THE MENTALIST

“Miss Red”

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Episode 120
#3T7820

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

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Episode #120
April 08, 2009 – Gold Revisions

REVISED PAGES

YELLOW REVISIONS – 3/20/09
20, 20A, 22, 22A, 25

GREEN REVISIONS – 3/20/09
12, 13, 14, 23, 24

GOLD REVISIONS – 4/08/09
39, 46
Light from the morning sun warms the pristine waters of Sausalito’s exclusive harbor, Pelican Cove. Slips here are filled with million dollar yachts; status symbols of the Bay Area’s rich and powerful. A small gathering of LOCAL POLICE have cordoned off a section of DOCK, isolating one of the larger yachts.

JANE and LISBON arrive and meet up with VAN PELT and a noticeably peaked RIGSBY; congestion, coughing, etc.

LISBON
What have we got?

VAN PELT
Jim Gulbrand. CEO and founder of the software company Gaia Matrix was reported missing by his live in brother yesterday. Local police responded to the call, but didn’t check out his boat until this morning. They found blood on the deck, but no sign of a body.

LISBON
Why did they call us in?

VAN PELT
The marina is privately owned, on lease from the city of Sausalito. It was local PD’s choice whether to take the case.

LISBON
(droll)
High-profile missing person’s case? Can’t imagine why they gave it up.

Jane, Lisbon and Van Pelt climb on board the yacht. Rigsby thinks about following, but has second thoughts.

LISBON (CONT’D)
You coming?

VAN PELT
He’s not feeling well.
(mouths the word) Stomach.
RIGSBY
I’m fine.

Clearly, he is not. Lisbon steps back.

LISBON
Get me sick and you’re working stake-outs the rest of the month.

Rigsby covers his mouth with his hand.

RIGSBY
(muffled)
Yes, boss.

Lisbon, Jane and Van Pelt survey the crime scene; what little there is of one. Lisbon crouches over a large blood stain.

LISBON
This is it?

VAN PELT
Uh-huh.

LISBON
Nothing else. No weapon? No sign of a struggle?

VAN PELT
Nothing.

Jane climbs back onto the dock, careful to avoid Rigsby, who is busy coughing up something awful. Jane walks along the dock to the side of the yacht. From his POV, he sees the gangway door, noting that it’s open.

ANGLE: Back with Lisbon and Van Pelt. Lisbon, independent of Jane, also heads toward the side of the yacht, mirroring his movement. Van Pelt follows with her note pad.

LISBON
What else do we know about the victim?

VAN PELT
Jim Gulbrand is thirty-three years old, lives here in Sausalito, and has an estimated net worth of... whoa. A hundred million dollars.

LISBON
Rich.

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT
Very rich. He was also recently divorced from one Kathryn Stubbs-Gulbrand.

Just as Jane did, Lisbon now notices the unlatched open gangway door on the side of the boat.

ANGLE: Jane walks back along the dock toward the front of the yacht. Rigsby stands and makes a move to follow.

RIGSBY
Do you need any...

He feels the effects of the flu and sits back down.

RIGSBY (CONT’D)
Nevermind.

Jane peers around the front of the yacht’s massive hull and looks at the ANCHOR CHAIN hanging taut, and notes the NUMEROUS LITTLE FISH that swarm around it.

ANGLE: Lisbon, again independent of Jane, mirrors his movement toward the front of the yacht.

LISBON
Did the victim have a criminal record?

VAN PELT
No, but the company he founded, Gaia Matrix, is being investigated by the SEC on securities violations. He was facing heavy fines and possible prison time.

Lisbon sees the same chain hanging from the yacht’s hawsehole. The same milling fish. Then she sees Jane standing on the dock, also inspecting the chain. The two share a look and realize their searches are perfectly in sync with one another’s -- Lisbon from the deck of the yacht, and Jane from the dock.

Van Pelt and Lisbon walk back toward the wheelhouse. Van Pelt has a realization.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
Millionaire victim looking at time in a Federal Prison, disappears. Maybe this is all an elaborate hoax. It would explain why there’s no body.

(MORE)
You take a boat out and go missing, everyone will assume you’re at the bottom of the ocean. Your body and your killer are never found.

Jane is now back on board in the wheelhouse.

JANE
That would explain it perfectly.

Lisbon is in the yacht’s wheelhouse playing around with the various instruments at the control panel. Jane joins her. Both begin flipping switches, etc.

LISBON
I think it’s one of -- Nope.

JANE
Mmm. Maybe one of, uh...

LISBON
Oh, didn’t try that one.

Jane pulls a lever and the FOGHORN BLASTS. Rigsby grabs his head in pain. Jane pokes his head out from behind the wheel.

JANE
Sorry.

VAN PELT
What are you doing?

JANE
There’s no need to drop anchor when you’re tied up at a dockside.

LISBON
And all those fish are there for a reason.

Jane and Lisbon both find a switch marked “ANCHOR WINCH.”

LISBON/JANE
Ahhh...

JANE
Please. After you.

Lisbon flips the switch ACTIVATING THE WINCH. Jane, Lisbon and Van Pelt all move to the front of the yacht. Local Police and Rigsby watch from the dock as the massive anchor rises above the waterline.

(CONTINUED)
Chained to it, dead as a mackerel, is the body of Jim Gulbrand, somewhat gnawed upon by the fish.

If Rigsby wasn’t sick before, he is now...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. JIM GULBRAND’S MANSION - DAY (D/1 CONT’D)

A huge, sprawling, obnoxious mansion. More space than one man should be allowed to possess.

INT. GULBRAND MANSION. DEN - DAY

The den has been converted into a makeshift RECORDING SPACE. Guitars and amps fill corners. Mic stands set up here and there.

Jane and Lisbon are shown in by KEITH GULBRAND (40’s). Keith is dressed in beads and linen and leather in a new age rock fusion kind of style, lean and weathered like an aging rock-star, or someone who has lived like one for many years.

KEITH GULBRAND
Jim and I talked every day. I knew something was wrong when he didn’t come home.

LISBON
You live here with your brother, Keith?

KEITH GULBRAND
For a few months. Semi-temporarily. Jim wanted company during his divorce.

LISBON
Tell us about your brother. What kind of people he associated with. What drove him.

KEITH GULBRAND
Jim’s life was Gaia Matrix. That’s the company he started with Rick. Green platform software. Don’t ask me what that is.

LISBON
Rick being Rick Bregman.

KEITH GULBRAND
Rick and Jim are best friends from grade school. Built the whole empire out of our parent’s garage. At the time I was totally bummed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
I’m like dude, where do I set up my drum kit now? Little did I know.

LISBON
Your brother and Mr. Bregman were also being investigated by the SEC for securities violations.

KEVIN GULBRAND
Yeah. Wild uh? They said he was manipulating the company’s stock price or whatever, but that’s crap. Jim’s the most honest person I know. Eccentric, intense, honest. That was Jim.

Jane scans a few wall PHOTOS leftover from the days when this room was used as a den; Jim and Rick Bregman together in front of the Gaia Matrix offices. Jim skippering his yacht. Jim and Keith some years back.

LISBON
What about his personal life? Was he dating anyone?

KEITH GULBRAND

LISBON
She’s a psychiatrist?

KEITH GULBRAND
Yes. Works at the Sausalito Rehab Center. I was in there for like, a refresher course. That’s how they first met, when Jim came to visit.

LISBON
Did your bother and Brooke have any arguments recently?

KEITH GULBRAND
Nope. Jim was crazy about her. He said she’s the only woman who could figure him out. I think he was going to propose to her.

LISBON
Your brother was divorced, recently, from Kathryn Stubbs-Gulbrand?
KEITH GULBRAND
Best thing he ever did. That woman was a nightmare.

LISBON
In what way?

KEITH GULBRAND
She was a giant greed head. All she wanted was a bigger house, a bigger boat, more jewelry.

JANE
You play all these instruments?

KEITH GULBRAND
Keyboards and bass, mostly.

JANE
Sort of new age rock fusion.

KEITH GULBRAND
Yeah. Kinda, yeah. With an edge. How did you know?

JANE
Wild guess. Do you make much money at that? Playing keyboards?

KEITH GULBRAND
No. But I’m not in it for the money. Music is a spiritual thing.

JANE
Yes it is. But so is money. All that exists has a spiritual essence. Or nothing does.
(off the house)
Who gets all this now?

KEITH GULBRAND
A portion of the estate will go to the charities Jim supported. The rest goes to me.

JANE
(lightly)
Ah ha! Motive.

KEITH GULBRAND
Man, chill.
JANE
Just playing.

Keith looks to Lisbon like “hello?”

LISBON
Where were you last Friday night?

KEITH GULBRAND
In bed with a lady friend. Gretchen something.

LISBON
What time?

KEITH GULBRAND
Picked her up around seven. She left the next morning.

LISBON
Number?

Keith takes out his phone. Tries in vain to read the small numerals, but can’t without glasses. He holds it up for Lisbon, who notes down a number.

LISBON (CONT’D)
Thanks for your time, Mr. Gulbrand.

INT. GULBRAND MANSION. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jane and Lisbon exit.

LISBON
What d’you reckon?

JANE
Possible. You?

LISBON
Not sure.
(to phone)
Cho, Lisbon. Take down this number...

INTERCUT AS NEEDED WITH:

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

CHO is at his desk jotting down a number.

CHO
Got it.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Gretchen. No last name. She’s the brother’s alibi for Friday night. Have Van Pelt check on that. You and Rigsby go talk to Gulbrand’s business partner, Rick Bregman. He should be at the Gaia Matrix offices.

CHO
Will do, boss.

Cho hangs up and turns to Rigsby.

CHO (CONT’D)
Hey, Rigsby...

Rigsby has his head on his desk, surrounded by used tissues, coffee cups, and over-the-counter medication. Rigsby somehow lifts his head.

RIGSBY
What?

CHO
Uh, nothing.

EXT. GAIA MATRIX - DAY (ESTABLISHING)


INT. GAIA MATRIX. RECEPTION/HALLWAY - DAY

Cho and Van Pelt are met inside the door by STUART HANSON, (30’s), a slightly nerdy programmer and information security expert. He’s in a wheelchair.

CHO
Agent Cho, Agent Van Pelt with the CBI.

STUART
I’m Stuart Hanson. I’ll take you to Rick.

Stuart escorts them down the hallway.

VAN PELT
What’s your job here, Mr. Hanson?
STUART
Jim hates labels and pigeonholes.
I’m kind of the security chief, but
that sounds so fascistic, doesn’t
it? What I am really is the
firewalls and encryption and off
the wall ideas guy.

They arrive at the elevators.

STUART (CONT’D)
Rick’s been in the conference room
all morning dealing with the
fallout from Jim’s death. He’s
pretty broken. We all are. Jim
meant so much to this company. To
all of us.

8 INT. GAIA MATRIX. RICK BREGMAN’S OFFICE - DAY
Rick Bregman sits at one end of a large conference table.

CHO
The company is co-owned by you and
Jim, is that right?

RICK BREGMAN
Yes.

CHO
How did that relationship work,
exactly?

RICK BREGMAN
Jim was the creative brain behind
Gaia Matrix. He was the visionary.
I handled the business side.
We made a good team, me and Jim.
He was a genius, but he wasn’t
aggressive. Me, I’m a jock.
Competitive. I like to win and
make no apologies for it.

VAN PELT
Is that what got you into trouble
with the SEC?

RICK BREGMAN
My lawyers warned me this line of
questioning might come up. This is
all I am prepared to say on the
subject at the moment.
(prepared; professional)
(MORE)
RICK BREGMAN (CONT'D)
I am currently being investigated by the SEC on securities violations due to my role here at Gaia Matrix.

CHO
That doesn’t sound like you said anything.

RICK BREGMAN
You do understand why I can’t comment further.

VAN PELT
Did the investigation cause any animosity between you and Jim?

RICK BREGMAN
No. Not at all. Jim and I... we were like brothers.

CHO
Where were you the night of his murder?

RICK BREGMAN
Home. Alone. Look, you’re not getting it. Jim was the creative genius behind Gaia Matrix. This company is now in grave jeopardy. I had nothing to gain and everything to lose by his death.

INT. SAUSALITO REHAB CENTER – DAY

Jane and a still under-the-weather Rigsby, head down the hallway of a small deluxe private clinic with DR. BROOKE HARPER, (30’s), a busy, demure, naturally beautiful psychiatrist.

RIGSBY
Dr. Harper, how long had you been dating Jim Gulbrand?

BROOKE
I met him just after I transferred here from Boston, seven months ago now. His -- an acquaintance of his was staying here. We hit it off right away.

Brooke turns a corner down a hallway. Jane and Rigsby follow.
RIGSBY
Can you think of anyone who might have wanted him dead?

BROOKE
I’ve thought about that a lot this morning. Jim was a kind, brilliant, gentle generous man. I can’t imagine anyone being capable of doing something so awful to him.

JANE
Really? You’re a psychiatrist and you can’t imagine that?

Brooke gives Jane an appraising glance.

BROOKE
To be more precise. I can’t imagine a rational reason to wish him dead.

RIGSBY
It’s standard procedure to ask. Where were you the night of the murder?

BROOKE
I was here finishing up some work. If you’d like, I can have the admin nurse send over the paperwork documenting my hours.

RIGSBY
That would be helpful.

Brooke opens a door into her office.

INT. SAUSALITO REHAB CENTER. BROOKE’S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

DIPLOMAS, CERTIFICATES and MEDICAL LICENSES adorn the wall behind her desk. Rigsby is starting to worsen.

BROOKE
Do you have any leads so far in the investigation?

RIGSBY
We don’t discuss our process, ma’am.
JANE
When exactly did you learn of your boyfriend’s murder?

BROOKE
If you want to know why I’m at work the day my boyfriend is found dead, why don’t you just ask me?

JANE
Okay. Why are you at work the day your boyfriend is found dead?

BROOKE
I have patients who need me. And if I had to sit at home and actually think about Jim being gone, I’d lose it. Being here, whether it looks good in your eyes or not, is the only way I know how to cope.

Jane inspects her closely. Brooke’s answer seems to be sincere. He believes her.

Rigsby can’t handle this anymore. He hunches over, hands on his knees, and moans.

BROOKE (CONT’D)
Are you alright?

RIGSBY
I’m okay.

JANE
No he’s not. He’s sick.

BROOKE
Let me have a look at you.

Brooke stands Rigsby up for a closer look. Checking his pulse, eyes, breathing, etc. Jane watches closely.

BROOKE (CONT’D)
Fever? Coughing? Nausea?

RIGSBY
Uh huh.
BROOKE
Flu. I’m not really supposed to do this, but if you’d like, I’d be happy to write you a prescription for an antiviral.

RIGSBY
Sure.

Brooke takes out a pad, writes the script and hands it over.

BROOKE
Have this filled. You’ll feel better in no time.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

Lisbon, Jane and a deteriorating Rigsby enter to find Van Pelt and Cho. Jane is noticeably preoccupied.

LISBON
Anything from Gulbrand’s business partner?

CHO
Not much in the way of motive, but he doesn’t have an alibi for the night of the murder.

VAN PELT
Gulbrand’s brother, on the other hand, checked out. A Gretchen Moore says he was with her the night of the murder. Roommate backs her up.

Rigsby makes a sound like a lung is collapsing.

CHO
Still sick? Go see a doctor will you?

RIGSBY
I did. The dead guy’s girlfriend wrote me a prescription.

VAN PELT
So go fill it.

RIGSBY
Eh, by the time it works, I’ll be better.
VAN PELT
What did she give you, anyway?

Rigsby easily reads the handwritten scrip.

RIGSBY
Oseltamilvir phosphate.
[oss-el-TAM-eh-veer]

Jane perks up at this, suddenly curious.

JANE
May I see that?

Before Rigsby can react, Jane snatches the scrip out of his hand and reads it over, studying closely. Then Jane slides the scrip on the desk for everyone to see.

JANE (CONT’D)
Anything about this strike you as odd?

The team studies the scrip. “No’s” all around. Rigsby lowers his head onto his desk in exhaustion.

VAN PELT
What’s odd about it? Oseltamilvir Phosphate.

JANE
Exactly. You can read it. When have you ever seen doctor’s writing you can read?

The others nod in agreement.

LISBON
So she’s precise? Is that what you’re inferring?

JANE
Yes. That and the possibility that Dr. Brooke Harper is not a doctor.

Van Pelt turns to her computer, starts tapping away.

LISBON
Because she has penmanship skills.

JANE
And she didn’t have that cold creepy doctor vibe they all have, did she?

(CONTINUED)
They’re all familiar with Jane’s prejudice against doctors...

RIGSBY
Be fair. Not all doctors are cold and creepy.

JANE
First day of medical school, you get a stack of books and a dead human being. That’s going to change you. Brooke Harper was warm. Emotional.

LISBON
You liked her, so she can’t be a doctor.

Jane opens his mouth to say no, but stops himself.

JANE
Pretty much.

Van Pelt looks up from her computer.

VAN PELT
The AMA and Boston General both have records of a doctor named Brooke Harper.

LISBON
See.

VAN PELT
(reading further)
But it says here she’s sixty-four years old.

Lisbon smiles ruefully at Jane, shaking her head.

LISBON
Is there a word for uncanny yet irritating?

Brooke Harper talks to a rich middle-aged playboy PATIENT on the couch.

BROOKE
Jeff, I’m going to be leaving the clinic shortly, so this will be our last session together.
PATIENT
Oh no. But I need you, Dr. Harper.
How will I manage without you?

BROOKE
I’m sorry, Jeff. I’ve enjoyed our
sessions together. I’m sure the
clinic will provide you with the
best of counselling.

Brooke writes her number on a card.

BROOKE (CONT’D)
But if you ever feel you really
need to speak to me...

She hands him the card. A CLINIC RECEPTIONIST walks in
(30’s, female) looking anxious, flustered.

RECEPTIONIST
I’m very sorry to interrupt, Dr.
Harper, but the CBI are here again.
They need to speak to you.

BROOKE
Tell them I’ll be with them in ten
minutes.

RECEPTIONIST
They say they have to see you right
now this moment. They were most
insistent. Is something wrong?

BROOKE
Thanks, Maggie. I’ll be right out.

The Receptionist exits. Brooke thinks hard for a moment,
and starts swiftly gathering small essentials from around the
office -- a purse, framed PHOTOS, a couple of files -- and
puts them in a tote bag. Meanwhile her patient rambles on...

PATIENT
I feel like I’m on the edge of a
real breakthrough. I’m ready to
start opening myself up again to
people in a real way. My inner
child is finally --

He stops because Brooke plucks from his grasp the card with
her number on it, opens a window, and clammers out of it.
Disappears from view.

(CONTINUED)
PATIENT (CONT’D)

Dr. Harper?

Rigsby and Cho enter. Rush to the window. She’s gone.

RIGSBY

Damn.

Rigsby and Cho rush back out the door after her...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

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

Lisbon getting coffee. Jane seated. Cho enters, tosses a wig and various assorted eye glasses.

CHO
All I was able to find at Dr. Brooke Harper’s apartment. Bank account emptied. Credit cards maxed out. She must have been packed and ready to leave days ago. Her social security number and medical license are fakes, too. We have no idea who this woman is.

LISBON
We know she’s very smart. Posed as a doctor for seven months and was able to elude you and Rigsby.

CHO
She didn’t elude us. She had a head start.
(off their looks)
Okay, we know she’s smart.

JANE
We know she’s a professional con woman. Probably specializing in the seduction of rich, but socially awkward men.

LISBON
You think she’s done this before?

JANE
Many times.

LISBON
Why kill Gulbrand? What’s the motive?

CHO
Maybe he found out the truth about her.

JANE
Then why not just vanish?

(CONTINUED)
Van Pelt enters.

VAN PELT

I’ve been going through Gulbrand’s financial records and found something interesting.

(MORE)

(continued)
Last year, Gulbrand made a series of cash withdrawals from various accounts totaling ten million dollars.

LISBON
What did he use the money for?

VAN PELT
That’s just it. The money was never deposited and it doesn’t look like he spent it.

LISBON
Meaning he either paid someone off, or he hid the money somewhere. A cash nest-egg. Hidden from the ex-wife and the SEC.

CHO
Maybe that’s what Brooke Harper was after.

LISBON
If only we knew who she is and where she is.

JANE
We know she’s cool and fearless and systematic. She stayed an extra day at the clinic to try and hook another sucker. She’s a planner. Let’s take a look at the last fifty items she bought on her credit card, see if we can see what she’s planning.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY
A high-end ‘ladies of leisure’ place. Spa salads and Chardonnay. Van Pelt and Rigsby approach KATHRYN STUBBS-GULBRAND (28) at a table with TWO WOMEN. Kathryn is beautiful, well-dressed, rich, and utterly miserable.

RIGSBY
Kathryn Gulbrand?

KATHRYN
Kathryn Stubbs-Gulbrand. And you are interrupting.
Ma’am, we have some questions regarding your ex-husband’s death.

A look of scandal between the other women at the table. Kathryn clocks this.

(huffy)
Really? You want to talk to me now?

Rigsby, still flu-y, is in no mood for this woman.

We can question you at our station if you’d prefer?

Kathryn gives in. She’ll talk.

Fine.

Rigsby motions for the Women at the table to exit...

Thank you, ladies.

Which they do. Rigsby and Van Pelt sit across from Kathryn.

How long had you and Jim Gulbrand been divorced?

Can I just say, for the record, that this is a total waste of time.

Rigsby gives a stern look.

Fourteen months. That’s when I moved out. The divorce was final a year ago.

How did you feel afterwards?

Peachy. How do you think?

You were angry?

(CONTINUED)
KATHRYN

Of course I was angry. That’s usually why people get divorced.
VAN PELT
What about the settlement? Court documents show you sued your ex-husband on multiple occasions.

KATHRYN
You bet your ass I did. Jim tried to claim that the money he had in Gaia Matrix stock wasn’t actually his, but part of the company’s capital. I disagreed, and I won.

RIGSBY
So you weren’t upset by the terms of the settlement?

KATHRYN
Why would I be? I got everything I wanted and more.

VAN PELT
We have reason to believe your ex-husband may have hidden money from you during the divorce proceedings.

Kathryn shifts in her seat.

KATHRYN
What?

VAN PELT
He made withdrawals of ten million dollars in cash last year. Were you aware of that?

KATHRYN
That sonofabitch. I knew it. I knew he was holding out on me. That key wasn’t for any damn gym locker, was it?

VAN PELT
What key?

KATHRYN
Last year, he started wearing a key around his neck, under his shirt. I asked him about it, and he said it was his gym locker key, but I knew it wasn’t. I knew it.
(under his breath)
How perceptive.

KATHRYN
What was that?

RIGSBY
Nothing.

VAN PELT
So you didn’t know anything about this money?

KATHRYN
If I did, it would be mine right now. Where is it?

VAN PELT
We don’t know.

KATHRYN
Half of that money is legally mine. I don’t want Jim’s loser brother getting his loser hands on it.

RIGSBY
I’m sure a probate judge will take care of it. Last Friday, the day of your ex-husband’s murder? Where were you from seven through ten PM?

KATHRYN
I was at a wine tasting in Napa.

RIGSBY
Was there anyone with you, who can confirm that for us?

KATHRYN
Can you people charge me with any crime?

VAN PELT
Uh, no. But --

KATHRYN
-- No. You can’t. When you do, maybe I’ll have to start telling you the details of my personal life. Until then, mind your own business.

(CONTINUED)
Van Pelt and Rigsby are momentarily struck dumb by her insolence.

Jane examining a CREDIT CARD REPORT and drawing pictures on a whiteboard. Cho watching. Lisbon comes over.

LISBON
Just got off the phone with our liaison at the SEC. Turns out Jim Gulbrand was cooperating with their investigation.

CHO
Rick Bregman never mentioned it.

LISBON
Make sure we ask him about it. What’s this?

The whiteboard is like Blue’s Clues for grown ups. Divided into two frames of simple drawings. In one frame, LABELED “9 DAYS AGO” -- a man’s wig. A boy’s track suit. A baseball hat. Ace bandages. In the second frame, LABELED “YESTERDAY” -- a box of cigars, a little black dress, a handgun. Jane points at the first frame.

JANE
Brooke Harper used the credit card only twice in the last couple of weeks. These are the things she bought in one day’s shopping, nine days ago. These are the things she bought yesterday.

LISBON
What’s with the drawings?

JANE
If I say the word bicycle, what does your mind immediately do?

Lisbon considers it.

LISBON
Picture a bicycle.

JANE
Exactly. This saves everyone time. Now. What do these tell you?

Jane taps the drawings in the first frame.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Brooke Harper wanted to pose as a man.

JANE
Right.

LISBON
But why? And what does this other stuff mean?

She indicates the other frame of pictures.

JANE
Yes. It’s a puzzle.

Van Pelt enters.

VAN PELT
That Kathryn Stubbs, she’s, she’s an unhappy person.

LISBON
Rigsby with you?

VAN PELT
He’s getting his prescription filled. I think that Kathryn woman actually made him worse. She’s hiding something, too. She wouldn’t say who she was with at the time of the murder.

JANE
Interesting.

LISBON
Let’s keep an eye on her.

VAN PELT
She told us Gulbrand wore a key around his neck, that he said was for his gym locker. Only there was no key on his body was there?

JANE
Ah ha!

Jane taps the first frame of pictures.

JANE (CONT’D)
Brooke took the key from him. That’s why she dressed up as a man. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
So that she could get to his locker in the men’s changing room at the gym.

CHO
But if she had found Jim’s millions, she would have simply vanished then and there. Why stay around?

LISBON
(thinking it through)
Because, because the money wasn’t there.

Jane taps the second frame of pictures -- the dress, the gun, and finally, the cigars.

JANE
Exactly. And now she’s trying to get inside somewhere else.

---

EXT. HIDDEN HILLS BACKGAMMON CLUB - DAY

CU: A cigar is lit, glowing red.

REVEAL: A man smokes as he waits for his car at a VALET STAND outside an elegant country mansion where the super rich go to mingle with their own kind. A top class wine cellar, a luxury restaurant, and a cigar bar (where as we shall see, clients can keep their cigars in secure climate controlled humidors). Jane and Cho enter.

INT. RECEPTION. HIDDEN HILLS BACKGAMMON CLUB - DAY

Three Rush Limbaugh-types, planted heavily in bourbon-colored leather chairs, puff away at expensive cigars as women in cocktail dresses flutter past.

ANGLE: Jane and Cho approach the drop-dead gorgeous RECEPTIONIST. Everybody is dressed in evening wear. There’s discreet, but good security. A FLOOR MANAGER close by.

RECEPTIONIST
Good afternoon. May I help you?

JANE
Hi, I’m Jim Gulbrand. I’m a member here.

The Receptionist looks perplexed. The FLOOR MANAGER steps in.

(CONTINUED)
FLOOR MANAGER
Sir, I know Mr. Gulbrand well.
And you are not he.

CHO
What are you doing?

JANE
Confirming Gulbrand’s a member here.

CHO
Why not just ask directly?

JANE
Go ahead and ask him.

CHO
Is Jim Gulbrand a member here?

FLOOR MANAGER
I’m sorry, sir, we don’t divulge membership details.

JANE
See?

CHO
This is a murder investigation.
Mr. Gulbrand is dead.

FLOOR MANAGER
I’m very sorry to hear that.

JANE
Thanks for your help.

Jane saunters toward the steps to the main salon. The Manager steps in his path.

FLOOR MANAGER
Sir, this a private club...

JANE
(to Cho)
What I’m learning, which is good for our theory, it’s difficult to wander into this place and hang out. You need a plan.

CHO
We’re going to need to look around a while.

(CONTINUED)
FLOOR MANAGER
That’s not our policy, sir.

CHO
If we have to obtain a warrant, we’ll come back and take every computer and every piece of paper in this building, and then we’ll have a sit-down chat with each one of your members.

The Floor Manager takes a beat, then steps aside.

FLOOR MANAGER
Welcome to the Backgammon Club.

Jan and Cho enter the main salon...

EXT. PELICAN COVE MARINA. SAUSALITO, CA – DAY

Rigsby and Van Pelt are in a parked car. A few rows ahead of them, also sitting in a parked car, is Kathryn Stubbs.

VAN PELT
I don’t get it. What’s she doing?

RIGSBY
Maybe she likes the water.

He reaches in back and pulls out a sandwich, takes a bite.

VAN PELT
 Feeling better?

Rigsby finishes his mouthful before speaking.

RIGSBY
Much. It’s weird. I know Brooke Harper isn’t a real doctor, but whatever she gave me really worked.

VAN PELT
Good. I was worried about you.

Van Pelt’s gazing out the window away from him. Is that a shy indication that she’s reaching out to him, or is she just being blandly polite?

RIGSBY
I um, I’ve been thinking --

A blue PORSCHE pulls into the parking lot and parks next to Kathryn’s car.

(continued)
VAN PELT
Here we go.

RIGSBY
Can you see who it is?

VAN PELT
No.

The owner of the Porsche climbs out. It’s Rick Bregman.

VAN PELT (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Rick Bregman.

RIGSBY (O.S.)
The best friend and business partner.

Bregman climbs into the passenger seat of Kathryn’s car. Within seconds, they’re locked in a passionate embrace.

VAN PELT
And lover of the ex-wife...

20 INT. HIDDEN HILLS BACKGAMMON CLUB – DAY

A Sunday lunchtime crowd. Going for the ambience of a millionaire’s living room in the south of France in the 1970’s. Elegantly dressed people playing backgammon and bridge or chatting in little groups, smoking cigars. Jane’s at a backgammon board, playing opposite a suave SAUDI PRINCE (in tux, not robes). Cho sits alongside, sipping a coke, scanning the room.

Jane throws double sixes and snatches victory at the last minute.

JANE
Double?

The Prince laughs through his pain.

SAUDI PRINCE
No, you win. Outrageous luck you have, neh? You are a monster. What is it now?

JANE
Twenty thousand dollars.

Cho does a slow take on Jane. Jane avoids his eye.
SAUDI PRINCE
I must have my revenge.

JANE
If you insist.

They start setting up the board for another game. Cho talks to Jane under his breath.

CHO
Jane...

JANE
What?

CHO
You want me to spell it out?

JANE
I’m just having fun.

Cho’s about to object further, but Jane sees Brooke Harper enter with a group of beautiful people, all looking fabulous, dressed to the nines.

JANE (CONT’D)
Thar she blows.

Brooke drifts away from the group. She doesn’t know them. She used them as cover to get through the door. We now see that she has a box of cigars in her hand, as well as a clutch bag. She enters an adjoining room.

JANE (CONT’D)
Excuse me if you will, I must forgo this game. My date is here.

SAUDI PRINCE
Of course.
(shrugs)
Maybe that’s lucky for me eh?

He takes out his wallet.

SAUDI PRINCE (CONT’D)
Twenty thousand.

Cho’s giving Jane a hard look. Jane sighs.

JANE
(to the Prince)
That’s alright. Forget it.

(CONTINUED)
SAUDI PRINCE
Certainly not. You won fair and square.

JANE
Actually, no. I cheated.
Controlled the dice.

Jane demonstrates. By holding and throwing the die with a certain technique, he is able to roll sixes. Then again. And again...

JANE (CONT’D)
I was going to take your money and give it to some worthy charity, but my friend here is a moralist of childish simplicity. Good to meet you.

He shakes hands with the astonished Prince, and walks away with Cho, following Brooke.

CHO
You’re the childish one.

In answer, Jane pokes Cho in the ribs.

INT. CIGAR BAR. HIDDEN HILLS BACKGAMMON CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Jane and Cho enter. Sofas, low tables, easy chairs, ashtrays, low lights. Hunting PRINTS and a fake library. People sitting about smoking cigars and drinking brandy.

One end of the room is lined to head height with cherrywood lockers, humidors for member’s personal cigar collections. That’s where we find Brooke.

Jane and Cho’s POV -- She very casually goes to one of the lockers, and tries to open it with a key from her purse.

Damn. It doesn’t work. She keeps trying a couple more times. Looks at the key, checks the number. It’s the right locker number alright. Damn. She doesn’t see Jane behind her.

JANE
Hello, gorgeous.

She doesn’t even look around.

BROOKE
Beat it, creep.
JANE
I’d call you by your right name,
but I don’t know what it is.

Brooke turns around. Sees that she’s cornered. Plays it cool.

BROOKE
Oh. Hello, Mr. Jane. I’m impressed. Well done.

JANE
Oh, for finding you? It wasn’t so difficult.

BROOKE
Will you have a cigar?

Offering him the cigar box, Brooke’s edging around, preparing to make a run for it.

JANE
Thanks, no. I’m told they’re bad for your health.

BROOKE
Who wants to live forever?

JANE
It would be horrible, wouldn’t it? Immortality. Imagine the boredom. My friend Cho will take hold of your wrist now, so as not to let you escape us again.

Cho takes her wrist.

CHO
Hi.

BROOKE
Mmm. Warm hands.

JANE
I bet you say that to all your arresting officers.

Brooke smiles, as the three of them stroll out together.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

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

Jane and Cho with Brooke Harper. She keeps up an air of amused insouciance, like she’s Audrey Hepburn on a jape. (We may notice Brooke’s bag on the ground beside her chair.)

JANE
Who are you, Brooke?

BROOKE
How did you find me?

JANE
Let’s make a deal. We’ll tell how we found you, and you tell us who you are.

Brooke sizes up Jane.

BROOKE
Okay.
(in perfect British accent)
My name is Angela Dalibar. I’m from Birmingham, England by way of Hong Kong. How did you find me?

JANE
I planted a GPS tracking device on you. They’re quite advanced, technologically. No bigger than a stick of gum.

Brooke looks down at her bag with a sense of betrayal.

CHO
Tell us more about yourself, Angela. How long have you been a professional con woman?

BROOKE
All my life I suppose. And I confess my name’s not really Angela.

JANE
And I didn’t plant a GPS on you.

(CONTINUED)
BROOKE
How then?

JANE
Maybe you’re just not as enigmatic and elusive as you think you are.

BROOKE
I wouldn’t be so sure of that.

JANE
No? You manipulate people because you take pleasure in it; you enjoy being the smartest person in the room. You’re interested in money, of course, but only so far as it allows you to continue conning people. And you allow yourself one indulgence. It’s not men obviously. It’s not drinking, or drugs -- you fear those would impair your abilities. You move around too much to have a pet...

Jane studies Brooke’s face intently.

JANE (CONT’D)
I guess chocolate. You have an almost obsessive addiction to chocolate.

Brooke smiles.

BROOKE
You’re good.

JANE
So what makes you do this, Brooke? Neglected as a child? Is this your way of getting attention? Or is it something darker? You were hurt by someone close. Someone you trusted deeply.

Brooke gives Jane nothing.

BROOKE
I suppose I’m a genuine mystery.

CHO
We have your prints now. We’ll know who you are soon enough.

(CONTINUED)
BROOKE
D’you think one can ever truly know another person? I doubt it.

Cho pushes the locker key across the table.

CHO
How do you come to have Jim Gulbrand’s key in your possession?

BROOKE
He gave it to me.

CHO
But didn’t tell you what it would unlock.

BROOKE
It wasn’t given as a real key, it was a symbol of our love. It’s the key to his heart.

JANE
You say our love with conviction. Are you really going to tell us you loved him too?

BROOKE
Yes. To my great surprise. I did grow to love him, in a way. He was a good kind man.

JANE
That’s sweet.

CHO
Yes it is.

Jane picks up the key.

JANE
This is also the key to a locker with ten million dollars inside.

BROOKE
(breezily)
Oh really? I thought it was cigars. I love a good cigar.

JANE
Nope. Ten million dollars.

(CONTINUED)
BROOKE
But that’s just silly. Why would
Jim keep ten million dollars in a
locker?

JANE
You’re good.

EXT. PELICAN COVE MARINA. PARKING LOT - DAY
Van Pelt questions Kathryn Stubbs-Gulbrand.

VAN PELT
What were you doing out here?

KATHRYN
Duh, looking for the money. Rick
figured maybe there were secret
compartments in the boat somewhere.

VAN PELT
How long have you been seeing Rick
Bregman romantically?

KATHRYN
About a year.

VAN PELT
You were divorced from Jim Gulbrand
about a year ago. Were you
involved with Rick while you were
still married to Jim?

KATHRYN
Involved?

VAN PELT
Were you having sexual intercourse
with him?

KATHRYN
No. Rick wouldn’t do that to Jim.

VAN PELT
But you would.

KATHRYN
I have needs, like anybody else.
I refuse to be ashamed of my needs.

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT
Why did you lie to us about your relationship?

CUT TO:

EXT. PELICAN COVE MARINA. DOCK - SAME TIME
Rigsby is with Rick Bregman, questioning him separately.

RICK BREGMAN
Because I knew how it would look.

RIGSBY
You mean you knew it might make you look guilty of Jim’s murder.

RICK BREGMAN
No. Yes. It wasn’t just that. Gaia Matrix’s stock has been falling for months. This market has hurt even the best of companies. The last thing I need is a Page Six sex scandal to make things worse.

RIGSBY
So you misled us in order to protect your money?

RICK BREGMAN
I misled you to help protect the company Jim and I built from the ground up.

RIGSBY
Were you aware Jim Gulbrand was cooperating with SEC investigators?

RICK BREGMAN
Jim would never go behind my back.

RIGSBY
He would and he did. The only question is if you found out, what would you do to stop him?

RICK BREGMAN
This conversation is over.

RIGSBY
When did you find out about the ten million dollars he was hiding?

(CONTINUED)
Jane and Lisbon are with Stuart Hanson.

STUART
Ten million dollars? That’s a lot of money.

JANE
Jim trusted you with the security of his company. He valued your outside-the-box thinking. You advised him where to put the money, didn’t you?

Stuart balks.

LISBON
Stuart, we don’t care if hiding this money was in any way unethical or illegal. Our focus is on the homicide investigation.

STUART
It’s not that. It’s... I absolutely promised Jim I wouldn’t say anything.
LISBON
We’ve learned that his girlfriend, Brooke Harper, is a con woman. We believe she was after the money and may have killed Jim to get it.

Jane pulls out the locker-sized key he took from Brooke.

JANE
We found her with this key. She was trying to open Gulbrand’s cabinet at the Backgammon Club. The key didn’t work. Evidently she took this from Jim, but doesn’t know where the money is.

Stuart is fascinated.

STUART
No kidding. Wow. That’s some lady.

LISBON
If you can help us find the money, we can prove Brooke was looking for it, and establish a motive for the murder.

Jane tosses the key in the air and catches it, like a coin.

JANE
So, Stuart? Do you know where the money is?

STUART
No. Well, not the exact location, anyway. Jim came to me for some ‘outside-the-box’ security advice, like you said. He wanted to hide the money from his ex-wife. I told him safety deposit boxes and offshore accounts can be traced rather easily, so they wouldn’t be of any use.

JANE
Where did you tell him to hide the money?

STUART
Off the grid. Out of the financial institutions. Any place where a trail couldn’t be established.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Like a home safe?

STUART
No. Anything on his property could be subject to search. It had to be secure, obviously, hence the key. But more importantly, it had to be in a place no one would think to look.

JANE
Hidden in plain sight.

STUART
Yes. But that was the extent of my involvement. I have no idea where he actually hid the money.

JANE
I see.

Jane tosses the key into the air again, but this time accidentally drops it on the ground where it bounces under a table.

JANE (CONT’D)
Oops.

Jane kneels down, but can’t reach the key. He has to lie flat on his stomach right beside Stuart in order to reach beneath the table. Once the key is in hand, he climbs up.

JANE (CONT’D)
Don’t want to lose that now, do we?

ON the key...

EXT. GAIA MATRIX CAMPUS – A MOMENT LATER

Jane and Lisbon walking back to their car...

LISBON
What do you make of it? You think he knows where Jim hid the money?

JANE
I’d say he knows the general whereabouts of the money, but he doesn’t know exactly. And the devil is in the details, isn’t he?
INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY

Brooke is in the interrogation room. Jane enters and puts down the locker key on the table, along with a file, unopened.

JANE
Here’s what happened...

BROOKE
I’m all ears.

JANE
Two weeks ago, you took the locker key from around Jim’s neck while he was sleeping, and replaced it with an identical one, so Jim was none the wiser. But when you went to open his locker at the gym, the key didn’t fit. The money must be hidden somewhere else. But where? Last Friday, you got impatient, and you pushed Jim to tell where the money’s hidden, but he wouldn’t tell, so you got mad, and you killed him.

BROOKE
No.

JANE
You probably didn’t mean to do it, did you? It was an accident.

BROOKE
It wasn’t. I didn’t do it.

JANE
The sad thing is, for all your skills, the answer was right there in front of you and you didn’t see it. You didn’t do enough research.

Jane taps the key on the table, simultaneously dropping a small object into Brooke’s bag.

BROOKE
(feigning disinterest)
You’re playing me. You don’t know either.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Jim’s security systems were all designed by the same man at Gaia Matrix.

BROOKE
Stuart Hanson?

JANE
Him. He suggested a hiding place for the money. You could have squeezed the truth from him very swiftly I imagine. Putty for a woman like you. Instead, you had to kill a man.

BROOKE
I wouldn’t do that. You don’t know me.

Jane opens the file on the table. Takes a beat, reads.

JANE
Lindsey Smith from San Diego. Dad Ryan’s a salesman. Mom Debbie’s a homemaker. Two Miss Teen Temecula County titles, varsity softball, church choir soloist. Then you disappear from the record for a while, and when you come back, you’re a con artist with two fraud convictions. What happened?

Brooke is stone-faced. She isn’t going to give an inch.

JANE (CONT’D)
Do you keep in touch with your parents?
(beat)
No? Not even your mom’s birthday? Christmas? They must miss you terribly. They were so proud of you. There’s no one in the family was as smart and beautiful and full of promise as their girl Lindsey. What happened to you? Drugs? A man? A woman?

BROOKE
Nothing happened. I like money and I’m easily bored.
JANE
There must be more to it than that.
It’s a mean hard lonely life you
lead. What drives you?

BROOKE
(cold)
A passion for excellence.

Jane shakes his head sadly.

JANE
Okay.

He stands.

JANE (CONT’D)
Relax for a while. An agent will
be along to run through the formal
charges against you. Run away.
Good luck to you, Lindsey.

BROOKE
And to you.

Jane exits, leaving the file and the key on the table.
We stay on Brooke for a beat, looking at the key.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Jane enters sits down on his couch, checks the time on his
cell. Cho’s at his desk typing up a report.

CHO
What luck with Harper?

JANE
There’s no luck involved. The
outcome is a given.

CHO
Is that so?

JANE
It’s applied psychology and
Newtonian physics.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY

Brooke picks up the key, takes a beat, stands up. She pulls
her hair back into a severe pony tail.
Brooke opens the door of the interrogation room, casually looks around. There’s no-one watching her except one UNIFORMED STATE COP, who gives her a second puzzled glance, and is about to ask her for an ID. In response, she strides directly to him and pretends to be D.A. or some such big cheese.

BROOKE
(crisp authority)
You call that a uniform shirt?
It’s filthy.

There is indeed a tiny spot on it...

UNIFORMED COP
But --

BROOKE
-- Filthy. No excuses, Stiles.
I won’t hear them. I’ll address this matter with your Captain at the earliest opportunity.

With that, she marches off. The Cop doesn’t consider asking for an ID. Brooke walks down the hallway and out through double doors.

ANGLE: Jane, at the other end of the hallway, watching Brooke go.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

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

Jane and Van Pelt watching stationary RED BLIP on A LAPTOP COMPUTER GPS SCREEN. Lisbon enters.

LISBON
No movement yet?

VAN PELT
She made one stop and has been in her motel room ever since.

LISBON
What did she stop for?

JANE
Chocolate.
(off her look)
Thank you, by the way.

LISBON
For what?

JANE
For letting us play it out like this.

LISBON
Eh. We would have had to let her go anyhow. Nothing to hold her on unless we get some hard proof. And this is a simple plan at least. It’s when you start buying props and costumes and what have you that I get nervous.

VAN PELT
Trick plays like this? My dad calls them chewing gum plays. Sometimes, you fool the other guy, sometimes, you get gum in your hair.

The blip starts to move.

JANE
Hooray. She’s moving at last.

They grab their coats. Van Pelt picks up the computer and they exit...

(CONTINUED)
CU ON GPS SCREEN -- The red blip moving across the map.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

ESTABLISHING a BUSY STATION.

ANGLE -- Jane and Lisbon are sitting in the CBI SUV watching the LAPTOP GPS SCREEN.

ONSCREEN -- The red blip stops moving.

LISBON
(anxious)
A train station. It had to be a train station.

JANE
What’s wrong with a train station?

LISBON
People, trains, tunnels, noise.
More people.
(into radio)
Her vehicle is stopped inside the station. Hold your positions until I give the word.

INT. TRAIN STATION. SIDE ENTRANCE - DAY

Rigsby discretely covers a side door.

RIGSBY
Yes, boss. Standing by.

INT. TRAIN STATION. TICKET COUNTER - DAY

Van Pelt hovers near the ticket counter.

VAN PELT
Copy that.

EXT. TRAIN STATION. FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Cho sits outside on a small bench near the entrance, a newspaper held up in front of his face.

CHO
All set.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Jane and Lisbon in the SUV...

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
I can already see my hair with a big chunk cut out.

JANE
You’ll look good with short hair. I can see it. Kind of a Peter Pan style?

Lisbon goes back to the blinking red light on her screen.

LISBON
(to radio)
Okay, heads up. She’s in motion approaching the station now. Cho, do you have a visual?

EXT. TRAIN STATION. FRONT ENTRANCE
Cho peers out over his newspaper at a minivan pulling to a stop in a loading zone.

CHO
Affirmative. She’s exiting the vehicle now.

Cho watches as Brooke climbs out of her car, heads around to the passenger side, and pulls open the sliding door. A figure is sitting inside.

Cho watches as Brooke lowers a ramp and climbs inside the van. Seconds later she emerges... with STUART HANSON.

CHO (CONT’D)
She has Stuart Hanson with her.

INT. SUV - ON JANE AND LISBON
Jane holds out his hand to be low-fived. Lisbon does so, only a little begrudgingly.

EXT. TRAIN STATION. FRONT ENTRANCE - ON BROOKE
Brooke closes the door behind her and pushes Stuart in his wheelchair toward the front entrance of the train station. She’s holding a gun to Stuart’s back.

CHO (O.S.)
She has a gun. Be advised. Brooke Harper is armed.
Rigsby shuffles around the corner to try and catch a glimpse of Brooke as she enters the station.

LISBON (V.O.)
Rigsby, Van Pelt, what’s your status?

RIGSBY
I have Harper and Hanson in sight. Van Pelt, she’s moving your way.

Van Pelt sees Brooke pushing Hanson her way, headed for a commuter locker room.

VAN PELT
Got ‘em. Looks like she’s headed for the commuter lockers. I’m on her.

Van Pelt moves in, careful not to be seen.

Brooke wheels Stuart inside the commuter locker area. A hundred sturdy numbered lockers line the wall.

As Brooke and Hanson approach the wall, they stop abruptly. Stuart’s chair is stuck up against a small step leading to the lockers.

STUART
It’s the step. I’m stuck.

BROOKE
Don’t move. Don’t say anything and don’t do anything. This had better be the right place.

Stuart, frightened and helpless, nods that he will follow her commands. Brooke slips up the step, matching the number on her key, forty-four, to the corresponding locker. She looks back at Stuart, who in his terror, hasn’t moved a muscle.

Brooke turns back, slides the key into the lock and turns it. It works! The locker door swings open. Inside, Brooke finds a large duffel bag crammed down in the bottom. She lifts the bag and opens it. Inside, is ten million dollars in cash.

ANGLE: Van Pelt keys her radio.

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT
The locker is open. I think she has the money.

INT. SUV - ON JANE AND LISBON

LISBON
Okay...

JANE
Wait. Wait a moment.

INT. TRAIN STATION - COMMUTER LOCKER AREA

Brooke is busy stuffing the money back into the duffel. Behind her, Stuart quietly rolls the chair back from the step, keeping his eyes locked on Brooke, her back still turned to him. For a second, it looks as if Stuart might try to flee. But then...

Stuart Hanson stands, steps up onto the locker platform, and silently walks toward Brooke.

Van Pelt reacts from her vantage point.

VAN PELT
Oh, my...

Brooke has her back turned to Hanson as she zips up the bag of money. Hanson silently comes up behind her, then, in one swift motion, slips his hand into her coat and grabs the gun.

Brooke spins around, but it’s too late. Stuart Hanson has the gun pointed right at her.

STUART
Hand over the money or I will kill you.

Brooke is speechless. She has no choice but to hand over the money. Stuart slowly backs away; the gun held discretely at his side, but pointed right at Brooke. He slips the gun into his pocket and steps through the entrance of the locker room.

Cho is waiting with gun raised.

CHO
Don’t move!

Stuart turns to run out the other door, but Rigsby is there with gun raised.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
Don’t even think about it, Hanson!

Stuart drops the bag to his side and places his hands on his head as Rigsby and Cho move in to make the arrest.

ANGLE: Brooke, who has been watching this unfold, tries to quietly slip away. But Van Pelt is right there to meet her.

VAN PELT
You’re under arrest, again.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY

Jane and Lisbon are in with Stuart Hanson. Lisbon is reading over a large file.

LISBON
Jason Bradshaw. Jason Wade. Anthony Wade. Anthony Samuels. The list goes on. All alias’s you’ve used in scams ranging from identity theft to Ponzi schemes. You’re quite the virtuoso.

STUART
Thank you.

LISBON
But this would have been your most daring and successful crime yet. Ten million dollars of Jim Gulbrand’s money.

JANE
Gulbrand was the perfect mark. Rich, liquid and unconventional. I bet he didn’t even check your references when he hired you at Gaia Matrix.

STUART
Nothing says trustworthy like a wheelchair.

JANE
You convinced Gulbrand the train station would be a genius place to hide his money. Screw orthodox wisdom. Think sideways, right? And he ate it up. Why wouldn’t he? Then you simply needed to get the key from him.
STUART CLIMBS ON BOARD THE YACHT, USING THE REAR GATE.

JANE (V.O.)
You went to the yacht that night because you knew he’d be alone.

STUART QUIETLY SNEAKS UP BEHIND GULBRAND, PICKS UP A SMALL FIRE EXTINGUISHER FROM THE WHEELHOUSE, AND SLAMS IT INTO THE BACK OF GULBRAND’S HEAD, KNOCKING HIM UNCONSCIOUS. GULBRAND SLUMPS OVER; A SMALL TRickle OF BLOOD Drips ONTO THE DECK.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
You also knew he kept the key with him.

STUART TAKES THE KEY FROM AROUND GULBRAND’S NECK.

SAME SCENE – MOMENTS LATER

STUART LIFTS JIM GULBRAND’S BODY UP OFF THE DECK.

JANE (V.O.)
You did what needed to be done. You killed Gulbrand and got rid of the body.

STUART PUSHES THE BODY OVER THE SIDE. Noticeably absent, is the sound of the SPLASH the body would make hitting the water. Stuart peers over the bow of the boat and sees the unconscious body of Jim Gulbrand hanging from the anchor — caught by his belt.

SAME SCENE – MOMENTS LATER

STUART PRESSES THE “ANCHOR WINCH” BUTTON WE SAW IN THE TEASER, LOWERING JIM’S BODY INTO THE WATER.

END FLASHBACK

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ – CONTINUOUS

JANE ET AL...

JANE
But you didn’t count on Brooke Harper. You couldn’t know she’d swapped the real key for a look alike.

(MORE)
You didn’t realize anything was wrong until you tried to open the locker.

FLASHBACK

EXT. GAIA MATRIX - DAY (D/2)

Jane tosses the key in the air and catches it like a coin.

JANE (V.O.)

It wasn’t until I came to Gaia Matrix with the real key, that it dawned on you what she had done. I can only imagine your surprise.

Stuart watches the key as Jane tosses it in the air.

END FLASHBACK

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Jane et al. Stuart is done. Everything Jane’s said has been true. He is resigned to his fate.

STUART

I spent six months living in that chair. Six months and not one person ever questioned me. Why did you?

JANE

Simple. Whenever I meet someone in a wheelchair...

FLASHBACK

EXT. GAIA MATRIX - DAY (D/2)

Jane drops the key under the table and climbs down to pick it up. From his vantage, he is afforded a close look at the bottom of Stuart’s shoes.

JANE (V.O.)

I check the bottoms of their shoes.

Sure enough, the bottoms of Stuart’s shoes are scuffed.

END FLASHBACK

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Jane rises to exit.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
The bottom of your shoes were scuffed.

Jane grins.

JANE (CONT’D)
I’ve been checking shoes for years, and this is the first time it’s paid off. Gratifying. Very gratifying.

Stuart looks at Jane, bewildered.

JANE (CONT’D)
You never do that?

Clearly, the answer is no. Jane shakes Stuart’s hand, then exits. Lisbon gives Stuart a wry smile.

LISBON
He’s a pistol, isn’t he?

She exits, leaving Stuart to ponder his fate.

EXT. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/2) - ESTABLISHING
Brooke Harper is seated in handcuffs at the table. A Uniformed Cop watches her in BG.

Jane enters, sits down with her.

JANE
Sorry about the cuffs.

BROOKE
My own fault.

JANE
I wish I could let you go again, but you know...

BROOKE
I understand.

JANE
That urge you have to get over on people. That need to be smarter than the next guy? It’ll keep on biting you in the ass.

(CONTINUED)
BROOKE
So my butt will hurt occasionally. I’ll still be smarter than the next guy.

An FBI AGENT enters.

AGENT HAYES
Brooke Harper?

BROOKE
No. Jessica Waters. That’s Harper over there.

She indicates another woman. The Agent starts to go for it. Jane stops him.

JANE
Agent, this is Harper...

Brooke smiles at Jane.

BROOKE
Worth a try.

AGENT HAYES
(a tad irked)
Brooke Harper, I’m Agent Fred Hayes. I’ll be in charge of transporting you to the Federal Detention Center in Davis. Let’s go.

Brooke rises.

BROOKE
See you around, Patrick.

AGENT HAYES
I doubt that you’ll being seeing much of anybody for a few years.

JANE
I don’t know about that, Agent Hayes. She’s very good at what she does.

Brooke smiles coyly back at Jane, as Agent Hayes escorts her out of the room.

FADE OUT.

THE END