's) well-groomed, plain.

HAIGHTLY

I know we can't expect to get the room back, but when might the walkway be open for use, d'you think?

RIGSBY

Depends when forensics gets done.

Haightly's trying to look inside at the crime scene...

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

We'll let you know.

He shuts the door on Haightly.

Paul Fricke is being questioned by Lisbon, Jane and Van Pelt. He seems quite calm given the situation.

FRICKE

It was a cold night. So we lit a fire and made love on the rug there. We went to sleep afterwards. Then suddenly there's like a sharp pain, and bang I wake up and there's blood everywhere and I'm shot in the arm and Claire's dead. You know? I freaked.

LISBON

You didn't see who did it?

FRICKE

No.

LISBON

Why did you leave?

FRICKE

Claire was dead. I couldn't help her. And I couldn't help you guys.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRICKE (CONT'D)

I didn't see anything. So, you know, what could I contribute?

(confiding)

She's a married woman.

LISBON

Yes, we know. And Dr. Jill Rubenstein. What's your connection with her?

FRICKE

The Doctor lady? I met her in the parking lot and asked her for help.

LISBON

A total stranger took you back to her room, treated your wound, and then had sexual intercourse with you.

Fricke shrugs modestly. Yup.

FRICKE

What can I say? The Hippocratic oath is a beautiful thing.

Lisbon and Van Pelt are puzzled.

JANE

How well did you know Claire Wolcott?

FRICKE

I didn't, really. I met her a few weeks ago. She was at a bar and I picked her up. Since then I've seen her occasionally for sex.

LISBON

Is that what happened tonight?

FRICKE

Yes. I called and asked her to meet me for a drink. We came here.

LISBON

Who else knew you were here?

FRICKE

Nobody. Me and Claire.

LISBON

How long were you in her room?

FRICKE

A few hours. I'd agreed to, you know, stay the night.

(grimacing at the concept)

I was fond of Claire, and it's a long drive home, so I stayed. I don't normally do that.

LISBON

No? What's your normal procedure?

FRICKE

After lovemaking? Depends on the type of woman. Some women, I leave soon as I'm done. Others, half an hour to an hour, maximum, of spooning and pillow talk, then leave. Some you want to mix it up, keep `em guessing.

LISBON

You have it down to a science.

FRICKE

I'm good at what I do.

LISBON

And what is that? What you do.

FRICKE

I'm a pick-up artist. A woman whisperer, if you will.

LISBON

(amused)

A pick-up artist? That's your profession?

From Fricke, a microflash of anger, then a smile.

FRICKE

You sound like my mom. It's more of a total lifestyle. I practice my art of course, that's my passion. But I teach and I blog also. I conduct seminars and workshops, that sort of thing.

LISBON

Is that good money?

FRICKE

Not bad.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Do you take money from the women  
you pick up?

FRICKE

Sometimes. When I need to.

VAN PELT

Did you take money from Claire  
Wolcott?

FRICKE

No. Like I say, I was fond of  
Claire. I planned to keep seeing  
her. You really only want to  
monetize as an exit strategy.

JANE

Paul, is your mother still alive?

Fricke is a degree chillier when talking to a man.

FRICKE

I know where you're going with  
this, Dr. Freud. And you're wrong.  
My mom's dead, as it goes, but I  
loved her dearly. And she loved me.

JANE

Who said anything about your  
mother?

FRICKE

You just did.

JANE

No I didn't.

FRICKE

(irked)  
Yes you did.

Jane laughs and gives Fricke a semi-gentle slap on the arm.

JANE

I'm playing with you, Paul.

Fricke's irritated and off balance, as Jane planned.

FRICKE

Are we done here?

Jane leans in across from Fricke and gets up close in his  
face.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Do you know who killed Claire?

FRICKE

No.

Jane looks to Lisbon.

JANE

Interesting. He's either a habitual liar telling the truth, or an honest man lying.

Fricke thinks twice about committing himself to a reply.

LISBON

D'you keep records? Of your pick ups?

FRICKE

Of course.

He taps his smart phone...

FRICKE (CONT'D)

Names, numbers, and a one to ten grading system.

LISBON

Nice. Something to show your grandchildren. We'll need you to forward the list to us.

FRICKE

Sure. You think maybe this was a jealous ex-lover?

JANE

Could be.

Fricke's actually kind of pleased and flattered by the notion.

FRICKE

Wow.

Jane, Lisbon, Rigsby and Van Pelt en route to the CBI vehicle...

VAN PELT

I say we bring him in anyway, for creepiness.

LISBON

Which should be, but isn't a criminal offense.

VAN PELT

He could have shot her then shot himself to cover it up.

RIGSBY

When he could have simply shot her and left?

LISBON

He didn't have the gun on him and local PD have searched every inch of this place and found nothing. He's clean.

RIGSBY

Could be someone was trying to kill him, not her.

LISBON

Not likely. The room was in Claire Wolcott's name. Nobody knew he was here.

VAN PELT

What was she thinking? She was beautiful and he's so creepy.

RIGSBY

That Dr. Rubenstein was hot too. How does he do it?

JANE

All you need is a basic understanding of the evolutionary psychology of women, rigorously and fearlessly applied. You just have to know what buttons to press.

Rigsby's intrigued, but the women are vexed. They get in the car.

LISBON

Like we're toasters.

VAN PELT

Like men don't have buttons too.

JANE

Men are like toasters. Women are more like accordions.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2) 9

Rigsby drives them off.

10 INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - DAY 10

KEITH WOLCOTT, 38 -- super entitled banker. Tucked-in pique polo, driving loafers, golf tan -- enters the CBI carrying a paper bag. Greeted by Lisbon with the slight degree of deference due to a super rich and well connected man.

LISBON

Thank you for coming in, Mr. Wolcott. I'm sorry for your loss.

Wolcott hands the bag to Lisbon.

WOLCOTT

The effects you requested. Photos, video of Claire.

LISBON

We'll return them as soon as possible.

Wolcott makes a small but definite 'whatever' gesture.

WOLCOTT

I was upstairs speaking with my friend the attorney general. I told him I will not rest until I see the man who did this brought to justice. I will not rest. I know I can expect the same from you and your people.

Lisbon doesn't like being pushed.

LISBON

I can assure you this unit does the best we can on every case we run. Cho!

CHO comes over.

LISBON (CONT'D)

If it's convenient, Agent Cho would like to ask you a few questions.

Lisbon swivels, walks away.

CHO

Hi.

11 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY 11

Cho and Wolcott.

(CONTINUED)

CHO

When did you speak to your wife last?

WOLCOTT

I was in San Francisco for a business dinner. I called Claire around mid-day to tell her I'd probably be staying in town that night.

CHO

Did you? Stay the night in town?

WOLCOTT

I did.

CHO

Did she say where she was going, or who she was meeting?

WOLCOTT

No. But I didn't ask.

CHO

So you didn't know she was at the spa.

WOLCOTT

I wouldn't expect to know. She often went up there on a whim.

CHO

Can you think of anyone who held a grudge against her?

WOLCOTT

No. She was, she was harmless.

CHO

Any friends or family that might be mixed up with bad people?

WOLCOTT

She's from back east. She doesn't have friends or family out here. She shopped and played tennis and went to spas. No-one had motive to...

CHO

Yes?

WOLCOTT

I recall she did fire an assistant last month. Caught her stealing jewelry. She was pressing charges.

CHO

Name?

WOLCOTT

Natalie something. My people will have her details.

Cho writes, then gives Wolcott a beat...

CHO

Are you aware that on the night of her murder your wife was meeting a lover?

Wolcott stares at Cho for a beat.

WOLCOTT

Yes. The local authorities told me they suspected as much.

CHO

Did you know she had a lover? Prior to her death, I mean?

WOLCOTT

No. Do you have a name? Is he a suspect?

CHO

We have a name. He's not a suspect.

WOLCOTT

Who is he?

CHO

I'm not at liberty to say.

WOLCOTT

I want his name.

CHO

You can't have it.

WOLCOTT

Are you sure, Agent Cho? I can make one phone call, and your career is toast.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3) 11

CHO

That's impressive. The best I can get with one call is pizza. This business dinner you were at in San Francisco, what's the timing on that? And who else was there?

Wolcott rises, bristling, but keeping himself under control.

WOLCOTT

My people can give you times and names and numbers. We're done here.

CHO

Thanks for your cooperation.

Wolcott exits the room.

11A EXT. PARK - DAY (D/0) 11A

MOS CLAIRE WOLCOTT is an almost incidental part of the footage, which features a newly purchased DOG.

We PULL BACK to REVEAL...

11B INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - INTERCUT 11B

Jane sitting alone, closely watching the FOOTAGE of Claire Wolcott on an OFFICE MONITOR. Jane SLOWS THE TAPE as Claire turns and looks directly at camera. He FREEZES HER with an enigmatic smile.

Van Pelt enters, putting on a jacket. After a beat...

VAN PELT

What do you see?

JANE

Loneliness.  
(beat)  
And cute dogs.

Stands, shaking off melancholy.

JANE (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

12 EXT. MODEST APARTMENT - DAY 12

Jane and Van Pelt arrive outside a stucco apartment complex. NATALIE EDREAU, 22, a spoiled sorority girl, answers.

VAN PELT

Natalie Edreau?

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

NATALIE

Yes.

VAN PELT

We're with the CBI. Can we come in?

Natalie looks reluctant, barring the door.

NATALIE

I already told the cops I didn't steal anything from that bitch.

VAN PELT

By bitch, are you referring to Claire Wolcott?

NATALIE

Yeah, so?

JANE

She was murdered last night.

Natalie reacts. Shocked more than upset. Jane breezes past her into the apartment.

13

INT. MODEST APARTMENT - LATER

13

First-year-out-of-college decor. Crate and Barrel knickknacks. Van Gogh's "Starry Night" POSTER pinned to the wall. Van Pelt sits across from Natalie. Jane hovers.

VAN PELT

How long did you work for Claire Wolcott?

NATALIE

Like a year. Until she turned psycho.

VAN PELT

She claimed you stole jewelry from her.

NATALIE

She's wrong. I didn't steal anything.

VAN PELT

Claire pressed charges against you. How did you feel about that?

NATALIE

Excuse me. Hello. Are you trying to say I killed her?

(CONTINUED)

VAN PELT

Do you own a gun, Natalie?

NATALIE

Oh my God, this is so stupid. No.  
I don't own a gun. And no, I  
didn't kill Claire.

Jane moves around the room as she speaks, watching her all the time. As the conversation proceeds, we note as he does that she gets blinky and nervous when Jane hovers by her overflowing desk.

VAN PELT

Where were you last night?

NATALIE

Hanging out with my roommate until  
nine or so. Then I went and got  
dinner.

JANE

What'd you have?

NATALIE

What does this have to do with  
anything?

Jane gives Natalie his best stern look.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

The chopped salad at Pastucci's.

Jane nods as if this confirmed something.

JANE

There's something on this side of  
the room that you don't want us to  
find. What is it?

NATALIE

Nothing. There's nothing.

JANE

Look me in the eye and say that.

Natalie looks him in the eye.

NATALIE

Whatever. Search all you want.

JANE

Meh. Too much stuff. You're not  
very tidy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

Good in bed I expect, yes? Messy women are good lovers. Let me hold your hand.

He doesn't wait for permission, takes her hand, and leads her to the crowded desk...

NATALIE

I don't --

JANE

-- Shush.

He moves his free hand across the crowded tabletop, whilst looking closely at her, studying her micro-expressions, change in pulse, and subtle eye movements. After a couple of passes and stopping and starting, he hovers over a mid-range digital camera.

JANE (CONT'D)

The camera.

Bingo. Natalie looks guilty even to our untrained eyes. Jane picks up the camera and starts FLIPPING THROUGH the PHOTOS. Natalie tries to take it from him.

NATALIE

(desperate)

Those are personal.

ON THE CAMERA DISPLAY, pictures of Natalie and her friends, together out at a bar. Smiling sorority smiles, cheeks red from drinking. Then Jane flips past a series of much different photos. In them, Claire Wolcott is close and intimate with Paul Fricke.

VAN PELT

Is that?

JANE

Uh huh. Claire Wolcott with her lover... Paul Fricke. Time stamped two hours before she was murdered.

Jane and Van Pelt look to Natalie, who can only put her head in her hands and sigh.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 OMITTED 14

15 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY (D/3) 15

C.U. of eight-by-ten PHOTOS from Natalie's camera.

REVEAL: Cho drops the stack of eight-by-ten PHOTOS on the table and sits across from Natalie.

CHO

These are the photos we pulled from your digital camera. Couple hours after this was taken, she was dead.

NATALIE

It doesn't prove anything.

CHO

Opportunity and motive. You were close by when she died. And the theft charge she laid on you dies with her.

NATALIE

That was a garbage charge anyhow. I wasn't worried about that.

CHO

No? You didn't steal jewelry from her?

NATALIE

Please, she dressed like a Mormon call girl. I wouldn't wear her jewelry for money.

CHO

I didn't ask if you wore her jewelry. I asked if you stole it.

NATALIE

(not convincing)  
No. I didn't.

CHO

Why were you photographing her?

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CHO (CONT'D)

Think this through, Natalie. We're investigating murder. If you have an explanation for these that doesn't involve killing her? You should tell us. Get yourself off the hook.

Natalie sees his point.

NATALIE

I thought if I threatened to tell her husband about her affair, she'd drop the theft charges. That's what the pictures were for.

CHO

How did you know Claire was having an affair?

NATALIE

It was obvious. She kept sending me out to buy men's gifts. You know, like watches. Ties. I knew they weren't for Keith. I'm not an idiot.

CHO

What did Claire say when you confronted her about it?

NATALIE

I didn't confront her. Claire left with that flugly guy before I got the chance.

(beat)

It probably wouldn't have worked anyway.

CHO

Why not?

NATALIE

Because Keith Wolcott is, like, super controlling. Especially with money. He probably knew all along his wife was sleeping around.

Cho takes note of this.

16

INT. HALLWAY/BULLPEN. CBI HQ - MOMENTS LATER

16

Cho brings us in to Van Pelt and Rigsby and Jane, on his sofa writing in a sudoku book, very fast.

RIGSBY

What's the verdict?

CHO

I'm not liking her for this, but we should talk to the roommate, make sure her alibi stands up.

JANE

Boo-oring.

CHO

(ignoring)

The husband on the other hand. He is the type to know about his wife's affairs.

RIGSBY

His business dinner in San Fran was kosher. He couldn't have made it to Calistoga to kill her.

VAN PELT

He's also the type that hires other people to do his dirty work.

CHO

Yes he is. Hit men aren't cheap, and they don't take credit cards.

(to Van Pelt)

Can you dig into Mr. Wolcott's finances?

JANE

Booooring!

VAN PELT

Okay, Mr. Entertainment, what do you want to do?

He sits up abruptly.

JANE

I want to go back to the crime scene. Something vexes me about that hotel room.

17 INT/EXT. VICTIM'S VILLA/PATIO - DAY

17

Jane studies the room closely. Rigsby waits.

JANE

Something isn't right. But I can't quite see what it is.

RIGSBY

Me neither.

(beat)

Don't take too long. I'm hungry.

JANE

They have an excellent restaurant here. Worth the drive.

Jane goes to the glass patio door, opens it, steps outside to the patio. Shuts the door, then finds that it can't be opened from outside. He gestures to Rigsby, who opens the door for him.

JANE (CONT'D)

Let's go eat.

18 EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - DAY

18

Manager Kevin Haightly, spots Jane and Rigsby coming in.

HAIGHTLY

Ah, glad to see you again. Is there any news? The owner keeps asking when we'll be able to reopen the villa.

JANE

No news. We're here for lunch.

HAIGHTLY

Oh, of course. Right this way.

Haightly leads Jane and Rigsby into the dining room.

Inside, Rigsby points out Paul Fricke sitting alone at a table.

RIGSBY

Look who's here.

JANE

Just the man. I have a question I need to ask him.

(CONTINUED)

A young waitress -- KATIE -- leans over Fricke, taking his order. **Upon seeing the two together, Haightly becomes a little tense. His jaw clenches shut. Jane clocks this.**

FRICKE

My old friends from the CBI. Have a seat.

Rigsby and Jane slide in with Fricke. Jane gives Katie a smile, studies her for a beat. Haightly sees this.

HAIGHTLY

(softly)

Katie, table four needs fresh drinks.

KATIE

Yes sir.

Katie hurries away. Jane watches Haightly follow after.

JANE

Surprised to see you back here so soon.

FRICKE

This is my number one hunting ground. Loaded with my kind of women -- beautiful, rich, married and unhappy.

JANE

You specialize uh?

FRICKE

Sure. Some guys will tell you hot young singles are the real test, but I'm not in this to win a points contest you know? I like the gratitude you get from the older ladies.

JANE

A woman died. A woman you were close to. That doesn't give you pause?

FRICKE

Sure it does. Yes. I have feelings. But this gunshot wound is a genius opener.

RIGSBY

What's an opener?

FRICKE

You know, a prop or a line you use to start a conversation. You can't just go up and say, "Hey what's your name"?

RIGSBY

No?

FRICKE

Duh.

RIGSBY

(lightly)

So how do you do it exactly? Pick women up.

Fricke smirks at Rigsby.

FRICKE

Need some help uh?

RIGSBY

No.

FRICKE

Big handsome dude like you, I've got a few basic techniques that will turn you into a freakin' sex machine. A machine.

RIGSBY

I'm not really looking to be a machine so much. I'm more of a steady relationship kind of guy.

FRICKE

Feh. When you're scoring with a different superfox every night, what d'you want a relationship for?

JANE

You never fall in love with one of your scores?

FRICKE

Nope. Never. Love is for guys that can't get laid.

Jane notes Fricke's quick look away. He's lying...

RIGSBY

So what's the basic technique?

(CONTINUED)

FRICKE

There's a thousand ways to seduce a woman. All kinds of workable systems. But they all boil down to three words.

(beat)

Contempt. Control. Excitement.

Katie brings bread, and Jane notes her smile to Fricke, which Fricke studiously ignores.

RIGSBY

Contempt. Control. Excitement?

FRICKE

Women want men that don't need or want them. They want to be told what to do. And they want edge, adventure, drama, whatever you want to call it. Present that package to them and they will bite. Guaranteed.

Katie comes out of the kitchen with the check and Jane's credit card, gives it to Jane.

FRICKE

...And then you get up and leave.

RIGSBY

(transfixed)

Leave? But...

FRICKE

Nope. You leave. Next time she sees you, she'll tear your clothes off. Guaranteed.

JANE

What's up with you two?

FRICKE

Excuse me?

JANE

You and Katie here. You have something going.

Both of them blush and look awkward.

FRICKE  
(vehemently)  
No.

KATIE  
(wounded pride)  
No.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Just asking.

Jane hands her the check and Katie hurries away.

FRICKE  
I used to let her sleep with me  
once in a while. That's all.

JANE  
No. You have real feelings for  
her.

Fricke looks awkward.

FRICKE  
Years ago, maybe a little. Sure.  
Before I got my mojo working.

Jane rises, and Rigsby does likewise. They shake hands with Fricke.

JANE  
Good to talk to you Paul.

RIGSBY  
You had another question for him.

JANE  
Oh yes. I forgot. That night,  
when you went to sleep with Claire,  
was the patio door open or closed?

FRICKE  
(takes a beat to recall)  
Closed I think.

JANE  
Thanks.

Jane exits, Rigsby follows. Fricke frowns, left off balance.

EXT. RESTAURANT/ENTRANCE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - DAY 20

Jane and Rigsby walking to their car.

RIGSBY  
You think Fricke's right?

JANE

Was the door closed? Yes. It was a cold night. They lit a fire. Why leave the door open?

RIGSBY

No, I mean is he right about how to deal with women.

JANE

No. He's one hundred percent wrong.

(beat)

Unless all you want is a lot of casual sex with strangers. Then he's right.

Rigsby's conflicted.

A group of two dozen or so attractive and mostly well-dressed women sit waiting in the hallway. As we move into the bullpen we see Cho questioning KARA, a beautiful thirty-something year-old woman.

CHO

Where did you first meet Paul Fricke?

KARA

At a wine tasting event a friend was throwing.

CHO

And how long were you and he romantically involved?

KARA

Um... three, maybe four hours.

Cho looks up at this. Scribbles in his note pad.

Cho with WOMAN #2.

CHO

What attracted you to him in the first place?

WOMAN #2 starts to answer. Then stops, realizing she can't quite explain why.

20C INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - LATER 20C

Cho questioning.

CHO

What exactly attracted you to Paul  
Fricke in the first place?

WOMAN #3 stares blankly back at Cho.

QUICK SHOTS of the same lack of response from another WOMAN.  
And another. And another. None able to quite put their  
finger on it.

20D INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - LATER 20D

Cho with yet another woman, MOLLY.

MOLLY

I don't know. I guess there's just  
something about him.

CHO

Were you at all angry or hurt when  
the relationship ended?

MOLLY

No. I was disappointed, more than  
anything. He was very attentive.  
We had a wonderful time together.

CHO

Thank you for your time, Ma'am.

Cho rises to escort her out.

MOLLY

You'll tell him I said hello, won't  
you?

Off Cho's look.

20E INT. BULLPEN/HALLWAY. CBI HQ - LATER 20E

Van Pelt enters, passing a group of women outside the door  
still waiting to be questioned.

VAN PELT

How's it going? Any potential  
suspects?

(CONTINUED)

CHO

Nope. I'm bringing in the rest tomorrow.

Van Pelt sizes up the group of women still waiting.

VAN PELT

There's more?

CHO

This is just A through M.

(beat)

How's it going with you?

VAN PELT

No unusual transactions from Mr. Wolcott, but three days before she was killed, Claire Wolcott made a two hundred thousand dollar withdrawal in the form of a cashier's check, made out to Paul Fricke.

(Cho takes note)

Here's the best part. According to the bank, Keith Wolcott set up the account so that he'd be notified whenever a large transaction took place.

CHO

Meaning Wolcott had to have known about the two hundred grand.

VAN PELT

Exactly.

Van Pelt heads off. Cho sighs, then approaches the women waiting to be questioned, checking his note pad.

CHO

Chastity?

21 OMITTED

21

22 INT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT (N/3)

22

Dark leather chairs. An upscale cigar room. We find Wolcott with a bunch of hedge fund types in tuxedos and black bow-ties enjoying fine Scotch being served by a white jacketed servant.

WOLCOTT

"Darn it, woman," says the redneck. "Ain't you never seen a goat before?"

They all laugh merrily.

ON Jane and Rigsby approaching. They glance at each other off the laughter...

RIGSBY

Handling his grief well.

Jane looks dark.

JANE

Hmmm.

RIGSBY

Mr. Wolcott.

Wolcott takes a beat to realize it's the CBI. Frowns as he heads over to cut them off.

WOLCOTT

Now is not a good time.

RIGSBY

Sorry to intrude. There are some follow up questions we need to ask you, regarding your previous statement.

WOLCOTT

I'll be happy to speak to you tomorrow morning at my office.

RIGSBY

This won't take long.

WOLCOTT

(harshly)

I told you. Tomorrow morning. In my office.

He turns away and walks back to his friends.

JANE

(loudly)

Mr. Wolcott, it's about your wife's lover. We know about the two hundred thousand dollars your wife gave him. And we know you know about it.

Beat. Wolcott seethes, embarrassed. His friends make sheepish faces and move off. Wolcott stalks back to Jane.

WOLCOTT

How dare you?

JANE

How dare I? What did I do that was daring? Am I supposed to be scared of you?

WOLCOTT

You're supposed to be respectful and disc --

JANE

-- Respectful? You contemptible little buffoon. Your wife just died and you're wearing a monkey suit and drinking punch and laughing with your idiot friends. And you want respect?

Jane flicks the end of Wolcott's nose...

JANE (CONT'D)

There's respect.

...and stalks off angrily. Wolcott is momentarily dumbstruck. Rigsby rubs his temple.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY (D/4)

23

Lisbon enters, pissed off; stands over Jane, who lies on his sofa, relaxed.

JANE

What?

LISBON

You know damn well what.  
You assaulted a man.

JANE

I only tweaked his nose.

LISBON

That's assault, technically.

JANE

Technically, he's an ass.  
He deserved it.

LISBON

Yes he is. But this is not a  
school yard. You simply can't do  
stuff like that.

JANE

Yes I can. I did. The seas didn't  
boil. The sky didn't fall.

LISBON

It will shortly. Wolcott's on his  
way down here with a thousand  
dollar an hour lawyer. If you make  
a formal apology to him, he's  
willing to think about dropping the  
matter.

JANE

Hmmm, let me think. No.

LISBON

Oh come on, be reasonable for once.

JANE

I'm busy.

LISBON

Right.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

I am. I'm thinking. He's going to drop the matter in any case.

LISBON

Oh really?

JANE

I guarantee it. He's a shallow narcissist. All about image. And this whole business makes him look small and silly.

He closes his eyes as if going back to sleep. Lisbon simmers impotently a beat, then tweaks Jane's nose and walks away. Jane smiles to himself.

Rigsby and Van Pelt crossing the grounds...

RIGSBY

(muttering to himself)  
Contempt, control, excitement.

VAN PELT

What?

RIGSBY

Nothing...

VAN PELT

This place is sooo nice. Eight hundred dollars a night minimum, can you believe that?

Rigsby doesn't even glance at Van Pelt, just hmphs in reply.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Hello? You're not talking to me? You barely said a word the whole way down.

RIGSBY

(loftily)  
I'll talk to you. When you have something interesting to say.

Van Pelt, hurt, has no idea where this is coming from...

VAN PELT

Fine, be a jerk.

Van Pelt pushes through a gate. A confused Rigsby follows after.

25 EXT. HOT TUB AREA - CONTINUOUS

25

Where we find Paul Fricke dangling his legs in a hot tub in which TWO WOMEN are immersed.

FRICKE

I'd come in with you, but I have to keep my injury dry.

The women don't respond.

FRICKE (CONT'D)

Gunshot wound.

(still nothing)

But don't worry, you're not in any danger. I'm a lover. Not a fighter.

Skeeved out, the two women get out of the hot tub and split. Fricke turns to find Van Pelt and Rigsby looking at him sourly.

FRICKE (CONT'D)

Not you guys again.

RIGSBY

The old magic not working so good today?

FRICKE

It's like baseball. Most of the time, even in the Major Leagues, you swing and you miss. You have to keep swinging. I hit on ten women a day, I'm going to have sexual intercourse with one of them. At least.

VAN PELT

That is gross.

FRICKE

(to Rigsby)

She's intrigued by me, she's just too proud to admit it.

RIGSBY

Shoes on Romeo.

26 EXT. HOT TUB PATH. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - DAY

26

Fricke eyeing Van Pelt as they and Rigsby head for the CBI car.

(CONTINUED)

FRICKE

I didn't notice before. You're not bad looking. Shoulders are a bit too wide, but otherwise pretty nice.

VAN PELT

You're kidding right? You're trying to hit on me?

FRICKE

What man in his right mind wouldn't hit on you?

\*  
\*

Van Pelt smiles despite herself.

RIGSBY

Leave her be. Get in the car.

INT. LISBON'S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY

Lisbon, behind her desk. Wolcott and his LAWYER sitting opposite, glowering.

LISBON

(rueful)

I'm sorry. My colleague, Mr. Jane refuses to apologize, says he's happy to go to court. And you refuse to talk to us, so we can't rule you out as a suspect. I'm afraid this is going to make a bit of a mess.

Wolcott blows air, looks at his Lawyer, takes a beat.

LAWYER

Keith, I suggest --

WOLCOTT

-- No no. I have nothing to hide. What do you want to know?

LISBON

What did you know about your wife's affair with Paul Fricke?

WOLCOTT

I knew Claire was having an affair with this Fricke person. I knew about the money she was giving him.

LISBON

Why did you deny knowing?

WOLCOTT

It's not the sort of thing one  
likes to admit, is it?

(MORE)

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

And I knew it would make me a suspect, which would be tedious.

LISBON

Did you confront her about Fricke?

WOLCOTT

No. I stopped the check immediately of course.

LISBON

And you just let it go at that? Weren't you angry?

WOLCOTT

Not at all. I was happy. I'd wanted to divorce her for ages.

LISBON

Why?

WOLCOTT

(shrugs)

She'd become irritating. The cost of divorce always deterred me. But her infidelity with Fricke cut the payout she'd get in half. If Claire had lived, come Monday, she was in for a nasty surprise. I was all set to serve her divorce papers.

LISBON

Even cuckolded, you'd have to give her a big sum, rich man like you. Her death saves you a lot of money, doesn't it?

WOLCOTT

Yes it does. Money isn't everything though, is it? I'm sorry she's dead. Truly sorry. But every cloud, as they say.

Lisbon gives him a dark look.

LAWYER

I'll believe we're done here.

LISBON

Seems to be.

WOLCOTT

You'll be hearing from the Attorney  
General shortly regarding Mr. Jane's  
conduct.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (4)

27

LISBON

I doubt it.

WOLCOTT

Oh really.

LISBON

When you've had time to think,  
you'll see this whole business  
makes you look small and silly, and  
you'll drop the matter.

Wolcott frowns, takes a beat before exiting.

28 INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - DAY

28

Fricke enters laughing merrily with Van Pelt. Rigsby in tow,  
miserable. Wolcott leaving, crosses paths with them. Both  
men pause momentarily and wonder what to say, then move on.

29 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/4)

29

Cho's in with Fricke.

CHO

You misled us Paul. You were going  
to take money from Claire.

FRICKE

But I didn't. Did I? A business  
associate of mine is opening a new  
club in town. He offered me a role  
as partial owner if I could come up  
with a share of the building costs.  
Claire was generous enough to offer  
me a loan.

CHO

And?

FRICKE

I went to deposit it a couple of  
days ago, and was told the check  
had been stopped.

CHO

That must have been disappointing.  
What did Claire say?

FRICKE

She said it must be a mistake and  
she'd sort it out Monday.

(CONTINUED)

CHO

Did you believe her?

Cho eyes Fricke carefully.

FRICKE

No big deal. You know what the best part about being me is? There are literally dozens of rich, needy women I could go to for financial help. I didn't need Claire's money.

Jane walks in, interrupting.

JANE

Hey. What's the story with you and Katie? The waitress.

CHO

Hello, in the middle here...

JANE

Yes, sorry. I was thinking. I had a thought. Bear with me.  
(to Fricke)  
So, Katie, tell me about her.

FRICKE

Nothing to tell. Used to be if I didn't score for whatever reason, I'd call her off the bench.

JANE

Can't sleep alone uh?

FRICKE

Some people use cocoa and a good book, I use beautiful women.

JANE

She must have been crazy about you, to put up with a deal like that.

FRICKE

I guess so.

JANE

Must be difficult for her now. Watching you pick up a different woman night after night.

FRICKE

That's not how it is with me and Katie.

JANE

Of course it is. She loves you. That much is clear. Maybe that's what all this was about? Your behavior finally got to her?

Fricke shifts in his seat. Not enjoying this.

FRICKE

Katie didn't have anything to do with this.

JANE

How can you be so sure?

Fricke grows concerned. His slick exterior momentarily disappears.

FRICKE

I know Katie. She's a good person. She wouldn't hurt anyone.

Jane studies Fricke for a beat.

JANE

Okay, great. Thanks. You can go.

CHO

Um...

JANE

I'm sorry. When Agent Cho says you can go, you can go.

Jane exits. Fricke looks to Cho.

CHO

One moment.

He follows Jane out...

Jane and Cho walk from the interrogation room to the bullpen...

CHO

Dude... you can't dismiss my subjects like that. It completely undermines my authority.

JANE

I took it back, didn't I?  
Anyhow, we need him back on his  
familiar hunting grounds. You'll  
agree with me hundred per cent when  
I explain my theory. And my  
brilliant plan.

(sizing him up)

Do you have any good clothes?

CHO

I'm wearing them.

JANE

Anything with a little more zing?

CHO

No.

JANE

No problem. We'll go shopping.  
Let's go.

He hustles Cho along with him.

MUSIC PLAYS as Cho strides into the crowded lounge. His hair  
is spiked, he's wearing flashy clothes, some bling, and his  
sunglasses are on inside.

Cho's *peacocking* -- a Venusian technique used to grab the  
attention of women and instigate conversation. Groups of  
people, men and women alike, can't help but turn his way.

Agent Cho is looking good.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

32 INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT-NIGHT(N/4 CONT'D) 32

Cho's at the bar. Surveying the crowded lounge. He checks to make sure no one's looking and speaks to himself.

CHO

I'm in position.

33 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT. 33

REVEAL -- Jane's behind a bank of SURVEILLANCE MONITORS set up in one of the resort suites. A receiver and microphone are on the desk. Lisbon, Rigsby and Van Pelt behind him.

JANE

Look around, choose a likely target.

34 INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - INTERCUT 34

Back with Cho, who we now see is wearing a small earpiece and microphone discretely hidden among his many accessories.

CHO

Will do, hey...

This last to the bartender who was watching Cho talk to himself.

CHO (CONT'D)

Bourbon on the rocks. Make it a double.

Cho's POV -- A NEARBY TABLE where TWO WOMEN are downing mojitos. They look back at Cho, sizing him up.

CHO (CONT'D)

Those two will do I guess.

CUT BETWEEN JANE AND CHO

JANE

Good. So listen, relax and I'll guide you through this. Just be calm and confident and go up to them with a --

Cho's direct as ever.

(CONTINUED)

CHO

-- Yes, you told me that already.

I have the general idea.

(turning to the mojito

ladies)

Hello, ladies. I'll be right with you.

The MOJITO LADIES, DARBY and SARA-BETH, look at each other. The bartender brings Cho his drink.

CHO (CONT'D)

Start a tab for me, would you?

Room 206. That's for you.

He puts a fifty dollar bill in the bartender's vest pocket and goes to the Mojito ladies' table, sits down.

CHO (CONT'D)

Hi. My name's Kimball Cho. What are your names?

(points)

You first.

DARBY

Darby.

Cho points to the other.

SARA-BETH

Sara-Beth.

CHO

Tell me about yourselves.

The ladies are surprised into obedience.

SARA-BETH

Uh, what do you want to know?

The team watches from behind the monitors.

JANE

Well it's not exactly text book style, but nice job, Cho.

RIGSBY

That worked? Hello ladies?

JANE

I think he's just invented a new method.

35 CONTINUED:

35

LISBON

There's Fricke.

VAN PELT

Where?

JANE

Just came in with those three blondes.

RIGSBY

Let me see.

Rigsby leans in. SEES FRICKE ON THE MONITOR with three stunning women.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

I don't believe this guy.

36 INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - SAME TIME 36

Fricke chats up three captivated women in the lounge. The whole group is laughing.

ANGLE -- Katie's at the bar, watching Fricke.

37 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT 37

RIGSBY

I give up. I do not understand women. Never will. Seems like the dumber you treat `em, the better they like it.

VAN PELT

They're drunk women. You can't generalize to all women in general.

RIGSBY

No? You went for Fricke's line the same way. Like a mackerel. Bam. Hooked.

VAN PELT

(outraged)

That is so not true.

RIGSBY

Oh, Paul, ha ha, you're so funny.

VAN PELT

Shut up. I did not.

Lisbon gives Jane an accusatory look.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

LISBON

This is your fault.

JANE

What? I'm just sitting here.

Jane smiles at Rigsby and Van Pelt now ignoring each other.

38 EXT. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT

38

The resort glows romantically under a dark blue canopy of stars.

39 INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT

39

The crowd has thinned out. Fricke is slow dancing with one of his three blondes. Cho's deep in intimate conversation with the Mojito Ladies.

Haightly, the manager, enters, approaches Katie as she gazes wistfully at Fricke.

HAIGHTLY

You've worked a double today.  
Have a nightcap on the house and  
clock off for the day, why don't  
you?

KATIE

Thanks, Mr. H. That sounds good.

Katie undoes the apron around her waist and heads for the bar. Haightly watches her go.

40 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT.

40

Rigsby's trying not to fall asleep on the bed. Van Pelt and Jane watching the monitors. Lisbon's catching up on paperwork.

JANE

Cho, time for phase two.

41 INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONTINUOUS

41

Cho and the Mojito Ladies...

CHO

Roger. Phase two coming up.

DARBY

What's phase two?

Cho leans over and whispers in her ear. Her eyes go wide and she stands up indignantly.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

DARBY (CONT'D)  
Let's go Sara-Beth.

SARA-BETH  
What did he say?

Darby whispers in Sara-Beth's ear. Sara-Beth's eyes go wide and she stands up indignantly. They march out in unison, watched by Katie and Fricke and Haightly and other occupants, amused...

42 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT. 42

Jane and the team laughing, except for Van Pelt...

VAN PELT  
What did he say? I didn't hear.

JANE  
You don't want to know.

43 INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT 43

Cho gets up and goes to the bar, sits a couple of stools down from Katie.

CHO  
Oh well.

KATIE  
Struck out uh?

CHO  
I blew it. As usual. I'm just unlucky in love. Always have been. When I do find someone, they break my heart every time.

KATIE  
I know how that goes.

CHO  
Same story uh?

KATIE  
Same story.

Katie looks at Fricke, Cho follows her gaze to Fricke.

CHO  
That guy?

KATIE  
Him.

(CONTINUED)

CHO

No offense, but I've been watching him operate this evening, and he seems like kind of a creep. A player no doubt, but a creep.

KATIE

This isn't who he is. When we were together, he was a sweet, caring generous man. It was me that screwed it up. We had a terrible fight. I said some mean things. Mean things. This is all an attempt to prove me wrong I guess.

CHO

Eh. If I had a woman like you in love with me, you could say whatever you like. I wouldn't be out running around.

KATIE

That's nice of you to say so. Thank you.

CHO

You know what you need to do? You need to make him jealous. Let him see you out and about, enjoying yourself with another man.

Katie gives Cho a look.

KATIE

Are you hitting on me?

CHO

Yes I am. But it's a good plan, isn't it?

Katie smiles...

44 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT. 44

Jane, Lisbon, Rigsby and Van Pelt watch ON SCREEN as Katie and Cho hit it off in the lounge.

JANE

He's a natural.

45 INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - TEN MIN. LATER 45

Cho leans in closer to Katie, whilst gesturing for the tab.

45 CONTINUED:

45

CHO

(to bartender)

206.

(to Katie)

Here's the plan. Let's walk right past him, laughing and smiling like we're on our way somewhere cool. Get him thinking.

KATIE

Then what?

CHO

We'll think of something.

Katie sees Fricke across the room, surrounded by the group of three women, one of them sitting on his lap.

KATIE

Sure. Let's do it.

Cho takes Katie by the arm and leads her laughing and smiling past Fricke, who watches them go. He frowns.

46 INT. RECEPTION AREA. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONTINUOUS 46

Cho and Katie crossing the room, still laughing, touching. They just seem to naturally keep walking to the stairs and up toward the guest rooms.

47 INT. HALLWAY. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONTINUOUS 47

Cho and Katie giggling along a hallway. Round a corner.

48 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT. 48

Jane et al watching.

ON A SCREEN -- THE SECURITY CAMERA FEED -- Cho and Katie appear, Cho unlocks a room. They disappear inside.

49 INT. HALLWAY/CHO'S SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT. 49

Cho and Katie enter the room, Cho first. As soon as they're inside...

CHO

(to Jane et al)

Okay. We're in the room.

50 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT. 50

Jane et al watching screens that show empty hotel corridors.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

JANE

Nice work. Sit tight now. I don't think it'll take long.

51 INT. CHO'S SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT

51

Katie, staring at Cho, who is holding his ear as he speaks.

CHO

You hope.

KATIE

Who are you talking to?

CHO

My colleagues.

KATIE

(worried he's nuts)

Oh-kay. Who are they?

Cho shows his badge.

CHO

I'm a state agent, ma'am. We're conducting an undercover operation regarding the Wolcott murder case.

KATIE

I... I don't understand.

CHO

I apologize for the deception involved.

Katie takes a beat to process this, looks stricken...

KATIE

Undercover? You don't, you're not...

CHO

No ma'am.

KATIE

I'm so embarrassed.

CHO

That's understandable.

Katie **bursts into tears.**

CHO (CONT'D)

I mean, there's no need... Uh... hey. Come on now.

52 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT 52

Jane et al watching the monitors. Attentive but restless.

LISBON

There's nothing hap-pen-ing.

JANE

Have some pa-tience, woman. She's got no patience, has she?

This to Rigsby and Van Pelt. In BG A DARK FIGURE MOVES ACROSS A MONITOR SCREEN and disappears.

RIGSBY

Not touching that.

VAN PELT

There!

We watch the MONITOR SCREENS. There's nobody to be seen.

RIGSBY O.S

Wha --

Then suddenly the DARK FIGURE reappears, up close, and we see it's a man in A LONG DARK RAINCOAT AND A BLACK HAT, obscuring his face.

RIGSBY

Holy...

53 INT. HALLWAY/ROOM 206. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT. 53

The FIGURE moves swiftly down a long hallway to **room 206**.

He pulls a gun from his waist, and opens the door with a security pass key.

He steps inside, only to find it's not Cho and Katie inside; it's Rigsby, Lisbon and Van Pelt waiting with guns drawn.

LISBON

Drop the weapon!

RIGSBY

Drop it, Haightly!

REVEAL -- A stunned Kevin Haightly drops the weapon to the floor. As the team moves in to arrest him, Haightly sees Jane rocking slowly side to side in his chair at the monitors, waving hello to the apprehended murderer.

54 EXT. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT 54

Rigsby puts surveillance equipment into the back of the CBI vehicle, parked close to the guest rooms.

55 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT 55

Rigsby comes back inside and helps Van Pelt pack up equipment in BG. On sofa, Jane and Lisbon talk with handcuffed Haightly.

HAIGHTLY

You set me up.

LISBON

Yes we did.

HAIGHTLY

How did you know it was me?

Jane holds up the security pass card that Haightly used to get into the room.

JANE

It was a cold night. Fricke told us the patio door in his room was closed when he went to sleep.

**FLASHBACK**

56 EXT. VICTIM'S VILLA/PATIO - DAY (D/2) 56

*Jane unable to open the patio door.*

JANE (V.O.)

And they can't be opened from outside.

**END FLASHBACK**

57 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT. 57

Jane et al with Haightly.

JANE

Which could only mean the killer entered via the main door. And that requires a key. Who has the keys? Staff.

**FLASHBACK**

58 INT. VICTIM'S VILLA/HALLWAY - NIGHT (N/1) 58

*Haightly uses his hotel key to quietly open the door. He heads inside and finds two figures lying in bed.*

JANE (V.O.)

Who's on the staff that would want to hurt Claire Wolcott? Nobody.

*Haightly raises his gun.*

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

Okay. Who would want to hurt Paul Fricke? You.

*BAM! BAM! BAM! Haightly fires indiscriminately.*

**END FLASHBACK**

59 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT. 59

Jane et al with Haightly.

JANE

But what reason would you have for hating him? Katie.

**FLASHBACK**

60 EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - DAY (D/3) 60

*Katie leans over Fricke, taking his order. Upon seeing them, Haightly becomes tense. His jaw clenches shut.*

JANE (V.O.)

You hate him for using and abusing her, the woman you love.

61 INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT (N/4) 61

*Haightly approaches Katie and clocks her as she gazes wistfully at Fricke. Haightly longingly watches her go, then stares at Fricke with contempt.*

JANE (V.O.)

You hate him past all reason.

**END FLASHBACK**

62 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT. 62

Jane et al with Haightly...

HAIGHTLY

(fiercely)

I'm not sorry. He's dirt. He's slime. The way he carried on with those other women. Rubbing Katie's nose in it. I never would have hurt her like he did.

(beat)

I wish I had killed him.

JANE

You killed Claire Wolcott instead.

HAIGHTLY

(unrepentant)

I never meant to do that. I wanted to kill Fricke, not Claire. But she shouldn't have been doing what she was doing, should she? It's not like anybody cares. Her husband was --

JANE

(angrily)

-- I care! I care about Claire Wolcott! She was a living person. You took a life, you stupid --

Jane stops himself. Takes a deep breath. Turns to Lisbon...

JANE (CONT'D)

Sorry. I uh...

LISBON

That's alright. You go. We'll finish up here.

Jane nods, exits. Lisbon turns to Rigsby and Van Pelt.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Where's Cho?

RIGSBY

I don't know. I tried him a couple times. No answer.

CU: Cho's earpiece sits on the night stand beside the bed. We slowly pan across the untouched bed to the floor, where Cho and Katie sit side by side.

KATIE

The problem is, I really love Paul.  
I know how he seems and I know how  
he's been, but at the end of the day,  
when I think about who I want to be  
with... it's him. That's crazy uh?  
But love is crazy I guess.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

CHO

No it's not. You should seek  
psychiatric help.

Katie laughs.

64 INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT

64

Jane sits alone at the bar, nursing a drink. The crowd has thinned out for the night. Only a few stragglers remain, including Fricke, who enters from the patio with one of his women, an empty look on his face.

Fricke sees Jane at the bar and approaches alone.

FRICKE

You mind?

Fricke sits. He has a heaviness about him, a seriousness.

JANE

Rough night?

FRICKE

Eh, not bad. A couple of good  
phone numbers.

Jane and Fricke sit quiet for a beat. Then Katie enters from across the room. Jane sees her, and a moment later Fricke does as well. In that moment, Fricke lights up. But he determinedly looks away.

FRICKE (CONT'D)

Yup. Two very tasty numbers...

Jane calmly pours his drink on Fricke's head.

JANE

Don't be so bloody stupid. You  
have a good woman there. That  
knows you and loves you.

Fricke stares at him for a beat, dripping. Shocked. Then he slides out from the bar and heads over to Katie, who watches nervously as he approaches. Not sure what he wants with her. After a few awkward beats, he reaches down and takes her hand, leading her out.

A beat on Jane, introspective. He pays no attention to Katie and Fricke.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Jane turns to see a stunning woman before him.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

You looked kind of lonely.  
My friend and I were wondering if  
you'd like to join us?

Across the room, the other woman waves from her table.  
Jane shows her his wedding ring.

JANE

Sorry. Married.

He turns back to the bar, takes a shot of his drink.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**