



“Hometown Glory”

Episode 309
#2M5909

Written By

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Directed By

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PRODUCTION DRAFT

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RIZZOLI & ISLES

309 "HOMETOWN GLORY"

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

Shane Finnegan..... TBD
Lydia Sparks TBD
Ronan Finnegan..... TBD
Liam Finnegan TBD
Ryan Finnegan..... TBD
Susie Chang..... TBD
Male Customer..... TBD
Alana TBD
Jeremy TBD
T.K. "The Killer" Womack TBD
Rene Sparks TBD

^Does not appear in this episode

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309 "HOMETOWN GLORY"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

MAURA'S HOUSE
FOYER
GREAT ROOM
KITCHEN

BPD

INTERVIEW ROOM
HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM
MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE
AUTOPSY ROOM
CRIME LAB
MAURA'S OFFICE
DIVISION 1 CAFÉ
BRIC
INTERROGATION ROOM
EVIDENCE GARAGE
LOBBY
WAITING AREA

THE DIRTY ROBBER

LAMAZE CLASS

*HANCOCK STREET MOTEL
HALLWAY
ROOM 311

PRIUS

P.O. BOX STORE

RECORDING STUDIO

EXTERIORS

STREET IN THE COMBAT ZONE

ORIENT HEIGHTS
TRAILER PARK

*

RIZZOLI & ISLES

309 "HOMETOWN GLORY"

DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

Scenes	Day/Night
1	N1
2-12	D2
13	N2
14-19	D3
20-26	LATE AFTERNOON 3
27-34	N3

RIZZOLI & ISLES
309 “HOMETOWN GLORY”
PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

- Pg. 7 – Zygomat[i]c [zie-guh-matic]
Cheekbone.
[http://www.merriam-webster.com/medical/zygomat\[i\]c](http://www.merriam-webster.com/medical/zygomat[i]c)
- Pg. 16 – Rustica [roose-tea-kuh]
Italian for rustic.
<http://www.forvo.com/word/rustica>
- Pg. 58 – Arteriosclerosis [ahr-teer-ee-oh-skluh-ROH-sis]
A chronic disease characterized by abnormal thickening and hardening of the arterial walls with resulting loss of elasticity
<http://www.merriam-webster.com/medical/arteriosclerosis>

ACT ONE

1 **EXT. STREET IN THE COMBAT ZONE - NIGHT 1** 1

Street is dark and deserted as a crappy sedan pulls to a stop, windows dusty with Boston grime. Its driver gets out. He's out of place. SHANE FINNEGAN, mid-30s, Pop-Star, be-still-my-heart good looks. He PULLS OFF a lanyard with a backstage pass, TOSSES it onto the front seat.

Grabs a beat-up canvas backpack and as an afterthought, TOSSES the car keys onto the driver's seat.

He pulls the grey hood out from under his beat-up leather jacket, covers his head, hunches into it and walks away.

A glass vial CRACKS under his feet. He looks down. MORE SCATTERED VIALS. He kicks them as a hard look descends over his handsome face. He knows this life.

ANGLE: ANOTHER HOODED FIGURE SLIDES from around the corner of a building.

BAM!

SHANE

DROPS the backpack, clutches his LEFT THIGH, unable to process what's just happened: He's been shot.

BAM!

He's hit in the RIGHT THIGH. He DROPS to the asphalt.

His eyes are open. He STARES up as FOOTSTEPS come close. His chest heaves as blood PULSES from two wounds.

SHOES and jean-clad legs stand next to Shane's right side. A black-gloved hand POINTS a .380 semi-automatic at Shane's head.

SHANE

...Oh, God, please...

BAM! A third bullet HITS the asphalt next to Shane's right cheek. Shane HOWLS in terror as the copper bullet SHATTERS. SHRAPNEL FLIES into his face, EMBEDS into flesh. And still, Shane's eyes stay open, staring up at his killer.

MAN (O.S.)

(low, to himself)

You have to do it...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

SHANE

...don't...

BAM! A FOURTH SHOT HITS Shane in his right shoulder.

SHANE (CONT'D)

...no...

BAM! The FIFTH and final shot hits Shane in the forehead, LEAVES a small entrance wound. Shane's eyes close forever...

2 INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - FOYER / GREAT ROOM / KITCHEN - DAY 2 2

DET. JANE RIZZOLI, in a version of work clothes, and DR. MAURA ISLES, in a chic pants outfit, enter with bags from an exhausting morning of clothes shopping. They drop them in the foyer, take off their shoes.

JANE

How did I let you talk me into wearing heels -- and buying a purse?

MAURA

It's a convertible satchel.

Jane takes a red leather convertible satchel purse out of one shopping bag. Smiles, despite herself.

JANE

...I kinda love it, even though I hate purses.

As Jane holds it up by the strap to admire it, she suddenly notices Maura's great room is PILED HIGH with gently used items: a crib, a high chair, a massive stroller, gender-neutral baby clothes, etc.

JANE (CONT'D)

Is there something you want to tell me?

MAURA

Angela...

JANE

My mother's too old to have a baby -

ANGLE: ANGELA is on her knees concealed by baby stuff, trying to set up an infant swing. As she POPS up.

ANGELA

I'm a very young grandmother, though.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Oh my God! Did Frankie or Tommy
knock someone up?

ANGELA

I wish...No, I'm throwing a little
baby shower for Lydia.

MAURA

Lydia?

ANGELA

I hope it's okay.

JANE

It's not okay.

ANGELA

I wasn't asking you.

Angela looks at Maura.

MAURA

I...uh...sure...

JANE

What?

ANGELA

Jane, help me put this swing
together. All your friends who have
children --

JANE

Ma --

ANGELA

--gave me their old baby stuff. Can
you help me get this snappie-thing
into the hole?

JANE

Don't get me started on holes. Ma,
Lydia is a stranger! She ran into
your car. All you know about her is
she's a bad driver.

ANGELA

She needs help. And she's a sweet
girl.

Jane and Maura exchange an ominous look.

JANE

Her mother should be doing this.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

She was raised by a single mother
who is...

(lowers voice)

...not very reliable.

JANE

Are you lowering your voice because
she's in the guest house?

MAURA

Where is she registered?

JANE

Where is she registered? Moochers
'R' Us.

LYDIA (O.S.)

Angela?

As Angela HEARS Lydia's approach from the guest house, she
quickly THROWS SHEETS on top of the gifts --

ANGELA

Oh, no! She can't come in here --

LYDIA SPARKS enters.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hello, Lydia.

As Angela quickly intercepts Lydia and maneuvers her by the
shoulders to face the kitchen --

LYDIA

Hey, I was wondering --

JANE

Wondering what?

Lydia FREEZES as she sees Jane and Maura. She's flustered.

LYDIA

-- Oh. Sorry. I was just leaving.

JANE

(offers a hand)

Jane Rizzoli. We met when you were
passed out on Maura's couch.

LYDIA

Oh. Right. I remember you two! Hi.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

Is your gestational diabetes under control?

LYDIA

I kind of notice it when my sugars are high or low or when they're out of whack. I get, like, moody and stuff, and like sweaty and dizzy --

Jane and Maura's phones both ring.

JANE

Love to hear more --
(points to phone)
Work.

JANE (CONT'D)

(to phone)
Rizzoli...Okay. On my way.

MAURA

(to phone)
Dr. Isles...I'll be there as soon as I can.

As both hang up --

LYDIA

It's so sad that people have to get murdered.

JANE

(as though talking to a child)
Yes, it is.
(stares meaningfully at Angela)
Be sure to lock up and put the alarm on, Ma.

LYDIA

I'm going to work, too.

ANGELA

Lydia got a big new job at the Penny Saver Discount Bizarre.

LYDIA

I'm, like, an assistant to this, like, cashier-in-training?

JANE

Wow, that is big. Congrats.

Maura grabs her.

MAURA

Come on.

3

EXT. STREET IN THE COMBAT ZONE - DAY 2

3

Jane and Maura get out of Maura's Prius. They walk and talk. CRIME SCENE BUZZES with Uniforms, CSRU and ND Detectives in the deep b.g.

JANE

This business with Lydia has got to stop.

MAURA

The only way to stop it is to tell your mother.

JANE

Tell her that the bun in Lydia's oven was put there by either my father or my brother, Tommy?

DET. BARRY FROST intercepts them, points to SGT. DET. VINCE KORSACK with FRANKIE JR. now visible. They stand near the body. Frankie looks stunned.

FROST

Jane, did you hear?

JANE

Hear what? What's the matter with Frankie?

FROST

Victim was a friend of his.

JANE

(on the move)
What? Who?

MAURA

Oh, no...

Jane rushes over to Frankie as Maura and Frost follow.

JANE

(throws questioning look)
Frankie?

FRANKIE JR.

It's Shane...

JANE

Oh, God...Shane? Shane Finnegan?

She looks at the body, then instinctively grabs Frankie and hugs him. He fights tears.

(CONTINUED)

FROST

(low to Maura)

He's the leader of a pretty famous
boy band: Channel Street Boys.
Frankie grew up with him.

MAURA

Oh, no...

Jane releases Frankie. Jane looks down at Shane's bullet-riddled body. His face is cut from shrapnel, but the hoodie is still up.

Three MARKERS indicating where the three shell casings were found: two on the right side of Shane's head, one on the left.

JANE

(stricken)

How many times was he shot?

KORSAK

Shooter fired five times.

MAURA

There are four entry wounds: one to
each thigh, right shoulder and
forehead.

KORSAK

Fifth bullet was fired into the
ground --

(points down)

Right there.

JANE

Next to his face...Oh my God...

MAURA

Copper shrapnel is embedded in the
zygomatic arch and orbital margin.
[right cheek area]

JANE

What was he doing down here in the
Combat Zone?

KORSAK

Might've been here to score drugs.

FRANKIE JR.

No way.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Maura, the sores around his mouth --
could those be from a crack pipe?

MAURA

I'll need to take tissue samples.

JANE

He was using again, Frankie.

FRANKIE JR.

He was clean. He went through
rehab.

KORSAK

He wouldn't be the first to fall
out of rehab.

JANE

Frankie, you shouldn't be working
this.

FRANKIE JR.

I have to, Jane.

JANE

(gently)

Then walk the perimeter. See if you
can find the gun.

FROST

I'll go with you.

As Frankie and Frost head away --

MAURA

Poor Frankie.

JANE

No one close to him has ever died.

They trade a look, then Maura finds something: a glass vial
under Shane's body. She picks it up with a gloved hand.

MAURA

I think this could be cocaine
hydrochloride in a freebase form.

JANE

They shot him four times over
crack?

Korsak points to where a CSRU Tech is laying down markers for
the two shell casings [WHERE THE SHOOTER WAS IN SCENE 1].

(CONTINUED)

KORSAK

The first two shots that hit him in the thighs came from there.

JANE

The shooter wanted to keep him from running.

She stands next to Shane, right where the killer stood.

KORSAK

Third shot into the ground next to his head was to scare him, get information, maybe?

JANE

Or money? Drugs?

Jane looks over at the crappy sedan.

JANE (CONT'D)

Who does that belong to?

KORSAK

It's registered to Shane...maybe he used a crappy car to come down here so he didn't get recognized.

JANE

Let's process it back at Headquarters.

Korsak nods, heads off to make arrangements. Jane looks down at Shane.

JANE (CONT'D)

What a waste...

MAURA

I'm so sorry Jane.

JANE

I have to break it to his brothers before they read it on Twitter... Ma, too. She loved that kid.

OFF Jane trading a sad look with Maura.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

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

Jane sits quietly with Angela, who wipes her eyes.

ANGELA
Where's Frankie?

JANE
Still at the scene, trying to find
the gun.

ANGELA
Maybe it's better that he's got
something to do...

Jane gets a text.

JANE
Ronan and Liam are upstairs. I
gotta go, Ma.

ANGELA
You tell them I'm here for them,
okay?

JANE
(as she pats her mother
and heads away)
Okay.

5 **INT. BPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2** 5

Jane and Korsak are with the two famous Finnegan brothers:
eldest brother RONAN, late 30s, the leader and LIAM, middle
brother, mid-30s.

Ronan has his tablet out. It plays the end of the Channel
Street Boys concert from the night before. Shane, Ronan and
Liam finish performing their last song: "Pure Boston Beauty."

SHANE (ON TABLET)
(sings)
...I'm just your kid-brother's
boy...you hardly know I exist...but
when I close my eyes...it's your
lips that I kiss.

CROWD goes nuts.

SHANE (ON TABLET) (CONT'D)
Thank you! Thank you very much! We
love you, Boston.

(CONTINUED)

Ronan turns it off.

RONAN
Channel Street Boys were riding
high...

JANE
I'm so sorry.

RONAN
Thanks, Jane.

LIAM
(eyes well up with tears)
If we had to hear this, I'm glad it
was from you.

KORSAK
Where were you after the concert?

Korsak says it gently, but Jane throws him a look.

RONAN
Doing a live webcast for the fans
since it was our last show before
our world tour.

JANE
Maybe you could show us?

As Ronan looks for the live chat video --

RONAN
Okay...

JANE
And Shane didn't show for the live
webcast?

LIAM
No. We grabbed towels, waited for
him. But then we had to start.

RONAN
It's time-stamped, see?

CLOSE ON TABLET: Backstage, Ronan, jeans and Liam in black cargo pants, have towels around their necks, still sweaty from their performance. They sit next to each other on a leather couch, throwing off-screen looks for Shane.

RONAN (ON TABLET) (CONT'D)
What up, Southies! It's 'Ro here.
We just got off stage. Killed it.

LIAM (ON TABLET)

Three encores. Nothing beats a hometown crowd.

RONAN (ON TABLET)

(to an off-camera Roadie)

Yo! Where's Shane at? Our online fans wanna get this party started.

Ronan turns OFF the tablet.

KORSAK

Any idea why your brother didn't show up?

They look at each other.

RONAN

...when he's using, that's all he can think about. The band stops mattering. We stop mattering.

LIAM

And then we find him and peel him off some crackhead's floor.

RONAN

You think somebody killed him over drugs?

KORSAK

We'll know more when we have the tox screen back.

JANE

When was the last time you saw your father?

RONAN

Been awhile.

Korsak looks at her curiously as Ronan flips through his tablet. Jane turns to Korsak to explain.

JANE

Their father, Ryan Finnegan, was their manager.

Ronan shows Korsak his tablet.

INSERT: Google images of Ryan Finnegan with his three sons, getting out of limo as paparazzi SNAP photos.

RONAN

Nice way of saying that abusive
bastard made us sing for our
supper.

LIAM

Stole all our money until we were
old enough to get him thrown in
jail.

Ronan shows them one more photo.

INSERT: Ryan Finnegan, head down, in handcuffs, being led
down courthouse steps.

RONAN

Think that was the last time we saw
him.

LIAM

He only served four years. They let
him out last year.

KORSAK

You think your father had something
to do with this?

They look at each other, crushed but willing to consider it.

RONAN

Maybe...

They both stand.

RONAN (CONT'D)

We're gonna say "Hi" to your mom on
the way out.

JANE

She'd love that.

Jane and Korsak watch them exit.

JANE (CONT'D)

We better track down Ryan Finnegan.

KORSAK

Go see if Dr. Isles has anything.
I'll start looking for the dirtbag
dad.

Maura plays a video of The Channel Street Boys as she digs
out the bullet in Shane's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

He's undressed, sheet up to his navel, no Y-incision yet. She hums a little as Shane sings "Pure Boston Beauty." Jane enters, listens. She's moved by the sound of Shane's voice. Maura doesn't see her.

SHANE (ON COMPUTER)

...pure Boston Beauty...a little tough, a little mouthy...she's strong but so sweet...Boy do I have a thing for this fine Southie girl...who said I could sing...

JANE

I love that song...

MAURA

(startled; shuts off video)

I'm sorry. I'd never heard of the Channel Street Boys before... Shane's alto range is remarkable.

JANE

He wrote that song when he was 15.

Maura looks carefully at Shane's face.

MAURA

He has a very pretty face. Teen idols often have these symmetrical features and developed brow.

JANE

He was even prettier in life. So sweet and soulful.

Maura takes tweezers, pulls fibers out of the shrapnel wounds in Shane's cheek.

MAURA

There are fibers in the shrapnel wounds.

JANE

Maybe from the hoodie.

MAURA

I'll run some tests.

JANE

You'll run some tests.

JANE (CONT'D)

His father made him the family's meal ticket. They went from a cold water flat to stardom -- like that.

MAURA

Did Frankie and Shane stay friends?

Jane shakes her head, no.

JANE

Frankie saw Shane whenever they played in Boston...I think Frankie knew Shane was into drugs.

MAURA

Ah...probably a dopamine dysfunction.

(off Jane's curious look)

It's associated with many substance-related disorders, particularly in people who became celebrities as children or teenagers.

JANE

I thought fame was the drug.

MAURA

It is. But it soon becomes insufficient. One builds a tolerance and seeks progressively stronger stimuli.

SENIOR CRIMINALIST SUSIE CHANG walks in tox screen results.

SUSIE CHANG

Tox screen results are back.

MAURA

(takes and looks as Susie exits)

Thanks...Hmph.

JANE

What's the "hmmph" for?

MAURA

Shane didn't have any drugs in his system.

JANE

Hmmm, let's see...maybe that's why he was buying more crack?

MAURA

No, I had Susie take hair samples. He hasn't had drugs in his system for at least six months.

Jane stares down at Shane's body then back up at Maura.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

What? Then what was he doing in the
Combat Zone?

7 INT. BPD - DIVISION 1 CAFÉ - DAY 2

7

Angela HOVERS around Ronan and Liam who both nurse cups of
coffee.

ANGELA

Are you sure you don't want some
Pizza Rustica? I made it today --

RONAN

Thanks, Mrs. Rizzoli. We're just
not hungry.

ANGELA

I understand. I'm so sorry, boys.

Jane approaches.

JANE

I have some news.

Both Ronan and Liam stand expectantly.

JANE (CONT'D)

Shane's tests came back. He wasn't
using. We found no traces of drugs
in his system.

ANGELA

Of course there weren't!

JANE

(gentle)

Ma, go do something else. Please.

Angela nods and moves away.

JANE (CONT'D)

I need to know why Shane was in the
Combat Zone.

LIAM

No idea if he wasn't there to
score.

JANE

Did he have a beef with anyone? Or
could he have been meeting someone?

RONAN

No, not that I know of.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Okay...thanks.

LIAM

(a little shy)

You know you're the girl in "Pure Boston Beauty."

JANE

Me?

RONAN

Shane came home after hanging out at your house one day and said the most beautiful girl in Boston thought he could sing.

Jane smiles. Her eyes well up.

JANE

We all believed in him...in all of you.

Ronan and Liam slump, look at each other and shake their heads.

RONAN

We're nothin' without him.

JANE

Don't say that...

LIAM

(stands)

Why not. It's true.

RONAN

We tried to make it when he was in rehab. We couldn't give the tickets away...

She hugs them both.

JANE

'Bye.

Jane watches them go as she gets a text. Angela returns.

ANGELA

(re: text)

Anything?

JANE

They just brought Shane's car here.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

I feel really sad for those boys.

JANE

Me, too, Ma.

ANGELA

Will you come to Lydia's shower?

JANE

Ma...that's not fair.

ANGELA

Life is short. Please. She needs the influence of strong women.

JANE

I don't know...

Angela pulls out her phone.

ANGELA

I'm gonna text her, tell her you're coming --

JANE

No, Ma --

Behind Angela, an impatient line of CUSTOMERS has formed.

MALE CUSTOMER

'Scuze me? Can we get some help?

ANGELA

Oops...

(hands phone to Jane)

Can you finish my text to Lydia?

Jane looks down at Angela's phone. An idea forms. She starts to type, checks to make sure Angela doesn't see her as a mischievous smile forms...

Jane is with Maura. As they talk quietly to each other, Frost searches Shane's car.

FROST

(from inside car)

I'm not seeing any blood...

JANE

(to Maura)

Me, either. Yet. But we will if we don't talk to Lydia.

MAURA

How do we get her alone?

JANE

We're meeting her at the Dirty
Robber in two hours.

MAURA

What do you mean "we"?

JANE

I texted her from Ma's phone. She
thinks Ma will be there.

MAURA

You did what?!

JANE

Shhh!

MAURA

I don't think I can be a part of
this.

JANE

Oh, you're a part of this.
(mimics Maura)
Where is she registered?

MAURA

I was being polite --

JANE

So you be Polite Cop and I'll be
I'll-break-your-face-if-you-tell-my
mother-you-slept-with-her-husband-
and-son Cop, 'K?

FROST

...found something.

He pulls out the lanyard with the backstage pass.

JANE

Shane's backstage pass...

FROST

Found the car keys, too.

JANE

That's weird...can you pop the
trunk?

Frost does it. Jane walks to the trunk. Maura follows. Jane looks inside. There's a nice Louis Vuitton-like, soft-sided bag. It looks empty.

JANE (CONT'D)

Nice piece of luggage. Stuff's gone...wait...

(holds up a cellphone)

Why would he leave his cellphone?

FROST

That's really weird.

Maura, who is gloved, reaches in and pulls something out of the bag. She holds up a strip of three condoms.

MAURA

This is rather unusual, too. I didn't find any evidence that Shane had had sex within 24 hours of his death.

JANE

So...if he's not in the Combat Zone to buy drugs, and he's not there for a prostitute, why was he there?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

9

INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY 2

9

There's a pall over the room as Jane enters to find Korsak watching WZJT TV coverage of Shane's death playing on a computer. Crime scene video and video of The Channel Street Boys along with stills and video of Shane.

The Clear Board is also up: crime scene photos of Shane.

REPORTER (V.O.)

...sources say the troubled Boy Band star who shot to stardom with his brothers, struggled with addiction to crack cocaine even after a long stay in a rehab center known for its star clientele...

JANE

Poor Shane. Can't even die in peace.

KORSAK

All five shell casings came from the same weapon.

JANE

Would be nice to find that gun. Any luck tracking down the father?

KORSAK

Nope.

Korsak hits keys, calls up RYAN FINNEGAN'S B.O.P. PHOTO.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

Ryan Finnegan is wrapped up: Did his time, did his probation. Last address was a halfway house. No credit cards, no driver's license. No nothin'.

Frost enters from BRIC carrying a clear plastic box filled with wires, cables, electronic boxes and doodads.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

Hey look, it's Inspector Gadget.

JANE

What're you doing?

Frost plops the box on his desk, calls up a cellular phone company report of Shane's texts.

(CONTINUED)

FROST

Working on Shane's cellphone.

KORSAK

I think he's opening a Radio Shack.

Jane stares at Frost's screen, sees a text message sent at 12:32 a.m.

JANE

You found Shane's last text message.

FROST

Yeah. But it was to an unregistered, pay-as-you-go phone.

JANE

What's it say?

FROST

Don't know yet.

Frost begins organizing the gear on his desk. Oscilloscope, homemade circuit boards wired together, miscellaneous cables, etc. Mini version of Neo's setup in The Matrix.

FROST (CONT'D)

I've got to get into the ROM chip.

JANE

So plug it in and run your special decrypter, Inspector.

FROST

Already tried that. This phone is really sophisticated -- some sort of 3-D block array with non-patterned rotation.

KORSAK

Why does a boy band star need military-spec security?

FROST

Wow. I'm impressed.

KORSAK

I read...Tom Clancy novels.
(off Frost's smirk)
Tom does his research.

JANE

Actually, now that tabloids have hacked into celebrity cellphones, makes sense that Shane would trick out his phone.

FROST

This is a radical idea, but it might work...

As Frost plugs the phone into his setup and enters keyboard commands --

FROST (CONT'D)

Here goes...

Frost hits "Enter." The phone LIGHTS UP for a second, some binary code starts to appear on his screen.

FROST (CONT'D)

YES.

The PHONE suddenly goes BLACK. It's full-on doornail dead.

KORSAK

That doesn't look good...

FROST

That did not just happen. Maybe if I back-fish the instruction set.

Jane and Korsak stand behind Frost, staring at the phone.

KORSAK

Maybe you should've backed it up before you started playing with it.

FROST

Shane embedded a self-destruct worm in the phone's base code.

JANE

What does that mean?

FROST

If someone attempts to access the data, the phone automatically wipes out its memory.

JANE

So Shane's texts are gone right now but you can get them back --

FROST
(devastated)
No. They're gone. Forever.

OFF Jane and Korsak trading a look...OMFG...

Jane paces as Maura sets out a cloth napkin and nice plastic lunchbox, preparing to eat her lunch.

JANE
C'mon, think, Maura. There must be some way to get the texts back.

MAURA
I told you: there isn't. Would you like some quinoa, kale and yam?

JANE
Yes. When I'm a contestant on "Survivor."

MAURA
Actually, if you were marooned on a desert island, this and fresh water is all you'd need.

JANE
Now you know why I don't like the ocean.

Frankie comes in, breathing hard, like he's just finished a 10K. He clutches a brown paper bag.

JANE (CONT'D)
(tries to get him to smile)
Hey, look. Frankie got us Mad-Dog 20/20 to go with our yams.

FRANKIE JR.
(small smile as he catches his breath)
I found it...

Frankie opens the bag, shows them the contents. It's a .380 semi-automatic pistol.

JANE
You found the gun...

FRANKIE JR.
It was in a storm drain, block and half north.
(MORE)

FRANKIE JR. (CONT'D)

Radio'd for a ride, but then I thought, "It's only like a mile and a half, I'll just run."

JANE

Good for you, Frankie. This is huge.

Jane hands him tissues to mop his face as Maura discreetly moves books and papers away from his dripping face.

JANE (CONT'D)

You're sweating on Maura's stuff.
(as he dries his face)
Take it straight to the Crime Lab and fill out the paperwork, okay?

FRANKIE JR.

(points to a bullet in metal bowl)
Don't you want to compare it to that bullet?

JANE

Not yet. If we do anything that deviates from normal procedure, whoever killed Shane could walk.

Frankie nods, heads to the Crime Lab. Jane checks her watch.

JANE (CONT'D)

Crap...C'mon.

MAURA

C'mon where?

JANE

Let's go face the Lydia music.

MAURA

Uggghh...I hate confrontations.

JANE

(gestures to Maura then herself)
This is why you are Good Cop.

MAURA

Oh, right. And you are Beat-Your-Face-In Cop.

JANE

Correct.

11

INT. THE DIRTY ROBBER - DAY 2

11

Jane taps her watch impatiently. Both of them drink coffee.

JANE

Look at that: punctual, too.

MAURA

Pregnancy Brain. A woman's brain-cell volume decreases in the third trimester --

JANE

Lydia can't afford to lose any more brain cells...We don't have time for this! I want to be solving Shane's murder --

MAURA

This was your idea.

JANE

You know the scariest part about Lydia and my father?

MAURA

Imagining them having sex?

JANE

No! Trying to figure out what he saw in her.

MAURA

Studies show many men prefer to date less intelligent women.

JANE

(earnest)
But why?

MAURA

Well, you and I have our own lives; big jobs. We don't make men our priority. Women like Lydia do.

A disheveled Lydia walks toward them, hiking up her skirt. She looks exhausted.

LYDIA

I ran out of gas on Sudbury Street.

MAURA

You walked?

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

Uh-huh. Can I sit down? My feet are killing. Where's your mom?

Jane hesitates. Maura moves over, and Lydia PLOPS down.

MAURA

Drink some water.
(pushes fresh glass over)
Dehydration isn't good for pregnant women.

JANE

Yeah, neither is sleeping with --

MAURA

Oh, yes, not sleeping is also detrimental.

As Lydia FISHES ice out with her fingers --

LYDIA

I don't like it with ice. Too cold.

Maura hands her a spoon.

JANE

Yes, well, ice is cold. Listen, Lydia, the reason we wanted to talk to you --

LYDIA

I don't know.

MAURA

We haven't told you yet.

LYDIA

I don't know who the father is, okay? Is that why you want to talk to me? It's either your father's baby or Tommy's.

JANE

Oh my God.

LYDIA

I thought you knew.

JANE

You thought I knew?

MAURA

Jane, you did know.

JANE

I did not know! I mean I do not know. How could you not know?

Lydia tears up. She's miserable.

LYDIA

I don't get what you just said.

JANE

How could you not know who the father of your baby is?

LYDIA

I really liked your brother, Tommy. But he wasn't ready for a commitment. And then I met Frank, and he was so nice --

JANE

Just get to the part where you know which one --
(eyes Lydia's belly)
Did that.

LYDIA

(miserable)
That's just it -- I don't know!

JANE

Of course you don't...

LYDIA

I broke up with Tommy before it started with Frank. I swear. I have to come clean with Angela.

JANE

No!

MAURA

No!

LYDIA (CONT'D)

But she's the nicest, warmest, best mother ever. That's why I wanted to bump into her.

MAURA

You meant to rear-end her car?

LYDIA

No. That part was an accident. Frank said --

JANE

Please stop calling him "Frank."

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

Your dad said --

JANE

Go back to "Frank."

LYDIA

Um...he said Angela was the best mom. I want to learn from her.

JANE

Learn what? Frank LEFT her.

LYDIA

He left me when I told him I was pregnant.

She starts to weep. Lydia takes off a shoe, rubs her feet. Maura digs into her purse, pulls out tissues and DR. SCHOLL'S inserts. Jane gives her a look as she slides them across the table to Lydia.

MAURA

What? Her feet hurt.
(to Lydia)
Put these in your shoes.

LYDIA

Thanks.
(puts insoles in purse,
blows her nose)
I should go. I'm late for Lamaze.

MAURA

You can't go to birthing classes by yourself. C'mon. I'll drive you.

JANE

Bye. Have fun. Breathe -- in-out.
Nice and deep --

MAURA

Jane --

JANE

Oh, no Maura. I am not going. Read my lips: N.O.T.

12 **OMITTED**

12

13 **INT. LAMAZE CLASS - NIGHT 2**

13

Jane and Maura, both miserably uncomfortable, sit on either side of Lydia in a circle of pregnant women and their male partners. Doula, ALANA, 50s, warm but firm, leads the group.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA

...now face your partner --

As Jane and Maura move to sit in front of Lydia along with all the other husbands --

ALANA (CONT'D)

To distract your partner from pain,
talk about one of the best moments
of your lives together --

All the husbands start engaging their wives as Jane and Maura look at each other: WTF are they supposed to do?

JANE

So Lydia...what do you like to do?

LYDIA

You mean like hobbies? I don't
really have any.

ALANA

Take your mind to a beautiful and
peaceful place --

MAURA

Okay, well, where do you like to
go? The beach? Mountains?

LYDIA

Hmmm...the mall! I like the one in
Wrentham. No sales tax.

MAURA

Fine...let's pretend you're in
Wrentham...

LYDIA

What am I doing?

JANE

Eating a foot-long hotdog from
Hotdog Haven.

LYDIA

I tried to get a job there. I love
their outfits.

MAURA

Yes! With those bright, colorful
hats like Cat in the Hat!

JANE

Maura --

ALANA

And now a contraction begins. Sit behind your partner and massage her back.

JANE

You do this part.

Maura gets up with the husbands and moves behind Lydia.

LYDIA

I feel fine. I want a water birth.

JANE

Okay, listen to me Lydia: You cannot tell my mother about my father or my brother, got it?

LYDIA

(to Maura)

Can you rub a little lower.

(to Jane)

But it doesn't feel right not to tell her.

JANE

Now you've got a conscience? After you've slept with half of my family?

All the other couples in the room stare at Jane. Jane smiles.

MAURA

Lydia, think.

JANE

No, Lydia. Don't strain yourself. I don't want my mother to know, okay?

LYDIA

Okay. Okay I won't tell her. Could you hand me one of those boppy pillows? I want to pretend I'm breast-feeding.

JANE

This is not happening...

OFF Jane staring at Maura.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

14 **INT. BPD - BRIC - DAY 3**

14

It's early in the morning. Frost has been up all night as Korsak enters with his briefcase.

KORSAK
Did you sleep here?

FROST
I didn't sleep.

Frost GRINS and stands in front of his screen, STILL TYPING.

KORSAK
What're you hiding?

FROST
You can see when Jane gets here.

Jane enters carrying a small 8 1/2 x 11" poster. It's Shane and his brothers in their prime.

JANE
I found this in my closet. Shane even signed it.

FROST
Guess what I found?
(off their looks)
Shane's last text.

JANE
That's incredible.

KORSAK
Hey, why'd you have to FIND it?
Because you LOST it, maybe?

FROST
Shut up.

JANE
I thought the phone's memory was destroyed.

FROST
It is. But --

Frost shows them a screen grab of Shane on the stage, his back turned, seconds after the final song. He is texting.

FROST (CONT'D)
Fans posted photos on Facebook.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

That's Shane texting...Frost,
you're a genius.

KORSAK

A "genius" wouldn't have killed the
phone in the first place.

FROST

You ever gonna let me live this
down?

KORSAK

Hell, no.

FROST

I think if I enhance it -- yeah --

He HITS KEYS. Shane's LED screen FILLS the screen until the
text is readable.

JANE

(reading text)
"I'm free. Let's do it."

FROST

Sounds like a booty call.

KORSAK

Texting for booties? Technology is
killing romance.

JANE

Why did he go to the Combat Zone?

FROST

(wondering, to Korsak)
Do you text hookers?

KORSAK

How should I know.

FROST

Oh, right. You call.
(mimics Korsak on the
phone)
"Hi, Bubbles? You have time for a
quickestie?"

Korsak throws a wadded-up piece of paper at him.

JANE

Maybe he was meeting someone he
knew. There are motels near where
he was found.

(CONTINUED)

KORSAK

Pretty sleazy ones. Half-day rates
for druggies and working girls.

FROST

You really think Shane Finnegan
would go to one of those motels?

JANE

It's one of the few places where he
wouldn't be recognized.

Jane gets a text from Maura.

JANE (CONT'D)

Maura has something.

KORSAK

C'mon, Frost. We'll go shake down
some motel managers. See what falls
out.

Jane and Maura are with Susie Chang, who shows Jane the
recovered gun. All three are gloved.

SUSIE CHANG

There are no prints on the weapon,
but there was a minute
concentration of dried blood at the
upper back area of the grip.

JANE

Wow...Okay, so it's amateur hour.

MAURA

Meaning?

JANE

It's a classic newbie injury... saw
it a few times in the academy.

(demonstrates with the
gun)

Use an improper grip and the slide
will slice that flap between the
thumb and trigger finger.

MAURA

The interdigital webbing.

JANE

We used to call it a "wenis."

Susie smiles.

MAURA

I like that: "Wenis." Hard to
forget since it rhymes with pee --

Maura suddenly remembers she's Susie's boss.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Thank you Senior Criminalist,
Chang. We'll take it from here.

Susie nods and exits.

JANE

Run the DNA panels on the "wenis-
blood" as fast as you can, Doctor.

Jane gets a call. It's Frost.

JANE (CONT'D)

(to phone)
Frost?

INT. HANCOCK STREET MOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY 3 - SAME (INTERCUE)

Frost and Korsak are being led down the hallway by JEREMY,
60s, a grumpy and bitter motel clerk.

FROST

(to phone)
Jane, do you know if Shane knew
anyone named, "Jamie Rellis"?

JANE

(to phone)
"Jamie Rellis"? That's the name of
a character in "Friends with
Benefits."

MAURA

Why are you talking about romantic
comedies with Detective Frost?

JANE

Shhh!

FROST

(to phone)
It's gotta be a pseudonym. She
checked into the Hancock Street
Motel right after Shane's concert.
Hasn't been out of the room. We're
about to go in.

They stop at Room #311. A "Shhhh! Do Not Disturb" sign is up.
They can hear Shane's song: "Pure Boston Beauty" playing.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

KORSAK

How long has this sign been up?

JEREMY

I don't know.

KORSAK

Open the door.

JEREMY

I shouldn't be doing this --

KORSAK

NOW!

He opens the door. Motel Clerk stays in the hallway as Korsak and Frost enter --

17

INT. HANCOCK STREET MOTEL - ROOM 311 - DAY 3 - CONTINUOUS 17

A young woman lies on her side on the bed next to a crack pipe and rocks. This is GIA LEMOND, 30. Her lips are cracked and burned by the pipe.

FROST

(to phone)

There's someone on the bed.

KORSAK

(on the move)

Miss?

The woman doesn't move. Korsak gets close enough to see that she's dead.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

Tell Dr. Isles to get down here.

This one's not coming back...

TIME CUT TO:

18

INT. HANCOCK STREET MOTEL - ROOM 311 - DAY 3

18

Frost shows Jane his tablet as Maura and Korsak stand over the body.

FROST

It's Gia Lemond.

JANE

Wait -- the famous
pop singer?

FROST

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

She couldn't be too famous -- I've never heard of her.

Jane and Frost trade a smile.

KORSAK

Her lips are burned from the crack pipe. Looks like an overdose.

MAURA

I'll need to take tissue samples.

FROST

Jane, look at this.

Jane takes his tablet from him, looks at it.

JANE

I think I may know why Gia off'd herself.

MAURA

We don't know this was a suicide --

Jane shows Maura and Korsak the tablet.

INSERT: a paparazzi photo of Gia and Shane running hand in hand, trying to shield their faces from the photographer.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Gia and Shane were lovers?

JANE

Dr. Isles! You leapt to a conclusion.

MAURA

I did not! Gia and Shane were lovers? Question mark?

As Frost heads out --

FROST

I'm gonna go round up all the security footage from outside the motel.

JANE

Good idea. Since only Dr. Isles guesses, I think **we** should be thorough and make sure this was a suicide.

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

MAURA

This is slander.

19

INT. BPD - BRIC - DAY 3

19

Jane and Korsak walk and talk from the Squad Room.

JANE

Maybe Gia and Shane knew each other
-- they were both in the same rehab
program last year.

Frost has up security footage from outside the Hancock St.
Motel.

FROST

Got something...

INSERT: BRIC monitor with a SCREEN GRAB of a big, tough
African American dude and three members of his posse outside
the Hancock Street Motel.

FROST (CONT'D)

T.K. "The Killer" Womack and his
posse. T.K. is Gia's manager -- and
he's Shane's manager, too.

INSERT: PHOTOS of T.K. on two monitors: T.K. with Gia in one,
arm around Shane and his brothers in another.

KORSAK

This doesn't make up for Shane's
cellphone.

FROST

T.K. goes in the motel at 12:15,
comes back out at 12:30.

INSERT: T.K. and posse enter the motel. Video TIME CUTS. They
exit.

JANE

Maybe Gia and Shane were meeting at
that motel to smoke crack together.

KORSAK

Could explain why T.K. went nuts:
Finds Gia smoking. Then confronts
Shane on his way in.

FROST

Yeah, T.K. can't make money if his
stars are crackheads.

(CONTINUED)

KORSAK

Let's bring him in, check his DNA
against the blood on the gun slide.

JANE

(on the move)
Call me when you find him.

FROST

Where you going?

JANE

Gotta keep a snitch from squealing.

INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN / GREAT ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 23

Angela is happily finishing decorating. Maura's house is
awash in pink and blue balloons. A cake is on the counter
along with pink and blue plastic cups, plates and silverware.

ANGELA

I hope Jane comes. I thought we'd
play "Bingo Baby Shower," oh then
this really fun one I found:
Sniffing dirty diapers.

MAURA

What?

ANGELA

You put brown Play Dough in them.

MAURA

How many people are coming?

ANGELA

Let's see: You, me, Lydia --

As Jane enters with Lydia right behind her --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Jane!

JANE

Hello...Look who I found?

Angela runs over, gives Jane a quick hug, then Lydia. Lydia
looks sad as she takes in the decorations.

ANGELA

You have no idea how much I needed
to welcome a baby into the world
right now.

Angela releases her, notices her sad face.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What's the matter, honey?

LYDIA

My baby won't have a daddy...

Jane and Maura both FREEZE.

ANGELA

You're better off without a creep like that. Dumping you because you're pregnant.

LYDIA

He dumped me when I told him the baby might be Tommy's.

Now Angela FREEZES. Lydia turns white as she realizes what she's just blurted.

ANGELA

What? Tommy? Tommy who?

LYDIA

Uh...Tommy Rizzoli?

ANGELA

(happy despite herself)
You're carrying Tommy's baby?

MAURA

Oh no. No, no, no...

JANE

Train wreck time.

LYDIA

Frank dumped me.

ANGELA

Frank? Frank Rizzoli? My husband Frank Rizzoli?

JANE

(meek)
Ex...ex-husband...

Angela turns on Maura and Jane.

ANGELA

Did you know?

MAURA

We...uh...

JANE

Uh...

ANGELA

What kind of family is this? You
both lied to me?

MAURA

No, we simply avoided referencing a
specific set of facts.

JANE

That's lying, Maura.

Maura is horrified: Jane is right. Angela's face is ashen.

ANGELA

I don't know what to say.

JANE

Ma --

ANGELA

I don't think I've ever been this
disappointed in people.

Angela looks from Lydia to Maura and finally to Jane. Then
quietly exits.

OFF Jane and Maura, feeling like shit.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

21 **EXT. ORIENT HEIGHTS - TRAILER PARK / INT. PRIUS (NOT MOVING)]-
LATE AFTERNOON 3**

Maura and Jane unload a playpen, stroller, high chair and wrapped baby gifts from the back of Maura's Prius as Lydia tries to help. Lydia puts the smaller gifts in the stroller.

LYDIA

Does your mom stay mad for long?

JANE

Uh...I don't know. Never really been in this situation before.

LYDIA

I'm sorry if I caused any trouble --

Jane puts down the box she's holding.

JANE

"If" you caused any trouble??

MAURA

(runs interference)

Gee, I had no idea how roomy this cargo area is, did you, Jane?

LYDIA

Yeah, back seat's really comfortable, too!

MAURA

Oh, good!

JANE

Yeah, goody.

MAURA

Where do you want all these gifts?

Lydia looks around.

LYDIA

Um...

MAURA

Do you have a storage shed?

JANE

A storage shed? I'm not sure she has indoor plumbing.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

ANGLE: door on trailer opens. RENE SPARKS, boozy, 50-something, stands in the opening. Rene was once a pole dancer. Now she lives off of her social security checks.

RENE
That you, Lydia?

LYDIA
Yeah. Hi, Mom.

RENE
I rented out your room.

LYDIA
Can I have it back?

RENE
You okay sharing it with Jed?

LYDIA
Yeah.

Rene lets go of the door. It BANGS closed.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
I know -- we can cover the stuff
with those plastic tarps.

As Lydia walks away to pull some plastic tarps out from under the trailer --

MAURA
Jane --

JANE
What? What do you want to do,
Maura? Share your bedroom with
Lydia and Jed?

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

JANE (CONT'D)
We've got a suspect in Shane's
murder.

22

OMITTED

22

23

INT. BPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 3

23

Jane and Korsak face T.K. WOMACK, 30s, a thug squished into a custom suit with plenty of bling. Jane slides two photos across the table to him: a screen grab of T.K. and his posse outside the Hancock St. Motel, and dead Gia on the motel bed.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Know anything about this?

T.K. looks at the photos.

T.K.

Nah. We had some business. We talked. I left. Then the bitch killed herself.

KORSAK

How'd you feel about Gia smoking crack?

T.K.

I told you -- we just talked.

JANE

You see Shane on his way in to smoke with Gia? He'd been clean for a long time.

T.K.

Nah.

KORSAK

Maybe you shoot him in the legs because you're not sure whether to kill him...scare him first...

JANE

Why'd you kill him?

T.K.

Didn't. Shane was my boy. Made more money than Gia. Worth more to me alive than dead. Now I want my lawyers.

KORSAK

How many you got?

T.K.

Plenty.

Two ND Officers come in to take T.K. to the jail.

T.K. (CONT'D)

Hey, I said I want my lawyers.

JANE

You can wait in your cell 'til they get here. Oh, don't use the showers.

23

CONTINUED: (2)

23

OFF Jane as she throws a smile to Korsak.

24

INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 3

24

Frost shows Jane and Korsak financial records and Channel Street Boys recording contracts on his computer.

FROST

Shane was one hell of a philanthropist --

KORSAK

Look at that: donated to children's charities and relief agencies.

JANE

Told you he was a good guy.

FROST

A really good guy. Especially since he didn't have much money.

JANE

What? That band made millions.

FROST

(re: computer screen)
Looking at their financial records.
They were broke.

Frost clicks on a photo.

INSERT: Ryan Finnegan in his heyday, wasted, getting out of a limo.

KORSAK

Thanks to good ol' Dad...

FROST

Yeah. Then they got rid of him, thanks to good ol' T.K.

INSERT: T.K. in a music mag article, lighting a cigar with a wad of burning \$100 bills.

JANE

(reads the article)
"T.K. 'The Killer' conned Shane Finnegan and his brothers out of publishing rights after their father was sentenced to prison for embezzling from the band."

Frost clicks keys.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT: An internal band memo. The figures are in the millions.

FROST

Here's their contract for their world tour. They were going to make millions, on the European leg alone.

JANE

No wonder Shane was smoking crack again. Making millions for T.K.?

FROST

No, T.K. just had publishing rights. Shane and his brothers controlled where the real money is.

He highlights a paragraph in the memo. Korsak reads it.

KORSAK

Merchandizing rights, online fan memberships and premium chats will revert to Channel Street Boys...

JANE

So T.K.'s publishing rights were worthless...

As Maura enters.

MAURA

Is this Mr. T.K. "The Killer" a Caucasian man?

FROST

(smiles)
No, he's not Dr. Isles. Why?

MAURA

Because I have the DNA results from the blood on the gun slide. It's from a white male.

FROST

So we're back to square one.

MAURA

There's continued debate over the origin of that phrase. It could've originated with hopscotch or--

JANE

Wait, let me get a pen and some paper so I can write this down.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

Do you know the origin of "cut to the chase," too?

MAURA

Yes. Leaving out unnecessary preamble.

JANE

Exactly.

KORSAK

Wait, if the blood on the slide is from a white male, Ryan Finnegan still looks good for this. But how the hell do we find him?

FROST

(as he types)

Everybody collects social security.

KORSAK

I already tried that. He lists a P.O. Box.

INSERT: BRIC SCREEN with Ryan Finnegan's Social Security information: P.O. Box and phone number.

FROST

There's a cellphone number...

KORSAK

Yeah, look at the billing address: same P.O. Box.

MAURA

Maybe you could call Mr. Finnegan and ask him to come down to the police station.

JANE

Good idea, Maura: Hi, Mr. Finnegan? We think you murdered your son. Can you come tell us how you did it?

MAURA

Does it make you feel better to mock me?

JANE

Kind of? ...I'm sorry, I'm frustrated.

FROST

We could stake out his P.O. Box...

(CONTINUED)

KORSAK

For two weeks? That's when he gets his next social security check.

Jane starts to dial the phone number listed.

JANE

Maybe I will call him...

MAURA

That was my idea! I think I'm insulted again.

JANE

Sssshhh!

(to phone)

Hello, Mr. Finnegan?...I'm calling from Bric Insurance. We need to verify receipt of a large check we sent to you?...Your son Shane named you as a beneficiary on a large life insurance policy we issued...

KORSAK

Smart...send him running to his P.O. Box...

25

OMITTED

25

26

INT. P.O. BOX STORE - LATE AFTERNOON 3

26

Jane and Frost pretend to get mail, open boxes as RYAN FINNEGAN, clearly an alcoholic and on the skids, rushes toward his box. Jane nods at Frost: that's him.

Jane and Frost approach him.

FROST

Ryan Finnegan?

RYAN FINNEGAN

Yes?

JANE

Hello, Mr. Finnegan.

RYAN FINNEGAN

Jane? Aren't you Jane Rizzoli? What're you doing here?

JANE

Arresting you for murder.

RYAN FINNEGAN

What?

27

INT. BPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 3

27

Frost and Jane interrogate Ryan Finnegan.

RYAN FINNEGAN

I'm telling you, I wouldn't kill my son. I love my boys.

JANE

You loved the money your boys made. But then one day, they grew up. And suddenly, it was a fair fight. I bet you didn't like that.

FROST

We're going to do a cheek swab so we can compare your DNA to blood found on the murder weapon.

RYAN FINNEGAN

Go ahead.

(real emotion shows)

I didn't kill Shane...I didn't kill my boy.

JANE

Then let's hope it isn't your blood on that gun.

RYAN FINNEGAN

Jane, you know me.

JANE

Yeah. I sure do.

28

INT. BPD - LOBBY - WAITING AREA - NIGHT 3

28

Jane hides as Frankie hurries over from the café carrying a sandwich in a to-go container.

JANE

I'm starving.

FRANKIE JR.

Take it before Ma gets back from the bathroom.

JANE

You didn't tell her it's for me, did you?

FRANKIE JR.

You think I'm gonna let her know I'm feeding you?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Hey, you knew about Lydia, too.

FRANKIE JR.

Did Mr. Finnegan do it, Jane?

JANE

I don't know yet, Frankie.

Frankie turns to go, PASSES Maura.

FRANKIE JR.

Hey, Maura.

MAURA

Hi, Frankie.

FRANKIE JR.

Sorry, I can't be seen talking to you, either.

He hurries off. Jane has her sandwich out, prepares to take a bite.

MAURA

You might want to put that down.

JANE

(suspicious)

You think my mother put something in it?

MAURA

I know what the lesions were on Shane's lips and mouth.

JANE

(puts sandwich down)

Ew...Maura!

MAURA

He was taking Proguanil and Chloroquinine.

(off Jane's look)

Anti-malarial pills. You have to have them in your system before you travel to mosquito-infested areas.

JANE

That doesn't make sense -- he was headed to Europe...wait..."I'm free..." Gia... Did you check to see if she had the same meds in her blood?

(CONTINUED)

Maura smiles.

MAURA

I did.

JANE

And?

MAURA

She was taking anti-malarial medication, too.

Jane pulls out her phone, is on the move as she dials Frost.

JANE

Frost, I need you to start checking airline reservations...

INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT 3 - MINUTES LATER 29

Jane and Maura rush in as Frost shows them what he's found.

FROST

They were both booked on a flight to Port-au-Prince.

INSERT: Airline reservations for SHANE FINNEGAN and GIA LEMOND. Boston to Port-au-Prince.

JANE

He was texting Gia. "I'm free. Let's do it."...he was quitting the band, and they were running away.

MAURA

To Haiti? It's certainly a good place to do relief work, but it's not very romantic --

JANE

...Shane and Gia were doing their own world tour...probably going to sing to raise relief money. Frost, see if they were traveling anywhere else together.

Frost looks on his computer as Maura gets a text.

MAURA

The blood in the gun slide isn't Ryan Finnegan's either. Hmmm...this is interesting.

FROST

Jane, they had tickets to Sierra Leone, then Burma, then Somalia...

JANE

Gia relapsed. Probably smoked herself to death when she heard Shane had been murdered...God, that's sad...

MAURA

Hmmmp. Variable tandem repeats in the DNA test.

(off Jane's look)

The blood is similar to Ryan's but not an exact match because of differing Mitochondrial DNA. But it is a familial match.

JANE

Familial match? The shooter is a member of the Finnegan family? The only relatives Shane has are his brothers --

FROST

--and they were doing a live webcast when he was shot.

MAURA

The theoretical risk of a coincidental match is one in 100 billion.

JANE

There are only 7 billion people on the planet. The shooter has to be one of Shane's brothers.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

30

INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT 3

30

Frost digs into his computer to look at the "live" webcast. Jane and Maura are with him.

FROST

Ronan and Liam were streaming a live webcast --

JANE

They couldn't have been in two places at the same time.

MAURA

Not unless they're electrons, which are governed by quantum mechanics --

She stops as she sees Jane's face.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Am I doing it again?

JANE

Uh-huh.

Frost clicks buttons. SCREEN CHANGES.

FROST

A streaming video webcast is made up of encoded data packets --

MAURA

(low to Jane)

How come Det. Frost gets to do it?

INSERT: the "live" webcast of Ronan and Liam. The screen changes as Frost CLICKS THROUGH complicated-looking stuff.

FROST

They used a cheap program called, STREAMBLAST PRO...everything looks correct. Until you get here. See the auto-update in the default setting?

MAURA

Yes! The webcast on the night of Shane's murder was encoded by an older version of Streamblast Pro.

JANE

Which means what, exactly?

(CONTINUED)

FROST

This "live" webcast was recorded
two weeks ago.

JANE

...Why would one of his brothers
kill him?

MAURA

Because he was quitting the band...
(off Jane's look)
I did some research on Boy Bands. A
week after MCA died, Beastie Boy
sales were up 949%.

JANE

...T.K. said Shane was worth more
alive than dead -- except to his
brothers.

FROST

So which one did it? Ronan or Liam?

Frost works his computer as Jane walks to the Clear Board,
looks at CLOSE-UP photos of the gunshot wounds to both of
Shane's thighs --

JANE

Took a good shot to hit Shane twice
in the legs from twenty feet away.

FROST

Ronan has a hunting license in New
Hampshire.

Maura gets a text and reads it.

MAURA

The fiber in Shane's shrapnel
wounds is denim.

JANE

Frost, let me see what Ronan and
Liam are wearing in the final
concert.

Frost calls up the FACEBOOK PAGE photo of the band.

INSERT: Ronan wears jeans. Liam has on black cargo pants.

FROST

Ronan's wearing jeans. But not
Liam.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

But what about the "wenis"?

JANE

Oh my God, Maura...You're right...

FROST

(confused)

What?

JANE

Frost, I'm gotta take Frankie with me to do this. He needs to see it through.

Jane and Frankie quietly enter. Shane sings "Pure Boston Beauty" on a HUGE MONITOR. Both Ronan and Liam wait for their cue to sing along live to the monitor. Dead Shane is still the star as his brothers wait for their turn to rehearse.

SHANE (ON MONITOR)

Maybe someday I'll tell you...when I'm a star in the band...This song is about you...And you'll understand...I may be a kid now...but there's no need to rush...

They turn it off as they see Jane and Frankie.

RONAN

Any news?

JANE

Yeah, we've got some news.

LIAM

We're rehearsing to shoot a tribute to Shane. It'd mean so much to the fans.

JANE

It'll mean a lot to you, too.

RONAN

Yeah...

FRANKIE JR.

Twenty-five bucks a pop times a few million fans...

31

CONTINUED:

31

JANE

Should more than make up for the cancelled tour.

RONAN

(uneasy)

You...said you had news?

JANE

Yeah...you made a pact with each other to kill Shane, didn't you?

RONAN

What're you talking about?

JANE

You shot him first, Ronan.

FLASHBACK:

32

EXT. STREET IN THE COMBAT ZONE (INTERCUT)

32

Glass vial CRACKS under Shane's feet as he looks down.

ANGLE: RONAN and LIAM, both in hoodies, see Shane. Ronan lifts his arm. He FIRES. BAM! And then again: BAM! Ronan HANDS the gun to Liam, who doesn't want to take it.

RONAN

Take it!

BACK TO PRESENT

JANE

(to Ronan)

You needed to keep him from running so Liam could shoot him at close range.

LIAM

What? No...

FLASHBACK:

Liam and Ronan stand next to each other, on the right side of Shane's prone body. Liam shivers with fear. He points the gun at Shane's head, but he can't pull the trigger.

SHANE

...Don't...

Liam FIRES next to Shane's head.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE JR. (V.O.)

You fired into the ground because
you couldn't bring yourself to
shoot Shane.

SHANE

...Oh, God, please...

RONAN

(low, to Liam)

You have to do it...

SHANE

...don't...

BAM! A fourth bullet HITS Shane's right shoulder. Liam looks
down at his bleeding hand.

ON JANE

JANE

But you'd never handled a gun
before. The slide cut your hand.
BACK TO PRESENT

Jane grabs Liam's hand, turns it over. There's a cut on it.

LIAM

Oh, God...

JANE

You took the final shot. But you
both murdered Shane.

FRANKIE JR.

You killed him over money?

LIAM

You can't just quit like that...we
tried to tell him...

RONAN

(turns on his brother)

Liam did it. You saw his hand. I
wasn't even there --

LIAM

You son of a bitch --

JANE

Oh, you were there, Ronan. We've
got a piece of your jeans embedded
in your dead brother's face. Put
your damn hands behind your back.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED: (2)

32

FRANKIE JR.
(to Liam)
You, too.

OFF Jane and Frankie as they trade heartbreaking looks.

33

OMITTED

33

34

INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 3

34

Maura and Jane both make sandwiches.

JANE
Don't you have any fake chicken
tempo stuff to put on my submarine
sandwich?

MAURA
It's "tempeh." No, but I have honey-
smoked tempeh bacon.

JANE
Does it taste like real bacon?

MAURA
No.

JANE
Then why eat it?

MAURA
Because it doesn't cause
Arteriosclerosis like real bacon.

Angela quietly enters from the back door.

JANE
Ma...

MAURA
Angela...

ANGELA
I heard you talking...

Jane drops her sandwich, rushes over to her mother.

JANE
Ma, I'm so sorry. I'm so, so sorry.

MAURA
Angela, please forgive us.

As Angela takes them in and hugs them both --

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

It's been a terrible week...Shane,
his brothers...At least you two are
trying to protect your family, not
kill us.

JANE

Yeah, right? There's that.

They all smile.

ANGELA

Do you have any more of that
strange bacon?

MAURA

Of course. Would you like some?

Maura heads to the refrigerator.

JANE

(low)
Is it good?

ANGELA

No, but it makes her feel good when
I eat it.

MAURA

I can hear you. Would you like
something else?

ANGELA

No. It's good to eat healthy so
that one of you can give me a
grandchild.

JANE

Ma!

MAURA

Angela!

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What? I had to try...

END OF EPISODE