



“This Is How A Heart Breaks”

Episode 303

#2M5903

Written By

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Directed By

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PRODUCTION DRAFT

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BLUE FULL REVISED

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# RIZZOLI & ISLES

## 303 "This Is How A Heart Breaks" BLUE REVISED

### 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  
^LIEUTENANT DETECTIVE SEAN CAVANAUGH ..... BRIAN GOODMAN

U.S. Soldier/Bernard Avery/Street Artist ..... TBD  
\*Trent Farley ..... TBD  
Rondo..... TBD  
Lance Corporal Justin Brown ..... TBD  
Morgue Tech..... TBD  
\*Dennis Rockmond ..... TBD  
\*Joelle Avery ..... TBD  
Dr. James Bacal..... TBD  
Ray..... TBD  
\*Lt. Col. Casey Jones.....Chris Vance  
Tyler Moore ..... TBD  
Sour Grapes..... TBD  
Jeff Miller..... TBD  
Susie Chang..... TBD

^Does not appear in this episode

# RIZZOLI & ISLES

303 "This Is How A Heart Breaks" BLUE REVISED

## SET LIST

### INTERIORS

BPD

LOBBY

ELEVATORS NEAR LOBBY

MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE

AUTOPSY ROOM

MAURA'S OFFICE

HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM/BRIC

HALLWAY OUTSIDE

INTERROGATION ROOM

INTERVIEW ROOM

OBSERVATION ROOM/

INTERROGATION ROOM

DIVISION 1 CAFÉ

MAURA'S HOUSE

GREAT ROOM/KITCHEN

THE TRUCE VETERAN CENTER

CASEY'S OFFICE

\*OUTSIDE AN OFFICE DOOR

FREIGHT ELEVATOR TO STEVE

BLISTER'S LOFT

LOFT

ART GALLERY

\*

### EXTERIORS

BOSTON ALLEY

VACANT LOT

HOMELESS ENCAMPMENT

BOSTON SIDE STREET

ROOFTOP

\*

\*

\*TRUCE VETERAN CENTER

\*COURTYARD

**RIZZOLI & ISLES**

**303 "This Is How A Heart Breaks" BLUE REVISED**

**DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN**

Scenes	Day/Night
1	N1
2-18	D2
19-22	N2
*23-25	D3
*25A-27	D4
*28-35	N4

**ACT ONE**

1 **EXT. BOSTON - ALLEY - NIGHT 1** 1

A U.S. MARINE, late 20s, in Desert Camo BDU pants and a dirt-streaked Marine-issue T-shirt, DARTS down a dark alley. He's terrified as he HUNTS for cover. \*

POP-POP-POP. Guns fire. He hunkers down behind a parked car, hands over his head as -- RAT-A-TAT-TAT -- machine gun fire ERUPTS behind him. \*

His face is streaked with sweat and dirt. He PANTS, his eyes wide with terror. FOOTSTEPS as the enemy APPROACHES. SLOWS... He's being hunted. \*

FOOTSTEPS move on. This is his chance. He steels his nerves -- RUNS FOR IT.

HE DIVES BEHIND A DUMPSTER just as -- BOOM! An IED (improvised exploding device) EXPLODES behind him. We hear the AGONIZED CRIES of men dying. He crouches low, holds his head, tries to block out the cries. But it tortures him. \*

He peers around the edge of the dumpster. \*

HIS POV: it's not war-torn Fallujah. It's a quiet Boston Alley. A few homeless men are asleep in doorways, scattered along the alley along with their shopping cart "homes." ONE OF THE BEDROLLS STIRS. Is one of them awake? \*

Our homeless vet looks dazed, tortured by what he's just relived as he takes a tattered blanket from his shopping cart piled high with crap, an American flag bungie-corded to it. \*

He's curling up next to the dumpster when -- \*

WHACK! He's struck hard in the back of his right shoulder. \*

He only has time to roll onto his back. He tries to defend himself, LIFTS his hands. \*

SLO MO as TWO HANDS SWING what looks like an ax at his face... \*

MATCH CUT TO:

PFFFT! Box cutters SLASH string that holds brown paper over the last of the packing materials encasing something big. \*

2 INT. BPD - LOBBY - DAY 2

2

DR. MAURA ISLES and ANGELA RIZZOLI PULL the brown paper off what looks like a giant junk heap. Two moving men collect a dolly, crate and packing materials nearby.

\*  
\*  
\*

MAURA

This is truly magnificent.

\*  
\*

ANGELA

I don't know what to say...

\*  
\*

They pull more paper off of a welded "sculpture" made of rusted pipes, a car battery and car parts. DET. JANE RIZZOLI joins them, amused by their enthusiasm.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

JANE

I do: yuck. Cavanaugh's gonna kill  
you for dragging that hunk of junk  
in here.

\*  
\*

MAURA

It's a Gia Dupont original.

Angela has a security rope she is trying to wrap around the  
"installation" --

\*

ANGELA

I should've taken you to more  
museums. Then maybe you'd  
appreciate art.

\*

JANE

So a decomposing Pinto is "art"?  
Least you bought American. Bet you  
could've bought a Ted Williams  
original for what you spent.

\*  
\*  
\*

MAURA

I don't know that artist.

JANE

(she mimes a swing)  
Drove a homerun 502 feet into the  
bleachers at Fenway. Put that ball  
on display, you'll have grown men  
weeping.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Jane's PHONE RINGS. Maura's phone BUZZES.

JANE (CONT'D)

Gee, too bad we've got a case. I  
could stare at this for hours.

\*  
\*  
\*

MAURA

Me, too.

\*  
\*  
\*

3

**EXT. BOSTON - ALLEY - DAY 2**

3

FRANKIE RIZZOLI JR. holds back both HOMELESS and HIPSTER LOOKIE-LOOS pressing against the yellow tape. CSRU and ND detectives move aside as Jane and Maura push through. Jane is bothered by the graffiti covering walls of the alley.

JANE  
I hate taggers.

MAURA  
That's not tagging. That's graffiti.

JANE  
Same thing.

MAURA  
No, it is not.

As Maura stops to admire a stenciled wheat-paste poster of a YOUNG BOY'S FACE as he gazes at something. His face is fractured into pieces as though it's exploded.

MAURA (CONT'D)  
What a powerful piece of street art...

JANE  
What a powerful example of felony vandalism.

MAURA  
Jane, this is contemporary art.

JANE  
Says the woman who pays fifty grand for old Pinto parts.

MAURA  
How'd you know? \*

JANE  
Unbelievable. Really? \*  
(waves Frankie over)  
Hey, Frankie, come take photos of all this vandalism for the Graffiti Task Force.

As Frankie walks over and pulls out his camera phone --

FRANKIE  
You got it.

(CONTINUED)



Jane and Maura walk up to DET. BARRY FROST. He's talking to  
TRENT FARLEY, 30s, owner of CRIMES OF THE ART gallery. SGT.  
DET. VINCE KORSAK, 15 yards away, directs a CSRU photographer  
at the uncovered body, which is face up and bloody. \*

JANE  
(re: Farley) \*  
He a witness? \*

FROST  
Says he was working late in his \*  
gallery. Heard some yelling. \*

FARLEY \*  
I thought it was a couple of \*  
homeless vets squabbling over a \*  
shopping cart. A lot of 'em sleep \*  
in this alley. \*

JANE \*  
Why were you working late? \*

Farley holds up glossy postcard invites: a canvas rendition \*  
of the exploding boy's face. \*

FARLEY \*  
Getting ready for a big showing of \*  
my art. \*

MAURA \*  
(as she takes a postcard) \*  
Detective Rizzoli will want to \*  
attend. She's a budding art \*  
enthusiast. \*

FROST  
For real?

JANE \*  
For not real. Go help Korsak. \*

Frost walks over to Korsak. \*

MAURA \*  
We just saw this in a different \*  
medium --

FARLEY \*  
You saw my work? \*

JANE  
So you're admitting to felony  
vandalism?

FARLEY

No, no I didn't put that poster up.

\*

JANE

We catch you defacing property, you  
won't have another art show, pal.

\*

Farley heads off as Jane and Maura approach Korsak and Frost,  
who now crouch next to the body. Frost is showing Korsak  
something on his tablet.

\*

\*

\*

The victim is on his left side, a gaping slash wound on his  
right shoulder. Slashes and puncture wounds cover his chest,  
hands and face. Korsak lifts DOG TAGS as Frost stands and  
shows Jane the tablet with a photo of Sergeant Bernard Avery.

\*

\*

\*

\*

KORSAK

Survives Fallujah, and dies in the  
streets of Boston.

FROST

Victim is Bernard Avery, 29.

\*

MAURA

He's still warm. Rigor hasn't  
presented.

JANE

Pretty nasty wounds.

\*

Jane sees the shopping cart near the body.

\*

JANE (CONT'D)

That's probably his. Have CSRU bag  
everything.

\*

\*

\*

Frost nods.

\*

KORSAK

Sad...we've got about 300 homeless  
vets on the streets of Boston.

\*

\*

\*

MAURA

(lifts his shirt)

Sharp force trauma. Chop wounds and  
puncture wounds.

FROST  
(to Jane and Korsak)  
Two weapons?

KORSAK  
So maybe two killers.

Jane moves a few feet away, points out one set of faint bloody footprints.

JANE  
No. We got one set of shoe impressions.

Maura makes a face at this definitive statement.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Those aren't bloody footprints? \*  
(mimics Maura)  
I'll first need to rule out a pogo stick that could've been utilized by our assailant for his get-away -- \*

MAURA  
(deep voice, mimics Jane)  
Really? How could you not know our killer likes apple pie and long walks with his pit bull? \*

KORSAK  
Are you two gonna start this again?

JANE MAURA  
We weren't talking to you. We weren't talking to you.

RONDO (O.S.)  
Yo, Vanilla! Over here!

Jane turns to see RONDO, being held back by an irritated Frankie. Rondo WRITES FAST on a cardboard sign. TURNS it around: "WILL WORK FOR FOOD VANILLA."

RONDO (CONT'D)  
I got a tip on your murder but your bro here acting like we ain't even family! \*

It's littered with cardboard shelters, tarps, bedrolls. Rondo leads Jane past various HOMELESS MEN and WOMEN.

JANE

This better be good, Rondo.

RONDO

You're gonna wanna promote me to  
Homicide, Vanilla. One of my C.I.'s  
knows who the killer is.

\*

JANE

"One"? How many you got?

RONDO

Many as you need, baby.

Rondo stops at a homeless cart piled high with a makeshift  
tent attached. There's someone in the tent, sitting up. His  
combat boots are visible.

\*

\*

\*

RONDO (CONT'D)

Yo Justin, it's General Rondo.  
Perimeter's clear my man.

JANE

"General"?

JUSTIN BROWN, 29, emerges wearing filthy fatigues and  
clutching a cheap, small electric keyboard piano.

JUSTIN

(eyes Jane)

You sure she's not Taliban, sir?

JANE

(badges him)

Does this look like a Burqa?

RONDO

You can trust her. She works for  
me, don't ya, Private?

\*

(off her look)

Work with me, Vanilla.

JANE

Yes...uh, General Rondo here tells  
me you can I.D. the killer --

\*

JUSTIN

Lance Corporal Justin Brown, ma'am.  
I can, ma'am. Sergeant Avery was  
K.I.A.'d by an insurgent dressed as  
Force Recon.

Justin tries to hand Jane his electronic keyboard.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Take this. It contains classified intel.

JANE

(to Rondo)

Really?

RONDO

I'm tellin' ya, he saw something. Kid was a Marine Special Ops.

As Rondo gently takes the keyboard from Justin --

RONDO (CONT'D)

I got you, bro. Your intel's safe with me.

JUSTIN

Thank you, sir.

Reassured, Justin steps back. Rondo turns the keyboard over, trying to understand what Justin meant.

JANE

(as she peels off a \$10)

Here.

RONDO

Man, Homicide's hard up. Economy's getting you, too, huh Vanilla?

Jane peels off another \$10.

JANE

You bring me a real witness, I'll bring you some real money.

As she turns to walk away, she sees Rondo discreetly hand the money to Justin. Jane is touched. \*

**INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY 2**

Victim is undressed and face down. Jane watches as Maura probes a gaping laceration in his shoulder with a ruler.

MAURA

...centimeter and a half deep...  
Help me turn him over. \*

They turn the body onto its back. Along with multiple hacking and puncture wounds, the torso, face and hands are covered with BRUISES. \*

JANE

I see gashes, stab wounds, bruises.  
That's three different weapons.

MAURA

Not necessarily. The bruises here  
were likely caused by a rounded  
instrument --

JANE

(looks closely)

That could be from the handle of a  
hammer. The stab wounds could be  
from the claw...still doesn't  
explain those massive gashes...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As Jane grabs a pen and paper, begins to sketch --

MAURA

The gashes are consistent with a  
cleaver --

JANE

...Or an ax, Maura. Maybe it had an  
ax on one side, some kind of narrow  
spike on the other...

\*

MAURA

You never told me you could draw.

JANE

Oh, yeah. This'll go for \$10K. But  
you can have it for --

Jane stops, stares at her drawing. An idea flashes across her  
face. She quickly adds some details, holds it up.

JANE (CONT'D)

...wait...Maura, what does that  
look like? Could it be a tomahawk?

\*  
\*

MAURA

There hasn't been a murder in  
Boston by tomahawk since the Pequot  
tribe attacked the colonists --

JANE

Our victim's a vet -- a Marine.  
(getting excited)  
They issue tactical tomahawks to  
Marines. Would that explain all the  
injuries?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As they talk, TWO ND MORGUE TECHS wheel in a gurney with a body bag on it from the receiving area.

\*  
\*

MORGUE TECH

Got a fresh one for you, Dr. Isles.  
Guy collapsed in a cab on his way  
to Logan. EMTs pronounced him.

MAURA

Put him on this table, please.

As Maura signs the paperwork, they move the body and exit.

MAURA (CONT'D)

(reading)

Dennis Rockmond, 37.

\*

Maura unzips the body bag, reveals DENNIS ROCKMOND, handsome, even in death.

\*

JANE

He's kinda hot -- for a dead guy.

MAURA

Exceptionally symmetrical  
face...what a waste.

As Maura continues to unzip the bag, Jane notices something horrifying.

JANE

Maura...Maura!

MAURA

What?

Jane points at the man's crotch. He has an erection. Because she's a doctor before anything else, Maura takes his pulse where there is still a sign of life.

MAURA (CONT'D)

His penis has a pulse...

JANE

Oh my God. He's alive...

\*

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

6 **INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY 2 -** 6  
**MINUTES LATER**

Maura tips the man's head back. She fights panic.

MAURA

He has an obstruction in his  
airway. It might be a bronchospasm.  
Where are the EMTs?

JANE

They're coming! Do something. \*

MAURA

Someone needs to perform a  
cricothyrotomy --

JANE

Hey, how 'bout you since you're  
here! He's still alive, Maura. Help  
him. \*

Maura quickly rips a package open, pulls out a fresh scalpel.

MAURA

Find me a slender tube.

JANE

Where?

MAURA

In the drawer.

Jane bangs drawers open, paws through them, throws shit.

JANE

You've got a lot of drawers -- \*

Maura swabs Dennis's throat with an alcohol swab.

MAURA

Any tube that'll create an airway --  
a straw.

JANE

A straw? You want a milkshake, too?

As Maura makes a small cut in the man's throat --

MAURA

I need a tube...

(CONTINUED)



As Jane grabs the BALLPOINT PEN, breaks it, pulls the ink cylinder out --

MAURA (CONT'D)

Ugh...I hate working on live people. What if I kill him again?

As Jane hands Maura the clear plastic pen barrel --

JANE

Do it!

Maura pushes the pen barrel into the incision. Jane watches, tense, as Maura BLOWS air into his lungs. Waits a beat. Does it again. Dennis's chest begins to RISE AND FALL.

JANE (CONT'D)

I think you did it! Look.

Dennis's eyes flutter open. Bewildered, he LOCKS EYES with Maura -- *Where am I?*

MAURA

You're okay, you're alive...

He reaches for her hand as TWO EMTs rush in.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Two milligrams Salbutamol. He's having bronchospasms.

One EMT takes over, BLOWS into the tube. Another starts an I.V. As they work on him before transferring him to a Stryker, Jane and Maura turn to each other --

JANE

Okay, that was exciting --

MAURA

You think we should bump fists?

As they do it --

MAURA (CONT'D)

It's nice to save someone that handsome --

JANE

Wait, if he was ugly, you woulda let him die?

MAURA  
Of course not!

Jane grabs her Tomahawk drawing, turns to head out.

JANE  
Get back to work on the other dead  
guy.

As Maura moves toward Bernard --

JANE (CONT'D)  
Check his pulse first.

They both smile as Jane heads out.

Jane enters with her drawing as Korsak and Frost get up from their desks. As all three head toward BRIC, walk and talk --

JANE  
Think our murder weapon is a  
tactical tomahawk.

\*  
\*  
\*

KORSAK  
We had 'em in 'Nam.

\*

FROST  
You did?

\*  
\*

KORSAK  
Our victim did two tours in Iraq,  
one in Afghanistan.

\*  
\*  
\*

FROST  
Hey, heard you and Dr. Isles  
brought a zombie back to life.

\*  
\*

JANE  
How'd you know?

KORSAK  
News like that travels --

FROST  
(lifts his index finger)  
Yeah, hard and fast.

Korsak and Frost laugh.

JANE

Does the fascination with your dingalings ever end?

KORSAK

Nope.

FROST

Nope.

As they move to BRIC --

\*

JANE (CONT'D)

Let's check his military record.  
See if he was issued a tomahawk.

\*

\*

KORSAK

Nasty weapon. Cuts through bone like it's cotton candy.

\*

\*

\*

Frost pushes open the door to --

\*

BRIC

\*

Frost sits down, starts typing.

\*

KORSAK (CONT'D)

I hope we're not looking at a vet-on-vet murder.

FROST

Here's his military record.

\*

ON MONITOR: Bernard's military record POPS up.

\*

KORSAK

...it's clean. Right there -- three combat tours, honorably discharged.

\*

JANE

Any arrests since he's been back?

As Frost punches keys --

FROST

Trespassing, couple of street fights, Public Drinking and Disorderly. No convictions, though.

KORSAK

Lots of guys try to drink the war away. Can't say I blame them.

JANE

We got any pictures of his Marine squad?

FROST

Yeah --

ON SCREEN: Photo of Bernard HOLDING A TOMAHAWK along with SIX other Marines. The marine standing next to him has one, too.

KORSAK

Bernard's holding his tomahawk...

JANE

(scans the faces)

Zoom in on the guy next to him.

Frost ZOOMS the image. It's Justin.

JANE (CONT'D)

Looks like Justin, Rondo's C.I.

FROST

(reads)

Lance Corporal Justin Brown.

KORSAK

He's got a tomahawk, too.

JANE

And we've got our first suspect.

Frankie Jr. enters, points through glass doors at a beautiful woman, 20s. It's JOELLE AVERY, Bernard's wife.

FRANKIE JR.

Bernard Avery's widow is waiting for you guys.

FROST

(re: her beauty)

Damn...

FRANKIE JR.

Yeah, I know, right?

JANE

She just lost her husband! C'mon, Korsak.

Jane exits, heads toward Joelle.

KORSAK

(to Frost)

Here's what you do --

(CONTINUED)

FROST

Oh, you're gonna give me game?

\*  
\*

Korsak ignores him, pulls out his own biz card.

\*

KORSAK

You say, "I know this is a terrible  
time for you. If there's anything I  
can do for you -- anything at all --  
you call me."

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FROST

Yeah, right. That works. C'mon,  
Frankie. Come help me pick up a  
murder suspect.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

8

**INT. BPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2**

8

Jane and Korsak sit across from JOELLE AVERY, 27. \*

KORSAK \*

We've seen his military record. He was a brave man. \*

JOELLE AVERY \*

Thank you. He was proud of his corps, and his country. So was I.

Jane hands her the photo of Bernard's squad. \*

JANE \*

You recognize any of these other men from your husband's squad?

Joelle scans the faces. \*

JOELLE AVERY \*

Yeah, a lot of his squad was from home. That's Justin, his best friend.

Jane and Korsak trade a look. \*

KORSAK \*

When I was drafted to 'Nam, we had guys from all over the country. Now you serve with friends from high school. \*

JOELLE AVERY \*

It made it easier for the first two tours. All his friends came home. \*

KORSAK \*

Makes it harder if you have to see them die. Is that what happened on the third tour? \*

Jane looks at Korsak. He's just revealed something she didn't know: he watched friends die in Vietnam. \*

(CONTINUED)

JOELLE AVERY

(yes)

They were on patrol. They only had a week left. A suicide bomber blew himself up...a lot of 'em died...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KORSAK

I'm sorry.

\*

JOELLE AVERY

When Bernard got back, he barely spoke...except to Justin...He tried to find a job but...he was diagnosed with PTSD.

\*

JANE

Was he treated for it?

Joelle nods, pulls out a business card, hands it to Korsak.

\*

JOELLE AVERY

A friend in my wives' support group told me about this outreach center.

\*

KORSAK

(reads the card)

Truce Veteran Center.

JANE

Did it help?

JOELLE AVERY

Seemed like it. But they kicked him out after a few weeks...

\*

JANE

Did your husband bring back any weapons?

JOELLE AVERY

...A tomahawk. He carried it everywhere. Scared me so much. Scared our son. I begged him to get rid of it.

\*

\*  
\*

JANE

When did your husband become  
homeless?

\*

JOELLE AVERY

(ashamed)

About six months ago. He had one of  
his nightmares...but it was really  
bad. He thought there was a suicide  
bomber in our house...he was  
looking for his sniper rifle. He  
said he had to kill him --

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

JANE

Kill who?

JOELLE AVERY

Kill...our son. Danny's only 8...

\*

\*

JANE

Your husband left because he didn't  
want to risk hurting your boy --

\*

\*

JOELLE AVERY

I knew I could lose him over there.  
But I never thought I'd lose him  
when he finally came home.

\*

\*

\*

Off Jane and Frost, both hit by her loss.

\*

**END OF ACT TWO**



**ACT THREE**

9 INT. TRUCE VETERAN CENTER - DAY 2

9

Jane and Korsak ENTER. About 15 feet away, in a cubicle, DR. JAMES BACAL, 40s, is absorbed in his work with a soldier in full battle fatigues, RAY, 20s. \*

Ray wears a virtual reality headset, stares at three monitors at different heights, all playing a simulated scene in Iraq. Bacal is next to him in a wheelchair, CONTROLS what Ray sees "virtually" with a keyboard. \*

VETS, many of them in wheelchairs or missing a limb, play cards with each other, talk in small groups in the b.g. as Dr. Bacal guides Ray back through a traumatic event. \*

DR. BACAL  
...okay, what happened as you approached? \*

RAY  
I heard gunfire. \*

Dr. Bacal hits keys on his computer. We HEAR gunfire. \*

RAY (CONT'D)  
...I saw a group of local men in front of my vehicle...I'm getting anxious. \*

DR. BACAL  
Stay with me. The tallest extends his hand, right? \*

RAY  
Yeah...that's the trigger! He's going to blow himself up! \*

DR. BACAL  
Okay, why don't you tell me what you're feeling? \*

JANE RAY  
(low) Like I'm gonna blow up, too. \*

KORSAK DR. BACAL  
It's virtual therapy for soldiers with PTSD. But you're not. You're safe. \*

JANE  
How do you know? \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KORSAK

Read about it in Leatherneck  
Magazine.

(CONTINUED)

Ray senses Jane and Korsak, pulls off his virtual headset. \*  
Turns on them with alarm. \*

DR. BACAL \*  
It's okay, Ray. Why don't you grab \*  
some coffee. \*

Ray walks away. \*

DR. BACAL (CONT'D)  
I'm Dr. Bacal. How can I help you?

JANE  
(badges him)  
Boston Homicide. We have some  
questions about Bernard Avery.

DR. BACAL \*  
Please don't tell me Bernard's \*  
involved in a homicide -- \*

JANE \*  
He is the homicide. We found him \*  
hacked to death in an alley this \*  
morning. \*

KORSAK \*  
What can you tell us about him? \*

DR. BACAL \*  
Not much. Tried to work with him, \*  
but he was suspicious of \*  
psychologists. I had one of our \*  
vets, a lieutenant colonel, try, \*  
too. \*

JANE \*  
Can we talk to him? \*

DR. BACAL  
Sure.

9A INT. TRUCE VETERAN CENTER - OUTSIDE AN OFFICE DOOR - DAY 2 9A \*  
MOMENTS LATER \*

Dr. Bacal KNOCKS. \*

COLONEL (O.S.) \*  
Come in. \*

As Dr. Bacal wheels himself in -- \*

9A

CONTINUED:

9A

DR. BACAL

Colonel, I have two detectives here  
to talk about Bernard Avery --

\*  
\*  
\*

Korsak and Jane follow Dr. Bacal into --

\*

10

**INT. TRUCE VETERAN CENTER - CASEY'S OFFICE - DAY 2 -  
CONTINUOUS**

10

\*

Jane FREEZES. LT. COL. CASEY JONES is behind a desk. He sees her at the same instant. The air vibrates with tension between them as Korsak, who's oblivious, breaks into a grin and extends his hand.

KORSAK

Colonel Jones? How are you, sir?

As Casey pushes himself to a standing position with both hands on his desk, shakes Korsak's hand --

CASEY

No complaints, except I've got a sprained ankle.

(sits)

Mind if I sit down?

KORSAK

No, please.

CASEY

Hello, Jane.

\*

JANE

(formal)

Hello, Colonel. We're investigating his murder.

\*

\*

\*

Rocked by the news, Casey slumps back into his chair.

\*

CASEY

Damn...What happened?

\*

JANE

Why was he kicked out of this program?

\*

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

We didn't have a choice. We had a new patient -- a Marine from Bernard's unit. They got into a physical fight over something that happened in Fallujah. We had to ask them both to leave.

\*  
\*

KORSAK

Was his name Justin Brown?

\*

CASEY

No.

As Casey pulls out a file, looks through it. There's an 8x10 photo of a marine. As he shows them --

\*  
\*

CASEY (CONT'D)

His name is Tyler Moore. He lives at the Vet Center.

\*  
\*

JANE

(cold)

Thank you, Colonel. Appreciate the help.

They start to leave. Jane turns to Korsak.

JANE (CONT'D)

Can you give me a minute?

KORSAK

(concerned)

Sure. I'll pull the car around.

He exits. Jane turns back to Casey.

JANE

What the hell, Casey.

CASEY

Jane --

JANE

How long have you been back?

CASEY

Few months.

JANE

And you didn't...you couldn't...

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

I've been really busy with the veterans' center --

JANE

Oh...the last time we talked to each other --

CASEY

Yeah, I told you I was on a covert assignment, wasn't allowed to tell you where I was sent --

JANE

Operation South Boston?

CASEY

It's a little complicated.

JANE

Try me.

CASEY

(cold)

Things have changed, Jane...but good to see you. Can you close the door on your way out?

JANE

Yeah...good to see you, too.

OFF Jane as she exits...

An elaborate white orchid arrangement nearly conceals Maura as she reads the card. Jane enters. Maura doesn't look up.

MAURA

The cute boy with the erection is being discharged from the hospital. He sent me these orchids.

JANE

Good. I wish him and his wang a speedy recovery.

MAURA

I spoke to his doctor --

(more to herself)

That's not unethical.

(MORE)

\*

11

CONTINUED:

11

MAURA (CONT'D)

I did save his life...Guess what?  
No next of kin. Get it? No wife.

\*

JANE

Yeah. I got it.

Maura finally looks up at Jane.

MAURA

What's the matter?

JANE

I saw Casey...

MAURA

What? Where? When?

JANE

Casey Jones, the guy I thought I  
could...he's back in Boston.  
Actually, he's been here awhile.

\*  
\*  
\*

Jane sinks on the couch.

MAURA

Oh, Jane...I'm so sorry...you liked  
him more than Dean, didn't you?

\*  
\*

JANE

I realized when I saw him, I've  
been waiting for him all this time,  
waiting for him to come back from  
Afghanistan. He did. And he didn't  
tell me...

\*  
\*

MAURA

What did he say?

JANE

"Good to see you."

MAURA

Uh-oh. That's bad.

Jane throws a pillow at her, hits her.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Ow!

(CONTINUED)



JANE

You want a real "ow," wait 'til  
your zombie tells you he's "really  
busy."

Jane's phone BUZZES. She resists checking it.

MAURA

Maybe that's him.

Can't help herself. Hopeful as she checks.

JANE

(reading the text)

It's Korsak. He's got our suspect  
in interrogation...I can't focus...

MAURA

Go interrogate. Studies show that  
the best antidote for heartbreak is  
distraction.

Jane pulls herself off the couch.

JANE

I'm only going because if I don't,  
I'm afraid I'll spend the rest of  
my life here in the fetal position.  
And your couch blows...

Jane joins Korsak.

KORSAK

You okay?

JANE

Peachy.

She turns to look through the glass at TYLER MOORE, 29. He's  
in a wheelchair.

JANE (CONT'D)

If that's Tyler Moore, I don't  
think he's our killer --

\*  
\*

KORSAK

Yeah, me either. Paralysis is real.

\*

As Jane heads for the door --

12

CONTINUED:

12

JANE

Come on. Let's find out why he and Bernard went after each other.

13

**INT. BPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 2 - CONTINUOUS**

13

Tyler stares straight ahead as Jane and Korsak enter and sit across from him.

KORSAK

Hello, Tyler.

TYLER

Private First Class Tyler Moore.  
United States Marine Corps.

Korsak takes out a USMC Challenge Coin and slides it across the table.

KORSAK

Semper Fi.

Tyler picks up the coin as his eyes dart over at Korsak, then at Jane. \*

TYLER

I didn't kill Bernard.

JANE

You're not a suspect, Tyler. But we would like to know why there was bad blood between you.

TYLER

'Cause of what he did...or didn't do...

KORSAK

What didn't he do?

TYLER

We were on patrol. Bernard was covering our advance. He saw the suicide bomber coming right toward us. He didn't take the shot.

JANE

Is that what put you in that chair? \*

TYLER

Yeah. Killed six guys. Bernard came home without a scratch. If I wasn't in this chair, I woulda killed him.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

What about Justin Brown? He feel  
the same way?

TYLER

Justin's brains were scrambled.  
They were buddies. I hope they both  
go to hell.

\*  
\*

KORSAK

It won't make the pain go away,  
Tyler.

\*  
\*  
\*

Jane's phone buzzes as Korsak helps Tyler out of the room --

JANE

(to phone)  
What's up, Frost?

**EXT. VACANT LOT - HOMELESS ENCAMPMENT - DAY 2 (INTERCUT) 14**

Frost and Frankie Jr. stand next to Justin's shopping cart  
and makeshift tent.

\*  
\*

FROST

(to phone)  
We found Justin.

JANE

He still saying Bernard was  
murdered by insurgents?

FROST

He's not saying anything, Jane.  
He's dead.

Frankie Jr. lifts the tent flaps. Inside is Justin -- dead.  
His neck GAPES from a series of BLOODY GASHES.

**END OF ACT THREE**



Maura leads Jane over to Bernard's body. Maura has inserted a bronchoscope camera into Justin's airway. She turns on the monitor. An image from Bernard's lungs POPS UP first. \*

MAURA

(points)

I found scarring in Bernard's lungs from what's called, War Lung. We're finding it in soldiers returning home from Iraq. \*

Maura pulls up a second image: Justin's lungs. \*

JANE

Maybe if men talked about their problems, they wouldn't shoot each other. \*

MAURA

Okay, here are Justin's lungs...Huh...No sign of War Lung. \*

JANE

That doesn't make sense: Justin and Bernard served together. They would've been exposed to the same toxins. Justin should have it too, right? \*

Maura's phone DINGS. Maura smiles. \*

MAURA

Our medical miracle is here to thank us. Come on. \*

JANE

I'm keeping my distance. I'm afraid of that erection. \*

Jane and Maura exit the elevator to find Dennis admiring the installed art piece. He wears cool jeans, has a small bandage on his throat. He holds two wrapped gifts. [Note: beautiful fountain pen for Jane. Sculpture of a hand for Maura.] \*

JANE

(low)

He's a little sexier alive.

MAURA

I'm Dr. Isles --

DENNIS

I remember you.

As Maura puts her hand out, he pulls her into a warm embrace, still holding gifts. Maura smiles at Jane over his shoulder.

JANE

(low)

You checking his pulse?

DENNIS

(releases Maura)

Thank you for saving my life.

As he turns to Jane to hug her --

DENNIS (CONT'D)

And you, too, Detective.

JANE

(hand out)

I'm not a hugger.

They shake.

DENNIS

(hands her smaller box)

This is for you.

As she opens it, finds a pretty pen, he looks at Maura's big installation, now against a wall.

JANE

Thank you.

DENNIS

I heard what you did for me with that pen.

JANE

Quick recovery. How's your throat?

DENNIS

A little sore. Otherwise, I feel great.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
(re: sculpture)  
How'd you get a Gia Dupont?

\*  
\*

JANE  
Surprised to see a contemporary  
masterpiece in a lowly police  
station?

DENNIS  
No...

JANE  
(teasing)  
You should be. I'd like to  
dismantle it for parts.

A commotion as a group of cops part for Rondo, who carries  
Justin's keyboard under his arm. He pulls along SOUR GRAPES,  
50s, also homeless but dressed in an old suit and thin tie.

RONDO  
Official police business coming  
through.

16

CONTINUED: (3)

16

JANE  
(as she heads to cafe)  
'Scuz me.

\*

DENNIS  
Could I see where I almost died?

\*

\*

MAURA  
Of course.

\*

\*

17

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

17

Rondo settles Sour Grapes at a table, STANDS as Jane joins him. Angela refreshes supplies at the coffee dispenser.

RONDO  
(upset)  
Damn shame about Justin...

JANE  
I'm sorry, Rondo. Who's this?

RONDO  
Sour Grapes, another one of my  
C.I.s. We go way back --

\*

SOUR GRAPES  
(excited, re: Rondo)  
You know who this is? I played the  
blues with this dude --

\*

\*

Rondo tries to stop Sour Grapes, but he's on a roll.

SOUR GRAPES (CONT'D)  
He could sing the panties right off  
of you. Boston's Barry White right  
here.

\*

Jane takes a step back, but Angela comes over.

RONDO  
(embarrassed)  
That was another life --

ANGELA  
You're Raymond Washington? Oh my  
God, Jane...  
(to herself, fond memory)  
...it's true about the panties...

\*

(CONTINUED)



JANE

Ma!

ANGELA

What? Your father and I saw him all  
the time at the Beehive. Tommy was  
conceived after...wait, was it  
Frankie?

\*

JANE

Ma! Get them some coffee.

SOUR GRAPES

I'd prefer a glass of Shiraz.

\*

\*

Angela hesitates. Jane throws her a look. She moves away.  
Rondo turns to watch her receding behind:

\*

\*

RONDO

(re: her ass)

Mmm, mmm, mmm. Dee-lish.

\*

\*

\*

JANE

Are you checking out...my mother's--

\*

\*

RONDO

Apple bottom don't fall too far  
from the Rizzoli tree.

\*

\*

\*

JANE

Stop.

\*

Rondo does. Jane turns to Grapes.

\*

JANE (CONT'D)

Tell me what you saw.

\*

\*

SOUR GRAPES

He killed Justin. I saw him.

\*

JANE

Who?

\*

\*

SOUR GRAPES

Pope John Paul. Think it's the  
second one.

\*

\*

\*

Jane pulls Rondo aside as Angela gives Sour Grapes coffee.

\*

JANE

You understand "C.I." doesn't mean  
"crazy individual"?

\*

\*

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED: (2)

17

JANE (CONT'D)

It means, "confidential informant"  
meaning he provides information to  
solve a homicide.

\*  
\*  
\*

RONDO

There's somethin' here, Vanilla.  
Just ain't sure what it is.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

JANE

(tries again with Grapes)  
Are you saying the man you saw  
looks like the Pope? \*

SOUR GRAPES

No, I'm saying he is the Pope --  
cruising around in his Popemobile,  
taking out homeless folk. \*

JANE

Lovely to meet you, Grapes. \*

RONDO

That's it! There's this white dude -  
- self-appointed sheriff of  
Homeless Town. He reminds me of  
that pope, too. \*

JANE

(pulls out a \$20)  
Okay, I'll check it out.

Rondo takes the money, tries to hand her the keyboard -- \*

RONDO

Check this out, too. I got me a gut  
feeling it means something. \*

JANE

Justin's "Intel." I'll check it out  
if you promise to sing for me one  
day, Barry White. \*

To her surprise, he doesn't smile and lowers the hand holding  
the keyboard. \*

RONDO

That's a promise I ain't making. \*

JANE

(gentle, takes keyboard)  
Give it to me. I'll take a look. \*

Maura and Dennis are in her office as Maura opens the gift.  
It's a bronze sculpture of an open hand. \*

MAURA

It's beautiful. Who's the artist?

DENNIS

Uh...me...Sculpting's just a hobby.  
I talk for a living.

MAURA

I know: "Unleash Your Inner Real  
Winning Self."

\*  
\*

She stops, embarrassed that she's revealed she researched him.

MAURA (CONT'D)

I...uh...Googled you.

DENNIS

So then you know I was headed to  
Akron for a speaking engagement.

\*

MAURA

(nods)

Your vocal folds are only  
temporarily inflamed. You likely  
took too much Inderal --

DENNIS

All these years as a motivational  
speaker, and I still take Inderal  
to fight the stage fright. Wait,  
how'd you find that on Google?

\*  
\*  
\*

MAURA

Well, I had to look at your uh...  
medical records uh... for...

(too quickly)

-- to fill out the paperwork.

\*  
\*  
\*

DENNIS

You have plans tonight?

\*  
\*

MAURA

Uh...

(pretends to check  
calendar on desk)

I could probably reschedule that...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DENNIS

Can I buy you dinner?

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

Only if you promise not to die on  
me again.

DENNIS

Deal.  
(as he gets up to go)  
See you in three hours?

MAURA

Okay.

Angela passes him, on her way in with a plate of puff pastry: \*  
"Cannoncini alla Crema Pasticcera." \*

MAURA (CONT'D) \*

Angela -- \*

ANGELA \*

Who was that? Look what I made: \*  
Cannoncini alla Crema Pasticcera. I \*  
wish Jane would meet a tall drink \*  
of water like that. Maybe if she \*  
knew how to make puff pastry... \*

MAURA

I know. Especially after what  
happened with Casey.

Maura covers her mouth. Oops.

ANGELA

Start talking.

Jane carries in the keyboard as Korsak and Frost work, sets  
it down at her desk.

JANE

Hey, we have any Neighborhood Watch  
guys who resemble the Pope?

KORSAK

Benedict?

JANE

No. John Paul the Second. Got a  
witness who says he saw our suspect  
rousting homeless guys --

FROST

(on the computer)  
We have all the Neighborhood Watch  
volunteers on file. Let's look.

Frost has 10 photos of men on his screen. Jane, Korsak and  
Frost all look. As Jane points to one that looks a little  
like Pope John Paul II --

\*  
\*  
\*

JANE

Can you give me a split-screen of  
that guy with one of the Pope?

Frost does.

INSERT: split-screen of Pope John Paul II and Neighborhood watch guy, JEFF MILLER.

KORSAK

Jeff Miller...

FROST

Pulling up his DMV record --

Korsak sees it first on Frost's monitor --

KORSAK

See what he drives. \*

Frost clicks a link. More info appears. \*

KORSAK (CONT'D) \*

Owns a white Dodge van with a  
bubble top sunroof...Your witness  
say if the bad guy drove the  
Popemobile, too? \*

JANE

Why, yes, he did. Maybe Jeff Miller  
went from volunteer to vigilante.

Dennis, leather jacket, cool bag, and Maura pass food trucks:  
TOWNIE TACOS, BRAKE 'N SHAKE as they walk along a pop-up art  
walk. \*

MAURA

All this reminds me of an Agora --

DENNIS

An ancient Greek marketplace.

MAURA

Not many people know that.

He leads her over to a hot dog truck, DIRTY DAWGS N THINGS. \*

DENNIS

Bet the Greeks didn't have chili  
dogs like these. Best in Boston.

MAURA \*

Hotdogs are made from the gonads,  
intestines, and eyeballs of hoofed  
animals.



DENNIS

They're still amazing.

(off her grimace)

Okay...let's look at the art first.

\*  
\*

Dennis leads her down a quiet graffiti-pocked side street. They stop in front of a mural.

MAURA

Wow, that is an exceptional piece.

Maura traces it with her hand.

DENNIS

And you have exceptional hands. I'd love to sculpt them.

They stare at each other. A CHARGED BEAT between them.

\*

DENNIS (CONT'D)

What's the wildest, most outrageous thing you've ever done?

MAURA

Hmmm...I rode nude on a horse at an equine dressage event.

DENNIS

Wow.

MAURA

Well, I did it to protest budget cuts to my college equestrian team.

From his pocket, Dennis takes out a fishing line with two metal washers tied to one end. He TOSSES it through the rung of a fire escape. YANKS IT. It DROPS down.

MAURA (CONT'D)

I'm impressed.

DENNIS

C'mon. It's time for you to do something outrageous again.

Dennis climbs onto the roof from a ladder. Helps Maura up. He leads her to a brick wall.

MAURA

What a beautiful view of the city --

Dennis pulls a can of spray paint out of his bag. \*

DENNIS

Be my lookout --

As Dennis lets loose a blast of spray paint --

MAURA

No, don't. You can't do that. It's illegal.

DENNIS

Art is not a crime.

Dennis gets behind her and snuggles close.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Take a walk on the wild side. It's not like we're killing anyone.

He holds out the can for her.

MAURA

I can't...I'm the chief medical examiner of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

DENNIS

Tonight, you're a street artist.

Dennis SPRAYS the wall as he holds her. Maura lets him. Suddenly -- a SEARCH LIGHT BLASTS them.

COP VOICE

(over radio mic)

Drop the can! Hands on top of your head. Turn around slowly.

DENNIS

Uh-oh. We're busted.

Maura turns, her hands on her head as she SEES Frankie Jr. down below with his radio mic from his squad car.

MAURA

Oh, you have no idea.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

ACT FIVE

22 OMITTED 22 \*

23 EXT. VACANT LOT - HOMELESS ENCAMPMENT - DAY 3 23 \*

Jane and Frost get out of Jane's car. They've parked behind a white van with a bubble top sunroof. A bumper sticker, reads, "GET THE HUMAN TRASH OFF OUR STREETS."

FROST  
"Get the human trash off our streets."

JANE  
I think we found Mr. Neighborhood Watch.

They suddenly hear shouting.

JEFF MILLER (O.S.)  
You piece of scum!

They round the van to find Rondo squaring off with JEFF MILLER, 40s. Homeless men and women huddle in the b.g. as Rondo tries to balance on one leg, arms outstretched in classic Karate Kid stance --

RONDO  
You leave my people alone.  
(as he spots Jane)  
Stand back, Vanilla. I got this.  
(karate yell)  
Hiiiiiii-Yaaaahhhh!

Before Rondo can move, Miller HITS him in the gut with a flying roundhouse kick. Rondo drops.

JEFF MILLER  
Hi-Yah to you, too, you dirtbag.  
(to Jane and Frost)  
Take this homeless sack of junk to jail.

To his surprise, Jane and Frost help Rondo off the ground.

JANE  
You okay?

RONDO  
(obviously in pain)  
With you holding me? Can't even feel it.

(CONTINUED)

Frost gets in Miller's face.

\*

FROST

\*

Where were you two nights ago?

\*

JEFF MILLER

\*

Doing your job. Chasing scum with  
citizen crime fighters. They'll  
vouch for me. You think you're  
gonna pin those homeless murders on  
me, you got another thing coming.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

FROST

\*

(as he pulls out cuffs)

\*

Okay, so we start with arrest for  
Assault and Battery with a  
Dangerous Weapon.

\*

\*

\*

\*

JEFF MILLER

\*

What dangerous weapon?

\*

JANE

\*

That leg is dangerous.

\*



25 OMITTED 25 \*

25A INT. BPD - DIVISION 1 CAFÉ - DAY 4 25A \*

It's early morning. Jane is grabbing coffee. Angela comes over. \*

ANGELA  
You look nice. \*

JANE  
(suspicious)  
Thank you... \*

ANGELA  
Your heart is on the mend, I guess. \*

JANE  
Oh my God...Maura told you about  
Casey, didn't she? \*

ANGELA  
I can't believe Charles would treat  
you like that -- \*

JANE  
Ma -- \*

ANGELA  
Sweetheart, you can tell me  
anything -- \*

JANE  
Really? \*

ANGELA  
Really. \*

JANE  
I'm thinking of becoming a nun. \*

As Jane takes off -- \*

26 INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - MAURA'S OFFICE - DAY 4 26 \*

Jane comes into Maura's office. Maura is pacing, holds the summons. \*

JANE \*

Why'd you tell my mother about \*

Casey? \*

MAURA \*

Sorry. Jane, look! \*

She hands Jane the summons. \*

JANE \*

Oh, okay, no problem. Not mad. Hey, \*

why don't you tell her I have a \*

vibrator, too -- \*

Sees what's on summons. \*

JANE (CONT'D) \*  
 Frankie wrote you up for vandalism? \*  
 You were tagging, Maura? \*

MAURA \*  
 I was with Dennis. \*

JANE \*  
 Never date a zombie. They have no \*  
 respect for the law. \*

MAURA \*  
 I have a confession: I liked it. \*  
 Jane, I liked breaking the law. It \*  
 reminded me of who I used to be: \*  
 someone who took chances --

JANE \*  
 -- someone who commits felonies and \*  
 can't keep her mouth shut. Great. \*

MAURA \*  
 I said I was sorry. \*

Chang walks in results. \*

CHANG \*  
 Sorry to interrupt...

JANE \*  
 We were just discussing the case of \*  
 the Blabbermouth Lovesick Tagger. \*

CHANG \*  
 Oh...

MAURA \*  
 Do you have the results back on \*  
 Bernard Avery's lung biopsy? \*

CHANG \*  
 Yes. It wasn't War Lung. \*

As Chang exits, Maura looks at the results. \*



MAURA

Toluene, acetone, propane and butane.

\*

JANE

Was he huffing?

MAURA

No. It's spray paint. He was exposed to a lot of it, over a period of time.

JANE

Maybe that's why he was in that alley -- Bernard was a tagger. Could've been a street beef: he was spray painting over another tagger who got his tomahawk away from him. Justin witnessed it...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Maura holds up the summons.

MAURA

I wish I could help you -- but I'll be in jail.

\*

JANE

(as she grabs it)

Gimme that. Maybe I should use a tomahawk on my brother.

\*

\*

Frost works on a computer. On the monitor, photos of tags and graffiti from the alley. Jane and Korsak are there.

JANE

Could be a rival tagger, right?

\*  
\*

FROST

Yeah...These are all the graffiti photos Frankie took at the crime scene.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Korsak stares at one: "RaNdOm."

\*

KORSAK

"Ra Nad Om." You think yogis are tagging now?

\*

FROST

Random, bro.

\*

Frankie Jr. walks by BRIC. Jane sees him.

JANE

Frankie, get in here.

Frankie enters.

FRANKIE JR.

Ooooh, am I in trouble?

Jane puts the summons in his face.

JANE

Yeah. You're charging the Chief  
Medical Examiner with tagging?

Frankie Jr. laughs. Korsak and Frost don't know what to do.

JANE (CONT'D)

(to Korsak and Frost)

Look away. I might have to Hi-yah  
my brother.

FRANKIE JR.

It's bogus. My sergeant was there.  
I wrote it up to get her and her  
boyfriend the hell off the street.  
Meant to tell her -- sorry.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JANE

I'll tell her.

\*

Frankie shrugs, heads out. Frost STARES at the tagger names.

FROST

Keep seeing "Haven" over and over.  
No match in the Graffiti Task Force  
Database...this one, too: Blister.

\*  
\*  
\*

Korsak squints at the tags, all written in the indecipherable  
Graffiti Alphabet.

KORSAK  
Dizzy Monocles...

FROST  
(as he clicks keys)  
Dizzy Monkey, dude. Can't you read?

KORSAK  
Not graffiti.

ON MONITOR: STEVE BOGART, 20s. DMV photo. \*

FROST  
Blister's name is Steve Bogart... \*

Frost runs a GOOGLE search of Steve Bogart. CLICKS a link. \*

INSERT: IMAGES of Bogart with a video camera as he shoots  
graffiti artists spray painting and painting on various  
walls. \*  
\*  
\*

FROST (CONT'D)  
He was a tagger...Now he's a  
documentary filmmaker. Been  
shooting Boston's graffiti scene  
for the last year. \*

JANE  
We ever pick him up?

Frost clicks keys.

FROST  
Doesn't look like it...wait, this  
is interesting -- he was a victim.

INSERT: BPD police report. \*

JANE  
Assault and battery...

KORSAK  
Look who was charged: Bernard  
Avery. Why didn't we see that  
before. We ran Bernard's record. \*

FROST  
He wasn't charged. Steve Bogart  
refused to prosecute. \*

JANE  
Maybe because he wanted to handle  
it himself -- with a tomahawk.

28 **INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT 4** 28 \*

A hunk of clay sits on the plastic-covered dining room table as Dennis LAYS out his sculpting tools.

Behind the kitchen island -- STAY ON MAURA, high heels, great dress, as she pours wine, her back turned to Dennis. She artfully arranges a variety of cheeses on a tray. \*

MAURA

I love Humboldt Fog, don't you?

DENNIS (O.S.)

Yeah. I'm so glad you're not mad at me for getting you into trouble...

MAURA

Jane is looking into it for us. I'm hoping we can do community service.

DENNIS (O.S.)

I wouldn't worry. I know several prominent defense attorneys.

MAURA

I hope that won't be necessary.

Maura finishes arranging her cheese. She turns to see -- Dennis. Buck naked. Ready to sculpt in the nude.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Oh...I can turn on the air if it's warm in here.

DENNIS

If my subject's going to pose nude, I feel it's only right that I reciprocate.

MAURA

(she looks at his crotch)  
Wow...you really do have good circulation...

DENNIS

C'mon. We're going to jail anyway.

29 **INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR TO STEVE BLISTER'S LOFT / LOFT - NIGHT 4** 29 \*

Frost and Jane both have their weapons out as the elevator stops. As Frost lifts up the massive door --

(CONTINUED)

FROST

I hate these loft apartments.

JANE

I like 'em. Don't need a warrant if there's no front door.

They immediately see that the place has been RANSACKED. They signal each other, fan out.

JANE (CONT'D)

Clear!

FROST

Clear!

Jane moves toward smashed computers, video cameras, DVDs, spools of 16mm film, and micro-SD cards litter the floor.

JANE

They were looking for something...

A CHURNING sound catches Frost's attention.

FROST

You hear that?

JANE

Yeah...it's coming from over there.

Jane leads toward A COVERED jacuzzi. Several plastic jugs litter the area around it.

FROST

Let's wait for the Hazmat team.

But Jane slides off the cover. STEAM rises. Frost covers his mouth, recoils...But Jane leans in. A SKULL, tissue clinging to it, BOBS to the top of the bubbling liquid.

\*  
\*

JANE

I think we found Steve Bogart.

**END OF ACT FIVE**

**ACT SIX**

30 INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT 4 30 \*

Maura SLIDES off what's left of Steve Bogart's bones and acid  
eaten remains on the autopsy table as Jane enters. \*

MAURA \*

That was easy. Didn't even have to  
use the crockpot. \*

Justin and Bernard's bodies are on other tables. \*

MAURA (CONT'D) \*

The skull has two gaping wounds,  
each produced by the blade of a  
heavy weapon. \*

JANE

Could it be, oh, I don't know, a  
tomahawk? Wild guess.

MAURA

Perhaps I could confirm the weapon  
if you could tell me what my future  
wardrobe is: the forest green  
jumpsuit for my prison stay or the  
fluorescent orange for my court-  
mandated trash collecting?

JANE

Does the zombie want to know, too?

MAURA

Oh my God, I forgot to tell you --  
he sculpts in the nude.

JANE

I want to hear all about it --  
after we have the tomahawk killer.  
Focus.

MAURA

I can't concentrate -- the thought  
of my impending incarceration -- \*

JANE

Stop.

MAURA

You're right, Martha Stewart  
flourished in jail.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

MAURA (CONT'D)

But she was in a minimum security  
prison. Where do taggers go?

JANE

Just tell me if the wounds on Steve  
Bogart are from the same weapon  
that killed Bernard and Justin.

Maura gets distracted by a new finding on the skull.

MAURA

I really am preoccupied. Look at  
his skull: this victim was killed  
more than seventy-two hours ago.

JANE

Three days ago? You mean Steve here  
was killed before --  
(looks at the other two  
bodies)  
Bernard and Justin?

Jane turns and starts to head out. Stops.

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh, you can wear your McQueen when  
you see your zombie. The summons  
Frankie wrote is fake.

MAURA

What? Really? What a huge relief.  
I can feel my cortisol level  
dropping.  
(realizing)  
Wait, why'd you let me suffer?

JANE

(as she exits)  
Trying to scare you straight.

MAURA

I'll never tag again.

JANE

Just stop gossiping with my mother.

31

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

31

\*

On the clear board are crime scene photos of all three  
victims: Bernard, Justin and Steve Bogart. Jane and Frost  
study the photos. Frankie enters, sits at Jane's desk.

\*

(CONTINUED)

JANE

The killer was looking for something...

FROST

Maybe Bogart caught something on tape?

JANE

Yeah, but what? We know he didn't shoot video of Bernard or Justin's murders. He was already dead.

Frankie sits at Jane's desk. Absently fiddles with Justin's keyboard as he listens. Jane remembers her promise to Rondo.

JANE (CONT'D)

I forgot to look at that. Can I see it?

As she examines it, flips it over --

JANE (CONT'D)

Justin said this contained "classified intel." Bernard trusted him...Maybe...

Jane removes the battery cover, a micro-SD card falls out.

JANE (CONT'D)

Maybe this is what the killer was looking for. Let's see what's on it.

As she hands it to Frost --

**INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT 4**

MUSIC bumps. EXPLODING FACES on canvas, tagging and graffiti hang on walls. MONITORS play A SLIDE SHOW of street art. There's a manned DJ Booth. Jane walks in with Joelle Avery by her side. Behind them, Frost and Korsak.

They wade through a sea of HIPSTERS in a long line as they wait for Trent Farley to sign his exploding face poster.

JANE

Very talented artist.

TRENT FARLEY

Thanks. You'll have to get in line.



JANE

I think you should tell this crowd  
something about the man who created  
all of this. "Haven."

\*  
\*  
\*

TRENT FARLEY

I'm Haven.

\*  
\*

JANE

(she turns back)

Go ahead Frost!

\*

Frost is at the D.J. booth. He mans the laptop. Every monitor  
BLINKS. Documentary footage plays. A STREET ARTIST PAINTS the  
child's exploding face on a canvas tacked to a wall. His back  
is turned as he answers the documentarian's questions.

\*

TRENT FARLEY

What is this?

\*

JANE

Steve Bogart's last documentary.

DOCUMENTARY PLAYS AS PEOPLE WATCH IT:

STEVE BOGART (ON VIDEO)

Why do you paint that boy?

STREET ARTIST (ON VIDEO)

To give him peace.

Justin walks up to the street artist. The artist turns, looks  
at Bogart. IT'S BERNARD.

\*

BERNARD (ON VIDEO)

You know how they make an 8-year-  
old boy a suicide bomber? They tell  
him the infidels will die, but he  
won't. He was staring at me when  
his face blew apart...so calm...

\*

JOELLE

That's why he was so haunted. He  
couldn't kill that little boy...

\*  
\*  
\*

Joelle's eyes well with tears. Frost sees her. It breaks his  
heart. Jane puts her arm around Joelle.

\*  
\*

STEVE BOGART (ON VIDEO)

You've depicted that pain in your  
art. It's so moving --

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD (ON VIDEO)

This isn't art. And you can tell  
that guy --

\*  
\*

The camera PANS AROUND TO SHOW the service entry of CRIMES OF  
THE ART gallery -- and Trent, watching them.

\*  
\*

BERNARD (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)

-- he can't have it. It's not for  
sale.

\*  
\*  
\*

The camera is back on Bernard's face.

\*

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I let my friends die...Stop  
recording, man. Just stop.

\*  
\*

He leans down, picks up his tomahawk, STRAPS it on his chest  
as he talks to Justin.

\*  
\*

BERNARD (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)

Give me that video card. Justin,  
take it --

\*  
\*

The footage FREEZES on Bernard's tortured face. Jane turns to  
Trent as Frost joins them.

\*  
\*

JANE

You couldn't break through as an  
artist. And when you saw Bernard,  
painting in your alley, you wanted  
his talent.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FROST

Posters alone are worth a few  
million, aren't they?

\*

TRENT FARLEY

You're crazy.

\*  
\*

FROST

Triple homicide. That's crazy. You  
killed Steve Bogart because he had  
footage of Bernard painting.

\*  
\*  
\*

JANE

Bernard wouldn't give you his  
canvases. You had to kill him for  
them.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FROST

And Justin. Killed him because he  
was a witness.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

TRENT FARLEY

You can't prove anything.

\*

Korsak comes from a storage area in the back, carrying the tomahawk, still crusted with blood, in an evidence bag.

KORSAK

Oh, I think we can.

JANE

Note to self: get rid of the murder weapon.

Frost moves in and cuffs Trent as the artsy crowd stares. Some take photos.

JANE (CONT'D)

At least you'll be famous, Trent.  
But not for art.

Jane turns to Frost.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Can you handle this? I gotta take care of something.

FROST  
Yeah. Me, too.

As Jane exits, Frost turns to Joelle, pulls out his business card as Korsak watches. There's no game in him. He's sincere.

FROST (CONT'D)  
I know this is a terrible time for you. If there's anything I can do for you -- anything at all -- you call me.

JOELLE  
Thank you. That means a lot.

OFF Korsak, smiling.

**OMITTED**

**INT. TRUCE VETERAN CENTER - CASEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 4**

Jane appears in the doorway.

JANE  
I've been having this conversation in my head...

Casey's startled to see her. As he rises from his chair both hands on his desk --

CASEY  
Jane, it's not a good time to talk.

JANE

Too bad. It's a good time for me. I just saw three guys out there in wheelchairs. One of them was missing both legs. What're you missing? Or are you too busy feeling sorry for yourself?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CASEY

Hey --

\*  
\*

JANE

No, you're gonna hear me out. We've been friends for a long time, Casey. I liked you when I was a freshman in high school. I don't think I ever really stopped liking you...When we saw each other again, something happened between us. And you finally liked me back.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CASEY

Jane, please --

\*  
\*

JANE

I know you did because they sent you to a god-forsaken war-torn desert -- and you kept calling me.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CASEY

And then I stopped, didn't I?

\*  
\*

Casey's expression hardens.

\*

CASEY (CONT'D)

I have your phone number. If I wanted to see you...If I had something to offer you, I would have reached out. But I didn't and I don't. The only people in my life I have room for are these wounded vets...I'm sorry, Jane. I really am.

\*

Jane gets to the door --

\*

JANE

Open or closed? Closed, I guess.

\*

She leaves.

\*

ON CASEY, he clicks his laptop space bar and stares at his screensaver -- A PICTURE OF JANE.

(CONTINUED)

Dr. Bacal wheels into the doorway. Looks at Casey, shakes his head.

DR. BACAL  
You're a fool.

Dr. Bacal continues down the hallway as Casey shuts his laptop. Pushes both hands onto his desk, RISES to his feet.

34

CONTINUED: (3)

34

He reaches below his desk and retrieves two metal FOREARM CRUTCHES. We see for the first time that his legs are encased in METAL BRACES as he forces his legs forward...

35

**EXT. TRUCE VETERANS CENTER - COURTYARD - NIGHT 4**

35

\*

Maura waits for Jane as Jane exits, wipes something from her eyes. It could be tears. Jane tries to laugh at herself. They walk and talk to a bench.

\*

\*

\*

JANE

Okay, well, that was a great idea.  
He said I'm the girl of his dreams.

MAURA

Maybe it's too hard for him to have  
a relationship right now.

\*

JANE

Yeah. Or ever with me.

\*

\*

MAURA

Aw, Jane...I'm so sorry...

\*

JANE

(stands)  
Let's go do something crazy.

\*

MAURA

You feel like tagging?

JANE

No. Not that crazy.

\*

MAURA

Oh. Graham crackers and canned  
frosting crazy?

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

JANE  
Yeah. With a box of Shiraz.

\*  
\*

MAURA  
It's a little too peppery and full-  
bodied --

\*  
\*  
\*

JANE  
Work with me.

\*  
\*

MAURA  
Okay.

\*  
\*

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE**