THE MENTALIST

“Bloodshot”

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Episode 115
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Episode #115
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TEASER

1  EXT. CBI HQ - DAY (D/1)

Morning. GOVERNMENT TYPES hurry to get to work. JANE pulls up in his CAR. Waves to the GUARD, TOMMY, 40's, at the main gate.

JANE
Hello, Tommy.

TOMMY
'Morning, Mr. Jane. Have a good one.

JANE
You too.

Jane swipes his security badge, pulls in and parks. As he climbs out, he glances at the busy COFFEE CART near the building entrance. Standing in line, waiting for their drinks, VAN PELT chats and smiles with a handsome YOUNG MAN, late 20's, (who we'll later learn is DAN HOLLENBECK) in the full garb of a young corporate lawyer or lobbyist -- square suit, light coat over his arm, briefcase.

Jane can't help but smile as he clocks Van Pelt's body language around the young man; a coy smile, her hand brushing against his, a whisper, and finally a peck on the cheek before they part. Jane enters the building before Van Pelt sees him.

2  INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

CHO and RIGSBY sit at their desks sorting through dozens of files. LISBON carries over another stack of folders. Jane enters, greeted by grumpy growls and grunts. He's followed shortly by Van Pelt with coffee and a spring in her step.

VAN PELT
Good morning, everybody.

CHO
What's so good about it?

LISBON
Here, have some more files. They're auditing the division again.

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT

No problem. Let me just get some milk for this and I'll dig in.

Coffee in hand, she heads for the kitchen.

CHO

No problem? What's with her?

THEIR POV: Van Pelt cheerfully says hi to some co-workers.

JANE

Notice the relaxed body language and general sense of emotional satisfaction.

RIGSBY

Yes.

JANE

Someone has engaged her romantic interest.

RIGSBY

Who?

JANE

Couldn't say.

RIGSBY

Nah. Can't be. She's focused on her work right now. Nah.

JANE

Well then I must assume the man that kissed her outside was making an embarrassing mistake.

RIGSBY

Who? Who kissed her?

JANE

I didn't get his name.

RIGSBY

It's probably that knucklehead in payroll. He's been stalking her like a chicken. What did this man look like?

Lisbon starts back toward her office. Suddenly Jane's CELL PHONE BEEPS. He checks a text message.

CHO

How d'you stalk a chicken?
RIGSBY
You know what I mean.

JANE
(calling out)
Lisbon...

She turns back.

LISBON
What?

Jane crosses toward her office and hands her his phone.

QUICK INSERT -- Jane's phone screen.

She reads...

LISBON (CONT'D)
There's a very large bomb nearby. Are you smart enough to find it?

PRELAP - EVACUATION ALARM SIREN over...

EXT. STREET. CBI HQ - DAY

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES exit the building in a calm, orderly fashion. SECURITY OFFICERS direct the evacuation. MINELLI files out with Lisbon and Jane. In the BG, Cho, Van Pelt and Rigsby are explaining to Uni Officers what's happened.

MINELLI
Another bomb threat. That's the third this year.

JANE
Not on my phone it isn't.

MINELLI
Granted they don't usually come into CBI, but that's what the drills are for.

JANE
The text read, "Are you smart enough to find it?" I think this was directed at me.

LISBON
Well, of course you think it's about you. Just relax. It's probably nothing. It could be a hoax.

JANE
Could be.

(CONTINUED)
MINELLI
Where's the bomb squad?

LISBON
A few minutes away. PD's doing a preliminary sweep of the building. So far they haven't found anything.

Jane looks around -- curious, suspicious.

JANE
(sotto)
Are you smart enough to find it?

MINELLI
Okay, listen, if this really is about Jane, I don't want --

Jane's walking away at a clip toward the parking lot.

MINELLI (CONT'D)
Hey...

Lisbon sighs, follows him.

LISBON
Jane, stop right there.

Minelli's PHONE RINGS. He answers.

MINELLI
(into phone)
Minelli. Yessir, let me explain what's happened...

As Lisbon goes after Jane --

EXT. PARKING LOT. CBI HQ - DAY

Rows of cars. Jane walks through the lot, followed by Lisbon.

LISBON
Where are you going? You know the rules. We have to wait for the all clear.

JANE
Come on, don't be scared.

LISBON
I'm not scared. I'm following protocol.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
The text said a very large bomb. A large bomb can only be transported in a large car. And it didn't say inside CBI, it said nearby. Ergo -- the parking lot. Simple.

LISBON
Exactly. They challenged you with an easy puzzle. They want you to find the bomb.

JANE
If there is a bomb. Probably a hoax like you said....

Jane looks into one car, then another. Comes to a VAN and eyes it curiously. He circles the vehicle, pausing to look through a porthole window in the side.

JANE'S POV -- Inside he sees a MAN, 40's, dressed in suit pants and a bloodied dress shirt, his wrists chained and suspended over his head. His mouth gagged and he has the words "YOU'RE NEXT" written on his forehead in black felt tip.

Jane KNOCKS on the glass.

JANE (CONT'D)
Whoa. Hey...?

The MAN, 40ish, panicked, turns to see Jane. Jane tries the door, but it's locked. The man pulls, gesturing toward the front of the van. Jane runs to the front and peers inside.

This time, on the driver's seat, Jane sees an EXPLOSIVE DEVICE WITH A CRUDE DIGITAL TIMER.

JANE (CONT'D)
Lisbon -- found it.

Lisbon hurries over.

ANGLE ON: The timer on the bomb ticking down in seconds. 20...19...18...17...

Jane rushes around, trying the other doors. No luck. Lisbon sees the clock ticking down. 10...9...8...

LISBON
Oh no.

JANE
Use your gun to break the window!

Lisbon starts pulling at Jane.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
There isn't time. Come on.

Jane hesitates. 5...4...

ANGLE ON: The MAN inside the car, struggling, terrified.

Jane looks deep into the frightened eyes of the man inside the car. Lisbon tugs at him again.

LISBON (CONT'D)
Jane... run!

Lisbon takes off ahead of him. Jane follows a couple of yards behind her.

ANGLE ON: The bomb ticking down. 3...2...

They're both in a full sprint when KA-BOOM! The VAN EXPLODES, launching ten feet in the air and flipping over. The blast throws Jane over the hood of a small car and face down on the concrete. Lisbon -- unhurt -- rushes to his aid.

Jane coughs, perhaps a bit dazed and hyperventilating.

LISBON (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

JANE
I'm okay. I just...

LISBON
(into her phone, Nextel style)
I need an ambulance... NOW.

Jane props himself up.

JANE
No ambulance. I just... there's something in my eyes. I...
(cough...)

And as he stares up at Lisbon, eyes wide, scared --

JANE (CONT'D)
I can't see.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. HOSPITAL - DAY (D/1 CONT'D)

Jane is in bed, bandages taped over his eyes. Lisbon stands by his side with DR. FULLER, female, 40's, as she examines an x-ray of Jane's skull.

DR. FULLER
You're a lucky man, Mr. Jane. This could have been much worse.

JANE
That's what people keep telling me. Why can't I see?

Fuller flips though Jane's chart.

DR. FULLER
There's a moderate concussion with some short term memory loss. Disorientation, headache, and of course, the fleeting blindness. This is most likely due to small floating blood clots in the vessels around the eyes demonstrating as CVI or cortical visual impairment.

LISBON
So how long will his vision be effected?

DR. FULLER
It's hard to say really. The body's healing powers are unpredictable. But forty-eight to seventy-two hours is the norm. We must wait and see, so to speak.

JANE
Humor, great. Everybody loves a witty doctor in times of trouble. I've heard enough. Can you guys take the discussion outside?

DR. FULLER
Mr. Jane, this is temporary. Your sight will return and you'll be back to work. But it's going to take time and patience.
JANE
Time I have. I lost my patience a while ago.

DR. FULLER
You're alive. Appreciate it.

JANE
Oh, I do.

DR. FULLER
If you'll excuse me, I'll check in again later.

LISBON
Thank you, doctor.

And as the doctor exits, she passes Cho in the doorway. Lisbon pinches Jane's arm.

JANE
Ouch.

LISBON
I'll do worse if you keep mouthing off to people who are trying to help you.

CHO
How is he?

LISBON
Guess what, he's a bad patient.

CHO
Who'd have thought?

JANE
I am not a bad patient. She's a bad visitor.

LISBON
What did you find out?

CHO
The vic is James Medina, forty-four, stockbroker, out of Highlands. The van wasn't his. It was reported stolen yesterday. We're digging up everything we can on Medina. Question. Is it possible he was on some bizarre suicide mission?
JANE
No. I looked in his eyes. That was a man who very much didn't want to be where he was. Whoever did this wanted me to watch James Medina die in terror.

CHO
And they nearly killed you too.

JANE
That wasn't the intention though.

LISBON
What then?

JANE
"You're next" was written on the man's forehead. Whoever did this wanted me to be haunted by that and be afraid.

LISBON
Why?

JANE
I don't know yet.

LISBON
You're going to be fine.

JANE
Probably.

LISBON
We'll find out who did this.

JANE
Good.

Cho and Lisbon exchange glances again.

JANE (CONT'D)
Don't keep looking at each other like that.

LISBON
Like what? You can't see.

JANE
I can feel your pity.

LISBON
Would you stop please. We'll be back.

(CONTINUED)
Cho touches his shoulder.

CHO

Later man.

And they exit, leaving Jane with a UNIFORMED GUARD outside the door. Jane leans back into his pillows and lets his bravado down. Alone, quiet, he shows us a glimmer of vulnerability.

EXT. MEDINA HOME - DAY

A comfortable moneyed suburban house. Cho and Rigsby watch as LAURI MEDINA, 40ish, devastated, puts her DAUGHTERS, 10 and 8, in her SISTER’S CAR.

LAURI

Girls, I love you. Be good with your Aunty Rose, okay?

Lauri kisses her girls and they pull away.

CHO

Sweet kids.

LAURI

Jim loved them so much.

RIGSBY

We have a couple of questions about your husband.

LAURI

This is crazy. I kissed him goodbye when he left for work this morning, and now...

CHO

He didn't seem preoccupied? Troubled by anything unusual?

LAURI

Preoccupied, yes, but there was nothing unusual about it. My husband was a stock broker. These days that's like being a professional gambler.

CHO

What about your personal finances?
LAURI
We're fine, thank you. I never let Jimmy put all our money into the market.

RIGSBY
Did he ever mention a particular client being unhappy?

LAURI
Do you know how many clients have lost money over the last six months? A lot of people are angry, and they blame their brokers. He got hate letters, phone calls, e-mail.

RIGSBY
Any specific threats? Did he ever mention names?

LAURI
No, but talk to his partners. They'll know. They're getting threats too.

INT. HALLWAY. BROKERAGE FIRM - DAY
Upscale, modern office space. The company logo is on the wall -- A BULL READY TO FIGHT. ROBERT LYNCH, 50's, senior partner at Lynch-Halstead, walks with Rigsby and Cho.

CHO
Was Jim Medina well-liked, Mr. Lynch?

LYNCH
Jimmy was considered one of the boys on the trading floor. He had a loyal following of both blue chip investors and novice day traders. Granted, a few customers foolishly held us responsible for recent economic events, but that's to be expected.

CHO
We'll need names.

LYNCH
I'll make sure you get them.

They stop in front of an open door.
RIGSBY
This is Medina's office?

LYNCH
As a Vice President here, Jim occupied this space for nearly eleven years.

CHO
May I?

LYNCH
Of course.

INT. MEDINA'S OFFICE. BROKERAGE FIRM - MOMENTS LATER

Cho and Rigsby search through drawers, thumbing through letters and financial documents.

RIGSBY
What about office staff?

CHO
Anybody take a dislike to him?

LYNCH
When you spend as much time together as we do, there are bound to be differences. Now that you mention it, there was one employee about a year ago... Terry Andrews.

CHO
Is Terry a man or woman?

LYNCH
Mr. Andrews used to work here as a junior trader -- until he got into a shouting match with Medina and Jimmy fired him. Once or twice Terry waited outside the gates for Jim to drive past. He was menacing, that's for sure.

Cho and Rigsby exchange a glance.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Eyes still taped, Jane lays in bed, frustrated. Finally he rips the blood pressure cuff off his arm and pulls the taped pulse monitor from his fingertip.

(CONTINUED)
Jane gingerly gets up out of bed and starts feeling his way toward the closet. Finds the closet door and starts pulling his clothes off hangers. Suddenly --

DR. FULLER
What are you doing?

Dr. Fuller stands in the doorway.

JANE
Leaving. I have work to do.

DR. FULLER
(sternly)
So do I. Back in bed.

JANE
Sign me out.

DR. FULLER
Not yet.

She takes his arm and, standing beside him, guides him back toward the bed.

JANE
You have a lovely graceful curve to your hip, Doctor. If you don't mind me saying so.

Fuller smiles.

DR. FULLER
Thank you. Now don't make me strap you to the bed.

She turns to go.

JANE
Doctor, don't be long. Maybe we can go for a walk later.

DR. FULLER
Relax, Mr. Jane.

JANE
This is relaxed.

The doctor exits, then turns back into the doorway.

DR. FULLER
And leave my staff alone. Do you understand?

Jane sniffs the air.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Your soap has lavender in it.
Chamomile too. Delightful.

The Doctor turns and goes. Off Jane, grinning --

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/1)

The team works into the evening. A pizza box and some soda cans are strewn about. Van Pelt sits at her computer.

VAN PELT
Terence Carter Andrews, forty-six years old. Worked two years at Lynch-Halstead in the junior trader program. Tax files indicate he also worked as a guard for several of the security companies that cover the State Capitol system.

LISBON
He was a state house employee? He worked here?

VAN PELT
That's what it says. He has a sheet on him. Domestic abuse and two DUI's.

LISBON
Bring up his picture.

They all huddle around Van Pelt's desk. A PHOTO of Andrews, mid 40's, rock-solid, appears.

CHO
Where's he working now?

VAN PELT
Guest relations manager for something called Hype.

EXT. CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A line of CLUB-GOERS dressed for action, line up to get past a velvet rope controlled by a SNARKY CLUB KID and TERRY ANDREWS in a cheap tux. He's a big man. Rigsby and Lisbon approach.

CLUB KID
You, Little Miss Fierce, can come in. But lose the back-up dancer.
Too too butch.

Lisbon gives him a level look. Flashes her badge.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Step away, kid.

The Club Kid obeys. Terry looks at them balefully.

LISBON (CONT'D)
Terence Andrews?

ANDREWS
What do you guys want?

LISBON
Do people call you Terence or Terry?

ANDREWS
They call me Mr. Andrews.

LISBON
Somebody killed James Medina today. Thoughts?

ANDREWS
I'd like to buy whoever did it a bottle of fine french brandy and a good Havana cigar.

RIGSBY
You flat out hated him, huh?

ANDREWS
Yes I did. So you think I had something to do with it.

RIGSBY
Crossed our minds.

LISBON
Come downtown with us. We'd like to ask you a few questions.

ANDREWS
I got nothing to say. I didn't do it.

Andrews turns to go. Rigsby reaches out and grabs his arm, but Andrews pulls it free and shoves Rigsby back hard into a crowd of club-goers. He looks down at Lisbon.

ANDREWS (CONT’D)
You want some too, honey?

LISBON
No thanks.
Lisbon hits him with a small stun gun and he drops like a sack of potatoes. The crowd gawks and chatters.

RIGSBY
Fun's over, people. Back up. Give him some air.

LISBON
Are you okay, Mr. Andrews?

Disoriented, Andrews stares up at Lisbon and nods.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2)

Jane, dressed and using a red-and-white cane, cautiously enters. The UNIFORMED GUARD that was watching him at the hospital helps him around the corner. Dark glasses cover Jane's bandages. Van Pelt catches sight of him.

VAN PELT
Hey, aren't you supposed to be in the hospital?

JANE
No.

VAN PELT
Yes you are.

JANE
They had enough of me. Can you blame them? Officer Powell here was good enough to drive me back.

VAN PELT
(to Powell)
Thank you... I guess.

Powell exits. Suddenly Van Pelt's CELL RINGS. She checks it, then ignores it, muting the ring tone.

JANE
Go ahead, talk to your boyfriend. I don't mind.

VAN PELT
(blushing)
Shush.

JANE
What are you embarrassed about?

VAN PELT
I'm not, I'm --

Lisbon hurries over, silencing Van Pelt.

LISBON
Jane. What the hell?

JANE
My doctor said it's okay if I go back to work.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
She did not. She said you insulted
the entire ward and you're a
complete pain in the ass.

JANE
So?

LISBON
So you can't do that.

JANE
What was I supposed to do -- listen
to television? Besides, the food
was terrible.

LISBON
You need to rest.

JANE
I need to be back at work.

LISBON
You're blind.

JANE
Not a problem. My other senses
have all become super-heightened,
like Daredevil.

LISBON
Okay.

JANE
Now if you'll excuse me.

Using his cane, he moves forward but bumps into a bullpen
partition.

JANE (CONT'D)
Oops.

As Lisbon, not amused, watches him continue --

INT. INTERROGATION. CBI HQ - DAY

Rigsby question Andrews.

RIGSBY
Where were you yesterday morning?

ANDREWS
My shift at the club ended at three-

thirty.

(MORE)
I went back to my place, watched a little TV and I went to bed. I was asleep until eleven or so.

RIGSBY
Anybody who can vouch for that time frame?

ANDREWS
Nope. I live alone. On account my lady walked out when I lost my job.

Suddenly, the door opens. Cane in hand and still wearing his glasses, Jane wanders in.

JANE
Sorry. Don't mind me.

ANDREWS
What's this? What's going on?

Jane finds a folding chair and sits very close to Andrews.

RIGSBY
Jane --

ANDREWS
He's blind.

JANE
Cool, huh? Did you kill James Medina?

ANDREWS
Screw him. I didn't kill him. I could have, I wanted to, but I didn't.

Jane sniffs at Andrews, leaning in close.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

JANE
Have we ever met before?

ANDREWS
No.

JANE
What happened? Why did you fight with Medina in the first place?
I was a junior trader in the company program. The guy had been picking on me for months. I think I took a job his nephew wanted. Anyway, a freaking envelope falls off his desk. Pick it up he says. Like that. Pick it up. I don't think so. Pick it up your own damn self is what I said. Big deal. But he figures, "Hey, let me just snap my fingers and totally screw up this dude's life."

Can I hold your hand?

He reaches out, takes Andrews' hand.

Artistic fingers.

Andrews pulls his hand away. Jane puts his fingers gently to Andrews' face.

Soft.

Don't do that.

Jane stands up abruptly.

Nice meeting you, Terry. Be well.
(to Rigsby)
You can let him go.

Unfolding his cane, he starts back toward the door.

Uh, that's not your call.

I didn't say you must let him go, I said you can. If you want. Being as he's innocent.

Thank you.

Lisbon enters.
LISBON
Jane --

JANE
Oh, you scared me.

Lisbon guides/pulls him out of the interrogation room.

INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

LISBON
How many times do I have to tell you about disrupting interviews that way?

JANE
Sorry.

He takes off his glasses and starts taking off the bandages.

LISBON
Stop, what are you doing?

JANE
How will I know if I can see or not if I have bandages on?

The bandages come off...

LISBON
Well?

Jane peers around.

JANE
Black as night.

LISBON
I'm sorry. I'm sure --

JANE
-- Never mind. Listen, Andrews didn't do it.

LISBON
You sensed that with your superpowers?

JANE
Yes I did. He was filled with anger. But not fearful guilty murderous anger. That has a tang of ammonia about it. His is more of a clean righteous anger. Lemony.
LISBON
Lemony.

JANE
This blind thing really works. Without vision, I can tune into my other senses much more clearly.

LISBON
That's great. Let me go make you a superhero costume. What are you going to call yourself?

Jane reaches out and touches her face, feels it.

LISBON (CONT'D)
What?
JANE
I want to know what your face feels like when you're smiling.

Rigsby emerges from the interrogation room, reacts quizzically to Jane and Lisbon, who steps away from Jane, a tad self-conscious.

RIGSBY
So what's the deal, boss?

LISBON
Get forensics to test him for any explosives residue. If that comes up clean, let him go.

RIGSBY
Will do.

Rigsby exits to the bullpen.

JANE
I'm still convinced there's a connection between Medina and me. Before you make my costume, will you take me to visit his widow?

Lisbon sighs, and surrenders to the Jane of it all.

LISBON
Maybe.

JANE
Thank you. Incidentally, you're smelling particularly good today.

Lisbon walks away.

JANE (CONT'D)
Is that cinnamon in the mix there somewhere?
(beat)
Lisbon?

INT. KITCHEN. MEDINA HOME - DAY

Lauri Medina puts down a tray of tea in front of Jane and Lisbon.

LAURI
Your tea is in front of you, Mr. Jane.

JANE
Thank you.

(Continued)
Both women watch as he reaches to the left, stops, and then drifts to the right where he finds a small pitcher of milk. He pours.

LISBON
Mrs. Medina, we don't want to keep you from your family. We just have a few more questions.

LAURI
I understand. I'm happy to help.

JANE
I can feel what a warm, caring home this is. I'm very sorry for your loss.

LAURI
They tell me you were injured trying to help Jimmy. Thank you.

JANE
I think whoever did this was targeting your husband and me, also. I don't know why. But something links us. I have to ask, have we ever met before?

LAURI
Not that I know of.

JANE
Are you sure? Perhaps years ago?

LAURI
I'm sorry, Mr. Jane, but I really don't think so.

JANE
Would it be a terrible inconvenience to show me some of your husband's personal things? Jewelry, anything he used a lot.

LAURI
Sure, I guess. Why?

JANE
Holding something of James' will help me pick up a feel for him. Get a sense of his being.

(CONTINUED)
LAURI
Uh, okay.

Lauri goes to get the stuff. Once she's out of earshot, Lisbon leans in and whispers.

LISBON
A sense of his being?
What are you playing at?

JANE
Just go with it. I've got to practice the touchy feely stuff. It's been a while.

LISBON
You're not staying blind.

JANE
No, right, because bad stuff like this doesn't happen nearly as often as people think.

INT. DEN. MEDINA HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Jane sits on the sofa, feeling his way through a bunch of stuff on the coffee table. Lisbon stands beside him. Lauri Medina watches as well.

Jane holds a pair of glasses.

JANE
Bifocals. I can feel the change in thickness.

LAURI
Jim couldn't read without them. He was considering surgery, but I liked the way he looked in glasses. He held off because of me.

JANE
Horseshoe cuff links. Your husband liked horses?

LAURI
We liked to ride together. We were planning a trip to the coast next fall.

Jane reaches in and removes a shiny gold Rolex.

JANE
Feels expensive.

(CONTINUED)
LAURI
Yes. He wore that one to business functions.

JANE
There's a jewel on back. What's this engraved around it?

LAURI
A bull. It was a company gift from Lynch-Halstead. A little too much bling for Jim's everyday taste.

As Jane turns the watch over and rubs his fingers over the ENGRAVED "FIGHTING BULL" on the back we --

**FLASHBACK**

17  INT. JANE'S HOME/MALIBU OFFICE - DAY

MOS -- A YOUNGER JANE (before the Red John incident), eight years ago, slick, flashy, sits in a modern but comfortable office overlooking the ocean with a WOMAN, 30's (who he'll later remember as JILL LAMONT). She's handing Jane an identical watch to the one that was Jimmy's. We never see her face. Jane's memory denying him all but oblique views of her. What he remembers clearly is the watch...

Jane turns the watch in his hand, feeling it, closes his eyes.

ANGLE -- Jane rubs his thumb over the ENGRAVED LYNCH-HALSTEAD FIGHTING BULL on the back. Pauses. Squints as if he's feeling something.

He reaches out for her hands. As all four hands come together squeezing the watch simultaneously, we --

**END FLASHBACK**

18  INT. DEN. MEDINA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jane puts down the watch. Troubled.

LISBON
Jane?

JANE
Mrs. Medina, thank you for your help.

Jane stands. He gets up to leave.

(CONTINUED)
LAURI
(to Lisbon)
Is he alright?

JANE
I'm fine. Sorry. Just thinking.

Lisbon takes Jane's arm to guide him out.

LISBON
We'll call if we learn anything.

He gently pulls away, unfolding his cane.

JANE
I can manage.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/2)

Jane talks to the team.

JANE
The watch I recalled was the exact same, it had the same engraving on the back as James Medina's watch. Which came from Lynch-Halstead. So, years ago, I must have done a psychic reading for someone else connected to the firm.

CHO
You don't know who?

JANE
I can't remember. I try to see the woman's face and recall her name, but I can't do it.

VAN PELT
But she paid you and was hurt so badly she's still holding a grudge.

JANE
Probably.

RIGSBY
The man's blind. Go easy maybe.

VAN PELT
Sorry.

JANE
No, no. That's okay.
Suddenly Van Pelt's CELL TONES. She gets a TEXT MESSAGE and smile at it. Jane clocks it as does Rigsby. She quickly pockets the phone.

LISBON
Did you keep records on your customers or clients, whatever you called them?

JANE
Yes. Had to. You have to know what lies you told 'em the last time.

LISBON
Where are they?

JANE
On a disk somewhere in my boxes I expect.

LISBON
Van Pelt, sit down with Jane and help him find his records.

JANE
But first, would someone be willing to make me a cup of tea?

INT. KITCHEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT
Rigsby makes Jane his hot tea.

JANE
Honey please, and not --

RIGSBY
-- Not too much lemon, I know.

JANE
Did you make sure the water --

RIGSBY
-- is truly boiling. Yes I did.

JANE
Thanks.

RIGSBY
(leaning in confidentially)
Jane, do me a favor. Find out from Van Pelt who this guy is that she's dating. Like, what's the score?
JANE
The score.

RIGSBY
Are they serious. Have they, you know.

JANE
Ask her yourself.

RIGSBY
Yeah right. No. Come on. You know what the situation is. It's against the rules. Relationships between co-workers.

JANE
What are you, a man or a mouse?

RIGSBY
Well, a man, obviously.

JANE
Could have fooled me.

RIGSBY
We'd be slipping around. That's if she wanted to. Which she doesn't as far as I can see.

(beat)
And if it is that guy in payroll, I'll kill him.

JANE
Well, that would be a strong romantic statement. Women like a man that will kill for them.

(loud)
Hey, Van Pelt?

RIGSBY
Don't.

JANE
What? Trust me. Honesty is best.

RIGSBY
No. No.

Van Pelt enters.

VAN PELT
What's up?

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Grace, a personal question. Rigsby and I were wondering who this man is that you were kissing by the coffee cart?

Van Pelt and Rigsby are both angry and embarrassed.

VAN PELT
That, that's none of your business.

JANE
He's not from payroll?

VAN PELT
Payroll? No. He doesn't work here, he's, none of your business.

Van Pelt stalks away. Jane smiles innocently at Rigsby.

JANE
Well, thank heavens for that anyway. No killing needed.

RIGSBY
Don't be so sure.

JANE
You'll see, honesty is best.

RIGSBY
Honestly, if you weren't blind, I would kick your butt.

JANE
I know it. Would you guide me to my couch?

RIGSBY helps Jane to his sofa, and exits quickly without looking at Van Pelt, who is looking through SHOE BOXES under Jane's desk. On the side of each box, he's scribbled the contents. As they talk, she lifts the lids, thumbing through one after another.

VAN PELT
That was cruel. Why did you do that?

JANE
Yes it was. This blindness nuisance is making me mean. I'm sorry.

(MORE)
But you two do need to talk.

VAN PELT
There's nothing to talk about. Is this it?

She's holding up a scratched old disk, then realizes her mistake.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)
Sorry. Is it a silver CD with RPB written on it in black?

JANE
Could be.

Van Pelt loads it into her computer. She starts opening windows and clicking through files.

JANE (CONT'D)
You have a lot to talk about.

VAN PELT
Like what.

JANE
Is it serious, you and coffee cart man?

VAN PELT
Too early to tell.

JANE
I'd like to meet him. What floor does he work on?

VAN PELT
He doesn't. He's a lawyer. He was visiting. No offense, but why is my private life your business, or Rigsby's?

JANE
Me, I'm nosy. But Rigsby loves you. Only he's scared of emotional commitment. You're attracted to him, but you're deeply repressed and emotionally shut down.

VAN PELT
Oh is that right.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Because, because of some trauma in your past that you've never spoken of, to anyone, ever. Even yourself.

Van Pelt sits very still for a moment, as if hiding from something terrible. Jane's hit home. He hears her silence.

JANE (CONT'D)
Sorry. It came to me. Thinking aloud.

VAN PELT
What? I wasn't listening.

JANE
What's his name?

VAN PELT
Dan.

JANE
Can I meet him?

VAN PELT
If you like.
(off computer)
Here's your client list. I'll run it against Lynch-Halstead's records.

She types on the keyboard. Bing.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)
One match. A client you both shared a long time ago -- Carol Gentry?

JANE
Carol Gentry...

FLASHBACK

EXT. JANE'S HOME/MALIBU OFFICE - DAY

This time a younger Jane sits outside overlooking the sea as he meets with CAROL GENTRY, 30's, tough, but holding back tears. Jane sips a glass of wine, just the tiniest bit bored by his job...
JANE
(bestowing a grace)
She forgives you, Carol. Your mother truly forgives you.

CAROL
I don't understand, Mr. Jane. She forgives me?

JANE
Yes. That's what she says. And I believe she's sincere.

Beat. Carol gets angry.

CAROL
She was a vicious evil abusive woman. But I loved her and cared for her like a good daughter. What did I ever do that she should forgive me for?

Jane realizes he's made a mistake. He changes tack to preserve his calm omniscience.

JANE
It's a hard truth, but people don't change when they pass on. They simply become the essence of who they are. Your mother was a complicated --

CAROL
-- She forgives me? That lunatic bitch forgives me?

JANE
People are very complicated, aren't they? I'm afraid that's all we have time for this week, Carol.

Carol's anger deflates into self-loathing sadness.

CAROL
Oh. Okay, yes. Sorry. I just... I don't...

JANE
Let's talk more about all this next time, shall we?

CAROL
Yes, okay.

(continues)
She hands him a check.

CAROL (CONT’D)
    Thank you, Mr. Jane.

Jane smiles sympathetically at her and pockets the check.

**END FLASHBACK**

Jane motionless, pale, lost in reverie.

VAN PELT
    Jane? You alright?

JANE
    Yes. I think.

Jane stands up, sways, and with a groan falls unconscious to the floor.

**END OF ACT TWO**
ACT THREE

24 INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/2 CONT'D)

Jane lies on his sofa looking pale and wan. A MEDIC puts bandages back over his eyes as Minelli and Lisbon gaze down at him.

MINELLI
Is he alright?

The Medic nods yes.

JANE
I'm one hundred percent okay. There's no need to send me back.

The Medic grabs his kit and steps away.

LISBON
(serious)
Sir, he needs to be in hospital. He has to listen to you if you make it an order.

Minelli takes pity on Jane.

MINELLI
I could, but someone did try to kill him remember. We can protect him better here. At less expense.

JANE
Thank you, Virgil.

MINELLI
Okay. But this is a favor. If you die in this department, I'm responsible. I do all the paperwork.

(to Lisbon)
In fact, if he does die for whatever reason, move him to a public area, would you? I'd be very grateful.

JANE
I hope he's smiling.

MINELLI
(looks at watch)
Places to be.

(CONTINUED)
Minelli walks away. Jane slowly sits up, preparing to stand, looking very weak.

LISBON
(frustrated)
Damn.

JANE
A little help here?

INT. CONFERENCE AREA. CBI HQ - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jane sits with Lisbon, Cho, Rigsby and Van Pelt; getting a briefing.

LISBON
So we've started checking out your old client, Carol Gentry...

JANE
She's not a suspect.

LISBON
Lynch-Halstead was her broker for a while, but --

JANE
-- It's a coincidence. She's not a suspect.

CHO
How can you be so sure?

JANE
Carol Gentry killed herself five years ago. Left no family.

Everybody's quiet as they consider this and the burden of guilt that Jane must be carrying.

JANE (CONT'D)
What happened? Did everybody leave?

LISBON
We're all here.
JANE
So, we're back to square one I guess.

LISBON
Not quite. Van Pelt did a deeper search.

VAN PELT
We cross-checked spouse's names and came up with a second hit. You had a client, name of Jill Lamont. Her husband was Paul Krager, and he used to work for Lynch-Halstead.

JANE
Jill Lamont? Yes...

ON JANE --

FLASHBACK

INT. JANE'S HOME/MALIBU OFFICE - DAY

The first flashback we saw in Scene 17. A younger Jane sits with the WOMAN we now see clearly -- JILL LAMONT. She hands him the engraved watch.

JANE
Mrs. Krager, tell me more about your husband. Anything.

JILL LAMONT
He loves me. Loves our son. Family's everything to him. But I've noticed a change lately.

JANE
What kind of change?

JILL LAMONT
He seems preoccupied. I asked the other wives if anything was happening at work, but they said no.

JANE
And that's when you began to wonder if he's being unfaithful?

JILL LAMONT
That's right.

ANGLE -- Jane rubs his thumb over the engraving of a fighting bull on the back. Pauses. Squints as if he's feeling something.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Wait, something's coming through.
Feel it with me...

He quickly reaches out for Jill's hands. All four hands are clasped together squeezing the watch simultaneously.

JANE (CONT'D)
I'm feeling Paul hasn't been one hundred percent honest with you. He hasn't been happy. You know that. Do you sense someone else in his life? Your senses never lie.

Jill start to cry.

JILL LAMONT
Yes, yes I do. There's someone else. Is he leaving me?

JANE
Talk to him, Jill. Don't let Paul ruin what you have together.

And as he continues to rub Paul Krager's Rolex in his hand, we:

END FLASHBACK

26A OMITTED

26B INT./EXT. LOBBY. BROKERAGE FIRM - DAY (D/3)

Cho and Lisbon exit the elevators, walking Robert Lynch out of the building.

LYNCH
Interesting. Paul Krager's a name I haven't heard in a while. He never even entered my mind.

LISBON
What can you tell us about his personal life?

LYNCH
Well, we've all made our mistakes over the years. Fat wallets and good wine can do that to a man.

CHO
You're referring to his divorce?

(CONTINUED)
LYNCH
That was no divorce... that was a massacre. His wife remarried, I think. But Krager's whole world fell apart. Work-wise, he never recovered. Went off the rails to be frank. We had to let him go.

They push through the outside doors to the busy street and walk toward a waiting TOWN CAR.

LISBON
Who actually did the firing?

LYNCH
Now that you mention it, Jimmy Medina did. Jim did a lot of the axe-work here. Unfortunate part of the job.

This understandably resonates with Lisbon and Cho.

CHO
Any idea where we could find Krager now?

Lynch is about to climb into the waiting car, hesitates.

LYNCH
Last I heard, someone saw him at a church soup kitchen during the holidays. There but for the grace of God... if you know what I mean.

Lynch slips into the car and closes the door. As Cho and Lisbon watch him pull away --

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY


RIGSBY
Lynch was right. The legal fees alone nearly bankrupted Krager. His wife took their son, moved East and remarried.

CHO
So where's Krager now?

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
Based on what we can find out, he was so devastated losing his family, his whole world collapsed.

LISBON
No current address. He hasn't filed a tax return in years. And his last known employer was Lynch-Halstead -- in 2001.

CHO
Boy, you really did a number on him.

JANE
Thanks. Yes I did.

LISBON
No. You simply confirmed what she knew in her heart anyhow.

Jane starts to move toward his sofa.

JANE
Has anybody contacted her? Jill Lamont?

RIGSBY
I left word. No answer yet.

LISBON
We've put out an APB on Paul Krager. Cho and I will follow some leads.

Jane lays down to rest.

LISBON (CONT'D)
(to Jane)
You, don't move from there.
(to Rigsby and Van Pelt)
Nobody take him anyplace. Clear?
No excitement of any kind.

RIGSBY
Clear boss.

VAN PELT
Clear boss.

JANE
Crystal.

As Jane, still wearing his glasses, settles in.
Van Pelt making coffee, Rigsby making a PB&J sandwich.

VAN PELT
Did you see how many clients he had?

RIGSBY
I guess he helped a lot of people.

VAN PELT
I'm not so sure.

RIGSBY
Hi, can I help you?

This to a young man -- Dan Hollenbeck, who we remember from the coffee cart. Van Pelt turns and sees who it is.

VAN PELT
(very surprised)
Dan! Hey.

DAN
Hi.

Van Pelt goes to him quickly. Embarrassed to have her private life appear at work.

VAN PELT
Hi. What are you doing here?

DAN
I had another meeting upstairs. I thought I'd stop by, say hello. Is that cool?

VAN PELT
Yes. Totally. No. It's a surprise. That's all.

DAN
So, introduce me to your colleague, who's staring at me so strangely.

VAN PELT
Yes. Ha ha.

She brings him over to Rigsby.

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT (CONT’D)
(awkward as hell)
Agent Rigsby, this is my friend Dan Hollenbeck.

DAN
Good to meet you.

Dan holds out his hand to Rigsby, who takes a half beat to respond...

RIGSBY
(muttering)
Howyoudoing.

DAN
Excellent. And you?

RIGSBY
Good.

VAN PELT
Okay, so --

RIGSBY
(off the briefcase)
A lawyer, are you?

He says this like, "A snake, are you?"

DAN
I am.

Rigsby kisses his teeth, contemptuously. Dan smiles at him amiably.

DAN (CONT’D)
Do we have a problem?

Rigsby holds Dan's gaze.

RIGSBY

VAN PELT
Okay, that's enough, both of you.

DAN
A pleasure to get to know you, Agent Rigsby.

He turns his back on Rigsby and takes Van Pelt's hand.

(CONTINUED)
DAN (CONT'D)
Can we be somewhere private for a moment?

VAN PELT
(flustered)
Uh, I'm not sure that's --

DAN
-- Please...

VAN PELT
Okay...

Rigsby interjects himself...

RIGSBY
(calm resolve)
Wait. I'm sorry. Actually, you and me do have a problem. Not a big one, but we do need to talk. No trouble. I swear.

DAN
Alright then.

VAN PELT
It is not alright.

RIGSBY
No trouble, I promise.

DAN
 stil amiable)
It's okay, Grace, it's fine.

INT. MEN'S ROOM. CBI HQ - NIGHT

Rigsby and Dan enter.

DAN
So, here we are. Talk away.

RIGSBY
I don't know you, Dan. Maybe you're a nice guy, I don't know. I hope so. If you ever hurt Grace Van Pelt, in any way, I will find you and cause you pain. Because she means a lot to, to this unit. You treat her right, okay?

Dan is maybe just a little intimidated...

(CONTINUED)
DAN
I hear you. I appreciate your concern. You care for Grace. Don't worry. I'm a nice guy.

RIGSBY
Okay then. Sorry to get heavy with you. I had to say it. Just so long as we understand each other.

DAN
Sure thing. I understand. I do.

Rigsby turns back toward the door as Dan rushes up behind him and RABBIT PUNCHES him hard in the neck. Rigsby falls, and as he does Dan pulls his 9MM handgun from its holster. He then bashes Rigsby over the head with the butt of the gun as hard as he can. Rigsby goes down, and Dan keeps hitting him.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

32  INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/3 CONT'D)  
Dan exits the men's room, adjusting his tie.

33  INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS  
In a closed toilet stall, Rigsby -- unconscious and bleeding -- is cuffed (with his own handcuffs) to a metal pipe.

34  INT. KITCHEN. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS  
Dan rejoins an anxious Van Pelt, drinking coffee.

   VAN PELT  
   I'm so embarrassed. What did Rigsby say?

   DAN  
   No call for embarrassment. He's a good-hearted person. I like him. He wants you to be happy, or else.

Van Pelt summons a smile.

   VAN PELT  
   What did you say?

   DAN  
   I said I would do my best.

   VAN PELT  
   (smiles a little)  
   You did?

   DAN  
   I did.  
   (then)  
   Where's this psychic character you told me about? I'm dying to meet him.

   VAN PELT  
   He wanted to meet you too.

35  INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - A MOMENT LATER  
ON JANE -- very still, with the glasses, it's hard to say if he's awake or asleep. Van Pelt and Dan come over.

   VAN PELT  
   Jane?

(CONTINUED)
Jane starts up from sleep, looks around, only to clutch at his eyes and realize all over again that he's blind.

JANE
Damn.

VAN PELT
Sorry, I wasn't sure whether to wake you or not.

JANE
I'm awake.

VAN PELT
You said you wanted to meet the man I've been dating.

Jane sits up.

JANE
Yes I did. Is he coming?

VAN PELT
He's here.

Jane's fully alert now.

JANE
Here? Here now?

VAN PELT
Yes.

Dan touches Jane's arm.

DAN
Right here. Dan Hollenbeck, sir. It's a real pleasure to meet you. Grace has told me so much about you.

Dan's looking around surreptitiously, waiting on the last few people to exit the office, leaving him alone with Van Pelt and Jane.

JANE
Hello, Dan. Great to meet you.

Jane puts out his hand to shake, Dan takes it. Jane puts his other hand on Dan's shoulder.

DAN
Excuse my asking, but are you, uh...
JANE
Blind. Yes.

VAN PELT
Temporarily blind. Think positive.

JANE
Yes. Positive. Right.
I wonder, Van Pelt, where is Rigsby exactly?

VAN PELT
I don't know. In the kitchen if I know Rigsby. You need him for something? I can go look for him if you want.

JANE
Lisbon? Cho?

VAN PELT
Still out chasing down Paul Krager. Nobody here but us.

JANE
Of course.
(beat)
So, Dan, nice hard grip you have there. Working man's hands. And a faint scent of chemicals. But an expensive Italian suit. Interesting.

VAN PELT
Dan's a lawyer.

DAN
A very junior lawyer. I lobby the state senate.

JANE
But you're good with your hands. Good at building things. Maybe as a hobby.

DAN
I guess.

JANE
What sort of things do you build? As a hobby?

DAN
You know, stuff.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
And your parents? Where are they?

Beat.

DAN
(without affect)
They're dead.

JANE
Sorry to be a busybody. Just want to be sure Grace finds the right young man.

VAN PELT
Hush.

Van Pelt hasn't caught on that the tension in the air isn't romantic. There's a real sense of cat-and-mouse going on between Hollenbeck and Jane.

JANE
Well, I'm hungry. Guess I'll go find something to eat...

He stands up.

VAN PELT
Don't be silly. I'll get you something.

JANE
That's okay. I can manage.

Dan gets right up close to Jane, his back to Van Pelt. He rests his hand on the gun tucked in his waistband.

DAN
(whispers in his ear)
Think I'm dumb? Make the wrong move and I'll shoot her in the head.

JANE
I hear you.

VAN PELT
What are you guys whispering about?

JANE
Nothing. Some chips would be nice.

VAN PELT
What kind?

JANE
I'm easy.

(CONTINUED)
Van Pelt's walking away when the PHONE RINGS, and she checks the caller ID.

VAN PELT
It's the boss.

She picks up the phone.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY SPACE. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Garbage strewn about. Clearly a squat. In one corner, someone's makeshift home. Paul Krager's fall from greatness. On the walls, PHOTOS and clippings of Krager's pre-occupations -- Jane, Medina, Jill LaMont and their teenage son. And a more current photo of KRAGER'S SON -- who we recognize as Dan Hollenbeck. As we see this, Lisbon's talking. Cho is studying the photos, and an elderly PAUL KRAGER sits on an old ripped mattress in handcuffs.

LISBON
Looks like we've cracked it.
(on phone)
We found Paul Krager. He has an obsession with Jane and Medina. Remember he has a son? Krager says he lives here in the city now. Goes by Dan Hollenbeck -- six-foot-one, one-seventy, dark hair...

INT. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Van Pelt listening to this on the phone, looks right at Dan. She turns pale. Dan reveals he has a gun, which he now keeps low, hidden and pointed at her.

VAN PELT
(unnaturally)
Oh. Thank you Agent Lisbon. Okay. Good. We're here. See you soon.

She hangs up.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY SPACE. DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Lisbon looks at Cho, curious. Then back to the phone.

LISBON
That was weird.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI - CONTINUOUS

Dan with a gun on Van Pelt and Jane. He whispers --

DAN
Sorry about this.

(CONTINUED)
Van Pelt's gaze goes to her own GUN AND HOLSTER, lying on her desk.

  VAN PELT
  (playing for time)
  I don't understand.

  JANE
  He's the bomber. He killed James Medina. Now he's come to kill me.

Van Pelt edges toward her gun, but Dan notices.

  DAN
  Don't even think about it.

Dan is quick to grab her gun and pocket it. He's getting more hyper as the situation develops. Checks to make sure no one's entering the bullpen.

  DAN (CONT'D)
  I'm sorry I had to lie to you, Grace. Truly. But I needed you.

  VAN PELT
  Why?

  JANE
  To get access to the statehouse lot. He needed your ID badge.

  VAN PELT
  You sonofabitch...

  JANE
  Be cool, Van Pelt.

Van Pelt looks around for help. The office is deserted.

  DAN
  Grace, relax. I have no desire to hurt you. Just do as I say.

  VAN PELT
  Give it up, Dan. Please.

  DAN
  I'm in too deep. Can't stop now. Don't make me hurt you.

  JANE
  Do as he says.

(CONTINUED)
DAN
Oh you're a nice guy now, aren't you?
You destroyed my life. For what?
Because my dad cheated on my mom.
Big deal! He wasn't perfect. Hello?
For that, he's on the street? He
loses everything? One day I'm at the
best, the best private school in Los
Angeles. Okay? Playing soccer with
movie star's kids. Next minute I'm
in Dogpatch New Jersey with my
weeping mom, getting my ass whipped
by thugs that don't even speak
freakin' English. Why? Because you,
you had to be the man who knows. You
had tell my mom the "truth."

JANE
I'm sorry.

DAN
Sure you are. With a gun at your head.
(to Van Pelt)
Take out your handcuffs. You can
help me get him out of here.

JANE
Where are we going?

DAN
Somewhere quiet and private. You
won't like it. Stand up.

Jane obeys.

DAN (CONT'D)
Time to go. Come on.

Dan quickly cuffs Van Pelt's hands behind her back and drapes
her coat over them to conceal what he's done. Jane puts one
hand on Van Pelt's shoulder for guidance as Dan stands behind
them, gun ready.

DAN (CONT'D)
Okay... where's your car, Grace?

He pokes the gun in her back.

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT
In the side parking lot. A Jeep. *
Iowa plates.

DAN
I didn't know you were from Iowa.
Famous potatoes, huh?

VAN PELT
That's Idaho, you ignorant jerk.

DAN
Yeah? So what's Iowa famous for?

JANE
Gullible women.

Van Pelt glares at Jane, irked by the insult. *

VAN PELT
That's not fair.

DAN
Get moving. *

And as they exit the bullpen -- *

40 OMITTED

41 EXT. CBI HQ - NIGHT

Jane, Van Pelt and Dan emerge from the building and come down the steps. Suddenly Jane HEARS Tommy, the Guard, chaining the front gate for the evening.

JANE
Hey, Tommy... you still here?

TOMMY
Closing up, Mr. Jane. You folks need anything?

And with that, Jane turns and elbows Dan hard in the gut EXPOSING THE GUN IN HIS HAND.

JANE
Run, Grace! *

Van Pelt and Jane take off. The Guard sees the gun in Dan's hand and draws his sidearm.

TOMMY
Freeze!

(CONTINUED)
Dan raises the 9MM and fires at Tommy. The two exchange gunfire as Jane (holding onto Van Pelt's shoulder) runs for the side gate.

VAN PELT
Jane, grab hold of me!
Tommy is injured and drops to the ground. Van Pelt guides * Jane scurrying across the street. Dan leaves Tommy writhing * in pain and hurries to catch the others. *

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jane and Van pelt duck down trying to get cover as they dodge between cars in the crowded lot.

JANE
Get us to your car.

VAN PELT
But I can't drive.

JANE
We'll manage.

Dan scans the dark lot, waiting for Jane and Van Pelt to show themselves. There they are. BLAM! BLAM! Jane and Van Pelt make it to Van Pelt's JEEP.

JANE (CONT'D)
Keys!

VAN PELT
In my front left pants pocket.

Jane delves into Van Pelt's pants pocket and retrieves the car keys. Beeps the door open. They scramble to get in as Dan, an excited look on his face, shoots at them front across the lot. BLAM! BLAM!

INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

A bullet strikes the window. Another sparks and careens off the hood. Jane's in the driver's seat, Van Pelt in the passenger seat. Jane fumbles the key into the ignition, starts the car. Dan's nearly on them. Jane puts the car into gear. It lurches backward -- CRUNCH -- into the car behind. Dansteadies himself to shoot, but Jane throws the car into gear and floors it. The car darts forward.

VAN PELT
Turn! Turn right.

CRUNCH! The Jeep side-swipes another parked vehicle.

JANE
Which way?

VAN PELT
Floor it! Go.

Jane nails his foot down again blindly and they drive away.

(CONTINUED)
By this method, Jane and Van Pelt dodge their way across the lot, with Dan in hot pursuit.

But finally, Jane gets the bumper caught against another car and they’re immobilized. Dan approaches, raises his gun to shoot Jane through the windshield when -- CLICK. The 9MM jams. He recocks it and -- BAM!

A gunshot hits Dan in the torso and drops him to the ground, DEAD. We RACK-FOCUS to Lisbon, gun raised. Lisbon runs up close behind. Kneels to check Dan.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
Oh thank God. Thank God.

JANE
Can I assume something good happened?
Lisbon?

LISBON
Didn’t I say no excitement of any kind?

Then Jane remembers --

JANE
Rigsby...

42A INT. MEN'S ROOM. CBI HQ - A MOMENT LATER

Two UNI OFFICERS have uncuffed Rigsby. He holds a towel to a wound on his head as the door swings open and Van Pelt appears, out of breath.

VAN PELT
Oh. Oh. You're alive. Are you okay?

He moves toward her, woozy, fumbling a bit. She embraces him in a hug. The Officers exit.
RIGSBY
No bother. I'm fine. Just a little...
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

(barely conscious, but happy)
S'Alright.

They realize they're still holding each other. The awkwardness is palatable. Suddenly a JANITOR walks in and they quickly separate. A beat as the janitor realizes what he's walked into. On sight of them he immediately turns and leaves.

As Rigsby and Van Pelt stand there silently -

EXT. CBI HQ AND ENVIRONS - DAY (D/4)

ESTABLISHING gorgeous DAYBREAK. Birds singing, a breeze in the trees, the Sacramento River rolling by.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

Jane sitting on his own in the early morning. Glasses and bandages still on. He takes off the dark glasses, and slowly starts to remove the bandages.

ANGLE -- Lisbon is watching Jane furtively from across the room. She starts to move closer, not on tiptoes exactly, but she doesn't want him to hear her.

Once the bandages are off, Jane keeps his eyes closed for a moment, scared to find out the truth. Then, slowly, he opens his eyes... and smiles joyously.

Jane's POV -- a blur and then the first thing he sees is Lisbon's look of concern turning into a big smile.

JANE
You have no notion how good it is to see your face, Rigsby.

Lisbon's face drops.

LISBON
Rigsby?

Jane laughs. Gotcha.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END