

THE MENTALIST

'Red Ruses'

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Spec Script

by

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Based on characters created by Bruno Heller

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FADE IN

TITLES: WHITE LETTERS ON BLACK

ruse (rooz)

FADE TO

noun: a cunning stratagem or artifice, a trick

INT- DIMLY LIT ROCK CLUB- CONTINUOUS

PAN across a wooden stage floor. There is an 8'x 8' rubber mat lying there. Dozens of long knives are sticking through it, pointing upward. About twenty feet before it, a small group stands soberly, gazing upward toward the ceiling above the stage. CBI agents TERESA LISBON, KIMBALL CHO, GRACE VAN PELT and WAYNE RIGSBY are standing trying to see what is happening on a SCAFFOLD about thirty feet up.

RIGSBY

Sac P.D. says he'll only talk to us. So far no SWAT but...we gotta get them down before it gets ugly.

LISBON

This is plenty ugly enough. Does he really think we can keep the snipers away indefinitely? Or that we won't take him out ourselves?

CHO

If he thinks that, he's wrong.

AUDRA SMITHSON (white female, early 50s, well-dressed Southern lady, visibly distraught) runs in and stands next to them, looking up.

LISBON

What are you doing here?

Audra Smithson speaks with her delicate Southern accent.

AUDRA

I heard what he said. This man killed my Paul. I want to know why.

LISBON

We don't know yet. What's the word on the victim? Or suspect, I guess.

RIGSBY

Not much movement but...there've been muffled sounds. They think he's bound and gagged.

Audra gasps.

LISBON

Ma'am, you really shouldn't be here. Can you wait with the officers outside? Please.

AUDRA

I'm staying right here.

LISBON

Alright, we won't make you leave but don't interfere, OK?

AUDRA

I understand. What is he doing?

RIGSBY

He says...are you sure you wanna hear this?

AUDRA

Please. I have to know.

RIGSBY

Yes, ma'am. (sigh) He has bolt cutters and...he says if he doesn't get what he wants he's going to cut the cable on the scaffold and drop the victim onto that bed of knives.

AUDRA

Oh, my God!

PAN up to the scaffold, which has side rails which prevent us from seeing the victim lying there. The man standing above him walks closer to the front so we can see his face. It is PATRICK JANE! The agents all draw their weapons.

JANE

I want a helicopter...a bag of nonsequential, unmarked bills...and the release of my comrades.

They all look mystified.

LISBON

What?

JANE

I'm kidding, of course. And my apologies for the theatrics; my carnival background, I suppose.

LISBON

You think this is funny?

JANE

Not at all. What's with the guns? Do you ever go anywhere without drawing them? A Bar Mitzvah? The library? You're treating this like a hostage situation.

LISBON

That's exactly what this is!

JANE

It's nothing of the sort. My only demand is that he confess to the two murders he's committed. This is an expedited interrogation. What takes you 19 hours I can get done in ten minutes. Not to boast. It was going great too but now he's changed his story. If he persists in his denials, well...(does whistling falling bomb sound followed by a sickening squish), you might need a bucket and mop instead of a squad car.

Audra sobs.

LISBON

Jane, you're not a killer.

Jane pauses, reflecting.

JANE

No? (lower) How soon they forget.

LISBON

You can't just execute people because you think they deserve it.

JANE

I know. Tell this guy.

Jane leans down to the floor. He smacks the unseen figure and we hear MUFFLED GRUNTS.

LISBON

Jane, I mean it!

JANE

Hey! You hear what the agent said? Huh?
You can't go around killing people!

He stands back up. Before speaking he notices blood on his hand and wipes it on his vest. Audra gags and turns away, covering her face.

JANE (CON'T)

Just a nosebleed. He's fine.

Lisbon can barely contain her rage.

LISBON

Jane, you come down from there right now!

CHO

(low)

He doesn't respect you.

LISBON

(miffed)

Excuse me?

CHO

Boss, I'm sorry but...you're a toy to him.

Before she can angrily respond, Rigsby cuts in.

RIGSBY

It's not just you. It's all of us.

CHO

Yeah.

Lisbon appears to fume. Jane appears regretful.

JANE

Look, I'm sorry you wasted your evening. I can see it in his eyes; he'll never take responsibility for what he's done. So...justice must be served somehow.

The muffled sounds become more urgent. Jane produces a pair of bolt cutters and holds them near the cable to his right holding the scaffold.

LISBON

Put it down. Now!

JANE

Yeah?

Jane applies the bolt cutters to the cable. CLOSE on a grim-face Lisbon as she FIRES. Audra screams.

FADE TO

EXT-STREET- DAY

TITLES: 36 HOURS EARLIER

ROAD TO RUIN CLUB, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

This is the same location as in the first scene. There are a few police officers, cars and the usual crime scene tape outside. Jane, Lisbon and Van Pelt walk in through the front door and enter the club. Soft organ MUSIC plays.

INT- ROCK CLUB- DAY

Now seen in better light than the previous scene, the place appears to be a church that has been converted to a club. The rear eight rows of pews are still intact; the rest have been removed. Lisbon and Van Pelt walk slowly, almost reverently as if attending a church service, toward the front, staring at something. Jane is not with them.

They walk on and the camera PULLS BACK to reveal a quality digital camera on a tripod, facing the stage.

More steps and the camera PULLS BACK farther to reveal the body of a young man hanging. He has about a dozen stab wounds in his back and his jacket is bloody.

We SEE their faces as they gaze at the body of VANCE HOLLY (20, thin, pale, buzzed punk haircut). He is hanging with a classic noose around his neck and wears a PLACARD reading 'Goodbye, Cruel World' in crude letters. He hangs at the front of the stage. Amps, drums, mics, etc. are set up.

LISBON

Videotaped...(squints) assisted suicide?

VAN PELT

No such thing as an overshare these days, is there?

LISBON

Or any limit to what people will do to be famous. He definitely had help.

Lisbon puts on gloves and checks out the camera.

LISBON (CON'T)

Nothing's been recorded. And it's set for stills, not video. There is one shot but it's a black blur.

VAN PELT

So why didn't his partner film anything? And why'd he leave the camera?

LISBON

I know. All this for nothing?

VAN PELT

Speaking of partners, where's Jane?

LISBON

Staring at a wall in the foyer, last I saw.

Jane is now walking up to them.

JANE

Admiring a piece of vintage poster art, to be precise.

LISBON

OK well since you've joined us, can we get some input?

JANE

Hmm. Interesting message.

VAN PELT

Yeah. Goodbye, cruel world? Really?

JANE

(thoughtfully)

Yes. It's almost quaint isn't it? A corny old sentiment in such a cynical environment.

JANE (CON'T)

Like showing 'Leave it to Beaver' at the Ozzfest. It's like he's telling his parents he secretly embraced their values but craved the acceptance of his peers more. And now he's sorry. Apologizing in his own twisted way. It's kind of touching, really.

Lisbon and Van Pelt give him odd looks.

VAN PELT

Eww. I think they might've preferred a card.

JANE

Well, it's a first impression. Why are we on a suicide, anyway? He a politician's kid? Slow crime week?

LISBON

Suicide? Weren't you listening in the car?

JANE

I wasn't, sorry.

Lisbon and Van Pelt roll their eyes.

LISBON

Y'know, you've been kinda spaced out since your vacation. Are you gonna help us?

JANE

Of course. At your service. And it was not a vacation. I was sick.

VAN PELT

Eight days for a sinus infection?

JANE

It was a severe sinus infection, I'll have you know.

VAN PELT

Whatever. I hope you haven't lost it.

JANE

I did not lose it, as you will soon see. I'm just feeling mellow.

LISBON

Hmm. The victim's name is Vance Holly. He's a drummer who sometimes plays here. Lived alone. His folks are giving us a statement. We should talk to his bandmates.

VAN PELT

At first it looked like a suicide but then after the initial 911 call...well, lets' see what you come up with.

JANE

OK. I can do that. (to himself) So...how did he get here then?

LISBON

He's on fire so far.

We SEE a stool lying on its side about twenty feet away. Jane steps onto the stage and walks toward it.

JANE

Hmm. A stool. I doubt he could have kicked it this far. (p) Y'know, they might even wanna dust that stool for prints.

LISBON

I am in awe. That never would have occurred to me.

Jane looks at the stool and turns around to get a feel for how far it is from the body. We are still in front of the body and see him turn and look at Holly's back.

JANE

Hmm. An apparent bloody knife. Dozen or so apparent stab wounds in the back. This is starting to look more and more like a homicide.

Van Pelt and Lisbon look at each other with wry smiles.

EXT- STREET- DAY

Cho, Rigsby and Jane pull up and stop in front of a nondescript one-story commercial suite.

CHO

Vance Holly's parents haven't seen him in over a year. But he writes often, God bless him. He told them he was in a band and sent this picture. They don't know any of the names.

WE SEE a photo of Holly behind the drums and a curly-haired guitarist facing him with his back to the camera. The bass drum head reads 'No Future'. The three exit the car and approach the building. As they walk up, live punk rock MUSIC can be heard. Jane peers in and sees a three-piece band playing.

The singer/guitarist from the photo, RED BLADE (20), doesn't look like a typical punk. He has curly brown hair and has no piercings or tattoos. He is wearing jeans, a T-shirt and a denim vest covered with buttons. Jane smiles almost as if he intuits something about this young man that he likes. From outside we hear see and him singing loudly with a fake British accent.

RED BLADE

(singing)

Anarchy! No pigs! Anarchy! No pigs!

JANE

Catchy. Hey, can you guys give me a minute before you come in? I wanna talk to him a sec.

RIGSBY

I'm not sure that's a good...

JANE

It's fine. Trust me.

Jane enters, leaving Cho and Rigsby watching skeptically. The song ends as Jane enters.

INTERIOR- REHEARSAL STUDIO- DAY

They don't see him yet as he stands in the back. The room contains pretty much nothing but random junk, a few chairs and the band equipment. The drum kit says No Future as in the photo. Red Blade and the BASS PLAYER take off their instruments. The DRUMMER comes out front.

BASS PLAYER

Yo, Blade, we're gonna fire up a joint. You can have some more tea or whatever.

They both laugh. Jane speaks up.

JANE

Uh, you'll wanna use the back door for that. The heat's out front.

BASS PLAYER

Yeah? Thanks, man.

The drummer and bassist head out the back.

RED BLADE

Who are you?

JANE

Patrick Jane, CBI Records.

OUTSIDE

RIGSBY

CBI Records?

CHO

This is on you.

BACK INSIDE

RED BLADE

Label guy, huh? You A&R?

JANE

Uh...A...?

RED BLADE

A&R. Y'know. Artists and Repertoires?
(p) Am I being Punk'd? That would be kind of ironic, I suppose.

JANE

Yeah, A&R. You're a tea man, huh? I like that. Anyway, I think that tune might make a good single.

RED BLADE

Yeah. It's good angry fun. See for yourself.

JANE

I'm sorry?

Red Blade goes to pick up the bass and hands it to Jane.

RED BLADE

Just play an 'A'.

OUTSIDE

Rigsby and Cho watch as Jane puts on the bass and he and Red Blade step onto the stage. Each is standing in front of a mic. Jane looks uncertain what to do.

CHO

Alright, this is going nowhere. Let's go in.

Rigsby is almost laughing.

RIGSBY

No, wait. We can't miss this. Just give 'em a minute.

After a moment even Cho snickers a bit.

BACK INSIDE

JANE

And a "A" would be...where?

Red Blade points to the second string.

RED BLADE

Just pluck that one. Y'know, pulse it. And sing.

Jane throbs the open string bass note in tune with the chorus he heard. Red Blade plays along and then sings.

RED BLADE

Anarchy! No pigs! Anarchy! No pigs!

Jane joins in, British accent and all.

BOTH

Anarchy! No pigs! Anarchy! No pigs!

Enter Cho and Rigsby, somehow stone-faced. They stop playing. Jane sings and plays once more alone.

JANE

Anarchy. No pigs. Anarchy. No...pigs.

Jane stops weakly.

RED BLADE

And now who are you guys?

CHO

The pigs.

They take off their instruments and walk down to the agents. The two agents display their IDs.

RIGSBY

CBI.

RED BLADE

CBI? Like CBI Records?

He looks at Jane, who smiles sheepishly.

RED BLADE (CON'T)

So you were punking me. (nods and smiles) That's cool.

JANE

Gee, I wish everyone took it that well.

RED BLADE

So you're with them? Where's *your* badge?

Jane pulls out his ID.

JANE

I'm not really a pig. I'm sort of a...pig consultant.

RED BLADE

Consultant? (gestures at Jane's nice vest and shirt) Like what, a fashion consultant? (chortles, then looks at Rigsby and Cho) If so, you should be ashamed of yourself.

Rigsby and Cho just stand there, occasionally looking at each other bemused.

JANE

Well...can't have them looking better than I do, can I?

RED BLADE

Smart. Y'know I've heard about these new sensitive, metrosexual cops but I haven't really seen any yet.

JANE

It's been a little slow catching on. So be honest; if someone plays a wrong note...can you tell?

Red Blade seems happy to have someone to spar with.

RED BLADE

Well, I was at a performance of Beethoven's Triple Concerto last week and I caught the cellist playing dotted sixteenth notes during the largo!

CHO

Shocking.

RED BLADE

I know! It was like, 'Dude, can't you read'? Bet you would've missed that. And the conductor was a total spaz. I mean, his idea of an allegro was like a prestissimo on speed!

RIGSBY

Man, I hate that.

RED BLADE

It was like nails on a blackboard. So, uh...I think I'd catch a missed note on my own stuff. And I hate to disappoint you guys but you're not the pigs referenced in the song.

CHO

No?

RED BLADE

Nah. The world has moved on. This little ditty is about greedy corporate types. I mean we still call you pigs...for old time's sake but we realize now you're just cogs in the machine.

CHO

We appreciate that.

RIGBSY

Don't you even wanna know why we're here? Or were you expecting us?

RED BLADE

Oh, we get these check-ins once in a while. Even had a young cop in here undercover looking to see if we're really promoting anarchy. (scoffs)

RIGBSY

And you're not?

RED BLADE

No way. It's just a fantasy. I actually like having places to go to buy stuff. I like electricity and running water.

JANE

Those are cool things.

CHO

Yeah, they're awesome.

RED BLADE

Nothing I sing can be construed as unlawful. Or as one put it: "Lacking in specificity of target as well as suggested methods of inflicting said harm, art of this type is far too general to rise to the level of criminal incitement but rather is covered under the auspices of protected speech."

CHO

What genius said that?

RED BLADE

(bashfully)

It was me, actually.

RIGBSY

Well, we're not here about that. What's your name?

RED BLADE

Red Blade.

CHO

Your real name.

He smiles, satisfied.

RED BLADE
I love doing this to cops.

He pulls out his driver license. They look at it and smirk.

RIGSBY
Cute. So...Mr. Blade. We see you have a
drummer.

RED BLADE
Wow. Can't get anything past you.

Jane laughs. They look at him.

JANE
Sorry.

RED BLADE
Rock bands have drummers. I'm not
following you.

RIGSBY
We heard Vance Holly was your drummer.

Red Blade smiles wistfully.

RED BLADE
Good old Hammer. Shame about him.

CHO
What does that mean? You decide to
disappear him?

RED BLADE
'Disappear' as a transitive verb? Looks
like fashion's not the only thing you
need consulting on.

CHO
You mean 'on which you need
consulting?'

Red Blade and Jane both smile.

RED BLADE
Touché, Robocop.

JANE
How absolute the knave is!

RED BLADE

Nice! A Hamlet reference you no doubt didn't expect me to get.

JANE

There was no such stuff in my thoughts.

They both laugh.

RED BLADE

Another good one! My man!

They bump fists. Cho and Rigsby sigh.

RIGSBY

This 'Renaissance punk' thing is fascinating, really, but we do have some questions.

JANE

Oh, yeah. Go team.

CHO

So what happened to Vance?

RED BLADE

Well, you remember I was talking about playing it safe with the lyrics? Well he was writing all this crazy stuff. Naming names, y'know, how they should die and all that. Creepy. See, there is a line. And Hammer crossed it.

RIGSBY

Yeah? What's the penalty for that?

RED BLADE

Well...usually you get kicked out of the band. But Vance left on his own. 'You can't fire me, I quit' kinda thing.

JANE

When was that?

RED BLADE

Couple days ago. I had this new guy within hours. He's a quick study.

CHO

So where do you suppose Vance is *hanging* these days?

RED BLADE

Wouldn't know.

RIGSBY

We found him hanging at Road to Ruin.

RED BLADE

I'm not surprised.

CHO

I'll bet you're not. Check it out.

Cho shows him the photo. Instead of the expected shock, Red Blade shakes his head with a weary smile.

RED BLADE

So he really did it. I told him, "Dude, that is so lame".

JANE

He told you he was planning to kill himself?

RIGSBY

And all you said was, 'Dude, that's lame'?

RED BLADE

Kill himself? Nah, man, he wanted to be hanged on stage, as if that hadn't been done a hundred years ago. So what's that, his album cover? (snorts) A concert promo for some band he slapped together yesterday?

RIGSBY

It's a crime scene photo.

Jane carefully studies his face, which darkens.

RED BLADE

Crime scene? What are you...?

CHO

Yeah. Here's the B-side.

Unemotionally, Cho shows him the photo of Vance hanging with all the bloody holes in his jacket. Blade is shocked and starts to crumble. They catch him and escort him to a chair, breathing heavily. Jane leaves his hand on his wrist.

RIGSBY

OK. OK.

RED BLADE

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It's just...

JANE

You were close, weren't you?

RED BLADE

Yeah. Since 8th grade. We just couldn't work together, that's all. Artistic differences.

CHO

Anyone have a beef with him that you know of? The bass player?

RED BLADE

Nah, Hammer was cool with everybody. Just a little offbeat. These guys were probably in school, too. Hey, you want me to go to the station with you?

RIGSBY

Yeah, we were going to suggest that.

Jane puts his arm around Blade and escorts him to the door, leaving Cho and Rigsby alone.

RIGSBY

Looks like Jane's found a kindred spirit.

CHO

Yup. Smug. Condescending. Smartest guy in the room. It's a match made in heaven.

INT -CBI HEADQUARTERS- DAY

Grace Van Pelt is at her desk and Lisbon is sitting nearby.

VAN PELT

So what makes this a CBI case? Punk murder? Sounds pretty mundane.

LISBON

Sac P.D. says they've been checking out the local punk scene for possible ties to anarchists. I don't know. Nothing concrete.

Enter Rigsby, Cho, Jane and Red Blade.

VAN PELT

Guys.

Red Blade looks at the women, surprised.

RED BLADE

What? (to the men) Come on, police chicks are not this fine in real life! Where'd you find these two goddesses?

Lisbon and Van Pelt look at each other, then back.

LISBON

I'm sorry?

RED BLADE

Don't trip, ladies. I'm tryin' to make men out of these guys.

VAN PELT

Oh.

RED BLADE

Old school cops would be tunin' me up already for that.

RIGSBY

Yeah, but we're sensitive, metrosexual pigs.

CHO

And we're not in the interrogation room yet.

Red Blade laughs nervously.

RIGSBY

The camera still out of order in there?

LISBON

Totally.

RIGSBY

Then let's go.

VAN PELT

And for the record, we tune up our own scumbags.

LISBON

That's right. Have fun.

CHO

After you.

Cho and Red Blade exit. Rigsby and Jane stay.

VAN PELT

So that's our (smirk, eye roll) punk rocker, ey? So lame.

Jane smiles wolfishly.

JANE

Ah, interesting. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

VAN PELT

What now?

JANE

Come on. You like punk rock, don't you? But you're embarrassed about it. Why?

Everybody stares at her and she sighs.

VAN PELT

Alright, when I was high school me and a couple friends discovered the Ramones. (smiles shyly) We used to dress up...play the records and sing along. Take pictures. We even named ourselves after girls in their songs. I was Sheena.

Everyone tries not to laugh.

VAN PELT

We were called...the Hella Fun Gurlz.

A few snickers. Rigsby tries to be sober, nods his head.

RIGSBY

Cool.

Rigsby goes off after Cho, chuckling. Van Pelt smiles weakly and leaves also. Jane and Lisbon are alone.

JANE

I think this is a good kid. (p) I missed you guys.

LISBON

Well, we missed you too.

JANE

And I've been thinking...am I, like, arrogant?

LISBON

Only insufferably.

JANE

Wow. Didn't have to think long about that. Is there anything good about me? Anything you do like.

LISBON

Well...(sighs) let's not do this.

JANE

Yeah.

LISBON

OK, what do you like about me?

JANE

You're right, let's not do this.

Jane smiles and leaves. Lisbon shakes her head.

INT- INTERROGATION ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Cho and Rigsby sit across from Red Blade. Jane watches from the other side of the observation glass.

RIGSBY

Y'know...to me? You don't look like a guy who just lost a friend.

RED BLADE

Well...that's our credo. No whining, no crying...on with the show.

CHO

Touching.

RED BLADE

I'll cry later. In private.

RIGSBY

I'm sure you will. You wanna know what we found at the crime scene? A red blade.

RED BLADE

Uh...I'm no expert, but (p) don't all stabbings involve a red blade?

CHO

A red blade with a red handle?

He holds up a folding knife with a bright red plastic handle. Red Blade's eyes widen a moment.

RED BLADE

Hey, that looks like...it **looks** like mine. But it's not.

RIGSBY

Why do you say that?

RED BLADE

I don't have mine anymore.

RIGSBY

So you lost it and someone killed your ex-bandmate with it. OK. Not suspicious.

RED BLADE

It's not mine. And I didn't kill Vance.

CHO

You seem awfully sure it's not yours.

RED BLADE

Mine has a special mark. I took the screws out of the handle and carved my initials into the metal underneath.

OUTSIDE, we see Jane smile at this last remark. We see there are small screws in the handle.

RIGSBY

Excuse me.

Rigsby leaves. Red

OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM

Rigsby goes into a desk drawer and gets a small screwdriver. Van Pelt comes up and hands him a piece of paper.

VAN PELT

His name is, or was, Paul Smithson, Jr. Twenty, honor student, no priors. His dad, Paul Sr.'s a big tech mogul, runs Synoptic Electronics. Lots of government contracts. Some military stuff.

RIGSBY

Hmm. Strong capitalist father...with ties to war...perfect breeding ground for a rebellious kid. But he says he doesn't mean it. According to him the whole anarchy thing is just hella fun.

Rigsby tries to suppress his smile. So does Van Pelt.

VAN PELT

Don't start.

Rigsby goes back into the interrogation room.

INSIDE

Rigsby sits, unscrewing the handle. Red Blade looks confident. Rigsby gets the plastic off and looks.

RIGSBY

Well...look at that. 'RB'.

RED BLADE

Don't think so.

RIGSBY

I'm kidding. It really says 'PS'.

For a moment Red Blade's face darkens. Then he recovers.

OUTSIDE

Jane smiles in admiration, as if he knows what Red Blade is up to.

JANE

That's good. Maybe too good.

Lisbon comes up alongside him.

LISBON

Hmm?

JANE

Nothing.

BACK INSIDE

RED BLADE

Let me see.

CHO

Sorry. It's evidence. We'd like a DNA sample.

RED BLADE

Sure.

RIGSBY

So, uh...where were you when Vance died?

RED BLADE

I don't know. When did it happen?

RIGSBY

Oh, that's right, you don't know. This morning about nine or ten.

RED BLADE

I was in the park.

RIGSBY

In the park?

RED BLADE

Yeah. Feeding ducks.

CHO

Ducks?

RED BLADE

Y'know...domestic waterfowl?

CHO

Can anyone vouch for that?

RED BLADE

Probably not. They're ducks, not parrots.

OUTSIDE

LISBON

Well, we can't hold him. No prints.

JANE

That's OK. I'll keep an eye on him.

Lisbon raises her eyebrows.

INT- CBI LUNCH ROOM- DAY

Jane and Red Blade are sitting, sipping tea, laughing. Jane is looking at a sheet of paper.

RED BLADE

This is pretty good. Lemon Ginger, huh?

JANE

Yeah. Bulk tea bin at the warehouse store, believe it or not. 9 cents apiece. I feel like a thief. And I know that feeling. So I see there's more to the song than I heard. That's good.

RED BLADE

Well, yeah. More words, more notes. I'll show ya, if/ Oh, wait. I just had a wicked cool idea.

JANE

Wicked cool. That's my middle name.

INT-BACKSTAGE- ROAD TO RUIN CLUB

We SEE Jane poking through papers lying around in a messy rehearsal room. He picks up a particular piece and pockets it. Red Blade sticks his head in the room and speaks with a strong Cockney British accent.

RED BLADE

It's time, mate.

JANE

(same accent)

Right then.

EXT- STREET OUTSIDE ROAD TO RUIN CLUB- NIGHT

There are lots of punk kids around and general rowdiness. Lisbon, dressed casually in a jeans and T-shirt is walking toward the club, muttering to herself.

LISBON

Jane, why do I have to meet you here?
This is just...silly. I should've sent
Sheena Van Pelt, except she'd probably
never wanna come back.

INT- ROAD TO RUIN CLUB- NIGHT

Lisbon enters. Loud PUNK MUSIC is playing. She looks at the stage and sees Red Blade playing and singing. The drummer from before is there but the bass player is not. In his place is Patrick Jane, playing bass and even singing at times! Jane's usual tasteful attire is gone and he is wearing a leather jacket and jeans. Lisbon stares, amazed.

RED BLADE

(singing)

This is a day when money rules. A day
we gladly suffer fools!

A PUNK GIRL speaks to Lisbon.

PUNK GIRL

The bass player's kinda old, but he's
SOOO cute!

The girl turns back to watch the band and Lisbon sneers, mouthing 'sooo cute'.

LISBON

Looks aren't everything, you know.

The girl walks away, closer to the stage.

PUNK GIRL

(os)

Whatever.

LISBON

(after her) He could be a jerk!

We SEE Jane playing and Lisbon watching in disbelief.

RED BLADE

(singing)

What we need's to change the
institution. In my mind there's only
one solution.

RED BLADE AND JANE
 Anarchy! No pigs! Anarchy! No pigs!
 Goodbye, pigs, goodbye!

EXT- STREET OUTSIDE ROAD TO RUIN CLUB- NIGHT

Lisbon and Jane are standing talking.

LISBON
 I can't believe this. You played with a
 punk rock group. You!

JANE
 It was quite exhilarating, actually.

LISBON
 And this...(gestures) this is an
 interesting look for you.

JANE
 The bad boys. They always like the bad
 boys. What, aren't I bad enough for
 you?

LISBON
 Trust me; you're plenty bad enough for
 anyone. And I do *not* like bad boys. You
 pick up any leads tonight or just
 teenage groupies?

They start walking.

JANE
 I heard some kids talking about Vance
 Holly. They think he was killed by
 someone named in his song.

LISBON
 What song?

JANE
 Some song that hasn't been released.
 Maybe the same one Paul, Jr. was
 talking about. He said the late Mr.
 Hammer wanted to sing about killing
 certain capitalists in specific ways.
 Really push the envelope. That's why he
 left the group.

LISBON

Who are these people? And if no one's heard the song, who'd want to kill him over it?

JANE

I don't know but I'm following up on something. Maybe someone leaked it.

LISBON

That's it? Why did you call me here?

JANE

I just thought you needed to get out of the office.

LISBON

I wasn't in the office, I was home!

JANE

Yeah, but you were probably in an office frame of mind. Ya gotta admit; this was more fun.

LISBON

(smiles) I gotta admit.

A car drives by and they hear the SONG 'What I Like About You' playing.

STEREO

That's what I like about you...that's what I like about you.

LISBON

That reminds me. I did think of something I like about you.

JANE

Oh, really? Do tell.

LISBON

OK. I really admire how you gave up conning people and all that ill-gotten gain to help us catch criminals. That was really...noble.

JANE

Noble! Well, that's...a first.

LISBON

Of course, you still lie and deceive
but now it's your friends and
colleagues. And now it's in the name of
justice.

JANE

I'm glad you understand, thank you. (p)
I was only going to say you're pretty.

LISBON

Oh, you were not!

JANE

(meekly) I was.

LISBON

You are such a manipulator! I commended
you on a matter of character. Something
that matters.

JANE

My compliment was better.

LISBON

Are we in Kindergarten? It is not
better! Sure I could say, 'you're
handsome' but so what? You were born
that way. It's much better to be
appreciated for something you do.

JANE

Not for a woman.

LISBON

Oh my God, you sexist pig! You think it
matters to us more that we're admired
more for our beauty than for
intelligence, courage, integrity?

JANE

Well...if you're honest about it.

Lisbon growls in frustration. We hear a ruckus nearby and a
CRASH like a trash can being thrown into a window. Before
Lisbon can react, a MAN piles into her, football style,
sending her sprawling onto a nearby staircase with a grunt,
falling on top of her. Jane grabs the man by the collar,
gives him a good punch in the face, sending him sprawling
to the ground.

The man scrambles away as Lisbon stands up, stunned and gaping. She looks as though she'll run after the man, then gives up.

LISBON

What was *that*?

JANE

I don't know. You OK?

LISBON

I'm fine, yeah, but...what came over you?

JANE

What do you mean?

LISBON

Well, usually when there's a dangerous situation you run away screaming.

JANE

Run away screaming? I do defer to the proper authorities and allow them to do the job they've been trained for, if that's what you mean.

LISBON

Really? Observing boundaries and protocol are not exactly your specialty.

JANE

And I do *not* scream, though I probably should. To distract the bad guys.

Lisbon looks at him admiringly.

LISBON

Thank you.

JANE

You're welcome.

LISBON

It's very special, y'know? For once I wasn't the one protecting you.

JANE

How emasculating is that?

LISBON

I'm sorry! I didn't mean to/

JANE

No, no. That's fine.

They start walking again.

LISBON

You didn't...(grimaces) pay that guy, did you?

JANE

Pay him? Did I pay him? For what?

LISBON

Nothing, forget it. I'm just stunned.

JANE

(smiles)

You think I'd pay somebody...to impress you?

LISBON

No, no.

JANE

And people think I'm narcissistic!

LISBON

I'm sorry, I don't think that, really!
I'm talking crazy. OK?

Jane stops walking and smiles at her, then gives her a hug.

JANE

It's alright. I'm teasing. Good night.
You'll make it home safely?

LISBON

I'd feel safer with you but...yeah, I'll
make it. See you tomorrow.

JANE

See you tomorrow.

As soon as they part, her phone rings. She answers and listens. Jane turns back toward her.

LISBON

OK. (hangs up) Paul Smithson is
missing.

Jane is puzzled. He gestures back at the club.

JANE

Missing, I...I just left him.

LISBON

Not him. His father, Paul Sr.

INT- CBI HEADQUARTERS -DAY

Van Pelt, Cho, Rigsby, Jane and Lisbon are together, gathered around desks, looking at a monitor. Lisbon is briefing everybody.

LISBON

OK, here's what we know and it's not much. Paul Smithson- senior- was at a meeting last night at the Fairfax Hotel. According to his colleagues he appeared to receive a text at around seven. He abruptly left and never came back.

CHO

Why's he considered missing?

LISBON

Well, we have some footage from the hotel's parking garage...

We SEE a b&w video of Smithson's car driving through the parking tower as Lisbon speaks.

LISBON (CON'T)

Here he is, heading down. But he stops in this blind spot.

The car comes to a stop in between two camera feeds. Lisbon fast forwards and the car leaves.

LISBON (CON'T)

And then leaves a minute later.

JANE

Ah.

LISBON

Here's a look at the same two cameras five minutes earlier.

We SEE an indistinct stooped and hooded figure walk from one side and stop in the blind spot. Then the car arrives.

VAN PELT

Any idea who that is?

LISBON

Nope. Nothing distinguishing except a slight limp. And whoever it is was never seen leaving. They had to have been in the car when it took off.

RIGSBY

What was in the text?

LISBON

Phone company says there was no text. It was either fake or taken on a disposable phone.

VAN PELT

Why exactly are those things allowed?

LISBON

Beats me.

RIGSBY

So this could have just been a rendezvous.

LISBON

It's possible. It could also be an abduction. It seems unlikely he'd skip out on a meeting when he could've waited an hour 'til it was over and not been missed. Cho and Rigbsy, find Paul Jr. and tell him his dad is missing. He might be involved even though this time he has an alibi that doesn't involve ducks.

VAN PELT

Yeah. On stage, jamming with a CBI consultant? As alibis go, that's pretty good. By the way, Jane, I hate you for not inviting me.

JANE

Sorry. I'm shy.

VAN PELT

Oh, right! What kind of twenty-year-old doesn't have a cell phone?

LISBON

The extremely odd kind. Grace, you and I'll talk to Paul's wife, Audra. See if she has any ideas. Jane, I imagine you'll want to go with the guys to talk to your bosom buddy?

JANE

No, actually I'd like to meet the Mrs.

LISBON

Your choice. (sigh) First Junior's ex-bandmate dies, now his dad's missing. He's either having a really bad week...

VAN PELT

Or the time of his life.

TITLES: HOME OF PAUL AND AUDRA SMITHSON

Lisbon, Van Pelt and Jane are sitting with Audra Smithson, the refined southern belle, in her elegant living room. Jane is sitting close enough to her to reach her hand. Audra and Jane are sipping teas. She looks upset and preoccupied but is ever the gracious hostess.

JANE

Thank you for the tea. It's quite good.

AUDRA

Certainly.

LISBON

Mrs. Smithson, we're sorry but we have to ask a few questions.

AUDRA

I understand.

VAN PELT

First, we don't know that anything's happened to your husband. It's too soon to be alarmed. OK?

AUDRA

Yes. Thank you.

JANE

Does he have any enemies? Well, of course he does but...anyone in particular.

She is slightly miffed.

AUDRA

What makes you think Paul has enemies?

Jane takes this opportunity to take her wrist in his hand.

JANE

No, I'm not suggesting he's a bad man. I just meant that... when you're in business, manufacturing especially, sooner or later, you move a plant...people lose their jobs...common folk take that kind of thing personally when we know...it's just business.

AUDRA

Yes. (sadly) Just business. No, to answer your question, he didn't receive any threats. At least that I heard of. Perhaps he was protecting me.

LISBON

We're checking the corporate files.

JANE

He's very protective, isn't he? I sense that.

Audra smiles in remembrance.

AUDRA

Yes, very protective. We met in Athens...Georgia, that is. He was in town to set up a facility - I didn't know that at the time- he was just some man. I was at the county fair and these three dreadful fellows started harassing me. I was so frightened. They started manhandling me, the drunken swine, shoving me around, laughing.

VAN PELT

That's horrible.

AUDRA

Yes. (smiles) And there he was...a real man with fire in his eyes! He lit into those animals like Samson. Gave them a darn good lickin', believe that. We've been together ever since. To this day, the first thing that comes to mind when I think of him is 'manly'. It's a special thing to have a man step up and protect you. For me. (slightly embarrassed) You strong police women probably think that's terribly old-fashioned. No doubt I'm setting us ladies back a hundred years. (laughs)

LISBON

No, I think I can relate to that.

She and Jane share a brief glance of remembrance.

VAN PELT

Is the Athens plant still running?

Audra pauses a beat. We see Jane's hand on her wrist before she sits back a bit, freeing it from his grasp.

AUDRA

No. Sadly it wasn't (p) sustainable.

JANE

Not as sustainable as Thailand at any rate. That is where it moved, isn't it?

AUDRA

I really couldn't say. Paul handled the business side. My focus is hospitality and maintaining an inviting home.

LISBON

It's lovely, really.

VAN PELT

Yes it is. So...you've hosted business functions over the years then?

AUDRA

Oh, Lord, yes. Many times.

LISBON

Ever see your husband in a heated argument? Does he have any, y'know, rivals? Disgruntled ex-partners?

AUDRA

Well...Larry Childs hates my poor husband. So unfair, it's just...wrong, really. Small, petty. Larry Childs is the CEO of Halston Electronics. Paul was awarded a government contract Childs was after. It was all totally above board. Sealed bids and all. But Larry was still bitter. Wretched man. They haven't spoken since. I personally think he's hated Paul since the riding accident.

VAN PELT

The riding accident?

AUDRA

Yes, before the falling out they would ride together; horses. Paul recommended Larry try a particular horse and it threw him off. Broke his leg. For some reason he blamed Paul for it.

JANE

(smiles)

What, does he think your husband paid the horse to throw him?

AUDRA

I know, it's ridiculous. But he never can forget because he limps to this day.

The agents look at each other.

LISBON

What about your son?

AUDRA

Paul loves his son.

VAN PELT

Ma'am, we're sorry but...does Paul Jr. have a problem with his dad?

VAN PELT (CON'T)

He's in this band that sings about greedy capitalists. Is there any ill will there, you think?

AUDRA

Yes, that awful music. No Hope, what kind of name is that for a group?

JANE

It's No Future, actually. Not much better, I admit.

AUDRA

It's a phase, that's all. He didn't want to join his father in business so he went to the opposite extreme. He'll find his way.

LISBON

Did your husband pressure him?

AUDRA

Not at all.

LISBON

Did you know Vance Holly?

AUDRA

Yes. Fine boy. I knew that scene would get him in trouble. So sad about him.

Lisbon rises and the others follow.

LISBON

I think we've taken enough of your time, Mrs. Smithson. Thank you for your help and please contact us if you hear from Mr. Smithson or if you think of anything else. OK?

AUDRA

I certainly will.

JANE

You don't want your son to become like his father, do you?

AUDRA

Not unless that's what he wants.

JANE

Of course.

AUDRA

Does he know about his father's being missing yet?

LISBON

Our associates are going to speak with him right now.

AUDRA

He doesn't have a phone but he still calls me. (smiles) Tell him Mommy loves him. Tell him he should visit.

VAN PELT

We will. Thank you.

AUDRA

Good afternoon.

EXT- OUTSIDE SMITHSON HOME- DAY

Lisbon, Jane and Van Pelt are sitting in the car.

VAN PELT

So, Jane, did Your buddy do it?

JANE

I don't think so...but I'm not 100% sure.

This amuses Lisbon.

LISBON

Really? The Patrick Jane I remember would have been 200% percent sure. He would say something like (affects voice) "Lisbon, you amuse me with your circumstantial evidence and forensics...but I know he's innocent because the real killer is meticulous and the suspect wears mismatched socks."

Van Pelt laughs.

JANE

Oh, is that what you think of my methods? Well, maybe I'm not so cocky anymore. I currently have no idea who helped kill Vance Holly. However I *am* convinced Paul Smithson Sr. is dead.

LISBON

Really? Who killed him?

JANE

We just had tea with her.

EXT- OUTSIDE REHEARSAL STUDIO- DAY

Cho and Rigsby are walking the sidewalk, approaching the door.

CHO

I don't care if this kid is Jane's soul mate; he's a little too unlucky for my taste. And smart guys give me the creeps. (p) Present company excepted.

RIGSBY

(laughs) Thanks. Well, he wasn't in the parking garage but, like you said, disaster seems to follow this kid everywhere. What's next?

They turn to the door and are just about to try to open it. A sudden BLAST occurs. The glass on the door blows out and smoke comes billowing out. The agents recover, draw their guns and rush in.

INT- CBI VEHICLE- DAY

LISBON

His wife? What about Larry Childs? The vindictive rival with the permanent limp? No?

JANE

Yeah, you can check him out just for the heck of it.

LISBON

We don't do things 'just for the heck of it'.

JANE

C'mon, sometimes you do. I sense the plant closure in Athens hurt someone she cared deeply about but I'm not sure that was the motive.

LISBON

Uhh, do me a favor? Don't tell Paul Jr. his father is dead until we have something more tangible. Like a body. Humor us.

JANE

If you insist.

INT REHEARSAL STUDIO- DAY

Rigsby and Cho rush in, guns drawn to find Red Blade aiming a fire extinguisher at a slightly burning and smoking wall. They lower their guns a bit.

RED BLADE

Oh, hi! Is the Fire Department with you by any chance?

INT- CBI- DAY

Jane is seated at a computer, holding the piece of paper he got from the Road to Ruin band room. He punches in something and his eyes narrow. He clicks something and, glancing around to see if anyone is looking, he puts on headphones.

INT- INTERROGATION ROOM- DAY

Red Blade is being interrogated again. This time only Cho is with him.

RED BLADE

I should have my mail forwarded here.

CHO

Yeah. Maybe for the rest of your life.

RED BLADE

I told you, I didn't kill Vance.

CHO

Someone kicked the stool out from under him and made Swiss cheese out of his back. Pretty sick, huh?

RED BLADE

Yeah. Not me, man. Not me. And that fire was an accident. I was just looking at that pyrotechnic stuff we had for a gig in the park and it went off. Wasted.

CHO

I'm sure the ducks'll be disappointed.

BACK TO JANE AT THE COMPUTER

He has finished listening to whatever it was and appears concerned. After a few clicks, he closes the computer and stands up.

OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM

Lisbon is watching the interrogation. Jane arrives.

LISBON

Where've you been?

JANE

Just listening to some music.

INSIDE

RED BLADE

If I wanted to destroy some...evidence or something, I wouldn't burn up my studio to do it. I'd use a trash bin like everybody else.

CHO

Your father is missing. And if you know anything you better come out with it. Like now.

RED BLADE

I don't know anything! I don't know why all this is happening to me!

CHO

Happening to you?

RED BLADE

If you're gonna seize on everything I say, I'm done talking. Except to Patrick.

OUTSIDE

LISBON

He's saying all the right things.

JANE

Yes, I expected he would.

Rigsby walks up to them holding a manila envelope in his gloved hand.

LISBON

Hey. What's this?

RIGSBY

Fire Department found this in the wall Demolition Man blew out. Stuffed there in a hole in the closet. They're checking the prints now. Not sure what to make of it but...you gotta read this.

Van Pelt walks up.

VAN PELT

We checked Paul Sr.'s phone records. Pretty standard stuff but he made a call yesterday to an attorney.

LISBON

So? Guy like him probably talks to lawyers all the time.

Van Pelt's eyebrows raise.

VAN PELT

A criminal attorney.

JANE

Ah.

VAN PELT

And the calls started yesterday morning. At 9:00.

LISBON

Around the time Vance Holly died.

VAN PELT

Yeah.

LISBON

Let's see that package.

JANE

Just a second.

Jane walks into the interrogation room.

RED BLADE

Aw, hey man, get me out of here, OK?

JANE

You're free to go. I just have one question and then I gotta go look at some new evidence.

RED BLADE

New evidence? That's great! (p) Isn't it?

JANE

Could be. Umm, about the blade, your initials carved under the handle...why did you lie about that?

Red Blade pauses a moment, ready to protest, then gives up with a sigh.

RED BLADE

I don't really know if it's mine or not but I don't see how it could be; I left it at my parents' house. I know I didn't kill Hammer so I said that so they'd leave me alone.

JANE

OK, well that's what I thought. I'll talk to you soon. But really, pyrotechnics? That's as old school as hanging yourself.

RED BLADE

Some things never go out of style. (p) Find my dad, OK?

JANE

OK. Agent Cho here'll tell you what we know so far.

CHO

I will?

JANE

I'd really appreciate it.

RED BLADE

Am I in danger?

JANE

I'm not sure. Why don't you stay here today and let us figure it out.

RED BLADE

OK.

JANE

Do you love your father?

RED BLADE

Of course I do. We just have different paths in mind. For each other.

JANE

Hmm. Good. Thank you.

INT- CBI TECH ROOM- DAY

Jane enters and talks to a TECHNICIAN seated at computer.

JANE

Say, can you check this link for me? See who's downloaded the target file by their IT addresses? As of a few days ago?

TECHNICIAN

You mean IP addresses? Probably. Let's have it.

Jane hands it to him and his fleet fingers fly over the keyboard.

TECHNICIAN

Hmm. A few. Czech Republic. Probably a random bot hit. And Greenland? Seriously? Just a few here at home. Only one local. Now it's really taking off, though.

JANE

Write down the local street address but don't show me.

The tech writes and Jane turns away and writes on a piece of paper also. Then he turns and shows it to the tech.

JANE (CON'T)

Is this the address?

The tech looks and smirks at Jane.

TECHNICIAN

Save the cheesy psychic act for someone else. You already knew that.

Jane smiles, satisfied.

JANE

You're right, I did.

INT- CBI- DAY

Jane, Lisbon, Cho, Rigsby and Van Pelt are standing and sitting around desks, reviewing the contents of the package (letters and photos).

LISBON

I don't believe this. Childhood photos. A handwritten letter from Paul Sr. to his son...

VAN PELT

Saying everything a kid could ever want to hear. I love you, forgive me, I accept your decisions, follow your heart. It's almost too good to be true.

CHO

So why'd he stuff it in the wall? He rejecting his dad?

JANE

Ask him.

LISBON

Oh, we will.

JANE

I mean now. Let's let him in on our brainstorming session. I think he'll be an asset to the team.

LISBON

Are you for real?

JANE

Define 'for real'.

MINUTES LATER

Red Blade is now with the agents and flipping through the childhood photos with a smile.

RED BLADE

Oh, man, I remember this trip to Disneyland. 'It's a Small World' like, totally freaked me out. And this? I was five. I kept yelling 'shark' at this beach.

JANE

I like to do that in a crowded theatre. Doesn't scare people as much.

RED BLADE

My mom give you these?

RIGSBY

They found them in the wall you blew out. In a package.

LISBON

This was in it too. Dated last week.

She hands him a letter. He looks puzzled. They eye him carefully as he reads. He gets visibly choked up and wipes away tears.

JANE

You never saw that before?

RED BLADE

No! Why didn't I get this? And where's my father?

LISBON

We don't know.

JANE

Paul, how do you suppose it got in the closet wall of your studio? Your dad ever come to see you there?

RED BLADE

No, he's never been there that I know of.

Lisbon's phone rings. She listens a moment and hangs up.

LISBON

Two sets of prints on the package. Paul Sr...

RIGSBY

Of course...and?

She looks at Red Blade, unsure if she should speak.

LISBON

Vance Holly.

RED BLADE

Vance? How did he...? Oh, no. No way.

JANE

What are you thinking?

RED BLADE

Maybe dad came by to see me and ran into Hammer instead.

JANE

That was my thought. Go on.

Red Blade speaks angrily, as if to Vance Holly, staring at the table.

RED BLADE

Did you really try to keep me and my dad apart? Oh, man, I wish I'd caught you, I'd have...I'm glad you're dead, you piece of/ (stops)

CHO

That's quite a temper you've got.

Lisbon's phone rings again. Again she answers, listens and hangs up.

LISBON

Paul, I'm afraid this is classified, can you go back to the room?

RED BLADE

Uh, OK. You'll brief me later?

JANE

Of course.

He leaves. Lisbon looks grave.

VAN PELT

What?

LISBON

Paul Smithson Sr. is dead.

JANE

(wincing)

Was he, by any chance, gassed and
stuffed in a trunk?

Lisbon is frustrated.

LISBON

Alright, you're not really psychic and
I don't *think* you killed him yourself
so how exactly do you know that?

JANE

It's in the song.

LISBON

The song? The song nobody's heard? Are
you running one of those Patrick Jane
Specials?

JANE

What's a Patrick Jane Special? I
suppose I should know, but/

LISBON

One of those weird, parallel
investigations where you keep us in the
dark?

JANE

And then hand you the suspect on a
platter? No, not really. And I was just
going to tell you about the song.

RIGSBY

So you've heard it.

JANE

Just today.

CHO

Is it your pal singing? Or the late Mr.
Holly?

JANE

It's a little hard to tell. They're not the most unique song stylists, I'm sorry to say.

LISBON

The body's in a parking garage downtown. Let's go.

INT- CBI SUV- DAY

The four agents and Jane are all there.

LISBON

Alright, so who's got a theory?

VAN PELT

OK, I was thinking 'Paul Sr. returns and finds out Vance Holly didn't tell Jr. he was looking to reconcile with him, so he kills Vance in a rage and then goes on the run 'cause he doesn't want to get caught'.

JANE

Ooh, Grace, that's very good.

VAN PELT

(wry tone)

Yeah, thanks, I'm thinking of becoming a professional law enforcement officer some day.

JANE

Well you go, girl.

LISBON

And the picture on the camera was his back maybe. Good.

VAN PELT

But now he's dead, so there goes that theory.

CHO

Not necessarily. Maybe you're right up until the runaway part. Maybe then Jr. stepped in and took him out as revenge for killing his friend.

RIGSBY

Maybe it's a feud. Punks vs. pigs. And now the score's one to one.

There is silence. He seems embarrassed.

RIGSBY (CON'T)

Kinda thin, I admit, but stranger things have happened.

VAN PELT

Yeah; on Star Trek.

A few chuckles.

LISBON

No, he's right, it is possible. At least that the anarchists are taking this 'goodbye, pigs' business seriously. Let's have our guys warn everyone named in the song. It's out there now and getting some play, too.

VAN PELT

It's scary. Reminds me of the whole Manson/Helter Skelter thing. What's next, writing on the walls in blood?

She regrets making this remark, thinking it might remind Jane of Red John.

VAN PELT (CON'T)

Jane, I'm sorry.

JANE

That's no problem. I hadn't forgotten.

RIGSBY

Maybe Jr.'s fellow-pig-haters took revenge on dad for killing Holly.

VAN PELT

How would they know he did it, though? We're not even sure. His lawyer refused to tell us why he called him even though his client was missing.

LISBON

We'll try again. Now that Smithson's dead, attorney/client privilege doesn't apply. I don't know about this kid.

LISBON (CON'T)

If his dad killed his friend, he could have lured him out of that meeting and had an accomplice take him. You weren't with him every second that night.

JANE

That's true but I can't see him hurting his own father.

Brief, silent shot of Red Blade in the room where he was waiting. The agents are around and he is crying like a baby.

VAN PELT

Why not? He's a pig, isn't he?

JANE

Not to his son. You saw how he reacted. That was no act. No, we're missing something. Paul's dad might have killed Vance Holly but why did his wife kill him?

CHO

There's no connection between her and Holly?

JANE

Not that we know of. But who says there has to be? As strange as the circumstances were, I can't think of a motive for Paul Jr. to feed us the evidence of his dad's having met Holly.

RIGSBY

Maybe he was trying to frame his father; handing us the evidence in such an unlikely way. I mean, he happens to blow up a wall concealing a motive for his friend's murder? What are the odds?

JANE

Yes, he is smart enough but he could just as easily have destroyed the evidence in the process. No, my money's on Audra.

LISBON

She has an alibi for Smithson's disappearance. Larry Childs doesn't.

LISBON (CON'T)

The person on the video had a limp, just like Childs, who we know has a grudge against the victim.

JANE

We know Childs has a limp- and a grudge- because *she* very pointedly told us. And her alibi's nothing to write home about. At home with no witnesses a charity teleconference and emails could be faked. And with the performance she put on for us, I'm sure she could affect a simple limp. No, there was only one part of her whole Scarlett O'Hara, 'shut-ma-mouth' routine that rang true. I'm just not sure how to use it to crack her.

LISBON

We're confident you'll think of something.

JANE

Why thank you, I'll try not to/ (p, smile) I've got it. An idea. A wonderful, awful idea.

RIGSBY

Like the Grinch. Cool.

LISBON

(leery)

How wonderful and how awful?

JANE

About 10% wonderful and 90% awful.

VAN PELT

That's a lotta awful

CHO

Call our lawyers.

JANE

Lisbon, I have an unusual request.

LISBON

Could you please, for once, have a usual request? Is it at least legal?

JANE

I suppose it could be.

EXT- PARKING GARAGE- DAY

The SUV pulls up at the scene and they walk past the crime scene tape and up to the trunk of the car. Smithson Sr.'s body is in the trunk, fully dressed in a business suit but physically unharmed. Jane happily rubs his hands together.

JANE

Oh, see, this is great!

LISBON

It's great? Not the first word that came to my mind.

JANE

For my plan, dear girl. You see how he's not all maimed and bloody? That's what's so perfect.

VAN PELT

Yeah, I'm a huge fan of that.

JANE

Lisbon, we need to pay the ever-hospitable Audra a visit.

INT- CBI SUV- DAY

They arrive back at CBI Headquarters and stop. Lisbon's phone rings yet again.

LISBON

Lisbon. (p) Who called it in? (p) Oh. Of course.

She hangs up and closes her eyes.

RIGSBY

Now what?

LISBON

Larry Childs.

RIGSBY

Turned himself in and confessed?

LISBON

Missing. Wife says he's supposed to be at a meeting.

VAN PELT

Maybe he's on the run for killing Smithson who was on the run for killing Holly.

RIGSBY

Now who's talking science fiction?

Her phone rings yet again. Jane looks intently.

LISBON

Lisbon. (p) OK, where? (p) Right. (hangs up) Rigsby and Cho, get over to Regal Inn Motel on Chester. Larry Childs' car's there. And in the song (p) he's supposed to be drowned in a bath.

CHO

We're on it, boss.

They jump out and race off to another car.

EXT- DAY- OUTSIDE THE SMITHSON HOUSE

Jane and Lisbon are at the door and ring.

JANE

You need to be flexible on this one, OK? Follow my lead.

LISBON

Uhh...

Audra answers the door.

JANE

Audra, how wonderful to see you!

Lisbon looks askance at him, puzzled by his light demeanor.

LISBON

(soberly)

Mrs. Smithson. Can we come in?

AUDRA

Please.

They enter and sit.

INT- SMITHSON LIVING ROOM-DAY

JANE

We have wonderful news for you. Your husband is alive!

We see Lisbon's frozen face. She forces a smile.

EXT- REGAL INN MOTEL- DAY

Police cars are on scene. Rigsby and Cho approach the room. A POLICE OFFICER speaks to them.

POLICE OFFICER

We just arrived. Manager's getting the key.

CHO

Later for that.

Cho kicks in the door and he and Rigsby enter, guns drawn.

INT- MOTEL ROOM- DAY

RIGSBY

Larry Childs!

No response. They look at the bathroom door and approach it together. They hear water running and push the door open.

CHO

Larry Childs!

From outside the bathroom we see their stunned faces.

INT- SMITHSON LIVING ROOM-DAY

Audra's face is a mask. So is Lisbon's.

AUDRA

Alive? Paul is alive? You've found him then?

JANE

A security guard saw his trunk ajar and found your husband inside, incoherent. He said someone tried to kill him.

AUDRA

Why...that's terrible! Who, uh, who did he say it was?

JANE

He's giving a statement now. Hopefully we'll have someone in custody soon.

AUDRA

Well...thank God.

Jane smiles wolfishly.

JANE

Yes, thank God. Pardon me, I love the hunt.

AUDRA

When can I see him?

JANE

We think he should stay with us today for his safety. At least until we have the attacker locked up.

AUDRA

Was it Larry Childs?

LISBON

Let's just say we think Larry Childs is in trouble.

INT- MOTEL ROOM- DAY

LARRY CHILDS (fiftyish, average-looking) and a young PROSTITUTE are sitting in robes on the bed, being questioned.

CHO

So she's an anarchist and she kidnapped you? That's your story?

CHILDS

Yes, and thank God you came when you did!

RIGSBY

You didn't seem all that relieved to see us.

CHILDS

You startled me. I'd given up hope.

Rigsby is looking at Childs' phone.

RIGSBY

Looks like your wife sent you a text about a half hour ago.

CHILDS

So?

RIGSBY

It says she heard some punk rockers were out to get you.

CHILDS

Exactly!

RIGSBY

Then she sent another saying she called the cops. Must've missed that one, huh?

CHILDS

I was fighting for my life.

The prostitute raises her hand.

PROSTITUTE

Can I say something?

CHO

Please do.

PROSTITUTE

I am not an anarchist (p), I don't think, and I did not kidnap this man.

RIGSBY

Yes, ma'am, we're inclined to believe you.

PROSTITUTE

There's a wad of cash in my purse with his fingerprints.

CHILDS

She robbed me too!

EXT- DAY- OUTSIDE THE SMITHSON HOUSE

The door closes and Lisbon and Jane walk away. Lisbon is aghast. Jane is practically laughing.

JANE

Did you see her face?

LISBON

You told her her husband is alive!

JANE

Oh, that whole 'we're sorry for your loss' thing is so old hat. You might say it's done to death, ha ha.

LISBON

Oh, you're hilarious. He is, in fact, dead.

JANE

I'm aware of that.

LISBON

So, unless you've added reanimations to your sideshow catalog, he's going to have to *remain* dead.

JANE

And so he will. By the end of the story, he'll be deceased to your satisfaction.

LISBON

You're not gonna, like, prop him up in window and make him wave or any tacky stuff like that, are you?

JANE

Oh, Lord, no. Something much tackier.
(p) In the name of justice, of course.

INT- CBI HEADQUARTERS- DAY

Lisbon, Jane, Rigsby, Cho and Van Pelt are gathered around.

VAN PELT

Smithson's attorney's still not talking, even though his client is dead and what he knows might help catch his killer.

CHO

Childs backed off his kidnap story. Big surprise.

RIGSBY

And he's got an alibi for Smithson's disappearance. Surveillance camera's got him. Same motel; different anarchist.

VAN PELT

Mrs. Childs might wanna follow up on that 'drown him in the tub' thing, though. Aaand we're gonna have another homicide to investigate when I found out who posted *this* in the lunch room.

She holds up a black and white glossy PHOTO of herself, years earlier and two other girls. Van Pelt is wearing an animal print dress, queen of the jungle style, and the others wear leather jackets. Written in marker on her is 'Sheena' and the others read 'Judy' and 'Ramona'. On the bottom is the name 'Hella Fun Gurlz'.

They all snicker.

LISBON

Jane, really.

JANE

Why whenever there's an impish prank am I always the first one you look at?

VAN PELT

Because you're our resident imp.

JANE

I prefer to see myself as puckish. Imp has devilish overtones. Rigsby, are you really gonna stand there and let me take the fall for this?

Rigsby wears a guilty grin.

RIGSBY

What makes you...?

He starts to crack up and Van Pelt growls and chases him. He runs away shouting.

JANE

See that? Even I wouldn't run away screaming from a girl. (whispers) *Just don't tell her I said that.* At any rate, comrades, tonight, if my deductions are correct, we shall have the killer in our clutches.

CHO

Which one?

JANE

Paul Smithson's killer. I am optimistic we'll learn something about Vance Holly as well.

A young man walks in and hands Jane a bag. He briefly examines the contents as the others look on; a red sequined dress, a wig and red shoes.

JANE (CON'T)

These are fine, thank you.

The young man leaves. Cho and Lisbon are looking at Jane. Rigsby and Van Pelt return, giggling, then stop when they see Jane's supplies.

LISBON

Is this the tacky part?

RIGSBY

Yeah, who gets to wear that getup?

CHO

Don't look at me.

INT- SMITHSON'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Van Pelt and Lisbon are standing with Audra. Lisbon hands her a business card.

LISBON

Your husband was staying at our safe house- voluntarily- and he just...walked out. We lost track of him. If you hear from him at all, please contact me immediately, OK?

AUDRA

I'll certainly let you know right away.

A knock comes at the door and Lisbon opens it. It's Cho.

CHO
Boss, I'm sorry but...

He looks over her shoulder at Audra, then speaks lower.

CHO (CON'T)
Smithson's dead. There a hostage
situation involving the suspected
killer at the Road to Ruin. Says he
knows the guy's guilty.

We see in Audra's eyes that she heard him.

LISBON
Right.

(She looks back at Audra.)

Stay here and we'll be in touch. Good
night.

AUDRA
Good night. And thank you.

OUTSIDE

They race to their cars and leave. Audra follows moments
behind.

DISSOLVE BACK TO SCENE ONE

INT- ROAD TO RUIN CLUB- NIGHT

LISBON
Jane, you come down from there right
now!

CHO
(low)
He doesn't respect you.

LISBON
(miffed)
Excuse me?

CHO
Boss, I'm sorry but...you're a toy to
him.

Before she can angrily respond, Rigsby cuts in.

RIGSBY

It's not just you. It's all of us.

CHO

Yeah.

Lisbon appears to fume. Jane appears regretful.

JANE

Look, I'm sorry you wasted your evening. I can see it in his eyes; he'll never take responsibility for what he's done. So...justice must be served somehow.

The muffled sounds become more urgent. Jane produces a pair of bolt cutters and holds them near the cable to his right holding the scaffold.

LISBON

Put it down. Now!

JANE

Yeah?

Jane applies the bolt cutters to the cable. CLOSE on a grim-face Lisbon as she FIRES. Audra screams at the GUNSHOT and turns away. We see her (as nothing happens) turn back. There is a general buzz after the shot but the CBI agents quiet the incoming police and get them to leave.

JANE

Dang! Easy on the energy drinks, OK kids? You're spoiling everything. Before you came stormtrooping in here this disturbed character laid out his whole devious plot. He was proud of himself and, I must admit, deservedly so. Then he heard the Gestapo outside and he changed his story. Started denying everything and instead accusing you, Audra.

AUDRA

Me? Why, surely he's deranged. Why would I kill my husband?

LISBON

(low)

Mrs. Smithson, I am warning you, be very careful what you say to this man. He's been a great help to us in the past but...we think he's having a bad reaction to medication or something. You really should wait outside. We won't let anything happen to your son, OK?

AUDRA

My son? (horrified) That's my son up there? And you think Paul killed his own father? That's madness!

LISBON

Apparently Mr. Jane does. We disagree.

JANE

You disagree because of your one-dimensional thinking. For example, you don't consider Mrs. Smithson here a suspect because she has a prenup and no insurance, am I right?

LISBON

That and a complete lack of any other apparent motive.

AUDRA

That's right, I have no motive.

JANE

Nothing Agent Lisbon and her Keystone Kops would come up with anyway. Your son's in an entirely different league. But that's beside the point. I know you're innocent.

AUDRA

And just what motive does he think he's uncovered?

LISBON

(low)

I'm warning you again, don't play his game. I know how he operates. He'll have your son on death row before you know what hit you.

AUDRA

I can handle him. I need to know what to expect. Well, Mr. Jane?

JANE

OK, your husband, Victim # 2, got a call from Jr. here and promptly left our care. An hour later, boom, he's dead but not before this son of yours pumped him for additional dirt on you. He killed Vance Holly and he knows it. His only hope is a sensational trial wherein he makes you out to be the Wicked Witch of the West. And he'll pin your husband's murder on you, too if you don't help us.

AUDRA

The old 'help me help you'? How naïve do you think I am, Mr. Jane? You say my son wants to frame me? That's insane.

LISBON

(low)

You see?

JANE

Oh, yeah, Wicked Witch of the East, too. There's also Athens.

AUDRA

What about Athens?

JANE

Back in Athens, Lisbon, this fine lady's name is mud, on a good day. The folks back home say she's a social-climbing, gold-digging whore who ran off with the big city rich guy.

AUDRA

I adored Paul.

JANE

As much as Gavin Stump? The love of your life, the truly wonderful man you left flat as soon as Sugar Daddy Smithson showed up?

AUDRA

How dare you!

JANE

No, not me, I'm quoting...those Georgia bloggers are ruthless.

AUDRA

I couldn't care less what those ignorant rubes say. They're jealous.

JANE

I'm just telling you what to expect. Forewarned is forearmed. Now Gavin, interestingly enough, went to work managing hubby's Athens plant. Great gig...until it was shut down and outsourced. Ol' Gavin falls on hard times; drink, drugs, jail. Enter Fanciful Motive 1. Avenging the old boyfriend. I told you; this kid of yours is no slouch. I think he can sell it, too.

AUDRA

The boy is ill. And if poor Gavin's too weak to handle the adversities of life, that's to his shame.

JANE

And, even more interestingly, not-so-poor Gavin's about to be released and set to inherit quite a sum for a botched trial and conviction. Rekindling the old flame; possible Motive Number 2?

AUDRA

I was unaware of that but I'm happy for him, of course. Is there more?

JANE

A little. It appears you've been sending money to Gavin off and on. The kid says Paul Sr. found out and was about to cut you off. Motive 3?

AUDRA

That's absurd, there's no way Paul could have known. To envision this desperate defense, tell me this: Why would someone who killed his friend expect a jury to believe he didn't kill his father also?

JANE

Oh, that's the best part. Jr. says, according to his dad, you killed Vance Holly too.

AUDRA

Who would believe such a wild story?

JANE

Paul Jr. says that Paul Sr. went to confront Vance about a package he left with him. A heartfelt gesture to be reconciled to his estranged boy. Holly threw it away and when Paul Sr. found out, he went to confront him, cursed him out and left. He returned a minute later and saw you kick the stool out from under him and stab him repeatedly.

Audra appears stunned, then recovers.

AUDRA

What did the letter say?

LISBON

It was all good. I love you, I accept you, follow your heart. (p) Come home, son. But why? You told us his father never pressured him to follow his steps.

AUDRA

Well, I...I didn't want to tarnish his memory.

LISBON

His memory?

AUDRA

I mean his reputation.

JANE

Your husband also said you attacked him.

AUDRA

He told you that?

JANE

He told your son when pressed about his disappearance. He said he never would've told anyone except a security guard found him unconscious in the trunk of his car and he had to say something. He didn't tell us what really happened because he was protecting you. He believes you were only trying to...frighten him? That's all he would say.

LISBON

Is that true, Mrs. Smithson? Why would you be trying to frighten him?

JANE

Well, my money's on the cross-dressing thing.

LISBON

No one asked you!

AUDRA

No, he's right. (hangs head) I found out about the...women's clothing. And the bars. I was afraid he'd meet a bad end going to such wicked places.

JANE

Yes, so you drugged him and stuffed him in a trunk. A sort of intervention by fear, yes?

AUDRA

Yes. And he was unharmed. Paul called to tell me he had repented of his shameful life and we were moving on. I didn't tell you because it's private.

JANE

Hey, well done. I tend to be a little edge in my problem-solving, too.

AUDRA

So I see.

JANE

You met him as a real man and that's how he *would have* been remembered.

AUDRA

Would have? Why do you say that?

JANE

Well, when Jr. here's defense has their way, you'll be the most dysfunctional family ever. The media's gonna have a ball with it. 'The Transvestite Tycoon'. Ouch!

AUDRA

It'll just prove how sick my son is. It's all hearsay.

JANE

Well it would have been at least...if not for the photograph.

Audra freezes.

JANE (CON'T)

Lisbon, show her the picture.

LISBON

I don't think that's appropriate.

JANE

Appropriate? She's the one who'll be known as the freak show matriarch. Murderous son, drag queen husband. She'll be the most pitied woman in America.

AUDRA

I don't want people feeling sorry for me! People envy Audra Smithson, they do not pity me.

JANE

Well, they will.

AUDRA

There is no photograph. I don't believe you.

Lisbon shakes her head and gets a file from Cho. At first a PHOTO of Smithson in the trunk appears.

LISBON

Wait, not that one.

Audra is shocked and reaches to see it.

AUDRA

Where did that come from?

LISBON

The guard who found him took a picture for evidence. Poor guy about dropped dead himself when your husband sat up. Here's the new one.

She looks in utter horror. We SEE Paul Smithson Sr. lying on his back wearing the sequined red dress, shoes and wig. There are dark strangulation marks around his neck and he has messy lipstick on. She drops the photo and covers her mouth. Jane leans down and appears to touch the unseen victim on the scaffold. We hear Red Blade's voice

RED BLADE

Mom, please tell him I didn't do this!

JANE

Sorry, wrong answer.

Jane appears to silence him again.

AUDRA

My God. My God. But you did, son. Of course you did. A mother knows these things. You're ill. Just tell them, son. No one can ever see your father like this.

JANE

Well, I did take the liberty of speaking with the D.A.

LISBON

You did what?

JANE

I've been a busy boy. Now if I may. He feels a trial is inevitable without a confession. Otherwise it's your word against his.

AUDRA

But my son is unstable! How could they believe him over me?

JANE

The motives he's uncovered. It's enough to create doubt. Well, the D.A. said unless your credibility outweighed his. Then you could have him declared incompetent.

AUDRA

That's fine! Surely we can establish that.

JANE

It's not that black and white. In my experience, and the D.A. agrees, admissions of minor wrongdoings greatly bolster a witness's testimony. Y'know, the guy admits being a drug dealer then testifies he saw Mr. X kill someone. Something like that would totally neuter your son's defense team's attempt to discredit you. They'd have nothing up their sleeve.

AUDRA

What can I admit to? I haven't done anything.

LISBON

Well, you've already told us how you scared your husband. That was illegal.

JANE

Now you're thinking like a real cop, Lisbon! No one's gonna care about -what amounts to- a frat house prank in a case with two murders. You, I and the D.A are on the same page. He even gave me this statement for you to sign as leverage to force them into a plea deal.

Jane reaches, with his clean hand, into his jacket and drops a piece of paper. Audra reads it.

AUDRA

Hmm. Should I sign this? Agent?

LISBON

They probably won't prosecute. You've been through so much. Maybe community service.

LISBON (CON'T)

You didn't kill him, you turned his life around. And no one will ever see that picture or hear about your husband's secret life. The details can be sealed in a mental incompetency case.

AUDRA

(exhales) Alright. I'm sorry, son.

She signs the paper and hands it to Lisbon. Lisbon hands it off to someone else.

JANE

Of course the D.A. is going to find it a bit odd your 'scared straight' attempt employed the same method as the suggested killing in Vance Holly's song which, we know, you downloaded days ago. But, it's all good.

AUDRA

I'm sure the district attorney is as eager to resolve this case as I am.

LISBON

Be careful what you wish for. Audra Smithson, you're under arrest for the murders of Paul Smithson and Vance Holly. Turn around.

A stunned Audra is forcibly turned and cuffed.

JANE

He'll probably also question your judgment in choosing cyanide in your little wake-up call scenario. As will the jury.

AUDRA

What are you talking about?

LISBON

Look at the time stamp on this picture.

She shows her the trunk photo.

AUDRA

Morning? But Paul died later! In a dress! You're trying to set me up!

LISBON

No, we already set you up. You just admitted causing your husband's death.

AUDRA

What about that awful photograph?

JANE

Oh, we did that. He really wasn't a transvestite though you jumped on that story fast enough to save yourself.

She is livid.

AUDRA

You did that to him? How could you?

JANE

Yeah. Tacky, I know, but it worked.

AUDRA

Then that means no one will ever see that shameful thing. Doesn't it?

LISBON

Never.

Audra sighs and hangs her head, relieved.

AUDRA

Oh, thank God.

JANE

I notice you're not questioning the charge of killing Vance Holly.

AUDRA

That's because you've got nothing.

LISBON

I wouldn't say that. We found the tip of a shoe that matched the scuff mark on the stool kicked out from under him. We just matched it to one in your closet.

JANE

You ladies really can't part with those things, can you?

LISBON

It was in your husband's pocket when you killed him. He really was protecting you. His attorney told us what he called about. He was trying to get you the best defense.

JANE

And you overheard, didn't you? You knew you were about to get busted. But, I'm curious...why did you kill Vance Holly?

AUDRA

I followed my husband like I said. He confronted Vance and I heard the whole thing. Until then I hadn't known Paul was trying to get our son back home. I was so happy. So proud. When I heard what Vance did. Well...

FLASHBACK

Sepia-toned flashback with eerie music. Audra is at the door of the club and sees Paul Smithson Sr. yelling indistinctly at Vance Holly.

HOLLY

He doesn't want you, OK? But I will keep this sweet knife, though. Thanks.

Smithson angrily leaves. Holly is standing on a stool with a noose around his neck, ready to shoot the 'Goodbye, Cruel World' still. He pockets the red knife. Audra walks up to him, speaking in a creepy voice.

HOLLY

Yo, Mrs. S, what's up?

AUDRA

The world is a cruel place, isn't it, Vance?

HOLLY

Hell yeah! I mean, heck yeah.

AUDRA

The family is the foundation of society. And when people try to break up families, they need to be punished, don't they?

HOLLY

Um, I guess. Don't freak about this,
'K? I'm just taking a picture but it's
gonna look so real.

Audra kicks the stool out from under him, a tip of her shoe
breaking off in the process. We see her stony face as
Vance, not seen, gags. She coolly produces a pair of white
gloves and pulls them on, reaching into Vance's pocket for
the knife.

AUDRA

Yes, it looks very real, doesn't it?

END FLASHBACK

AUDRA

Nobody tries to break up my happy home.

LISBON

That doesn't include killing husbands?

AUDRA

If Paul had only pretended he hadn't
seen me, everything would have been
fine. We all would have been together
again.

LISBON

But since he did you figure, kill him
and have your son put away. Got it.

JANE

Which would have won you the
inheritance; with or without a prenu.

AUDRA

Very good, Mr. Jane. But that was Plan
B.

LISBON

What about Gavin Stump? And all the
other motives?

AUDRA

You had those right as well. I'd
already been planning self-imposed
widowhood. Right up until I heard Paul
was trying to reunite our family.

JANE

Yeah, that looks better, doesn't it?

LIBON

Well, you got your wish. Everyone will know you were married to a real man. And they'll know you murdered him to save your own hide.

AUDRA

I can deal with that. (p) Don't believe me?

LISBON

Don't care. (smiles) I warned you about this guy.

JANE

Forgive me for not being courteous enough to warn you about her.

AUDRA

Very well, I'm sure you're both proud. Now let my boy down.

JANE

Oh, well. I'm a sucker for the big finish.

Jane applies the bolt cutters to cable and the scaffold drops until it hangs straight up and down. Audra screams. No one else budes. Jane is suspended by a wire in air and a large object wrapped in a sheet falls onto the knives. Audra rushes over, still cuffed. She sees it is a side of beef and sobs. Jane is being lowered and reaches the ground by her, holding up a tape device.

JANE

My lovely digital assistant.

LISBON

Carnival folk. What can you do?

AUDRA

You're a sick man!

LISBON

Gee, I'll bet that really hurts coming from you. You were helping him frame your son for what you did.

AUDRA

Paul has his whole life to make a name for himself. Overcoming such adversity would have given him a name of renown. We older folk must live with what we have now.

A lone CLAPPING sound is heard from the back pew. The lights come up and we see Red Blade sitting alone, clapping.

RED BLADE

Congratulations, Patrick, you win.

Audra is amazed. The officers won't let her move so Red Blade walks over to her.

AUDRA

Paul! Are you alright?

RED BLADE

Hey, ma. Yeah, I'm good.

AUDRA

What do you mean he won, darling?

RED BLADE

Well...I bet you'd own up to what you'd done to spare me. But my man here said you'd put your reputation and social standing above everything.

AUDRA

I *am* sorry, dear. Mommy's so weak that way.

The agents look at each other. Red Blade is teary-eyed.

RED BLADE

Yeah, I got that. Mom, I'm the kid. I'm supposed to be the messed-up one. OK?

AUDRA

You're right, dear, of course.

RED BLADE

But I'm sure you'll bring a touch of class to your cellblock.

AUDRA

I'll try, darling. You'll visit mommy?

RED BLADE

Well...you killed my friend, murdered my father and tried to pin it all on me. You're my mom; of course I'll visit you.

AUDRA

You're a good son. Thank you, agents, we can go now.

Uniformed police, who have arrived unseen, lead her away, her son with an arm around her. Lisbon's eyes move side-to-side.

LISBON

OK! Was that creepy enough for everybody?

CHO

He is a good son. Most kids'll disown you if you take away their cell phone.

RIGSBY

Keystone Kops? That was pretty cold.

CHO

Yeah, cold. And way too funny. We almost busted out laughing, y'know.

RIGSBY

Yeah, dial it back next time, huh?

JANE

I was in the zone.

VAN PELT

Well, you definitely got your mojo back.

JANE

Ah, a sane person would never have taken the bait. Now, for my next trick!

EXT- OUTSIDE ROAD TO RUIN CLUB- NIGHT

Almost everyone is gone. Lisbon and Jane are talking with Red Blade.

LISBON

Paul, we want to thank you for your help.

RED BLADE

No, that's no problem. It's been really interesting. So interesting in fact I'm thinking of studying criminal justice. I wanna be a (to Jane) whatever you are.

LISBON

You think he studied to do this?

RED BLADE

No? Better still. It must be great messing with people's heads; being smarter than everybody. I'm so there.

JANE

Evildoers, beware.

RED BLADE

I think I'm done with music. I figure I'll write a book about this case, instead. I'm gonna call it (p) 'The Mentalist'.

JANE

'The Mentalist'? That's the best you can come up with?

RED BLADE

Come on, you know it rocks. And you're the title character. I'm just the 'Apprentalst'

JANE

Oh, so *I'm* the Mentalist? Well then...I love it. Hear that. Lisbon? I wonder who'll play you in the movie.

LISBON

There'd better not be any movie. And if there is, don't make me a blonde.

Jane and Red Blade laugh. Van Pelt walks by.

VAN PELT

Me neither.

RED BLADE

You, Big Red? Not a chance. So can I come hang around the office?

JANE

Of course you can.

RED BLADE

You can teach me your ways. Like Yoda.

Jane laughs.

LISBON

Uhh, I'm not so sure that's/

JANE

It's fine. Aunt Teresa will watch out for you.

RED BLADE

Great. Between hanging with you and visiting mom, I should be an authority on abnormal psychology in no time.

LISBON

I have no doubt.

RED BLADE

See you guys.

JANE

Later.

He leaves Lisbon and Jane alone.

LISBON

Your little friend's a good kid.

JANE

Yeah, he is. The world will miss his music.

LISBON

Ehhh, maybe not.

JANE

So I guess this ends my musical career.

LISBON

Well...you're still the CBI's bad boy.

She pats his arm. They walk to Jane's Citroen and he stops to say goodnight to Lisbon.

JANE

Goodnight, Lisbon.

LISBON

Goodnight. Hey...

JANE

Hmm?

LISBON

Was Cho right? Am I just a toy to you?

Jane laughs.

JANE

A toy? No, definitely not. You're fun.
Not hella fun, mind you, but still fun.
In a predictable sort of way.

Lisbon gets angry.

LISBON

Predictable? You think I'm predictable?

JANE

Don't take it so personally. To me
everyone's predictable. Say, can a
handsome consultant and a pretty agent
catch a cup of tea without violating
any of your seemingly interminable
regulations?

LISBON

(growls) After that remark? No!
Goodnight!

She walks away, making noises. Jane calls after her.

JANE

I knew that's how you'd react. That's
why I said it. I planned it that way.

Jane gets in his car, rolls down his window and leans back on his headrest, closing his eyes. Suddenly Lisbon is back and with great speed she grabs Jane's head in both hands and plants a hard KISS on his lips. He is speechless. She draws away a bit but their noses are still touching. She speaks in a voice both fierce and seductive.

LISBON

Didn't see that coming, did you?

She gives him another momentary kiss with a loud 'Muah' sound. Again she pulls back, their noses still in contact.

LISBON (CON'T)

Conceited pig.

JANE

Actually, that *is* why I rolled down the window.

Lisbon is furious.

LISBON

Oh, you liar!

She smacks him on the arm and leaves, grumbling. He calls after her, chuckling.

JANE

No, really, you caught me totally off guard! You got me!

LISBON

(os)

Grr! I can't stand a friggin' know-it-all! Good night! Come to work or don't, see if I care!

Jane smiles tenderly and speaks softly, though she is gone.

JANE

No, I'll be there. This time you really got me. Goodnight, Teresa. And good work. Good work.

Jane presses play on his CD player and we hear the Ramones singing "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend".

SONG

Hey, little girl...I wanna be your boyfriend. Sweet little girl...I wanna be your boyfriend.

Jane drives off, camera remains.

FADE OUT

SONG

Do ya love me, babe? What can I say?

TITLES