



rizzoli & ices

“Cold as Ice”

Episode 408

#2M6258

Written By

Ken Hanes & Lisa Marie Petersen

Directed By

Randy Zisk

PRODUCTION DRAFT

April 23, 2013

FULL BLUE DRAFT

April 30, 2013

**FULL PINK DRAFT**

**May 2, 2013**

All rights reserved. © 2013 Warner Horizon Television Inc. This script is the property of Horizon Scripted Television Inc. No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced or used by any means, or disclosed to, quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

# RIZZOLI & ISLES

## 408 "Cold as Ice" – FULL PINK

### 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. Carla Dalton ..... **Laura Niemi** \*

Mary Bigsby..... **Jennifer Hasty** \*

Cailin Martin..... Emilee Wallace

Police Officer Wendy Rogers..... **Tara Erica Moore** \*

Referee ..... TBD

Blake Smith ..... **Mark Fite** \*

..... \*

Coach Mike ..... TBD

Coach Rick..... TBD

Drew Bigsby (12)..... **A.J. Achinger** \*

Doug Pierce / Michael Leahy ..... **David Barry Gray** \*

Sheila Pierce ..... **Andi Carnick** \*

Luke Pierce / Todd Leahy (14)..... **Joseph Schirle** \*

Bailey..... TBD

Lily ..... TBD

..... \*

Dylan ..... TBD

Dr. Thornton ..... **Scott Alan Smith** \*

Sgt. Det. Jonathan McKnight ..... **Michael O'Neill** \*

^ – does not appear in this episode.

# RIZZOLI & ISLES

408 "Cold as Ice" – FULL PINK

## SET LIST

### INTERIORS

HOCKEY RINK

MAURA'S HOUSE

CLOSET

FOYER

GREAT ROOM

KITCHEN

BPD

INTERROGATION ROOM

HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM

ELEVATORS OUTSIDE

DIVISION 1 CAFÉ

BRIC

INTERVIEW ROOM

BREAK ROOM

MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE

AUTOPSY ROOM

CRIME LAB

EASTON LABS

CONFERENCE ROOM

CARLA'S APARTMENT

### EXTERIORS

HOCKEY RINK

PARKING LOT

AREA BEHIND TRUCK

BOSTON HARBOR

PIER 21

PARKING LOT

MARINA

BOAT DOCK

## VEHICLES

TRUCK

CORONER'S VAN

CARLA'S FORD **FOCUS** (WET, SUSPENDED) \*

MARY'S MINIVAN

CRANE

DOUG'S/MICHAEL'S BOAT

# RIZZOLI & ISLES

## 408 "Cold as Ice" – FULL PINK

### DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

Scenes	Day/Night
1 – 15, A33	N1
16 – 29	D2
30 – 33, B33	D3
34	N3

FULL BLUE: Scene A33 was ADDED, splitting Scene 33 into 33 & B33.

**ACT ONE**

1

**INT. HOCKEY RINK - NIGHT 1**

1

A REFEREE'S whistle BLOWS, a puck DROPS and sticks HIT the ice as a BOYS' (12- TO 14-YEAR-OLDS) hockey game gets underway. The SOUTH BOSTON ICE OWLS play the MOSS HILL MARAUDERS.

Each team has 15 boys. Six from each team are on the ice. The other boys wait on the bench.

PARENTS in the stands SCREAM and YELL like the fate of the world is at stake.

FIND: MARY BIGSBY, 39, the loudest and most obnoxious hockey mom of all. She's right behind the glass.

MARY

Hey! That was a cross check! Ref,  
are you blind?

Another hockey mom, [This will turn out to be CARLA DALTON, 35], in a business suit and pumps, world-weary, stressed out and overweight, PULLS a SAMPLE CASE behind her. She tries to squeeze past the refrigerator that is Mary.

CARLA

'Scuze me.

MARY

I'm watching a game here.  
(to ref)  
Oh my God! Use the whistle. That's  
what it's for!

CARLA

Please, can I just squeeze by you?

WHISTLE SOUNDS.

MARY

That's bullshit! He checked **my** kid!  
You can't give **him** a penalty!

Carla PUSHES by Mary, ROLLS her case over Mary's toes--

CARLA

Excuse me --

MARY

OW! That's my foot, lady!

CARLA

I'm sorry. I'm trying to get by--

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

Mary PUSHES Carla hard. They're BELOW the seating area. No one can see them. Plus, everyone is focused on the game.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Please don't push me --

CHEERS erupt, pissing off Mary further.

MARY  
You made me miss the play! Hey, I'm talking to you!

Carla tries to force her way through, but Mary GRABS her by the lapel with one hand, SWINGS with the other. CRACK. Carla's nose BREAKS. She puts her hands to her bleeding nose, cries out in pain.

CARLA  
Ow!

Mary takes another step toward Carla, who has one hand to her nose as she fumbles for the handle of her case with the other.

MARY  
Don't push next time, bitch.

Carla hurries away. Mary watches her, debates whether to follow her. The fight isn't over for Mary...

\*

2

**EXT. HOCKEY RINK - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 1**

2

A rattled Carla hustles out of the rink, one hand to her bleeding nose, the other pulling her case. She stops between parked cars, FISHES for her KEYS in her pocket, finds them.

Hits a button on her REMOTE CAR KEY. BEEP-BEEP. Relief sweeps over her. As she takes a step--

A DARK FIGURE RISES from between parked cars. A hand GRABS Carla's hair. In one brutal move, a 4" steel WEAPON is driven into Carla's throat and crudely RIPS across it, tearing her carotid artery. BLOOD SPURTS from a 5" gaping wound.

The figure PUSHES Carla forward as she GRABS her throat. Blood SEEPS between her fingers. She DROPS to her knees, then COLLAPSES onto the pavement.

The killer, shrouded in the darkness, quickly goes through her pockets.

3

**INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - CLOSET - NIGHT 1**

3

DET. JANE RIZZOLI, still in a CAST-BOOT, DR. MAURA ISLES and ANGELA RIZZOLI. PILES of SHOES are on the floor. Angela takes a pair of BLACK HIGH HEELS from a shelf.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAURA

Oh, not those.

Jane points to shoe racks FULL of similar shoes.

JANE

Not those? You have six other identical pairs.

MAURA

They're not identical. Those are black patent, black suede, cut-out heel, kitten heel --

JANE

(re: cast-boot)

I'd settle for a matching pair.

\*  
\*  
\*

ANGELA

Clear the clutter, cleanse the soul.

Angela throws the pair onto a pile. As Maura picks them up, puts them on a shelf next to a package of Dr. Scholl's "For Her High Heel" insoles --

MAURA

I might need them.

JANE

So you are not the person who hired my mother to help you clean out your closet?

MAURA

No.

JANE

Cool. Then let's go do something else.

MAURA

I mean, yes.

ANGELA

Maybe shoes are too overwhelming for you.

Under which, Angela looks through Maura's hanging dresses.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(holds a dress up)

When was the last time you wore this?

MAURA

I haven't had a chance.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

JANE

I was with you when you bought it.  
Three years ago.

\*

ANGELA

(drops into another pile)  
Donation pile.

MAURA

But I paid to have it tailored.

JANE

So it could lord it over the frumpy  
dresses?

\*

DING-DONG. The front door bell rings.

JANE (CONT'D)

Please tell me that's not Amazon  
with more shoes.

4

**INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - FOYER / GREAT ROOM - NIGHT 1**

4

Maura, with Jane right behind her, heads to the door.

JANE

If you're doing this to help Ma  
make extra money, please stop.  
You're not responsible for her  
finances.

MAURA

We both know something's wrong.

JANE

Then why won't she just tell me?

Someone KNOCKS. Maura opens the door to find CAILIN MARTIN.  
She has a bulging BACKPACK on her shoulder, a packed DUFFEL  
BAG at her feet.

MAURA

Cailin? Everything okay?

CAILIN

My mom went to Europe.

\*

MAURA

And you didn't go with her? Come on  
in.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)



4

CONTINUED:

4

JANE  
 (attempts to take duffel)  
 Let me help you. \*

CAILIN  
 That's okay, I got it. What  
 happened to your foot? \*

JANE  
 Sprained ankle. \*

CAILIN  
 Oh. Sorry. \*

JANE  
 (warm)  
I'm sorry that you're not in  
 Europe, too. \*

CAILIN  
 (small smile)  
 I have finals...I know this is a  
 lot to ask, but...could I stay with  
 you? \*

MAURA  
 With me? Sure. You don't want to be  
 home alone? \*

CAILIN  
 I wasn't alone. My mother hired  
 Mrs. Craberton to "babysit" me. \*

JANE  
 You're 19. \*

CAILIN  
 I know, right? I knew you guys  
 would understand. \*

MAURA  
 Uh...how long is Hope gone? \*

CAILIN  
 Three weeks.  
 (hugs her)  
 Thank you. \*

Maura throws Jane a look: what did I just agree to???

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

Cailin's cell RINGS a loud EVACUATION DRILL HONK. \*

CAILIN (CONT'D) \*

(to phone)

Hey, dude...yeah, I did the  
homework... \*

Cailin talks as she steps over her duffel bag, carries her  
backpack and heads down the hallway toward the stairs.

MAURA

Where are you going?

CAILIN

Oh...is it okay if I stay in your  
spare bedroom? \*

MAURA

Of course. I'll show you. \*

CAILIN

S'okay, I can find it.

(to phone)

No, I'm listening...he so did  
not...no...Oh my God...

JANE

(low with a smile)

Oh my God, he so did too.

Maura looks frightened. \*

MAURA

Three weeks? \*

JANE

(look on the bright side) \*

You'll get to know each other. \*

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (3)

4

BUZZ...Jane gets a text from Dispatch.

\*

JANE (CONT'D)  
Possible homicide in the parking  
lot of the hockey rink out by  
Suffolk Downs. C'mon.

LOUD MUSIC SUDDENLY BOOMS from upstairs.

MAURA  
That must be 100 decibels.  
(heads toward stairs)  
I just read a report that hearing  
loss in adolescents is up 30  
percent.

As Jane catches Maura's arm --

JANE  
We need to go--

MAURA  
I'll meet you there.

5

**EXT. HOCKEY RINK - PARKING LOT - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT 1**

5

Carla is in a pool of blood, on her stomach, face turned to  
the side to give us a good look at the gaping neck wound.

SGT. DET. VINCE KORSAK and DET. BARRY FROST confer over the  
body as CSRU and POLICE OFFICERS work the scene. About 40  
cars in the parking lot. DET. FRANKIE RIZZOLI approaches.

FRANKIE JR.  
Hey, thanks for bringing me in on  
this.

FROST  
Figured since we're hockey guys,  
you should help with this one.

FRANKIE JR.  
Jane's not working it?

KORSAK  
She and Dr. Isles are almost here.

FRANKIE JR.  
Before she elbows me out of the  
way, can I get a minute of  
training?

(CONTINUED)

KORSAK

You bet. Tell us what you see.

As Frankie crouches, stares at the body --

FRANKIE JR.

Human body has almost six quarts of blood. I see about five of it on the ground.

KORSAK

Good. What else?

As Frankie looks around at the lack of crime scene markers--

FRANKIE JR.

Not many crime scene markers. You didn't find a purse or a wallet?

FROST

No. Nothing on the body or nearby.

As Frankie points to an inexpensive SILVER CHARM BRACELET on the victim's wrist--

FRANKIE JR.

She's not wearing jewelry except for a cheap charm bracelet. Maybe robbery was the motive?

FROST

Could be. But it's a pretty vicious way to kill someone, if all you want is her purse and jewelry.

FRANKIE JR.

Hey, it's a youth hockey game. You played, too, Frost. I saw parents go at each other with their kids' hockey sticks in a Pee-Wee game.

POLICE OFFICER WENDY ROGERS, 20s, pretty, walks toward them.

OFFICER WENDY

Sergeant Korsak, we've got ten officers inside on all the doors and exits.

KORSAK

Good. No one leaves. Everyone in that rink is a suspect.

FRANKIE JR.

Hey, Wendy.

OFFICER WENDY  
Hello, Detective Rizzoli.

\*

FRANKIE JR.  
That's Detective Frost.

\*

\*

OFFICER WENDY  
Sir.

\*

\*

FRANKIE JR.  
You want to take a look at this?

\*

OFFICER WENDY  
Really?

\*

\*

Korsak nods. Frost fights to look casual -- and to avoid the  
gaping throat wound.

\*

\*

OFFICER WENDY (CONT'D)  
It's my dream to join Homicide one  
day.

\*

\*

\*

She smiles at Frost, who gives her a BMOG nod.

\*

OFFICER WENDY (CONT'D)  
Is it okay if I look, sir?

\*

\*

FROST  
Be my guest.

\*

\*

FRANKIE JR.  
(looks closely at throat)  
See that? Madness, right? That's  
one end of her carotid artery.

\*

\*

\*

\*

As Officer Wendy leans in for a better look and Frost gags--

\*

OFFICER WENDY  
(enthused and fascinated)  
I've only seen pictures of this  
stuff...wow...incredible.

\*

\*

\*

Frost turns so Wendy doesn't see his gag face. Korsak smiles.  
Enough torture for Frost.

\*

\*

KORSAK  
Frankie, write down all the tags. I  
want a record of every vehicle  
here.

FRANKIE JR.  
You got it.

\*

5

CONTINUED: (3)

5

KORSAK

I'm heading inside. Officer Rogers.  
I want more officers blocking that  
exit over there.

\*  
\*

OFFICER WENDY

Yes, sir. Thanks a lot, uh,  
detectives, sirs. Let me know if  
you need anything. Coffee,  
anything.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRANKIE JR.

Thanks.

\*  
\*

Officer Wendy heads off with Korsak. Frost kicks himself.

FROST

Man, I gotta get over this...

FRANKIE JR.

Pretend it's that bag of giblets  
you pull out of a turkey before you  
cook it.

FROST

(surprised and disgusted)  
Inside your turkey? **Every** turkey?

FRANKIE JR.

C'mon, dude. You can do this. A  
little at a time, okay?

Frankie holds his palm over the victim's gaping neck wound.  
Moves it to expose an inch of gory sliced neck.

FRANKIE JR. (CONT'D)

You good?

FROST

I wouldn't say "good," but keep  
going.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (4)

5

Frankie moves his hand a bit. Frost nods. Moves it again.

FROST (CONT'D)

Wow...it works. I'm not gagging.

Frankie forgets his mission and gets caught up in what he's looking at. He LIFTS his hand, exposing the grisly sight.

FRANKIE JR.

Whoah, what'd he use? A dull can opener? Is that her tongue hanging through?

FROST

Oh, God...uh...  
(fights it; smiles)  
Damn...I did it!  
(pats his stomach)  
Dinner's still inside.

6

**INT. HOCKEY RINK - NIGHT 1**

6

Boys play. Jane and Korsak have just arrived. They fight to be heard over screaming parents as they take in the scoreboard: game is tied, 4 to 4.

KORSAK

I'm not brave enough to stop a tied youth hockey game.

JANE

We don't have much choice.

REFEREE, fit, 30s, skates nearby, following the play. Jane BANGS on the glass to get his attention, BADGES him.

JANE (CONT'D)

Boston Police. Stop the game.

Ref keeps his back to her, thinks she's a crazy hockey mom.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hey, blow the whistle. Stop the game.

REFEREE

(without looking at her)  
Back off, Mom. I want you five yards from the glass.

\*  
\*

JANE

I'm a cop. Stop the game!

REFEREE

I don't care if you're the Queen of England. Move, Mom.

\*

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

Under which, Jane SWINGS OPEN the dutch door, one foot on the ice. She holds her badge in his face. \*

JANE

You call me "Mom" one more time,  
see where I put that whistle.  
Police emergency. Stop the game  
now.

He BLOWS the whistle as every head in the place turns to stare at Jane.

**END OF ACT ONE**



**ACT TWO**

7

**INT. HOCKEY RINK - NIGHT 1**

7

The players finish coming off the ice to join their annoyed, confused parents. Parents and kids BUZZ: why'd they stop the game? What's going on?

Jane and Korsak stand near the two coaches: South Boston Ice Owls COACH MIKE, and Moss Hill Marauders, COACH RICK. Both men are in their 40s; hockey dads who volunteer.

JANE

We're sorry to have to interrupt your game, but we're here to investigate a crime.

BLAKE SMITH, 40s, a big, loud, impatient parent, steps up.

BLAKE

What kind of crime?

KORSAK

Sir, step back.

BLAKE

No. We had this in the bag. I want to know how long this is gonna take.

JANE

Longer, if you don't step back.

But Blake grabs his son, JUSTIN, 14, and starts to go.

BLAKE

This is crap. If my son's not playing, we're out of here.

JANE

(steps in front of him)  
Nobody's leaving the arena now --  
except in the back of a squad car.

Blake backs down.

KORSAK

We need all the parents to stand next to their children.

Parents move next to sons. DREW BIGSBY, 14, stands alone.

JANE

(low to Korsak)  
No parent with that boy.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

DOUG and SHEILA PIERCE, 40s, and son, LUKE PIERCE, 14, turn to Drew with concern.

DOUG  
Drew, where's your mom?

DREW  
I don't know.

Jane turns to Coach Mike.

JANE  
Any idea where his mother is?

COACH MIKE  
Sometimes she goes outside to smoke when her kid's line is off the ice.

Jane and Korsak trade a look: probably outside dead...

JANE  
What's your name?

DREW  
Drew. Drew Bigsby.

JANE  
Okay, Drew, I'm going to go outside and look for your mom. What's her name?

DREW  
Mary Bigsby.

Korsak turns to the Pierces.

KORSAK  
Can you stay with him for a few minutes?

DOUG  
Sure, no problem. What's going on?

JANE  
We'll be right back. Just keep Drew inside.

8

**EXT. HOCKEY RINK - PARKING LOT - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT 1**

8

As Jane and Korsak walk out from the rink--

KORSAK  
I'll call Social Services.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jane nods but is distracted by something GLINTING on the ground. She shines her FLASHLIGHT and finds three small droplets of blood, about two feet apart from each other.

JANE

I'm seeing blood droplets. Far apart. She was in hurry.

KORSAK

So she was bleeding when she left the rink, which doesn't make sense.

JANE

Why not?

KORSAK

Come on. Look at the body. Tell me what you think.

Jane and Korsak approach Frost and Maura. Maura is crouched low, uses a FLASHLIGHT to look at the body.

JANE

Frost, can you run a DMV check for "Mary Bigsby"?

FROST

(looks at body, then types)

Is that Mary?

JANE

Think so.

FROST

Okay...Here we go. Mary Bigsby drives a red minivan. Got the tags right here.

(as he heads off)

We'll find it.

MAURA

(low to Jane)

Your mother is staying with Cailin. You think that's okay?

JANE

Do I think it's okay to make my mother babysit an adult? No, I do not.

MAURA

Hope was so insistent.

JANE

Hope needs to back off. Talk to me about the victim.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

She has a broken nose and a jagged injury to her throat.

KORSAK

(as he shines his light)  
See why it doesn't make sense?

Jane takes in the blood spatter and nods.

MAURA

What doesn't make sense?

JANE

The two injuries -- broken nose, slashed throat. They were separate.

MAURA

How do you know that?

JANE

Blood spatter here says she was ambushed from behind. But blood droplets from her busted nose say she was punched there. We looking for two attackers?

KORSAK

Maybe.

Jane shines her light at the far edge of the POOL OF BLOOD. She sees a dark SMUDGE, barely visible under it. \*

JANE

I think there might be speed burn marks under the blood. \*

Korsak bends down, uses the cardboard from his notebook like a squeegee. He moves the blood to reveal SPEED BURN MARKS. \*

KORSAK

You're right. But no bloody tire tracks. \*

MAURA

What does that mean? \*

KORSAK

Someone was going in reverse, then braked hard here before speeding off. And before she'd bled out. \*

JANE

Maybe our killer took off in the victim's car. We find her keys? \*

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (3)

8

KORSAK

Negative. Think we're looking at a  
car-jacking?

Jane looks at the parked cars, notices many high-end models.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (4)

8

JANE

(no)

You've got a choice of cars. Why steal a minivan?

Frost runs up with news.

FROST

Frankie's got eyes on Mary Bigsby's minivan.

9

**EXT. HOCKEY RINK - AREA OF PARKING LOT BEHIND TRUCK -  
SECONDS LATER - NIGHT 1**

9

Frankie is in shadows behind a minivan filled with cigarette SMOKE. A BUTT GLOWS. The smoke makes it impossible to get a good look inside as Jane, Korsak and Frost creep up.

FRANKIE JR.

(whispering)

Someone's inside.

JANE

Take the right.

Frost and Frankie take the right side as Jane and Korsak, GUNS drawn, take the driver's side of the minivan.

JANE (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Police! Hands on the wheel! Now!

ANGLE ON: Driver's side window. HANDS appear on the wheel.

Jane OPENS the driver's door as Frost opens the passenger door --

FROST

Do not move your hands. Keep them on that wheel.

JANE

Okay, when I tell you, I want you to clasp your hands on top of your head. Do it now.

Figure complies. We have not yet seen who they're talking to.

JANE (CONT'D)

Now, slowly get out of the car. Keep your hands where they are.

A WOMAN steps out.

ANGLE: there is BLOOD SPATTER on her shirt.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

KORSAK

We got blood.

REVEAL Mary, the hockey mom who scuffled with the victim.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

(to Frost)

See if she's got I.D.

Frankie reaches in the minivan, finds the woman's ID. He looks at it, hands it to Jane, who lets him take her position as she looks at the DRIVER'S LICENSE.

MARY

All this over a hockey mom shoving match?

Mary starts to lower her hands.

FRANKIE JR.

Keep those hands up!

JANE

(re: license)

You're Mary Bigsby?

MARY

That's right.

JANE

(to Frankie)

Take her in for questioning.

FRANKIE JR.

Let's go.

As they head off, Jane confers with Korsak.

JANE

So if that's Mary Bigsby --

Jane glances over at their victim's body, now being transferred to a gurney by MORGUE ATTENDANTS --

JANE (CONT'D)

Who's that?

10

**INT. HOCKEY RINK - NIGHT 1**

10

The rink is still locked down: all the parents, players, coaches and rink employees are there. ND DETECTIVES circulate to get everyone's information and identification.

Korsak is with Frost. Korsak reads a text. As they walk and talk toward Coach Mike and Coach Rick, who are together--

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

KORSAK

Jane says she's coming up empty for the murder weapon.

They arrive at where the coaches are standing.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

Need you to take a look at the victim.

The two coaches nod. Frost holds up his TABLET with a photo of the dead woman on the ground. A sheet covers her wound.

FROST

You recognize her?

COACH MIKE

Ugh, that's horrible. Yeah, she looks like that lady who showed up during practice, doesn't she?

COACH RICK

Yeah, think so.

KORSAK

Do you know her name?

COACH RICK

No. But she was very nice. She was a sales lady.

KORSAK

A sales lady?

COACH MIKE

Yeah, she gave one of these to all the players.

Under which, he pulls NO-DRIP HELMET PADS from his pocket, hands the pads to Frost.

FROST

"No-Drip Helmet Pads."

COACH MIKE

The kids wore them while they warmed up.

COACH RICK

Kids were all excited because she said the pads could tell if they were dehydrated.

Korsak and Frost trade a puzzled look.

(CONTINUED)



10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

KORSAK

How do they do that?

COACH MIKE

No idea. She gave the kids baggies,  
had them write their names on them.  
She collected them before the game.

FROST

She took back used helmet pads?

COACH MIKE

She was going to analyze them and  
bring the results to the next game.

KORSAK

Did either of you see what kind of  
car she drove?

COACH MIKE

No.

COACH RICK

No, sorry.

KORSAK (CONT'D)

Thank you both.

The coaches nod and head back over to the parents.

FROST

I'm looking up that company...  
(as he searches)

We really thinking someone in here  
did this? Wouldn't they be covered  
in blood?

KORSAK

Not necessarily. Arterial blood  
spray was projected forward.

INSERT: YOUR SEARCH FOR "NO-DRIP HELMET PADS" HAD 0 RESULTS.

FROST

(shows tablet)

No such thing as "No-Drip Helmet  
Pads."

KORSAK

How's that possible? Our dead Jane  
Doe worked for a company that  
doesn't exist?

OFF KORSAK and FROST...what the hell?

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**11 **INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT 1**

11

Clear board is up. PHOTOS of players and parents from the rink, CRIME SCENE photos of the scene and victim. PHOTOS of the victim in autopsy. Jane, Korsak and Frost. Jane's phone BUZZES a text from Maura. She reads it.

JANE

Crime Lab has results on the blood on Mary's shirt -- it's a match to our victim.

KORSAK

Who wants to face off with the killer hockey mom?

JANE

Been there, done that.  
(off their locks)  
I lived through my mother's hockey mom years.

KORSAK

Your mother is too nice to be one of those mothers.

JANE

Ask her about the time she stormed onto the ice in the middle of Frankie's game and hit the ref with her purse.

FROST

What did Frankie do?

JANE

Tried to change his last name.

KORSAK

Oh...We'll take this one then.

JANE

Good. I'll head down to Autopsy.

12 **INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT 1**

12

Jane uses the FINGERPRINT SCANNER on the victim, as Maura measures the wound. She starts with the puncture wound, all the way to the left of the gash, where the killer dug the weapon into the victim's throat.

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

Puncture wound is point five centimeters at the apex...

(moves ruler along wound)

Twelve point seven centimeters of jagged tearing.

\*

JANE

It looks like someone pulled open her throat with claws. What kind of weapon does that?

MAURA

It snagged the carotid. Notice I said "snagged."

JANE

I noticed. Notice that I'd love to have some idea of what the murder weapon was.

MAURA

The carotid artery was pulled until it tore.

JANE

I notice you said "pulled."

MAURA

I did. By a weapon with a curved end.

JANE

Time to put out an all-points bulletin for Captain Hook.

MAURA

There's a beige gummy substance in the wound.

JANE

The Lost Boys' gummy bears?

MAURA

(her phone BUZZES)

It's Hope. Again.

(to phone)

Hello?...Uh, I'm right in the middle of an autopsy...no, I don't know if Cailin did her homework, but since she's a sophomore in college...all right, as soon as I wrap up here...yes, I'll see that she gets to bed.

12

CONTINUED: (2)

12

JANE

Wow...no wonder Cailin's  
frustrated.

MAURA

I am so glad Constance taught me to  
be independent.

Maura's cell BUZZES again. She glances at it, looks at Jane.

MAURA (CONT'D)

What do I do?

JANE

That's why they invented voicemail.

Maura gives Jane a helpless look, answers her phone.

MAURA

Hello?...yes, I said I'd monitor  
her and make sure she's taking her  
immunosuppression drugs...no, of  
course you're right to worry, I'm  
sorry...yes...okay. 'Bye.

JANE

You just encouraged her to worry.

MAURA

I forget that Cailin has had a  
kidney transplant.

JANE

How could you forget? It's your  
kidney.

Jane scans the last fingertip. No hits on the print scanner.

JANE (CONT'D)

No hits.  
(looks at victim)  
Who are you?

OFF JANE as she trades a frustrated look with Maura.

13

**INT. BPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 1**

13

Korsak and Frost face Mary, now in a Tyvek suit. Her FILE is  
on the table between Korsak and Frost.

KORSAK

You get into a lot of scrapes,  
Mary: disturbing the peace, assault  
and battery, assault with a deadly  
weapon...

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

MARY

"Deadly weapon"? It was a hockey stick.

FROST

Which you used to break a referee's arm.

MARY

He made bad calls. So I said something, and he got personal.

FROST

That sets you off? When someone gets personal?

MARY

(doesn't want to say)  
He called me a pig with lipstick.  
Man's lucky I don't have a temper.

Korsak slides a cleaned-up PHOTO of the victim, sheet covering her wound, across the table to Mary.

KORSAK

What did she call you?

MARY

Is she dead? What happened to her?

FROST

You tell us. We found her blood on your clothes.

MARY

I punched her in the nose. That's it. I didn't kill her.

KORSAK

You get into it with her at the game over your kids?

MARY

She didn't even have a kid.

KORSAK

How do you know?

MARY

It's a small league. I know the parents. Never seen her before.

FROST

You just like punching strangers?

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED: (2)

13

MARY

I was trying to watch the game, and that lady kept pushing me. Then she rolls her case over my foot.

FROST

What case?

MARY

I don't know. Some sales case. It hurt, so I pushed her back.

KORSAK

(taps photo)

Must've pushed her pretty hard.

MARY

I'm telling you, I didn't kill her! Just one punch. I watched her walk away.

Korsak and Frost trade dubious looks. Mary, hands shaking, points to the file.

MARY (CONT'D)

Look at my file! Just bloody noses and fat lips and the ref's arm...

Korsak slides a grisly crime scene PHOTO with the gaping neck wound toward Mary.

KORSAK

Add a slashed throat.

MARY

Oh God...I think I'm gonna be sick!

ON THE MEN as they JUMP BACK. Mary VOMITS onto the table.

14

**INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT 1**

14

Jane is at her desk as Korsak and Frost return.

KORSAK

We're holding Hockey Mom, but I don't think she's our killer. That lady is as squeamish as Frost.

FROST

"Lady"? She puked on the table.

JANE

She I.D. the victim at least?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

FROST

No.

JANE

Damn...Maura is checking dental records. What else can we do?

Frankie enters.

FRANKIE JR.

Every car in that parking lot is accounted for.

Jane looks at a crime scene photo of the victim, takes in her high heels.

JANE

There's no bus service in that area and no record of a taxi dropping anyone off. And there's no way she walked more than half a block in those heels. Which means, she had a car.

FROST

...We showed all the parents, employees and coaches her photo. Kids and coaches remember her handing out helmet pads. No one knew her name.

KORSAK

The killer took everything that would identify her...

JANE

Except her body...

Jane STARES at the bloody tire tracks and spin burn marks --

JANE (CONT'D)

Because he got interrupted...

(re: photos)

He backs up to here, then stops. Maybe he was about to load her body into the trunk, but Mary came outside to smoke.

KORSAK

That makes sense.

JANE

But if we can't I.D. her, we're screwed, unless she had a car -- and we can find it.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

Maura rushes in, frantic.

MAURA

Jane--

JANE

What's the matter?

MAURA

Cailin's missing.

**END OF ACT THREE**



**ACT FOUR**

15

**INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 1**

15

Maura and Jane rush in to find Angela pulling the last of a dozen BATCHES OF BROWNIES from the oven. She startles. Hides the mounds of brownies behind flour and sugar canisters.

MAURA

Angela, is Cailin here?

ANGELA

No, honey.

JANE

Maura, we'll find her.

MAURA

Oh God...where is she?

ANGELA

It's only 11:30. She's a teenager.  
Here, have a brownie.

JANE

No thanks, Ma. Smells good, though.

MAURA

I checked all the hospitals, and you checked with the State Troopers...it's time to report her missing, Jane.

JANE

Okay. I'll do it, but just because she's not answering your texts doesn't mean she's been sold into white slavery.

Jane calls Operations.

JANE (CONT'D)

(to phone)

Yeah, can I get BOLO on one Cailin Martin, nineteen years old, white female...

MAURA

I told her she had to stay in touch with me.

ANGELA

Did you give her a curfew?

MAURA

No. I didn't know I needed to.

The front door opens, Cailin breezes in.

(CONTINUED)

JANE  
(to phone, as she hangs up)  
Never mind.

MAURA \*  
(angry) \*  
Where the hell have you been? \*

CAILIN \*  
(taken by surprise) \*  
...At the library. \*

MAURA  
You cannot do that.

CAILIN \*  
(confused) \*  
I can't go to the library?

MAURA  
You cannot ignore my texts.

CAILIN \*  
Oh. Sorry. My phone was off. I was \*  
studying. \*

MAURA  
From now on, you're studying here.

CAILIN \*  
(genuine) \*  
Why? What did I do? \*

MAURA \*  
Do you know we had to put out a  
Missing Person's report on you?

CAILIN \*  
Oh my God...why would you do that? \*

MAURA \*  
Because I didn't know where you \*  
were. \*

CAILIN \*  
(sad, low) \*  
I thought...you'd be different. \*

MAURA \*  
You thought if you stayed with me, \*  
you could do whatever you wanted. \*

A steaming Maura takes a few steps away to calm herself down. \*

JANE  
Cailin, Maura doesn't have kids.

(CONTINUED)

CAILIN

I'm not a kid.

JANE

No, you're not. But she's  
responsible for you.

CAILIN

I don't see how making the police  
go on a wild goose chase is  
responsible.

\*

\*

Maura rejoins them. Cailin turns to Jane.

\*

CAILIN (CONT'D)

You must have better things to do.

\*

MAURA

I know I have better things to do  
than keep track of an  
irresponsible, selfish teenager--

\*

JANE

Maura--

\*

\*

(to Cailin)

\*

She was worried. That's all.

\*

But Cailin is stung by this. Angela tries to defuse it.

\*

ANGELA

Have a brownie, Cailin.

\*

15

CONTINUED: (3)

15

CAILIN

Sure. If there's weed in it.

\*

\*

JANE

Cailin, come on.

MAURA

You have marijuana? Here?

CAILIN

Yeah. That's what irresponsible,  
selfish teenagers do.

\*

\*

JANE

She's kidding. Cailin, why don't  
you go get some sleep, okay?

\*

ANGELA

You probably had a hard day,  
studying for finals. Go take a  
bath. I'll bring you some tea.

\*

\*

CAILIN

I can go home, Maura.

\*

MAURA

No. Just give me a beat to cool  
off.

\*

\*

\*

Jane motions for Cailin to head upstairs with an "it'll be  
okay" reassuring look. Cailin exits toward the stairs.

\*

\*

As Jane heads toward the door --

JANE

Ma, can I borrow your car? I'll  
pick you up in the morning.

As Angela gets her KEYS and fumbles for some change --

ANGELA

Of course, but it's out of gas.

\*

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED: (4)

15

Angela tries to hand Jane a few dollars in CHANGE. Jane looks \*  
at her with concern.

JANE

I got it, Ma...do you need money?

ANGELA

No. Don't be ridiculous.

Jane throws Maura a sympathetic look. \*

JANE

That's what a fight with a sibling \*  
feels like. It'll be okay, Maura. \*

Maura nods, trying to believe this... \*

16

**INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN - DAY 2**

16

Maura comes downstairs in her pajamas. She stops dead in her  
tracks as she sees her thrashed kitchen.

DISHES everywhere. Used pots, pans, utensils and ingredients  
(flour, sugar, spices, baking powder, baking soda, etc.)  
cover every surface. She GASPS.

ANGLE ON: Cailin, laughing and chatting with three friends,  
EDEN, LILY and BAILEY, all 19. They haven't seen Maura.

MAURA

(with an edge)  
Good morning.

CAILIN

(cheerful)  
Oh, hey.

MAURA

You're up early.

CAILIN

We didn't go to bed.

MAURA

Right. Why go to bed? You don't  
need sleep to get through rigorous  
pre-med coursework.

Lily and Bailey think she's kidding and smile.

LILY

You probably didn't need to either,  
because you're a genius. Like  
Cailin.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

BAILEY

She aces everything, with or  
without sleep.

MAURA

(disapproving)  
Does she?

CAILIN

(getting uncomfortable)  
You can go take a shower, if you  
want.

\*  
\*

MAURA

Oh, I hope I'm not embarrassing  
you.

LILY

I think you look great.

BAILEY

Yeah, me too. It's so cool when  
women your age look good even  
without makeup.

MAURA

My age?

CAILIN

It's a compliment, Maura.

MAURA

Really?

The back door opens. Angela enters, dressed for work. Behind  
her, DYLAN, 20, SHUFFLES in, clutching a sleeping bag.

ANGELA

(with a smile)  
Good morning. I almost tripped over  
this young man. I thought the  
homeless had moved to Beacon Hill.

CAILIN

Dylan's from Santa Cruz. He misses  
sleeping outside.

\*  
\*

As he RAISES a hand in greeting, Cailin heads to the oven  
with an OVEN MITT, opens the oven, prepares to take out food.

DYLAN

I love sleeping under the stars.  
Your brick walkway's not very  
comfortable, though.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (2)

16

MAURA  
(fights anger)  
Cailin, can I talk to you upstairs?

Under which, Cailin gently lowers a STEAMING PLATE she's just pulled from the oven: pancakes, an omelette and home fries.

DYLAN  
Man, that looks good.

CAILIN  
Cool. Lucky it's for you, then.

MAURA  
What a hostess you are. You made breakfast for "Dylan," is it?

DYLAN  
Yeah, hey. How's it goin'?

ANGELA  
(tries to intervene)  
It looks delicious, Cailin.

CAILIN  
Yours is in the oven, Mrs. Rizzoli.

Cailin grabs another plate, turns to Maura with breakfast.

CAILIN (CONT'D)  
You want to talk now or eat so your breakfast doesn't get cold?

OFF MAURA, stunned.

17

**INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER - DAY 2**

17

Maura and Angela, both in work clothes with aprons on, finish wiping down everything down. The kitchen is spotless again.

MAURA  
I really wanted to scream at her when I saw my kitchen.

ANGELA  
Children push buttons you didn't know you had.

MAURA  
Cailin isn't my child. And she's an adult. Child.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

I read that your brain isn't fully developed until you're 26. Explains a lot.

MAURA

Maybe Hope is right to treat her like a kid. \*

ANGELA

All she did was have a few friends over and make a mess.

MAURA

Which we cleaned up.

ANGELA

She wasn't trying to get under your skin. She needs to learn. Set some boundaries. \*

MAURA

I barely know her. I don't want her to hate me. \*

ANGELA

A teenager is like a big toddler. You'd see that cute toddler in her if she was yours. She's a good kid, Maura. And she worships you. \*

MAURA

No she doesn't. \*

ANGELA

Yes, she does. Set boundaries, then stick to them. \*

Cailin RUSHES in with her backpack. She sets a dirty MUG with a tea bag hanging out of it on the counter, grabs a BOTTLED DRINK from the refrigerator. \*

CAILIN

Crap, I am so late. 'Bye. Have a nice day.

Angela gives Maura a prodding look: say something.

MAURA

(re: mug)

Uh, Cailin, I would appreciate it if you cleaned up after yourself.

CAILIN

Sure. I'll do it later. 'Bye.

(CONTINUED)



17

CONTINUED: (2)

17

MAURA

'Bye.

Cailin runs out the door. Maura turns to Angela.

MAURA (CONT'D)

How was that?

18

**INT. BPD - ELEVATORS OUTSIDE HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM / HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY 2**

18

Jane and Maura get out of the elevator, walk and talk. Korsak, Frost and Frankie are in the Squad Room working.

MAURA

I just don't understand how you could be that oblivious.

\*  
\*

JANE

Oh come on...I was a slob when I was 19. And I bet you didn't start color coding your hangers until you were in your 20s.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAURA

I was always neat.

\*  
\*

JANE

Cailin is a good person and a good student. Does she have to be a good cleaner, too?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAURA

No. Yes.

\*  
\*

18

CONTINUED:

18

They walk toward Jane's desk. Maura gets a text and reads it. \*

JANE

Morning. Anything?

KORSAK

No. She's still a Jane Doe.

FRANKIE JR.

Frost and I went through all the tow records and parking tickets near the hockey rink.

FROST

Nothing stands out. We're no closer to finding that phantom car.

MAURA

(re: text)

Results on the gummy substance in the wound came back. The weapon had traces of paraffin, polyester fibers and clotrimazole on it.

JANE

What's "clotrimazole"?

MAURA

Anti-fungal cream.

JANE

So our murderer has jock itch or athlete's foot...

FRANKIE JR.

Wait, "paraffin"? Wax. The killer's a hockey player.

As he and Frost trade a knowing look --

FROST

Skaters' shoelaces are made of polyester -- then rubbed with wax to keep them from fraying.

MAURA

The weapon was not a shoelace.

JANE

No...but it could've been --

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

As Jane bangs keys on her computer--

JANE (CONT'D)  
-- something you use to tighten  
your shoelaces...

Jane finds a SKATE HOOK image off of Google.

KORSAK  
What is that?

FRANKIE JR.  
Skate hook.

JANE  
You said it had a hooked end. Could  
a skate hook be the murder weapon?

MAURA  
(re: computer image)  
The puncture wound was point-oh-  
five centimeters, which is  
consistent with this...it also has  
a blunt edge...I'll need to test  
one and compare it to the wound  
track of our victim.

KORSAK  
I'm grabbing a coffee. Anybody want  
anything?

FROST  
Yeah, a big jelly donut, too. I get  
really hungry when we talk about  
ripping apart someone's throat.

KORSAK  
Atta boy, Frost.

Jane and Maura trade a smile.

19

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

19

Korsak enters to find Angela wearing latex gloves. She fishes  
CANS and BOTTLES out of a trash can, puts them into a half-  
full plastic BAG. She's embarrassed when she sees him.

KORSAK  
Hey, there.

ANGELA  
Hello, Vince.

KORSAK  
What're you doing taking the trash  
out? You need me to knock Stanley  
around?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

No. I'm just recycling.

She waits for him to get his coffee. He can tell she's waiting for him to leave.

KORSAK

Everything okay?

ANGELA

(not very convincing)

Yeah...

Angela looks like she's on the verge of tears.

KORSAK

Sit down. You're not recycling.  
What're you doing, Angela?

ANGELA

I should've signed the divorce papers. I will now, for all the good it's going to do me.

KORSAK

Oh, boy. What happened?

ANGELA

I don't want my kids to know any more bad stuff about their father.

KORSAK

I'm a vault.

ANGELA

He didn't pay our taxes.

KORSAK

Uh-oh. How much do you owe?

ANGELA

Twenty-seven thousand dollars...

KORSAK

That's a lot of cans.

ANGELA

I have several jobs I'm doing. I'll find a way. I always do.

KORSAK

You work hard enough. Let me loan it to you. Interest free. It's not a problem.

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

ANGELA

I can't take your money, Vince. But  
thank you.

20

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

20

CLOSE ON: A SKATE HOOK as it TEARS INTO a block of CLAY.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Jane watches Maura as she slices through  
the clay with a skate hook, checks the clay.

JANE

What do you think?

MAURA

It's consistent with the victim's  
wound, in both depth and edge  
pattern.

JANE

So our victim -- and our murder  
weapon -- came out of that hockey  
rink. Maybe our killer did, too.

OFF JANE AND MAURA...

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

21

**INT. BPD - BRIC - DAY 2**

21

Jane, Korsak, Frost stare at Jane Doe's photo on the clear board. PHOTOS of boys and parents, individual PHOTOS of rink employees. Frost finishes a TIME-LINE on a nearby whiteboard.

*7:00 Game starts. 7:15 Jane Doe and Mary Bigsby fight. Jane Doe leaves rink. 7:21 Jane Doe's body found. 7:28 First Responders arrive. 7:49 Homicide arrives.*

JANE

How many people were in the rink when the first responders arrived?

FROST

Fifty-eight parents, thirty kids, two coaches and five rink employees. Ran 'em all. Only crazy hockey mom Mary had a record.

JANE

(no way Mary did this)  
And who here thinks she's the killer?

Korsak and Frost shake their heads, "no."

KORSAK

Skate hook is a weapon of opportunity. If you're killing someone with that, in a public place, you're not planning this.

Jane picks up the "No-Drip" helmet pads.

JANE

Why was our victim pretending to be a helmet pad saleswoman? And what was all that about analyzing sweat?

KORSAK

...She was looking for something -- or maybe someone.

JANE

Wait. You can get DNA off of sweat.

KORSAK

Only the kids were wearing them, so was she looking for a kid?

JANE

Maybe...Let's go back to my missing car theory.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

JANE (CONT'D)

The killer didn't want the victim identified, which means, if she had a car, he got rid of it.

KORSAK

Harbor is right near the rink. Best place to deep-six a car is at the bottom of the sea.

FROST

Can't call in the dive team and ask them to search the entire harbor.

Under which, Korsak pulls up a MAP of Boston on his computer.

KORSAK

Yeah, but we could ask them to search off of Pier 21.

FROST

Somebody's in a guessing mood today.

KORSAK

It's more than a guess -- road construction has every street around there shut down -- except the one that leads to Pier 21.

JANE

That area is abandoned, too. No one would see you rolling a car off of that pier. As long as we're bothering the dive team, we should bring in every person who had access to a skate hook at that rink: parents and rink employees.

FROST

We can rule out kids and coaches. They were on or near the ice.

KORSAK

Still leaves 65 people. Who's going to interview all of them?

Under which, Korsak picks up the phone and dials as Jane and Frost look up and see Frankie entering.

JANE

Hi, Frankie. What're you doing today?

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED: (2)

21

FROST  
(to Frankie)  
Feel like doing some  
interviews for the hockey  
rink homicide we're working?

KORSAK  
(to phone)  
I need divers in the water  
over at Pier 21. We're  
looking for a car...

FRANKIE JR.  
Love to.

KORSAK (CONT'D)  
(slightly annoyed)  
You want a description? How  
'bout you let me know if you  
find more than one.

Jane suddenly thinks of something. She picks up the autopsy  
photo of their victim, hands it to Frankie.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Make 65 copies of this.

FRANKIE JR.  
Okay. Why?

FROST  
Yeah, why Jane?

JANE  
We haven't had a single break in  
this case. Time to get creative.

22

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

22

Frankie hands the autopsy photo to Doug Pierce, the friendly  
father we saw earlier at the rink. Frankie does it in such a  
way that Pierce has to take the photo from him.

FRANKIE JR.  
Take a look at this photo, would  
you?

Frankie puts his hands down so that Doug holds the photo.

DOUG  
Yeah, sure.

FRANKIE JR.  
Do you recognize her?

DOUG  
No, I don't. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)



22

CONTINUED:

22

Doug makes a motion to hand the photo back, but Frankie looks down at the table. Doug lays the photo on the table.

TIME CUT TO:

SAME: Frankie hands the photo to the belligerent dad, Blake.

BLAKE

You don't listen. I just said I've never seen her. Can I go?

TIME CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

Frankie hands a photo to another ND MOM. She shakes her head. \*

23

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

23

Korsak grabs his RINGING phone. Jane and Frost aren't there.

KORSAK

Korsak...where? Okay, on my way.

He hangs up as Frost enters.

FROST

Jane felt sorry for Frankie. She's helping him do the interviews.

KORSAK

Divers found a late-model Ford Focus off Pier 21. They're pulling it out of the drink now. \*

FROST

Should I tell Jane?

KORSAK

Only if you want to switch places with her.

FROST

I'd rather go watch the big crane pull the car out of the ocean. Is that so wrong?

KORSAK

Nah. Come on.

24

**EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - PIER 21 - DAY 2**

24

Korsak and Frost watch from the pier as a late-model FORD FOCUS is pulled from the water by a CRANE. \*

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

FROST

This is so cool.

KORSAK

Wouldn't it be great if there were  
a couple of lobsters in there...?

25

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

25

Jane and Maura enter to find Angela putting brownies and  
baked goods onto a rolling cart: ANGELA'S PICK-ME-UPS.

JANE

Why did I tell Frankie I'd help him  
with the last ten interviews? I  
never want to talk to another  
hockey parent in my life.

MAURA

"Angela's Pick-Me-Ups."

JANE

I hope you're not selling speed to  
the secretarial pool, Ma.

Angela freezes. She wasn't expecting to see Jane and Maura.

ANGELA

Uh...you know that 3:00 slump...

JANE

And Stanley doesn't mind?

ANGELA

I am filling a need, not taking his  
business.

JANE

Okay, what's going on, Ma?

ANGELA

It's not anything I want to talk  
about.

JANE

You'd tell me if you were in  
trouble, right?

ANGELA

(as she exits with cart)  
I just enjoy baking things.

Jane watches her go, concerned and sad for her mother.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

MAURA

Maybe she doesn't want to burden  
you...

JANE

There are certain things she'd  
never talk about. Money problems is  
top of the list...Speaking of  
problems, have you talked to Cailin  
in the last five seconds?

\*

MAURA

I told her she has to check in  
every thirty minutes.

\*

\*

JANE

I meant you. You're the one with  
the problem.

\*

\*

MAURA

Me? I'm simply trying to set  
boundaries.

\*

\*

JANE

Give her what she wants: a  
relationship. She came to you  
because she wants a big sister, not  
another mother.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Jane's phone BUZZES with a call. It's Frost.

JANE (CONT'D)

(to phone)

Hey, Frost.

26

**EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - PIER 21 - PARKING LOT - DAY 2 (INTERCUT) 26**

Frost and Korsak look through a dripping-wet Ford Focus, out  
of the water and on the pavement. Its doors and trunk are  
open. Frost is on speaker on his cell to Jane.

\*

FROST

(to phone)

Jane, I think we got the victim's  
car.

JANE

That's great.

Under which, Frost finds a PURSE on the floorboards of the  
passenger side and Korsak walks to the back of the car.

FROST

There's a purse and --  
(as he opens it)  
A wallet and cellphone.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

Korsak looks in the trunk. An open sales case spews its contents: WET BAGGIES filled with "NO-DRIP HELMET PADS." Their labels have soaked off.

\*  
\*  
\*

KORSAK

Yeah, this is the victim's. Found her "No-Drip Helmet Pads" sales case.

Frost pulls out the victim's soggy ID from a WALLET.

JANE

What's her name?

FROST

(re: I.D.)

Carla Dalton, 42-years-old. She has a Rhode Island driver's license.

\*  
\*

Korsak finds a PARKING PASS with a PHOTO inside the car.

KORSAK

But a Cohasset address. Got her parking pass. Looks like our victim worked for "Easton Labs."

\*

JANE

(doesn't recognize name)

Easton Labs...maybe they make helmet pads?

MAURA

Easton Labs is a pharmaceutical company. They develop drugs for neurological diseases.

Frost finds a laminated Easton Labs WORK ID in her purse.

FROST

Carla Dalton was an M.D. She was Easton Lab's Director of Clinical Research.

JANE

I'll track down her boss. Call me when you're at her place.

Jane hangs up.

JANE (CONT'D)

I'm going to need your help.

27

**INT. EASTON LABS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 2**

27

Jane and Maura face DR. THORNTON, 50s, head of Easton Labs. He puts down an autopsy photo of Carla, upset by it.

THORNTON

Oh God...yes, that's Dr. Dalton.  
She was a wonderful human being...

JANE

Was she based here in Boston?

THORNTON

No. She was only working out of this office for a few months. Our headquarters are in New York. I supervised her research, though, so we talked frequently.

JANE

Do you know if she was married?

THORNTON

She wasn't. No children, either. Probably why she was such a dedicated researcher.

MAURA

What kind of research was she doing?

THORNTON

Her passion was Huntington's Disease.

Jane looks to Maura for an explanation.

MAURA

Huntington's is an incurable, hereditary brain disorder. It damages nerve cells and incapacitates you. It's fatal.

JANE

Did Dr. Dalton have Huntington's?

THORNTON

I never asked, but she once told me her sister had it.

MAURA

I can run a blood test and find out.

Jane nods, then turns back to Thornton.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

What was Dr. Dalton working on at the time of her death?

THORNTON

She was conducting drug trials. She was absolutely determined to find a cure for Huntington's.

Jane shows him the "No-Drip Helmet Pad."

JANE

Do you have any idea why Dr. Dalton would be attending a boys' hockey game and distributing these?

He stares at it, baffled.

THORNTON

I have no idea. These don't have anything to do with her work.

JANE

Is there any reason why she would be taking samples of perspiration from adolescent boys?

THORNTON

That was the group she focused on, but you can only detect Huntington's with a blood test.

JANE

(puts it together)  
Her subjects were all boys, between the ages of 12 and 14?

THORNTON

Yes. She said she wanted to study juveniles.

MAURA

But that is a very specific -- and even unusual -- sample group.

THORNTON

Yes, it is. But Dr. Dalton insisted.

Jane's phone BUZZES with a phone call. It's Korsak.

JANE

Excuse me. I need to take this.

Thornton stands, gracious --

\*

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED: (2)

27

THORNTON

Please. Feel free to use our  
conference room.

\*  
\*  
\*

JANE

Thank you for your time. We're very  
sorry for your loss.

\*  
\*  
\*

He exits.

\*

JANE (CONT'D)

(to phone)

Sorry, Korsak...go ahead...you're  
in her apartment?

\*  
\*  
\*

28

**INT. CARLA'S APARTMENT - DAY 2 (INTERCUT)**

28

Korsak has his cell on speaker as he and Frost walk through a  
modest corporate rental apartment: emptied drawers, scattered  
papers.

KORSAK

(to phone)

Yeah. But somebody got here first.

Frost finds a pile of research NOTEBOOKS.

FROST

Looks like they left her research  
notebooks.

(sees computer charger but  
no computer)

But her computer's gone.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

JANE

Whoever tossed her apartment has to be connected to her murder...

KORSAK

We'll pack up everything. Maybe the killer missed something...

FROST

Yeah. He missed these.

Frost shows him a BOX full of baggies with "No-Drip Helmet Pads" in them. There are dozens of other full boxes.

JANE

What'd you find?

FROST

Used helmet pads. Hundreds of them.

29

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

29

Jane is with Frost at a table piled with items from Carla's apartment: research notebooks and boxes of bagged helmet pads. Each box is labeled: Miami, Annapolis, Houston, Corpus Christi, Seattle, San Diego, Portland, Boston.

\*

JANE

Carla ran drug trials in Miami, Annapolis, Houston, Corpus Christi, Seattle, Portland and Boston. Same places she collected sweaty helmet pads from.

FROST

And every city she picked was near an ocean...

Jane draws three intersecting circles as she talks, labeling them: Hockey, Huntington's, Coastal Cities.

JANE

She was focused on three things: 12- to 14-year-old male hockey players; Huntington's Disease and coastal cities.

As Jane COLORS IN the area where the three circles intersect--

JANE (CONT'D)

Carla was looking for someone --  
(taps the shaded in area)  
Someone connected to all three things...

Maura enters.

(CONTINUED)



MAURA

Dr. Carla Dalton did not have the genetic marker for Huntington's.

Frost shows Maura lists of Carla's research.

FROST

What do you make of her data from her drug trials?

MAURA

(as she looks)

Research subjects are anonymous, but they all have a number and identifying information. See?

(points to entry)

Like this: this subject is a 13-year-old boy from Boston who likes skateboards and science fiction.

Jane looks over her shoulder, notices an entry that's CIRCLED.

JANE

Why is that one circled? 14-year-old boy in Boston who likes hockey and sailing.

Jane digs through the helmet pad boxes.

JANE (CONT'D)

Where are the helmet pads from Boston?

FROST

Not much use. They were in the trunk of her car.

He points to the "NO-DRIP HELMET PADS" case, open on the table. The bags of helmet pads have been dried, but they're destroyed from sitting in sea water.

MAURA

(re: notebooks)

How odd: she was running DNA she extracted from sweat in the helmet pads against DNA from her Huntington's test subjects...This is even odder.

JANE

What?

MAURA

She was comparing the results with her own DNA.

Korsak enters.

KORSAK

Got more info on Carla Dalton. She was originally from Newport, Rhode Island.

Jane flips through a WALL CALENDAR from Carla's apartment as Frankie passes through on the way to Interrogation.

JANE

You're almost done, Frankie. Thank you.

FROST

Yeah, thanks. CSRU is pulling prints from the submerged car.

JANE

If you want, I'll put you in charge of comparing them to the 65 suspects.

FRANKIE JR.

(with enthusiasm)

That'd be great. Thanks, Jane.

MAURA

How did you get prints from the parents and rink employees?

Frankie holds up a PLASTIC-BAGGED PHOTO of their victim.

FRANKIE JR.

Had 'em handle a photo of the victim.

MAURA

Genius.

FRANKIE JR.

It was Jane's idea.

JANE

But you carried out the plan.

They trade a smile as he exits.

Korsak picks up the charm bracelet, takes it out of the bag. He studies a SAILBOAT charm. A DATE is engraved on it.

(CONTINUED)

KORSAK

There's a date engraved on the  
sailboat charm. July 17th, 2001.

JANE

July 17th...I just saw that date.

She finds the calendar and shows them: July 17th is circled.

JANE (CONT'D)

Frost, bring up Carla's phone  
records for July 17th. She call  
anyone?

Frost's fingers fly across the keyboard.

FROST

A few Boston numbers...one call to Rhode Island.

JANE

Go back a year.

FROST

(hits keys)  
She called the same number in Rhode Island.

JANE

Go back another year.

FROST

There it is again.

JANE

Run it.

FROST

(as he does)  
Registered to a Jonathan McKnight.

Jane looks at the number as she DIALS.

JANE

(to phone)  
This is Det. Rizzoli, Boston Homicide...  
(as she learns that McKnight is also a detective)  
Oh, you are?...We're investigating the murder of Dr. Carla Dalton...  
Oh, I'm very sorry to hear that...  
(beat, listens)  
...of course. We can meet first thing in the morning. Thank you, Sergeant.

She hangs up.

MAURA

Sergeant?

JANE

Jonathan McKnight is a retired homicide detective. He knew Carla. He wants to speak in person.

OFF JANE as she looks around the room, wondering why.

**END OF ACT FIVE**

**ACT SIX**

30

**INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY 3**

30

Jane, Maura and SGT. DET. JONATHAN MCKNIGHT, 65, stand over Carla's body. Det. McKnight sadly studies Carla's face.

In the b.g., we see Frankie in the Crime Lab, running latent prints from the people he interviewed. Jane has a detective's NOTEPAD. She takes notes as they talk.

DET. MCKNIGHT

I always worried Carla was  
right...and this is how it would  
end...

Jane and Maura look at each other, puzzled. He looks up.

JANE

How what would end?

DET. MCKNIGHT

I met Carla 12 years ago...

He pulls a PHOTO of Carla with her sister, Bridget. The two women have their arms around each other.

DET. MCKNIGHT (CONT'D)

This is Carla with her sister,  
Bridget. Bridget, her husband  
Michael and their 2-year-old son  
all died in a boating accident on  
July 17th, 2001.

JANE

You're a retired homicide  
detective. Why investigate a  
boating accident?

DET. MCKNIGHT

Carla was convinced it wasn't an  
accident.

JANE

Did you find the bodies?

DET. MCKNIGHT

Only Bridget's body washed up.

MAURA

What was the cause of death?

DET. MCKNIGHT

Drowning.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

What did Carla think had happened to her brother-in-law and nephew?

DET. MCKNIGHT

She was convinced Michael had killed his wife and faked his own death to take their son.

JANE

What did you think?

DET. MCKNIGHT

(sighs, then)  
...She didn't have any proof.

JANE

Did Carla know if Michael had ever threatened her sister?

DET. MCKNIGHT

She said there was tension in the marriage. Bridget had a really terrible illness.

MAURA

Huntington's Disease.

DET. MCKNIGHT

Yeah, that's it.

MAURA

It's passed through the mother. Jane, Bridget's son had a 50-50 chance of inheriting the disease.

Jane stares at her notepad -- and at her drawing of the three intersecting circles labeled: Hockey, Huntington's, Coastal Cities. She shows Maura the shaded area.

JANE

...here. The intersecting circles: 14-year-old boy who played hockey and lived near an ocean. Carla was looking for her nephew...

DET. MCKNIGHT

That's right. She was obsessed with finding Todd and bringing his father, Michael, to justice. I wanted to help her...There was just nothing to go on...

JANE

Why would Michael set up a boating accident? There are easier ways to leave your spouse and get custody.

DET. MCKNIGHT

After Michael's presumed drowning, the investment firm he worked for claimed he'd been under investigation for embezzling millions.

JANE

Get rid of your wife, take your son and the money. If you're "dead," nobody looks for you. Did Michael have any connection to hockey?

DET. MCKNIGHT

Yeah, he played semi-pro. A real fanatic. Dressed the little boy in hockey shirts and had him on skates as soon as he could walk.

JANE

You don't change your hobbies, and Michael had two: hockey and sailing.

(to McKnight)

Are Michael's prints on file?

30

CONTINUED: (3)

30

McKnight pulls a copy of Michael Leahy's RHODE ISLAND DMV PRINT CARD from his files.

DET. MCKNIGHT  
Michael Leahy... Right here.

31

**INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - CRIME LAB - MINUTES LATER - DAY 3** 31

Jane holds up Michael's prints to a computer with 29 sets of HOCKEY DADS' PRINTS on a screen. With a cop's practised eye, Jane looks quickly at the WHORLS AND RIDGES on the computer, holds up and COMPARES them to Leahy's DMV card. McKnight is over her shoulder. Maura and Frankie watch.

JANE  
That one. Blow that up, Frankie.

She moves aside to show McKnight. He looks.

DET. MCKNIGHT  
Those are Michael Leahy's prints, all right.

JANE  
Pull up the DMV photo on the ones that match.

Frankie does.

INSERT: DOUG PIERCE, the friendly hockey father.

JANE (CONT'D)  
"Doug Pierce." Recognize him?

McKnight compares the recent DMV PHOTO with Michael Leahy.

DET. MCKNIGHT  
I can't tell. He looks so different.

MAURA  
He's had surgery. But his eyes are similar, and look at his ears. It's the same man.

JANE  
Doug Pierce is Michael Leahy. We got him.

32

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

32

Jane, Korsak, Frost and Frankie work. BRIC monitors are lit up: Doug's DMV photo, Sheila's DMV PHOTO, a group shot of Luke and his parents taken at the rink by BPD on the night of the murder.

(CONTINUED)



32

CONTINUED:

32

JANE

Doug Pierce remarried. I'm guessing his wife, Sheila Pierce, probably has no idea he murdered Wife #1.

KORSAK

He keeps a low profile. Works out of his home as an investment advisor. I sent uniforms, but he won't be there.

JANE

Guy's on the run...

Frost is on the phone with a high school attendance office.

FROST

Okay, thanks.

(hangs up)

His son, who has perfect attendance, didn't go to school today.

FRANKIE JR.

Why would he voluntarily come in and do an interview with me? I remember Doug Pierce. He was calm.

JANE

He was buying time. If he didn't show up, we'd know it was him. This way, he kept us investigating while he got a head start.

KORSAK

He'll use a boat again. He'll know we've got him on the watch list at the airport. Do a search. See if Doug Pierce is a registered boat owner.

Frost hits keys.

FROST

What do you know...

33

**EXT. MARINA - BOAT DOCK - DAY 3**

33

Jane, Korsak, Frost and Frankie quietly approach a BOAT. Sheila Pierce, the wife, and 14-year-old Luke/Todd carry DUFFLE BAGS on board.

JANE

No sign of Michael.

(CONTINUED)

KORSAK

The hatch is open. He's gotta be down below.

JANE

Frost, Frankie: get the kid and the wife off the boat as fast as you can. Ready?

They nod. All four quietly step onto the boat.

JANE (CONT'D)

(low)

Boston Police. Need you off the boat.

SHEILA

Why?

FROST

Step off the boat, Sheila.

Sheila puts a protective arm around Luke.

SHEILA

What's going on?

LUKE/TODD

Mom?

FROST

You too, Luke. Come on.

Sheila and Luke/Todd step off the boat as Jane and Korsak surround the hatch. Doug/Michael, who hasn't seen them, climbs out.

JANE

It's over, Michael.

He freezes as she says his real name...

DOUG/MICHAEL

Why couldn't she just let me be?

From the dock, Sheila reacts.

SHEILA

"Michael"? You've got the wrong man.

JANE

Did Carla see you, Doug? At the ice rink? Or did you go after her when you saw her?

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED: (2)

33

Jane studies his face, picks up a clue from his expression.

JANE (CONT'D)

You saw her...

A33

**INT. HOCKEY RINK - NIGHT 1 - FLASHBACK**

A33

Carla sits in the stand with her case, carefully scrutinizing the young hockey players as they begin to play.

JANE (V.O.)

She was watching the game, wasn't she? Hoping one of those boys was her nephew...

\*

DOUG/MICHAEL (V.O.)

Like a friggin' blood hound. Twelve years later, she tracks me down. Shows up like a ghost, at my son's game, wrecking my life, just like her damn sister.

\*

Under which, FIND Doug in the stands. He SLIDES behind Sheila, who is engrossed in the game. He WATCHES Carla, his face barely concealing menace. She doesn't notice him as she looks wistfully at the boys on the ice. She SIGHS, grabs her case and starts down the stairs...

B33

**BACK TO SCENE**

B33

(CONTINUED)

B33

CONTINUED:

B33

KORSAK

You know how she found you? You signed your son up for her drug trial. Five years she spent criss-crossing the country, comparing her DNA to hundreds of boys to find her sister's son.

JANE

All while trying to find a cure for Huntington's. Now that's a good person.

LUKE/TODD

Dad, why's she talking about Huntington's? How does she know?

DOUG/MICHAEL

Sheila, get Luke the hell out of here.

LUKE/TODD

No. Dad, what's happening? Who's Carla?

KORSAK

What'd you tell him when he cried for his mother?

SHEILA

His mother? She abandoned him. I'm his mother.

DOUG/MICHAEL

Sheila, shut up and get him out of here. Now.

FROST

Come on.

LUKE/TODD

No. No. Dad, Dad. Dad!

Frankie walks Luke/Todd away as Frost urges Sheila along.

JANE

Michael Leahy, you're under arrest for the murders of Carla Dalton and Bridget Dalton Leahy.

34

**INT. MAURA'S HOUSE - FOYER / GREAT ROOM - NIGHT 3**

34

Jane and Maura have a GLASS OF WINE.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

I can still hear that poor kid  
yelling, "Dad."

MAURA

Carla was so close...it's just  
tragic. But it's beautiful, too...  
how much she loved her sister.

Maura's eyes are on Cailin as she enters.

CAILIN

I'm guessing you're not going to  
offer me a glass of wine.

MAURA

...We could pretend it's France.

CAILIN

It's okay. I got a guy who can buy  
me a six-pack.

(off Maura's shocked look)

I'm kidding.

JANE

I hear you're a good cook.

CAILIN

Yeah, you want me to make you  
something?

MAURA

Are you planning to clean up after  
yourself?

CAILIN

Is that part of the deal?

Jane looks at Maura.

MAURA

No.

JANE

We could do take-out. You can help  
me throw away the boxes.

CAILIN

Deal.

MAURA

Yeah. Deal.

OFF JANE AND MAURA, trading a smile...

**END OF EPISODE**