FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREET. DOWNTOWN SACRAMENTO - DAY (D/1)

Morning. Everyone’s heading to work, ready or not. On the sidewalks a sea of corporate drones, tight-skirted assistants, power-suited attorneys --

And CARL RESNICK, late 20’s, a schlub with a please-don’t-hurt-me air. But today, a determined schlub, a schlub with a mission. He plows through the crowd dragging something heavy -- maybe he’s got a large suitcase, maybe his bike lost a tire, we can’t tell. Carl’s puffing a self-help mantra --

CARL
...Self isn’t something you find, it’s something you create. The more action you take, the more progress you make...

Mostly no one’s paying attention to Carl -- he’s that kind of guy -- but one Woman scurries out of his way, does a horrified double-take --

But Carl’s gone, lost in the crowd.

2 INT. LOBBY. CBI HQ - DAY

JANE, CHO and LISBON in the shorter, cops-only security line, suffering the usual pre-coffee office boredom. A looooong beat... Jane points to a Woman in a red dress in the civilian line --

JANE

A game they play sometimes. Cho eyes the Woman carefully --

CHO
She’s... allergic to perfume? (off them; defensive) It’s a good guess. She just sneezed.

JANE
She’s having an affair. Next?

LISBON
Hang on. An affair? You just made that up.

(CONTINUED)
Jane points to others in line in quick succession --

JANE
Hiding a terminal illness, about to propose to her girlfriend, and... about to quit his job. That or kill his boss.

LISBON
Made. Up.

JANE
Not at all. You see, the woman in the red dress has a peculiar --

But we’ll never know how Jane knew, because just then --

ANGLE - NEAR THE BIG GLASS DOORS

Carl Resnick pushes through the entrance doors, still dragging something, making a ruckus, still determinedly muttering self-help jargon --

CARL
My attitude toward life determines life’s attitude toward me, got a job to do, ya gotta do it right...

Whatever he’s dragging gets stuck as the doors close. He has to yank it free. Thunk, thunk.

LISBON (O.S.)
Stop!

ANGLE - NEAR THE METAL DETECTORS

Jane watches as Lisbon, Cho and a couple of other agents draw their guns on Carl because --
LISBON (CONT’D)
Let me see your hands, NOW.

There’s a trail of smeared BLOOD behind Carl. Leading up to the thing he’s dragging: a knotted-up blanket with something heavy in it. An ARM has popped out. It’s a YOUNG WOMAN, gunshot wound. Carl blinks. And oddly, **laughs.**

CARL
Whoa! Make a federal case out of it, why don’t you?

Jane eyeing this apparent madman with interest as --

ANGLE - THE DOORS BEHIND JANE

RIGSBY and VAN PELT quietly enter, guns drawn --

To join Lisbon, Cho, and the other agents, their guns still trained on Carl. He holds the blanket end in one hand and the other is suspiciously thrust in a pocket. Jane watches, intrigued, as the situation escalates --

CHO
Drop it! Drop the blanket --

VAN PELT
-- Show us your hands, sir, we have to see your hands --

RIGSBY
-- Show us your hands or we’ll shoot.

CARL
Wow, that’s gratitude for you.

LISBON
Put it down, let go now and put your hands above your head.

A calm voice, controlled. Lisbon inches forward, her eyes never leaving Carl’s hand in his pocket. Carl is miffed.

CARL
I bring you a gift and this is how I’m treated?

RIGSBY
(sotto)
Sick bastard...

(CONTINUED)
Jane clocks -- CARL’S EYES (slightly red, pupils dilated), CHEST (steady breathing).

JANE
What gift?

LISBON
(ignoring Jane)
Sir, you don’t want to die today, do you? Put your hands up, now.

CARL
I dragged this for three blocks, Lady!

Now Carl’s mad. His hand making a fist in his pocket. A fist around a gun?... Proper procedure is to --

RIGSBY
(softly)
Take the shot, Boss. Take it...

LISBON
Show me your damn hands. Hands!

CARL
A man stands up for himself. I will not be walked all over!

Carl takes a step forward, Lisbon has no choice but to fire --

And Jane steps toward Carl. From this angle, he’s blocking everyone’s shot.

LISBON
Jane!

Jane examines Carl’s face --

JANE
Red eyes, dilated pupils -- you on drugs, Mr...?

CARL
Resnick. Carl Resnick. (insulted)
I don’t do drugs. Crack is wack.

JANE
Hey. Look over there.

Carl looks where Jane points and Jane takes Carl’s wrist. Carl absently drops the blanket.
JANE (CONT'D)
Steady pulse. Rock steady after dragging a body three blocks.

CARL
(turning back)
Huh? Hey.

LISBON
Jane, you need to move away.

JANE
So Carl -- she’s a gift? That’s why you brought her here to us?

CARL
Her? Them.

JANE
There’s more than one?

CARL
It’s a whole bagful, fella. You need glasses?

Jane eyes the woman’s body, then Carl, puzzled.

JANE
A bagful of what, exactly?

CARL
(as to the impaired)
Potatoes.

JANE
Potatoes.

CARL
I’m supposed to deliver them to the police. You are police, right?

Jane’s tone is soothing.

JANE
Near enough.

Jane waves his hand in front of Carl’s face twice, quickly, studying how his pupils react.

JANE (CONT’D)
Hmmm, very good subject.
LISBON

Subject?

Jane turns to Lisbon, pleased.

JANE
For implanting a suggestion. He’s been hypnotized.

FADE OUT.
FADE IN:

INT. OBSERVATION. CBI HQ - DAY (D/1 CONT’D)

Rigsby and Jane watch Cho and Carl in INTERROGATION.

RIGSBY
The man’s lying.

JANE
Is he?

RIGSBY
Given that the girl he dragged in here dead is not actually a bag of spuds like he says, yes.

JANE
It’s not a lie if he believes it.

INT. INTERROGATION. CBI HQ - SAME TIME

Carl is trying his best to help Cho.

CHO
So, Carl. Why would you bring a bag of potatoes to the police?

Carl pauses. He can’t remember. An embarrassed grin --

CARL
Uh, I don’t... I can’t...

CHO
(prompting)
Potatoes to cops, potatoes. Not doughnuts, but potatoes... Did someone tell you to do it?

CARL
Yes! Yes.

CHO
Who?

CARL
Uhhhh... I can’t remember.

CHO
Try.

(CONTINUED)
CARL
I’m trying.

CHO
Carl, what if I told you it wasn’t potatoes? That in fact it was a dead girl you were dragging around.

Carl seems genuinely horrified.

CARL
You have a twisted sense of humor.

CHO
Here’s proof, Carl. What do you see here?

Cho throws down a PHOTO: the dead Woman on the Lobby floor, still in the blanket. Carl is bewildered, seeing only --

CARL
Potatoes.

INT. OBSERVATION. CBI HQ - SAME TIME

Rigsby and Jane.

RIGSBY
He’s crazy.

JANE
Hypnotized.

RIGSBY
Come on.

And Lisbon enters as --

JANE
Hypnosis is just a way to connect to the imagination rather than the conscious mind. The mind will accept whatever the imagination creates, however bizarre.

LISBON
Hypnosis is what you use -- against my explicit orders -- to get witnesses to tell the truth. That’s a little different from getting someone to see a dead girl as a sack of vegetables.
JANE
Eh, different in scale.

RIGSBY
But he doesn’t look like he’s in a trance or anything.

JANE
Neither did Minelli, when I hypnotized him to stop smoking. A subject acts normally, except inside the suggestion. Carl’s suggestion was to have this very powerful hallucination. And to forget who did it. Whoever did this is very good, I must admit.

LISBON
Good enough to hypnotize Carl into killing the girl?

Jane is thoughtful.

JANE
Depends on whether Carl, deep down, wanted to kill the girl.

LISBON
But if he’s hypnotized --

JANE
-- No suggestion in the world can make you do something against your moral character, against your true will. A hypnotized saint is still a saint.

LISBON
So if Carl’s a killer, he can be hypnotized to kill. Otherwise...

RIGSBY
Otherwise the hypnotist must have killed the girl and framed Carl for it.

Rigsby’s PHONE RINGS. He stays to take the call as Jane and Lisbon peel into --

INT. HALLWAY. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Where Van Pelt approaches with a file as they head for the bullpen.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
So, is Carl a killer? What do we know about him?

Before Van Pelt can speak --

JANE
Sells cars or boats, or stuff like that.
(off them)
Well mannered and over-groomed, but too badly dressed to be gay. Salesman.

VAN PELT
(impressed)
He works at a dealership over on Fulton.

LISBON
He have a record?

Van Pelt looks at Jane to see if he’ll guess. He graciously gestures for her to go ahead.

VAN PELT
Not even a parking ticket.

JANE
He’s a good boy. Obeys authority. Makes him a very easy subject for trance.

They reach the --

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

LISBON
Well, can you fix him? Lift the trance or whatever so he’ll remember who did this?

JANE
I could try, but without knowing the trigger it would be like playing Marco Polo in the Atlantic. Takes forever and you get all pruny. Easier to find ourselves the hypnotist and ask him.

Jane flops onto his couch. Rigsby enters, closing his phone as he walks.
RIGSBY
Got an i.d. on the victim. Her fingerprints were on file with the school board. She’s Mary Beth Hendrix, 27. Her sister’s on her way in from the airport.

INT. LISBON’S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY

CLOSE ON Lisbon’s desk, the PHOTO of the dead Woman. WIDER as LINDSAY HENDRIX, late 20’s, shy and heartsick, shakily pushes the photo back to Lisbon, there with Jane and Rigsby.

LINDSAY
That’s Mary Beth. She... someone shot her?

LISBON
A gunshot wound to the head, I’m sorry. Coroner says she died instantly.

LINDSAY
I can’t believe it. She was fine when I left.

JANE
You live together?

LINDSAY
(forces a smile)
Two country girls in the big city. I didn’t want to come at first, but Mary Beth said she’d take care of me. Funny, huh?

She tears up. Lisbon offers a box of tissues.

LISBON
Lindsay. Your trip. You were in San Francisco?

LINDSAY
(nods)
Just overnight. For work. I’d just landed when you called.

RIGSBY
Mary Beth’s an elementary school teacher, is that right?

(CONTINUED)
LINDSAY
She was. Last year I got her a job where I work. At the Model Life Centre, downtown? Mary Beth was the boss’ assistant. I’m the event planner. I help set up the doctor’s NLP seminars around the country.

LISBON
NLP?

LINDSAY
Neurolinguistic programming.

Lisbon’s none the wiser.

JANE
Sneaky ways to influence people doesn’t sound as catchy.

LINDSAY
(a bit piqued)
Dr. Daniel changes lives.

JANE
Dr. Royston Daniel?

LINDSAY
(a proud nod)
He’s the best.

JANE
(sees the light)
Ah ha.

LISBON
Who’s Royston Daniel?

JANE
One of the pre-eminent hypno-therapists in the country.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY
Cho with Carl. He’s devastated.

CARL
Mary Beth is dead? Oh, my God...

CHO
You know Mary Beth then?
CARL
Sure. I met her at the Model Life Centre. I’m taking Dr. Daniel’s NLP course. To help me be a better salesman.

CHO
And Mary Beth?

CARL
At the Monday class, I didn’t understand the exercise, and Mary Beth spent her whole lunch explaining it to me. A great teacher. Patient, you know? Even with a dope like me.

CHO
So do you remember now who hypnotized you?

CARL
(squeezes eyes shut, then)
I got nothing. Sorry. But Mary Beth -- what happened to her?

12
INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Jane, Lisbon and Rigsby watch Carl, horrified as Cho tells him what he did to Mary Beth’s body...

LISBON
So we go take a look at Daniel and this Model Life Centre.

JANE
Let’s bring Carl.

LISBON
Why?

JANE
That’s where the hypnotists are.

LISBON
Carl is still our prime suspect in this. We can’t use him as bait.

JANE
As long as we don’t lose him or break him, what’s the problem?
Imposing structure, lots of money here. Striding to the big glass doors are Jane, Lisbon and Carl, (hands cuffed discreetly in front of him) held firmly by Rigsby.

On the MONITOR on the wall above Jane, Lisbon, Carl and Rigsby: “DR. ROYSTON DANIEL PRESENTS: NLP 101 - GET WHAT YOU WANT FROM WHOEVER YOU WANT.”

RIGSBY
“Get What You Want From Whoever You Want.” Sounds like a scam.

LISBON
Not to mention bad grammar.

CARL
(defensive)
Neuro-linguistic programming is not a scam. It’s the science of willpower and persuasion and communicating more deeply. A way to better your life.

RIGSBY
Scam.

JANE
Maybe it’s a scam that will make your life better.

LISBON
Oooh, deep.

Prompted by APPLAUSE O.S., Jane opens the door and goes inside...

JANE’S POV: Interested if not wild applause from the crowd as a distinguished MAN, 50’s, professorial, walks out ON STAGE. Takes the mic with an almost zenlike air.

OUT OF POV as Jane, intrigued, enters the auditorium. Lisbon motions to Rigsby to watch Carl, then follows.

DISTINGUISHED MAN
Good afternoon. My name is Dr. Royston Daniel.

(MORE)
And I’m here to teach you the secrets of neuro-linguistic programming. Some of you may not fully believe in the power of trance, but I promise -- you will.

Lisbon’s intrigued; some audience members nod significantly to each other, knowing what’s coming. Behind the man, a YOUNGER MAN walks out, 30’s, hipper clothes, charismatic.

DISTINGUISHED MAN (CONT’D)
Excuse me, young man. This is not the moment. I’m speaking.

Jane watches as the Younger Man leans into the Older Man, briskly pats his hand twice. Which apparently is a signal, because --

The Older Man blinks, coming out of his trance. He stares at the crowd, puzzled.

DISTINGUISHED MAN (CONT’D)
Where... Where am I?

He eyes the Younger Man.

DISTINGUISHED MAN (CONT’D)
Dr. Daniel, what happened?

An amazed GASP from the crowd, then applause. Even Lisbon is somewhat impressed. The Younger Man -- DR. ROYSTON DANIEL -- puts his arm around the Older Man as they face the audience.

DANIEL
Ladies and gentlemen, give a round of applause to Mike here for being such a good sport. As you may know, I am Dr. Royston Daniel.

The audience applauds enthusiastically. Daniel grins. He got `em. Jane goes down to the front.

LISBON
Jane...

Jane keeps going. Lisbon sighs, but waits to see what he’ll do. He walks up the steps to the edge of the stage, and beckons to Daniel. Lisbon follows him down to the front.

DANIEL
Hello?

(CONTINUED)
JANE
I’d love a quick word in private if I may.

Daniel plays to the audience.

DANIEL
I’m kind of in the middle of something here.

The audience thinks this is more of the routine and laughs.

JANE
It’s important. Your boat is on fire.

DANIEL
My boat? I don’t have a boat.

JANE
No, not any more.

Daniel looks to RICK TIEGLER, 20’s, slick, in the front row.

DANIEL
Rick, page security, would you?
(tough, to Jane)
Sir, I don’t know what your issue is but --

Looking daggers at Jane, Lisbon moves him aside to show her badge to Daniel.

LISBON
Sir...

Jane throws up his hands.

JANE
All right, all right. I was trying to avoid upsetting everybody. Your assistant Mary Beth has been murdered.

Daniel looks stunned. The audience gasps and murmurs. Lisbon comes to the front and shows her badge.

LISBON
California Bureau of Investigation. We need to speak with you.
DANIEL
(to audience)
I know you’ll understand and excuse me, folks. The very able and eloquent Rick Tiegler will conduct this seminar from here on in. Hope to see you all again soon.

Daniel hands the mike to Rick, who is flustered, but recovers fast. Bounds up onstage as Daniel gets down offstage and follows Jane and Lisbon out of the auditorium.

RICK
(to audience)
Wow. Well, as Dr. Daniel showed you, trance is incredibly powerful. And we’re going to teach you how to unleash that power for yourselves.

The audience rustles with interest.

RICK (CONT’D)
Let’s start by relaxing with a few simple breathing exercises, then I’ll show you how to supercharge your life. How’s that sound?

The audience thinks that sounds good.

INT. FOYER - MODEL LIFE CENTRE - DAY

Jane, Lisbon and Daniel emerge from the auditorium and join Carl and Rigsby. Daniel shows no recognition of Carl.

CARL
(sheepish)
Hi, Dr. Daniel.

JANE
Carl? Is this who hypnotized you? Let’s see your eyes...

Jane pushes Carl so he’s almost nose to nose with Daniel.

DANIEL
(backs away)
Hey!

LISBON
Jane.
(to Daniel)
Sir, do you know this man?

(CONTINUED)
DANIEL
Mmmm, the face is familiar. Is he one my students?

Jane looks at Carl, then Daniel, discerns no hypnotic connection.

JANE
Hmm, well. Nope. Rigs, why don’t you and Carl go to the seminar while we speak with Dr. Daniel?

RIGSBY
Boss?

LISBON
I’ll stick with Carl.
(off Jane)
That way I’ll know he won’t get lost or broken.

INT. DR. DANIEL’S OFFICE. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - DAY

Opulent but tasteful. Dr. Daniel with Rigsby and Jane. Daniel is trying to hide his upset.

DANIEL
This is terrible. Poor kid. I had a bad feeling -- when I couldn’t reach her last night. Not like her to disappear.

RIGSBY
She have problems with anyone lately? Bad breakup, anyone who might want to hurt her?

DANIEL
(shrugs)
I wouldn’t know. Mary Beth’s personal life was her own.

RIGSBY
She was brought to us by Carl Resnick out there. He was hypnotized to think she was a big old bag of potatoes.

Daniel is impressed.

DANIEL
Strong stuff.
JANE
Who could have done that, Doctor?

DANIEL
Oh, very few people have the talent
to create a trance that powerful.
Very few.

JANE
Besides you, of course. What were
you doing last night between
midnight and six?

DANIEL
Oh, wait now. You don’t think I
killed Mary Beth?

JANE
Did you?

DANIEL
Well. Maybe I need a lawyer here.

JANE
Maybe. I wouldn’t know. Rigsby?
He need a lawyer?

A standoff, two alphas locking horns. Rigsby breaks through
the tension.

RIGSBY
Dr. Daniel, how about you tell me
about your students. What kind of
people want to get “what they want
from whoever they want”?

DANIEL
Who doesn’t want to make his life
better? Using trance as a tool,
NLP can help everyone from
insomniac soccer moms to high-
powered executives. Smokers,
weight challenged -- anyone who
wants to improve his life.

RIGSBY
And control the lives of other
people?

DANIEL
(acknowledging)
Some students want to sell to their
customers better.
(MORE)
Or make people like and respect them. Nothing wrong with that, right?

This last directed at Jane with a cheerful fuck-you smile.

LINDSAY
Royston, I have those files you needed -- the advance work for the seminar in San Francisco.

Lindsay Hendrix is at the door. Daniel is surprised.

DANIEL
Lindsay? You came in?

LINDSAY
I had to keep busy, you know, I... I had to.

Lindsay forces a smile, but the vulnerability shows. Daniel takes the file.

DANIEL
Thanks. But you don’t belong here, Lindsay. Not today. Whatever it is can wait. It’s not important.

LINDSAY
What?

She seems a little lost. Daniel uses a gentle tone to mask the harsh words.

DANIEL
I am otherwise occupied, as you can see. Go home. Grieve. We’ll survive, don’t worry. Take care of you.

A beat. Lindsay’s emotional, embarrassed.

LINDSAY
Sorry... Sorry... You’re right, this was a bad idea... Sorry...

Lindsay exits, tearful. Jane is admiring.

JANE
“Take care of you.” That’s the smoothest blow-off I’ve ever heard. You really are good.
And he exits with a smile, leaving Rigsby alone with Daniel.

INT. AUDITORIUM. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - DAY

Lisbon and Carl seated in the back of the auditorium listening to Rick Tiegler in mid spiel. Carl is watching Tiegler like a hawk, but then so is Lisbon...

RICK
Are you feeling it? Are you all feeling it?

All in the audience say or at least murmur “YES.” Lisbon almost does, but stops herself.

RICK (CONT’D)
Good, good. Now I’m going to talk to you individually, and invite one or two of you to come and help me up onstage. Will you do that? Will you help me if I ask you?

Again all in the audience say “Yes.”

Rick gets down off the stage and prowls up the aisle, looking for good soft targets. He starts in a alarm when he sees Carl in back.

RICK (CONT’D)
Wh -- why are you --?

CARL
What do you want me to do here?

Too late, Tiegler realizes that the woman next to Carl is a cop. Lisbon eyes Carl, sees his mesmerized expression, looks back to Tiegler, suspicion in her eyes...

RICK
(smiles at Carl)
Oh, sorry, I thought you were someone else...

Tiegler tries to move on...

LISBON
Hang on a minute, sir...

RICK
Kinda busy right now.

(CONTINUED)
Lisbon stands up. Tiegler runs to the door. Lisbon quickly cuffs Carl’s handcuffs to his chair and sprints after Tiegler.

LISBON
Stop!

INT. NEAR FOYER – MODEL LIFE CENTRE – CONTINUOUS

BOOM! Lisbon and Tiegler come tumbling through the auditorium doors, pound toward the grand stairway. Like an expert calf roper, Lisbon swiftly subdues Tiegler --

Just as Jane comes down the stairs.

JANE
You didn’t like the class?

LISBON
I think we found our mystery hypnotist.

She handcuffs Tiegler (with a second set of handcuffs). Jane smiles at Tiegler on the ground...

JANE
What do you know, I got what I want from who I want. This NLP stuff really works.

Off his smile --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION. CBI HQ - DAY (D/1 CONT’D)

Cho interrogating Rick. Rick’s agitated, a little twitchy.

RICK
I’m not talking about Carl.
I don’t know anything about him.

CHO
Okay. Let’s talk about your job.
You’re pretty good at what you do I guess.

RICK
I try.

CHO
Agent Rigsby asked around at the center. Everyone says you’re Dr. Daniel’s number one guy.

Rick can’t help puffing a bit with pride.

RICK
I’m proud to assist Dr. Daniel in his work. And yes, I’m good at what I do. That’s what the model life is all about.

CHO
If anyone could put the hex on Carl Resnick, it’s you.

RICK
I wouldn’t say that. Nope.

CHO
You ever try your stuff on Mary Beth Hendrix?

RICK
I don’t want to talk about her either.

Cho eyes Rick carefully. Then Rick’s hands. A little shaky.

CHO
Are you a drinker, Rick?

(CONTINUED)
RICK
No. I mean, I like a drink.

CHO
Would you like one now?

RICK
You offering?

CHO
No.

Beat.

RICK
I’m not a drunk. I’ve been under a lot of stress.

CHO
I understand. Were you drunk when you killed Mary Beth?

RICK
I didn’t.

CHO
That’s right, you didn’t. But if something happened when you were drunk, that means you had diminished capacity. It means you’re not responsible like you would normally be.

RICK
Yeah?... Yeah, I know that.

CHO
Well. Is that how it was?

A long beat. Rick squirms.

RICK
Maybe. I really don’t know.

CHO
Tell me what happened.

RICK
I was mad at Mary Beth. Yesterday I’d kind of... asked her out, and she said no. She said no way, actually. In hell.
CHO
So last night you were mad, maybe you went to a bar to forget?

RICK
Yeah, I hoisted a few. Dozen. A man’s gotta blow off steam, you know? I know I lasted till like one, but then I guess I blacked out.

FLASHBACK

INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT - NIGHT (N/0)

QUICK FLASHES: Mary Beth’s BODY on the floor, the GUN in someone’s hand, a pool of BLOOD...

RICK (V.O.)
(hard to say it)
When I woke up... It was five a.m. and I was in Mary Beth’s living room. Standing over her body. A gun in my hand, I could smell the powder. I was just standing there, calm as could be.

And now the whole picture: RICK with the gun, horrified as he looks down at Mary Beth...

END FLASHBACK

INT. INTERROGATION. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

CHO
So you killed her.

RICK
I... I guess I did. I don’t know. But like you said, I’m not responsible!

CHO
And after you killed her. That’s when you decided to use your skills to frame Carl Resnick?

RICK
We’d been partners in a trance exercise. I’d already put him under a few times. It’s easier after that. Especially on Carl. Such a creampuff.

(CONTINUED)
CHO
What did you think was going to happen, when Carl dragged a murdered girl’s body to the cops with a gun in his hand? Did you think Carl was walking out of there alive?

RICK
(sheepish)
Weeeeeeellllll...

Cho stands.

CHO
Rick, we’re charging you with the murder of Mary Beth Hendrix. Stay put.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

Late afternoon shadows. At the big table, Rigsby and Carl sit near each other. Lisbon pops her head in just as a Teacher exits. Rigsby’s just scribbling a final note -- *

RIGSBY
Be with you in a sec... (seeing her)
Oh, hey, Boss. Has Cho searched Tiegler’s place yet? *

Lisbon plops into the seat next to Rigsby. (NOTE: During the following, Rigsby will be mirroring Lisbon’s movements -- the way she sits, crosses her legs, touches her face, etc.)

LISBON
He’s getting the warrant. I’m all done with the student interviews -- how’s it going here? *

She crosses her legs. Rigsby follows suit.

RIGSBY
Couple more teachers to go. So far, nobody knows much about Tiegler or Mary Beth.

CARL
I can’t believe Rick killed Mary Beth. (MORE)
Do you think Dr. Daniel will set up a place to make donations in her name? A charity for a school would be good.

LISBON  
(to Rigsby; re: Carl)  
He’s still here?

CARL  
(modest pride)  
I’ve been helping Agent Rigsby parse the submodalities of the teachers’ language patterns.

RIGSBY  
Translating their double-talk. “Reframing,” “pacing,” “representational systems.” I don’t get half of what these guys say.

Lisbon leans forward to look at Rigsby’s notes. Rigsby leans forward, too. Odd. Lisbon clocks it.

LISBON  
What are you doing?

RIGSBY  
What? Nothing.

She sits back. Rigsby sits back.

LISBON  
Are you... mimicking me?

RIGSBY  
(sheepish)  
It’s called “modeling.” You kind of model yourself on your subject...

LISBON  
Subject? You’re trying this NLP stuff on me?

RIGSBY  
No! Sort of.  
(to Carl, annoyed)  
You said it would establish rapport!

She stands.
LISBON

(amused)
Yeah, needs work. Come back to the office when you’re done here.

She exits.

RIGSBY
I don’t believe this NLP stuff works at all.

Carl smiles, and as we’ll remember later, snaps his fingers and points at Rigsby.

CARL
You will.

And he exits. Another Teacher enters and Rigsby starts the next interview...

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

Cho takes a pizza box around to Lisbon, Van Pelt and Jane. Lisbon and Van Pelt take a slice. Jane refuses, troubled by something.

JANE
No thanks.

CHO
You have to.

VAN PELT
It’s tradition. The case is closed.

JANE
Hmmm.

LISBON
Hmmm? There’s no hmmm here. An hour ago we found the gun that killed Mary Beth, in Tiegler’s apartment, with Tiegler’s prints.

CHO
Plus, you know, the confession.

Van Pelt does a victory fist-bump with Cho without looking up from her pizza.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Rick Tiegler’s black-out. Didn’t
strike you as odd?

Rigsby approaches (we see Carl exit in the b.g.) --

RIGSBY
He got drunk, he blacked out, killed
somebody. Who hasn’t been there?
(off them)
Kidding.

JANE
Tiegler came out of a drunken
stupor standing upright over a body
instead of lying facedown in a pool
of vomit? Almost sounds more like
a trance than a blackout.

CHO
Somebody hypnotized Tiegler into
killing Mary Beth and hypnotizing
Carl.

JANE
Something like that.

LISBON
I didn’t eat all this cheese and
grease for nothing. The case is
closed. You’re just seeing
“suggestion” everywhere, Jane.
(teasing)
You’re too suggestible.

JANE
Ha ha.

LISBON
Oh, right, too much of a control
freak for that.

RIGSBY
(sotto)

But Lisbon hears him, gives him a hard look. Just then
Lindsay Hendrix enters, timid.

LINDSAY
Um, hi, Agent Lisbon. I’m here for my
sister’s effects, from our apartment?

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Sure. Agent Rigsby will help you.

Rigsby, about to take a huge bite of pizza, puts it down, gravely disappointed. Lindsay turns to go with Rigsby. Jane calls after her.

JANE
Ms. Hendrix. A question: do you believe Rick Tiegler killed your sister?

LISBON
Jane.

But Lindsay turns, puzzlement and relief mixed.

LINDSAY
Actually... I kind of don’t. I was going to talk to you about it. How did you know?

Lisbon doesn’t want Jane to have quite such a swift victory. She steers Lindsay away --

LISBON
Come to my office.

JANE
(sotto)
Control freak.

INT. LISBON’S OFFICE. CBI HQ – DAY

Lisbon and Rigsby with Lindsay Hendrix.

LINDSAY
I’m sorry to be such a bother...

LISBON
What exactly is your concern, Lindsay?

Jane enters.

LINDSAY
It’s just nagging at me, I’m sorry. Did Rick say how he got into our apartment?

LISBON
No, he claims he was blacked out. Why?
LINDSAY
It’s just... Mary Beth really
disliked him. Like really. I
can’t imagine she’d let him into
our place.

Lisbon slides a file toward Rigsby.

LISBON
Well, there’s no way he broke in.
The BFS report says there was no
damage to the door.

LINDSAY
Then I don’t get it. I mean, we
have a peephole, a deadbolt? Mary
Beth got really security-conscious
after she and Royston got mugged.

RIGSBY
She and Dr. Daniel?

LINDSAY
Yeah, when he took her to Maui for
the weekend, some kids there mugged
them. It was awful.

RIGSBY
She and Dr. Daniel were a couple.

LINDSAY
For six months now. I thought he
told you.

JANE
And, voila.

Lisbon sighs.

INT. NEAR LISBON’S OFFICE. CBI HQ - A MOMENT LATER

Rigsby, Jane and Lisbon confer quietly. We can see Lindsay
in Lisbon’s office, waiting patiently.

RIGSBY
Daniel told us Mary Beth was just
his assistant, he didn’t know
anything about her personal life.

LISBON
Okay, so Daniel lied to us. Why?

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
Embarrassment, fear, privacy...

JANE
(helpful)
Guilt. Maybe.

RIGSBY
It’s probably nothing. But it is a
loose end.

LISBON
That Tiegler’s defense attorney
could use to hang us with. We
better go pick up Daniel.

JANE
If you walk over there, you can
work off some of those case closed
pizza calories.

LISBON
Ha ha.
(to Rigsby, off Lindsay)
Get everything she knows about her
sister and Daniel.

She and Jane move off and Rigsby goes back into --

INT. LISBON’S OFFICE. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Rigsby sits down next to Lindsay.

RIGSBY
Lindsay, tell me exactly when Mary
Beth and Dr. Daniel started dating?

LINDSAY
Royston wouldn’t hurt Mary Beth, if
that’s what you’re thinking. Not
in a million years. He loved her.

RIGSBY
This is just routine. Relax, we’ll be
done in no time.

INT. HALLWAY. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - DAY

Van Pelt and Daniel stride past stunning glass walls.
Daniel’s impatient but curious, Van Pelt all business.

DANIEL
I’m really quite busy, you know.

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT
We’ll have you back here very soon, Doctor.

DANIEL
If you could just tell me what this is about...

VAN PELT
Just a few questions, that’s all.

DANIEL
But a few questions about what?

VAN PELT
Not sure, sir, I won’t be the one asking.

DANIEL
Come on, Agent. A hint.
(a charming smile)
You’re too pretty to be so solemn. Talk to me.

Van Pelt tries to hide a withering look with mixed success. Daniel clocks it.

DANIEL (CONT’D)
Ah. The curse of the pretty girl.
(off her)
You’ve been told you’re gorgeous since you were twelve, so now you hate hearing what most women long for.

VAN PELT
I have a job to do, that’s all.

DANIEL
Are you really that tough?
(off her)
Didn’t think so.

VAN PELT
You don’t know anything about me.

DANIEL
No?

VAN PELT
No.

(CONTINUED)
DANIEL
You’re ambitious, more than you’ll let anyone see. A girl from Nowheresville desperate to make it big. But you worry you’ll always be small-town, small-time, that you don’t have what it takes. That’s why you’re so shut down to everything but your job.

He looks to see if he’s hurt her. She holds him with a look.

VAN PELT
Dr. Daniel? No offense. But I’ve been working with Patrick Jane for nine months. You want to get under my skin, you’ll have to up your game.

Damn. As Daniel gives her an admiring look, they’re out.

Rigsby, Jane and Van Pelt watch as IN OBSERVATION, Cho questions Dr. Daniel. As Lisbon enters the room --
Cho and Dr. Daniel. Daniel is calm, collected. A resonant voice, charismatic.

DANIEL
I’ll tell you again, Agent Cho. I wasn’t sleeping with my assistant.

CHO
Assistant’s sister says different, Doctor.

DANIEL
Then she’s lying or misled somehow.

CHO
You didn’t take Mary Beth to Maui? In November, you two didn’t go to Paris for a week?

DANIEL
On business, yes. I travel extensively, teaching.

VAN PELT
Same story for twenty-three minutes now.

LISBON
Maybe he’s telling the truth. Maybe it’s Lindsay Hendrix who’s lying.

JANE
No. This one’s lying. See how he’s afraid to break eye contact?

RIGSBY
I’ll get the truth out of him.

Rigsby exits. The others are a little puzzled.

CHO
I think that’s not true, Doctor.
DANIEL
Look, Agent Cho, I came here as a courtesy. If there’s nothing new, I’d like to go.

Rigsby enters.

RIGSBY
Hey, Cho, may I?

Cho’s puzzled too, but hey, it’s Rigsby.

CHO
Uh, sure.

RIGSBY
Dr. Daniel, tell the truth. You’ll feel better. Trust me.

DANIEL
I’d like to go now.

_Without warning, Rigsby smashes Daniel’s face into the table._
Turning his nose to bloody pulp. Oddly, Rigsby’s voice is calm, reasonable, like nothing’s happened —

RIGSBY
When you tell the truth.

INT. OBSERVATION. CBI HQ - SAME TIME

Jane, Van Pelt and Lisbon react.

JANE
Whoa!

INT. INTERROGATION. CBI HQ - SAME TIME

CHO
Rigsby!

RIGSBY
You were sleeping with her, weren’t you? Weren’t you? Tell the truth, Royston. Tell me.

Cho rushes to Rigsby as Jane, Van Pelt and Lisbon rush in.

DANIEL
All right! All right! We were together! We’d been dating since September. Okay?
Cho and Lisbon wrestle Rigsby away. But he offers no resistance. A satisfied grin on his face.

RIGSBY
Now that feels better, doesn’t it?

Van Pelt stares at the nonchalant Rigsby, horrified. Daniel grips his bloody nose, moaning.

DANIEL
You broke my nose! You crazy bastard!...

Jane eyes Rigsby’s face as Lisbon hisses in Rigsby’s ear --

LISBON
Agent Rigsby, step outside.

31A INT. HALLWAY. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION - MOMENTS LATER

Jane, Lisbon, Van Pelt with Rigsby. (Cho is Interrogation with Daniel.) Jane studies Rigsby as --

LISBON
Your gun and your badge.

RIGSBY
Boss, come on...

LISBON
Now.

Rigsby hands over his gun and badge to Lisbon.

LISBON (CONT’D)
Do you get what you’ve just done? Damnit, Wayne.

JANE
Oh, dear.

LISBON
(Duh, Rigsby hit a guy)
I know!

JANE
No. This.

Jane waves his hand in front of the Rigsby, just as he did with Carl in Act One. Lisbon remembers it, too.

LISBON
No. No way.
JANE
I’m afraid so. Rigsby’s been hypnotized.

VAN PELT
Oh, dear.

Off them --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

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

The gang follows Rigsby toward his desk. Rigsby is skeptical but mightily amused. (Note: he no longer has a sidearm.)

RIGSBY
Oh, I’ve been hypnotized, have I? Are you going to make me do embarrassing things? Pretend I’m Tina Turner or something?

JANE
Would you like to be Tina Turner?

RIGSBY
Jane, trust me. I’m not hypnotized. I feel fine. Totally normal.

CHO
Normally, you don’t break the noses of your suspects.

RIGSBY
(a chuckle)
What are you talking about? I just questioned the man.

Jane and a worried Lisbon step aside into the HALLWAY...

LISBON
Could this be something psychological? A psychotic break or something?

JANE
No. Hypnosis, that’s all.

LISBON
I thought you can’t hypnotize someone to do something against his moral character.

JANE
Rigsby has a brutal streak. If you didn’t know, now you know. Not an uncommon trait in those drawn to policework.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
I’m calling a shrink, to make sure...

JANE
I’ll prove it. Deeply hypnotized subjects have very few inhibitions.

Jane leads them back to the BULLPEN.

JANE (CONT’D)
Rigs, do me favor. Close your eyes. Relax. Good. Now, don’t tell me, just think about it, think about what you most want to do right now. You can do anything you like in the whole world. What will you do? I want you to open your eyes and do it. Do what you want.

Rigsby rises from his chair, goes to Van Pelt, takes her in his arms, and gives her the longest and sexiest kiss in the history of CBS television.

JANE (CONT’D)
Okay, then.

CHO
Huh.

Lisbon shakes her head. Rigsby and Van Pelt come up for air. Van Pelt is upset, embarrassed and aroused all at once, and takes a beat before wrenching herself away.

LISBON
Okay, he’s hypnotized.

VAN PELT
Well, unhypnotize him.

JANE
Are you sure?

Van Pelt punches Jane on the shoulder.

VAN PELT
Do it.

JANE
I can’t. The hypnotist used a specific trigger to induce trance. Without knowing it, I can’t bring him out.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
I have to go.

JANE
Where do you have to go to?

RIGSBY
I can’t tell you. See you later.

He heads for the exit.

LISBON
Rigsby, no.

JANE
Let him. Let’s see what happens.

LISBON
He’s not a guinea pig. Rigsby, stay here. That’s an order.

RIGSBY
Sorry, Boss. I have to go.

Cho hastens to get in his way.

CHO
Rigs, you can’t leave. You’re not okay.

RIGSBY
Stop messing around, Cho. I’m fine.

He shoves Cho aside.

LISBON
Hey!

The situation’s escalating, someone could get hurt. Jane steps in.

JANE
It’s okay. Grace, talk to him. He’ll listen to you.

VAN PELT
Rigsby!

Rigsby pauses, turns.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
Please stay. Please.
Rigsby’s torn.

**RIGSBY**
Okay. But not for long.

Rigsby comes back. Van Pelt takes his arm solicitously.

**VAN PELT**
Come sit by me.

**RIGSBY**
Okay.

---

**INT. LISBON’S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY**

Lisbon, Cho and Jane.

**JANE**
Rigsby didn’t talk to Tiegler, did he?

**CHO**
Nope.

**LISBON**
So Tiegler didn’t do this. Maybe Tiegler didn’t kill Mary Beth either.

(eyes Jane)
Looks like you were right. Rick Tiegler was put in a trance by the real killer and just thought he blacked out.

**CHO**
And the same person put Rigsby under.

**LISBON**
We need to question everyone Rigsby interviewed at the NLP Center, and anyone else he’s talked to.

**CHO**
Has to be Dr. Daniel, right? He’s the only one with the chops to do this.

**LISBON**
Plus he lied about sleeping with the victim.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Even an innocent man might want to avoid the shame of being dragged into interrogation. And why would he want Rigsby to punch him in the face?

CHO
Although why would anyone else want Rigsby to punch Daniel in the face?

JANE
My guess, that punch was the unintended side effect of a much deeper hypnotic command.

LISBON
A command to do what?

JANE
Yes, there’s the rub. (cheerful) Let’s find out, shall we?

Off Lisbon, not liking the sound of that at all --

EXT. STREET NEAR COURTHOUSE - DAY

Lisbon walking, anger in her stride. Cho meets her, coming from the direction of the courthouse. He’s carrying a file. They continue toward the courthouse --

CHO
Jane’s off doing his thing?

LISBON
Yes, and I should be there. What the hell happened? Tiegler got bail? Just like that?

CHO
No record, he’s not a flight risk. Plus it’s Judge Milton. He set the bail at fifty thousand.

LISBON
Fifty grand for an accessory to murder charge?

CHO
That’s the thing. ADA dropped it to obstruction.
LISBON
A deal? I wasn’t consulted.

CHO
Me neither. Tiegler found some juice somewhere. Got a defense attorney from Horton & Fleer, whole nine.

They reach the --

33B EXT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bounding up the steps --

LISBON
Find out about Tiegler’s bond. Maybe there’s still time...

RICK
Hello, Agents.

It’s Rick Tiegler, a grin on his face one might call “shit-eating.” He waves away his well-dressed Lawyer.

RICK (CONT’D)
Nice day, huh? To be walking free in the world?

At Lisbon’s nod, Cho moves away, starts making a call about Tiegler’s bond as --

LISBON
Mr. Tiegler, you need supervision. We think you may have been hypnotized by the person who killed Mary Beth.

A beat. Tiegler bursts out laughing.

RICK
Really? That’s your play?

LISBON
You could be in danger, sir.

RICK
You’re the danger, lady! Look at this bruise!

He yanks on his pants way too low for Lisbon’s tastes to reveal a purple bruise on his hip.

(CONTINUED)
RICK (CONT’D)
Marble staircase you threw me down.
Marble.

LISBON
I didn’t throw you down a staircase. Yet.

RICK
Hey!

LISBON
Mr. Tiegler, what if you were hypnotized to take the blame for Mary Beth’s murder and that person is still out there? You’d be a loose end, right?

Tiegler’s smile falters... but then he laughs again.

RICK
You cops will try anything, won’t you? To make me doubt myself. You and my mother. Not going to work, I live the model life now. You have a good day, Agent Lisbon. Try not to bruise anyone.

And he saunters down the steps. Cho clicks shut his phone, steps back in.

CHO
Tiegler’s bond? Tiegler didn’t post it.

LISBON
Who did?

CHO
The Model Life Centre, Incorporated.

The two exchange a look. Lisbon frowns.

LISBON
Follow it up. I have to get back.

Cho nods and they go in opposite directions on the steps.

EXT. PARK (NEAR CBI) - DAY

A child’s PLAYGROUND in one corner. Jane, Rigsby and Van Pelt walk past swing sets, slides, a merry-go-round.

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT
Why are we here?

JANE
I wanted to bring him somewhere he can feel safe, relaxed. A reminder of when he was young. Before he started getting hurt.

Rigsby’s eyes flick to Jane.

VAN PELT
Hurt by who?

RIGSBY
Yeah, hurt by who?

JANE
Whoever it was. Mom, stepfather? Brother? Eh. None of my business. Here we are. Please, sit.
They near the swings and sit down on a bench.

RIGSBY  
(angrily)
Nobody hurt me.

VAN PELT  
(anxious)
Jane, don’t upset him.

JANE  
I know what I’m doing.

RIGSBY  
Jane, are you still on the hypnosis kick? Seriously, man, you’ve got it wrong.

JANE  
I want you to trust me, Rigsby. I’m going to try and break the trance, okay? It won’t hurt. I’ll just see if I can get you back to your own self. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?

RIGSBY  
You’ve got it wrong.

JANE  

RIGSBY  
Tingling, a little.

JANE  
Good, okay. Yes, you’re looking at the swing sets, good. Up and down, up and down. Just watch. Feel the tension draining out...

(to Van Pelt)
I need to find the hypnotic trigger. Could be visual, auditory, physical...

(Continued)
Jane pats Rigsby’s arms, grasps his hands, touches his face, looking for a physical trigger.

RIGSBY
Dude. Don’t feel me up.

JANE
Keep breathing deep. Feel your breathing, the air in and out, in and out...

But Rigsby’s getting agitated instead. Starting to sweat.

RIGSBY
Stop, Jane, hang on.

He bats Jane’s hands away.

JANE
What?

RIGSBY
Splitting headache, man. Step off.

Van Pelt is worried, but Jane motions her to stay put.

JANE
You’re just breathing, Rigsby, nothing to hurt you...

RIGSBY
You are, man. You’re hurting me.

He’s getting angrier about it.

RIGSBY (CONT’D)
Stop it, okay? Stop using your stuff on me!

JANE
Rigs, your reaction is part of the suggestion, a built-in defense mechanism, to stop me trying to help you.

VAN PELT
Rigsby, let Jane help you.

RIGSBY
-- Stop! I have to get to...
I have to get out of here.

He shoves Jane, hard.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY (CONT'D)
I gotta go.

He takes off.

VAN PELT
Wayne! Stop!

She starts to run after him, but Jane stops her.

JANE
He’s in too deep. He might hurt you if you try and stop him.

Rigsby is already across the street, tossing a last glance over his shoulder as he dodges between HONKING cars to get to wherever the hell he’s going...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

34A INT. AUDITORIUM. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - NIGHT (N/2)

Dark, empty, spooky. The doors open... It’s Rigsby. Looking for someone...

35 INT. DR. DANIEL’S OFFICE. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - NIGHT

Dr. Daniel (black eye, bandaged nose) sits behinds his desk. Rigsby enters. (Note: Rigsby seems normal in tone and attitude. And everything he does seems reasonable to him.)

RIGSBY
Hullo, Dr. Daniel.

DANIEL
Agent Rigsby? Thank God you’re here. Help!

LINDSAY
Oh, shut up, Royston.

Lindsay Hendrix steps from the corner, her gun trained on Daniel. Now we see Daniel is handcuffed to the chair. Lindsay’s tone to Rigsby is gentle, vulnerable (and she’s using it to reinforce Rigsby’s trance).

LINDSAY (CONT’D)
Thank you, Wayne. Thanks for helping me.

RIGSBY
I had to come.

LINDSAY
I know.

FLASHBACK

36 INT. LISBON’S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2)

Rigsby sits down next to Lindsay.

LINDSAY
Royston wouldn’t hurt Mary Beth, if that’s what you’re thinking. Not in a million years. He loved her.
This is just routine. Relax, we'll be done in no time.

CLOSE ON: Lindsay's hand as it touches Rigsby's shoulder once, quickly. *(This is the trigger.)* Then she leaves her hand on his arm. Establishing rapport. Matching Rigsby's breathing, his blinking...

**LINDSAY**

I will, I'll relax. I feel safe with you, Wayne. Very safe.

HER EYES seem kind. Rigsby has to lean close to hear her low voice. Her voice is alive with inflection now --

**LINDSAY (CONT'D)**

I feel safe and relaxed, very relaxed sitting here, and I feel I can tell you anything, anything at all. Let me tell you about Dr. Daniel...

Lindsay takes his other hand in hers. Rigsby doesn't resist. Off him --

**END FLASHBACK**

**LINDSAY**

Don't worry, everything will be fine now.

**DANIEL**

Agent Rigsby. Agent, I want you to relax and listen to the sound of my voice. Listen to me, for God's sake!

Lindsay frowns...

ANGLE ON DR. DANIEL - SECONDS LATER

A RIIIIIP! SOUND and then a piece of duct tape is plastered over his mouth.

OMITTED

**EXT. ROOF. MODEL LIFE CENTRE - NIGHT**

A dark night, city lights are far away. The big "LIFE" sign glows in the BG.

( CONTINUED )
Lindsay and Rigsby drag Daniel, still handcuffed to the chair, across the flat roof. Lindsay glares at Daniel.

**LINDSAY**
I was in love with you, you arrogant bastard. Like I’ve never loved anyone. But you only wanted Mary Beth. That cow. I thought if she were gone, you would finally see me, and love me for who I am.

**RIGSBY**
But you were in San Francisco when Mary Beth was murdered.

**LINDSAY**
They have these things called rental cars. I drove up here, did the deed, hypnotized that skeeze-bag Rick to take the blame, then got back just in time to catch my flight. Got off that plane here thinking finally Royston and I can be together. Finally he’ll really see me. And the gifts I have.

**RIGSBY**
But he didn’t see you.

(quietly)
It’s hard, when they don’t see you.

**LINDSAY**
(bitter; to Daniel)
What a moron I was. When I came to you, you said, “It’s not important. We’ll do fine without you. Go home.” And in that moment I knew -- you’d never love me. Never. So now you’re going to die.

Daniel “mmmph!”s in protest. Lindsay turns to Rigsby, vulnerable eyes --

**LINDSAY (CONT’D)**
He hurt me, Rigsby. He hurt me.

Rigsby frowns, and BAM, socks Daniel across the jaw so hard he knocks the chair over. Daniel hits the deck, unconscious.

Lindsay faces Rigsby and touches his shoulder once, quickly -- the trigger -- then holds his hands, re-establishing rapport, anchoring him in a trance state.

(continued)
LINDSAY (CONT’D)
You want to protect women, don’t you? I saw how you look at that red-haired agent.

RIGSBY
Grace. Her name is Grace.

LINDSAY
Well, now I need your protection, Wayne. Your help with a special job. You’ll help me, won’t you?

JANE
Hello, Rigsby. Hey, is that Venus up there, or Mercury?

Rigsby turns, startled. It’s Jane, smiling cheerfully. Lindsay aims the gun and he raises his hands.

JANE (CONT’D)
Hansel and Gretel used bread crumbs, we had Rigsby.

Jane holds up his cellphone, shows her a GPS readout.

JANE (CONT’D)
I knew Rigsby would lead us to the guilty one. So we put a tracking device in his pocket.

LINDSAY
Smart. Except for the part where I have a gun.

JANE
Oh, I have a gun, too. Lisbon?

Lisbon emerges from darkness and levels a gun at Lindsay.

LISBON
Drop the weapon, Lindsay.

LINDSAY
So predictable. Rick!

Rick Tiegler appears behind Lisbon, aiming a SHOTGUN at her head.

RICK
You should put the gun down, ma’am.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Oh for heaven's sake.

LINDSAY
Drop the weapon, Agent Lisbon.

LISBON
Tiegler, you just made bail, don't do this...

LINDSAY
Shut up! Drop the weapon, Agent!

JANE
Best do as she says.

Lisbon obeys, puts down her gun.

JANE (CONT’D)
I am impressed, Lindsay. There aren't three people in the world who could have done an induction on a cop. But Rigsby's guard was up when he was with Dr. Daniel and Carl. You, however, slipped right in, you bad little mouse.

LINDSAY
I was never the sparkling, vivacious one. That was Mary Beth. All the boys loved her. Never me. But when I started working for Dr. Daniel, I realized I had a talent to reach people's unconscious. People trust me. They let down their defenses. Finally I was worth something. Finally I was in control.

JANE
Look around you. Are you in control now? Everybody here, you have to kill. That's madness. That's not control. You're having a nervous breakdown, Lindsay. You need help. We can help you.

This last said with tremendous confidence Jane doesn't feel. A beat, is Lindsay wavering?...
Beautiful night for a swim, don’t you think? The ocean is so nice tonight.

Lindsay strolls to the railing, looks down. Nothing but darkness below. It almost could be dark water out there.

Hear the crash of the waves out there, Rigsby? Peaceful.

Yeah. It’s nice.

It’s not nice, Rigsby, it’s not the ocean --

-- How about you show Royston the beautiful dark ocean? Take him for a swim. I love night swims. Don’t you?

Rigsby shrugs his assent, shoves Daniel’s chair toward the roof’s edge.

Stop!

Rigsby, listen to me, listen to my voice --

-- You know that won’t work. Hey, Wayne. Take Jane swimming, too. He wants to go.

No, Rigsby, I don’t want to...

Rigsby!

But Rigsby shoves Daniel near the edge and firmly takes Jane’s arm. Lisbon starts forward, but stops when Tiegler brandishes the shotgun.

C’mon, Jane, let’s go swimming, man.

(Continued)
JANE
Rigsby, it’s not water down there, it’s cement.

Rigsby and Jane approach the building’s edge. He pauses...

LINDSAY
The water’s gorgeous, isn’t it? Mr. Jane loves the water just like you do.

JANE
Rigsby, don’t!

LINDSAY
Go ahead. Let him go for a swim. Help him in, then help Royston. The water is so warm, healing...

Rigsby prepares to push Jane over the edge... Jane points urgently.

JANE
Sharks! Right there! Look!

Rigsby pauses and looks.

JANE (CONT’D)
There! See that? There’s great whites down there. Tear your arm off soon as look at you.

RIGSBY
(confused)
Sharks? Where, dude?

LINDSAY
There’s no sharks, they’re all gone. They’re gone, Wayne. You can go in the water now...

JANE
No, she’s lying. She wants you to get eaten. Who is this woman?

Rigsby hesitates. Lindsay waves her gun at Jane to shut him up, moves closer, impatient --

LINDSAY
Just get in the damn water! Throw Jane in the water!

(CONTINUED)
And she starts to grab Rigsby by the shoulder and spin him around, but suddenly moves her hand, clumsily clutching his arm instead. An odd, clumsy move. Jane’s eyes narrow.

**JANE**
Why not touch his shoulder, Lindsay?

**LINDSAY**
(to Rigsby)
Throw Jane in the water! Do it!

**JANE**
Don’t bother.

*And he briskly taps Rigsby on the shoulder. The trigger. It’s enough to interrupt the trance state.* Jane leans close to Rigsby’s ear, commanding --

**JANE (CONT’D)**
Wake up.

**LINDSAY**
No, Rigsby --

But Rigsby turns, sees Lindsay with the --

**RIGSBY**
Gun!

*Instinctively he knocks the gun out of her hand and kicks her legs out from under her in one smooth motion.*

**JANE**
Yes. Gun. Thank you, Rigsby.

Without Lindsay to command him, Tiegler just stands there with the shotgun, perplexed. Lisbon snatches the gun from him, and cuffs him. Meanwhile...

**JANE (CONT’D)**
You’ve been in a trance state.

**RIGSBY**
Get out of here.

**JANE**
Lindsay killed her sister to get to Daniel. When Daniel spurned her, she tried to make you kill him. And have it look like you both died during an attempted arrest.

*(CONTINUED)*
RIGSBY
Seriously, get out of here.

Lisbon goes to Lindsay sitting disconsolately on the ground.

LISBON
Lindsay Hendrix, you are under arrest for the murder of Mary Beth Hendrix and the kidnapping of Royston Daniel...

Lisbon starts handcuffing her. Jane is happy to be alive. Off him --

FADE TO:

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

Rigsby and Cho walk away from their desks. Rigsby’s modest but pleased.

RIGSBY
...I don’t know, I just suddenly came out of it. I knew I had to take her down. Bam.

They go to...

INT. KITCHEN CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

At a table, Jane is enjoying some tea. Lisbon is fixing her fourth coffee. Van Pelt is burrowing in the fridge when Rigsby and Cho enter.

CHO
Yes, you ‘took down’ a 100-pound woman, but in that context, you did good.

RIGSBY
What d’you mean, in that context?

LISBON
Oh, in the context of someone who let himself get hypnotized and nearly threw his colleague off a building, and finally managed to overpower a small crazy woman to retrieve the situation, you did good.

She smiles to take the sting out of it. Rigsby knows he’s owed a ribbing, so he’s good-natured about it.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
Be fair, a small crazy woman with a gun. A gun is a gun.

JANE
And anyone can be hypnotized. And she was extremely good. Better than, well no, not better than me, but close. Close-ish.

LISBON
(hands Rigsby his gun)
Which is why the Professional Standards Unit cleared you for assaulting Dr. Daniel. You weren’t yourself.
(to Jane)
But he is now, right? Himself? Completely unprogrammed.

JANE
Yes, he is.

RIGSBY
Last two days are gone, but other than that I’m good to go...

VAN PELT
Oh. So you don’t remember anything from when you were hypnotized?

RIGSBY
You know, fragments, but not really. Thank goodness, right?

VAN PELT
Yeah.

Mixed emotions in the “yeah.” Rigsby laughs, not noticing.

RIGSBY
Oh lord, did I make a fool of myself? Cluck like a chicken?
(beat)
I didn’t do Tina Turner, did I?

Lisbon and Jane exchange a look with Cho. Van Pelt gives them a warning glare.

VAN PELT
No. You were perfectly normal.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
Well, good. That’s a relief.

She moves off. Rigsby studiously avoids watching her go.

JANE
Coward.

RIGSBY
What?

JANE
You really don’t remember?

RIGSBY
What don’t I remember?

CHO
He remembers.

Cho exits. Lisbon follows.

LISBON
You so remember.

RIGSBY
Remember what?

Jane rests a hand on his shoulder.

JANE
It’ll come to you.

Jane exits. Off Rigsby --

FADE OUT.

THE END