



“Throwing Down the Gauntlet”

Episode 305

#2M5905

Written By

Antoinette Stella & Janet Tamaro

Directed By

Jamie Babbit

PRODUCTION DRAFT

April 13, 2012

All rights reserved. © 2012 Warner Horizon Television Inc. This script is the property of Horizon Scripted Television Inc. No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced or used by any means, or disclosed to, quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

RIZZOLI & ISLES

305 “Throwing Down the Gauntlet”

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
Emma Spencer	TBD
Tom McGregor, Jr.	TBD
Giovanni Gilberti.....	TBD
Rick Jaffe	TBD
Celia Jaffe	TBD
Dr. Hope Martin.....	TBD
Sister Winifred Callahan.....	TBD
District Attorney Rebecca Devere	TBD
Jake Spencer	TBD
Mrs. Dietrich	TBD
Donald Hogan	TBD
Susie Chang.....	TBD

RIZZOLI & ISLES

305 "Throwing Down the Gauntlet"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

MCGREGOR MANSION
HALLWAY/STAIRCASE LANDING
FOYER

MAURA'S HOUSE
GREAT ROOM
KITCHEN
DINING AREA
ENTRYWAY

BPD

DIVISION 1 CAFÉ
MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE
MAURA'S OFFICE
AUTOPSY ROOM
CRIME LAB
LOBBY
HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM
HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM
HALLWAY
BRIC
INTERVIEW ROOM

SUFFOLK COUNTY DISTRICT
ATTORNEY'S OFFICE
EMMA'S OFFICE

MACHINE SHOP

COURTHOUSE
SMALL OFFICE

DIRTY ROBBER

EXTERIORS

RECYCLING PARKING LOT

RIZZOLI & ISLES

305 "Throwing Down the Gauntlet"

DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

Scenes	Day/Night
1	N1
2-30	D2
31	N2

ACT ONE

1 **INT. HALLWAY/STAIRCASE LANDING - NIGHT 1** 1

EMMA SPENCER, 29, sneaks noiselessly down a dark hallway. She pauses at the top of stairs. MOONLIGHT hits the chain mail of a medieval suit of armor. She pauses, listens for any sounds.

Doesn't hear anything that worries her. Starts working to remove something on the suit of armor at waist height. We don't see what it is. Suddenly: A MAN appears in the shadows. All we can see of him is the clean lines of a well-cut dark suit. She startles. Then sighs with relief.

EMMA
(whispers)
Oh, my God, you scared me.

The figure says nothing, takes a step toward her.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
What is it? What's the matter?

She steps backward, doesn't realize she's at the EDGE of a massive staircase.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Is someone coming?

SUDDENLY --

The MALE HANDS PUSH HER. She's PROPELLED backward. She TUMBLES down the long flight of stairs, her head making sickening CRACKS as it hits banister and stairs.

She LIES MOTIONLESS at the bottom of the staircase. The man has followed her down. TWO HANDS reach for her ankles and start to DRAG the body away, blood seeping from her head...

2 **INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM/KITCHEN/DINING AREA/
ENTRYWAY - DAY 2** 2

DR. MAURA ISLES is opening a stack of UPS packages on her kitchen counter. Carefully unpacks and inspects everything from shoes to diving equipment.

Nearby, ANGELA has craft supplies SPREAD OUT all over Maura's table. Angela attaches poster boards with a campaign photo of TOM MCGREGOR, JR., 32, who is running for the 7th Massachusetts Congressional District.

(CONTINUED)

On her laptop, Angela watches a YouTube of McGregor as he finishes a rousing speech on the importance of school lunches. She's enthralled.

TOM MCGREGOR JR. (ON VIDEO)

...we have to take care of our children in the lunch room! Ask ourselves, why feed them garbage?

ANGELA

You tell 'em, Tom!

Angela wears a volunteer T-shirt jacked up with CAMPAIGN BUTTONS. She looks over at Maura, suddenly aware of how loud she's being.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Sorry. Was that too loud?

MAURA

(lost in thought)

...I admire your commitment to the political process.

ANGELA

Tom McGregor, Jr. is going to change things. Young, full of energy, old Boston family.

MAURA

Some experts believe that naming a child after a parent shapes his path in life.

ANGELA

No! Frankie Jr. is gonna leave his wife and kids?

MAURA

He doesn't have a wife and kids.

ANGELA

Oh. Right. He needs to get married.

DET. JANE RIZZOLI comes in on the heels of this, dressed casually, heads toward the kitchen to get a drink of water.

JANE

Holy crap, Ma. This place is like campaign central. I can't see the table. And neither can Maura.

ANGELA

I'm so sorry. I didn't realize --

MAURA

It's okay, Angela.

Jane picks up a BIG JAR of BLUE glitter on the kitchen counter.

JANE

Glitter, Ma?

ANGELA

It's festive.

JANE

It's hard to clean up.

(to Maura)

I thought you had a ban on glitter.

To Jane's surprise, Maura shrugs.

JANE (CONT'D)

(moves to the boxes)

Wait a minute --

Jane looks through the open UPS boxes before Maura can stop her. Pulls out deep water diving gear from one.

JANE (CONT'D)

"Maximum depth 180 feet"? What're you, James Cameron? He's at least certified.

MAURA

I...haven't had time to take the course.

Jane pulls out a SAFARI OUTFIT from a box labeled, LADY OUTBACK WALKABOUT.

JANE

So you'll do that before or after you do your "Lady Outback Walkabout"?

As Jane pulls out a wide-brimmed straw hat with a mosquito net draped around it --

JANE (CONT'D)

Are you also in the remake of "Out of Africa"?

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

(as she swipes it away)
Give me that!

DING-DONG. Maura rushes to the --

ENTRYWAY

Pulls open the door TO REVEAL GIOVANNI GILBERTI, holding a UPS oversized package: it's gotta be a surfboard.

GIOVANNI

You look hot! Nice hat. Hey, I signed for your package.

JANE

Giovanni? What're you doing here?

GIOVANNI

Hey, Jane. You look hot, too. You two ever want to bat for the other team --

MAURA

Lean it against the wall.

JANE

(pointing to open door)
And keep going.

GIOVANNI

(almost like a Valley girl)
You're so funny!

JANE

(to Maura)
Is that a surfboard? Why is Giovanni here?

ANGELA

He came to help me. Over here, Giovanni.

JANE

Help you what? Your car's outside, Ma.

Giovanni grins as he unzips his mechanic's jumpsuit to reveal a tacky rip-off of a Shepard Fairey take on Tom McGregor, Jr. It says, "YOU WANT THIS DUD." He models it.

(CONTINUED)

GIOVANNI

Sweet, huh.

JANE

(reads)

"You want this dud."

GIOVANNI

It's "dude," Jane. D - U - D...
Yo, Mrs. Rizz. You look hot.

ANGELA

(shocked)

Stop that, Giovanni, or I'll tell
your mother.

GIOVANNI

(means it)

No, don't tell my mom!

Giovanni moves over to the dining room table as Jane corners
Maura in the entryway.

JANE

All this stuff you're buying --
it's about Hope, isn't it?

MAURA

I don't know what you're talking
about.

JANE

Yes, you do. When you're in crisis,
you're on a first-name basis with
the UPS man. It's time to find her.

Maura starts to hyperventilate.

MAURA

No! Only 65% percent of adopted
children seek out their biological
parents. I'm in the other 35%.

JANE

The 35% having an identity crisis.

Jane's cell phone RINGS. She checks out the caller I.D.

JANE (CONT'D)

C'mon. We got a case. Hey, wear
your safari vest. The murder is
near Franklin Park.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (5)

2

JANE (CONT'D)
(to phone)
Rizzoli -- okay.

She hangs up.

GIOVANNI
You got a murder in the Franklin
Park Zoo?

Jane rolls her eyes and grabs Maura.

JANE
Why? You got family there?

ANGELA
Jane!

Jane laughs as she heads out.

3

EXT. RECYCLING PARKING LOT - DAY 2

3

Jane and Maura cross the parking lot to a row of garbage dumpsters, both trash and recycling. UNIFORMS and ND DETECTIVES. A CLUMP of disappointed recycling dumpster divers -- young yuppies with recyclable bags and homeless people with their carts -- are stuck behind crime scene tape.

MAURA
What's there to talk about? My
birth mother was an unwed college
student sneaking around with a
Southie gangster.

JANE
So? That's at least interesting. My
birth mother married the
neighborhood plumber. The only
sneaking around she did was half-
price Tuesday in Filene's Basement.

MAURA
Paddy Doyle, my father --

JANE
Your sperm donor --

MAURA
-- who is waiting to be tried for
15 murders, told Hope I died at
birth. Help me understand how that
will make for a successful reunion?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Don't you at least want to know
more about her?

MAURA

(odd delivery)

Nooo...

Jane stops, pins Maura against a dumpster.

JANE

Oh my God. You found her, didn't
you?

Maura squirms.

JANE (CONT'D)

You did. And you're gonna get the
worst case of hives in your life if
you lie --

MAURA

(yes)

I had her first name, her age,
where she went to college...and my
birth date. I couldn't help it.

JANE

Now what?

MAURA

I don't know what, okay?

Maura pulls away and heads over to SGT. DET. VINCE KORSAK and
DET. BARRY FROST. Jane follows.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Good morning. What do we have?

KORSAK

White female. Beaten. Looks like
somebody took a blow torch to her
hands and face.

JANE

Trying to conceal her I.D.?

FROST

(hands over wallet)

Don't think so. Found her driver's
license.

JANE
(reads)
Celia Jaffe, 29.

FROST
(indicates scruffy man in
crowd of dumpster-divers)
Early bird dumpster-diver found
her.

Maura is already peering over the edge of the small dumpster and checking the victim. The body is naked, on its side (exposed areas will be covered with garbage).

MAURA
Judging by lividity, she died
sometime around midnight -- and was
dumped here shortly after.

Jane looks over the victim's burned FACE. She picks up the left HAND, which like the right, is in the pugilistic position from the torching. Jane examines the burned FINGERS.

JANE
Good thing we got an I.D. We'll
never get prints off of these.
(looks at body)
Wonder why the killer went to the
trouble of disfiguring her face and
her hands.

FROST
I'll find out if she has a husband
or a boyfriend.

JANE
It's too bad the soulmate is always
the first suspect. Let's get her
photographed and get her out of
here.

Maura is looking at something on her computer as Jane enters. Maura discreetly closes her computer, which of course, piques Jane's interest.

Through the window, the body of their victim is visible on the autopsy table, sheet up to her armpits.

JANE
What're you doing?

MAURA

Checking the weather.

Jane's suspicious. She tries to lift the top of the computer to look. Maura nearly lies on top of it.

MAURA (CONT'D)

I said, the weather, okay?

JANE

Okay, okay. Sheesh.

(then gestures toward
Autopsy Room)

Why aren't you examining her body?

Maura pulls the framed drawing and photo of 18-year-old Hope at Maura's gravesite from under some files (Ep. 301). Shows Jane.

JANE (CONT'D)

So you weren't checking the weather.

Maura miserably LIFTS up her computer screen, hits RETURN.

MAURA

Yes, I was. Sort of. It's on her Wikipedia page.

JANE

Whose?

As Jane looks and gasps as she sees a PHOTO we don't yet see--

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh my God! She looks just like you!

MAURA

You mean I look like her...Her name is Hope: Doctor Hope Martin.

JANE

(looks at it)

Wow...she's kinda famous, Maura...

(reading)

"Dr. Martin founded an international relief agency: M.E.N.D." --

MAURA

(memorized)

Medical Emergency Network of Doctors.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAURA (CONT'D)

Its mission is to treat women and children who are suffering across the world...Keep scrolling. See where she did a residency in forensic pathology? Sarajevo with the U.N. in 1986.

JANE

She is just like you...

MAURA

No. She's better. She's done everything.

JANE

So she identifies victims of genocide and saves women and children around the world. Big deal.

Maura looks up at Jane.

JANE (CONT'D)

Maura, you're just as accomplished.

MAURA

No, I'm not. I'm in awe of her, Jane. Paddy said she was brilliant.

JANE

Did she ever marry?

MAURA

Yes. She has a daughter. Cailin, 18. They've lived abroad for the past 20 years.

Jane looks over at the dead victim again, trying not to be impatient about getting back onto the case.

JANE

Jane Doe needs a name, Maura. And I need a cause of death.

MAURA

(non-sequitur)

Hope developed a technique to identify victims of genocide in Sarajevo that we're still using today.

JANE

Too bad she's not local. We could use her right about now.

(off Maura's silence)

She's probably curious about you, too.

MAURA

Why would she be curious? She doesn't know I exist.

(rapidly switches gears, into upset)

Or maybe she does.

Maura calls up a newspaper article about Paddy's shooting.

INSERT: Chief Medical Examiner is Mob Boss's Daughter. PHOTOS of both Paddy and Maura.

MAURA (CONT'D)

There it is in black and white. How could she not know I'm her daughter? She hasn't made any effort to contact me.

JANE

So that's what this is about. Maura, you can't know what Hope is thinking unless you ask her. Maybe she thinks Paddy was cheating on her and got someone else pregnant. Maybe she only reads fancy French newspapers. Maybe she hasn't thought of Paddy Doyle in 36 years.

MAURA

Or me...

Maura fights tears. She goes to shut her laptop again, but Jane sees something ON THE SCREEN and hits a link.

MAURA (CONT'D)

(tries to stop her)

No, don't --

JANE

Hope is here...Oh my God, she moved back to Boston! I don't believe in coincidences. This is meant to be.

MAURA

I'd be turning her world upside down, and for what?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

So she can have you in her life.
Late is a million times better than
never.

MAURA

Not if it causes her pain.

JANE

It's causing you a hell of a lot of
pain.

Jane gets a text.

JANE (CONT'D)

Got a suspect upstairs. Go do the
autopsy, okay? You'll feel better.

Jane checks Maura's face. When Maura nods, Jane heads out.

INT. BPD - LOBBY - DAY 2

RICK JAFFE, 30, slight, refuses to go through security as
Jane and Frost arrive.

JANE

Mr. Jaffe. Thanks for coming in.

RICK JAFFE

Look, I talked to my lawyer, and I
know I don't have to be here. Just
so you know, this is a colossal
waste of my taxes.

FROST

Why don't we go upstairs?

RICK JAFFE

No. You want to talk, talk right
here.

JANE

Okay...We believe your wife was
murdered.

FROST

Where were you last night?

RICK JAFFE

What the hell do you think I was
doing?

(yells)

Celia! Get over here!

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

JANE AND FROST'S POV into the Café:

CELIA JAFFE, late 20s, hurries toward them, holding a sleeping infant.

CELIA JAFFE
Shut up! You'll wake the baby!

6

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

6

Jane and Frost are across from Celia Jaffe, who is rattled as she tries to drink the coffee she's been offered. Rick walks around, irritably holding the still sleeping baby.

JANE
A woman was using your I.D. We found her body.

CELIA JAFFE
Oh my god. My wallet was stolen last week.

RICK JAFFE
Your wallet was stolen?

CELIA JAFFE
Ssssh! You'll wake the baby!

JANE
Any idea where?

CELIA JAFFE
It could've been at the park. Or when I was getting coffee.

RICK JAFFE
Going to the park and gettin' coffee while I'm bustin' my ass at the office --

JANE
Sssssh! You'll wake the baby.

FROST
But you didn't report it.

RICK JAFFE
You been driving around without a license? With our insurance rates?

FROST
Shut up. Or I'll arrest you for waking up that baby.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA JAFFE

I haven't had time to get a new
one. Plus --
 (rummages in a diaper bag,
 pulls out a wallet)
Whoever stole it sent it back in
the mail. See? Everything was in it
except my driver's license.

Jane and Frost move away from the couple and confer.

FROST

Sounds like our victim was
pretending to be somebody else...

JANE

Or hiding from someone who
apparently found her...

OFF their traded looks...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

7

INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY 2

7

Jane, Frost and Korsak return, talking about the case. In the b.g., they don't yet see the new face setting up camp: SISTER WINIFRED CALLAHAN. She unloads a box near Jane's desk.

JANE

Our victim steals a wallet then
returns everything but the I.D.
Assumes a new name...ends up dead
in a dumpster --

Jane STOPS so quickly, Frost runs into her.

JANE (CONT'D)

(heart racing)
Oh-my-god, oh-my-god, oh-my-god.

KORSAK

What's the matter?

Jane turns her back, points over her shoulder --

JANE

Sister Winifred Callahan. The
meanest human being I've ever met
in my life.

FROST

Meaner than Hoyt?

As Jane thinks, Korsak looks with new concern at Sister Winifred. Looks like she doesn't see them.

KORSAK

Hoyt was a serial killer --

JANE

I guess it's a tie.

SISTER WINIFRED

I see you hiding back there, Jane
Clementine Rizzoli.

Jane turns, puts on a fake smile.

FROST

Your middle name is Clementine?

(CONTINUED)

JANE
(moving toward her)
Sister Winifred, what brings you here?

SISTER WINIFRED
I never would've thought the girl who kicked out a school window would end up on this side of the law.

JANE
I was 7. I was trying to kill a fly.

SISTER WINIFRED
Remind me what I gave you for "Comportment"?

JANE
Um..."C-minus."

FROST
(low to Korsak)
What's "Comportment"?

KORSAK
(low)
Behavior.

JANE
So...um, what're you doing here?

SISTER WINIFRED
"Um"? I have counted two "ums" in ten seconds, Miss Rizzoli.

JANE
It's...
(fights not to "um")
Detective Rizzoli.

SISTER WINIFRED
I guess you don't read your newsletter. Big surprise. I'm here to do the Lord's work.

She leafs through a BPD six-page yawner. Points. Jane looks at a newsletter headline.

INSERT: "Sister Winifred Callahan Awarded Federal Grant."

JANE

Wow...awarded a federal grant to
counsel families of homicide
victims. No kidding? Here?

SISTER WINIFRED

I really would've preferred
Cambridge, but Sister Helen-Marie
got that grant.

Jane gets a text from Maura.

JANE

I can't wait to catch up. But right
now, I have to go to the morgue.

SISTER WINIFRED

I'll be holding my breath for your
return.

Jane phones in a SMILE, ROLLS her eyes at Frost and Korsak --
and heads out.

Maura is looking over the victim as Jane paces.

JANE

They had to bring in Sister
Bitcher? The Lord's work? That's
what she said when she hit me with
a ruler when I misspelled,
"flamboyant."

MAURA

Why was "flamboyant" on a second
grade spelling test in a Catholic
school?

JANE

I don't know!

Jane stares at the victim.

JANE (CONT'D)

Tell me what you've got.

MAURA

She's had beautiful orthodontic
work.

JANE

No hits on dental records which means no one's reported her missing...which is very, very weird.

Maura calls up a CAT SCAN image of the victim's brain and skull.

MAURA

She has a depressed skull fracture.

JANE

Must've been a hefty weapon.

MAURA

Not a weapon.

JANE

Oh. She woke up, brushed her teeth and suddenly thought, gee, my head hurts.

MAURA

I think she got these injuries from a massive fall. She has contrecoup contusions. "Contrecoup" means --

JANE

Not my first rodeo.

Jane points at the CAT SCAN.

JANE (CONT'D)

Brain bounced back and forth inside her skull.

MAURA

After hitting a hard object.

JANE

So not a pillow.

MAURA

It takes longer when you make jokes.

JANE

I'd poke out my eyes with a scalpel if I didn't make jokes.

Frost enters as Maura studies the charred left hand of the victim, still in the pugilistic position.

Maura does her best to look carefully at the tip of each one of the victim's fingers as they talk.

FROST

Anything? Sister Winnie is scary.

JANE

If you call her "Winnie," she gets scarier. We called her "Winnie the Pile of Poop." I think I spent two weeks in detention.

MAURA

We might have something...

Maura indicates the right pinky finger.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Her fourth digit isn't as badly burned as the other digits and thumb. There might just be enough here to try a rehydration technique.

JANE

You might be able to get a print off of that? It looks like a charred Tootsie Roll...

MAURA

I've never done it. I've only read about it in --

(sneaks look at Frost)

-- an article published by a Dr. Hope Martin.

JANE

Oh. Well, perhaps we should call Dr. Martin.

MAURA

(too loud)

NO!

Frost looks over, confused. As Maura picks up a very sharp pair of pruning shears, holds out the charred finger --

MAURA (CONT'D)

No...uh, I'll try myself.

FROST

You're not gonna...

Makes snipping gesture.

CRUNCH! Maura chops off the finger. Frost gets light-headed.

FROST (CONT'D)

UGGGH.

MAURA

(holds up finger)

You have to detach the finger to rehydrate the tissue. Would you like to touch it?

Frost shakes his head, LEANS DOWN to tie his shoes --

JANE

Frost?

FROST

Tying my shoes...

JANE

Your shoes don't have laces.

THUD. Frost SLUMPS over.

JANE (CONT'D)

I think he passed out.

MAURA

Oh my gosh. Detective Frost?

FROST

(from the floor)

Uhhhh....

Korsak is setting up the Clear Board with photos of the dumpster crime scene and discreet photos of the body. CELIA JAFFE'S license with a note written under it: "FOUND WITH THE BODY."

Sister Winifred, behind her new desk, takes out a wooden ruler from a box, SLAPS it against her palm looking for the best place to put it. Lays it on her desk. She unceremoniously pulls out a mug from her boxes. The mug reads, "NUNS ARE AWESOME." She DUMPS it into the trash as Korsak watches.

SISTER WINIFRED

A student gave that to me.

KORSAK

I think nuns are awesome.

As Sister Winifred walks to the coffee area, pours coffee into a BPD mug --

SISTER WINIFRED

It's a terrible word. Words like "awesome" have killed a glorious language.

Before she even takes a sip --

SISTER WINIFRED (CONT'D)

Your coffee is bitter.

KORSAK

(rising)

Oh, sorry. I'll make a fresh pot.

SISTER WINIFRED

Don't bother. It'll probably be bitter, too.

KORSAK

Would you like cream or sugar?

SISTER WINIFRED

I don't touch the stuff. Hate to get used to anything in case there's a shortage.

Korsak takes this in. Then --

KORSAK

So you were Jane's teacher, huh?

SISTER WINIFRED

I got stuck with a lot of hell raisers.

She points to a full file box on her desk. Three more with lids are on the floor. She sets her coffee down, looks through the box on her desk for a particular file --

SISTER WINIFRED (CONT'D)

Where can I put my files? I'll need a big cabinet.

Korsak walks over.

KORSAK

These police files? The families of
the victims you'll be counseling?

Sister Winifred finds the THICK file she was looking for: ST. MARY'S MISCREANTS - 1984. [Every file in the box is labeled, ST. MARY'S - MISCREANTS 1959 all the way to 1987.] On the floor, boxes are labeled, ST. MARY'S MISCREANTS - 1988 TO 2011.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

"Miscreants" is a good word.

SISTER WINIFRED

My internal filing system for the
hell raisers.

She pulls out what looks like a rap sheet with a stapled school photo at the top of it, SHOWS it to Korsak.

INSERT: JANE RIZZOLI, 2ND GRADE. 1984. Jane's toothy smile grins at us.

KORSAK

Jane was a hell raiser?

SISTER WINIFRED

Jane Rizzoli did not like to be
told what to do.

KORSAK

That's still true.

FRANKIE RIZZOLI JR. and Frost enter. Frost has recovered. He and Frankie are on the move, drinking coffee -- until Frankie sees Sister Winifred. Frankie stops short. Frost bangs into him. For the second time today. Frost is annoyed.

SISTER WINIFRED

Hello, Francesco.

FRANKIE JR.

Uh, hello, Sister.

FROST

Your real name is "Francesco"?

FRANKIE JR.

(to Frost)

Yeah. You got a problem with that?

Sister Winifred TAPS the ruler testily.

SISTER WINIFRED

I believe in addressing people by their given names. Their parents went to a lot of trouble. What's your full name, young man?

Frost whispers something incomprehensible as Frankie grins.

SISTER WINIFRED (CONT'D)

Speak up.

FROST

It's... Barold.

FRANKIE JR.

(snorts with laughter)

BAROLD!

Sister Winifred WHAPS Frankie on the arm with the ruler.

FRANKIE JR. (CONT'D)

Ow!

SISTER WINIFRED

"Barold" means "spear." It's a very substantial name. Wear it proudly, Barold.

Frost winces. Frankie grins.

KORSAK

Listen, Sister, we've got a Jane Doe down in the morgue. We really should get back to work.

SISTER WINIFRED

(terse)

Don't let me stop you.

Maura has chemical FORMULAS scribbled all over a giant portable clear board. She fusses with the detached pinky finger and beakers of liquid as Jane watches.

JANE

Shouldn't a Crime Lab Tech do this?

MAURA

No. Stop criticizing. It's a work in progress.

(MORE)

MAURA (CONT'D)

I tried Potassium Chloride but that was too destructive to the friction ridge skin.

JANE

You only have one finger.

MAURA

What's that supposed to mean?

JANE

It means you can't screw up. So maybe you call Hope to do this.

MAURA

I also only have one biological mother, so I'd rather not screw that up...Damn!

JANE

What stuff did you try?

MAURA

I tried alcohol, Chlorox, ethanyol, phenol, injectable fillers. That enough "stuff" for you?

JANE

(tries to be patient)

Maura, I don't rehydrate fingers.

MAURA

Neither do I!

(muttering)

The "Ruffer Rehydration Method modified by Walker" didn't work, either --

JANE

You don't know how to do it.

MAURA

Yes, I do.

JANE

No, you don't. You said you just want to know her. So meet her on a level playing field. Meet her as a colleague.

(re: victim)

I need to know who this woman is.

Maura ignores her. Jane pulls out her phone, dials.

MAURA

Who are you calling?

JANE

Dr. Pike. He'll help --

MAURA

No! Don't you dare call that knucklehead.

JANE

(gentle)

Maura, you need to face whatever has you so terrified. Maybe just face her. This is the easiest way to do it.

MAURA

Okay.

JANE

Okay?

MAURA

Yes. I'm going to do it. I'm calling her NOW.

JANE

"Now" now?

Maura grabs her own phone. Dials.

MAURA

Yes. Before I lose my nerve.

JANE

Don't you want to...

MAURA

I'm perfectly calm. I'm Dr. Maura Isles, Chief Medical Examiner of the --

Someone answers.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god.

Maura panics. Her mouth opens and closes. Nothing comes out.

HOPE (V.O.)

(on phone)

Hello? Is someone there?

(CONTINUED)

Maura holds out the phone to Jane, motions frantically for Jane to take it. Jane shakes her off.

JANE
(mouths the words)
You have to do it.

Maura shakes her head violently, tosses the phone at Jane. Jane catches it.

JANE (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Uh...Hello. This is Detective Jane Rizzoli. I'm actually calling from the office of Dr. Maura Isles, Chief Medical Examiner for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Could you hold for her?

Jane looks at Maura. Maura takes the phone. Then hands it right back, shaking her head violently and mouthing, "I CAN'T!" Jane grabs it back --

HOPE (V.O.)
Hello? Hello?

JANE
(on phone)
So sorry. I hate cellphones, don't you? So uh, have you heard of her?
(listening)
You haven't?

Jane looks at Maura: See?

JANE (CONT'D)
We're working together on a very difficult homicide. A Jane Doe we can't identify. Would you be willing to do a consult?...You're in the area? Yes, half an hour would be great. Thank you so much.

Jane hangs up.

MAURA
Half an hour? Half an hour? Are you out of your mind?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

11 INT. BPD - DIVISION 1 CAFÉ - DAY 2

11

Angela has turned the Café into Tom McGregor, Jr. Campaign central. Giovanni is at a table, stuffing envelopes with two ND volunteers (older women). They stuff envelopes, sort buttons. One tries to register new voters under a sign that reads: VOTER REGISTRATION.

As Jane and Maura walk in -- before they realize what Angela has done to the place --

MAURA

I'm not ready for this. I can't.

JANE

Ma, what're you doing? Cavanaugh is gonna kill you! BPD hates Tom McGregor.

ANGELA

Why? He's a good Scottish lad.

JANE

He's also soft on crime.

ANGELA

Too bad. He's hard on school lunch reform.

Maura smiles in spite of everything.

MAURA

Well, Tip O'Neil did say all politics is local.

GIOVANNI

"Are" local.
(low to Angela)
Man, and I thought she was smart.

Giovanni moves toward them as he SPRINKLES PEPPER on a slice of pizza.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

(bumps and grinds, hums to himself)
Put some peppah -- peppah -- peppah
in your poli -- poli -- politics!

JANE

Never do that again.

(CONTINUED)

GIOVANNI

You're funny and hot. Hey, if you
ever decide --

JANE

(cuts him off)
You're first on my list.

He grins and moves away. Angela heads behind the counter,
talking to Maura with concern. She knows about Hope.

ANGELA

Honey, don't you want to at least
meet her?

MAURA

Obviously, I'm curious...but I
don't need a mother. I have a
mother.

ANGELA

Have a coffee. What can I make you?

MAURA

Do you have any of the green label
organic beans?

ANGELA

Of course.

MAURA

And make it extra hot, 1% milk, not
2%. And flat, with just a hint of
foam. And a spoon, please.

ANGELA

No coffee stirrer?

HOPE (V.O.)

There's an aftertaste.

All three women turn to look at --

DR. HOPE MARTIN, beautifully dressed, warm and pleasant.

HOPE

Most coffee stir sticks are 100%
birch wood, no chemicals, toxins,
or glazes added. But the birch
plant is known to be bitter and
thus the slight unpleasant taste
you might notice.

Jane and Angela trade an astonished, amused look.

JANE
You must be Dr. Martin.

HOPE
How did you know?

JANE
I'm Detective Jane Rizzoli.

They shake hands as Jane looks to Maura, who stands mute.

ANGELA
I'm Angela, Jane's mom.

Jane throws her a furious look. Grabs Maura.

JANE
This is Dr. Maura Isles.

HOPE
(holds out her hand)
It's a pleasure. I'm flattered that
you'd want a consult.

MAURA
Well, it's uh...I've tried so many
formulas: tetrodotoxin glucose...

She trails off, breathing heavily. HIVES are beginning to
appear on her neck.

HOPE
Dr. Isles, are you all right?

MAURA
(rapid)
Why because I'm talking too much
and I'm talking too fast and I'm
not making any sense?

HOPE
You're showing signs of urticaria.

ANGELA
You're getting hives!

Maura touches her throat.

MAURA
Oh no! Oh, my gosh...

11

CONTINUED: (3)

11

ANGELA

It's because you...uh...ate those
uh, Brazil nuts.

JANE

Yes, exactly. How many times do you
have to be told to avoid...
(makes a face at Angela,
who shrugs)
Brazil nuts.

ANGELA

Would you like a latte made from
green label beans?

HOPE

I would actually very much like to
see your victim.

JANE

(on the move out the back
door)
I'd love to help, but I've got so
much to do upstairs.

OFF Jane and Maura, trading looks.

12

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - CRIME LAB - DAY 2

12

Maura and Hope are in the lab together, working with the
charred finger.

HOPE

It was trial and error. The
situation was so desperate after
the genocide in Sarajevo in '86.
Unfortunately, it was useful again
when we were identifying Kurdish
families slaughtered by Saddam
Hussein.

MAURA

You've seen so much...

Hope nods.

HOPE

Too much. Could you hand me the
ethanol?

Maura does.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

What made you go straight from your
residency to Sarajevo?

Hope thinks a beat, clearly trying to decide how much she
wants to say. Maura's open, caring face decides it for her.

HOPE

I don't know...maybe I was
punishing myself. Maybe I didn't
believe I could save people but at
least I knew I could speak for the
dead...

If there was an ECU shot of the hairs on Maura's arms, they'd
be standing straight up.

MAURA

I understand...

HOPE

(smiles at her)
So few would.

MAURA

What made you decide to ultimately
specialize in obstetrics and
gynecology?

HOPE

You do stupid things when you're
young. Now, I'm understanding just
how stupid I was at 18.
(misunderstands the look
on Maura's face)
I have an 18-year-old. I hope she
doesn't do anything like what I
did.

MAURA

...what...did you do?

HOPE

I got involved with someone I
should never have even spoken
to...I got pregnant...the
baby...died at birth.

MAURA

I'm so sorry.

HOPE

It was better, now that I think about it. I know that seems cold. It was terrible and traumatic -- but maybe there was a reason she didn't survive. Her father was evil.

MAURA

(it's all she can do not to fall apart)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to pry. Let's, uh, try glucose and bromine--

HOPE

Maybe it's because I'm back in Boston after being gone for so long. Maybe it's because you're a doctor. I feel a strange...I don't know...kinship, maybe.

MAURA

Me, too.

OFF Maura, still absorbing the blows...

Angela is cleaning up the campaign detritus with Giovanni. He suddenly produces a gift for her: a big tacky box and blue glitter bow.

GIOVANNI

This is for you. For helping me change the future.

ANGELA

Oh, Giovanni, you shouldn't have.

Angela opens the box. Inside is a red, white and blue, rhinestoned negligee, bra and panties. Angela makes a strange shrieking noise and DROPS the box.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What were you thinking?

He moves in toward her.

GIOVANNI

That you're hot, and May-December romances are all the rage, Mrs. Rizz -- you're such a cougar. MEOWW!

13

CONTINUED:

13

She grabs the nearest utensil -- a fork. Waves it at him.

ANGELA

You come one step closer, and I'll be bringing your mother your parts in a pie tin.

GIOVANNI

I'm sorry...I'm really sorry, Mrs. Rizz. I'm just kinda...lonely.

He SLUMPS into a chair.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

I think I'm a catch. Why can't I find a girl who understands all that I got to offer?

Angela lowers the fork, sits across from him.

ANGELA

Do you come on that strong with other...girls?

GIOVANNI

Stronger, usually. I was going easy on you 'cause, you know, you're...old.

OFF Angela. Oh, brother.

14

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - CRIME LAB - DAY 2

14

Hope and Maura are on the final steps of a rehydration technique. Both are excited as they concentrate.

MAURA

Okay, let's take a look.

Jane comes in as Maura and Hope both look at the finger with the hand-held magnifying device.

JANE

Please tell me you're seeing whorls and ridges...

HOPE

We are. There's excellent ridge detail.

JANE

Let me try and roll it.

(CONTINUED)

Hope hands off the finger to Jane. Jane grabs an ink roller and a print card. Expertly rolls the finger. All three look at the card.

JANE (CONT'D)

That's a fingerprint. Well done,
doctors.

Maura and Hope beam at each other. Hope spontaneously pulls Maura into an embrace. Maura bursts into tears.

HOPE

Oh, my...

JANE

She gets very emotional when we
break a case wide open.

MAURA

Yes, I do...

Hope pulls out a Kleenex, hands it off to Maura.

HOPE

How lovely.
(gathering her things)
If you'll excuse me, I need to go
pick up my daughter.

Maura won't look at Jane.

JANE

Thank you so much, Dr. Martin.

HOPE

You're so very welcome. Dr. Isles,
I would love to have lunch some
time.

MAURA

Of course. You have my information.

HOPE

I do. Sooner rather than later. I
really enjoyed this.

Hope exits.

JANE

Oh my God, that was so beautiful!
When're you going to tell her?

Maura bursts into tears again.

MAURA

Never. Ever, never, ever, ever.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

15 INT. BPD - BRIC - DAY 2

15

Frost, Jane and Korsak. Frost is running the print on IAFIS. Through the glass door, we see Sister Winifred in the Squad Room directing Frankie Jr. and two UNIFORMS to move a giant FILE CABINET in.

KORSAK

What the hell is she doing?

JANE

Wherever Winnie goes, hell follows.

FROST

Got it --

INSERT: the PRINTS COME UP ON IAFIS on a monitor.

FROST (CONT'D)

Emma Spencer, 29...

KORSAK

(soberly)

Her prints are there because she registered to take this year's Bar Exam...

FROST

Got her DMV photo.

INSERT: MONITOR Emma Spencer's license.

JANE

Holy crap...she's a legal intern. Works in the District Attorney's Office.

FROST

Harvard Law, Jane...

JANE

What the hell was she doing stealing a new mother's wallet?

KORSAK

I want know how someone with a pedigree like that ends up in a dumpster, and no one reports her missing.

(CONTINUED)

FROST

Maybe one of the creeps the D.A.'s
office prosecuted?

Korsak looks at the monitors.

KORSAK

She was only there three months.

Frankie comes in.

FRANKIE JR.

I'm quitting. I can't take it. I
almost ran away in second grade
when I got stuck with that --

He points at Sister Winifred.

FRANKIE JR. (CONT'D)

That --

JANE

Sweet, kind, loving nun?

FRANKIE JR.

I am so outta here --

FROST

Don't grab your Thomas the Train
backpack and run away, Francesco.

Frost turns to Korsak.

FROST (CONT'D)

Can I take him?

FRANKIE JR.

Take me where, Barold?

FROST

To the D.A.'s office. We're going
to talk to our victim's boss.

FRANKIE JR.

I'll sort body parts if it'll get
me away from her. C'mon on, Barold.

JANE

(turns to Korsak as they
exit)

"Barold"?

16

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - EMMA'S OFFICE - DAY 2 16

District Attorney REBECCA DEVERE, 50s, is with Frost and Frankie as they look around Emma Spencer's locked office. Framed PHOTOS on the desk of Emma with her brother, Jake. Framed diplomas on her wall.

D.A. DEVERE
Emma's goal was to get assigned to the sexual assault team...damn, this is just plain tragic.

FRANKIE JR.
Sexual Assault. That's a tough job.

D.A. DEVERE
She was cut out for it. She was very smart and tough.

FROST
When was the last time you saw her?

D.A. DEVERE
Last week. She asked for a week off.

FROST
To study for the bar?

D.A. DEVERE
She actually said she had a family emergency.

Frankie picks up the photo of Emma and her brother Jake.

FRANKIE JR.
Is this her boyfriend?

D.A. DEVERE
No. It's her brother. I assumed something had happened to him. They were close. They share an apartment. She doesn't have any other family or a boyfriend, far as I know.

FROST
Was she being stalked? Maybe somebody threatening her?

(CONTINUED)

D.A. DEVERE

I can't imagine that. I think she would've told me. She was sunny and cheerful and such a hard worker until pretty much the day she asked for some time off. She was very down that day.

Her cellphone rings.

D.A. DEVERE (CONT'D)

'Scuze me. I have to take this. Got a trial going on.

She steps out the door.

FROST

You wanna go hang with Sister Winifred and say the rosary, Francesco? Or come with me to interview the brother?

FRANKIE JR.

You ever ask your mom why she named you "Barold," Barold?

FROST

Can you just stop?

Maura works on her computer. Someone enters. It's Sister Winifred.

MAURA

Can I help you?

SISTER WINIFRED

You certainly can. You're Paddy Doyle's daughter.

MAURA

Excuse me?

SISTER WINIFRED

I'm Sister Winifred Callahan.

Sister Winifred holds out a file. It's labeled, ST. MARY'S - MISCREANTS 1959.

SISTER WINIFRED (CONT'D)

He was in the first second grade class I ever taught.

(MORE)

17

CONTINUED:

17

SISTER WINIFRED (CONT'D)

I knew he was probably an F.F.A. --
(off Maura's look)

Future Felon of America. With that family of Irish brutes he came from...but he wasn't without his gifts. I thought you might like to see his file.

Maura puts her hand out.

SISTER WINIFRED (CONT'D)

You won't be allowed to keep it, you understand.

MAURA

Of course.

Maura opens it. Sister Winifred crosses her arms across her chest and moves her legs into a parade rest position.

SISTER WINIFRED

And you'll have to look at it in my presence.

The first thing Maura sees is a drawing. She tries not to smile.

INSERT: a second grader's drawing of Sister Winnie, age 20. It's crayoned: SISTER WINNIE THE NINNIE.

SISTER WINIFRED (CONT'D)

(snatches it away)
You see? Budding miscreant.

18

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY 2

18

Frost and Frankie interview JAKE SPENCER, Emma's brother. He's a lathe operator. Blue collar, unlike his Harvard-educated sister. They've told him, and he's devastated.

JAKE SPENCER

She said she was studying for the Bar...she took off last week.

FROST

Do you know where she went?

JAKE SPENCER

No. She said she needed to hunker down and study. She took her computer and one bag.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE JR.
We'd like to look through your
apartment.

Jake pulls out his key ring, hands it to Frankie.

JAKE SPENCER
You can look through anything.

FRANKIE JR.
When was the last time you heard
from your sister?

JAKE SPENCER
Every day. She sent me an email.
Said she was tired, but good. You
can look through my account, too.

He finally sits down, his eyes well with tears.

JAKE SPENCER (CONT'D)
She was my only family...

FRANKIE JR.
I'm really sorry for your loss.

Frost tracks Jake and Emma's email correspondence as Korsak and Jane both unwrap sandwiches, planning to wolf them down. Sister Winifred CLEARS HER THROAT. Jane obstinately takes a bite.

JANE
Would you like a cough drop,
Sister? Sounds like you've got some
phlegm in your throat.

SISTER WINIFRED
I was thinking you might like to
thank the Lord for that sandwich.

JANE
Thank you for this peanut butter
and fluff sandwich although I wish
it had more peanut butter and less
fluff.

Frost suppresses a guffaw. Korsak bows his head, pretends to pray. Frost suddenly discovers something.

FROST

Emma was sending email from the building where she worked. But she wasn't sending it from her office.

JANE

Where was she sending it from?

Jane and Frost enter what looks like the classic serial killer's lair: newspaper headlines posted all over the walls. Photos of a 17-year-old girl. Some of the photos feature the girl and a 17-year-old Emma.

JANE

Oh my God...what did we stumble on?

FROST

Looks like the lair of a serial killer.

Jane walks to a wall, reads a headline.

JANE

"Remains of 17-year-old discovered in Worcester." Isabelle Dubois from Hyde Park. That's where Emma was from. She disappeared ten years ago.

Frost looks at another article.

FROST

A family cleaning out a dead relative's home found her in their basement last month. Wait, listen to this: Emma Spencer, 17, told police her friend failed to show up for a planned sleepover.

Jane flips through a yearbook on the desk marked with POST-IT notes.

INSERT: Emma and Isabelle standing with their arms around each other in a candid pose on the girls' varsity field hockey page.

JANE

They played field hockey together.

Jane FLIPS through pages.

JANE (CONT'D)

And were on the debate team and French Honor Society and Homecoming Committee...these two were best friends.

As Frost goes through some boxes --

FROST

Emma's been compiling files on this case. She was investigating this. She's even got Isabelle's autopsy report.

Frost looks at a sheet of 3-ring-binder paper taped to the wall.

FROST (CONT'D)

Check this out: it's dated June 20th, 2002, the day Isabelle disappeared. It's from Isabelle to her buddy, Emma.

JANE

What's it say?

FROST

"Em, he says he'll be my 'Knight in Shining Armor.' Gag me with a spoon. But I really like the guy, so I'm going. I'll be fine."

JANE

She wasn't fine...What party? And who's the knight?

FROST

I'll check everything that's saved on the computer server here. See what I can find out about Emma.

Jane scans the stories on the wall as she pulls out her cell to call Maura.

JANE

Isabelle's remains are still in the M.E.'s office in Worcester. I want Maura to look at them.

OFF Jane -- saddened by what she's seen.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

21 **INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY 2** 21

Maura looks at Isabelle's remains as Jane looks over the autopsy report from Emma's secret room.

Isabelle is partially mummified with bits of bone showing through the chunks of flesh. Her head is mostly skull.

MAURA

Her hyoid bone is crushed. She was asphyxiated. She has quite a bit of adipocere tissue.

JANE

I hate soap mummies.

MAURA

She's well preserved because she was stored in cool temperatures.

JANE

It says here there's some kind of injury to Isabelle's right cheekbone.

Maura nods, hits "return" to call up a close-up photo of a tool mark on Isabelle's cheekbone.

MAURA

She was struck with something metal across her zygomatic bone. It's an unusual indentation.

Jane looks where she's pointing.

JANE

Her killer backhanded her, maybe?

Jane looks over at three CRIMINALISTS all working with Korsak, processing the shreds of Isabelle's decayed clothing.

JANE (CONT'D)

Korsak's looking at what's left of Isabelle's clothing.

MAURA

You said she was found in an old lady's basement. Did the old lady kill her?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Doubtful.

MAURA

Doubtful? So she might have?

JANE

No, Maura...

MAURA

Then why'd you say "doubtful"?

JANE

I just want you to see what
uncertainty feels like.

Maura's lower lip quivers.

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh my gosh, I'm sorry. I didn't
mean to --

MAURA

(tears up)

Everything makes me cry. Adipocere
tissue never makes me cry. Except
now...My mother said it was better
that I didn't live.

JANE

You're being ridiculous. She didn't
say that. She said it was
traumatic, right? Which means it
makes her sad, and she doesn't want
to dwell on it.

MAURA

I don't want her ever to know that
I'm that evil child.

Jane hands Maura a tissue.

JANE

Blow.

Maura obeys. Korsak walks over carrying two petri dishes.

KORSAK

Everything okay?

MAURA

Allergies. I ate Brazil nuts.

KORSAK

Oh. We're doing good in there. Look at this.

He puts the two petri dishes down. One contains a small tarnished metal ring that looks like a piece of a necklace. The other contains a scrap of denim fabric.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

Found that metal ring in her blouse. And see that piece of her jeans?

JANE

You think it's semen?

KORSAK

Tested positive.

JANE

Let's run it.

Frankie Jr. walks in with Hope.

FRANKIE JR.

Hey. I hope it's okay --

HOPE

I understand you got an I.D. Oh. Soap mummy. About ten-years-old?

MAURA

(hides tears, delighted to see her)
Yes! You're amazing.

Jane's phone buzzes with a text from Frost. She reads it.

JANE

C'mon, Korsak. Frost says he has something big.

As they head toward the door --

KORSAK

Bigger than what we found?
(off her look)
What? In the world of clues, size matters.

MAURA

Let me show you what I've found.

21

CONTINUED: (3)

21

OFF Jane, happy for Maura.

22

INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD HALLWAY - DAY 2

22

Frost shows Korsak what he has on his tablet.

FROST

Tracked Emma on the server. She applied for a job at a temp agency last week.

KORSAK

That's not a "big" break.

FROST

Really?

KORSAK

Yeah. Really. We've got semen and a piece of the killer's jewelry.

FROST

Yeah? I found out that Emma had an interview at the temp agency, Nannies Not Ninnies.

KORSAK

Oh, alert the media. You've solved it.

FROST

I've got the owner of the agency upstairs.

Sister Winifred walks up on them, SMACKS them both with her ruler.

SISTER WINIFRED

That's enough, you two!

23

INT. BPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2

23

MRS. DIETRICH, 30-40s, the well-dressed, Nannies Not Ninnies Agency owner, is professional if a bit of a snob. She carefully avoids touching any surfaces.

Jane and Frost sit across from her. Jane slides the PHOTO of Emma Spencer across the table.

JANE

Recognize this woman?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. DIETRICH

I know all my employees. That's Celia Jaffe.

FROST

Actually, that's not. That's Emma Spencer. "Celia Jaffe" was her alias.

Mrs. Dietrich looks stricken by this tawdry revelation.

MRS. DIETRICH

"Alias"?

JANE

You didn't check "Celia's" references, did you?

MRS. DIETRICH

We always check thoroughly.

A look passes between Jane and Frost. They stand, head toward the door.

FROST

Okay, great. We'll just verify that with a little computer and phone check of our own.

Mrs. Dietrich puts a hand up.

MRS. DIETRICH

Let me amend that statement. We almost always check thoroughly.

Jane and Frost sit back down.

JANE

(taps Emma's photo)

But you didn't check out this applicant's background, did you?

MRS. DIETRICH

No. She came in on a day when all hell was breaking loose. One of my families of the highest caliber had to fire their nanny and needed an immediate replacement.

Jane and Frost trade a look.

FROST

Did Emma get that job? For that family of the "highest caliber"?

MRS. DIETRICH

Only because she had all the necessary skills: spoke fluent French, well-educated...

She trails off, realizing none of this might be true.

MRS. DIETRICH (CONT'D)

That's what she said, anyway.

JANE

Who's the client?

MRS. DIETRICH

I can't divulge that.

JANE

Too bad. Might be your last client after word gets out that you don't vet your nannies. And you hired someone who was murdered.

MRS. DIETRICH

(hating this)

It was Tom McGregor and his wife.

Jane and Frost are surprised.

JANE

Tom McGregor Jr., the one running for Congress?

MRS. DIETRICH

You understand the need for discretion.

JANE

Oh, we do. One more thing: seems awfully coincidental that on the day Emma Spencer had an interview with you, the McGregors needed a new nanny.

MRS. DIETRICH

They received an anonymous phone call -- sounded like nasty gossip -- but the McGregors didn't want to take a chance.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (3)

23

MRS. DIETRICH (CONT'D)

I can't imagine a 60-year-old
professional nanny was selling
crack cocaine, can you?

Jane and Frost trade a look -- no. Probably not.

24

INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY 2

24

Jane hangs over Frost's shoulder as he finishes checking something on his computer screen: Massachusetts Civil Court records.

No sign of Sister Winifred. Clear Board has more photos on it, including campaign material.

FROST

No record of any legal case
involving the McGregors and Emma
Spencer.

JANE

Emma was a registered Republican...
McGregor's mansion is a fortress.
You think she went undercover as a
nanny to take down McGregor's
campaign?

As he does a search of Emma's phone records --

FROST

That's a crazy level of
commitment...

He sits back, a little frustrated as the search comes back with nothing.

FROST (CONT'D)

Well, if Emma made that "anonymous"
call about the crack nanny, she
didn't use her cell or work phone.

Jane's phone buzzes a text. She quickly reads it.

JANE

Maura's got something she wants to
show me. Can you and Korsak go talk
to the McGregors?

FROST

Sure thing.

25

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - CRIME LAB - DAY 2

25

Maura is smiling as Jane comes in.

JANE

You've got the DNA results on the semen?

MAURA

Almost. She likes Montepulciano (mon-tae-pull-chee-AH-noh). And she hates summer squash. Isn't that incredible?

JANE

Did you find out if it catches and releases silverfish?

MAURA

Ha, ha, ha.

JANE

At least the soap mummy isn't making you cry.

Maura shows Jane a tox screen report.

MAURA

Not yet. But guess what we found in Isabelle's tox screen? She had traces of Rohypnol in her system.

JANE

Roofies? The date rape drug...that plus the semen says to me Isabelle was raped before she was murdered.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

26 INT. MCGREGOR MANSION - FOYER [SAME AS SCENE 1] - DAY 2 26

Korsak and Frost wait at the base of a massive staircase. They look at walls hung with antique wooden shields with the McGregor family crest, claymore shields, swords, dirks, Scottish kilts and plaids.

KORSAK

Would you ever wear a skirt, Frost?

FROST

Where we going with this?

TOM MCGREGOR, JR. early 30s, charismatic and good-looking, enters with his campaign manager, DONALD HOGAN, early 30s, not as handsome or easy to like.

TOM MCGREGOR, JR.

Hello, gentlemen. Great to have you here. Is the Detectives' Union endorsing me?

KORSAK

Uh, not exactly.

Korsak holds up Emma's photo.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

Do you know this woman?

TOM MCGREGOR, JR.

Yes, of course. That's Celia. We hired her to take care of our 6-year-old. But she must not have liked it here. She lasted what, two days, was it Don?

DONALD HOGAN

Yes. Monday to Wednesday. Thursday morning, she'd packed up and disappeared. What's this about? Mr. McGregor has another speaking engagement in 30 minutes.

FROST

We're investigating her murder.

Both men look genuinely shocked.

TOM MCGREGOR, JR.

Good God...

(CONTINUED)

DONALD HOGAN

If I may, this is a terrible
tragedy, but Mr. McGregor barely
knew Ms. Jaffe --

TOM MCGREGOR, JR.

I'm more concerned about my
daughter. Celia wasn't here very
long but Grace really liked her.

FROST

Her name wasn't "Celia."

He holds up a print-out of Emma Spencer's driver's license.

FROST (CONT'D)

It was Emma Spencer. She was a
recent law school graduate who
worked in the D.A.'s office.

Off their stunned reactions --

TOM MCGREGOR, JR.

What was she doing working as our
nanny?

KORSAK

We don't know.

DONALD HOGAN

I think I do: another dirty
campaign maneuver, courtesy of your
opponent.

Maura picks up the petri dish with the metal ring in it.

MAURA

This is from primitive steel. It
has a good deal of slag in it --

JANE

Remind me why I care about slag?

MAURA

The last time this type of steel
was manufactured was in 1650.

Maura hits some keys on her computer, calls up a photo of a
medieval gauntlet.

MAURA (CONT'D)

That's a gauntlet from a medieval
Scottish knight's suit of armor.

JANE

You have lost your mind...

MAURA

See this metal ring?

JANE

Oh my God...from chain mail...

MAURA

Yes.

Maura hits keys. Another image comes up. An ECU of the bone
impression on Isabelle's cheekbone.

MAURA (CONT'D)

That's the tool mark that was left
on Isabelle's zygomatic bone.

JANE

From the steel gauntlet...You're
saying the murderer was wearing the
gauntlet when he hit her?

SENIOR CRIMINALIST SUSIE CHANG walks in results.

SUSIE

We rushed the DNA processing. We
have the results.

As Maura takes it from Susie, Jane has put the puzzle
together.

JANE

One of the few Scottish families in
Boston who would have a full suit
of armor -- and need a nanny...I
know who the DNA belongs to: Tom
McGregor.

MAURA

How did you know?

Jane dials her phone.

JANE

I'm a good guesser.

28 **INT. MCGREGOR MANSION - FOYER - SAME - DAY 2 (INTERCUT)** 28

Frost and Korsak are still with Tom McGregor, Jr. and Don Hogan. Korsak steps away to answer his phone.

KORSAK
What's up, Jane?

JANE
Do you see a suit of armor anywhere
in that house?

Korsak scans the foyer, looks up to the top of the stairs.

CLOSE ON: a Scottish medieval chain mail suit of armor and primitive steel gauntlets.

KORSAK
I do.

JANE
Bring it back.

29 **INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - CRIME LAB - DAY 2** 29

They're all there: Jane, Maura, Korsak and Frost. Jane and Frost work on a computer, checking up on Don Hogan. PHOTOS of Isabelle's injuries, items from Emma's lair, etc. are spread out in front of them.

FROST
Think I know why Isabelle's body
was in that basement. House where
she was found is right down the
street from Donald Hogan's
grandparents.

JANE
Tom and Don have been buddies since
high school. Went to college
together.

KORSAK
So here's a theory: McGregor gave
Isabelle roofs, had rough sex with
her and strangled her. Panicked and
got Donnie boy the fixer to get
rid of the body for him.

JANE
I'll match your theory and double
it. Emma knew Isabelle was with
McGregor the night she disappeared.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

When her friend's remains surfaced ten years later, she was obsessed with getting justice. And she knew because she was a budding lawyer, that she didn't have a case...

FROST

She had the autopsy report with the injury to Isabelle's cheekbone.

JANE

But she didn't have the gauntlet. She'd get laughed out of the D.A.'s office. So she tried to get it -- and it cost her life.

KORSAK

Means Emma had been in the McGregor mansion, before.

As Maura rapidly calls up a YouTube link of Tom McGregor, Jr. announcing his candidacy standing at the top of his stairs, IN FRONT OF the suit of armor --

MAURA

Not necessarily. Maybe she saw this.

INSERT: YouTube of McGregor's speech plays. Maura freezes it. The gauntlet is prominent in the frame.

KORSAK

Dr. Isles, do you see that?

He turns on his flashlight, SHINES it inside the gauntlet. She looks.

MAURA

I do. That looks like a piece of arm hair.

JANE

I think we're gonna need a little more DNA processed.

Jane and Korsak face Tom McGregor and Don Hogan.

KORSAK

We're not here to endorse you, Mr. McGregor.

JANE

We're here to tell you your
campaign is over.

TOM MCGREGOR, JR.

What?

JANE

Isabelle Dubois liked you, didn't
she, Tom?

Tom McGregor's face is ashen. He doesn't answer her.

DONALD HOGAN

Don't say anything, Tom.

JANE

(turns on Hogan)

And you liked Isabelle, didn't you?

DONALD HOGAN

Sure. We all did.

JANE

But Isabelle didn't like you. When
you told her you'd be her "knight
in shining armor," I believe she
said --

(refers to Isabelle's
note, which she holds)

"Gag me with a spoon." You slipped
her a roofie -- and you strangled
her.

KORSAK

You knew she'd had sex with Tom.
What'd you do? Slip him a roofie,
too? So when he woke up with a dead
girl next to him, he'd think he
killed her.

This lands on Tom. Ten years of trying to remember that night
suddenly becomes clear --

TOM MCGREGOR, JR.

You son of a bitch...

DONALD HOGAN

You can't prove this.

JANE

Maybe not. However...I think we can prove that you recognized Emma when she showed up here. Befriended her because you're good at being a friend, aren't you, Don?

Jane holds up an A.L.S. (alternate light source) as she moves toward the base of the stairs.

JANE (CONT'D)

I have a hunch that we're going to find Emma's blood right about --

She SHINES the light on the floor. It luminesces...

JANE (CONT'D)

Here.

KORSAK

You're under arrest for the murder of Emma Spencer.

Sister Winifred is having a beer in a small glass. She sips it, reads a book by herself.

Maura and Jane come in. Maura looks sadly at Jane.

MAURA

(whispers)
Should we join her? She's by herself.

SISTER WINIFRED

(without looking up)
There's a reason I'm by myself. I prefer it.

Jane deliberately sits across from Sister Winifred.

JANE

They say the devil never drinks alone.

MAURA

(tugs at her sleeve)
Jane --

JANE

Can I buy you another beer, Sister?

With great dignity, Sister Winifred gets up.

SISTER WINIFRED

No, thank you, Miss Rizzoli.

Both Jane and Maura sneak a look at the book she's been reading: ON THE ANGEL'S WINGS OF DESIRE. Sister Winifred doesn't realize they've seen the title.

SISTER WINIFRED (CONT'D)

It's Faulkner. I'm enjoying it.

As Sister Winifred exits, Jane and Maura hold it together for a beat before they collapse into giggles like second graders.

MAURA

"On The Angel's Wings of Desire"?
Are nuns supposed to read that?

JANE

I gotta tell Frankie. Oh, my god,
I'm gonna pee in my pants...

OFF the two of them snorting and giggling --

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW