THE MENTALIST

“Red Rum”
Episode #111
November 12, 2008 – Salmon Revisions

REVISED PAGES

PINK REVISIONS – 11/07/08
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YELLOW REVISIONS – 11/07/08
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SALMON REVISIONS – 11/12/08
17, 17A, 18, 28
FADE IN:

1 EXT. SMALL TOWN. MAIN STREET - DAY (D/1)

TIGHT ON A CROW -- it swivels to stare at us.

The crow is perched on a TV aerial on a roof in old fashioned blue-collar Boonville, California. A church spire in the middle distance. Trees, rolling hills.

Cody Elkins' MISSING PERSON FLYER is nailed to every telephone pole on the street. We hold a beat on Cody's face: an All-American, freckle-faced sixteen-year-old posed for a school photo.

Along with a couple local PD cruisers, two CBI vehicles are parked curbside. JANE and LISBON have just arrived. RIGSBY and VAN PELT are there to give them the rundown as they walk down the street...

RIGSBY

Kid's name is Cody Elkins. Sixteen years old. Reported missing two days ago. Turned serious enough to call us when the local police found this, two streets away in the gutter.

He holds up a baggy containing a boy's sneaker, close to box fresh except for a big red-brown stain.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)

It's the kid's shoe, his blood type. We're waiting on the DNA, but we figure we got an abduction, and potential homicide, which makes it a CBI case.

VAN PELT

The parents are Michael and Janice, both clean. Another son named Brad, fourteen. They run the flower store here. Cho's with them now.

Van Pelt points out a FLOWER AND GIFT STORE -- a converted gas station just down the street. We see CHO with MICHAEL and JANICE ELKINS inside.

JANE'S POV: He notes THREE LONG-HAIRED LITTLE KIDS -- eight, nine and ten-years-old, all in black like hard-core skaters.

(CONTINUED)
They're standing on the other side of the street staring at the flower store, two bikes lying beside them.
They look oddly sinister. As Lisbon and Rigsby turn to walk into the Elkins' store, Jane hangs back.

JANE
I'll wait out here.

Lisbon shrugs, used to his mercurial ways. She and Van Pelt and Rigsby enter the store.

Jane very casually picks up a billiard ball size rock off the ground and strolls across the street, angling toward the three kids. As soon as they show signs of moving off at his approach, Jane stops. He shows them the rock in his hand. Throws it high up in the air. The kids follow the rock's flight up and down. Jane catches it without looking. Does it again, higher this time. And again, only this time, the rock doesn't come down (because he dropped it in his pocket and mimed throwing it), and by the time the kids look back at Jane, puzzled, he's standing right next to them.

JANE (CONT'D)
Hi.

They make a half-hearted attempt to go for their bikes, but Jane is already there. Holding one of the two bikes by the handlebars. It's a pink girl's BMX bike. Complete with tasseled grips.

JANE (CONT'D)
Hey, nice bike.

The kids are well aware of the shameful appearance of the bike and aggrieved by Jane drawing attention to it. The eldest of them tries to take back the bike.

KID #1
Yeah. Ha ha. Give it.

Jane doesn't give it.

JANE
A boy's got to be anxious to get somewhere to ride a bike like this.

KID #1
Huh?

JANE
You didn't ride a pink bike through town to come look at a store. What did you come to see?

All three kids sense this conversation is not going well for them and the younger two back away slightly.

(CONTINUED)
KID #2
Let's go, Clyde.

CLYDE (KID #1)
Give it!

JANE
Where's Cody Elkins?

Quick anxious glances between the younger two children tell Jane and us that they know something.

JANE (CONT'D)
I know that you know where he is.

KID #2
Let's go, Clyde!

JANE
You don't need to tell me out loud. Just look in his direction.

The youngest of the kids, just for an instant, looks past the flower shop.

JANE (CONT'D)
(pointing)
That way?

Clyde looks daggers at the little kid...

CLYDE
Sammafterwityou?

...Which confirms the hint. Jane's POV: Looking across the street, to the trees seen from a distance, behind the flower shop. Which takes on a slightly sinister vibe. A MOB OF CROWS circle in the sky above treetops a quarter mile away.

JANE
Thanks.

Jane hands the bike back to the oldest kid, who replies by giving him the horned devil sign with his left hand, and muttering a curse under his breath. Then the three children speed away toward town, the youngest standing with easy aplomb on the extended axle rods of the non-pink bike. Jane watches them go as Lisbon approaches.

LISBON
We're bringing the Elkins back to their house.

In the BG, Van Pelt and Rigsby EXIT the flower shop. Cho escorts Michael and Janice Elkins to the CBI vehicle.

(CONTINUED)
Lisbon gestures to the kids, disappearing on their bikes.

LISBON (CONT’D)
What was that about?

JANE
I have a pretty good idea where Cody Elkins is.

LISBON
Sharing is good.

JANE'S POV: A copse of trees, the tops of which peek out over the rooftops at the end of the street. Crows circling.

2 - 5 OMITTED

EXT. PINE GROVE - DAY

As Jane leads Lisbon, Van Pelt and Rigsby through the trees...

LISBON
What makes you think he's here?

JANE
Because those kids gave it away. And they smelled of pine.

VAN PELT
There's pine trees all over around here.

Jane stops, looks up.

JANE
But these trees have crows.

VAN PELT
So?

JANE
Crows are carrion birds. They eat dead things.

Jane, Lisbon, Rigsby and Van Pelt move through the trees, searching, finally coming upon a dappled sunlit grove. They all look down at the dead body of CODY ELKINS.

RIGSBY
Ah jeez...

Cody's lying on the ground at the foot of a tree as if posed in a coffin, his hands crossed over his chest.

(CONTINUED)
There's burnt-out tea CANDLES on either side of his head, and at his shoeless feet, a pentacle, made from twigs. The crows have pecked his eyes out.
RIGSBY (CONT'D)
Poor kid.

VAN PELT
What does it mean?

JANE
It's black magic. A sacrifice.

LISBON
There's no such thing as black magic.

JANE
Somebody disagrees.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6A EXT. PINE GROVE - DAY (D/1 CONT'D)

While Van Pelt watches a pair of CORONER'S MEN put the body on a gurney, Rigsby addresses a posse of UNIFORM COPS as they systematically search the area for clues.

RIGSBY
Number one, we're looking for a murder weapon, but anything you find, anything at all, bag it and tag it.

The dead boy's arm hangs over the side of the gurney. Van Pelt gently takes the boy's hand, and places his arm gently across his chest.

7 INT. LIVING ROOM. ELKINS HOUSE - DAY

A modest home. Nothing fancy about it. Lots of Cody's football trophies and stuff serve as decor. Cody's parents, MICHAEL and JANICE ELKINS, (40) and Cody's brother, BRAD, (14) -- a slightly nerdy, intense, emo kid are on the couch together, holding hands.

Lisbon and CHO talk with them as Jane moves around the room, touching and looking, absorbing the Elkins' vibe.

LISBON
When did you last see Cody?

MICHAEL
Friday night after the game. Cody plays wide receiver for the high school team. They got blown out on Friday, but it's a pretty good team this year. Nationally ranked.

LISBON
When exactly did you see him last on Friday?

MICHAEL
When he went to bed. We were all three of us out of the house early the next morning. By the time we came home, around midday, Cody was gone. He was supposed to go meet the coach for some extra practice, but he never showed up.

(CONTINUED)
Janice starts crying, which makes Brad get up and ghost out of the room. Jane watches him go.

**LISBON**
That Friday night, what was his state of mind?

**JANICE**
He was fine. Fine.

**MICHAEL**
Well, he was a little angry with himself about the game.

Janice acknowledges the truth of that.

**MICHAEL (CONT'D)**
He had made some mental errors. Coach Dee got on him pretty good, and Cody kind of pushed back some.

**LISBON**
They had a fight?

**MICHAEL**
You could say. But you know, locker room stuff. A lot of shouting. Nothing serious. Cody just wanted to do better.

**JANICE**
How, how did he die?

**CHO**
There were indications around the body of some kind of black magic ritual. Did he have any friends or acquaintances who were involved in that kind of thing?

Michael and Janice react strongly, look at each other wide-eyed.

**JANICE**
Oh my God. It was her.

**MICHAEL**
Of course.

(CONTINUED)
CHO
Who's her?

MICHAEL
Tamzin Dove. She's into all that black magic stuff.

JANICE
Claims she's a witch. Says she has powers.

LISBON
And she had some resentment toward Cody?

MICHAEL
About a week ago, she accused him of stealing her cat.

LISBON
Did he?

JANICE
No. Of course not. But she said she put a spell on him in revenge.

Jane's suddenly interested.

JANE
A spell? What kind of a spell?

JANICE
I don't know. But she actually called him and told him that she'd done it.

LISBON
That must have been worrisome.

MICHAEL
At the time, Cody thought it was kind of funny. I mean, she’s a geek. That's why we didn't think of her right away.

LISBON
Where can we find Tamzin Dove?

As Lisbon, Cho and Jane exit the Elkins house, Lisbon is on her phone...
LISBON
It's getting weird already. We're off to see a witch.

EXT. PINE GROVE - DAY
Rigsby and Van Pelt walking away from the crime scene.

VAN PELT
Oh. Be careful.

INTER-CUT BETWEEN LISBON AND VAN PELT:

LISBON
(skeptical)
Yeah yeah. Find anything useful there?

VAN PELT
Nothing. No murder weapon, and not a lot of blood. Looks like he was killed elsewhere. ME estimates he's been dead since Saturday morning, cause being several blows of a heavy blunt object, like a crowbar or a pipe maybe.

LISBON
Okay. I want you guys to check up on Cody's school football coach. He and the kid had a disagreement Friday night, and they were supposed to meet Saturday morning.

VAN PELT
Got it.

We leave Lisbon. Van Pelt pockets her phone.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)
(pleased)
We got the football beat.
An ordinary little ranch house.

Lisbon, Cho and Jane go to the front door. No bell. A goat's head door knocker.

CHO

Look.

(off knocker)
A goat. Goats are signs of Satan.

LISBON
So petting zoos are like, gateways to Hell?

CHO
Pretty much.

With that, Lisbon KNOCKS. No answer. She looks down. The patio slab is adorned with a pentacle inside a circle. They are standing in its center. She gestures to it.

LISBON
Another bad sign.

Cho steps gingerly out of the pentacle. He peers through the window.

JANE

BOO!

Cho jumps.
CHO
Ha ha. You shouldn't joke around
about this kind of stuff.

LISBON
Looks like nobody's home.

JANE
Not much security for a servant of
the devil.

On the ground, Jane spots a rusty old PAPERCLIP. He kneels, picks it up.

JANE (CONT'D)
I could pick the lock with this in
five seconds.

LISBON
We'll wait.

JANE'S POV: the three long-haired Kids from the teaser are
standing on the other side of the road watching them. Jane
pretends not to see them, and turns to Cho and Lisbon, and
talks as if they were stalking deer.

JANE
Don't look at them now, but I think
those kids may know where Tamzin
Dove is.

LISBON
What kids?

Jane looks. They've vanished. There's no sign of them.

JANE
Damn.

LISBON
Same kids you saw at the Elkins?

JANE
Yes.

Off Jane's frown...

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

High School football practice, in session. Rigsby and Van
Pelt find COACH DIETER, (50). Tightly wound. Everything
about him screams overly intense.

(CONTINUED)
From his fervent demeanor to the bulging muscles, popping veins. He watches his team scrimmage, his focus on the field.

COACH
It's a tragedy. His whole life ahead of him. Great kid.
(yelling)
Vinson you manatee! Move your lardbutt downfield!
(normal again)
Good values, good habits. Great kid.

VAN PELT
You were supposed to meet with him Saturday morning?

COACH

RIGSBY
We heard you and he had serious words Friday night.

COACH
Yeah. We did. Cody had a shameful game. Zero TDs, two fumbles, five blown routes, and a personal foul for fifteen yard penalty. He let himself down and he let his team down. Been his m.o. lately. That's why we were meeting Saturday morning. Get him back on track.

VAN PELT
Shameful? That's kind of harsh, isn't it?

COACH
This is a reality based program I run. You want to hear malarkey, try the English department.
(yelling)
I see you, Tillis! I see you!

RIGSBY
What did Cody have to say in reply?

COACH
What I discussed with Cody is nobody's business.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
People don't have the first freakin' clue how it is between a coach and his team.

VAN PELT
Oh we have a clue.

COACH
I doubt it.

VAN PELT
We looked into your history, Mr. Dieter. Five years ago, you lost a high school coaching job in Oregon, for inappropriate physical contact with students.

COACH
(angrily)
You make that sound like I'm a sex molester or something. I smacked a couple kids needed their attitudes adjusted and their pantywaist parents made an issue of it.

RIGSBY
That's okay then.

COACH
That's football.

VAN PELT
Actually, that's assault on a minor.

COACH
There was no charges filed.

VAN PELT
You had to resign.

COACH
I chose to resign.

RIGSBY
With the promise to take anger management classes.

COACH
Forty-six hours worth. I did my time. Bored the rage right out of me. You can keep asking questions, but I've got nothing to hide here.
RIGSBY
Good. We need to search the school gym and locker room.

COACH
Do what you got to do.
(yelling)
Frank, you got to pull around him and get up field!

VAN PELT
No, your strong-side tackle should do that. He's got a better first step.

As they walk away...

VAN PELT (CONT'D)
And your tight-end's jumping his route.

OMITTED

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

As Rigsby and Van Pelt move through rows of lockers, benches, used towels strewn about, etc, Rigsby swipes a FOOTBALL off the floor.

RIGSBY
Hey, think fast.

Rigsby tosses it to Van Pelt. She stands there as Rigsby goes out for a pass like a tight-end...

RIGSBY (CONT'D)
Hit me, I'm open.

Van Pelt has a keen sense of dignity whilst on duty and resists her immediate impulse to throw like the jock she is...

VAN PELT
Uh, no?

RIGSBY
What kind of a coach's kid are you?
Your daddy would be ashamed.

VAN PELT
Fine. Go long.

Rigsby runs out. Van Pelt makes the pass. With precision. And speed. Rigsby catches it. Impressed.

(CONTINUED)
Van Pelt has found the locker they're looking for.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
This is it.

SAME SCENE - SECONDS LATER

Rigsby examines the contents. A bikini'd pin-up girl and assorted jock stuff. He finds a WHITE T-SHIRT with spattered blood on it. Rigsby shows it to Van Pelt.

VAN PELT
Interesting.

RIGSBY
Let's get it to forensics.

They place the T-shirt in an evidence bag.

EXT. TAMZIN DOVE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Lisbon on the phone...

LISBON
Okay, boss.

She puts away the phone.

LISBON (CONT'D)
(to Jane)
Minelli says we can go in. The warrant's on its way.

Jane grins. Cho looks unhappy. Lisbon looks left and right up the street...
LISBON (CONT'D)
Let's do it.

Jane goes to the front door and uses the paperclip to pick the lock...

CHO
I bet you can't do it in --

...as he promised, in five seconds. The door swings ajar.

CHO (CONT'D)
Never mind.

Jane gestures for Cho and Lisbon to enter. Lisbon does. Cho looks hesitant. Lisbon stops, turns to Cho...

LISBON
What's wrong?

CHO
I'll wait out here.

LISBON
Why?

CHO
(off their reactions)
Okay, okay. I'll go in. But you first.

Lisbon enters. Cho reluctantly follows.

14A INT. TAMZIN DOVE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lisbon, Cho and Jane...

JANE
I promise, if you're turned into a frog, I'll find a beautiful princess to kiss you, if it's the last thing I do.

15 INT. TAMZIN DOVE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Led by Jane, Lisbon and Cho enter and move through a darkly pagan, but stylish Wiccan home (DECOR TBD).

Jane enters the LIVING ROOM, and finds Tamzin Dove -- zaftig, big hair, dressed in romantic black -- sitting in an arm chair, a table set with a steaming teapot, and four cups. Tamzin's manner is weird, abstracted, as if she's living on a different astral plane, seeing things that we can't. It's hard to tell if she's play-acting or a little nuts, maybe a bit of both.

(CONTINUED)
Hello.

TAMZIN

Hello.
As Lisbon and Cho follow him in...

TAMZIN
Welcome. You must be the CBI.
Please, sit down.

JANE
Thanks.

Jane sits down. Cho and Lisbon perforce, do the same, just a little freaked out.

LISBON
Why didn't you just let us in?

TAMZIN
If I had, I wouldn't have the upper hand now would I?

True. Jane nods appreciatively.

LISBON
You were expecting us then.

TAMZIN
Of course. I heard what was done to Cody Elkins. They used a pentacle and a flame. Made it look like witchcraft. Wicca. Naturally you'd come to me. I'm the only witch in town.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TAMZIN DOVE'S HOUSE - DUSK (D/1 CONT'D)

Tamzin Dove comes from the kitchen with a plate of cookies. Offers them around. Jane takes one. Lisbon declines, as does Cho.

LISBON
Those details about the pentacle and the candles haven't been made public. How do you know about them?

TAMZIN
Friends.

LISBON
Your friends were involved in Cody's death?

TAMZIN
No.

JANE
These friends small and long-haired? The big one's called Clyde. Has a sister with a pink bike.

TAMZIN
(smiles affectionately)
Yes. That's them.

LISBON
Are you friends with a lot of children then?

TAMZIN
Yes. Kids like mystery and darkness, and I like kids.

LISBON
What do their parents have to say about that?

TAMZIN
The kids that come by here come because their parents don't give a crap. But they had nothing to do with Cody's death. Nor the pentacle and candles.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
So what were they doing in the
woods?

TAMZIN
Picking herbs for me.

CHO
Herbs?

Jane has wandered to THE DOORWAY where he spots some herbs
growing on the porch.

JANE
Fenugreek, wild roses, nettles...

Curious now, Jane gestures to the rest, moves onto the porch.
The others follow...

16A INT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Jane, Lisbon, Cho and Tamzin...

TAMZIN
I make and sell Wicca healing
powders on the internet. You
should check out my website.
LISBON
And why didn't you tell the police your friends found a body?

TAMZIN
What for? I knew the earth and the rain and the animals would take care of Cody. You can't help him.

LISBON
True. We can't. What we can do is find and punish the people that murdered him.

TAMZIN
There's no need. Cody deserved to die. He was a bad person. He stole and tortured and killed my cat. I saw him take it.

LISBON
Why would he do that?

TAMZIN
Fear I guess. That's just the way it is with the Cowan. They live in fear.

LISBON
The Cowan?

TAMZIN
Those who are not Wicca. Those who unbelieving our powers.

JANE
What powers are those exactly?

TAMZIN
A witch is simply a high priestess of the Wicca. We worship the horned God and the triple Goddess. We're healers mostly, but we have the magic also, when needed. Spells and so forth.
JANE
Did you put a spell on Cody Elkins?

TAMZIN
I did. I put a killing spell on him.

Reactions all round.

TAMZIN(CONT'D)
I've done the spell several times before, but this is the first time it's worked.

JANE
What does this spelling involve? What do you do exactly?

17 EXT. BACKYARD. TAMZIN DOVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N/1)

Tamzin moulds a rough little paper man out of old newspapers and mud, puts him on a little stone plinth. Jane, Lisbon, and Cho watch.

TAMZIN
Killing spells are secret. But this is a public binding spell that I can show you, and it's similar.

Tamzin turns to Cho and asks conversationally...

TAMZIN (CONT'D)
(to Cho)
What's your name?

CHO
What's it to you?

JANE
Kimball Cho.

CHO
Hey.

TAMZIN
God and Goddess hear me. By light of the one flame, let this mortal soul Kimball Cho be bound by my power. So that he knows I speak truth, let him behold the Lord of Beasts and kneel before him.
SHE LIGHTS THE PAPER DOLL ON FIRE with a candle, and as it burns, she SPEAKS IN TONGUES, in Latin, in a strange cadence.

TAMZIN
Sententia separati vos estis,
iam non estis,
iam vos unus estis,
unisonum vinculum exorsum est.

When the doll is all burnt up, she sweeps the ashes into an empty jelly jar.

LISBON
(light contempt)
That's it? That's your witchcraft? You don't give them a potion to drink or anything like that?

TAMZIN
Doesn't look like much, does it? But it's very powerful magic.

LISBON
Yeah, okay. Unfortunately it looks like one of your friends helped your magical powers along with a blunt instrument. In which case you're as unmagically guilty as they are.

TAMZIN
If a friend of mine had done this, they wouldn't have pointed the police right to me with the pentacle and fire. Cody's murder was staged to look like Wicca. Any fool in this town would think of it. It's obvious misdirection. There's a witch in town. Duh.

LISBON
A witch that put a killing spell on the boy in question.

Tamzin smiles.

TAMZIN
Exactly. It's perfect.

Lisbon gives her a dry cop gaze.
LISBON
Thanks for your time.

Lisbon walks away, Jane follows. Cho is rooted to the spot, gazing anxiously at the ashes of the doll in the jelly jar.

JANE
Cho...

Cho shakes himself, follows. Tamzin watches them go, a little disappointed the fun's over.

EXT. DRIVEWAY. TAMZIN DOVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane, Lisbon and Cho walking away...

JANE
Why didn't you bring her in?

LISBON
You don't think she did this do you?

JANE
No, but she's deep in it somehow, and she's hiding something. Or someone.

LISBON
I agree. And I'd bring her in, but on what charges? She's a whackjob, she wants the attention. Quicker and more efficient if we ignore her, and let her come to us.

JANE
That's very astute psychology, Lisbon. I'm impressed.

Lisbon lightly smacks him backhanded for his patronizing manner. Cho does the same thing, harder for his own reasons...

CHO
Why'd you give her my name? She said I was going to kneel before the Lord of Beasts. What does that even mean?

Jane realizes Cho's serious.

JANE
Come on, you're not telling me you believe she's a real witch?

(CONTINUED)
CHO
No, of course not. But I mean, if dark forces did exist, stands to reason there could be people who control them for their own ends.

JANE
They're called investment bankers, and they don't live around here. There's no such thing as witches.

CHO
Easy for you to say. A weird woman in black didn't burn you in effigy and bind you to her power.

They get into the car...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY

Coach Dieter glares grumpily at Van Pelt and Rigsby.

COACH
Why am I here?

RIGSBY
So that you can explain why forensics tells us your blood is all over a T-shirt we found in Cody's locker.

Coach Dieter sighs, looks embarrassed.

COACH
I told you. We had an argument.

RIGSBY
Now you're saying you had an actual fist fight? He drew blood?

COACH
Yeah. It was no big deal. I chewed him out. He got mad, took a couple swings at me.

Rigsby grins at Dieter.

RIGSBY
Laid out by a kid huh?

COACH
Lucky punch.
RIGSBY
Your own student beats you up and you don't tell anyone?

COACH
It was no big deal.

RIGSBY
Or maybe you figure you're going to get even with him the next morning. So best keep it quiet.

COACH
What? No. I was embarrassed. People don't know the kid is a freaking nutbag. It makes me look bad every which way. I pretended it didn't happen.

VAN PELT
He hit you first? His own coach?

COACH
A nutbag I tell you.

RIGSBY
That's not what we've heard.

COACH
Ask Danno Brown. He's a good friend of Cody's. Last month, Cody got mad over a card game or some crap, and beat Danno unconscious. Had to be dragged off him. I don't know why Danno didn't press charges.

VAN PELT
Danno Brown.

19A EXT. STREET/FLOWER SHOP - DAY

As the CBI vehicle drives down the street, past the flower shop, we PRELAP:

CHO (O.S.)
Then she says...

20 EXT/INT. CBI VEHICLE (NEAR HIGH SCHOOL ENVIRONS) - DAY

Cho and Rigsby in a parked car.

(CONTINUED)
...Kimball, she says, you shall kneel before the Lord of Beasts.

RIGSBY
That's scary.

CHO
Uh, yeah.
RIGSBY
If you're a twelve-year-old girl at her first sleepaway camp.

CHO
You had to be there.

RIGSBY
Seriously, don't sweat it. We had a witch at my college. It's not a satanic cult. They're nerds in cloaks.

CHO
There he is.

Cho's pointing out the window at DANIEL BROWN, (16) exiting school. A backpack hangs off his shoulder.

Rigsby and Cho get out of the car, come up on Daniel.

RIGSBY
Daniel Brown.

As Rigsby and Cho flash their BADGES...

CHO
CBI. We've got some questions about Cody Elkins.

But Daniel suddenly does an about-face and in true form, Daniel dodges both Rigsby and Cho, as if he's making his way down the field, runs back toward the street.

Rigsby and Cho TAKE OFF after him, giving chase down the road when a PANEL TRUCK approaches AT SPEED. The truck brakes hard, and swerves to a stop, narrowly missing Cho, forcing him to jump out of the way.

Rigsby tackles Daniel Brown down to the neighbor's lawn. Kneeling, Cho starts to help Rigsby cuff him.

The audience sees before Cho and Rigsby do that the panel truck -- large in BG -- has A PAINTED LION ALONG THE SIDE, WEARING A CROWN -- and a caption that reads: KINGSLY CARPET CLEANERS.

RIGSBY
Why'd you run, Daniel?

DANNO
Let me go. Let me go!

Cho stops dead and stares at the lion.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
Hello, little help here.

Cho's pointing at the truck.

RIGSBY (CONT'D)
What?

CHO
The Lord of Beasts. The spell was real.

Cho gazes at the lion in something like awe.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

22 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2 CONT'D)  RIGSBY walks in hard and fast, sits across the table from DANIEL BROWN, trying to rattle him a little.

RIGSBY
Tell me about your fight with Cody Elkins.

DANIEL
What fight? There was no fight.

RIGSBY
Oh? He beat you unconscious is what we heard. We have witnesses.

DANIEL
Who? No. Wasn't that bad.

RIGSBY
Put you in the hospital.

DANIEL
For a couple hours. Observation.

RIGSBY
Why didn't you press charges?

DANIEL
It was a misunderstanding between friends. Nobody's fault.

23 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS  Jane and Cho...

JANE

24 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS  Rigsby moves closer.

RIGSBY
Perhaps you figured to get revenge more directly.

DANIEL
No.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
How did the fight start?

DANIEL
We were over at Roy T's place
playing cards, drinking. His mom's
in rehab so he's got the run of the
place. I did some trash talking
and Cody got mad. We fought. He
won. That's all.

Jane enters, pulls up a chair close, so that his knees touch
Daniel's.

JANE
Look in my eyes.

Daniel is not keen, but obeys.

JANE (CONT'D)
(forcefully but calm)
Don't look away. What did you say
that angered Cody?

DANIEL
You know it's a card game, lot of
trash talking. I was tripping on
his family, like your mama's a ho,
your dad's a punk bitch...

Daniel's eyes drop and go back to Jane. It's hard to keep
eye contact.

JANE
If you don't keep your eyes on me,
I can't tell if you're being
honest.

DANIEL
I'm looking at you, man. Cody went
off. Baaam. Smashes a beer bottle
over my head. No warning. I'm out
cold, but the guys tell me he tried
to seriously stomp me out. If they
hadn't of grabbed him, I could be
dead.

Beat.

JANE
How much did the Elkins pay you for
your silence?

(Continued)
DANIEL
Nothing.

JANE
You want to try that again?
Daniel looks away. Beat. He shrugs, might as well give it all up now...

DANIEL
A thousand dollars.

Jane smiles at Cho through the glass...

EXT. ELKINS HOUSE - DAY

Jane and Cho walking toward the Elkins house.

CHO
You have to admit it's uncanny. The Lord of the Beasts?

JANE
Coincidence.

CHO
Please. What are the chances?

JANE
About a million to one.

CHO
There you go.

They go to the Elkins' front door.

JANE
Life is a million to one. The universe is one big coincidence. Cosmically improbable coincidences happen all the time. You just don't notice them.

CHO
Or, she's a witch.

JANE
Or she's a witch.

Jane RINGS the DOORBELL.

INT. LIVING ROOM. ELKINS HOUSE - DAY

Michael and Janice questioned by Jane and Cho.

MICHAEL
Is she in custody? The witch?

CHO
No sir.
JANICE
Why not?

JANE
She does admit to putting a spell on your son, as you said. But that doesn't constitute a criminal offense. It's protected free speech.

JANICE
So why are you here?

CHO
It seems Cody had some violence issues that we need to speak about.

JANICE
No! He was a good boy.

JANE'S POV: Brad comes quietly downstairs and heads to the back of the house...

CHO
We're not saying otherwise, ma'am, but if he had problems with his temper, that might help explain the context leading to his death.

MICHAEL
(calm anger)
Context in a pig's ear. You're blaming Cody for his own murder.

CHO
No sir, we --

JANE
-- Hey, question. Always bothers me. Why is it called football? Nobody uses their feet much, do they?

MICHAEL
Are you trying to be rude and disrespectful or what?

JANE
Or what. Can I use your bathroom?

Janice puts a restraining hand on Michael's arm.

(Continued)
JANICE
Of course. It's back there, to your left.

JANE
Thanks.

Jane exits the room.

MICHAEL
What's his problem?

CHO
Sorry. Do you know a boy named Daniel Brown?

MICHAEL
No.

JANICE
Michael.

MICHAEL
Fine. Yes. And I know where this is going. Cody had a fight with him, and yes, we gave Daniel some money to make up for any, any inconvenience.

ANGLE: Jane doesn't head toward the bathroom, instead he goes in the opposite direction, out to --

EXT. BACKYARD. ELKINS HOUSE - DAY

Where he finds Brad crouched in a WOODEN PLAYHOUSE that's long since gotten too small for him. Jane crouches down to say hello.

JANE
There you are. Hello.

BRAD
Go away.

(NB An observant viewer will see there's a PENTAGRAM drawn on an interior wall of the playhouse.)

JANE
I wish I could. But I can't. It's my job to hassle you until I get the truth.

BRAD
(sardonically)
Good luck with that.
Beat.

JANE
It must have been tough, being Cody Elkins' little brother.

BRAD
No. Sometimes.

JANE
Me, I would hate it. He gets all the attention, all the glory, girls flocking around, for what? Running and jumping and catching things. Gibbons can do that.

BRAD
Gibbons can do it better.

JANE
If gibbons played football, they would kick serious jock butt.

Brad smiles.

28 INT. LIVING ROOM. ELKINS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL
Alright, I gave Daniel Brown the money to keep him quiet. Cody has, had, a real shot at a college career. Would've been the first Elkins to have that chance. We were so proud. But if coaches hear about those kind of run-ins... it could've ruined his chances with the top schools.

CHO
Had those 'run-ins' ever happened before?

MICHAEL
No.

JANICE
No. Our son had no problem with violence. It was an isolated incident.

Michael looks around, suspicious.
MICHAEL
Where's your friend?

EXT. BACKYARD. ELKINS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jane and Brad talking easily now...

JANE
How come Cody killed Tamzin Dove's cat?

Brad hesitates awkwardly.

BRAD
I don't know that he did.

JANE
She saw him take it.

BRAD
She, she, saw what she saw I guess. I don't know.
(intense)
If he did do it, killed the cat, d'you think he deserved to die?

JANE
Do you?

BRAD
I'm asking you.

MICHAEL
Hey.

Michael's in the back doorway, glaring at Jane.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You don't speak to my son without my permission.

JANE
Oh. That's a little weird and controlling, but okay. May I speak to your son, Mr. Elkins?

MICHAEL
No. You can't.

Jane raises his hands in amiable surrender. He turns to Brad.

JANE
I asked. See you around, Brad.

(CONTINUED)
Jane exits past Michael through the back door and into the house.

INT. CBI VEHICLE. ELKINS' STREET - NIGHT (N/2)

Rigsby and Van Pelt staked-out, watching the Elkins house. Rigsby opens a lunchbox and is dismayed to find carrots and nuts and such.

RIGSBY
Oh my God. Where's my food? What is this?

VAN PELT
That's healthful and nutritious snacking.

RIGSBY
I'm going to die.

VAN PELT
Ha ha.

RIGSBY
 Seriously. I'm allergic to carrots.

VAN PELT
Well, I'm tired of your corn chips. It's like working with a caterpillar. Nibble nibble nibble.

RIGSBY
I can't even be in the same room as carrots or I go into anaphylactic sh --

He pretends to fall unconscious.

VAN PELT
Funny.

He remains still.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
That's enough.

She shoves him. He's limp.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
Rigsby, stop it.

Van Pelt suddenly sees something out the window.

(CONTINUED)
-- Look. He's leaving.

Rigsby sits up with a start. Follows her gaze.

Rigsby and Van Pelt's POV: Brad furtively exiting the Elkins' frontyard with a bicycle. He jumps on it and cycles away...

ANGLE: THE CBI VEHICLE follows a moment later...

Jane lying on his sofa, Lisbon pecking at Van Pelt's keyboard.

LISBON
Why the hell won't this damned thing log on?

PHONE RINGS.
LISBON (CONT'D)
Oh Van Pelt, good, how do I get into the --
(listens, alert)
When?

EXT./INT. CBI VEHICLE. TAMZIN DOVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Van Pelt's POV: Silhouetted in the front door, Brad is welcomed with a hug by Tamzin Dove and enters the house.

VAN PELT
Now. He just went in. They hugged.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT

Lisbon on the phone, turns to Jane.

LISBON
Brad Elkins has gone to Tamzin Dove's house. Hugged her and went inside.

JANE
Interesting. They should wait ten minutes, then go in.

LISBON
Why wait?

JANE
Let the plot develop. Let the fruit ripen. Let the yeast rise etcetera.

LISBON
What if he means to do her harm?

JANE
If he's going to do that, he'll have done it by now.

Off Lisbon...

INT. CBI VEHICLE. TAMZIN DOVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Van Pelt on the phone.

VAN PELT
Okay, boss.

Hangs up.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
Well?

VAN PELT
We wait ten minutes then go in.

Rigsby shrugs a reluctant okay. Settles back. He picks up a bag of chips, but thinks better of it, and puts the bag down again.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)
Personally, I don't care if we wait all night. Witchcraft stuff gives me the creeps.

RIGSBY
Doesn't bother me. Nerds in cloaks.

VAN PELT
There's more to it than that.

RIGSBY
It's just a silly alternative lifestyle. Like Star Trek, or yoga.

INT. TAMZIN DOVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wicca mood MUSIC PLAYS. The room is lit only by candles.

Wearing an ornate robe, Tamzin Dove stands -- priestess-like -- at the center of a PENTACLE MAT on the floor. She holds a sorcerer's knife and a glass of milk.

Brad Elkins -- in only his jeans and blindfolded -- is led into the living room by two cloaked and hooded figures.

They lay him down on the floor -- face up -- at Tamzin's feet.

Tamzin raises the knife and the glass above her head and begins murmuring a Latin chant...

TAMZIN
Veneficae vox, atram lunae horam,
cum incendio expelli,
quod, venefica, nites.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

INT. TAMZIN DOVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N/2 CONT'D)

Holding the knife and glass of milk high, Tamzin walks in circles around Brad, lying on the floor as before.

TAMZIN
By blood has he been sullied, by blood let him cleansed.

HOODED ACOLYTES
By blood has he been sullied, by blood let him be cleansed.

The MUSIC increases in tempo and intensity. Tamzin repeats the same Latin chant...

TAMZIN
Veneficae vox, atram lunae horam, cum incendio expelli, quod, venefica, nites.

She spills milk on Brad, and stabs at the air over his body, getting closer and closer.

EXT. TAMZIN DOVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rigsby and Van Pelt move toward the house. They approach the front door. Take their positions on either side. Rigsby goes to knock, but stops when he hears the chanting from inside. He looks to Van Pelt --

RIGSBY
You hear that?

She does.

VAN PELT
What is it?

Unholstering his gun...

RIGSBY
Not yoga.

Rigsby rattles the door knob, assessing, then shoulders the door hard enough to open it.
Their guns drawn, Rigsby and Van Pelt move down the dark hallway, cautious. The chanting getting louder, as they finally--

-- burst in on the ritual, guns aimed, held high.

RIGSBY/VAN PELT
Drop the knife! Get down! Get down!

Tamzin and her terrified acolytes do what they're told. As Rigsby and Van Pelt cuff them, Brad sits up and pulls off the blindfold, angry that the ceremony was interrupted.

BRAD
What the hell?

VAN PELT
Brad, we're CBI. You alright?

BRAD
What's wrong with you people? Why can't you leave me alone?

TAMZIN
Be calm, Brad. And be patient with the ways of the Cowan.

Van Pelt and Rigsby look at each other, mystified.

Tamzin alone. Jane enters, sits down.

JANE
Tamzin Dove. The files tell me your real name is Sarah Jones, from New Jersey. Your mother committed suicide when you were sixteen. You don't know who your father is. You're a college drop out. You have a history of mild psychiatric problems.

(MORE)
JANE (CONT'D)
You served six months for shoplifting a few years ago.

TAMZIN
Sarah Jones is dead. I'm Tamzin Dove, I'm a priestess of Wicca.
You can't hurt me.

JANE
I don't want to hurt you. I imagine there's been enough of that. I want to help you. This is a murder investigation. One way or another, you're looking at trouble.

TAMZIN
The Goddess will protect me.

JANE
Tamzin, the Goddess may give you solace and hope and meaning in your life, but she can't protect you from the police out there.

Tamzin considers her options. Relents...

TAMZIN
Brad's been an apprentice in my coven since last autumn equinox. There's no crime in that.

JANE
Kind of young to be a witch, isn't he?

TAMZIN.
We're all born witch. We're all born in magic. It's taken from us as we grow up.

JANE
Interesting, if true. So what happened when Brad's parents found out about this new direction in his life?

TAMZIN
Brad's parents just really hate witches for some reason. I mean like, more than most. About a month ago, his mom threatened to kill me if I ever spoke to him again.
JANE
But you did.

TAMZIN
Brad came to me of his own free will. He was drawn to Wicca. I couldn't turn him away.

JANE
How does he feel about the spell you put on his brother?

TAMZIN
He's at peace with it. That's why we were conducting the cleansing ritual. Brad knows the difference between the world of magic and the real world. He understands I didn't kill his brother.

Rigsby has a file in hand.

RIGSBY
Maybe because, in the real world, Brad did it.

LISBON
What have you got?

RIGSBY
(off file)
Brad's been hospitalized twice in the last year. Both times, the accident report lists the cause as "rough-housing with brother."

LISBON
You think Brad finally had enough?

RIGSBY
Everybody has a limit.

Lisbon knocks on the glass. Jane looks up.

BRAD
Me? No! Why would I kill my own brother?
LISBON
To stop him from hurting you.

BRAD
He never hurt me, ever. Never.
Cody and me were cool.

LISBON
He put you in the hospital twice.

Beat. Brad looks awkward.

BRAD
Accidents. They were accidents.

JANE
So he did hurt you. Just
accidentally.

BRAD
Right. I mean, no. Yes.

JANE
He hated that you were friends with
Tamzin, didn't he?

BRAD
Yes.

JANE
But you wouldn't give her up.

BRAD
No.

JANE
Why?

BRAD
I feel safe there.

Cho enters, beckons.

Jane and Lisbon and Cho. Jane's making a cup of tea...

CHO
The parents are here. Want me to
hold 'em off a while?
LISBON
Yes. Wait, no. Better send Brad home with them and get some hard evidence before we bear down on him.
Jane agrees.

JANE
Yes, but let me talk to them first...

INT. CONFERENCE AREA. CBI HQ - NIGHT

Michael and Janice holding onto Brad, shutdown teenage-style in their embrace. Lisbon there with Jane. He holds his cup of tea...

MICHAEL
I don't see why you had to bring him all the way down here.

LISBON
We're sorry for any inconvenience.

JANE
Strange that none of you told us about his connection to Tamzin Dove.

JANICE
We were confused, to be honest with you. We don't understand Brad's obsession with witchcraft. We want to understand, we're trying, but it's, it's disturbing and a little embarrassing to tell the truth.

Brad looks grim, but says nothing. Michael gives him a hug.

MICHAEL
But we're in this together, right? We're going to get help. Nowadays there's therapy for this sort of problem. We'll get through this.

JANICE
Have you charged that Dove woman?

LISBON
No.

JANICE
Isn't it obvious she did it? Her or one of her weirdo friends.

LISBON
She's helping us with our inquiries.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
She swears she's innocent, so we're having her put a spell of revelation on the murder weapon.

The Elkins are surprised, naturally. Jane gives Lisbon a tiny look -- run with it.

JANICE
A spell of revelation?

JANE
Witches have the power of telekinesis. She has a spell which will raise the weapon from wherever it's been concealed and reveal it to us.

MICHAEL
You believe that evil crap?

JANE
You never know. No harm in giving it a whirl.

JANICE
That's insane.

JANE
(shrugs)
Her last spell worked pretty well.

JANICE
How can you be so cold?

JANE
Practice.

Jane waves and exits, casually.

LISBON
I apologize.

She hands Janice a form on a clipboard to sign.

LISBON (CONT'D)
Brad's free to go.

The Elkins leave.

Jane finds Tamzin.
As Jane escorts Tamzin to the exit, Cho watches them furtively from inside a doorway.

JANE
Look after yourself. And if I were you, I'd stay away from Brad Elkins for a while.

TAMZIN
I'll do as the Goddess tells me.

Jane smiles. She's nothing if not true to her faith.

JANE
Fair enough. Next time you speak to her, put in a good word for me.

TAMZIN
I will.

Tamzin exits. Cho emerges, goes to Jane.

CHO
I thought you were going to have her cast a spell. Find the murder weapon.

JANE
No, the spell's already cast.

CHO
When did she cast it?

JANE
She didn't. I did.

CHO
You can cast spells?

JANE
Cho, there's no such thing as spells.

Cho frowns.

(CONTINUED)
CHO
You're messing with my mind.
I don't appreciate it.

Cho walks away.

JANE
He really is a little freaked out
by this witchcraft malarkey, isn't he?

LISBON
Uh, yes.

JANE
We're going to need to work a
double shift on the stake-out
tonight.

LISBON
You want to tell me what's going on
at least?

JANE
Oh come on. You're telling me you
don't know what's going on?
You don't know who did it and why?

Lisbon gives him a deadpan look.

LISBON
No. But you're going to tell me.

Jane smiles...

JANE
How 'bout I show you?

He walks off with Lisbon...
EXT. ELKINS HOUSE - NIGHT

The CAR in the DRIVEWAY starts. Headlights shine bright as the vehicle pulls out and drives down the STREET...

INT. CBI VEHICLE #2. ELKINS HOUSE - NIGHT

...the vehicle passing US. Jane and Lisbon are in the front seat. They've been waiting for this.

LISBON
Here we go.

As Lisbon starts the engine --

(CONTINUED)
JANE
You better call Cho.

Lisbon dials her cell and they set off to follow the Elkins' car.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT
ELKINS' CAR in motion...

EXT. BRIDGE OVER RIVER - NIGHT

The Elkins' car pulls over at the bankside. We now reveal Michael, who gets out with a small bundle and walks to the river's edge. He gets set to throw the bundle into the river.

A CAR'S HEADLIGHTS COME ON.

Michael shields his eyes...

CHO
Drop it, Michael! Put it down, now!

But Michael doesn't. Instead, he runs in the opposite direction. Until ANOTHER BLINDING SET OF HEADLIGHTS stop him in his tracks.

LISBON
You're not going anywhere. Just drop it!

Realizing he's cornered, Michael looks around, bewildered, drops the bundle...

INSERT - The bundle on the ground is A MONKEY WRENCH, wrapped in a rag.

Michael raises his hands in the air. Giving in.

JANE (O.S.)
(on LOUDSPEAKER, deep voice)
Michael!

INT. CBI VEHICLE #2 - CONTINUOUS

Jane has the mike, and is enjoying himself.
This is God speaking. You have made me angry, Michael. Very angry.

Alright, that's enough.

You are...

Lisbon TURNS OFF the LOUDSPEAKER.

...under arrest.

The monkey wrench, lies on the table. Jane and Lisbon talk with Michael...

Amazing, isn't it? The murder weapon revealed. Tamzin's spells really work. She really is a witch I guess.

I don't know what you're talking about.

I'm sure the forensics will confirm your son's blood and tissue on one end of that wrench. Your fingerprints on the other.

I have no knowledge of that.

Why else would you be trying to hide it? Tell us what happened, Michael. Maybe there were circumstances. Maybe you had to defend yourself.

I don't have to explain anything.
LISBON
What about your sons' trips to the emergency room? Their broken bones?

MICHAEL
Just clumsy, I guess. A little dense at times.

JANE
Good thing they had you to keep them in line, eh? Some people don't understand how lucky they have it.

MICHAEL
That's right.

Michael nods in agreement, until he looks up to find Jane looking back at him with malice.

(Jane not only sees a murderer, but a man who is lucky enough to have his family, yet chose to betray them.)

JANE
I realized it was you when Brad said he liked going to Tamzin's house, because he felt safe there. Safe. Who feels safer at a witch's house than they do at home?

(beat)
You've been beating and abusing your wife and sons for years, haven't you?

MICHAEL
No.

JANE
Cody finally stood up to you, didn't he? What was it that finally set him off?

(beat)
My guess, you started smacking Brad around a little too much. Cody wanted to protect his brother. Was that it?

MICHAEL
No.

JANE
No, he says. Your wife and son are down the hallway. They say no too.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
He didn't do it. It can't be. Someone else did it.
(to Lisbon)
They know we caught him throwing away the murder weapon. And they still don't believe he killed Cody. Imagine how much they love this man, to be in such denial.
(beat)
Cody confronted you. He wasn't going to put up with your crap anymore.

FLASHBACK

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT (N/0)

MOS Michael's pushing his son in the chest, haranguing him about something. Cody takes it and takes it, then pushes back. Michael is enraged. A spittle flecked red-faced scary rage. But Cody is mad too.

JANE (V.O.)
And you could not hear that. Could not hear that.

Cody picks up a monkey wrench off the shelf. Mistake. Michael's anger finds another gear. He snatches the wrench from his son, and smashes him upside the head with it. Several times.

END FLASHBACK

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Long beat...

MICHAEL
He tried to hit me. I was defending myself.

Jane stands abruptly. Got the confession they need.

JANE
Goodbye, Michael.

He exits. Lisbon takes a beat, pulls her seat closer to Michael...

INT. HALLWAY/OUTSIDE WAITING ROOM. CBI HQ - NIGHT

Jane walks down the hallway, passing the spartan ROOM where Janice and Brad are, well, waiting.

(continued)
He passes the room quickly, deliberately avoiding their gaze; walks a bit further and stops. Thinks. Dammit. He goes back to the waiting room, enters.

INT. WAITING ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

We see through the window as Jane closes the door behind him. Sits with an anxious Janice and Brad. We're unable to hear what Jane says, but we know we're watching him tell them what really happened to Cody.

As Jane rests his hand on Janice's knee, she deflates. Tears flow, yes, of sadness, heartbreak, what she always feared could happen. But amidst the horror, Janice grabs Brad's hand, and we sense the slightest glimmer of relief, the two knowing that all these years of terror and anguish have finally come to an end...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN. CBI HQ - DAY (D/3)

A little pillar of smoke rises from a ball of newspaper burning in a saucer. Jane waiting for it to burn up completely. Van Pelt enters.

VAN PEKT
What are you doing?

JANE
A small favor for Cho.

Jane pushes the ash into a jelly jar, puts on the lid.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

Cho at his desk. Jane comes up, gives him the jelly jar.

JANE
(casually)
Tamzin Dove told me to give this to you. She said to keep it in a safe place.

Jane moves on. Cho is mightily relieved to have possession of the ashes, and clutches the jar to his bosom as if it were a precious living thing.

FADE OUT.

THE END