THE MENTALIST

“Red John’s Friends”
Episode #109
October 22, 2008 – Green Revisions

SET LIST

INTERIORS

RENFREW ESTATE – DAY & NIGHT
  BACK HALLWAY
  BACK BEDROOM
  LIVING ROOM
  FRONT HALL
CBI HQ – DAY & NIGHT
  MINELLI’S OFFICE
  BULLPEN
  LISBON’S OFFICE
JANE’S CAR – N.D. STREET – NIGHT
JANE’S HOUSE – NIGHT
  CORRIDOR
  BEDROOM
MARIN CONDO – DAY
  HALLWAY
  LIVING ROOM
CBI VEHICLE – DAY
TIJUANA MOTEL ROOM – DAY & NIGHT
  BATHROOM

EXTERIORS

RENFREW ESTATE (SACRAMENTO) – DAY
  GARDEN
FOLSOM PRISON – DAY
  FRONT GATEHOUSE
  EXERCISE YARD
  ESTABLISHING SHOT
*SACRAMENTO STREET – DAY* LOCATION CHANGE
JANE’S CAR – N.D. STREET – NIGHT
MARIN CONDO APARTMENTS – DAY
MINI-MALL/AUSTIN SAMSA PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS – DAY
CBI VEHICLE (MOVING) – DAY
BUSY STREET (DOWNTOWN SACRAMENTO) – DAY
TIJUANA (AERIAL VIEW ESTABLISHING) – LATE DAY
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DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

NIGHT 0
Scene 21 – 22, 36

DAY 1
Scenes 1 – 4

DAY 2
Scenes 5 – 16
(Scene 7 Omitted)

DAY 3
Scenes 17 – 20A, 23

NIGHT 3
*Scene 25
*(Scene 24 Omitted)

DAY 4
Scenes 26 – 35, 37

NIGHT 4
OMITTED

DAY 5
Scenes 38 – 47

NIGHT 5
Scenes 48 – 50
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REVISED PAGES

YELLOW REVISIONS – 10/15/08
15, 28, 29, 30, 34, 41, 41A, 52, 52A

GREEN REVISIONS – 10/22/08
22, 24, 29, 30
FADE IN:

1 EXT. RENFREW ESTATE. SACRAMENTO - DAY (D/1)

A big old house with extensive grounds behind high walls and ornate iron gates. Police vehicles are parked every which way. A mobile command center is set up. Cops hustle to and fro. A SWAT TEAM enters the house.

2 INT. RENFREW ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT team moves cautiously through the graceful old house.

3 INT. BACK HALLWAY. RENFREW ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

THREE SWAT GUYS creep across a wide, bare hallway (used partly for storage) in the old servant's quarters; toward a closed door. They reach the door, and one very carefully tries the handle. Locked. The SWAT guys exchange hand-signals, prepping to go in...

4 INT. BACK BEDROOM. RENFREW ESTATE - DAY

JARED RENFREW (30's) sits on the edge of a bed, in a daze. He’s covered in blood. Next to him on the bed is a bloody knife. In the other, he holds the cold dead hand of UNDINE KOPECKI, a young woman lying dead on the bed in her underwear, stabbed to death.

We note the old fashioned key in the door. A small barred window. The closed door suddenly BURSTS OPEN, kicked in by a masked SWAT GUY.

SWAT GUY

Down on the floor! Down on the floor!

As the SOUNDS of a violent takedown continue O.S., WE MOVE IN CLOSE and stay on Undine's melancholy face.

5 EXT. FRONT GATEHOUSE. FOLSOM PRISON - DAY (D/2)

PATRICK JANE stands still, gazing into space, waiting.

A door opens, and he moves forward, makes his way through security gates and metal detectors into the prison.

CAPTION: TWO YEARS LATER
Jane stands opposite Jared Renfrew, separated by a fence. Jane’s anxious, suspicious, watchful. Jared is a well-spoken clever sexy rich bad boy who took one too many wrong turns in life.

    JARED
    Thank you for coming.

    JANE
    You said you have information about Red John.

    JARED
    Yes I do. He killed your wife and daughter eh?

    JANE
    Yes.

    JARED
    I've heard a lot about you. I heard that you can tell when people are lying.

    JANE
    Do you have information about Red John?

    JARED
    I have dynamite information about Red John. Enough to catch him.

    JANE
    How do you come by this information?

    JARED
    Red John is a friend of a friend of mine.

    JANE
    Is this friend in prison too?

    JARED
    I have friends from all walks of life.

    JANE
    Okay. Tell me.
JARED
I'm serving twenty-five to life for a crime I didn't commit. My last appeal just failed. Get me out of here and I will give you Red John.

JANE
You raped and murdered your family housekeeper's daughter. If you have heard a lot about me, you'd know I'm not a real magician.

JARED
I didn't do it.

JANE
I read the case file. The physical evidence and the testimony of all the witnesses, including your own family, says you did.

JARED
I didn't kill her. I loved Undine. I was going to marry her. Thought about it anyhow. I didn't kill her.

JANE
What happened?

JARED
I don't know. We were partying. I did some blow, a little meth. We had sex, I fell asleep. Next thing I know, it's morning, Undine's dead and the cops are busting in. Good morning to you too.

JANE
The door was locked from the inside.

JARED
Yes. I locked it when we got there. For privacy.

JANE
So how is it even physically possible that anyone else could have done the murder?
JARED
I don't know. But I didn't. Ergo, someone else did. Someone that you can find. You see me. Am I lying to you?

JANE
You seem to be telling the truth. But you're a clever and unprincipled narcissist in a desperate corner. Even if you are innocent, it doesn't mean you know anything about Red John. It's a close call. I have to say no.

Jane turns to go.

JARED
Your wife, Red John painted her toenails, didn't he?

Hooked, Jane stops, does a slow turn.

JARED (CONT'D)
Yes. Painted them with her blood. Creepy. The cops never made that public, did they?

Jane stares, transfixed.

JARED (CONT'D)
She's the only instance he did that huh? A little touch of elegance for you alone.

Beat. Jane looks stern, almost menacing.

JANE
How do you know that?

JARED
I told you, Red John is a friend of a friend of mine.

JANE
What's the name of your friend?

JARED
His name is get me out of here, then I will tell you. That and much more. I will sing like a bird.

(CONTINUED)
Beat.

JANE
Okay.

Jane looks around, studying the place, as if he might get him out there and then.

JANE (CONT'D)
I'll get you out of here.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

OMITTED

INT. MINELLI'S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2 CONT'D)

MINELLI, Jane and LISBON sitting around the desk

MINELLI
No. I said no. And I mean no. It's not that I don't want to help you. I want to help you. But it's not physically possible. Jared Renfrew was tried and convicted. It's a closed case. I have no authority to re-open it without cause.

JANE
There is cause.

MINELLI
For you there's cause. Not for the State of California. We can't touch it.

JANE
But we could --

MINELLI
-- Closed case. Nothing to be done. The Justice Department doesn't go about undoing its own work.

Jane takes a beat, restrains himself.

JANE
I understand. No problem. If we can't touch it, we can't touch it.

MINELLI
I'm sorry.

Jane stands up to go.

JANE
Hey, no. The law is the law. My desire for revenge doesn't outweigh the rules. I have to accept that.
MINELLI
I'm glad you understand.

JANE
Thanks for your time.

Jane exits.

MINELLI
Lying through his teeth, isn't he?

LISBON
(rueful smile)
Yes.

MINELLI
Don't let him out of your sight.

LISBON
Who am I, secret squirrel? I'm not going to spy on him.

MINELLI
But you have to keep him under control somehow.

LISBON
How? This is the reason he's alive. To find Red John.

MINELLI
He's going to go crashing into this thing and cause a huge mess. I can feel it.

LISBON
Probably. It was bound to happen some day. Nature of the beast. You knew that.

MINELLI
Do you really want to lose him? Because that's what'll happen if he goes off the rails. We lose him.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - A MOMENT LATER

Jane enters, starts getting stuff together. Lisbon glides up.

(CONTINUED)
Jane, I know better than to try and stop you from doing what you think you have to do.

No, no, I'm fine with it. I can see Minelli's point. I can't be running after every nutbag with a good story, can I?

Lisbon doesn't believe him for a second.

Sure. You're fine with it. Will you do me the favor of listening to me for one moment? So I can say I told you so later?

Yes.

Jared Renfrew was found hugging the corpse of Undine Kopecki in a windowless room, locked from the inside. He was naked, high as a kite, with a bloody butcher knife in his hand. His semen was found inside her. He'd been stalking her for weeks. He has a history of violence going back fifteen years.

What's your point?

He's guilty. You're being conned.

Possible. I don't think so. But I have to find out, one way or the other.

Even if he's telling the truth about the murder, he could still be lying about Red John.

Also possible. I have to take the chance. What else can I do?
Lisbon kind of leans back in a tacit acceptance that Jane won't be stopped.

**LISBON**
Minelli wants me to keep watch on you.

**JANE**
What are you going to do?

**LISBON**
I'm not going to follow you around. Let's compromise. When you get into trouble, call me first, so I can try and limit the damage.

**JANE**
Deal.

**LISBON**
And don't use your CBI ID. That's the third rail. The bureau finds out you used it without authority, you're done.

**JANE**
I hear you.

Jane raises a hand in acknowledgement as he goes.

10 **EXT. RENFREW ESTATE - DAY**

Jane strolls up to the closed iron gates, presses a button on an up to date intercom system.

**HOUSEKEEPER (O.S.)**
Hello.

**JANE**
My name is Patrick Jane. I'd like to speak to Gardner Renfrew about his brother Jared.

**HOUSEKEEPER (O.S.)**
One moment please.

Beat. Jane waits.

**HOUSEKEEPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)**
Mr. Renfrew says no thank you.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Tell Mr. Renfrew that I can prove his brother is innocent. And I know who really committed the murder.

A beat. Jane waves his arms in a wizard's open sesame gesture, and as if prompted by him, the GATES GLIDE OPEN electronically. Jane ambles through the gates toward the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM. RENFREW ESTATE - DAY

Amid elegant, but casual country club decor, GARDNER RENFREW (late 30's) is an affable, but hard-nosed investment fund manager type of guy. Sitting alongside him is his regulation issue pretty brunette Van Cleef and Arpelled WASP wife -- BRECK (30's) -- who affects that non-committal half-smile of the well bred lady. Gardner looks at Jane with wary suspicion. He fingers a pack of cigarettes and a lighter, but never uses them.

A HOUSEKEEPER puts a glass of water down in front of Jane.

JANE
Thank you so much.

Off a big framed portrait PHOTO on the wall. A big handsome powerful man...

JANE (CONT'D)
Is that your father?

GARDNER
Yes. What's this all about, Mr. Jane? Who are you and what do you mean by this?

JANE
Do you think your brother is innocent?

GARDNER
You said you can prove he's innocent. You said you know who really did it.

JANE
Oh that was just to get inside the house. I have no idea who might have done it. It might have been Jared. But I hope not.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
He seemed to be telling the truth. What do you think?

Gardner's mad. He goes all quiet and calm.

GARDNER
I think you had better leave right now, Mr. Jane. I haven't the time or patience for tomfoolery.

Gardner stands, Breck follows suit. But Jane is perfectly happy to remain seated.

JANE
So you think he's guilty. I'm wasting my time.

GARDNER
We're done talking.

JANE
Suppose I could prove he was innocent? Wouldn't you want that? Wouldn't you want that blot on your name expunged?

BRECK
Of course he would!

GARDNER
Nothing would make me happier. But my brother is guilty. He violated that poor girl. He violated this house. He violated this family.

JANE
That's all I needed to know. Thanks for your time. Your mother lives in the guesthouse here, doesn't she?

GARDNER
You leave my mother alone.

JANE
Not your call to make, is it?

GARDNER
Breck, go call the police.

JANE
Be sure and tell them I'm unarmed.
He's leaving the room. Gardner follows him, unsure quite what to do. Is he going to have to actually man-handle this man?

INT. FRONT HALL. RENFREW ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Jane looks around and heads for the most likely route to the back of the house. Gardner follows. Then Breck, on the phone.

BRECK
Oh, hello. We're going to need police assistance?

EXT. GARDEN. RENFREW ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Jane emerges from the main house and heads for the little guesthouse.

When Gardner hurries to catch him, Jane breaks into a trot.

MURIEL RENFREW (60's) -- high class and knows it -- is gardening or rather, supervising a GARDENER when she sees Jane and her son come hurrying across the lawn toward her.

GARDNER
Go inside, Mother! Go inside!

MURIEL
What are you blathering about?

GARDNER
He's some kind of crazy person.

Jane smiles winningly.

JANE
I assure you I'm not ma'am. I'm perfectly harmless. My name's Patrick Jane. I want to speak to you about your son, Jared.

GARDNER
I'll deal with him Mother. The police are on their way. Just go inside.

MURIEL
Don't order me about. And don't be so hysterical. What's your interest in Jared?
JANE
I'm a friend of his. I'm trying to prove his innocence.

MURIEL
Come and sit down.

She leads Jane toward a patio and a table and chairs...

GARDNER
Mother. You're being childish.

MURIEL
Go away, Gardner.

GARDNER
Mother...

MURIEL
Go away.

He goes away. Muriel and Jane sit down on the patio. There's a tea serving tray and a PAPERBACK MYSTERY NOVEL on the table (Agatha Christie). Muriel studies Jane. He looks back without guile.

MURIEL (CONT'D)
Jane. Like the girl or the Indian religion?

JANE
Like the girl.

MURIEL
Now tell me Mr. Jane, why do you wish to prove my son's innocence?

JANE

Muriel's polite smile and silent gaze manages to convey that she doesn't believe a word and won't cooperate until she's satisfied.

JANE (CONT'D)
I have reasons of my own. You don't need to know about them.

MURIEL
Of course. As usual with Jared. Some sinister intrigue.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
I can promise you I'm not up to anything sinister, ma'am.
My motives are pure. Well, I try anyway. It's difficult, isn't it?
To have pure motives. Things get jumbled up.

MURIEL
Yes they do.

JANE
Tell me about Jared.

MURIEL
I love him dearly, but I'm not surprised he is where he is. He
was a troubled child. Charming and bright, but a bully and a liar.
Something of a sadist.

JANE
Which were qualities you rather liked in him I expect. At first.

Muriel is quietly impressed by the insight.

MURIEL
Yes. I did. I found him rather amusing. At first. One doesn't
want a wimp for a son. But there must be a sense of proportion and
moderation. As he got older, he got worse. Fell in with bad
people. It was one scandal after another. In and out of prison.
A common criminal.

JANE
But he turned himself around, didn't he?

MURIEL
He claimed he had. He gave up the drink and drugs and the
gallivanting. Made peace with his brother, and came home to help run
the family businesses.

JANE
The prodigal son.

(CONTINUED)
MURIEL
Yes. George, his father, was overjoyed. I was skeptical. Pleased of course. But skeptical. As my mother used to say, y'are what y'are.

JANE
I guess she was right.

MURIEL
Yes. Poor George dropped dead a week after the murder. Broke his heart, people said. George didn't really have a heart in that sense. He died of embarrassment. A Renfrew in the pokey for murder. Quelle horreur.

JANE
What happened the night of the murder?

MURIEL
You saw it in the news like everyone else no doubt. Jared went on a drug binge and raped and killed Undine.

JANE
You're sure it was him.

MURIEL
How can I doubt it? I wish I could.

JANE
Will you show me where it happened?

INT. BACK HALLWAY. RENFREW ESTATE - DAY

Jane and Muriel walking and talking, entering a wide UTILITY AREA in the servants' quarters.

JANE
Who else was in the house?

MURIEL
I had a small dinner party. Probably ten people all told. After they left, it was just family. Wesley and Breck and George and I. And Jared of course.
JANE
Not Mariska the housekeeper?

MURIEL
No. She didn't live in. Undine was only here to help the cook with the dinner party.

They enter...

INT. BACK BEDROOM. RENFREW ESTATE - DAY

The room is empty now, except for the bed frame. And a table and chair. Jane looks around. Muriel watches him.

MURIEL
She was a lovely girl. Full of life and promise. Her mother Mariska had been with us for twenty years. Part of the family.

JANE
Jared says he and Undine were having an affair. That he loved her. Would never have hurt her.

MURIEL
Undine told her mother that he was stalking her. She was scared of him. She didn't go to the police out of respect for the family.

JANE
I'd like to speak to her mother. Mariska, is it?

MURIEL
She left our employ I'm afraid. It was too difficult. For both of us.

JANE
Where is she now?

MURIEL
I have an address somewhere.

JANE
I'll need that.

MURIEL
(vaguely)
Yes, I'll have a look for it.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Could you get it for me now?

He says it with such charm that she obeys.

MURIEL
As you wish.

Muriel exits to get the address.

15A  INT. BACK HALLWAY. RENFREW ESTATE - DAY

Moving back out into the hallway, Jane looks around, noting the stuff stored in the hallway (including fishing tackle). He closes the bedroom door and kneels to study it at floor level. There's an inch gap at the bottom of the door. Jane puts his fingers under the door. He takes the door key out and examines it closely, then he peers through the keyhole. Standing up, he has a big smile on his face, which fades when he sees TWO BEEFY POLICEMEN are coming down the hallway. Behind them, Gardner and Breck.

POLICEMAN
Sir, would you come with us?

JANE
Why?

POLICEMAN
You're trespassing here.

JANE
No I'm not.

POLICEMAN
Okay, sir. This man here is the home owner and he says you don't have permission to be here. So let's go, partner.

JANE
Officer, it's the other way around. I'm the home owner and that man's the intruder.

GARDNER
That's a lie. He's lying.

JANE
Listen to the madness in his voice. Will you please take him somewhere he can get help?

(CONTINUED)
Muriel returns with a slip of paper at just this moment.

**MURIEL**
Here we are. I don't know that she'll...
(sees policemen)

**POLICEMAN**
Ma'am. This man here --

**MURIEL**
Yes yes. It's quite alright, Officer. You can go.

She makes a peremptory shooing gesture at the Cop and offers Jane the slip of paper.

**JANE**
Thank you so much. Goodbye, Mrs. Renfrew. I expect we shall speak again soon.

**MURIEL**
Good day to you.

He walks away.

**GARDNER**
Mother...

**MURIEL**
Oh hush. (to policeman)
I said you could go.

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**EXT. RENFREW ESTATE - DAY**

Jane exits, Wesley comes after him.

**GARDNER**
Mr. Jane, wait.

Gardner hastens after Jane, who waits for him. Gardner takes a controlled rational tack now.

**GARDNER (CONT'D)**
Mr. Jane, I don't know what your angle or issue or agenda is here, and frankly, I don't care. My family has suffered enough. (MORE)
GARDNER (CONT'D)
I am asking you, man to man, as a fellow human being, don't make us relive the horror of what my brother did.

JANE
Where were you the night of the murder?

GARDNER
You sonofabitch.

JANE
Were you here?

Gardner swings at Jane amateurishly enough for Jane to avoid the blow.

JANE (CONT'D)
I'll take that as a yes. You always hated your brother, didn't you?

GARDNER
Get out of here!

Jane raises a hand in farewell and walks away.

INT. MINELLI'S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY

Minelli in a bad temper, pacing. Jane seated. Lisbon leaning in the doorway.

MINELLI
Gardner Renfrew is a player in this town. You can't go to his house and screw around with him.

JANE
Why not? It's a free country. I didn't use my ID. I didn't mention the CBI.

MINELLI
You gave your right name.

JANE
It's my name.
MINELLI
Well you should have lied as you so often do, because now I have to give you an official reprimand, and order you in the strongest possible terms to leave the Renfrew family alone and drop the whole matter.

JANE
I'm sorry. I can't do that.

Minelli sighs.

MINELLI
You have to. This is straight from the AG's office.

JANE
Jared Renfrew didn't kill Undine Kopecki.

LISBON
Do you have evidence of that?

JANE
Not yet. I have pieces. That I'm piecing together. He's innocent.

MINELLI
Wake up, Dorothy, you're not in Kansas anymore. There's innocent men in jail. It happens. Is he one of them? I don't know. I doubt it. In any case, we can't re-open his case.

JANE
If I'm Dorothy, who are you?

Minelli considers that for a beat. Lisbon smiles.

MINELLI
Never mind who I am. We'll find other ways of making Renfrew talk to you. There's a lot that can be done to make a prisoner's life easier, if he cooperates.

JANE
That won't work. He's innocent.

LISBON
You don't know that.

(Continued)
JANE
That's why I can't drop this yet.

MINELLI
Okay, here it is. If you pursue this any further, I'll have to throw you out of the CBI. We can't take the liability. I very much do not want to have to do that.

JANE
I know you don't. So I'll spare you the trouble. I quit.

He takes out his CBI ID card and tosses it on the table.

LISBON
Don't do that.

JANE
It's okay. This is the best way.

He shakes hands with Minelli. Gives Lisbon a peck on the cheek.

JANE (CONT'D)
You're the Good Witch Glinda, obviously. Thank you. I learned a lot.

Jane exits.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 EXT. SACRAMENTO STREET - DAY (D/3)

Jane, walking down one of those surreal Bay area streets where a vista of sea, sky and graceful bridges are the gorgeous backdrop to heavy-duty urban funk. Battered little shotgun bungalows with dirt yards.

Jane checks the slip of paper and goes to the door of one of the bungalows. It's abandoned, padlocked and shuttered like several others on the block. A HIGH-END BUT N.D. BLACK SEDAN rolls up across the street.

Jane looks around for someone to ask. A scruffy woman four doors down peers at him warily.

JANE

Hi. I'm looking for Mariska Kopecki?

The woman slinks out of sight silently. On Jane, stymied.

18 INT. LISBON'S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY

At her desk, Lisbon's typing out a report. She looks up to find CHO, RIGSBY and VAN PELT standing at her desk with solemn expressions.

LISBON

Don't bother. I know. I feel the same. Nothing to be done.

RIGSBY

Now when he really needs our help, we're letting him down.

LISBON

I want to help him as much as you do. Our orders state that we must leave this case alone.

VAN PELT

I don't care what our orders say. It's not right.

CHO

We need him boss.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
We cleared cases before he came and we'll clear cases after he's gone.

CHO
Just not so many.

RIGSBY
Cases are not the point. It's not that we need him. He needs us.

LISBON
Yes, but he needs our help on a fool's errand. Renfrew's a conman. He doesn't know anything about Red John.

VAN PELT
Suppose we found a connection between Renfrew and Red John?

LISBON
That would... Oh wait.

Lisbon has spotted the file in Van Pelt's hand that she is about to present to Lisbon in triumph.

LISBON (CONT'D)
(smiling)
What's in the file? Let me guess.
A connection between Renfrew and Red John.

Van Pelt hands over the file, blushing, but pleased with her work.

VAN PELT
Seven years ago, Renfrew was serving time on a narcotics conviction. Shared a cell in Lompoc with a man named Orval Tanner. Tanner claimed at his 1998 trial for murder that he had only been an accomplice, that the real killer was a man who went by the name Red John. Nobody believed him.

LISBON
98, near the beginning of Red John's career. Where's this Tanner now?

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT
Died of heart disease in the prison hospital.

LISBON
Of course. Our luck.

VAN PELT
It's a connection.

LISBON
Slim. Likely nobody believed him for a reason.

RIGSBY
It's a connection.

Beat. Lisbon considers

LISBON
Okay. Check into Tanner's background. Find the autopsy reports. See if there's any credibility to his story.
(catching herself)
I mean, obviously we can't do that. But that's what I'd tell you to do if we weren't ordered to stay away from this case.

Long beat. An understanding between the team members.

RIGSBY
I'm going to zap a taquito. Anyone else want one?

They all casually drift from the office and hasten to work.

Jane outside the old Kopecki address, at a dead-end. He notices the black sedan across the street, engine idling. Fancy car for this neighborhood. After a beat, Jane walks toward the sedan. Halfway across the street, the sedan drives off. On Jane watching it go...

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - LATER THAT DAY

Cho, Rigsby and Van Pelt, working the phones and computers, obviously been at it for a long while.
(tired, to phone)
Okay, then let me speak to
assistant to the Deputy Records
officer.

VAN PELT
Why do people say Eureka when they
do something good?

CHO
It's greek for bingo.

VAN PELT
Well so, eureka. I found the
autopsy reports and they back up
Orval Tanner's story. The body of
his alleged victim was cut up in
the Red John style.

RIGSBY
Which means Renfrew was telling at
least some kind of truth about his
Red John connection.

Too late, they see Minelli enter and all switch to some other
mundane task with guilty looks. Minelli cannot but be
suspicious. He turns to the most vulnerable looking of them.

MINELLI
Van Pelt. What's that you're
working on?

CHO
Sir...

Minelli doesn't even look at Cho.

MINELLI
I'm talking to Van Pelt.

Long beat. Van Pelt can't tell a lie to the boss.

VAN PELT
Sir, I'm doing research for Jane.
No excuses sir.

MINELLI
(to Rigsby and Cho)
You too, I suppose.

Rigsby and Cho look studiously blank.
Lisbon appears from her office. She pretty much knows what must have happened as soon as she sees their faces, but she has to play it out...

LISBON
Hey boss.

MINELLI
I gave this unit a direct written order and they have flagrantly disobeyed that order. Did they do this with your knowledge?

LISBON
I ordered them to do it. I told them that you countermanded your earlier order. They had no knowledge whatsoever that they were doing anything irregular.

A mordant smile from Minelli

MINELLI
Nice try, Mother Teresa, but they already gave themselves up.

RIGSBY
(indignant)
We never said a wo --

Rigsby clams up, silently cursing his big mouth. Lisbon glares at them all for idiots, to blow it so easily.

LISBON
I stand by my story. They didn't know they were out of line.

CHO
Sir, the opposite is true. We forced Agent Lisbon to let us do this.

MINELLI
Very touching. My wife would love this scene in a movie.

(angrily)
You're not cowboys. You wear badges. They mean something. I'm giving you all formal notice that any further infractions will result in immediate suspension.

Lisbon takes a deep breath, and jumps in the deep end.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Sir, you might as well suspend me now. Because there will be further infractions. Jane needs our help, and he's going to get it. I'm not going to lay off just because some fat cat has put the pressure on.

RIGSBY
Me too.

CHO
Me too.

VAN PELT
And me.

Minelli does a slow burn. He studies his mutinous unit with a clinical eye.

MINELLI
Moving, eloquent, two thumbs up.
You shall have your wish.
You're all suspended, starting right now, for gross insubordination.

Minelli exits, leaving them all stunned.

INT. MINELLI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Minelli comes in sits down at his desk, sets an executive toy in motion. Lisbon enters.

MINELLI
Oh hi, Lisbon, still here?

LISBON
Uh that was more of a rhetorical stand we were taking there.

MINELLI
You take it back then?

LISBON
Well, no. But...

MINELLI
This is the suspension paperwork right here.

LISBON
Look --

MINELLI
-- I have to go and visit my sister in Hawaii for a week. She's sick.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
I'm sorry.

MINELLI
Eh. She's been sick for years. Meanwhile, this paperwork is going to sit on my desk. For a week. Is that clear? One week.

Lisbon catches on. He's giving them a chance.

LISBON
Yes, sir. Thank you.

MINELLI
Yes, be very grateful. Do not contact me. I do not want to know anything. Do not be at the office in the daytime when people can see what you're doing. And please, make this come out okay. Do not dig the hole you are standing in any deeper than you have already dug it.

LISBON
No sir.

MINELLI
That hole is the grave of your promising career.

LISBON
You should hold a flashlight under your chin to complete the effect.

MINELLI
I'm not kidding.

LISBON
I know.

20A EXT. JANE'S CAR. N.D. STREET - DAY
Jane stymied, leaning on his car. Nowhere to go.

FLASHBACK

21 INT. CORRIDOR. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N/O)
JANE'S POV down corridor to bedroom.
The Red John smiley face on the wall.

END FLASHBACK

Jane gazing into space. His PHONE RINGS. He answers.

JANE
Hey, Lisbon.
(listens)
Oh, fine. You know. Investigating stuff.
(listens)
Uh, sure. Okay. Pepperoni or plain?
(beat)
Hey, Lisbon... thanks.

OMITTED
The team eats pizza and goes over the case. Van Pelt has her LAPTOP open and DISPLAYS an ME's AUTOPSY FILES...

JANE
Renfrew couldn't dispute the physical evidence. The core of his defense was that he loved Undine deeply and would never have hurt her. Undine's mother testified that was a lie. I went to speak to her, but she's moved. Left no forwarding address.

VAN PELT
Mariska Kopecki, right?

Jane nods. Van Pelt starts tapping at the computer.

LISBON
How's the brother look?

Jane's ambivalent

JANE
He had motive. There's a moral turpitude clause in the family trust. Once convicted, all Jared's shares in the family business went to Gardner. But he would have also got the shares if Jared had died.
RIGSBY
So why not just kill Jared? Why kill Undine?

INSERT: VAN PELT'S COMPUTER SCREEN, an IM POPS UP. The sender is ID'd by the name DR. JOE - N.H.

'FOR MARISKA KOPEC K TRY THIS LINK'... followed by a link, which Van Pelt naturally goes to. The CLIENT INDEX PAGE of a healthcare company's master file COMES UP ON SCREEN.

JANE
Exactly. Why kill Undine?

CHO
Wanted to see Jared suffer maybe. Or had a thing for Undine himself.

JANE
Possible.

Van Pelt looks up from her computer.

VAN PELT
Eureka!

They all turn expectantly.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)
I just input Mariska Kopecki into the secure search engine. I get an IM link to a healthcare database which documents Mariska Kopecki's notification that she's changing her name to Vanna Clooney. I input the new name and got a hit. Four months ago someone named V.K. Clooney bought a condo in Marin.

LISBON
Nice work.

VAN PELT
Weird thing though. The original IM came from a civilian. (looking to computer) Doctor Joe in New Hampshire. He couldn't have been logged onto the DOJ secure network. So how did he know what I was asking about? And how did he access the healthcare database? Nobody's allowed to do that.

(CONTINUED)
Jane, doodling on a pad, is abruptly alert.

**JANE**

When you say Doctor Joe in New Hampshire. Do you mean D, R, J, O, E, N, H?

**VAN PELT**

Ye -- Oh my God. Oh my God.

They all gather around the screen.

**JANE**

Ask 'who are you?'

Van Pelt types in the question. They wait. Then the IM taps out a reply -- A LONG SERIES OF DOTS AND THEN A RED SMILEY FACE. Then more dots, then... *IS JANE THERE?*

You could cut the tension with a knife.

Jane takes the laptop. He types - *THIS IS JANE.* After a moment Red John replies - *KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.* Jane types back - *WHY?*

They wait and wait, but no reply.

**RIGSBY**

What the hell was that about?

**VAN PELT**

He's somehow tapped into the DOJ secure network. He's been spying on us.

**LISBON**

Can you trace the IM to its source?

Van Pelt clicks away at the keyboard. Shakes her head.

**VAN PELT**

There's a self destruct code built in to the uplink, dead-ends at a secondary server. There's no way to trace it back.

**RIGSBY**

Why does Red John want us to find Mariska Kopecki?

(CONTINUED)
JANE
(dawning smile)
Because he wants us to succeed.
He wants Jared Renfrew out of jail.

RIGSBY
Out where he can get at him. To silence him.

JANE
Yes. Which means Renfrew is telling the truth. He has the goods on Red John.

LISBON
Take it easy, we’ve got nothing yet.

JANE
Yes, we have to get Renfrew out of jail first.

LISBON
That's all.

JANE
We will. And then Red John will come after him. He has to break cover. He has to. And we'll be waiting.

Jane's energized. His eyes gleam with the thrill of the hunt. Lisbon looks worried.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

26   EXT. MARIN CONDO APARTMENTS - DAY (D/4)

STOCK - A high-end senior's lifestyle apartment complex with a nautical theme. A very different place from Mariska's previous address.

27   INT. HALLWAY. MARIN CONDO - DAY

Lisbon and Jane waiting at an apartment door. Lisbon takes out her badge wallet to show.

    JANE
    (shakes his head)
    Uh....

Lisbon remembers, to her dismay, that she's not an agent. Puts away the badge.

    LISBON
    Damn.

    JANE
    (amused)
    Yes, how are you going to get us in without your magic badge?

    LISBON
    You do the talking.

    JANE
    No, you try.

    LISBON
    Don't be childish. This is not...

The door opens before Lisbon can say more. MARISKA KOPECKI (late 50's) is a Polish immigrant. She's seen hard times, and it shows, despite the designer label resort clothes and botox.

    MARISKA
    Oh, I thought it was Harry. Who are you?

    LISBON
    Hi. Vanna Clooney?

(CONTINUED)
MARISKA
Yes?

Lisbon tries a smile.

LISBON
I'm Teresa. And this is Patrick.

MARISKA
Yes?

LISBON
Can, can we come in for moment?

MARISKA
What d'you want?

Lisbon gives Jane a pleading look. Jane looks around conspiratorially and leans in close to Mariska.

JANE
It's about Harry.

MARISKA
What about him?

JANE
Best not to speak out here in public.

Mariska's curiosity gets the better of her. She lets them in.

INT. LIVING ROOM. MARIN CONDO APARTMENT - DAY

Mariska, Jane and Lisbon sit down in a showily perfect living room, straight out of a 'classy' catalog. Not a single personal touch. A harassed looking MAID moves slowly around the room, dusting methodically while Mariska watches her like a hawk. We see a PICTURE of Undine and Mariska together; mother and daughter smiling at each other outside their shabby old house.

JANE
I lied just now. We're here to talk to you about your daughter, Undine.

Mariska stands up.

MARISKA
Get out.

(CONTINUED)
Jane fixes her with a firm Jedi gaze.

JANE
Sit down, Mariska. Sit down.

Mariska obeys.

MARISKA
Who are you?

JANE
Listen to me. The guilt and pain and shame you feel won't ever go away. It won't go away until you tell the truth.

MARISKA
(agitated)
What truth? What are you crazy? You don't know me, you don't know what I feel.

JANE
I know you. When you came to this country as a young woman, you dreamed of doing great things. What a life you'd have! And what did fate bring you? Twenty-five years of drudgery. A servant's life. You hated every day of it.

MARISKA
Who wants to be a servant? Nobody.

JANE
You did it for her, for Undine. So that she would have a better life.

MARISKA
Yes.

JANE
And then she was gone. Taken from you. In a flash, your whole life, all those days of drudgery and humiliation, wasted. What a joke eh?

MARISKA
Yes. A joke. Ha ha. What do you want from me?
JANE
I want to know who killed her.

MARISKA
What's it matter who killed her?
She's gone.

JANE
You didn't say Jared. That would be the obvious answer.

MARISKA
Okay. Jared killed her. I don't care.

JANE
It's true, there's nothing you can do that will bring her back. If you get paid to lie about what happened, where's the harm?

Mariska rubs her face.

MARISKA
What paid? Nobody paid me anything.

JANE
Don't lie to me. Tell me the truth. You took your twenty pieces of silver and bought the life you always wanted.

MARISKA
No.

JANE
It's what you always wanted, but it means nothing, does it? You regret taking that money now, don't you? Your life is empty.

MARISKA
My life is fine. Look around you. Everything is the best. The best.

JANE
It's garbage. You're wallowing in your own filth and shame.

LISBON
Jane...

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Look at me, Mariska. Look at me and tell me I'm wrong.

Mariska breaks down and sobs...

LISBON
Jane. That's enough.

MARISKA
You think you know everything, you know nothing.

JANE
I know Jared and Undine were lovers, weren't they? You were paid to say that they weren't.

Mariska nods.

JANE (CONT'D)
Say it out loud.

MARISKA
(v. quietly)
Yes. They were lovers.

JANE
And who paid you to say that they weren't?

MARISKA
I don't know. A what you call, a private investigator, came to me, offered me a lot of money. A lot of money. I said no, he offered more. I took it.

LISBON
What was his name?

EXT. MINI-MALL. SACRAMENTO - DAY

MARISKA (O.S.)
Samsa. Austin Samsa.

Cho and Rigsby walk toward a blacked-out glass storefront -- AUSTIN SAMSA PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS.

CHO
If this whole thing turns out bad, what'll you do next?

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
It won't turn out bad.

CHO
Suppose it does. Suppose we lose our jobs?

RIGSBY
It won't happen.

CHO
You got nothing uh?

RIGSBY
Actually, I was thinking maybe I'd get into the sport fishing business. That would be cool. You know, like, shark hunting?

CHO
Yeah, I got nothing either.

He cups his hands over his eyes to peer through the glass door.

CHO (CONT'D)
Looks like it's been closed a while.

The OWNER of the DONER KEBAB STORE next door comes out, nods at the cops.

STORE OWNER
Mr. Samsa, he's dead. Two weeks ago.

RIGSBY
You're kidding me.

STORE OWNER
(genuinely puzzled)
Why would I be kidding you? Hit by an MTA bus.

Off Rigsby and Cho, disappointed. Cho takes out his phone.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

Lisbon taking the call from Cho. Jane pacing.

LISBON
Okay. Thanks, Cho.

(CONTINUED)
She hangs up the phone.

    LISBON (CONT'D)
    (to Jane)
    Samsa's dead. Hit by a bus.

    JANE
    Damn.

    LISBON
    We can get a court order for his records.

    JANE
    You're on suspension, remember?

    LISBON
    Damn. If we can't close this out before Minelli returns, we're done.

    JANE
    Plan B then.

    LISBON
    What's Plan B?

A JUNIOR DOJ LAWYER is passing through, pauses on seeing Lisbon and Jane.

    JUNIOR LAWYER
    (good humored)
    Hey Lisbon, aren't you on suspension? Does security know you're here?

Lisbon gives him a brief, deadly look.

    LISBON
    Keep walking, Junior.

The Lawyer keeps walking.

    LISBON (CONT'D)
    What's Plan B?

    JANE
    You're not going to like it.

Off Lisbon's look...
Wearing a stoic expression, Lisbon shows her CBI badge to Breck Renfrew and the Housekeeper at the front door. Rigsby stands a step back...

LISBON
We need to speak with your husband, ma'am.

Off Breck's puzzled glance...

Muriel and Breck are with Rigsby and Lisbon. Gardner enters, angry.

GARDNER
This is ridiculous. Who's the agent in charge here?

LISBON
I'm Agent Lisbon. I think you already know my colleague, Mr. Jane.

Jane appears, from nowhere, it seems.

JANE
Hello. I expect you're wondering why I gathered you all here.

GARDNER
(outraged)
Breck, go call the police.

Jane lays on the Jedi firmness.

JANE
Mr. Renfrew. Wait. If you don't want your family ruined in a deluge of sordid scandal, you'll listen to me.

Gardner hesitates...

GARDNER
What are you talking about?
JANE
Someone, I don't know who, paid
Mariska Kopecski a lot of money to
lie about Jared and Undine. They
were lovers as your brother said.

(CONTINUED)
Gardner takes a beat to process that.

GARDNER
So what? The fact is they were found in a locked room. It's not physically possible for someone else to have gotten into the room to commit the murder.

JANE
Yes. There's the rub, isn't it. The key was in the door. Watch closely.

Jane takes off his jacket (or some such flourish).

JANE (CONT'D)
Rigsby, go inside and lock the door, would you?

Rigsby goes inside the little bedroom, locks the door.

OUT IN THE HALLWAY -- Jane takes a rolled newspaper from his jacket pocket.

JANE (CONT'D)
Suppose Jared and Undine are in the room, asleep.

He takes one sheet of newspaper, and slides it under the bedroom door. Taking a pencil from his pocket, he inserts it into the keyhole. With a sharp tap on the pencil end...

ANGLE: The key is knocked out of the keyhole and falls onto the sheet of newspaper. Jane pulls the sheet back under the door, bringing the key with it. He picks it up, unlocks the door, opens it to reveal Rigsby, smiling.

BRECK
That's all very clever. But how do you get out again?

Jane closes the door again, locks it, extracts the key. Then, he takes a five foot long piece of nylon fishing line from his pocket. He threads one end through the keyhole, and feeds the line through until one end is touching the floor. There's just enough room under the door for Jane to reach under the door, grasp the line between two fingers and pull it through. He then swiftly ties the door key to the line, (with a little hitch around the haft so that it hangs right) and pulls the line gently back through the keyhole until the key is drawn up and into the hole with a satisfying click.

(CONTINUED)
BRECK (CONT'D)
The line's still attached.

JANE
(to Gardner)
May I borrow your lighter?

Gardner is caught up in the show, doesn't think of refusing, and gives Jane a disposable lighter. Jane puts a flame to the nylon line and in an instant it's gone without a trace. Jane's very pleased with himself.

JANE (CONT'D)
That's how Jared was framed. Cool uh?

GARDNER
 Doesn't prove Jared's innocent, and it certainly doesn't prove anyone else is guilty. It's a party trick.

JANE
A party trick that a jury will love. Put that together with Mariska's testimony, I think we have a pretty good chance of winning a new trial. And then the truth will come out somehow I expect. It always does. Unless...

GARDNER
Unless what?

LISBON
Unless we can work out some kind of financial deal here. That would make it worth our while dropping the whole thing.

It takes a beat for this to sink in.

GARDNER
You want money? You're trying to blackmail us?

JANE
Call it leverage.

MURIEL
But you're state agents.
Soon to be ex-state agents. Thanks to your son here. Jane's being tossed out, and we're going with him. We have to look after ourselves now. We won't be unreasonable.

GARDNER
You people are a disgrace!

JANE
Look, perhaps you should discuss this among yourselves. How much is your family name worth?

GARDNER
Get out!

JANE
We're going.
(looks at his watch)
You have until four o'clock to call me with an offer. Then I'm going to start making some calls myself.

Jane, Lisbon and Rigsby walk away.

GARDNER
I'll tell you who I'm calling, I'm calling the FBI! You corrupt slimeballs are all going to jail!

EXT. RENFREW ESTATE - DAY

Jane, Lisbon and Rigsby walking away from the house toward their car.

RIGSBY
Am I wrong, or did that go down not quite as well as you'd hoped?

JANE
I've had better responses. But I think we made a sale. You never can tell.

LISBON
We're doomed.

JANE
Patience, Lisbon, patience.
In BG we can still see and hear Gardner shouting at them --

GARDNER
I'll see you all in jail! Jail, d'you hear me?!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

34 INT. BULLPEN CBI HQ - DAY (D/4 CONT'D) 34

Jane on his couch. Lisbon, Cho, Van Pelt and Rigsby watching the clock on the wall which says five to four.

JANE
Patience.

RIGSBY
If you say patience one more time...

Beat. Jane's PHONE RINGS. Everybody lights up. He answers.

JANE
Hello?
(listens)
I'll be right there.

He puts down his phone and grins at their expectant faces.

LISBON
Who was it?

35 EXT. GARDEN. RENFREW ESTATE - DAY 35

Jane sits opposite Muriel on the patio.

JANE
I confess I thought it would be Gardner who called me.

MURIEL
Gardner? Hasn't the gumption. I will not see our family name dragged through the mud again. How much do you want to keep quiet?

JANE
How much did you pay Mariska?

MURIEL
I don't say that I paid her anything.

JANE
You needn't be evasive. Only a guilty person would respond this way to such naked extortion.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
I know you're guilty. I'm just not sure why.

He studies her intently.

MURIEL
Your suspicions are neither here nor there. I asked you your price.

JANE
Your late husband was a handsome man.

MURIEL
Yes he was. What's that to do with anything?

JANE
Domineering though. Had to have things his way. He died how long after the murder?

MURIEL
A month. Aortic aneurysm.

AGNES
And when did Mariska leave your employ?

Jane sees the guilty look that flashes across her face, and knows he has found the truth. Muriel tries to be casual.

MURIEL
Around the same time.

JANE
After he died though.

Muriel is conscious of being found out.

MURIEL
Yes.

Jane locks eyes with her. Jane lets silence hang before bringing down the axe.

JANE
You got rid of her as soon as you could after he died. Because Undine was your husband's child, wasn't she?
MURIEL
(faintly)
Yes.

JANE
Did you ever confront him? Or Mariska?

MURIEL
No. I decided that I liked my life as it was. I didn't want a drama, and I didn't want to be lied to. They never knew that I suspected.

JANE
Eighteen years of secret anger. How did you stand it?

MURIEL
Nobody's life is perfect.

JANE
But then when you found out about Undine's affair with Jared, you must have been enraged. It's incest, practically.

MURIEL
It is. It is incest. When I found out, I told Jared that he was not to continue the affair. He refused. Said he was in love with her. Refused to stop seeing her.

JANE
Didn't you tell him why you objected?

MURIEL
Certainly not. I couldn't tell him. It was too sordid. Too humiliating.

JANE
So instead you killed Undine, paid off her mother, and sent your son to jail for life.

MURIEL
No. I wouldn't do that.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
But, you did.

Muriel takes up her handbag, opens an inner compartment, and comes up with a small transparent vial of something dark and congealed.

JANE (CONT'D)
Is that...?

MURIEL
Undine's blood.

FLASHBACK

INT. BACK BEDROOM/HALLWAY. RENFREW HOUSE – NIGHT (N/0)

MONTAGE:  The murder of Undine.  Which begins with Muriel seeing Jared and Undine kissing passionately, then locking themselves in the little bedroom.  Muriel puts on a long plastic raincoat over her evening dress... Montage ends as Muriel holds the sample jar in a stream of Undine's blood.  Jared lies beside Undine all the while, unconscious from drugs.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. GARDEN. RENFREW ESTATE – CONTINUOUS

Muriel hands Jane the vial.

MURIEL
It's proof that I did it.  I took it so that I could confess and have Jared freed when I chose. Just as soon as he learned his lesson.

JANE
What lesson is that?

MURIEL
Everything in moderation.  And listen to your mother.

JANE
Can't argue with that.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ – MORNING (D/5)

CAPTION:  TWO WEEKS LATER

Jane, full of the vim and the thrill of the chase, walks past Cho and Rigsby gathering weapons, vests, communications, to:
Jane bounces in.

JANE
We're ready to go get Jared Renfrew. Is the safe house prepped?

LISBON
Yes.

JANE
See you over there later then.

LISBON
Jane. Please be careful. Remember this is playing out just like Red John wants it to.

JANE
It's playing out like it has to. He has no choice but to try and silence Renfrew. He has to show himself. We're getting close. I can feel it.

LISBON
You can feel it? Like a psychic thing?

JANE
I'm quietly confident we'll get a bite.

LISBON
You think you're playing him. And he thinks he's playing you. One of you is wrong.

The CBI vehicle arrives at the outer gates.

Jane, Cho and Rigsby waiting for the gates to open. When they do, Jared Renfrew emerges. A free man. Overjoyed to be out. Cho and Rigsby scan all around for trouble, hands on their guns.

JARED
Thank you.
He and Jane share a somewhat awkward handshake. Jared pulls him into an embrace.

JARED (CONT'D)
Thank you.

JANE
(cold)
I've kept my side of the bargain. Now it's your turn. Tell what you know.

JARED
Absolutely. All will be revealed. But right here? Give me a chance to breathe fresh air a while and then we'll sit and talk as long as you like. I got a lot to tell and I owe you big time, man. I owe you my life. In the meantime, I would kill for a cheeseburger and fries.

JANE
Fair enough.

Rigsby hands him a bulletproof vest.

RIGSBY
Put this on.

JARED
You can't say please? I'm a free man, aren't I?

Jane gives Rigsby a nod -- humor him.

RIGSBY
Put this on, please.

JARED
Sure.

Jared straps on the bulletproof vest.

RIGSBY
Sorry about your mother.

JARED
(looks sorrowful)
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)
Jared, Jane, Cho and Rigsby get into the CBI vehicle.

**EXT. CBI VEHICLE (MOVING) - MORNING**

Speeding toward Sacramento...

**INT./EXT. CBI VEHICLE - MORNING**

Rigsby at the wheel. Jane and Jared and Cho handling burgers and fries and sodas in back.

A STREET PROTEST halts traffic. A mob of young unruly demonstrators carrying SIGNS -- MEAT IS MURDER, SAVE THE EARTH, FUR IS EVIL -- surge toward the CBI vehicle.

RIGSBY
The hell is this?

Cho and Rigsby look nervous. The protesters eddy around the CBI vehicle. Using the mob as a distraction, Jared tosses his soda all over Cho. In the momentary confusion that follows, Jared JUMPS OUT OF THE VAN AND RUNS through the mob.

**EXT. BUSY STREET. DOWNTOWN SACRAMENTO - DAY**

Cho and Rigsby and Jane give chase -- but the streets are packed and Jared quickly gets lost in the crowd.

**INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY**


LISBON
He vanished eight hours ago and we've heard nothing of him since. The town's on pretty good lockdown, so we're guessing he had friends that got him out of the area fast.

MINELLI
Planned it in advance probably.

LISBON
Yes. Would you stop that? It's not your fault.

CHO
Whose fault is it then? It's mine. I must accept that.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Actually it's my fault.
LISBON
What's done is done. Focus on now.
We have to find Jared Renfrew
before Red John does. Where would
he go now? Who are his friends?
What are his options?

Jane's PHONE RINGS.

INT. TIJUANA MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jared sits on the end of a bed, holding a pink tiger skin
print cellphone to his ear. Across the room, a dyed blonde
HOOKER is slowly and wearily taking off her clothes.

JARED
Mr. Jane, I'm calling to apologize
for letting you down.

INTERCUT JANE AND JARED:

JANE
Hello, Jared.

The team is galvanized. Van Pelt starts tracking the call
via the computer.

JARED
It's dishonorable, I know. But
crossing Red John is just too
dangerous.

JANE
You already have crossed him. You
need our protection.

JARED
I've given you nothing.

JANE
How is he to know that?

JARED
Oh he'll know. He'll know.
I told you, I have friends.
They'll put in a good word for me.

JANE
Friends? What friends? Who?

(CONTINUED)
JARED
Wouldn't you like to know. Thanks for giving me my life back. I'm grateful.

JANE
Jared, listen to me. They're not your friends. You can't trust --

JARED
-- Vaya con dios amigo.

Jared turns off the phone, tosses it back to the Hooker, who is now in her underwear.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

JANE
Jared. Jared...

He puts down the phone.

JANE (CONT'D)
Damned fool. Friends he says. Red John probably has his location already.

LISBON
(to Van Pelt)
Did you catch the line?

VAN PELT
Yes. Tracking it now.

JANE
He's in Tijuana, Mexico. In a motel room with a hooker.

MINELLI
Because?

JANE
He wouldn't call if he didn't think he was out of our reach. I could hear Latin music and sirens and horns and a whole neighborhood in the background, which suggests thin walls and a city. Hence, a Tijuana motel room.

LISBON
The hooker?

(CONTINUED)
JANE
He must be using somebody's phone.
And he's been in prison for a year.
Hence, hooker.

VAN PELT
The phone belongs to Juana Porfiria Braga. Calle Rojas 65 Tijuana, Mexico.
(taps some more)
Five arrests on prostitution charges.
(taps some more)
Let me get a location on the call.

Cho touches Jane's arm and makes a sizzling noise.

MINELLI
I'll go reach out to the Federal police in Tijuana. You boys come with me.

Cho and Rigsby exit with Minelli. A moment of clicking silence while Van Pelt works...

JANE
(to Lisbon)
Go ahead. Say it.

LISBON
Say what?

JANE
You told me. You warned me. Now you get the pleasure of saying I told you so.

LISBON
That's alright. Not yet. It's not over yet. We're going to find Renfrew. And he's going to tell us what he knows.

VAN PELT
Got it!

INSERT: VAN PELT'S COMPUTER SCREEN ZOOMS IN from orbit to a STREET IN TIJUANA. An ADDRESS POPS UP.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)
Motel Corona Del Norte.
EXT. TIJUANA (ESTABLISHING) – LATE DAY

A birds-eye view of the city from a chopper.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. TIJUANA – NIGHT (N/5)

The room that Jared and the Hooker were in. Now empty. There's an ineffable sense that someone has just left the room. And a faint, but ominously unidentifiable SOUND from the bathroom, which is lit, though we can't see into it. There's a broad swathe of blood like a giant red brush-stroke across the floor and into the bathroom.

BOOOOM! The front door is kicked in. Rigsby and Lisbon enter the room in a wary crouch, guns drawn. Jane peers through the door, waiting to see what happens.

Rigsby's the first to go into the bathroom.

RIGSBY (O.S.)
(horror)
Oh no. Oh.

Rigsby exits the bathroom, goes out the front door and shouts to accompanying Mexican Cops.

RIGSBY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
(in Spanish with subtitles)
Red John was here, a moment ago.
He's still close by. We can catch him if we set up a perimeter fast.

As Jane and Lisbon and CAMERA go to the bathroom, a couple of UNIFORMED MEXICAN COPS enter the front door.

INT. BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

We get only an oblique glimpse of the bodies of Jared and the Hooker in the bathtub, still warm, the last breath just gone out of them.

Jared's finger still reaches out to the wall above the bath, where he's written, in blood – 'HE IS MA.'

INT. MOTEL ROOM. TIJUANA – A LITTLE LATER

While MEXICAN FORENSICS GUYS do their work, Jane and Lisbon sit on the edge of the bed, weary and disconsolate and dirty, like lovers after an illicit tryst.

JANE
You can say it now.
LISBON
Don't really feel like saying it right now. Let me take a rain check on that.

JANE
Sure.

LISBON
What d'you think it means?

JANE
It means Red John is far more powerful than I thought. He's been way ahead of me the whole time.

She points to the bathroom.

LISBON
I mean, the writing on the wall. "He is ma."

JANE
Oh. I have no idea.

LISBON
It's a good clue though right? Jared was trying tell us something important.

JANE
Maybe.

Beat. Lisbon wants to give him a hug, he looks so sad. But she can't do that.

LISBON
Next time, we'll get him.

JANE
Next time.

Lisbon puts a consoling hand on his arm.

Suddenly, on the bedstand, the Hooker's PHONE BLASTS a raucous snatch of CUMBIA. Someone's calling.

Jane and Lisbon look at one another. Jane's nearest. He answers it. Listens. Nothing said, but someone's there, breathing.
JANE (CONT'D)

Hello?

The caller laughs softly and hangs up. On Jane, looking at the phone...

FADE OUT.

THE END