



“Welcome to the Dollhouse”

Episode 304

#2M5904

Written By

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Directed By

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PRODUCTION DRAFT

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RIZZOLI & ISLES

304 "Welcome to the Dollhouse"

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
Man/Jonathan Sullivan.....	TBD
Woman/Victoria Green.....	TBD
Coretta	TBD
Stanley	TBD
Rondo.....	TBD
Det. Al Sullivan.....	TBD
Dax.....	TBD
Herbert Buckley.....	TBD
Lt. Col. Casey Jones	TBD
ND Customer	TBD
Ron Montgomery.....	TBD
Sam Jackson.....	TBD
Susie Chang.....	TBD
Marion Tibbets	TBD
Ann Marie Dolan	TBD

RIZZOLI & ISLES

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

OLD BOSTON HOME
BASEMENT

BPD

DIVISION 1 CAFÉ
MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE
AUTOPSY ROOM/
RECEIVING AREA
MAURA'S OFFICE
CRIME LAB
HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM
INTERROGATION ROOM
BRIC
CAVANAUGH'S OFFICE
LOBBY/LOBBY ELEVATORS

LOW RENT APARTMENT BUILDING
HALLWAY
HERBERT BUCKLEY'S APT.

TRUCE VETERAN CENTER
CASEY JONES' OFFICE

MAURA'S HOUSE
KITCHEN

BUS DEPOT

MARION TIBBETS' HOUSE

AL SULLIVAN'S HOUSE
LIVING ROOM

VACANT BUILDING
DARKENED ROOM

DIRTY ROBBER

EXTERIORS

SEAVER STREET BUS STOP
CRIME SCENE

BOSTON STREET
EGLESTON SQUARE

VACANT BUILDING

RIZZOLI & ISLES

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DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

Scenes	Day/Night
1	N1
2-11	D2
12	N2
13-29	D3
30-35	N3

ACT ONE

1 **INT. OLD BOSTON HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT 1** 1

A FAMILY sits in overstuffed chairs, backs to us, facing an unlit fireplace. Mom, Dad and Little Boy. A GIANT HAND REACHES IN, plucks Mom from her chair.

We realize we're looking at miniature DOLLS in a Victorian-era DOLL HOUSE.

The ominous SOUND of a real woman crying...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: A pretty WOMAN, mid-20s, wearing young professional clothes. She's TIED to a chair at a table set for tea. Blood trickles down her face from a head wound. She's petrified.

MAN (O.S.)
(whisper)
Will you tell?

WOMAN
No. No...please!

The woman struggles against rope binds. She seems to know what is coming as her head swivels in fear.

WOMAN'S POV: DOLLS stare BLANKLY from shelves.

MAN (O.S.)
(louder)
Will you tell?

WOMAN
No.

PFFFOM. A vicious blow sends her head SNAPPING forward. She whimpers. And then she is still...

CLOSE ON: AN MBTA BUS AS IT WIPES FRAME --

2 **EXT. BUS STOP - DAY 2** 2

Doors of the MBTA bus SNAP open.

We see CORETTA, 60s, African American BUS DRIVER, as she looks at a waiting female passenger who sits primly on the bench. Coretta SCREAMS.

REVERSE ANGLE:

It's the pretty YOUNG woman. She's posed like a grotesque dead doll: garishly applied red lipstick, rouge and heavy blue eye shadow. Hands folded primly in her lap.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

She is dressed in different clothing: dated, a little '90s. Her hair is arranged in a side ponytail held by a black velvet scrunchie. A suitcase is by her feet.

The Bus Driver and several passengers, mostly young male and female professionals, GASP and a few SCREAM.

3

INT. BPD - DIVISION 1 CAFÉ - DAY 2

3

DETECTIVE JANE RIZZOLI sits at a table, glumly plays with her food. ANGELA RIZZOLI is behind the counter, the sweet calm in a growing storm of hungry ND DETECTIVES.

DET. BARRY FROST, UNIFORMS and the PUBLIC wait in a long line. STANLEY comes out of the kitchen.

STANLEY

This is all your fault.

ANGELA

I'm so sorry, Mr. Stanley. I never expected so many customers.

As LT. DETECTIVE SEAN CAVANAUGH hustles his way to the front of the line --

STANLEY

Yeah? Well, you and your menu additions are making my life hell, Rizzoli --

CAVANAUGH

Zip it. And it's "Mrs. Rizzoli" to you.

Stanley's knees buckle at the sight of Cavanaugh. He retreats to the kitchen.

ANGELA

You can call me, "Angela."

As she puts a styrofoam container in a bag with napkin and set-up --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Two egg whites, whole wheat toast, lightly browned, and three strips of turkey bacon.

CAVANAUGH

Uh, thank you...Mrs. Rizzoli.

He takes the breakfast and hands her several extra bills.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

You gave me too much.

CAVANAUGH

(smiling sheepishly)

No, that's for you. Thank you.

As Cavanaugh moves off to a corner table, Angela places the money in her TIP JAR.

FRANKIE RIZZOLI JR. cuts the line a la Cavanaugh. Frost is not the only unhappy customer as several glare at Frankie.

FROST

What, you put in your order when
Mommy tucks you in bed?

Frankie, bag in hand, turns to leave the café.

FRANKIE JR.

Ma knows what I like. Next time
call ahead.

Frost holds up his phone. We hear a busy signal.

FROST

It's always busy, Peter Pan.

DR. MAURA ISLES enters in running clothes, finds Jane.

MAURA

C'mon, you're running this morning.

JANE

Nope. Too late. I already showered.

Maura sniffs at Jane.

MAURA

Last night or this morning? Never
mind. Let's go.

JANE

I can't.
(off Maura's look)
I have a full stomach.

Maura eyes the plate of cold barely eaten food.

MAURA

You need endorphins from physical
activity because you're depressed.

JANE

I am not depressed.
(fakes a big smile)
See.

MAURA

You'll get over him.

JANE

It's got nothing to do with Casey.
I...uh...got a new ding in my car
door.

MAURA

You lied. Your left eyebrow moved.
You're in Stage Four of the five
stages of relationship grief.

Jane puts her fingers in her ears.

JANE

I'm in stage five of ignoring you:
can't smell, taste, touch, hear --
(closes her eyes)
-- or see you.

Maura takes Jane's hands out of her ears.

MAURA

Denial, Anger, Bargaining,
Depression, Acceptance. You'll get
to acceptance if you go for a run.

Frost walks over and sits.

FROST

Your mom's old school cooking
rocks. But she needs online
ordering.

The crowd seems to have doubled in the past few minutes.

JANE

Tell her.
(drives fork into uneaten
bunny pancakes)
I get bunny pancakes without even
having to ask.

Angela heads over with a hot stack of bunny pancakes on a
plate. Halfway to Jane, Angela stops, hands the plate to
someone: it's RONDO.

JANE (CONT'D)

What the hell...

(CONTINUED)

Rondo comes over with his plate.

RONDO
'Morning, Vanilla.

He sees a dish with several pats of butter.

RONDO (CONT'D)
You done with that butter?

Jane pushes it toward him.

JANE
Yup. You want some cold pancakes,
too?

As he digs his fork in, takes her pancakes and adds them to
his stack --

RONDO
Don't you lose no more weight, you
hear? I like my detectives with a
little meat on 'em.
(to Angela)
Mrs. Vanilla, can I take this "to-
go"?

Stanley comes out of the kitchen and nervously glances around
for Cavanaugh. He hisses at Angela.

STANLEY
SSSST. SSSST. Rizzoli. Get over
here. We're too busy for table
service.

ANGELA
I was just getting a "to-go"
container for this gentleman.

Rondo turns and smiles at Jane.

RONDO
Gentleman.

Rondo starts heading over to Angela and Stanley.

RONDO (CONT'D)
Mrs. Vanilla, you want me to take
care of him?

As Jane catches up and grabs his arm --

JANE
No.

Stanley heads back into the kitchen.

CAVANAUGH
Something the matter, Rizzoli?

A startled Jane turns, letting Rondo go.

JANE
Uh...No sir, not a thing.

Jane sees Angela discreetly pull two LARGE BAGS from behind the counter, expertly transfer Rondo's pancake breakfast into a styrofoam to-go container and put it in one of the bags.

CAVANAUGH
(as he exits)
Your mother sure can cook.

JANE
Um-hmmm.

Jane grabs Rondo, now headed out with the bags.

JANE (CONT'D)
(low)
What's in the bag?

RONDO
Gotta take the fifth, Vanilla.
Don't want no trouble for Mrs.
Vanilla.

He exits. Jane turns on Angela.

JANE
So this is why sandwiches are
twelve bucks each. You're giving
Rondo free food.

ANGELA
I use my tip money, Missy. And that
man has been through a lot. Leave
him alone.

Jane's phone buzzes a text, then Frost's, then Maura's.

FROST
Damn.

As Angela hurries to the kitchen, she yells to Frost.

ANGELA
I'll get your order.

Jane quickly stuffs two \$20 bills into her mother's tip jar, turns and gives Maura the once over --

JANE
You gonna run to the crime scene?

Maura looks down at her outfit. As she bolts toward the elevator --

MAURA
Five minutes.

JANE
You got three.

EXT. SEAVER STREET BUS STOP - CRIME SCENE - DAY 2

The MBTA bus, still full of its passengers, hasn't moved. The passengers STARE at the working crime scene as Jane and Maura arrive. Jane sees DETECTIVE AL SULLIVAN, late 40s, an MBTA cop, in a heated conversation with the shaken bus driver.

AL SULLIVAN
Read my lips: Get your ass in that seat and get this bus in service.

CORETTA
Nobody tells me when to drive. I'm traumatized.

Jane starts toward them but is intercepted by SGT. DET. VINCE KORSAK.

KORSAK
I got it. I know him.

JANE
He's a transit cop. It's not even his crime scene, it's ours.

KORSAK
That's Al Sullivan. He's always irritable. His wife took off with a boyfriend years ago or maybe died? Something like that...

JANE
Something like that?

KORSAK
Yeah...think they had a kid.

JANE
So you two are close.

KORSAK

Must've been ten years ago...no,
had to be twenty. I was still in
the Drug Unit...

As Korsak heads toward Al --

JANE

Let me know if you need help
finding your car.

Jane walks up to Maura, who is looking at the body.

JANE (CONT'D)

She looks like a big, weird doll.

MAURA

(with a flourish)
"Dame de Voyage."

JANE

(French accent)
Vi are ve speaking French?

MAURA

Sex dolls originated in the 17th
century. Randy sailors took them on
lonely voyages. But something like
this could be "agalmatophilia."
(AHGAL-MATOE-PHILIA)

JANE

Anything ending in "feel-ya" isn't
gonna be good --

MAURA

It's a fetish involving the love
between a man and a doll.

JANE

A man, a doll, his love and what --
a hammer? Two-by-four? Hockey
stick?

MAURA

Definitely something hard.

JANE

Brilliant deduction.

MAURA

Thank you.

Maura moves the cuffs of the shirt. She points out purple
bruising around the wrists.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA (CONT'D)

Her wrists were bound to something.

As Maura examines the body, Jane looks around the scene.

JANE

No cast off, no blood spatter. She
wasn't killed here.

(re: victim's scrunchie)

Nice scrunchie.

MAURA

Her clothes are very early '90s,
too -- see? More formal before
sweeping changes to fashion made
grunge "chic."

JANE

And you're telling me this
because... she was transported from
the '90s?

MAURA

No, Detective Smart Ass. Because
the clothes are twenty-years-old,
and they don't fit her.

JANE

Maybe somebody was playing Grown-Up
Barbie with her.

Frost hurries over.

JANE (CONT'D)

How was breakfast?

FROST

It'll be faster tomorrow.

JANE

She's tucking you in, too?

He smiles. Jane points to the suitcase at the victim's feet.

JANE (CONT'D)

Can you take a look in the
suitcase?

Frost opens it, finds bloody women's clothing -- neatly
folded. A smartphone and a wallet that contains an MBTA
"Charlie card" (bus pass) and a driver's license.

FROST

This is too easy. It's all here.
Driver's License. Bus Pass. Cash.

(CONTINUED)

He checks the victim's cell phone as he hands the license to Jane.

JANE
(reading from the license)
Victoria Green, 25. Lived in
Brighton.

FROST
Phone's password protected.

Jane lifts out a bloody shirt from the suitcase.

JANE
Looks like she may have been
wearing this when she was killed.

Frost looks over at the body --

FROST
Killer redressed her in those
clothes...

MAURA
From the '90s.

JANE
Right, from the '90s, thank you
Maura. Maybe we are looking for a
killer with a doll fetish.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

5 **EXT. SEAVER STREET BUS STOP - CRIME SCENE - DAY 2 - MINUTES 5
LATER**

Korsak PANTS as he hurries up to Frost. He has a yellow
labrador retriever with him. He's nervous. His pant leg is
ripped.

JANE

Is the owner chasing you?

KORSAK

I'm gonna head back --
(to dog)
C'mon, girl.

JANE

Hold up -- who's your new friend?

KORSAK

This is Barney Miller. I gotta go.

FROST

Where'd you get this dog? Your
pants are ripped.

KORSAK

She. And I rescued her. She was
trapped behind a fence. She was
crying. Somebody abandoned her.

FROST

Stealing somebody's dog is a
felony, dude.

Korsak looks around furtively.

KORSAK

I didn't steal her. I'm caring for
Barney Miller until I can find her
a good home.

FROST

I'm not visiting you when they send
you away.

JANE

I will.

6

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

6

Victoria Green, covered by a white sheet pulled up to her armpits, lies on the autopsy table. Maura shows Jane something on the victim's head.

MAURA

There are remnants of a subdural hematoma just above the right ear.

JANE

She was knocked out. With what? And don't say something hard.

MAURA

The extent of the damage makes it impossible to determine the type of instrument used.

JANE

Was she raped?

MAURA

(shaking her head)

I don't think it was rape: no evidence of trauma, tearing or bruising.

JANE

Ah-ha! That means you found evidence of sex.

MAURA

Okay, that's called "entrapment." Yes. Within the past 24 to 36 hours.

Jane looks at the victim's strange makeup.

JANE

What about this crazy clown makeup?

MAURA

It was applied post-mortem. I found blood under it.

JANE

Maybe it was a sex game gone wrong...

MAURA

The killer did exhibit a certain degree of tenderness.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Oh yeah, real tender. Starting with her "tenderized" head.

Frost enters holding a file containing a police report, booking sheet and a photo of "Herbert Buckley." As Frost hands Jane the file --

FROST

Got a suspect: Herbert Buckley. Local guy. Just got out of the house of corrections. Served two years on an A&B.

Jane reads the police report.

JANE

He beat up hookers while he was having sex with them.

FROST

Yeah, hit one in the head with a crowbar. He said he had to because the "doll kept moving."

As Jane and Frost head out of the autopsy room --

JANE

Let's find Herbert. See if he still has his "tender" touch.

RECEIVING AREA:

ON KORSAK as he watches them leave. He pokes his head through the plastic flaps.

KORSAK

Psst. Hey, Doc?

Maura is startled.

MAURA

Sergeant Korsak? Are you alright?

As Maura heads to the receiving area --

KORSAK

Uh...I was wondering...uh...if you could give a friend of mine a little check up?

MAURA

Here? There really is no such thing as a "little" check up. I would have to...

(CONTINUED)

REVEAL: a very friendly, cute and adorable Barney Miller.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Oh. Hello.

7 INT. LOW RENT APT. BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY 2 7

Jane and Frost are ushered through a skid row hallway by DAX, 40s, a clueless, Rod Stewart look-a-like.

DAX
Man, this is a downer. Herbert goes at Marlene all the time. She never called the cops before.

JANE
Who's Marlene?

DAX
Herbert's old lady.

They hear a man's raised voice coming from inside an apartment.

MAN (O.S.)
Yeah, you bet I'm frustrated!

Jane and Frost pull their weapons as Dax pulls out a ring of keys, about to step to the apartment door.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
How many times I gotta tell you I hate mushrooms on my burger?

DAX
That would be Herbert.

MAN (O.S.)
And I hate sprouts! You got 'em in the catsup!

Jane grabs Dax by the collar of his shirt, PULLS him back. She flattens against the wall next to the door.

JANE
Stay put.

Frost takes a deep breath then BOOM...he kicks in the door.

8 INT. LOW RENT APT. BUILDING - HERBERT BUCKLEY'S APT. - DAY 8
2 - CONTINUOUS

Frost enters. He scans the room as he moves to the left. Jane slides in behind him and moves to her right.

(CONTINUED)

MARLENE, 20s, HARD-BODIED and BLONDE sits passively, back to Jane and Frost, in a chair in the center of the room.

HERBERT BUCKLEY, SOFT and DOUGHY, right fist COCKED BACK, is ready to strike her in the head.

JANE

Freeze.

Herbert is stunned to see Jane and Frost in his living room. He is Cuckoo-for-Cocoa Puffs.

HERBERT

Hey, we were just talking --

In one quick move, Frost holsters his weapon and tackles Herbert.

As Frost and Herbert hit the floor, Jane holsters her weapon and moves in to help. It takes both Jane and Frost to handcuff Herbert who is now crying.

HERBERT (CONT'D)

I didn't want to hurt her.

(to Marlene)

Baby, I love you. I wouldn't hurt you. Tell them.

Jane turns to Marlene.

JANE

Are you hurt? Do you need an ambulance...

Jane is face to face with Marlene, a very beautiful, very real-looking, life-sized doll.

HERBERT

We're working on our relationship. I wasn't going to hit her.

As Frost pushes Herbert toward the door, Herbert starts to cry. He's pathetic.

FROST

Hey, easy, bro. Don't cry.

HERBERT

It's Marlene...she hates to be alone. I can't leave her alone!

Jane and Frost trade a look. Jane softens.

JANE
Behave yourself, and we'll let
Marlene come with us.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - MAURA'S OFFICE - DAY 2

Maura pats Barney Miller. Korsak looks on.

MAURA
(to Barney Miller)
Oh what a good girl. You're a
purebred aren't you? Yes, you are.
(to Korsak)
Barney Miller is in excellent
health.

Korsak sets his keys and notebook down on Maura's desk.

KORSAK
Watch this. Bring me the keys
Barney Miller.

Barney Miller approaches the desk, front paws up on the
desktop. She snatches the keys and brings them to Korsak.

KORSAK (CONT'D)
Bring me my notebook, girl.

Barney repeats the process, brings Korsak his notebook.

KORSAK (CONT'D)
Turn off the lights.

Barney Miller moves to the light switch, jumps up and turns
off the lights. As Barney Miller moves toward Korsak...

KORSAK (CONT'D)
Any idea...

...and buries her nose in his crotch.

KORSAK (CONT'D)
Hey, hey. Off Barney Miller.
(he pushes her away)
She keeps doing that.

Senior Criminalist SUSIE CHANG enters carrying a HAND-HELD
SCANNER. As she hands it to Maura --

SUSIE CHANG
I found an RFID scanner, Dr. Isles.
[Radio Frequency Identification]

As Maura scans the area around Barney Miller's neck --

MAURA

If Barney Miller is chipped, this
will tell us who she belongs to --

She looks at the readout on the scanner.

MAURA (CONT'D)

She's registered to the Truce
Veteran Center.

KORSAK

That's where Lieutenant Colonel
Jones works...

MAURA

Are you a service dog, Barney?

Barney Miller "Aarfs."

KORSAK

No wonder you know so many tricks.

Korsak is crushed. He pats Barney Miller tenderly.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

I guess a Wounded Warrior needs you
more than I do.

MAURA

(getting an idea)

Why don't I take Barney Miller
home? Spare you that.

KORSAK

Would you? I don't think I can do
it.

He wraps his arms around the dog.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

G'bye, girl.

Maura and Barney Miller walk to Lt. Col. Casey Jones' office.
As they near the closed door, Barney Miller jumps up, grabs
the doorknob, opens the door and bolts into the office.

MAURA

Wait!

CASEY

(O.S.)

Elsie?

Maura enters. LT. COL. CASEY JONES sits behind his desk as Barney Miller, AKA Elsie, smothers him with kisses. Casey remains seated. He's stunned to see Maura.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Maura? ...Hi...

Casey begins to search through his desk drawer for a leash.

CASEY (CONT'D)
(to Elsie)
How'd you get your collar off
again?

MAURA
Sgt. Korsak found her not far from
here. How'd she get out?

Casey finds a collar and leash in his drawer, gently places it on Elsie as Maura studies his movements. She's almost clinical as she notices something.

CASEY
As you can see, she's pretty adept
at opening doors but a little shaky
on "stay."

MAURA
You have Cauda Equina Syndrome,
don't you?

CASEY
(not pleased)
I didn't know you were a
neurologist, too.

MAURA
(ignores the jab)
How serious is it?

He doesn't answer.

MAURA (CONT'D)
A colleague of mine is heading up
the Boston clinical trials for a
new spinal regeneration technique --

CASEY
(cuts her off)
I know. I'm on the waiting list.

MAURA
(re: his injury)
You should tell Jane.

CASEY

(forceful)

No. And you won't either. Ever. You have to promise me that.

MAURA

I don't know if I can make that promise. She's my friend.

CASEY

If she's your friend, you will. Hang out with me for a day. You'll see what an injury like mine does to girlfriends and wives and families. I'm not wrecking anybody else's life.

MAURA

A lot of couples cope with serious war injuries. Let Jane decide for herself.

CASEY

You shouldn't have come here. No.

MAURA

Jane is suffering. Knowing the truth is much easier than living with what she's imagining.

CASEY

Isn't that up to me to decide?

MAURA

You're being mean: to Jane and to yourself.

CASEY

(hard)

I came back to see if I could get into the clinical trials. I didn't come back for Jane.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

11 **INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY 2**

11

Korsak slumps at his desk, still morose over the loss of B.M. as Jane and Frost return from interviewing Herbert. They pass the CLEAR BOARD, now covered with crime scene photos.

Marlene sits at Jane's desk.

FROST
(re: Herbert)
That is one very strange guy.
(re: Marlene)
And...woman...

JANE
Herb the Perv was looking pretty good for this. But the landlord says he's always there, yelling at her.

Jane notices Korsak.

JANE (CONT'D)
What's the matter?

KORSAK
Barney Miller's gone.

FROST
Aw...Are you stuck paying alimony again?

KORSAK
Shut up. Her name is "Elsie." Isn't that pretty? She works with vets struggling with PTSD at -- uh...

He stops, realizing where he's headed. Too late.

JANE
At?

KORSAK
Uh...at the program where Lt. Colonel Jones works.

Jane startles at the mention of Casey.

JANE
(pretends disinterest)
Really? How interesting. So, uh...let's go through what we have so far --

(CONTINUED)

Frankie rushes in.

FRANKIE JR.

Suspect we just led down is crying
like a baby. He's wrapped around
the security station. He won't
leave. Says you kidnapped his wife.

Jane grabs the back of her chair, pushes it toward Frankie.
Marlene sails in the wheeled chair over to Frankie.

JANE

Frankie, meet Marlene.

FRANKIE JR.

Whoa...

As Frankie tries to lift "Marlene" --

FROST

Don't be fooled by the size two
jeans, bro. She's heavy.

Korsak turns his monitor for Frankie to see.

KORSAK

Yeah, Marlene's no cheap date.

INSERT: "GIRL OF YOUR DREAM" website shows the "Marlene"
model -- \$8,000.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

Eight grand, fellas.

FROST

Damn... 'Course if you amortize
that, it's a lot cheaper than
alimony.

FRANKIE JR.

Plus you have a woman who doesn't
talk.

Their laughter is silenced by a look from Jane.

JANE

Thank you, Mo, Curly and Larry.

As Frankie pushes Marlene out toward the elevators on Jane's
rolling chair --

JANE (CONT'D)

Hey, bring my chair back, Curly.
(to Frost)
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

Maybe you can tell me what we got
from Victoria's smartphone, Larry.

FROST

No luck with the password yet. I'll
keep trying.

Jane turns to the last Stooge.

JANE

What about you, Moe?

Korsak flips open his notebook as Maura enters, carries her
gym bag.

KORSAK

Monthly bus pass won't tell us
anything. MBTA doesn't track use.

MAURA

Sixteen bytes per sector are
reserved for the keys and access
conditions and cannot normally be
used for user data.

JANE

Marlene -- you can talk!

MAURA

Excuse me?

As Maura looks from Jane to Korsak to Frost, all smiling --

MAURA (CONT'D)

I was referring to the bus pass.
(to Jane)
Let's go to the gym.

Jane grabs her jacket from her desk.

JANE

I'm too tired to work out.

MAURA

Then let's go to the Dirty Robber.
I'll even have a beer with you.

As Jane heads out.

JANE

No. I'm gonna go work out on my
couch --
(as she passes Maura)
The five stages of junk food.

11

CONTINUED: (3)

11

Korsak waits for Jane to clear the squad room.

KORSAK

I mentioned Elsie...and uh...Casey.
Think that's what's got her down?

Maura watches a sullen Jane at the elevators.

MAURA

I'd only be guessing.

12

INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 2

12

Angela is at the counter, working on her laptop as Maura enters from upstairs. They're both dressed casually. Maura carries a book, is about to make tea.

ANGELA

Come look at what Detective Frost set up for me.

Maura looks over Angela's shoulder.

INSERT: A VIRTUAL DIVISION 1 CAFÉ.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Now all my customers can order online.

MAURA

This is great. Maybe even Stanley will start to enjoy all of his new business.

ANGELA

Stanley's a grouch...I'm worried about Jane. It's as bad as when Andrew Spagnola broke her heart at the Shining Star prom.

As Angela talks, Maura hunts for a book in a bookcase, returns with a copy of Gray's Anatomy. As she places it in front of Angela --

MAURA

You have to swear you'll never mention to Jane what I'm about to tell you.

ANGELA

It's Gray's Anatomy!

MAURA

(very serious)
Swear, Angela.

(CONTINUED)

Angela places her hand on it.

ANGELA

I swear. My lips are sealed. What is it?

MAURA

I went to see Casey.

Angela gasps.

ANGELA

So? Spill.

MAURA

You promise?

ANGELA

Pinky promise. Talk.

MAURA

He's partially paralyzed. He doesn't want Jane to know.

ANGELA

Oh my God. That poor boy. Partially paralyzed...

(starts to tear up; then)

Does that mean he can't have children?

MAURA

Angela!

ANGELA

What? I want a grandkid, and she's crazy about him.

MAURA

There is a small chance that he may regain function someday. But he's pretty resolute. He doesn't want to see her.

ANGELA

Well then he's a fool. I could tell she really liked him...

MAURA

I think she loves him.

ANGELA

It is a little romantic. Like "An Affair to Remember."

MAURA

Cauda Equina Syndrome isn't
romantic. It's a devastating
condition --

As Maura talks, Angela half-listens; moves to the couch,
finds the remote control.

MAURA (CONT'D)

-- caused by an injury to the mass
of nerves between the first and
second lumbar --

ANGELA

Detective Frost showed me how to
order movies, too. I did it! Look --

As the movie "An Affair to Remember" comes onto the T.V.

MAURA

You know, I've never actually seen
"An Affair to Remember."

ANGELA

(pats couch)
Sit.

Jane comes in with a tray of three coffees, gives one to
Frost as he works on Victoria's phone. Korsak is at his desk.
The clear board is up with crime scene photos and photos of a
very pretty and alive Victoria.

JANE

Still at it?

KORSAK

Give it up. Maybe the D.O.J. will
let us borrow that kid who hacked
into the Pentagon.

Jane hands Korsak coffee. He thanks her.

FROST

I'll get it.

KORSAK

While you were playing with our
victim's cellphone, I did a little
actual work. Went to her apartment.
Locked up tight. Nothin' disturbed.
(off his notebook)
New to Boston.

(MORE)

KORSAK (CONT'D)

Moved here from Atlanta to take a
job with Ron Montgomery Associates.
Castlegate Towers in Jamaica Plain.

JANE

And we don't know where she was
last scene...

KORSAK

Nope.

FROST

She had a bus pass...You look at
the bus drivers on the route
between her office and her
apartment?

KORSAK

Yeah. And the ones on the other
seventy-three routes. Nothing in
their backgrounds.

JANE

Anyone see her leave the building
the night she was murdered?

KORSAK

Nope. But she signed out at 8 p.m.

As Frost hits keys rapid-fire --

FROST

Oh, yeah. I am good. I'm in. Think
I know why our victim was deleting
all of her texts...

Jane looks over his shoulder.

JANE

Uh-oh...

FROST

Yeah...she's a sexter.

KORSAK

What the hell's a sexter?

FROST

Cover your eyes. Might be too racy
for you.

Several "sexting" messages. Jane looks.

JANE

She did a lot of sexting with
someone named, "R."

INSERT: a NAKED MALE TORSO a la Congressman Weiner's tweet.
The background is an office setting.

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh, my..."R" wasn't shy, was he?

FROST

Must be running for Congress.

As Korsak works on his computer --

KORSAK

"R" for Ron -- Ron Montgomery
Associates?

He turns his monitor around to show them.

INSERT: RON MONTGOMERY ASSOCIATES company prospectus
including a FAMILY PHOTO of Ron, his WIFE, and TWO CHILDREN.

JANE

(reads from the screen)
"Ron Montgomery runs a family
company with family friendly
values."

KORSAK

I remember when that meant you
weren't a pervert.

INT. BPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 3

Frost goes hard at RON MONTGOMERY, 40s, a CPA nerd who
believes he's a slick and slippery player.

RON MONTGOMERY

She was new but a good employee.

Jane pulls SCREEN GRABS of the sexts from a large manila
envelope, places them in front of Montgomery.

JANE

You send pictures of yourself to
all your "good" employees?

RON MONTGOMERY

We were just having some innocent
fun.

As Jane throws down a photo of Victoria's head wound, and
Montgomery looks ill --

FROST

Yeah, looks real innocent.

RON MONTGOMERY

I didn't do that...I wouldn't ever do something like that...

JANE

But you had sex with her, didn't you?

RON MONTGOMERY

No, we didn't. I'm married.

FROST

She had sex with someone the day she died. We have DNA from semen.

JANE

Let's just make sure it wasn't you, shall we? We'll just need a cheek swab.

RON MONTGOMERY

Okay. Okay. We had sex -- but it was on her lunch hour.

JANE

At least it wasn't on company time.

RON MONTGOMERY

Look, she didn't know anybody, she was lonely, I was lonely...It wasn't serious.

FROST

It is now. What time did you leave work?

RON MONTGOMERY

Before she did! You can check with security. I used my key card in the garage!

JANE

And then where did you go?

RON MONTGOMERY

Straight home. I swear it.

Korsak enters. Jane and Korsak both rise, move off in a huddle.

(CONTINUED)

KORSAK
We've got another one. Probably
happened last night.

FROST
I'll stay here, get Frankie to help
me look at the security tapes and
check him out.

As Jane and Korsak head out, Ron Montgomery starts out of his
chair.

FROST (CONT'D)
Where you goin'? You're not done
here.

15 **EXT. BOSTON STREET - EGGLESTON SQUARE - DAY 3** 15

Jane, Maura and Korsak look at the body of DIANE CAMPBELL,
mid-20s. Like the first victim, she's posed like a doll on a
bus bench: hands folded, gaping head wound, '90s outfit,
Suitcase by her feet.

LOOKIE-LOOS are at the perimeter. CSRU TECHS work as Maura
finishes her initial exam.

JANE
Looks like this one got transported
from the '90s, too.
(re: victim's head)
Looks like the same amount of rage.

MAURA
Blunt force trauma. Hmm...
remarkable. It is the same.

JANE
Same weapon?

MAURA
Same scrunchie.

Maura moves the woman's hair to show Jane a loose ponytail
held by a black velvet scrunchie.

JANE
Either she was transported from the
'90s or she works for Hilary
Clinton.

Korsak smiles as he looks through an old suitcase on the
bench next to the victim.

(CONTINUED)

KORSAK

All her I.D. and a bus pass.
(reads from the license)
Diane Campbell. Lives downtown on
Tremont Street.

JANE

That's nowhere near where our first
victim lived or worked.

Korsak looks over at the front of the rundown stores.

KORSAK

Nowhere near here, either.

A group of young professional women has gathered. They look
afraid. Jane sees them.

JANE

No wonder they're afraid.
Somebody's hunting young women...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

16

INT. BPD - DIVISION 1 CAFÉ - DAY 3

16

The line is longer than ever. Stanley serves customers as he glares at Angela. Angela frantically waves to Frost as he enters.

STANLEY

I rue the day I gave you a job,
Rizzoli. Rue it, you hear me?

ANGELA

(to Frost, desperate)
No one is using my online menu. I'm
going to lose my job! The traffic
isn't getting on the interweb
roads. How do I do that?

Frost hides a smile.

FROST

Okay, don't panic. People are
attracted to sites that have a
gimmick or content.

ANGELA

Oh, okay. Like a raffle for a steak
dinner. Hey, what about a Bahama
getaway?

STANLEY

You'll be on a permanent getaway if
you don't get back to work.

Stanley heads back into the kitchen.

FROST

I was thinking more along the lines
of a blog. Something that people
see every day.

ND CUSTOMER

You think I'm gonna see my
breakfast sometime today?

Jane enters, goes over to get some coffee, passing Angela.

JANE

Hey, Ma.

ANGELA

Hi, sweetie.

(CONTINUED)

JANE
(to Frost)
Thought you said things would be
faster around here.

FROST
There are a few glitches I'm
working on...Hey, I've got Frankie
working through the security
footage to double-check Ronnie the
Sexter's story.

JANE
Doesn't it feel like we're missing
something? Time of death for both
victims was around midnight. Cause
of death sure looks the same.

FROST
Yeah, same "doll" pose, makeup,
'90s clothing...the suitcases...

JANE
Okay...so why no link between them?

FROST
(shrugs)
Nothing in common: friends, work-
out classes. I couldn't find
anything. Plus they lived and
worked in opposite ends of town.

JANE
But they both had monthly bus
passes.

FROST
Thousands of commuters do. These
two never used the same routes, far
as we can tell.

JANE
Wait, what if this killer is
randomly targeting young, working
women -- on the buses?

As Jane and Frost talk, they don't notice Angela at the
counter furiously typing away on her laptop.

Korsak stands behind Frankie, who sits at a workstation as
Frost and Jane enter. Frankie is showing Korsak security
video from Ron Montgomery's garage. On another monitor,
security footage of the front of the building plays.

FRANKIE JR.

That him?

Korsak looks.

INSERT: Montgomery drives up to the gate and waves his wallet against the security pad.

KORSAK

Yeah, that's Montgomery...leaving the garage at 7:58. Nice work, Frankie.

JANE

That's it? What's so nice about it? It just confirms his story.

KORSAK

Frankie's been digging. Wait for it.

JANE

You want a drum roll? Have to be faster than this if you want to be a detective.

FRANKIE JR.

I find I'm doing a lot of "detecting" for someone who doesn't have a Gold Badge.

FROST

I think I detect some whining.

Frankie hits keys. Security footage from a camera across the street plays.

FRANKIE JR.

This is from a security camera across the street from Montgomery's office building.

JANE

Wow...so we get to watch him drive out from a different angle.

FRANKIE JR.

You know what I love about you? How supportive you are.

INSERT: VIDEO of Ron Montgomery's car. Stops in front of his building as Victoria Green exits the front door. Montgomery gets out of his car and the two argue. He convinces her to get in the car. The car pulls away.

KORSAK

See that? Ron Montgomery pulls up
in front just as our victim leaves
the building.

FROST

They argue. He's got some game. She
gives in and gets in.

JANE

So Ron Montgomery is not only a
cheater, he's also a liar.

INT. BPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 3

Jane and Frost show Montgomery a screen grab of Victoria
getting into his car. He knows he's caught in a lie.

RON MONTGOMERY

When I heard that Victoria was
dead, I didn't want to be involved.

JANE

Oh, okay. No worries. You're not
"involved." You were just the last
one seen with a woman who had her
skull bashed in. So sorry we
bothered you.

Ron looks around nervously. Frost pulls out a crime scene
photo of their second victim, Diane Campbell.

FROST

How 'bout her. Were you "not
involved" with her either?

RON MONTGOMERY

(recoils)

What're you doing? I don't even
know who that is. I didn't do that.

JANE

Why were you arguing with Victoria
the night she was murdered?

RON MONTGOMERY

She found out I'm not really
separated...I was giving her a ride
home, trying to explain. But she
was so upset, she made me pull over
near Allendale Circle. She got out.
That's the last time I saw her.

FROST

That's miles from where Victoria lived. Then where'd you go?

RON MONTGOMERY

The Blue Tassel. I was there 'til closing. Ask the bartender, Ned.

JANE

Make yourself comfortable. We'll be back.

19 INT. BPD - BRIC - DAY 3

19

Korsak enters from the squad room as Jane and Frankie watch Homeland Security footage from cameras in Allendale Circle.

KORSAK

Bartender confirmed he was there until two in the morning.

INSERT: Montgomery's car pulls to the curb. Victoria gets out, slams the door and heads off, nearly tripping in her high heels as Montgomery drives off.

JANE

And there she goes. That part is true...she's not walking in those heels...

Frankie keeps watching. He sees something.

FRANKIE JR.

Hey, wait, look --

They do.

INSERT: Victoria gets into an MBTA bus.

FRANKIE JR. (CONT'D)

She took a bus.

JANE

I think our bus theory is back.

Frankie freezes the footage. We can see the bus driver's face.

KORSAK

I checked the backgrounds on all the bus drivers...but I think I'll go have a face to face with that one.

20

INT. BUS DEPOT - DAY 3

20

Jane and Korsak interview SAM JACKSON, 50s, as he studies Victoria's photo.

JANE

Do you remember this woman?

SAM JACKSON

(nods)

She's the girl in the news. Always got on at Forest Hills. But the other night I picked her up on Allendale.

Jane and Korsak trade looks.

KORSAK

Where were you two nights ago?

SAM JACKSON

Got pulled off my route at ten o'clock to fill in on the 117 bus in East Boston. Worked until one in the morning. You can check.

RONDO

(O.S.)

Hello, Vanilla.

Jane turns to see Rondo and THREE ND HOMELESS MEN, all wearing BERETS AND RED T-SHIRTS that say "ANGELA'S GUARDIANS" as they spread out to get on buses. As Rondo approaches Jane -

JANE

(reads Rondo's shirt)

Angela's Guardians?

RONDO

Mrs. Vanilla takes care of us. So when she put out the call --

JANE

Whoa. Call? What call?

RONDO

To protect the young women of this city. Make the buses safe again.

JANE

Why is my mother always in the middle of everything?

Jane's phone buzzes a text from Maura and grabs Korsak.

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)
(to Korsak)
Maura's found something big.

As they head out --

JANE (CONT'D)
(to Rondo)
Remember the last time you tried to
play street hero?

RONDO
(pleased)
You heard?

JANE
Yeah, I heard. Don't "Hi-yah"
again.

RONDO
I love it when you talk like that.

Jane and Korsak watch Maura as she lifts a two inch splinter
from a petri dish.

MAURA
This was imbedded into the Parietal
Lobe of Diane Campbell's brain.

JANE
A toothpick?

KORSAK
A splinter?

As Maura slides the splinter under a projection microscope
the image comes into focus on the monitor.

MAURA
A sliver of wood.

JANE
Which is a splinter, Maura.

Maura points out some shaded areas of the sliver.

MAURA
See this? This stain is actually
from two blood types: AB-Positive,
which matches --

As she hits a key on her computer and a photo of Victoria
Green pops up --

MAURA (CONT'D)
Victim #1, Victoria Green. And O-
Negative --

As she hits a key and Diane Campbell's photo POPS UP --

MAURA (CONT'D)
...which is a match to Victim #2,
Diane Campbell.

KORSAK
So the splinter --

JANE
Please, Korsak. Precise
terminology: "sliver."

KORSAK
The "sliver" is from the murder
weapon.

Maura smiles but remains silent for a beat.

JANE
Doesn't that kinda look like her,
"I've got a Secret" face?

MAURA
Well, it's not really a secret. The
people in the lab all know. And the
DNA section knows and...

JANE
And the people on the bus know
because the secret goes round and
round --

MAURA
I found a third blood type.

Jane stares at the sliver of wood.

JANE
You want us to believe you found
three types of blood on that
sliver.

MAURA
Well, it is a big sliver. There's
more: The third blood sample is
twenty-years-old.

JANE
What have you been drinking?

MAURA

Water. Two liters a day as recommended by the Mayo Clinic.

JANE

You cannot possibly tell how old that speck of blood is.

MAURA

Yes I can. It's simple. A laser excites the tryptophan until it fluoresces --

JANE

I'm excited just thinking about it.

KORSAK

Jane, that sliver might be the piece of a murder weapon --

JANE

That our killer used 20 years ago. Is there enough for a DNA profile?

Susie Chang enters with a report on the wood sliver --

SUSIE CHANG

I have the results from the Trace Section.

MAURA

The sliver is white ash with traces of shellac.

KORSAK

(foreboding)

Our old nightsticks were white ash... Never did understand why they put shellac on them.

JANE

Korsak, you think we're looking for a cop?

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

22

INT. BPD - CAVANAUGH'S OFFICE - DAY 3

22

Jane and Korsak talk privately with Cavanaugh.

JANE

Who else would a young woman trust?
Someone in a uniform.

AS Cavanaugh reaches next to his desk and pulls out a wooden nightstick --

CAVANAUGH

These were phased out twenty years ago. Still have mine.

KORSAK

So do a lot of guys. We'd be looking at an old timer -- retired maybe. Someone with a history of violence.

JANE

We didn't find anything in cold cases. No hits for a similar M.O. in NCIC in the past twenty-five years.

CAVANAUGH

Check any cop who went to prison for assaults on women or any domestic violence.

JANE

Okay. Maybe our killer just got released and is back at it.

Cavanaugh shakes his head in disgust.

CAVANAUGH

When I first come on, had to just about kill your wife to get charged with anything. How many times we tell a guy to take a walk around the block to cool off?

KORSAK

(disgusted by memory)
Old-timers called it "disciplining the bride."

(CONTINUED)

CAVANAUGH

I used to "let" the old man come after me. Gave me a chance to "discipline" him.

JANE

You provoked a wife-beater into picking on someone his own size?

Cavanaugh smiles sheepishly.

CAVANAUGH

Ah, sometimes they were bigger.

Jane smiles with newfound respect.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY 3

Maura, dressed in running gear, jogs with Jane who wears shorts and a BPD T-shirt.

JANE

I keep thinking about what you said: "He's tender."

MAURA

Casey?

JANE

No. The other tender guy. Our killer. And I told you not to say that name.

MAURA

Exposure therapy might help you get over...

(carefully)

Casey.

JANE

Stop. And if you want to play Dr. Freud, let's talk about the psychology of the killer.

MAURA

He's constructed a world in which an act of extreme violence --

JANE

Smashing women's skull in with his nightstick...

MAURA

-- was followed by a tender expression of love.

JANE

Tenderly slapping on pancake makeup
and dressing her in 20-year-old
clothes...Classic definition of a
wife beater.

Jane suddenly stops running. Maura jogs in place.

MAURA

C'mon! I just got my heart rate up.

JANE

Wait -- '90s clothing...He dresses
her in 20-year-old clothes -- and
you found 20-year-old blood.

Jane sniffs her shirt as she turns to head back --

JANE (CONT'D)

Do you think we ran long enough to
need a shower?

MAURA

Oh, man...I didn't even get an
endorphin hit yet...

Frost searches through records as Korsak watches the
monitors. Jane returns, still dressed from her run.

She drops down in the chair next to Frost.

FROST

That was a short run.

JANE

I'm a fast runner. Find anything?

KORSAK

We've been looking at any cop fired
for domestic violence in the last
25 years. Nothing that fits.

FROST

And only a few ex-cops doing time.
Nobody released within the last
year.

Cavanaugh bursts in, ready for battle.

CAVANAUGH

Turn on WJTV.

Frost does. A live press conference comes up on the monitor.

INSERT: a group of professional women, 20s and 30s, flanked by Rondo and his three buddies, who wear "ANGELA'S GUARDIANS" berets and T-shirts and stand at attention.

RONDO (ON MONITOR)

Young ladies are being stalked by a deranged killer. And it's up to me and my homies to help the Boston Police Department.

JANE

Thank goodness the homies are on the case...

CAVANAUGH

Rizzoli, want to explain why the hell your informant is the lead choir boy for your mother's... homies?

RONDO (ON MONITOR)

That's right, y'all. BPD cares --

WOMAN'S VOICE

No, they don't! A serial killer is after us on public transportation!

RONDO

That's why Angela's Guardians gonna be everywhere.

As Cavanaugh angrily bangs keys at a workstation --

CAVANAUGH

(mutters)

It's gonna be Angela's Ashes by the time I'm through --

INSERT: MONITOR as it changes from the press conference to "ANGELA'S CAFÉ & CRIME" blog.

FROST

(without thinking)

Damn...12,104 followers?

INSERT: a new PAGE blares, "WEBSITE DESIGNED BY DET. BARRY FROST."

As Frost rolls his chair behind Korsak --

CAVANAUGH

(turns on Frost)

Yeah, you better hide.

Cavanaugh storms out.

25 INT. BPD - LOBBY ELEVATORS/LOBBY/DIVISION 1 CAFÉ - DAY 3 25

Jane and Maura exit from different elevators. They surreptitiously walk and talk, trying to hear what Cavanaugh is saying to Angela inside the café.

MAURA

You think he's going to fire her?

JANE

Oh, man, I don't know...she really did it this time --

They can just hear what Cavanaugh is saying.

CAVANAUGH

Uh...Mrs. Rizzoli --

ANGELA

Call me "Angela." Please.

CAVANAUGH

Uh...we've got a situation -

Jane pulls Maura back so they can't hear. Cavanaugh and Angela continue to talk behind the glass.

JANE

(mutters at her mother)
Angela's Guardians gonna be everywhere...Oh, God, Maura, I'm gonna end up back in Evidence Management --

As Maura starts to smile and points --

MAURA

I don't think so.

We see Angela fussing with a ready-made lunch she has for Cavanaugh: a big pastrami sandwich, pickle, chips and a slice of apple pie. As Cavanaugh blushes, smiles and pays --

JANE

How does she do that?

MAURA

One study found that men become sexually aroused when sniffing pumpkin pie and lavender --

JANE

Maura!

Cavanaugh carries his lunch. As he passes Jane and Maura --

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

CAVANAUGH
Not one word, Rizzoli.

26

INT. BPD - DIVISION 1 CAFÉ - DAY 3 - MINUTES LATER

26

Angela types on her laptop, working happily on her blog, as Jane sneaks up on her, Maura following.

JANE
Hey, Ma. Chatting with one of your virtual "friends"?

ANGELA
Did you see my blog? I'm putting up a few more safety tips. I have twelve followers so far.

JANE
You have twelve thousand, Ma.

ANGELA
I do?

A low "ding" sounds from the laptop. Maura checks.

MAURA
Twelve thousand three hundred thirteen.

Another "ding." Jane throws Maura a look that says "don't" as she grabs Angela's laptop.

JANE
Time to say goodbye to your twelve thousand little friends.

Jane exits. Angela turns to Maura.

ANGELA
We have to help her. She's so angry. I have a good idea --

MAURA
(as she exits)
Whatever it is you're thinking of doing...Don't. It's none of our business.

But Angela pulls out a pen and a piece of paper.

27

INT. BPD - BRIC - DAY 3

27

Korsak and Frost work as Jane enters with her mother's laptop. She opens it, puts it in front of Frost.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Shut my mother's blog down.

DING! DING! DING! Angela's computer signals new "friends."

FROST

You sure? I've never built a blog
that had this kind of traffic.

KORSAK

Do it or you'll be directing
traffic.

Jane starts to pace.

JANE

Everything is significant to a
serial killer: he's not randomly
targeting and randomly dropping his
victims at those bus stops.

KORSAK

Maybe there was a body drop at one
of those bus stops twenty years
ago. Frost, check Egleston Square.
I'll look at Seaver Street.

JANE

Good idea. I'll make sure my
mother's blog is down.

She starts typing.

FROST

No murders -- but there's a missing
person's report: "Carol Sullivan"
disappeared from her store, Carol's
Doll House and Tea Room on August
22, 1992.

KORSAK

Carol Sullivan?

Frost is already typing.

INSERT: Newspaper articles detailing Carol Sullivan's
disappearance fill the monitor.

And on another screen, a local news story plays.

INSERT: a distraught Al Sullivan holds his 5-year-old son as
he pleads to the camera: "Carol, I can forgive anything.
Please come home. For me. For Jonathan."

JANE

Hell of a memory, Korsak. Isn't that your buddy, Al, the Transit Cop?

KORSAK

Yeah...Al Sullivan's wife was Carol...What happened to the kid, to Jonathan?

FROST

Running him...no criminal, no DMV...wait, I got something: Tewksbury State Hospital.

KORSAK

Poor kid.

FROST

He's been there for fifteen years.

JANE

Maybe what happened to our two victims also happened to his mother.

INT. MARION TIBBETS' HOUSE - DAY 3

Jane and Korsak sit across from MARION TIBBETS, 70s, Carol Sullivan's mother. A collection of dolls and doll furniture are neatly arranged in the old lady's home. Marion avoids looking at Korsak. She sees Jane looking at the dolls.

MARION TIBBETS

Those were Carol's. I worked with her in her store. Took care of Jonathan. Those were happy days.

JANE

Mrs. Tibbets, do you know where Carol is?

MARION TIBBETS

(sighs)

I never believed my Carol would run off like that.

(looks uneasily at Korsak)

Not that I could blame her, the way Al used to treat her.

JANE

How was that?

MARION TIBBETS

He was nice as pie at first. Love letters, flowers, candy. After they were married, she wore long sleeve shirts to hide the bruises.

(tears up)

Made excuses for how "clumsy" she was.

Marion straightens up, angry as she looks directly at Korsak.

MARION TIBBETS (CONT'D)

Al was a cop.

KORSAK

Bet you tried to get the detectives to search for Carol.

MARION TIBBETS

They all believed Al...

KORSAK

He was able to convince them that your daughter ran off with another man. But she didn't, did she?

Marion softens as she looks at him, a mother who will never stop missing her child.

MARION TIBBETS

Sergeant, my daughter would never have left Jonathan behind with that monster.

JANE

Mrs. Tibbets, do you have anything that belonged to Carol? Maybe a hairbrush?

MARION TIBBETS

Why in the world...

KORSAK

We are finally investigating Carol's disappearance. I'm sorry it took so long. We need her DNA.

Marion opens a drawer and takes out a stack of ribbon-wrapped letters, holds them out to Korsak.

MARION TIBBETS

These are love letters my daughter sent to him. Al threw them in the trash after she disappeared. I've kept them.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED: (2)

28

Jane turns an envelope over. There's a "lipstick" kiss on the flap.

OFF Jane and Korsak as they trade a look.

29

INT. BPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 3

29

Jane and Korsak try to break Al's story about Carol's disappearance. Jane has Al's IAD file on the table.

JANE

Twelve excessive force complaints,
all involving you hitting someone
with your nightstick.

KORSAK

Liked to use it at home, too, I
bet?

Al is surprisingly calm. Ever macho, he ignores Jane completely.

AL SULLIVAN

You're pissin' in the wind, Korsak.
You got no weapon, no motive, no
DNA.

JANE

We've got a bloody splinter that
I'll bet is from your nightstick.

KORSAK

You're a betting man, right Al? You
want to also bet that blood is from
your missing wife?

Al stares at both for a moment, then gets to his feet.

AL SULLIVAN

If you had that on me, I'd be in
cuffs instead of listening to your
bullshit.

Al holds his hands out in front of him.

AL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

You gonna arrest me?

Jane and Korsak don't move.

AL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

He exits.

(CONTINUED)

JANE
Crap...we need something, Korsak.

30 INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - CRIME LAB - DAY NIGHT 3 30

Jane stands next to Maura as an ND LAB TECH processes one of Carol's letters for DNA.

MAURA
Don't hover. This process takes time.

JANE
We don't have time. A nutball is out there killing women and leaving them at bus stops --

Jane's phone buzzes with a text message. As Jane reads it, she reaches for a chair and lowers herself into it.

JANE (CONT'D)
...I don't believe this: It's from Casey. He wants to meet me tonight at the Dirty Robber.

Susie Chang enters, hands the results from the comparison testing done on the makeup from the victims and the lipstick kiss on Carol's envelope to Maura.

SUSIE CHANG
The results of the comparison tests from Trace Evidence.

MAURA
(to Jane)
You'll want to see this.

As Maura hands the report to Jane and Susie Chang exits --

MAURA (CONT'D)
The lipstick from both victims' and on that envelope are a match: the brand was discontinued in 1992.

Jane is already on the phone to Korsak.

JANE
Vince... I think we can tie Al to all three murders.

MAURA
Three?

Jane hangs up and grabs Maura by the arm.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

C'mon. I need you. I think I know
who that 20-year-old blood belongs
to...

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

31

INT. AL SULLIVAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3

31

Jane and Maura stand next to the fireplace in Al Sullivan's homey living room as an ND K-9 OFFICER and his CADAVER DOG finish their search.

The K-9 Officer shakes his head at Jane. Korsak enters.

JANE

Did we find Al Sullivan?

KORSAK

No. His Sergeant said he called in sick. No sign of his car. Or him.

Korsak looks around, shakes his head at the fruitless search.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

Barney Miller could have found something.

MAURA

In 1987, a cadaver dog found human remains that were 175 years old.

Jane and Korsak share a look. Jane's phone buzzes. She looks at the caller I.D., answers.

JANE

Hey, Frost...okay, thanks.

She hangs up, turns to Korsak and Maura.

JANE (CONT'D)

Another young woman got on a bus today -- and never made it home.

MAURA

Oh, God. What can we do?

KORSAK

Al's been a cop a long time. Knows we're looking for him. He needs a safe place for his kill.

JANE

We've torn apart his house...wait a minute -- he left one of his victim's in Egleston Square. That's not random, Korsak. What better place to make your own doll --

32

EXT. VACANT BUILDING - NIGHT 3

32

Windowless brick walls of the surrounding warehouses form a pitch-black alley as Jane, Korsak and Frost move through it toward an open door. Flashlights and weapons drawn. There's an old, faded sign above the door: Carol's Doll House Tea Room.

AL SULLIVAN (O.S.)
I'll kill you. I swear I will.

ANN MARIE DOLAN (O.S.)
Please don't hurt me. I promise I
won't tell. Please...

33

INT. VACANT BUILDING - DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT 3 - CONTINUOUS

Jane enters followed by Frost and Korsak. Al, in uniform, points his weapon at a MAN across the room who has a nightstick across the throat of the missing woman, ANN MARIE DOLAN, ready to crush her windpipe.

MAN
(to Ann Marie)
Will you tell?

ANN MARIE DOLAN
No! I said I wouldn't. Please stop.

Jane sees shelves crammed with dusty dolls and doll houses. A framed photo is on the table: Carol Sullivan with Jonathan.

JANE
(to the man)
Jonathan?

The man looks at Jane.

JANE (CONT'D)
Let her go.

Frost and Korsak fan out behind Jane as she inches forward.

KORSAK
Put the gun down, Al.

Al doesn't move.

AL SULLIVAN
Doctors should've listened to me.
Giving him day passes, trying to
integrate him back into society.
That bus pass they gave him got two
girls killed. He's a monster.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN
Mommy, tell. You have to tell.

BOOM! Al SHOOTS his son.

JANE
No!

Korsak and Frost pounce on him, quickly disarm Al.

AL SULLIVAN
I had to stop him.

Jane races to Jonathan, who's collapsed as ND Officers rush into the room, get to Ann Marie and untie her.

FROST
(to ND Officer)
Get EMS in here. Now.

Jane tries to stop the bleeding, applies pressure to Jonathan's fatal chest wound. She looks into his eyes. She wants a "dying declaration." It may be the only way to put Al Sullivan away.

JANE
Stay with me, Jonathan.

Jonathan opens his eyes.

JANE (CONT'D)
What did he do to your mom,
Jonathan?

JONATHAN
He hurt her...I don't know why I
promised...

JANE
What did you promise?

JONATHAN
Never to tell...Mommy had a
suitcase. We were taking the
bus...But he was mad...

JANE
Where's your mom now?

JONATHAN
He said she went on the bus.

JANE
Is that why you've been riding the
bus?

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

I just wanted to find her. And then
I did...Why wouldn't she tell? I
just needed her to tell what he did
to her...

In the b.g., EMTs rush in.

JANE

Jonathan, it's over now. I'll tell.

Jonathan smiles, closes his eyes and dies. TWO ND EMTs take
Jonathan from Jane.

She moves to the doll house, sees the father doll sitting in
front of the fireplace. There are two empty chairs on either
side of him. Jane turns to Al.

JANE (CONT'D)

C'mon Al. We're gonna take you
home.

INT. AL SULLIVAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3

Jane holds the nightstick in a clear evidence bag as she and
Korsak move to the front of the fireplace. Two ND OFFICERS
flank Al. CSRU TECHS stand by.

Jane nods to the CSRU Techs.

JANE

Do it.

One CSRU Techs steps forward with a sledge hammer.

AL SULLIVAN

You can't do that --

After several swings into the chimney, one of the techs stops
and examines the hole. Jane steps forward, looks into the
space -- and sees the plastic-wrapped body of Carol Sullivan.

KORSAK

The draft from the chimney would
carry the odor away from the dog's
cone of scent. That's why we didn't
find her the first time.

Jane turns on Al.

JANE

You killed his mother. You turned
your son into a monster.

35

INT. DIRTY ROBBER - NIGHT 3

35

Jane enters, sees Casey Jones sitting at a table. Jane slips into the open seat across from him.

CASEY
I'm glad you wanted to meet me.

JANE
...me, too.

CASEY
So...

JANE
So...

CASEY
You want to get a drink?

JANE
Sure...I also...want to just start over.

CASEY
Me, too.

JANE
Start slow...

CASEY
Okay...

JANE
I mean, we could just meet once a week for a run.

CASEY
A run?

JANE
Hell, I'll even start rollerblading again.

She sits back, pleased with herself. He's gone ice cold. He shakes his head.

CASEY
(almost to himself)
Payback is a bitch.

JANE
What?

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

You were humiliated when I said I didn't want to see you. I get it...Is it making you feel better to make me come here and torture me? You want to ski, too?

JANE

What're you talking about?

CASEY

I knew I was a fool when I got your note and I was happy --

JANE

Wait, what note? I didn't send you a note.

Casey hands her a crumpled note from his pocket. She smooths it open, reads it.

INSERT: "I know, and it doesn't matter. Meet me at the Dirty Robber. Tonight. 7 p.m."

JANE (CONT'D)

...this is my mother's handwriting...

Casey reaches down alongside his chair and pulls up his crutches. As he starts to rise, Jane is stunned.

CASEY

Maybe now you'll understand why I didn't want to see you. Penetrating spinal cord injury. Just takes a dime-size piece of shrapnel hitting you in the right place. Happy now?

JANE

Casey, I had no idea.

CASEY

Well, now you do.

Jane looks at the note.

JANE

I didn't write this. But if you'd told me, I would've said, I know. And it doesn't matter.

She tears up. He sits back down, undone to see her so vulnerable.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY
Rollerblading? Really?

She smiles. He smiles.

JANE
I could push you in a shopping
cart.

They both start to laugh.

CASEY
Ouch.

Casey gathers himself.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Jane...I'm gonna go.

JANE
So...you don't want to run
tomorrow?

He smiles.

JANE (CONT'D)
Me, either.

CASEY
I do want to see you. Just give me
some time, okay?

JANE
Okay.

Casey gets on his feet, crutches under his arms. But he can't
hide the shame and sadness he feels.

CASEY
Please, Jane. Don't watch me leave.

Jane lowers her head. Once his back is turned and he's far
enough away, she looks. It's painful to watch. Maura enters
and walks by Casey.

MAURA
I knew you weren't mean.

He smiles as Maura keeps going.

MAURA (CONT'D)
How did it go?

JANE
I asked him to go rollerblading...

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

Shut the front door...

JANE

I know, right? My mother is a dead
woman.

END OF EPISODE