

# THE MENTALIST

"Scarlett Fever"

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Episode #114  
January 7, 2009 - Pink Revisions

**REVISED PAGES**

**PINK REVISIONS - 1/07/09**

46

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MARQUESA HOME - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING (N/1) 1

An ostentatious McMansion LIT UP for a party, in a luxury gated country club community filled with homes built to impress. They're are all different, but exactly alike.

2 INT. MARQUESA HOME. FOYER - CONTINUOUS 2

A lively cocktail party is in full swing as CATERERS serve hors d'oeuvres to the crowd.

3 INT. UPSTAIRS. MARQUESA HOME 3

SCARLETT MARQUESA, 30's, beautifully dressed, comes staggering down a hallway, hands at her throat, a choked scream on her lips. She blindly runs into and over the top bannister overlooking the foyer. She falls -- crash landing on a table of hors d'oeuvres -- to her death.

As pandemonium ensues, a little boy -- OSCAR MARQUESA -- curly black hair, nine-years-old, comes out of his room, peers down through the banister and sees his mother's contorted body on the floor below.

4 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - NIGHT 4

JANE, opposite a shaven-headed tattooed GANGSTER, who gazes intently at a shiny .45 Caliber SILVER BULLET Jane is holding between thumb and forefinger.

JANE

...Look at it, George. Beautiful, isn't it? Look at that. Like a little jewel. Or a child's toy. Wouldn't it be good if you could relax and go back to a time when you were a child? A little boy with no cares or worries. You can go back if you want if you think about it, if you just close your eyes and drift away. That's right. Don't you feel happy and relaxed?

GANGSTER

Yes...

The Gangster is in a light trance.

JANE

Say it. Tell me how you feel.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

GANGSTER  
Happy and relaxed.

JANE  
Good.

5 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

5

TWO AGENTS from the Organized Crime Squad are watching.

6 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

6

JANE  
Tell me, George, what's your date  
of birth?

GANGSTER  
I was born on the first of March,  
1980.

JANE  
That's right. What was your  
mother's name?

GANGSTER  
Melody.

JANE  
That's a nice name. She was a good  
woman. She liked you to tell the  
truth, didn't she?

GANGSTER  
Yes.

JANE  
Good. Now tell me how you murdered  
Donovan Hobart and --

LISBON enters in a hurry.

LISBON  
Jane, sorry to interrupt, we just  
caught a red ball. Are you going  
to be long with this one --

She notices the gangster's weird demeanor.

LISBON (CONT'D)  
Dammit Jane, he's in a trance isn't  
he?

JANE  
I'd describe it as more like deep  
relaxation.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Hypnotized. You hypnotized him.

JANE

I'm doing a favor for the organized crime squad.

LISBON

Those cowboys?

She knocks on the two-way glass mirror.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Time to go, guys.

JANE

I was just about to get the truth from him. He killed two people. If you walk out very quietly, I might still be able --

LISBON

-- How many times have I told you, no hypnotism! It's illegal and unethical and you cannot keep --

JANE

-- Calm yourself, woman. No big thing.

LISBON

Oh really. This man's lawyer is right this minute coming down the hall, wearing a mean face, and something tells me he will dispute that point with you. Let's go.

JANE

Let me bring George back out of his trance first eh?

LISBON

Be quick about it.

JANE

Yes, ma'am. George? Listen to me carefully...

A hard-faced CRIMINAL LAWYER enters.

LAWYER

I'd like to speak to my client alone. Now.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

LISBON

Of course...

She gestures to Jane -- 'Get out!' Jane shakes George's hand.

JANE

It was nice to meet you, George,  
Good luck in all your future  
endeavors.

Lisbon and Jane leave. Lawyer sits down. George is still  
lightly tranced.

LAWYER

So, George... George? Are you  
alright?

George just stares at him placidly.

7-8

OMITTED

7-8

9

INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - MOMENTS LATER

9

Jane and Lisbon hurry away. Jane's amused.

LISBON

It's not funny.

JANE

It is a little. What have we got?

LISBON

(off file in hand)  
Unincorporated country club  
development outside town. Scarlett  
Marquesa, female, thirty-three.

10

INT. MARQUESA HOME - LATER

10

COPS and FORENSICS people moving about. Scarlett, on the  
floor, the CORONER'S MEN about to take her away, waiting for  
photos to be taken of the body.

Jane and Lisbon enter and are met by RIGSBY who briefs them.

RIGSBY

...Hostess of the party, married,  
one kid. Around about ten-twenty  
this evening, the party was in full  
swing. Scarlett comes running over  
the balcony clutching her throat  
and screaming, she falls down to  
her death.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

LISBON

Where's the husband and kid?

RIGSBY

With neighbors. Badly shook up.

LISBON

We'll wait till tomorrow morning to speak to them.

(looking at the body)

Poison uh?

RIGSBY

Must be. The discoloration, the frothing at the lips. The medical examiner thinks so too. But we haven't found a source yet. We don't know where she was when she drank the poison.

(indicating direction)

She came from up there, but the actual poisoning could have taken place anywhere. It's a big house.

The Coroner's men start to lift Scarlett onto a gurney. Jane stops them.

JANE

One moment.

He studies her face.

JANE (CONT'D)

Interesting. Look at her eyes.

The others look at Scarlett's eyes.

RIGSBY

What?

Jane exits purposefully.

LISBON

Hello. Use your words.

Lisbon sighs. She isn't going after him. She looks to Rigsby, who dutifully follows Jane.

11

INT. MARQUESA HOME. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

11

Jane going down a long hallway, peering into rooms. Rigsby behind him.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

JANE

She had more mascara on her right eye than she did on her left. Meaning she must have been halfway through redoing her makeup when she was poisoned. Sooo, she was in theree...

He ducks into a room.

12 INT. MARQUESA HOME. BATHROOM - NIGHT

12

Jane's in a little chrome and marble palace with a big mirror.

JANE

...Bathroom.

He looks around a bit and uses a handkerchief to pick up a cocktail tumbler from the floor under the basin.

JANE (CONT'D)

The source of the poison, I have no doubt.

As he studies the glass, he notices lipstick further down on the glass, far away from the rim where it would have been deposited by drinking from the glass. He looks around and then peers into the waste bin where he reaches in and comes up with a crumpled napkin. He uncrumples it. Reads:

JANE (CONT'D)

And here...

He turns it around so Rigsby can see...

INSERT: Written in lipstick on the napkin -- "**NOW WE'RE EVEN.**"

JANE (CONT'D)

A motive.

FADE OUT.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

13 EXT. VILLA MARSANTE ESTATES - DAY (D/2) 13

JANE'S POV from CBI VAN on the move -- The community is upscale, but moving down. Amid the ostentatious luxury are "FOR SALE" and "OPEN HOUSE" SIGNS outside houses. A MOVING TRUCK is backed up in a driveway.

14 EXT. MARQUESA HOME - DAY 14

As Jane and Lisbon walk toward the house from the van, VICTOR MARQUESA, late 30's, stunned, weary, and drawn, in slacks, is at the front door, saying goodbye to ASRA HADAMI, 30's, serious, raven-haired beauty in a business suit, and MANDY RILJEK, 30's, athletic, tough but perky, sporting pink tennis togs. He hugs each of the women, *lingering a bit longer* on the hug with Asra. Jane clocks this awkward hug with interest.

LISBON

Mr. Marquesa. Agent Lisbon, CBI.

VICTOR

Oh yes. Please come in.

He notes her significant glance to the two women...

VICTOR (CONT'D)

These are dear friends, Asra Hadami, and Mandy Riljek. They've been looking after me and Oscar.

The two women acknowledge the agents.

ASRA

Anything we can do...

Lisbon nods politely...

MANDY

Vic, I'll make sure Jim comes by as soon as he gets back in town.

VICTOR

Thanks, Mandy.

ASRA

Take care, Victor.

Jane watches as Asra and Mandy walk away.

15 INT. FOYER. MARQUESA HOME - MOMENTS LATER

15

The room still has not been cleared from the day before as police tape and broken furniture clutters the scene. Victor comes down the stairs with a HANDBAG and a PHONE and gives them to an awaiting Lisbon and Jane.

VICTOR

Scarlett keeps everything in there.  
Very organized.

LISBON

We'll return her items to you as  
soon as we can.

Victor nods and they follow him. Jane takes Scarlett's bag and looks through it discreetly while they walk into --

15A INT. KITCHEN. MARQUESA HOME - MOMENTS LATER

15A

All the available counter space is covered with glasses, silverware, and dishes from the night before. Victor shows them to a breakfast nook table where they all take seats.

LISBON

Mr. Marquesa, the tox screen tells  
us your wife's drink was laced with  
rat poison.

VICTOR

Rat poison?

LISBON

Is there any in the house?

VICTOR

No. None. Rat poison. Dear God.

Oscar, in a PIRATE COSTUME, play acting an epic battle -- comes tearing through the room, shrieking...

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(loud but ineffectual)

Oscar.

Jane and Lisbon gaze at him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Who would do such a thing?

LISBON

Someone who wanted to get even.

(CONTINUED)

15A

CONTINUED:

15A

JANE

Who's your guess? Whose name is nagging at you?

VICTOR

Scarlett had no enemies. Everybody loved Scarlett.

JANE

Even Asra?

VICTOR

(bristling)

Asra? Yes. They got along fine. Why ask about her?

JANE

You and Asra are having an affair, aren't you?

VICTOR

What? No!

JANE

No? Really?

VICTOR

No, really, and what the heck kind of police are you anyhow to ask me a question like that? On no basis at all.

JANE

My mistake, sorry.

(beat)

Is she your business partner then?

VICTOR

She's my accounts manager.

JANE

Ah. Okay. I understand.

VICTOR

Understand what?

JANE

No matter. There's no keys in here. D'you know where her keys are?

VICTOR

No, I couldn't find them. I wanted to move her car.

(CONTINUED)

15A

CONTINUED: (2)

15A

JANE

Never mind, I'm sure they'll show up.

LISBON

What business are you in exactly?

VICTOR

I develop real estate.

LISBON

Rough market.

VICTOR

You know. We've all seen better. I'm very confident it'll turn around soon.

LISBON

Did Scarlett work with you?

VICTOR

No. She was the artistic type. She made jewelry, that was her thing. Made a pretty good business out of it in fact. Selling to friends and neighbors.

LISBON

What kind of jewelry? Expensive stuff?

VICTOR

No. Just nice trinkets really, earrings, bracelets.

JANE

Can we see some?

VICTOR

Sure.

Victor goes to another part of the kitchen and brings over a flat velvet display that houses a couple of rings, bracelets and two artful little pill boxes. Jane and Lisbon pick pieces up, study them and put them back.

JANE

Very nice.

LISBON

Was there any particular reason for last night's party?

(CONTINUED)

15A

CONTINUED: (3)

15A

VICTOR

Scarlett's idea. She figured we needed to let people know we're doing fine. And we are, doing fine.

LISBON

At the party last night, did anyone behave in an unusual manner? Were there any odd incidents you recall?

VICTOR

No.

LISBON

Were the guests all known to you personally?

VICTOR

Yes. Good friends.

LISBON

We'll need a guest list.

VICTOR

Sure. They were from the country club mostly. Scarlett was elected chair of the women's committee there, which is kind of a big deal in this community? Very prestigious. I was so proud of her, although it meant she had to spend a lot of her time at the club.

Oscar comes tearing through the room again, screaming, sword flailing.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Oscar! Stop, please!

Oscar comes to a full stop, looks at his dad before silently darting out of the room. Lisbon and Jane look on awkwardly.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Pardon me. Are we done here?

LISBON

For the moment, yes. We'll be in touch if we need anything else.

16

EXT. MARQUESA HOME - DAY

16

Jane and Lisbon exit...

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

LISBON

What's your deal with Asra Hadami?

JANE

You saw the dinner theater way she hugged Victor. She's deceiving him. I thought it was a love affair gone awry, but it's something else. She's probably stealing from him.

LISBON

I'll have Van Pelt pull her financials same time she pulls the Marquesa's.

JANE

We should go take a look at this country club.

LISBON

Yes. Talk to the women's committee she chairs. Take Rigsby with you.

17 EXT. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

17

18 EXT. BALCONY. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

18

Jane and Rigsby look out onto the majestic expanse of the club's grounds that include the pool and tennis courts packed with PLAYERS and SPECTATORS, a mostly female crowd. We feature PATIENCE BROADBENT on court number one, 20's, impossibly blonde and lithe, yelling HAH! as she hits the heck out of the ball and wins her match in BG as scene continues...

RIGSBY

Someone here knows the truth.

JANE

Oh? How can you tell?

RIGSBY

Poison and a message in lipstick says this murder was done by a woman. And women have no secrets from other women.

JANE

Unless it was a cunning man, posing as a woman.

RIGSBY

You think?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

JANE

No.

18A EXT. NEAR THE TENNIS COURTS - DAY

18A

They approach a MEMBER'S DESK, set up al fresco to conduct club business during the tournament, where HEATHER STUDEMONT (30's), zaftig, capable, melancholically cheerful -- is seated, writing in a ledger. There's a microphone on the desk hooked up to a PA system. Heather wears a name tag with her name on it.

HEATHER

(into mike)

Semifinal pairs players 23 and 45 to court one now please. 23 and 45 to court one.

RIGSBY

Good morning, ma'am. California Bureau of Investigation. Rigsby, Jane.

Jane shakes her hand.

JANE

Nice to meet you Heather.

HEATHER

Everyone's been expecting you. Poor Scarlett. Terrible. How can I help you?

RIGSBY

We'd like to start by talking to the members of women's committee.

HEATHER

Sure thing.

She reaches for the microphone. Rigsby gestures, wait...

RIGSBY

Uh, perhaps it'd be best to gather them discreetly?

HEATHER

(shrugs)

Everyone will know in minutes anyhow.

(into mic)

Jackie, Patience, Mandy, the police are here and they want to talk to us about Scarlett's murder.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Come to the rose courtyard. And everybody, the silent auction is closing shortly so get those bids in now, folks.

Jane and Rigsby exchange a look. Heather stands up.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I'll show you the way.

19

EXT. ROSE COURTYARD. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

19

Heather, Patience Broadbent, Mandy Riljek, and JACKIE SHAPER (*40's, an extrovert, kinda slutty, dramatic, good-hearted*), cluster on the court along with Rigsby and Jane, several of each on either side of the net. There's already a perceptible tension between the women. NB we don't put focus on it, but all of the women, except Heather, are wearing items made by Scarlett.

HEATHER

(pointing)

Patience Broadbent, Mandy Riljek  
you've met...

MANDY

Hi.

HEATHER

And Jackie Shaper.

JACKIE

Thank God you're here. You'll find  
this maniac, won't you?

JANE

We'll try. Were you all at  
Scarlett's party?

All nod and say yes together.

PATIENCE

Everyone has to go to the  
chairwoman's parties. It's a rule.

Jane notes Jackie gives Patience a scowl.

JANE

Chairwoman's a prestigious  
position, isn't it?

MANDY

Yes it is.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

JANE

She makes her share of enemies I expect.

Jackie looks hard at Patience.

JACKIE

You could say that.

PATIENCE

If you have something to say, say it. Speak your mind, bitch.

JACKIE

Oh okay. You want it all out there? Okay. He asked about enemies. That's what you were.

(to Jane and Rigsby)

She hated Scarlett because she wanted to be chair and Scarlett whipped her butt in the election. Schooled her. Right, Mandy?

MANDY

Oh, I'm not getting into this one.

PATIENCE

Right. I missed out on scoring the private office and all that cool stationery with my name on it, so I killed her. Have you any idea how idiotic you sound?

Rigsby jumps in quickly.

RIGSBY

Tell you what, it's probably best if we conduct separate interviews with each of you individually.

20

EXT. POOLSIDE. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - FIVE MINUTES LATER 20

Jane and Rigsby with Heather alone.

JANE

Do you remember anything odd happening at the party?

HEATHER

The usual mojitos and chitchat. But...

JANE

But what?

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

HEATHER

I don't know if I should tell you, but I saw Scarlett arguing with Asra Hadami? It looked kind of angry. Some say something more than business might be going on between Asra Hadami and Victor Marquesa. I don't know if that's true. I don't really follow the gossip.

JANE

Who does?

21

INT. MEETING ROOM. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

21

Jane and Rigby with Mandy Riljek.

JANE

We're told you're the gossip queen around here.

MANDY

(complacently)

People tell me things.

JANE

Who's Victor Marquesa having an affair with?

MANDY

(delighted)

I don't know. Who? Tell.

JANE

Asra Hadami.

Mandy blurts out laughing, and stops herself quickly.

JANE (CONT'D)

That's a funny idea?

MANDY

(serious)

No. It's just, no. Victor and Asra are good friends, nothing more. Asra had nothing to do with this.

JANE

No? What's the general opinion then? Who did this?

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

MANDY

(looks around, whispers)  
My guess. Victor.

RIGSBY

What makes you think that?

MANDY

Nothing really. Victor's a nice  
guy, but that's who kills women,  
isn't it? Their husbands. Ninety  
percent of the time.

RIGSBY

Seventy percent, I think.

22

EXT. TENNIS COURTS. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

22

Jane intercepts Patience Broadbent as she leaves the tennis  
court, all sweaty and glowing.

JANE

Nice play out there. You could  
maybe put more topspin on your  
returns.

PATIENCE

The answers are yes, I disliked  
her, no I didn't kill her.

JANE

You hate to lose, don't you?

PATIENCE

(impatiently)  
Yes, unlike all those many people  
that love it.

As they speak, DOLORES, wearing several layers of clothing  
even though it's warm, attempts to approach Patience. She is  
tired and shivering a bit, but has a hopeful expression.  
There is a noticeable shift in Patience's demeanor when she  
sees her.

DOLORES

Excuse me, Patience?

PATIENCE

(angered)  
Are you kidding me, Dolores? Go  
away.

(CONTINUED)

DOLORES  
(deferential)  
You're right. I'm sorry.

The woman, realizing her error in attempting to talk to Patience, tries to pull herself together as she walks away. Jane takes note of the weird interaction.

JANE  
What was that all about?

PATIENCE  
(lying)  
Oh, Dolores has had the flu for like a week and I don't want to catch anything she has. I'm in the semifinals for Godssake.

JANE  
(not buying it.)  
Alright then.

PATIENCE  
I have to go. I have another match in half an hour and that toxic dwarf Mandy Riljek is trying to outbid me on the silent auction. What does she need 'two romantic nights at the Cliffside' for? So I'll save us all time and tell who did this if you like.

JANE  
Sure, I'd like that.

PATIENCE  
(whispers loudly)  
Asra Hadami.

JANE  
Really. Why?

PATIENCE  
She's having an affair with Victor.

JANE  
How'd you know that?

PATIENCE  
I just have an eye for that stuff. Asra must have killed Scarlett so she can have Victor for herself. Don't know why. You ask me, he's a loser.

22

CONTINUED: (2)

22

JANE

Thanks. Oh by the way, if you hate Scarlett Marquesa so much, why are you wearing earrings that she made?

PATIENCE

She makes good earrings.  
Nice meeting you.

She touches his chest with her racket and exits.

JANE

Nice to meet you.

23

INT. CHAIRWOMAN'S OFFICE. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

23

Rigsby and Jane with Jackie. Jane roaming around.

RIGSBY

You and she were close, weren't you?

There's a definite unspoken attraction between Rigsby and Jackie.

JACKIE

We were very close. Being her deputy on the women's committee, we spoke every day.

RIGSBY

Anything different about your recent conversations?

JACKIE

She talked a lot about moving away. She was tired of keeping up at all costs.

RIGSBY

At all costs?

JACKIE

(covering)  
Just working so hard.

Jane tries the door of a LARGE SAFE. Locked.

JANE

D'you have a key for this, Jackie?

JACKIE

Oh no, only Scarlett has a key. This is the chairwoman's office and that's the chairwoman's safe. I don't know anything about that.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

JANE

And Scarlett's keys are missing.  
Interesting.

24

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - EVENING

24

Jane, Lisbon and Rigsby enter. Cho and VAN PELT work at their desks.

JANE

We need to get that safe open.

LISBON

We'll need to get a search warrant.

RIGSBY

On it.

LISBON

Did you get anything from  
Scarlett's friends?

JANE

Everybody has a different theory,  
but they're all hiding something.  
I don't know what.

Lisbon's at Cho's desk...

LISBON

Any word from forensics about the  
lipstick on the napkin?

CHO

Not yet. They're jammed up.  
As usual. Budget cuts.

Cho's PHONE RINGS, he answers.

VAN PELT

Boss, I just now got access to Asra  
Hadami's financials? She cleaned  
out her bank accounts this morning.

Lisbon walks over to Van Pelt's computer.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Checking. Savings. Took around  
hundred and twenty-five thousand  
dollars in cash.

LISBON

Going on the run maybe. She didn't  
buy any rat poison recently, did she?

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

VAN PELT

That would be nice. No. No record of it.

Cho putting down phone in BG.

LISBON

Cho, send a unit to pick up Asra Hadami.

CHO

I would, but that was the Marsante security patrol calling. They just found Hadami's house empty. She's gone.

LISBON

Great. A fugitive.

JANE

I know where she is.

25

EXT. CLIFFSIDE INN - NIGHT (N/2)

25

ESTABLISHING a resort by the sea. Crashing waves. Full moon.

CAPTION: "CLIFFSIDE INN"

26

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY. CLIFFSIDE INN - NIGHT

26

Rigsby and Van Pelt walk down as they cross paths with a BELLMAN coming from the opposite direction. Rigsby flashes his badge.

RIGSBY

We need your key.

The Bellman quickly hands him the key and stands there in anticipation of what will happen next. On Rigsby...

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

You can go now.

The Bellman leaves. Rigsby and Van Pelt use the key and go in.

27

INT. HOTEL ROOM. CLIFFSIDE INN - NIGHT

27

Asra and Mandy sit up in bed, alarmed, shielding their nakedness with sheets.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

28 INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - DAY (D/3) 28

Lisbon and Van Pelt heading for the interview room.

VAN PELT

Boss?

LISBON

(reading file)

Hmm?

VAN PELT

I've been here nearly six months  
now. Half a year.

LISBON

What d'you want? Half a cake?

VAN PELT

I want to take lead on this  
interview.

Lisbon looks up from the file, appraising her.

LISBON

Okay.

VAN PELT

Okay?

LISBON

Sure, go ahead.

VAN PELT

(grins)

Thanks, boss.

They walk into the waiting room, Van Pelt leading the way.

29 INT. WAITING ROOM. CBI HQ. - DAY 29

Van Pelt slowly paces as she questions Asra. Lisbon hangs in  
the back.

VAN PELT

Why were you running, Ms. Hadami?

ASRA

No reason. Stress. I needed  
space.

(CONTINUED)

VAN PELT

Nothing to do with the argument you had with Scarlett Marquesa the night she died?

ASRA

I didn't have an argument with her.

VAN PELT

We hear differently.

ASRA

No argument. I swear. I didn't kill her. This is absurd.

VAN PELT

No more absurd than you clearing out your accounts and abandoning your home for "no reason."

ASRA

Maybe I need a lawyer.

Van Pelt looks to Lisbon who nods for her to press on.

VAN PELT

Say the word. What he'll tell you, if you're not involved in the murder, best speak up.

ASRA

I ran because I knew the murder would expose some issues I would like to keep private.

VAN PELT

Such as your relationship with Mandy Riljek?

ASRA

Exactly. News like that could be ruinous.

VAN PELT

True, but not the kind of thing you abandon your house for. You said issues. What are the other issues?

Asra indicates truth being told...

ASRA

I didn't want to look Victor in the face and tell him that I'd helped run everything he'd worked so hard for into the ground.

VAN PELT

How did you help do that?

ASRA

I borrowed money from the company's cash reserve.

VAN PELT

How much?

ASRA

A little over half a million.

VAN PELT

Where did it go?

ASRA

I made some poor investment choices that I had to cover quickly.

VAN PELT

So you stole --

ASRA

I borrowed. From the reserves. I skimmed the money from each development deal that should have gone into the company's reserve account as back up. We were making so many deals, I knew I would get it back before it would matter. But then the deals and the funding dried up and suddenly that reserve was very important. I sold anything I could get my hands on to cover the money.

Van Pelt again looks back at Lisbon who gives her approval of how she handled the questioning. Van Pelt is pleased.

Rigsby comes in, sits down with Mandy, who's been cooling her heels and getting impatient. Rigsby writes on a form.

RIGSBY

Be with you in just one minute.

MANDY

Why am I even here? I've done nothing wrong.

RIGSBY

You were found in a compromising position with a murder suspect.

MANDY

How did you know where to find us anyway? Have you been spying on me?

RIGSBY

You outbid Patience for a romantic weekend. But your husband Jim's away. And you laughed at the idea of Asra and Victor as lovers.

MANDY

Nobody knows I'm here, right? If this gets out, there'll be such a scandal.

RIGSBY

Nobody knows you're here.

Mandy sits back. Rigsby hands her a form on a clipboard.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

If you'll sign this, you can be on your way.

Mandy takes the form. Cho enters. Speaks a tiny bit woodenly.

CHO

Judge's clerk says we won't get a search warrant for Scarlett's safe until tomorrow morning. Then we'll go in and take the place apart.

RIGSBY

(off Mandy)

Shoosh.

CHO

(as if only now noting her presence)

Oh, sorry.

RIGSBY

You didn't hear that. That's confidential.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED: (2)

30

MANDY

Confidential? Oh, of course.

RIGSBY

Seriously. Don't tell anyone that.  
Okay?

MANDY

I understand. May I leave now?

Rigsby makes a 'be my guest' gesture. Mandy sizes them up as she leaves. After she's gone.

RIGSBY

Not bad. Your delivery was a bit  
wooden.

CHO

Wooden? Me? Look to yourself,  
Brando.

31

INT. KITCHEN. MARQUESA HOME - DAY

31

Lisbon and Van Pelt talk to Victor. Oscar runs in and out dressed as a WIZARD.

VICTOR

I can't believe it. Asra's been  
with me for over five years. She  
was right there with me in the  
trenches. I can't believe it.

Robotically, Victor pulls out "fixins" and begins making a sandwich.

VAN PELT

After going over your accounts, we  
had a couple of questions.

VICTOR

Sure.

VAN PELT

You've talked about cash crises in  
your business, but regular cash  
deposits have been made into your  
personal accounts. Some were  
upwards of five thousand dollars.

VICTOR

Oh.

(embarrassed)

Those were Scarlett's deposits.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
(over his shoulder)  
Hey, Oscar, come get your lunch.

LISBON  
Those are some pretty hefty  
deposits for someone not really  
working. Where was the money from?

VICTOR  
Her jewelry business.

LISBON  
I thought you said it was a small  
side business?

VICTOR  
It was, but apparently she had a  
lot of interest in her pieces. She  
recently made a deal with a couple  
of boutiques.

VAN PELT  
Do you know which ones?

VICTOR  
Never asked.

VAN PELT  
Without her money, you would have  
fallen behind months ago.

VICTOR  
(pointed)  
I know all too well that it was my  
wife that had to save our bacon.

Oscar bounds into the room. He stares at his plate.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
(to Oscar)  
What's the matter?

OSCAR  
You made it wrong. Mommy never  
puts all this stuff in it. She  
knows I like it plain.

VICTOR  
Can we compromise, buddy? I need  
to talk to these police ladies.  
We'll fix it better next time. Now  
please just eat the sandwich.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (2)

31

Victor sets the plate on the table in the breakfast nook. Obedient, but visibly disappointed, Oscar sits down and eats.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

LISBON

Not a problem.

VAN PELT

According to your wife's phone records, she traded a lot of calls with several disposable cell phones.

VICTOR

Disposable cellphones?

VAN PELT

You can buy "pay-as-you-go" phones with a predetermined amount of minutes on them and then dump the number. It makes the user more difficult to trace.

VICTOR

I don't know who she might have been talking to.

VAN PELT

In her day-planner, she had a regular weekly date noted down, at an address in Marysville. She has one of them scheduled for later today. You know anything about that?

VICTOR

No, I don't know what that's about. But she did go to Marysville a lot. For the antique jewelry markets and stuff.

Lisbon's PHONE RINGS and she steps aside to answer.

LISBON

Excuse me...

32

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

32

Cho on the phone, at his desk. INTERCUT as needed:

(CONTINUED)

CHO

Results on the lipstick. No traces of DNA were found, but the color, "Tongue In Cheek," is a limited edition sold in only a few high-end stores.

LISBON

Secure access to each of the store's receipt records so we can search through them, and then come meet us at 65434 East Boulevard, out in Marysville.

Cho writes down the address.

CHO

On my way.

He hangs up, grabs his jacket and exits.

Last day of the tournament in full swing. Jane and Rigsby enter. Jane notices Heather collecting balls from around a court. Rigsby sees Jackie watching a game at the courts.

JANE

I'll see you in there.

Rigsby nods and moves off toward Jackie. Jane approaches Heather.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hi. Who's winning?

HEATHER

Uh? Oh, I don't know. I don't follow the play to be honest.

JANE

Kind of silly, isn't it? Everybody so serious over a game.

HEATHER

Exactly. Like it matters who wins the stupid trophy.

JANE

I guess people need to feel like they have a purpose.

HEATHER

My purpose died this year at the age of 16.

JANE

I'm sorry. Girl? Boy?

HEATHER

Girl. High as a kite with one of her friends. She wrapped her car around a tree. Her friend walked away without a scratch thank God.

JANE

What was her name?

HEATHER

(touching her pin)

Rachel. Once you lose a child, all this striving seems ridiculous, you know?

JANE

Unfortunately I do.

(beat)

Why not leave it behind? Move away?

HEATHER

And do what? Where? With who? These are my friends. This is all I have. Oh nice play, Karen! Besides, I've got negative equity in my house. Can't afford to leave.

On the tennis players...

Lisbon and Van Pelt by the CBI VAN, meeting Cho as he walks up. The place is crawling with MOTOCROSS PARTICIPANTS and SPECTATORS. The rumble of motorbikes doing aerials can be seen and heard intermittently.

LISBON

This is the designated spot for Scarlett's meeting according to the book. Fan out and let's see if we can spot the contact.

Lisbon, Van Pelt and Cho move in different directions. In Cho's direction, WARDELL SUGGS, 20's, wiry, stands near his CONVERSION VAN doing a deal with a BIKER when Cho approaches.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

As Cho reaches for his badge, Wardell pushes his bag of pills on the biker and pushes him out of his way which causes the bag of pills to disperse into the air and land everywhere. Wardell makes a run for it.

CHO

Got a runner!

Lisbon and Van Pelt see Cho take off and give chase as well. Wardell ducks and weaves between bikes and people, but Cho is hot on his tail. Cho herds Wardell toward an old Chevy, forcing him to slow down. Cho grabs and pushes him down on top of the hood.

35

INT. HALLWAY. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

35

Jane furtively moves to a door marked "WOMEN'S COMMITTEE CHAIRWOMAN" and slips inside.

35A

INT. CHAIRWOMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

35A

Rigsby's already there waiting. Jane locks the door so that only someone with keys can get into the room. Rigsby opens drawers and when he finds nothing, makes himself comfortable.

RIGSBY

Should have brought some snacks.  
I don't see this working in a  
hurry.

JANE

You shan't go hungry long. Mandy's  
news will have spread quickly.  
Everyone knows that tomorrow the  
safe will be opened. It's now or  
never for whoever took Scarlett's  
keys.

Jane sits down to wait.

36

EXT. MOTOCROSS DIRT LOT - LATER

36

Lisbon stands guard over Wardell who leans against his van, handcuffed. Cho searches the van, and Lisbon looks up info on the laptop. Wardell sees jewelry and stuff fly out.

WARDELL

Hey, easy there, that's antique  
Mexican silver!

LISBON

Maybe next time you'll think before  
trying to outrun an officer of the  
law.

(CONTINUED)

Lisbon shakes a handful of red pills in her hand.

LISBON (CONT'D)  
I'm assuming this isn't candy.

Wardell doesn't answer.

LISBON (CONT'D)  
What were you meeting with Scarlett Marquesa for?

WARDELL  
So we could trade beauty secrets.  
You mind if I smoke?

Wardell sees his cigarettes, lighter and cell sitting on a car hood near Lisbon. Lisbon crumbles the pack and throws it on the ground.

LISBON  
Yes. What've you got, Van Pelt?

VAN PELT  
Wardell Suggs, AKA "Digger." He's been arrested for several counts of petty theft, fraud and assault.

LISBON  
Impressive record.

WARDELL  
It could be better.

LISBON  
Why were you meeting Scarlett?

WARDELL  
What did she tell you about me?

LISBON  
Nothing. She's dead.

This straightens Wardell up.

WARDELL  
I had nothing to do with that.  
What happened to her?

CHO (O.S.)  
Hey boss, come take a look.

Lisbon comes around and Cho hands her several BAGGIES filled with different types of pills. The false bottom of the van is filled with bags just like it. Lisbon takes a bag of pills and shakes them in front of a crestfallen Wardell.

LISBON

Well look at that. The mother lode.  
Let's talk uh?

WARDELL

What the hell, I have a strike to  
give. Scarlett was one of my  
biggest customers. Diet pills,  
tranquilizers, painkillers. By the  
hundreds.

LISBON

Scarlett was dealing prescription  
drugs?

WARDELL

Yup.

LISBON

How did you two meet?

WARDELL

Swap meet. She was trying to sell  
that God awful jewelry. She looked  
desperate so I told her there are  
easier ways to make money.

CHO

Were you doing a deal tonight?

WARDELL

Supposed to. Lately, I'd have to  
listen to her yammer about  
quitting, and then she'd buy some  
bags saying this was her last time  
doing it. Of course she'd always  
come back.

LISBON

So she wanted to quit?

WARDELL

Yup. Matter of fact, a couple of  
weeks ago, I started getting calls  
from a girl who said Scarlett had  
given her my info. Same prissy  
kind of voice. Chick said she'd be  
interested in setting up her own  
situation when Scarlett quit.

LISBON

This "chick" got a name?

36

CONTINUED: (3)

36

WARDELL

Not big on knowing government names  
at first, but I do have her number.

LISBON

Why don't you give her a call.

Van Pelt grabs Wardell's phone from the car hood, opens it,  
and scrolls through as he points out the number. She dials.

37

INT. CHAIRWOMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

37

Rigsby and Jane sit in darkness.

They HEAR the RUSTLE OF KEYS at the door as it opens. A  
shadowy figure -- that we soon recognize as Patience -- makes  
her way to the safe and inserts a key. Opens it. Looks  
inside and takes out a plastic bag full of pill bottles.  
Just then, her CELL PHONE RINGS and Patience answers it.

PATIENCE

Digger, why are you calling me now?

The LIGHT FLICKS ON and Patience finds herself standing in  
front of Rigsby and Jane.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

38 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/3 CONT'D) 38

Rigsby watches while Patience calmly powders the shiny spots of her face with a compact using the two-way mirror.

RIGSBY

How did you come to have Scarlett Marquesa's keys?

PATIENCE

I took them when I went to offer my condolences to Victor. Naughty I know, but I couldn't wait.

RIGSBY

It's not naughty. It's a felony. You wanted to get your hands on her pill supply.

PATIENCE

Nonsense. I opened that safe out of idle curiosity. I had no idea there were any pills in there. I simply wanted to measure the windows for new drapes. I'll be the next chair of the committee.

RIGSBY

Why not wait until it's official?

PATIENCE

Am I here because of keys?

RIGSBY

Explain the nature of your relationship with Wardell Suggs.

PATIENCE

Who?

Rigsby refers to his notes.

RIGSBY

"Digger."

PATIENCE

I liked his jewelry.

RIGSBY

(skeptical)

Okay.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

Were you aware that Scarlett Marquesa was selling illegal prescription drugs in Villa Marsante Estates?

PATIENCE

Who didn't know... well except for you all.

RIGSBY

If everyone knew then why didn't anyone come forward?

PATIENCE

And risk being ostracized or caught up in the vulgarity of it all? Not likely.

RIGSBY

She was doing a booming business. And you wanted a part of it. Maybe a little too much.

PATIENCE

So I killed her? Please. Hello! She was a drug dealer. People she dealt with must have done her in. Other dealers.

RIGSBY

Or a highly capable rival right in the middle of her own community.

Patience sits up. She's all business as she stares Rigsby down.

PATIENCE

You've found no drugs or poison on me or in my home, the keys were taken after she was killed, and I only opened that safe out of idle curiosity. You taped together your whole theory with a couple of idle conversations I had with a drug dealer. Does that about sum it up?

39

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

39

Lisbon and Jane observe the interrogation.

JANE

When she puts it like that, it does sound thin.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

LISBON

Yes. She's a piece of work, isn't she? We'll have to cut her loose for now, but I think a little discreet surveillance might help our cause.

40

EXT. CBI CAR ON RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY (D/4)

40

Cho and Rigsby sit in their CAR. Cho reading. Rigsby studies the tube of LIPSTICK.

CHO

If you're thinking of trying that on, don't. Not your shade.

RIGSBY

(thinking)

What do you think about older women?

CHO

Where's that coming from? I don't think about older women. My mother's an older woman.

RIGSBY

Not old old, but you know... older. Older than you.

CHO

(worried)

Why are you asking? You trying to set me up with someone?

RIGSBY

Turns out, you look up the available scientific evidence on the internet, they've got less hang-ups, they like themselves way more than younger women, and they're at their sexual peak. That's what the research says anyhow.

CHO

What the hell happened to you at the country club?

RIGSBY

(defensive)

Nothing. I'm just --

Patience comes out of her house and approaches the car.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

Uh oh. She's spotted us.

Patience leans in to Rigsby's side of the car.

PATIENCE

Afternoon, boys.

She hands over a paper plate with two sandwiches.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

I was making myself a panini so I thought I'd bring you some too.

RIGSBY

Thank you, ma'am.

PATIENCE

Oh and just so you know, I'm on my way to the club for a massage. So you don't need to follow too close. Relax and have a bite to eat first. I'll see you there.

RIGSBY

Yes, ma'am.

Patience walks back to her house.

CHO

Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am. What's wrong with you?

RIGSBY

She surprised me.

CHO

What's in the sandwiches?

RIGSBY

Panini, if you don't mind. Ham and cheese.

Cho takes one, eats.

41

EXT. POOL. MARQUESA HOME - DAY

41

Lisbon and Jane watch while Victor, in sweats, puts down the pool skimming net in shock.

VICTOR

Drugs? I don't believe it.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Using jewelry sales as a cover,  
your wife was selling prescription  
pills. Painkillers mostly. Speed.  
Diet pills. All kinds. Some  
stolen from pharmacies and others  
coming in from Mexico.

Victor sits down, feeling weak.

JANE

You seem genuinely surprised. A  
lot of people around here knew  
about it.

VICTOR

I had no idea.  
(realizing)  
You don't think I had something to  
do with this?

LISBON

She was moving an awful lot of  
inventory.

VICTOR

I had nothing to do with this.  
I had no idea.

LISBON

How could you not have known that  
she was medicating half the women  
in the neighborhood?

VICTOR

She lied to me. To protect me from  
the shame I guess.

Jane sees Oscar quietly sitting on the exterior balcony  
above. As Jane exits the backyard he motions for Oscar to  
come downstairs.

LISBON

Or was it easier for you to turn a  
blind eye? As long as the money  
was coming in.

VICTOR

No. I wish I had known. I wish  
I hadn't been blind. What a fool I  
am.

42 INT. MARQUESA HOME. FOYER - CONTINUOUS 42

Jane walks to the foyer. Oscar comes down the stairs.

JANE  
Hi. I'm Patrick.

OSCAR  
Oscar.

JANE  
We need to talk, Oscar.

43 INT. MARQUESA HOME. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER 43

Jane and Oscar take a seat on the foyer steps.

JANE  
Pretty heavy stuff going on, hunh?

OSCAR  
Yeah.

JANE  
I'm sorry about your mom.

OSCAR  
Me too. My dad is sad because you guys can't find who did it. But I don't mind about that. I just want her back.

JANE  
She can't come back. You know that, right?

OSCAR  
I know that. I'm nine. I won't ever see her again until I'm dead too. Then I'll go stay with her in heaven.

JANE  
Sounds good. But you know what I notice you're really good at, that will help you right now?

OSCAR  
What?

JANE  
You're really good at make believe.

OSCAR  
Yes I am.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

A master like you, when you want to see your mother, you can make believe she's here. Talk to her, whatever you like. I do it all the time.

OSCAR

You talk to my mom?

JANE

No. To my wife.

OSCAR

She's dead?

JANE

Yes. But I talk to her all the time. You should try it.

OSCAR

(dubious)

I guess...

JANE

Are you any good with that sword?

OSCAR

I'm okay.

JANE

Show me.

Oscar and Jane jump up each taking hand of plastic swords lying nearby by and commence their battle. Oscar holds his own for a nine-year-old. Jane's impressed.

Rigsby and Cho watching from a distance as CLIENTS float in and out of the Club Spa. Rigsby tosses the lipstick into the air.

RIGSBY

Spa stuff takes forever. How long can a massage be?

CHO

They do all sorts of things to you besides a massage. Facials, waxing, mud.

RIGSBY

How do you know so much?

CHO

I bought a certificate for my mom.

As they stand there, they're approached by Jackie.

JACKIE

Wayne? You're back again.  
How nice.

RIGSBY

Hi, Mrs. Shaper.

JACKIE

Now you know you must call me  
Jackie. And it's Ms. not Mrs.  
Divorced.

RIGSBY

Sorry. Jackie.

JACKIE

He was a good good man, but weak  
essentially, he couldn't --

Awkward moment. Rigsby notices Jackie's lips. He turns her  
into the light. Cho and Jackie look equally puzzled.

RIGSBY

What are you wearing on your lips?

JACKIE

Excuse me?

RIGSBY

The color. What color is it?

JACKIE

Tongue In Cheek. You like it?

CHO

Where did you get this?

JACKIE

At the boutique in town.

RIGSBY

(concerned)

How long have you been wearing this  
shade?

JACKIE

Just bought it today. I saw it on  
Patience Broadbent at Scarlett's  
party and I had to have it. It's a  
crazy price, but what the heck.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED: (2)

44

RIGSBY

You're positive it's "Tongue In Cheek"?

JACKIE

I have it right here.

She opens her bag and rummages.

RIGSBY

And you're sure it was Patience you saw wearing it first at Scarlett Marquesa's party?

JACKIE

Of course.

Jackie produces the lipstick.

SCREAMS from inside the Spa...

WOMEN (O.S.)

Somebody call an ambulance!

Rigsby and Cho look at each other and run into the spa.

45

INT. MASSAGE ROOM. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER 45

Rigsby and Cho push people out of the doorway to make their way in. They see blood pooling on the floor and Patience lying on the massage table, cold cucumber on her eyes, under a rapidly BLOODYING sheet, LARGE KNIFE still in situ.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

46

EXT. SPA. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT (N/4)

46

The area has been cordoned off with tape. CORONERS roll out the body of Patience on a gurney while CBI huddles for a conference. Cho holds up a BLOODY KNIFE in an evidence bag.

CHO

No detectable prints on the knife.

LISBON

Surveillance tape?

RIGSBY

Spa didn't believe in them.  
Something about disturbing the  
"chi".

Lisbon rolls her eyes.

LISBON

Why kill Patience? Why now?

VAN PELT

Perhaps this was part of the plan  
all along?

JANE

No, this was hasty. Patience  
became a new target.

LISBON

Revenge for killing Scarlett?  
Victor has been quick to anger.  
Rigsby, go check on Victor  
Marquesa's recent whereabouts.

Rigsby heads out.

JANE

Or it could be someone else. The  
competition wiping out the dealer  
and her heir apparent. Or...

Lisbon sees Jane's gears turning.

LISBON

What?

JANE

Victor fits nicely, doesn't he?

47

INT. BAR. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

47

Jane approaches Heather and Jackie with another round of drinks.

JACKIE

Can you believe Patience got stabbed? It's like a mafia hit. I'm never going to that spa again. I'll tell you that.

JANE

Tragic set of events. I didn't see it coming.

HEATHER

You think this is all some crazy drug war?

JANE

It could be, but stabbings are usually crimes of passion. This was very personal.

HEATHER

So what's next?

JANE

CBI's already hard at work putting the pieces together. In fact... nevermind.

JACKIE

What?

JANE

I really shouldn't talk about it since this is an ongoing case.

JACKIE

Now you know you can't leave something like that hanging.

JANE

Promise this stays just between us?

The women nod as they lean in a little closer in anticipation of some juicy gossip.

JANE (CONT'D)

We're going after Victor Marquesa.

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

JACKIE

Victor?... I don't believe it... He doesn't look like the type.

HEATHER

On what grounds?

JANE

We think he killed Patience out of revenge for the murder of his wife.

HEATHER

But you said there was no proof Patience was guilty?

JANE

I guess Victor didn't want to wait for proof.

JACKIE

What's going to happen to Oscar?

JANE

Mom murdered and now his dad's a murderer. Once his father is arrested, he's going to be placed in foster care.

HEATHER

Oh how dreadful. That poor child.

Jane sits there looking solemn.

48

EXT. MARQUESA HOME - LATER

48

CBI has parked both their TRUCK and CAR in front of the home. The street and driveway are littered with SPECTATORS. No one is holding them back. Jane and Lisbon get out of the truck and survey the crowd.

JANE

I guess they couldn't keep the secret.

LISBON

Apparently not. Let's do this.

The door opens and Victor, looking grim, is escorted out by Rigsby. Cho comes out with Oscar looking equally sad. When they reach the sidewalk, CBI allows Victor a moment with Oscar. He pats Oscar on the head.

\*

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR

Everything is going to be fine.  
I promise.

He hugs Oscar tight and then acknowledges that he is ready.

OSCAR

Dad, where are you going?

VICTOR

I'll be okay.

Victor walks to the truck. Cho takes Oscar by the hand.

OSCAR

Dad?

VICTOR

It's okay, buddy.

They open the truck doors.

OSCAR

(louder)

Dad!

He tries to pull away from Cho. As Victor gets in the truck, Oscar has a meltdown. Cho picks him up.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

DAD! DAD!

Oscar reaches out as Cho takes him to the car. Jane SLAMS the truck door shut. The crowd is quietly horrified.

HEATHER (O.S.)

STOP!!

Heather pushes through the crowd. Jane blocks her way.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

You have to stop this!

JANE

It's okay, Heather, justice is being served.

HEATHER

How can you say that? Look what you're putting that boy through!

JANE

He'll forget eventually. It's fine.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (2)

48

HEATHER

No. No it's not.

Heather tries to push forward, but Jane again gets in her way.

JANE

Why?

HEATHER

(exasperated)

BECAUSE I DID IT!

JANE

Did what?

HEATHER

I killed them. I killed them both.

Heather, now beside herself, falls into Jane's arms.

49

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - LATER

49

Jane sits before Heather. Lisbon hangs in the back.

JANE

I first suspected it was you because it seemed like everybody else at the club wore some of Scarlett's jewelry. But not you.

HEATHER

That's it? Jewelry?

JANE

The more we talked, the more I felt your pain and anger. Losing your daughter has unhinged you.

HEATHER

Unhinged. Yes. I suppose I am. My daughter loved to dance. Didn't matter what kind of music, a toe would start tapping. She was so full of life.

(beat)

She'd taken several painkillers with alcohol before she got behind the wheel. One of her neighborhood friends got them from her mother. Who got them from Scarlett.

JANE

I understand your anger.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

HEATHER

It was like they ripped my soul out clean. But, the rest of the world kept moving right along. It was like I was the only one who remembered what happened.

**FLASHBACK**

50

INT. MARQUESA HOME. FOYER - NIGHT (N/1)

50

*Drink in hand, Heather sees Scarlett, Patience, and other women giddily passing around a tube of lipstick. They crowd around the mirror trying it on. As soon as it hits the table, Heather swipes it.*

HEATHER (V.O.)

So when I saw her flitting about town selling pills without a care in the world, still hosting parties at her house... happily dancing around without a stitch of the misery I was carrying, I snapped.

51

INT. STUDY. MARQUESA HOME - CONTINUOUS (N/1)

51

*Heather pours a powdery substance into the drink tumbler and stirs it around. Then she writes a note with the lipstick, puts the napkin around the glass, and heads back out.*

HEATHER (V.O.)

I killed her. I didn't want any other person to have to experience what I did.

52

INT. MARQUESA HOME FOYER - CONTINUOUS (N/1)

52

*Pretending to be a little tipsy, Heather hugs Scarlett and swaps out her nearly empty drink with the fresh poisoned one with the napkin. Scarlett readily accepts it. Heather pats her on the back before disappearing into the crowd.*

A52A

INT. BATHROOM. MARQUESA HOME - NIGHT (N/1)

A52A

*Scarlett has been drinking on her new beverage for a while as she reapplies her make-up. She sees the tumbler in the reflection of the mirror and notices the napkin. She pulls the napkin off the glass and reads it, crumpling it up and throwing it in the wastebasket. She begins to feel weird and starts clutching at her throat.*

JANE (V.O.)

And Patience?

52A INT. MASSAGE ROOM. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY (D/4) 52A

*Patience lies on her back covered with a sheet. She is blissed-out with a face mask and cucumber slices covering her eyes. We see a knife inch toward her.*

HEATHER (V.O.)

She told everyone at the club not to worry, she's going to take over Scarlett's business, and keep the pills coming. Like nothing had happened. Like no lessons had been learned. I had to finish what I started. I had to.

**END FLASHBACK**

53 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS 53

Jane still sits across from Heather with Lisbon in the back.

JANE

And now that it's done, do you feel better?

Heather slowly drops her head and begins to cry.

HEATHER

It doesn't change a thing.

54 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - LATER 54

Victor and Oscar stand with Van Pelt, Cho and Rigsby. Lisbon enters.

VICTOR

Agent Lisbon.

LISBON

Mr. Marquesa.

VICTOR

I just wanted to thank you and your team. I have to admit the whole scene in front of the house --

OSCAR

(corrective)

It was make believe, Dad.

VICTOR

Sorry. The make believe was unorthodox, and unpleasant frankly, but I guess you all know what you're doing.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Most of the time. My apologies if we've been tough on you.

VICTOR

It was useful to hear some straight talk. We're moving out of Villa Marsante, back to my hometown. My son and I have some catching up to do.

As Victor and Oscar exit, they cross Jane entering. He awkwardly shakes Victor's hand and gives Oscar a hair ruffle.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Jane, thank --

JANE

-- No, no. Please forget it. Bye. Good luck.

He walks on. They go. Jane walks over to Lisbon et al.

JANE (CONT'D)

Another minute and I'd have missed them. I do hate it when people say thank you.

RIGSBY

Why?

LISBON

He likes to play the Lone Ranger.  
(Fifties girl voice)  
Who was that masked man? I never got the chance to thank him.

JANE

Exactly.  
(to Rigsby)  
Hey, I don't want to alarm you, but your friend Jackie's standing right behind you looking very fierce.

Rigsby turns to see Jackie in all her fierce kitty glory standing by the entrance. She gives a little wave.

RIGSBY

Oh, yes. I invited her to lunch.

Rigsby collects his coat from his chair and heads off to meet Jackie at the front. Van Pelt looks surprised. Jane looks amused.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**