

rizzoli & isles

“Crazy For You”

Episode 307
#2M5907

Written By

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PRODUCTION DRAFT

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RIZZOLI & ISLES

307 “CRAZY FOR YOU”

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

Dr. Rod Parker TBD
Dr. Eve Parker..... TBD
Dr. Pike TBD
Dr. Ivan Popov TBD
Dr. Billy Ray Higgins TBD
Charlie Romano TBD
Stanley TBD
Valerie Crisafulli TBD
Judge Eugene Simmons TBD
Lydia Sparks TBD

RIZZOLI & ISLES

307 "CRAZY FOR YOU"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING
PSYCHIATRISTS' WAITING ROOM
HALLWAY

BPD

DIVISION 1 CAFÉ
BRIC
ELEVATOR
MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE
AUTOPSY ROOM
CRIME LAB
INTERROGATION ROOM
LOBBY ENTRANCE
LOBBY

COURTHOUSE

JUDGE SIMMONS' CHAMBERS

TOYOTA CAMRY

MAURA'S HOUSE

GREAT ROOM

REAL JANE'S APARTMENT

LIVING ROOM

KITCHEN

JANE'S BEDROOM

FAKE JANE'S APARTMENT

JANE'S BEDROOM

THE DIRTY ROBBER

ROMANO'S BAKERY TRUCK

EXTERIORS

BPD

IN FRONT OF STAIRS

RIZZOLI & ISLES

307 "CRAZY FOR YOU"

DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

Scenes	Day/Night
1	N1
2-13	D2
14-15	N2
16-21	D3
22-31	N3

ACT ONE

1 **INT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - PSYCHIATRISTS WAITING ROOM - 1
NIGHT 1**

It's after hours in an empty psychiatrists' office.

CLOSE ON: OUTER DOOR as it is QUIETLY opened.

POV: MALE FIGURE as it enters, walks toward two call buttons.

INSERT: TWO UNLIT CALL BUTTONS with two doctors' nameplates:
DR. ROD PARKER. DR. EVE PARKER.

A small sign reads: "Kindly announce your arrival by pressing
the button." A GLOVED HAND PRESSES Dr. Rod's button. IT GLOWS
RED.

Immediately, Door #1 OPENS to reveal DR. EVE PARKER, 50s,
well-dressed. She's startled by the figure, but she
recognizes him. She's on her way to the bathroom; holds a KEY
labeled, "WOMEN."

DR. EVE PARKER
What are you doing here?

BANG! She's hit in the chest with .38 SLUG. BLOOD SPREADS
across the white blouse she wears under her suit jacket. She
drops to her knees, falls forward.

DOOR #2 OPENS. DR. ROD PARKER, 50s, summoned by both the call
button and the sound of gunfire.

DR. ROD PARKER
What's going on out here --
(sees shooter)
You!

SHOOTER'S POV: Dr. Parker LUNGES for the gun. TACKLES the
shooter. They struggle. Shooter's left hand grabs Parker's
throat.

Shooter's RIGHT hand FIGHTS with Parker. Maneuvers the gun
barrel up against Parker's chest as Parker uses both hands in
a desperate attempt to move it away. But he isn't strong
enough.

DR. ROD PARKER (CONT'D)
No! No!

BOOM! The gun goes off and Parker is blasted in his heart. He
goes LIMP. The figure pushes Parker's body off of himself.
Parker drops next to the still body of his wife.

2

INT. BPD - DIVISION 1 CAFÉ - DAY 2

2

ANGELA RIZZOLI finishes preparations for a two-day seminar being held at BPD. She puts tablecloths and flowers on all the tables. DR. MAURA ISLES and DET. JANE RIZZOLI help.

A BANNER reads: "WELCOME TO THE BULLET AND BLAST INJURIES SYMPOSIUM."

JANE

I don't see why you volunteered to host this.

MAURA

Well, after last year's fiasco at the Convention Center --

ANGELA

What happened last year?

MAURA

Uh, well...

JANE

Nothing. Oh wait: severed heads in the hotel fridge.

MAURA

The sous chef was told not to open those packages.

JANE

Maybe he was upset about that autopsy you did on his salad bar.

MAURA

That's an exaggeration. We just examined a chest cavity.

ANGELA

(worried)

You're not going to do that here, are you?

CHARLIE ROMANO, late 30s, schlubby and big, enters with bags of ROMANO'S BREAD. He wears a baseball cap that reads, ROMANO'S BAKERY.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Charlie! What're you doing delivering the bread! Jane, remember Charlie?

Jane clearly doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Oh, hey. How are you Charlie?

CHARLIE

Hello, Jane. Nice to see you.

(to Angela)

Delivery guy quit. I don't mind.
Nice to get out from behind the
counter.

(shyly offers Jane bread)

You used to love the fresh ciabatta
rolls.

JANE

(remembers)

Oh, yeah! Romano's Bakery! I
haven't been there in years. Take
one, Maura.

MAURA

White flour uses only the
endosperm.

JANE

It is awful to eat with you.

MAURA

The refinement process removes
vitamins, minerals and fiber.

JANE

They have to take all that out to
make room for the "yummy."

Maura caves in to temptation, takes one.

MAURA

Mmmm. Delicious.

ANGELA

(to Charlie)

If you ever get backed up, I can
always run by and grab my order.

(reveals a big surprise)

I have a new car.

JANE

What? Since when?

ANGELA

Since I became Can'O Espress'O's
salesperson of the month.

She points to a new refrigerator case FULL of compact cans
(RED BULL SIZE) of "CAN'O ESPRESS'O."

(CONTINUED)

JANE

A company that makes crappy canned
coffee gave you a car?

ANGELA

Leased it. A Toyota Camry. It's
beautiful. Wait 'til you see it.

DR. PIKE enters, rolling along two giant metal cases.

JANE

Is he in the band?
(fake cheer)
Hello, Dr. Pike. Lovely to see you.

DR. PIKE

Det. Rizzoli. You look stunning.

Maura and Jane trade surprised looks.

JANE

Stunning? Thank you.

DR. PIKE

(sour)
Oh. Hello, Dr. Isles.

MAURA

Hello, Dr. Pike.
(re: cases)
You've certainly brought quite a
few things.

DR. PIKE

Well, when you're a cutting-edge
forensic scientist, you have a duty
to share that knowledge with your
less-skilled colleagues.

MAURA

You mean the colleagues who can't
tell the difference between a .38
and a .45-caliber bullet?

Jane intercedes as more M.E.s enter.

JANE

Oh, look! More cutting-edge
forensic scientists.

DR. IVAN POPOV, late 50s/early 60s, enters along with DR.
BILLY RAY HIGGINS, who wears a lab coat, cowboy hat and
boots. Four more ND doctors enter, including one woman.

JANE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Let the games begin...

(pokes Maura)

C'mon, Dr. Hostess. Say something.

MAURA

I'm delighted to welcome you all to
the annual Bullet and Blast
Injuries Symposium.

DR. BILLY RAY

This is real nice of you, Dr.
Isles, Dr. Billy Ray Higgins.

MAURA

I remember you. Nice to see you
again. I'm looking forward to your
Power Point presentation on the
Pathophysiology of Blast Injuries.

Dr. Popov pulls a 2-liter bottle of vodka out of his
briefcase. He SNAPS his FINGERS at Angela.

DR. POPOV

You! Girl!

ANGELA

Me?

(to Jane, smiling)

He called me a "girl."

(to Popov)

How can I help you?

DR. POPOV

Take this. Goes in freezer. When I
need, you bring.

Before Jane can say anything, her phone buzzes a text.

MAURA

Please tell me that's a murder.

JANE

(reads text)

Not again...

MAURA

What?

JANE

My number must be close to some
guy's wife.

(MORE)

2

CONTINUED: (4)

2

JANE (CONT'D)

I keep getting these stupid texts:
Hon, pick up my dry cleaning. Hon,
I think we're out of milk...

Jane gets another text just as Maura gets one, too.

MAURA

Hon, I hope that's a murder.

JANE

(as she reads)
You're in luck...

Maura is already on her way out.

DR. PIKE

Dr. Isles, where are you going?

OFF Maura, hurrying out with Jane right behind.

3

**INT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY / PSYCHIATRISTS
WAITING ROOM - DAY 2**

3

Crime scene functions in a small area. CSRU TECHS dust door handles and door frames in the hallway and inside the waiting room.

Maura walks straight to the bodies, lying where they fell as SGT. DET. VINCE KORSAK brings Jane up to speed.

KORSAK

Double homicide. Husband and wife
shrinks. They shared office space.
No sign of forced entry. No
surveillance cameras anywhere.

JANE

Okay, that's bad. Think we're
looking at a patient?

KORSAK

Maybe. Frost is talking to the
office manager. She found their
bodies this morning.

Jane takes in the two side by side name plates: Dr. Eve Parker and Dr. Rod Parker.

JANE

Wow! "The" Dr. Eve? Media's gonna
have a field day.

KORSAK

Why? Who is she?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Someone who hated children.

MAURA

Jane, that's not true.

JANE

Yes, it is. When were especially rotten, Ma used to listen to her talk show. Dr. Eve advocates childless marriages.

(mimics talk show host)

"I'm Dr. Eve. And I'm not anybody's mother..."

MAURA

I know the work of her husband, Dr. Rod Parker.

JANE

Did he hate kids, too?

MAURA

He was an expert in Delusional Disorders.

Jane looks at Dr. Rod's gunshot wound.

JANE

Soot on the clothing and stippling on the skin.

KORSAK

Yeah, his is close contact. Hers was from maybe three feet away.

JANE

Look at the position of the bodies. She surprises the shooter, drops the bathroom key, goes down. He comes out, struggles, gets shot point blank. Were they both targets? Or just one of them?

DET. BARRY FROST comes out of the inner office with his tablet and a clipboard with patient sign-in sheets attached.

FROST

Office manager found the bodies when she came in at 7 a.m.

JANE

Did you get the patient list out of her?

He holds up the clipboard.

FROST

Only able to get Dr. Parker's appointment sheet. Dr. Eve didn't see many patients. This was in plain view. I've got search warrants going.

JANE

(looks at clipboard)

Last patient was at 6 p.m. "E.S." Patients only sign in with their initials?

MAURA

It's a privacy issue.

JANE

Thank you, Doctor. I had no idea grandly deluded people would want privacy.

Jane looks at Parker's twist-flex watchband. The fingertip of a latex glove is caught in the band.

JANE (CONT'D)

Maura, gimme your tweezers.

Maura hands them to her. Jane pulls out the latex.

JANE (CONT'D)

It's a piece of the shooter's latex glove.

MAURA

Latex has many uses: balloons, pencil erasers, spandex --

JANE

Okay, I'm gonna guess the shooter didn't wear spandex or carry balloons.

She looks at the tiny piece of latex glove.

JANE (CONT'D)

I hope this enough to recover a partial print...

OFF Jane, sharing a look with Maura and Korsak...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

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

4

Angela puts red velvet cupcakes with bullet candies on top and more Romano's bread in the case as LT. DET. SEAN CAVANAUGH gets coffee at the coffee station.

M.E.s from the symposium are at a table: Popov, Pike and Billy Ray. They're all talking. Popov is sneaking nips out of a flask.

Angela and Cavanaugh smile at each other. Cavanaugh isn't watching he's doing, spills coffee on the floor. Angela hunts for a towel.

CAVANAUGH
Ah, shoot. Sorry.

ANGELA
It's okay. Let me get that.

As she comes from behind the counter, he notices her dress.

CAVANAUGH
You look...nice.

ANGELA
(a little embarrassed)
Oh, it's just for the Bullet and Blast Symposium. I made red velvet bullet cupcakes.

She points to the case.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Can I get you one?

CAVANAUGH
Uh...maybe later. Thank you.

Before Angela can clean up the coffee, STANLEY emerges from the kitchen, tying on his apron.

ANGELA
Oh, Mr. Stanley. I thought you had the day off.

STANLEY
I'll bet you did. Since when do we sell fancy cupcakes?

ANGELA
I made them special for the --

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Listen, when "Top Sugar Dessert Show" calls, you can make your little rococo cupcakes --

ANGELA

Rococo?

He angrily starts cleaning, MOVES toward the coffee area. Angela can't get near the spill now.

STANLEY

I take the morning off to get my teeth cleaned and all hell breaks loose --

ANGELA

(tries to warn him)
Mr. Stanley --

WHOOOPS! Stanley takes a step -- SLIPS on the spilled coffee.

STANLEY

(lands hard)
Ahhhh!

ANGELA

Oh, my God!

Angela and Cavanaugh run to Stanley. Popov barely reacts. Pike and Billy Ray jump up.

DR. PIKE

(to Stanley)
I saw that if you need a witness.

He puts out his hand. Stanley takes it.

DR. POPOV

(not moving)
I see nothing.

Angela and Cavanaugh try to help but Stanley SWATS them away.

ANGELA

Can I get you some ice?

CAVANAUGH

You okay, Stanley?

STANLEY

Do I look okay?

DR. PIKE

Bunch of very incompetent people
around here. I know a good
attorney.

As Stanley hobbles away with Pike, Billy Ray shakes his head.

DR. BILLY RAY

That boy's meaner than a wet
panther.

ANGELA

Yeah, Mr. Stanley's pretty grouchy.

DR. BILLY RAY

I meant the other one.

Maura begins the autopsy of Dr. Rod Parker. Dr. Eve Parker is
on an adjoining table. Pike, Billy Ray and Popov observe.

MAURA

A single bullet penetrated the left
ventricle --

DR. BILLY RAY

Looks like it's in the .38 caliber
family.

DR. PIKE

(condescending)

Oh, bullets have families in Texas?
It's a .45. The female victim was
also shot with a .45.

DR. BILLY RAY

(fights to be polite)

I'm thinkin' we got a different
horse galloping here.

DR. PIKE

Oh, really? A Morab? A Mustang?

DR. BILLY RAY

Well, you're callin' the bullet
that made that hole a draft horse.
I'm saying it's a Shetland Pony.

Maura hides a smile. Dr. Popov is standing back, looking at
the bodies of both the husband and wife.

DR. POPOV

This is waste of time.

MAURA

I'm sorry?

DR. POPOV

Classic murder-suicide.

MAURA

No gun was found, Dr. Popov. And both victims died instantly.

DR. POPOV

So obvious, kindergartner would know. Suicide big disgrace, so husband throws gun out window, then poof. Dies.

MAURA

There was no window.

DR. BILLY RAY

(low to Maura, re: Popov)

Don't waste your breath. That's a dog that don't hunt.

Dr. Pike, who has one of his cases opened, produces what looks like a small vacuum with a giant CLEAR hose.

DR. PIKE

As long as we're here, let me take this opportunity to introduce you to the newest revolution in forensic science --

He turns on the Forensi-Vac as he approaches Dr. Rod's body, brandishing the nozzle like a sword.

MAURA

Dr. Pike, turn that thing off.

DR. PIKE

With fully adjustable suction up to 50 kilopascals [kill-oh-pascals] --

She puts her arm out.

DR. PIKE (CONT'D)

Stand aside.

MAURA

I said, turn that off.

The vacuum catches her lab coat. CLUNK-CLUNKS. Seizes up and STOPS.

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

DR. PIKE

Nice work. You broke it! You'll be billed for that.

OFF Maura, seething.

6 **EXT. BPD - IN FRONT OF STAIRS / INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - DAY 2** 6

FRANKIE RIZZOLI JR. helps Angela unload grocery bags out of her trunk. WE STAY TIGHT and do not see the rest of her new Toyota Camry.

FRANKIE JR.

You don't feel a little funny driving this?

ANGELA

Why would I feel funny? It's the nicest car I've ever had.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Camry is a moving advertisement for CAN'O ESPRESS'O. It is covered with stickers. A very large CAN is attached to the roof of the car.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

C'mon, after we get the groceries inside, I'll take your for a spin.

FRANKIE JR.

I...uh...

Two uniforms about to head up the stairs smirk. Frankie throws a feeble smile.

FRANKIE JR. (CONT'D)

They just...gave it to you?

Angela reaches inside the car, grabs a headset.

ANGELA

Well, I have to do a little promotion...

She hops in the front seat, turns the car on and puts on a wireless headset. We see the ENTUNE SYSTEM.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(through headset)

Frankie, it's voice activated! You can do a Bing search or listen to sports, stock, traffic, the weather.

Frankie shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE JR.

Great, Ma.

ANGELA

And whatever you're doing, do it
with an ice cold can of Can'O
Espress'O! It's smooth, silky
taste...

FRANKIE JR.

Ma --

Suddenly -- BAM! From behind, a YOUNG WOMAN, in an old beater
sedan BUMPS into the back of Angela's car.

ANGELA

(loud, on headset)

Oh my god! You hit my car, lady! My
brand new car!

LYDIA SPARKS, late 20s, cute, loopy and seven months
pregnant, gets out. Angela also gets out.

LYDIA

I didn't hit it very hard, did I?

She looks at both bumpers.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Oh, good. It's just a little dent.

ANGELA

(through headset)

Little?

Frankie, juggling bags, tries to calm Angela.

FRANKIE JR.

Ma, take off the headset.

Angela tosses the headset into the open window.

LYDIA

Shoot. I'm sorry. I'll get it
fixed.

ANGELA

You bet you will! That car is brand
new!

Lydia roots around in her BIG purse.

LYDIA

Can I just give you cash? You think
\$30 is enough?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Thirty dollars? That'll buy me a
car wash.

Angela inspects her bumper as Lydia DROPS her purse. CONTENTS
scatter. Lydia bursts into tears. Frankie puts down the
groceries, starts picking up her brush and makeup.

FRANKIE JR.

Hey, let me help you --
(re: tears and pregnancy)
Ma --

Angela fights her own anger as she notices Lydia's condition.

ANGELA

How pregnant are you?

LYDIA

Seven months.

ANGELA

Okay, don't cry. It's not good for
the baby. Let's call your husband --

LYDIA

Fiancé. Ex. He dumped me.

ANGELA

Oh, I'm sorry.

Frankie picks up a rubber-banded pile of unpaid parking
notices.

FRANKIE JR.

This is a lot of unpaid parking
tickets --

LYDIA

That's why I'm here.
(re: his uniform)
You're gonna boot my car if I don't
set up a payment plan.

FRANKIE JR.

There isn't really a "payment"
plan.

LYDIA

(dissolves into a heap)
Then what am I gonna do? I live in
my car!

Frankie SEES the woman's name on the ticket. He shoves the tickets back in Lydia's purse, careful not to let his mother see his disturbed expression.

FRANKIE JR.

Ma, why don't you get the perishables inside? I'll...uh...get her insurance information.

LYDIA

I don't have any --

FRANKIE JR.

(over)

Fantastic! That's a great insurance company!

Angela reluctantly heads inside with groceries.

LYDIA

(through tears)

Thank you.

Frost goes through Dr. Eve's WEBSITE as Jane enters. Jane is carrying a latent print report.

JANE

No luck on that piece of latex glove.

(reads report)

Insufficient ridge detail.

FROST

Too bad...Dr. Eve has a huge web presence. She just released her newest book: "NO BABIES IN THE NEST IS BLISS."

JANE

Maybe a flock of baby birds killed her.

Frost hits a link on Dr. Eve's website.

INSERT: Dr. Eve in front of an audience.

DR. EVE (ON YOUTUBE)

Choose to be a mother. Do what you want, not what your genes are telling you to do. A childless marriage can be perfect, happy and fulfilling...

FROST

There's a lot of blogs with some pretty nasty comments about her.

As Korsak enters --

KORSAK

Judge Simmons denied our request for patient files and phone records. He won't even allow us to get a list of names.

JANE

Why Simmons? I thought Judge Green was on call.

KORSAK

(shrugs)
Guess they switched.

JANE

Simmons has a bug up his ass about privacy rights. Now what do we do?

KORSAK

I talked to Cavanaugh. We're gonna go see Simmons in his chambers.

FROST

Dr. Eve had a book signing at "Chapter 1" Bookstore yesterday, a few hours before she was murdered.

JANE

Interesting...

FROST

So's this: a full-time Dr. Eve hater: Valerie Crisafulli.

Frost pulls up Valerie Crisafulli's WEBSITE: WIVES ARE ABOUT KIDS: W.A.A.K.

JANE

"Wives Are About Kids" -- whack.
Gee, can't wait to meet her.

INSERT: MONITOR plays a link. It's an ANIMATION of Dr. Eve, caught in the "cross-hairs" of a sniper scope. "This fiend spreads child hate."

KORSAK

She likes guns and targets...

JANE

And she doesn't like Dr. Eve:
"This fiend spreads child hate."

FROST

For someone with four kids, she's
sure plugged in to social media.
Check out her "Timeline."

KORSAK

Translation, please?

JANE

She leads such a fascinating life,
she has to make sure everybody
knows where she is and what she's
doing.

FROST

Home-schooling at the park...
shopping for organic produce at the
open market...

KORSAK

So where was Mrs. Whack yesterday?

FROST

...Chapter 1 Bookstore.

JANE

She was at Dr. Eve's book signing?

KORSAK

What about later that night?

FROST

Don't know. She stopped checking
in.

Frankie comes in. Jane immediately notices his face. Neither
Korsak nor Frost have clocked the subtle hint of anxiety.

KORSAK

Hey, Frankie.

FRANKIE JR.

Hey...Jane, you got a minute?

JANE

Sure.
(low, on the move)
Everything okay?

He shakes his head, "No."

8

INT. BPD - ELEVATOR - DAY 2 - MINUTES LATER

8

Jane and Frankie are in a stopped elevator.

JANE

Oh my God...You're sure? Lydia-
Lydia, Dad's fiancée, Lydia?

FRANKIE JR.

Yeah. I saw her name on the parking
notices: "Lydia Sparks."

JANE

And you're sure she's pregnant?

FRANKIE JR.

(makes motion with hands)
She's out to here, Jane.

JANE

What do we do?

FRANKIE JR.

How the hell should I know?

JANE

Should we call Dad?

FRANKIE JR.

She says he dumped her.

JANE

Did we just not know him? Or is he
having some deranged, late mid-life
crisis?

FRANKIE JR.

Jane, she's living out of her car.
What if that's our...brother or
sister?

OFF Jane...holy shit...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

9

INT. BPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 2

9

Jane and Korsak grill VALERIE CRISAFULLI, 40s. Her THREE children, Elizabeth, 7, Matthew, 6, Rachel, 4, are in tow. Valerie is dressed in WASPY mom clothes. She holds a sleeping baby in a sling. Jane and Korsak take in the children, uncomfortable.

JANE

Isn't there anybody the children
can stay with for half an hour?

VALERIE CRISAFULLI

My children are very well-behaved.

Matthew picks his nose. Elizabeth has both hands around the neck of Rachel. She's itching to squeeze her little sister's throat.

VALERIE CRISAFULLI (CONT'D)

Matthew, stop picking your nose.
Elizabeth, remember what we said
about choking Rachel?

Jane slides a screen-grab of Dr. Eve in the sniper scope.

JANE

Take a look at that. You didn't
like Dr. Eve much, did you?

VALERIE CRISAFULLI

Not even a little bit.

KORSAK

That's a pretty violent image.

VALERIE CRISAFULLI

I thought it made my point in a
very visceral way.

KORSAK

So did shooting her. That made your
point, too.

VALERIE CRISAFULLI

She's a despicable person. I don't
even want to share our gender by
calling her a "woman."

(to Jane)

Do you have children, Detective?

JANE

I do not.

(CONTINUED)

VALERIE CRISAFULLI

It figures.

JANE

Why does it figure?

VALERIE CRISAFULLI

Your hips. You wanna know what it's like to try to buy a bathing suit after four children?

JANE

Is that why you shot Dr. Eve? Because she didn't have stretch marks?

VALERIE CRISAFULLI

I'm proud of my womb --

She goes to lift her shirt. Korsak blanches.

KORSAK

Please don't show me your womb, Mrs. Crisafulli.

VALERIE CRISAFULLI

Not surprised you can't look at the beauty of a mother's special pouch. You don't have children, either.

JANE

Where were you last night?

VALERIE CRISAFULLI

With my children.

Jane and Korsak look at each other.

VALERIE CRISAFULLI (CONT'D)

And twenty other mothers and their children at my "Wives Are About Kids" meeting.

Valerie pulls out her tablet.

VALERIE CRISAFULLI (CONT'D)

It's already on YouTube if you'd like to see.

OFF Jane and Korsak: not really.

10

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

10

Maura is by herself as Jane enters. She's completed the autopsy of Dr. Rod. Sheet up to his armpits. She's beginning to undress Dr. Eve.

JANE

Where are all your little doctor death friends?

MAURA

Enjoying a lecture on "Using Silicon Scalps for Terminal Ballistics testing."

JANE

And you're missing it?

MAURA

I know...But I had to get away from Dr. Pike. Jane, I think Pike's on the take.

JANE

What?

MAURA

He's using his position to privateer.

JANE

He's attacking foreign ships during wartime?

MAURA

I think he's taking kickbacks to hawk a forensic vacuum.

JANE

This is very serious, Maura.

MAURA

It is?

JANE

No.

MAURA

I think it is. Look, he's handing out hats and pens.

She points to "FORENSI-VAC" baseball caps and pens stacked on a nearby counter.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA (CONT'D)

That is "swag," Detective.

JANE

Oh, "swag." Well why didn't you say that?

MAURA

I need to know how to entrap him.

JANE

Okay, easy there, Serpico. Let's first solve our double homicide.

MAURA

(as she works on Dr. Eve)

Do you believe you can be childless and have a fulfilling marriage?

JANE

No. I believe with or without children, marriage is miserable.

MAURA

The Center for Work-Life Policy reported that 43% of Gen X'ers are child-free even though 3/4s of them are in committed relationships.

JANE

I'm gonna start an organization called, S.A.W.

MAURA

That sounds hostile.

JANE

"Stuck at Work." And I'm gonna be stuck here longer if you don't finish these autopsies.

Maura is pulling off Dr. Eve's sleeve when something falls out onto the autopsy table. Jane looks at it.

JANE (CONT'D)

It's a shell casing...

Jane grabs a magnifying glass, looks at the casing carefully.

JANE (CONT'D)

(disappointed)

Damn...I knew it was too good to be true. No prints.

BZZZZ-BZZZ. Jane gets a text. She reads it.

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

Not again...that weird husband
guy...."Hon, don't forget your
Brazilian wax appointment."

(as she texts)

How many more times I have to tell
you, wrong number, I am not your
wife!

(to Maura)

I forgot to tell you: Frankie met
Lydia today.

Maura DROPS her scalpel.

JANE (CONT'D)

Okay, you look very, very guilty.
What aren't you telling me?

MAURA

I promised Tommy I wouldn't say.

Jane picks up the scalpel.

JANE

Hmmm...this looks very sharp...

MAURA

Okay, okay...but don't get mad...
(grabs scalpel)
Gimme that.

Korsak and Frost enter behind JUDGE EUGENE SIMMONS, 50s, tall
and thin, in his black robe, cup of coffee in one hand, stack
of legal briefs in the other.

JUDGE SIMMONS

What brings you back, Sergeant
Detective Korsak?

KORSAK

We need the patient list, Your
Honor.

As Judge Simmons reaches his desk, takes a seat, sips coffee
and doesn't invite Korsak or Frost to sit --

JUDGE SIMMONS

There's nothing in your affidavit
to support your assumption that
evidence of a crime will be
discovered if I allow you to
trample the rights of these
patients.

11

CONTINUED:

11

FROST

All due respect, Your Honor, both doctors were killed in their offices where they see patients.

JUDGE SIMMONS

I'm not convinced. Absent a stronger link between your crime and these patients, this is merely a fishing expedition.

(indicates the door)

Have a good day.

FROST

Judge Simmons, this is important.

JUDGE SIMMONS

(snaps)

So is the law, Detective.

KORSAK

We understand, Your Honor, but without those names --

JUDGE SIMMONS

If you ever want me to sign a warrant for you again, I suggest you leave my chambers.

OFF Korsak and Frost, fuming.

12

INT. BPD - BRIC - DAY 2

12

Frost is on his computer. The patient sign-in clipboard is on his desk.

The BRIC monitors have footage of various streets in Boston.

JANE

What're you doing? I thought we didn't have any surveillance footage.

FROST

We don't. I was looking at every surveillance camera along that street...thought maybe the killer might've walked by.

JANE

How would you know if it was the killer?

INSERT: MONITOR shows footage of another building.

(CONTINUED)

FROST

Check this out --

INSERT: A car with a MOUNTED TRIPOD and CAMERA on its roof drives by.

FROST (CONT'D)

See that? That car is collecting footage for the City of Boston. It was driving by at 5:56 p.m. last night.

Jane picks up the clipboard.

JANE

Right before "E.S." arrived. Dr. Rod's last appointment. Smart, Frost.

Frost pulls up footage from the POV of the roof-mounted camera. He freezes on A TALL LADY in a loose, flowing dress and wide-brimmed hat. HALF of her face is visible under the hat. She's walking into the dead doctors' medical building.

FROST

See that?

JANE

"E.S." is a woman...You think we have enough landmarks for facial recognition?

As Frost hits some buttons --

FROST

Won't know 'til we try.

INSERT: HUNDREDS of faces in seconds as the facial recognition software looks for landmarks.

JANE

C'mon...

They watch as the SCREEN UPDATES -- two faces pop up: A WOMAN who is a 60% match and a MAN who is a 72% match.

FROST

Okay, she's pretty close.

JANE

He's closer...he looks familiar...

FROST

Oh, my God...he should. "E.S." is Eugene Simmons...

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED: (2)

12

JANE
Judge Simmons?

FROST
No wonder he wouldn't sign the
warrants. He's a patient.

JANE
Yeah. Maybe he's the killer, too.

13

INT. JUDGE SIMMONS' CHAMBERS - DAY 2

13

Frost and Korsak enter. Judge Simmons is at his desk.

JUDGE SIMMONS
I think I told you not to return
unless you had a stronger link
between your crime and Dr. Parker's
patients.

FROST
This strong enough?

Frost slides a screen grab of the woman in the dress and hat.
Judge Simmons glances at it.

KORSAK
How long have you been a cross-
dresser, Judge Simmons?

Judge Simmons goes white.

JUDGE SIMMONS
You're threatening to expose me in
order to get me to sign your search
warrants?

FROST
Yes.

KORSAK
Did you kill Dr. Parker because he
knew your secret?

All the air goes out of him.

JUDGE SIMMONS
God, no! Dr. Parker was the only
one who ever helped me! He
encouraged me to be myself, even
let me come to our sessions as
"Eugenia."
(beat)
I didn't kill him.

(CONTINUED)

Korsak pulls out two warrants.

KORSAK

Sign both of these: phone records
and patient records.

JUDGE SIMMONS

Please --

FROST

We just want to find out who did
this. No one's going to expose you.

OFF Simmons as he signs their warrant.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

14

INT. THE DIRTY ROBBER - NIGHT 2

14

The M.E.s are all in a party frame of mind. They wear their lab coats and accessories. Pike, who has on an "axe" headband is in the middle of handing out more: Dr. Billy Ray Higgins has on a bloody arm stump. He smiles and waves as Jane and Maura walk in.

DR. PIKE

Detective Rizzoli, this is for you.

He hands her a necklace. It's a "knife through the neck."

DR. PIKE (CONT'D)

And since you're so good at
stabbing people in the back --

He tries to hand Maura a "knife in the back" appliance.

MAURA

Do you have an arrow through the
head?

He points to a table. "Death" accessories are stacked next to Forensi-Vac hats, pens and BIG BAGS with tissue paper.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Jane -- look! Swag!

Jane mock-reaches for her gun.

JANE

Get down!

Dr. Billy Ray follows them.

DR. BILLY RAY

Thank you for the hospitality, Dr.
Isles.

MAURA

You're welcome, Dr. Higgins.

DR. BILLY RAY

How's the case goin'?

JANE

It's a little frustrating. We don't
have that much forensic evidence.
Found a shell casing today, but no
prints.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BILLY RAY

I've been working on this technique. Studied it in England. Sweat can sometimes corrode the brass casing.

JANE

You mean you might be able to pull up a print?

DR. BILLY RAY

Might. I can look at it for you tomorrow.

JANE

Thank you.

Dr. Billy Ray peels off as Jane gets a text.

JANE (CONT'D)

Not again...

MAURA

What? Another murder?

JANE

Another dumb "Hon" message. "Hon, waiting up for you." Now that I've had my Brazilian, I'd better hurry home.

MAURA

You should tell your mother.

JANE

Where I wax is my business.

MAURA

Lydia's baby could be her grandchild.

JANE

That baby could also be her ex-husband's bimbo's illegitimate kid. It's a good thing Tommy's in the Gulf fishing, or I think I'd kill him.

MAURA

Maybe that's why your father called off the engagement...

JANE

You think Lydia told him the baby is his son's?

Pike sidles up to Maura, and takes a swig of a shot.

DR. PIKE

Ah...Jägermeister. I forgot how good it can be.

MAURA

How many have you had?

DR. PIKE

Five and counting. But my people can hold their liquor.

MAURA

Your people?

DR. PIKE

The proud Icelandic people.

He BURPS.

MAURA

Ah.

Maura forces a huge fake smile.

DR. PIKE

You are stunning, Dr. Isles.

MAURA

Excuse me?

DR. PIKE

Your eyes are like the pale green of leopards drinking in the moonlight of the savannah. Your lips -

MAURA

I think you should stop --

DR. PIKE

-- are delicate pillows that I long to rest my head on --

MAURA

Dr. Pike, please.

DR. PIKE

I've been in love with you since the Outdoor Remains Recovery Course.

He tries to put his arms around her. He stumbles and lurches into her.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

Oh, God...

Dr. Popov butts in.

DR. POPOV

Lady says go away, Pike.

DR. PIKE

Buzz off, Popov.

DR. POPOV

You have as much chance with woman
as dead Dr. Parker. No, he has
better chance.

Fuming, Pike splashes his Jäger into Dr. Popov's face. Dr.
Popov takes a swing at Pike. SMACKS Pike in the forehead.

DR. PIKE

Ow!

POPOV

Ow!

MAURA

Stop it!

Both men have had too much to drink. They circle around each
other, fists at the ready.

DR. POPOV

Put up ducks!

DR. PIKE

Dukes. It's dukes, you moron!

DR. POPOV

You call me moron? When man
upstairs hands out brains, he give
you mouse lemur brain.

JANE

This is getting ugly: a mouse lemur
brain. Knock it off you two, or
you'll spend the night in jail.

Pike and Popov slink off in opposite directions.

JANE (CONT'D)

(smiles)

That was worth the price of
admission.

MAURA

Pike declared his love for me.
Ugh. I need a shower.

15

INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT 2

15

Jane, Maura and Frankie. Jane has a beer. Maura has a glass of red wine. Frankie is out of uniform. He eats a sandwich.

FRANKIE JR.

Great sandwich, Maura. Thanks. So you don't usually call me in the middle of the night and tell me you need to talk.

JANE

Uh..something weird happened.

FRANKIE JR.

Yeah? What?

MAURA

...I'm betraying your brother Tommy's confidence, but you need to know something.

FRANKIE JR.

What'd Tommy do this time?

JANE

He...uh...he...I can't believe I can't say this --

MAURA

He slept with Lydia.

FRANKIE JR.

He what?!!

Just then, Angela helps a nearly incoherent Lydia in through the guest house entrance.

ANGELA

Maura, you gotta help me.

Frankie recognizes Lydia.

FRANKIE JR.

What's she doing here?

ANGELA

She was living out of her car, Frankie. I couldn't leave her there. Lydia? Lydia? Can you tell Dr. Maura what's wrong?

MAURA

Let's get her on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

On your couch? Here?

Maura throws a stern look at Jane and Frankie. It's clear Angela has no idea who Lydia is. Frankie jumps in to help.

FRANKIE JR.

Let me help you...

LYDIA

(slurs)

I like couches...you're really cute...

JANE

Oh my god, sleep with all my brothers, why don't you.

MAURA

Ssshh!

Lydia weaves and nearly falls. Frankie gets her onto the couch.

JANE

Ma, why would you bring a drunk, homeless pregnant woman to Maura's home?

ANGELA

Be nice, Jane. She doesn't have anybody. I don't know what happened. I just fed her sauteed spinach and some pasta with basil --

Maura quickly assesses Lydia: checks her pupils with a small flashlight. Lydia squirms, tries to sit up.

LYDIA

I have to pee...

ANGELA

Again? You just went.

MAURA

Lydia, are you thirsty?

LYDIA

Uh-huh. Really thirsty.

MAURA

Frankie, call an ambulance. Angela, get her some orange juice.

Frankie jumps up, turns on his radio as Angela heads toward the refrigerator.

FRANKIE JR.

(into radio)

I need E.M.S. at 5801 Pinckney Street.

JANE

Can't she just sleep it off in her car?

MAURA

I think she has gestational diabetes.

JANE

How bad is that?

MAURA

Bad. She's slipping into a diabetic coma.

JANE

And then what happens?

MAURA

She dies.

JANE

Frankie, push it!

FRANKIE JR.

(to radio)

What's the ten on that bus?

Lydia looks up at Maura and Jane. She locks onto Jane.

LYDIA

You're so nice. Would you hold my hand? I'm really scared...my baby...what's going to happen to my baby?

Lydia starts to cry. Jane takes her hand.

JANE

It's okay. We're gonna take care of you.

Off Jane and Maura as they trade a look --

Jane and Maura enter together.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

It's like my mother has a homing device for trouble. Same with Tommy. What happens when Lydia's released from the hospital?

MAURA

We need to have a family meeting.

JANE

With Lydia and my new nephew or niece? Or brother or sister? It's Chinatown, Jake.

MAURA

We need to tell your mother. Tonight. Right after work at The Dirty Robber.

JANE

Hey, look on the bright side: she'll finally get a grandchild... or step-child...

Pike comes out of the café with coffee. He's clearly hung over. He sees Jane and Maura, straightens up, back to old Pike.

DR. PIKE

Good morning, Dr. Isles. You don't look very well-rested. I guess you don't know your limit.

MAURA

You don't remember?

DR. PIKE

Did you do something inappropriate? If you'll excuse me, I need to prepare my presentation on Entrance and Exit Wounds.

(to Jane as he walks away)

You look stunning, Detective.

Maura and Jane smile at each other as Dr. Billy Ray enters. He carries what looks like a 4th grade art project. It's a cobbled-together, twisted wire "fingerprint enhancement device."

DR. BILLY RAY

Got my fingerprint enhancement device. You ready to try it?

JANE

Follow me, Dr. Rube Goldberg.

16

CONTINUED: (2)

16

He grins. Jane and Maura grin, too.

17

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

17

Jane and Maura watch as Dr. Billy Ray puts the shell casing onto a thin pole rising from what looks like a hot plate.

DR. BILLY RAY

Can't get these in the forensic supply catalogues. I put this together myself.

JANE

I would never have guessed.

Maura kicks her.

MAURA

So the idea is the electrostatic charge allows the fingerprint powder to adhere to the brass casing?

DR. BILLY RAY

Yes. Dr. John Bond at Leicester University developed it. Classic electrostatic physics.

JANE

Shoot. I'm only an expert in common electrostatic physics.

Dr. Billy Ray and Maura both look at her. Jane smiles and shrugs. Dr. Billy Ray brushes a small amount of fingerprint powder onto the shell casing. Jane and Maura move closer.

JANE (CONT'D)

Unbelievable...You got a partial print...

ECU: on the shell casing with a partial fingerprint.

Maura looks at the shell casing with a magnifying glass.

MAURA

It's not enough ridge detail.

Jane takes it from her, looks.

JANE

All I need is enough to compare it to a list of patients.

18

INT. BPD - BRIC - DAY 3

18

Korsak and Jane both look at fingerprint cards from a stack. They have a close-up photo of the partial print from the shell casing on their computers.

Frost works at his computer. Korsak compares a card to the photo on his screen.

KORSAK

No tented arch on this one.

JANE

(puts a card down)

This one, either. How many patients did we get elimination prints from?

FROST

A hundred and ten out of total of 203. Still have detectives out there, trying to get the rest of them.

Frost keeps typing.

FROST (CONT'D)

What the hell...

JANE

What is it?

FROST

Nothing...

Jane trades a look with Frost. He looks embarrassed. She walks around, looks at his computer. He points to a number on the screen.

JANE

That's my phone number. Did you think? Oh, my God, you thought I was one of Dr. Parker's patients?

KORSAK

Nothing to be ashamed of. You've hidden your delusional disorders rather well, Detective.

FROST

He called you three times last week.

JANE

I wonder why.

19

INT. BPD - DIVISION 1 CAFÉ - DAY 3

19

Angela is serving coffee to a line of customers as Cavanaugh enters. She has on an apron, comfortable shoes.

ANGELA

Oh, hello.

CAVANAUGH

Hey. How are you, Mrs. Rizzoli?

ANGELA

Please call me Angela.

CAVANAUGH

I'm sorry about yesterday. What happened to Stanley...That was all my fault. I spilled the coffee.

ANGELA

No, it wasn't.

STANLEY

Well, well, well...who are you two plotting to kill today?

Stanley has on neck and back braces and walks slowly with a cane. As he holds out an envelope for Angela --

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Angela DiChiarria Rizzoli?

ANGELA

(as she takes envelope)

How're you feeling, Mr. Stanley?

STANLEY

Lt. Det. Sean Owen Cavanaugh?

CAVANAUGH

(knows what it is)

Fast work, Stanley.

ANGELA

Is this an invitation?

STANLEY

You've both been served.

As Stanley hobbles out --

ANGELA

Served what?

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

CAVANAUGH

A day in small claims court. He's
suing us.

20

INT. THE DIRTY ROBBER - DAY 3

20

Frankie watches as Maura arranges a collection of TALKING
STICKS along the table.

MAURA

Talking sticks have been used for
centuries by Native Americans.

Angela arrives.

ANGELA

What's going on? Where's Jane?

FRANKIE JR.

Sit down, Ma. Take a talking stick.

ANGELA

No, thanks. I prefer talking
people. What is this about?

FRANKIE JR.

(to Maura)

Where's Jane? She's supposed to be
here.

ANGELA

Is this about Tommy?

OFF Maura and Frankie, trading a look.

21

EXT. BPD / INT. ROMANO'S BAKERY TRUCK - DAY 3

21

Jane comes out of the building. Her car is blocked by
Romano's Bakery Truck, which is double parked. The back doors
are open. Charlie emerges from the truck, arms full of bags
of bread.

JANE

Hey, Charlie. You gonna be much
longer? My car's right there.

CHARLIE

Oh, I'm so sorry.

He drops one of the bags of bread. She picks it up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You mind just setting it back in
the rack?

(CONTINUED)

She goes to put the bag of bread into his truck. He follows her, puts his own bags down.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey, why don't you take a bag of ciabatta? They're still warm. The last rack. You might have to climb in.

JANE

(as she gets in the truck)
Thanks.

Suddenly --

He PULLS out a SYRINGE, PLUNGES it into the back of her neck.

She slumps on the floor of the truck.

OFF JANE as Charlie jumps down and SLAMS closed the doors.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

22 **INT. BPD - LOBBY - NIGHT 3**

22

Maura, Frankie and Angela cross from the front doors to meet Korsak and Frost as they exit from the elevators.

MAURA

Her car's still in front.

KORSAK

She's not answering her phone. She left an hour ago.

FRANKIE JR.

To meet us. Where is she?

ANGELA

Oh my God...

Cavanaugh comes out of the elevator, walks toward Angela.

CAVANAUGH

Hey, hey, we'll find her.

Angela tears up. Cavanaugh puts an arm around her.

FROST

I'm gonna try and track the GPS on her phone, maybe get a location.

CAVANAUGH

(to Angela)

Let me take you home.

Angela lets him. They move toward the exit.

23 **INT. FAKE JANE'S APARTMENT - JANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 3**

23

Jane is on top of her bed, fully clothed. Two eyebolts have been screwed into either side of her headboard. She's spread eagle, each wrist cuffed to the eyebolt.

Her ankles are bound with rope, keel-haul style, to the bed frame. Someone is stroking and smelling her hair.

JANE

What...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Charlie is next to her.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Hello, Hon. You missed your
Brazilian wax.

JANE

Oh, my God...you were texting me?

CHARLIE

Of course I was, Hon. You're my
wife.

Jane looks around the room. There are poster-size photographs of Jane in a wedding gown with Charlie the groom. Jane in a bikini in Hawaii on her honeymoon with her new husband, Charlie. It's Jane head photo-shopped onto someone else's body.

JANE

Charlie...my wrists hurt. Do you
think you could loosen the cuffs?

CHARLIE

Oh, that's so sly, Hon. No. You
know the rules. It took so long to
get you home. I've got to go get
the dry cleaning and dinner for us.
I'll be home soon, 'Hon.

He kisses her on the lips and exits. Jane struggles. She can barely move. She's fucked...

Frost, Korsak, Maura and Frankie. Korsak is pacing. Frost sits back, frustrated.

FROST

I can't track her phone. Battery's
been pulled.

KORSAK

C'mon, think...We're in the middle
of this double homicide case...

FRANKIE JR.

We don't know if it's related --

FROST

We know Dr. Parker called Jane.

FRANKIE JR.

The dead guy? Why did he call her?

FROST

Don't know.

MAURA

He treated patients with severe delusional disorders...it'd be his ethical obligation to call and warn her if he was treating someone who was a danger to her.

KORSAK

Put the patient list up, Frost.

MAURA

Oh my God...she's been getting strange text messages...she thought it was some guy talking to his wife.

Frost pulls up the list of patients.

FROST

Someone on this list knows something...

FRANKIE JR.

This could take all night! We can't sit in here and painstakingly go through lists! Jane's out there! Somebody's got her.

MAURA

What about the partial print from the casing?

KORSAK

We compared it to every elimination print card we had. We don't have all of the Parker's patients, though.

Frost starts typing.

FRANKIE JR.

What're you looking for?

FROST

Latent print report for the latex glove.

KORSAK

Why? There wasn't enough for an identification.

INSERT: TWO BRIC MONITORS. One has the partial print from the latex glove, the other has the partial print from the shell casing.

FROST

Maybe if we put the two partials
together --

INSERT: SPLIT SCREEN as THE TWO HALVES MOVE...

KORSAK

We've got a partial tented arch
with some ridge detail from the
shell casing...Frost, rotate that
to the left just a bit.

The print from the shell casing rotates and the ridge details
appear to align with the print from the latex glove.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

That's it! Run that through IAFIS
[A-FIS].

Frost bangs keys. They all look expectantly at the monitor as
IAFIS hunts for a match. It finds one.

INSERT: a print, photo and a name -- CHARLES ROMANO.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

Charles Romano...served eight years
for stalking and maiming...

FRANKIE JR.

That's Charlie the bread guy.

FROST

That's why he was going to see
Parker: it was court-mandated. Part
of his probation.

Korsak is on the phone, calling Operations.

KORSAK

Frost, get me his address.

Frost puts it up on a monitor.

INSERT: CHARLES ROMANO, 2200 Bennington Hill.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

If he's holding her hostage, we
can't have cops come screaming in --

FROST

Korsak, Charlie's got a webcam. A
live uplink going 24/7.

KORSAK

From the Bennington Hill address?

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED: (3)

24

FROST

No...

INSERT: real-time feed from a webcam. Jane, spread eagle, cuffed to her bed.

MAURA

Oh, my God.

FRANKIE JR.

He's got her at her apartment!

They all rush toward the door. Maura is with them.

KORSAK

Stay here.

SMASH CUT TO:

25

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3

25

Jane's front door OPENS nice and easy. Frankie has the key. He MOTIONS for the other two: Korsak and Frost enter silently, guns drawn.

They fan out -- Frankie leading the way to the bedroom followed by Frost, and Korsak checking the kitchen.

26

INT. BPD - BRIC - NIGHT 3 - SAME (INTERCUT)

26

Maura watches the live feed, tense and terrified. She can see Jane on the bed in one monitor, the men quietly making their way to Jane's bedroom.

MAURA

Sgt. Korsak, I don't see Charlie.

KORSAK

Touches Frankie's arm, makes a motion: GO! All three move quickly into --

27

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - JANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

27

An empty bedroom. Jane isn't there...

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

28

INT. FAKE JANE'S APARTMENT - JANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

28

Charlie stands in the doorway, watching Jane.

CHARLIE

I couldn't see everything in your bedroom. I figured as long as I got it close. Are the sheets okay?

JANE

Yes. I don't remember having you over.

CHARLIE

You know the building across the street? If you climb the fire escape, you can see into your window -- whenever you leave the shades open.

Jane looks around at all the photo-shopped photos.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Remember Hawaii?

JANE

Charlie, you know we never went to Hawaii --

He FLASHES with anger.

CHARLIE

Yes, we did! We had our honeymoon there! We kayaked, and you surfed for the first time, and we went to that all-you-can-eat luau with the pig, remember?

JANE

Oh...yes...now I remember.

CHARLIE

Liar. Don't play with me. We didn't go to a luau. Don't be like Dr. Parker.

JANE

Did you tell Dr. Parker about me?

CHARLIE

I'm allowed to talk about my wife with my therapist.

29

INT. BPD - BRIC - NIGHT 3 - SAME

29

Maura watches Jane on the live feed of the webcam. Tears well in her eyes. Korsak, Frankie and Frost are there with her. Shattered and at a loss.

MAURA

Careful, Jane...

FRANKIE JR.

What's she doing?

MAURA

She has to try to make him stay in the fantasy.

FRANKIE JR.

What happens if he comes out of it?

MAURA

He could kill her. We have to find her...

FROST

He's live-streaming...and he's smart. He's hiding the URL. I can't find it.

30

**INT. FAKE JANE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM / INT. BRIC - NIGHT 3 30
(INTERCUT)**

Jane is looking at the ceiling. She sees something: the web camera.

JANE

I love computers, don't you Charlie? I just wish I knew more about them.

CHARLIE

I know a lot. I read a lot about them -- in Bridgewater State. Did you miss me?

JANE

I did, yes.

CHARLIE

No, you didn't. I wasn't there because of you. I was there because of Emily. I'll always love her. Don't be jealous of my first wife. It doesn't mean I can't love you, too.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

What happened to Emily?

Frost is already banging keys, looking into Charlie's file.

FROST

He threw acid in her face...blinded her...

FRANKIE JR.

Oh my God...

CHARLIE

I read about you. In the paper. It was nice to stay connected. I liked you when we were little, and you would come to my parents' bakery. You knew you'd grow up to marry me, didn't you?

Jane eyes the camera.

JANE

Wouldn't it be fun to see ourselves as a married couple on TV?

CHARLIE

I do it all the time.

JANE

You do? Are we on TV now?

CHARLIE

I can't tell you that.

He gets up, heads for the door.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'll get the food and some candles.

JANE

Okay.

Charlie heads out. Jane stares directly into the webcam.

JANE (CONT'D)

Frost, if you're as good as I know you are, you can see me right now.

FROST

Stares at Jane on the monitor. Korsak, Frankie, Maura can barely move.

(CONTINUED)

FROST

Where are you? Tell us where you are.

They can't hear each other, but it's as though they are silently communicating.

JANE

I can hear planes landing. We're not far from the airport...Oh God I hope you can hear me...wait, I hear a bell -- the warning bell --

FROST

The Chelsea Street draw bridge!

JANE

Smells like...

She inhales.

JANE (CONT'D)

Fish...

MAURA

The processing plant.

KORSAK

Let's go!

They rush from the room.

TIME CUT:

Charlie brings a tray of food in: lasagna, ciabatta rolls and caesar salad.

CHARLIE

Who were you talking to?

JANE

No one. Just myself.

CHARLIE

I'm going to have to keep you from looking at anyone or talking to anyone ever again.

MAURA

Oh, God, Jane...Don't hurt her...

Charlie puts the tray down. He intends to feed a handcuffed Jane. He takes a forkful of lasagna.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

C'mon, open wide --

BOOM! The door is kicked in. Frankie, Frost and Korsak fly in.

FROST

Get your hands up, you son of a bitch.

Korsak and Frankie cuff Charlie as Frost runs to unlock Jane's cuffs.

FROST (CONT'D)

You okay?

JANE

Yeah. I'm okay.

Maura and Jane sit on the couch in T-shirts, sweats and socks, legs tucked under them. Jane sips a beer.

JANE

Cavanaugh brought her home?

MAURA

Yup.

JANE

You don't think...

MAURA

No. Of course not.

JANE

She's very busy out in that guest house. Entertaining pregnant homeless bimbos and my boss.

MAURA

It was pretty awful watching you on that bed.

JANE

It was pretty awful being on that bed...hey, what's happening with you and Pike?

MAURA

What? Nothing!

JANE

I think you make a cute couple.

MAURA

I think you and Cavanaugh might
make a nice couple.

Jane throws a pillow at her.

MAURA (CONT'D)

What? At least he's nice.

JANE

He's my boss!

MAURA

Pike thinks you're "stunning."

JANE

Vomit.

MAURA

Double vomit.

END OF SHOW