TEASER

FADE IN:

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

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

2  INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ. SACRAMENTO - DAY

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

        JANE
Look at me. Look in my eyes.

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

        LISBON
I’m looking.

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

        LISBON
Okay.

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

        LISBON
Okay. It’s clear.

Jane gazes deep into her eyes.

        JANE
I see a triangle. Inside a circle.

Lisbon grins.

        LISBON
No.

(CONTINUED)
JANE  
(dubious)  
No?

LISBON  
I was thinking of an octagon inside a square.

JANE  
Liar.

LISBON  
All right. You got me.

Van Pelt and Rigsby laugh delightedly.

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

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

LISBON  
Yeah right.

JANE  
No, seriously.

LISBON  
So what am I thinking?

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

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

JANE  
What reason do I think?

Lisbon realizes he’s trapping her.

LISBON  
Never you mind...

(Continued)
RIGSBY
Hah, you’re blushing.

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

JANE
You are, though.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PILLER (CONT’D)
That’s where we found him. What was left. Hardly enough for Susan and Madeleine to bury.

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

JANE
Tough to lose a comrade, uh?

PILLER
Yup.

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

(CONTINUED)
PILLER
How do you know we served together?

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

PILLER
(“three-one-ninety-two”)
We were with the 3-192 Armor. Two tours in Anbar. You’re the arson specialist?

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

PILLER
(eyes Rigsby)
You’ll be able to tell, right? Definitively. Whether the fire was an accident, arson, whatever?

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

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

RIGSBY (CONT’D)
Chief Piller, you and your men haven’t contaminated the scene, correct?

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY (CONT’D)
Oh. It’s arson, all right. And murder.

VAN PELT
How do you know?

RIGSBY
(hands it to Lisbon)
This is part of the garage door.

VAN PELT
...Yes?

RIGSBY
The lock’s on the outside of the door. Someone locked Garcia in. Then lit the place up.
(to Piller)
Your friend was murdered. Sorry.

Cho is looking around.

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

RIGSBY
Yes. Even more so when it’s coupled with murder.

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

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

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

Jane’s nowhere around. He’s vanished.

VAN PELT
Jane? Patrick Jane!

A faint “Helllooo!” From the cornfield. They look --
THEIR POV - THE CORNFIELD

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

    JANE
    He was here!

ANGLE -- JANE AT THE SCARECROW

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

    FADE OUT.

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

LISBON
What’s it look like?

RIGSBY
It’s sophisticated work...

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

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

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

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

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

RIGSBY
Mitchell Reese. On our way.

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

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

As she and Piller head for the house...

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Like you didn’t want to ride it, too.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JANE
(hungry)
Hmmmm.

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

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

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

SUSAN
Thank you.

MACHADO
You need anything?

(CONTINUED)
SUSAN
No, Ben. I’m good. Thank you so much. These are the State Police people.

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

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

PILLER
Ben’s our go-to guy in Marquesa.

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

JANE
And you were in the 192nd also?

MACHADO
(how did you know?)
That’s right.

JANE
You have that military bearing.

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

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

LISBON
We’ll certainly try.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
LISBON

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

Jane ghosts his way from the room.

INT. DINING ROOM. GARCIA HOUSE - DAY

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

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

INT. KITCHEN. GARCIA HOUSE - DAY

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

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

JANE
You must be Madeleine.

MADDY
Maddy. Whatever it is you’re selling, pass.

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

MADDY (CONT’D)
Funny. What are you, a moron? My dad just died.

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

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

MADDY
Who are you?

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

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

JANE
Maybe you can help me find out.

MADDY
( go on )
Yeah?...

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

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

JANE
Why is that?

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

JANE
Who did he talk with? Your mom?

MADDY
(kissing her teeth contemptuously)
Tsch. No.

JANE
What d’you mean tsch?
MADDY
Nothing. I mean, he didn’t talk about that stuff.

JANE
Why are you so angry with your mother?

MADDY
I’m, I’m not.

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

A tentative KNOCK on the back door.

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

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

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

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

MADDY
That’s nice, Tommy. Thanks.

Tommy thrusts out his hand to Jane.

TOMMY
Tommy Olds.

JANE
(shakes his hand)
Patrick Jane. Nice to meet you.

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

Lisbon and Susan as Jane quietly enters...
SUSAN
I was watching TV. Maddy was in her room. Richard called to say he was leaving Mitch’s, be home soon. He was doing stuff for the Avocado Parade? Marquesa is the Avocado capital of the world, Rich has been float captain for six years running now. Next thing, I heard a strange noise and then I saw a light out that window...
(hard to say)
It was the garage, burning. And Rich inside, screaming. That’s what the noise was. Rich screaming, trying to get out of the garage.

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

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

SUSAN
Thank you, sweetie. Want some food?

TOMMY
Can I have some chicken?

SUSAN
Of course. Whatever you like. Help yourself.

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

SUSAN (CONT’D)

MADDY
(contemptuous)
Challenged. He’s retarded, Mom. Why can’t you ever say the truth about anything? Everything’s a lie!

(CONTINUED)
Maddy stomps out.

SUSAN
Sorry. You know, teenagers.

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

SUSAN
My lover? How dare you.

JANE
The policeman.

LISBON
Chief Piller?

JANE
Him.

SUSAN
Maddy suspects no such thing.

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

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

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

JANE
You wouldn’t look him in the eye, not once. He kept trying to take your hand, but you wouldn’t let him. The air was practically buzzing with furtive shame and yearning. Which tells me you’re lovers, and suggests two possibilities... You and Piller killed your husband together and now you’re remorseful.
SUSAN
No.

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

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

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

No reply.

LISBON
We’ll find the truth, Susan. Count on it.

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

LISBON
Were you and Trey Piller having an affair?

SUSAN
(nods)
Yes. But Trey would never hurt Rich. I know that.

JANE
You hope.

EXT. STREET. MARQUESA - DAY

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

RIGSBY
I don’t get it. Why celebrate a fruit?

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT
Attracts tourists.

RIGSBY
What kind of person travels to see guacamole?

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

INT. REESE GAS & AUTO REPAIR. MARQUESA - DAY

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

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

MITCH
(unimpressed)
How about that.

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

Gives her a quick impressed glance.

MITCH
Yeah.

VAN PELT
Always the same with the early seventies models.

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

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

Mitch shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)
What time did he leave?

MITCH
It was kind of late, around ten maybe?
(beat)
So you're thinking this was murder?
Someone cooked him deliberately?

RIGSBY
Yes. Looks like.

MITCH
Weird.

RIGSBY
Why weird?

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

RIGSBY
Hang on. Another man?

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

Rigsby and Van Pelt exchange a look.

VAN PELT
And he was with the 192nd also?

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

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

VAN PELT
Van Pelt... Hi, Boss.
(with growing alarm)
On our way.

(continues)
Off her snapping shut the phone, urgent --

EXT. CHIEF PILLER’S HOUSE – DAY

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

MACHADO
This is Trey Piller’s place!

RIGSBY
Fire department’s on the way, Boss!

LISBON
Is Chief Piller still in there?

Then, horrifyingly, they can hear someone SCREAMING.

PILLER (O.S.)
Help! Help me! Oh, God, help!...

Rigsby sprints into the burning house.

CHO
Stop! Rigsby, wait! Idiot!

VAN PELT
Rigsby!

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

CHO
Where the hell is he?

LISBON
Okay, stay put, I’m going in...

As she readies herself...

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

Rigsby staggers out, silhouetted in flame and smoke, a badly burned, blackened Piller in a fireman’s carry over Rigsby’s shoulder. Rigsby’s sleeve is on fire.
Lisbon, Cho and Van Pelt rush in, smothering Rigsby with their jackets, grabbing Piller, getting Rigsby out of there. Off Rigsby, gasping for air --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (D/2)

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

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

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

RIGSBY
How’s Chief Piller?

VAN PELT
Burn Unit in Sacramento says it’s touch and go.

Van Pelt expertly starts peeling off his old bandages.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
This should heal up in a few weeks, though. May leave a scar.

RIGSBY
There goes my modeling career.

VAN PELT (tart)
Don’t joke. You could have died.

RIGSBY
Sorry.

VAN PELT
I’m glad you didn’t die.

Rigsby smiles shyly.

RIGSBY
You are?

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

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY (CONT’D)
Check out Dr. Van Pelt.

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

LISBON
Here. It’s that mango crap you like.

JANE
How’re you feeling?

RIGSBY
Took some kickass painkillers man. I’m feeling good. Smoooth.
(beat)
I guess this lets Piller out as a suspect.

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

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

Cho enters.

CHO
Hey, it’s the mummy.
(doesn’t get a laugh)
So fire at Piller’s house, same M.O. as the one that killed Rich Garcia. Accelerant is ethyl ether. That’s a signature. Tricky stuff to work with, too -- takes skill, finesse.

RIGSBY
(drugged)
Oh! The Mummy. I get it.

He laughs.
LISBON
(to Van Pelt)
No more painkillers for him.
(to Cho)
Go ask Susan Garcia what she has to say about all this.
(to Jane)
And let’s you and me check out this Alton’s Grove place where David Martin died.

EXT. GARCIA HOUSE - DAY

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

CHO
Why didn’t you tell us about Dave Martin?

SUSAN
What about him?

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

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

CHO
An accident.

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

CHO
Any other connections between this Dave Martin and your husband?
SUSAN
Well, sure, now that you mention it, Dave was kind of in business with them. With Rich and Trey and Ben.

CHO
What kind of business?

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

CHO
Big operation?

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

CHO
He had problems?

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

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

CHO
And after he died? What happened to the land?

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

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

SUSAN
I... I guess that’s right.
Rigsby in bed, still woozy from the drugs, gazing lovingly at Van Pelt, sitting nearby, reading *The Purpose Driven Life*.

**RIGSBY**

Van Pelt?

**VAN PELT**

Yes?

**RIGSBY**

Grace. That’s a lovely name. Graceful.

**VAN PELT**

Er...

**RIGSBY**

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

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

**RIGSBY (CONT’D)**

Are you okay?

**VAN PELT**

Yes.

**RIGSBY**

Why did you make that noise?

**VAN PELT**

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

Rigsby’s snores get loud enough to stop her carrying on. She picks up her book. Throws it down, now distracted. Cho enters.
Hey, you want to go to work or you want to play nurse for King Tut?

Work. Definitely work.

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

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

Hi.

Tommy, do you remember Teresa Lisbon?

Hi.

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

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

Tommy puffs with pride.

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

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

A PAPERBACK COPY OF MOBY DICK on a shelf.

RUBBER BOOTS with mud on them, by the door.

A big vase of radiant flowers on the kitchen table.

Do you know what they’re going to build?

Nope.

Lisbon notes the photo.
LISBON
Is this David Martin, Tommy?

TOMMY
(glum)
Dave was nice. He didn’t make fun of me, not one time.
(anxious)
You don’t smoke cigarettes, do you?

LISBON
No.

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

LISBON
Did you see it?

TOMMY
Naw, I was in the hospital because my appendix busted.
(brightening)
Want to see my scar?

LISBON
No. No. But I’m sure Mr. Jane does...

She realizes Jane’s gone.

LISBON (CONT’D)
Jane?

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

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

LISBON
Jane? What is up with you? Eww.

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

JANE
Exactly.

He throws open the gate...

THEIR POV - BEYOND THE GATE

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

(CONTINUED)
BACK TO JANE AND LISBON

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

LISBON
All this green... But there’s a drought.

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

JANE
Not at Alton’s Grove there’s not.

Tommy has entered, a shy smile.

TOMMY
Do you like it? I got geraniums, too.

LISBON
It’s very pretty.

TOMMY
(suddenly worried)
But don’t tell, okay? The company will make me move out, I won’t have nowhere to live.

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

LISBON
It’s just coming up from the ground.

JANE
It’s an aquifer. A new source of groundwater.

LISBON
Got to be worth millions.

JANE
Worth killing for.

EXT. BEN MACHADO’S HOUSE - DAY

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

VAN PELT
Mr. Machado?... Hello?

(CONTINUED)
CHO
Maybe he’s around back.

Cho points to the large outbuilding behind the house.

CHO (CONT’D)
Barn. Let’s check it.

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

BEHIND THE TREE

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

VAN PELT
I guess we found Machado.

CHO
Mr. Machado! Ben Machado?!

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

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

CHO
Mr. Machado, we’re police! This is the police!

Beat.

MACHADO
Show me some badges!

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

MACHADO (CONT’D)
Crap. Okay, don’t shoot.

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

MACHADO (CONT’D)
How was I to know you’re cops?

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

CHO
You thought we were selling magazine subscriptions?

(CONTINUED)
SAME SCENE – A MOMENT LATER

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

Cho emerges from the nearby barn...

    CHO (CONT’D)
    Check this out.

He’s carrying a big metal jug of --

    CHO (CONT’D)
    The accelerant used in the fires.
    Six jugs of it in the barn.

Off him and Van Pelt --

    FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY (D/3)
Cho and Rigsby question Machado.

20 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS
Lisbon watches, with Jane. She notes the tension in Jane’s shoulders.

21 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS
Machado is nervous. With effort, Rigsby plunks a metal jug on the table. Smiles grimly.

RIGSBY
Ethyl ether. Burns at 600 degrees Fahrenheit.

Rigsby holds up a bandaged arm.

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

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

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

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

CHO
Really. From whom?

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

(CONTINUED)
CHO
And why would you be next on someone’s to-burn list?

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

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

Machado reacts guiltily...

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

MACHADO
I didn’t! I didn’t do it!

21A INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS
Jane quietly slips out.

21B INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS
Jane enters as --

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

MACHADO
I don’t know.

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

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

JANE
D’you want to know my guess?

MACHADO
No.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Dave Martin.

MACHADO
Dave Martin’s dead.

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

MACHADO
No, but he’s dead.

JANE
You sound very sure. Almost like you were there.

MACHADO
What are you insinuating?

JANE
Nothing, nothing at all. (hard)
I’m saying it. You three tried to kill him. To get Alton’s Grove for yourselves.

MACHADO
That’s a lie.

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

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

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

MACHADO
That fire was a tragic accident. And you have no proof otherwise.
JANE
Someone out there doesn’t need proof. Someone needs revenge. Someone very smart and very determined. That’s why you’re terrified and shooting at cops. Well, you should be terrified. I hope you burn like a candle, you miserable sonofabitch.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS LISBON watches, chilled.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS Cho and Rigsby are also spooked. Machado alarmed.

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

JANE
(stands)
Yes, you do. Let this creep go. We have nothing on him.

Jane exits.

INT. HALLWAY/(EXT. LISBON’S OFFICE). CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS Lisbon joins Jane as he walks away from the interrogation room.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
He demonstrates.

   JANE (CONT’D)
   “I say who goes.”

   LISBON
   I’m serious.

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

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

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

   LISBON
   And too bad if the bait gets killed.

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

   LISBON
   Machado isn’t a goat.

   JANE
   He deserves to suffer a little.

They go into --

   INT. LISBON’S OFFICE. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

She sits down.

   LISBON
   Nobody deserves murder.

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

Lisbon’s shocked by his candid brutality.

   LISBON
   Jane, we’re agents of the law.
JANE
You are. I don’t care about the law. I care about justice. And justice says Machado should suffer.

LISBON
That’s not justice. That’s vengeance.

JANE
What’s the difference?

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

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

Beat.

LISBON
Let him go.

CHO
Really? Like let him go, let him go?

LISBON
Really. Like that.

CHO
Oh-kay.

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

JANE
Trying some kind of reverse psychology are you?

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

JANE
Fine with me.
He starts to leave, turns at the door.

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

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

JANE
Not if I’m breathing.

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

JANE
Understood.

LISBON
I hope so.

JANE
I’m glad we talked. I had no idea you were so bourgeois and conventional on the issue.
Cho and Rigsby watching Machado’s house.

RIGSBY
Are you thinking what I’m thinking?

CHO
No.

RIGSBY
How do you know you’re not?

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

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

CHO
Whatever lights your fire, man.

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

CHO
Mitch Reese.

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

CHO
So?

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

CHO
Mitch Reese is Dave Martin?

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

(CONTINUED)
CHO
(intrigued)
Huh...
(beat)
Wait. Dave Martin was bald. A wig?

RIGSBY
(nods)
I'd bet money. Let's go talk to him.

CHO
We have to keep watch on Machado.

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

Cho considers a moment.

CHO
Okay, but I'm calling it in.

Rigsby starts the car.

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

INT. REESE GAS & AUTO REPAIR. MARQUESA - NIGHT
Cho and Rigsby talk with Mitch Reese. Tension in the air as Cho and Rigsby circle him.

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

REESE
Eighteen months ago give or take.

CHO
And what was it brought you here? Why Marquesa?

REESE
This place was for sale.

CHO
No other reason? You didn't know anyone in town before you came here?
An odd KNOCK–KNOCK–KNOCKING brings Machado to the front door, rifle in hand. Machado peers out the door, gun at the ready.

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

Cho and Rigsby with Mitch Reese...

CHO
How did you get those burn scars on your arms?

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

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

REESE
Excuse me?

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

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

CHO
Mind if we check?

REESE
Yes I do.

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

REESE (CONT’D)
Ow.

CHO
Sorry.
RIGSBY
Damn.

Off Cho and Rigsby, worried --

EXT. BARN. MACHADO HOUSE - NIGHT

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

The BARN DOOR CLOSES behind him with a bang.

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

INT. BARN. MACHADO HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

DISFIGURED MAN

Hello, Ben.

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

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

DISFIGURED MAN (CONT’D)

You’ll need your firing pin.

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

DISFIGURED MAN (CONT’D)

Get back or I’ll light you up.

Machado stops, backs up.

MACHADO

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)
DISFIGURED MAN
You know who I am.

MACHADO
I have no freaking idea, man.

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

MACHADO
No. Oh no. That’s not possible.

DISFIGURED MAN
Oh yes, Ben, it is. It’s me.

MACHADO
Dave?

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

MACHADO (CONT’D)
Help! HELP!

EXT. BARN. MACHADO HOUSE – NIGHT

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

MACHADO (O.S.)
Help!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
MACHADO
Help! Help me!

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

Machado groans in terror.

MACHADO
This is a dream. It’s not happening.

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

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

(beat)
I’m sorry. I’m sorry.

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

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

He clicks off a little digital recorder.

MACHADO
You sonofabitch.

Machado looks around, picks up a BIG AXE and advances on Jane...
Whoa. Don’t make things any worse for yourself.
(calls out)
Cho! Rigsby!

Jane backs up to the door.

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

Cho! Rigsby!

No reply. Jane rattles the door.

They’re right outside.

Machado raises the blade.

Wait! You’re forgetting something!

What?

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

Machado! Ben Machado!

Machado curses, lowers the machete.

You ready to die?

What now?

That’s not...

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

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

MACHADO
What the hell’s going on?

JANE
Oh, dear.

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

JANE (CONT’D)
Open the door!

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

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

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

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

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

Cho and Rigsby get out of the car, horrified.

CHO
Oh crap.

JANE (O.S.)
Cho! Rigsby!

RIGSBY
Jane?! Are you in there?

CHO
Oh crap. Jane! Jane!...

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

CHO (CONT’D)
(deadpan)
Jane. You scared us.
JANE
Scared myself. Door jammed. Where the hell were you guys?

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

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

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

CHO
Cool.

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

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

JANE
I’ll... just wait here.

A ROLLING CRASH BANG O.S.

RIGSBY (O.S.)
(yelling)
FREEZE!

On Jane and Cho.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - NIGHT

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

TOMMY
Hello, sir.

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

TOMMY
Sir? D’you got any soda?

(CONTINUED)
CHO
What kind do you want?

TOMMY
My super favorite is root beer.

CHO
I’ll get you some in a minute.

TOMMY
Do you like root beer?

CHO
No. Do you like to burn things, Tommy?

TOMMY
No.

CHO
No? You sure about that?

Beat.

TOMMY
Am I sure about what?

CHO
What were you doing at the Machado house?

TOMMY
Watching the barn burn down.

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

TOMMY
No. I was scared. I don’t like fire. Fire hurts.
(beat)
Do you have root beer?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ – CONTINUOUS

Lisbon, Jane, and Rigsby watching.

LISBON
It doesn’t make sense. The evidence says he did it. There’s ethyl ether traces all over him.
(MORE)
LISBON (CONT'D)
But the arsonist used electronic
timers and rocket fuel, and Tommy’s
wearing velcro sneakers. Call him
challenged, retarded, whatever you
want -- he’s not capable of doing
this.

RIGSBY
What if he had a partner?

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

JANE
Give me a moment with him.

Jane exits.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Jane enters.

JANE
Hey, Cho. You mind?

CHO
Sure thing.
(stands up)
Don’t make a mess.

Jane takes his place.

JANE
Cop humor. Not funny.

Jane gazes back steadily at Tommy’s uncomprehending smile.

JANE (CONT’D)
I’m supposed to be in here finding
out who put you up to this. See,
my friends think you’re an idiot.

TOMMY
Everybody says that. Sometimes
they’re not nice.

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

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

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

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

He immediately regrets saying it. Jane smiles. Gotcha.

Exactly right. Pequod. Silly of me.

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

FLASHBACK

INT. TOMMY’S TRAILER. ALTON’S GROVE – DAY (D/2)

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

END FLASHBACK

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ – NIGHT

Jane offers the book to Tommy.

Here’s your copy.

Tommy takes it.

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

Tommy looks away, tries to smile blankly.

I like whales. They eat squids.
JANE
Looking back now, I should have known it was you the first time I saw you.

FLASHBACK

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

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

END FLASHBACK

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY

RESUME SCENE as Jane eyes Tommy closely.

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

A faint smile from Tommy.

JANE (CONT’D)
You’re going down for this. Why not go down as your true self? You’ve pulled off something amazing. You should be proud. In a way.

TOMMY
Is that root beer coming?

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

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

TOMMY
What do you want to know?

JANE
Hello. Nice to meet you.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Lisbon and Rigsby react to the transformation...
INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

On Jane...

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

TOMMY
Please, I’m not a mental case.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

RIGSBY
Oh, yes you are, dude.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

TOMMY
Tommy’s an act. A performance.

JANE
That you never turn off.

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

JANE
Good enough to avenge Dave Martin’s death.

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

Jane hands Tommy the book.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Thanks.

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

TOMMY
Yes. But so does the whale.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Does he? My point is, revenge never comes cheap.

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

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

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

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

(off Jane; contemptuous)
You wouldn’t understand.

A beat. Jane eyes Tommy sadly, stands.

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

TOMMY
Would you do one thing for me?

JANE
You can ask.

TOMMY
Tell Maddy Garcia I’m sorry I hurt her.

Jane nods. Exits.

EXT. GARCIA HOUSE – DAY (D/4)

Lisbon’s car outside. As Lisbon and Jane go inside, on the windshield... a drop of rain. Then another.
Jane and Lisbon talking with Maddy and Susan. Mother and daughter are barely speaking to each other.

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

SUSAN
Maddy.

MADDY
I am!

SUSAN
Your father wasn’t, he didn’t...

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

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

That gives Maddy pause.

MADDY
I don’t care.

JANE
Yes, you do.

Lisbon eyes her watch, then Jane.

JANE (CONT’D)
We have to go. Do me one favor. Will you both do me one favor?

They both nod warily.

JANE (CONT’D)
beckoning
Come here.

Mother and daughter come close.

(CONTINUED)
JANE (CONT’D)
I want you to give each other a hug. As if you loved each other. Please. For me.

He physically pulls them together. They reluctantly hug.

JANE (CONT’D)
Now hold that pose until we leave. It’ll help Lisbon and me feel like we’ve made a difference, you know?

LISBON
Goodbye.

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

EXT. GARCIA HOUSE - DAY

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

LISBON
So...

JANE
So?

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

JANE
Goodness, no. Not at all.

LISBON
“Revenge is for fools and madmen”?

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

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

FADE OUT.