

**"THE MENTALIST"**

"Black Poker Chips"

written by

L.Harrood

Address -----

Address -----

Phone -----

Email -----

TEASER

FADE IN:

**1 EXT. DESERT PLAIN - DAY**

**1**

Trees and shrubs along a dry river bed, cutting through a vast desert plain. No buildings or paved roads in sight.

AGENT KIM FISHER oversees FORENSICS TECHS at a sectioned-off crime scene, down near the dry river.

TITLE OVER:

"Yselta Del Sur Pueblo Indian Reservation"

JANE and LISBON pull up in an SUV and are greeted by an eager DEPUTY WALLACE (45).

DEPUTY WALLACE  
You guys got here fast.

JANE  
We aim to please.

LISBON  
I'm Special Agent Teresa Lisbon,  
this is Patrick Jane.

Wallace shakes Lisbon's hand. Jane can barely bother to shake hands, already distracted by his surroundings.

DEPUTY WALLACE  
(smiles, to Jane)  
Not "Special Agent"?

JANE  
I'm special. Just not an agent.

LISBON  
He's a Consultant.

DEPUTY WALLACE  
Ah. Well, let's go meet our vic.  
Your associate is already down  
there.

Jane and Lisbon follow Wallace down into the crime scene. The whole time, Jane takes in the area, wandering. Wallace makes an effort to wait for him, but Lisbon gestures to continue forward.

They reach the murder victim, ANGEL VENTANA (28), a man dressed in a designer suit and boots, lying on his back in the dirt underneath a bushy tree. The front of his shirt is stained with blood from a GUNSHOT WOUND.

Jane glances at the victim, which is enough for now. He returns his attention to the surrounding foliage. Fisher brings Lisbon up to date.

FISHER  
Victim is Angel Ventana, 28. Local. He was spotted by a couple of teenagers on dirt bikes. Looks like he's been out here a week.

LISBON  
How'd you ID him?

FISHER  
Driver's license. Had his wallet in his back pocket.

DEPUTY WALLACE  
Makes all our jobs easier, eh?

Wallace smiles again. Jane is unmoved, still examining the surrounding landscape.

JANE  
Beautiful country, don't you think, Lisbon?

She ignores him.

LISBON  
Money in it?

FISHER  
To put it mildly. Couple grand in cash.

DEPUTY WALLACE  
Guess we can rule out robbery.

Jane examines the bushy tree near the victim. He reaches deep into it and pulls out a POMEGRANATE, happy with his discovery.

JANE  
Pomegranates! They're so good when they're this fresh!

Right there on the spot, he rips into the fruit and picks out seeds for a snack. He casually hands Lisbon half the fruit. She takes it, but does not eat.

LISBON  
Jane?

JANE  
So good. But sticks to my teeth. Still, small price to pay.

Deputy Wallace is confused by Jane's casual attitude in front of a dead body. Lisbon gives up on Jane for now.

LISBON  
(to Fisher)  
What do we have so far?

FISHER  
He's got money, that's for sure.  
The loaded wallet. The designer  
suit. Pierre Cardin.

DEPUTY WALLACE  
Rich boy. Must be nice.

JANE  
20's and 50's?

DEPUTY WALLACE  
(confused)  
Excuse me?

JANE  
His wallet. Two grand in cash. 20's  
a 50's, right? Not a Ben Franklin  
to be found?

DEPUTY WALLACE  
Yeah, that's right. So?

JANE  
For one thing, real rich people  
carry plastic, not paper. And his  
Pierre Cardin is second-hand.

Wallace looks skeptical.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Button his collar if you don't  
believe me.

Wallace looks at Lisbon, unsure.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Go on.

Fisher kneels down and tries to button the victim's collar.  
It's slightly too small.

JANE (CONT'D)  
A custom tailored suit would fit  
perfectly. This is second-hand.

Jane kneels down and rubs the fabric of the victim's pants.

JANE (CONT'D)

I'd say put together from a thrift store, considering the thread count on the pants doesn't match the blazer.

DEPUTY WALLACE

So, you're saying...

JANE

He wasn't wealthy. He was just dressing the part. Not for a girl - no scent of cologne, no jewelry. And not for work - Pierre Cardin is a bit much for a small town office job, new or used.

FISHER

Then what?

JANE

Still thinking.

Jane eats a handful of pomegranate seeds, deep in thought. The deputy not sure what to make of Jane's deductions.

LISBON

(to Fisher)

What else?

FISHER

Tattoos. Flames going down from his right shoulder to his wrist. A scorpion on his other arm.

Fisher pulls up one of the victim's sleeves. A large SCORPION TATTOO is emblazed on his forearm.

JANE

Criminal.

Fisher looks skeptical.

JANE (CONT'D)

Trust me. Criminal. You'll probably find a small gun or knife in his boot. And a gambler. It explains the small bills filling his back pocket.

DEPUTY WALLACE

We ran the victim before you arrived. He did time in El Paso Correctional. A lot of guys come out of there with that scorpion.

JANE

You hear that, Fisher? A lot of guys come out of El Paso Correctional with that scorpion.

FISHER

You just figured tattoo equals criminal.

JANE

Sure, great big ones like these, proudly displayed on the arms. Most people have tattoos in places that are easy to cover up in daily life. Like the tiger on Cho's shoulder or the sunflower on your leg.

Fisher laughs.

FISHER

I do not have a sunflower on my leg or anywhere else on my body.

Jane smirks at her as if to say "Really?" Lisbon gets them back on track.

LISBON

So what was he doing out here? A criminal in a thrift store suit?

JANE

He was meeting a trusted friend. This pomegranate tree. It's the only one in sight. This spot is special to the victim, and to the killer. No signs of struggle, no signs of the body being dragged here. No, he looked his killer in the eye and smiled just before taking a bullet to the heart.

Fisher searches the victim's boots and indeed finds a small folded KNIFE hidden in one.

LISBON

(to Wallace)

What else is around here?

DEPUTY WALLACE

Town's eight miles south. Casino is two miles north. Residents to the east.

LISBON

Fisher, I say we start canvassing the locals.

FISHER  
Split up, cover more ground.

JANE  
Yeah, you have fun with that. I'm heading to that casino.

Without missing a beat, Jane heads back up to their car.

DEPUTY WALLACE  
No need for you agents to canvas. I've got men going door-to-door as we speak.

LISBON  
Thanks. Keep us informed.

Fisher and Lisbon follow Jane. Fisher stops Lisbon and quietly shows her a DAISY TATTOO on her ankle.

FISHER  
I never told anyone about it. Hell, I almost forgot it myself.

LISBON  
One thing I learned long ago is to stop hiding things from Jane. It only gives him more to go on. Your response speaks volumes.

Jane calls out to them from the SUV.

JANE  
Shake a leg, ladies! There's a fortune to be made!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

**2 EXT. CROW CANYON CASINO - PARKING LOT - DAY**

**2**

Lisbon, Fisher, and Jane arrive at the large Indian Casino, parking their SUV in the mostly empty lot. Like everything else on the reservation, the casino is surrounded by open desert land.

Jane stays in the vehicle, reclining his seat.

LISBON  
You coming?

JANE  
Nah, you ladies can handle this. I'm gonna catch up on my beauty sleep.

LISBON

I thought there was a fortune to be made?

JANE

Mmmmm, not yet.

Lisbon dismisses Jane and gestures for Fisher to follow her.

**3 INT. CROW CANYON CASINO - DAY**

**3**

Lisbon and Fisher enter the ornate casino. A large banner promotes a FIVE MILLION DOLLAR POKER TOURNAMENT.

FISHER

Quite a prize.

LISBON

Ambitious for such a small casino, out here in the sticks.

The agents shake hands with ABRAHAM GARZA (60), and his daughter ALYANA GARZA (35), dressed in suits, wearing casino name badges.

ABRAHAM

Agent Lisbon, I'm Abraham Garza, President of Crow Canyon Casino, and this is our Head of Casino Operations, my daughter Alyana.

ALYANA

Good to meet you.

LISBON

Nice family business.

ABRAHAM

Tribe council business, really. I was one of the founders of the casino 30 years ago. Alyana joined the staff a few years back.

LISBON

(to Alyana)

So, you're not the heiress to the palace?

Awkward. Abraham answers for her.

ABRAHAM

Doesn't work that way. We're a community. We're \*all\* family. No nepotism here. The elders would never allow it.



Lisbon shows him a PHOTO of the victim, taken at the crime scene.

LISBON

Do you recognize this man? His body was found two miles from here.

Disturbed at the morbid image, Abraham shakes his head "no" and excuses himself.

ABRAHAM

Agents, I must go. I'm sorry I couldn't be more help. But I leave you in good hands.

Alyana waits for her father to leave before continuing.

ALYANA

To clarify what my father meant, he's a clan leader, but even he can't appoint people based on bloodlines. Like he said, we're all family on the reservation.

Lisbon hands Alyana the photo. Her face shows mild disgust.

ALYANA (CONT'D)

That's Angel. Jesus, he was here just a month ago. That wasn't a pleasant day, either.

FISHER

What do you mean?

ALYANA

He was drunk. Always drunk. Caught cheating at poker. Worse, he was caught by another player, which is always bad. No matter how you handle it, word spreads quickly that there's a fox in the henhouse.

LISBON

Would that be reason to murder him?

ALYANA

I don't think so. I mean, he was caught. He left with nothing, and he was banned. No reason to kill him after that public disgrace.

FISHER

Who was the player that confronted him? Could we speak to him?

ALYANA  
 Some big shot from Rio. Long gone.  
 But you can speak to our Head of  
 Security. William Cliff.

4 INT. CROW CANYON CASINO - SECURITY ROOM

4

Alyana takes Lisbon and Fisher to WILLIAM CLIFF (50), a tall thin man overseeing the games on a bank of monitors in the large security office.

ALYANA  
 William...

William is focused on a security monitor, showing an overhead shot of two men playing poker downstairs. He's engrossed in their game.

WILLIAM  
 One sec. Been watching these guys  
 for a while now.

ALYANA  
 Someone's cheating?

WILLIAM  
 No, but it's always something to  
 watch the final two. One of them is  
 about to lose it all, and the other  
 wins it all. Doesn't matter how  
 good they were or how many players.  
 Only this hand matters. In the end,  
 it just takes two to tango, baby.

The hand ends. The winner is cheered by onlookers. William finally looks away from the monitor, to the three very serious women staring at him.

ALYANA  
 William, this is Agents Lisbon and  
 Fisher from the \*FBI\*.

William feels foolish for making them wait. He shakes their hands.

WILLIAM  
 Sorry. I get caught up in my work.

ALYANA  
 (to Lisbon)  
 If there's anything else I can do,  
 just let me know. For now, I must  
 excuse myself. Despite what my  
 father may think, he does not run  
 this house alone.

LISBON

Of course. Thank you.

Alyana leaves Lisbon and Fisher with William. Lisbon hands him the PHOTO of the victim.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Do you recognize this man?

William looks at the photo and instantly recognizes Angel.

WILLIAM

Oh man, so he's the guy the cops found out there? Yeah, you could say I knew him. "Angel" is what his friends called him.

LISBON

Angel Ventana. Alyana says you caught him cheating a month ago.

WILLIAM

I didn't catch him, I just had the privilege of cleaning up the mess. Drunk. Took three men to escort him off the floor. Truth is, I didn't want him in the house from the moment I first saw him years ago, but Garza tries not to ban anyone until absolutely necessary. That night, he gave me the go-ahead.

LISBON

You think the events of that night had anything to do with his murder?

WILLIAM

Sure. He made a spectacle of himself each time he came in here. He disgraced the tribe, humiliated the staff, tricked other players. Murder seems excessive, but where there's money and booze, you never know.

Lisbon's CELL PHONE RINGS. It's Jane. She excuses herself and answers it.

LISBON

(on phone)

Yeah, Jane?

JANE (V.O.)

(on phone)

Ask him how the cheating went down.

Lisbon is startled to realize that Jane is somehow listening

in on their conversation.

LISBON  
(on phone)  
Where are you?

CUT TO:

**5 EXT. CROW CANYON CASINO - PARKING LOT - DAY**

**5**

Jane sits in the SUV, talking with Lisbon on the phone.

JANE  
(on phone)  
In the car. Ask him how Angel was  
cheating.

BACK TO:

**6 INT. CROW CANYON CASINO - SECURITY ROOM**

**6**

LISBON  
(on phone)  
Are you listening in on us?

JANE (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Yeahhh, I placed a bug in your  
pocket. I got it from Wylie.  
(amused)  
Didn't think I'd use it on one of  
our own, but hey, I saw an  
opportunity. Don't freak out.

Lisbon is ready to freak out, but contains it.

LISBON  
(on phone)  
What's with the cloak and dagger  
routine? Why don't you just come in  
and ask him yourself?

JANE (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
There will come a time when I enter  
this house of sin, but now is not  
that time. Put your earpiece on.  
It'll be like I'm a little bird  
sitting on your shoulder.

LISBON  
(on phone)  
More like a monkey on my back.

As always, Lisbon shelves her frustration and goes with

Jane's developing plan. She places her phone's earpiece in place and returns to Fisher and William.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Sorry for the interruption. How exactly was Angel cheating?

WILLIAM

He was using a "daub." The way he tapped the cards with his right thumb, the way he kept his thumb under his drink. The bottom of his glass was coated with a thin polish. A stain. He placed that stain on the back corners of the high cards, something that can only be seen with special eyeglasses, or in his case, a contact lens.

Jane speaks to Lisbon through the earpiece.

JANE (V.O.)

A daub? Come on, no whale from Rio caught him, this cowboy did. Ask him if he was ever a cheat himself.

Lisbon hesitates.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Go on. Ask him. "Mr. Cliff, were you a professional card sharp in a former life?"

LISBON

Mr. Cliff, you seem to have some in-depth knowledge about this operation. Do you have personal experience in this area?

William thinks for a moment, but abandons the notion of lying to two FBI agents.

WILLIAM

I was a cheat for a short while, if that's what you're getting at. I was caught by a pit boss here, and when you're caught two things can happen: they call the cops or they offer you a job. The big houses in Vegas hire guys off a grift all the time. No one's better at catching a cheat than another cheat.

FISHER

You must have been good.

JANE (V.O.)

Does he smell like pomegranates? If so, take note.

Lisbon ignores Jane.

WILLIAM

Sure I was good. I mean, not good enough to not get caught, but like I said, I was only at it for a short while. I got lucky when they put me on staff.

JANE (V.O.)

It's common practice. Move on to the pit boss he mentioned.

LISBON

And the pit boss that offered you the job?

WILLIAM

Marcus. Good man. He was smart enough to see that I'd be a good fit here. He made a wise choice. For both of us.

CUT TO:

**7 INT. CROW CANYON CASINO - POKER ROOM**

**7**

Lisbon and Fisher speak with MARCUS MILLS (30), a pit boss in the high stakes poker room. Marcus holds the PHOTO of the victim and is distraught by the sight.

MARCUS

Of course I remember Angel. It was hard watching his fall from grace.

JANE (V.O.)

Do you detect the scent of pomegranates on him?

As before, Lisbon ignores Jane.

LISBON

You knew him personally?

MARCUS

We went to high school together. Don't let the flashing lights fool you, this is a small town, as small as they come. Everyone knows everyone, aside from the bus-loads of tourists.

LISBON  
Tell us about him.

MARCUS  
Angel and I were friends. We both came here to play, back when Crow Canyon was just a shack with a couple of tables and a wall of nickel slots. But he and I chose very different paths from there. I started here as a dealer, grew as the casino grew. Worked my way up. But Angel chose to run with the Convocation.

FISHER  
Convocation?

MARCUS  
Small time tribal gang.

Jane interrupts.

JANE (V.O.)  
A convocation is a group of eagles...

LISBON  
Yes, I know what it is.

Marcus and Fisher are confused by her response.

LISBON (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I mean, I know about the local gang, I just didn't know what they were called.

MARCUS  
Members of the Convocation are called "Talons." While I worked my way up here, Angel worked his way up to being Third Talon of the gang. High rank in that circle.

FISHER  
You see a lot of Talons here?

MARCUS  
Here and there. They sometimes get drunk, sometimes try to rig a game, and we ban them. Once you're banned, there's no coming back.

LISBON  
Understood. Any reason why anyone would want him killed?

MARCUS

No, not in my opinion, but... there is something else about Angel. He may have been a big player in his gang, but he never aspired to stay in his gang.

FISHER

In-fighting?

MARCUS

Nothing like that. He never wanted to stay on the reservation. No one really does. I mean, other than family and the casino there's nothing here. The only reason he stayed as long as he did was for his mother. She was blind, and Angel was all she had. When she died, we started talking about leaving, being high rollers in Vegas. We were so determined back then. It turns out I found my place here. I let go of that dream.

LISBON

But Angel never did.

Marcus is visibly hurt, genuinely affected by Angel's death.

**8 INT. FBI - BULL PEN**

**8**

Jane and Lisbon enter the large room together. Lisbon is still bothered by Jane's tactics at the casino.

JANE

I'm sorry. I should've told you about the bug.

LISBON

You should have not planted a bug on me in the first place.

JANE

It was a last-second decision, and I didn't mention it because I knew Fisher would be against it.

LISBON

She'd be right.

JANE

I don't know why you're sore at me. Not a word during the entire ride back. Come on.



She stops walking and sternly faces him.

LISBON

I went to the \*bathroom\* with that bug in my pocket! Anyone else pulled a stunt like that, they'd be locked up or dead!

Jane smiles. He's finally getting her to loosen up.

JANE

Anyone other than me, right?

She lets it go, and heads further into the bull pen. He quickly follows.

JANE (CONT'D)

So, none of them smelled like pomegranates? A faint fruity aroma of any kind?

Lisbon can't help but smile a little.

LISBON

No, Jane.

JANE

So what'd they smell like?

LISBON

Cigarette smoke and cheap booze. They smelled like a casino.

They join AGENT DENNIS ABBOTT as he stands over the desk of AGENT JASON WYLIE. They look over files on Wylie's computer.

ABBOTT

Lisbon. Jane. Just in time to meet the Convocation.

WYLIE

The Convocation of Yselta del Sur Pueblo consists of around 30 members, mostly young men born and raised on the reservation.

ABBOTT

Each gang member is a "Talon" and is ranked as such.

LISBON

Victim was considered the gang's "Third Talon."

WYLIE

That means he was third from the top. He was one of the three

(MORE)

WYLIE (CONT'D)  
bosses.

JANE  
Who's Number One and Two?

ON COMPUTER:

Wylie brings up the photo and file of LOLO VILLANUEVA (40), a gang member from the Indian reservation.

WYLIE  
Lolo Villanueva is the First Talon. He's done time for breaking and entering, and possessing narcotics. Then there's the heavy stuff. Word of extortion and racketeering.

LISBON  
Just "word"?

WYLIE  
His guys take the fall for the serious crimes. We're thinking it's part the ritual of being a low-level talon.

JANE  
Protect the Chief.

ABBOTT  
Word is also that Lolo rules through fear, and he generates that fear through violence.

ON COMPUTER:

Wylie brings up the photo and file of CRISTO SANTOS (30), another gang member.

WYLIE  
Cristo Santos is the Second Talon.

JANE  
What's the word on him?

WYLIE  
Racketeering.

JANE  
But no rough stuff.

WYLIE  
Right. Nothing points to him as being a monster like Lolo.

Cho joins them and hands Abbott a file folder. Abbott looks through it while they continue their meeting.

LISBON

What are we looking at for the racketeering?

CHO

The Convocation is into a lot of petty stuff. Knocking over parking meters, vending machines, small time stick-ups. Probably the lower talons earning their stripes.

WYLIE

Or their feathers.

(awkward)

Sorry, just continuing the analogy.

CHO

Mostly, the gang is involved in underground card rooms. They manage to attract a lot of clients with money to burn, luring them away from the casino.

LISBON

What would entice someone to leave a legitimate, reputable casino for a back alley game with gangsters?

Abbott reads a quote from the file folder.

ABBOTT

"A rush of adrenaline. A lust for danger and excitement." So says one witness.

JANE

The heart of the average joe races when there's a lot of money on the line. That's his mortgage sitting there. But it's different for the One Percent. These underground games offer things no legitimate casino can.

LISBON

Such as?

Abbot references the file.

ABBOTT

For one thing, every hand of every game is no-limit, and no chips. "Paper plays always" is their saying.

LISBON

So everyone has a lot of cash on them at all times.

ABBOTT

Which adds to the danger and excitement element. It's also common to play games for cars, property, even women, according to witnesses.

LISBON

Witnesses who never point to the boss Talons.

Jane takes the file folder from Lisbon and looks through it.

JANE

It's just the "word" Lisbon, remember?

LISBON

What are we thinking so far?

ABBOTT

You said the pit boss told you that Angel wanted out, right? There's your motive.

LISBON

Angel wanted out of the gang, so the gang had him killed?

ABBOTT

We've seen that sort of thing before. Many times.

CHO

What about the tribe? Convocation is taking fat cats away from the casino. The tribe leaders can't be happy with that. Maybe the murder was a message.

WYLIE

So, it was the tribe or the gang.

Jane looks at photos of Lolo and Cristo in the folder.

JANE

Marcus Mills was an old friend. It makes sense that Angel confided in him that he wanted to one day leave the Convocation, but there's a good chance no one in the gang knew. You don't become Third Talon by telling your brethren you're thinking of

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)  
jumping ship.

WYLIE  
So, not the gang. It was the tribe.

JANE  
The casino wants to keep their thrill-seeking whales from playing with the gang, but if word gets out that a murder took place on the reservation just a stone's throw from the parking lot, those whales will cancel their flights altogether.

WYLIE  
Soooo, not the tribe. It was the gang?

JANE  
Hard to say for sure.

CHO  
Angel was caught cheating. Maybe someone was burned by him, looked to get payback?

JANE  
Hard to imagine the pots there being big enough to inspire murder.

LISBON  
I'd think so, too, but the casino hosting a big poker tournament next week.

This piques Jane's interest.

JANE  
How big?

LISBON  
Five million.

JANE  
Well, there it is!

ABBOTT  
Jane?

JANE  
Angel was going to cheat in the tournament. And it wasn't with a daub or some other well-worn method, no, he had a system. Something special. Something that could work. And it got him killed.

Jane gives Lisbon back the file folder.

JANE (CONT'D)  
I'm going to need an Ascot cap and  
an German sports car... no, make  
that an Italian sports car... and a  
cup of tea.

Jane starts to walk away. He sees the confused looks on  
everyone's faces.

JANE (CONT'D)  
I'll take care of the tea myself,  
thanks.

Jane enters the FBI break room.

**9 INT. FBI - BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

**9**

Jane finishes making a cup of tea. As he raises it to his  
lips, he's interrupted by the cold stare of Agent Fisher.

JANE  
Tea? The pot is still nice and hot.

Fisher unexpectedly raises a LEG, placing her foot on the  
counter next to Jane's tea kettle. She pulls up her pant leg  
to reveal the DAISY TATTOO on her ankle.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Ah. A daisy.

FISHER  
Not a sunflower.

JANE  
I must be slipping.

FISHER  
You got Cho's tiger right. He has  
it high on his right arm.

JANE  
Well, that was easy. I've known Cho  
for years. He was in a gang called  
the Tigers. Two and two.

FISHER  
Uh huh.

Jane smiles, learning more about her with each passing  
moment. He leans in close to examine her tattoo.

JANE  
Ten years ago, I believe.

Fisher tries not to flinch at his correct guess.

FISHER

College.

JANE

Does it remind you of him?

Fisher forces a smile.

FISHER

Lisbon said that the more I try to hide things from you, the more you piece things together.

JANE

Lisbon is one smart cookie. You sure you don't want some tea?

FISHER

I was out with some friends. Had a few drinks. Had more than a few drinks. We wandered by a tattoo parlor. I saw this on the artist's wall and picked it because it was pretty. End of story. If anything, it reminds me of eight rounds of margaritas and the massive hangover the next morning.

Fisher puts her foot back on the floor.

JANE

Interesting.

FISHER

That's all? From the Great Patrick Jane? "Interesting"?

JANE

Well, it's interesting that you say you chose a daisy. Tattoo artists tend to display work that is impressive. A large detailed sunflower, a colorful rose, an elaborate butterfly. But a simple daisy would not be on the wall. Therefore, you requested it. It's a personal symbol. It has meaning to you.

Fisher shakes her head in disbelief.

FISHER

What could it possibly mean?

Jane thinks for a moment before leaving with his tea. Lisbon

enters as he exits.

JANE  
See you around. Daisy.

Lisbon pours herself a cup of coffee. Fisher stands frozen, speechless.

LISBON  
He's cold reading you.

Lisbon leaves with her coffee.

FISHER  
(to herself)  
He certainly is.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**10 EXT. GANG HOUSE - DAY**

**10**

Jane, Lisbon, and Cho arrive in their SUV, parking in front of what appears to be an ABANDONED HIGH SCHOOL in a desolate area. Several other cars are parked nearby.

Lisbon and Cho step out of the SUV. As before, Jane remains in the car. He rolls down the window.

LISBON  
Another beauty nap?

JANE  
Perch me back on your shoulder.

Lisbon doesn't get it.

JANE (CONT'D)  
The earpiece. Hook me up.

LISBON  
You bugged me again?

Jane hands her the small "bug" microphone this time.

LISBON (CONT'D)  
Wouldn't it be more productive to actually speak with these guys?

JANE  
Too soon. My cap and Ferrari have not yet arrived. But I'll be with you in spirit. And by phone.



Cho looks at her as if to say "Just do it and let's go." She pockets the bug, puts on her phone's earpiece, and checks her phone. Jane speaks into his phone.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Testing 1-2-3.

LISBON  
(regretting)  
Loud and clear.

Lisbon and Cho approach the old school's main office. Cho knocks on the door. Someone peers out through a small window. The agents show their badges.

CHO  
FBI. We're here to talk to Lolo.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
I don't have to let you in.

CHO  
We don't have to leave.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
This is private property.

CHO  
Yeah, I'm sure you guys pooled your savings accounts and bought an old high school.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
What do you want?

LISBON  
Like he said, we want to talk. You can talk to the two of us now, or 20 of us an hour from now.

After a moment, the door is unlocked and opened. They enter the building.

**11 INT. GANG HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

**11**

The building's dilapidated exterior hides an opulent interior: A CARD ROOM, similar to the casino's. Several card tables sit vacant for now. A few gang members stand ready, unsure about their visitors.

The man who spoke through the door is MIGUEL (30), a large, muscular man in a tank top and jeans. Like his comrades, he has a look of distrust.

LISBON  
Special Agents Lisbon and Cho.  
We're investigating a murder.

MIGUEL  
Angel, right?

CHO  
You know about it.

MIGUEL  
It's a small reservation. People  
talk.

LISBON  
What do they say? Do you know  
anything about what happened to  
him?

MIGUEL  
He got killed. Miles from here.  
That's all anybody knows.

Jane speaks to Lisbon through the earpiece.

JANE (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
High Talons don't answer the door.  
He's Eighth Talon material at best.  
Forget this guy. Get to the top  
dogs already.

LISBON  
We're looking to speak with Lolo  
Villanueva.

MIGUEL  
Lolo ain't here.

CUT TO:

**12 EXT. GANG HOUSE - DAY**

**12**

Jane looks around at the other cars. He spots a modified  
off-road truck, clean and waxed.

JANE  
(on phone)  
Yes, he is. I'm looking at his  
truck right now. Tell him we're not  
interested in their recreational  
games that are \*clearly\* not played  
for real money.

BACK TO:

## 13 INT. GANG HOUSE - DAY

13

LISBON

We know he's here. We just want a few words. We're not here for the games. No money, no crime, right?

Miguel thinks for a moment. He stares at Cho, who stares back with no trace of emotion.

MIGUEL

Hold on.

Miguel leaves them for a moment, allowing them to speak privately.

CHO

So this is where the action is?

LISBON

Not at the moment, but yes.

CHO

How rich and bored do you have to be to want to sit with these clowns.

JANE (V.O.)

Describe the room, please.

LISBON

It's a card room, Jane.

JANE (V.O.)

Shabby like a home game in a cluttered garage, or plush like Wayne Newton's private sanctuary?

LISBON

Plush. You'd never know you were in an old abandoned school.

JANE (V.O.)

A lot of green changes hands in this old abandoned school.

Miguel returns with LOLO, one of the men we saw on Wylie's computer. Lolo is a weathered warrior with a stone face, long hair, and a scruffy beard, like an Indian Hell's Angel.

MIGUEL

They're asking about...

Lolo raises his hand, silencing Miguel.

LOLO  
You're here about Angel.

LISBON  
That's right. We're looking for any information about his murder. We thought perhaps you could share some insight on it.

Lolo laughs. Some of his surrounding men laugh with him.

LOLO  
You mean, are we the ones who offed that anemwa?

The gang members laugh. Clearly, "anemwa" is not a compliment.

CHO  
Like she said, we're just gathering information.

CRISTO SANTOS enters and joins them. He's the other gang member we saw on Wylie's computer. Unlike Lolo, Santos does not have a look of distrust, but rather concern.

SANTOS  
What's going on?

LOLO  
They're "gathering information" on how Angel finally got his wish.

CHO  
What wish?

LOLO  
He wanted out. Looks like he found his way out.

Lolo smiles. Santos does not.

LISBON  
You sure about that? Angel told you he wanted out?

LOLO  
A little tequila and Angel spilled all his secrets. He was looking to leave for a long time.

CHO  
When did you last see him?

Lolo is uneasy with where the questions are going. Santos responds, much to his chief's disapproval.

SANTOS

That night. A week ago. He was here with us. Said he was going up to the casino for a game.

LOLO

(teasing)

Where they play for money. Unlike here.

SANTOS

He was drunk when he left. Figured he'd get into trouble. Didn't think he'd end up in the dirt.

JANE (V.O.)

The man you're talking to is Cristo Santos, the next down the line from Lolo, the only one allowed to speak over the chief.

CHO

Your name?

SANTOS

Santos.

LISBON

Do you know anything about Angel playing in an upcoming poker tournament?

CHO

"Playing" being a loose term.

Lolo doesn't like Cho's insinuation.

CHO (CONT'D)

Grand prize is a cool five million. We think Angel was looking to win it, one way or another.

Angry, Lolo halts the conversation.

LOLO

You got your information. We don't gotta cooperate with you no more. We didn't take out our own boy, and you know it. We play cards for sport. If Angel had his own plans, we had nothing to do with it.

(to Santos)

Escort these two special agents back to their car and wish them a nice day.

Lolo retreats to the card tables, preparing for the evening.

Santos gestures for Lisbon and Cho to follow him outside. Jane cuts in over Lisbon's earpiece.

JANE (V.O.)  
Quick! Before you leave, ask the chief about Angel's partner!

LISBON (V.O.)  
(low voice)  
What partner?

JANE (V.O.)  
Big black guy that did time with Angel. Quick, ask them!

A foot from the door, Lisbon turns to face Lolo, who is across the room. She raises her voice to be heard by all.

LISBON  
One more question. Do you know anything about Angel's partner? A guy he spent time with in prison?

Lolo halts Santos with a raise of his hand. Curious.

LOLO  
I don't know nothing about that.

LISBON  
Large African-American man?

JANE (V.O.)  
Bald.

LISBON  
Bald?

Lolo thinks for a moment. This is news to him.

He gestures for Santos to take them outside - but a seed has been planted.

**14 EXT. GANG HOUSE - DAY**

**14**

Santos walks with Lisbon and Cho. Jane watches from the SUV. Santos seems more at ease, particularly with Lisbon. The tough guy front is dropped.

LISBON  
Thank you for your time.

SANTOS  
No problem, Miss.

As they approach the SUV, Santos looks back to ensure that no one can hear them.

SANTOS (CONT'D)

Angel was no dog. That's what Lolo called him in there. An "anemwa."

CHO

So what was he? We're getting mixed answers from everyone about him.

SANTOS

Angel was a good guy. His mother was blind, and Angel always took care of her. They'd read together all the time. I respected that. And Lolo trusted him. In there, Lolo was just distancing himself from Angel, in case he got caught up in something that could make things messy for us.

LISBON

For the Convocation. For your games.

Santos hesitates.

SANTOS

Yes, Miss.

LISBON

You know what happened that night?

SANTOS

He was drunk, so they say. And yeah, he could put it away, but it wasn't like him to get that plowed in public. He was careful. Makes us look bad, acting reckless like that. That's what the younger recruits would do. Not Angel.

LISBON

Witnesses at the casino say he was drunk.

SANTOS

He must have been under some kind of stress.

CHO

What about the tournament next week? You think he may have been planning to rig it?

SANTOS

I don't think so. If Angel was gonna be at a table, he wouldn't need to rig nothing. He had skills,  
(MORE)

SANTOS (CONT'D)  
 you know? He was a player for real.  
 He could have won it straight up.  
 He used to say only posers cheat.  
 It disgusted him when anyone dared  
 try that here.

Jane cuts in.

JANE (V.O.)  
 Mention the partner again.

LISBON  
 What about Angel's partner?

SANTOS  
 Partner? Some black guy he did time  
 with?

LISBON  
 Yeah. Anything on him?

SANTOS  
 Nothing. Really, I never heard  
 about any partner.

Santos looks over at the SUV and spots Jane sitting there.  
 Jane ducks down.

JANE (V.O.)  
 (on phone)  
 Lisbon, this guy is the key. He  
 wants to talk, but not here. Get  
 him to meet us at the hotel.  
 Massage his ego a little. Make him  
 feel comfortable. But first, ditch  
 the Cho. He's intimidating the poor  
 fellow.

LISBON  
 (to Cho)  
 I'll be with you in a moment, Cho.

Cho is hesitant to leave Lisbon, but he gets it. He nods and  
 heads to the SUV. Lisbon smiles at Santos, acts less formal.

LISBON (CONT'D)  
 We're staying at the Red Bird  
 Hotel. You know where that is?

Santos looks behind him to be sure no one is watching. He  
 nods that, yes, he knows where the hotel is.

LISBON (CONT'D)  
 You seem to know Angel pretty well,  
 better than your brothers. I'd love  
 to speak with you more, just a few  
 questions. Then we'll be on our  
 (MORE)



LISBON (CONT'D)  
 way. Okay?

Santos is unsure, but eager to please her.

SANTOS  
 Okay, Miss.

LISBON  
 Come anytime you can pull away for  
 a while. I'll be there. Alright?

SANTOS  
 Sure thing, Miss.

Santos flashes a brief smile at Lisbon and returns to the  
 gang house. Lisbon joins Cho and Jane in the SUV.

IN THE SUV

CHO  
 Jane filled me in. Is this goon  
 actually going to be there?

LISBON  
 He says he is.

JANE  
 Oh, he is. Miss.

She frowns at Jane.

CHO  
 Why don't we just take Lolo and  
 Santos in for questioning?

JANE  
 Because that would alarm the gang  
 and they would pull out of the  
 tournament, leaving little for us  
 to gain. No, their two-bit scam  
 must take place.

LISBON  
 They may still pull out.

JANE  
 Nah. Right now, the Convocation  
 boys thinks they've just shined us.  
 They'll continue as planned.

CHO  
 Until they find out about their  
 third officer's secret meeting with  
 Miss Lisbon.

JANE

No one will find out.

CHO

What makes you think he's not in there right now telling his crew about it?

JANE

One: He doesn't want to end up like Angel. He genuinely doesn't know what happened, so he's a little nervous about this all.

LISBON

And two?

JANE

(smiles)

Two: He wants to meet with Lisbon again. He tells anyone about it, Lolo puts the kibosh on the whole thing. Romeo can't have that.

LISBON

Oh please.

Lisbon starts the SUV, still trying to make sense of Jane's plan.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Jane, this mystery partner? The big bald black guy that spent time in prison with Angel? He doesn't happen to wear glasses, does he?

JANE

(smiles)

Oh, you know him?

LISBON

Yeah. I think I do.

Cho is not amused.

CHO

So, Santos is coming to the hotel tonight. Then what?

JANE

Well, then I put on my thinking cap and we have a heart-to-heart.

Lisbon starts the SUV and they drive off.

## 15 INT. RED BIRD HOTEL - DINING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

15

Lisbon sits alone in the hotel's dining area, currently closed. She sips coffee while working on a laptop.

Santos enters cautiously. He smiles upon seeing her. Lisbon greets him warmly.

LISBON

Mr. Santos, thanks for meeting me. This will be a big help to the investigation, I'm sure.

SANTOS

Call me Cristo.

LISBON

You can call me Teresa.

Alone with her, he doesn't hide the fact that he is interested in her.

SANTOS

Thank you. Teresa. You know, I've always wanted to be a secret agent. Sounds crazy, but it's always been a fantasy of mine.

LISBON

Not crazy at all. I used to want to be a sheriff.

SANTOS

Whoa, you as a sheriff?

LISBON

I actually was a sheriff for a couple of years before I joined the FBI.

SANTOS

Pretty sweet. It's nice when our fantasies come true.

LISBON

Well, the Bureau is my home now. Have a seat.

Santos sits across from her at the long dining table. He stares at her. Can't stop smiling. Lisbon gets up and heads for the kitchen.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Coffee? I'm going to refresh my cup.

SANTOS  
Sounds good, Teresa.

She exits. Santos quickly combs his hair, ready for her to return. Instead, Jane enters with two steaming coffee cups and a large cardboard BOX. Santos is not pleased as Jane hands him a cup.

JANE  
Black. Lots of sugar, yeah?

SANTOS  
Yeah.

Jane takes Lisbon's old seat. Santos is starting to get nervous, though he tries to hide it behind gangster bravado.

SANTOS (CONT'D)  
You take it like that, too, I guess.

JANE  
Coffee? No, can't touch it, normally. Simple cup of tea for me. Not to say coffee is your first choice either. You're more at home with a high ball of tequila. But only top shelf stuff. Nothing below añejo. You hate wine but you like champagne. You drink beer with your comrades but you'd rather not. So while they tip their fifth bottle of suds you're still nursing your first, hoping they're too drunk to notice.

Santos smiles, tries not to appear shaken. He sips his coffee.

SANTOS  
You seem to know me, or at least my drinking habits.

JANE  
Come on, you're Second Talon. Everyone knows you.

Santos looks around the room. The scene is getting to him.

SANTOS  
That lady coming back?

JANE  
Who, Miss Lisbon? She was pulled away by the boss. Work stuff.

SANTOS

I see.

JANE

She'll be back shortly. Until then,  
I thought we could pass the time  
with a little poker.

Santos is not sure where this is going. He keeps eyeing the door, ready to leave.

SANTOS

How do I know you won't cheat?

JANE

Do I look like a cheat? Besides, we  
can use your deck, if it makes you  
feel better.

SANTOS

My deck?

JANE

The one in your back pocket.  
(off his curious look)  
Earlier, I saw the box shape in  
your pocket. You don't smell like a  
smoker, and I know you take poker  
seriously, so...

SANTOS

You must be the clever one in the  
FBI.

JANE

Yes. But that's not saying much, am  
I right?

Both men laugh. Awkward. Santos leans forward, about to stand and leave.

JANE (CONT'D)

Please stay a while. My associate  
was telling the truth. We don't  
give a flying feather about your  
cardroom. Just some questions.

SANTOS

About Angel.

JANE

You have something on your mind. It  
interests me.

Santos reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his personal DECK OF CARDS. He SLAMS it on the table.

SANTOS  
What about that game?

JANE  
Of course. Then afterward, we talk.

SANTOS  
Well, that depends on how the game goes for you. You win, we talk about whatever you want. You lose, we say good night.

JANE  
Sounds fair.

Santos unboxes the deck and places it on the table. Jane reaches for it.

JANE (CONT'D)  
I'll deal first.

SANTOS  
No way, man. My deck. I shuffle. I deal. Or I walk.

JANE  
As you wish.

Jane opens the large cardboard BOX to reveal it's loaded with SUGAR PACKETS.

JANE (CONT'D)  
No chips, so these will have to do.

MONTAGE

Santos deals each round. Jane scrutinizes Santos' hands.

Santos wins round after round. His pile of sugar packets grows with each win.

Jane looks defeated, with only a small pile left.

Jane goes ALL-IN, sliding all his remaining sugar packets to the center of the table. Santos is now filled with confidence.

SANTOS  
You know, at the end, we're going to cash in this sugar for real sugar, right?

JANE  
As you wish.

Santos deals what seems to be the final hand. As soon as Jane gets his five face-down cards, he places his hand over them,

stopping the action.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Stop for a moment. These are your  
cards.

SANTOS  
(smiles)  
Stalling won't help you get back  
your sugar.

JANE  
Your deck. You're shuffling. You're  
dealing. So you have every  
advantage.

SANTOS  
If you say so.

JANE  
Not to mention, your cards are  
marked.

SANTOS  
(laughs)  
If you say so.

JANE  
The only reason you're here, the  
real reason we're playing cards, is  
that I needed to figure out your  
game. It's very clever.

SANTOS  
So what's my game?

JANE  
Let's just say that even a blind  
man can win.

Santos looks worried for the first time since he walked in.  
Jane FLIPS over his cards, CALLING THEM OUT beforehand.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Two of Spades... Ten of Diamonds...  
Ace of Spades... Eight of Clubs...  
Eight of Hearts.

CU of Jane's cards. He guessed each one perfectly. Santos is  
at a loss for words.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Game over. You can keep the sugar,  
as agreed. Now we talk.

Santos eyes the door, where Cho is now standing, blocking the  
only exit. The gangster is at the edge of panic.

SANTOS

What the hell is this about?

JANE

It about the tournament coming up.  
We know Angel was a key part of it.  
We know you and Lolo are involved.  
And now we know how you planned to  
rig it.

Santos looks over at Cho again. Santos gives up, caught and trapped.

JANE (CONT'D)

Talk to me. Angel came up with the  
plan, didn't he?

SANTOS

(defeated)

Yeah. So what happens now?

Jane pulls out an ASCOT CAP from his coat pocket and puts it on, lets Santos get a good look at it. Jane grins.

CUT TO:

16 INT. RED BIRD HOTEL - DINING ROOM - LATER

16

Santos sits ALONE at the long dining table, staring into space. Lisbon enters with two coffee cups. She takes her old seat across from him.

LISBON

Mr. Santos?

Santos suddenly looks at her, as if coming out of a trance. Lisbon slides a cup to him.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Cristo, you can go home now. I  
think we're done for tonight. You  
can drink your coffee first, if  
you'd like.

Santos is a little disoriented, but pleased to see her again.

SANTOS

But we haven't had a chance to  
talk.

LISBON

I know, but I'm being called back  
to the office and I must leave  
right away. Thank you for coming to  
see me on such short notice.



Santos forgoes the coffee and gets up to leave, confused but content.

SANTOS  
Anytime. Teresa.

Santos leaves. A moment later, Jane and Cho enter, looking back, careful not to be seen by the gangster.

LISBON  
Okay, he's gone. I'm not sure how I feel about this, but he's on his way back to the gang. Did you figure it out?

CHO  
Of course he did.

JANE  
Did you say his name when you sat down, the way I told you?

LISBON  
Yes.

JANE  
"Mr. Santos"?

LISBON  
Yes yes.

Lisbon starts to figure things out. Jane sees this. He has a guilty look on his face.

LISBON (CONT'D)  
Jaaane. What are you not telling me?

JANE  
Well...

CHO  
Jane hypnotized Santos.

LISBON  
Jane!

JANE  
Don't freak out.

LISBON  
And me saying "Mr. Santos" snapped him out of it.

JANE  
Perceptive as always, Lisbon.

LISBON

Jane, we can't use any information  
gained from a hypnotized suspect!  
You know that!

JANE

Relax, I didn't gain any  
information that way. Cho is my  
witness.

LISBON

So why hypnotize him?

JANE

I'll tell you on the way back. Lots  
of work to be done.

LISBON

What kind of work?

Jane smiles. He puts on the Ascot cap.

JANE

I need to sharpen my game.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

17     **INT. FBI - ABBOTT'S OFFICE**

17

Lisbon enters to find Jane and Abbott practicing POKER at  
Abbott's desk.

LISBON

Sir, I just want you to know, I did  
not know what Jane was up to until  
Santos was excused.

Abbott doesn't seem concerned. He's absorbed in the game with  
Jane. He deals cards very slowly, face down, calling them out  
as he does.

ABBOTT

Ace of Hearts... Two of clubs...  
Seven of clubs...

Jane looks at the cards, impressed. Abbott seems pleased as  
well. Lisbon figures it out.

LISBON

You're playing their system.

JANE

A bold system, I might add. Risky.  
Takes a sharp memory. These boys  
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)  
surely practiced this for months.

LISBON  
So how does it work?

He hands Lisbon a handful of CARDS. She examines the cards, not finding anything unusual.

LISBON (CONT'D)  
I don't see anything.

ABBOTT  
Neither did I at first.

JANE  
That's because you're checking the back corners, where the marks usually are. Check the centers.

Lisbon looks at the centers of the card backs. She sees nothing, but she \*feels\* something. Small indentations, the size of pin pricks.

LISBON  
Morse code?

JANE  
Braille. You see, marked cards are usually marked at the corners, so you can see what everyone else is holding. It's a classic way of doing it, but it's easy to detect with a quick fan of the deck. However, with these cards, if you're the dealer, you get to feel them for a moment before you deal them to the other players. A half-second at most, but with enough practice, you can detect and memorize what everyone else has.

Lisbon is having a hard time believing this.

LISBON  
This would take time to master.

JANE  
Angel helped his blind mother read. He taught her Braille. By the time she died, he was indeed a master.

LISBON  
And that's why he was integral to their operation. Doesn't answer why he was killed, or by whom.

JANE

We'll find out at the tournament.

LISBON

What happens then?

JANE

What happens is we play cards, business as usual, and at the final table we reveal the killer.

LISBON

Jane, you're sure Santos won't remember you?

JANE

He won't remember me, or the game we played at the hotel, or anything we talked about during the game. Seeing me again would normally trigger a nagging memory, but if I wear my poker playing cap...

Jane puts on the Ascot cap.

LISBON

Blocked.

JANE

Precisely. With the cap on, I'm a whole new person. The clothes do make the man, so they say.

LISBON

(to Abbott)

And we're okay with this?

ABBOTT

So long as Jane extracted the information before the hypnosis trick, I don't see why we can't proceed. The way I see it, the hypnosis was a way of Jane keeping his cover.

LISBON

Cover for what?

(thinking)

You two are entering the tournament.

ABBOTT

Two men have a better shot at reaching the final table.

JANE

We're going to beat them at their own game. So, like I said, lots of work to do.

Agent Fisher enters with a folder in hand.

FISHER

I've got background on William Cliff.

ABBOTT

What do we know?

FISHER

He was professional player. Won his share of games. Lost his share, too. Dropped out of the circuit 12 years ago.

JANE

That's when he turned cheat.

FISHER

His last pro game, he lost a hundred grand at the final table. So, yeah, turning cheat at that time makes sense. But there's no mention of that on his record.

JANE

Of course not. Crow Canyon didn't press charges. They hired him.

LISBON

For the gang's scam to work, they'd need marked decks put into play. Who better to arrange that than the Head of Security.

JANE

(smiles)  
Now you've got it.

Fisher sees that Jane and Abbott are practicing poker.

FISHER

(to Abbott)  
Sir, you're entering the tournament?

Abbott seems unsure about this.

ABBOTT

Looks that way.

FISHER

I'd think Cho would be a better choice. He was born with a perfect poker face.

JANE

Agreed. But we're playing the gang's game, and Abbott is somewhat familiar with Braille.

ABBOTT

I was involved in code breaking for four years. Braille was used quite a bit.

JANE

So now all we need is for one of us to make it to the final table, where everyone will show their cards. Pun intended.

Fisher and Lisbon look at each other, not sure about this plan. Abbott and Jane deal another round.

**18 INT. FBI - BULL PEN - EVENING**

**18**

The staff has gone home for the night. Jane sits on his couch, dealing himself cards for further practice.

Fisher is ready to leave, but spots Jane and joins him on the couch.

FISHER

How's it coming along?

JANE

You know, I was blind for a while. Braille would have come in handy then.

Jane feels a card back.

JANE (CONT'D)

King of Hearts.

Jane flips the card. It's the King of Hearts.

Fisher returns to their earlier conversation.

FISHER

There was a man in college. We dated for a while. He called me his "Daisy."

Jane seems focused on his cards.

FISHER (CONT'D)

So, yes, that's where the tattoo came from.

JANE

Older fellow.

(off her silence)

You said there was a "man" in college, as opposed to a "guy" or "boy."

Fisher is silent for a moment.

FISHER

Yes.

JANE

The relationship ended, but the tattoo remained. A souvenir of lost love.

FISHER

It's the only thing that remained.

JANE

He chose work over you.

FISHER

You could say that.

JANE

Bad choice, if you ask me.

FISHER

Thanks.

JANE

Is he still teaching there?

Fisher is taken off-guard by the abrupt question. At this point, she chooses not to deny it.

FISHER

I don't know.

JANE

Philosophy? No, wait. Art.

Fisher is astonished. Lisbon walks up to them, once again cutting their conversation short.

LISBON

Your car is in the lot.

JANE

Excellent. Ferrari?

LISBON  
You're going to have to settle for  
a Maserati.

JANE  
(smiles)  
It'll do.

LISBON  
And the tailor will be here in the  
morning.

FISHER  
Tailor?

JANE  
I need a new suit. The tournament  
is tomorrow, so I don't have time  
to visit a proper haberdashery.

FISHER  
I can see why you're entering the  
tournament, but why Abbott?

JANE  
(grins)  
It takes two to tango, baby.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

19    **EXT. CROW CANYON CASINO - ENTRANCE - DAY**

19

A TAXI pulls up. Abbott steps out and enters the casino. A few other cars unload.

WE HEAR Lisbon and Jane speak in VOICE-OVER, going over the plan in advance.

LISBON (V.O.)  
Explain the Maserati.

JANE (V.O.)  
I need to sell an image.

A black MASERATI sports car ROARS as it pulls up. Jane steps out of it, looking sharp in a new suit and the Ascot cap. He generously tips the valets and enters the casino.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Part of the gang's con is taking  
certain players with them to the  
end, players that bet hard but  
don't have the skills to see spot  
their scam or win the title.



Lolo stands near the entrance, having just seen Jane's flamboyant arrival.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Santos and Lolo need to think that I'm wealthy and reckless, easily parted from my fortune.

**20 INT. CROW CANYON CASINO - POKER ROOM**

**20**

Abbott and Jane, mixed in with other players, take seats among the the dozen card tables, sitting in different parts of the room. Each table has six or more players.

JANE (V.O.)  
This image needs to be established right away, so that our boys decide to let me ride their coattails.

Lolo and Santos enter. They are sure to sit near Jane.

LISBON (V.O.)  
You're positive Santos won't remember you?

JANE (V.O.)  
Not so long as I have my cap on.

Santos looks at Jane, sizing him up, but doesn't seem to recognize him from the hotel.

Casino Associates walk around, checking in the players, supervised by Marcus Mills. Marcus approaches Abbott with a clipboard in hand.

MARCUS  
Your name, sir?

ABBOTT  
Wilson. George.

Marcus looks through his records. Abbott checks out. Marcus gestures to an associate who places five trays of chips in front of Abbott.

At Jane's table, a Casino Associate checks him in.

CASINO ASSOCIATE  
Name, sir.

JANE  
John Montague.

CASINO ASSOCIATE  
Would you like a sandwich, sir?

They both laugh. The Associate seems proud that he gets the obscure reference.

JANE

Man, you don't know how often I get that! Good one!

LISBON (V.O.)

What about Cliff?

JANE (V.O.)

Oh, he'll be there. Normally, he'd be focused on his monitors upstairs, but for this he'll be front and center.

Jane looks past the Associate to William Cliff, overseeing the room. William nods to one of the Associates, who places a DECK OF CARDS on Jane's table.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's important that the Convocation targets me, to ensure that the marked deck is in play at my table.

CU DECK OF CARDS sitting in front of Jane.

LISBON (V.O.)

Will you talk to them at the table?

JANE (V.O.)

Absolutely. I need to be sure that Santos doesn't know me. And I need to convince them that I'm a ripe sucker. High on cash, low on brains.

LISBON (V.O.)

That shouldn't be too hard.

As the rest of the players are checked in and handed their chips, Jane leans over to Santos.

JANE

Do I know you?

Santos looks at Jane as if he should know him, but doesn't.

JANE (CONT'D)

Were you ever at the Borgata?  
Atlantic City?

Santos shakes his head "no."

JANE (CONT'D)

My mistake. You look like a caballero that handily took  
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)  
 eighty-grand from me after a  
 seven-hour stretch.

SANTOS  
 I may be that man tonight.

JANE  
 True. That could happen.

All the players are checked in. A deck of cards is placed at  
 each table.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 Thirty-grand to buy in. Where I  
 come from, that's a bargain. I  
 mean, I dump that much at the  
 tables nightly. It's all for fun.  
 That's what I tell the wife,  
 anyway.

Santos looks over at Lolo, using his eyes to subtly single  
 out Jane as a sucker to target. Lolo nods.

Jane CALLS OUT to the casino staff.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 Can we get some drinks over here?  
 Do we have to wait for gameplay  
 before we can get some hospitality?

LOLO  
 You always drink when you play?

JANE  
 Always. I'm actually better after a  
 few. I take more risks. And that's  
 how you win at poker, or so I hear!

SANTOS  
 You play a lot?

JANE  
 Whenever I can. I've been playing  
 poker for a long time. \*Long\* time.  
 We're talking over a year. Two,  
 maybe three games a month, over a  
 year's time. And I only play with  
 black chips. I've never touched a  
 chip lower than a C-note.

A male SERVER approaches Jane. The Server's face is unseen.

Jane continues to outline the plan in Voice-Over.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Drinking during a tournament is  
 usually a sign that you're a  
 (MORE)

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 donkey. A weak player. In my case,  
 I'm so rich that the money doesn't  
 matter to me so much as having fun.

SERVER  
 Can I get you something to drink?

JANE  
 I'll take a Seven and Seven. Easy  
 on the Seven.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 We just need to arrange it so that  
 I'm not getting anything stronger  
 than club soda.

The Server is revealed to be WYLIE.

WYLIE  
 Coming up, sir.

Jane hands Wylie a FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL, further supporting his  
 image of a reckless rich rookie.

WYLIE (CONT'D)  
 Anyone else?

LOLO  
 No, but keep his coming.

Everyone at the table laughs.

JANE  
 Listen to the man! Keep 'em coming!  
 Two at a time!

Alyana enters the room. From where Jane sits, he can see her  
 speaking with William, who seems to be saying that everything  
 is running smooth.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 The game will start when the Head  
 of Casino Operations calls it.

Alyana addresses the room.

ALYANA  
 It's 11:00. Game starts now. Good  
 luck, Players.

MONTAGE

The tournament begins. Lolo is the first to deal at his  
 table. Abbott is the first to deal at his.

Marcus walks around, overseeing the games.

William oversees things from afar, near the audience that's gathered.

Abbott subtly rubs each card as he carefully deals them.

Jane loses to Santos. Lolo laughs, gloats.

LISBON (V.O.)

What about Abbott? He won't always have the special deck.

JANE (V.O.)

He will, on and off, as the night progresses. But Abbott's experienced, and coached by me. He can hold his own until the final two or three tables, where chances are he's sitting with one of our golden boys full-time.

Many players are out of the game. Abbott gets up and takes a seat beside Lolo at a new table.

Abbott wins a pot, completely taking out the player beside him. Lolo seems concerned.

Santos wins a pot. Jane acts defeated, with a forced smile. Lolo is pleased.

The room full of games fades to a couple of active tables.

Jane acts confident in his hand, only to lose to Lolo.

Abbott wins another hand, ousting the two last players at his table.

LISBON (V.O.)

So how does this little masquerade end?

JANE (V.O.)

After avoiding each other all night, either Abbott or myself will be seated at the final table, likely with one of our two Talons. If we both make it there, we'll work together to end the game how \*we\* want. And that's when we flip the con on its head.

END MONTAGE

The tournament boils down to the final table. Seated here are Jane, Abbott, Lolo, and Santos. We join the game as Santos loses all his chips and is out of play. Lolo doesn't look pleased, but tries to hide it. Jane can see it clearly.

Three men left. Lolo's turn to deal. He starts to shuffle the deck. Jane nervously protests, still in character.

JANE (CONT'D)

Whoa, time out. Don't we get a house dealer now? We're final three! Hey, can I get another drink over here?

Lolo takes this as a lack of confidence on Jane's part and tries to feed on it.

LOLO

You wanna change up the game now? Feeling uneasy?

JANE

(acting nervous)  
I've been watching you two, and I think something is going on. When guys you deal, you guys win.

A lot of talk in the audience as Jane accuses his opponents.

ABBOTT

You're saying we're in cahoots?

JANE

Whatever you call it, something smells fishy here.

Marcus Mills intervenes.

MARCUS

We need a decision, gentlemen. Would you like a house dealer?

Jane looks to his opponents.

ABBOTT

No way. I came here for a player-versus-player tourney. To the end.

Abbott wipes sweat from his brow, removes his coat, and rolls up his shirt sleeves, revealing a large SCORPION TATTOO on his forearm, identical to Angel's.

Lolo definitely notices, as does Santos, now in the audience. They look at each other as if to say "THIS IS THE GUY."

MARCUS

(to Lolo)  
Do you concur, sir?

LOLO  
I agree with Mr. Scorpion, here.

MARCUS  
Then play on, gentlemen.

The game continues. Lolo deals cards.

Abbott looks at his hand and promptly folds. He then looks to Jane to continue their plan.

Jane raises. Lolo re-raises.

Jane re-raises. Lolo re-raises.

JANE  
You think you're gonna scare me  
off? You'll find that we Montagues  
are not so easily intimidated.

Jane goes ALL-IN, pushing all of his chips into the center of the table. Lolo calls, also going All-In.

The two men reveal their cards. Jane wins.

Lolo is out of play.

The audience reacts, feeling what surely must be a bad beat for Lolo. A casino associate gathers the pot for Jane, who acts like he just dodged a bullet.

Still stunned, a defeated Lolo rises and joins Santos in the audience. He can't believe he was taken out. He looks to William across the room as if to say "WHAT JUST HAPPENED?"

Jane versus Abbott. Final two. It's Abbott's turn to deal.

Abbott deals extra slow, now rubbing each card in exaggeration. Lolo stares at Abbott's hands, and his scorpion tattoo.

Jane gets his cards and goes ALL-IN again. Abbott does the same.

The two men reveal their hands. Abbott WINS.

The crowd CHEERS for the winner. Abbott grins wide. Jane acts wounded. He reluctantly shakes Abbott's hand and slinks away.

Casino staff rush in to take photos of the tournament winner. Alyana shakes hands with Abbott in a photo op.

Lost in the celebration, William Cliff walks by Lolo and Santos, giving them a message as he passes.

WILLIAM  
 (low voice)  
 Call me in five minutes.

Angry and wanting answers, Lolo storms off, with a confused Santos following.

**21 INT. CROW CANYON CASINO - BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

**21**

Lolo and Santos sit at an isolated booth. Lolo makes a call on his cell phone.

WILLIAM (V.O.)  
 (on phone)  
 Lolo...

LOLO  
 (on phone)  
 What the hell happened?

WILLIAM (V.O.)  
 Why'd you go all-in on that idiot?

LOLO  
 Forget him! That big guy - the winner - that was Angel's partner!

WILLIAM (V.O.)  
 What the hell are you talking about?

LOLO  
 Angel hooked up with him in the joint! He taught him the operation! He trained him!

WILLIAM (V.O.)  
 That's crap.

LOLO  
 The feds told us about him! Who the hell is he?

Lolo starts to piece things together.

LOLO (CONT'D)  
 And you knew, didn't you?

WILLIAM (V.O.)  
 What??

LOLO  
 You got an angle on this! You were gonna get your piece of the pie, with me, or with him!



WILLIAM (V.O.)  
 Speak of the Devil...

William abruptly HANGS UP. Lolo sees red, but is powerless for now.

BACK TO:

**22 INT. CROW CANYON CASINO - POKER ROOM**

**22**

William stands to the side of the celebration. He HANGS UP his cell phone as Abbott approaches him. William offers a handshake.

WILLIAM  
 Congratulations, Mr. Wilson. That was one of our biggest wins yet.

Abbott cuts to the chase.

ABBOTT  
 You're the security guy?

WILLIAM  
 That's right.

Abbott points to Alyana, who is giving an interview to a news crew, along with Marcus.

ABBOTT  
 She told me to see you. I'd feel more comfortable collecting my winnings with security. Somewhere private. You understand.

WILLIAM  
 Of course. Let's head to my office.

Abbott follows William Cliff out of the room.

**23 INT. CROW CANYON CASINO - SECURITY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

**23**

William and Abbott enter the bare office, just off the room with the banks of monitors. He shuts the door.

ABBOTT  
 Someone coming with my money?

WILLIAM  
 In time. But first, let's talk.

Abbott acts confused. He removes his coat, places it on a chair, and takes a seat.

ABBOTT  
Okay. Let's talk.

WILLIAM  
Angel Ventana.

ABBOTT  
Who?

William laughs. The two men stare down each other.

WILLIAM  
Come on, it's just us. Your money  
is still coming.

ABBOTT  
I don't know know who you're  
talking about.

William points to Abbott's SCORPION tattoo.

WILLIAM  
Like I said, the money is coming.  
That is, unless you continue to lie  
to me.

Abbott thinks for a moment and then folds.

ABBOTT  
Let's just say I did a lot of  
favors for that little worm on the  
inside. He paid me back.

WILLIAM  
By giving you an in on this  
operation? Forming a partnership?

ABBOTT  
No partnership. He taught me his  
system. Told me how it was gonna go  
down. I was impressed. I was  
actually rooting for the guy. But  
when I learned that he was... taken  
out of the picture, I decided to  
put myself in. Simple as that.

William nods, satisfied with knowing everything now.

WILLIAM  
Yeah, well, the thing is, it's not  
that simple. Angel wasn't alone in  
this. And neither are you.

William takes a deck of cards out of his pocket.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
 (serious tone)  
 "Ladies and gentleman, upon closer examination, it seems the cards were marked. The prize now goes to the runner up..."

ABBOTT  
 You're bluffing. The exposure wouldn't be good for you, either.

WILLIAM  
 Don't worry about me. I'm covered.

ABBOTT  
 So what do you want?

WILLIAM  
 Same arrangement we had with Angel. 25 percent to you, 75 to all other parties involved, who shall remain nameless. Everybody wins.

ABBOTT  
 Yeah, except that some of us win less. We do this, I get a bigger cut. Let's start at 50 percent.

William thinks for a moment, stuck between exposing the scam and getting nothing, or bending to Abbott's demands.

WILLIAM  
 Let's end at 50 percent. How's that for a quick negotiation?

ABBOTT  
 Done.

Abbott rises and grabs his coat.

ABBOTT (CONT'D)  
 Now if you'll excuse me, I have an appointment with public relations. Can't get too many photos of a five-million dollar tournament champion.

Abbott opens the door to leave.

ABBOTT (CONT'D)  
 Room 125. One hour. We divide it there. Don't be late. There's a news crew down there that would love a good story.

WILLIAM  
Now who's bluffing?

ABBOTT  
Just be there.

Abbott leaves. William promptly makes a phone call.

WILLIAM  
(on phone)  
I'm to meet him in an hour. Room  
125.

CUT TO:

24 INT. CROW CANYON CASINO - ROOM 125

24

Abbott sits alone in the opulent room, sipping on a bottle of beer. There's a KNOCK at the door. He answers it.

ALYANA GARZA stands there, smiling.

ALYANA  
Can I come in, Mr. Wilson?

ABBOTT  
Sure. But I'm expecting company.

ALYANA  
Yes, you're expecting me.

Alyana takes a beer from the mini fridge and sits on a couch.

ABBOTT  
I don't see my money.

ALYANA  
This is a sensitive operation. The money will take time. And I must insist that we stick to the original plan. You get 25 percent.

ABBOTT  
Cliff agreed to 50.

ALYANA  
I didn't. And I'm here now. 25 percent. You should feel fortunate. Angel wasn't going to get a penny. He didn't know that, of course.

ABBOTT  
What if I blow this whistle on this little scam?

ALYANA

Let's say you do. I am one of the heads of this casino. A respected member of my community. My father is a clan leader. You, however, have a very different story. It won't take much to convince the council that an ex-con is trying to swindle the tribe.

ABBOTT

You're right. I do have a very different story.

JANE steps out of the bathroom, followed by a shocked and angry ABRAHAM GARZA.

ABRAHAM

(breathless)

Alyana...

Her eyes WIDEN upon seeing her father, who just overheard their entire conversation. She heads for the door and swings it open, revealing CHO and DEPUTY WALLACE blocking her exit.

Jane throws his hands in the air.

JANE

Everyone's a winner at Crow Canyon!

**25 INT. FBI - INTERROGATION ROOM**

**25**

Alyana sits across from Cho and Jane.

ALYANA

We met in rehab. Angel assured me that he could get the Talons to help him win the tournament. He and two of his men would enter. He said he had a system that could guarantee one of them would win. Most likely, him.

JANE

But he needed his special deck put into play. So you wrangled William Cliff. Once a cheat, always a cheat, right?

ALYANA

It wasn't hard. Like everyone else, he was looking for that one big score to finally get him off the reservation.

JANE

It seems you had everyone wrapped around your finger. Every man thought they were going to walk away with a big juicy cut. But we both know that wasn't really the plan.

Alyana coldly stares at Jane. She's cornered.

ALYANA

You seem to know everything, Mr. Montague, or whatever your name is.

Cho reveals a FOLDER. From it, he pulls out some documents.

CU DOCUMENTS: a fake driver's license and passport with Alyana's photos on them.

CHO

William Cliff is in the next room. He gave up everything. Lolo. Santos. These fake ID's. Fake passport. Seems he still has some connections from his grifter days.

JANE

Planning on taking a long vacation? You see, that's the real reason you involved Cliff. I mean, as Head of Casino Operations, you could have easily placed the marked decks into play yourself. William was given that task, and was promised a cut, in exchange for granting you a new life. You take the entire five million and ride off into the sunset.

Alyana doesn't deny any of this.

JANE (CONT'D)

It was a well-oiled machine until Angel got drunk and was banned. Fine, you no longer needed him, not after he taught his goons how to read Braille. But that surely hurt, his sweetheart not defending him in front of papa.

ALYANA

He started blabbing about how he was going to blow the lid if he wasn't allowed back in.

JANE

So you told him to meet you at your old pomegranate tree to talk things over and mend your relationship. Being the hopeless romantic - and being drunk - he came, saw you in the shadow of that delicious tree, and smiled.

CHO

Except it was William Cliff that met him. Sent by you.

Alyana says nothing.

**26 INT. FBI - BREAK ROOM - LATER THAT DAY**

**26**

Jane, Cho, Lisbon, and Wylie share a couple of PIZZAS, celebrating another case closed. Abbott enters.

JANE

Ah, Mr. Wilson, the big winner.

ABBOTT

Is this a Case Closed Pizza?

LISBON

Sure is. A little CBI tradition.

Abbott takes a slice.

ABBOTT

Adding a little CBI around here seems to be working out well. Good work, team.

Abbott, Cho, and Wylie exit as Agent Fisher enters.

LISBON

Slice of pizza?

Lisbon can see that Fisher wants to speak to Jane. She takes her slice and exits, leaving them alone.

JANE

We have pepperoni and pineapple. Why anyone would want tropical fruit on their pizza is beyond me, but hey.

Fisher speaks quietly.

FISHER

His name was Arthur. But I'm sure you already knew that.

JANE

Well, you have a U.C. Davis degree hanging on your office wall. A quick search on the web would have told me who he is. Or was.

FISHER

Was.

Jane can see the wounded look on her face.

JANE

Look, what matters is that he was a minor character in the book of your life, and you turned the page long ago.

Fisher has completely given up hiding anything from Jane. She speaks with some regret.

FISHER

He turned the page on me.

JANE

He's probably still in the same chapter of his life, still wooing students with talks of art and symbols of love.

He looks down at her leg.

JANE (CONT'D)

But you're in a fresh new chapter now, and have been. He's a leach that prays upon impressionable young women. You're a valuable agent of the FBI.

Fisher is touched by his words. Jane takes his pizza and starts to head out.

JANE (CONT'D)

And if it makes you feel any better, you've since become a main character in my book.

Jane exits, giving her much to think about.

FISHER

(to herself)  
You, too.

Fisher sits at a table, alone, with her slice of pizza.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END