THE MENTALIST

“Paint It Red”

Written by
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Episode 112
#3T7812

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Episode #112
November 24, 2008 – Green Revisions

REVISED PAGES

PINK REVISIONS – 11/21/08
14, 20, 21, 30, 37, 37A

YELLOW REVISIONS – 11/23/08
*(ADDENDUM – SCENE 47 DIALOGUE – INSERT AT END OF SCRIPT)

GREEN REVISIONS – 11/24/08
46, 47, 49, 50, 52
TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. A.P. CAID OIL HQ DOWNTOWN SACRAMENTO - NIGHT (N/1)
The SIGN outside an imposing edifice of glass and steel proclaims it to be the headquarters of A.P. CAID PETROLEUM.

2 INT. FOYER. EXECUTIVE FLOOR. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - NIGHT
FRANK and KEELY are locked in a fervent kiss. He’s late 30s, turned corporate suit. She’s late 20’s, in prim but sexy receptionist kit. They make their way across the luxe foyer with a slightly furtive air, stopping at a set of heavy wooden doors.

   KEELY
Are you sure about this? What if someone sees us?

   FRANK
Relax, baby. I’ve got it all under control.

He takes a hi-tech card from his pocket and slides it through a scanner. The door locks clunk open. The couple slips through the doors to...

3 INT. A.P.’S OFFICE. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - NIGHT
An imposing room, more like an aristocrat’s study than an office. Old masters and armor on the wall. A baronial desk. A fireplace even. There’s one obvious patch on the wall where a picture has been taken down, but Frank and Keely don’t notice that. Tearing at each other’s clothes, they go down to the floor on a beautiful silk carpet in the center of the room. After a moment, WE, then Keely, SEE A YOUNG MAN LYING ON THE FLOOR BEHIND THE DESK, STARING AT THEM. Keely SCREAMS. They leap up. The young man doesn’t move. He’s dead.

4 INT. CORRIDOR. EXECUTIVE FLR. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - DAY (D/2)
JANE and LISBON walk down a corridor lined with expensive statuary and are greeted by CHO, who’s with Frank.

   CHO
Hey.

   LISBON
Hey.

Cho and Frank fall in beside Lisbon and Jane.
CHO
This is Frank Schiappa. Executive Director of Security.

LISBON
Lisbon, Jane.

Frank does a sort of mime to indicate he’s filing the names away properly...

FRANK
Lisbon. Jane. Good to meet you. Like I told your agent here. Whatever we can do to assist you, we will do.

LISBON
That’s good to hear.

4A INT. FOYER/OUTSIDE A.P. CAID’S OFFICE - NIGHT

The dead body of the young man is now lying on the floor of the luxe foyer, directly outside the doors of the office, in a superman pose, arms stretched out in front of him.

LISBON
(to Cho)
What do we have?

CHO
Name’s Harry Lashley, a junior Veep with the company. He’s the son-in-law of the boss. A.P. Caid?

Frank points out Keely, talking weepily to a uniform policewoman.

CHO (CONT’D)
The receptionist Miss Duane over there forgot her phone, came back to get it, and found him like this.

FRANK
She called security. Luckily I was working late, and I called 911 soon as I got here. Then I opened up Mr. Caid’s private office to check that nothing was amiss. I have an all access security pass.

They go through the door to...
Frank points out the bare patch on the wall.

FRANK
Only one thing was taken.
But it's the most valuable.

Cho hands Lisbon a copy of a GLOSSY SOTHEBY'S-LIKE AUCTION CATALOGUE. The cover reads, "Cabot's -- Old Master Paintings -- Day Sale," and shows a Renaissance PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN in fine apparel. She sits before a window, outside of which a Fourteenth Century Italian world is depicted in rich and minute detail -- farmers toiling in the fields, craftsmen at their work in guildhalls, townspeople marketing, highborn lords and ladies in their castles.

FRANK (CONT'D)
A.P. bought it at auction a couple of months ago. Paid a little over fifty million dollars for it.

LISBON
Wow.

FRANK
Uh huh.

Jane's been examining the body and the scene carefully. He notes TORN STITCHING ON THE SEAMS OF HARRY'S JACKET SLEEVES where they join the shoulder. And one of his shoes is half off.

JANE
You say the doors to this room were closed when you got here?

FRANK
Yes. The office is always locked up when A.P.'s not here. It’s a strict rule he has.

LISBON
And Mr. Lashley? Why would he have been here?

FRANK
No idea. His office is two floors down. He had no reason to be here.

LISBON
Maybe he was involved.

(CONTINUED)
Jane moves around the room, closely examining this and that object.

JANE
If we’re lucky, we’ll find the murder weapon. This was a well planned robbery, obviously...

CHO
Why’s that obvious?

JANE
Nobody finds themselves in a locked room full of old masters in the middle of the night by accident. So, well planned. But they didn’t expect to meet any opposition, otherwise Mr. Lashley here would have been shot or tasered or tied up and gagged. But when surprised by him, they simply hit him over the head. Which suggests an improvised weapon, yes?

LISBON
I’m listening...

Jane’s moving round the room, trying this and that object for heft.

JANE
Something like this...

He points to a miniature bronze BUST OF CAESAR on the desk.

JANE (CONT’D)
I confidently predict forensics will find traces of Harry Lashley on this head.

Cho’s willing to go with that, and bags the bust.

FRANK
No offense, but I used to be police myself, and that’s not policework. That’s guessing.

Jane studies Frank.

JANE
Frank, is there a good diner around here?

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
(off balance)
Uh, yeah. Garrity’s. Couple blocks over on Hudson.

JANE
Do they do good eggs?

FRANK
(huh?)
I guess.

JANE
That’s the test of a good diner. Eggs. You must have had a contentious relationship with your father.

FRANK
Excuse me? No.

JANE
And tell me, I can’t tell with her hair in her face and the weeping, but I imagine Ms. Duane’s quite attractive, isn’t she? Receptionists are often hired for their looks.

FRANK
What are you talking about?

LISBON
Good question. Where are you going with this?

Jane goes to the body, turns to Lisbon and Cho...

JANE
Look at the shoulder seams on his jacket. Pulled apart. Look at the way he’s laid out so straight. And how his shoe’s coming off...

He demonstrates, miming taking Harry by the wrists and pulling.

LISBON
Yes, we all noticed. Someone dragged him here.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Yes. But dragged him from where? And why? You want to tell us, Frank?

FRANK
I don’t know what you’re talking about.

JANE
I’ll explain then. You and Ms. Duane came up here to have sex in the boss’s office --

Flustered, Frank goes for bluster.

FRANK
--- That’s absurd! Why would I do such a --

JANE
-- Because it’s forbidden and thus very sexy, of course. Especially if you have father issues. And who doesn’t? It’s a furtive, but powerful challenge to the paternal authority. So you open up A.P.’s office. Oh crap, you find a dead body. You have to report it, obviously. But how to explain your presence in his office? A quick and dirty solution. Drag the body out of the office, and lock the doors again before calling the police.

FRANK
Who is this guy?

LISBON
(smiling faintly)
He’s a pain in the ass. But he’s making sense so far. You want to reconsider your statements?

FRANK
(hesitant)
No.

JANE
Oh please, Frank. It’s silly to deny it. Keely will tell all in a heartbeat if we ask her.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
(angry, cornered)
Back off man.

JANE
I would like to, Frank. Believe me, I have zero interest in your sex life, but it occurs to me, in a room like this, there must be security cameras. Yes?

Frank looks abashed.

FRANK
Yes.

JANE
But surely, you wouldn’t knowingly record yourself making love on the boss’s carpet. You’d have to know the cameras in here were off. Probably because you turned them off yourself. Being head of security and all. They are off, aren’t they?

Frank nods, defeated.

JANE (CONT’D)
So, the question is Frank, how long have the cameras been off, and who else might know that they were going to be off this evening?

Frank looks ashen. Lisbon and Cho look predatory. Jane heads for the elevator...

JANE (CONT’D)
You guys can take it from here. I’m starving. I need to go eat some eggs.
(to Frank)
Garrity’s, right?

Frank nods. Jane exits.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY/BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY (D/2 CONT’D)

Lisbon comes through the double doors accompanied by Van Pelt. Van Pelt hands Lisbon the CABOT AUCTION CATALOGUE.

VAN PELT
It’s known as “The Moro.” It’s from 14th Century Italy, a portrait of somebody named Carlotta Moro and it’s the only known work by an artist known as the Siennese Master.

INSERT -- catalogue with the Carlotta Moro portrait on the cover.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
It’s been owned by two Popes, the King of France, and John Jacob Astor among others. Then A.P. Caid bought it for fifty million dollars three months ago.

Rigsby whistles.

LISBON
What do we know about Caid?

RIGSBY
Apart from he’s an idiot with his money...

Rigsby pushes a Forbes Magazine-like business journal across the table. A.P. Caid is on the cover: a brash Ted Turner type, he grins challengingly into the camera, arms crossed with self-confident power. The caption under him reads: “THE ROUGHNECK TYCOON.”

RIGSBY (CONT’D)
(pointing at the magazine)
Like the cover says, he got his start as a roughneck in the oil fields, then turned himself into a wildcatter and made a fortune before he was thirty. Tough guy -- his trick’s pulling oil out of places where nobody else has the balls to go.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
So where is he now?

RIGSBY
Somewhere on a sailboat. He’s been
told what’s happened, and he’s
coming back quick as he can. I was
thinking, it would’ve been easy for
him to sail up or down the coast a
few miles, put in to a small
marina, then come back and commit
the crime without anyone knowing.

LISBON
Why would he want to do that?

RIGSBY
I’m just saying he could.
Maybe he wants the insurance money.
Or he wants to get rid of Harry.
Doesn’t like that he’s married to
his daughter.

LISBON
(to Cho)
What d’you get from the security
staff?

CHO
Everybody at the company that
didn’t wear a suit knew all about
Frank Schiappa and his use of
A.P.’s office. Any number of
people might have known the cameras
were off last night.

LISBON
So I guess we’ll have to check up
on any number of people.

Lisbon looks around.

LISBON (CONT’D)
Where’s Jane?

VAN PELT
I think he’s taking a nap.

LISBON
Wake him up. I want to go see
Harry’s wife. You guys give the
Caid personnel files a good hard
look for anyone with criminal
connections...

(CONTINUED)
Lisbon looks at her watch, rises.

LISBON (CONT’D)
Especially Harry Lashley.

VAN PELT
You think he’s dirty?

LISBON
He’s involved. Why else was he there in the middle of the night?

EXT. A.P. CAID OIL HQ. DOWNTOWN SACRAMENTO - DAY

PRE LAP:

STEVIE (O.S.)
It doesn’t feel real.

INT. FOYER. EXECUTIVE FLOOR. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - DAY

STEVIE CAID (late 20’s) escorts Lisbon and Jane to her office, which is just down the hall from A.P.’s. The crime scene tape is still up. Forensics still doing their snail-like thing. A shrewd and capable organizer, at the moment, Stevie’s professional demeanor seems fragile, as if she might crumble into tears.

STEVIE
If it wasn’t for you people, and all this...
(off the tape etc.)
I wouldn’t believe it. Harry’s going to walk through the door, and this is all just a strange dream. But here you are. Harry’s dead.

LISBON
When was the last time you spoke to him?

STEVIE
Yesterday afternoon. Just chit chat, where to go for dinner. Then he left me a message, cancelling. He didn’t say why.

LISBON
That wasn’t unusual? Cancelling with no reason given?

Stevie shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)
No. Harry was very hardworking. Very keen. Stuff would come up all the time.

What was his job exactly?

Stevie flashes a small, sad smile.

Good question. He was a sort of jack-of-all-trades for my father. Did whatever he needed from week to week. My father liked having someone on hand with no ties or friendships within the company.

They enter...

It’s much smaller and more utilitarian than her father’s office. A couple of photos of classic jazz musicians on the walls. A place to work. A posed picture of her and Harry. Stevie sits behind her desk.

Tough assignment.

Yes. But he only joined the company when we got married. He was learning the ropes.

Your father didn’t want Harry to get a soft ride just because he was your husband.

Yes. You could put it like that.

What was his previous employment?

He was a musician. A jazz guitarist.

(surprised)

Yes. How did you know that?
JANE
I looked at his fingers. Guitar players fingers. Jazz with a flamenco edge, judging by the ridge on his thumb.

STEVIE
(amazed)
Yes.

JANE
He was playing a gig at some ghastly event you had to go to and you struck up a conversation, because you love jazz, so you could talk easily to him, which is normally quite hard for you.

Outside of business.

Stevie’s thrown completely. How the hell?

STEVIE
I, yes, that’s, but...

Stevie looks to Lisbon as if for assistance.

LISBON
(all business)
I’m sorry, Ms. Caid. He’s showing off. Can you think of any reason Harry would be on this floor? At that time of night?

STEVIE
No. He would have known that neither I nor my father were here.

LISBON
So...

STEVIE
I understand from my assistant that Frank Schiappa’s misbehavior was an open secret amongst the junior staff. He is no longer a Caid employee by the way. Perhaps Harry had found out and he was trying to catch him.

LISBON
Perhaps. Or is it possible he had prior knowledge that a theft was going to take place?

(CONTINUED)
STEVIE
You’re asking if he could have been
complicit in the theft.

LISBON
Yes I am.

STEVIE
The answer is no. Harry was
honest, and gentle. No.

LISBON
He never talked about the painting
with you?

STEVIE
No. I didn’t approve of buying it.
Fifty million dollars is far too
much money to spend on a single
object. But my father likes things
done his way, so...

LISBON
But from what I’ve gathered, your
father very much relies on your
advice.

STEVIE
(wryly)
Only when he agrees with it. And
when it comes to art, rational
arguments don’t apply for him.
That would be Kathryn Hawkes’ area
of expertise.

LISBON
Kathryn Hawkes. She is?

Lisbon takes out her notebook and starts writing.

STEVIE
She buys the art for my father’s
collection.

EXT. CAID SCULPTURE GARDEN - DAY

KATHRYN HAWKES (40’s-50’s) leads Lisbon past an eclectic mix
of classical and modern sculpture.

KATHRYN
A terrible tragedy. Terrible.

LISBON
Did you know Mr. Lashley well?

(CONTINUED)
KATHRYN

LISBON
But you think the loss of the painting is the real tragedy here.

KATHRYN
Well, no. Obviously, a human life is a sacred thing. But ‘The Moro’ is a uniquely beautiful treasure. Beyond precious.

LISBON
You know the art market. Who would be willing and able to steal such a high-end item?

KATHRYN
Worldwide, there’s probably a good hundred collectors with resources and passion enough to do this. But ah, it’s public knowledge, Mr. Caid outbid Shirali Arlov to get The Moro. And Arlov wasn’t pleased.

LISBON
Shirali Arlov, the shady Russian oil baron?

KATHRYN
Him.

INT. CBI HQ - DAY

SURVEILLANCE SHOTS of SHIRALI ARLOV -- getting in and out of limos, entering dark doorways -- PLAY ON Rigsby’s COMPUTER.

RIGSBY
Arlov is a nasty piece of work. He has a legit front as an oilman, but he’s a super-rich gangster basically. They say he likes to have his business rivals delivered to him hog-tied and naked so he can kill them personally. Vicious, greedy, and owner of the finest collection of Renaissance paintings in Russia.

Rigsby’s laying it out for Jane, Lisbon, Cho and Van Pelt.
LISBON
Sounds like our kind of guy.
(to Rigsby)
Talk to the organized crime boys upstairs. Find out who Arlov’s connections are in California. Who would he have used for a job like this? And where were they last night?

RIGSBY
Got it.

He moves off.

LISBON
(to Van Pelt)
What d’you have?

VAN PELT
Harry Lashley has a past. Ten years ago in Canada, he stole cash from a video store he was working at. Busted and served six months.

LISBON
Damn. I was kind of hoping he was clean.

VAN PELT
Yup. Nope. Then I tried to find any connection he had with the art world, and this popped up.

She hands over a Xerox copy of a cashier’s check.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
A month ago, he paid a company called R.W. Arts twenty thousand dollars. That’s pretty much the only financial transaction he’s made recently.

LISBON
What is R.W. Arts?

VAN PELT
I don’t know yet. A shell, probably. The address is just a mailbox in Lockesdale. That’s a little farming town up north.
JANE
(to Lisbon)
Interesting. Let’s Van Pelt and I
go have a look.

LISBON
You and Van Pelt?

JANE
She’s from a little farming town,
aren’t you?

VAN PELT
Yes I am.

JANE
Cover.

LISBON
Why do you need cover? You’re a
CBI operative.

JANE
You never know, do you?

LISBON
(to Van Pelt)
Just follow procedure.

JANE
Where’s the fun in that?

EXT. LOCKESDALE TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Jane and Van Pelt get out of the Citroen, parked across from
the village green. There’s a farmer’s market in progress.
Jane takes in the Rockwellesque scene...

JANE
How cute is this? Almost
sickening.

VAN PELT
It sure doesn’t look like the lair
of high-end art thieves.

JANE
But no...

Jane points to a small, white-shingled building on Main
Street. A SIGN over the door reads: “ROB WALLACE ART
GALLERY AND FRAMING STORE.”

JANE (CONT’D)
R.W. Arts.

(CONTINUED)
VAN PELT
Bingo.

Van Pelt takes out her badge starts to put it on her jacket pocket as they walk across the street to the gallery...

JANE
Don’t start with the badge. Let’s see how the land lies first. Then show them the badge.

VAN PELT
Well... okay.

She pockets her badge. As they’re about to enter the store...

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
Don’t do anything embarrassing.

JANE
What d’you mean? I never do anything embarrassing.

VAN PELT
You know what I mean.

They enter.

JANE
No. What d’you mean?

INT. WALLACE ART GALLERY - DAY

CU on a LITTLE GIRL in a best-company dress, face clean, hair brushed and tied with a pretty ribbon. She is sitting up very straight, a large pumpkin beside her, a blue 4H ribbon on the side of it. She smiles a wide smile, revealing a missing tooth.

ROB WALLACE (O.S.)
You’re doing great, Annie. Just another minute...

Annie and her pumpkin are sitting in a light-filled painter’s studio. Jane and Van Pelt enter. Across the room from Annie and her pumpkin, ROB WALLACE (30’s, handsome in a rugged, Marlboro man way) sits at a canvas, using poster paint to execute a portrait. Annie’s proud Parents sit in chairs against the wall behind him, watching.

Noticing Jane and Van Pelt, Rob looks up from his work.

ROB WALLACE (CONT’D)
Morning folks.
JANE

Will do.

Jane’s already prowling around. Van Pelt waits, a little awkward. The little girl’s MOM smiles at him, curious about the couple.

JANE (CONT’D)

Hi.

ANNIE’S MOM

Hi.

JANE

I know what you’re thinking.

ANNIE’S MOM

You do?

JANE

You’re thinking my fiancée is much younger than me.

ANNIE’S MOM

Er, no.

JANE

I’ll tell you a secret. I was her professor at college. Seduced her.

ANNIE’S MOM

(politely)

No kidding.

JANE

Her parents were mad as hell. Right babe?

VAN PELT

Okay. That’s what I mean. Come on. Stop it.

JANE

She hates it when I’m open about this stuff.

Annie’s parent’s exchange a glance. Van Pelt looks daggers at Jane. Jane takes a look at Rob’s work.

(CONTINUED)
JANE (CONT'D)
Oh it’s good. He’s good.
(pointing to Van Pelt.)
Could you do a picture of my fiancée?

VAN PELT
No.

JANE
Yes.

VAN PELT
No.

JANE
Hey, who’s in charge in this relationship?

VAN PELT
(sternly)
He’s just playing the fool. Stop it now.

Van Pelt sighs, tacitly agreeing to cooperate with Jane’s play. Rob and Annie’s parents look at each other and raise their eyebrows.

EXT. LOCKESDALE TOWN SQUARE - DAY
Annie and parents leaving the art gallery.

INT. WALLACE ART GALLERY - DAY
Van Pelt settles into a pose for Rob Wallace, pencil in hand making a preliminary sketch.

ROB WALLACE
Turn just a little to your left. There. Good.

Jane stands close to Rob, watching him work.

JANE
Don’t put her eyes too close together.

Rob looks askance at Jane.

ROB WALLACE
Uh...

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Sorry. I’m getting in your space.
Bad habit. Where’s your facilities?

Rob is only too glad to tell Jane where go...

ROB WALLACE
Down the hall, door on your right, just under the stairs.

As Jane exits...

JANE
Not too close, that’s all I’m saying...

INT. HALLWAY. WALLACE ART GALLERY - DAY

Jane makes his way down the wide-board floor of the hallway. The walls are plain, unadorned. Everything is simple and clean. Reaching the bathroom, Jane notices a pattern of multi-colored handprints smudged on the wall heading back into the house. He glances backwards, then shuts the bathroom door and heads deeper into the building, following the paint handprints...

INT. WALLACE ART GALLERY - SIMULTANEOUS

Rob starts sketching.

ROB WALLACE
You have an excellent nose.

VAN PELT
Thank you.

INT. BACK ROOM. WALLACE ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Jane enters a small bare room, the faint trace of paint handprints are on the doorknob and smudged on the door frame to a closet. Jane opens the closet. It’s empty. Jane raps on the back wall of the closet.

INT. WALLACE ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Rob sketching. Van Pelt holding very still.

ROB WALLACE
Just passing through town are you?

Van Pelt has no talent for embellishment.

VAN PELT
Yes. Passing through.

(CONTINUED)
A BUMP O.S. Van Pelt tries to distract Rob Wallace.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
Have you lived here long?

Rob Wallace nods.

ROB WALLACE
All my life. D’you mind if I ask you a personal question?

VAN PELT
That depends I suppose.

Another BUMP O.S. -- a slight look from Rob.

VAN PELT (CONT’D)
(quickly)
Go ahead.

ROB WALLACE
How long have you and Patrick been together?

Van Pelt tries to keep Rob’s attention from the SOUNDS of Jane in the back.

VAN PELT
Um, not long.

ROB WALLACE
Because -- well, okay, I’ll say it. Are you sure about marrying this guy? He appears to be kind of a jerk, no offense.

Rob seems oblivious.

VAN PELT
Oh no, yes. I’m not marrying him. That’s, no. Don’t worry about that. Not going to happen.

ROB WALLACE
Well alright then. I’m glad to hear it.

Another BUMP. Rob doesn’t react.

ROB WALLACE (CONT’D)
Turn your head to the right a little, look down. There. Hold that.

(CONTINUED)
Van Pelt does as she’s told and doesn’t see Rob take a SHOTGUN from a footlocker.

ROB WALLACE (CONT’D)
Okay, stand up.

Now she sees it.

INT. BACK ROOM. WALLACE ART GALLERY - DAY

Jane is about to exit, but something makes him go back to the closet: a bare pole with some wire hangers on it, three clothes hooks along one wall. Jane thoughtfully tugs at one of the clothes hooks. Nothing happens. He frowns, tries another. Still nothing. He squints at the last one -- a faint smudge of paint. He tugs, and there is an audible ‘click.’ The BACK WALL SWINGS OPEN. A hidden door. On the other side, a small chamber and on an easel, the MISSING PORTRAIT OF CARLOTTA MORO.

Jane smiles thoughtfully. Van Pelt appears, followed by Rob Wallace with the shotgun.

ROB WALLACE
Put your hands in the air.

Jane does what he’s told.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

INT. BACK ROOM. WALLACE ART GALLERY - DAY (D/2 CONT’D)

Jane and Van Pelt held at gunpoint by Rob Wallace.

JANE
Steady now. Steady...

VAN PELT
Mr. Wallace, if you would just let me show you my ID. We’re from the California Bureau of Investigation. Our office knows we’re here. If you kill us, they’ll know who did it.

Rob is having trouble keeping up with Van Pelt.

ROB WALLACE
Kill you? Why would I kill you? You’re cops?

VAN PELT
Investigating the murder of Harry Lashley.

WALLACE
Lashley’s dead? Oh my gosh. He’s dead? What happened?

VAN PELT
We were hoping you might tell us that. Seeing that you have the stolen painting in your possession.

JANE
It’s a copy. Mr. Wallace here is an art forger. And a very good one, from the look of it. He’s not a thief.

VAN PELT
(embarrassed)
Oh. Well then, put the gun down.

EXT. WALLACE ART GALLERY - DAY

Rob turns a SIGN around to say that the store’s CLOSED.

INT. WALLACE ART GALLERY - A MOMENT LATER

Rob talking with Jane and Van Pelt.

(CONTINUED)
Mr. Lashley came to me a couple of months ago and commissioned two copies of The Moro.

JANE
How did he find you?

ROB WALLACE
People who need my services tend to find me eventually. It’s not a crime what I do. If you have a valuable painting, it’s only sensible to have a copy made for display. So that you can keep the real thing safe. I gave him the copies a month ago.

VAN PELT
You gave two copies to him already? So what’s this one for?

ROB WALLACE
This one, I did for myself. It’s a beautiful picture. I’d come to love her.

JANE
Why did he want two copies?

ROB WALLACE
He didn’t say.

VAN PELT
And you didn’t ask questions.

ROB WALLACE
He paid me ten thousand dollars for each of them. No, I didn’t ask questions.

VAN PELT
How do we know this isn’t the real thing?

ROB WALLACE
Look, I’m not a forger, I’m an artist. I’m not trying to trick anyone. I always add details that ensure nobody can sell my work as the genuine article.
Van Pelt stares at the painting -- the ineffable smile that hovers around the corner of Carlotta Moro’s mouth, the exquisite brushwork of the lace at her neck, the dove in a cage beside her.

Van Pelt (leaning in) I still don’t --

JANE -- You’ve almost found it.

Frustrated, Van Pelt squints to see: a hunting party of noble lords and ladies in rich finery... a castle on a hilltop... the battlements patrolled by footmen armed with pikes...

Van Pelt’s finger reaches out and touches the canvas. Peeking out from all the flags and towers bristling from the castle’s battlements, a tiny anachronistic touch: an old-fashioned television aerial.

Van Pelt (CONT’D) A TV aerial. They didn’t have TV.

Rob Wallace
Like I said. I’m not a forger.
JANE
It’s beautiful work. Can I borrow this from you for a while? To show our boss?

ROB WALLACE
Uh, I don’t know about that. How do I know I’ll get it back?

JANE
Let me put it another way. Lend it to me or Agent Van Pelt is fully entitled to take you and the painting back to Sacramento, and keep you there answering dumb questions for hours and hours.

ON ROB. It’s not much of a choice...

INT. HALLWAY/BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY (D/3)
Jane, holding The Moro, wrapped in a blanket, talking with Lisbon.

LISBON
Copies uh? Clever. Harry and his accomplices steal the painting once, but they get to sell it three times.

CHO
Hey, boss. A.P. Caid’s back from his trip. He’s on the way to his office.

INT. CORRIDOR. EXECUTIVE FLOOR. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - DAY
A.P. CAID strides into frame, laughing. He’s tanned and weathered, wearing a Helly Hansen slicker and boat shoes. Jane, Lisbon, Stevie, and Kathryn Hawkes follow. The man’s a charismatic self-absorbed force of nature.

A.P. CAID
...No no you have it all wrong. I told Harry to get me a copy made on the hush hush. I mean, hell, what kind of idiot puts fifty million dollars on a wall for anybody to steal?

LISBON
It was a copy that was stolen.

(CONTINUED)
A.P. CAID
(chuckling)
Damn right. The real old girl’s in my private vault.

KATHRYN
All due respect, A.P., why didn’t you tell me about this? The art here is my responsibility.

A.P. CAID
You didn’t need to know. This kind of trick, the fewer people know, the better.

He laughs out loud.

A.P. CAID (CONT’D)
And it paid off uh? Some thieving sonofabitch just paid a whole lot of money for junk.

STEVIE
Daddy, Harry’s dead.

A.P. CAID
I’m sorry, baby. You’re right. It’s too bad. It’s tragic. I really liked that kid. He was going to go places here.

A.P. gives his daughter a perfunctory hug, the falsity of which betrays to her the fact that he’s too self-absorbed to really give a shit.

JANE
Can we have a look at the painting?

A.P. CAID
You want to see my baby? Sure thing.

25A INT. VAULT. A.P. CAID OIL HQ - DAY
A small room, lined with shelves of cash and bullion and metal boxes with who knows what in them.

The Carlotta Moro portrait sits on an easel at the center of the room.

A.P. admires it proudly, the others behind him.

A.P. CAID
Ain’t she a beauty?

(CONTINUED)
KATHRYN
A masterpiece of quattrocento portraiture. One of a kind.

A.P. CAID
That’s fifty million dollars right there.

JANE
Uh, that’s about ten thousand dollars right there. It’s a fake.

A.P. CAID
The hell you say.

JANE
Fake as a six dollar bill.

A.P. CAID
That’s not funny.

JANE
Take a look at the group on horseback, back there, by the trees.

He gestures for him to lean in for a closer look.

JANE (CONT’D)
The third one from the left, beside the footman --

He points. A.P. leans in, squints. So do Hawkes and Lisbon.

A.P. CAID
Okay, I see the guys on horses. What’s so --

A.P. stops. INSERT -- We can SEE that among a group of miniscule knights riding on richly caparisoned horses, one teeny little man in period costume carries an AK-47.

JANE
What do you think, is that a M-16, or a Kalashnikov?

A.P. CAID
Son of a bitch.

A.P. Caid glares at the stunned Kathryn Hawkes.

A.P. CAID (CONT’D)
(pointing at the canvas)
There’s a dammed machine gun in the painting!

(MORE)
How the hell did you not notice that? This bozo could see it, why couldn’t you?

KATHRYN
Uh, I’m sure that’s not...

She looks. Oh shit.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
(taken aback)
A.P., I assure you --

A.P. CAID
(accusing)
You’re supposed to have such a good eye and you bought me a fake?

KATHRYN
(with offended dignity)
Mr. Caid, I can state with absolute certainty that the painting I bought for you and put into your hands was genuine. I have the documents to prove it. If you chose to engage in some clever subterfuge without my knowledge, I can hardly be blamed for the results.

And she sweeps from the room with her chin in the air, desperately clutching her tattered dignity. A.P. seems oblivious to her departure.

A.P. CAID
That sonofabitch. Harry did this. He switched out the real painting for the fake one.

STEVIE
And then bludgeoned himself to death I suppose. You have no basis for that Father...

A.P. CAID
Whichever one of his crackhead musician friends he brought along did that.

STEVIE
That’s not fair. You don’t know that.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Were you aware that Harry served
time in prison? In Canada. Six
months for theft. Ten years ago.

Stevie tries to stifle her surprise and dismay.

STEVIE
Yes. I mean, no, I, didn’t, but it
doesn’t, I’m sure it’s not. It was
ten years ago.

A.P. CAID
(rising anger)
I knew it! I knew he was no good.
I knew it. I could feel it. But I
kept quiet. For your sake, I
forced myself to trust the guy.
After all this time you finally
find a man, glory hallelujah, and
what does he do? He steals fifty
million dollars from me. Damn,
Stevie.

Stevie turns to Jane and Lisbon. She has to struggle to
speak evenly.

STEVIE
Please, I beg you, find my
husband’s murderer.

LISBON
Yes, ma’am. That’s what we’re
trying to do.

STEVIE
They’ll tell you the truth. I want
the truth.

Stevie’s veneer cracks. With a convulsive sob she rushes
from the room.

Scowling, A.P. waves a dismissive hand toward Lisbon and
Jane.

A.P. CAID
You people can go.

Lisbon gives him a deadpan gaze.

LISBON
We have all we need from you at the
moment. We’ll be in touch.

(CONTINUED)
They head for the door. Jane pauses.

JANE
Mr. Caid, forgive me for being blu --

LISBON
(muttering)
-- Oh no you don't.

She grabs Jane's arm and discreetly, but with surprising force, pulls him from the room.

OMITTED

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY (D/3)

Lisbon and the team run through the case.

CHO
Harry has copies made, but he doesn't hang one on the wall to disguise the robbery. Why?

RIGSBY
Because it was part of the plan. Everybody has to know the painting's been stolen for him to have anything to sell. The painting has to be missing.

JANE
So he makes the switch, then he goes to steal the real painting off the wall, knowing Frank Schiappa's turned off the cameras.

VAN PELT
So then who kills him?

CHO
Whoever ended up delivering the painting to a buyer. Harry outlived his usefulness the minute he used his security pass to get into A.P.'s office.

Lisbon enters.

LISBON
Well, we heard from the organized crime boys about Shirali Arlov.

CHO
We did?

(CONTINUED)
Uh-huh. The good news, Arlov is in California. In LA. Arrived a couple of days ago.

The team is galvanized.

VAN PELT
That can’t be a coincidence.

CHO
What’s the bad news?

LISBON
The bad news is, he’s travelling on a diplomatic passport. We can’t touch him. Under any circumstances.

RIGSBY
If we can just ask him a couple of questions...

Lisbon shakes her head.

LISBON
State Department is crystal clear -- keep off. Arlov controls an oil pipeline route this country needs. It’s a national security issue.

RIGSBY
Another argument for energy independence right there.

JANE
Where’s he staying?

LISBON
I repeat, we can’t touch him.

JANE
No touching. Promise.
INSIDE THE SUITE, another group of gangsters play a VIOLENT VIDEO GAME. Guns and drugs laying around everywhere. We find the PORTRAIT of Carlotta Moro hanging on a wall.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN. CBI HQ - DAY (D/3 CONT’D)

Lisbon shakes her head as she walks down the hallway to the kitchen, dogged by Jane.

LISBON
Nope, nyet, no. And Minelli said 'no,' too. That’s four ‘no’s.

JANE
Minelli always says no. That’s his job.

LISBON
And it’s mine to listen to him.

They enter the kitchen where Lisbon makes herself a cup of coffee. Rigsby’s there already downing several little yogurt bottles.

JANE
You’ll walk away? Arlov is our guy. You’re going to let him get away with murder?

LISBON
He didn’t do the murder. He probably bought the painting from the murderer.

JANE
We’ll never know unless we go talk to him.

LISBON
We’ll close this case, but not by causing an international scandal.

JANE
Arlov’s the key. We won’t get anywhere if we don’t get to him.

LISBON
I want to get Harry Lashley’s killer as much as you do. But we can’t go after Arlov. The State Department --

JANE
-- A fig for the state department.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
I agree. Screw 'em.

LISBON
That attitude is why I’m in charge and you guys aren’t.
(off the yogurts)
And would you leave some of those for everybody else?

Lisbon leaves with her coffee.

RIGSBY
They’re so small.

Jane waits until Lisbon’s out of earshot.

JANE
How can it be wrong for law officers to go after a known criminal?

Rigsby shakes his head in disgust.

RIGSBY
Damn right.

JANE
If we leave now, we can be in LA before dark.

RIGSBY
What?

JANE
Tell Cho to meet us in the parking lot. Ten minutes.

RIGSBY
Uh...

Jane’s already gone. Rigsby rues his big mouth.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (N/3)
A glamorous swooping BIRDS EYE VIEW of Beverly Hills and the Sunset Strip...

INT/EXT. CBI CAR IN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

JANE
You ready?

(CONTINUED)
CHO
(to phone)
Yes.

RIGSBY
(doubtful)
Are you ready?

JANE (O.S.)
Ready.

Jane drops his phone into his pocket, still on the line to Cho.

JANE (CONT’D)
What’s the signal?

CHO
‘She is beautiful.’

JANE
That’s it. Let’s go.

Jane gets out of the car. He has the fake ‘Moro’ (that he borrowed from Rob Wallace) in his hand, casually wrapped in a towel. Cho and Rigsby follow at a distance.

EXT. OUTSIDE ARLOV’S SUITE – NIGHT

A burly GUARD in a flashy suit stands outside Arlov’s door.

Jane comes down the corridor, carrying ‘The Moro.’

JANE
Hi. I’d like to speak to Mr. Arlov please.

The Guard looks at him blankly.

JANE (CONT’D)
Would you tell Mr. Arlov that Patrick Jane is here? I have the Moro portrait that was stolen a couple of days ago, and I want to sell it to him.

Jane shows him the wrapped frame in his hand. The Guard frowns, puzzled.

INT. ARLOV’S HOTEL SUITE – NIGHT

The gangster’s revels are still in full swing. Arlov is on the couch watching TV. The Guard crosses the room and whispers in Arlov’s ear. Arlov frowns, says something brusque in Russian. The Guard hurries away.
Jane leans against the wall, waiting. The Guard emerges from Arlov’s suite. Beckons to Jane.

GUARD
Come.

INT. ARLOV’S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Jane enters. Everybody stares at him. The guard escorts him to Arlov. Arlov smiles up at Jane, pats the sofa next to him. Jane complies, sits down. (NB the Moro portrait is not visible from this part of the suite). Arlov has good demotic English, like he went to college here.

ARLOV
(indicating the TV)
World’s Best Collisions.
You know this show?

INSERT - ON THE TV - A quick shot of a car crash.

ARLOV (CONT’D)
You should check it out. Amusing and educational. A lesson for us all. Anytime, anyplace, BOOM. Your life can be over.

JANE
That’s very true.

ARLOV
Would you like a drink? A snack?

JANE
Yes. Sparkling water please.

This to the Guard, who scowls and looks to Arlov, who nods. The guard moves off.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Rigsby watching Cho listen to his phone.

JANE (O.S.)
(faintly)
No ice. Room temperature is fine.

In BG we might notice a little RED BOX on the wall -- a glass fronted FIRE ALARM BUTTON.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - NIGHT

Lisbon enters. Only Van Pelt is at her desk.

(CONTINUED)
LISBON
Where is everyone?
VAN PELT
Weird, they all called in to sign out. Jane wasn’t feeling well, Rigsby has a hot date, and Cho got Kings tickets.

Lisbon looks dark...

LISBON
Sonofa...

VAN PELT
What?

Lisbon flips open her phone.

LISBON
Jane’s never sick, Rigsby’s not dating anyone because he’s in love with you, and the Kings aren’t playing tonight.

Van Pelt blushes bright red.

VAN PELT
You know that?

LISBON
They’re on an east coast road trip. Playing the Knicks tomorrow night.

VAN PELT
No, I mean about Rigsby. How do you know that?

LISBON
(offhand)
Everybody knows that. The Attorney General knows that.

VAN PELT
I’m so embarrassed.

LISBON
Please.
(to phone)
Answer your phone dammit.

INT. ARLOV’S HOTEL SUITE – NIGHT

The guard hands Jane a glass of sparkling water.

JANE
Thank you.
Jane’s PHONE BUZZES in his pocket, he takes it out and looks at it.

INSERT -- The PHONE DISPLAY indicates Cho is on the line and Lisbon is waiting...

ARLOV
D’y you want to take that? Feel free.

JANE
Nothing important.

He puts the phone away. Drinks some water, very calm and cool. Arlov picks up the TV remote, pushes pause. The VIDEO FREEZES, mid-horrific accident.

ARLOV
(a shark’s smile)
So. Mr. Patrick Jane. You have a painting you want to sell me?

He points his foot at the wrapped frame in Jane’s hand.

ARLOV (CONT’D)
The Carlotta Moro?

JANE
Yes.

ARLOV
I don’t believe you.

JANE
Take a look.

He unwraps the painting and shows it to Arlov. The frame is right, but the picture is a crudely drawn cartoon version of La Moro on paper.

JANE (CONT’D)
You like it?

Arlov frowns. What’s this man’s game?

ARLOV
Are you mad?

JANE
Just kidding. Kidding. This was just a prop to get me in the door. I’m aware you already have the painting.

Arlov was about to tell his men to tear Jane up, but this gives him pause.

(CONTINUED)
ARLOV
Really. You are aware.
How are you aware of this?

JANE
A guess. Confirmed by the predatory smile on your face when you asked me about it just now. You enjoy trapping people in nets of their own making.

A palpable hit with Arlov. He laughs.

ARLOV
Very perceptive of you.

JANE
Not really. Most successful criminal bosses have a similar profile. Sadistic and violent, but also highly methodical and psychologically astute.

Arlov laughs some more, then turns ice cold.

ARLOV
Why are you here, Mr. Jane?

Jane shows his CBI ID.

JANE
I’m a detective of sorts.

Arlov’s men react with surly menace...

ARLOV
Hush boys.
(to Jane)
Explain.

JANE
I’m trying to find out who killed Harry Lashley.

ARLOV
Who?

JANE
The man that died in the course of the painting’s theft.

Arlov relaxes a little now that he understands Jane’s motive for being here. He pushes ‘play’ on the TV remote button.

(CONTINUED)
ARLOV
Oh yes. I recall. Poor fellow. If you are looking for a bribe, I’m afraid you’re out of luck. You do understand, I have immunity from prosecution in this country.

JANE
Yes, I know. I show you my ID only to discourage you from killing or torturing me or something. You might not be arrested for it, but it would certainly cause a big fuss.

ARLOV
I don’t mind a fuss. Anything to avoid boredom.

JANE
Given your immunity, you could tell me who you bought the painting from, and do no harm to yourself.

ARLOV
Inform to the police? Why on earth would I do that?

JANE
Harry Lashley didn’t deserve to die. He deserves justice. He has a wife who needs to know what happened.

Arlov laughs, so do all his henchmen and their women.

ARLOV
You’re not serious. Justice.

JANE
Perhaps you haven’t paid the full price of the painting yet. Perhaps an arrest would save you some money.

ARLOV
That’s not a bad thought. But I love my art collection. I love beauty. It’s why I do what I do. Who will sell to me if I start sending my suppliers to jail?
JANE
True. Well. I thought it was worth a try. Sorry to waste your time.

ARLOV
(amused by him)
Not at all. You’re a very strange kind of policeman. It’s been most diverting.

JANE
Can I see it before I go? The Moro? I’m told it’s very beautiful.

ARLOV
You appreciate art eh? Of course. Why not?

He gestures to one of his men, who hurries to fetch the painting from the bedroom...

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT
Cho listening to his phone. Rigsby watching, tense...

RIGSBY
What’s happening?

CHO
(to Rigsby)
Soon. Get ready.

INT. ARLOV’S HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS
Arlov’s man hands Arlov the Moro portrait. He shows it to Jane.

ARLOV
An Italian Silk Merchant’s wife. Six hundred years old, and still alive. Immortal.

Jane reaches out.

JANE
May I?

Arlov hands Jane the painting. Jane admires it.

JANE (CONT’D)
I see why you went to such lengths to get her. She is beautiful.
INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Cho on the phone...

CHO

Now!

Riggsby uses his elbow to smash the glass of the fire alarm box. CLANGALALANG!!

INT. ARLOV’S HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Everybody turns toward the sound of the fire alarm. For a second nobody is looking at Jane. With conjuror’s timing, he SWITCHES ARLOV’S PAINTING FOR THE COPY he brought with him, lying discarded at his side. He simultaneously removes the cartoon from the frame (revealing Rob’s copy underneath) and slots it into the other frame. Now Arlov’s painting is concealed under the cartoon.

When Arlov turns back to Jane he looks exactly as before, and it’s impossible to tell that the paintings have been switched. Arlov takes the painting back.

SOOTHING FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

This is a fire alarm. Will all hotel guests move toward the nearest fire exit. This is a fire alarm...

Arlov scowls at the inconvenience. He’s about to rise, looks at Jane, looks at the painting, looks at the cartoon version by Jane’s side, and dismissing his inchoate suspicion, stands up. Everybody moves toward the door...

EXT. ARLOV’S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Arlov’s entourage and other guests shuffle outside, Jane amongst them, painting in hand.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

INT. PARKING LOT – NIGHT (N/3 CONT’D)

Jane climbs into the back of the CBI car carrying the painting. Not a care in the world.

CHO
Well?

Jane grins.

RIGSBY
Yes!

He starts the car.

RIGSBY (CONT’D)
You better call Lisbon. Give her an update.

JANE
You call her.

RIGSBY
I’m driving. Cho, you call...

CHO
No way.

JANE
I just robbed a Russian gangster. You can’t call Lisbon? Chickens.

Beat. Cho sighs, opens his phone.

WIDE SHOT – the CBI car leaves the lot at speed.

INT. FOYER. EXECUTIVE FLOOR. A.P. CAID OIL HQ – DAY (D/4)

Jane and Lisbon get off the elevator. He’s carrying the Moro portrait. Lisbon’s in a grump. They walk to A.P.’s office...

JANE
You’re not going to be grumpy like this in the room, are you?

LISBON
Yes I am.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
If you don’t mind me saying, that’s not very professional.

LISBON
Don’t push me, seriously.

JANE
I’ve said I’m sorry.

LISBON
You had express orders to leave Arlov alone.

JANE
That’s why I didn’t tell you. You had total deniability.

LISBON
That’s not the point...

JANE
The point is my brilliant plan worked like clockwork.

LISBON
What worked? The case isn’t closed. You’ve done nothing yet.

JANE
Watch me.

Jane enters A.P.‘s office, holding the painting behind his back.

INT. A.P.‘S OFFICE - DAY

So A.P. Caid, Stevie and Kathryn Hawkes don’t see the painting at first.

JANE
Good morning.

Jane produces the painting.

JANE (CONT’D)
Ta da.

All are amazed.

A.P. CAID
What the hell? You got it back!

Jane hands him the picture.

(CONTINUED)
A.P. CAID (CONT’D)
This is just fabulous. Was it Arlov that had it?

Jane nods.

JANE
It was.

A.P. hangs the painting over the fireplace.

KATHRYN
How did you get it back?

JANE
I stole it.

A.P. CAID
(laughing)
Are you serious?

JANE
Legally there was nothing we could do, as you say. But on the other hand, Arlov had stolen the painting, so there’s nothing he can do, either.

A.P. chortles with delight.

A.P. CAID
Better and better! I have my painting back, and when Arlov finds out I’ve got it back, it’ll kill him!

Stevie’s fuming.

STEVIE
Who cares about Arlov? Who cares about the damn painting?

(MORE)
Harry's dead and nobody's paying for that. You assured me you would find Harry's killer.

LISBON
We did the best we could, Stevie. There's not much more we can do.

A.P. shakes his head.

A.P. CAID
Stevie, sweetheart, I know you loved him. Heck, I liked him too. But we got to face facts. Harry was in on this theft. He betrayed me. In a way it's a good thing he's gone. I mean, you might have had children with the bum. Think of that. We dodged a bullet.

Stevie nods, defeated, head in hands.

A.P. CAID (CONT’D)
Atta girl. We’ll find you some other guy. Main thing is we’ve sent a message. Nobody messes with A.P. Caid.

JANE
I had a daughter once. She died. Killed. It was my fault. That’s how I know that a man who treats his only daughter the way you do is a fool.

LISBON
Jane...

Jane gives her a discreet look, like don’t worry. I know what I’m doing.

A.P. CAID
What did you say?
JANE
Your child is hurting and you’re crowing over a petty triumph like a cockerel on a dung-heap. You’re a blind, vain, emotionally stunted fool. You value this, this painting...
  (off the whole room)
...all this rubbish, more than the child that loves you.

A.P. CAID
(suppressing anger)
You found my painting. And I’m grateful for that, so I’m going to be patient here.
  (to Lisbon)
Get this clown out of my office.

LISBON
Jane...

JANE
How can I make you understand?
This painting here is worth nothing. It’s nothing...

And with that Jane pulls the portrait of Carlotta Moro off the wall and throws it into the fire. The oil and resin catches quickly and it goes up like a torch. There are SCREAMS of horror as people -- A.P., Lisbon, Stevie -- all try to rescue the painting from the fire. All except Kathryn Hawkes.

LISBON
(shouting)
Jane! Have you gone crazy?

JANE
(calmly)
No. I’m doing my job. Look...

He indicates Kathryn Hawkes, staring back at Jane guiltily, not having moved an inch.

JANE (CONT’D)
You’d think someone whose life is dedicated to fine art would try to save a masterpiece from burning up, wouldn’t you? Unless she knew it was just another fake.
KATHRYN
No, not at all, I... You surprised me, that’s all.

A.P. CAID
It’s a fake?

JANE
Yes. I only found out after I stole it. But Kathryn knew that because it was she who stole the original. And she that still has it safe in her possession.

A.P. frowns, looks from the burning painting to Kathryn Hawkes.

A.P. CAID
Kathryn? Is this true?

JANE
(sympathetically)
What a horrible job you found for yourself, Kathryn, helping a greedy egotist snatch up beautiful things he has no ability to appreciate.

Jane has Kathryn Hawkes mesmerized, like a snake mesmerizes its prey. He moves toward her.

JANE (CONT’D)
And you don’t get paid much, do you? All that money and beauty around you, and you don’t get to have any of it. Very frustrating.

KATHRYN
Not, not at all.

JANE
Harry came to you for advice about the painting, didn’t he? And you asked him to make a second copy. For your own personal use.

(CONTINUED)
Jane is reading every nuance of Kathryn’s discomfort. *

**JANE (CONT’D)**

You blackmailed him uh? You must have found about his theft conviction in Canada. You threatened to tell A.P. Destroy the life he was building with Stevie.

**LISBON**

(to Kathryn)

You want to comment on that?

**KATHRYN**

It’s all nonsense, A.P. Nonsense.

**JANE**

Is it? The reason you had two copies made was so you could sell one to Arlov and keep the real painting for yourself. Being the only person who really deserved it.

Stevie is coming out of her haze of grief, angry...

**STEVIE**

It was her? She did it?

**JANE**

The same way I switched paintings on Arlov, she switched them on Harry, right before the portrait was to be taken to the vault.

He turns back to Kathryn.

**JANE (CONT’D)**

All you had to do was go back to A.P.’s office after hours and take the real painting.

**FLASHBACK**

**47 INT. A.P.’S OFFICE – NIGHT (N/1)**

Kathryn Hawkes is taking the painting off the wall.
But poor Harry must have suspected something. He guessed your plan, and he came to stop you.

Harry comes in, goes to stop Kathryn. They fight. Kathryn grabs the little bust of Caesar off the desk and hits Harry over the head.

And you killed him.

Harry drops to the floor. Kathryn Hawkes stares down at him, stunned.

END FLASHBACK

Jane points at Kathryn.

Tell the truth, Kathryn. Our people are already searching your apartment.

Lisbon gives Jane a quick quizzical look. His look in reply tells her that he’s bluffing.

They’ll find the painting if they have to tear the place down. There’s no point lying anymore.

Kathryn sits down, feeling weak.

I never meant to kill him. If only he hadn’t tried to stop me, everything would have been fine.

She looks pleadingly at the faces around her.

Nobody would have gotten hurt.

With a strangled cry of rage, Stevie jumps up and rushes across the room to attack Kathryn. A.P. stops her, holds her tight.

No baby. Don’t.

Lisbon gestures peremptorily at Kathryn...
LISBON
Stand up please.

Kathryn stands. Lisbon puts cuffs on her.

LISBON (CONT’D)
Kathryn Hawkes, you’re under arrest for the murder of Harry Lashley. Let’s go.

Lisbon leads Kathryn from the room. A.P. and Stevie are still in an embrace.

Jane starts to follow Lisbon, stops, turns back to A.P Caid.

JANE
My apologies for the pious lecture I gave you earlier. I needed a pretext for burning the painting, and your family dysfunction fit the bill.

A.P. CAID
No sir. No apology needed. There was some good hard truth in what you said.

JANE
Yes there was, but I do hate to be judgmental.

He raises a hand in farewell, heads for the door.

A.P. CAID
What say we start a foundation in Harry’s memory? Teach art appreciation to kids or something.

STEVIE
Jazz. We can teach jazz to kids.

A.P. CAID
Whatever you say. Jazz to kids then.

(beat)
Or jazz and art.

Jane exits the room.

INT. BULLPEN. CBI HQ - DAY

Jane hangs the Carlotta Moro portrait on the wall over his couch, stands back to admire it with Cho and Rigsby.

(CONTINUED)
RIGSBY
Hard to believe it’s a fake.

CHO
Crazy isn’t it? One painting’s worth fifty million, and the other’s only worth a few thousand, but they look identical.

JANE
Yup. Crazy.
(beat)
Funny, now that you mention it, I’m not actually sure if this is the copy. After a while, it gets hard to keep track, doesn’t it?

Cho and Rigsby look at each other and simultaneously get up close to examine the painting...

FADE OUT.

THE END
INT. A.P.’S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Kathryn Hawkes is taking the painting off the wall. Harry enters.

HARRY
Stop, Kathryn. Put it back.

Kathryn Hawkes turns, surprised.

KATHRYN
Harry?

HARRY
I’m not going to let you steal the painting, Kathryn.

Harry crosses to where Kathryn stands behind A.P.’s desk, holding the painting.

KATHRYN
Don’t be stupid, Harry. If I tell A.P. about your legal problem up in Canada, how long do you think he’ll let you stay married to mousy little Stevie, hmn?

She tries to push past Harry, the painting under her arm, but Harry grabs her and tries to take the painting away.

HARRY
No! Stop!

They struggle. Kathryn shoves Harry.

KATHRYN
Let me go!

HARRY
(hanging on)
Give it back!

Harry begins to gain the upper hand, forcing Kathryn backward onto A.P.’s desk. Her hand scrabbles behind her for something to use against Harry, finds the bust. Kathryn swings it wildly, striking Harry on the head. He drops. Kathryn stares down at him, stunned at what she has done.

**PRODUCTION NOTE: SCENE WILL BE SHOT MOS. DIALOGUE IS FOR ACTORS.**