CAST LIST

PATRICK JANE
SENIOR CBI AGENT TERESA LISBON
CBI AGENT KIMBALL CHO
CBI AGENT WAYNE RIGSBY
CBI AGENT GRACE VAN PELT

DATE
MANNY FLACCO
ROWDY MERRIMAN
CHARLOTTE MITCHELL
LEN ARTASH
SUZE LIMA
BEATRIZ FLACCO
BIG MAN
J.J. LAROCHE
JOE REYES
TOM MITCHELL
LOIS
FLOYD BENTON
DAWN KERR
FRANK LOPEZ
SPORTS REPORTER
“Bloodsport”
Episode #311
October 29, 2010 – Production Draft

SET LIST

INTERIORS

ARENA – NIGHT
BACKSTAGE
FLACCO’S LOCKER ROOM
HALLWAY
MERRIMAN’S DRESSING ROOM
CBI HQ – DAY & NIGHT
LISBON’S OFFICE
INTERVIEW ROOM
BULLPEN
HALLWAY
INTERROGATION ROOM #1
INTERROGATION ROOM #2
ELEVATORS
INNER CITY COMMUNITY CENTER – DAY
CHARLOTTE MITCHELL’S HOUSE – DAY
LIVING ROOM
OFFICE
BENTON’S GYM – DAY & NIGHT
HOSPITAL – DAY
HOSPITAL ROOM
HALLWAY
WAITING AREA
ELEVATORS
TOM MITCHELL’S ROOM

EXTERIORS

INNER CITY COMMUNITY CENTER – DAY
CHARLOTTE MITCHELL’S HOUSE – DAY
BENTON’S GYM – DAY
SUBURBAN SCHOOL – DAY
BACK ALLEY OAKLAND – DAY
GEARHEAD HANGOUT
THE MENTALIST

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DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

DAY 1
Scene 54 - 55

NIGHT 1
Scene 1 - 14, 57

DAY 2
Scenes 15 - 35

NIGHT 2
Scene 36 - 38

DAY 3
Scenes 39 - 42

NIGHT 3
Scenes 43 - 44

DAY 4
Scenes 44A - 53, 56, 58 - 59
(Scenes 60 - 61 Omitted)
FADE IN:

INT. ARENA - NIGHT (N/1)

Two Mixed Martial Arts FIGHTERS are going at it in the CAGE. MANNY FLACCO (20’s), an up-and-coming contender, fights with grace and intelligence against ROWDY MERRIMAN (30’s), a brutish journeyman fighter. At cage-side, we establish SUGE LIMA and LEN ARTASH -- we’ll be properly introduced to them later..

In the crowd, Rigsby sits with a pretty DATE. She seems reasonably demure at first glance.

DATE
Yes! Hit him again!
Again! Kill him! Kill the sonofabitch!

Rigsby looks a little uncomfortable.

RIGSBY
(calm down gesture)
Uh...

DATE
Yeah! Break his face!

In the cage, Flacco executes a brutal takedown of Merriman.

INT. BACKSTAGE. ARENA - NIGHT

A food VENDOR pushes her CART along a hallway. She notices something on the floor and frowns. She bends down to look closer.

CU on a RED DROPLET on the linoleum floor. The Vendor reaches down and touches it -- BLOOD. She looks up. There’s another one, further down the hallway.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

The two Fighters are in their corners. The hot Date turns back to Rigsby.

DATE
So, you must hit a lot of guys uh?

RIGSBY
I’m a cop. Comes with the job sometimes, but it’s only ever --

(CONTINUED)
DATE
-- That’s so hot. I’d love to see you hit someone.

RIGSBY
Um, maybe, I mean...

The BELL RINGS to start the next round. The two fighters come out of their corners and exchange exploratory jabs.

INT. BACKSTAGE. ARENA – NIGHT

The blood spots form a trail that leads the Vendor toward a WALL LOCKER. The Vendor approaches the locker, looks at it curiously.

INT. ARENA – NIGHT

Flacco counters Merriman’s attack with a series of lightning-fast combinations. The crowd ROARS. Rigsby’s Date is on her feet, screaming. Rigsby glances at his watch.

INT. BACKSTAGE. ARENA – NIGHT

The Vendor reaches out and opens the locker...

INT. ARENA – NIGHT

Merriman is driven back into the walls of the cage. A hard jab sends him reeling, then a roundhouse kick sends him crashing to the canvas.

INT. BACKSTAGE. ARENA – NIGHT

The locker OPENS and a BODY falls to the floor. The Vendor SCREAMS.

INT. ARENA – NIGHT

The crowd ROARS as the REF counts Merriman out. Merriman lies dazed as flashbulbs FLARE.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE. ARENA – LATER

A FLASH illuminates the murder victim lying sprawled on the floor. She is a woman in her late 20’s or early 30’s.

ARTASH (O.S.)
Charlotte Mitchell was her name.

The front of her shirt is stained with blood from TWO GUNSHOT WOUNDS.

(CONTINUED)
Rigsby is overseeing the FORENSICS TECHS, while fight promoter LEN ARTASH (50’s, shiny suit) watches in horrified fascination.

ARTASH (CONT’D)
...She was a book writer. Writing a book.

LISBON and CHO flank Artash.

CHO
We’ve got control of the crime scene, but it’s looking like a wide suspect list.

LISBON
Get a statement from every security guard, vendor, and attendant. Find out who could get backstage.

CHO
Right. It’s going to be in the hundreds, at least.

Shaking his head in dismay, Cho heads off. Artash tears his gaze from the body.

ARTASH
Look, just to be clear, I don’t own this arena. I simply promoted the fight. I have no liability here.

JANE stands next to Lisbon, gazing intently at Artash. Throughout the whole conversation, he doesn’t take his eyes off him. In fact, Jane is miles away, and Artash just happens to be in his eyeline, but Artash is increasingly discomfited.

LISBON
What was Charlotte Mitchell’s connection to you?

ARTASH
She was writing a book, about this fight. About my guy Manny Flacco and Rowdy Merriman. Said it was a microcosm of whatever. I figured any PR for my boy Manny is good PR. That’s the kind of kid he is.

Rigsby approaches.
RIGSBY
Shot twice. Close range. Still got her purse, money and jewelry intact. M.E. estimates time of death to be between 8:30 to 9:00 pm.

ARTASH
That was right in the middle of the fight.

Rigsby gets a PHONE CALL, frowns when he sees the number...

RIGSBY
Excuse me...

He walks away. Lisbon continues with Artash.

LISBON
When was the last time you saw Ms. Mitchell?

ARTASH
We were supposed to sit together during the fight. She never showed up. Sir, why are you staring at me like that?

Jane shakes his head, comes back from a distant reverie.

JANE
Oh, was I staring? I’m so sorry, my mind was somewhere else entirely.

Lisbon looks askance. Jane seeks to show he’s on the ball --

JANE
(beat, recalls data)
Charlotte Mitchell, right? And you’re Leonard Artash, promoter.

Artash looks quizzically to Lisbon. This is the CBI?

LISBON
Consultant.

JANE
Let’s talk to the fighters, shall we?

LISBON
Really?

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Rigsby just told us it wasn’t a robbery and we know it wasn’t sexual. And it looks cold-blooded, not a crime of passion. So what does that leave? I’ll bet your pension it’s something to do with the fight.

ARTASH
But Manny and Merriman were in the cage when she was shot.

JANE
Are you a detective?

ARTASH
No.

JANE
Well then...

INT. FLACCO’S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Manny Flacco getting dressed in a sharp suit. SUGE LIMA, his cornerman and manager ties his tie for him, whispering to him as if to a horse.

LIMA
...You the man, kid, you the man, you were fantastic in there, you messed him up like he was dogmeat, you’re gonna be champion of the world, yes you are, champion of the world...

A PHOTOGRAPHER stands nearby snapping pictures. Several sportily dressed SECONDS and various HANGERS ON hang about, high-fiving each other and generally celebrating as if they all had won the fight. Flacco’s wife BEATRIZ stands between him and Jane and Lisbon.

BEATRIZ
You have to deal with this now?

LISBON
Yes we do, ma’am.

FLACCO
What’s the problem Bea? Who are those guys?

BEATRIZ
They’re cops.

(CONTINUED)
LIMA
Oh come on now, can’t it wait?
Let the boy enjoy his win. Talk to
him after we’ve checked in with the
doctor.

FLACCO
I don’t need the doc.

LIMA
Better safe than sorry, right?

BEATRIZ
Manny’s got nothing to do with
this.

FLACCO
Nothing to do with what?

LISBON
Charlotte Mitchell was murdered
earlier this evening.

FLACCO
How? When? Why?

LIMA
Stay cool. Don’t get excited.

JANE
She was found shot to death in a
service corridor under the arena.
Happened while you were fighting.

Flacco turns on Beatriz and Lima.

FLACCO
You knew and you didn’t tell me?
Am I a child?

BEATRIZ
Come on, Manny, you know we’re
trying to protect you...

LIMA
Didn’t want to spoil your night.

FLACCO
Who did this?

LISBON
That’s what we’re looking into.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
You liked her a lot huh? The dead lady, whatshername.

FLACCO
Whatshername?

JANE
Charlotte Mitchell.

FLACCO
Yeah I liked her. Everybody did. She was good people.

BEATRIZ
LIMA
(unconvincing)
Yeah she was.

Yeah.

JANE
Okay, thanks. Got it. Which way is Merriman’s room?

LISBON
(irked)
Oh we’re done here, are we?

JANE
Sorry, yes. You have more questions? She has more questions.

LISBON
Did anyone see Charlotte Mitchell arrive at the arena?

Nope.

LISBON
Did anyone see her here at any point at all this evening?

Nope.

LISBON (CONT’D)
Okay then. I’m going to need names and contact numbers for everybody here.

JANE
While you do your police thing, I’ll go talk to the other guy.

Jane exits to...
INT. HALLWAY. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Jane finds Merriman’s dressing room, goes to open the door. There’s a BIG MAN standing casual sentry, holds up a hand.

BIG MAN
You don’t want to go in there.

JANE
These are not the droids you’re looking for.

Jane walks in while the Big Man tries to fathom his meaning.

INT. MERRIMAN’S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The identical room, but peopled by glum gangster types. Merriman is dressed in sweats and sunglasses, pacing up and down, punching lockers and walls, very angry. Everybody turns to look at Jane. The room is decidedly hostile to outsiders.

JANE
Hi. Tough night uh?
(lets that land)
But listen, consolation wise, you know what Nietzsche said. Was macht uns nicht umbringt, macht uns starker.

That doesn’t win anyone over.

MERRIMAN
The hell are you? You know what, I don’t care, get your butt outta here.

Jane shows his ID card.

JANE
CBI. Investigating a murder.

MERRIMAN
A cop? Screw murder. I got a robbery to report. That little fanny-pack Flacco wouldn’t have won dip, if he didn’t have the stinking ref in his pocket. Sonofabitch was headbutting me the whole night. Who got murdered?

JANE
Charlotte Mitchell.

MERRIMAN
No kidding. The book writer? That’s messed up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Ain’t gonna be no book now I guess. Did they rape her as well? She was kinda hot.

Jane stares at him a beat.

MERRIMAN (CONT’D)
Hello?

JANE
Either you’re a genius manipulator concealing your complicity in this crime, or you’re a dimly lit clown. Which is it?

Merriman moves toward Jane with bad intent.

INT. HALLWAY. ARENA – CONTINUOUS

Lisbon is moving toward Merriman’s dressing room, when the door flies open and Jane hurries out, shutting the door firmly behind him.

JANE
(to the Big Man)
You were right.

Jane hastens down the hallway. Merriman and several of his Hangers On come busting out of the dressing room to have it out with Jane. They follow him down the hallway.

MERRIMAN
Say that again you sonofabitch!

LISBON
Hey!

She follows them all.

FADE OUT.
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

15 INT. LISBON’S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2) 15

Lisbon’s on the phone. Van Pelt appears with a folder.

Van Pelt indicates the folder.

VAN PELT
Ballistics came back. Nine millimeter weapon. Rifling patterns and striations on the bullets indicate the gun used to kill Charlotte Mitchell was also used in a murder back in 2001. The weapon was never recovered. Killer was a man named Joe Reyes. Got out eight months ago. Early release.

LISBON
Cho’s still working his way through suspects from the arena. Take Rigsby, go talk to Reyes. Find out where his gun went. I’m going to meet the victim’s father.

VAN PELT
(awkward)
Rigsby’s busy.

LISBON
With?

VAN PELT
Mr. Laroche is interviewing him.

LISBON
Oh?

Lisbon stands up, miffed.

16 INTERVIEW ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY 16

Rigsby sits across from J.J. LAROCHE, the PSU officer (CBI’s version of Internal Affairs). LaRoche is looking through his notes.

LAROCHE
(not looking up)
A man named Todd Johnson was murdered while in CBI custody.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
Yes. Cop killer. Burned to death in his cell.

LAROCHE
I wanted to ask your opinion on some things. You were an arson investigator before coming to CBI, right?

RIGSBY
Down in San Diego.

LAROCHE
Familiar with pyrophoric igniters?

RIGSBY
Sure. Liquid or solid?

LAROCHE
Used in conjunction with a xylene accelerant?

RIGSBY
Overkill, I’d say.

LAROCHE
Really? And the fire safety system here in CBI? Easy to access and deactivate?

RIGSBY
Top of the line ESFR system? No, bypassing that took real know-how.

LaRoche nods, Rigsby has confirmed LaRoche’s own belief.

LAROCHE
You could deactivate it, couldn’t you?

RIGSBY
Yes I could. (smiling)
You accusing me?

LAROCHE
(smiling back)
You confessing?

Rigsby laughs. Then --

LAROCHE (CONT’D)
Your father is Steven Robert Rigsby?

(CONTINUED)
Rigsby frowns, obviously surprised by this question.

RIGSBY
Yes he is. What does that have to do with your investigation?

LAROCHE
He used to be affiliated with the Iron Gods motorcycle gang, yes?

RIGSBY
You know he was.

LAROCHE
(off file)
Yes. I have his sheet here. Robbery, narcotics, extortion, assault, manslaughter. Quite the rascal.

RIGSBY
Look, I’ve got nothing to do with my father.

LAROCHE
Nothing at all? No card at Christmas?

RIGSBY
No. We don’t talk, I don’t know where he is.

Lisbon enters, angry.

LISBON
LaRoche, you’re meant to inform me if and when you speak with any of my people.

LAROCHE
That’s not a right. That’s a courtesy we extend on occasion.

LISBON
Well, in the future, I would ask you to extend that courtesy to me.

LAROCHE
Hmmm.

LaRoche nods to himself thoughtfully, makes some more notations, then looks up with an off-putting smile.

(CONTINUED)
LAROCHE (CONT’D)
Thanks, Agent Rigsby. That should do it.

Rigsby gets up and leaves.

LISBON
So you’ll let me know next time you speak with my guys.

LAROCHE
I understand that’s your preference.

LISBON
And?

LAROCHE
I’ll bear it in mind.

With that he shambles out, leaving Lisbon vexed.

EXT. INNER CITY COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY
Van Pelt and Rigsby approach a rundown building. A SIGN says it’s the CARELLA GARDENS COMMUNITY CENTER. From inside comes the SOUND of SINGING.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY
JOE REYES (30’s-40’s) is leading a small CONGREGATION in a hymn. Van Pelt and Rigsby enter.

REYES
Amen.

He notices Van Pelt and Rigsby at the back.

REYES (CONT’D)
Welcome.

He addresses the congregation, indicates Rigsby and Van Pelt.

REYES (CONT’D)
We have newcomers, brothers and sisters. Make them welcome.

The congregation turns and smiles at Van Pelt and Rigsby. Rigsby shows his badge.

RIGSBY
Joseph Reyes?

Reyes’ face falls.
Van Pelt and Rigsby sit with Joe Reyes.

REYES
My gun? A woman was killed with my gun?

RIGSBY
Same one you used back in 2001.

Reyes shakes his head sorrowfully.

REYES
There’s no escaping the sins of the past. All you can do is ask the Lord’s guidance and keep on.

VAN PELT
Did you know Charlotte Mitchell?

REYES
No, ma’am, I did not. And I don’t have that gun either.

RIGSBY
Got rid of it back when you shot the guy. What’d you do with it?

REYES
I gave it to my lady friend at the time.

VAN PELT
What did she do with it?

REYES
That I don’t know, ma’am. Haven’t seen her since my arrest.

RIGSBY
The lady’s name?

REYES

RIGSBY
Address?

REYES
Don’t know, sir. I never looked for her when I got out.

(MORE)
After finding my faith, I knew I had to turn my back on evil ways and that type of person that would lead me there.

Rigsby and Van Pelt get up to go.

VAN PELT
Why’d you kill that man back in 2001? If you don’t mind my asking.

REYES
Don’t know, ma’am. Foolishness. I did a lot of bad things, back in the day. That was just the one they caught me for.

He shrugs, gazes out the window.

REYES (CONT’D)
God’s plan.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER – DAY

Van Pelt and Rigsby walk back toward their car.

VAN PELT
Seems clean, but we should keep an eye on him, don’t you think?

Rigsby doesn’t say anything, lost in his thoughts.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
You okay?

RIGSBY
(snapping out of it)
Sure. Why wouldn’t I be?

VAN PELT
You’re being quiet. Like something’s bugging you. Was it LaRoche?

RIGSBY
No.

He gets in the car. Van Pelt looks at him, sensing something’s wrong.

EXT. CHARLOTTE MITCHELL’S HOUSE – DAY


(CONTINUED)
INT. CHARLOTTE MITCHELL’S HOUSE – DAY

The living room matches the outside; quaint, old-fashioned, everything just so. TOM MITCHELL (60’s) -- an old-time newspaperman who looks like he has a fedora perched on the back of his head even when he doesn’t -- sits on a couch with LOIS (50’s), a lady friend. On the television is a VIDEO of Charlotte Mitchell a few years ago, fresh out of college.

TOM MITCHELL
(stopping the video)
She was a good girl. A fine human being.

Trying to mask his sorrow, he turns a sob into a cough, and Lois takes his hand. Lisbon and Jane sit nearby.

LISBON
We’re sorry for your loss, Mr. Mitchell.

JANE
Would you mind if I looked around a bit?

Tom Mitchell nods vaguely, gets up.

TOM MITCHELL
(gesturing)
Kitchen’s over there. Office is this way.

He heads through a door.

INT. OFFICE. CHARLOTTE MITCHELL’S HOUSE – DAY

A small, neat room. A desk under the window, bookshelves and filing cabinets along the walls.

TOM MITCHELL
Here are her notebooks. She kept good notes. I taught her that. I was apologizing to her only last week, for teaching her a dying profession. Journalism, dying out you know. All this internet.

(CONTINUED)
He covers his face.

LOIS
Tom, why don’t we go back to the living room.

Mitchell nods mutely, mopping at his eyes. Lois leads him out. Lisbon picks up the most recent notebooks. Jane starts looking around.

JANE
I won’t be a minute.

Lisbon nods, follows Tom Mitchell and Lois. Jane is alone in a room full of books, PHOTOGRAPHS, awards, and FRAMED COLUMNS: from this he can learn the story of Charlotte Mitchell’s life.

INT. CHARLOTTE MITCHELL’S HOUSE - DAY

Lois and Lisbon help Tom Mitchell to a chair.

LISBON
Can I get you something, Mr. Mitchell? A glass of water, maybe.

TOM MITCHELL
Yes, please.

He picks up the remote and restarts the video.

TOM MITCHELL (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Hold it higher.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL (V.O.)
(obviously delighted)
It’s just a town hall report.

She holds a copy of the Sacramento Examiner.

TOM MITCHELL (V.O.)
It’s your first real newspaper article. This is big.

Slumped in his chair in the flickering light of the television, Tom Mitchell looks frail -- crushed by age and grief.

INT. OFFICE. CHARLOTTE MITCHELL’S HOUSE - DAY

Jane moves around the room, the SOUND of video clear from next door.

(CONTINUED)
CHARLOTTE MITCHELL (V.O.)
I’ve been in real newspapers before.

TOM MITCHELL (V.O.)
Those weren’t real newspapers.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL (V.O.)
They were so.

As he listens, Jane’s eye takes in a SNAPSHOT of Charlotte Mitchell looking like a badass foreign correspondent outside the Peshawar Press Club; a PLAQUE reading CROCKER AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN JOURNALISM; another PICTURE of Charlotte Mitchell in a graduation gown with a diploma, father at her side.

Suddenly, OS there’s a CRASH. Jane reacts.

INT. CHARLOTTE MITCHELL’S HOUSE – DAY

Lisbon and Lois are kneeling beside Tom Mitchell, who lies crumpled on the floor. A chair and coffee table are overturned next to him. On the television, Charlotte smiles happily and reads from her article...

TOM MITCHELL (V.O.)
Okay, now go to the page and read it.

A rustling as Charlotte turns the pages. Then --

TOM MITCHELL (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Go on.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL (V.O.)
I’m reading it.

TOM MITCHELL (V.O.)
Ha ha. Out loud.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL (V.O.)
Grove Park Interim Mayor Joyce Franklin presided today over the opening of a brand new --

As Jane enters, Lisbon tosses him a cell phone.

LISBON
Heart attack. Ambulance.

She returns to performing chest compression. On Jane, dialing.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

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

Jane watching the Flacco/Merriman fight ON TAPE. He gets right into it. Nearby, Lisbon on the phone.

LISBON
Thanks. Let us know.
(hangs up)
Doctor says Tom Mitchell had a major cardiac arrest.

JANE
I could have told them that.

LISBON
They’ve been able to stabilize him, but he’s still unconscious. They’re going to keep him in the ICU until he wakes up.

JANE
Poor man.

On the TV SCREEN, the crowd ROARS as Merriman goes down; off which, Jane and Lisbon watch...

LISBON
Went down and stayed down.

JANE
Yup.

LISBON
I’ve been going through Mitchell’s notebooks. Aside from a lot of stuff about the dangers of Mixed Martial Arts fighting and blood markers, she was looking for a fight fixing angle. What do you think?

JANE
Merriman took a fall? Can’t see it. Worth killing over though. Lot of money to be made on a sure thing.

Cho enters.

(Continued)
I found Joe Reyes’ girlfriend, Dawn Kerr. The one he says he gave the gun to.

You and Rigsby go check her out.

She looks at Jane.

I think we should talk to the promoter, Artash. See what he has to say about fight fixing.

Two young fighters are sparring in the ring under the watchful eye of Floyd Benton, (50’s) an ex-boxer who owns the gym. Artash is nearby, on the phone.

He holds up a finger -- wait...

Sixty-forty split. With an option for his next three fights.

He listens for a moment.

Hey, alternatively, go eat a shoelace. I want the deal done by Friday. Call me back.

Artash stashes his phone, smiles broadly at Jane and Lisbon.

We got it. Manny’s fighting for the title, six months time. Two million dollar purse. Can I pick ‘em or what?

He points to the ring.

See the tall kid? He’s going to be my next champion. Mark my words.

Jane hears that, heads towards the ring.
LISBON
Could we talk quietly some place?

EXT. BENTON’S GYM – DAY

A rundown building in a rundown neighborhood. Artash steps out into the parking lot with Lisbon.

LISBON
Fight fixing: what can you tell me?

ARTASH
Doesn’t happen. Like I told Charlotte -- it’s not financially viable in this day and age. She’d been reading about past fixes in boxing, wanted to know if it exists in MMA. It doesn’t.

LISBON
How come?

ARTASH
The Board finds out about a fixed fight, everybody involved is done, forever. So first, there’s that. Second, you need a fighter willing to take a dive.

LISBON
You’re saying Merriman wouldn’t do it?

ARTASH
You met him, right? Egomaniac. He’d never agree to such a thing.

LISBON
How’d he get along with Charlotte Mitchell?

ARTASH
He resented her a little, I think. He wanted her to portray him as a good guy and she wasn’t buying it.

LISBON
He’s not a good guy?

ARTASH
Flacco’s the good guy, Rowdy’s the villain. That’s how we sold the fight, because that’s who they are. Manny’s a sweetheart, Rowdy’s a natural jerk.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
How did this resentment toward Charlotte show itself?

ARTASH
I don’t know, the way he acted around her.

LISBON
How?

ARTASH
Coarse, lascivious, like it would be a bad idea to let him get her alone.

INT. BENTON’S GYM – DAY

Jane is watching the two fighters. Artash’s PROSPECT is quick and wary, darting in with quick jabs and then dancing back.

Beside Jane, FLOYD BENTON, the gym’s owner, yells advice at the Prospect’s heavier OPPONENT.

BENTON
Stick the jab, then shoot! Stick and shoot!

JANE
Your fighter looks bigger and stronger. Shouldn’t he be winning?

BENTON
(disgusted)
He’s slower and dumber. Keep walking, bub. I need advice, I’ll call my mother.
(yelling)
Get off the ropes!

JANE
You’re Floyd Benton, that trains Manny Flacco?

Benton looks at Jane properly for the first time.

BENTON
Used to. Until he got too big and smart to learn. Police huh?

JANE
How did you know?
BENTON
Police and fine women act like they
got a right to be wherever they’re
at. And you ain’t no fine woman.
Stick that jab you sonofabitch!
Stick it!

JANE
I’m here about Charlotte Mitchell.

BENTON
Yeah. Poor girl. You think it was
about the fight?

JANE
What do you think?

BENTON
I think if it wasn’t about the
fight, you wouldn’t be here.

JANE
So, what aspect of the fight would
motivate murder?

BENTON
You’re the detective. I’m supposed
to do your job for you?

JANE
How about I do your job for you?
Fair exchange.

BENTON
Shoot.

JANE
Artash’s prospect there has a tell.
Taps his forehead before he throws
the right upper cut. When he does
that, your man should step to his
right and throw a hook.

Benton looks at Jane with new respect.

BENTON
Damn if you ain’t somewhat correct.
You got an eye.

JANE
Now you. Who killed Charlotte
Mitchell?
BENTON
Don’t know. But I will say this, there is more to Manny Flacco than meets the eye.

JANE
Oh? Like what?

BENTON
Just a vibe I get.

JANE
That vibe have anything to do with him firing you as his trainer?

BENTON
I’m a bigger man than that.

The Fighters return to their corners and Benton is immediately up and on point...

BENTON (CONT’D)
Listen up now, your man there taps his head when he’s gonna throw the upper cut...

ON Jane watching with interest...

DAWN KERR (30’s) stands in the crosswalk outside the school wearing a blaze orange vest and carrying a stop sign.

DAWN KERR
Come on now, get going.

She hurries the kids across the street with cheerful scolding. Rigsby and Cho approach.

CHO
Dawn Kerr? We need to talk.

He shows her his badge.

DAWN KERR
What’s this about?

RIGSBY
You remember a guy named Joe Reyes? We want to know what happened to a gun he gave you.

Dawn looks around, alarmed.

(CONTINUED)
DAWN KERR
Look, can you keep it down? People here might get upset, they knew about my past business.

CHO
The gun. What’d you do with it?

DAWN KERR
I gave it to my cousin Bobby. I don’t know what he did with it.

RIGSBY
Where’s your cousin Bobby?

DAWN KERR
Dead. Got blown up in Iraq.

Rigsby’s PHONE RINGS.

RIGSBY
(answering)
Hello?

LAROCHE (O.S.)
(on phone)
Agent Rigsby? This is J.J. LaRoche.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY
LaRoche sits at Rigsby’s desk.

LAROCHE
Where are you? We need to talk more.

RIGSBY
I’m working a case.

He glances over to where Cho is talking with Dawn Kerr.

LAROCHE
When are you coming back in?

RIGSBY
I couldn’t say. It’s an active case.

LAROCHE
I could ask Agent Lisbon to bring you back. Should I do that?

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
I’ll be there in an hour.

He hangs up, heads back to where Cho and Dawn are talking.

DAWN KERR
I got two kids I’m trying to raise right, who don’t know what kind of life I used to lead --

RIGSBY
Thank you, ma’am. We’ll be in touch.

(to Cho)
Let’s go. Gotta get back.

They head back to the car.

CHO
Says she was at parent-teacher conference night before last. Should be easy to check.

He looks over at Rigsby, who looks preoccupied.

CHO (CONT’D)
Anything wrong? Who called?

Rigsby looks at him, about to say something. Then --

RIGSBY
Nothing. Nobody.

He gets in the car.

LAROCHE
Sorry to bother you again, Agent Rigsby, just a few things that don’t seem to match.

He looks at his notes.

LAROCHE (CONT’D)
You said there’d been no contact, but phone records show six phone calls from your father between June and July of 2008.
RIGSBY
What does this have to do with somebody burning a cop killer to death here in CBI?

LAROCHE
It doesn’t, directly. But it speaks to character.

RIGSBY
You’re questioning my character?

LAROCHE
Did you know there are criminological studies that posit criminality as a heritable trait? Like eye color, or a baritone voice.

RIGSBY
What?

LAROCHE
I just mean it’s not necessarily your fault, Agent Rigsby. You may simply be predisposed to criminal behavior. Scientifically speaking.

RIGSBY
My father called me about a mix-up with his parole officer. Was I supposed to ignore him? Hang up?

LAROCHE
You forgot that conversation? Or chose not to speak of it?

Rigsby stands up.

RIGSBY
Are we done? I think we’re done.

He leaves. LaRoche watches him go.

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Rigsby stands up.

RIGSBY
Are we done? I think we’re done.

He leaves. LaRoche watches him go.

INT. HALLWAY/BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

Rigsby walks right past Van Pelt without acknowledging her as she greets him. Van Pelt, takes a beat and walks on to --

INT. LISBON’S OFFICE - DAY

Van Pelt puts her head in the room. Lisbon’s at her desk.

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT
I got something. A security guard had a run-in with Charlotte Mitchell before the fight.

LISBON
How come we didn’t hear about this before now?

VAN PELT
He left the arena before the fight ended. He was filling in for a guy and his wife went into labor. He didn’t connect it to the murder until he saw Charlotte Mitchell’s picture on the television.

LISBON
So what’d he see?

VAN PELT
Charlotte Mitchell was trying to get in to the dressing room area before the fight. Because she didn’t have the right kind of access laminate, the guard wouldn’t let her in. She was agitated, made a scene, and he threw her out. This was at approximately six-thirty.

LISBON
Six-thirty? That puts her in the arena an hour before the M.E.’s estimate.

VAN PELT
Yup. And that means Flacco and Merriman both had opportunity. They’re suspects, too.

LISBON
Bring them both in. Let’s see what they have to say under questioning.

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

Merriman strolls arrogantly through CBI, followed by a thuggish-looking POSSE. Cho meets him.

CHO
Mr. Merriman, your associates are going to have to wait outside.

(CONTINUED)
MERRIMAN
They’re cool.

CHO
They’re cool outside.

Merriman stops, his eyes narrow. Across the room, Flacco stands talking with Lisbon. His manager Lima and his wife Beatriz are with him.

MERRIMAN
Flacco, you little punk. You used plastered wraps, didn’t you? A punk like you can’t hit like that, I know.

Flacco is calm and unaffected by Merriman.

FLACCO
Hey, good to see you, Rowdy. Nice fight

Merriman starts across the room toward Flacco.

CHO
Mr. Merriman, come back.

He starts after Merriman.

MERRIMAN
You want to go again, Manny? I’ll knock you out right here.

LISBON
Mr. and Mrs. Flacco, why don’t we go into my office?

FLACCO
Sure. Come on, Bea.

MERRIMAN
Running away, Manny? Just like you did in the cage, huh?

Flacco turns to Merriman with a smile.

FLACCO
Two million people saw me kick your butt. Live with it.

That’s too much for Merriman, who goes for Flacco. Lima jumps on Merriman before he can get to Flacco, and then Merriman’s posse goes for Lima. Beatriz screams angrily, starts swinging her purse.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON

Hey! No!

She and Cho throw themselves into the fray, but a full-on brawl has broken out.

LISBON (CONT’D)

Rigsby! Get over here.

As the CBI Agents work to suppress the violence, Jane enters, watches bemused.

JANE

I’m all for working outside the box, Lisbon, but this seems a bit beyond the pale, don’t you think?

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1. CBI - NIGHT (N/2 CONT’D)

Merriman sits sullenly across from Cho. He looks like he got the worst of it in the brawl.

MERRIMAN
Nah, I didn’t kill the writer lady. Why would I?

CHO
I’ve looked at your rap sheet. There’s a pattern of violence against women.

MERRIMAN
Tssst. If I slap a bitch, she asked for it. Bitches like to get slapped. Don’t ask me why.

CHO
Did Charlotte Mitchell ask for it?

MERRIMAN
No she didn’t. I asked her for it though. You know? But she was like eeew. I disgusted her. Nice clean college lady.

CHO
She rejected you. How did that make you feel?

MERRIMAN
Like I had to call another bitch to break me off a piece. Which I did.

CHO
She was researching you and Flacco. Maybe she found out something about you, you didn’t want anybody to know.

Merriman smirks at Cho.

MERRIMAN
I got nothing to hide. I’m a straight up thug. Proud of it. What’s there to say about me that ain’t already been said? Nah. Little Mr. Perfect -- he’s the one got secrets to be hiding.

(CONTINUED)
CHO
Flacco? What’s he got to hide?

MERRIMAN
He was knocking boots with the writer lady, for one. Dogging on that nasty little wife of his.

CHO
You have proof of that?

MERRIMAN
(dismissive)
Proof. Ask the punk. He’ll be like uh buh ub uh guh um.

Cho glances over at the window.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2. CBI HQ - NIGHT

Lisbon is sitting across from Flacco and Beatriz. Van Pelt enters and leans down to whisper in Lisbon’s ear. Lisbon nods, turns to address Flacco and Beatriz.

LISBON
Mr. Flacco, do you want your wife present during our interview? Normally we do this alone.

FLACCO
I need her here. I got no secrets from Bea.

LISBON
Okay. What kind of relationship did you have with Charlotte Mitchell?

FLACCO
She was writing a book about me and Rowdy, about the fight.

LISBON
Which started when?

FLACCO
Since when I started training for the fight. About six months ago.

LISBON
And when you weren’t training?

FLACCO
What does that mean?

(CONTINUED)
Don’t act dumb, Manny. She wants to know if you were sleeping with her.

What? No.

Look at me when you say that.

Honey, I wasn’t sleeping with her.

Honey? Please.
(to Lisbon)
So he was sleeping with her. So what?

Bea --

-- Don’t. I don’t want to hear it.

We been together since I was thirteen. Married since seventeen. Four kids. You think I don’t know what goes on? He’s a professional athlete. I blame the women. Men don’t know any better.

Baby, I never.

Manny’s pretty good, he doesn’t go crazy, but let’s see, there was a nurse at the physio clinic, two waitresses in Vegas, the girl from Len’s club --

Where were you the night of the fight, Ms. Flacco?

Backstage. I can’t watch while Manny’s fighting. I wait until it’s over.
LISBON
Anyone with you?

BEATRIZ
Yes. Plenty of people. There’s always people around.

LISBON
Was there --

BEATRIZ
-- But yeah, I could’ve sneaked off and killed the lady. Only I didn’t. We done?

LISBON
For now.

Beatriz gets up and heads out, Flacco following.

FLACCO
Bea, come on, don’t be mad...

BEATRIZ
(over her shoulder)
You want to talk to Floyd Benton. Lady was going to write about how he dopes the young fighters in his gym. That’s why we took Manny out of there.

LISBON
Thanks. We’ll look into that.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2. CBI HQ - DAY (D/3)

Lisbon sits across from Benton.

LISBON
Where were you the night of the Flacco-Merriman fight?

BENTON
At the fight. Had to buy a ticket, you believe that?

LISBON
Charlotte Mitchell asked you about steroid use at your gym, correct?

BENTON
Beatriz Flacco hasn’t liked me since she was a little girl in pigtails.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
What’s Beatriz Flacco got to with this?

BENTON
She told you that crap.

LISBON
We understand from multiple sources that Flacco dropped you as his trainer because you pushed steroids on him.

BENTON
Nobody was pushed to do anything.

LISBON
But there was steroid abuse, and Charlotte Mitchell found out about it.

BENTON
Big scoop. Athletes get juiced.

LISBON
Steroid abuse is a crime.

BENTON
(amused)
So arrest me. I won’t resist. I’ve done far worse things than abuse steroids. I wouldn’t hurt a lady over picayune nonsense like that. Steroids.

He kisses his teeth.

INT. LISBON’S OFFICE. CBI HQ - DAY
Jane sits with perplexed Lisbon.

LISBON
They’ve all got motive and they’ve all got opportunity.

JANE
Anything in the notebooks?

LISBON
I read her last six months of notes.

Lisbon picks up one of Charlotte Mitchell’s NOTEBOOKS from her desk.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON (CONT’D)
Nothing useful that I could see.
I learned a lot about the business
of mixed martial arts though.

JANE
Let me have a look.

Lisbon tosses the notebook to him.

LISBON
Be my guest.

Jane opens the notebook, starts looking through it.

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INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

Rigsby sits at his desk, brooding. Joe Reyes approaches.

REYES
Excuse me, Agent?

Rigsby looks up.

RIGSBY
Mr. Reyes. What brings you here?

REYES
I saw on the TV that the dead lady’s father had a heart attack.
He gonna be okay?

RIGSBY
Not sure yet. He’s still in ICU.

REYES
Huh.

Beat. Reyes hesitates.

RIGSBY
What’s up, Mr. Reyes?

REYES
I lied before.

RIGSBY
Take a seat.

Reyes sits down.

REYES
I told you that I don’t see Dawn any more.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Well sometimes, I do, see her. Now and again. You know, for old times sakes.

RIGSBY
Hey. Why not.

REYES
You people got me to thinking about that damned gun and all the trouble it made and I went to see Dawn and she told me that she told you she gave the gun to her cousin Bobby that died.

RIGSBY
That’s right. We can’t track the gun past him.

REYES
Yeah well that’s not the truth what she said. She didn’t give the gun to Bobby, rest his soul. She only said that because he’s dead, can’t deny it. And she didn’t want to get in trouble.

RIGSBY
What did she do with the gun?

EXT. GEARHEAD HANGOUT. BACK ALLEY OAKLAND - DAY

A working garage facing a large courtyard in the back alley of a working class Oakland neighborhood. Several CUSTOM CARS and BIKES are being worked on, one with its engine on a hoist. A dozen ROUGHNECK GEARHEAD type men and a few women(20/30’s) are sitting around, playing dominoes and drinking, working on the cars. MUSIC is BLARING. Rigsby and Cho approach the domino players, and show their badges to one of them -- FRANK LOPEZ -- a neighborhood shotcaller. (40’s). He’s had a couple beers and he’s in a good mood.

CHO
Frank Lopez? We need to talk to you.

LOPEZ
(amiable)
CBI? I never have been questioned by the CBI.

Lopez moves his chin and two guys vacate their seats to give Rigsby and Cho some place to sit. They sit.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
Thank you.

LOPEZ
What you got?

CHO
Ten years ago a woman named Dawn Kerr gave you a nine millimeter handgun.

LOPEZ
She did?

RIGSBY
Do you still have the weapon?

LOPEZ
Why do you ask?

RIGSBY
The gun was used in a murder two days ago.

LOPEZ
Oops.
   (thinks)
What kind of gun was it?

CHO
Nine millimeter.

LOPEZ
   (thinks)
Oh, yeah! I remember the gun.
Skinny crazy girl. What happened to her?

RIGSBY
She’s doing fine. The Glock?

LOPEZ
I lost it.

Cho and Rigsby sigh. Nothing is ever easy.

CHO
You lost it?

Lopez nods affirmatively, unaware of Cho and Rigsby’s skepticism.

(CONTINUED)
LOPEZ
About four years ago. In a club. That place Narcissus -- you know it? There was a scuffle. I had to run out of there after some punk, and next time I look, the nine was gone. It was a sweet gun, but what can you do?

RIGSBY
Uh-huh. Where were you two nights ago?

Now Lopez notices Rigsby’s skepticism, seems even more amused.

LOPEZ
I was here. Any of these guys can tell you. Don’t believe me, lie detect me. I ain’t worried.

Lopez goes back to his game. Rigsby follows Cho, who’s reading a text message off his phone.

RIGSBY
What’d you get?

CHO
That guy LaRoche. He wants to talk to me. Wants me to come in.

Rigsby reacts with alarm. Cho doesn’t notice. Glances at Rigsby.

CHO (CONT’D)
What’d he talk to you about?

RIGSBY
Okay, the thing is, I have to tell you something. I should’ve before, but I didn’t. Here goes.

He glances at Cho, takes a deep breath.

RIGSBY (CONT’D)
Two years ago my dad called me. He was getting hit with a parole violation. Seen consorting with known criminals. Looking at a full twenty year bit in Folsom.

Cho shakes his head.

CHO
So you alibied him out.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
Yeah, I said he was with me at the time. But I’m family, so the Parole Officer asked if there was anybody else there -- you know, to verify it. And I said you.

CHO
What?

RIGSBY
It just came out of my mouth. I swear to God, if I could’ve taken it back I would’ve. But they never checked back with you and so everything seemed fine and I just kind of forgot about it. Until LaRoche started in on me.

Cho is stony cold.

CHO
You involved me in your perjury and now PSU is investigating it.

RIGSBY
If LaRoche finds out I lied over this, my career’s over.

CHO
Yes it is. Unless I lie as well. Back you up, right?

RIGSBY
I’m sorry man. I’ve put you in a bad spot.

CHO
I’ve been a cop for close to ten years. Never lied to another cop. Not once.

RIGSBY
I’m not, I’m not asking you to lie now. I... You got to do what you think is right.

CHO
Yes.

RIGSBY
So what are you going to do?

CHO
I’m not lying for you.

(CONTINUED)
Cho gets in the car and drives away. Rigsby watches him go.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT (N/3)

Jane sits on the couch, watching TELEVISION. ARTASH is ON SCREEN MAKING AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

Behind Jane, Rigsby sits at his desk, solemn and quiet. Cho is nowhere to be seen.

ARTASH (V.O.)
(on television)
Manny Flacco will be fighting for the MME middleweight crown on Cinco de Mayo! It will be a second American Revolution! What a country! Where else could a kid from the barrio and the son of Armenian immigrants come together to make something like this happen?

Jane DOODLES idly in Charlotte Mitchell’s NOTEBOOK as he watches.

ARTASH (CONT’D)
(on television)
Me, a guy who five years ago owned some parking lots and a couple of nightclubs and a kid who never graduated high school -- but we both had a dream, and now the dream is a reality. God Bless America!

Lisbon enters.

LISBON
Did you find anything in Mitchell’s notes?

Jane puts down the pen and points at the television.

JANE
Not a thing. Manny Flacco’s challenging for the middleweight crown. Len Artesh just announced it.

Jane gets up, slips the notebook in his pocket.

LISBON
What are you doing?

JANE
Going to talk to Artash. You coming?
INT. BENTON’S GYM – NIGHT

Flacco is working out in the ring with a SPARRING PARTNER while Lima watches.

LIMA
Sweep the leg! Come on, transition!

Artash stands off to the side, talking with a grizzled-looking old SPORTS REPORTER.

SPORTS REPORTER
You think Flacco’s ready for this fight?

ARTASH
He was born ready. The question is whether the Champ is ready for what Flacco’s going to bring.

JANE
Hey Artash, I’ve got some questions for you.

Jane walks toward Artash, Lisbon following behind.

JANE (CONT’D)
You were born here in America?

Artash nods.

ARTASH
That’s right.

JANE
But your parents were born in Armenia, yes?

ARTASH
Yes. Why?

JANE
What’s your father’s name?

ARTASH
Arik Artashian.

JANE
Uh-huh. And your mother’s?

ARTASH
Nancy. What’s this about?
JANE
Nancy? That doesn’t sound Armenian.

ARTASH
It’s not. It’s what she called herself after she got here to America.

JANE
What was she christened?

ARTASH
Nargiz.

JANE
Bet that means something pretty.

ARTASH
It’s a flower. Do you --?

JANE
Just one more question.

Jane suddenly pulls the notebook from his pocket.

JANE (CONT’D)
You recognize this?

He opens the notebook to the back, revealing pages written in some kind of code. Artash stares at it. Lisbon arriving, stares at it as well.

ARTASH
No. What is it?

JANE
I found it in the back of Charlotte Mitchell’s notebook. I don’t know what it is. Code, most likely.

The old REPORTER glances at it over Artash’s shoulder.

SPORTS REPORTER
That’s shorthand. I had to learn it back when I was a cub reporter.

LISBON
Can you read it?

SPORTS REPORTER
(unsure)
It’s been a while.

He squints, shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)
SPORTS REPORTER (CONT’D)

Nope. Can’t read any of it. But people developed their own styles. To keep the other journos from stealing stories or leads.

JANE

Charlotte Mitchell learned shorthand from her father. He was an old-time newspaperman.

SPORTS REPORTER

Nobody uses shorthand anymore. We’ve got these.

He holds up a digital recorder.

JANE

She wasn’t using it in place of a recorder. She was using it to hide something she’d learned.

He looks over at Lisbon.

JANE (CONT’D)

The doctors said that Tom Mitchell had taken a turn for the better. They expect him to be conscious in twelve to twenty-four hours, don’t they?

Lisbon nods.

JANE (CONT’D)

So there we are. I’ll bet Tom Mitchell can read this. And then we’ll know what it was Charlotte Mitchell learned that got her killed.

Jane turns and walks away. Lisbon goes with him. Artash and the Reporter watch them go.

LISBON

I went through that whole book. There was no shorthand in it.

JANE

Really? How strange. I wonder where it came from then.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE
FADE IN:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. CBI HQ - DAY (D/4)

LaRoche opens the door of the interview room and directs Cho inside.

LAROCHE
You served in the military, didn’t you, Agent Cho?

CHO
Yes.

LAROCHE
Rangers, was it?

CHO
Special Forces.

LAROCHE
Hmm.

He takes a beat, makes a note...

LAROCHE (CONT’D)
So you understand the idea of honor.

That doesn’t sit well with Cho. He looks stoney. He pushes a file across the table to Cho.

LAROCHE (CONT’D)
That’s an affidavit Wayne Rigsby signed, saying you and he spent an afternoon with Agent Rigsby’s criminal father. You remember that day, Agent Cho?

Cho stares down at the file, not saying a word.

LAROCHE (CONT’D)
Agent Rigsby initially claimed to have no contact with his father, then became evasive when confronted with his falsehood.

LaRoche folds himself into a chair, eyes never leaving Cho.

LAROCHE (CONT’D)
Looking into it, I discovered that Wayne provided an alibi that kept his father out of jail.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
And you were part of that alibi. So I just need you to confirm -- on your honor -- that you were indeed there that day.

Cho shuts the file and slides it back across to LaRoche.

CHO
Yes I was. I was there with Rigsby and his father.

LAROCHE
Okay. Good. What did you do that afternoon? The three of you. Give me some details.

CHO
I don’t recall.

LAROCHE
Nothing at all? Strange.

CHO
I was there. I’ll swear to it. Do I need to sign something to make it official?

LaRoche eyes Cho measuringly.

LAROCHE
No. That won’t be necessary. That’ll be all. Thanks, Agent.

Cho leaves.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

Cho walks into the bullpen, stops at Rigsby’s desk.

CHO
I told him I was there.

Rigsby stares up at Cho with disbelief and gratitude. Before he can say anything, Lisbon enters.

LISBON
Alright, let’s go. We’ve got to get to the hospital. Jane and Van Pelt are already there.

She looks from Cho to Rigsby, sensing something unspoken going on.

LISBON (CONT’D)
You two okay?

(CONTINUED)
Cho nods, not wanting to go into anything.

LISBON (CONT’D)
Okay. Come on. I’ll explain on the way.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Behind a curtain a shadowy figure lies in a hospital bed. OVER we HEAR the creepy, mechanized SOUND of a RESPIRATOR. The door to the room opens, and Cho sticks his head in, glances around. He speaks into his radio mike.

CHO
(into radio)
All clear in Mitchell’s room.

He shuts the door.

INT. HALLWAY. HOSPITAL - DAY

Cho shuts the door.

CHO
(into radio)
Hallway’s clear.

INT. WAITING AREA. HOSPITAL - DAY

Rigsby sits reading a magazine. He looks around, speaks into his radio mike.

RIGSBY
All clear here.

INT. ELEVATORS. HOSPITAL - DAY

Van Pelt stands near the elevators, watching as the doors open and people walk off.

VAN PELT
Wait a minute.

For a moment, we catch a glimpse of Joe Reyes, walking purposefully. Then he turns a corner and is gone.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
I think I saw Reyes. He’s heading your way.

INT. WAITING AREA. HOSPITAL - DAY

Rigsby sits up as Reyes walks past him.
RIGSBY
I see him. Cho, cut him off.

Rigsby gets up and falls in behind Reyes.

INT. HALLWAY. HOSPITAL - DAY

Cho hurries down the corridor and turns the corner. Up ahead of him, Reyes stops. Rigsby approaches from behind Reyes.

RIGSBY
Mr. Reyes. What are you doing here?

Reyes turns around in surprise. Cho moves in toward him.

REYES
I was just coming to pay my respects.

Cho and Rigsby grab Reyes, and start hustling him back the way he came.

REYES (CONT’D)
I swear, I didn’t mean anything...

The CAMERA watches them go, then creeps back around the corner, finds a WHITE-COATED FIGURE opening the door to Tom Mitchell’s room and slipping inside.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The white-coated figure shuts the door and turns to reveal that it is Suge Lima. He picks a pillow up from off a bed as he heads toward the shrouded figure and the mechanized breathing of the respirator. He takes a tighter grip on the pillow, pulls aside the curtain...

...And stares in shock at the creepy-looking “Rescue Annie” CPR training doll hooked up to the respirator, rubberized chest going up and down.

LISBON
Mr. Lima, put your hands up where I can see them.

Lima turns to find Lisbon -- gun drawn -- and Jane in the doorway.

JANE
Mr. Mitchell got out of the hospital yesterday. We’ll send him your best wishes.

(CONTINUED)
LIMA
He told you what was written in the notebook?

Jane shakes his head.

JANE
No. I wrote the shorthand code myself. If Charlotte Mitchell was murdered because she discovered a secret, I knew I just had to convince the killer that the secret didn’t die with her. Eh voila.

Lisbon pats down Lima, finding a 9 MM GLOCK HANDGUN tucked into the waistband of his pants.

LIMA
But it wasn’t me!

LISBON
Save it. This is the gun that shot Charlotte Mitchell. And you’re the one who shot her.

INT. TOM MITCHELL’S ROOM. HOSPITAL - DAY

Tom Mitchell lies in bed. Lois sits beside him.

LISBON
You can have these back now, Mr. Mitchell.

She hands him back the notebooks.

JANE
I scribbled in one of them. Sorry, but it was how we caught the man who shot your daughter. I thought you wouldn’t mind.

Tom Mitchell takes the notebooks.

TOM MITCHELL
Thank you.

LOIS
So it’s over? You solved the case?

LISBON
Yes, ma’am. We’re just clearing up the loose ends.
Jane and Lisbon stand with a stunned Len Artash.

**ARTASH**
I never would have figured Suge Lima as a murderer. That’s shocking, terrible.

**LISBON**
Yes it is.

**ARTASH**
Why did he do it? What for?

**JANE**
Good question.

Artash somewhat discomfited by Lisbon’s steady gaze.

**ARTASH**
So um, is there anything I can do to help?

**JANE**
Yes actually, your mother’s name again -- a flower?

**ARTASH**
Yes, Nargiz.

**JANE**
Nargiz -- means Narcissus, right? Just like the name of your club? You named it after your mom.

**ARTASH**
Yeah.

**JANE**
Club Narcissus, where Frank Lopez lost Joe Reyes’ gun that Dawn Kerr gave him.

**ARTASH**
Who? What?

**LISBON**
You don’t know them, but we know how you got the gun Lima used to kill Charlotte Mitchell. And you’re under arrest.

Lisbon pulls out handcuffs.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
The only thing we don’t know yet, is why you had to kill her.

LISBON
And that’s what you’re going to tell us.

Off Artash...

CUT TO:

INT. LISBON’S OFFICE. CBI HQ – DAY

Lisbon sits across from Flacco and Beatriz.

LISBON
Mr. Flacco, do you remember about a year ago, having blood taken for testing?

FLACCO
Sure. Results came back, said I’m healthy as a horse. Suge told me.

Flacco is realizing that something bad is coming.

LISBON
Suge lied. He and Artash submitted them under his name, not yours, just in case. Markers showed a high level of a protein that indicates cranial bleeding and spinal leakage.

BEATRIZ
Oh my God.

LISBON
Charlotte Mitchell figured out the switch.

FLASHBACK

INT. OFFICE. CHARLOTTE MITCHELL’S HOUSE – DAY (D/1)

Charlotte Mitchell is at her desk, reading a medical diagnosis and talking on the phone.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL
I know that blood was Manny’s, not yours, Lima. If Manny gets in the cage, he could die.

INTERCUT WITH:
INT. BENTON’S GYM – DAY (D/1)

Lima is on the phone. Behind him, Flacco jumps rope.

LIMA
What the hell you talking about, lady? And how’d you get your hands on those tests?

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL
Stop the fight, Lima. Or else.

LIMA
Alright, alright. I’ll stop the fight. Don’t you worry.

He hangs up the phone, redials.

LIMA (CONT’D)
Len? We got a problem.

END FLASHBACK

INT. LISBON’S OFFICE. CBI HQ – DAY

Flacco stares at Lisbon numbly.

FLACCO
Suge and Artash wanted to keep me from finding out I’m sick.

BEATRIZ
Those sons-of-bitches! They risked your life!

LISBON
They couldn’t let anybody know. No MMA authority would let you in the cage if it got out.

FLACCO
So they killed Charlotte because of me.

LISBON
Half of two million dollars makes people do crazy things.

FLASHBACK

INT. BACKSTAGE. ARENA – NIGHT (N/1)

Suge Lima is grasping Charlotte Mitchell’s arm in the empty backstage hallway.

(CONTINUED)
LIMA
It’s one doctor’s opinion. He
looks fine to me.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL
Do you really think you can get
away with this? I’m going to tell
everyone. You’ll never get away
with it.

She tries to get away from Lima.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL (CONT’D)
Let go of me!

They struggle. There is a muffled BANG. Then ANOTHER.
Charlotte Mitchell looks down in surprise at the gun in
Lima’s hand.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ELEVATORS. CBI HQ – DAY
Beatriz and Flacco walk with Jane toward the elevators.

BEATRIZ
Poor woman.

FLACCO
I’m never going to fight again, am
I? So what am I going to do?

JANE
Give up, I expect. Too bad you’ve
got those kids. Otherwise you
could always --

Jane mimes hanging himself. Beatriz gasps in horror at the
thought. Flacco puts an arm around her protectively.

FLACCO
(outraged)
What the hell’s the matter with
you?

JANE
What? You asked.

BEATRIZ
Shut up.

She turns to Flacco.

(CONTINUED)
BEATRIZ (CONT’D)
You got skills, baby. There’s lots
you can do, lots you got to offer.

The elevator arrives, and she pushes Flacco in, turns back to
Jane.

BEATRIZ (CONT’D)
You’re just bitter because you’re
alone.

She wraps her arms around her husband.

JANE
That’s true.

The elevator doors shut. Jane heads back into the office.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

Coming out of the kitchen, Lisbon falls in step with Jane,
mug of coffee in hand.

LISBON
You do have to feel for Flacco.
He’s lost his livelihood.

JANE
Meh. Lost a life of getting hit in
the head, but got his marriage back.
Seems like a good trade to me.

LISBON
Aren’t you the romantic.

JANE
Makes the world go round.

He sits down on his couch. Lisbon goes. Rigsby glances up
at Cho, who has his head down, working.

RIGSBY
Hey. Cho.
(Cho looks up)
Thank you.

Cho holds his gaze a beat, looks down. Not a word. Rigsby
goes back to his work. Jane watches them, curious. And we --

FADE OUT.

THE END