

# THE MENTALIST

"Flame Red"

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Episode 110  
#3T7810

Warner Bros. Entertainment  
4000 Warner Blvd.  
Burbank, CA 91522

PRODUCTION DRAFT  
October 23, 2008  
FULL BLUE 10/27/08  
FULL PINK 10/28/08  
YELLOW REVS. 10/29/08  
GREEN REVS. 10/30/08  
GOLD REVS. 11/03/08  
**SALMON REVS. 11/04/08**

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**THE MENTALIST**

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Episode #110

November 4, 2008 - Salmon Revisions

**REVISED PAGES**

YELLOW REVISIONS - 10/29/08

46, 48, 49

GREEN REVISIONS - 10/30/08

2, 21, 36, 37

GOLD REVISIONS - 11/03/08

9, 12, 13, 14, 15, 22, 23

**SALMON REVISIONS - 11/04/08**

12

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MARQUESA, CA. - DAY (D/1) 1

Farmland stretches to the horizon, shimmering in a heat haze. Panning, we discover A BLACK COLUMN OF SMOKE rising ominously from the landscape, like a Kansas tornado. As a fire engine SIREN wails louder --

2 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ. SACRAMENTO - DAY 2

PATRICK JANE looks directly to camera. He uses his hands to accentuate his words and subtly shape Lisbon's response.

JANE

Look at me. Look in my eyes.

ANGLE -- He's sitting opposite LISBON, who looks in his eyes. RIGSBY and VAN PELT watch in happy anticipation.

LISBON

I'm looking.

JANE

Imagine a simple geometric shape. Any shape you like. Picture it in your mind as strongly as you can, so that I can see it too.

LISBON

Okay.

JANE

Good. Now, around that first shape I want you to put another simple shape, any shape you like. Around the first shape. Picture it in your mind. Clear as you can. Make a mental photograph. Tell me when you have it clear.

LISBON

Okay. It's clear.

Jane gazes deep into her eyes.

JANE

I see a triangle. Inside a circle.

Lisbon grins.

LISBON

No.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

(dubious)

No?

LISBON

I was thinking of an octagon inside  
a square.

JANE

Liar.

LISBON

All right. You got me.

Van Pelt and Rigsby laugh delightedly.

VAN PELT

Pretty good uh? He got me and Rigs  
the same way.

JANE

That's nothing. That's just the  
calibration key for the real mind  
reading. Now I have total access  
to your innermost thoughts.

LISBON

Yeah right.

JANE

No, seriously.

LISBON

So what am I thinking?

JANE

You're thinking thank God he's  
joking around and can't really read  
my mind.

LISBON

No. Well, yes actually, but not  
for the reason you think...

JANE

What reason do I think?

Lisbon realizes he's trapping her.

LISBON

Never you mind...

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

RIGSBY

Hah, you're blushing.

Lisbon gives him a stern glance, and Rigsby looks abashed.

JANE

You are, though.

Just then, much to Lisbon's relief, CHO enters.

CHO

We're up. Suspected arson/murder  
on a farm in Marquesa. The County  
DA is asking if we'll check it out.

3

EXT. BURNED-OUT GARAGE. GARCIA HOUSE. MARQUESA, CA - DAY 3

Follow SMOKE wafting up from burned-out wreckage to FIND --

Jane, Lisbon, Cho, Van Pelt and Rigsby being led across  
smoking ruins by Marquesa Police Chief TREY PILLER, 30.  
Piller's got the genial noblesse oblige of a former high  
school football star, but it doesn't quite hide his stress.  
Farmland all around, but it's parched and dry, the corn only  
half-grown. FIRETRUCKS and looky-loos in the b.g.

LISBON

Chief Piller, why the firetrucks?  
Shouldn't they be gone by now?

PILLER

Took forever to put the fire out.  
Not enough pressure for the hoses,  
see, not with this drought. Rich  
Garcia had the best corn in the  
county, and now look.

They reach a burned-out hulk of a car. Piller points to it.

PILLER (CONT'D)

That's where we found him. What  
was left. Hardly enough for Susan  
and Madeleine to bury.

Piller's a little upset. Jaw clenched tight, red-eyed.

JANE

Tough to lose a comrade, uh?

PILLER

Yup.

JANE

Probably saved your life more than  
once. And vice versa.

(CONTINUED)

PILLER

How do you know we served together?

JANE

You've been crying. You're not the kind of man that cries without good reason. And that's a National Guard signet ring you're wearing.

PILLER

("three-one-ninety-two")

We were with the 3-192 Armor. Two tours in Anbar. You're the arson specialist?

LISBON

No. That would be Agent Rigsby. Mr. Jane is... a consultant.

PILLER

(eyes Rigsby)

You'll be able to tell, right? Definitely. Whether the fire was an accident, arson, whatever?

RIGSBY

Two years with the San Diego County arson squad, Chief. I'll be able to tell.

Rigsby is just a little psyched to get to use his expertise. Especially in front of Van Pelt.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

Chief Piller, you and your men haven't contaminated the scene, correct?

PILLER

My men? It's just me and Terry O'Brien, Agent. But yes, we did like you said -- haven't set foot after we pulled Rich out.

RIGSBY

OK, so to determine if it's arson, I'll need to analyze the burn path, find the point of origin, check for signs of accelerant --

He sees something. Goes over to a charred piece of wood with a carbonized lock on it. Picks it up and examines it. Trying to hide his disappointment --

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

Oh. It's arson, all right. And murder.

VAN PELT

How do you know?

RIGSBY

(hands it to Lisbon)

This is part of the garage door.

VAN PELT

...Yes?

RIGSBY

The lock's on the outside of the door. Someone locked Garcia in. Then lit the place up.

(to Piller)

Your friend was murdered. Sorry.

Cho is looking around.

CHO

Don't they usually like to watch their work, arsonists?

RIGSBY

Yes. Even more so when it's coupled with murder.

CHO

I'm not seeing a spot where he could do that.

They survey the area: Except for the house, it's just that low cornfield and flat land...

LISBON

This guy must be different. There's nowhere he could hide, especially once the fire department got here. Jane, what do you think it (means) --?

Jane's nowhere around. He's vanished.

VAN PELT

Jane? Patrick Jane!

A faint "Helllllooo!" From the cornfield. They look --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THEIR POV - THE CORNFIELD

A SCARECROW out in the middle waves to them. It's Jane, standing behind it and wagging its arm.

JANE

He was here!

ANGLE -- JANE AT THE SCARECROW

He looks -- HIS POV, a perfect view of the garage. And behind him, *a faint trail through the corn* to a road beyond.

FADE OUT.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. GARCIA HOUSE - DAY (D/1 CONT'D)

4

Lisbon confers with Piller, Rigsby, Cho and Van Pelt. Jane sits on a nearby tractor, checking out the cool gears and gadgets. He's a bit like a big kid.

LISBON  
What's it look like?

RIGSBY  
It's sophisticated work...

He holds up a small charred black object in a clear evidence baggie.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)  
Electronic timers, mercury switches. We'll need the lab on it to be sure, but it looks like a distinctive accelerant. Rocket fuel or something like that.

CHO  
So we have a pro or a very gifted amateur at work. Great.

LISBON  
(to Cho)  
See if you can get a cast of those tire tracks on the road back there.  
(to Van Pelt and Rigsby)  
You two go into town, talk to the guy Garcia was meeting with that night -- Chief, what was his name?

PILLER  
Mitchell Reese. Runs the gas station over on Main.

RIGSBY  
Mitchell Reese. On our way.

Cho, Rigsby and Van Pelt exit. Lisbon eyes Jane, who is engrossed in the tractor's workings. She turns to Piller. So Jane can hear --

LISBON  
Let's you and me talk to the widow.

As she and Piller head for the house...

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

JANE

Like you didn't want to ride it,  
too.

Jane jumps off the tractor, trots after Lisbon and Piller.

5

INT. DINING ROOM/LIVING ROOM. GARCIA HOUSE - DAY

5

A simple nicely-appointed farmer's home. The kitchen table groans with every potluck dish imaginable. Lisbon and Jane enter with Piller.

They meet SUSAN GARCIA, mid-30s, pretty in a girl-next-door way, palely glowing with grief, holding it together. NB -- There's other women drifting in and out being vaguely helpful, as is usual at times like this.

PILLER

Susan, these folks are from the  
California Bureau of Investigation.  
They're going to find out who did  
this to Rich.

JANE'S POV -- When Piller touches Susan, she shies away very slightly. There's something skittish about the way Susan and Piller interact. Both of them constrained by some unspoken tension.

SUSAN

Hi, nice to meet you. Thank you  
for coming. I uh, are you hungry?  
There's more than enough.

JANE

(hungry)  
HMMMM.

LISBON

(warning glance at Jane)  
No, thank you, Mrs. Garcia.

BEN MACHADO, 30, steel under the can-do charm, enters from the kitchen.

MACHADO

Maddy's in her room. I did some KP  
with the dishes and brought in the  
firewood. So you're all set.

SUSAN

Thank you.

MACHADO

You need anything?

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

No, Ben. I'm good. Thank you so much. These are the State Police people.

Machado shakes Lisbon and Jane's hands, firm but friendly.

MACHADO

Ben Machado. Anything you need, just say the word, you got it.

PILLER

Ben's our go-to guy in Marquesa.

MACHADO

He means I'm the only real estate agent around that'll take his commission in fertilizer and chickens.

JANE

And you were in the 192nd also?

MACHADO

(how did you know?)  
That's right.

JANE

You have that military bearing.

PILLER

Rich and Ben and me and a couple other guys ran a platoon together.

MACHADO

Been through a whole lot. And then for this to happen? Right here at home? You're going to catch the bastard who did this ASAP, right?

LISBON

We'll certainly try.

MACHADO

Guess that'll have to do.  
(to Susan)  
See you in the morning.

Machado exits with Piller. (Jane has noted -- as we might also -- that Piller and Susan have carefully avoided eye contact throughout, though there was a yearning look in Piller's gaze).

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

LISBON

Ma'am, if we could ask you a few questions...

Jane ghosts his way from the room.

6 INT. DINING ROOM. GARCIA HOUSE - DAY

6

Jane finds a PHOTO wall -- neatly framed pictures of family, friends... (Note: No pictures from Garcia's military days).

Looking through to the KITCHEN, Jane sees someone open the refrigerator door, blocking his view. THUNK, the door closes. Just a glimpse of dark hair streaked with pink, earbud cords, and a big bowl of cereal in a ring-studded girl's hand.

7 INT. KITCHEN. GARCIA HOUSE - DAY

7

Jane enters to find emo/goth 16-year-old MADELEINE ("Maddy") GARCIA. Black hair streaked with pink, black clothes, disgusted with the world long before her father was killed. She's at the sink pouring milk on her cereal. Earbuds in, fierce MUSIC SEEPING OUT. Eyes closed. Jane stands in the doorway looking at her until Maddy finally opens her eyes. Startled by Jane, she compensates by then gazing at him blandly, without removing the headphones. Shovels some cereal in her mouth.

Jane waves a small hello. She doesn't respond. He mimes asking her to please take the phones off. She does.

JANE

You must be Madeleine.

MADDY

Maddy. Whatever it is you're selling, pass.

She puts the headphones back on, takes another bite. Jane starts silently mouthing words as though he were speaking. After a while, Maddy realizes what he's doing and takes off the phones again, angry now.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Funny. What are you, a moron? My dad just died.

JANE

Yes, my condolences. It happens. You'll learn to live with it. Not for a while, but in the end you will. Mind if I sit down?

(CONTINUED)

He sits at the little kitchen table. She's shocked by his brutal yet optimistic honesty. Got her attention now.

MADDY

Who are you?

JANE

My name's Patrick Jane. I'm the man that will find out who it was killed your father and have him or her or them put in a prison cell. If you'll talk to me.

MADDY

If I'll talk to you. Like I know who did it.

JANE

Maybe you can help me find out.

MADDY

(go on)  
Yeah?...

JANE

Your dad was in the National Guard a long time. How come there are no pictures of him and his buddies?

MADDY

He used to have all this military crap in a glass case on the photo wall. You know, medals and pictures and stuff. But he took it down.

JANE

Why is that?

MADDY

How should I know? He didn't like to talk about what he did over there. Not with me anyway.

JANE

Who did he talk with? Your mom?

MADDY

(kissing her teeth  
contemptuously)  
Tsch. No.

JANE

What d'you mean tsch?

7

CONTINUED: (2)

7

MADDY

Nothing. I mean, he didn't talk about that stuff.

JANE

Why are you so angry with your mother?

MADDY

I'm, I'm not.

JANE

If you weren't angry, you'd be with her. She needs you. Her husband just died.

A tentative KNOCK on the back door.

MADDY

Oh I'm sure she'll learn to live with it.

Maddy opens the door. It's a shambling mentally handicapped-looking guy in his version of mourning clothes -- a black death metal band t-shirt with a big laughing skull under a dark jacket. Meet TOMMY OLDS, (20's). He has a giant bag of corn chips.

TOMMY

Hi, Maddy. I'm sorry for your loss. This is for you.

Maddy takes the bag, admires it. For a moment not the surly teen.

MADDY

That's nice, Tommy. Thanks.

Tommy thrusts out his hand to Jane. \*

TOMMY

Tommy Olds. \*

JANE

(shakes his hand) \*

Patrick Jane. Nice to meet you. \*

8

INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM. GARCIA HOUSE - DAY

8

Lisbon and Susan as Jane quietly enters...

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

I was watching TV. Maddy was in her room. Richard called to say he was leaving Mitch's, be home soon. He was doing stuff for the Avocado Parade? Marquesa is the Avocado capital of the world, Rich has been float captain for six years running now. Next thing, I heard a strange noise and then I saw a light out that window...

(hard to say)

It was the garage, burning. And Rich inside, screaming. That's what the noise was. Rich screaming, trying to get out of the garage.

From the kitchen door area, Maddy enters with Tommy. Maddy is sullen to her mother --

TOMMY

Hello, Mrs. Garcia. I brought corn chips. Cool ranch.

SUSAN

Thank you, sweetie. Want some food?

TOMMY

Can I have some chicken?

SUSAN

Of course. Whatever you like. Help yourself.

Tommy takes a piece of chicken and shambles out, eating. Lisbon looks questioning...

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Tommy does odd jobs around town. Challenged. But ever so independent, bless him.

MADDY

(contemptuous)

Challenged. He's retarded, Mom. Why can't you ever say the truth about anything? Everything's a lie!

Maddy stomps out.

SUSAN

Sorry. You know, teenagers.

JANE

You know why she's so angry? She suspects your lover is responsible for killing her father.

SUSAN

My lover? How dare you.

JANE

The policeman.

LISBON

Chief Piller?

JANE

Him.

SUSAN

Maddy suspects no such thing.

Lisbon eyes her, noting it's not a denial.

JANE

That wasn't very convincing. D'you want to try that again with more feeling?

SUSAN

You can't come in here and make wild accusations like this.

JANE

You wouldn't look him in the eye, not once. He kept trying to take your hand, but you wouldn't let him. The air was practically buzzing with furtive shame and yearning. Which tells me you're lovers, and suggests two possibilities... You and Piller killed your husband together and now you're remorseful.

SUSAN

No.

JANE

No, I believe you. You'd have found a more humane method of killing him. Second possibility. You have a horrible feeling maybe Piller did this thing to leave the field clear for himself.

SUSAN

No. Trey would never... They were best friends.

JANE

A best friend who has an affair with his friend's wife.

No reply.

LISBON

We'll find the truth, Susan. Count on it.

SUSAN

When Rich came back from the war, he closed me out. Went somewhere else. He wasn't my husband any more.

LISBON

Were you and Trey Piller having an affair?

SUSAN

(nods)

Yes. But Trey would never hurt Rich. I know that.

JANE

You hope.

A9

EXT. STREET. MARQUESA - DAY

A9

The CBI car purrs up the street with Van Pelt and Rigsby in it. Typical small town all around.

RIGSBY

I don't get it. Why celebrate a fruit?

(CONTINUED)

A9

CONTINUED:

A9

VAN PELT  
Attracts tourists.

RIGSBY  
What kind of person travels to see  
guacamole?

And the car goes under a BIG BANNER: "Marquesa Avocado  
Week"...

9

INT. REESE GAS &amp; AUTO REPAIR. MARQUESA - DAY

9

MITCH REESE, 30, tinkers with an avocado green Cadillac convertible while he talks to Rigsby and Van Pelt. Mitch has a full beard and impossibly bushy shock of hair, dark glasses and a gruff manner. His arms are scarred with burns. ZZ Top roadie maybe. Rigsby's a little impatient, making little progress --

RIGSBY (CONT'D)  
Mr. Reese, help us out here. You  
might have been the last person to  
see Rich Garcia alive.

MITCH  
(unimpressed)  
How about that.

VAN PELT  
(off car)  
What's the problem? Electrics shot  
I bet.

Gives her a quick impressed glance.

MITCH  
Yeah.

VAN PELT  
Always the same with the early  
seventies models.

MITCH  
Yeah. And I got to get the old pig  
running smooth for the parade.  
(thawing slightly)  
That's what Rich and I were talking  
about, night he died.

VAN PELT  
Did you notice anyone else around?  
Anybody nearby waiting for him?

Mitch shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

A9

CONTINUED: (2)

A9

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

What time did he leave?

MITCH

It was kind of late, around ten maybe?

(beat)

So you're thinking this was murder? Someone cooked him deliberately?

RIGSBY

Yes. Looks like.

MITCH

Weird.

RIGSBY

Why weird?

MITCH

Another man killed by arson in the same town? From the same Guard unit? That's weird.

RIGSBY

Hang on. Another man?

MITCH

Didn't Chief Piller tell you? Three years ago, a guy called David Martin, burned to a crisp.

Rigsby and Van Pelt exchange a look.

VAN PELT

And he was with the 192nd also?

MITCH

(eagerly)

Yup. That's what I heard anyhow. It was before my time. I only been in town a year. David Martin. Lived up at Alton's Grove. I'm surprised Chief Piller didn't mention him.

Rigsby and Van Pelt exchange a look, they're surprised too. Just then Van Pelt's PHONE RINGS. She picks up --

VAN PELT

Van Pelt... Hi, Boss.

(with growing alarm)

On our way.

(CONTINUED)

A9 CONTINUED: (3) A9

Off her snapping shut the phone, urgent --

10 OMITTED 10

11 EXT. CHIEF PILLER'S HOUSE - DAY 11

*The attractive ranch house is ENGULFED IN FLAMES. A crowd of frantic people watching. Lisbon and Cho squeal up in their car just as Van Pelt and Rigsby leap out of their vehicle.*

MACHADO

This is Trey Piller's place!

RIGSBY

Fire department's on the way, Boss!

LISBON

Is Chief Piller still in there?

Then, horrifyingly, they can hear someone SCREAMING.

PILLER (O.S.)

Help! Help me! Oh, God, help!...

Rigsby sprints into the burning house.

CHO

Stop! Rigsby, wait! Idiot!

VAN PELT

Rigsby!

An explosion of flame where Rigsby just entered. They edge nearer despite the heat, smoke billowing around them...

CHO

Where the hell is he?

LISBON

Okay, stay put, I'm going in...

As she readies herself...

CRASH! A chair bursts through a window, falls to the ground. A backdraft tongue of FLAME jets out after. Nothing can survive in there. A beat and --

Rigsby staggers out, silhouetted in flame and smoke, a badly burned, blackened Piller in a fireman's carry over Rigsby's shoulder. Rigsby's sleeve is on fire.

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

Lisbon, Cho and Van Pelt rush in, smothering Rigsby with their jackets, grabbing Piller, getting Rigsby out of there. Off Rigsby, gasping for air --

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (D/2)

12

Boxes around -- it's their makeshift HQ. Rigsby, one arm heavily bandaged, is in bed. Van Pelt enters with a pharmacy bag.

VAN PELT

Sit up. Doctor said we need to change your dressing pretty often at first.

Rigsby obediently sits up, surprised at her authority. Van Pelt plunks herself beside him on the bed. Rigsby's voice is a little slurred by painkillers.

RIGSBY

How's Chief Piller?

VAN PELT

Burn Unit in Sacramento says it's touch and go.

Van Pelt expertly starts peeling off his old bandages.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

This should heal up in a few weeks, though. May leave a scar.

RIGSBY

There goes my modeling career.

VAN PELT

(tart)  
Don't joke. You could have died.

RIGSBY

Sorry.

VAN PELT

I'm glad you didn't die.

Rigsby smiles shyly.

RIGSBY

You are?

Van Pelt smiles and deftly cuts a bandage. Rigsby feels the room light up. He's about to say something when Jane and Lisbon enter.

(CONTINUED)

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

Check out Dr. Van Pelt.

Lisbon opens a bottle of juice, sticks a straw in it and sets it on the table next to Rigsby, gruff to hide her concern.

LISBON

Here. It's that mango crap you like.

JANE

How're you feeling?

RIGSBY

Took some kickass painkillers man. I'm feeling good. Smooth.

(beat)

I guess this lets Piller out as a suspect.

LISBON

Yuh. Especially since Burn Unit doctors found the date rape drug in his system. He told them he woke up with smoke and fire all around.

JANE

Interesting level of cruelty. Dosing someone to wake just in time to burn alive.

Cho enters.

CHO

Hey, it's the mummy.

(doesn't get a laugh)

So fire at Piller's house, same M.O. as the one that killed Rich Garcia. Accelerant is ethyl ether. That's a signature. Tricky stuff to work with, too -- takes skill, finesse.

RIGSBY

(drugged)

Oh! The Mummy. I get it.

He laughs.

12

CONTINUED: (2)

12

LISBON

(to Van Pelt)

No more painkillers for him.

(to Cho)

Go ask Susan Garcia what she has to say about all this.

(to Jane)

And let's you and me check out this Alton's Grove place where David Martin died.

13

EXT. GARCIA HOUSE - DAY

13

Cho opposite Susan on the porch. As the scene proceeds, Maddy comes out of the house, but on seeing her mom, goes back indoors. Obviously still not speaking to her.

CHO

Why didn't you tell us about Dave Martin?

SUSAN

What about him?

CHO

Same National Guard unit. Same death by fire. That's kind of a spooky coincidence.

SUSAN

But Dave's death was an accident -- and nearly three years ago, besides.

CHO

An accident.

SUSAN

Passed out with a cigarette, poor fool. He'd done it before -- I mended the holes in his shirt myself. Burned his place right down to a cinder. There wasn't a thing left of him. We had to bury ashes.

CHO

Any other connections between this Dave Martin and your husband?

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Well, sure, now that you mention it, Dave was kind of in business with them. With Rich and Trey and Ben.

CHO

What kind of business?

SUSAN

Real estate. Mar Verde Real Estate Corporation, they called it.

CHO

Big operation?

SUSAN

(wry laugh)

Lord, no. Started out, it was just a way of giving Dave Martin a place to live. Rich and the others in the unit convinced him to move to Marquesa with them after mustering out. You know, no man left behind and all. Even Dave.

CHO

He had problems?

SUSAN

He was an ornery drunk basically. Didn't get along with anyone but his Guard buddies. They got together and bought a five acre piece of land from the town, up at Alton's Grove.

(MORE)

13

CONTINUED: (2)

13

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Idea was Dave would work it up into a specialty market type farm -- you know, high-end produce and such. 'Course he didn't do a damn thing but smoke and drink and laze around.

CHO

And after he died? What happened to the land?

SUSAN

Oh, it took 'em forever to get the land back into their names. Legal silliness. I told Rich don't waste your time. Land's worth nothing anyhow, not since the water ran dry. But they always had some kind of cockamamie scheme going. Petting Zoo. Golf Range. Tommy Olds lives up there now, kind of caretaker.

CHO

And as of now, Ben Machado is the only partner in Mar Verde Real Estate still alive.

SUSAN

I... I guess that's right.

14

EXT. ALTON'S GROVE - DAY

14

Tommy Olds' beat-up TRAILER sits on blocks at the edge of the property. A tall fence around much of the dry, brown land. Nearby is some equipment, and a sign for Mar Verde Development Co. Lisbon and Jane examine the area, and an odd tower structure. Lisbon's on the phone with Cho.

LISBON

Interesting. Yeah, we're at Alton's Grove, they're building something here all right. Call me when you've spoken with Machado.

She hangs up. She sees a FLASH out of the corner of her eye at the window of the trailer. Turns, but there's nothing. His back still to the trailer --

JANE

We have an audience.

A face appears at the window. Tommy. Lisbon gives a tentative wave --

15

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

15

Rigsby in bed, still woozy from the drugs, gazing lovingly at Van Pelt, sitting nearby, reading The Purpose Driven Life.

RIGSBY

Van Pelt?

VAN PELT

Yes?

RIGSBY

Grace. That's a lovely name.  
Graceful.

VAN PELT

Er...

RIGSBY

I've been wanting to say something  
to you for ages now, and I think  
now is the time because hey... why  
not. I nearly died. I love you,  
Grace, I totally love...

Van Pelt puts her hands over her ears and makes a loud humming noise so that she can't hear what he's saying. She stops when she sees Rigsby has stopped talking and looks at her puzzled.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

VAN PELT

Yes.

RIGSBY

Why did you make that noise?

VAN PELT

It's not that I don't like you. I  
do. But we work together. There's  
rules. If we get together, one of  
us has to leave the unit and I'm  
junior so that would be me and I'm  
sorry, but this job is so important  
and I...

Rigsby's snores get loud enough to stop her carrying on. She picks up her book. Throws it down, now distracted. Cho enters.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

CHO

Hey, you want to go to work or you want to play nurse for King Tut?

VAN PELT

Work. Definitely work.

16

INT. TOMMY'S TRAILER. ALTON'S GROVE - DAY

16

Tommy lets in Jane and Lisbon. A shy smile. (Note: He's no longer wearing the t-shirt.) When he sees Lisbon he's smitten.

TOMMY

Hi.

JANE

Tommy, do you remember Teresa Lisbon?

TOMMY

Hi.

He casts about for something to say. Lisbon hides a smile.

LISBON

Looks like they're going to build out there. Mrs. Garcia told my colleague you're looking after things for the owners.

Tommy puffs with pride.

TOMMY

I keep an eye out. That's what Mr. Garcia said. Keep an eye out, Tommy.

As they're talking, Jane idly looks around. Notes a PHOTO: TOMMY and a bald man (DAVE MARTIN). Happier times.

A PAPERBACK COPY OF MOBY DICK on a shelf.

RUBBER BOOTS with mud on them, by the door.

A big vase of radiant flowers on the kitchen table.

LISBON

Do you know what they're going to build?

TOMMY

Nope.

Lisbon notes the photo.

(CONTINUED)

LISBON

Is this David Martin, Tommy?

TOMMY

(glum)

Dave was nice. He didn't make fun of me, not one time.

(anxious)

You don't smoke cigarettes, do you?

LISBON

No.

TOMMY

Good. Dave did and he got burned up on accident.

LISBON

Did you see it?

TOMMY

Naw, I was in the hospital because my appendix busted.

(brightening)

Want to see my scar?

LISBON

No. No. But I'm sure Mr. Jane does...

She realizes Jane's gone.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Jane?

Lisbon emerges to see Jane heading up the hill toward the fence just beyond the trailer. She catches up to him --

LISBON

Jane? What is up with you? Eww.

She looks down. Her foot has squished into mud. The mud puddle extends to the fence gate.

JANE

Exactly.

He throws open the gate...

THEIR POV - BEYOND THE GATE

A tiny, gorgeous GARDEN. *Lush greenery* and gorgeous flowers. It's an oasis in a desert.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

BACK TO JANE AND LISBON

As they go inside the mini-Shan-gri-La.

LISBON

All this green... But there's a drought.

Jane treads on the ground in the middle of the garden. It's sodden, water soaking everything.

JANE

Not at Alton's Grove there's not.

Tommy has entered, a shy smile.

TOMMY

Do you like it? I got geraniums, too.

LISBON

It's very pretty.

TOMMY

(suddenly worried)

But don't tell, okay? The company will make me move out, I won't have nowhere to live.

Lisbon kneels, presses the ground beneath her. It wells like a squeezed sponge.

LISBON

It's just coming up from the ground.

JANE

It's an aquifer. A new source of groundwater.

LISBON

Got to be worth millions.

JANE

Worth killing for.

18

EXT. BEN MACHADO'S HOUSE - DAY

18

A nice large place. The CBI car parked in the drive. Cho and Van Pelt KNOCK on the big front door. (Note: they are not wearing clothing that would indicate they are police.)

VAN PELT

Mr. Machado?... Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CHO

Maybe he's around back.

Cho points to the large outbuilding behind the house.

CHO (CONT'D)

Barn. Let's check it.

Suddenly BANG! Their car's window explodes as a bullet ZINGS between Cho and Van Pelt. They dive to the ground behind a tree --

BEHIND THE TREE

They hurriedly draw their weapons as another bullet plugs the tree just over their heads.

VAN PELT

I guess we found Machado.

CHO

Mr. Machado! Ben Machado?!

ANGLE -- Machado rising from cover, very scared, holding a semi-automatic rifle.

MACHADO

Come any closer, and I'll shoot you! And I will shoot to kill!

CHO

Mr. Machado, we're police! This is the police!

Beat.

MACHADO

Show me some badges!

Van Pelt holds up her badge so that Machado can see it. Machado's relieved, and a little embarrassed.

MACHADO (CONT'D)

Crap. Okay, don't shoot.

He puts down his gun and rises, hands in air.

MACHADO (CONT'D)

How was I to know you're cops?

Cho and Van Pelt move toward him guns levelled at him.

CHO

You thought we were selling magazine subscriptions?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAME SCENE - A MOMENT LATER

Van Pelt closes the CBI car door on Machado in the backseat, cuffed.

Cho emerges from the nearby barn...

CHO (CONT'D)

Check this out.

He's carrying a big metal jug of --

CHO (CONT'D)

The accelerant used in the fires.  
Six jugs of it in the barn.

Off him and Van Pelt --

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY (D/3) 19

Cho and Rigsby question Machado.

20 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS 20

Lisbon watches, with Jane. She notes the tension in Jane's shoulders.

21 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS 21

Machado is nervous. With effort, Rigsby plunks a metal jug on the table. Smiles grimly.

RIGSBY

Ethyl ether. Burns at 600 degrees Fahrenheit.

Rigsby holds up a bandaged arm.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

You know what temp human skin melts at? Two-fifty. I got lucky -- mostly second degree burns. But Trey Piller's face, it just came off.

MACHADO

I don't know where that stuff came from! Someone's framing me.

CHO

Somebody frame you for shooting at us, Mr. Machado? 'Cause from where I stood, sure looked like you.

MACHADO

That was a misunderstanding. I didn't know who you were. I was defending myself.

CHO

Really. From whom?

MACHADO

From someone trying to kill me! Like they killed Rich and tried to kill Trey.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

CHO

And why would you be next on someone's to-burn list?

MACHADO

Because... because we were all in business together.

CHO

And with them gone, you're the sole proprietor of Alton's Grove. Sole owner of all that water.

Machado reacts guiltily...

RIGSBY

Yes, we know about the aquifer, Ben. All that money, right under your feet. But see, that's a perfect motive for you to burn out Garcia and Piller. You.

MACHADO

I didn't! I didn't do it!

21A

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

21A

Jane quietly slips out.

21B

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

21B

Jane enters as --

CHO

Uh-huh. So you're saying, whoever did kill them is going to try and kill you. Who was that again?

MACHADO

I don't know.

CHO

Ben. Gotta say I'm skeptical. Why would anyone want you three dead? Who benefits from that?

Jane quietly comes and sits next to Machado. Still watching him. Machado's even more unnerved.

JANE

D'you want to know my guess?

MACHADO

No.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Dave Martin.

MACHADO

Dave Martin's dead.

JANE

Is he? Did you see his body, Ben?  
After the fire?

MACHADO

No, but he's dead.

JANE

You sound very sure. Almost like  
you were there.

MACHADO

What are you insinuating?

JANE

Nothing, nothing at all.

(hard)

I'm *saying* it. You three tried to  
kill him. To get Alton's Grove for  
yourselves.

MACHADO

That's a lie.

JANE

Dave came to you all excited --  
he'd found a liquid fortune.  
On land you bought for him.  
Practically your land. Dave owed  
you. But he didn't even offer you  
a taste, did he? Ungrateful  
bastard.

MACHADO

Ridiculous. We had no idea what  
was there until recently.

JANE

You and Rich and Trey wanted what  
Dave had. So you set his house on  
fire and left him to die. Imagine  
the betrayal he felt. The helpless  
rage.

MACHADO

That fire was a tragic accident.  
And you have no proof otherwise.

21B

CONTINUED: (2)

21B

JANE

Someone out there doesn't need proof. Someone needs revenge. Someone very smart and very determined. That's why you're terrified and shooting at cops. Well, you should be terrified. I hope you burn like a candle, you miserable sonofabitch.

22

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

22

Lisbon watches, chilled.

23

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

23

Cho and Rigsby are also spooked. Machado alarmed.

MACHADO

You can't talk to me like that. I have rights.

JANE

(stands)

Yes, you do. Let this creep go. We have nothing on him.

Jane exits.

24

INT. HALLWAY/(EXT. LISBON'S OFFICE). CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

24

Lisbon joins Jane as he walks away from the interrogation room.

LISBON

Two notes here. One, we have plenty on him. Armed assault on Cho and Van Pelt, and a barn-ful of fire accelerant.

JANE

The assault was self-defense and the accelerant was a plant. But go ahead -- two?

LISBON

Where do you get off giving orders in the first place? I say who goes and who stays, not you.

JANE

Fiery but calm. Very good. Try it with a forceful hand gesture.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

He demonstrates.

JANE (CONT'D)

"I say who goes."

LISBON

I'm serious.

JANE

So am I. If he's in here, how's the killer going to get to him?

LISBON

He could be the killer, and even if he's not, we don't want the killer to get him.

JANE

Yes we do. Machado is our bait. Our tethered goat.

LISBON

And too bad if the bait gets killed.

JANE

Well, yes. That's why you use goats and not babies or virgins.

LISBON

Machado isn't a goat.

JANE

He deserves to suffer a little.

They go into --

25

INT. LISBON'S OFFICE. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

25

She sits down.

LISBON

Nobody deserves murder.

JANE

Some people do. Machado helped burn Dave Martin alive, out of greed. He deserves it.

Lisbon's shocked by his candid brutality.

LISBON

Jane, we're agents of the law.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

You are. I don't care about the law. I care about justice. And justice says Machado should suffer.

LISBON

That's not justice. That's vengeance.

JANE

What's the difference?

Cho joins them. Takes a beat on seeing the obvious tension...

CHO

What d'you want us to do with Machado, Boss?

Beat.

LISBON

Let him go.

CHO

Really? Like let him go, let him go?

LISBON

Really. Like that.

CHO

Oh-kay.

Cho goes back the way he came. Jane's puzzled...

JANE

Trying some kind of reverse psychology are you?

LISBON

You talk tough. Maybe you have to learn that there's consequences. If Machado gets hurt, it's on you.

JANE

Fine with me.

25

CONTINUED: (2)

25

He starts to leave, turns at the door.

JANE (CONT'D)

We've never discussed this before because I thought it went without saying. When I catch Red John? I'm going to cut him open and watch him die, slowly. Like he did to my wife and child. If you have a problem with that, we should talk about it.

LISBON

Then let's talk. Because when we catch Red John, he's going to be taken into custody and tried in a court of law.

JANE

Not if I'm breathing.

LISBON

And if you try and do violence to him, I will try and stop you. If you succeed in doing violence to him, I will arrest you.

JANE

Understood.

LISBON

I hope so.

JANE

I'm glad we talked. I had no idea you were so bourgeois and conventional on the issue.

26

EXT. MACHADO'S HOUSE. MARQUESA - NIGHT (N/3)

26

POV -- Machado looks around nervously as he enters his house.

27

INT. CBI CAR. MARQUESA - NIGHT

27

Cho and Rigsby watching Machado's house.

RIGSBY

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

CHO

No.

RIGSBY

How do you know you're not?

CHO

I was thinking how I wish I could go back in time and have sex with my eighth grade history teacher, Miss Huffaker. Is that what you were thinking?

RIGSBY

No. I was thinking Mitch Reese, the gas station guy.

CHO

Whatever lights your fire, man.

RIGSBY

As a suspect. Think about it -- who first told us about Dave Martin?

CHO

Mitch Reese.

RIGSBY

Knew all about it though he's only been here a year.

CHO

So?

RIGSBY

So they never found Dave Martin's body. And now someone's taking revenge on the people that murdered him.

CHO

Mitch Reese is Dave Martin?

RIGSBY

The beard, the glasses, the burn scars on his arm?

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

CHO

(intrigued)

Huh...

(beat)

Wait. Dave Martin was bald. A wig?

RIGSBY

(nods)

I'd bet money. Let's go talk to him.

CHO

We have to keep watch on Machado.

RIGSBY

To protect Machado from the killer. If Reese is our guy then that's what we're doing.

Cho considers a moment.

CHO

Okay, but I'm calling it in.

Rigsby starts the car.

28

EXT. MACHADO HOUSE. MARQUESA - CONTINUOUS

28

The CBI vehicle drives away. A light in the house goes on, and Machado's silhouette is visible as he paces nervously.

29

INT. REESE GAS &amp; AUTO REPAIR. MARQUESA - NIGHT

29

Cho and Rigsby talk with Mitch Reese. Tension in the air as Cho and Rigsby circle him.

RIGSBY

Mr. Reese, when exactly did you come to Marquesa?

REESE

Eighteen months ago give or take.

CHO

And what was it brought you here? Why Marquesa?

REESE

This place was for sale.

CHO

No other reason? You didn't know anyone in town before you came here?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

REESE

Nope. Fresh start.

30 EXT. MACHADO'S HOUSE. MARQUESA - NIGHT

30

An odd KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKING brings Machado to the front door, rifle in hand. Machado peers out the door, gun at the ready.

AT THE BARN, the barn door CLAPS rhythmically. Deliberately. Machado cocks his weapon and moves toward the barn...

31 INT. REESE GAS &amp; AUTO REPAIR. MARQUESA - NIGHT

31

Cho and Rigsby with Mitch Reese...

CHO

How did you get those burn scars on your arms?

REESE

Engine blew up on me while I was working on it. Why d'you ask?

CHO

Just curious.  
(pointing)  
Is that your own hair?

REESE

Excuse me?

CHO

(matter-of-fact)  
On your head. Is that yours?  
Or are you wearing a wig?

REESE

It's my own hair. What kind of question is that?

CHO

Mind if we check?

REESE

Yes I do.

Rigsby moves at him, Reese steps back. Cho cuts him off and gives his hair a business-like tug.

REESE (CONT'D)

Ow.

CHO

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

RIGSBY

Damn.

Off Cho and Rigsby, worried --

32 EXT. BARN. MACHADO HOUSE - NIGHT

32

The barn door suddenly stops clapping. Machado creeps to the barn, gun levelled, hoping to catch the intruder by surprise.

The BARN DOOR CLOSES behind him with a bang.

INSERT -- OUTSIDE, HANDS DROP THE CROSSBEAM INTO PLACE, LOCKING THE DOOR.

33 INT. BARN. MACHADO HOUSE - NIGHT

33

Machado tries hard to open the door, to no avail. He hears a NOISE behind him. He whirls.

Eerie moonlight comes through the slats. Now we see the shadowy skeletons of old farming equipment, a THRESHER, SCYTHE, other scary sharp stuff. There are stairs to a SECOND LEVEL... *Where someone watches Ben.* The person walks... Dust sprinkles down below... A DARK FIGURE appears from the shadows, steps forward into a dim shaft of moonlight. We see a small part of his face -- it hints at horrible burns, melted skin. Speaks with a growling voice, unrecognizable.

DISFIGURED MAN

Hello, Ben.

Machado screams and aims his gun and PULLS THE TRIGGER, BUT NOTHING HAPPENS.

The Disfigured Man holds something up in a shaft of moonlight. A small piece of metal.

DISFIGURED MAN (CONT'D)

You'll need your firing pin.

The Disfigured Man tosses it at Machado's feet. Holds up a metal jug with a flourish and splashes liquid all over Machado and the ground before him. Machado's no coward, and advances toward the stairs; the Disfigured Man holds up a lighter, menacing.

DISFIGURED MAN (CONT'D)

Get back or I'll light you up.

Machado stops, backs up.

MACHADO

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

DISFIGURED MAN

You know who I am.

MACHADO

I have no freaking idea, man.

DISFIGURED MAN

Sure you do, Ben. You tried to kill me.

MACHADO

No. Oh no. That's not possible.

DISFIGURED MAN

Oh yes, Ben, it is. It's me.

MACHADO

Dave?

The Disfigured Man chuckles softly. Terrified now, Machado runs back to the locked door. Tries to open it.

MACHADO (CONT'D)

Help! HELP!

The barn door rattling as Machado tries to get out...

MACHADO (O.S.)

Help!

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

35 INT. BARN. MACHADO HOUSE - NIGHT (N/3 CONT'D)

35

Machado bangs on the door...

MACHADO

Help! Help me!

DISFIGURED MAN

Forget it, Ben. Nobody can hear you. You're going to die alone, screaming in agony. Like I did.

Machado groans in terror.

MACHADO

This is a dream. It's not happening.

DISFIGURED MAN

Why did you kill me, Ben? We were friends. If you needed money so bad, you should have told me. I would have helped you.

MACHADO

I did tell you! All of us, we begged you. This is your own fault. You selfish bastard! We didn't want to kill you. But you wouldn't see sense.

(beat)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

"Dave" finally reveals his visage -- the horrible, ruined face. Machado recoils in horror. A beat. "Dave" yanks off his mask, steps into the shaft of moonlight. *It's Jane.* Very pleased with himself.

JANE

See how much better you feel now? I forgive you. Can't speak for Dave Martin, though.

He clicks off a little digital recorder.

MACHADO

You sonofabitch.

Machado looks around, picks up a BIG AXE and advances on Jane...

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Whoa. Don't make things any worse  
for yourself.

(calls out)

Cho! Rigsby!

Jane backs up to the door.

MACHADO

I killed an intruder in my barn,  
how was I to know it was a cop?  
If that's what you are. What are  
you exactly?

JANE

Cho! Rigsby!

No reply. Jane rattles the door.

JANE (CONT'D)

They're right outside.

Machado raises the blade.

JANE (CONT'D)

Wait! You're forgetting something!

MACHADO

What?

JANE

Imagine a simple geometric shape.  
Any shape you'd like...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(yelling)

Machado! Ben Machado!

Machado curses, lowers the machete.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You ready to die?

MACHADO

What now?

JANE

That's not...

Jane goes to a crack between boards, peers through a slat --

JANE'S POV

A figure tosses a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL right at him.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED: (2)

35

BACK TO JANE

as he throws himself behind a thresher just as a SPLASH OF FIRE pops into the barn. The light from the flames outside licks at the windows. Smoke starts seeping in.

MACHADO

What the hell's going on?

JANE

Oh, dear.

Jane goes to a crack in the wall, calling out to the killer --

JANE (CONT'D)

Open the door!

No answer. A window IMPLODES from the heat, shattering above Jane's head.

MACHADO

We're going to die, you son of a bitch! What have you done?

The two race up the stairs to a rear door. Machado stumbles, falls back. Jane grabs his arm and thrusts him to the door. Tries it. Won't open. Slams his body against it. No luck. A wall of flame ROARS in like a train...

36

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

36

Cho and Rigsby drive up. The barn is engulfed in flame. Nothing can survive that...

Cho and Rigsby get out of the car, horrified.

CHO

Oh crap.

JANE (O.S.)

Cho! Rigsby!

RIGSBY

Jane?! Are you in there?

CHO

Oh crap. Jane! Jane!...

A beat and Jane walks out of the darkness. Machado behind him, hacking and coughing from smoke inhalation. Jane seems fine, although relieved.

CHO (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

Jane. You scared us.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Scared myself. Door jammed. Where the hell were you guys?

RIGSBY

We called in to say we were checking out a lead.

CHO

Of course, Lisbon didn't know you were about to pull an idiotic stunt. Sorry.

JANE

No harm done. Arrest this man. He confessed to killing Dave Martin.

CHO

Cool.

Machado already on his knees, Cho puts cuffs on him. Just then, Rigsby taps Jane on the shoulder, points. Crouched behind a tree, watching the blaze, a SILHOUETTED MALE FIGURE...

When he sees Rigsby coming toward him, the mystery man runs. Rigsby pursues him.

JANE

I'll... just wait here.

A ROLLING CRASH BANG O.S.

RIGSBY (O.S.)

(yelling)

FREEZE!

On Jane and Cho.

Tommy Olds sits in the hot seat, Cho enters and sits down opposite him. (Note: Tommy is not wearing a jacket.)

TOMMY

Hello, sir.

CHO

Tommy, what were you doing at the Machado house last night?

TOMMY

Sir? D'you got any soda?

CHO

What kind do you want?

TOMMY

My super favorite is root beer.

CHO

I'll get you some in a minute.

TOMMY

Do you like root beer?

CHO

No. Do you like to burn things,  
Tommy?

TOMMY

No.

CHO

No? You sure about that?

Beat.

TOMMY

Am I sure about what?

CHO

What were you doing at the Machado  
house?

TOMMY

Watching the barn burn down.

CHO

You liked watching it uh? It gave  
you a nice feeling?

TOMMY

No. I was scared. I don't like  
fire. Fire hurts.

(beat)

Do you have root beer?

Lisbon, Jane, and Rigsby watching.

LISBON

It doesn't make sense. The  
evidence says he did it. There's  
ethyl ether traces all over him.

(MORE)

38

CONTINUED:

38

LISBON (CONT'D)

But the arsonist used electronic timers and rocket fuel, and Tommy's wearing velcro sneakers. Call him challenged, retarded, whatever you want -- he's not capable of doing this.

RIGSBY

What if he had a partner?

LISBON

Yes. Must be. Someone's manipulating him -- someone he trusts.

JANE

Give me a moment with him.

Jane exits.

39

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

39

Jane enters.

JANE

Hey, Cho. You mind?

CHO

Sure thing.

(stands up)

Don't make a mess.

Jane takes his place.

JANE

Cop humor. Not funny.

Jane gazes back steadily at Tommy's uncomprehending smile.

JANE (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to be in here finding out who put you up to this. See, my friends think you're an idiot.

TOMMY

Everybody says that. Sometimes they're not nice.

JANE

Yes. Being a fool gives you a strange kind of power, doesn't it? You're there but you're not there. It's like having a wizard's cloak of invisibility.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

I don't understand what you're saying, sir. But I like wizards. The other man said he would get me a root beer. But he never did.

JANE

Revenge is a hard road, Tommy. Hard. It's like when Captain Ahab chased Moby Dick, the whale died alright, but the Peapod went down too, and Ahab with it.

TOMMY

(quick as a flash)  
Pequod. Ahab's ship is the Pequod.

He immediately regrets saying it. Jane smiles. Gotcha.

JANE

Exactly right. Pequod. Silly of me.

Jane takes a dog-eared copy of Moby Dick from his jacket pocket.

**FLASHBACK**

39A INT. TOMMY'S TRAILER. ALTON'S GROVE - DAY (D/2) 39A

*What Jane saw when he and Lisbon were there: The same book on the shelf.*

**END FLASHBACK**

39B INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - NIGHT 39B

Jane offers the book to Tommy.

JANE

Here's your copy.

Tommy takes it.

JANE (CONT'D)

I must say I'm impressed. I know English Literature professors who haven't read *Moby Dick*.

Tommy looks away, tries to smile blankly.

TOMMY

I like whales. They eat squids.

(CONTINUED)

39B CONTINUED:

39B

JANE

Looking back now, I should have known it was you the first time I saw you.

**FLASHBACK**

39C INT. LIVING ROOM. GARCIA HOUSE - DAY (D/1)

39C

*Tommy speaking to Susan. FIND his T-SHIRT, then find Tommy's smiling face. But now it looks sinister.*

**END FLASHBACK**

39D INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY

39D

RESUME SCENE as Jane eyes Tommy closely.

JANE

Only an idiot would wear a t-shirt like that to a house in mourning. An idiot, or a daring killer with a warped sense of humor.

A faint smile from Tommy.

JANE (CONT'D)

You're going down for this. Why not go down as your true self? You've pulled off something amazing. You should be proud. In a way.

TOMMY

Is that root beer coming?

JANE

I can see you. Come out and talk to me, Thomas. There's no use hiding any more.

Tommy seems to straighten and expand into a self-assured, clever, though deeply twisted young man. He speaks with precision.

TOMMY

What do you want to know?

JANE

Hello. Nice to meet you.

40 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

40

Lisbon and Rigsby react to the transformation...

41 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS 41  
On Jane...

JANE

I'm curious. Are there two of you  
or is Tommy just an act you put on?

TOMMY

Please, I'm not a mental case.

42 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS 42

RIGSBY

Oh, yes you are, dude.

43 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS 43

TOMMY

Tommy's an act. A performance.

JANE

That you never turn off.

TOMMY

He amuses me. He protects me.  
When I was 18, I jacked a car. Got  
caught. But when I pulled the  
Tommy act the cops let me go. I've  
gotten much better since then, of  
course.

JANE

Good enough to avenge Dave Martin's  
death.

TOMMY

Three months ago, the company  
finally got a permit to exploit the  
aquifer. All that money. I put  
things together, realized what  
they'd done to Dave.

Jane hands Tommy the book.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

JANE

I confess, I never have gotten to  
the end. I know Ahab dies though,  
doesn't he?

TOMMY

Yes. But so does the whale.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Does he? My point is, revenge never comes cheap.

TOMMY

Spare me your moralizing. I know what revenge costs. It's worth the price. David Martin had many flaws, no doubt, but he was my friend. My friend. Those animals deserve what they got. It was justice.

Jane takes a beat, throws a sardonic look to Lisbon in the observation room.

JANE

You admit killing Rich Garcia and trying to kill Trey Piller.

TOMMY

I watched them scream and writhe in agony and it was beautiful. It was redemptive and beautiful.

(off Jane; contemptuous)

You wouldn't understand.

A beat. Jane eyes Tommy sadly, stands.

JANE

Someone will be along in a moment to charge you formally. Good luck, Thomas.

TOMMY

Would you do one thing for me?

JANE

You can ask.

TOMMY

Tell Maddy Garcia I'm sorry I hurt her.

Jane nods. Exits.

Lisbon's car outside. As Lisbon and Jane go inside, on the windshield... a drop of rain. Then another.

45

INT. GARCIA HOUSE - DAY

45

Jane and Lisbon talking with Maddy and Susan. Mother and daughter are barely speaking to each other.

MADDY

Sorry? He's sorry? You tell him, if he ever gets out of jail I'm going to set him on fire, see how he likes it.

SUSAN

Maddy.

MADDY

I am!

SUSAN

Your father wasn't, he didn't...

MADDY

Don't you talk about him! You have no right! No right!

JANE

Your father killed a man. That's why he died. You need to own that. Tommy only did what you're now planning to do to him. Revenge is a poison. Revenge is for fools and madmen.

That gives Maddy pause.

MADDY

I don't care.

JANE

Yes, you do.

Lisbon eyes her watch, then Jane.

JANE (CONT'D)

We have to go. Do me one favor. Will you both do me one favor?

They both nod warily.

JANE (CONT'D)

(beckoning)  
Come here.

Mother and daughter come close.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

JANE (CONT'D)

I want you to give each other a hug. As if you loved each other. Please. For me.

He physically pulls them together. They reluctantly hug.

JANE (CONT'D)

Now hold that pose until we leave. It'll help Lisbon and me feel like we've made a difference, you know?

LISBON

Goodbye.

Jane and Lisbon exit. But Susan and Maddy don't separate. We hold as they hug tighter.

46

EXT. GARCIA HOUSE - DAY

46

Raining harder now. The drought is over. Jane and Lisbon on the porch, watching it.

LISBON

So...

JANE

So?

LISBON

Seems like maybe this whole thing has changed your mind a little about taking personal revenge.

JANE

Goodness, no. Not at all.

LISBON

"Revenge is for fools and madmen"?

JANE

That was rather good, wasn't it? Complete bull, but good.

And they sprint for the car through the rain. Off them --

FADE OUT.

**THE END**