

MENTALIST

Pilot

Written by Bruno Heller

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THE CALIFORNIA BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION – (CBI)

DANIEL JANE – On a consultancy contract with the CBI. In a previous chapter of his life, he was a fake psychic medium, making his living by guile and manipulation, using his ferocious intelligence and a keen understanding of human nature to fleece his fellow man. Now, he still has the charm and wit of a showman, and all the strange skills of his former calling, but that bravura style is tempered by hard earned wisdom, and honesty, and a singular dedication to his own brand of truth and justice.

LEAD AGENT TERESA LISBON – A woman of serious faith and integrity, leavened by wit and compassion. She's given up the idea of a love life or a family life to devote herself - nun-like - to homicide work. Her intense drive and self-discipline is born of a subconscious urge for martyrdom. You get the sense that there's another more passionate and sensual woman inside the brusque persona. But for some reason, that inner Lisbon is almost always kept hidden.

SUPERVISOR RJ PATEL - The boss. Demonstrative, egotistical, brash, Machiavellian. Moved to suburban California from Uttar Pradesh, India, when he was eleven. Will do whatever it takes to protect his beloved Bureau and his status there.

AGENT KENDALL CHO - From twenty generations of farmers back in Korea – A lugubrious, logical, stubborn, flat-footed, family man. He might seem rude, but it's just Ken being his pathologically honest self. A relentless interrogator.

AGENT WAYNE GILZEAN – Ex-college tight end, ex LAPD, in his mid to late twenties. A predatory bad boy with the women, but a diligent and honorable man on the job. Likes to think he's a whole lot smarter than he's given credit for by the CBI team; but he's wrong. He struggles with his propensity for violence, and his attraction to women who are attracted to that.

AGENT MELODY VAN PELT – College valedictorian, head cheerleader, and barrel racing champion from rural Idaho, Van Pelt was by far the smartest person she knew until she went to college. Hence a winningly naïve confidence in her own intellect and capabilities. Devoutly spiritual, not to say gullible.

EXT. TUDOR MANSION. HIDDEN HILLS - DAY

A leafy avenue in bright California sunshine. From a shadowed garden gate, FOUR CORONER'S PERSONNEL emerge bearing the SHROUDED BODY OF A TEENAGE GIRL on a gurney.

A somber crowd watches her go by. UNIFORM COPS, K-9 UNITS, CSI PERSONNEL, NEWS CREWS, STATE AND FEDERAL AGENTS, VOLUNTEER SEARCHERS in yellow vests.

Among the crowd we find DANIEL JANE. He wears a photo ID Tag identifying him as a Contractor with the CALIFORNIA BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION (CBI). *Late thirties, early forties; a Savile Row suit, flip flops, battered good looks and a romantic, unruly, theatrical air. Shambolic and graceful simultaneously. Big eyes, looking at everything with intense interest. You can see a couple of the cops wondering, who's the creep?*

He's with CBI SENIOR AGENT TERESA LISBON. *Mid-to-late thirties. Lisbon keeps her hair short, wears no make-up, no jewelry but a gold cross on a chain, and Ross really did dress her for less; but she's still gorgeous, and compensates for this professional handicap with a workplace persona based mostly on NFL coach Bill Parcells.*

JANE'S POV - THE GIRL'S BODY is loaded onto an ambulance. We see the Grim Reaper tattoo on the arm of one of the Coroner's men, the photo of Jessica Alba smiling in a bikini scotch-taped to the ambulance interior, the pale white soles of the dead girl's feet, uncovered for a second as she is lifted into the vehicle. The ambulance doors close.

A SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD BOY in a deathmetal T-shirt, Lakers shorts and HANDCUFFS is escorted from the house next door by THREE GRIM POLICEMEN, placed in back of a POLICE CAR and driven away..

MORGAN and PAMELA TOLLIVER - the dead girl's parents - step up to an impromptu PHALANX OF MIKES and CAMERAS and REPORTERS.

Morgan, 55, is a big warm charismatic guy, stoically holding himself together. His wife Pamela, 49, a Tipper Gore blonde, is quivering, close to falling apart. Morgan has a firm grip on her hand, keeping her steady.

From Jane's POV, we note the details. The crispness of his rolled up shirtsleeves. The run in her stockings. The big signet ring on his right hand. The way she shuts her eyes when he says her name.

MORGAN

(commanding)

I want to take one moment to thank everyone in law enforcement and all those volunteers who helped in the search for our beloved Grace. The way this community has come together to support me, and Pamela, in this terrible time has been a great comfort to us...

Morgan lets go of his wife's hand to smooth his hair.

ECU - When Morgan reaches out to take Pamela's hand again, she FLINCHES AWAY very slightly, as if from something dirty. A millimeter of repulsion, then she lets him take her hand.

Jane glances at Lisbon to be sure she doesn't see him go, and drifts away. We follow him.

MORGAN O.S

...Now I would ask you all to give us some time and space and privacy to grieve for our daughter...

Jane strolls casually up to the Tolliver's house, opens the unlocked front door and walks inside.

INT. FRONT HALL. TOLLIVER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jane closes the front door. Takes a moment to look around. A grand hallway with a sweeping staircase and several doors leading off. There's a strong masculine flavor to the decor. Jane strolls around opening doors and peering into the rooms beyond.

INT. KITCHEN. TOLLIVER HOUSE - A MOMENT LATER

Jane enters via an open doorway. The kitchen is well equipped by someone who likes to cook. But, in sharp contrast to the rest of the house, it has a feminine cosy-country-cottage ambience. Floral print pillows, drapes in soft colors, porcelain cats and mice etc.

Photos of last year's ski vacation - Pamela always smiling tightly, Tolliver's arms always wrapped around his wife and daughter.

Looking into the cupboards and drawers, Jane finds alot of herbal tea and vitamins and homeopathic medicine, mostly aids to sleep. He puts water in an electric kettle, and turns it on. Then sets about assembling a HAM AND CHEESE SANDWICH with all the trimmings.

Sandwich made, Jane sits down at the kitchen table to eat and studies the refrigerator door, which is covered in photos and postcards, notes and drawings held on by whimsical magnets: an oblique chronicle of the Tolliver family:

Photos of Grace Tolliver as a happy toddler, a smiling fifth grader, and a beautiful but solemn adolescent, kissed by Dad at a birthday party.

Pamela Tolliver enters; shuffling, wild eyed, in a daze of stress and shock.

JANE

Hello Mrs. Tolliver.

PAMELA

Who are you?

He shows her his CBI Tag. *His voice is soothing, hypnotic.*

JANE

My name's Daniel Jane. I'm here to help you. Would you like a cup of tea?

On cue, the kettle whistles a soft fluting note.

PAMELA

Yes, I would. Thank you.

Jane sets about making two cups of tea.

JANE

Camomile?

PAMELA

Yes.

JANE

Honey and lemon?

PAMELA

Yes.

JANE

You must be tired. Why don't you sit down?

Jane helps her into a chair at the kitchen table, then brings the tea to her with a couple of cookies on a plate. Sits down facing her. She sips her tea. He does likewise. *He synchronises his breathing with hers.*

JANE (CONT'D)

This is a nice kitchen. It has a lovely soothing quality. Peaceful and soothing. Calm.

He takes her hand in his, covertly checking her pulse. He's calmed her right down. Now he winds her up again.

JANE (CONT'D)

Pamela, I've been watching you and your husband and this whole situation, and I want you to know that I understand what you're feeling right now.

PAMELA

(a bitter laugh)
You have no idea. Believe me.

JANE

No. I do. I know. I know and I want to help you.

PAMELA

You can't help me.
(sharply)
What do you know?

JANE

All sorts of things. For instance, you really only pretend to like ski-ing. Right?

PAMELA

(frowns)
Yes, but...

JANE

Your best friend gained about five pounds this last year, and you were secretly pleased about that. You wish you'd been more adventurous when you were younger. You love India but you've never been there.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

You have trouble sleeping. Your favorite color is blue.

PAMELA

(befuddled)

I don't understand. You're a psychic?

JANE

No. Just paying attention. I want you to understand that there's no point hiding things from me.

PAMELA

(tensing up)

Hiding what things?

JANE

Do you know what I see when I look at your husband?

PAMELA

What?

JANE

I see a warm, loving, generous man. A little vain maybe, selfish. Controlling. But a decent man.

PAMELA

Yes.

JANE

So tell me Pamela, why do you suspect him of murdering your daughter?

Pamela catches her breath.

PAMELA

I don't. I don't. It was the McCluskey boy.

JANE

Yes, that's what the police say. But you think they're wrong. Why? Why do you think that? Tell me Pamela. Please. For Grace's sake. Tell me.

Pamela sobs convulsively, breaks.

PAMELA

I don't know, I don't know!
This last year, they've been so
strange with each other.
Neither of them would admit
anything was wrong. I think once,
she tried to tell me, but, but I
didn't want to... oh God. Oh God.

Jane strokes her hand, calms her.

JANE

Talk to me.

PAMELA

And when she disappeared, he was
so calm. As if he already knew
she was dead.

JANE

Yes. I see.

PAMELA

But that's nothing is it? That's
not proof of anything.

JANE

Did you ask him if he killed her?

PAMELA

No. What would he say?

JANE

Most wives can tell when their
husbands are lying.

Pamela visualizes her husband being dishonest.

PAMELA

Yes.

JANE

Ask him then. Put your mind at
rest.

PAMELA

But if he didn't do it, he'll
never forgive me for asking.

JANE

(reluctantly)
True. It's not a trust builder.

PAMELA

I'm being crazy. The McCluskey boy did it.

JANE

Maybe. Maybe not.

PAMELA

You think he did it too? Do you?

JANE

(shrugs)

I trust a mother's instinct.

Morgan Tolliver walks in.

TOLLIVER

There you are...

(sees Jane)

Who are you?

Jane stands up and comes forward to meet him, hand outstretched. Tolliver automatically takes it.

JANE

I'm the police. Did you kill your daughter?

Tolliver wrenches his hand free.

TOLLIVER

What the, how dare you?! Who are you? Who is this?

JANE

I asked a simple question sir. Did you kill your daughter?

Tolliver waves his hands, chopping the air; and his ears turn red.

TOLLIVER

No I did not! Kill my daughter! Get the hell out of my house!

Jane looks to Pamela, who turns ashen, eyes wide in horror. Her husband lied. Tolliver sees her face and it flusters him.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

What's the matter with you?

She shakes her head and backs away from him. Tolliver turns his anger on Jane. Puts a finger in his face.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

I'm going to have your badge!
I'm going to see you on the
goddamn street!

JANE

An innocent man would have punched
me by now.

Tolliver balls a fist, steps forward. Jane steps back.

TOLLIVER

(quivering with rage)
I'm going to make---

Tolliver pauses because in the corner of his eye, he sees
Pamela level a Colt .33 Lady's Revolver at him.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Oh for chrissake Pam! Don't be
stup-

Pamela empties the gun into her husband, making A GREAT
DEAL OF NOISE; and then no noise at all. She drops the
gun. Footsteps come running. Lisbon enters in a
crouch, gun drawn. Straightens up, crosses herself.

LISBON

Jesus Christ.

JANE

I know this looks bad, but it's
really not.

Pamela walks robotically out the kitchen door into the
garden beyond. With a withering glance to Jane, Lisbon
follows her.

LISBON

Mrs. Tolliver. Ma'am. Stop.

Jane follows Lisbon out, but comes back in to retrieve
his ham and cheese sandwich, then exits again.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. A COUNTRY CLUB COMMUNITY. INDIAN WELLS - DAY

Early morning at *The Lakes at Las Brisas*; a high end residential development. Big flashy houses in various styles, Jack Nicklaus signature golf course on one side, Mojave desert on t'other. Birds sing, sprinklers twitter and spin. A coyote slinks back to it's cool dark daytime lair. A silver SUV approaches.

INT. SILVER SUV - CONTINUOUS

ELI RANDOLPH, 42, sits in the front passenger seat. Handsome, athletic, clean cut. Looks like a moderately successful Pro tour golfer with a big swing and a streaky putting game, and that's what he is.

TAG RANDOLPH, 36, drives. A nerdy balding, shorter, version of his older brother, for whom he acts as business manager. He has a tiny phone in his ear, a blackberry on the belt of his slacks. He fiddles with the radio and the A/C and the mirrors and his blackberry as he drives. Wound up real tight for some reason.

In back we can see a couple of golf bags and other golfing paraphernalia.

ELI

(apropos nothing)

Then the sonofabitch eagles seventeen. A goddamn eagle.

TAG

That course never suited you.
You'll do better at Orlando.
We have a nice spot on the draw.
Mother says she might come down
with us and visit aunt Judy in
Boca.

Eli pays no attention. Still reliving Fresno.

ELI

And I tell you what,
Davis Love III can kiss my butt.

EXT/INT. ELI RANDOLPH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tag stops the Merc outside a sort of Santa Fe Regency villa. As the brothers get out of the car, CAMERA moves ahead of them, into the house...

THE FRONT HALL

A slim, well dressed DEAD MAN lies on his face on the floor at the foot of the stairs, a big dark pool of congealed blood around his head.

SLAM CUTS take us upstairs to...

A BEDROOM

A YOUNG BLONDE WOMAN lies dead on the bed; horribly butchered. On the wall there's A BIG SMILEY FACE, drawn in blood, like this - ☺

O.S We hear the Randolph Brothers discovering the body downstairs. A scream of horror.

ELI

Oh my God! Alison? Alison!

Footsteps drumming up the stairs become the jet-engine roar of an airplane landing.

INT. PALM SPRINGS AIRPORT - DAY

Agent Lisbon strides purposefully along the concourse, with the rest of the CBI Serious Crimes Unit hustling to keep up. That's KENDALL CHO, WAYNE GILZEAN, and MELODY VAN PELT. Lisbon and the other two are pulling wheeled carry on bags. Van Pelt pauses at the baggage carousels.

VAN PELT

Ah, sorry...

LISBON

You checked luggage? What are you, Sigourney Weaver?

VAN PELT

No ma'am. Won't do it again.

LISBON

(keeps walking)

When your trousseau arrives, pick up the second rental and go direct to the Sherriff's department, hustle us up a couple of rooms and furniture and phone lines. Ask for Manny Zapata in admin if you get static.

VAN PELT

Yes ma'am.

Van Pelt peels off, crestfallen. Gilzean throws her a sympathetic shrug.

EXT. PARKING LOT. RIVERSIDE COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

It's extremely hot. Lisbon, Cho, and Gilzean have to park their white rental van some distance away from the building, and they are crossing the baking lot when a taxi-cab stops beside them. Jane gets out and casually falls into stride with them.

JANE

Morning everybody. How was your flight?

Lisbon is unpleasantly surprised to see him.

LISBON

Go away. You're on suspension.

JANE

Mandated leave. Ends next week.

LISBON

So come back next week. Which one of you jackasses told him?

Cho and Gilzean shake their heads. Lisbon fixes them with her gaze. Cho looks away first.

LISBON (CONT'D)

It was you, wasn't it Cho?

CHO

Yes it was.

JANE

Of course he called me. It's Red John. You can't keep me out of this. Why would you want to?

LISBON

You got a man killed. There's consequences.

JANE

A man that murdered his own daughter because she wouldn't have sex with him anymore.

LISBON

You didn't know that. You did not know that. If she hadn't left a diary...

JANE

But she did though.
Be reasonable. This is my case.
Red John is mine.

LISBON

Red John doesn't belong to anyone.

Jane stops her at the front doors, so that she has to look him in the eye.

JANE

(this is personal)
He belongs to me.

LISBON

It's not my call. Rules are rules. Come back next week.

She brushes past him and through the front doors of the morgue, where a SECURITY GUARD stands duty.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Don't let that man past.

Cho and Gilzean throw rueful looks of helpless sympathy and go after her. Jane doesn't try to follow. He takes out his phone.

INT. RIVERSIDE COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

Lisbon, Cho, and Gilzean signing in at the front desk. Lisbon's phone buzzes. She sees the name, sighs, answers.

LISBON

Boss.

INT. CBI OFFICES. SACRAMENTO - CONTINUOUS

CBI Supervising Agent KJ PATEL at his desk computer, phone headset on.

PATEL

You know why I'm calling.

CUT BETWEEN LISBON AND PATEL.

LISBON

He's on suspension.

PATEL

Mandated leave. Not a problem.
And it's Red John. That's his
baby.

LISBON

We can manage without him. He's a
liability.

PATEL

He has issues. But he's a
fabulous detective, you can't deny
it.

LISBON

He's not a detective, he's a
circus act. We should never have
taken him on in the first place.

PATEL

Numbers Lisbon. Look at the
numbers.

LISBON

Numbers aren't everything.

PATEL

Are you medicated? State's got
huge budget cuts coming. We don't
show `em good numbers, they will
cut our asses and throw our
business to the feds. Don't think
they won't.

Lisbon knows she's on the losing end of this argument,
but she's not the type to give up easily.

LISBON

We can manage without him.

PATEL

Liz, you're my best Agent, you're
the heart and soul of the unit.
I must respect your opinion.
So I'll push this case to
Cochrane's team. Take it off your
hands.

Lisbon curses silently.

LISBON

No. That won't be necessary.

INT. STAIRWELL. RIVERSIDE COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

Jane, Lisbon, Gilzean, and Cho, climbing stairs.

JANE

I'm sorry I went over your head.
You know how much I value your
good opinion. I'll redeem myself,
I promise.

LISBON

You want redemption? Don't speak
to me. Be silent.

JANE

Okay.

LISBON

If for once you would just be
quiet and watch this unit at work,
maybe you'd learn how to do this
job the right way, like a
professional.

JANE

I'll do that. I'll be quiet and
I'll watch and I'll learn.

LISBON

Sure you will.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM. RIVERSIDE COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

Lisbon, Jane, Cho, and Gilzean are with the MEDICAL
EXAMINER, a matronly blonde lady; looking at the BODIES
OF ZACHARY TANNEN AND ALISON RANDOLPH - laid out naked on
adjacent work tables.

Jane is not grossed out or freaked, just deeply saddened
by the bodies. If Lisbon, Cho, or Gilzean feel anything,
they don't let it show.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

(with help of
clipboard)

So. We have Zachary Tannen,
caucasian male, 43, single.

(MORE)

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)

Death caused by several blows to the back of the skull, consistent with a bloodied golf club found at the scene. The female is ah...Alison Randolph, 27, married, no children. They were found at her listed residence. On Alison we have tight black plastic ligatures. A precise incision from perineum to upper thorax using a very sharp knife or scalpel. Abuse of the viscera. Textbook Red John. Time of death was Tuesday, mid-evening, near enough.

LISBON

Not as many defense wounds as usual.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Fainted early perhaps...

Jane tenderly strokes Alison's hair, as if soothing her.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)

...Don't do that.

LISBON

Sorry.

(to Cho)

Who found the bodies?

CHO

This one's husband, at six this morning, coming home from the airport with his brother. He's a pro golfer.

GILZEAN

(sports nut)

Oh yeah?

CHO

Eli Randolph.

Gilzean shrugs. Never heard of him.

LISBON

And these two? What's their deal?

CHO

He's on file as one of her physicians.

LISBON

Making a house call?

GILZEAN

Lovers?

JANE

No, this one's gay.

GILZEAN

Come on. He's naked and dead. No jewelry, no tats. You can't tell.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Doctor Wagner might know what their relationship was. He's here to make the formal ID?

INT. HALLWAY. RIVERSIDE COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

An older man in a white lab coat stands up - DOCTOR LINUS WAGNER - roused from a sad reverie by Lisbon and Jane, Cho and Gilzean talking with the M.E. in BG.

LISBON

Doctor Wagner, I'm Agent Lisbon, CBI. You know the victims?

WAGNER

Yes I do. I work with Zachary. And the Randolph family are long-time clients of our practice.

LISBON

Are house calls the norm at your practice?

WAGNER

No. Zach and Alison were close friends.

JANE

Lovers?

WAGNER

No. Zach was gay...

Lisbon throws Jane a look halfway between 'well spotted' and 'okay smartass'.

WAGNER (CONT'D)

...Just friends. What in God's name happened to them? Who could have done such a terrible thing?

LISBON

Looks like Red John.

WAGNER

Who's Red John?

LISBON

Good question.

EXT. RANDOLPH HOUSE. THE LAKES - DAY

A cordon of yellow tape around the house. Various official vehicles. POLICE, CSI, and MEDIA CREWS going about their business. The CBI team arrive in the white mini-van, Gilzean at the wheel, headbanging to KROQ on the van radio.

INT. GROUND FLOOR. RANDOLPH HOUSE. THE LAKES

CSI TECHS nibble away at the evidence collection process. These CSI people are not the hipsters that you see on the TV shows. These are plump middle-aged guys in Dockers, exuding all the glam drama of a Scrabble tournament.

CSI leader is BRETT PARTRIDGE - exuding a very slight Ricky Gervais vibe; two phones and blackberry holstered on his belt. ACTING IT OUT, he takes Lisbon and Jane through the crime scene, starting at the jimmed back door.

PARTRIDGE

Red John enters here...

Partridge creeps toward the front of the house where the position of Tannen's body is indicated by tape and copious blood stains on the carpet. He crouches down in an alcove near the front door.

PARTRIDGE (CONT'D)

...He sits and waits for her, expecting her to come home alone. Only she comes home with Tannen, for a Richard Gere and ice cream orgy. So John improvises. He takes a five iron...

(swings)

...And crushes Tannen's skull. Then takes his own sweet time dealing with Alison how he likes.

Jane goes upstairs.

INT. UPPER FLOOR. RANDOLPH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jane enters the bedroom. The bed soaked in blood. Alison's body indicated with tape. The big smiley face drawn in blood on the wall. Her messy dressing table with silly photos stuck in the mirror. An inspirational diary, with Tuesday's message - 'Today is the first day of the rest of your life.'

FLASHBACK

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Jane, five years younger. Slick and arrogant, dressed in hip showbiz black, performing a psychic medium act before a live audience on a local L.A. MORNING TV SHOW. The lights are dimmed. The audience is hushed and still.

JANE

Jenny, your father's kneeling now. There are tears in his eyes. He says... he says that he's sorry for all the pain he caused you and your mother. Deeply sorry.

In the audience, homely JENNY, 32, is totally buying it, hand over her mouth, eyes brimming.

JANE (CONT'D)

He asks you to forgive him. Do you Jenny? Can you do that?

Jenny nods, unable to speak.

JANE (CONT'D)

He needs to hear it.

JENNY

(weeping)

I forgive you daddy. I forgive you.

JANE

He's smiling now. There's such joy in his eyes. He says God bless you and keep you.

(beat)

He's gone.

Jane comes out of his semi-trance. Jenny is sobbing. The audience applauds, deeply moved. Jane takes a seat with DAVIS and KELLY, the hosts.

KELLY

Amazing. Amazing. Amazing.

DAVIS

She's amazed. Daniel, I understand you're also a sort of paranormal detective. Is that right?

JANE

I help the police when I can.

DAVIS

And you've been helping them hunt this scary serial killer? What's his name? Red John?

PARTRIDGE O.S.

Thar she blows...

END FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM. RANDOLPH HOUSE - DAY

Lisbon entering, followed by Partridge. Only a few seconds have passed.

PARTRIDGE

...The classic Red John smiley face. I'm stoked to finally see one in the flesh.

JANE

Pretty exciting huh..

PARTRIDGE

You kidding me? These are the cases you live for.

JANE

This isn't Red John.

PARTRIDGE

Ri-i-ight. Oh-kay. And you know that how?

JANE

Red John thinks of himself as a showman, an artist. He has a strong sense of theater.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

In every previous killing, he made sure that the first thing anyone sees is the face on the wall. You see the face first, and you know. You know what's happened, and you feel dread. And then, and only then, you see the body of the victim. Always in that order. Here, it's the opposite. The first thing you see is the body. You have to look around to see the face. It doesn't play nearly as well, does it?

LISBON

Depends on your taste I suppose.

JANE

No. Come on. The killer could have painted on the correct wall, here. But he didn't. Because he didn't know better. Because he's not Red John.

PARTRIDGE

Wow. Interesting. Good luck with that my friend.

(to Lisbon)

Who is this guy?

JANE

You know what your problem is? You enjoy your work a little too much. You're a ghoul.

PARTRIDGE

How dare you?

JANE

If you don't get wood reading Fangoria, I'm Shirley Temple.

LISBON

Get out of here Jane.

JANE

I'm sorry. He irks me. He's irksome.

LISBON

Out.

EXT. RANDOLPH HOUSE. THE LAKES - DAY

Jane and Lisbon walking back to the rental van.

LISBON

(seething)

Nice work with the quiet and the watching and the learning.

JANE

Come on, the man's a gigantic nimrod.

Lisbon takes a deep breath to calm herself.

LISBON

A nimrod we have to work with. This is a job. A profession. There's a way to behave.

JANE

Yes. But you agree, right? It's not Red John.

LISBON

We don't know that.

JANE

Yes we do.

LISBON

No. We don't.

INT. WHITE RENTAL VAN IN MOTION - DAY

Gilzean driving.

GILZEAN

I don't see it. A copycat. Sexual psychopaths do their own thing, they don't copy others.

JANE

This wasn't done by a psychopath. This was done by someone close to the woman, trying to lay a false trail. Husband or a lover probably.

GILZEAN

Cut up like she is? Nah. That's psycho work.

JANE

With love, anything is possible.
Would you drop me at the airport?

GILZEAN

The airport? It's way out of our
way man. Sherriff's department is
just along here.

LISBON

You're leaving?

JANE

Well, I have to get my shoes X-
rayed anyway, so you know...

LISBON

And off you go on your merry way.
If it's not Red John, these lives
lost here mean nothing to you.

JANE

Not nothing. I'm confused.
I thought you don't want me here.
I'm going because it's not Red
John, and you don't want me here.

LISBON

We don't know it's not Red John,
and what I want is not the
point... Oh wait, I get it.
You're not going anywhere. You're
just trying to get me to ask you
to stay.

JANE

Why would you think that?

LISBON

Because A, you have nowhere to go.
And B, you're an egomaniac.
You think it's impossible that
I really truly do not want to work
with you. You think deep down
I have a grudging respect for your
genius. But the truth is deep
down, I'm scared of you. You have
no boundaries. You have no common
sense. You're filled with...,
with stuff that you refuse to
acknowledge. One day, you're
going to explode and create one
mother of a shitstorm for yourself
and everyone around you.

(MORE)

LISBON (CONT'D)

I do not want to be there when that happens. So we'll drive you to the airport, no problem. It's not that far out of our way. Take a left on Bob Hope.

Jane smiles tightly, wounded, and trying to conceal how firmly she has struck home. Cho and Gilzean try to pretend they are not there.

JANE

That's okay. You can just let me out here.

GILZEAN

We can drive you. No problem.

JANE

Stop the car!

Gilzean slows down and changes lanes...

JANE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Jane and Lisbon both wear expressions of lofty resolve.

EXT. STRIP MALL. STREETS OF INDIAN WELLS - DAY

The Minivan pulls over and Jane gets out. The van drives off and is quickly out of sight round the corner.

Jane is marooned on a lonely corner of a block size chain store mall, on the shore of a little island of improbably green grass, rubbery desert foliage, and a good size Japanese waterfall tumbling over fiberglass rocks.

Jane almost immediately regrets the way he handled things and curses himself for a damn fool.

JANE

Stupid stupid stupid stupid.

He kicks a fiberglass rock.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. TOILET CUBICLE. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Jane sits on the loo, pants down, playing Tetris on his cell phone.

INT. CBI TEMP OFFICES. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

An almost bare room. In BG Van Pelt is efficiently supervising the arrival of office furniture.

Cho, Gilzean, and Lisbon gaze at a lap top computer screen - running through Hi-8 CRIME SCENE FOOTAGE from the Red John files. A macabre montage that makes clear Jane was right. In all previous Red John killings the face comes first, then the body. In the killing of Alison Randolph, the body comes first.

LISBON

(grudging)

Okay, so yes. This one doesn't fit the pattern.

GILZEAN

So...

LISBON

So?

CHO

So Jane was right. We have a copycat.

LISBON

Or we have Red John trying new things. Or Red John making a mistake. We don't know. We'll see what CSI has to say, and work the evidence. Meanwhile, go talk to the husband.

GILZEAN

Will do boss.

Neither man moves.

LISBON

What?

CHO

We think you were too hard on
Jane.

Gilzean nods agreement.

LISBON

What are we in high school now?
Go do your job.

They still don't move.

GILZEAN

It's not that what you said isn't
true. He's a loon. After the
shit he's been through, it's only
natural. But we can manage him.

CHO

He clears cases.

LISBON

This unit cleared cases before he
came and we will clear cases after
he's gone. Thanks for the input.

Tacitly dismissed, Cho and Gilzean exit. Lisbon takes a
long beat, sighs, and reluctantly picks up her phone.
Taps in a number. Gets an immediate answer.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Hey. So I think you might be
right, about this case. Might be.
Thanks for the insight.

(listens)

Yes.

(listens)

No. Did I say that? No. I'm not
asking you to do anything. I'm
simply acknowledging that you may
be right. That's all. I mean, if
you wanted to come back, I
couldn't stop you.

(listens)

Yes. That's what I'm saying.

(listens)

Because. Because you're useful to
the team.

(listens)

Fine. Fine. I am asking you to
come back.

(listens, bristles)

No. No, I won't say please.
Go screw yourself.

She shuts her phone - Clack! - like a castanet. Sits back in her chair. Blows air.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Jackass..

Right then, Jane walks in the door, very casual. Lisbon restrains herself and just taps busily at the keyboard as if he weren't there.

JANE

Good morning.

VAN PELT

Can I help you?

JANE

You must be Van Pelt. A pleasure.
Daniel Jane.

VAN PELT

(enthusiastic)

Oh, hi! Good to meet you. Agent
Cho said you had left town.

JANE

No. Nowhere to go.

VAN PELT

Okay. You want that desk over
there or this one? That one gets
more light.

JANE

That one, thank you. More light,
by all means.

Van Pelt bustles away.

JANE (CONT'D)

What a pleasant addition to the
Serious Crimes family.

Jane pours himself a cup of coffee. Lisbon continues on the keyboard. Jane smiles taking in the familiar surroundings. A dusty anonymous office, the gold chain around Lisbon's neck, Gilzean's dumb Tasmanian Devil screen-saver. Crap coffee. He's home, thank christ.

JANE (CONT'D)

Thank you for taking me back.
I won't let you down. I'm going
to watch and learn, like you
wanted me to.

Lisbon pretends she just now notices him.

LISBON

Oh, hi. When did you get here?

INT. LIVING ROOM. EVELYN RANDOLPH'S HOUSE - DAY

A big mid-century showpiece. At one end, Eli Randolph on a big overstuffed sofa, teary eyed, a tumbler of bourbon in hand - using the remote to re-run the same brief sequence over and over on a big flatscreen TV -

FOOTAGE from a lo-fi video camera of ALISON RANDOLPH, in a garden on a summer day. Trying to dodge someone off-camera spraying her with a garden hose. She finally gets mad and shouts at them angrily and the clip ends.

Brother Tag is seated at a table watching the video also.

At the other end of the room, EVELYN RANDOLPH enters with Gilzean and Cho. She's a chic fake wasp in her late sixties; yellow candyfloss hair, pearls. Torturing herself into a size 2 is her lifelong religious vocation. She stops the Agents...

EVELYN

You will be low key won't you? My son is still very fragile. He was very fond of poor dear Alison.

GILZEAN

Yes ma'am.

CHO

What did you think of her?

EVELYN

(a scary smile)

Oh, a lovely girl. Always well groomed and well mannered.

A MOMENT LATER

Cho and Gilzean watch the Alison video with Eli; his mother beside him.

ELI

I lost a beautiful precious angel.

GILZEAN

Yes sir. Good looking woman.

CHO

You were in Fresno from Sunday night to Wednesday mfrorning, is that correct?

ELI

Yes.

GILZEAN

Where did you stay in Fresno?

ELI

I don't know. The Westin something.

TAG

The Westin Valley Regal, Room 310.

CHO

You missed the tournament cut Tuesday morning, yes? But you didn't come home until Wednesday. What did you do with the rest of your time in Fresno?

ELI

I was in my room. Room 310.

CHO

The whole time.

ELI

The whole time.

CHO

Is there someone who could vouch for that? A room service waiter perhaps? A maid?

ELI

What is this? You people can't catch Red John so you want to lay this on me. Is that what's going on here?

GILZEAN

We're not accusing you of anything sir. We have that confirmation of where you were, it lets us exclude you from the investigation.

EVELYN

Eli, socks up now. We must let them do their job.

Eli glances awkwardly at his mother.

ELI

I was with a massage therapist.

Evelyn looks pained.

CHO

Name?

ELI

I don't recall. She was from the yellow pages.

CHO

What was the name of the service you called?

ELI

It had 'lady' in there somewhere. 'Classy Lady', something like that.

EVELYN

(embarrassed murmur)

Forgodsake Eli.

ELI

Oh, I'm sorry to embarrass you mother. Really. Believe me, I don't feel so good about it myself.

Eli folds up and begins to sob. Evelyn takes him in her arms, and lets him cry it out. WE SEE, but Gilzean and Cho don't, that Tag wears an ILL CONCEALED LOOK OF CONTEMPT as he leaves the room.

INT. WAGNER'S OFFICE. WELLNESS CENTER - DAY

Doctor Wagner scrolls through a file on his desktop computer. Lisbon seated, waiting. Jane moving round the room, which is more like a gentleman's study than a doctor's office. Filled with books and art and photography, much of it African. A little statue of a fertility goddess. Photos of Wagner receiving and giving awards. Several cool masks.

WAGNER

...We're a full service private practice.

(MORE)

WAGNER (CONT'D)

We deliver primary care, cosmetic surgery, psycho-therapy, sports medicine, you name it.

JANE

Just so long as you're stinking rich and fully insured.

WAGNER

(cheerfully)

Exactly.

JANE

What's the African connection?

WAGNER

It's what this place is all about. Half of our profits go to build and staff basic health clinics in poor african communities.

JANE

Wow. Okay. That's cool.

WAGNER

It's a selfish pleasure really. There's no better feeling than saving kid's lives. Here we are. It's a thin file. Alison was a healthy young woman.

LISBON

Psychiatric history?

WAGNER

She didn't have one.

Jane studies Wagner's bookshelves. Amongst the medical textbooks there's a section on forensics and criminal psychology. Jane casually pulls out a book - "The sociopathic mind - case studies in criminal psychology"; leafs through it, half listening to the Q&A.

LISBON

STDS? Abortions? Unexplained injuries?

WAGNER

No.

WAGNER (CONT'D)

No. Aside from routine check-ups with me, it's all Tannen. All aesthetic work.

JANE

What about Tannen? Did he have any enemies?

WAGNER

None that I ever heard of.

JANE

Did he keep a diary? Our last case was solved because the victim kept a diary.

Lisbon rolls her eyes.

WAGNER

A diary? I don't think so. I take it from this line of questioning that you no longer suspect Red John.

LISBON

We're pursuing all lines of inquiry. Getting back to Alison Randolph. How was her marriage d'you think? Happy? Unhappy?

WAGNER

(rueful smile)

I've known the Randolph family for nearly twenty years and happy is not a word that springs to mind when their name is mentioned. Evelyn is a crocodile, and Eli's something of a mama's boy. Jealous to boot. Kept Alison on a tight leash.

LISBON

Did he have reason to worry?

Wagner hesitates...

WAGNER

About six months ago, Tannen asked my advice. Alison Randolph had asked him to get her a year's supply of birth control pills. Off the books. Which is strictly against AMA code. I said sure, do it. Better us than some Tijuana drugstore.

LISBON

Why the secrecy?

WAGNER

Eli Randolph had a vasectomy.
April of '02. Cedars.

Lisbon rises.

LISBON

Thanks for your help.

WAGNER

Please, if there's anything else I
can do to help...

JANE

Actually, yes there is. I'm out
of sleeping pills. Could you fix
me up? Anything strong will do.

WAGNER

Sure. Come in for a consultation.
We could squeeze you in this
afternoon.

JANE

Oh. No. I was hoping you could
give me something, now. Without
the chitchat.

WAGNER

I'm sorry. Narcotic drugs are a
very different thing from
contraceptives. I wouldn't be
comfortable prescribing without
some sort of 'chit chat'.

Jane's already halfway out the door. No way.

JANE

I understand. No problem.
I'll call you, maybe.

INT/EXT. WELLNESS CENTER - DAY

Jane and Lisbon leaving the elegant spa-like clinic.
Lisbon is smiling to herself.

JANE

In reply to what you're about to
say. Yes, No. I can manage. But
thanks for your concern.

LISBON

I'm saying nothing. You don't want help with your mental issues, bon voyage.

INT. CHAIN SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The CBI homicide unit eating dinner.

JANE'S POV - Live lobsters churning slowly in a tank of dark green water. The sly smile and crazy eyes of a bosomy ship's figurehead on the wall. The tiny man in the crow's nest of a model whaling ship, his arm pointing, his mouth a black dot of alarm.

LOBSTERS arrive. Jane works on his with the swift violence of a civil war field surgeon. Lisbon is methodical and neat; Cho is brutal and neat; Gilzean, brutal and messy. Van Pelt has a chicken cutlet.

CHO

I like him. I like him for it.

GILZEAN

Only thing, he was getting a handjob in Fresno at the time of the murders. Sounded like a real handjob to me.

CHO

Nah. He hires some hooker he knows to create an alibi while he flies home, fillets the spouse, and flies back again. A classic elaborate and clever but ultimately stupid plan.

JANE

Have you looked at Eli Randolph's PGA tournament record?

CHO

It's not bad. Six mil career earnings.

JANE

Won at odd intervals over a decade for coming in second and third. Put him on the eighteenth tee with a big win on the line, like night follows day, he'll shank it. He's a choker. Hasn't got the nerve to kill his wife. Didn't do it.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

(hails a waitress)

Miss.....

He gives the waitress his glass.

JANE (CONT'D)

A drop more of your vile scotch
please.

LISBON

(irritated)

You're suggesting we drop a prime
suspect because he hasn't won a
major.

JANE

No no. Just making idle
conversation.

(to Van Pelt)

Hey, watch this.

He makes a straw follow his finger, rolling across the
table as though pulled by magnetism.

VAN PELT

(delighted)

How did you do that?

JANE

Telekinesis.

He resumes eating his lobster.

VAN PELT

Mister Jane, I have a question,
regarding your previous career
path?

JANE

Fire away Agent van Pelt.

VAN PELT

When you met with other psychics?
Real psychics? Could they tell
that you were only pretending?

JANE

There's no such thing as real
psychics.

VAN PELT

Really. I beg to differ. My
cousin Yolanda is a psychic.

JANE

Your cousin is deluded or dishonest. Or both.

GILZEAN

Steady.

VAN PELT

No no, he's entitled to his opinion. He's wrong though. She has power. She can communicate with the other side. I've seen her do it myself.

JANE

She let you speak with someone who's gone.

VAN PELT

Yes.

JANE

Someone that you love and still miss very much.

VAN PELT

Yes.

JANE

You wanted her power to be real. So it was.

VAN PELT

No.

GILZEAN

You're so sure you're right. But science don't know everything. There's mysterious stuff out there.

VAN PELT

Five hundred years ago, radio would have seemed like magic.

GILZEAN

Exactly.

VAN PELT

Five hundred years into the future, it might be totally normal to communicate with the other side.

JANE

The other side. Your father is a football coach, yes?

VAN PELT

(wide eyed)
How did you know that?

JANE

It's obvious from your whole demeanor.

LISBON

He read your file.

JANE

And I read your file. My point is, didn't dad always tell you that life is like football? When that final whistle blows, the game is over. Done. There is no more. There is no other side. This is it. Lobsters and bread rolls and nautical kitsch, then psssh. Nothingness.

Lisbon signals a far away waitress for the check.

VAN PELT

You poor sad man. You are so wrong.

JANE

Play the game Melody. Make the most of it. Because this, this is all there is.

VAN PELT

You are so wrong. The kingdom of God is a real place.

JANE

Later tonight, when Gilzean asks you to come back to his hotel room? Say yes. Do it.

Gilzean blushes crimson and covers his face.

VAN PELT

Excuse me?

JANE

I know, I know, you were planning on refusing ve-e-ry curtly.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

First week on the job, you want to set a tone, right? No monkey business. But why? Why? Live your life Melody. Gilzean's an excellent lover, I'm sure. Tough but fair. Am I right?

Gilzean is hiding his face in embarrassment. Van Pelt rises serenely above the low talk.

VAN PELT

The kingdom of God is a real place Mister Jane. And you have an immortal soul.

JANE

Oh I do so hope you're wrong.

Lisbon beckons the waitress a second time, brusquely.

LISBON

Hey lady, check.

EXT. HOTEL. INDIAN WELLS - NIGHT

A ten storey 80s slab amid a complex of malls and parking lots. The mountains looming darkly in a dramatic night sky make it look like the main set of a japanese monster movie.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Lisbon, Jane, Van Pelt, Cho, and Gilzean, going up. Elevator stops. Lisbon, Cho, and Jane get out. Leaving Van Pelt and Gilzean alone for two floors, painfully embarrassed. Doors open.

GILZEAN

This is me. Welcome to the unit, Agent Van Pelt.

VAN PELT

Thank you Agent Gilzean.

Gilzean gets out. The doors close.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

An eerily lit empty hallway. Strange noises off.

INT. JANE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On TV - A PACK OF LIONS tear into a WILDEBEEEST.

Jane lies on his bed stark NAKED, gazing idly at the carnage on TV. A bedside clock radio says it's just past eleven.

A WHITE ENVELOPE slides under his door. Jane gets off the bed, picks it up, opens it. Inside is a FOLDED SHEET OF PAPER. Unfolded, A BLOOD SPATTERED SCRAP OF CLOTH falls out. The brief letter is typewritten, and in place of a signature - ☺

Jane drops the letter, wrenches open the door and darts out into..

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

A very long narrow corridor. Jane catches a glimpse of a man's leg disappearing round the distant corner.

Jane runs after him, banging on Lisbon's doors as he goes by.

JANE

Lisbon!

Lisbon opens her door and looks out in time to see Jane disappear round the corner.

JANE'S POV - He sees the same man disappear around the far corner of an identical corridor.

Jane races to the next corner only to see another corridor dead-ended by a FIRE DOOR, slamming shut.

Jane runs to the fire door, wrenches it open...

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Jane dashes precipitously down the stairwell. We catch glimpses of his quarry, one flight down. Jane is gaining on him fast. But then JANE STUMBLES AND FALLS DOWN a whole flight, crashing painfully on the landing. Losing precious time, he struggles up and limps down several more flights to another FIRE DOOR. He slams through it to...

EXT. HOTEL AND ENVIRONS - CONTINUOUS

Jane emerges on the edge of a PARKING LOT, shared by the hotel, a vast OUTLET MALL, and a MOVIEPLEX. Jane's quarry could have disappeared via any number of routes. He's gone.

Almost weeping in pain and frustration, Jane pounds on the roof of a parked car. People going to their cars hurry to get away from the naked crazy man.

By the time Lisbon comes banging through the fire door, gun at the ready, Jane sits exhausted on the bumper of a truck. Lisbon holsters her gun.

LISBON

Jane, what are you doing?

The fire doors clang shut behind her. She tries the doors - Locked.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Ah crap.

Jane starts laughing at her dismay, and once started, can't stop. Lisbon's lack of amusement only adding to his hilarity. After a while though, the laughter dies.

As Jane frowns, we CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Jane and Lisbon enter from the street. Jane's still naked but now too angry to be self-conscious and Lisbon acts like she always has a frowning naked guy with her; and that prevents anyone intervening immediately.

They get in the elevator. As a HOTEL SECURITY GUY hurries toward them, opening his mouth to protest, the DOORS CLOSE.

INT. JANE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jane sits on the bed, now in his underwear. Cho, Jane, and Gilzean stand listening to Van Pelt read the RED JOHN LETTER (in an evidence baggie along with the cloth scrap and the envelope).

VAN PELT

~~"Greetings old friend, It's been a~~
while. I hope you are keeping well. I am thriving and happy. I have fourteen beautiful wives now and will soon begin courting number fifteen. Why can't you catch me? You must feel so powerless and stupid and angry and sad. Oh well. All the best, Red John."

Jane looks like he's feeling all the things described.

CHO

Ouch. I don't know. That sounds like the real deal to me. Has that tone where he knows how to twist the knife?

Gilzean looks at Cho as to say - Dude, have some tact.

CHO (CONT'D)

What?

JANE

(drained)

It sounds like him, but it isn't. Red John wouldn't risk capture just to taunt me. The real killer is just trying to throw us back off track.

LISBON

We'll see.

(to Van Pelt, off the
evidence bags)

Get those over to CSI now.

They're expecting it.

(to Cho and Gilzean)

First job tomorrow, find out where
Eli Randolph was half an hour ago.

Van Pelt leaves, then Cho and Gilzean murmur goodnights,
slope off to their rooms. Jane shivers.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Get some sleep.

With a worried look, Lisbon exits his room, closing the
door after her. Jane is very still for a long moment,
then jumps up off the bed.

EXT. STREETS OF INDIAN WELLS - NIGHT

Ignoring his limp, Jane walks briskly along the side of
empty residential roads that stretch away behind and
before him into distant darkness.

INT. GIANT RITE AID PHARMACY - NIGHT

Jane wanders brightly lit aisles, carrying a shopping
basket. Into the basket he puts Maalox, aspirin, Red
Bull, three different ballpoint pens, pencils, and a
medium size red diary, marked with a half price sticker
because it's a little out of date.

INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

Jane sits at a corner table, eating a bear claw; drinking
coffee, Red Bull, and Maalox; and writing in the red
diary.

C.U on the diary. In a small neat hand, Jane is
methodically writing endless variations on the same theme
- "Tell the truth. It was you. Rot in hell, murderer.
You did it. You killed them you evil bastard. Confess".
The prose is interspersed with complex sums and weird
hieroglyphs. Oh shit.

On Jane's unreadable expression...

INT. TEMP OFFICES. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Sunlight pouring in. Jane is at his desk sipping on a big gulp, and still writing in the diary. He looks like a Robert Crumb cartoon of himself - red eyes, wild hair, dirty clothes. Cho and Lisbon enter.

JANE
(cheerfully)
Good morning.

He casually puts away the diary.

CHO
Dude, you look bad. You smell bad.

JANE
No, I'm good. Excellent. Good.

LISBON
You didn't sleep did you?

JANE
No.

LISBON
Get out of here. Talk to the doctor. Get some sleeping pills. Do something.

JANE
Meh. Maybe tomorrow.

Lisbon takes out her phone, checks her pocket notebook, and dials a number. Meanwhile, in BG a desk phone rings, and Cho answers.

LISBON
Doctor Wagner, this is CBI Agent Lisbon... Yes. Yes. Would you do me a favor and make some time today for my colleague there, Jane?

(listens)
Thank you very much. Five o'clock then.

(shuts phone)
Five o'clock.

JANE
Maybe.

LISBON:

No maybe. You're going.

Cho offers a phone to her, looks wry.

CHO

Partridge. He'll only speak to you.

She takes the phone.

LISBON

What's doing Partridge?

INT. CSI LAB - DAY

CSI boss Partridge on the phone, next to a CSI TECH, peering into an ELECTRON MICROSCOPE...

PARTRIDGE

Hey Lisbon. Partridge here. I have some intriguing news for you.

He waits for her reaction.

CUT BETWEEN CSI LAB AND CSI TEMP OFFICES.

LISBON

What's that?

PARTRIDGE

We found a strand of hair. In the Red John envelope?

LISBON

Yes?

PARTRIDGE

It doesn't belong to either victim. Guess who it does belong to?

Lisbon suppresses the urge to growl at him by taking the phone from her ear and gazing zenlike at the wall for a moment.

PARTRIDGE (CONT'D)

Lisbon?

JANE
(muttering, head on
the table)

Alison and he were lovers.

CHO
Who would want to frame you Tag?
Why?

Tag has no reply. But he clearly has someone in mind.

CHO (CONT'D)
Tag, now's the time to tell the
truth. Who would want to frame
you?

TAG
My brother.

CHO
Why would he want to do that?

TAG
Alison and I were lovers.

VAN PELT
I think you are psychic. You're
just afraid to admit it.

Jane grunts, amused, but falling asleep.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cho is sceptical.

CHO
You and Alison?

TAG
I know, what did she see in me,
right? John Q. Average. Real
love, and care, and respect, and
honesty, that's what. That's
what. Eli thinks he loved her,
but he didn't. He doesn't know
what love is. She was just an
object to him. I loved her.

CHO
When did the relationship start?

TAG

We'd been close for some time,
just as friends, but it became
physical, if you will, in February
of last year.

CHO

Did she ever try to end the
relationship with you?

TAG

(tensing up)

No.

CHO

Because that's tough, when that
happens, when someone tries to end
things.

TAG

She didn't. Try to end it.

OBSERVATION ROOM. SHERRIFF'S DEPT - CONTINUOUS

Lisbon nudges Jane. Startled, he jumps to his feet.

LISBON

Go.

JANE

Huh?

LISBON

Your appointment with the doctor.

JANE

Huh?

Jane doesn't move, just stands there vibrating.

EXT. SHERRIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Gilzean helps Jane slide into the back of a cab, shuts
the door firmly, then gives the driver cash and a slip of
paper.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

JANE'S POV - The sky and palm trees and truck and signage
flashing by.

INT. WAGNER'S OFFICE. OAKS WELLNESS CENTER - DAY

Jane and Wagner seated, staring at each other. It's late in the day and golden light shafts in.

WAGNER

So.

JANE

So.

WAGNER

Why is it you can't sleep?

JANE

Because I can't get the good pills without talking to a doctor.

WAGNER

And you don't like to talk to doctors.

JANE

Meh. They always want to be the smartest person in the room, don't they? When in fact that's me, obviously.

WAGNER

You protect your core self very fiercely. What do you think is the reason for that?

JANE

This is exactly how I imagined it would be. Are you going to ask me about my mother?

WAGNER

Do you want me to ask about your mother?

JANE

I just want to sleep.

WAGNER

What is it that keeps you awake?

Move in tight on Jane...

FLASHBACK

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

The younger Jane, seated opposite Davis and Kelly...

DAVIS

What's his name, Red John?

JANE

That's right. Red John. He's killed at least ten women that we know of. Terrible, brutal, sadistic crimes. The police asked me to try and get a psychic fix on him, to see if I could get some sense of who this man is.

DAVIS

How do you do that? Get a psychic fix on someone?

JANE

Davis, true demonic evil burns a sort of black scar, a darkness if you will, into the fabric of psychic space. I force myself to look into that darkness, and I see an image of the evil-doer.

KELLY

You saw him? Red John?

JANE

I did. As I told the police, He's a very ordinary looking man, mid thirties, medium height, thinning brown hair. He's methodical and tidy, keeps himself very clean. He has a small speech impediment that he's deeply ashamed of. He works at a clerical job, and lives with his mother or a sister in a single story blue house with a citrus tree in the front yard. Lemon, I think.

KELLY

Wow.

The SOUND of APPLAUSE turns to distant CRASHING WAVES.

EXT. MALIBU - NIGHT

Jane at the wheel of a BMW, cruising upward through hills overlooking the darkly glittering ocean.

to an ELEGANT MODERN HOUSE.

INT. MALIBU HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane comes in the front door quietly, slipping off his shoes, trying not to wake someone. He picks up a sheaf of mail and looks through it as he goes upstairs, pushing aside A KID'S TRICYCLE on the way.

Walking down a hallway, Jane sees A NOTE pinned to the door at the end of the hallway. Time begins to stutter, as in a nightmare. Jane takes the note from the door, reads.

JANE O.S

Dear mister Jane, I do not like to be slandered in the media, especially by a dirty moneygrubbing fraud. If you were a real psychic, instead of a dishonest little worm, you wouldn't need to open the door to see what I've done to your lovely wife and child.

Jane drops the letter and opens the door. On the far wall, he sees this - ☺

WAGNER O.S

Mister Jane?

INT. WAGNER'S OFFICE. OAKS WELLNESS CENTER - NIGHT

Jane and Wagner facing each other. Only a second has gone by.

WAGNER

What is it that keeps you awake?

Jane gathers himself.

JANE

Okay. I've never told anyone this before...

WAGNER

This is a safe place.

JANE

When I was a boy, we had a farm.

WAGNER

Yes?

JANE

I was a lazy kid. I'd always be trying to get my little brother Jimmy do my chores for me. One day I promised him a dollar to cut the firewood. Well, he opened an artery in his leg with the band-saw and he bled to death. Died. Doing my chores for me.

WAGNER

(analyst's deadpan)

How did that make you feel?

JANE

Um, bad.

WAGNER

You know, that's pretty much the same thing that happened to Johnny Cash.

Jane affects surprise.

JANE

Is it really? Wow. That's spooky.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. TEMP OFFICES. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Red-faced with anger, Eli Randolph barges through swinging doors, followed by a perspiring LAWYER.

Cho's first to intercept him.

CHO

Ah Mister Randolph, good...

ELI

Cut the crap. My brother's done nothing and you know it. You scumbags haven't got the stones to come after me, so you go after my family. It's flat out persecution.

LAWYER

Eli, what did we agree?
I apologize for the disrespect.
I'd like to see my client now.

Lisbon has entered, but signals to Cho that he can deal with them.

CHO

Mister Randolph, rest assured there's no intent to persecute you. We scumbags are holding your brother because we have physical evidence linking him to the crime, and potential motive, in that he states whenever you weren't around he was banging your wife like a big bass drum.

ELI RANDOLPH

Tag and Alison?
(laughs)
Bullshit.

CHO

That's what he states. He further states it was you that killed Alison, and you're now trying to frame him, in revenge.

ELI

What?!

LAWYER

Uh, Agent Cho, my client? Now?

ELI RANDOLPH

Are you out of your bloodsucking mind? My brother can rot in hell before he gets legal advice on my dime.

CHO

It's good that you're here. Maybe we can get to the bottom of this mess, huh?

INT. WAGNER'S OFFICE. WELLNESS CENTER - NIGHT

Doctor Wagner writes a prescription, tears it off the pad. He offers Jane the scrip and a bottle of pills, but then pulls back slightly.

WAGNER

(with a smile)

Everything you told me was total fiction wasn't it?

JANE

Yes it was.

WAGNER

Why? I can tell you're in real pain. Why not tell the truth?

JANE

The truth is mine. The truth is something I have to bear alone. Talking about it is weak. Talking about it is self-pity. I'm not going to give in to that.

Wagner nods gently.

WAGNER

I hear you.

He hands over the scrip and pills.

WAGNER (CONT'D)

That's a week's supply to be getting on with.

JANE

Thanks.

INT. HALL. OAKS WELLNESS CENTER - NIGHT

The rest of the staff have gone home. Wagner escorts Jane through the empty building to the front doors.

WAGNER

I know it's hard, but you should try to find a way to express your pain. It's the surest route to healing. It doesn't have to be therapy with a doctor. It could be poetry, or painting even.

JANE

That's an idea. I've often thought that-- Oh...

...Noticing Tannen's office, nameplate still on the door.

JANE (CONT'D)

Tannen. I was meaning to ask you something about him...

(thinks)

Be damned if I can remember what it was. It'll come to me.

They walk a little further. Jane thinking hard. He stops, claps his hands.

JANE (CONT'D)

Yes. Do you recall we were talking about Tannen the other day? I asked if he kept a diary, and you said that he did..

WAGNER

No.

JANE

...But there's no diary among his effects. Sorry, no?

WAGNER

Yes, no. You have it wrong. I said he didn't keep a diary.

JANE

Strange. Then it must have been someone else who told me. Either that or I'm going mad. Because I definitely 100% remember hearing that Tannen kept a diary.

WAGNER

That is strange. But why does it matter if he kept a diary?

JANE

You're right. It doesn't matter.
(walks on)
Only I was thinking, you know why magicians have beautiful girl assistants?

WAGNER

Why?

JANE

They're reliable distractors of attention. People will look at a beautiful girl for a long time before they look where they should be looking if they want to see the how the trick really works.

Wagner laughs politely, affecting to not quite follow Jane's drift. He opens the glass front doors with a swipe of a keycard which he then puts back in his jacket pocket.

JANE (CONT'D)

Anyhow, I'll send over a couple of CSI techs tomorrow to search his office.

WAGNER

Didn't they already search his office?

JANE

Oh they never do it thoroughly the first time. One more for luck eh? It must be there somewhere.

He gives Wagner a brief but strong hug in farewell.

JANE (CONT'D)

Thanks for everything Doc.

WAGNER

Good night.

He exits. Wagner closes the door. Watches Jane walk away toward the parking lot. Deep in thought, Wagner returns to his office. He pauses outside Tannen's office. We can see the wheels turning. A diary? No. But what if there is one? What then? Wagner goes to the front desk, takes a bunch of keys from a hook under the counter.

INT. TANNEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Wagner enters, closes the door behind him. He looks around the room, two walls are lined with books, the others with framed photos and paintings and diplomas.

Wagner starts methodically searching the place, looking for the diary. His tempo builds until he's frantically tearing books from the shelves in search of Tannen's diary.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. SHERRIFF'S DEPT - NIGHT

Gilzean and Cho interviewing Eli and his lawyer.

CHO

Where were you around eleven
thirty yesterday evening?

ELI

In bed at my mother's house. What
the hell has that got to with
anything?

Gilzean answers his buzzing phone, listens.

GILZEAN

(irritated)

Now?

INT. TANNEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The floor is carpeted in books, chairs and tables upended, drawers emptied. Wagner empties the last shelf and sits down in the middle of the wreckage, exhausted.

JANE O.S

Lost something?

Jane's standing in the open doorway.

WAGNER

How did you get in?

JANE

The door was open. I think I left
my phone in your office.

WAGNER

The door wasn't open.

JANE

Must have been, else how did I get in?

FLASHBACK

INT. FRONT DOORS. WELLNESS CENTER

Jane gives Wagner a brief but strong hug, at the same time dipping into his jacket pocket and removing the keycard.

END FLASHBACK

INT. TANNEN'S OFFICE. OAKS WELLNESS CENTER - NIGHT

JANE

What are you doing?

WAGNER

I confess, the temptation to play detective was too strong. I thought about what you said, about the missing diary, and I decided I'd try to help out. I got a little carried away.

JANE

No kidding. But no diary.

WAGNER

No diary.

JANE

Maybe I should have a gander. I'm good at finding things.

Wagner can't say no.

WAGNER

Be my guest.

Jane studies the room intently, then moves slowly round it, searching by looking, touching, listening, smelling. It's a compelling performance that has Wagner entranced.

Jane zeros in on a narrow gap between a filing cabinet and the wall. He gets down on the floor and reaches in. he has to roll up his sleeve in order to squeeze his arm into the gap. After a moment of groping about, he pulls out THE RED DIARY that he bought at Rite-aid. It says *DIARY* in gold letters.

Wagner pales. Jane opens the diary.

WAGNER'S POV - Page after page of tiny neat scribbling, punctuated by numbers and symbols.

JANE

Eureka.

Wagner edges closer to try and see what's written.
Jane shuts the diary.

JANE (CONT'D)

My people have to see this right
away.

He puts out a hand to Doctor Wagner, who has to take it.

JANE (CONT'D)

Doctor Wagner, thank you for your
help.

With that, Jane is out the door.

INT. HALLWAY. OAKS WELLNESS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Jane heads to the front doors. Wagner comes out of
Tannen's office after him...

WAGNER

Mister Jane, your phone.

Jane laughs at his absent-mindedness.

JANE

Right.

They turn and go to...

INT. WAGNER'S OFFICE. OAKS WELLNESS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Wagner comes in first, goes to his desk. Jane goes to
the chair he was sitting in earlier, and picks up his
phone.

JANE

Silly of me. Goodbye again.

He turns to go.

WAGNER

Wait.

Wagner aims a SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL with SILENCER attached.

WAGNER (CONT'D)

Give me the diary.

Jane gives him the diary. Putting the desk between himself and Jane, Wagner opens the diary, reads, and realizes he's been had. He manages a twisted smile.

WAGNER (CONT'D)

Very amusing.

He tosses the diary back at Jane, who catches it.

JANE

I try.

WAGNER

I knew, I knew it might be a trick. But I had to be sure.

JANE

Yes. That's how the trick works.

WAGNER

What led you to me?

JANE

When we first met, you said you didn't know who Red John was. But you have several books on criminal psychiatry there that have chapters on him. You were in a position to know where Tannen was that night. You're a doctor, so you can cut up another human without difficulty. It was obviously you.

WAGNER

That's it? You have nothing. That's just guesswork. Nothing.

JANE

Oh I know. I just wanted to be sure I had the right answer. Because I was surprised, to be honest. You don't seem to be a wicked man. But you are.

WAGNER

You're angry about the letter. That was a bit mean-spirited. I'm sorry about that.

(MORE)

WAGNER (CONT'D)

But I'm not a wicked man. My conscience is clear.

JANE

Really?

WAGNER

Right now, in Africa, there's three thousand beautiful children alive today that should be dead, but they aren't, because of me. Me. Alive and fed and clothed and educated and happy. Tannen was going to ruin me and destroy all of that work. Over a stupid mistake. An accounting error. Theft he called it. Self righteous idiot. There are villages named after me. I took a rational moral decision for the greater good.

JANE

What did Alison do wrong?

WAGNER

As you said, she was the magician's assistant. You're a clear headed man. Truly, is killing two people worse than killing one? When thousands of lives are at stake? I don't think so.

JANE

Alright Doctor Doom, let's go. You're under arrest.

WAGNER

I'm pointing a gun at you.

JANE

Do you really think I would set you up so nicely and then let you draw a loaded gun on me? I took the bullets out earlier.

Wagner can't help himself; he checks his gun, taking his eyes and the gun off Jane for a second. Jane throws the diary like a knife thrower, diving sideways as soon as the book is out of his hand. The book hits Wagner square between the eyes, knocking him backward. He fires wild, missing Jane, who darts out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY. OAKS WELLNESS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Jane runs to the front door, which is propped open with a chair, and bumps into Gilzean coming in, very grumpy.

GILZEAN

Okay, so here I am. What's up?
This better be good.

JANE

It is. Draw your weapon.

GILZEAN

Huh?

Wagner comes tearing out of his office gun in hand.
Gilzean swiftly pulls his gun and levels it.

GILZEAN (CONT'D)

DROP THE GUN!

Wagner freezes, and drops the gun.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Tag Randolph alone and disconsolate. Lisbon enters.

LISBON

Sir, you're free to go.
We apologise for any inconvenience
or, or discomfort you may have
been caused.

She exits. Tag hesitates, then stands up.

INT. BATHROOM. SHERRIFF'S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Tag splashes water in his face, washes his hands. He's drying them when Eli enters. Eli swells with anger, ready to kill Tag, who stands his ground defiantly.

TAG

I'm glad. I'm glad you know the
truth.

The history of their lives together flashes across Eli's face. He finds some small kernel of redemptive love inside himself and instead of punching Tag, pats him sadly but not unkindly on the shoulder.

ELI

I'm glad too.

He goes past Tag to the urinals. Unzips to take a piss. Tag wants to say something more but doesn't. Exits.

INT. TEMP OFFICES. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Tag exits the men's bathroom and heads for the exit,.

In the temp offices, Lisbon, Cho, and Gilzean are doing bureaucratic chores and packing up their stuff to leave. Jane is eating pizza, unhappily aware of a chill in the air.

JANE

Come on people. A cleared case is a cleared case.

CHO

Eat your pizza.

JANE

I just went to get sleeping pills, swear to God. I didn't even want to go. You know I didn't.

GILZEAN

Lying doesn't make it better.

JANE

She said be quiet and watch and learn, so that's what I did. That's all I did. Stuff happens.

CHO

Right. You didn't set Wagner up. You didn't figure it was him days ago.

LISBON

You didn't let us go down the wrong road and tear apart the victim's family, simply to satisfy your childish egotistical need for drama and attention and surprise.

JANE

Meh. That family was screwed anyway. Don't blame yourselves.

Lisbon throws a balled up sheet of paper at Jane.

EXT. MALIBU - EVENING

Jane at the wheel of a car, cruising upward through hills overlooking the darkly glittering ocean, to the same ELEGANT MODERN HOUSE we saw earlier in flashback.

INT. MALIBU HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane comes in through the front door. The house has been abandoned. Stripped, empty, trashed.

INT. BEDROOM. MALIBU HOUSE - NIGHT

In the empty room, Jane uses a couple of blankets to make himself a rough bed. Curling up like a child, he at last falls into deep sleep. CAMERA pushes in on the wall above him, where you can see still see the faded remnant of Red John's trademark - ©.

END