THE MENTALIST

"Scarlett Fever"

Written by
Erika Green

Directed by
Paul Holahan

Warner Bros. Entertainment
4000 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, CA  91522

PRODUCTION DRAFT
December 15, 2008
FULL BLUE 1/03/09
PINK REVS. 1/07/09

© 2009 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.
This script is the property of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.  No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced or used by any means, or disclosed to, quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.
THE MENTALIST

“Scarlett Fever”
Episode #114
January 7, 2009 – Pink Revisions

REVISED PAGES

PINK REVISIONS – 1/07/09
46
TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MARQUESA HOME - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING (N/1)

An ostentatious McMansion LIT UP for a party, in a luxury gated country club community filled with homes built to impress. They're are all different, but exactly alike.

2 INT. MARQUESA HOME. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A lively cocktail party is in full swing as CATERERS serve hors d’oeuvres to the crowd.

3 INT. UPSTAIRS. MARQUESA HOME

SCARLETT MARQUESA, 30’s, beautifully dressed, comes staggering down a hallway, hands at her throat, a choked scream on her lips. She blindly runs into and over the top bannister overlooking the foyer. She falls -- crash landing on a table of hors d’oeuvres -- to her death.

As pandemonium ensues, a little boy -- OSCAR MARQUESA -- curly black hair, nine-years-old, comes out of his room, peers down through the banister and sees his mother’s contorted body on the floor below.

4 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - NIGHT

JANE, opposite a shaven-headed tattooed GANGSTER, who gazes intently at a shiny .45 Caliber SILVER BULLET Jane is holding between thumb and forefinger.

JANE

...Look at it, George. Beautiful, isn’t it? Look at that. Like a little jewel. Or a child’s toy. Wouldn’t it be good if you could relax and go back to a time when you were a child? A little boy with no cares or worries. You can go back if you want if you think about it, if you just close your eyes and drift away. That’s right. Don’t you feel happy and relaxed?

GANGSTER

Yes...

The Gangster is in a light trance.

JANE

Say it. Tell me how you feel.

(CONTINUED)
GANGSTER
Happy and relaxed.

JANE
Good.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS
TWO AGENTS from the Organized Crime Squad are watching.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

JANE
Tell me, George, what’s your date of birth?

GANGSTER
I was born on the first of March, 1980.

JANE
That’s right. What was your mother’s name?

GANGSTER
Melody.

JANE
That’s a nice name. She was a good woman. She liked you to tell the truth, didn’t she?

GANGSTER
Yes.

JANE
Good. Now tell me how you murdered Donovan Hobart and --

LISBON enters in a hurry.

LISBON
Jane, sorry to interrupt, we just caught a red ball. Are you going to be long with this one --

She notices the gangster’s weird demeanor.

LISBON (CONT’D)
Dammit Jane, he’s in a trance isn’t he?

JANE
I’d describe it as more like deep relaxation.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Hypnotized. You hypnotized him.

JANE
I’m doing a favor for the organized crime squad.

LISBON
Those cowboys?

She knocks on the two-way glass mirror.

LISBON (CONT’D)
Time to go, guys.

JANE
I was just about to get the truth from him. He killed two people. If you walk out very quietly, I might still be able --

LISBON
-- How many times have I told you, no hypnotism! It’s illegal and unethical and you cannot keep --

JANE
-- Calm yourself, woman. No big thing.

LISBON
Oh really. This man’s lawyer is right this minute coming down the hall, wearing a mean face, and something tells me he will dispute that point with you. Let’s go.

JANE
Let me bring George back out of his trance first eh?

LISBON
Be quick about it.

JANE
Yes, ma’am. George? Listen to me carefully...

A hard-faced CRIMINAL LAWYER enters.

LAWYER
I’d like to speak to my client alone. Now.
LISBON
Of course...

She gestures to Jane -- ‘Get out!’ Jane shakes George’s hand.

JANE
It was nice to meet you, George, Good luck in all your future endeavors.

Lisbon and Jane leave. Lawyer sits down. George is still lightly tranced.

LAWYER
So, George... George? Are you alright?

George just stares at him placidly.

OMITTED

INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - MOMENTS LATER

Jane and Lisbon hurry away. Jane’s amused.

LISBON
It’s not funny.

JANE
It is a little. What have we got?

LISBON
(off file in hand)
Unincorporated country club development outside town. Scarlett Marquesa, female, thirty-three.

INT. MARQUESA HOME - LATER

COPS and FORENSICS people moving about. Scarlett, on the floor, the CORONER’S MEN about to take her away, waiting for photos to be taken of the body.

Jane and Lisbon enter and are met by RIGSBY who briefs them.

RIGSBY
...Hostess of the party, married, one kid. Around about ten-twenty this evening, the party was in full swing. Scarlett comes running over the balcony clutching her throat and screaming, she falls down to her death.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Where’s the husband and kid?

RIGSBY
With neighbors. Badly shook up.

LISBON
We’ll wait till tomorrow morning to speak to them.

(looking at the body)
Poison uh?

RIGSBY
Must be. The discoloration, the frothing at the lips. The medical examiner thinks so too. But we haven’t found a source yet. We don’t know where she was when she drank the poison.

(indicating direction)
She came from up there, but the actual poisoning could have taken place anywhere. It’s a big house.

The Coroner’s men start to lift Scarlett onto a gurney. Jane stops them.

JANE
One moment.

He studies her face.

JANE (CONT’D)
Interesting. Look at her eyes.

The others look at Scarlett’s eyes.

RIGSBY
What?

Jane exits purposefully.

LISBON
Hello. Use your words.

Lisbon sighs. She isn’t going after him. She looks to Rigsby, who dutifully follows Jane.

INT. MARQUESA HOME. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Jane going down a long hallway, peering into rooms. Rigsby behind him.
JANE
She had more mascara on her right
eye than she did on her left.
Meaning she must have been halfway
through redoing her makeup when she
was poisoned. Sooo, she was in
theee...

He ducks into a room.

INT. MARQUESA HOME. BATHROOM – NIGHT

Jane’s in a little chrome and marble palace with a big
mirror.

JANE
...Bathroom.

He looks around a bit and uses a handkerchief to pick up a
cocktail tumbler from the floor under the basin.

JANE (CONT’D)
The source of the poison, I have no
doubt.

As he studies the glass, he notices lipstick further down on
the glass, far away from the rim where it would have been
deposited by drinking from the glass. He looks around and
then peers into the waste bin where he reaches in and comes
up with a crumpled napkin. He uncrumplies it. Reads:

JANE (CONT’D)
And here...

He turns it around so Rigsby can see...

INSERT: Written in lipstick on the napkin -- “NOW WE’RE
EVEN.”

JANE (CONT’D)
A motive.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. VILLA MARSANTE ESTATES - DAY (D/2)

JANE’S POV from CBI VAN on the move -- The community is upscale, but moving down. Amid the ostentatious luxury are “FOR SALE” and “OPEN HOUSE” SIGNS outside houses. A MOVING TRUCK is backed up in a driveway.

EXT. MARQUESA HOME - DAY

As Jane and Lisbon walk toward the house from the van, VICTOR MARQUESA, late 30’s, stunned, weary, and drawn, in slacks, is at the front door, saying goodbye to ASRA HADAMI, 30’s, serious, raven-haired beauty in a business suit, and MANDY RILJEK, 30’s, athletic, tough but perky, sporting pink tennis togs. He hugs each of the women, _lingering a bit longer_ on the hug with Asra. Jane clocks this awkward hug with interest.

LISBON
Mr. Marquesa. Agent Lisbon, CBI.

VICTOR
Oh yes. Please come in.

He notes her significant glance to the two women...

VICTOR (CONT’D)
These are dear friends, Asra Hadami, and Mandy Riljek. They’ve been looking after me and Oscar.

The two women acknowledge the agents.

ASRA
Anything we can do...

Lisbon nods politely...

MANDY
Vic, I’ll make sure Jim comes by as soon as he gets back in town.

VICTOR
Thanks, Mandy.

ASRA
Take care, Victor.

Jane watches as Asra and Mandy walk away.
The room still has not been cleared from the day before as police tape and broken furniture clutters the scene. Victor comes down the stairs with a HANDBAG and a PHONE and gives them to an awaiting Lisbon and Jane.

**VICTOR**
Scarlett keeps everything in there. Very organized.

**LISBON**
We’ll return her items to you as soon as we can.

Victor nods and they follow him. Jane takes Scarlett’s bag and looks through it discreetly while they walk into --

**INT. KITCHEN. MARQUESA HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

All the available counter space is covered with glasses, silverware, and dishes from the night before. Victor shows them to a breakfast nook table where they all take seats.

**LISBON**
Mr. Marquesa, the tox screen tells us your wife’s drink was laced with rat poison.

**VICTOR**
Rat poison?

**LISBON**
Is there any in the house?

**VICTOR**
No. None. Rat poison. Dear God.

Oscar, in a PIRATE COSTUME, play acting an epic battle -- comes tearing through the room, shrieking...

**VICTOR (CONT’D)**
(loud but ineffectual)
Oscar.

Jane and Lisbon gaze at him.

**VICTOR (CONT’D)**
Who would do such a thing?

**LISBON**
Someone who wanted to get even.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Who’s your guess? Whose name is nagging at you?

VICTOR
Scarlett had no enemies. Everybody loved Scarlett.

JANE
Even Asra?

VICTOR
(bristling)
Asra? Yes. They got along fine. Why ask about her?

JANE
You and Asra are having an affair, aren’t you?

VICTOR
What? No!

JANE
No? Really?

VICTOR
No, really, and what the heck kind of police are you anyhow to ask me a question like that? On no basis at all.

JANE
My mistake, sorry.
(beat)
Is she your business partner then?

VICTOR
She’s my accounts manager.

JANE
Ah. Okay. I understand.

VICTOR
Understand what?

JANE
No matter. There’s no keys in here. D’you know where her keys are?

VICTOR
No, I couldn’t find them. I wanted to move her car.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Never mind, I’m sure they’ll show up.

LISBON
What business are you in exactly?

VICTOR
I develop real estate.

LISBON
Rough market.

VICTOR
You know. We’ve all seen better. I’m very confident it’ll turn around soon.

LISBON
Did Scarlett work with you?

VICTOR
No. She was the artistic type. She made jewelry, that was her thing. Made a pretty good business out of it in fact. Selling to friends and neighbors.

LISBON
What kind of jewelry? Expensive stuff?

VICTOR
No. Just nice trinkets really, earrings, bracelets.

JANE
Can we see some?

VICTOR
Sure.

Victor goes to another part of the kitchen and brings over a flat velvet display that houses a couple of rings, bracelets and two artful little pill boxes. Jane and Lisbon pick pieces up, study them and put them back.

JANE
Very nice.

LISBON
Was there any particular reason for last night’s party?

(CONTINUED)
VICTOR
Scarlett's idea. She figured we needed to let people know we're doing fine. And we are, doing fine.

LISBON
At the party last night, did anyone behave in an unusual manner? Were there any odd incidents you recall?

VICTOR
No.

LISBON
Were the guests all known to you personally?

VICTOR
Yes. Good friends.

LISBON
We'll need a guest list.

VICTOR
Sure. They were from the country club mostly. Scarlett was elected chair of the women's committee there, which is kind of a big deal in this community? Very prestigious. I was so proud of her, although it meant she had to spend a lot of her time at the club.

Oscar comes tearing through the room again, screaming, sword flailing.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Oscar! Stop, please!

Oscar comes to a full stop, looks at his dad before silently darting out of the room. Lisbon and Jane look on awkwardly.

VICTOR (CONT’D)
Pardon me. Are we done here?

LISBON
For the moment, yes. We'll be in touch if we need anything else.
LISBON
What’s your deal with Asra Hadami?

JANE
You saw the dinner theater way she hugged Victor. She’s deceiving him. I thought it was a love affair gone awry, but it’s something else. She’s probably stealing from him.

LISBON
I’ll have Van Pelt pull her financials same time she pulls the Marquesa’s.

JANE
We should go take a look at this country club.

LISBON
Yes. Talk to the women’s committee she chairs. Take Rigsby with you.

EXT. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

EXT. BALCONY. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Jane and Rigsby look out onto the majestic expanse of the club’s grounds that include the pool and tennis courts packed with PLAYERS and SPECTATORS, a mostly female crowd. We feature PATIENCE BROADBENT on court number one, 20’s, impossibly blonde and lithe, yelling HAH! as she hits the heck out of the ball and wins her match in BG as scene continues...

RIGSBY
Someone here knows the truth.

JANE
Oh? How can you tell?

RIGSBY
Poison and a message in lipstick says this murder was done by a woman. And women have no secrets from other women.

JANE
Unless it was a cunning man, posing as a woman.

RIGSBY
You think?
They approach a MEMBER’S DESK, set up al fresco to conduct club business during the tournament, where HEATHER STUDEMONT (30’s), zaftig, capable, melancholically cheerful -- is seated, writing in a ledger. There’s a microphone on the desk hooked up to a PA system. Heather wears a name tag with her name on it.

HEATHER
(into mike)
Semifinal pairs players 23 and 45
to court one now please.  23 and 45
to court one.

RIGSBY
Good morning, ma’am. California
Bureau of Investigation. Rigsby,
Jane.

Jane shakes her hand.

JANE
Nice to meet you Heather.

HEATHER
Everyone’s been expecting you.
Poor Scarlett. Terrible. How can
I help you?

RIGSBY
We’d like to start by talking to
the members of women’s committee.

HEATHER
Sure thing.

She reaches for the microphone. Rigsby gestures, wait...

RIGSBY
Uh, perhaps it’d be best to gather
them discreetly?

HEATHER
(shrugs)
Everyone will know in minutes
anyhow.
(into mic)
Jackie, Patience, Mandy, the police
are here and they want to talk to
us about Scarlett’s murder.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Come to the rose courtyard. And everybody, the silent auction is closing shortly so get those bids in now, folks.

Jane and Rigsby exchange a look. Heather stands up.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
I’ll show you the way.

EXT. ROSE COURTYARD. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Heather, Patience Broadbent, Mandy Riljek, and JACKIE SHAPER (40's, an extrovert, kinda slutty, dramatic, good-hearted), cluster on the court along with Rigsby and Jane, several of each on either side of the net. There’s already a perceptible tension between the women. NB we don’t put focus on it, but all of the women, except Heather, are wearing items made by Scarlett.

HEATHER
(pointing)
Patience Broadbent, Mandy Riljek you’ve met...

MANDY
Hi.

HEATHER
And Jackie Shaper.

JACKIE
Thank God you’re here. You’ll find this maniac, won’t you?

JANE
We’ll try. Were you all at Scarlett’s party?

All nod and say yes together.

PATIENCE
Everyone has to go to the chairwoman’s parties. It’s a rule.

Jane notes Jackie gives Patience a scowl.

JANE
Chairwoman’s a prestigious position, isn’t it?

MANDY
Yes it is.
JANE
She makes her share of enemies I expect.

Jackie looks hard at Patience.

JACKIE
You could say that.

PATIENCE
If you have something to say, say it. Speak your mind, bitch.

JACKIE
Oh okay. You want it all out there? Okay. He asked about enemies. That’s what you were.
(to Jane and Rigsby)
She hated Scarlett because she wanted to be chair and Scarlett whipped her butt in the election. Schooled her. Right, Mandy?

MANDY
Oh, I’m not getting into this one.

PATIENCE
Right. I missed out on scoring the private office and all that cool stationery with my name on it, so I killed her. Have you any idea how idiotic you sound?

Rigsby jumps in quickly.

RIGSBY
Tell you what, it’s probably best if we conduct separate interviews with each of you individually.

EXT. POOLSIDE. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Jane and Rigsby with Heather alone.

JANE
Do you remember anything odd happening at the party?

HEATHER
The usual mojitos and chitchat. But...

JANE
But what?
HEATHER
I don’t know if I should tell you, but I saw Scarlett arguing with Asra Hadami? It looked kind of angry. Some say something more than business might be going on between Asra Hadami and Victor Marquesa. I don’t know if that’s true. I don’t really follow the gossip.

JANE
Who does?

INT. MEETING ROOM. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Jane and Rigsby with Mandy Riljek.

JANE
We’re told you’re the gossip queen around here.

MANDY
(complacently)
People tell me things.

JANE
Who’s Victor Marquesa having an affair with?

MANDY
(delighted)
I don’t know. Who? Tell.

JANE
Asra Hadami.

Mandy blurts out laughing, and stops herself quickly.

JANE (CONT’D)
That’s a funny idea?

MANDY
.serious)
No. It’s just, no. Victor and Asra are good friends, nothing more. Asra had nothing to do with this.

JANE
No? What’s the general opinion then? Who did this?

(CONTINUED)
MANDY
(looks around, whispers)
My guess. Victor.

RIGSBY
What makes you think that?

MANDY
Nothing really. Victor’s a nice guy, but that’s who kills women, isn’t it? Their husbands. Ninety percent of the time.

RIGSBY
Seventy percent, I think.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Jane intercepts Patience Broadbent as she leaves the tennis court, all sweaty and glowing.

JANE
Nice play out there. You could maybe put more topspin on your returns.

PATIENCE
The answers are yes, I disliked her, no I didn’t kill her.

JANE
You hate to lose, don’t you?

PATIENCE
(impatiently)
Yes, unlike all those many people that love it.

As they speak, DOLORES, wearing several layers of clothing even though it’s warm, attempts to approach Patience. She is tired and shivering a bit, but has a hopeful expression. There is a noticeable shift in Patience’s demeanor when she sees her.

DOLORES
Excuse me, Patience?

PATIENCE
(angered)
Are you kidding me, Dolores? Go away.
DOLORES (deferential)
You’re right. I’m sorry.

The woman, realizing her error in attempting to talk to Patience, tries to pull herself together as she walks away. Jane takes note of the weird interaction.

JANE
What was that all about?

PATIENCE (lying)
Oh, Dolores has had the flu for like a week and I don’t want to catch anything she has. I’m in the semifinals for Godssake.

JANE (not buying it.)
Alright then.

PATIENCE
I have to go. I have another match in half an hour and that toxic dwarf Mandy Riljek is trying to outbid me on the silent auction. What does she need ‘two romantic nights at the Cliffside’ for? So I’ll save us all time and tell who did this if you like.

JANE
Sure, I’d like that.

PATIENCE (whispers loudly)
Asra Hadami.

JANE
Really. Why?

PATIENCE
She’s having an affair with Victor.

JANE
How’d you know that?

PATIENCE
I just have an eye for that stuff. Asra must have killed Scarlett so she can have Victor for herself. Don’t know why. You ask me, he’s a loser.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Thanks. Oh by the way, if you hate Scarlett Marquesa so much, why are you wearing earrings that she made?

PATIENCE
She makes good earrings.
Nice meeting you.

She touches his chest with her racket and exits.

JANE
Nice to meet you.

INT. CHAIRWOMAN’S OFFICE. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB – DAY

Rigsby and Jane with Jackie. Jane roaming around.

RIGSBY
You and she were close, weren’t you?

There’s a definite unspoken attraction between Rigsby and Jackie.

JACKIE
We were very close. Being her deputy on the women’s committee, we spoke every day.

RIGSBY
Anything different about your recent conversations?

JACKIE
She talked a lot about moving away. She was tired of keeping up at all costs.

RIGSBY
At all costs?

JACKIE
(covering)
Just working so hard.

Jane tries the door of a LARGE SAFE. Locked.

JANE
D’you have a key for this, Jackie?

JACKIE
Oh no, only Scarlett has a key. This is the chairwoman’s office and that’s the chairwoman’s safe. I don’t know anything about that.
And Scarlett’s keys are missing. Interesting.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ – EVENING

Jane, Lisbon and Rigsby enter. Cho and VAN PELT work at their desks.

JANE
We need to get that safe open.

LISBON
We’ll need to get a search warrant.

RIGSBY
On it.

LISBON
Did you get anything from Scarlett’s friends?

JANE
Everybody has a different theory, but they’re all hiding something. I don’t know what.

Lisbon’s at Cho’s desk...

LISBON
Any word from forensics about the lipstick on the napkin?

CHO
Not yet. They’re jammed up. As usual. Budget cuts.

Cho’s PHONE RINGS, he answers.

VAN PELT
Boss, I just now got access to Asra Hadami’s financials? She cleaned out her bank accounts this morning.

Lisbon walks over to Van Pelt’s computer.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
Checking. Savings. Took around hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in cash.

LISBON
Going on the run maybe. She didn’t buy any rat poison recently, did she?

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT
That would be nice. No. No record of it.

Cho putting down phone in BG.

LISBON
Cho, send a unit to pick up Asra Hadami.

CHO
I would, but that was the Marsante security patrol calling. They just found Hadami’s house empty. She’s gone.

LISBON
Great. A fugitive.

JANE
I know where she is.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE INN - NIGHT (N/2)

ESTABLISHING a resort by the sea. Crashing waves. Full moon.

CAPTION: “CLIFFSIDE INN”

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY. CLIFFSIDE INN - NIGHT

Rigsby and Van Pelt walk down as they cross paths with a BELLMAN coming from the opposite direction. Rigsby flashes his badge.

RIGSBY
We need your key.

The Bellman quickly hands him the key and stands there in anticipation of what will happen next. On Rigsby...

RIGSBY (CONT’D)
You can go now.

The Bellman leaves. Rigsby and Van Pelt use the key and go in.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. CLIFFSIDE INN - NIGHT

Asra and Mandy sit up in bed, alarmed, shielding their nakedness with sheets.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

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

Lisbon and Van Pelt heading for the interview room.

VAN PELT

Boss?

LISBON

(reading file)

Hmm?

VAN PELT

I’ve been here nearly six months now. Half a year.

LISBON

What d’you want? Half a cake?

VAN PELT

I want to take lead on this interview.

Lisbon looks up from the file, appraising her.

LISBON

Okay.

VAN PELT

Okay?

LISBON

Sure, go ahead.

VAN PELT

(grins)

Thanks, boss.

They walk into the waiting room, Van Pelt leading the way.

INT. WAITING ROOM. CBI HQ. - DAY

Van Pelt slowly paces as she questions Asra. Lisbon hangs in the back.

VAN PELT

Why were you running, Ms. Hadami?

ASRA

No reason. Stress. I needed space.

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT
Nothing to do with the argument you had with Scarlett Marquesa the night she died?

ASRA
I didn’t have an argument with her.

VAN PELT
We hear differently.

ASRA
No argument. I swear. I didn’t kill her. This is absurd.

VAN PELT
No more absurd than you clearing out your accounts and abandoning your home for “no reason.”

ASRA
Maybe I need a lawyer.

Van Pelt looks to Lisbon who nods for her to press on.

VAN PELT
Say the word. What he’ll tell you, if you’re not involved in the murder, best speak up.

ASRA
I ran because I knew the murder would expose some issues I would like to keep private.

VAN PELT
Such as your relationship with Mandy Riljek?

ASRA
Exactly. News like that could be ruinous.

VAN PELT
True, but not the kind of thing you abandon your house for. You said issues. What are the other issues?

Asra indicates truth being told...
ASRA
I didn’t want to look Victor in the face and tell him that I’d helped run everything he’d worked so hard for into the ground.

VAN PELT
How did you help do that?

ASRA
I borrowed money from the company’s cash reserve.

VAN PELT
How much?

ASRA
A little over half a million.

VAN PELT
Where did it go?

ASRA
I made some poor investment choices that I had to cover quickly.

VAN PELT
So you stole --

ASRA
I borrowed. From the reserves. I skimmed the money from each development deal that should have gone into the company’s reserve account as back up. We were making so many deals, I knew I would get it back before it would matter. But then the deals and the funding dried up and suddenly that reserve was very important. I sold anything I could get my hands on to cover the money.

Van Pelt again looks back at Lisbon who gives her approval of how she handled the questioning. Van Pelt is pleased.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ. - CONTINUOUS

Rigsby comes in, sits down with Mandy, who’s been cooling her heels and getting impatient. Rigsby writes on a form.

RIGSBY
Be with you in just one minute.
MANDY
Why am I even here? I’ve done nothing wrong.

RIGSBY
You were found in a compromising position with a murder suspect.

MANDY
How did you know where to find us anyway? Have you been spying on me?

RIGSBY
You outbid Patience for a romantic weekend. But your husband Jim’s away. And you laughed at the idea of Asra and Victor as lovers.

MANDY
Nobody knows I’m here, right? If this gets out, there’ll be such a scandal.

RIGSBY
Nobody knows you’re here.

Mandy sits back. Rigsby hands her a form on a clipboard.

RIGSBY (CONT’D)
If you’ll sign this, you can be on your way.

Mandy takes the form. Cho enters. Speaks a tiny bit woodenly.

CHO
Judge’s clerk says we won’t get a search warrant for Scarlett’s safe until tomorrow morning. Then we’ll go in and take the place apart.

RIGSBY
(off Mandy)
Shoosh.

CHO
(as if only now noting her presence)
Oh, sorry.

RIGSBY
You didn’t hear that. That’s confidential.
MANDY
Confidential? Oh, of course.

RIGSBY
Seriously. Don’t tell anyone that. Okay?

MANDY
I understand. May I leave now?

Rigsby makes a ‘be my guest’ gesture. Mandy sizes them up as she leaves. After she’s gone.

RIGSBY
Not bad. Your delivery was a bit wooden.

CHO
Wooden? Me? Look to yourself, Brando.

INT. KITCHEN. MARQUESA HOME – DAY

Lisbon and Van Pelt talk to Victor. Oscar runs in and out dressed as a WIZARD.

VICTOR
I can’t believe it. Asra’s been with me for over five years. She was right there with me in the trenches. I can’t believe it.

Robotically, Victor pulls out “fixins” and begins making a sandwich.

VAN PELT
After going over your accounts, we had a couple of questions.

VICTOR
Sure.

VAN PELT
You’ve talked about cash crises in your business, but regular cash deposits have been made into your personal accounts. Some were upwards of five thousand dollars.

VICTOR
Oh.
   (embarrassed)
Those were Scarlett’s deposits.
   (MORE)
Hey, Oscar, come get your lunch.

Those are some pretty hefty deposits for someone not really working. Where was the money from?

Her jewelry business.

I thought you said it was a small side business?

It was, but apparently she had a lot of interest in her pieces. She recently made a deal with a couple of boutiques.

Do you know which ones?

Never asked.

Without her money, you would have fallen behind months ago.

I know all too well that it was my wife that had to save our bacon.

Oscar bounds into the room. He stares at his plate.

What’s the matter?

You made it wrong. Mommy never puts all this stuff in it. She knows I like it plain.

Can we compromise, buddy? I need to talk to these police ladies. We’ll fix it better next time. Now please just eat the sandwich.
Victor sets the plate on the table in the breakfast nook. Obedient, but visibly disappointed, Oscar sits down and eats.

VICTOR (CONT’D)
Sorry about that.

LISBON
Not a problem.

VAN PELT
According to your wife’s phone records, she traded a lot of calls with several disposable cell phones.

VICTOR
Disposable cellphones?

VAN PELT
You can buy “pay-as-you-go” phones with a predetermined amount of minutes on them and then dump the number. It makes the user more difficult to trace.

VICTOR
I don’t know who she might have been talking to.

VAN PELT
In her day-planner, she had a regular weekly date noted down, at an address in Marysville. She has one of them scheduled for later today. You know anything about that?

VICTOR
No, I don’t know what that’s about. But she did go to Marysville a lot. For the antique jewelry markets and stuff.

Lisbon’s PHONE RINGS and she steps aside to answer.

LISBON
Excuse me...

Cho on the phone, at his desk. INTERCUT as needed:
Results on the lipstick. No traces of DNA were found, but the color, "Tongue In Cheek," is a limited edition sold in only a few high-end stores.

Secure access to each of the store’s receipt records so we can search through them, and then come meet us at 65434 East Boulevard, out in Marysville.

Cho writes down the address.

On my way.

He hangs up, grabs his jacket and exits.

Last day of the tournament in full swing. Jane and Rigsby enter. Jane notices Heather collecting balls from around a court. Rigsby sees Jackie watching a game at the courts.

I’ll see you in there.

Rigsby nods and moves off toward Jackie. Jane approaches Heather.

Hi. Who’s winning?

Uh? Oh, I don’t know. I don’t follow the play to be honest.

Kind of silly, isn’t it? Everybody so serious over a game.

Exactly. Like it matters who wins the stupid trophy.

I guess people need to feel like they have a purpose.
HEATHER
My purpose died this year at the age of 16.

JANE
I’m sorry. Girl? Boy?

HEATHER
Girl. High as a kite with one of her friends. She wrapped her car around a tree. Her friend walked away without a scratch thank God.

JANE
What was her name?

HEATHER
(touching her pin)
Rachel. Once you lose a child, all this striving seems ridiculous, you know?

JANE
Unfortunately I do.

(beat)
Why not leave it behind? Move away?

HEATHER
And do what? Where? With who? These are my friends. This is all I have. Oh nice play, Karen! Besides, I’ve got negative equity in my house. Can’t afford to leave.

On the tennis players...

EXT. MOTOCROSS DIRT LOT - NIGHT (N/3)

Lisbon and Van Pelt by the CBI VAN, meeting Cho as he walks up. The place is crawling with MOTOCROSS PARTICIPANTS and SPECTATORS. The rumble of motorbikes doing aerials can be seen and heard intermittently.

LISBON
This is the designated spot for Scarlett’s meeting according to the book. Fan out and let’s see if we can spot the contact.

Lisbon, Van Pelt and Cho move in different directions. In Cho’s direction, WARDELL SUGGS, 20’s, wiry, stands near his CONVERSION VAN doing a deal with a BIKER when Cho approaches.

(CONTINUED)
As Cho reaches for his badge, Wardell pushes his bag of pills on the biker and pushes him out of his way which causes the bag of pills to disperse into the air and land everywhere. Wardell makes a run for it.

CHO
Got a runner!

Lisbon and Van Pelt see Cho take off and give chase as well. Wardell ducks and weaves between bikes and people, but Cho is hot on his tail. Cho herds Wardell toward an old Chevy, forcing him to slow down. Cho grabs and pushes him down on top of the hood.

INT. HALLWAY. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Jane furtively moves to a door marked “WOMEN’S COMMITTEE CHAIRWOMAN” and slips inside.

INT. CHAIRWOMAN’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rigsby’s already there waiting. Jane locks the door so that only someone with keys can get into the room. Rigsby opens drawers and when he finds nothing, makes himself comfortable.

RIGSBY
Should have brought some snacks. I don’t see this working in a hurry.

JANE
You shan’t go hungry long. Mandy’s news will have spread quickly. Everyone knows that tomorrow the safe will be opened. It’s now or never for whoever took Scarlett’s keys.

Jane sits down to wait.

EXT. MOTOCROSS DIRT LOT - LATER

Lisbon stands guard over Wardell who leans against his van, handcuffed. Cho searches the van, and Lisbon looks up info on the laptop. Wardell sees jewelry and stuff fly out.

WARDELL
Hey, easy there, that’s antique Mexican silver!

LISBON
Maybe next time you’ll think before trying to outrun an officer of the law.

(CONTINUED)
Lisbon shakes a handful of red pills in her hand.

 Lisboa (cont’d)
 I’m assuming this isn’t candy.

Wardell doesn’t answer.

 Lisboa (cont’d)
 What were you meeting with Scarlett Marquesa for?

 Wardell
 So we could trade beauty secrets.
 You mind if I smoke?

Wardell sees his cigarettes, lighter and cell sitting on a car hood near Lisbon. Lisbon crumbles the pack and throws it on the ground.

 Lisboa
 Yes. What’ve you got, Van Pelt?

 Van Pelt
 Wardell Suggs, AKA “Digger.” He’s been arrested for several counts of petty theft, fraud and assault.

 Lisboa
 Impressive record.

 Wardell
 It could be better.

 Lisboa
 Why were you meeting Scarlett?

 Wardell
 What did she tell you about me?

 Lisboa
 Nothing. She’s dead.

This straightens Wardell up.

 Wardell
 I had nothing to do with that.
 What happened to her?

 Cho (O.S.)
 Hey boss, come take a look.

Lisbon comes around and Cho hands her several BAGGIES filled with different types of pills. The false bottom of the van is filled with bags just like it. Lisbon takes a bag of pills and shakes them in front of a crestfallen Wardell.

(continued)
LISBON
Well look at that. The mother lode. Let’s talk uh?

WARDELL
What the hell, I have a strike to give. Scarlett was one of my biggest customers. Diet pills, tranquilizers, painkillers. By the hundreds.

LISBON
Scarlett was dealing prescription drugs?

WARDELL
Yup.

LISBON
How did you two meet?

WARDELL
Swap meet. She was trying to sell that God awful jewelry. She looked desperate so I told her there are easier ways to make money.

CHO
Were you doing a deal tonight?

WARDELL
Supposed to. Lately, I’d have to listen to her yammer about quitting, and then she’d buy some bags saying this was her last time doing it. Of course she’d always come back.

LISBON
So she wanted to quit?

WARDELL
Yup. Matter of fact, a couple of weeks ago, I started getting calls from a girl who said Scarlett had given her my info. Same prissy kind of voice. Chick said she’d be interested in setting up her own situation when Scarlett quit.

LISBON
This “chick” got a name?
WARDELL
Not big on knowing government names
at first, but I do have her number.

LISBON
Why don’t you give her a call.

Van Pelt grabs Wardell’s phone from the car hood, opens it,
and scrolls through as he points out the number. She dials.

INT. CHAIRWOMAN’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Rigsby and Jane sit in darkness.

They HEAR the RUSTLE OF KEYS at the door as it opens. A
shadowy figure -- that we soon recognize as Patience -- makes
her way to the safe and inserts a key. Opens it. Looks
inside and takes out a plastic bag full of pill bottles.
Just then, her CELL PHONE RINGS and Patience answers it.

PATIENCE
Digger, why are you calling me now?

The LIGHT FLICKS ON and Patience finds herself standing in
front of Rigsby and Jane.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/3 CONT’D)

Rigsby watches while Patience calmly powders the shiny spots of her face with a compact using the two-way mirror.

RIGSBY
How did you come to have Scarlett Marquesa’s keys?

PATIENCE
I took them when I went to offer my condolences to Victor. Naughty I know, but I couldn’t wait.

RIGSBY
It’s not naughty. It’s a felony. You wanted to get your hands on her pill supply.

PATIENCE
Nonsense. I opened that safe out of idle curiosity. I had no idea there were any pills in there. I simply wanted to measure the windows for new drapes. I’ll be the next chair of the committee.

RIGSBY
Why not wait until it’s official?

PATIENCE
Am I here because of keys?

RIGSBY
Explain the nature of your relationship with Wardell Suggs.

PATIENCE
Who?

Rigsby refers to his notes.

RIGSBY
“Digger.”

PATIENCE
I liked his jewelry.

RIGSBY
(skeptical)
Okay.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY (CONT'D)
Were you aware that Scarlett Marquesa was selling illegal prescription drugs in Villa Marsante Estates?

PATIENCE
Who didn’t know... well except for you all.

RIGSBY
If everyone knew then why didn’t anyone come forward?

PATIENCE
And risk being ostracized or caught up in the vulgarity of it all? Not likely.

RIGSBY
She was doing a booming business. And you wanted a part of it. Maybe a little too much.

PATIENCE
So I killed her? Please. Hello! She was a drug dealer. People she dealt with must have done her in. Other dealers.

RIGSBY
Or a highly capable rival right in the middle of her own community.

Patience sits up. She’s all business as she stares Rigsby down.

PATIENCE
You’ve found no drugs or poison on me or in my home, the keys were taken after she was killed, and I only opened that safe out of idle curiosity. You taped together your whole theory with a couple of idle conversations I had with a drug dealer. Does that about sum it up?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS
Lisbon and Jane observe the interrogation.

JANE
When she puts it like that, it does sound thin.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Yes. She’s a piece of work, isn’t she? We’ll have to cut her loose for now, but I think a little discreet surveillance might help our cause.

EXT. CBI CAR ON RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY (D/4)

Cho and Rigsby sit in their CAR. Cho reading. Rigsby studies the tube of LIPSTICK.

CHO
If you’re thinking of trying that on, don’t. Not your shade.

RIGSBY
(thinking)
What do you think about older women?

CHO
Where’s that coming from? I don’t think about older women. My mother’s an older woman.

RIGSBY
Not old old, but you know... older. Older than you.

CHO
(worried)
Why are you asking? You trying to set me up with someone?

RIGSBY
Turns out, you look up the available scientific evidence on the internet, they’ve got less hang-ups, they like themselves way more than younger women, and they’re at their sexual peak. That’s what the research says anyhow.

CHO
What the hell happened to you at the country club?

RIGSBY
(defensive)
Nothing. I’m just --

Patience comes out of her house and approaches the car.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY (CONT’D)
Uh oh. She’s spotted us.

Patience leans in to Rigsby’s side of the car.

PATIENCE
Afternoon, boys.

She hands over a paper plate with two sandwiches.

PATIENCE (CONT’D)
I was making myself a panini so I thought I’d bring you some too.

RIGSBY
Thank you, ma’am.

PATIENCE
Oh and just so you know, I’m on my way to the club for a massage. So you don’t need to follow too close. Relax and have a bite to eat first. I’ll see you there.

RIGSBY
Yes, ma’am.

Patience walks back to her house.

CHO
Yes, ma’am. Thank you, ma’am. What’s wrong with you?

RIGSBY
She surprised me.

CHO
What’s in the sandwiches?

RIGSBY
Panini, if you don’t mind. Ham and cheese.

Cho takes one, eats.

EXT. POOL. MARQUESA HOME – DAY

Lisbon and Jane watch while Victor, in sweats, puts down the pool skimming net in shock.

VICTOR
Drugs? I don’t believe it.
LISBON
Using jewelry sales as a cover, your wife was selling prescription pills. Painkillers mostly. Speed. Diet pills. All kinds. Some stolen from pharmacies and others coming in from Mexico.

Victor sits down, feeling weak.

JANE
You seem genuinely surprised. A lot of people around here knew about it.

VICTOR
I had no idea.
(realizing)
You don’t think I had something to do with this?

LISBON
She was moving an awful lot of inventory.

VICTOR
I had nothing to do with this. I had no idea.

LISBON
How could you not have known that she was medicating half the women in the neighborhood?

VICTOR
She lied to me. To protect me from the shame I guess.

Jane sees Oscar quietly sitting on the exterior balcony above. As Jane exits the backyard he motions for Oscar to come downstairs.

LISBON
Or was it easier for you to turn a blind eye? As long as the money was coming in.

VICTOR
No. I wish I had known. I wish I hadn’t been blind. What a fool I am.
Jane walks to the foyer. Oscar comes down the stairs.

JANE
Hi. I’m Patrick.

OSCAR
Oscar.

JANE
We need to talk, Oscar.

Jane and Oscar take a seat on the foyer steps.

JANE
Pretty heavy stuff going on, hunh?

OSCAR
Yeah.

JANE
I’m sorry about your mom.

OSCAR
Me too. My dad is sad because you guys can’t find who did it. But I don’t mind about that. I just want her back.

JANE
She can’t come back. You know that, right?

OSCAR
I know that. I’m nine. I won’t ever see her again until I’m dead too. Then I’ll go stay with her in heaven.

JANE
Sounds good. But you know what I notice you’re really good at, that will help you right now?

OSCAR
What?

JANE
You’re really good at make believe.

OSCAR
Yes I am.
JANE
A master like you, when you want to see your mother, you can make believe she’s here. Talk to her, whatever you like. I do it all the time.

OSCAR
You talk to my mom?

JANE
No. To my wife.

OSCAR
She’s dead?

JANE
Yes. But I talk to her all the time. You should try it.

OSCAR
(dubious)
I guess...

JANE
Are you any good with that sword?

OSCAR
I’m okay.

JANE
Show me.

Oscar and Jane jump up each taking hand of plastic swords lying nearby by and commence their battle. Oscar holds his own for a nine-year-old. Jane’s impressed.

EXT. SPA. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Rigsby and Cho watching from a distance as CLIENTS float in and out of the Club Spa. Rigsby tosses the lipstick into the air.

RIGSBY
Spa stuff takes forever. How long can a massage be?

CHO
They do all sorts of things to you besides a massage. Facials, waxing, mud.

RIGSBY
How do you know so much?
CHO
I bought a certificate for my mom.

As they stand there, they’re approached by Jackie.

JACKIE
Wayne? You’re back again.
How nice.

RIGSBY
Hi, Mrs. Shaper.

JACKIE
Now you know you must call me Jackie. And it’s Ms. not Mrs.
Divorced.

RIGSBY
Sorry. Jackie.

JACKIE
He was a good good man, but weak
essentially, he couldn’t --

Awkward moment. Rigsby notices Jackie’s lips. He turns her
into the light. Cho and Jackie look equally puzzled.

RIGSBY
What are you wearing on your lips?

JACKIE
Excuse me?

RIGSBY
The color. What color is it?

JACKIE
Tongue In Cheek. You like it?

CHO
Where did you get this?

JACKIE
At the boutique in town.

RIGSBY
(concerned)
How long have you been wearing this shade?

JACKIE
Just bought it today. I saw it on
Patience Broadbent at Scarlett’s
party and I had to have it. It’s a
crazy price, but what the heck.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
You’re positive it’s “Tongue In Cheek”?

JACKIE
I have it right here.

She opens her bag and rummages.

RIGSBY
And you’re sure it was Patience you saw wearing it first at Scarlett Marquesa’s party?

JACKIE
Of course.

Jackie produces the lipstick.

SCREAMS from inside the Spa...

WOMEN (O.S.)
Somebody call an ambulance!

Rigsby and Cho look at each other and run into the spa.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Rigsby and Cho push people out of the doorway to make their way in. They see blood pooling on the floor and Patience lying on the massage table, cold cucumber on her eyes, under a rapidly BLOODYING sheet, LARGE KNIFE still in situ.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SPA. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT (N/4)

The area has been cordoned off with tape. CORONERS roll out the body of Patience on a gurney while CBI huddles for a conference. Cho holds up a BLOODY KNIFE in an evidence bag.

CHO
No detectable prints on the knife.

LISBON
Surveillance tape?

RIGSBY
Spa didn’t believe in them. Something about disturbing the “chi”.

Lisbon rolls her eyes.

LISBON
Why kill Patience? Why now?

VAN PELT
Perhaps this was part of the plan all along?

JANE
No, this was hasty. Patience became a new target.

LISBON
Revenge for killing Scarlett? Victor has been quick to anger. Rigsby, go check on Victor Marquesa’s recent whereabouts.

Rigsby heads out.

JANE
Or it could be someone else. The competition wiping out the dealer and her heir apparent. Or...

Lisbon sees Jane’s gears turning.

LISBON
What?

JANE
Victor fits nicely, doesn’t he?
Jane approaches Heather and Jackie with another round of drinks.

JACKIE
Can you believe Patience got stabbed? It’s like a mafia hit. I’m never going to that spa again. I’ll tell you that.

JANE
Tragic set of events. I didn’t see it coming.

HEATHER
You think this is all some crazy drug war?

JANE
It could be, but stabbings are usually crimes of passion. This was very personal.

HEATHER
So what’s next?

JANE
CBI’s already hard at work putting the pieces together. In fact... nevermind.

JACKIE
What?

JANE
I really shouldn’t talk about it since this is an ongoing case.

JACKIE
Now you know you can’t leave something like that hanging.

JANE
Promise this stays just between us?

The women nod as they lean in a little closer in anticipation of some juicy gossip.

JANE (CONT’D)
We’re going after Victor Marquesa.
JACKIE
Victor?... I don't believe it... He doesn't look like the type.

HEATHER
On what grounds?

JANE
We think he killed Patience out of revenge for the murder of his wife.

HEATHER
But you said there was no proof Patience was guilty?

JANE
I guess Victor didn’t want to wait for proof.

JACKIE
What’s going to happen to Oscar?

JANE
Mom murdered and now his dad’s a murderer. Once his father is arrested, he’s going to be placed in foster care.

HEATHER
Oh how dreadful. That poor child.

Jane sits there looking solemn.

EXT. MARQUESA HOME - LATER

CBI has parked both their TRUCK and CAR in front of the home. The street and driveway are littered with SPECTATORS. No one is holding them back. Jane and Lisbon get out of the truck and survey the crowd.

JANE
I guess they couldn’t keep the secret.

LISBON
Apparently not. Let’s do this.

The door opens and Victor, looking grim, is escorted out by Rigsby. Cho comes out with Oscar looking equally sad. When they reach the sidewalk, CBI allows Victor a moment with Oscar. He pats Oscar on the head.

(CONTINUED)
VICTOR
Everything is going to be fine.
I promise.

He hugs Oscar tight and then acknowledges that he is ready.

OSCAR
Dad, where are you going?

VICTOR
I’ll be okay.

Victor walks to the truck. Cho takes Oscar by the hand.

OSCAR
Dad?

VICTOR
It’s okay, buddy.

They open the truck doors.

OSCAR
(louder)
Dad!

He tries to pull away from Cho. As Victor gets in the truck, Oscar has a meltdown. Cho picks him up.

OSCAR (CONT’D)
DAD! DAD!

Oscar reaches out as Cho takes him to the car. Jane SLAMS the truck door shut. The crowd is quietly horrified.

HEATHER (O.S.)
STOP!!

Heather pushes through the crowd. Jane blocks her way.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
You have to stop this!

JANE
It’s okay, Heather, justice is being served.

HEATHER
How can you say that? Look what you’re putting that boy through!

JANE
He’ll forget eventually. It’s fine.
HEATHER
No. No it’s not.

Heather tries to push forward, but Jane again gets in her way.

JANE
Why?

HEATHER
(exasperated)
BECAUSE I DID IT!

JANE
Did what?

HEATHER
I killed them. I killed them both.

Heather, now beside herself, falls into Jane’s arms.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - LATER

Jane sits before Heather. Lisbon hangs in the back.

JANE
I first suspected it was you because it seemed like everybody else at the club wore some of Scarlett’s jewelry. But not you.

HEATHER
That’s it? Jewelry?

JANE
The more we talked, the more I felt your pain and anger. Losing your daughter has unhinged you.

HEATHER
Unhinged. Yes. I suppose I am. My daughter loved to dance. Didn’t matter what kind of music, a toe would start tapping. She was so full of life.

(beat)
She’d taken several painkillers with alcohol before she got behind the wheel. One of her neighborhood friends got them from her mother. Who got them from Scarlett.

JANE
I understand your anger.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER
It was like they ripped my soul out clean. But, the rest of the world kept moving right along. It was like I was the only one who remembered what happened.

FLASHBACK

50 INT. MARQUESA HOME. FOYER - NIGHT (N/1)

Drink in hand, Heather sees Scarlett, Patience, and other women giddily passing around a tube of lipstick. They crowd around the mirror trying it on. As soon as it hits the table, Heather swipes it.

HEATHER (V.O.)
So when I saw her flitting about town selling pills without a care in the world, still hosting parties at her house... happily dancing around without a stitch of the misery I was carrying, I snapped.

51 INT. STUDY. MARQUESA HOME - CONTINUOUS (N/1)

Heather pours a powdery substance into the drink tumbler and stirs it around. Then she writes a note with the lipstick, puts the napkin around the glass, and heads back out.

HEATHER (V.O.)
I killed her. I didn’t want any other person to have to experience what I did.

52 INT. MARQUESA HOME FOYER - CONTINUOUS (N/1)

Pretending to be a little tipsy, Heather hugs Scarlett and swaps out her nearly empty drink with the fresh poisoned one with the napkin. Scarlett readily accepts it. Heather pats her on the back before disappearing into the crowd.

A52A INT. BATHROOM. MARQUESA HOME - NIGHT (N/1)

Scarlett has been drinking on her new beverage for a while as she reapplyher make-up. She sees the tumbler in the reflection of the mirror and notices the napkin. She pulls the napkin off the glass and reads it, crumpling it up and throwing it in the wastebasket. She begins to feel weird and starts clutching at her throat.

JANE (V.O.)
And Patience?
52A  INT. MASSAGE ROOM. MARSANTE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY (D/4)  52A

Patience lies on her back covered with a sheet. She is blissed-out with a face mask and cucumber slices covering her eyes. We see a knife inch toward her.

HEATHER (V.O.)
She told everyone at the club not to worry, she’s going to take over Scarlett’s business, and keep the pills coming. Like nothing had happened. Like no lessons had been learned. I had to finish what I started. I had to.

END FLASHBACK

53  INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS  53

Jane still sits across from Heather with Lisbon in the back.

JANE
And now that it’s done, do you feel better?

Heather slowly drops her head and begins to cry.

HEATHER
It doesn’t change a thing.

54  INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - LATER  54

Victor and Oscar stand with Van Pelt, Cho and Rigsby. Lisbon enters.

VICTOR
Agent Lisbon.

LISBON
Mr. Marquesa.

VICTOR
I just wanted to thank you and your team. I have to admit the whole scene in front of the house --

OSCAR
(corrective)
It was make believe, Dad.

VICTOR
Sorry. The make believe was unorthodox, and unpleasant frankly, but I guess you all know what you’re doing.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Most of the time. My apologies if we’ve been tough on you.

VICTOR
It was useful to hear some straight talk. We’re moving out of Villa Marsante, back to my hometown. My son and I have some catching up to do.

As Victor and Oscar exit, they cross Jane entering. He awkwardly shakes Victor’s hand and gives Oscar a hair ruffle.

VICTOR (CONT’D)
Mr. Jane, thank --

JANE
-- No, no. Please forget it.
Bye. Good luck.

He walks on. They go. Jane walks over to Lisbon et al.

JANE (CONT’D)
Another minute and I’d have missed them. I do hate it when people say thank you.

RIGSBY
Why?

LISBON
He likes to play the Lone Ranger.
(Fifties girl voice)
Who was that masked man? I never got the chance to thank him.

JANE
Exactly.
(to Rigsby)
Hey, I don’t want to alarm you, but your friend Jackie’s standing right behind you looking very fierce.

Rigsby turns to see Jackie in all her fierce kitty glory standing by the entrance. She gives a little wave.

RIGSBY
Oh, yes. I invited her to lunch.
Rigsby collects his coat from his chair and heads off to meet Jackie at the front. Van Pelt looks surprised. Jane looks amused.

FADE OUT.

THE END