PINK REVISIONS - 12/03/08
15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 28, 29, 32, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42, 43, 45, 46, 52

YELLOW REVISIONS - 12/04/08
6, 15, 22, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31, 33, 35, 35A, 36A, 38, 46, 50, 51

GREEN REVISIONS - 12/08/08
5, 53, 53A

GOLD REVISIONS - 12/09/08
35, 35A
TEASER

FADE IN:

1  EXT. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT (N/1)

Nestled amongst the rolling hills of Steinbeck Country, California, lies the serene and picturesque Calistoga Canyon Resort & Spa. Spanish Mediterranean architecture. Luxurious suites with private patios opening onto landscaped courtyards. An oasis of relaxation, far from the hectic life its upscale patrons lead.

Looking in on one of the private villas, we see the low flicker of light from candles glowing behind sheer curtains. MAKE-OUT MUSIC PLAYS very softly. The mood is quiet, romantic -- that is until THREE SHOTS ring out in the night. Muzzle flashes lighting up the room.

2  EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - DAY (D/2)

JANE, LISBON, RIGSBY and VAN PELT walk the grounds of the resort, heading to the crime scene...

   LISBON
   (off notebook)
   We’ve got Claire Wolcott, female Caucasian, 32 years old. Found shot to death in her room. Her husband has friends in the Governor’s office. He called in some favors, wants the investigation to be kept discreet and low key.

   RIGSBY
   His wife is murdered and his priority is discretion?

Lisbon leads the way into...

3  INT. VICTIM’S VILLA. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONTINUOUS

Inside the villa, candles are set up near the bed. An empty bottle of good champagne rests in an ice bath; two half-filled glasses nearby. An expensive dress, high heels and silk lingerie have been tossed on the floor in the heat of passion. The body of CLAIRE WOLCOTT lies naked under a blood-soaked silk sheet on the bed, as if asleep. The adjacent pillow is dented, by someone else’s head, presumably. A door to a patio is half open.

A UNIFORM COP stands by.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY  
(off the room)  
Oh. Okay.

LISBON  
Yup. Mrs. Wolcott was cheating on Mr. Wolcott.

RIGSBY  
Which makes Mr. Wolcott suspect number one.

LISBON  
Number two. Number one would be Mrs. Wolcott’s mystery lover. The room’s registered under Claire Wolcott, so no help there. At two twenty-four AM, the night staff and a few guests heard three gunshots. Nobody could tell from where exactly. Fifteen, twenty minutes later, hotel staff checked the room and called 911.

RIGSBY  
Boom. Found a shell.

With a pen, Rigsby picks up a shell casing across the room from the bed and inspects it.

RIGSBY (CONT’D)  
Nine millimeter.

LISBON  
Leave it for forensics.

Van Pelt points to another shell on the floor.

VAN PELT  
And another.

JANE  
So the lover didn’t do it.

LISBON  
Because...?

Jane acts it out.

JANE  
Casings indicate the shooter was across the room here. He or she stepped in from outside and started blasting away.  
(MORE)  

(CONTINUED)
If the lover had done it, he’d have been closer to the victim. Wouldn’t have needed to shoot so many times. And look...

He points out a spot of blood on the floor. Some distance from the bed. The others look at it.

JANE (CONT’D)
Circular. Meaning a vertical drip, from someone standing right here bleeding, right? Not spatter from the victim.

LISBON
(grudging)
You’re a forensics expert now.

JANE
So Claire and mystery lover are asleep. Someone comes in through the open door. Shoots them and leaves. Poor lover is woken by a bullet, Claire dead beside him. Aaaaah!

Jane acts out waking and finding a dead body next to him.

JANE (CONT’D)
But then nobody comes right away. Mystery lover, who is only slightly wounded, gets to thinking maybe it would be best to just slip away.

Jane exits via the glass door to the patio.

EXT. VICTIM’S PATIO. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT – CONTINUOUS
Jane crosses the courtyard searching the ground. Lisbon heads out from the room after him.

Jane finds a tiny spot on the pathway.

JANE
There we go.

Sure enough, there’s a spot of blood, then another; like a trail of bread crumbs leading down the path. The trail leads to a PARKING LOT, and disappears. They comb the lot for more spots.

LISBON
Anything?

(CONTINUED)
JANE
No. You?

LISBON
No.

Jane eyes the car nearest the last blood spot. A high-end white CADILLAC. Its license reads "DOCLADY."

INT. RECEPTION AREA. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT – DAY

Jane and Lisbon with a CONCIERGE behind a counter, a COMPUTER SCREEN before him.

The Concierge checks the computer...

CONCIERGE
The silver Caddy arrived last night, two-thirty-one.

Jane grins, looks to Lisbon...

JANE
Seven minutes after the shooting took place.

LISBON
(to Concierge)
Name and room number?

INT. ROOM 112. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT – DAY

Jane and Lisbon stand outside room 112 with a RESORT EMPLOYEE. Lisbon KNOCKS on the door. No answer.

LISBON
Open it.

The employee opens the door. Lisbon and Jane enter. Inside, a medical bag opened on the counter. First aid paraphernalia strewn about. A gorgeous FEMALE DOCTOR, 30's, lies asleep in bed, spooning with PAUL FRICKE, 35, a nebbishy looking guy with a fresh bandage on his arm. Lisbon knocks on the wall.

LISBON (CONT’D)
Hey. Wake up.

Fricke and the Doctor wake with a start. Fricke fumbles for glasses on the bedside table.

DOCTOR
Oh my God. Who are you?

Lisbon shows her badge.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
It’s alright, ma’am. CBI. We need
to talk to you, sir.

FRICKE
What’s this about?

JANE
Take a wild guess.

Fricke sighs and gets out of bed, more whiney than contrite.

FRICKE
I’m not under arrest am I? I’ve
done nothing wrong.

Lisbon flinches ever ever so slightly

LISBON
Pants on. Then we’ll talk.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. FRONT PATH. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - DAY (D/2 CONT’D)

Staff and guests watch coroner’s men take Claire Wolcott away. Among them is KATIE, (20’s) a waitress.

EXT/INT. VICTIM’S VILLA - DAY

Rigsby’s outside the door talking with a hotel manager - KEVIN HAIGHTLY, (40’s) well-groomed, plain.

    Haightly
    I know we can’t expect to get the room back, but when might the walkway be open for use, d’you think?

    Rigsby
    Depends when forensics gets done.

Haightly’s trying to look inside at the crime scene...

    Rigsby (CONT’D)
    We’ll let you know.

He shuts the door on Haightly.

Paul Fricke is being questioned by Lisbon, Jane and Van Pelt. He seems quite calm given the situation.

    Fricke
    It was a cold night. So we lit a fire and made love on the rug there. We went to sleep afterwards. Then suddenly there’s like a sharp pain, and bang I wake up and there’s blood everywhere and I’m shot in the arm and Claire’s dead. You know? I freaked.

    Lisbon
    You didn’t see who did it?

    Fricke
    No.

    Lisbon
    Why did you leave?

    Fricke
    Claire was dead. I couldn’t help her. And I couldn’t help you guys. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
FRICKE (CONT'D)
I didn’t see anything. So, you know, what could I contribute?
(confiding)
She’s a married woman.

LISBON
Yes, we know. And Dr. Jill Rubenstein. What’s your connection with her?

FRICKE
The Doctor lady? I met her in the parking lot and asked her for help.

LISBON
A total stranger took you back to her room, treated your wound, and then had sexual intercourse with you.

Fricke shrugs modestly. Yup.

FRICKE
What can I say? The Hippocratic oath is a beautiful thing.

Lisbon and Van Pelt are puzzled.

JANE
How well did you know Claire Wolcott?

FRICKE
I didn’t, really. I met her a few weeks ago. She was at a bar and I picked her up. Since then I’ve seen her occasionally for sex.

LISBON
Is that what happened tonight?

FRICKE
Yes. I called and asked her to meet me for a drink. We came here.

LISBON
Who else knew you were here?

FRICKE
Nobody. Me and Claire.

LISBON
How long were you in her room?

(CONTINUED)
FRICKE
A few hours. I’d agreed to, you
know, stay the night.
(grimacing at the concept)
I was fond of Claire, and it’s a
long drive home, so I stayed. I
don’t normally do that.

LISBON
No? What’s your normal procedure?

FRICKE
After lovemaking? Depends on the
type of woman. Some women, I leave
soon as I’m done. Others, half an
hour to an hour, maximum, of
spooning and pillow talk, then
leave. Some you want to mix it up,
keep ’em guessing.

LISBON
You have it down to a science.

FRICKE
I’m good at what I do.

LISBON
And what is that? What you do.

FRICKE
I’m a pick-up artist. A woman
whisperer, if you will.

LISBON
(amused)
A pick-up artist? That’s your
profession?

From Fricke, a microflash of anger, then a smile.

FRICKE
You sound like my mom.
It’s more of a total lifestyle.
I practice my art of course, that’s
my passion. But I teach and I blog
also. I conduct seminars and
workshops, that sort of thing.

LISBON
Is that good money?

FRICKE
Not bad.

(CONTINUED)
Do you take money from the women you pick up?

Sometimes. When I need to.

Did you take money from Claire Wolcott?

No. Like I say, I was fond of Claire. I planned to keep seeing her. You really only want to monetize as an exit strategy.

Paul, is your mother still alive?

Fricke is a degree chillier when talking to a man.

I know where you’re going with this, Dr. Freud. And you’re wrong. My mom’s dead, as it goes, but I loved her dearly. And she loved me.

Who said anything about your mother?

You just did.

No I didn’t.

(irked)

Yes you did.

Jane laughs and gives Fricke a semi-gentle slap on the arm.

I’m playing with you, Paul.

Fricke’s irritated and off balance, as Jane planned.

Are we done here?

Jane leans in across from Fricke and gets up close in his face.

(Continued)
JANE
Do you know who killed Claire?

FRICKE
No.

Jane looks to Lisbon.

JANE
Interesting. He’s either a habitual liar telling the truth, or an honest man lying.

Fricke thinks twice about committing himself to a reply.

LISBON
D’you keep records? Of your pick ups?

FRICKE
Of course.

He taps his smart phone...

FRICKE (CONT’D)
Names, numbers, and a one to ten grading system.

LISBON
Nice. Something to show your grandchildren. We’ll need you to forward the list to us.

FRICKE
Sure. You think maybe this was a jealous ex-lover?

JANE
Could be.

Fricke’s actually kind of pleased and flattered by the notion.

FRICKE
Wow.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE/STAIRS. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - DAY

Jane, Lisbon, Rigsby and Van Pelt en route to the CBI vehicle...

VAN PELT
I say we bring him in anyway, for creepiness.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Which should be, but isn’t a
criminal offense.

VAN PELT
He could have shot her then shot
himself to cover it up.

RIGSBY
When he could have simply shot her
and left?

LISBON
He didn’t have the gun on him and
local PD have searched every inch
of this place and found nothing.
He’s clean.

RIGSBY
Could be someone was trying to kill
him, not her.

LISBON
Not likely. The room was in Claire
Wolcott’s name. Nobody knew he was
here.

VAN PELT
What was she thinking? She was
beautiful and he’s so creepy.

RIGSBY
That Dr. Rubenstein was hot too.
How does he do it?

JANE
All you need is a basic
understanding of the evolutionary
psychology of women, rigorously and
fearlessly applied. You just have
to know what buttons to press.

Rigsby’s intrigued, but the women are vexed. They get in the
car.

LISBON
Like we’re toasters.

VAN PELT
Like men don’t have buttons too.

JANE
Men are like toasters. Women are
more like accordions.
Rigsby drives them off.

INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - DAY

KEITH WOLCOTT, 38 -- super entitled banker. Tucked-in pique polo, driving loafers, golf tan -- enters the CBI carrying a paper bag. Greeted by Lisbon with the slight degree of deference due to a super rich and well connected man.

LISBON
Thank you for coming in, Mr. Wolcott. I’m sorry for your loss.

Wolcott hands the bag to Lisbon.

WOLCOTT
The effects you requested. Photos, video of Claire.

LISBON
We’ll return them as soon as possible.

Wolcott makes a small but definite `whatever’ gesture.

WOLCOTT
I was upstairs speaking with my friend the attorney general. I told him I will not rest until I see the man who did this brought to justice. I will not rest. I know I can expect the same from you and your people.

Lisbon doesn’t like being pushed.

LISBON
I can assure you this unit does the best we can on every case we run. Cho!

CHO comes over.

LISBON (CONT’D)
If it’s convenient, Agent Cho would like to ask you a few questions.

Lisbon swivels, walks away.

CHO
Hi.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY

Cho and Wolcott.

(CONTINUED)
CHO
When did you speak to your wife last?

WOLCOTT
I was in San Francisco for a business dinner. I called Claire around mid-day to tell her I'd probably be staying in town that night.

CHO
Did you? Stay the night in town?

WOLCOTT
I did.

CHO
Did she say where she was going, or who she was meeting?

WOLCOTT
No. But I didn’t ask.

CHO
So you didn’t know she was at the spa.

WOLCOTT
I wouldn’t expect to know. She often went up there on a whim.

CHO
Can you think of anyone who held a grudge against her?

WOLCOTT
No. She was, she was harmless.

CHO
Any friends or family that might be mixed up with bad people?

WOLCOTT
She’s from back east. She doesn’t have friends or family out here. She shopped and played tennis and went to spas. No-one had motive to...

CHO
Yes?

(CONTINUED)
WOLCOTT
I recall she did fire an assistant last month. Caught her stealing jewelry. She was pressing charges.

CHO
Name?

WOLCOTT
Natalie something. My people will have her details.

Cho writes, then gives Wolcott a beat...

CHO
Are you aware that on the night of her murder your wife was meeting a lover?

Wolcott stares at Cho for a beat.

WOLCOTT
Yes. The local authorities told me they suspected as much.

CHO
Did you know she had a lover? Prior to her death, I mean?

WOLCOTT
No. Do you have a name? Is he a suspect?

CHO
We have a name. He’s not a suspect.

WOLCOTT
Who is he?

CHO
I’m not at liberty to say.

WOLCOTT
I want his name.

CHO
You can’t have it.

WOLCOTT
Are you sure, Agent Cho? I can make one phone call, and your career is toast. (CONTINUED)
That’s impressive. The best I can get with one call is pizza. This business dinner you were at in San Francisco, what’s the timing on that? And who else was there?

Wolcott rises, bristling, but keeping himself under control.

WOLCOTT
My people can give you times and names and numbers. We’re done here.

CHO
Thanks for your cooperation.

Wolcott exits the room.

EXT. PARK - DAY (D/0)

MOS CLAIRE WOLCOTT is an almost incidental part of the footage, which features a newly purchased DOG.

We PULL BACK to REVEAL...

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - INTERCUT

Jane sitting alone, closely watching the FOOTAGE of Claire Wolcott on an OFFICE MONITOR. Jane SLOWS THE TAPE as Claire turns and looks directly at camera. He FREEZES HER with an enigmatic smile.

Van Pelt enters, putting on a jacket. After a beat...

VAN PELT
What do you see?

JANE
Loneliness.
(beat)
And cute dogs.

Stands, shaking off melancholy.

JANE (CONT’D)
Where are we going?

EXT. MODEST APARTMENT - DAY

Jane and Van Pelt arrive outside a stucco apartment complex. NATALIE EDREAU, 22, a spoiled sorority girl, answers.

VAN PELT
Natalie Edreau?
NATALIE
Yes.

VAN PELT
We’re with the CBI. Can we come in?

Natalie looks reluctant, barring the door.

NATALIE
I already told the cops I didn’t steal anything from that bitch.

VAN PELT
By bitch, are you referring to Claire Wolcott?

NATALIE
Yeah, so?

JANE
She was murdered last night.

Natalie reacts. Shocked more than upset. Jane breezes past her into the apartment.

INT. MODEST APARTMENT - LATER


VAN PELT
How long did you work for Claire Wolcott?

NATALIE
Like a year. Until she turned psycho.

VAN PELT
She claimed you stole jewelry from her.

NATALIE
She’s wrong. I didn’t steal anything.

VAN PELT
Claire pressed charges against you. How did you feel about that?

NATALIE
Excuse me. Hello. Are you trying to say I killed her?

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT
Do you own a gun, Natalie?

NATALIE
Oh my God, this is so stupid. No. I don’t own a gun. And no, I didn’t kill Claire.

Jane moves around the room as she speaks, watching her all the time. As the conversation proceeds, we note as he does that she gets blinky and nervous when Jane hovers by her overflowing desk.

VAN PELT
Where were you last night?

NATALIE
Hanging out with my roommate until nine or so. Then I went and got dinner.

JANE
What’d you have?

NATALIE
What does this have to do with anything?

Jane gives Natalie his best stern look.

NATALIE (CONT’D)
The chopped salad at Pastucci’s.

Jane nods as if this confirmed something.

JANE
There’s something on this side of the room that you don’t want us to find. What is it?

NATALIE
Nothing. There’s nothing.

JANE
Look me in the eye and say that.

Natlaie looks him in the eye.

NATALIE
Whatever. Search all you want.

JANE
Meh. Too much stuff. You’re not very tidy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Good in bed I expect, yes? Messy women are good lovers. Let me hold your hand.

He doesn’t wait for permission, takes her hand, and leads her to the crowded desk...

NATALIE
I don’t --

JANE
-- Shush.

He moves his free hand across the crowded tabletop, whilst looking closely at her, studying her micro-expressions, change in pulse, and subtle eye movements. After a couple of passes and stopping and starting, he hovers over a mid-range digital camera.

JANE (CONT’D)
The camera.

Bingo. Natalie looks guilty even to our untrained eyes. Jane picks up the camera and starts FLIPPING THROUGH the PHOTOS. Natalie tries to take it from him.

NATALIE
(desperate)
Those are personal.

ON THE CAMERA DISPLAY, pictures of Natalie and her friends, together out at a bar. Smiling sorority smiles, cheeks red from drinking. Then Jane flips past a series of much different photos. In them, Claire Wolcott is close and intimate with Paul Fricke.

VAN PELT
Is that?

JANE
Uh huh. Claire Wolcott with her lover... Paul Fricke. Time stamped two hours before she was murdered.

Jane and Van Pelt look to Natalie, who can only put her head in her hands and sigh.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14  OMITTED
15  INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY (D/3)

C.U. of eight-by-ten PHOTOS from Natalie’s camera.

REVEAL: Cho drops the stack of eight-by-ten PHOTOS on the table and sits across from Natalie.

CHO
These are the photos we pulled from your digital camera. Couple hours after this was taken, she was dead.

NATALIE
It doesn’t prove anything.

CHO
Opportunity and motive. You were close by when she died. And the theft charge she laid on you dies with her.

NATALIE
That was a garbage charge anyhow. I wasn’t worried about that.

CHO
No? You didn’t steal jewelry from her?

NATALIE
Please, she dressed like a Mormon call girl. I wouldn’t wear her jewelry for money.

CHO
I didn’t ask if you wore her jewelry. I asked if you stole it.

NATALIE
(not convincing)
No. I didn’t.

CHO
Why were you photographing her?

Silence.

(CONTINUED)
CHO (CONT’D)
Think this through, Natalie. We’re investigating murder. If you have an explanation for these that doesn’t involve killing her? You should tell us. Get yourself off the hook.

Natalie sees his point.

NATALIE
I thought if I threatened to tell her husband about her affair, she’d drop the theft charges. That’s what the pictures were for.

CHO
How did you know Claire was having an affair?

NATALIE
It was obvious. She kept sending me out to buy men’s gifts. You know, like watches. Ties. I knew they weren’t for Keith. I’m not an idiot.

CHO
What did Claire say when you confronted her about it?

NATALIE
I didn’t confront her. Claire left with that flugly guy before I got the chance.
(beat)
It probably wouldn’t have worked anyway.

CHO
Why not?

NATALIE
Because Keith Wolcott is, like, super controlling. Especially with money. He probably knew all along his wife was sleeping around.

Cho takes note of this.
Cho brings us in to Van Pelt and Rigsby and Jane, on his sofa writing in a sudoku book, very fast.

RIGSBY
What’s the verdict?

CHO
I’m not liking her for this, but we should talk to the roommate, make sure her alibi stands up.

JANE
Boo-ooring.

CHO
(ignoring)
The husband on the other hand. He is the type to know about his wife’s affairs.

RIGSBY
His business dinner in San Fran was kosher. He couldn’t have made it to Calistoga to kill her.

VAN PELT
He’s also the type that hires other people to do his dirty work.

CHO
Yes he is. Hit men aren’t cheap, and they don’t take credit cards.
(to Van Pelt)
Can you dig into Mr. Wolcott’s finances?

JANE
Booooring!

VAN PELT
Okay, Mr. Entertainment, what do you want to do?

He sits up abruptly.

JANE
I want to go back to the crime scene. Something vexes me about that hotel room.
INT/EXT. VICTIM’S VILLA/PATIO - DAY

Jane studies the room closely. Rigsby waits.

JANE
Something isn’t right. But I can’t quite see what it is.

RIGSBY
Me neither.  
(beat)
Don’t take too long. I’m hungry.

JANE
They have an excellent restaurant here. Worth the drive.

Jane goes to the glass patio door, opens it, steps outside to the patio. Shuts the door, then finds that it can’t be opened from outside. He gestures to Rigsby, who opens the door for him.

JANE (CONT’D)
Let’s go eat.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - DAY

Manager Kevin Haightly, spots Jane and Rigsby coming in.

HAIGHTLY
Ah, glad to see you again. Is there any news? The owner keeps asking when we’ll be able to reopen the villa.

JANE
No news. We’re here for lunch.

HAIGHTLY
Oh, of course. Right this way.

Haightly leads Jane and Rigsby into the dining room.

Inside, Rigsby points out Paul Fricke sitting alone at a table.

RIGSBY
Look who’s here.

JANE
Just the man. I have a question I need to ask him.
A young waitress -- KATIE -- leans over Fricke, taking his order. Upon seeing the two together, Haightly becomes a little tense. His jaw clenches shut. Jane clocks this.

FRICKE
My old friends from the CBI. Have a seat.

Rigsby and Jane slide in with Fricke. Jane gives Katie a smile, studies her for a beat. Haightly sees this.

HAIGHTLY
(softly)
Katie, table four needs fresh drinks.

KATIE
Yes sir.

Katie hurries away. Jane watches Haightly follow after.

JANE
Surprised to see you back here so soon.

FRICKE
This is my number one hunting ground. Loaded with my kind of women -- beautiful, rich, married and unhappy.

JANE
You specialize uh?

FRICKE
Sure. Some guys will tell you hot young singles are the real test, but I'm not in this to win a points contest you know? I like the gratitude you get from the older ladies.

JANE
A woman died. A woman you were close to. That doesn’t give you pause?

FRICKE
Sure it does. Yes. I have feelings. But this gunshot wound is a genius opener.

RIGSBY
What’s an opener?
FRICKE
You know, a prop or a line you use to start a conversation. You can’t just go up and say, “Hey what’s your name”?

RIGSBY
No?

FRICKE
Duh.

RIGSBY (lightly)
So how do you do it exactly? Pick women up.

Fricke smirks at Rigsby.

FRICKE
Need some help uh?

RIGSBY
No.

FRICKE
Big handsome dude like you, I’ve got a few basic techniques that will turn you into a freakin’ sex machine. A machine.

RIGSBY
I’m not really looking to be a machine so much. I’m more of a steady relationship kind of guy.

FRICKE
Feh. When you’re scoring with a different superfox every night, what d’you want a relationship for?

JANE
You never fall in love with one of your scores?

FRICKE
Nope. Never. Love is for guys that can’t get laid.

Jane notes Fricke’s quick look away. He’s lying...

RIGSBY
So what’s the basic technique?

(CONTINUED)
FRICKE
There’s a thousand ways to seduce a
woman. All kinds of workable
systems. But they all boil down to
three words.
(beat)

Katie brings bread, and Jane notes her smile to Fricke, which
Fricke studiously ignores.

RIGSBY
Contempt. Control. Excitement?

FRICKE
Women want men that don’t need or
want them. They want to be told
what to do. And they want edge,
adventure, drama, whatever you want
to call it. Present that package
to them and they will bite.
Guaranteed.

SAME SCENE - A LITTLE LATER

Katie comes out of the kitchen with the check and Jane’s
credit card, gives it to Jane.

FRICKE
...And then you get up and leave.

RIGSBY
(transfixed)
Leave? But...

FRICKE
Nope. You leave. Next time she
sees you, she’ll tear your clothes
off. Guaranteed.

JANE
What’s up with you two?

FRICKE
Excuse me?

JANE
You and Katie here. You have
something going.

Both of them blush and look awkward.
FRICKE    KATIE
(vehemently)   (wounded pride)
No.           No.

JANE (CONT’D)
Just asking.

Jane hands her the check and Katie hurries away.

FRICKE
I used to let her sleep with me
once in a while. That’s all.

JANE
No. You have real feelings for
her.

Fricke looks awkward.

FRICKE
Years ago, maybe a little. Sure.
Before I got my mojo working.

Jane rises, and Rigsby does likewise. They shake hands with
Fricke.

JANE
Good to talk to you Paul.

RIGSBY
You had another question for him.

JANE
Oh yes. I forgot. That night,
when you went to sleep with Claire,
was the patio door open or closed?

FRICKE
(takes a beat to recall)
Closed I think.

JANE
Thanks.

Jane exits, Rigsby follows. Fricke frowns, left off balance.

EXT. RESTAURANT/ENTRANCE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT – DAY

Jane and Rigsby walking to their car.

RIGSBY
You think Fricke’s right?

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Was the door closed? Yes. It was a cold night. They lit a fire. Why leave the door open?

RIGSBY
No, I mean is he right about how to deal with women.

JANE
No. He’s one hundred percent wrong.
(beat)
Unless all you want is a lot of casual sex with strangers. Then he’s right.

Rigsby’s conflicted.

20A INT. HALLWAY/BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY
A group of two dozen or so attractive and mostly well-dressed women sit waiting in the hallway. As we move into the bullpen we see Cho questioning KARA, a beautiful thirty-something year-old woman.

CHO
Where did you first meet Paul Fricke?

KARA
At a wine tasting event a friend was throwing.

CHO
And how long were you and he romantically involved?

KARA
Um... three, maybe four hours.

Cho looks up at this. Scribbles in his note pad.

20B INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - LATER
Cho with WOMAN #2.

CHO
What attracted you to him in the first place?

WOMAN #2 starts to answer. Then stops, realizing she can’t quite explain why.
Cho questioning.

CHO
What exactly attracted you to Paul Fricke in the first place?

WOMAN #3 stares blankly back at Cho.

QUICK SHOTS of the same lack of response from another WOMAN. And another. And another. None able to quite put their finger on it.

Cho with yet another woman, MOLLY.

MOLLY
I don’t know. I guess there’s just something about him.

CHO
Were you at all angry or hurt when the relationship ended?

MOLLY
No. I was disappointed, more than anything. He was very attentive. We had a wonderful time together.

CHO
Thank you for your time, Ma’am.

Cho rises to escort her out.

MOLLY
You’ll tell him I said hello, won’t you?

Off Cho’s look.

Van Pelt enters, passing a group of women outside the door still waiting to be questioned.

VAN PELT
How’s it going? Any potential suspects?
Van Pelt sizes up the group of women still waiting.

VAN PELT
There's more?

CHO
This is just A through M.
(beat)
How's it going with you?

VAN PELT
No unusual transactions from Mr. Wolcott, but three days before she was killed, Claire Wolcott made a two hundred thousand dollar withdrawal in the form of a cashier's check, made out to Paul Fricke.

(Cho takes note)
Here's the best part. According to the bank, Keith Wolcott set up the account so that he'd be notified whenever a large transaction took place.

CHO
Meaning Wolcott had to have known about the two hundred grand.

VAN PELT
Exactly.

Van Pelt heads off. Cho sighs, then approaches the women waiting to be questioned, checking his note pad.

CHO
Chastity?

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT (N/3)

Dark leather chairs. An upscale cigar room. We find Wolcott with a bunch of hedge fund types in tuxedos and black bow-ties enjoying fine Scotch being served by a white jacketed servant.
“Darn it, woman,” says the redneck. “Ain’t you never seen a goat before?”

They all laugh merrily.

ON Jane and Rigsby approaching. They glance at each other off the laughter...

RIGSBY
Handling his grief well.

Jane looks dark.

JANE
Hmmm.

RIGSBY
Mr. Wolcott.

Wolcott takes a beat to realize it’s the CBI. Frowns as he heads over to cut them off.

WOLCOTT
Now is not a good time.

RIGSBY
Sorry to intrude. There are some follow up questions we need to ask you, regarding your previous statement.

WOLCOTT
I’ll be happy to speak to you tomorrow morning at my office.

RIGSBY
This won’t take long.

WOLCOTT
(harshly)
I told you. Tomorrow morning. In my office.

He turns away and walks back to his friends.

JANE
(loudly)
Mr. Wolcott, it’s about your wife’s lover. We know about the two hundred thousand dollars your wife gave him. And we know you know about it.

WOLCOTT
How dare you?

JANE
How dare I? What did I do that was daring? Am I supposed to be scared of you?

WOLCOTT
You’re supposed to be respectful and disc --

JANE
-- Respectful? You contemptible little buffoon. Your wife just died and you’re wearing a monkey suit and drinking punch and laughing with your idiot friends. And you want respect?

Jane flicks the end of Wolcott’s nose...

JANE (CONT’D)
There’s respect.

...and stalks off angrily. Wolcott is momentarily dumbstruck. Rigsby rubs his temple.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ – DAY (D/4) 23

Lisbon enters, pissed off; stands over Jane, who lies on his sofa, relaxed.

JANE

What?

LISBON

You know damn well what. You assaulted a man.

JANE

I only tweaked his nose.

LISBON

That’s assault, technically.

JANE

Technically, he’s an ass. He deserved it.

LISBON

Yes he is. But this is not a school yard. You simply can’t do stuff like that.

JANE

Yes I can. I did. The seas didn’t boil. The sky didn’t fall.

LISBON

It will shortly. Wolcott’s on his way down here with a thousand dollar an hour lawyer. If you make a formal apology to him, he’s willing to think about dropping the matter.

JANE

Hmmm, let me think. No.

LISBON

Oh come on, be reasonable for once.

JANE

I’m busy.

LISBON

Right.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
I am. I’m thinking. He’s going to drop the matter in any case.

LISBON
Oh really?

JANE
I guarantee it. He’s a shallow narcissist. All about image. And this whole business makes him look small and silly.

He closes his eyes as if going back to sleep. Lisbon simmers impotently a beat, then tweaks Jane’s nose and walks away. Jane smiles to himself.

EXT. NEAR HOT TUB. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - DAY

Rigsby and Van Pelt crossing the grounds...

RIGSBY
(muttering to himself)
Contempt, control, excitement.

VAN PELT
What?

RIGSBY
Nothing...

VAN PELT
This place is sooo nice. Eight hundred dollars a night minimum, can you believe that?

Rigsby doesn’t even glance at Van Pelt, just hmmmphs in reply.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
Hello? You’re not talking to me? You barely said a word the whole way down.

RIGSBY
(loftily)
I’ll talk to you. When you have something interesting to say.

Van Pelt, hurt, has no idea where this is coming from...

VAN PELT
Fine, be a jerk.

Van Pelt pushes through a gate. A confused Rigsby follows after.
Where we find Paul Fricke dangling his legs in a hot tub in which TWO WOMEN are immersed.

FRICKE
I’d come in with you, but I have to keep my injury dry.

The women don’t respond.

FRICKE (CONT’D)
Gunshot wound.
(still nothing)
But don’t worry, you’re not in any danger. I’m a lover. Not a fighter.

Skeeved out, the two women get out of the hot tub and split. Fricke turns to find Van Pelt and Rigsby looking at him sourly.

FRICKE (CONT’D)
Not you guys again.

RIGSBY
The old magic not working so good today?

FRICKE
It’s like baseball. Most of the time, even in the Major Leagues, you swing and you miss. You have to keep swinging. I hit on ten women a day, I’m going to have sexual intercourse with one of them. At least.

VAN PELT
That is gross.

FRICKE
(to Rigsby)
She’s intrigued by me, she’s just too proud to admit it.

RIGSBY
Shoes on Romeo.

Fricke eyeing Van Pelt as they and Rigsby head for the CBI car.

(CONTINUED)
FRICKE
I didn’t notice before. You’re not bad looking. Shoulders are a bit too wide, but otherwise pretty nice.

VAN PELT
You’re kidding right? You’re trying to hit on me?

FRICKE
What man in his right mind wouldn’t hit on you?

Van Pelt smiles despite herself.

RIGSBY
Leave her be. Get in the car.

LISBON, behind her desk. Wolcott and his LAWYER sitting opposite, glowering.

LISBON
(rueful)
I’m sorry. My colleague, Mr. Jane refuses to apologize, says he’s happy to go to court. And you refuse to talk to us, so we can’t rule you out as a suspect. I’m afraid this is going to make a bit of a mess.

Wolcott blows air, looks at his Lawyer, takes a beat.

LAWYER
Keith, I suggest --

WOLCOTT
-- No no. I have nothing to hide. What do you want to know?

LISBON
What did you know about your wife’s affair with Paul Fricke?

WOLCOTT
I knew Claire was having an affair with this Fricke person. I knew about the money she was giving him.

LISBON
Why did you deny knowing?

(CONTINUED)
WOLCOTT
It’s not the sort of thing one
likes to admit, is it?
(MORE)
WOLCOTT (CONT'D)
And I knew it would make me a suspect, which would be tedious.

LISBON
Did you confront her about Fricke?

WOLCOTT
No. I stopped the check immediately of course.

LISBON
And you just let it go at that? Weren't you angry?

WOLCOTT
Not at all. I was happy. I'd wanted to divorce her for ages.

LISBON
Why?

WOLCOTT
(shrugs)
She'd become irritating. The cost of divorce always deterred me. But her infidelity with Fricke cut the payout she'd get in half. If Claire had lived, come Monday, she was in for a nasty surprise. I was all set to serve her divorce papers.

LISBON
Even cuckolded, you'd have to give her a big sum, rich man like you. Her death saves you a lot of money, doesn't it?

WOLCOTT
Yes it does. Money isn't everything though, is it? I'm sorry she's dead. Truly sorry. But every cloud, as they say.

Lisbon gives him a dark look.

LAWYER
I'll believe we're done here.

LISBON
Seems to be.
WOLCOTT
You’ll be hearing from the Attorney General shortly regarding Mr. Jane’s conduct.
LISBON
I doubt it.

WOLCOTT
Oh really.

LISBON
When you’ve had time to think, you’ll see this whole business makes you look small and silly, and you’ll drop the matter.

Wolcott frowns, takes a beat before exiting.

INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ – DAY

Fricke enters laughing merrily with Van Pelt. Rigsby in tow, miserable. Wolcott leaving, crosses paths with them. Both men pause momentarily and wonder what to say, then move on.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/4)

Cho’s in with Fricke.

CHO
You misled us Paul. You were going to take money from Claire.

FRICKE
But I didn’t. Did I? A business associate of mine is opening a new club in town. He offered me a role as partial owner if I could come up with a share of the building costs. Claire was generous enough to offer me a loan.

CHO
And?

FRICKE
I went to deposit it a couple of days ago, and was told the check had been stopped.

CHO
That must have been disappointing. What did Claire say?

FRICKE
She said it must be a mistake and she’d sort it out Monday.

(CONTINUED)
CHO
Did you believe her?

Cho eyes Fricke carefully.

FRICKE
No big deal. You know what the best part about being me is? There are literally dozens of rich, needy women I could go to for financial help. I didn’t need Claire’s money.

Jane walks in, interrupting.

JANE
Hey. What’s the story with you and Katie? The waitress.

CHO
Hello, in the middle here...

JANE
Yes, sorry. I was thinking. I had a thought. Bear with me.
(to Fricke)
So, Katie, tell me about her.

FRICKE
Nothing to tell. Used to be if I didn’t score for whatever reason, I’d call her off the bench.

JANE
Can’t sleep alone uh?

FRICKE
Some people use cocoa and a good book, I use beautiful women.

JANE
She must have been crazy about you, to put up with a deal like that.

FRICKE
I guess so.

JANE
Must be difficult for her now. Watching you pick up a different woman night after night.

(CONTINUED)
FRICKE
That’s not how it is with me and Katie.

JANE
Of course it is. She loves you. That much is clear. Maybe that’s what all this was about? Your behavior finally got to her?

Fricke shifts in his seat. Not enjoying this.

FRICKE
Katie didn’t have anything to do with this.

JANE
How can you be so sure?

Fricke grows concerned. His slick exterior momentarily disappears.

FRICKE
I know Katie. She’s a good person. She wouldn’t hurt anyone.

Jane studies Fricke for a beat.

JANE
Okay, great. Thanks. You can go.

CHO
Um...

JANE
I’m sorry. When Agent Cho says you can go, you can go.

Jane exits. Fricke looks to Cho.

CHO
One moment.

He follows Jane out...

INT. HALLWAY/BULLPEN. CBI HQ – CONTINUOUS

Jane and Cho walk from the interrogation room to the bullpen...

CHO
Dude... you can’t dismiss my subjects like that. It completely undermines my authority.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
I took it back, didn’t I?
Anyhow, we need him back on his
familiar hunting grounds. You’ll
agree with me hundred per cent when
I explain my theory. And my
brilliant plan.
(sizing him up)
Do you have any good clothes?

CHO
I’m wearing them.

JANE
Anything with a little more zing?

CHO
No.

JANE
No problem. We’ll go shopping.
Let’s go.

He hustles Cho along with him.

MUSIC PLAYS as Cho strides into the crowded lounge. His hair
is spiked, he's wearing flashy clothes, some bling, and his
sunglasses are on inside.

Cho's peacocking -- a Venusian technique used to grab the
attention of women and instigate conversation. Groups of
people, men and women alike, can’t help but turn his way.
Agent Cho is looking good.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT-NIGHT(N/4 CONT’D) 32

Cho’s at the bar. Surveying the crowded lounge. He checks to make sure no one’s looking and speaks to himself.

CHO
I’m in position.

INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT. 33

REVEAL -- Jane’s behind a bank of SURVEILLANCE MONITORS set up in one of the resort suites. A receiver and microphone are on the desk. Lisbon, Rigsby and Van Pelt behind him.

JANE
Look around, choose a likely target.

INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - INTERCUT 34

Back with Cho, who we now see is wearing a small earpiece and microphone discretely hidden among his many accessories.

CHO
Will do, hey...

This last to the bartender who was watching Cho talk to himself.

CHO (CONT’D)
Bourbon on the rocks. Make it a double.

Cho’s POV -- A NEARBY TABLE where TWO WOMEN are downing mojitos. They look back at Cho, sizing him up.

CHO (CONT’D)
Those two will do I guess.

CUT BETWEEN JANE AND CHO

JANE
Good. So listen, relax and I’ll guide you through this. Just be calm and confident and go up to them with a --

Cho’s direct as ever.

(CONTINUED)
CHO
-- Yes, you told me that already.
I have the general idea.
  (turning to the mojito ladies)
Hello, ladies. I’ll be right with you.

The MOJITO LADIES, DARBY and SARA-BETH, look at each other.
The bartender brings Cho his drink.

CHO (CONT’D)
Start a tab for me, would you?
Room 206. That’s for you.

He puts a fifty dollar bill in the bartender’s vest pocket
and goes to the Mojito ladies’ table, sits down.

CHO (CONT’D)
Hi. My name’s Kimball Cho. What are your names?
  (points)
You first.

DARBY
Darby.

Cho points to the other.

SARA-BETH
Sara-Beth.

CHO
Tell me about yourselves.

The ladies are surprised into obedience.

SARA-BETH
Uh, what do you want to know?

INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT.
The team watches from behind the monitors.

JANE
Well it’s not exactly text book style, but nice job, Cho.

RIGSBY
That worked? Hello ladies?

JANE
I think he’s just invented a new method.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
There’s Fricke.

VAN PELT
Where?

JANE
Just came in with those three blondes.

RIGSBY
Let me see.

Rigsby leans in. SEES FRICKE ON THE MONITOR with three stunning women.

RIGSBY (CONT’D)
I don’t believe this guy.

INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - SAME TIME

Fricke chats up three captivated women in the lounge. The whole group is laughing.

ANGLE -- Katie’s at the bar, watching Fricke.

INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT

RIGSBY
I give up. I do not understand women. Never will. Seems like the dumber you treat ‘em, the better they like it.

VAN PELT
They’re drunk women. You can’t generalize to all women in general.

RIGSBY
No? You went for Fricke’s line the same way. Like a mackerel. Bam. Hooked.

VAN PELT
(outraged)
That is so not true.

RIGSBY
Oh, Paul, ha ha, you’re so funny.

VAN PELT
Shut up. I did not.

Lisbon gives Jane an accusatory look.
LISBON
This is your fault.

JANE
What? I’m just sitting here.

Jane smiles at Rigsby and Van Pelt now ignoring each other.

EXT. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT

The resort glows romantically under a dark blue canopy of stars.

INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT

The crowd has thinned out. Fricke is slow dancing with one of his three blondes. Cho’s deep in intimate conversation with the Mojito Ladies.

Haightly, the manager, enters, approaches Katie as she gazes wistfully at Fricke.

HAIGHTLY
You’ve worked a double today. Have a nightcap on the house and clock off for the day, why don’t you?

KATIE
Thanks, Mr. H. That sounds good.

Katie undoes the apron around her waist and heads for the bar. Haightly watches her go.

INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT.

Rigsby’s trying not to fall asleep on the bed. Van Pelt and Jane watching the monitors. Lisbon’s catching up on paperwork.

JANE
Cho, time for phase two.

INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONTINUOUS

Cho and the Mojito Ladies...

CHO
Roger. Phase two coming up.

DARBY
What’s phase two?

Cho leans over and whispers in her ear. Her eyes go wide and she stands up indignantly.

(CONTINUED)
Let’s go Sara-Beth.

SARA-BETH
What did he say?

Darby whispers in Sara-Beth’s ear. Sara-Beth’s eyes go wide and she stands up indignantly. They march out in unison, watched by Katie and Fricke and Haightly and other occupants, amused...

INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT.

Jane and the team laughing, except for Van Pelt...

VAN PELT
What did he say? I didn’t hear.

JANE
You don’t want to know.

INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT

Cho gets up and goes to the bar, sits a couple of stools down from Katie.

CHO
Oh well.

KATIE
Struck out uh?

CHO
I blew it. As usual. I’m just unlucky in love. Always have been. When I do find someone, they break my heart every time.

KATIE
I know how that goes.

CHO
Same story uh?

KATIE
Same story.

Katie looks at Fricke, Cho follows her gaze to Fricke.

CHO
That guy?

KATIE
Him.

(CONTINUED)
CHO
No offense, but I’ve been watching him operate this evening, and he seems like kind of a creep. A player no doubt, but a creep.

KATIE
This isn’t who he is. When we were together, he was a sweet, caring generous man. It was me that screwed it up. We had a terrible fight. I said some mean things. Mean things. This is all an attempt to prove me wrong I guess.

CHO
Eh. If I had a woman like you in love with me, you could say whatever you like. I wouldn’t be out running around.

KATIE
That’s nice of you to say so. Thank you.

CHO
You know what you need to do? You need to make him jealous. Let him see you out and about, enjoying yourself with another man.

Katie gives Cho a look.

KATIE
Are you hitting on me?

CHO
Yes I am. But it’s a good plan, isn’t it?

Katie smiles...

44 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT – CONT. 44
Jane, Lisbon, Rigsby and Van Pelt watch ON SCREEN as Katie and Cho hit it off in the lounge.

JANE
He’s a natural.

45 INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT – TEN MIN. LATER 45
Cho leans in closer to Katie, whilst gesturing for the tab.
(to bartender)
206.
(to Katie)
Here’s the plan. Let’s walk right past him, laughing and smiling like we’re on our way somewhere cool. Get him thinking.

KATIE
Then what?

CHO
We’ll think of something.

Katie sees Fricke across the room, surrounded by the group of three women, one of them sitting on his lap.

KATIE
Sure. Let’s do it.

Cho takes Katie by the arm and leads her laughing and smiling past Fricke, who watches them go. He frowns.

INT. RECEPTION AREA. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONTINUOUS
Cho and Katie crossing the room, still laughing, touching. They just seem to naturally keep walking to the stairs and up toward the guest rooms.

INT. HALLWAY. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONTINUOUS
Cho and Katie giggling along a hallway. Round a corner.

INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT.
Jane et al watching.

ON A SCREEN -- THE SECURITY CAMERA FEED -- Cho and Katie appear, Cho unlocks a room. They disappear inside.

INT. HALLWAY/CHO'S SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT.
Cho and Katie enter the room, Cho first. As soon as they’re inside...

CHO
(to Jane et al)
Okay. We’re in the room.

INT. SURVEILLANCE SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - CONT.
Jane et al watching screens that show empty hotel corridors.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Nice work. Sit tight now. I don’t think it’ll take long.

INT. CHO’S SUITE. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT

Katie, staring at Cho, who is holding his ear as he speaks.

CHO
You hope.

KATIE
Who are you talking to?

CHO
My colleagues.

KATIE
(worried he’s nuts)
Oh-kay. Who are they?

Cho shows his badge.

CHO
I’m a state agent, ma’am. We’re conducting an undercover operation regarding the Wolcott murder case.

KATIE
I... I don’t understand.

CHO
I apologize for the deception involved.

Katie takes a beat to process this, looks stricken...

KATIE
Undercover? You don’t, you’re not...

CHO
No ma’am.

KATIE
I’m so embarrassed.

CHO
That’s understandable.

Katie bursts into tears.

CHO (CONT’D)
I mean, there’s no need... Uh... hey. Come on now.
Jane et al watching the monitors. Attentive but restless.

LISBON
There’s nothing hap-pen-ing.

JANE
Have some pa-tience, woman. She’s
got no patience, has she?

This to Rigsby and Van Pelt. In BG A DARK FIGURE MOVES
ACROSS A MONITOR SCREEN and disappears.

RIGSBY
Not touching that.

VAN PELT
There!

We watch the MONITOR SCREENS. There’s nobody to be seen.

RIGSBY O.S
Wha --

Then suddenly the DARK FIGURE reappears, up close, and we see
it’s a man in A LONG DARK RAINCOAT AND A BLACK HAT, obscuring
his face.

RIGSBY
Holy...

The FIGURE moves swiftly down a long hallway to room 206.
He pulls a gun from his waist, and opens the door with a
security pass key.
He steps inside, only to find it's not Cho and Katie inside;
it's Rigsby, Lisbon and Van Pelt waiting with guns drawn.

LISBON
Drop the weapon!

RIGSBY
Drop it, Haightly!

REVEAL -- A stunned Kevin Haightly drops the weapon to the
floor. As the team moves in to arrest him, Haightly sees
Jane rocking slowly side to side in his chair at the
monitors, waving hello to the apprehended murderer.
Rigsby puts surveillance equipment into the back of the CBI vehicle, parked close to the guest rooms.

Rigsby comes back inside and helps Van Pelt pack up equipment in BG. On sofa, Jane and Lisbon talk with handcuffed Haightly.

HAIGHTLY
You set me up.

LISBON
Yes we did.

HAIGHTLY
How did you know it was me?

Jane holds up the security pass card that Haightly used to get into the room.

JANE
It was a cold night. Fricke told us the patio door in his room was closed when he went to sleep.

FLASHBACK

Jane unable to open the patio door.

JANE (V.O.)
And they can’t be opened from outside.

END FLASHBACK

Jane et al with Haightly.

JANE
Which could only mean the killer entered via the main door. And that requires a key. Who has the keys? Staff.

FLASHBACK
Haightly uses his hotel key to quietly open the door. He heads inside and finds two figures lying in bed.

JANE (V.O.)
Who’s on the staff that would want to hurt Claire Wolcott? Nobody.

Haightly raises his gun.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Okay. Who would want to hurt Paul Fricke? You.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Haightly fires indiscriminately.

END FLASHBACK

Jane et al with Haightly.

JANE
But what reason would you have for hating him? Katie.

FLASHBACK

Katie leans over Fricke, taking his order. Upon seeing them, Haightly becomes tense. His jaw clenches shut.

JANE (V.O.)
You hate him for using and abusing her, the woman you love.

Haightly approaches Katie and clocks her as she gazes wistfully at Fricke. Haightly longingly watches her go, then stares at Fricke with contempt.

JANE (V.O.)
You hate him past all reason.

END FLASHBACK

Jane et al with Haightly...
HAIGHTLY
(fiercely)
I’m not sorry. He’s dirt. He’s slime. The way he carried on with those other women. Rubbing Katie’s nose in it. I never would have hurt her like he did.

(beat)
I wish I had killed him.

JANE
You killed Claire Wolcott instead.

HAIGHTLY
(unrepentant)
I never meant to do that. I wanted to kill Fricke, not Claire. But she shouldn’t have been doing what she was doing, should she? It’s not like anybody cares. Her husband was --

JANE
(angrily)
-- I care! I care about Claire Wolcott! She was a living person. You took a life, you stupid --

Jane stops himself. Takes a deep breath. Turns to Lisbon...

JANE (CONT’D)
Sorry. I uh...

LISBON
That’s alright. You go. We’ll finish up here.

Jane nods, exits. Lisbon turns to Rigsby and Van Pelt.

LISBON (CONT’D)
Where’s Cho?

RIGSBY
I don’t know. I tried him a couple times. No answer.
KATIE
The problem is, I really love Paul. I know how he seems and I know how he’s been, but at the end of the day, when I think about who I want to be with... it’s him. That’s crazy uh? But love is crazy I guess.
CHO

No it’s not. You should seek psychiatric help.

Katie laughs.

INT. LOUNGE/BAR. CALISTOGA CANYON RESORT - NIGHT

Jane sits alone at the bar, nursing a drink. The crowd has thinned out for the night. Only a few stragglers remain, including Fricke, who enters from the patio with one of his women, an empty look on his face.

Fricke sees Jane at the bar and approaches alone.

FRICKE

You mind?

Fricke sits. He has a heaviness about him, a seriousness.

JANE

Rough night?

FRICKE

Eh, not bad. A couple of good phone numbers.

Jane and Fricke sit quiet for a beat. Then Katie enters from across the room. Jane sees her, and a moment later Fricke does as well. In that moment, Fricke lights up. But he determinedly looks away.

FRICKE (CONT’D)

Yup. Two very tasty numbers...

Jane calmly pours his drink on Fricke’s head.

JANE

Don’t be so bloody stupid. You have a good woman there. That knows you and loves you.

Fricke stares at him for a beat, dripping. Shocked. Then he slides out from the bar and heads over to Katie, who watches nervously as he approaches. Not sure what he wants with her. After a few awkward beats, he reaches down and takes her hand, leading her out.

A beat on Jane, introspective. He pays no attention to Katie and Fricke.

WOMAN’S VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Jane turns to see a stunning woman before him.
WOMAN
You looked kind of lonely.
My friend and I were wondering if
you’d like to join us?

Across the room, the other woman waves from her table.
Jane shows her his wedding ring.

JANE
Sorry. Married.

He turns back to the bar, takes a shot of his drink.

FADE OUT.

THE END