



rizzoli & iles

“Just Push Play”

Episode 414  
#2M6264

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FULL BLUE DRAFT

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**FULL PINK DRAFT**

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# RIZZOLI & ISLES

## 414 “Just Push Play” – 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  
DETECTIVE FRANKIE RIZZOLI JR ..... JORDAN BRIDGES  
ANGELA RIZZOLI..... LORRAINE BRACCO  
LIEUTENANT DETECTIVE SEAN CAVANAUGH ..... BRIAN GOODMAN

Natasha Osmanski..... Natasha Osmanski  
Wayne Bowman..... Tanner Novlan  
Frank Rizzoli Sr..... Chazz Palminteri  
Tommy Rizzoli ..... Colin Egglesfield  
Alexi Osmanski ..... TBD  
Amy Osmanski..... TBD  
Delroy “Busta-Bucket” King / Man..... Ajgie Kirkland  
Barbara Cooper ..... Devika Parikh  
Kelsey Cameron / “**Bronwyn**” ..... Stella Maeve \*

# RIZZOLI & ISLES

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### SET LIST

#### INTERIORS

ARGOT BAR  
HALLWAY  
OUTSIDE BATHROOM  
BATHROOM

MAURA'S HOUSE  
KITCHEN  
GREAT ROOM  
FOYER  
DINING AREA \*

JANE'S APARTMENT  
HALLWAY LANDING  
KITCHEN

BPD  
HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM  
INTERVIEW ROOM  
INTERROGATION ROOM  
DIVISION 1 CAFÉ

MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE  
AUTOPSY ROOM  
MAURA'S OFFICE

STANZA REHAB  
HALLWAY  
OUTSIDE NATASHA'S ROOM  
NATASHA'S ROOM  
MUSIC ROOM

#### EXTERIORS

MAURA'S HOUSE  
COURTYARD

PARK

BOSTON (STOCK)

SUBWAY STATION ENTRANCE

### VEHICLES

FRANKIE'S MOTORCYCLE (FULLY RESTORED)  
MAURA'S PRIUS

# RIZZOLI & ISLES

## 414 "Just Push Play" – FULL PINK

### DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

Scenes	Day/Night
1 – 8	NIGHT 1
10 – 19	DAY 2
20 – 21	NIGHT 2
23 – 29	DAY 3
30	NIGHT 3

## RIZZOLI & ISLES

### 414 “Just Push Play” – FULL PINK

#### PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

Sc. 14, Pg. 25:     **keratin**                     [KER-uh-tin]

*n.* – a scleroprotein or albuminoid substance, found in the dead skin layer, and in horn, hair, feathers, hoofs, nails, claws, bills, etc.

Sc. 14, Pg. 25:     **hydrolysate**                     [hahy-DROL-uh-seyt]

*n.* – any compound formed by hydrolysis.

Sc. 14, Pg. 25:     **acetate**                             [AS-i-teyt]

*n.* – a salt or ester of acetic acid.

Sc. 14, Pg. 25:     **nitrocellulose**                     [nahy-truh-SEL-yuh-lohs]

*n.* – any of a group of nitric esters of cellulose, used in the manufacture of lacquers and explosives.

Sc. 14, Pg. 26:     **Althaea officinalis**             [al-THEE-uh oh-fish-i-NAH-lis]

*n.* – Common marshmallow (from Greek, meaning “healing plant”). A species indigenous to Africa, which is used as a medicinal plant and ornamental plant. A confection made from the root since ancient Egyptian time evolved into today’s marshmallow treat.

**ACT ONE**

1

**INT. ARGOT BAR - NIGHT 1**

1

CROWDED BAR with SMALL STAGE. A gorgeous SINGER-SONGWRITER, 20s, sings an Indie-rock tune ["EATEN ALIVE"]. She has on heavy make-up, holds a CLASSICAL GUITAR, plays simple chords and sings.

Hyper-cool 20-Somethings dance, groove to the music, drink, talk, text and take photos on cellphones.

FIND: NATASHA OSMANSKI, 21, pretty in a girl-next-door-with-a-tinge-of-exotic way. She carries an ELECTRIC GUITAR CASE and a PURSE. She wears a hipster dress and Doc Martens. She looks upset as she works her way through the crowd.

WAYNE BOWMAN, 20s, heads toward her from the bar. He's aggressive and cocky as he blocks her way.

WAYNE

Hey, baby...Let me buy you a drink.

NATASHA

No thanks.

WAYNE

Come on.

NATASHA

(tries to pull away)

Pass.

Wayne grabs her purse strap from her shoulder, takes it away. Natasha tries to get her purse back. At the same time, the singer finishes. CROWD CLAPS AND CHEERS.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Give it to me.

WAYNE

It's mine now.

NATASHA

(fierce)

No. No one's taking anything else from me tonight.

Natasha pulls at the strap, encumbered by the case. He plays "Keep Away." As she fights for her purse, she inadvertently SMACKS him under the eye with the heavy guitar case.

WAYNE

Ow!

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

He drops her purse. The contents spill: BLACK MOLESKINE NOTEBOOK, COSMETICS, TISSUE, and SMALL WALLET, which has landed near Wayne's feet.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Fine, take it, you little bitch.

He leans down and viciously pushes a lipstick at her. She quickly scoops everything up, shoving it into her purse as he glares at her, his hand to his injured face.

She's flustered as she quickly runs from him, clutching her purse and guitar.

2

**INT. ARGOT BAR - BATHROOM / OUTSIDE BATHROOM - NIGHT 1**

2

Natasha enters a dark, empty bathroom. She fights not to cry. We hear the MUFFLED SOUNDS of the crowd and music as she puts the case down on the sink, starts to open it. There's something inside she desperately wants...

**OUTSIDE BATHROOM**

SOMEONE slides a plastic "Out of Order" easel-type sign in front of the bathroom door, then QUIETLY OPENS IT.

**BATHROOM**

Natasha fumbles in the case for something [VODKA BOTTLE], back turned as SOMEONE in a parka, gloved hands, comes in behind her. We never see a face.

WHAM! Natasha is suddenly STABBED in the back, just under the right scapula. Her killer JERKS the 8-inch metal blade out as Natasha turns. WHAM! She's STABBED AGAIN in the chest.

She SLIDES to the floor. Blood SEEPS from the wound as the killer grabs the blade, then fumbles in the guitar case for something. We don't see what it is.

3

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

3

DET. JANE RIZZOLI and DR. MAURA ISLES, both in work clothes, are in the kitchen. They eat COOKIES. The back door is open.

JANE

(yells to someone O/C)

Now?

FRANKIE JR. (O.S.)

No!

JANE

I'm so tired, even my taste buds are asleep. What are we eating?

(CONTINUED)

MAURA  
Gluten-free almond cookies.

JANE  
Oh. So they're supposed to taste  
like cardboard.  
(loud)  
C'mon, Frankie. Maura and I put in  
an 18-hour day. I want to go home.

FRANKIE JR. (O.S.)  
Hold on!

MAURA  
Let him impress you.

JANE  
Is he polishing it with a  
toothbrush?

Maura shows Jane PHOTOS of the old bike as she talks.

MAURA  
He transformed this junk-yard 550  
Standard into a custom café racer.

JANE  
Hmmm...all by himself?

MAURA  
He might've had a **little** help.

Maura smiles as FRANKIE RIZZOLI JR. pokes his head in.

FRANKIE JR.  
Okay. She's ready.

Jane and Maura move into --

**EXT. MAURA'S HOUSE - COURTYARD - NIGHT 1 (CONTINUOUS)**

FRANKIE JR.  
TA-DAH!

The café racer is gorgeous.

JANE  
(delighted)  
Oh my God, it's --  
(suddenly stricken)  
Pop?



FRANK RIZZOLI SR. stands next to the bike.

FRANKIE JR.  
What are you doing here?

FRANK  
I need a reason to see my family?

JANE  
We haven't heard from you in over a year.

\*  
\*

FRANK  
I'm sorry.

FRANKIE JR.  
We're gonna need more than that.

Under which, TOMMY RIZZOLI appears from the driveway.

TOMMY  
Come on, you guys. Give him a chance. Pop wanted to see the baby.

JANE  
Really?  
(pretends to look)  
I don't see him. Do you, Frankie?

\*

FRANK  
I should've called. But I wanted to surprise you kids.

JANE  
Yeah, we love your surprises, right, Frankie? "Surprise! I'm leaving your mother! Surprise! I slept with Tommy's girlfriend."

\*

FRANKIE JR.  
"Surprise! I left all you guys holding the bag when stiffed the I.R.S. to the tune of 27 thousand bucks."

\*  
\*

Frank looks over at Maura, uncomfortable that she's there. Maura is mortified. Frank turns on Jane and Frankie.

FRANK

Hey, let's not do this in front of people.

JANE

That's not "people." That's Maura.

MAURA

(as she slips inside)  
I'm going to make some tea.

FRANK

I'm here to talk to your mother, too.

ANGELA (O.C.)

About what?

They turn to see ANGELA RIZZOLI with LT. DET. SEAN CAVANAUGH.

FRANK

I'll talk to you when you're not with him.

ANGELA

Then you won't be talking.

CAVANAUGH

How you doing, Frank?

FRANK

Better before I saw you. What're you doing with my wife?

ANGELA

Ex-wife. And unless you're here to explain why you left me holding the bag with the I.R.S., I'd like you to leave.

FRANK

I don't have to leave. They're my kids, too. I miss 'em.

JANE

Pop, please go now. Where are you staying?

FRANK

Lighthouse Motel.

Angela takes out her KEYS, opens her guest house door --

(CONTINUED)

JANE  
Okay. We'll talk tomorrow.

FRANKIE JR.  
"We"? Speak for yourself.

ANGELA  
G'night, Frank. Kids, come inside  
for a cup of tea.

Angela, Cavanaugh, Frankie and Tommy follow her into her  
guest house as Jane's phone BUZZES a text from Dispatch.

JANE  
(as she looks at text)  
Great...  
(to Frank)  
I've got to go to work.

FRANK  
You work too hard.

JANE  
Go back to the motel, Pop. Please.

5 **INT. ARGOT BAR - HALLWAY / BATHROOM - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT 1** 5

Crime scene TAPE walls off the bathroom from stunned 20-  
somethings. UNIFORMS, ND DETECTIVES, CSRU.

Jane and Maura walk and talk.

JANE  
He has yet to apologize for taking  
off to Florida and hooking up with  
a series of bimbos.

MAURA  
Apologizing is a major threat to  
identity and self-esteem, if you're  
someone who struggles to manage  
strong emotions.

\*

DET. SGT. VINCE KORSAK joins them, and they walk and talk  
toward the bathroom. The body is visible through open the  
door.

KORSAK

Body is in the bathroom. Might be a robbery that got ugly: no sign of her wallet or cellphone.

JANE

No I.D.?

\*  
\*

KORSAK

No.

\*  
\*

JANE

Who found her?

KORSAK

Manager. People had been complaining for awhile that the john was out of order.

JANE

(looking at bar patrons)  
So whoever killed her had plenty of time to get out of here.

DET. BARRY FROST joins them, carries a FLYER with all female singer-songwriter PHOTOS and their names for a special, "CAMPFIRE NIGHT AT THE ARGOT BAR FEATURING FEMALE SINGER-SONGWRITERS ON THE RISE."

JANE (CONT'D)

(to Frost)

Find the weapon?

FROST

No. We got people looking for it.

Jane enters the bathroom, sees the open guitar case with the guitar still inside.

JANE

Is this the victim's guitar?

Under which, Korsak crouches to look at the victim's hands.

KORSAK

Think so, but we'll dust the guitar and the case for prints.

Jane pulls on a glove as she looks carefully at the inside of the case. She LIFTS the guitar, and finds something stuck to the neck: a BROWN PIECE OF CRINKLE-CUT FILL PAPER.

\*

JANE

Frost, give me a bag, would you?  
Looks like a piece of that stuff  
they put in gift baskets.

KORSAK

(re: victim's left hand)  
She's definitely a guitar player.  
She's got callouses on her left  
fingertips.

JANE

(re: inside of case)  
Look at the velour. It's indented.  
Like something hard was hidden in  
the case.

FROST

I'll have CSRU take some photos.

JANE

If she brought a guitar, she was  
here to play.  
(re: flyer)  
Is that the line-up?

FROST

Yeah, tonight was "Campfire Night"  
at the Argot. Bunch of female  
singer-songwriters were performing.  
(compares photos on flyer  
to victim)  
But she doesn't look like anybody  
on it.

KORSAK

They have an Open Mic from 10:00 to  
10:30.

FROST

How do you know? You a female  
singer-songwriter?

KORSAK

Yeah. How 'bout that.

Under which, Maura examines the body.

MAURA

Sharp-force penetration wound to  
the posterior between the 5th  
intercoastal rib and scapula and  
anterior between 4th and 5th ribs  
in the cardiac notch.

JANE

Can you tell what kind of weapon  
we're looking for?

MAURA

Not until Autopsy, which I'll do  
after I've had some sleep.

\*

MORGUE ATTENDANTS have arrived with a GURNEY. Maura motions  
to them through the open door.

\*

\*

MAURA (CONT'D)

\*

Let's get her to the morgue.

\*

Maura exits the bathroom, walks and talks with Jane. Korsak  
and Frost are right behind them as they head back toward the  
bar.

\*

\*

\*

MAURA (CONT'D)

Sleep deprivation is as much of an impairment as inebriation. I do not like to make mistakes.

JANE

Can you give me a hint?

MAURA

Do I have to?

\*  
\*

JANE

Do you want to end this conversation and go to bed?

\*  
\*  
\*

MAURA

(thoughtfully)

You're looking for something with a sharp tip, although the wound is not incised laterally.

Jane slides a look at Frost: it's a HINT.

JANE

(carefully)

So a knife with a sharp tip and dull sides.

MAURA

I didn't say a knife.

JANE

But we are looking for an S.P.T.  
(off Maura's look)  
Sharp, pointy thing.

Maura trades a half-smile with Jane.

MAURA

I'm comfortable with that, yes.

\*  
\*

Morgue Attendants push the gurney with the BODY BAG through the crowd. Some turn away, upset, others crane to get a look.

\*  
\*

FROST

Everybody in here has a smart phone. I'll call Frankie, get him to start looking at what's been posted on Instagram, Vine, Twitter, SnapChat--

\*

\*

KORSAK

Stop. You're making me feel old.

FROST

You are old.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (5)

5

JANE

Okay, I guess we're good here.

\*

6

**INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY LANDING - NIGHT 1**

6

Jane is startled to see someone slumped against the wall in front of her apartment. It's her father. He clutches a PINT BOTTLE in a BROWN PAPER BAG.

JANE

What are you doing here?

FRANK

I need to talk to you.

JANE

(dismayed)

You started drinking again?

FRANK

Yeah. Needed my old friend.

He's so close to tears, Jane relents. She reaches down, pulls him to his feet.

JANE

What happened? The thing with the back taxes?

He shakes his head. A beat as he pulls it together.

FRANK

Janie...I got cancer...

OFF JANE, in shock...

**END OF ACT ONE**



ACT TWO

7 INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 1

7

Frank follows Jane inside. She motions to a stool at the counter. He has a seat, puts the bagged bottle on the counter. She holds his look as he removes his hand, giving her tacit permission to take the bottle away.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JANE  
When did you find out?

FRANK  
A few weeks ago. My doctor was feeling around in my...you know, down there. He found something.

JANE  
Down where? Colon? Prostate?

FRANK  
I don't want to talk about it.

JANE  
Me, either. Where and how bad, Pop?

FRANK  
Prostate tumor. Sent me here for a second opinion at Mass. Gen.

JANE  
So you *aren't* really here to see us.

FRANK  
Yeah, I am.

JANE  
How bad is it?

He shrugs, looks away.

\*  
\*

FRANK  
Bad enough to bring me home.

\*

JANE  
Why'd you stay away so long?

\*

FRANK  
I didn't know what to say. How to explain why I left. Even to myself. I miss you, Jane.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

JANE

You left Ma with a mess. You walked out; even left her holding the bag with the I.R.S.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRANK

I know...Will you tell her about the cancer? Please, Jane? I need her. If it comes from you, she won't turn me down.

\*  
\*  
\*

JANE

No. I'll be there for you, but you have to ask her forgiveness before you ask her for help.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

8

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

8

Maura, in pajamas, opens the front door for Jane, who's still in her same work clothes. Maura knows. Jane's called her.

MAURA

Oh, Jane...Do you want some tea?

As Jane follows Maura into the kitchen --

JANE

No. Why did he tell me? Why do I have to always be the oldest?

MAURA

Prostate is one of the most survivable cancers if it hasn't spread. Do you know what stage it's in?

JANE

He didn't know. And I had to stop him when he started worrying about his "manhood."

MAURA

Well, the good news is, 40 to 60% of men able to get erections before surgery are able to after.

JANE

Please. Spare me that good news.  
(a beat, then)  
Are there any visible symptoms of prostate cancer, like, I don't know, a prostate limp?

\*

MAURA

No, Jane. Why?

(CONTINUED)

JANE  
I'm just not sure I really believe  
he has cancer.

\*  
\*

MAURA  
Why would he lie?

JANE  
To get some sympathy?

Unseen by them, Angela has entered. She's in her bathrobe.

ANGELA  
That's why he's back...He's sick,  
isn't he, Jane?

Jane reluctantly nods.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
And he wanted you to tell me,  
didn't he?

JANE  
No...sort of...he told me because  
he's afraid to tell you...

ANGELA  
He should be. What does he have?

JANE  
Cancer, Ma.

MAURA  
Prostate cancer.

\*

ANGELA  
...I see.

Jane fights not to tear up.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
I'll deal with him, and I'll tell  
your brothers. You go get some  
sleep, sweetie.

JANE  
I'm sorry to dump this on you, Ma.

\*  
\*

Angela pulls Jane in, hugs her.

\*

ANGELA  
You didn't, baby. He did.

\*  
\*

JANE  
Thanks, Ma.

9 EXT. BOSTON - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT TO DAY TRANSITION 9

10 INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY 2 10

It's early. Korsak and Frost each have COFFEE. They're just starting to put crime scene PHOTOS up on the clear board as Jane enters with coffee. Right on her heels is Cavanaugh. \*

CAVANAUGH

Rizzoli.

(pulls her aside; low)

I spoke to your mother.

JANE

Oh. So you know?

CAVANAUGH

(yes)

If there's anything you need, time off, whatever, just let me know.

JANE

I can't ask for special treatment.

CAVANAUGH

Yeah, you can. But I'd do it for anybody. This is a job -- your family comes first. \*

He exits. Jane turns to see Korsak and Frost pretending they weren't listening. They're both vibrating with curiosity. \*

JANE

'Morning. \*

KORSAK

'Morning.

FROST

'Morning.

JANE (CONT'D)

Might as well just get it over with: my boss is in love with my mom, and my dad has prostate cancer. Anybody want a Danish? I'm buying. \*

KORSAK

Ah, Jane. I'm so sorry.

FROST

That's awful.

JANE

Okay. Circle Time is over. Where are we on the case?

(CONTINUED)

Frost turns his monitor around to show her Natasha's DMV PHOTO.

FROST

We I.D.'d the victim with her prints. She's 21. A student at the Massachusetts Music Conservatory.

JANE

(reads DMV off computer)  
"Natasha Osmanski." Why were her prints on file?

FROST

She was booked on a D.U.I. charge six weeks ago. It's pending.

JANE

You notify the family?

KORSAK

Told her parents early this morning. It was rough.

FROST

They're coming in later. Dad's apparently famous. \*

KORSAK

Apparently? It's Alexi Osmanski.

JANE

I know him. He plays left wing for the Bruins.

Jane and Frost trade a smile.

KORSAK

Actually, my Philistine friends, he's a famous composer and conductor.

JANE

What about Natasha's missing wallet? Anybody use her credit cards?

FROST

Not yet. Flagged them all.

Jane sees Frankie in the hallway, headed toward them.

10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

JANE  
(fast, low)  
Frankie doesn't know yet.  
(to Frankie as he enters)  
Hey.

FRANKIE JR.  
Hey.

JANE  
Anybody post any photos online of  
our victim?

FRANKIE JR.  
Tons of photos. None with her in  
them, though. I'll keep checking.

Frankie heads toward BRIC.

FROST  
She didn't have a Facebook page.

KORSAK  
Even I have a Facebook page.

FROST  
With three friends.

KORSAK  
Go ahead, rub it in.

JANE  
I'll be your friend.

FROST  
(re: Facebook)  
You already are.

Jane gets a TEXT, looks at it.

JANE  
Maura's doing the autopsy. Call me  
when the parents get here.

11

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

11

Jane enters to find Maura closing the Y-incision. Maura  
indicates stomach contents in a BOWL.

MAURA  
(earnest & interested)  
Stomach contents. Smell them.

\*  
\*

JANE

You know my policy: unless that bile stew helps me track her movements before she was stabbed, I don't sniff.

MAURA

I just thought you would recognize vanilla.

JANE

She had a drink with vanilla in it?

MAURA

I don't know if it was in the drink. But her blood-alcohol level was point-oh-six.

JANE

That's about one or two drinks for a girl her size. What about her tox screen?

MAURA

Clean for common prescription and street drugs.

JANE

Talk to me about the weapon.

As Maura moves to a computer, CLICKS ON "history" of a search through the Toolmark Database --

MAURA

Still unclear. I checked the Toolmark Database. Hundreds of possibilities. Knives, daggers, letter openers, nail files, bayonets, stilettos--

JANE

Stiletto shoes?

MAURA

Yes. And stiletto blades.

JANE

You're supposed to narrow it down, not tell me we're still looking for a sharp, pointy thing.

Maura shrugs as Jane looks at a COTTON SWAB resting in a PETRI DISH. The swab has a BLACK GRITTY SUBSTANCE on it.

JANE (CONT'D)

What's with the black stuff on the swab?

MAURA

I found it when I swabbed the posterior entry wound. I was just about to give it to the Crime Lab. You didn't sleep, did you?

JANE

Not much.  
(then)  
Cavanaugh knows.

MAURA

Of course he knows. He and your mother are a couple.

JANE

Ugh...it's not that I want my parents back together. I just don't like thinking about...ugh...You don't think it's icky that my boss is sleeping with my mother?

MAURA

No. But I see why you do. You're never old enough to hear the details of your mother's sex life.

Jane gets a TEXT.

JANE

Speaking of...Ma just told Tommy and Frankie. She says she needs moral support.

Korsak enters in time to hear this.

KORSAK

We got a hit on the victim's credit cards. Guy was using it right down the street at a 7-11. They're taking him up to Interrogation.

JANE

All right, let's go talk to him. \*

MAURA

Jane, what about your mother?

Korsak registers Maura's serious tone. \*

JANE

I have an interrogation to do.

(CONTINUED)



11

CONTINUED: (3)

11

KORSAK \*  
No. \*

JANE \*  
No? \*

KORSAK  
You can't, Jane. Go take care of  
your mother.

JANE  
He's a suspect, Vince.

KORSAK  
And Frost and I can handle him.

OFF JANE, yielding, but not happily...

12

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

12

Korsak and Frost sit in front of Wayne. He has a black eye.

KORSAK  
How'd you get the shiner?

WAYNE  
What shiner?

KORSAK  
I'm guessing it happened when you  
took Natasha Osmanski's wallet.

WAYNE  
Who?

Frost holds up a bagged WALLET.

FROST  
More like **what**. Dumb to keep it in  
your glove compartment, Wayne.

WAYNE  
That was in my car? No idea how it  
got there.

Korsak SLIDES a security camera SCREEN-GRAB of Wayne using  
the credit card at a cash register.

KORSAK  
So that's not you, using her credit  
card? Looks like you.

WAYNE  
Hey, man, she gave me that card.

FROST  
Oh, now she gave it to you. Right  
before you murdered her?

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE

You two are tripping. We were talking. She was into me. She gave it to me to buy us drinks. When I came back, she was gone.

KORSAK

We checked. Her card wasn't used at the bar. So you want to stop wasting our time here?

Wayne shakes his head, then sits up.

WAYNE

Okay, I took it, all right? But that bitch was crazy.

KORSAK

Before or after you stabbed her?

WAYNE

(surprised)  
I didn't stab her.

\*  
\*  
\*

(then)  
I was just playing around. But she starts freaking out.  
(mimics Natasha)  
"No one else is taking anything from me tonight."

FROST

Maybe because you took her wallet.

WAYNE

That was after she hauled off and hit me with her guitar case, dude.

FROST

So you followed her into the Ladies' Room -- and stabbed her?

WAYNE

Dude be tripping again. No. Wallet was on the floor, so yeah, I kept it. A little payback for smashing my face. I'm the victim here.

\*

Two CSRU TECHNICIANS enter.

KORSAK

Take your clothes off, Wayne.

WAYNE

I don't swing that way, boys.

12

CONTINUED: (2)

12

FROST

(chuckles)

Now YOU be tripping, dude. We're looking for Natasha's blood on your clothes. Strip.

\*

KORSAK

I'm not interested in watching this. Seen it before.

\*

\*

\*

As they make a move to head out --

WAYNE

Hey, you can't do this!

KORSAK

Oh, sorry. We didn't mention you're under arrest for larceny and forgery. Now take off your clothes.

13

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

13

Angela consoles Tommy and Frankie as Jane approaches.

JANE

Hey.

FRANKIE JR.

Hey.

Jane pats both of her brothers' shoulders.

TOMMY

(looks for reassurance)

It's gonna be okay, right, Jane?

JANE

I don't know, Tommy.

ANGELA

Let's get the information first, okay?

JANE

We can't control the cancer. But we can help Ma;

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

if she wants to be there for him,  
we'll be there for her, whether he  
deserves it or not.

FRANKIE JR.

He doesn't. He nearly destroyed  
this family.

ANGELA

Not this family. Not even close.

Frank enters the café. They don't see him.

FRANK (O.C.)

Can I join in?

FRANKIE JR.

What are you doing here?

ANGELA

I'm taking your father to his  
oncology appointment.

FRANK

Your mother is a godsend.

FRANKIE JR.

Too bad you just figured that out.

TOMMY

You're wrecking it. Stop.

JANE

(gentle but firm)

No, Tommy. You stop. Stop with the  
happy family fantasy.

TOMMY

But he came back.

FRANKIE JR.

Yeah, he did. But I can't get past  
the fact that he slept with the  
mother of your son while he was  
married to Ma.

FRANK

I know I don't deserve your  
forgiveness. But, look, please...  
all I want is one more family  
dinner before I die.

\*

ANGELA

Fine.  
(let's get it over with)  
We'll do it at Maura's tonight.

\*  
\*

JANE

(quietly)  
You can't ask Maura to do that.

FRANK

Yeah, let's go to Mario's. Just us family.

ANGELA

"Family"? Maura took me in when I needed a place to live after you left me. You want our support, you do things my way, with my family.  
(puts on her coat and grabs her PURSE)  
Come on. I'll take you to the doctor's.

TOMMY

Call me when you're done, okay?

Frank looks hopefully at Jane and Frankie, clearly hoping for a hug as Jane gets a TEXT from Korsak about Wayne.

JANE

Damn...

FRANKIE JR.

What's the matter?

JANE

We can't tie the guy who took our victim's credit cards to her murder. All we got him on is larceny.

FRANK

Hey, maybe you come to the doctor's with me.

JANE

Frankie and I have to get back to work. I'm sorry.

FRANK

Yeah, sure, okay.

Jane and Frankie stand together as they watch Frank follow Angela and Tommy out.

FRANKIE JR.

We should go with them...

\*

JANE

Yeah, we should.

\*

OFF THEM BOTH TRADING A LOOK AS NEITHER MOVES...

\*

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

14

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

14

Korsak and Frost are at the clear board looking at PHOTOS of the crime scene, the victim, the guitar and case, SOCIAL MEDIA SCREEN GRABS of the event: the Argot Bar, patrons.

Maura enters with a FOLDER of RESULTS and PHOTOS: BLACK SUBSTANCE from the victim's wound and CLOSE UP of the inside of the guitar case where the velour is indented. That photo has been marked with BLACK SHARPIE to outline a 12" TUBE.

MAURA  
(preoccupied with Jane)  
I have results.

\*

FROST  
Dr. Isles. You seen Jane?

MAURA  
She just texted me. She's looking for Angela.

KORSAK  
What happened with Frank?

MAURA  
I don't know. She said to start without her.

Maura refers to the photo of the black gritty substance.

MAURA (CONT'D)  
The black, gritty substance I found in the wound was transferred from the weapon. It's keratin hydrolysates, acetate nitrocellulose and zinc sulfide.

KORSAK  
I hear "fingernails" in there.

FROST  
Is the rest of it nail polish?

MAURA  
Black nail polish. Very good.

KORSAK  
So the killer is a woman.

Frost snorts a little as he taps a posted PHOTO of a GROUP OF YOUNG ANDROGENOUS MEN at the Argot Bar.

(CONTINUED)

FROST

You might want to update the era you're living in. Guys wear nail polish now.

KORSAK

Some guys.

FROST

Fingernail particles and nail polish were on the weapon. What's the weapon? A nail file?

MAURA

Possibly. A steel, 8-inch nail file is consistent with the wound tracks.

FROST

Sounds like a crime of opportunity.

KORSAK

(pacing)

Girl in a bar goes to the ladies' room, she's attacked and stabbed to death with what could've been a nail file. The only real motive we have is she had something in her guitar case that the killer wanted.

\*

Maura pulls out a CLOSE-UP of the indentation.

MAURA

I wish I could tell you what made that indentation. All I can say for sure is it was a hard cylinder; roughly ten inches tall with a 5-inch circumference.

FROST

That could be a lot of things.

KORSAK

What about stomach contents?

MAURA

Mostly bile, but we were able to identify *Althaea officinalis*.

(off their looks)

Marshmallow root.

KORSAK

Did they serve marshmallow root at that bar?



Frost holds up the ARGOT BAR MENU, looks at the laminated card.

\*  
\*

FROST

No. They don't serve much, and I don't see anything with marshmallow in it.

\*  
\*  
\*

KORSAK

So she was somewhere else before the bar.

MAURA

*Althaea officinalis* is also an herbal remedy for gastrointestinal distress, colitis, and urinary tract infections.

KORSAK

We didn't find it in her purse... Did she have all those...uh... issues?

14

CONTINUED: (3)

14

MAURA

I saw no evidence of those ailments  
in the autopsy.

(as she exits)

But I've ordered her medical  
records. They're on the way.

Korsak's desk phone RINGS.

KORSAK

(to phone)

Korsak...okay, thanks.

(hangs up)

Victim's parents are here.

FROST

I really hate this part of the job.  
But I'd rather face the victim's  
parents than my mom if my dad had  
cancer...

Korsak gives Frost a knowing, sympathetic nod.

15

**EXT. PARK - DAY 2**

15

Jane approaches Angela, who sits on a bench; coat on, purse  
in her lap. Angela wipes her eyes with a TISSUE. Jane sits.

JANE

You want to talk?

Angela nods, but can't find the words. Jane takes her  
mother's hand, holds it.

JANE (CONT'D)

Is it bad? Tell me, Ma. Don't carry  
this by yourself.

ANGELA

Yeah, it looks bad, honey.

Tears start to fill Jane's eyes. Angela hands her a TISSUE.

16

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

16

Frost and Korsak sit with ALEXI OSMANSKI, Russian, 40s.  
English is his second language. He's with his wife AMY  
OSMANSKI, pretty, American.

KORSAK

Your daughter was adopted, then?

(CONTINUED)

AMY

Yes. There were so many unwanted babies in Russia. We fell in love with her.

ALEXI

Natasha was the brightest light in the orphanage, even though for 18 months, she never left that crib.

AMY

We didn't know how hard it would be...for her...for us.

FROST

What do you mean?

AMY

Like many orphans, Natasha had an attachment disorder.

ALEXI

(fights tears)

She wanted to love, to trust. But a door maybe had closed...

Amy shows PHOTOS of a 5-year-old girl, playing the piano.

AMY

By the time she was three, Alexi realized she was a music prodigy.

ALEXI

One day, she is on my lap, I miss a chord. She says, "You missed one, Papa." And she plays E Major for me. Perfectly.

Korsak is blown away by this. Touched. So is Frost.

KORSAK

And she continued to play piano?

Amy shows them a PHOTO of Natasha, present day, conservatively dressed, playing piano in a practice room.

AMY

Oh, yes. She was awarded a full scholarship.

KORSAK

To the Massachusetts Conservatory of Music.

(off their nods)

That's very prestigious.

(CONTINUED)

FROST

When did she add the guitar?

ALEXI

Guitar? She didn't play guitar.

Korsak and Frost trade a look. Korsak pulls Natasha's BOOKING SHEET with a MUG SHOT out from a FILE FOLDER.

KORSAK

Did you know about your daughter's arrest for driving under the influence?

They look at the mugshot, then at each other. It's painful.

AMY

Yes.

ALEXI

My fault she drank. I push her.

AMY

We both did. She was so shy. I think she drank because she was terrified to perform.

ALEXI

(he knows this well)  
Liquid courage...

AMY

Her doctor suggested she enter an addiction treatment program.

Amy digs a CARD out of her purse and hands it to Korsak.

AMY (CONT'D)

This is where she's been for the past month.

KORSAK

(reads card)  
"Stanza Rehab Center"? She was there yesterday?

AMY

That's what we thought. But apparently, they were allowing her to leave.

FROST

Why didn't you tell us she was in rehab this morning?

(CONTINUED)

AMY

We weren't thinking straight...

KORSAK

Did she have a cellphone or  
computer in rehab?

AMY

We kept her phone. Stanza didn't  
allow it. She wasn't allowed use of  
the internet, either.

FROST

But she had a computer?

ALEXI

For school work, yes.

FROST

Did Natasha have a boyfriend?

ALEXI

No.

FROST

What about friends?

AMY

She was never good at making  
friends. I can't imagine her going  
to a bar.

KORSAK

She brought a guitar to the bar.  
Why would she do that?

ALEXI

It doesn't make sense...she didn't  
play. She wouldn't go to a bar...

AMY

But she was there, Alexi.  
(more to herself and him)  
Oh, God, how did we get it so wrong  
for our beautiful, sweet girl.

KORSAK

We're both so sorry for your loss.

OFF KORSAK AND FROST, trading a look; sad to be witnesses to  
so much grief.

Korsak SLAMS down his phone. Frost jumps.

(CONTINUED)

FROST

What the hell?

KORSAK

"I cannot confirm or deny. I cannot confirm or deny." Stanza Rehab won't even confirm Natasha was a patient there. We're going to need a warrant to get her records.

FROST

I've been going through her wallet. She had a Boston City All-Transit Pass.

JANE

(as she enters)

Our victim had a B-CAT Pass?

KORSAK

Everything okay?

JANE

No. But thanks for asking.

(to Frost)

Did you track the pass?

FROST

(re: screen)

Just coming up...Okay, this is weird. She only took the Green Line, and she only got on and off at one station: Symphony.

KORSAK

She rode around in circles?

JANE

Or...maybe she didn't leave the station.

KORSAK

(thinks)

Yeah...there are a lot of Buskers in that subway station.

FROST

What the hell's a "busker"?

KORSAK

Street performer. I hear some of the good ones can make, like, seven hundred bucks a day.

FROST

We're in the wrong line of work.

KORSAK

You have to have a talent.

FROST

I got talent.

KORSAK

One that people will pay to see.

JANE

B-CAT Transit makes you register with them and issues a performer permit and I.D. badge, don't they?

\*

KORSAK

Yeah.

FROST

(re: computer search)

I'll check to see if Natasha had a permit.

KORSAK

Except her mom said she hated performing. Apparently, that's what started the drinking.

Under which, Frost checks B-CAT'S RECORDS for a license.

FROST

No, she wasn't registered.

Jane walks to the clear board, looks at Natasha's photos, both dead and alive, plus photos of her guitar and the flyer.

KORSAK

Maybe we should check "American Idol."

(off Frost's look)

Isn't that how kids get discovered nowadays?

FROST

No, dude. You blog and post and try to get yourself on the big music sites, like "Pitchfork."

KORSAK

(incredulous)

"Pitchfork"? What kind of name is that?

FROST

A big one. A review on that blog is like making the cover of Rolling Stone in your day.

KORSAK

Her parents said she didn't play guitar...but those callouses on her fingers say different.

JANE

Doesn't play guitar, doesn't drink, but we find her dead in a bar with alcohol in her system and a guitar.

FROST

Yeah. On a night with a half-hour of "open mic" for female singer-songwriters.

JANE

(now convinced)

She was there to sing.

\*

KORSAK

So odds are, she was at Symphony Station to sing, too.

FROST

Maybe the shy, friendless classical musician was leading a double life.

JANE

Do a search. See if she ever posted anything of herself, singing.

Frost searches: "Natasha, Symphony, sing."

FROST

Nothing using her name...I'll try "girl," "Symphony Station" and "guitar."

(hits keys, sees a link)

Yeah, here's something somebody else posted. Let's see what it is.

(CONTINUED)



Jane and Korsak go behind Frost, watch as the LINK opens. An ND WOMAN's voice as she RECORDS Natasha with her phone.

ND WOMAN (O.C. ON YOUTUBE VIDEO)  
Oh, my God, listen to this girl.

INSERT: Natasha, dressed in the same outfit she wore to the bar, sings ["WE MUST PAY"]. Her voice is gorgeous: throaty and pure. PEOPLE stop, captivated. Some record her on their cellphones.

KORSAK  
Wow...what a voice...

JANE  
Yeah. She's the real deal.

NATASHA (ON YOUTUBE VIDEO, SINGING)  
"We must pay for our own blunders,  
we must pay for our delights..."

FROST  
Nice lyrics.

INSERT: YOUTUBE footage as Natasha keeps singing, and a MAN [BUSTA BUCKET] suddenly LAUNCHES himself at her.

MAN (ON YOUTUBE VIDEO)  
Hey, bitch! That's my spot!

NATASHA (ON YOUTUBE VIDEO)  
Ow, I'm sorry. I'm going, I'm  
going.

ND WOMAN (O.C. ON YOUTUBE VIDEO)  
Hey, leave her alone!

Natasha starts to collect her things.

MAN (ON YOUTUBE VIDEO)  
(to Natasha, threatening)  
You don't want me to tell you  
again. This is my spot.

JANE  
We gotta find that guy.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

18

**EXT. SUBWAY STATION ENTRANCE [PARAMOUNT LOT] - DAY 2**

18

Jane and Frankie approach a man, DELROY "BUSTA BUCKET" KING, 40s. He sits on a bucket in front of the entrance to SYMPHONY STATION. COMMUTERS dart up and down stairs.

He PLAYS a drum kit of plastic, 5-gallon paint buckets with drumsticks. He's good. A BUCKET is filled with \$1s & \$5s.

JANE  
(loud, to be heard over  
his drumming)  
Delroy, got a minute?

DELROY  
(keeps drumming)  
Name's Busta Bucket. Put some money  
there, I might talk to you. \*

JANE  
Thought your name was Delroy.

Frankie steps forward.

FRANKIE JR.  
Yeah. Delroy King. You did ten  
years in Walpole for Manslaughter.

DELROY  
You're Five-Oh. I'm cool. I got my  
performer's license.

JANE  
That's only for inside the subway,  
at your assigned spot, not on a  
public street.

Delroy stops drumming.

FRANKIE JR.  
How come you left your spot down  
below?

DELROY  
Come on, Man. This is hard work.  
It's hot down there.

JANE  
Where were you last night between  
9:00 and 10:00?

DELROY  
With my old lady. Banging a  
different kind of drum.

(CONTINUED)

JANE  
(shows Natasha's photo)  
You know this girl?

DELROY  
Nah.

Frankie pulls out his TABLET, PLAYS the end of the clip.

DELROY (ON YOUTUBE VIDEO)(CONT'D)  
(to Natasha, threatening)  
You don't want me to tell you  
again. This is my spot.

JANE  
She came back, didn't she?

FRANKIE JR.  
That's why you followed her and  
stabbed her.

DELROY  
Stabbed her? Hell, no. I was just  
trying to scare her off. But that  
girl had pipes. So some days, I  
gave her my spot, and she worked  
it. She gave me some of the money.

\*  
\*

JANE  
Well now she's dead, Delroy.

DELROY  
The hell you say. I'm telling you,  
I took the money from her 'cause  
she took my spot. But I didn't  
touch that girl.

\*

JANE  
Pack up your buckets.

DELROY  
What? Nah. I ain't leaving my  
station.

JANE  
Yeah, you are. We need you to come  
to our station while we check out  
your story.

Maura packs up her things for the day as Jane enters.

Jane points to an EVIDENCE BAG with the piece of crinkle-cut paper paper-clipped to a LAB REPORT. \*

JANE

Is that the crinkled paper I found in her guitar case?

MAURA

Yes. The Crime Lab found traces of cacao bean extract on it.

JANE

Chocolate?

MAURA

Yes.

JANE

Where was she between Rehab and that bar? And what was she hiding in her guitar case?

(off Maura's shrug; then)

You should hear her sing, Maura. I know I'm a little raw, but this girl really was special.

MAURA

What about Mr. Bucket?

JANE

Dead end. Busta's alibi checks out. He's was with his "old lady." Neighbors saw him come home.

(sighs, then)

If this was a random killing, what if we can't solve it?

MAURA

Don't say that.

JANE

I have to be realistic: Every Homicide Department has a pile of unsolved cases like this one.

MAURA

Why are you talking like this?

A beat. Then --

JANE

My father got his PSA numbers back.  
They're through the roof.

MAURA

It's not a very reliable test.  
Numbers can rise with a routine  
prostate examination or even  
digital stimulation during sexual  
experimentation --

JANE

Oh, my God, stop...

Jane fights her gag reflex.

MAURA

Have they done his ultrasound?

\*

JANE

Tomorrow.

MAURA

Do you want to come over for  
dinner?

JANE

(remembers)

Oh, crap...I was going to ask you  
the same thing.

MAURA

(worried)

What does that mean?

Jane and Maura help put the FOOD into SERVING DISHES as  
Angela pulls a TUNA CASSEROLE out of the oven.

JANE

(low to Maura)

I'm so sorry...

ANGELA

So we're having tuna casserole,  
Vienna sausages with bacon and  
water chestnuts, a Jello mold and  
Boston Cream Pie.

Maura tries not to make a face.

MAURA

Where are the vegetables?

Jane holds up an empty CAN OF CORN.

JANE

Right here. Canned corn.

ANGELA

Frank's favorites. We'll eat extra  
kale tomorrow.

Frankie and Tommy set the table. Tommy puts the fork next to  
the knife on the right side of the plate.

FRANKIE

How hard is it to remember where  
the fork goes?

TOMMY

I'll show you where the fork goes.

ANGELA

Boys, knock it off. Our guests will  
be here any minute.

As there's a KNOCK at the door and Tommy runs to get it--

MAURA

(low, to Jane)

Wait, guests? Plural?

Tommy opens the door for Frank. Frank holds a tacky BOUQUET  
of blue carnations for Angela and a BOTTLE of red wine.

TOMMY

Hey, Pop. Nice flowers. Right, Ma?

JANE

Blue carnations?

MAURA

They're actually white. But put  
them in blue dye, and capillary  
action--

(makes a face)

Does that.

ANGELA

(low, re: wine)

I don't think you should have this tonight.

FRANK

It's just one bottle for six people.

There's another KNOCK at the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Who's that?

ANGELA

I told you: you're doing things my way.

\*

Angela opens it. Cavanaugh enters with a beautiful arrangement of ROSES.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hi, honey.

CAVANAUGH

Hey, baby. Smells good.

OFF JANE AS SHE TRADES LOOKS WITH MAURA AND FRANKIE. SHIT...

It's a silent table. Frankie and Tommy chow down as Frank keeps an eye on Angela and Cavanaugh. Jane chews. Maura is desperately uncomfortable. Takes the plunge.

MAURA

We certainly have an interesting case we're working on, don't we, Jane?

JANE

Um-hmm. Why don't you tell them about it?

MAURA

Well, it's tragic, really.

FRANKIE JR.

I'll say.

MAURA

The case. I mean, the victim. She was a child prodigy.

TOMMY

I was a prodigy. I could skate backwards when I was three.

FRANK

That was me skating backwards, holding you up.

TOMMY

Oh.

FRANK

You were no prodigy. We called you the "idiot savant," but that was 'cause of the way you could play chess. Useless at everything else.

Jane looks over at Tommy as his face clouds over, then back at her father -- then meaningfully at the glass of red wine. He ignores her. Picks it up and takes a swig.

JANE

Tommy did a lot of things well.

FRANK

And Frankie here. Kid had a million-dollar arm. Thought you'd be playing for the Red Sox.

FRANKIE JR.

(quiet)  
Me, too.

FRANK

But you kept whining about your sore elbow.

TOMMY

You know why? You know what Coach Tony said?

FRANKIE JR.

Don't waste your breath, Tommy.

TOMMY

No, I'm gonna say it. You made him throw curve balls 'til he threw out his arm.



FRANK

Nah. He was a quitter.  
(turns on Angela)  
And you. You babied him.

ANGELA

(re: wine he's pouring  
into his glass)  
Frank, you know what alcohol does  
to your tongue.

FRANK

Don't embarrass me here.

TOMMY

It's okay. I'm sober.

CAVANAUGH

I'm sober, too, Frank.

JANE

Yeah, Pop. It's okay. We know you  
get like this when you drink.

CAVANAUGH

Frankie is a good detective. And  
Tommy here is a great father.

\*  
\*  
\*

TOMMY

(stands)  
On that note, I got to go see my  
kid.

\*

FRANKIE JR.

(stands)

I got to get out of here, too.  
Thanks for dinner, Ma.

Both Tommy and Frankie head for the front door.

FRANK

I was busting your balls a little. \*

MAURA

(to Jane)

Perhaps a family counseling session  
might be of assistance.

JANE

I think we're a little past Dr.  
Phil.

Frankie and Tommy head out.

CAVANAUGH

(on the move)

I should go, too.

ANGELA

I'll walk you out.

FRANK

No. Let him leave.  
(to Cavanaugh)  
I want to talk to my wife.

CAVANAUGH

She's not your wife anymore. And  
you're gonna show some respect,  
starting now.

FRANK

Yeah? You gonna make me?

JANE

No. I'm gonna make you. C'mon. I'll  
drive you to your motel.

Jane pulls her father's arm, but he shrugs her off, gets in  
Cavanaugh's face. \*

FRANK

Just like I thought: you're a  
coward.

\*

CAVANAUGH

Yeah, that's it, Frank. I'm a  
coward.

(gets in Frank's face)

But if you hurt Angela again, it  
won't be your prostate that kills  
you.

Cavanaugh escorts Angela out the back door.

Jane turns to Frank, more crushed and disappointed than  
angry.

JANE

What you said, about Tommy and  
Frankie -- you can't ever take that  
back.

\*

\*

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

22 **EXT. BOSTON - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT TO DAY TRANSITION** 22  
23 **INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY 3** 23

Jane enters. Frost gives her COFFEE. Korsak gives her a DANISH.

FROST  
Coffee.

KORSAK  
And a Danish. \*

JANE  
What's the occasion?

FROST  
Just want you to know we care.

JANE  
Thank you.

FROST  
My dad's an asshole, too, Jane.

JANE  
Let's get back to work so I don't \*  
spend the day in the fetal \*  
position. Frost, you said the creep  
who stole Natasha's credit cards  
said she was upset about having  
other things taken?

FROST  
He says she said something about  
"nobody else is taking anything  
from me tonight."

JANE  
Could she have been talking about  
something other than her purse?

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

He shrugs as Korsak's computer DINGS an incoming email.  
Korsak is right there to open it.

\*

KORSAK

Now we're talking...Got a warrant  
to go dig through Natasha's stay at  
Stanza.

JANE

Let's take a ride to rehab.

24

**INT. STANZA REHAB - HALLWAY OUTSIDE NATASHA'S ROOM - DAY 3**

24

Jane, Korsak and Frost talk with BARBARA COOPER, 40s,  
Stanza's Director. She clutches the STANZA VISITORS' LOG.

BARBARA

I'm not happy to be presented with  
a warrant with such a broad scope.  
It's one thing to invade Natasha's  
privacy.

JANE

(too bad)

This is a homicide investigation.

BARBARA

But Natasha wasn't killed here.  
Check the visitors' log. She signed  
out at 7:35 p.m. Check the log.

FROST

(takes log)

Thank you. I think we will.

JANE

If you don't allow cellphone use or  
access to the internet here, why  
would you allow your patients to  
come and go at will?

BARBARA

We provide structure here. But we  
also provide freedom. It's not a  
prison.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KORSAK

So you're not concerned about them  
bringing alcohol back into the  
facility?

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

BARBARA

\*

Sixty-seven percent of the American public regularly drinks. Our hope is our clients learn to self-regulate.

FROST

\*

Do you serve marshmallow root here?

\*

BARBARA

Excuse me? No. I don't know what that is.

JANE

\*

Are all of Natasha's things still in her room?

BARBARA

Yes.

Jane, Frost and Korsak enter --

25

**INT. STANZA REHAB - NATASHA'S ROOM - DAY 3 (CONTINUOUS)**

25

Nice hotel-style room with two beds. Natasha's belongings, including her LAPTOP, and a CLASSICAL GUITAR, are on her bed. Korsak picks it up. STRUMS the metal and nylon strings.

KORSAK

This doesn't get played much.

JANE

(catches his emphasis)  
That mean something?

KORSAK

I don't think it's Natasha's. Hers was perfectly set up.  
(strums it again)  
The action on this one is wrong.

FROST

Got her computer.

Frost opens it, turns it ON, as Korsak PLAYS a little.

JANE

Wow...

FROST

Holy crap...Where'd you learn to play like that?

KORSAK

Taught myself.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

FROST

Hey, you could make real money in the subway.

KORSAK

But then I wouldn't get to look at you all day long.

JANE

(looking around)

Natasha has a roommate. Where is she?

Barbara has just returned. She pokes her head in.

BARBARA

Kelsey is in the Music Room.

JANE

Where is that?

BARBARA

She's leading Natasha's memorial service. You cannot interrupt.

JANE

Take a peek at that warrant again, would you, Barbara? \*

(to Frost)

Can you stay here and collect Natasha's things?

FROST

You got it.

26

**INT. STANZA REHAB - MUSIC ROOM - DAY 3**

26

Jane and Korsak enter to find KELSEY CAMERON, 20s, lithe and pretty, SINGING ["WE MUST PAY"]. She's an adequate singer.

JANE

That's the same song Natasha sang in the subway.

KORSAK

Natasha had a much better voice, though.

TIME CUT TO:

27

**INT. STANZA REHAB - MUSIC ROOM - DAY 3**

27

Jane and Korsak stand with Kelsey, who is earnest and helpful.

(CONTINUED)

KELSEY

I'm having trouble believing she's gone...

JANE

Was there anyone here who had a problem with her? Anyone she didn't like?

KELSEY

God, no. I can't imagine anyone hurting her. She was like a puppy or a kitten. She barely even talked.

KORSAK

How was she doing in rehab?

KELSEY

Okay, I guess. She said she liked the music therapy, as long as she didn't have to play in front of people.

KORSAK

Play the piano or guitar or both?

KELSEY

She only played piano.

JANE

But she had a guitar.

KELSEY

Yeah, but I never heard her play it.

KORSAK

So you didn't know she was performing in the subway?

\*

KELSEY

In public? Natasha? No way. That's why she wanted to leave the Conservatory.

Jane and Korsak trade a look.

\*



27

CONTINUED: (2)

27

JANE

\*

Wonder how her parents felt about  
that?

KELSEY

She said they flipped.

OFF JANE AND KORSAK...

**END OF ACT FIVE**

**ACT SIX**

28

**INT. BPD - HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY 3**

28

Jane, Korsak and Frost look through Natasha's things. Frost is on Natasha's computer, Jane goes through STANZA'S VISITORS' LOG, Korsak is going through all of Natasha's MUSIC COMPOSITION BOOKS.

KORSAK

The Conservatory stresses performance. By senior year, that's all you do.

JANE

Natasha couldn't perform unless she was loaded. I guess she was trying to decide between sobriety or performing.

\*

FROST

According to Stanza's Visitors' Log, only people who ever visited her were her parents.

\*

\*

(re: Natasha's computer)

\*

Wonder who did this...?

JANE

Did what?

FROST

Some of the files on Natasha's hard drive have been wiped...actually, a lot of them.

\*

\*

\*

KORSAK

Can you get it back, Frost?

FROST

No. And it wasn't password-protected. Anybody could've done it. Can't tell when, either.

Maura enters.

MAURA

I went through Natasha's medical records from Stanza. There's nothing to indicate she was taking marshmallow root supplements.

JANE

So how did that get in her stomach?

(CONTINUED)

MAURA

(gets on a computer)

Let me check one more time, see if there are any other uses for Althaea officinalis.

JANE

(to Frost)

And you're sure that the bar didn't serve any food or drinks with marshmallow root in them?

FROST

Yeah. Maybe somebody gave her a supplement?

MAURA

(re: computer)

Interesting...

JANE

What did you find?

MAURA

It's speculation.

JANE

It's Homicide. We speculate up here.

MAURA

That flower is the Althaea officinalis: the marshmallow root flower.

\*

INSERT: MALLOW VODKA website with a picture of a pink, marshmallow root flower label on a CYLINDRICAL BOTTLE.

JANE

(looks at screen)

On the bottle of "Mallow Vodka." Which means, there's marshmallow root in it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAURA

They don't list the ingredients.

\*  
\*

Jane GRABS the photo of the indentation in the guitar case.

\*

JANE

They don't need to. Look at the shape of the bottle. That's what Natasha had in her guitar case.

\*  
\*  
\*

FROST

Liquid courage. She was about to sing.

JANE

But why would the killer take the bottle?

Korsak is busy staring at one MUSIC COMPOSITION page.

KORSAK

I'm looking at Natasha's homework. She was supposed to be composing classical symphonies. But she was writing something else.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Korsak HUMS a few bars ["WE MUST PAY"]. Jane and Frost freeze as they recognize it.

JANE

That's the song she sang in the subway. You think she composed it?

\*  
\*

KORSAK

Maybe. But why hide it?

\*

FROST

Maybe because her classical musician father didn't approve of Indie Rock.

Jane picks up the visitors' log on Frost's desk.

\*

JANE

Frost, did her parents visit her last night?

FROST

No.

JANE

Huh...  
(re: visitors' log)  
Natasha's roommate, Kelsey, got a gift basket delivered at 7:00 p.m. Looks like Natasha signed for it.

FROST

Barbara said Natasha left the rehab facility around 7:35; right after the gift basket arrived.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KORSAK

The crinkle-cut paper had chocolate on it.

\*  
\*

JANE

Yeah. And what would you put in a  
gift basket if you were sending it  
to an up-and-coming female singer-  
songwriter on "Campfire" night?

\*  
\*  
\*

MAURA

Chocolate and marshmallows. The  
ingredients for S'mores.

\*  
\*

29

**INT. ARGOT BAR - DAY 3**

29

Kelsey is rehearsing with the classical guitar from her room in Stanza. She plays easy chords. The club is empty except for a few backstage hands. She SINGS Natasha's subway song ["WE MUST PAY"].

She stops when she sees Jane, Korsak and Frost as they surround her from the wings. Frost holds up his TABLET. ON IT, the video of Natasha as she CONTINUES to sing the song.

JANE

It sounds better when Natasha sings it, don't you think?

\*

KELSEY

I'm rehearsing. I've got a show.

\*

\*

KORSAK

Natasha told you she was going to take that microphone, and sing her own song in front of the record company that signed you.

\*

\*

\*

KELSEY

It's my song. Broad Sound Records signed me.

\*

\*

JANE

When did you write it?

\*

\*

KELSEY

About a month ago.

\*

\*

FROST

How'd you do that? It was posted on YouTube six months ago.

\*

JANE

Every label wants singer-songwriters, not just pretty faces with average voices. You didn't have what it took. But your new roommate in rehab did.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

KORSAK

Too bad about that damn gift basket...I bet it was all there on the card for Natasha to read. What did it say? "Congrats on your new hit. See you at the Argot"?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

KELSEY

\*

Natasha stole my gift basket to get drunk. She was already unstable. She showed up here, angry and out of control.

JANE

\*

She showed up to sing. And once Broad Street heard her voice and her story -- that you'd stolen her lyrics and her music -- your new career was over.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Frost looks down at Kelsey's BLACK NAILS.

\*

FROST

\*

Nice black nail polish. New coat? We'll need a sample to see if it's the same stuff we found in Natasha's stab wounds.

Kelsey fights not to pick at her nails. She's slowly coming apart...

KORSAK

\*

Your shy roommate didn't know how valuable her songs were. But you did.

\*

KELSEY

(breaks down)

I didn't mean for any of this to happen...I just...took a few songs and recorded them and put them up...and then...they went viral... and it spun out of control...

JANE

You're under arrest for the murder of Natasha Osmanski.

Angela is with Frank as Jane and Maura enter. They're both startled to see him there.

JANE

What are you doing here?

ANGELA

He came here to tell you something himself. Go ahead, Frank.

FRANK

I want to apologize. To you, Jane, and to you, Dr. Maura. I was a pig last night.

JANE

Don't blame it on the wine.

FRANK

I said terrible things... I screwed up. And I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

\*  
\*  
\*

JANE

(doesn't move)

Thank you for apologizing.

MAURA

(wise and kind)

It must be very hard for you.

\*  
\*

He stares at her as it dawns on him: she's right. Jane and Angela share a look as Frank softens and opens to Maura.

\*  
\*

FRANK

Yeah. It is. Always has been.

(turns to Jane)

I got good news, Jane. I do have cancer, but it's only Stage 2.

\*

MAURA

That's very treatable.

JANE

I'm glad to hear it.

FRANK

Please, Jane. You gotta forgive me. You're my number one daughter.

JANE

I'm your only daughter, Pop. So now what?

FRANK

I'm thinking about moving back to Boston.

Jane looks over at Angela, who straightens her shoulders.



ANGELA

You have a new life in Florida,  
Frank, and I have a new life here.

FRANK

What're you saying, Ang?

ANGELA

You'll always be your children's  
father. But you're not my husband  
anymore. It's okay, Frank. I'll be  
here if you need me. But you should  
go home.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A BEAT as this lands. It's true, but it makes him sad.

JANE

Stay in touch. Come and see us,  
okay? It's a short plane ride.

FRANK

Okay...

She softens enough for him to reach for her and give her a  
tender hug.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Bye, my sweet big girl.

JANE

Bye, Pop.

He pulls away, eyes filling with tears.

FRANK

Bye, Ang.

ANGELA

Take good care, Frank.

He exits.

Jane, Maura and Angela look at the closed door, then at each  
other. A beat. Then --

JANE

Okay. Well, now that we're good and  
depressed, what should we do?

ANGELA

How 'bout some Jello? Nobody  
touched it.

JANE

There's a surprise.

MAURA

I have some cookies.

JANE

The cardboard ones? This night just keeps getting better and better.

MAURA

Oh, good. Then I'm glad I saved a few.

JANE

Ah, Ma. I'm really proud of how you handled yourself.

ANGELA

I'm proud of you and your brothers. That's who I'm proud of.

JANE

Thanks for putting up with us nutballs, Maura.

MAURA

What do you mean, putting up with you? You're my nutballs. You're family.

**END OF EPISODE**