

# rizzoli & isles

“Burning Down the House”

Episode 215

#2M5615

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PRODUCTION DRAFT

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# RIZZOLI & ISLES

## 215 "Burning Down the House"

### CAST LIST

DETECTIVE JANE RIZZOLI .....	ANGIE HARMON
DR. MAURA ISLES .....	SASHA ALEXANDER
SERGEANT DETECTIVE VINCE KORSAK.....	BRUCE MCGILL
DETECTIVE BARRY FROST.....	LEE THOMPSON YOUNG
FRANKIE RIZZOLI JR.....	JORDAN BRIDGES
ANGELA RIZZOLI .....	LORRAINE BRACCO
Fire Captain Joe Kobolsnik .....	TBD
Firefighter Craig Hill .....	TBD
Firefighter Kevin Flynn.....	TBD
Firefighter Jim Grant.....	TBD
Special Agent Gabriel Dean.....	TBD
Constance Isles.....	TBD
Arnold Whistler .....	TBD
Daphne Chang .....	TBD
Christie Whistler .....	TBD
Dr. Rhonda Robertson.....	TBD
Patrick "Paddy" Doyle.....	TBD
Commander Sean Cavanaugh.....	TBD

# RIZZOLI & ISLES

## 215 "Burning Down the House"

### SET LIST

#### INTERIORS

A. WHISTLER DENIM FACTORY

MAURA'S HOUSE  
KITCHEN

MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE  
AUTOPSY ROOM  
CRIME LAB

BPD  
INTERROGATION ROOM  
DIVISION 1 CAFÉ  
BRIC  
HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM

JANE'S APARTMENT  
LIVING ROOM  
BEDROOM

HOSPITAL  
CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ICU  
ICU  
CONSTANCE'S ROOM  
ICU HALLWAY

HIGHLANDER

ND PARKING GARAGE

ENGINE 50, COMPANY 3 FIREHOUSE

SURVEILLANCE VAN

#### EXTERIORS

A. WHISTLER DENIM FACTORY

JANE'S APARTMENT

STREET  
SIDEWALK IVORY TABLE RESTURANT  
OUTSIDE RESTURANT

ENGINE 50, COMPANY 3 FIREHOUSE

**RIZZOLI & ISLES 215 "Burning Down the House"**

**DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN**

Scenes	Day/Night
1-8	D1
9-16	N1
17-18	D2
19	N2
20-23	D3
24	N3
25-35	D4

**ACT ONE**

1 **EXT. A. WHISTLER DENIM FACTORY - EARLY MORNING - DAY 1** 1

About 16 FIREFIGHTERS, Cairns helmets, Viking turnout gear with "Engine Company 50" on their helmets, BATTLE a fierce blaze blooming in a 3-story factory warehouse. FLAMES SHOOT from the roof, front entrance and windows.

Three firefighters with firehoses SPRAY water.

FIND FIRE CAPTAIN JOE KOBOLSNIK, late 40s, white jacket, RUNS the scene.

CAPT. KOBOLSNIK  
(to one of them)  
We need more water!

He WAVES OVER THREE arriving firefighters, CRAIG HILL, 30s, African American, KEVIN FLYNN and JIM GRANT, both 30s and white. All three wear oxygen cylinders on their backs, carry their face shield/breathing apparatus and pike poles.

CAPT. KOBOLSNIK (CONT'D)  
(yells to be heard)  
Hill, Flynn, Grant --  
(as they run up)  
We gotta get this under control: we got old, combustible buildings in a tight space.

CRAIG HILL  
Where do you want us, Captain?

CAPT. KOBOLSNIK  
Need you to spread out inside.  
Knock it down as much as you can.  
Go!

As Flynn, Grant and Hill grab pike poles and PULL NOMEX hoods over their heads, don their face shields --

KEVIN FLYNN  
He better sound another alarm or we're gonna have a flashover.

CRAIG HILL  
No, we're not. I'll take the rear.

JIM GRANT  
I got the roof.

KEVIN FLYNN  
I got the basement.

(CONTINUED)

They quickly punch fists.

CRAIG HILL  
Let's all go home....

The three firefighters RACE into the burning building.

2 **INT. A. WHISTLER DENIM FACTORY - MINUTES LATER** 2

Craig Hill POKES holes with a pike pole in the walls and ceilings to let the HEAVY SMOKE out. S/FX: HIS BREATHING as he takes in oxygen. Steady, rhythmic. Doing his job...

HILL'S POV THROUGH HIS FACE SHIELD: THICK, ACRID smoke and flames -- A BEAM CRASHES.

He sees SOMETHING MOVE through the smoke. SUDDENLY: a dark, viscous substance SPLASHES across his face shield.

WHOOSH! A dazzling bright white fire DANCES across HIS FACE SHIELD as it BURSTS INTO FLAMES!

He SCREAMS, TEARS at the face shield with his Nomex-gloved hands. WHOOSH! HIS GLOVED HANDS BURST INTO HOT WHITE FLAMES.

He FIGHTS to breath but SMOKE AND FIRE ENGULF him. He COLLAPSES with one last labored and awful GASP...

PRE-LAP: A DOG BARKS.

JANE (O.S.)  
Potty, Jo Friday.

3 **EXT. JANE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING - DAY 1** 3

DET. JANE RIZZOLI, in a T-shirt, bare feet and sweats, shivers in the morning cold, a little irritated as a cute Jo Friday cocks her head and WOOFs again.

JANE  
Fine. Stay out here by yourself.

AGENT DEAN (O.S.)  
I'd hate to report you for doggie abandonment.

Jane turns to see SPECIAL AGENT GABRIEL DEAN in casual clothes (leather jacket and jeans) standing there with a bouquet of flowers and a card.

JANE  
What are you doing here?

AGENT DEAN  
(as he hands her flowers)  
...I was in the neighborhood?

As she smiles, takes the flowers, hugs him --

JANE  
Thank you...It's good to see you.

AGENT DEAN  
It's better than good to see you.

They separate as a NOSY WOMAN walking a dog stares with interest. They sit on the stoop. Dean pets Jo Friday.

JANE  
Don't be nice to her.  
(to Jo Friday)  
You're not getting out of this. Go potty.

Jo Friday sits there.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Yup, I'm a regular "Dog Whisperer."  
What are you doing here? You on leave?

AGENT DEAN  
No. I asked to be reassigned -- to D.C.

JANE  
Wow...No more foreign wars?

They look at each other as this sinks in. Jane is the first to look away.

AGENT DEAN  
For now...is that...bad?

JANE  
No...it's just...unexpected...

AGENT DEAN  
(as he stands)  
Well...you probably have to get to work.

JANE  
You're going?

AGENT DEAN  
Yeah, but I hope I'll see you soon.

JANE  
What's in the card?

AGENT DEAN  
(as he walks away)  
Read it. Call me.

She watches him get into his ND government sedan, drive away.  
She reads the card. SMILES. Her phone rings.

JANE  
...Rizzoli...4-alarm and still  
going?...okay, on my way.

4 INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING - DAY 1 4

Maura works on making the perfect latte with an old-style  
machine. Maura grunts as she tries to compress espresso-  
ground beans with a metal tamper into a metal filter basket.

She doesn't see the back door open as ANGELA RIZZOLI and  
CONSTANCE ISLES enter. As Maura puts her weight into it, the  
basket SLIPS. Grounds go everywhere.

MAURA  
Damn it!

CONSTANCE  
Good morning.

MAURA  
Ooops...'morning.

As Angela comes over, pulls out instant coffee --

ANGELA  
That's an awful lot of trouble for  
a cup of coffee.

MAURA  
My mother is an espresso  
enthusiast.

CONSTANCE  
It's the burden of being a Super  
Taster.  
(sniffs)  
Floral and spice notes. Papua New  
Guinea?

MAURA  
Yes! Freshly roasted.

As Maura sweeps up grounds with her hands and Angela helps --

(CONTINUED)



MAURA (CONT'D)

She's a super smeller, too. I used patchouli oil once in college. You said you could smell it on me when I came home for Christmas.

CONSTANCE

Dreadful stuff.

MAURA

How'd you sleep?

CONSTANCE

Surprisingly well.

(confides)

Her father snores.

ANGELA

I don't miss that part of marriage.

Maura's phone rings.

MAURA

Dr. Isles...All right.

(hangs up)

I'm sorry. I have to go to work. Factory caught on fire early this morning.

CONSTANCE

Why do you have to go?

MAURA

There may be a fatality.

ANGELA

We'll be fine. I make a mean Eggs Benedict.

CONSTANCE

I make the perfect cappuccino.

OFF MAURA as she grabs her coat, smiling as she leaves the two moms.

5 **EXT. A. WHISTLER DENIM FACTORY - DAY 1**

5

The building is still smoking. FIREFIGHTERS hose down different sections. Still a lot of activity as Jane and Maura walk. Paramedics wait near the entrance to the smoldering factory. A Coroner's van is parked. Morgue attendants pull out a rolling gurney.

JANE

Dean asked me to dinner.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

So go.

JANE

What about Casey?

MAURA

I wonder if they know each other.  
(off Jane's look)  
They were both in Afghanistan.

JANE

Oh, yeah, all 30,000 of them know each other.

MAURA

Dean only went to Afghanistan because you told him you wouldn't read the Sunday paper in bed with him.

JANE

I said I wasn't ready for a big commitment --

MAURA

You can't even commit to using his first name: It's "Gabriel."

JANE

"Gabriel." It's weird. It's so...biblical. And what about Casey?

MAURA

It's just dinner.

JANE

Dinner leads to the Sunday paper.

Jane SEES firefighters Kevin Flynn and Jim Grant emerge from the building, carrying on a stretcher the body of Craig Hill, still in his turnout gear. They refuse help from PARAMEDICS.

All the other firefighters LINE UP in an age-old formation of an honor guard as Flynn and Grant gently lower Hill's body onto the morgue gurney MORGUE ATTENDANTS have wheeled over.

JANE (CONT'D)

...that breaks my heart.

MAURA

Firefighters' formation. It's an age-old tradition when they lose one of their own. Sad.

(CONTINUED)

Maura crosses as SGT. DET. VINCE KORSAK and DET. BARRY FROST approach Jane.

FROST  
Arson Squad is working it, but  
they're saying it looks like an  
accident. Faulty space heater  
sparked a fire.

As they walk and talk closer to the building --

JANE  
What do they make in this factory?

KORSAK  
Denim jeans.

FROST  
"Denim" jeans? As opposed to??  
Green polyester jeans?

KORSAK  
(ignoring him)  
See that guy?

ANGLE: ARNOLD WHISTLER, 60s, in skinny jeans and dark sunglasses. He talks to an ND Arson Squad Investigator.

FROST  
Old guy in the skinny jeans and  
shades?

KORSAK  
He's not that old. I busted him at  
least three times back in the '80s.

FROST  
Felony fashion crime?

JANE  
Do you two want some time alone to  
fight?

FROST  
He borrows my Unmarked, brings it  
back empty.

KORSAK  
Hey, it had gas. Busted Whistler  
for cocaine. He now owns a jeans  
factory.

JANE  
He have a reason to burn it down?

(CONTINUED)

KORSAK

Maybe. Frost, check it out.

FROST

(as he walks away)

Sure. When you fill my tank...with  
"super."

Jane and Korsak walk to where Maura examines Hill's body.

MAURA

His face shield is pitted.  
(off their looks)  
Pin holes. He wouldn't have needed  
to take more than a few breaths  
before smoke inhalation killed him.

JANE

So he died of smoke inhalation?

MAURA

Not necessarily, but I am thinking  
his face shield failed.

JANE

And I'm thinking since he wasn't  
getting oxygen -- and he's not a  
fish -- maybe he died of smoke  
inhalation --

MAURA

Fish can't survive out of water.  
And why would there be smoke? Oil  
burns on top of the ocean --

JANE

Oh, my God. Do you have an "off"  
switch?

CAPT. KOBOLSNIK (O.S.)

It's a damn shame.

Jane turns to see Capt. Kobolsnik. Korsak joins.

JANE

I'm so sorry, Captain.

CAPT. KOBOLSNIK

I sent him in without enough back  
up...

KORSAK

It's not your fault, Joe.

(CONTINUED)

CAPT. KOBOLSNIK

We've been fighting these blazes  
without enough people. That's what  
budget cuts do.

ANGLE: Morgue attendants wheel away Craig Hill's body.

Kobolsnik heads off. Jane and Korsak turn to each other.

KORSAK

This city's killing good men.  
Forced layoffs, closing stations...

JANE

Not much we can do about budget  
cuts --

She looks over at Arnold Whistler.

JANE (CONT'D)

But let's make sure there was  
nothing else at work here.

**INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY 1**

Maura looks at the body of Craig Hill. He's still fully  
clothed in his turnout gear including his boots. His face  
shield has MELTED to his face. Jane picks through his gear on  
a nearby table: his helmet, tank harness and oxygen tank.

JANE

I never understood guys who wanted  
to run into a burning building.

MAURA

You chase murderers.

JANE

Not if they're on fire.

MAURA

You know why firefighters call  
their outfits "bunker gear"?

JANE

"Outfits"? Yes. Because they keep  
their "outfits" by their "bunks."

MAURA

Darn...Hey, I bet you didn't know  
Romans used slaves to fight fires.

JANE

I did not know. Did they wear  
fireproof toga "outfits"?

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

No, wool. Did you know the first helmet was developed by luggage maker Henry Gratacap?

JANE

Doesn't your brain get tired?

MAURA

Why?

JANE

Holding all that useless information?

Jane looks at the face shield that's literally melted to the flesh of Craig Hill's face.

JANE (CONT'D)

Huh...How hot does a fire have to be to melt the face shield?

MAURA

This will withstand heat up to 500 degrees. After five minutes at that temperature, it'll melt.

JANE

Look at his gloves. Scorch marks.

INSERT: scorch marks on the Nomex gloves on his hands.

JANE (CONT'D)

Gloves are scorched, face shield melts to his face. Shouldn't the rest of his body also be badly burned?

MAURA

Not necessarily. The fire suit can withstand heat up to 1300 degrees.

Maura uses a flexible endoscope with a tiny camera to look down the victim's esophagus. Video appears on --

MONITOR: Craig Hill's airway.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Pulmonary parenchymal damage caused from smoke inhalation. Thermal injury, lung damage. Consistent with inhaling air above 265 degrees. Odd...

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Why odd? He takes three deep breaths and boom! He's dead from smoke inhalation.

MAURA

Yes...but...

Maura pulls off her gloves. Jane follows her over to the computer. As she shows Jane fire scene photos --

MAURA (CONT'D)

Why the soot build-up on the walls and windows? That's evidence of a low oxygen fire.

JANE

You're saying there's both a high and a low oxygen fire burning at the same time?

MAURA

The state of his face shield and lungs says high oxygen. The state of his clothing and the walls say low oxygen fire...

JANE

This is a fun game.

MAURA

I know! I love investigating fires.

JANE

Would a flashover explain both temperatures?

Maura pulls up articles on her computer.

MAURA

I don't think so...I wrote about this once in *The Journal Of Combustible Science*.

JANE

Great article. Loved the photos.

MAURA

I'll print you a copy.

Maura presses print as Jane looks at the monitor.

JANE

It's 376 pages long.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

Oh, right, the footnotes. You'll want those, too.

Jane reaches over, presses cancel.

JANE

Why waste paper? I'll read it online.

MAURA

You're not going to read it.

JANE

Probably not.

Maura and Jane walk and talk --

MAURA

But you are going to dinner with Gabriel.

JANE

Who said I was going to dinner?

MAURA

You brushed your teeth.

JANE

I...I brush my teeth...at work...sometimes...

MAURA

I have a reservation at The Ivory Table. I could ask for a table for four. We could double-date.

JANE

Really? Who's your date?

MAURA

My mother.

JANE

You, me, Gabriel -- and your mother? How can I say "no"?

MAURA

You're being sarcastic, aren't you?

JANE

Very. If it was anyone but you, I'd say that's the creepiest idea ever proposed.

(CONTINUED)



They enter --

7 **INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - CRIME LAB - CONTINUOUS** 7

CSRU TECHS look at the remains of a charred portable space heater. It's melted into an unidentifiable shape. Charred pieces of burned denim and debris are stuck to it.

MAURA

The Arson Squad released the space heater to my team.

JANE

Did you just say the "A" word?

MAURA

No. Yes.

JANE

So you think this could be arson?

MAURA

No. Yes. No.

Maura approaches one female LAB TECH, DAPHNE CHANG, late 20s.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Anything?

Chang points to a computer monitor.

INSERT: image of a space heater with schematics.

CHANG

I think it's this heater that was recalled in 1997 but there's so much debris melted to it, I'm not sure.

MAURA

Fire is a very clever opponent. Take it apart. Look for any anomalies.

As they move to another part of the lab --

MAURA (CONT'D)

I've requested all Boston fire records for the last year.

JANE

That's what? 4,000 fires?

(CONTINUED)

MAURA  
4,082 building and structural  
fires.

JANE  
If you're looking at incident  
reports to see if there's a  
pattern, that means you are  
thinking the "A" word. I should let  
the Arson Squad know.

MAURA  
I think Gabriel is a good match for  
you.

JANE  
Nobody asked you, Yente.

Frost enters.

FROST  
Old guy in the skinny jeans is a  
pervert.

JANE  
Okay, what would you like me to do  
with this information?

FROST  
Check this out: five different  
lawsuits. Women suing him right and  
left for sexual harassment.

Jane looks through the file.

JANE  
Two seamstresses, an accountant, a  
model -- and...really?

Jane holds up a photo of a tired-looking woman in her 60s in  
a cleaning uniform.

JANE (CONT'D)  
The cleaning lady?

MAURA  
Strong libido. Apparently it  
doesn't take much to get him  
interested.

JANE  
Apparently...

(CONTINUED)

FROST  
It's pretty expensive to fend off  
five lawsuits.

JANE  
Yeah...so maybe Arnold burns down  
his only asset to get the insurance  
money. Let's talk to him.

8 INT. BPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 1 8

Jane and Frost sit across from Arnold Whistler, designer shades on, with his daughter, CHRISTIE, Harvard Law, late 20s, tailored suit and pumps.

JANE  
Do you have an eye condition?

WHISTLER  
Excuse me?

FROST  
The sunglasses. It's safe to remove  
them. Our lights are harmless.

Whistler removes his glasses.

CHRISTIE  
I've advised Mr. Whistler that this  
interview is 100% voluntary, and he  
is not required --

WHISTLER  
(interrupting)  
Hon, it's okay. Got nothin' to hide  
from these people.

JANE  
Did you call your lawyer, "Hon?"

WHISTLER  
Yeah. Christie is my daughter.  
She's Harvard Law, right 'Hon?

Christie shoots Jane a haughty look.

CHRISTIE  
I handle all matters pertaining to  
Arnold Whistler Denim.

FROST  
So then you're handling all of the  
sexual harassment claims against  
your father?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIE  
Nuisance lawsuits. Just a bunch of  
angry single women.

JANE  
A lot of angry "Hons", Mr.  
Whistler.

WHISTLER  
Those fat bitches sue me for being  
nice? Tell them I'm gonna sue them  
for leaving their space heaters on.  
I'm the victim. My business is  
destroyed. What about me?

JANE  
What about the firefighter who died  
trying to save your factory?

WHISTLER  
That's the breaks. It's his job.

CHRISTIE  
Dad --

WHISTLER  
Hon, don't interrupt me --

JANE  
Listen to me, Mr. Whistler. We're  
gonna dig into your life. And if  
you had anything to do with setting  
that fire, you're gonna wish you  
were sewing jeans inside your  
factory when it went up.

Arnold puts on his sunglasses.

CHRISTIE  
I don't appreciate your tone,  
Detective --

WHISTLER  
Me either. C'mon, 'Hon.

OFF Jane and Frost, sharing a look.

**EXT. STREET - SIDEWALK ALONG IVORY TABLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 19**

CONSTANCE  
Your father never lets me eat  
garlic.

MAURA  
I'm so glad you liked it.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANCE

It's delightful just to be able to see you...I wish I'd done this more.

MAURA

Come to see me? Me, too.

CONSTANCE

No...Not just that..."The road unrolls the same with a slight hand on the reins..."

MAURA

That's beautiful.

CONSTANCE

It's a poem. I wish I'd known that, Maura. I wish I'd stopped being busy and just enjoyed you.

MAURA

Mom, stop. It's okay!

CONSTANCE

It's not. It's really true that your life gets lived while you're doing other things --

As much as Maura wants to hear this, it's upsetting to see her always cool mother this emotional and close to tears.

MAURA

C'mon. Let's go home. Have some tea.

They start to cross the street.

HEADLIGHTS appear. And ACCELERATE. The car is coming right at them --

IN SLO MO:

Constance PUSHES Maura out of the way.

MAURA

Tumbles, headfirst, between two parallel-parked cars.

CONSTANCE

Can't get out of the way in time.

(CONTINUED)

ECU: Her pelvis as it SMACKS against the bumper. WRISTWATCH on her left wrist as the crystal CRACKS against the HOOD of a BLACK SEDAN.

REVERSE ANGLE: ECU of her FACE as it BREAKS the windshield.

Her BODY TUMBLES across the HOOD.

Back to real time.

Constance BOUNCES off the hood and FLIES to the opposite side of the street. She LIES STILL, her purse 20 feet away, one shoe on.

MAURA

Tries to get up. She's dazed, bruised and bleeding from her palms and knees.

CAR

HITS REVERSE. Backs up at about 40 mph.

MAURA

Gets to her feet in time to see the TAILLIGHTS of the hit-and-run car, rocketing away. She SEES Constance's lifeless body.

MAURA (CONT'D)

(as she runs)

Mom!

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

10

**INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1**

10

Jane slips on high heels. She's a knock-out in a simple dress. She hurries to answer a knock at the door. Opens it.

REVEAL: Dean, dressed casually. He carries a bag of expensive take-out, a bottle of wine and two glasses.

AGENT DEAN

You look amazing.

JANE

You look like you're planning to eat...uh...here?

AGENT DEAN

I hope it's okay.

Jane starts to pull off the shoes.

JANE

'K, now I feel silly...Kind of overdressed for take-out.

Dean quickly puts the food and wine down, stops her by gently grabbing her wrists.

AGENT DEAN

No, don't. I want to look at you. And I want you all to myself.

JANE

You can take me out. I won't run away with the bus boy.

He laughs. Jane looks at the bag.

JANE (CONT'D)

Smells good. What'd you bring?

He pushes her hand away from the bag, playful.

AGENT DEAN

Hang on. Let's do this right. Do you have plates?

As Jane gets plates and silverware --

JANE

I usually just throw the food on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

Jane's cell RINGS on the counter. She looks at it, almost doesn't answer.

JANE (CONT'D)  
(to Dean)  
'Scuz me.  
(to phone)  
Hey, Maura. What's up?

As she listens, her face clouds with concern.

11 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ICU - NIGHT 1 11

Jane, still in her dress and heels but with a jacket on, rushes up to an anxious and exhausted Maura. Both of Maura's knees, her right elbow and her palms are bandaged.

JANE  
Oh, Maura...Are you okay?

MAURA  
Contusions and scrapes. I'm fine.

JANE  
Where's your mom?

MAURA  
Still in surgery...It's bad, Jane.  
I'm pretty sure it's an open book  
pelvic fracture and a head  
injury...they wouldn't let me go in  
the ambulance with her...

Her voice catches, her eyes well with tears.

MAURA (CONT'D)  
He drove right into her...and then  
he left her...

JANE  
I'm so sorry...

MAURA  
...I can't reach my father. He's in  
Tanzania.

JANE  
What can I do?

MAURA  
Turn the clock back...

Jane walks Maura over to two chairs.

(CONTINUED)



JANE

Did you see the car?

MAURA

No. It happened so fast...I sound like all the people we see everyday, don't I?

JANE

Yeah, but it's okay, Maura.

MAURA

She pushed me out of the way, Jane. My mother saved my life.

DR. RHONDA ROBERTSON, 40s to 50s, approaches. Maura jumps up, dabs her eyes to muster up a professional face.

MAURA (CONT'D)

How is she?

DR. ROBERTSON

It was a severe open book pelvic fracture, just like you thought.

MAURA

Okay...what about the bleeding?

DR. ROBERTSON

We performed an anterior pelvic open reduction and internal fixation.

MAURA

How much blood did you give her?

DR. ROBERTSON

Two units. Pressure is still low.

Jane can tell from Maura's reaction that this isn't good news.

MAURA

And the head and cervical CTs?

DR. ROBERTSON

Some intracranial bleeding...We're doing all we can, Dr. Isles.

MAURA

I know you are. Thank you, Doctor.

As Dr. Robertson walks away, Jane puts her arm around Maura. Maura's eyes fill with tears.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

What do you need?

MAURA

I need my dad. What if she dies,  
Jane? Even if I could reach him,  
it'll take him two days to get  
here...

Jane's phone buzzes a text.

JANE

It's Frost. He's already started  
reconstructing the hit-and-run.

MAURA

Go.

JANE

You sure?

MAURA

Yes.

JANE

(reluctant to go)  
Okay...

MAURA

I mean it. Go do what you do better  
than anyone I know: find the  
bastard who did this.

Maura stands next to Constance, who is intubated. Her face is swollen and bruised. She has in an I.V. A nurse checks it. Dr. Robertson finishes noting something in the chart. She gives Maura a sympathetic look.

DR. ROBERTSON

To maintain her vitals, she needs  
pressors.

MAURA

Even with the blood transfusions,  
FFP and albumin?

DR. ROBERTSON

Yes.

MAURA

So now we hope she makes it through  
the night.

12

DR. ROBERTSON  
(as she and nurse exit)  
Yes. I'm so sorry.

MAURA  
Thank you.

Maura sits in the chair next to her mother's bed, takes Constance's hand.

MAURA (CONT'D)  
C'mon, Mom. Please...

13

**EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE RESTAURANT / INT. HIGHLANDER - NIGHT 113**

Frankie is in the driver's seat of his Highlander. Frost is in the back seat. Jane gets in, still in dress and heels.

FRANKIE JR.  
Who are you dressed as?

JANE  
A person. Shut up.

FRANKIE JR.  
Nice to see you, too.

FROST  
I think you look great.

JANE  
Thank you.  
(to Frankie)  
Show me what you found or I'm getting out.

Frankie points through the windshield.

FRANKIE JR.  
Hit-and-run driver came from that direction. Minimum speed the vehicle was traveling prior to impact was 40 miles per hour.

POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: UNIFORMS in front of BPD traffic barriers WAVE cars to an alternate street.

As Jane pulls off her heels, rubs her feet --

JANE  
This is so you could show off your car, isn't it? I could read that in the report.

Frankie whips his head around to address only Frost.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE JR.

Can you talk to Detective Rizzoli?  
Because I can't.

FROST

I asked Frankie to do a hit-and-run  
work-up for the "Fatal Accident"  
team to help him make it into  
Homicide faster.

FRANKIE JR.

So you wanna see what I found or  
you wanna pick your toes?

JANE

I'm not picking my toes! My feet  
hurt.

FRANKIE JR.

So don't wear dumb shoes.

JANE

Show me.

Frankie pulls forward to where Constance was struck. CRIME  
SCENE markers are still there. Jane and Frost look out the  
rolled down windows.

JANE (CONT'D)

No skid marks prior to point of  
impact. Driver never applied the  
brakes...Maybe he didn't see them.

FROST

Frankie's got a different theory.

Frankie points through the windshield.

FRANKIE JR.

See those?

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD: MORE SKID MARKS.

FRANKIE JR. (CONT'D)

Locked wheel skid marks.

JANE

Okay, those say he stopped his car  
after he hit Constance. So he  
didn't just take off.

FROST

But not because he had a  
conscience. Take a look at the back-  
up cam.

(CONTINUED)

As Frankie throws the car into reverse --

FRANKIE JR.  
He hit reverse. Fast.

INSERT: Highlander screen as Frankie FLIES in reverse.  
SCREECHES to a HALT, inches from PARALLEL parked cars.

FROST  
That's where Maura fell. Right  
between parked cars.

Jane absorbs the news.

JANE  
...He was trying to hit her.

As Jane pulls out her cell...

JANE (CONT'D)  
This wasn't an accident.

14 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - HALLWAY - NIGHT 1 14

Maura talks to Dr. Robertson. We don't hear what they're  
saying but it's about Constance's condition. Dr. Robertson  
shows Maura a CT Scan of Constance's skull.

15 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - CONSTANCE'S ROOM - SAME 15

CLOSE ON: Maura's cellphone, BUZZING. We see the Caller I.D.  
It's "Jane." A MALE HAND switches the phone to "off."

ANGLE: Door as it opens and a preoccupied Maura steps inside.  
She GASPS when she sees the man.

REVERSE ANGLE: As the man stands and turns. It's PATRICK  
"PADDY" DOYLE.

He swiftly moves toward her as she tries to flee, puts his  
hand over her mouth.

PADDY  
Don't scream, Maura.

Maura doesn't fight him. Indicates she won't cry out. He  
releases her but puts himself between her and the door. She  
EYES her cellphone, too far away to reach.

MAURA  
What're you doing here?

PADDY  
I came as soon as I heard.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

You came for what?

PADDY

(re: Constance)

For her. She's a good woman.

MAURA

What do you know about my mother?  
I'd like you to leave.

PADDY

Not until I know she's okay -- and  
you're okay.

MAURA

You here to knock heads? You think  
that'll help?

PADDY

You'll see one day when you have a  
child --

MAURA

Give it up, would you? You're a  
murderer. I'd rather not be  
reminded that you fathered me. Go.

PADDY

Maura --

MAURA

I'm going to start screaming on the  
count of three. One --

PADDY

I'll tell you who your mother is.

MAURA

That's my mother.

PADDY

You once asked me...

MAURA

I don't like being toyed with. Two--

As Paddy moves to the door --

PADDY

I will tell you someday. When  
you're calm.

MAURA

Get out!

(CONTINUED)

He exits as Maura grabs her phone. Hesitates. Then DIALS Jane.

16 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - CONSTANCE'S ROOM - LATER 16

Maura sits next to Constance, holding her hand as Jane strides in.

JANE  
Did he say why he came?

MAURA  
Not really...but it seemed like he knew her...

JANE  
He knew Constance?

MAURA  
He said he'd tell me who my biological mother is.

JANE  
Do you want to know?

Maura shrugs.

JANE (CONT'D)  
I put a BOLO out on him. He can't keep slipping in and out of your life forever. We'll get him, Maura.

MAURA  
I don't know if I want you to...

JANE  
Not up to me...And you've got a more serious problem: someone was trying to kill you.

MAURA  
You're sure?

JANE  
The skid marks are pretty convincing.

MAURA  
(almost defeated)  
...Jane, I've testified in hundreds of murder trials...Completed autopsies for hundreds more. Any one of those men or women convicted could want me dead. I'd have to go through every case file...

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Since when do you not get excited  
about digging through four  
bazillion case files?

Maura looks over at Constance.

MAURA

Since now...

JANE

You're in danger until we figure  
out who tried to run you over...I  
put a Uniform on the door.

MAURA

Go start digging. I'll be okay.

Jane gives her a hug.

JANE

I can't tell you it'll be okay  
because I don't know that it will.  
But I'm here for you.

Maura nods. Jane exits.

**INT. BPD - DIVISION 1 CAFÉ - DAY 2**

Angela is going through a bag of jeans. Across the table is  
Arnold Whistler in sunglasses. Angela holds up a pair of  
skinny jeans.

ANGELA

I've always wanted to try these.

WHISTLER

You'd look great in them: Dark wash  
skinnies. Our top seller.

WE SEE Jane enter the LOBBY. Arnold roots around in his bag,  
pulls out an impossibly small pair of jeans, winks at Angela.

WHISTLER (CONT'D)

What size are you? A four?

Angela giggles like a teenager, flattered.

ANGELA

I haven't been a four since --

JANE

Since never. Back away from the  
jeans, Ma.



ANGELA

I was too a size four! How do you know? What's wrong with you?

JANE

That guy you're flirting with is a suspect in a possible arson murder.  
(to Whistler)  
You think bribing my mother will clear your name?

WHISTLER

Listen, 'Hon. You're tying up my money with the insurance company.

JANE

You bet I am. Take your jeans -- and get out of here.

A zaftig CLEANING LADY, 60s, walks in to get coffee. Arnold checks her out.

JANE (CONT'D)

Really?

**INT. BPD - BRIC - DAY 2**

Frost briefs Jane as Frankie listens. Jane picks up the evidence bag with Constance's shattered wristwatch.

MONITOR: blown up frames of the cracked crystal with BLACK SCRATCHES (paint).

FROST

Crime Lab found microscopic traces of black isocyanate paint embedded in the broken watch crystal.

FRANKIE JR.

It's automotive paint, Jane.

JANE

No, really? What makes you think that? Because a car hit her?

FRANKIE JR.

Okay, how do I get you to talk to me like you talk to Frost?

JANE

Don't state the obvious. Did you run it through the automotive paint database?

(CONTINUED)

FROST  
Yeah. Went back 30 years. Didn't  
find a match.

FRANKIE JR.  
So we're thinking a custom paint  
job, maybe.

JANE  
Okay, that's better. Still kinda  
obvious, but better. Could also be  
an old car. What's the next step?

FROST  
He's about to impress you.

FRANKIE JR.  
We sent it to the Toronto Forensic  
Lab.

JANE  
Okay. I'm impressed.

FRANKIE JR.  
They have the largest automotive  
paint database in the world.

JANE  
Okay, obvious. Back to unimpressed.

Korsak enters with files.

KORSAK  
Is Dr. Isles' mom gonna make it?

JANE  
I hope so...

KORSAK  
Crime Lab Tech came by to bring you  
some photos.

Korsak shows Jane, Frost and Frankie close-up photos of the  
dismantled and charred space heater.

JANE  
She took the space heater apart.

KORSAK  
Found all the components but the  
thermal cut-off switch.

Jane scans the report.

JANE

Somebody tampered with the heater?

KORSAK

Crime Lab's not sure without Dr. Isles to look at it.

FROST

You really think we're looking at an arson?

JANE

Maybe. But I don't think Arnold Whistler stops harassing women long enough to take apart a space heater. We should look at those fire records Maura asked for, see if there's a pattern. Frankie, can you see what's taking Arson so long?

FRANKIE JR.

Yeah, sure.

Jane watches as Frankie exits.

JANE

What I'm about to tell you does not leave this room. Paddy Doyle's back in town.

FROST

Oh, man...

KORSAK

For payback. His daughter was a target in a hit-and-run.

JANE

(confessing)

I told Maura I put a BOLO out on Doyle -- but I didn't.

FROST

Maybe we let him watch her back until we know who's after her. That's the one person he'll keep safe.

KORSAK

Hell, Jane, this whole thing could be **connected** to Doyle. A rival trying to draw him out. I'll reach out to a Southie C.I. See what he knows.

(CONTINUED)

18

JANE

At some point, we're gonna have to  
put Doyle away.

FROST

How's Maura gonna be with that?

JANE

Once this is over, I hope she'll be  
relieved.

19

**INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 2**

19

Jane enters her apartment, beat. Almost as soon as she's  
dropped her keys, there's a knock at the door. She opens it  
to find Dean. He holds out a six-pack.

AGENT DEAN

Hi.

JANE

Hi.

AGENT DEAN

Did you have a nice day?

JANE

Oh, yeah. It was great. You?

He puts down the six-pack and pulls her into his arms.

AGENT DEAN

Is Maura okay?

JANE

No.

AGENT DEAN

Are you okay?

JANE

Sort of.

AGENT DEAN

I came back for one reason.

JANE

You need someone to drink a six-  
pack with you?

He puts his hands on her face and pulls her to him, kissing  
her hard.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

20 **INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING - DAY 3** 20

Jane sleeps. Dean sits up on an elbow, watches her. He strokes her cheek. She stirs. Her HAND swats his away. HARD. He smiles. Her eyes flutter open.

JANE  
...there was something on my  
cheek...

Dean smiles as he rubs his hand.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Was it your hand...

AGENT DEAN  
Man, you gotta lay off the  
boxing...

JANE  
I'm sorry.

AGENT DEAN  
It's okay. I should've asked.

JANE  
You don't have to ask...

He leans over, kisses her.

She suddenly pulls away from him, grabs a sheet, wraps it around herself.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Oh, crap...

AGENT DEAN  
What is it?

JANE  
Maura. I gotta check on her.

AGENT DEAN  
Anything I can do?

JANE  
Yeah, go away. You're really  
distracting.

He smiles.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Can you do something for me?

(CONTINUED)

AGENT DEAN

I don't really want to go away --

JANE

Not that. I want you to pretend you're just...Gabriel...

AGENT DEAN

Oh, my God...you said my name.

JANE

Not Agent Dean. Can you do that?

AGENT DEAN

Yeah.

JANE

(hesitates)

...Paddy Doyle's back in town.

AGENT DEAN

Whoa...Patrick Doyle...You think the hit-and-run is connected to him?

JANE

If one of his enemies wanted to get back at him, Maura's the perfect target.

AGENT DEAN

Things could get a little ugly. That why you're telling me?

JANE

(nods)

How do I protect Maura?

Dean stares at her.

AGENT DEAN

Paddy Doyle's one of the FBI's most wanted fugitives.

JANE

Oh, well...at least we'll always have...South Boston.

He smiles, a little sad.

AGENT DEAN

So that's it? I pursue an organized crime mobster -- and we're...

(CONTINUED)

20

JANE

I don't know, Dean. I don't know.  
This is what always happens,  
though.

AGENT DEAN

I gave you my word I'd just be me.  
I won't do anything until you tell  
me I can.

21

**INT. BPD - DIVISION 1 CAFÉ - DAY 3**

21

Maura fixes her coffee as Angela brings her a stack of  
pancakes.

ANGELA

I'm not leaving until you eat those  
pancakes. I added quinoa. Dr. Oz  
says it's good for you.

As Maura forces herself to take a bite --

MAURA

Mmmm...good. Thank you.

-- Jane ENTERS the lobby, surprised to see Maura. She enters.

JANE

You're here!

MAURA

Her vitals stabilized. She's still  
critical. But she's a little  
better. I need to find out who did  
this.

JANE

Good. I need your help. Hey, Ma,  
can I have some pancakes?

ANGELA

(as she starts toward the  
kitchen)  
I tried a new recipe.

JANE

(low to Maura)  
How are they?

MAURA

(low)  
Gritty...

JANE

Yuck.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA  
(hears her, turns)  
"Yuck"? What do I do with "yuck"?

JANE  
Do you have any macaroni and  
cheese?

ANGELA  
For breakfast?

But she heads to the kitchen to get some.

MAURA  
Macaroni and cheese has high fat  
content, empty calories from white  
flour --

JANE  
You gotta ruin everything, don't  
you.

MAURA  
Sorry...My mother would never let  
me eat anything like that...

JANE  
You were deprived...

MAURA  
I thought kids who had bologna on  
white bread were lucky. I was the  
lucky one...

JANE  
I thought kids who got big  
allowances and didn't have to go to  
church were lucky...They were...

Angela sets down a steaming plate of mac and cheese.

MAURA  
That would probably be better with  
some grated Pecorino Romano.

ANGELA  
I've got ketchup.

Frankie comes racing in with a file folder of results.

FRANKIE JR.  
Jane -- I got 'em!

He stops short as he sees Maura.

(CONTINUED)



FRANKIE JR. (CONT'D)  
Hey, Maura...You...okay?

MAURA  
Yeah.

Frankie looks to Jane, unsure. Jane takes the folder, looks at results from the Toronto Forensics Lab.

JANE  
Toronto lab found something...  
(to Maura)  
Transfer paint on your mom's watch  
matched "Black Diamond." Old paint  
used on '70s police cruisers.

MAURA  
That's encouraging. How many 40-  
year-old cars could still be on the  
road?...  
(to herself)  
Although...it **was** heavy and  
powerful. Big Hemi engine --

JANE  
(hands to Frankie)  
Take this up to Frost. Have him put  
out a BOLO. We're looking for a  
black, early 70s Dodge Polara.

FRANKIE JR.  
(as he exits)  
Copy that.

JANE  
I have to tell you something. I  
told Dean Paddy's in town.

MAURA  
...it's okay. I told you. You have  
to do what you have to do.

About two dozen boxes of files cover Frost's desk and the floor surrounding it as Jane enters.

FROST  
Arson Squad sent over some of the  
fire incident reports. This isn't  
even all of them, Jane.

JANE  
We'll divide them up.

FROST  
About 400 have already been  
investigated by the Arson Squad.  
The rest were ruled "accidental."

JANE  
So we only have to look at 3,700.

Frankie comes running in.

FRANKIE JR.  
They found the car.

JANE  
That fast? How do you know?

FRANKIE JR.  
Same model, same paint.

JANE  
Any evidence of a collision?

FRANKIE JR.  
Yup. Bumper and hood damage.

JANE  
Excellent. Let's go.

Jane, Maura, Korsak, Frost and Frankie, along with CSRU TECHS  
comb a '74 Dodge Polara ex-police cruiser. ND Techs dust for  
prints. They're not finding any.

KORSAK  
Blues Brothers had a car like this.

FROST  
Who are the "Blues Brothers"?

KORSAK  
You did not just say that. No  
prints. It's been wiped clean.

Jane walks closer to the car with Maura, who looks shaken.

JANE  
Do you recognize it?

MAURA  
No...All I saw were  
headlights...and tail lights...

Jane stares at the hood.

JANE

That might be hair.

One of the CSRU Techs starts to collect the hair Jane is pointing at. Jane squats down, looks carefully at the bumper.

JANE (CONT'D)

And that's blood.

Another CSRU Tech collects it. Maura looks upset.

JANE (CONT'D)

Maura, we got this.

Maura shakes her head, fights not to cry.

MAURA

I wanted to see it...I know it's just an inanimate object...

JANE

It's okay to be upset, Maura.

MAURA

(as she turns to go)  
It's not professional to cry at work...I'm going to the hospital.

JANE

(as she signals a Uniform)  
I'm gonna have a Uniform follow you.

As Maura exits with a Uniform, Korsak calls Jane over.

KORSAK

Jane --

Jane walks to where Korsak is. He's crouched down, inspecting a puddle from ATF dripping from the undercarriage of the car.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

That's transmission fluid. Nobody's been driving this for awhile.

Jane follows more drips of fluid toward the exit.

JANE

There's a trail all the way in. Car broke down. That's why he left it here.

Frankie looks inside at the front dash.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE JR.

No plates or tags, and no Vin number.

KORSAK

Doesn't have one. Vehicles manufactured before '81 just had an I.D. tag.

FRANKIE JR.

So how do we trace the car?

FROST

Can't without the tag.

Jane moves around to the back of the car.

JANE

Look at this.

CLOSE ON: black paint in better condition, about the size of a fist.

FROST

Looks like there was a decal or an emblem glued on here.

As Jane waves over a Crime Scene Tech --

JANE

Can you apply a little fingerprint powder?

FROST

Good idea. Might stick to the adhesive here...

As the tech dusts, a shape starts to emerge.

JANE

Bat wings? What was here?  
(to tech)  
Take photos. A lot of 'em.

KORSAK

Got something...

Korak rummages around on the floor of the backseat. He shows them what he's found: a metal disk a little bigger than a quarter.

JANE

What is that?

(CONTINUED)

KORSAK

No idea.

Frost pokes his head in on the other side of the car.

FROST

There's a stain on the floor mat on this side. Doesn't look like blood.

JANE

(calls to Crime Tech)  
Collect the floor mat. But swab it first and get it to the lab.

The CSRU tech does as he's instructed as Jane stands back and surveys the car.

JANE (CONT'D)

I think our bad guy was in a little bit of a hurry...

**INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - CONSTANCE'S ROOM - NIGHT 3**

Dr. Robertson is checking Constance as Maura enters. In a chair next to Constance's bed sits Paddy Doyle. Maura fights not to gasp.

DR. ROBERTSON

(to Maura as she enters)  
She's doing better.  
(as she exits)  
Nice to meet you, Mr. Isles.

Maura says nothing as Robertson exits.

MAURA

You told her you're my father?

PADDY

I said I'm your uncle. I wanted to keep an eye on your mom while you checked out the perp's car.

MAURA

How did you know that?

PADDY

I don't miss anything if it relates to you.

He pulls out his wallet, shows her photos he carries around.

INSERT: photos of Maura in a wallet. As a little girl all the way through college and medical school graduations.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

I never knew you were there.

PADDY

I wanted to be the kind of man who could be this little girl's dad.

MAURA

So why weren't you?

PADDY

I couldn't be anything other than what I was: a low-class thug from South Boston. My dad, my uncles, hell my grandfather -- all Irish mob. I grew up wanting to be just like them. Until I met your mom --

Maura glances over at Constance --

PADDY (CONT'D)

I mean your birth mom. She was so different, so special. I wanted to be good enough for her. But I wasn't.

MAURA

Why did she give me up?

PADDY

She was only 18. She was brilliant, like you.

MAURA

What the hell did she see in you?

PADDY

You know how many times I've asked myself that?

Constance stirs.

CONSTANCE

...uhhh...

Maura rushes to her bedside.

MAURA

Mom? Mom?

CONSTANCE

...Maura?

As Maura leans in, elated that her mother is regaining consciousness --

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

Mom, how do you feel?

CONSTANCE

Terrible. What happened?

MAURA

You've been in an accident.

CONSTANCE

Someone was here...He was talking to me...telling me...to live for my daughter...Was it Patrick?

MAURA

Patrick?

Maura whips her head around to look for Paddy. He's gone. Constance closes her eyes, slips back into sleep.

**INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - CRIME LAB - DAY 4**

Maura looks at the space heater by herself as Jane enters.

JANE

What're you doing here?

MAURA

I am distracting myself because if I don't fill my brain with "useless" information, I start crying, okay?

JANE

Okay.

Jane holds up a plastic evidence envelope with the disk Korsak found.

JANE (CONT'D)

Any idea what this is?

MAURA

Where did you find that? I thought maybe one of my techs misplaced it when they took the heater apart.

JANE

How's that possible? We just found it.

MAURA

It's the thermal cutoff switch. From this space heater.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Wait...from this one?

MAURA

Yes. Where'd you find it?

JANE

In the car that hit your mother...

MAURA

What? Are you sure?

JANE

Yeah...Whoever tried to kill you in  
that car started the fire...

**END OF ACT THREE**



**ACT FOUR**

26

**INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY 4**

26

Craig Hill's body is under a sheet and on a nearby autopsy table. Jane and Maura talk about what they know.

MAURA

But why would I be a target?

JANE

You didn't pay your dry cleaning bill? You were mean to your pool cleaner?

MAURA

I don't have a pool.

JANE

Maura, stop and think about the timeline: Arson Squad says it's an accident. You ask to look at the space heater. Next thing you know, a hit-and-run driver goes after you.

Chang comes in.

CHANG

I have results on the stain in the suspect's car.

Maura takes them. Chang exits.

MAURA

Dextromethorphan, Guaifenesin and Glycerol.

JANE

Commonly referred to, for those without PhDs in Organic Chemistry, as??

MAURA

Cough syrup.

As Maura slaps the file folder closed --

JANE

(dead end)  
Great...

Maura heads to a computer monitor, starts looking at photos of Craig Hill's turnout gear including his gloves. Jane looks, too.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

The turnout gear is a fusion of Kevlar and Nomex...no scorch marks on his coat or pants...but look at the scorch marks on the gloves. See? That would take a temperature of at least 2400 degrees.

JANE

Fahrenheit?..That's hot...

MAURA

Low oxygen fires don't burn at the temperature necessary to do this to clothing. And why just the gloves?

Maura hits keys. Calls up photos of the internal view of Craig Hill's airway.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Plus damage to his airway from extremely hot air. I can't explain that either...

Chang enters with another report.

CHANG

Sorry Dr. Isles -- but you said you wanted the gas chromatography results when they were in.

MAURA

(as she takes them and Chang exits)

Thank you. It's the analysis of substances I found on Craig Hill's face shield...there's something here.

Jane has been joined by Korsak and Frost. They all fight to understand the complicated science as Maura explains.

MAURA

Gas chromatography is used to separate and analyze compounds that can be vaporized --

JANE

Could you say that in Earthling?

MAURA

There are trace levels of potassium permanganate on his face shield.

FROST  
Even more earthling?

MAURA  
I suspect we will also find  
potassium permanganate on his  
gloves. That partially explains the  
high level of charring.

JANE  
I think our work here is done.

KORSAK  
You do?

JANE  
No. I have no idea what she's  
talking about.

Maura grabs a bottle of cough syrup she's brought to the lab.

MAURA  
See this?

JANE  
Yup. Cough syrup...wait...cough  
syrup! We found traces of it in the  
hit-and-run driver's car!

MAURA  
Yes. Glycerol is the chief  
ingredient in cough syrup.

Maura shows them Potassium Permanganate liquid in a glass  
jar.

MAURA (CONT'D)  
This is Potassium Permanganate.  
Watch this.

Maura pours a drop of Potassium Permanganate onto a tray.

MAURA (CONT'D)  
Stand back.

Maura squeezes a few drops of cough syrup onto the Potassium  
Permanganate. WHOOSH! It explodes into BRIGHT WHITE FLAMES.

MAURA (CONT'D)  
When glycerol is used as an  
accelerant, Potassium Permanganate  
becomes extremely combustible.

FROST  
No kidding...

(CONTINUED)

Maura grabs the melted face shield.

MAURA

The outside edge of Craig Hill's  
face shield was coated with  
Potassium Permanganate.

JANE

That's why the shield melted! Craig  
Hill was fighting a low oxygen fire  
when somebody threw cough syrup on  
his shield. Wait, you said it was a  
chemical reaction --

FROST

--that's right! Where did the  
potassium permanganate come from?

MAURA

I think someone rubbed it on his  
mask before the fire.

JANE

His gloves -- Did they ignite  
because they were coated, too?

MAURA

I think so.

KORSAK

So he had no chance...somebody  
wanted him dead...

JANE

Somebody who was in that fire with  
him...

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

28

**INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY 4**

28

Clear Board is up with photos of all 16 firefighters and Capt. Kobolsnik and the A. Whistler blaze and aftermath. Korsak studies it.

KORSAK

Maybe it was personal...

FROST

Maybe...

KORSAK

Bunch of white guys sued the Boston Fire Department in 2001. Claimed the affirmative action hiring plan was discriminatory. Craig Hill was African American.

FROST

Not bad for the old white guy.

KORSAK

You know, that's harassment, Frost.

FROST

The old part or the white part?

JANE

Find out if any of the firefighters in Engine Company 50 were part of that lawsuit before Korsak sues you, Frost.

Frost taps away on his computer.

FROST

...here's the original complaint...yeah, Jim Grant. He was named.

JANE

We talked to him. He fought the Whistler fire with Craig Hill...

29

**INT. BPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 4**

29

Jane and Frost work over Jim Grant.

JIM GRANT

How many times I gotta tell you?  
Check my damn alibi.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

We are. It's a good one, Jim.  
Consoling the dead fireman's wife.

JIM GRANT

Ask her.

FROST

You didn't like it that Craig Hill  
had a lower test score but he was  
hired before you, did you?

JIM GRANT

No. Would you?

FROST

No.

JIM GRANT

Wasn't Craig's fault. Department  
changed its policy. My dad was a  
firefighter. My granddad. I wanted  
to be one all my life. And they're  
telling me "no" because of the  
color of my skin?

Korsak enters. Jane gets up.

KORSAK

Alibi checks out. Craig Hill's  
widow says he was there during the  
time of the hit-and-run.

JIM GRANT

Hit-and-run? I thought we were  
talking about a fire.

JANE

You can go now.

JIM GRANT

Craig was a damn fine firefighter.  
We all miss him.

Frost stands, reaches for Grant's hand. As they shake --

FROST

(reaches for his hand)  
I'm sorry for your loss.

JIM GRANT

Thank you.

30

**INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY 4**

30

Jane and Frost enter as Frankie runs in. He has a metal Florian cross in his hand.

FRANKIE JR.

This is what was on the back of the hit-and-run car. One of these.

He produces a close-up photo of the fist-sized image from the back of the hit-and-run car, compares it. They look.

KORSAK

That's a St. Florian cross. Boston firefighters union issued those beginning in 1970.

Jane, Frost and Frankie join Korsak as they look at photos of the firefighters from Engine 50.

JANE

Nobody is old enough...

FRANKIE JR.

Maybe it's a legacy.

FROST

Yeah. Jim Grant said his dad and his granddad were Boston firefighters.

KORSAK

One of them could've given him the cross.

JANE

Grant's got an airtight alibi.

KORSAK

It's gotta be someone in Engine Company 50.

JANE

We could interrogate all of them.

CAVANAUGH

No, you can't.

They turn to see COMMANDER SEAN CAVANAUGH enter.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

There's not gonna be any more interrogations.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

But sir, we think one of these  
firefighters is our suspect.

CAVANAUGH

Gonna have to find another way.  
Grant complained to his union.  
Every firefighter in the city is  
lawyered up. And they're pissed at  
us.

KORSAK

That's not good...

CAVANAUGH

(as he exits)

No. It's not.

An ND Uniform enters with a big box of files. Frost takes it  
from him. He exits.

FROST

This is the last of the Arson  
Squad's fire reports from last  
year.

JANE

(as she looks)

They're all Engine 50's files.  
Where were they?

Frost looks at a sign-out sheet attached to the top of the  
box.

FROST

That's weird: Craig Hill checked  
them out.

KORSAK

Our victim?

JANE

Craig Hill was looking into all the  
fires his company responded to last  
year? And then he ends up dead.  
What the hell was he about to find?

They trade looks as they all start toward the box.

TIME CUT TO:

**INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - LATER**

Jane, Korsak and Frost each pore over files. Maura has joined  
them. She looks at files, too.

(CONTINUED)



JANE

"Cause was traced to a carbon build-up in the burner section of the water heater..."

KORSAK

Happens all the time.

Jane holds up ten files she's set aside.

JANE

Electrical fire. Water heater explosion. All of these were ruled accidental.

MAURA

Nothing I'm looking at looks suspicious, either.

JANE

Here's what's weird: every one of these fires happened at dawn on a Tuesday in District 21. Anybody know what's special about Tuesday in that district?

KORSAK

Garbage day is all I can think of.

JANE

Yeah...The fires all began at commercial businesses in the early morning right before garbage pick up.

Frost stands.

FROST

And what's a great source of fuel for a fire?

KORSAK

Garbage...

JANE

Craig Hill must've figured out somebody was setting fires in his district. Somebody who was so good, the fires were ruled "accidental."

MAURA

And when I requested the files to review them, I became the next target.

(CONTINUED)

31

FROST  
So now what do we do?

JANE  
Our suspect is probably a  
firefighter...We gotta draw him  
out.

KORSAK  
How?

MAURA  
I might have an idea...

32 **INT. ENGINE 50, COMPANY 3 FIREHOUSE / EXT. FIREHOUSE - DAY 432**

CLOSE ON: firefighters uniforms, about SIXTEEN, all hanging.  
A SWAB enters frame.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: MAURA as she swabs the last of the 16  
BLACK uniforms and one WHITE uniform. Jim Grant, Kevin Flynn,  
Capt. Kobolsnik and about 5 ND fireman watch. All look a  
little hostile.

Maura turns to Capt. Kobolsnik.

MAURA  
Thank you. I'm sorry for this, but  
as the medical examiner, I am  
entitled to collect forensic  
evidence from city property.

CAPT. KOBOLSNIK  
Anything else? My men aren't too  
happy.

MAURA  
I see that. And I am sorry. Yes,  
there is something else. I'd like  
the plans of the Whistler Factory.

CAPT. KOBOLSNIK  
More evidence collection?

MAURA  
Yes.

He grabs rolled plans from a shelf, hands them to her.

CAPT. KOBOLSNIK  
I can't guarantee the safety of  
that building.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

That's quite all right. I know what  
I'm doing.

As she takes the plans and exits, the firefighters watch her  
go. Not happy. Not happy at all...

**END OF ACT FIVE**

**ACT SIX**

33

**INT. A. WHISTLER DENIM FACTORY - DAY 4**

33

Maura pushes open the door, enters the cavernous husk of the burned factory --

She clicks on a maglite, keeps walking. It's eerie. Like a ship resting at the bottom of the sea. Burned sewing machines are covered with soot. BITS OF ASH lazily DRIFT from the ceiling and LIFT off the floor as Maura walks...

She stops, sets her kit down on a half-burned sewing table, unrolls the plans and looks for the place where Craig Hill died.

KEVIN FLYNN

You looking for where Craig died?

Maura turns to see him walking toward her.

MAURA

Yes.

BEHIND A WALL

Jane and Frost crouch, guns drawn.

JANE

It's Kevin Flynn...

MAURA AND FLYNN

Walk and talk.

They head further into the factory. He stops.

KEVIN FLYNN

We found him right about here.

34

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME (INTERCUT)**

34

Korsak and Frankie listen intently through headphones.

MAURA AND FLYNN

KEVIN FLYNN

My grandpa died fighting the '72 Vendome Fire.

MAURA

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN FLYNN  
City just keeps cutting back and  
cutting back...Craig shouldn't have  
been in here by himself.

JANE AND FROST

Get ready to move when suddenly, a FIGURE appears out of the  
shadows. It's Agent Dean.

JANE  
(low)  
You followed me?

He shakes his head "no."

MAURA AND FLYNN

KEVIN FLYNN  
You shouldn't be here by yourself.

MAURA  
Why not?

KEVIN FLYNN  
You know why not.

Flynn pulls out a revolver, points it at Maura.

KEVIN FLYNN (CONT'D)  
You shoulda just left it alone.

MAURA  
Don't, Kevin.

IT ALL HAPPENS IN SECONDS.

Suddenly --

BOOM! FLYNN IS HIT BY A BULLET. He goes down.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME (INTERCUT)**

As Korsak and Frankie FLING OFF their headphones --

KORSAK  
What the hell!

JANE, FROST AND DEAN

Advance. They didn't fire. What the hell?

Jane looks UP.

PADDY DOYLE

Gun out, on a catwalk. Maura's eyes follow Jane's. Dean POINTS HIS GUN AT PADDY.

AGENT DEAN  
Drop your weapon, Doyle.

JANE  
Gabriel...No!

IN SLO MO:

Paddy TURNS to run. Dean FIRES, hits Paddy in the shoulder. He keeps going, but returns fire. HITS Dean in the thigh.

JANE

FIRES, hits Paddy as Maura SCREAMS.

MAURA  
NO!

PADDY

TUMBLES off of the catwalk. HITS the floor with a sickening THUD.

BACK TO REAL TIME

Dean gets to his feet, his thigh oozing blood.

Frost checks Kevin Flynn's pulse. He's dead.

Maura RUNS to Paddy as BLOOD POOLS under his body. She fights not to sob, cradles his head. Blood LEAKS from his ear and nostrils.

PADDY  
Hope...

MAURA  
Hope? What do you hope?

PADDY  
Hope...

Jane RIPS off her jacket, drops to Maura's side.

MAURA  
Don't touch him...

JANE

Maura...

MAURA

I mean it. Don't you dare touch  
him.

OFF Jane as she slowly backs away from Maura...

**END OF SEASON TWO**