THE MENTALIST
“The Thin Red Line”
Episode #106
November 10, 2008 – Cherry Revisions

REVISED PAGES

YELLOW REVISIONS – 9/11/08
1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 12A, 15, 20, 22, 24, 25, 26, 26A, 34, 45, 46

GREEN REVISIONS – 9/12/08
1, 3, 5, 6, 6A, 20, 37, 37A, 38, 46, 50, 50A

GOLD REVISIONS – 9/16/08
50A

SALMON REVISIONS – 10/16/08
20, 20A, 20B

CHERRY REVISIONS – 11/10/08
20A, 20B
FADE IN:

EXT. DAVIS MOTOR INN. PARKING LOT - NIGHT (N/1)

It’s a Midwestern town of Friday night football and the 4H club, Applebee’s and Wal-Mart. But we find ourselves at an outdated stucco motel that sits nestled along a bad ass stretch of bars, cheap apartment buildings, used car lots, and liquor stores off Highway 80 outside Davis, California. ANGLE ON: A POLICE CRUISER skids to a stop in the parking lot. Davis County Police Officer, SAM BLAKELY (22), climbs out of his vehicle as the frazzled motel MANAGER approaches.

MANAGER
There was screaming, then gunshots.
Upstairs. Room 222.

EXT. DAVIS MOTOR INN. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Manager peers around a corner, watching Sam Blakely climb the stairs, pulling his gun as he nears the room. He hesitates. Looks terrified. He bangs on the door.

SAM BLAKELY
POLICE! OPEN UP!

Nothing. Sam tests the door. Unlocked. He opens it carefully. Lights are off. Shades drawn. In the shadows, TWO BODIES, a man and a young woman, brutally shot to death, lying in a pool of blood.

EXT. DAVIS MOTOR INN. HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING (D/2)

JANE, LISBON, VAN PELT and MINELLI climb the motel stairs to Room 222, entering past UNIFORM COPS on the door.

MINELLI
We have a young female, Patrice Matigan, and Joseph Purcell, who was going to be the star witness in California Versus Carris...

INT. DAVIS MOTOR INN. ROOM 222 - CONTINUOUS

MINELLI
Which was one of the Attorney General’s favorite upcoming narcotics cases...

JANE’S POV: A motel kitchenette room in which an untidy man has been living for at least a few weeks.

(CONTINUED)
JOE PURCELL’S a handsome white male, late 20’s, with a thin wiry frame, sinewy arms with several little scabs like mosquito bites scratched raw. He has a PISTOL still clutched in one hand. There’s a bullet-hole in his forehead.

PATRICE MATIGAN is a baby-faced twenty-year-old in jeans, sneakers and a T-shirt. A hoop pierces her lip and a dyed streak of red hair runs across her bangs. A keyring in her open hand. Shot through the heart.

A bag of spilled groceries lies between them.

Clothes are draped about the place, there’s a CD player and speakers set up, plates of half-eaten food. A bag of white powder on a counter. A plastic scoop. Another gun. A hunting knife. Over in the corner, Jane notices an electric kettle, a baby’s bottle.

LISBON
State’s witness and no police protection?

MINELLI
Davis PD had it covered. That is until Purcell went awol a few weeks ago. Didn’t want to testify I guess.

(beat)
With Purcell dead, the case against Carris dies too. He walks. So obviously guys, for all our sakes, this is a must close. Davis PD is still running the Carris case so we have to work with them by the way. Don’t freeze ‘em out.

LISBON
Who is Carris and where’s he or she at right now?

MINELLI
Rick Carris is the man to know in the Davis County meth business. Busted last month after a big expensive operation. Out and about on a two million dollar bond. Purcell here was one of his top street captains. Look at that.

(off the bag of white powder)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
This fool is State’s witness against the biggest cocaine dealer in the county and he’s selling the same drug out of his own motel room. Like Carris wouldn’t hear about it. Must’ve had a death wish.

Jane has seen a different picture.

That’s not cocaine.

Lisbon dips her finger into the powder to test it. At the same time, Jane takes the keys out of Patrice’s hand and exits the room. Van Pelt catches this and follows.

Powdered milk.

Yes, that’s often used to cut the product.

Jane?

Puzzled, Lisbon follows Jane. Off Minelli’s puzzlement...

Jane scans the motel’s forecourt and the street, and the back alley behind the place. Lisbon steps out.

What are you looking for?

The girl had her keys in her hand. She was only planning on stopping by.

Jane sees what he’s looking for and hurries away. Minelli exits Room 222 in time to look puzzled again, as Lisbon and Van Pelt follow Jane.

Jane crosses the lot to an early nineties hatchback. He opens the door with Patrice’s key.
There’s a pack of diapers on the front passenger seat, which he folds forward to reveal, strapped into her carseat -- a BABY GIRL OF ABOUT SEVEN MONTHS OLD. She smiles and gurgles happily at sight of Jane.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. DAVIS MOTOR INN. FORECOURT - DAY (D/2 CONT’D)

Jane holding the baby girl. Van Pelt trying to make her smile. Lisbon and a SOCIAL SERVICES LADY waiting. In BG a pair of PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES confer with Minelli.

JANE
What happens to her?

LISBON
Social Services has foster moms who specialize in babies. She’ll be okay until they find Patrice’s family.

JANE
If she has family.

Van Pelt looks to Lisbon at this.

LISBON
Yes.

Reluctantly, Jane hands the baby to the Social Services lady. Everyone stops to watch the baby be taken away, crying as she goes.

Also watching the baby go is Minelli, accompanied by DETECTIVE BLAKELY and DETECTIVE PRECIADO of the Davis PD. (Both 40’s), Blakely is a big, sad, bullish man. Preciado, an intense skinny triathlete type. Both in classic cop business suits.

They approach Jane, Lisbon and Van Pelt.

MINELLI
Lisbon, Jane, Van Pelt, Detectives Blakely and Preciado, Davis Homicide. They’ll be your liaisons with the Davis PD. I speak for myself and your Chief when I urge you to work harmoniously.

Nods and appraising glances all around.

MINELLI (CONT’D)
Keep me posted.

Minelli gets in the passenger seat of his car and is driven away.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Blakely’s your name? The first responder was a Blakely.

BLAKELY
My son.

PRECIADO
Poor kid. First time coming up on a body. Puked his guts up later.

BLAKELY
(dismissing the subject)
He’ll be okay. Listen, just so we’re clear. You can call us liaisons if you like, but this is a Davis PD case. Our narcotics unit has been trying to bust Rick Carris for years.

Lisbon ignores Blakely’s rudeness, seeking harmony.

LISBON
I appreciate your position. Has anyone checked the liquor store there? For security cameras?

QUICK ANGLE ON – A LIQUOR STORE near the entrance to the motel.

PRECIADO
Not yet.

Lisbon nods to Van Pelt.

VAN PELT
I’ll get on it.

Van Pelt peels off.

JANE
So, dumb question, how come you let Purcell slip away?

Lisbon gives Jane a cool it look.

LISBON
Stuff happens, right?

PRECIADO
(a serious glare at Jane)
Yeah. Stuff happens.
BLAKELY
(turns to go)
When we bring in Carris, we’ll give you a call.
LISBON
You’re confident it’s Carris who did this? Purcell looks like the kind of man had more than a few enemies.

PRECIADO
Yeah. We’re confident.

JANE
What if Purcell wasn’t even the target? What if the girl was the target?

Blakely gives Jane a long look.

BLAKELY
What makes you think that?

JANE
What makes you think she wasn’t?

LISBON
Either way, she’s the place to start the investigation. She was only here a moment, so the Shooter came in right after she arrived. Which suggests he or they followed her here. So let’s retrace her steps. What’s Patrice Matigan’s current address?

BLAKELY
We don’t know. We checked the address listed on her licence and registration, but she hasn’t lived there for several months.

PRECIADO
You’re making this more difficult than it needs to be. We know whodunit. This was a hit ordered by Rick Carris. If he’s still in town, we’ll round him up. You guys relax. See the sights. We’ll call you when we have any news.

Blakely and Preciado walk away.

LISBON
When will you learn to cool it without needing to be told?

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Come on, they pissed you off too.
Sexist pigs.

LISBON
They were.

JANE
I said they were.

LISBON
You were saying it ironically.

JANE
Here...

Jane takes a rolled up magazine from his pocket -- "YOUNG BRIDES" or the like.

JANE (CONT'D)
There were a couple of issues of this in her car.

LISBON
"Fifty fresh and floral ideas for a Spring Wedding."

JANE
There's a mailing address.

LISBON
Lacey Wells. 65758 Rancho Highway.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY


EXT. MOBILE HOME - DAY

Lisbon bangs on the rickety screen door. LACEY WELLS (30’s) answers -- quintessential white trash, bleached hair ratted in a clip, dark roots showing through; wearing a wife beater and boxers, rolled down at the hem.

LISBON
Lacey Wells?

LACEY
You the cops?

LISBON
Yes. We're CBI.

(CONTINUED)
LACEY
What’s the problem?

LISBON
Lacey, do you know Patrice Matigan?

LACEY
She lives here. What about her?
Where is she?

LISBON
She was murdered early this morning.

Lacey’s face falls. She turns pale.

LACEY
Oh my God. What about Kaylee?
Where’s the baby? Is she alright?

LISBON
She’s fine.

INT. MOBILE HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The interior of the home is spotless. Lacey sits at the kitchen table with Lisbon and Jane.

LISBON
How long have you known Patrice?

LACEY
Couple years, like that.

LISBON
And she’s been living here with you how long?

LACEY
Since Joe got busted? Two, three months? She couldn’t stay with him, the way he lives?
Sonofabitch. I always knew he’d get her into trouble. But she’s all, no no, step off my business. And then she has his freaking child? I was like Treece, you’re cray-zay. No no. He’s a good guy, he’s going to change. Yeah right.

LISBON
Can you think of anyone who would’ve wanted to kill him?

(CONTINUED)
LACEY
Like aside from Rick Carris and any of his crew? Sure. Lots of people. Joe stole money from half of Davis. Sold drugs cut with God knows what to the other half.

Lacey looks down at her hands. Angry at herself for letting this happen.

LACEY (CONT’D)
I told Treece not to get involved with him.

JANE
But she liked the excitement. The drama.

Lacey smiles. That’s right.

LACEY
Right. Drama. She used to say she got into trouble because there was nothing better to do.

JANE
Tell us what happened last night.

LACEY
Joe called her really late. He’s mad hungry, but he’s paranoid. Won’t leave his room. Thinks Rick Carris’ boys are everywhere. Begs her to bring him food. Which she agrees, like a fool. And that’s the last I saw her and Kaylee.

LISBON
Did you know where Joe was staying?

LACEY
Nope. Didn’t want to know. Some motel somewhere.

JANE
Why would she take Kaylee out with her in the middle of the night? Couldn’t you have baby-sat for her?

LACEY
I’d been drinking. She didn’t want to leave Kaylee with me. Usually I’m a pretty damn good baby-sitter. That’s the deal we got going.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
LACEY (CONT'D)
She pays the rent, I baby-sit. She had her flaws, but she was a good mom. That kid is always clean and dry and smiling. And lookit how she keeps this place.

JANE
How did she pay the rent?

LACEY
Oh she always has money when she needs it. Her and me got busted this last Christmas? And she came up with like, ten grand to front the bail bond and even more for the lawyer? We were busted with a whole ounce of meth and she made that crap disappear.

LISBON
She was into meth?

LACEY
Nah, it was my drugs. She didn’t like drugs. But it was in her car, so you know. That’s the breaks.

JANE
Did you ask her where she got the money for the lawyer?

LACEY
One time she told me she got a monthly check from an accident she had when she was a kid.

JANE
But you didn’t believe her.

LACEY
She wasn’t the hooker type?
So I figured she had a rich boyfriend hidden somewhere. Couple of times, an older dude would come by and not come in? She’d go for a ride and she’d have cash when she came back.

JANE
What did he look like?

LACEY
Skinny tough guy. Dark hair. Drove a blue car.

(CONTINUED)
Jane registers this. Why, we don’t yet know.

LISBON
Did you notice any strangers around last night? People or cars that seemed out of place?

LACEY
Nope. But I was drunk. Like I said.

Lisbon’s PHONE RINGS.

RIGSBY and CHO in a corner of the office.

RIGSBY
Just got a call from Sacramento Homicide. Snitch gave them a location on Rick Carris. He’s in Booneville, about halfway between here and Davis.

INTERCUT WITH LISBON:

LISBON
Call an entry team and get over there. We’re on our way.

RIGSBY
Shall I tell Blakely and Preciado?

LISBON
Of course. Davis PD are our partners in this. But hold off going in until I get there.

We leave Rigsby et al.

END INTERCUT:

Jane and Lisbon rise. Jane hands Lacey the “YOUNG BRIDES” magazine addressed to her. She takes it; embarrassed.

LACEY
Don’t know why they keep sending me this...

LISBON
Thank you for your help, Lacey.
LACEY
Hey listen, Social Services, they’re not going to bring Kaylee back here, are they?
LISBON

No.

LACEY
I love her and all, but I’m not,
I couldn’t, you know.

LISBON
Don’t worry. They won’t leave her
with you.

LACEY
She goes somewhere okay though
right? They look after her good.

LISBON
Yes. They try.

LACEY
She’s a good kid.

EXT. RUNDOWN DUPLEX – DAY

Rigsby and Cho are putting on kevlar vests when Blakely and
Preciado come striding by with two GOONISH UNIFORMED COPS
armored up and carrying shotguns.

RIGSBY
Hey. Where you going?

PRECIADO
To make the bust, what do you
think?
(to one of the Uni’s)
Cover the back.

RIGSBY
Wait.

Reluctantly, Blakely and Preciado pause.

PRECIADO
What? You want to help or you want
to stand there and pick your nose?

RIGSBY
Come on guys, play nice. This is a
joint operation. We go in
together, when our boss and the
entry team get here.

(CONTINUED)
PRECIADO
This is our arrest. Always has been. We got no time to wait for your mommmy.

Rigsby glowers and Cho steps in to stop him from going ballistic.

CHO
(very calm)
There’s always time. Let’s do this right. Go in too quickly, and someone will get hurt.

PRECIADO
This is real police work, sonny. People get hurt. Go push some paper.

Blakely and Preciado push past Rigsby and stride toward the duplex with the other two Davis PD Cops close behind.

RIGSBY
Real police work? You mean like protecting a State’s witness?

Preciado turns back to Rigsby; coming right at him. Rigsby makes a move toward him, and Cho has to physically grab hold and haul him to a stop.

CHO
-- Rigsby! Walk away. Look at me! Walk away. We told them not to go in. This goes South now, it’s their necks. We don’t want to be involved in any way.
(beat)
Be smart. Leave it.

Right then, Lisbon and Jane pull up in a CBI car. Lisbon comes hustling over when she sees Blakely et al already entering the duplex grounds...

LISBON
What’s going on? What are they doing?

RIGSBY
Blakely and Preciado refused to wait for the entry team. We tried to stop them. They wouldn’t listen.

(CONTINUED)
CHO
They’re out for blood.

Lisbon starts to go after Blakely, but fifty yards ahead, Blakely and his crew are at the duplex door, kicking it in and rushing inside. GUNSHOTS ring out.

Seconds later RICK CARRIS makes a run for it after bursting through a back door. He takes out an out-of-shape Davis PD Officer. Blakely and Preciado are after him, but Carris is fast, breezing through an open fence as they struggle to keep up.

Jane looks up to see Carris and his pursuers heading right toward him.

JANE’S POV: A gate in the side of the yard swings open in the breeze. A large stone sits on the ground nearby, remnants of a half-finished construction job.

Jane heads over, nonchalantly sliding the stone just a few inches over so it now wedges in front of the gate, blocking it. Then he stands back to watch.

Davis PD’s running after Carris, guns drawn. Lisbon’s yelling for Carris to stop. Carris nears the fence, headed for the street. But instead of flying through the gate, he smashes into it hard, knocking himself onto the concrete.

Lisbon, Rigsby and Cho jump in to make the arrest. As Lisbon pulls Carris up off the ground, Jane walks over and casually moves the stone back into place.

The CBI team are around Carris before Blakely, Preciado and their men get there. Lions robbed of their kill.

PRECIADO
That’s our bust. Hand him over.

LISBON
The hell we will. Walk away.

A stand-off. Blakely pulls Preciado away. Lisbon and the team lead away their prize capture.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

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

Jane, Lisbon, and Minelli enter talking.

MINELLI
Harmonious is the word I used. Inter-agency synergy is this year’s watchword.

LISBON
This one wasn’t our fault.

JANE
She’s right. Those Davis cops are crazy.

MINELLI
They’ve been trying to bust this man Carris for several years. And their star witness against him is shot dead? A little anger is understandable. You couldn’t have handed Carris over to them?

LISBON
If we hadn’t kept him in our custody, I think they might’ve killed him.

MINELLI
As long as they wait til you’re gone, worse things have happened. Seriously.

LISBON
(serious)
I know you’re not. Serious. Or I would resign right now.

MINELLI
Yeah yeah. Easy for you to play the righteous avenger. It’s me that has to clean up this mess.

As they separate...

JANE
Inter-agency synergy is two words. Three, almost.
INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY 14

Lisbon and Cho question Rick Carris. Carris is in his late 30’s, a career criminal with the weathered face of a hard life lived. He’s smug, arrogant, almost bored with this.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS 15

Jane watches.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS 16

Rick yawns, theatrically relaxed.

LISBON
Yes, we see that you’re very calm and in control, Rick. For a man being questioned in a double murder investigation.

CARRIS
Innocence and experience my friend. I didn’t do this thing. I’ve been sat in this room so many times when I’ve been guilty as all hell. This is kinda restful.

CHO
That’s right, isn’t it? Many times.

Cho pulls Carris’ rap sheet. Reads from it.

CHO (CONT’D)
Assault. Possession. Intent to distribute...

LISBON
This trafficking case coming up, that would be three and out right? You get nailed, you’re in for life.

CHO
Long time...

LISBON
All on the testimony of Joe Purcell.

CARRIS
Yes. It must be admitted. You got me on one count of wishful thinking. Purcell’s death is a huge stroke of luck for me. Huge.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
I confess, I was beginning to feel that life sentence breathing down my neck. But you know what? An angel, an angel is watching over me.

CHO
Are you a man of your word, Rick?

CARRIS
I am.

CHO
You do what you say you'll do.

CARRIS
Okay, I know where this is going and --

CHO
-- This is from Purcell's answering machine.

Cho starts a little tape player...

CARRIS (V.O.)
(recording)
Hey Joe, you're a dead man. Dead. I'm going to do you my own self. I'm going to look you in the eye and cut your heart out and shove it down your throat you --

Cho switches it off.

LISBON
That is you, isn't it?

CARRIS
Sarcasm is lost on some people.

CHO
We think you kept your word, Rick. You found Patrice. You followed her to Joe Purcell hiding at the motel. You killed him and that poor girl to keep yourself out of prison. Just like you said you would.

CARRIS
I said I would cut his heart out and feed it to him.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Poetic licence.

CARRIS
Nuh uh. If I would have found him. I would have kept my word. I was looking, believe me. That’s how you know it wasn’t me.
(beat)
Maybe I wouldn’t have cut his heart out. But I would have carved him up a little at least. I have a reputation to consider.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the OBSERVATION ROOM -- Jane takes a brief call on his cell. Hangs up a few seconds later.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHO
Where were you last night?

CARRIS
At a bar I own. Del’s Tavern.

CHO
Until when?

CARRIS
Eleven-thirty maybe.

CHO
And then?

CARRIS
Home.

CHO
Anyone with you?

CARRIS
Yeah. Sasha.

CHO
Sasha. Does she have a second name?

CARRIS
Yeah. Sasha the cocktail waitress.

CHO
One young lady in your employ. Not much of an alibi.

(CONTINUED)
CARRIS
Not much of a case. You don’t have a witness or a murder weapon. So you can kiss my ass. If I could have a sun lamp and a couple beers in here? I’d be happy to sit all day and listen to you guys waste your freaking time.

Carris sits back. Done with this interview.

LISBON
Okay then. So we’re done here. I guess we’ll send you back to the Davis police now. They’re very anxious to talk with you.

Now finally Carris looks worried.

CARRIS
Yeah. Whatever. I want to speak to my lawyer now please.

Lisbon rises.

LISBON
I’ll arrange it.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Jane alone, gazing thoughtfully at Carris.

INT. KITCHEN. CBI HQ. - NIGHT (N/2)

Van Pelt sets a pizza box on the break table and gathers paper plates, utensils, etc. A moment later Jane walks in.

VAN PELT
Food’s here.

Jane nods. Lifts the lid on the box.

JANE
Hawaiian?

VAN PELT
Yes.

JANE
Cho hates pineapple.

VAN PELT
He can take it off.

(CONTINUED)
Jane smiles and nods, knowing better.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
I don’t complain when he and Rigsby order Mexican.

JANE
What’s not to like about Mexican?

VAN PELT
Cilantro. I can’t stand it. But I don’t make a fuss.*

JANE
You don’t, do you? Why is that? *

VAN PELT
(shrugs)
Sometimes you have to go along to get along.

JANE
It’s nice to be nice, but if you want to get ahead in life, sometimes you have to be a bitch. I know you know how.

VAN PELT
Gee thanks.

Jane opens a drawer at the counter, pulling out a fork and spoon, holds them up, one in each hand.

JANE

VAN PELT
(deadpan)
I’ll work on that.

She exits with the pizza and paper plates, etc.
Cho and Rigsby enter, join Jane, Lisbon and Van Pelt, sharing a meal of pizza and salad. Cho lifts the lid on the box.

CHO
(inspecting)
There's pineapple on it.

VAN PELT
You can take it off.

CHO
I’ll know it’s been there.

Rigsby eats and talks...
RIGSBY
So Carris was at Del’s Tavern. Sasha the cocktail waitress says she was with him at his residence at 12:45 AM when the motel shootings took place.

CHO
She’s confident about the time frame because they were having sex with the TV on and it was the Scottish guy talking to that actress who married the country singer.

RIGSBY
Carris would’ve had someone else do the dirty work anyhow. He was only boasting about how he’d rip Purcell’s heart out himself. He’s a drug dealer, not an Aztec.

Jane’s trying to balance two forks on a toothpick on the edge of a glass. Without looking up.

JANE
Very good. Not an Aztec. That’s right. Carris isn’t responsible for these murders.

CHO
Why not?

JANE
Carris told you himself. This is not his style. He wouldn’t have had the patience to watch and follow Patrice until she led him to Purcell. If Carris had found her, he would have just jumped right in and hurt her until she gave up Purcell.

LISBON
Suppose for the sake of argument you’re right...

JANE
Yes, I’m saying maybe Patrice Matigan was the target.

LISBON
Second time you say that.
JANE
Patrice was an attractive young woman who didn’t work, but had a regular supply of money from somewhere.

CHO
Boyfriend.

JANE
And she could make a serious drug charge disappear.

RIGSBY
Cop boyfriend.

JANE
A skinny cop boyfriend with dark hair who drives a blue car, if Lacey Wells is right.

VAN PELT
Detective Preciado is skinny with dark hair.

JANE
He did cross my mind. A hot tempered man as we now know. And carries a .38 by the look of it.

RIGSBY
Yes. I think he does.

VAN PELT
Patrice and Joe were shot with a .38.

CHO
Yes they were.

LISBON
Slow down. What’s his motive?

RIGSBY
Well, it’s a simple crime of passion, isn’t it? He comes upon the woman he loves with another man. Kills them both. Oh damn.

VAN PELT
He can’t have been that surprised. She had Joe Purcell’s baby.
JANE
How is she anyhow? The baby.

VAN PELT
Uh, she’s fine I guess. She’s a baby. Keep `em warm and fed, they’re happy.

Jane’s about to disagree, but Rigsby interjects...

RIGSBY
Is it definitely Purcell’s kid?

VAN PELT
Yup. Blood test confirms it’s his.

CHO
But did Preciado know that? Who knows what she told him. He probably didn’t even know it was Purcell in there until he came in with his gun out. Purcell’s got a gun too, and is scared to death. Recipe for disaster.

Rigsby and Cho like the idea.

RIGSBY
That’s why Preciado was so keen to kill Carris. He knew Carris would be blamed for the murders. Case closed.

CHO
Let’s go have a chat with Preciado.

LISBON
Slow down. We’re already in hot water with the Davis PD. We have to be sure we’re right. Get the facts. Then act.

RIGSBY
Yes boss.

LISBON
Let’s see if Patrice really did dodge a possession charge last Christmas. And make sure the story about accident money is bogus, then go back to the friend Lacey and show her some pictures. If she IDs Preciado as the man she saw; if Preciado drives a blue car; and if he carries a .38, then we’ll go talk to him.

(CONTINUED)
Van Pelt rolls to her desk, taps swiftly at the computer keyboard.

LISBON (CONT’D)
And then we’ll talk to him nicely.

VAN PELT
Preciado owns a blue car.

As the team and Jane get up to leave, we stay behind and see what Jane has been working on all this time -- the FORKS ARE BALANCED IMPOSSIBLY on the toothpick on the edge of the glass. Rocking slowly back and forth.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MOBILE HOME - DAY (D/3)

Lacey Wells looks at PHOTOS laid out by Van Pelt and Rigsby.

   LACEY
   That’s the guy.

She taps a photo of Preciado.

   VAN PELT
   Are you sure? One hundred percent sure?

   LACEY
   That’s him.

EXT. DAVIS PD. MOTOR POOL - DAY

Crown Vics up on lifts. Lisbon and Rigsby and Cho approach Blakely and Preciado as they wait for their car.

   PRECIADO
   (hostile but jocular)
   Ho, Gladys Knight and the Pips. You brought our prisoner back?

   LISBON
   Detective Preciado, we need to sit down with you a while. Go over some questions we have.

   PRECIADO
   What questions?

   RIGSBY
   That is a .38 you carry, isn’t it?

Preciado catches their drift and turns mean fast.

   PRECIADO
   You trying to say it was me? You miserable sonofbitches. What the hell --

   BLAKELY
   -- Steve. Cool it. Let me handle this --

(CONTINUED)
PRECIADO
-- No. No. This is mine.
(turning on Lisbon angrily)
Where the hell do you get the nerve
to come up here in my town talking
to me like that? What weapon do I carry? Kiss my ass! Where do you
get the nerve?

LISBON
(mild, but tough)
From the California State
Constitution. We’ve come to you
out here out of respect. We could
have found you inside the police
station, made a fuss.

PRECIADO
You should be glad you didn’t.

RIGSBY
You should be glad we didn’t.

Unresolved tension between these two.

PRECIADO
You have nothing on me.

LISBON
Don’t fool yourself. You don’t
look like a man that fools himself.

CHO
Come on and have a quiet talk with
us. Clear up a couple of things.
No big deal.

BLAKEY
What couple of things?

LISBON
This doesn’t concern you,
Detective.

BLAKEY
He’s my partner. It concerns me.

PRECIADO
Leave it alone, Dale. Leave it. I
can handle this. Let’s go.

Preciado goes with Lisbon and Cho and Rigsby.
Preciado seated opposite Lisbon. Waiting.
PRECIADO
What are we waiting for?

LISBON
My colleague is on his way.

Jane enters eating a big sandwich.

JANE
(cheerily)
Hi.

He puts down the sandwich and offers his hand to Preciado. Preciado had been on his guard, but distracted by the simple expedient of a sandwich, he lets Jane take his hand in both of his.

INSERT: Jane’s index finger on Preciado’s wrist.

JANE (CONT’D)
Good to meet you again.

PRECIADO
(withdrawing his hand)
Hey...

Jane sits down a little behind Lisbon.

PRECIADO (CONT’D)
What’s the matter with him?

LISBON
How well did you know Patrice Matigan?

PRECIADO
Let’s not screw around here. Tell me what you have. Cop to cop.

LISBON
Cop to cop. We know you were giving her money. We know she got off a meth bust last Christmas. The evidence was lost, right? From the Davis PD narco locker.

PRECIADO
Happens.

LISBON
We figure you took it.

PRECIADO
That’s what you figure.
LISBON
Yes. And we can dig in and prove it, I’m sure. But I don’t want to spend any time doing that. I’d rather just talk straight with you. Avoid dragging other good cops into this mess, right?

PRECIADO
(grudging)
Go on.

LISBON
We figure you and Patrice were having a sexual relationship.

PRECIADO
She was, she was a confidential informant.

LISBON
We considered that. But then she’d be on file, wouldn’t she? You’d have put in for the money as a CI expense. But you didn’t do that. Why not? My guess, because you’re an honest man.

PRECIADO
Yeah. Sure. Okay. I was banging her. So what?

LISBON
Did you know she was also in a relationship with your missing witness?

PRECIADO
We had a business relationship. I paid her for sex. I don’t know or care what she did when I wasn’t there.

LISBON
You paid her a lot of money. A lot. A good looking man like you? It must have been more than that. Did she have something on you?

PRECIADO
She was punctual and clean. Didn’t say much. I like that in a woman.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Did you know your man Joe Purcell
was the father of her baby?

PRECIADO
No.

LISBON
A lowlife junkie dealer with your
woman. How did that make you feel?

PRECIADO
Couldn’t care less.

LISBON
Did you have anything to do with
the deaths of Patrice Matigan and
Joe Purcell?

PRECIADO
No I did not.

JANE
Hey, d’you want the rest of my
sandwich? I can’t finish it.

PRECIADO
What?

Jane takes Preciado’s hand again.

JANE
My sandwich. You want it?

INSERT: Jane’s finger on Preciado’s wrist.

Preciado pulls his hand free.

PRECIADO
What’s wrong with him?

LISBON
Where were you at 12:45 AM last
Monday morning?

PRECIADO
I was at my partner’s house. We
watched the game and I was too
drunk to drive so I slept on the
couch.

LISBON
Blakely’s house? Just you and him?

(CONTINUED)
PRECIADO
And his wife.

LISBON
Do you have your weapon on you?

PRECIADO
Yes I do.

LISBON
Mind if we borrow it a while? Let ballistics look at it?

Preciado doesn’t want to do that.

LISBON (CONT’D)
I don’t want to have to make this official, talk to a judge or anything. Once we do that, the cat’s out of the bag for good. If you’re clean on this, here’s the way to prove it.

Preciado pulls his gun, slams it down on the table.

LISBON (CONT’D)
Thank you. Is this the only .38 in your possession?

PRECIADO
Yes it is...
(to Jane)
...And if you try and hold my hand again, I’m gonna tear your arm off and beat you unconscious with it. Get me?

JANE
I get you.

INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - DAY

Lisbon and Jane leaving INTERROGATION ROOM...

LISBON
Well?

JANE
It’s funny what bad liars cops are. I guess they’re not used to concealing themselves under questioning.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
I’m a cop and I lie to you all the time and you don’t catch it.

JANE
Sorry to burst your bubble, but you are translucent, my dear. I always know when you’re lying. Sometimes I let you pretend you’ve fooled me. So you don’t feel bad.

LISBON
Name one time.

JANE
Last Thanksgiving, when you said you were going back East to your brother’s house. I knew you actually planned to spend three days home alone, watching old movies and eating ice cream.

Beat.

LISBON
Yeah okay, that’s one time. How about Preciado?

JANE
His stressed pulse rate was thready. Dishonest.

LISBON
Thready.

JANE
Hard to describe pulses, but a dishonest pulse feels different than an indignant pulse. In this case, hard to say what he was lying about exactly. He was signalling deception from first to last. There’s something off about his whole story.

Lisbon grabs CAR KEYS off her desk.

JANE (CONT’D)
Where are we going?

LISBON
The Zoo. They have new tiger cubs.

Jane narrows his eyes shrewdly.
That is a lie.

Very good. I’m going to speak to Blakely.

Blakely won’t tell you anything.

No. Blakely’s old school. He’ll back his partner to the moon. But Blakely’s wife may be less steadfast. I’ll keep her husband in his office while you go talk to her.

Jane approaches the front door of the house in a suburban cop neighborhood. Pristine lawns. Lots of shiny American-made cars and boats and other motorized leisure craft in the driveways.

Sam Blakely -- in unbuttoned police uniform -- answers the door to Jane. He looks like he’s still in shock.

What is it?

Patrick Jane. CBI.

What is it?

I want to speak with Katherine Blakely. You must be Sam? Officer Sam Blakely?

Yes, now isn’t convenient. If you want to speak to her, you should call and arrange something.

Yes, I was just passing by. Shame. I really do need to speak with her.

Sam starts to close the door,
KATHERINE (O.S.)
Who is it, Sam?

Jane throws his voice indoors.

JANE
CBI, ma’am. Murder investigation.

KATHERINE BLAKELY pulls it open. She’s a trim pert capable cop’s wife (40’s) -- models her style on Laura Bush, but she’s outgoing, cheerful, open, tough.

KATHERINE
Murder investigation?

JANE
The Purcell-Matigan killings?

SAM BLAKELY
The couple I found.

KATHERINE
Well my lord yes. Terrible thing. That poor little baby? I’ll leave you to it then.

JANE
No ma’am. It’s you I need to speak to.

INT. LIVING ROOM. BLAKELY HOME – DAY

Katherine pours three glasses of iced tea from a pitcher. Jane sits opposite. Sam leans against the couch. Jane’s POV -- The room is a testament to Katherine’s hockey mom personality -- trophies and ribbons in neat rows. Everything lined up in ranks. Formal PHOTOS, not snapshots on display.

KATHERINE
I’m so proud of my two policemen. So proud. There’s been three generations of Davis law enforcement in this family. Three. When people see the Blakely name in Davis? They know that it stands for something.

SAM BLAKELY
Cripesakes Mom. Enough.
KATHERINE
He hates me bragging on him. But now tell me, why on earth do you want to speak to me about these killings?

Jane looks to Sam.

JANE
Officer Blakely, I need some time alone with your mom.

SAM BLAKELY
That’s okay.

JANE
(to Katherine)
This is kind of confidential stuff.

Katherine hands her son his glass of iced tea.

KATHERINE
You go, Sam.

SAM BLAKELY
I don’t think I should, Mom. Dad wouldn’t like it.

KATHERINE
You’re not your dad. Give us a moment. Go.

Sam has to obey his mom, exits reluctantly.

ANGLE: As he leaves, Sam takes out his phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

On Jane and Katherine seated...

KATHERINE
...Sam was so upset that night? It was his first time coming up on a killing. Poor thing. I remember the first time Dale caught a bad call? We were newlyweds. He came home and he actually cried. Tried to hide it. I told him and I told Sam, there’s no shame in feeling sad.

JANE
No there isn’t.
KATHERINE
You’ve had the same experience no doubt. Death is part of your job.

JANE
Yes it is.

KATHERINE
Sorry. Rambling. What do you want to know, Mr. Jane?

JANE
Ma’am, your husband’s partner, Detective Preciado, is a person of interest in this case.

KATHERINE
Steve? No.

JANE
He says he was here at your house, sleeping on the couch, at the time of the murders. That was 12:45 AM Monday morning. Was he here?

KATHERINE
Yes, he was. He stayed the night. But why would you think Steve was involved? Steve is such a straight arrow.

JANE
He was having an affair with Patrice Matigan.

KATHERINE
(laughs)
Steve Preciado?

JANE
Why not?

Katherine realizes she’s said too much maybe. Tries to pull back.

KATHERINE
I don’t know. Just doesn’t seem likely.
JANE
Katherine, you’re hiding something.
This is a California State
Department of Justice
investigation. You’re obliged to
tell me the truth.

Katherine considers.

KATHERINE
You can’t tell anyone it was me
that spoke of it.

JANE
Not a soul.

KATHERINE
Dale told me that Steve has a
problem. You know. Down there.

JANE
Steve Preciado is impotent?

Katherine nods -- yes.

JANE (CONT’D)
There’s pills for that now.

KATHERINE
Yes. No. Steve’s a hopeless case
apparently.

JANE
That’s strange. It was Steve
himself told us he was having an
affair with Patrice.

KATHERINE
(smiles)
Knowing Steve, he was just lying to
protect his machismo, or protecting
someone...

Katherine makes the inevitable connection to her husband. He
was having the affair. Her face darkens. She reaches for
her iced tea, but knocks it over. The glass smashing to
pieces on the hard wood floor. Katherine hurries to clean it
up, clearly rattled.

KATHERINE (CONT’D)
stupid of me.

Sam comes running back in.

(CONTINUED)
SAM BLAKELY

What’s happened?

Katherine bustles around cleaning up the broken glass and tea.

KATHERINE


SAM BLAKELY

What did you say to her? What have you done?

KATHERINE

He’s done nothing. Your father...

She sits down, head in hands.

SAM BLAKELY

My father what?
(to Jane)
What did you tell her?

Off this, Katherine looks up at Sam with sudden new insight.

KATHERINE

You knew. You knew that’s who she was, didn’t you? That’s why you and him have been whispering in corners and acting so strange.

SAM BLAKELY

(anguished)
Mom, no. You have it wrong. You don’t understand. Dad wasn’t cheating on you...

The SCREECH OF BRAKES makes all turn, and takes us to:

EXT. BLAKELY’S HOUSE - DAY

Blakely gets out of his car and storms toward his front door.

He’s met by Sam coming out the front door...

SAM BLAKELY

Dad, Mom thinks...

Katherine comes out of the house, upset and betrayed and furious all at once. Followed closely by Jane.

(CONTINUED)
KATHERINE
What? What do I think, Sam? What?
(to her husband; devastated)
(MORE)
Lisbon arrives by car and approaches in BG as this scene unfolds.

BLAKELY
Come on inside, hon. I’ll tell you the truth. But not out here.

KATHERINE
Oh no, not out here! Nobody must know! You’re Dale Blakely! You have civic awards. You’re one of the good guys...

BLAKELY
(grabs her arm)
Get in the house now!

JANE
Detective Blakely...

Without hesitation, Blakely pivots around and punches Jane on the nose.

BLAKELY
Shut your mouth.

The Blakely family goes indoors. Lisbon runs to help Jane.

LISBON
You okay?

JANE
Eh. On the up side, you can arrest him for assault. We get to ask him some tough questions.

LISBON
(takes out her phone)
Yes. But this new technique you have goading people into attacking you? I would rethink that.

JANE
 stil clutching his nose)
I can’t disagree.

FADE OUT.
Rigsby and Van Pelt enter flanking Dale Blakely, and lead him toward the INTERROGATION ROOM. Watched by Minelli and Lisbon.

MINELLI
Now we’re arresting them. Hooray.

LISBON
We have the right. He assaulted Jane. And he looks good for the murders.

Minelli sighs.

MINELLI
Before you charge a cop with murder, he better look better than good. He better look like the damn Mona Lisa.

LISBON
Yes --

MINELLI
(cutting her off)
Because if you’re wrong, we’ll have no murder suspect. The Attorney General will have no narcotics case against Carris. And we’ll have wrongly arrested a distinguished veteran officer in his home jurisdiction.

As he slouches away.

LISBON
(to his back)
Yes, boss.

CHO
What was the nature of your relationship with Patrice Matigan?

BLAKELY
I was helping her out.

(CONTINUED)
CHO
Helping her with close to a thousand bucks a month. That’s a lot of help. What did she give you in return?

BLAKELY
Nothing.

CHO
Okay. What story did you tell your wife about the money?

BLAKELY
I have nothing else to say.

CHO
But how on earth were you making ends meet? Did you maybe take a little drug money now and again?

BLAKELY
(ferociously)
I’ve never taken a penny. Not a penny!

CHO
So I guess if Patrice started asking you for more money, you’d have been hard pressed, right?

Blakely restrains himself.

BLAKELY
I want a lawyer.

Cho rises.

CHO
I’ll arrange that for you.
(turns to go, comes back)
Oh yes. Where’s your service revolver, Detective Blakely? Agent Rigsby tells me you didn’t have it with you.

BLAKELY
It was stolen.

CHO
Oh?

BLAKELY
From my car.

(CONTINUED)
Okay. No problem. Happens. A .38 was it?

BLAKELY
Yes.

CHO
I’ll get you that lawyer.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ – CONTINUOUS

Jane and Lisbon watch Blakely, who stares bleakly at the glass, like a condemned man.

JANE
He’s not going to talk. Poor soul.

LISBON
He made his bed. He has to lie in it.

JANE
Never understood that one. Why does anyone have to lie in a bed just because they made it? What’s to stop them from sleeping in another bed, or on the floor if they like?

Van Pelt comes to the door.

VAN PELT
Sam Blakely’s here.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ – DAY

Sam Blakely is waiting, in Davis PD uniform, looking very unhappy.

Rigsby, smiling and laughing, walks by with Rick Carris, offering him a stick of gum as they go. Sam watches puzzled.

A beat later, Lisbon, Jane and Van Pelt appear.

LISBON
Officer Blakely, thank you for coming.

SAM BLAKELY
I had no choice. You have my father locked up.

JANE
Is your mother okay?

(CONTINUED)
SAM BLAKELY
You don’t worry about my mother.
My father is innocent.

JANE
We know that.

SAM BLAKELY
You people are making a terrible mist -- What?

JANE
We know your father didn’t do it.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - A MOMENT LATER

Van Pelt zips through A GRAINY SURVEILLANCE TAPE on a
COMPUTER SCREEN. It’s shot at night and it shows the ALLEY
behind a LIQUOR STORE and the DAVIS MOTOR INN PARKING LOT in
the BG.

LISBON
This is from the security camera at
the liquor store in front of the
motel. We finally got to look at
it today.

ONSCREEN at high-speed, cars and people coming and going.
Van Pelt switches to normal speed.

VAN PELT
This is 12:40 AM. That’s Patrice
Matigan.

Patrice Matigan’s hatchback pulls into the motel entrance and
goes out of sight when she parks. Then we see her walk
across frame headed toward the stairs to room 222, both just
out of view. (What we don’t see is the little jump cut in
the tape.) Then, a SMALL ND CAR pulls into the motel
entrance.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
And that is Rick Carris’ man.

The ND CAR parks in view in the motel entrance.

JANE
We misjudged Carris. He found
Patrice, and had a man follow her.
Watch now.

A MAN IN SUNGLASSES -- far too grainy and small to tell who
he is -- gets out of the ND Car and walks toward the stairs
to room 222 and out of view.

(CONTINUED)
JANE (CONT’D)
Bang bang bang.

ONSCREEN: A PASSER-BY outside the motel seems to duck instinctively as if at the sound of Jane’s pretend gunshots then exits frame.

Then the man in sunglasses reappears, runs back to his car, gets in and makes a quick exit.

SAM BLAKELY
You can see his plate right there. Can you make it bigger?

VAN PELT
Yes, we can. We have it.

She demonstrates, ZOOMING IN ON the plate...

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
We know who he is. A thug who works for Carris name of Q-Tip.

JANE
But get this. Carris says Q-tip didn’t kill Patrice and Joe. He says Q-Tip was there to kill Joe, but he got there too late. Someone else got to him first.

SAM BLAKELY
That’s got to be a bunch of bull.

LISBON
Carris says his man Q-Tip saw who actually killed Joe and Patrice. Saw the whole thing. So Carris is offering us a deal. If we let him out, his man Q-Tip will tell us exactly what he saw, and ID the real killer.

SAM BLAKELY
(incredulous)
And you believe him?

Lisbon and Van Pelt smile, amused.

JANE
Of course not. It’s a transparent con. Q-Tip killed Joe and Patrice alright. Carris is trying to save his skin by laying the blame elsewhere.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
On your father probably. We figure he must know about his connection to Patrice. So we’re going to play along. Let the shooter come to us. Carris will set up a meet with Q-Tip tonight. We’ll grab up Q-Tip and work on him until he tells us the real story.

ONSCREEN: Sam Blakely arrives in his cruiser. Jumps out, heads toward the manager’s office... Van Pelt stops the tape.

SAM BLAKELY
So, what do you need me for exactly?

LISBON
If this is going to work, we can’t have angry Davis cops swarming all over Carris and his crew. But CBI is kind of unpopular with the Davis PD right now.

SAM BLAKELY
Yes you are.

LISBON
We’re hoping you can have a quiet word with your Chief, let him know what we’re up to.

SAM BLAKELY
Knowing the Chief he’ll want to know the details. Where and when you’re meeting this Q-Tip, what personnel you’ll have operating undercover...

LISBON
Sure. But it has to stay close between you and the Chief. We don’t want to spook Carris.

JANE
He thinks he’s playing us for a bunch of idiots.

SAM BLAKELY
I understand.
VARIOUS SHOTS -- Small town America goes to sleep. The streets become deserted.

OMITTED

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT

Jane and Lisbon run the show. Lisbon on a walkie-talkie system...

LISBON

Carris is on his way. He’s going to call in as soon as he makes the meet with Q-Tip. Be ready to move fast. Fast. Clear?

INT. PARKED CBI CAR. DAVIS STREETS - NIGHT

Van Pelt and Rigsby eating fast food.

RIGSBY

(onto walkie-talkie)

Gotcha.

INT. PATROL CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sam Blakely behind the wheel...

SAM BLAKELY

(onto walkie-talkie)

Okay.

INT. CHO’S PARKED CAR. ND LOCATION - NIGHT

Cho sits waiting. Reading a book. With the interior lights on, we can’t see where we are outside.

CHO

(onto walkie-talkie)

Roger that.


INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT

Jane and Lisbon wait. Jane picks up the walkie-talkie...

JANE

(onto walkie-talkie)

Cho... what are you reading?

Lisbon gives Jane a look. Then Cho’s voice breaks in...

(CONTINUED)
CHO
(over walkie-talkie)
Charles Dickens. Bleak House. For
long stake-outs, you can’t beat the
English nineteenth century guys.

Jane goes back to waiting. Lisbon watches him...

OMITTED

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT

Lisbon on the walkie-talkie.

LISBON
Warehouse on Fifth and Geary.
Loading dock in back. Q-Tip’s
going to be in the same car we saw
on the tape. California plate Five-
Nora-Tom-Queen-nine-five-seven. Be
there in ten minutes.

EXT./INT. CHO’S PARKED CAR. ND LOCATION - NIGHT

Cho on the walkie-talkie as he starts the car.

CHO
Ten minutes? I can’t get to Fifth
and Geary in ten minutes.

EXT. PARKED CBI CAR - NIGHT

Rigsby starts the car as Van Pelt clears the empty fast food
debris.

VAN PELT
(into walkie-talkie)
On our way. ETA to Geary and
Fifth, twelve minutes.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT

Jane and Lisbon’s plan seems to be falling apart...

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
(onto walkie-talkie)
Dammit. Damn. He won’t wait long.

She paces, thinking. Jane heads over...

JANE
(onto walkie-talkie)
Officer Blakely? Are you closer to Fifth and Geary? Officer Blakely? Sam?

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

UNKNOWN POV -- The area is desolate, empty. VIA THE LICENSE PLATE, we find Q-TIP’S CAR parked behind an empty WAREHOUSE. Engine running, but lights off. In the low light, we can just make out the figure of A MAN sitting in the driver’s seat, waiting.

REVERSE ANGLE -- Twenty yards away, Sam Blakely appears from behind a corner, draws his gun (a .38) and moves swiftly and silently toward Q-Tip’s car.

He comes up on the driver’s side and without hesitation, FIRES SEVERAL ROUNDS through the window at Q-Tip; instantly obliterating him. Sam peers into the car to make sure the job’s done.

SAM’S POV: A CPR training dummy lies across the front seats, shattered. What the fuck...?

Sam has only enough time to frown in puzzlement before two cars come screeching up. Rigsby and Van Pelt, then Cho climb out.

RIGSBY
Blakely, drop the gun.

From the cover of their car, Rigsby and Van Pelt have their guns trained on Sam. There’s Cho on the other side, also with a gun trained on Sam.

RIGSBY (CONT’D)
Drop it!!

Sam drops his gun. It’s over...

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT

Sam sits at the conference table. Cuffed, defeated, desperately sad, facing Lisbon and Jane.
SAM BLAKELY
Carris never made a deal, did he?
There is no Q-Tip.

JANE
No. We edited the surveillance tape ourselves. Q-Tip was just some guy that happened to stop at the motel at one time. Van Pelt laid in the licence plate with Photoshop.

SAM BLAKELY
Clever. Kudos to you guys.

LISBON
We know you’re a decent man, Sam. We know you didn’t mean this to go down like it did. Tell us what happened.

Sam shakes his head.

SAM BLAKELY
I have nothing to say.

LISBON
There’s no use hiding anything now.

SAM BLAKELY
No use explaining either.

Sam reacts as Dale Blakely enters, flanked by Cho.

CHO
Take a seat, detective.

Blakely sits next to his son. Takes his hand.

BLAKELY
(somberly)
Hey son.

SAM BLAKELY
Dad.

BLAKELY
There’s always a reckoning. This is it. Tell them the truth.

Sam turns to Lisbon and Jane.

SAM BLAKELY
The truth. Tell the truth no matter what.

(MORE)
SAM BLAKELY (CONT’D)
That’s the mark of a man, right, Dad? Tell the truth. A man has his honor and his word and that’s it.

BLAKELY
Don’t keep going over the same ground for godsake. Give them the facts.

SAM BLAKELY
Facts. Okay. Mom suspected that Dad was having an affair. He was spending too much money, and acting strange. I said no way. My dad? Cheat? Never. She said that one time a long time ago he already did. So why not again. I asked around on the street, and pretty soon I hear he’s keeping this girl Patrice Matigan on the side. I was mad as hell. You got to understand, this integrity crap was banged into me my whole life. Right, Dad?

Blakely Sr. looks shame-faced.

SAM BLAKELY (CONT’D)
Honesty. Honor. Family. Banged into me. And all this time he’s keeping some whore? No way. I went and I asked him if it was true, and he said no. I knew he was lying. Knew it. But when I went to talk to Patrice Matigan, she’d disappeared. Then last week I was on a domestic call and I saw a woman looked just like her. So Sunday night, I went back to find out the truth.

47-50 OMITTED

FLASHBACK

EXT. DAVIS MOTOR INN. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Sam gets out of his patrol car, tosses his hat, and puts a plain windcheater over his uniform shirt.

SAM BLAKELY (V.O.)
She went to the store and then to this motel.

(MORE)
I thought for sure she was going to meet Dad. (laughs bitterly) I thought, ah-ha! I got him now.

EXT. MOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

Sam creeps stealthily along the balcony to Room 222. The door’s open, people are talking inside. Sam girds himself for an emotional scene and shoves the door open.

INT. DAVIS MOTOR INN. ROOM 222 - CONTINUOUS

Patrice and Joe turn in alarm at the entry of Sam. Instinctively Joe goes for his gun. Seeing that, Sam goes for his gun, too. Patrice yells NOOO! But too late. BLAMABAMA BLAMALAM!!! A BRIEF STORM OF GUNFIRE.

Sam finds himself standing in a roomful of smoke, two bodies on the floor.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT

RESUME SCENE:

SAM BLAKELY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I thought for sure she was going to meet Dad.
(laughs bitterly)
I thought, ah-ha! I got him now.

SAM BLAKELY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I panicked. Drove away. Then dispatch called. Sent me right back to the motel. I was the closest unit. What could I do? Refuse the call? I had to take it.

Sam Blakely breaks down in tears. He can’t go on. Deep horrible tragic pain is wracking him. Blakely takes his son’s hand.

JANE
Patrice wasn’t your mistress, was she?

BLAKELY (calmly)
No. She was my daughter.

Sam knows this already, but just hearing the words still hurts him. Blakely pats his son’s hand serenely, as if beyond pain.

BLAKELY (CONT’D)
How did you know?
JANE
Sam told his mother you weren’t cheating on her. And I believed him. But then who was Patrice? She had to be your daughter. Once I knew that everything else fell into place.

BLAKELY
I didn’t know Patrice existed until four years ago. Her mother was dying, so she got in touch.

(MORE)
BLAKELY (CONT'D)
Told me I had a sixteen-year-old
child I never knew about. Blew my
mind. Blew my mind. I wanted to
tell Katherine the truth, but you
know, my God. I couldn’t do it.
Couldn’t hurt her like that.

JANE
Have you told her now?

BLAKELY
Yes. She knows. She knows.

On Jane and Lisbon looking at father and son...

EXT. BLAKELY’S HOUSE - DAY (D/4)
55
A quiet weekday afternoon. Lawn sprinklers hissing.
Jane’s car pulls up outside the Blakely house.

INT. BLAKELY HOUSE - DAY
56
Katherine sits at the kitchen table. In a housecoat, her face
is a tearful mess. As is the once pristine house. An electric
kettle comes to the boil and switches off, but she ignores it.

Blakely sits on a couch in the LIVING ROOM, gazing blankly at
KOREAN WOMEN’S GOLF on the TV. Has he been crying too?

The DOORBELL RINGS. They both ignore it. Then someone
KNOCKS. They’re not going away.

INT. FRONT DOOR. BLAKELY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS
57
Katherine goes to the door...

KATHERINE
Sorry. Busy right now.

JANE (O.S.)
Katherine, it’s Patrick Jane. Open
the door.

KATHERINE
I can’t.

JANE (O.S.)
You can and you will. I have
something I need to give you.

Katherine’s curiosity defeats her despair. She opens the front
door. Jane stands there holding Patrice’s baby girl, Kaylee.

(CONTINUED)
JANE (CONT'D)
This is Kaylee, your granddaughter, kind of.

Jane hands the baby to Katherine who, perforce, takes her.

JANE (CONT'D)
She likes Cheerios and takes her big nap at four.

KATHERINE
What? But...

Blakely joins his wife at the door...

JANE
You are all she has. You have no choice. Social Services will be along later to get the paperwork signed.

KATHERINE
But --

Jane’s walking backward down the front yard path.

JANE
-- The name Kaylee doesn’t really suit her if you ask me. But if you want to change it, I don’t think anyone will make a fuss. Goodbye Katherine. Goodbye, Dale.


FADE OUT.

THE END