

# THE MENTALIST

"Firewall"

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TEASER

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1

SUPER: OJAI, CA

Several police cars are parked on the driveway. CHO and RIGSBY confer with Uniformed Officers already on the scene.

LISBON, VAN PELT, and JANE arrive in the CBI SUV and approach them.

CHO  
Samantha Lloyd, 34 years old.  
Married, no kids.

LISBON  
Where's the body?

CHO  
Home office.

They head inside.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The team enters a home office where a local MEDICAL EXAMINER examines the victim, Samantha Lloyd, slouched over dead at her computer.

Jane ignores them throughout the following, pausing to take in all of the victim's belongings: shelves of computer games and books on internet startup companies, self-help posters, photos of Samantha with her husband. It's neat, efficient. The room of someone used to compartmentalizing.

LISBON  
(to the ME)  
What can you tell me?

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
Bullet wound to the back of the head. Two shots at close range. Husband found her. I put the time of death just over three hours ago at 5:15.

LISBON  
Where's the husband?

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
The local PD questioned him. He's with his family now.

LISBON

We'll need to talk to him.

CHO

Anyone hear the shooting?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

No. Killer may have used a  
silencer.

(pause, to Jane)

Are you that psychic guy I've heard  
about?

JANE

I wouldn't know.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Yeah. Patrick Jane, right?

JANE

Now who's the psychic?

The ME frowns at Jane, caught off guard.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Personally, I don't believe in any  
of that supernatural stuff--

JANE

Good for you. Me either.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

But my wife does. How much do you  
charge for a reading?

JANE

I don't do that anymore.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Come on. She used to be a big fan  
of yours, and ever since she heard  
you work for the CBI, she keeps  
hounding me to ask if I ever run  
into you. What do you say? Get her  
off my back?

JANE

She might not like what I tell her.  
I see a lot of pain and loneliness  
in her future.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Excuse me? What are you talking about?

JANE

You're cheating on her, aren't you?

The ME's face goes red.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

How dare you!

JANE

How dare I? How dare you walk around like that? I can smell the perfume of two separate women on you. Plus, you've still got a wristband on from what I can only assume is a strip club. The Booby Trap? Classy.

The ME looks down at the wristband popping out of his shirtsleeve and shoves it back inside.

Jane turns away and ambles around the room.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

(to Lisbon)

What is wrong with that man?

LISBON

Many, many things. Please accept my apologies for his behavior. Mr. Jane can be off-putting, but I assure you, he gets the job done.

Suddenly, Jane turns back to the group.

JANE

Well, I'm through. We ready to go back to the office? I've got all the information we need.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Is that a joke? I've been at this for the last hour. You've been here, what? Five minutes?

JANE

Closer to three. We know the computer was an important element of the crime -- that's just obvious.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

The killer clearly had the victim sit at it and do something before killing her. My guess is that we'll find it wiped clean. This wasn't done out of emotion. It was planned to be quick and quiet. We're looking for someone who thinks ahead. This person is calm, cool, and collected, but still passionate enough about something that they're willing to kill for it. A true sociopath. Lisbon, I'll be in the car if you need me.

With that, he exits.

The ME glares at Lisbon. She smiles uncomfortably.

INT. CBI - MAIN OFFICE - DAY 1

Jane sips tea on the couch while Cho, Rigsby, and Van Pelt work at their desks.

Lisbon enters with a man, HAROLD LLOYD, 30s, the victim's husband. He appears cold, hard, calm -- intense.

LISBON

If you'll follow Agent Cho and I to one of our interview rooms, we can get started.

LLOYD

Cops are so damn stupid.

Everyone does a double take, but Lloyd doesn't notice. Cho gets up and approaches.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

We think we're special. That something like this would never happen to us.

(pleading)

I want the bastard that did this to pay, and I want to do whatever I can to help you.

LISBON

Best way to do that is tell us everything you know.

The husband nods, and Cho nudges him toward the interview room. Rigsby sidles up to Jane.

RIGSBY

Wow. That guy's a little icy for someone who just lost his wife. Think he could have done it?

JANE

I think he's being a cop. Holding it together and trying to work the case because it makes the grief easier to bear.

Jane takes another sip of his tea, and Rigsby looks away from Jane and crosses his arms uncomfortably.

A harried, overweight MAN in his 40s rushes into their office.

MAN

Are you investigators? My wife is gone, and the internet said that the CBI was the preeminent law enforcement agency in California.

VAN PELT

Gone? We don't handle missing persons cases.

MAN

She's not missing, she's deleted!

RIGSBY

Deleted?

MAN

Please, her name is Samantha Lloyd. She lives at 214 Fox Street in Ojai.

Jane sets down his tea cup, intrigued, and shares a look with Rigsby and Van Pelt.

JANE

And you say you're her husband?

MAN

Yes! Are you people even listening to me?

RIGSBY

But we're already interviewing her husband.

MAN

I'm her virtual husband!

Rigsby and Van Pelt don't know how to react.

JANE

Well, that's new.

Off his smile...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. CBI - MAIN OFFICE - DAY 1

Lisbon stands. The rest of the team sits at their desks.

LISBON  
Virtual husband?

VAN PELT  
Apparently the victim was playing a  
computer game called Second Life.

CHO  
It's a virtual world with homes,  
stores, banks, jobs, and  
relationships, just like our own.

RIGSBY  
(teasing)  
How do you know so much about it?

CHO  
My little cousin got so sucked into  
the world that his parents are  
making him work with a therapist.

RIGSBY  
Oh.

LISBON  
And people get married in the game?  
What does that even mean?

VAN PELT  
From what I read, it sounds a lot  
like being married in the real  
world. Mortgage, kids, dogs, jobs,  
adultery, divorce.

LISBON  
And this guy came in because his  
wife was... deleted?

VAN PELT  
Her game profile. At 5:13 p.m.

LISBON  
Around the estimated time of death.  
Sounds like a connection to me.  
Well, let's see what they have to  
say. Cho, you interview the virtual  
husband. I'll take the real one.

Cho and Lisbon exit, passing AGENT CRAIG O'LOUGHLIN as he enters and heads toward Van Pelt. Rigsby surreptitiously watches as the two interact.

O'LOUGHLIN  
You ready for lunch?

VAN PELT  
Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry, Craig. It slipped my mind. We just got a new case. Can we make it dinner?

O'LOUGHLIN  
Bummer. I've got to work late tonight at the office. But we're still on for Catalina this weekend, right?

VAN PELT  
I wouldn't miss it.

O'Loughlin gives her a quick peck on the lips.

O'LOUGHLIN  
See you then. Good luck with the case. Anything interesting?

VAN PELT  
You have no idea. I'll tell you later. See you.

O'LOUGHLIN  
Bye.

Rigsby mouths O'Loughlin's "bye," mockingly. Van Pelt glances over at him, and he quickly looks away, embarrassed.

INT. CBI - INTERVIEW ROOM ONE - DAY 1

Lisbon sits across from the victim's real world husband, Lloyd, who looks shell-shocked.

LISBON  
I could understand you being jealous. Maybe you found out about her virtual husband, became angry, and things got a little out of control.

LLOYD  
The first I heard about him was when you came in and told me.  
(MORE)

LLOYD (CONT'D)

What the hell is a virtual husband,  
anyway?

INT. CBI - INTERVIEW ROOM TWO - INTERCUT

Cho and Jane sits across from JOHN ROTHMAN, the virtual husband. He dabs his eyes.

ROTHMAN

How can you say that? I loved her.  
I don't care what she did in her  
first life. It didn't make what we  
had any less real.

JANE

First life?

ROTHMAN

You know, this.

Cho and Jane share a look, then:

CHO

Where were you at 5:15 p.m.  
yesterday?

ROTHMAN

On Second Life. I can give you a  
list of people who can verify that.

LLOYD

I was at work until a little after  
6:30. Call the station.

LISBON

Did Samantha have any enemies?  
Anyone who would want to see her  
dead?

LLOYD

She didn't have many friends, let  
alone enemies. When we first met,  
she could barely put two words  
together, she was so painfully shy.  
(smiles to himself)  
It was adorable.

ROTHMAN

She was the life of the party.  
People were drawn to her. That's  
why I fell in love with her. She  
was magnetic.

(pauses)

(MORE)

ROTHMAN (CONT'D)

Wait! You know, she did recently  
have a fight with her ex.

CHO

Her ex? What's his name?

ROTHMAN

Fred546.

Jane and Cho give each other a look.

CHO

I gather this was a virtual ex?

ROTHMAN

Of course.

Rigsby enters with a note for Lisbon.

LISBON

(looks at it)

Did you know anything about a  
virtual ex-boyfriend? A... Fred546?

LLOYD

A virtual...?

(takes a deep breath)

No, no, I didn't.

He buries his head in his hands.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

God, did I even know her?

Lisbon looks at him, sympathetic.

LISBON

Thank you for your time.

LLOYD

You'll keep me updated on the case?

LISBON

We'll be in touch.

Lloyd nods sadly.

INT. CBI - HALLWAY - DAY 1

The entire team watches as Lloyd gets in the elevator and the  
doors close.

RIGSBY

This is all so weird. I'm not even sure what to take seriously here.

LISBON

For now, everything.

VAN PELT

I've tracked down the real name for the virtual ex, Fredrick Thompson. His mother says he's at a seminar for the next few hours, "Virtual Realities, Our Reality."

She hands Lisbon a note with an address.

JANE

Looks like we're headed to class.

LISBON

Cho, Rigsby, you're with us. Van Pelt, you stay here and see what else you can learn about this Second Life thing.

Jane, Lisbon, and Cho head out.

RIGSBY

I'll be right there. I'm gonna grab my coat.

Rigsby and Van Pelt walk back to...

INT. CBI BUILDING - MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

RIGSBY

Catalina, huh?

VAN PELT

(uncomfortable)  
Yeah. Just for the weekend.

RIGSBY

Sounds fun.

He grabs his coat and heads out.

INT. CBI BUILDING - RECEPTION - DAY 1

Rigsby approaches the front doors, where O'Loughlin stands with his back to Rigsby, talking on the phone.

O'LOUGHLIN

No, I need to see you. Tonight,  
Sherry. It can't wait.

(pause)

How about that Four Seasons you  
love? Great, see you there.

As he turns, headed back into the building, Rigbsy quickly  
ducks out the front door before O'Loughlin sees him.

Off Rigbsy's pained look...

EXT. LECTURE HALL BUILDING - DAY 1

SUPER: LA ROSA HOTEL - SANTA BARBARA, CA

Jane, Lisbon, Rigbsy, and Cho head toward the building.  
Rigbsy grabs Cho's arm to hold him back.

RIGBSY

Hey, man, can I talk to you for a  
minute?

Cho stops and nods.

RIGBSY

You know how I had to get my jacket  
earlier?

CHO

Yes, I can recall that.

RIGBSY

Well, I heard O'Loughlin making  
plans. With a woman. For tonight.

Cho looks confused.

RIGBSY

He told Grace that he was working.

CHO

(shakes head)  
Stay out of it.

RIGBSY

But what if he's cheating on her?

CHO

You're not going to get her back  
that way.

RIGSBY

Who said anything about getting her back?

Cho gives him a disbelieving look, then shakes his head.

CHO

You don't know what you heard.  
You'll only end up in the middle of  
it and be the bad guy.

Cho walks off. Rigsby looks conflicted as he follows.

INT. LECTURE HALL ROOM - DAY 1

Cho and Rigsby enter the back of a dimly lit auditorium filled with people and walk over to Lisbon and Jane. At the front, PROFESSOR LAURA DARBY stands in front of a Powerpoint presentation.

DARBY

These worlds run parallel to our own, and it's vitally important that we nourish their growth. When we return from our break, we'll have a discussion about the rise of the virtual economy.

JANE

This woman is really into her fake life.

LISBON

There he is.

She points to FREDRICK THOMPSON, late 20s, sitting in the front row. As the lights go up, he heads toward the exit. The team approaches him, and Lisbon flashes her badge.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Agent Lisbon, CBI. Can we ask you a few questions?

FRED

Sure... what's this about?

LISBON

Did you know a Samantha Lloyd?

Fred looks confused.

JANE

Sammy146.

FRED

Oh, yeah, of course. We dated for a while.

CHO

In a computer game.

FRED

(annoyed)

Second Life isn't a game. It's a fully realized virtual world.

LISBON

We were told that the two of you were fighting a lot recently. Can you tell us what that was about?

FRED

I'm sorry, but what's going on here? Why is the CBI interested in this?

JANE

Oh, no one told you? Samantha's dead. Murdered.

Fred sits down.

FRED

What? Whoa. How's Rothman387 taking it?

JANE

Not well.

FRED

They just celebrated their first anniversary.

LISBON

Yeah, so you want to explain to us what the two of you were arguing about?

FRED

It all seems so silly now, doesn't it? She was making a lot of money, and I wanted in.

CHO

How much is a lot?

FRED

Almost a hundred thousand in just a few months.

The agents share a look: holy crap.

LISBON

I'm sorry -- so she was making money... in the game?

FRED

(nods)

I don't want much, but man, if I could make enough in Second Life to support my first life? That would be sweet.

LISBON

What was she doing?

FRED

I don't know. She wouldn't tell me. That's actually why I'm here. She took this class a few months ago, before the money started rolling in, so I was hoping it was connected to whatever she got into.

JANE

Any luck so far?

FRED

Nothing.

LISBON

One last question. Where were you yesterday afternoon at 5:15 p.m.?

FRED

At home with my mom.

LISBON

Of course. Thank you for your time.

They walk away.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Let's head back to the office. I'll call Van Pelt and have her look into Samantha's bank accounts. Where this virtual money was coming from could be the key.

JANE

Actually, Rigsby and I are going to stay to listen to the lecture.

RIGSBY

We are?

JANE

(shrugs)

Somebody has to give me a ride back.

RIGSBY

But--

LISBON

Whatever. See you in a few hours.

Lisbon and Cho leave. Jane heads back inside.

JANE

Come on, Rigsby. I want to get a seat at the front.

Rigsby pouts as he follows.

INT. LECTURE HALL ROOM - DAY 1

Professor Darby addresses the class. Jane, engrossed, sits in the front row. Rigsby naps on his shoulder.

DARBY

There's nothing virtual about virtual reality. It's a completely new frontier where we can remake ourselves, and we decide on the rules. It's a true democracy, and as virtual citizens, we must police one another. It's up to the individual. One day there will be no separation between the two, and we'll all be at the forefront of the next movement to better humanity. Thank you all for coming.

The class erupts in applause, and it startles Rigsby awake. As students pile out, Jane approaches Darby while she packs up her things.

JANE

Excuse me, professor, could I have a second of your time?

DARBY

Certainly. Do you have any questions about the program, Mr...?

JANE

Patrick Jane, nice to meet you. And yes, I have several, but I'd like to talk to you about another matter. Agent Rigsby and I are with the CBI, and we're investigating the murder of one of your students, a Samantha Lloyd. Name ring a bell?

DARBY

(shakes head)

I'm sorry, agent, but as you can see, a lot of students attend my seminars.

JANE

This would have been two or three months ago.

DARBY

Sorry, I just don't know. My records are back in my office in Santa Cruz.

RIGSBY

You teach at the college?

DARBY

Yes, Computer Sciences. Can I check for the date and get back to you?

JANE

Sure. Here's Agent Rigsby's card.

Jane produces the card, and Darby takes it. Rigsby self-consciously pats his jacket pocket, and it's clear that Jane slipped the card out without asking.

DARBY

Thank you. I'll be in touch.

She starts to leave, but Jane tags along.

JANE

Mrs. Lloyd made close to a hundred thousand dollars in the game in just the past few months.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

From the information in your seminar, that seems quite high. Any idea how she would make that kind of money?

DARBY

(shrugs)

There are as many ways to make money in Second Life as there are in first life.

Jane furrows his brow.

JANE

Shame one of those game wackos killed her.

DARBY

(bristles)

You can't blame the world as a whole for the actions of a few. We are on the verge of a virtual revolution and need to nurture that reality rather than attack it. Now, if you'll excuse me.

JANE

Of course. Thank you for your time.

She leaves, and Rigbsy turns to Jane.

RIGSBY

Will you please just ask me for my card next time?

Jane just gives him a big innocent smile.

INT. CBI - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT 2

Jane and Rigbsy enter. Lisbon, Van Pelt, and Cho are all at their desks working.

LISBON

How was class?

JANE

Great. We learned a lot, didn't we, Rigbsy?

RIGSBY

Sure.

JANE

Liar. He slept through most of it.

Just then, Lloyd, the victim's real life husband, enters with a tray of Starbucks.

LLOYD

Hello.

LISBON

Mr. Lloyd, what are you doing here?

LLOYD

Thought maybe you could all use some caffeine. How's the case?

LISBON

That's very nice of you, but you know you can't be here.

LLOYD

Come on, I'm a cop. Let me help.

He starts looking at the documents on Rigsby's desk. Rigsby covers them up.

LISBON

As an officer, you should know why I can't let you help.

LLOYD

Don't worry, I know the protocol. I'll stay away from the interviews. We can keep everything above board. But come on, we both know that's just to keep civilians from interfering.

He starts to walk further into the office, but Lisbon steps in front of him.

LISBON

I need you to leave.

Lloyd's jaw clenches.

LLOYD

Alright. Sorry to bother you.

He starts to go.

JANE

Wait, Mr. Lloyd!

LLOYD

Yes?

JANE

Do you have any tea there?

Lloyd hands him a cup and waits.

LLOYD

That was it?

JANE

(nods)

Thanks. Much appreciated.

Lloyd exits, shaking his head. Jane takes a sip: heavenly.

VAN PELT (O.S.)

Oh, wow.

LISBON

What is it, Van Pelt? Did you find something with the victim's bank accounts?

VAN PELT

No, but get a load of this. A report just came through. A second body was just found upstate. Killed in the exact same way -- two shots to the back of the head, slumped in front of a computer.

JANE

(haunted)

A serial killer?

Jane and Lisbon share a concerned look.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CBI - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT 2

The entire team, minus Jane, is gathered around Van Pelt's station. He sits at Rigsby's desk, fiddling around on his computer and chuckling. The team tries to ignore him.

VAN PELT

The second victim is Benjamin Peters, a 20-year-old student at Santa Cruz College. His roommate found the body.

She passes around a printed out picture of the victim's student ID. Skinny, white, pimply, glasses -- classic nerd.

RIGSBY

Santa Cruz? Isn't that where Professor Darby teaches?

JANE

(still on computer)  
Yes, we should pay her a visit.

LISBON

Okay. Jane, Cho, let's head out to talk to the roommate. Any family we should interview?

VAN PELT

He was an orphan.

LISBON

Just the roommate, then. Rigsby and Van Pelt, you stick around and start looking for connections between our two victims.

RIGSBY

You got it, boss.

Van Pelt walks out of the main office area, and Rigsby follows.

Jane laughs again.

LISBON

(annoyed)  
Jane, let's go.

JANE

Lisbon, you should really see this.  
I can fly!

She sighs, but heads over to Rigsby's computer. A tiny computer-animated blond man flies around a virtual world that looks a lot like our own. Above his head is a name: TeaLover41.

JANE (CONT'D)  
(pointing)  
That's my avatar. Kind of looks like me, right? Amazing technology.

LISBON  
What's the point of this, Jane?

JANE  
Cho, could you pass me that picture of the victim?

Cho does. Jane clicks another tab and brings up a Second Life profile for the second victim, Benjamin Peters.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Same name, same address. But look at this.

He brings up an animation of the victim's avatar: a big, muscle-bound, very tan man.

LISBON  
That's a bit of an upgrade.

JANE  
Beauty of the virtual world, Lisbon. You can be whoever you want to be.

LISBON  
That's great, but we have a real live roommate to interview about a real live murder.

JANE  
Let's go, then. What are we waiting for?

Jane jumps up and strides out, leaving Cho and Lisbon to follow him shaking their heads.

INT. CBI OFFICE - KITCHENETTE - NIGHT 2

Rigsby finds Van Pelt pouring coffee for herself. She smiles and holds up her coffee.

VAN PELT  
Want a recharge?

RIGSBY  
No, I'm good.

He walks past her and opens the fridge to stall for time, not sure what to say. She finishes stirring her coffee and starts out.

VAN PELT  
See you in about ten seconds.

RIGSBY  
Grace, wait. I have something I need to tell you.

VAN PELT  
What's up?

He continues to hold the refrigerator door in front of him, like a shield.

RIGSBY  
There's something I thought you should know. About Agent O'Loughlin.

Van Pelt furrows her brow, not sure where this is going.

VAN PELT  
Okay...

RIGSBY  
He's not who you think he is.

VAN PELT  
What is that supposed to mean?

RIGSBY  
I think you should leave him.

VAN PELT  
This is how you try to be my friend? Go to hell, Wayne.

She turns to go again.

RIGSBY  
Van Pelt, wait!

She slams the door behind her.

EXT. DORM ROOM - SANTA CRUZ COLLEGE - NIGHT 2

Cho knocks on the door while Jane and Lisbon stand by. It opens to reveal Harold Lloyd, the husband of the first victim.

LLOYD  
Good, you're here.

LISBON  
What are you doing here?

LLOYD  
Interviewing the person who found  
the body. It is standard procedure,  
after all.

Lisbon leans past Lloyd and addresses MARTIN CROSS, 20, the roommate.

LISBON  
Excuse us for just a second, won't  
you?

She grabs Lloyd by the shoulder and yanks him outside, shutting the door behind him.

LLOYD  
What's going on?

LISBON  
(ignoring him)  
Cho, talk to the roommate.

Cho nods and enters the room.

LLOYD  
But I was--

LISBON  
Outside. Now!

She storms out, and Lloyd shoots Jane a concerned look.

JANE  
I'd do what she says.

Resigned, Lloyd follows Lisbon out, and Jane trails after.

EXT. DORMITORY - SANTA CRUZ COLLEGE - NIGHT 2

Lloyd and Jane exit the building to find Lisbon waiting.

LLOYD

Listen--

LISBON

Do you understand that you have no jurisdiction here? How did you even find out about the murder?

LLOYD

This is what I've been trying to tell you, Agent Lisbon. I am an asset. I have friends at precincts all over this state. I'm not just some victim, I'm a cop.

LISBON

Who is incredibly emotional right now because you just lost your wife.

LLOYD

Exactly. My wife. I know her better than anyone, so I can help you.

LISBON

Really? Because you don't seem to know anything about the woman we're investigating. The one who had virtual husbands and boyfriends, and hidden bank accounts.

Lloyd flinches, and Lisbon realizes she's gone too far.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Look, I didn't mean--

LLOYD

No. You're right. Learning about this secret life Samantha was leading has been... a shock. But that's why I need to work the case. It's the only way I know how to make sense out of all of it.

LISBON

I'm sorry. This isn't your case.

For a second Lloyd hangs his shoulders, defeated, then he pulls himself up straight and stares at Lisbon, defiant.

LLOYD

She's my wife -- was my wife. Maybe she kept a part of herself secret from me, but I still know who she was in the real world better than anyone else. And no one is going to stop me from trying to figure out who did this and make them pay.

Lisbon pulls out her cuffs.

LISBON

I've had just about enough--

JANE

(stepping in)

Whoa, whoa, whoa. No need for that. Mr. Lloyd -- Harry -- you need to leave now and let us do our jobs.

LLOYD

You don't understand! I can't just--

JANE

I do understand, which is why I give you my promise that if you leave now and stay away from the case, I will personally keep you updated on our progress.

LISBON

What?!

JANE

What do you say, Harry?

Lloyd nods slowly.

LLOYD

I have your promise?

JANE

Absolutely.

LLOYD

Okay.

Lloyd backs off and leaves.

Lisbon punches Jane in the arm.

JANE

Ow!

LISBON  
What was that?

JANE  
What was what?

LISBON  
You can't give that man updates.  
He's a potential suspect.

Jane waves her off.

JANE  
Ah, no he's not. Come on.

He heads back into the dormitory and Lisbon follows, shaking her head.

INT. DORM ROOM - SANTA CRUZ COLLEGE - NIGHT 2

Jane and Lisbon enter the room to find Cho sitting across from Martin.

LISBON  
How are we doing?

CHO  
Martin here was just telling me  
about the fight he had with the  
victim.

JANE  
Really?

MARTIN  
Fight?! Wait. No. I said he got mad  
at me because I staged an  
intervention for him.

Lisbon sits down next to Cho, but Jane floats around the room, checking things out as usual.

LISBON  
An intervention for what?

JANE  
Wait, let me guess. Internet  
addiction.

MARTIN  
Yeah. How'd you know?

Jane gives a sideways glance at Benjamin's side of the room: it's dominated by a super high-end computer with a giant monitor. Video games and various computer coding books are piled everywhere, and the floor is littered with empty cans of Mountain Dew and stale Cheetos.

JANE

Lucky guess.

LISBON

He was on his computer a lot?

MARTIN

All the time.

CHO

Martin says Benjamin didn't even go to classes anymore. He was failing out.

MARTIN

That's why me and some friends had an intervention for him. You know, like that TV show. What's it called?

CHO

No idea.

JANE

What did your roommate do on his computer?

MARTIN

Porn, blogging, video games. He was way into this game called Second Life. I don't know why. Whenever he tried to tell me about it, the game always sounded super lame. Like, 'Martin, I have a house and a mortgage!'

JANE

What did he say when you had your intervention?

MARTIN

He told us we were morons. That our majors weren't going to help us get jobs because there weren't going to be any jobs.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

That the virtual world was where everything was going to be in the future, and he was going to rule it.

LISBON

By playing a game?

MARTIN

(shrugs)

I guess.

CHO

That's stupid.

MARTIN

That's what I said.

Off Martin's appreciative look.

EXT. MODEST HOUSE - NIGHT 2

Jane, Lisbon, and Cho stand on the porch. Cho rings the bell. Mere seconds pass before Professor Darby opens the door.

DARBY

Ah, agents! I just called your Agent Rigsby with the date you requested earlier. Would you like some tea?

JANE

Yes.

No.

LISBON

They enter the

LIVING ROOM

The professor has a tray with tea already set out.

JANE

You knew we would be here.

DARBY

(nods)

I suspected. News travels fast on a campus this small, and I heard about how that poor student died in front of his computer. It is connected to the other murder, isn't it?

JANE

Yes.

LISBON

We can't say.

Lisbon glares at him. Darby doesn't seem to notice.

DARBY (CONT'D)

Well, if Second Life is involved, I would recommend looking into whether either victim belonged to a gang.

CHO

Virtual gangs, really?

DARBY

I assure you they're quite serious, and very dangerous. Gangs are where most of the conflict escalates in the virtual world.

LISBON

We'll be sure to check it out.

CHO

Long drive back here from Santa Barbara today.

DARBY

You get used to it after a while. The virtual world is my true passion, so when someone asks me to host a seminar, I jump.

LISBON

I imagine you went down early? Got a hotel for the night?

DARBY

Yes, of course.

CHO

Where were you at 5:15 pm yesterday?

DARBY

Here. I teach History of Computing until 7:30 on Tuesdays. If you want, I have a receipt for when I checked into the hotel.

CHO

That would be great.

Darby disappears into a room.

DARBY (O.S.)  
Of course. Am I a suspect?

LISBON  
We're just following procedure.

DARBY (O.S.)  
As you should.

She returns holding a paper and a card and gives them to Lisbon.

DARBY (CONT'D)  
The receipt. And my contact info.  
I'd be happy to help if anything  
further comes up.

LISBON  
Thanks so much for your help.

They stand to leave.

EXT. MODEST HOUSE - NIGHT

The team walks to the SUV.

LISBON  
Everyone wants to work with us.

CHO  
Until they see our paychecks.

Jane eyeballs the card and chuckles.

JANE  
She has her Second Life ID on her  
business card. DarbyDarb12. I  
should friend her.

Lisbon and Cho share a slightly amused look as they climb into the car.

INT. CBI - MAIN OFFICE - DAY 2

While the rest of the team work on their computers or call leads, video game sounds come from the laptop Jane has with him over on the couch.

JANE  
Guys, I'm not sure which job offer  
I should accept.  
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

Apprentice at Mr. Sweet's Bakery or  
staff writer for the Cali Tribune.  
What do you think?

VAN PELT

We're investigating a murder, Jane.

JANE

What do you think I'm doing?

RIGSBY

Virtual newspaper writer seems like  
more of a career choice.

CHO

Go for the sweets. Print's dead,  
but people keep getting fatter.

JANE

I do want to learn how to make  
those lovely heart cookies.

Lisbon enters and sees Jane playing.

LISBON

Jane, are you playing that damn  
game again?

JANE

Why is it so hard to believe that  
this is how I'm investigating?

Lisbon scowls and turns her back on him.

LISBON

Does anyone have anything of value?

VAN PELT

The gang theory might have some  
merit. It turns out that Benjamin  
Peters was in the same virtual gang  
as Samantha Lloyd. The Rancors.

RIGSBY

Not only that, boss, but they were  
competing with a rival gang, The  
Klingdassians.

JANE

You should read some of the nasty  
things their avatars wrote about  
the opposing gang on their blogs.  
Not your mother's nerds.

LISBON

You're telling me these people write blogs in the game world as the character they're playing?

JANE

Nasty ones.

VAN PELT

It gets worse.

LISBON

Of course it does.

VAN PELT

Escalating gang fights over the past year have put several people -- or their avatars, I mean -- in the hospital. The virtual one.

CHO

Maybe this virtual gang war boiled over into the real world.

LISBON

At this point, I think anything's possible. Van Pelt, can you track down the head of the rival gang?

VAN PELT

Way ahead of you.

She hands Lisbon a piece of paper.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Real life name and address.

LISBON

(reading)

Ralph Biggleston? Okay. See if there's anything else interesting on Benjamin Peters. Jane, Rigsby, Cho, let's go.

Lisbon, Cho, and Jane are out the door in a flash. Rigsby stops to grab his gun and jacket.

VAN PELT

I just don't get it. Samantha Lloyd was a successful businesswoman married to a man who seems loving and devoted. But she felt the need for this whole other life.

RIGSBY

(pointed)

Sometimes people aren't what they seem to be.

VAN PELT

Not this again.

RIGSBY

O' Loughlin's lying to you. I overheard him talking to someone named Sherry about meeting her at the Four Seasons tonight.

VAN PELT

I really thought you were above this. Trying to ruin my relationship because you're jealous?

RIGSBY

I'm not making this up, Grace. I just felt like you deserved to know who you're dating.

VAN PELT

Fine, you're not making it up. Then I'm sure you just misunderstood him.

RIGSBY

Believe what you want.

He storms out.

VAN PELT

I believe my boyfriend.

Van Pelt glares as he leaves...

...but then frowns and turns back to her computer.

INSERT SHOT:

We hear keys clicking as CRAIG O'LOUGHLIN is typed into a search. Pictures pop up immediately -- his Academy graduation, shaking hands with politicians and dignitaries...

...and pictures of his beautiful wedding.

Van Pelt starts trembling and puts her hand over her mouth, devastated.

EXT. GORGEOUS ESTATE - DAY 2

The CBI SUV pulls through the gate of a white mansion with porcelain fountains and hedge animals cut to look like --

INT. CBI SUV - CONTINUOUS

RIGSBY

Is that Spock?

CHO

Yes, it is.

LISBON

It's the entire original series.

She's right. Hedge-Kirk, hedge-Bones, and the rest of the Enterprise crew line the drive.

JANE

And you thought I was wasting my time on Second Life, Lisbon. For shame.

They zoom on up the drive.

INT. GORGEOUS ESTATE - DAY 2

Next to his lush endless pool, the CBI team sits across from RALPH BIGGLESTON, a multi-millionaire who can't be more than 25.

BIGGLESTON

If this is about another donation, I'm afraid I've reached my tax write-off limit for this year.

LISBON

Actually, Mr. Biggleston--

BIGGLESTON

Just call me Mr. Big.

LISBON

No. Mr. Biggleston, we're here to talk to you about the murders of Samantha Lloyd and Benjamin Peters.

BIGGLESTON

Who?

JANE

Sammy146 and Benjy69.

BIGGLESTON

Ah. Rancors.

LISBON

So you did know the victims.

BIGGLESTON

In the game, sure. Vaguely. Never had the pleasure in real life.

JANE

Did you kill them?

BIGGLESTON

(amused)

Why would I kill them?

CHO

Your gang had a rivalry with them. Members were hospitalized.

BIGGLESTON

You mean avatars were hospitalized. We were just having fun.

CHO

Sure sounds fun.

Biggleston shrugs.

JANE

Second Life has made you a lot of money.

BIGGLESTON

First ever billionaire in the game.

RIGSBY

So you make all your money through Second Life? How? Doing what?

BIGGLESTON

Banking. Real estate. The usual. My fashion label has been doing gangbusters for the past year or so.

RIGSBY

Digital clothing?

LISBON

Samantha Lloyd was making good money on Second Life, too.

BIGGLESTON

You don't say.

JANE

According to her ex, she made just under six figures in the past few months alone.

BIGGLESTON

Six figures in a few months?

LISBON

It's unusual to make money so quickly in the game?

BIGGLESTON

Try impossible. Unless you're a brand like me, and she wasn't. It must be some kind of scam.

CHO

Be worth a lot to know how she was making that kind of money. Maybe even worth killing over.

BIGGLESTON

Ah, but I didn't even know she was making that kind of money. And it still doesn't explain why I'd commit the other murder. Are we done here?

LISBON

Just one more question. What were you doing yesterday morning at 9:13 a.m.? And the day before at 7:47 p.m.?

BIGGLESTON

What do you think I was doing?  
Playing Second Life, of course.

He gives them a shit-eating grin, and they all stare daggers at him.

INT. CBI SUV - DAY 2

Cho drives while the rest of the team rides silently. Lisbon's phone rings.

LISBON

Find anything, Van Pelt. You're kidding. Thanks.

She hangs up.

LISBON (CONT'D)

Apparently Benjamin Peters, an unemployed, orphaned college kid, had forty-five thousand dollars deposited into his bank account in the past month.

RIGSBY

He and Samantha were in on the same scam!

Off their shocked and befuddled faces...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CBI - MAIN OFFICE - DAY 3

Jane and Rigbsy huddle around Jane's new laptop, laughing, while a slumping Van Pelt presses her office phone to her ear.

RIGSBY  
(points at screen)  
Ooh, what about that one?

JANE  
No way.

RIGSBY  
Why not?

JANE  
I'm just not feeling it.

RIGSBY  
Okay, then, over there.

Cho enters with a coffee.

CHO  
Looking at a virtual line up or something?

JANE  
Don't be ridiculous.

RIGSBY  
We're picking out clothes for Jane's avatar.

CHO  
Yeah, I'm the ridiculous one.

Cho turns and heads back to his desk.

JANE  
I'm a virtual celebrity, Cho, I have to look the part.

Suddenly, Van Pelt looks alert.

VAN PELT  
Yes? Yes. Second Life support, just like I told the last two people. I'm sorry about the inconvenience too, I've been holding an hour. Okay. Thank you.  
(MORE)

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

(to coworkers)

Finally, they're transferring me to support.

(pause, then)

Oh, come on, voicemail? Aaaaah!

She slams the phone down and Lisbon pops her head out of her office.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Sorry, boss. No luck with Second Life customer support.

LISBON

This is pointless. We'll just go down there in person.

Van Pelt nods and starts putting her jacket on...

LISBON (CONT'D)

Van Pelt, stick around here in case we get any calls.

...then takes it off again and sits back down.

VAN PELT

Sure thing.

Everyone else exits. Van Pelt just sits there.

INT. CBI - MAIN OFFICE - LATER

As a very bored Van Pelt taps her keyboard, O'Loughlin enters with lunch and a big smile.

O'LOUGHLIN

Hey, thought you might be hungry.

Van Pelt looks up at him, annoyed, then stands and heads into Lisbon's office carrying a file folder. Confused, he follows.

INT. CBI - LISBON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Van Pelt closes the door behind him and crosses her arms angrily.

O'LOUGHLIN

What's going on, Grace?

VAN PELT

You tell me.

She opens the folder and lays out O'Loughlin's wedding photos on Lisbon's desk. He frowns.

O'LOUGHLIN

Look, it's not what you're thinking.

VAN PELT

You have no idea what I'm thinking.

O'LOUGHLIN

I got married right after high school. We were young and stupid and realized after a month that it was the worst mistake we'd ever made.

VAN PELT

So you're divorced, then?

O'LOUGHLIN

Not officially.

VAN PELT

Jesus, Craig.

O'LOUGHLIN

Look, we've been separated for years. We never see each other.

VAN PELT

Then I guess your secret rendezvous with her last night isn't a common occurrence?

O'LOUGHLIN

I was doing it for you!

VAN PELT

Wow. I don't even know what to say to that.

O'LOUGHLIN

We never signed divorce papers, Grace. I called her the other night and demanded we meet so she could finally sign them. Because of you.

VAN PELT

What do you mean?

O'LOUGHLIN

I was going to tell you everything when we went away this weekend.

(MORE)

O'LOUGHLIN (CONT'D)  
I thought I'd finally found someone  
worth moving on from that chapter  
of my life.

VAN PELT  
(touched)  
Craig...

O'LOUGHLIN  
Now I'm not so sure. If you wanted  
to know something about my past,  
you should have just asked.

VAN PELT  
You should have told me! Something  
this big...

O'LOUGHLIN  
Maybe. But this poking around  
behind my back... you're not who I  
thought you were.

He storms out, leaving Van Pelt emotionally broken.

INT. SECOND LIFE OFFICES - DAY 3

The team arrives at a crisp, clean Silicon Valley office. Second Life is emblazoned on the wall with the well-known world in the palm of a hand logo. A polished RECEPTIONIST mans the tech-chic front desk.

RECEPTIONIST  
Can I help you?

Lisbon flashes her badge.

LISBON  
CBI. We have some questions  
regarding a series of murders  
connected to your game.

JANE  
(clarifying)  
First life murders.

RECEPTIONIST  
Murders? Oh, no.

JANE  
Oh, yes.

LISBON  
Who can we talk to?

RECEPTIONIST

Just one second.

She picks up the phone and speaks into it inaudibly, then puts it back on the cradle.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Mr. Rosedale will be out to see you.

LISBON

Thank you.

Cho, Rigsby, and Lisbon loiter by the entrance, but Jane stays by the front desk.

JANE

Game must make good money for an office like this.

RECEPTIONIST

I wouldn't know, sir.

JANE

Please, call me Patrick. Yeah, these Silicon Valley offices are not cheap.

ROSEDALE (O.S.)

No, they're not.

Jane turns as PHILIP ROSEDALE, 40s, approaches from an adjoining hallway.

ROSEDALE (CONT'D)

Philip Rosedale. I'm the CEO.

He shakes their hands.

ROSEDALE (CONT'D)

Follow me.

He leads them down the hallway and around the corner to a cheap-looking cubicle farm. Roughly a dozen workers operate stations.

LISBON

Thank you for taking the time to meet us, sir, but it might be more valuable for us to speak with someone who has a more technical knowledge of the game.

ROSEDALE  
I created the game.

The agents share a look.

LISBON  
Well, that will probably do, then.

They pass through the cubicles and enter

INT. SECOND LIFE OFFICES - MR. ROSEDALE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rosedale walks behind his desk and sits.

JANE  
Is that your entire workforce?

ROSEDALE  
We have a few game monitors who work offsite, but other than that, yes. Not what you were expecting?

JANE  
Just seems small for a game with millions of players.

RIGSBY  
Explains why it's so hard to get through to an actual person on your customer support line.

ROSEDALE  
Look, we're very busy, agents. Sarah mentioned something about murders?

Lisbon hands over the list of transactions.

LISBON  
Two victims so far. The only connection is that they were making a boatload of money -- fast -- on your game.

Rosedale takes the list and types the information into his computer.

ROSEDALE  
Looks like virtual real estate... But there's something strange about these particular transactions. Give me a second.

He types in more information, and his face grows alight with excitement.

LISBON

What is it?

ROSEDALE

This is amazing. They've been selling the same plot of land over and over to different people.

RIGSBY

Wouldn't the game catch on and realize that was happening? That the same piece of land was owned by a bunch of people?

ROSEDALE

That's what's so genius about this. Your victims apparently uncovered a bug in the game. They were simply carbon copying land and selling it under different names. So smart.

LISBON

Why didn't your people notice this before?

ROSEDALE

Well, as your agent noted, we have an extremely small staff here. We rely on our game citizens to police themselves. That's why users have so much control over their actions. We let problems work themselves out naturally, just as they would in the normal world.

Lisbon looks at Jane, who smiles and shrugs.

EXT. SECOND LIFE OFFICES - DAY 3

The team is getting into the SUV and buckling seat belts, but instead Jane grabs his laptop.

JANE

I forgot to ask Rosedale something about my game.

LISBON

Really, Jane?

JANE

Relax, Lisbon, it should just take a second.

Jane disappears back into the building as the rest of the team members hang their heads, annoyed.

EXT. CBI OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 3

Lisbon, Rigsby, and Cho approach the building. Jane lags behind, already playing on his computer.

RIGSBY

I'm just saying, a second is not the same thing as thirty minutes.

CHO

Let it go. I wait longer for you to use the restroom.

Lisbon stops in her tracks.

LISBON

What the hell is he doing here?

They all look over to see Lloyd waiting outside the front door with two Starbucks cups. He waves, and Lisbon marches over.

LISBON (CONT'D)

How many times do I have to tell you, Mr. Lloyd, this is not your case. Do you want me to arrest you for impeding our investigation?

LLOYD

I was invited here.

LISBON

Invited by who?

JANE (O.S.)

That would be me.

Jane rushes over.

JANE (CONT'D)

Sorry, Lisbon, I meant to tell you. I guess it slipped my mind.

LISBON

I'm sure. You can't just do stuff like this, Jane.

JANE  
(to Lloyd)  
Is that my tea?

Lloyd hands it to him.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Thank you.  
(to Lisbon)  
I'm sorry, but I needed to get into  
Samantha's email, and Harry knew  
her password. It was faster than  
going through the rigamarole of  
getting a warrant.

LISBON  
What's so important about the  
email?

JANE  
Samantha's friends in the game said  
she was getting some threatening  
messages.

Lloyd holds up papers.

LLOYD  
And they were right. "I know what  
you're doing." "Stop destroying our  
world or I'll destroy you."

He hands the emails to Jane, who reads.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
They all seem to be about some sort  
of land deals, and how she was  
creating a bubble that would burst  
the virtual real estate industry.

JANE  
"Ruining the Second Life economy  
and the whole world."

LISBON  
Thank you for the information, Mr.  
Lloyd. Sorry I yelled at you.

LLOYD  
Does that mean I can stay?

LISBON  
No.

Lloyd's shoulders slump as he walks off, and Lisbon drags Jane into the building.

INT. CBI MAIN OFFICE - DAY 3

Jane sits on his couch drinking tea. The rest of the team glares at him.

LISBON

What were you thinking bringing that man into our case? He's a suspect.

JANE

(waving her off)  
He's a grieving husband. Look, I know what he's going through. Working this case is keeping him from falling apart.

LISBON

You're not a psychologist, Jane. Not everyone is you.

JANE

Do you really think he would have stopped looking into things on his own? I gave him something safe to do, and it ended up being useful.

LISBON

Fine. You're right. Now we know the killer is someone who's afraid of the game economy getting ruined.

JANE

Well--

VAN PELT

Biggleston!

RIGSBY

He does have a lot to lose if the game economy gets screwed up.

VAN PELT

And the victims were hurting his real estate business with their scam.

CHO

Plus his alibi was crap.

JANE

He was lying to us about something.

LISBON

Now you tell us? Alright, people.  
Vests on. Let's not take any  
chances.

While the rest of the team rushes out, Jane calmly takes another sip of tea, then stands and follows.

EXT. BIGGLESTON'S PLUSH ESTATE - DAY 3

Vests on and guns drawn, the team creeps up the drive towards the mansion.

RIGSBY

I don't like this. Why was the gate open?

CHO

Probably for the same reason the door's open.

Cho points, and they see that the front door of the mansion is ajar as well.

JANE

I'll just wait out here.

They carefully approach and push open the door, then head inside.

INT. BIGGLESTON'S PLUSH ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

It's all quiet inside.

LISBON

Mr. Biggleston? CBI. You're wanted for questioning.

Lisbon motions for them to split up and check rooms while she stays by the door. Jane pokes his head in.

CHO (O.S.)

Boss, here.

They rush back into the

HOME OFFICE

Biggleston is slumped over at his computer, dead like the other two victims.

JANE  
Interesting.

The rest of the team looks at him. That's his reaction?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BIGGLESTON PLUSH ESTATE - DAY 3

The team stands by while several Uniformed Cops mill about and the local ME examines the body. Van Pelt is on the phone.

M.E.

(to Lisbon)

Yup, same as the other two like you said. Two shots to the back of the head.

VAN PELT

Rosedale confirms that Biggleston's account was deleted and says that he just started participating in the real estate scheme a day before we interviewed him.

RIGSBY

That's what he was lying about?

JANE

If you can't beat them, join them, I suppose.

LISBON

This killer is getting faster. The first victims were cheating for months, but Biggleston was only doing it for a few days.

VAN PELT

One of the other gang members?

LISBON

Maybe. But at this rate it could be anyone in California playing the game.

JANE

No. Someone passionate. Someone who cares about the game world.

LISBON

Good. That certainly narrows it down. We need facts, Jane. Got any of those?

JANE

No, but the good news is that the killer should be coming after me shortly.

LISBON

What are you talking about?

JANE

I had Rosedale set it up so that my avatar is running the same real estate scheme and then posted in forums for both of the gangs that I had a great get-rich-quick scam going.

For a second, the entire team just stares at him slack-jawed.

LISBON

Jane! Are you nuts?

He shrugs and smiles.

JANE

What? I've got you to protect me.

The rest of the team members share a combination of frustrated looks and amused grins.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 4

Jane sits comfortably at his couch reading a book in front of the fire.

RIGSBY (O.S.)

This scheme is amazing. You've made ten thousand Lindens in the last hour alone.

JANE

(quietly)

Maybe I've found a second career.

He touches his ear, and we realize that they're communicating using a microphone and earpiece.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - OFFICE - SAME

The team is set up in Jane's office with a bunch of surveillance equipment, including a monitor that displays video of Jane relaxing in his living room, which Lisbon observes.

There's also a computer open to Second Life where we see the bank accounts for TeaLover41 going up and up as Rigsby and Cho watch.

CHO  
(to Rigsby)  
You do realize that's not even  
thirty-five dollars in real money?

Rigsby shrugs and walks over to where Van Pelt stands in the corner.

LISBON  
This better work, Jane.

JANE (O.S.)  
Trust me, the killer won't be able  
to resist.

As they wait, Rigsby leans in to Van Pelt.

RIGSBY  
(whispers)  
Listen, I'm sorry I butted into  
your relationship with O'Loughlin.  
I was just worried about you.

She won't even turn to look at him.

VAN PELT  
I should have just trusted my  
boyfriend. Just because he had a  
secret didn't mean he wasn't who I  
thought he was.

RIGSBY  
So I was right?

VAN PELT  
Just shut up.

The doorbell rings, and they all turn, readying themselves.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 4

Jane approaches the front door and opens it to find a WOMAN whose face is obscured by a hoodie and sunglasses. She looks at him and immediately takes a step back, clearly recognizing him.

JANE  
Can I help you?

She pulls herself together and levels a gun at him. His arms go up in a flash.

JANE (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa, what is this?

She pushes him back into the house with the gun and follows him.

WOMAN

I know what you're doing, and it's wrong.

JANE

What are you talking about?

WOMAN

You're cheating! Don't you know it's going to destroy the whole world?!

She waves the gun wildly, and Jane backs off.

JANE

Okay, you're right. I'm sorry. What do you want from me?

WOMAN

I want you to delete your account while I watch, and then I'm going to make sure you never do it again. Let's go. Take me to your computer.

JANE

No problem. Just don't shoot me.

Jane turns to go as a gun cocks by the Woman's head, and they both see Lloyd standing there holding it.

JANE (CONT'D)

Harry, what are you doing?

LLOYD

So, this bitch killed my wife? Well, now you're going to pay.

JANE

Harry, calm down. You don't need to kill this woman.

Lloyd turns to Jane, confused.

LLOYD

Kill her?

With Lloyd distracted, the Woman swats his gun away and manages to knock him out by ramming the butt of her gun into the back of his head when he bends down for it.

Rigsby, Cho, and Van Pelt burst out of Jane's office, guns drawn, and Jane dives to the ground immediately, terrified. The Woman fires a shot toward them, making the agents duck, then races outside.

Rigsby and Cho follow her, but Van Pelt stops to check on Jane.

VAN PELT

You okay?

He nods and waves her on.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4

Rigsby and Cho race after her down Jane's drive. The Woman periodically stops and fires a few shots, making the men take cover. She makes it to her car, but just as she's about to get in, Lisbon bursts from the woods to the side of the drive, knocks her to the ground and cuffs her.

Rigsby, Cho, and Van Pelt catch up.

CHO

Nice one, boss.

Lisbon lifts the Woman up from the ground, and her hoodie falls, revealing Professor Darby.

Jane arrives, huffing and puffing.

JANE

I told you she cared too much about  
her fake life.

He smiles as the Professor glares.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 4

Lisbon and Cho sit across from Darby in the interview room, while Jane leans against the wall by the door.

DARBY

The virtual world is a second  
chance for us as a species.

LISBON

I'm sorry, what?

DARBY

An entirely new universe with unlimited potential, and this time we had thousands of years of history to draw on to get it right.

CHO

Get it right in a game.

Darby glares at him.

DARBY

People had the power in their hands to create a better world.

JANE

But people don't change, do they?

DARBY

Instead of learning from mistakes they made in first life, they repeated them in Second Life. It was like they couldn't help themselves.

JANE

So you manipulated them to get the world you wanted.

DARBY

I provided guidance.

CHO

Thousands of hours of guidance from twenty-two separate accounts Second Life corporate traced back to you.

DARBY

It was a great responsibility. One that I dedicated myself to.

JANE

But Samantha and Benjamin refused to abide by your plan.

DARBY

I warned them that their scam was destroying the world, but they wouldn't listen. So I made them listen.

CHO

You killed real people for screwing up a game.

DARBY

A world! One that I gave my life to.

LISBON

And that's how long you'll go to prison for.

Darby holds her head high and stares off into the distance.

INT. CBI - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT 4

Cho, Rigsby, and Van Pelt stand around Jane as he sits on the couch sipping tea.

VAN PELT

How did she kill Samantha in Ojai if she had a class in Santa Cruz at that time?

CHO

Virtual classroom that day. Then she drove back to Santa Cruz and used her iPhone to check into the Santa Barbara hotel online.

RIGSBY

So, what, she thought of herself as a virtual God or something?

JANE

In a manner of speaking. She had a grand plan for the world and didn't take too kindly when people strayed from it.

VAN PELT

But she lied to people to get them to do things. Isn't there enough deception and drama in the real world? Why do people go creating more of it in the virtual world?

Rigsby looks at her, but says nothing.

CHO

I just think she's nuts.

JANE  
An apt summation.

RIGSBY  
Did you know it was her, Jane?

JANE  
Absolutely. From the beginning.  
(pause)  
Well, I suspected.

Cho and Van Pelt share an amused look.

JANE (CONT'D)  
I'm serious. The killer was efficient and smart, but clearly passionate, and I knew from the start that she was insane -- I just didn't know how insane. The emails Lloyd brought us were the real clue, though.

VAN PELT  
How so?

JANE  
It was the language. I knew immediately that whoever wrote them was a true believer, and so far we'd only run into one of those.

Lisbon exits her office with Lloyd.

LISBON  
I'm sorry we got off on the wrong foot. Your assistance was... useful. Though you did almost let the killer get away.

LLOYD  
I'm just glad you caught her. Maybe Samantha will rest more peacefully. Or I will. Hopefully.

Lloyd nods at the rest of them and heads off down the hall.

Lisbon turns to the team.

LISBON  
Guys, where's our case closed pizza?

Rigsby jumps on the phone.

RIGSBY

On it, boss.

Jane sets down his tea and follows Lloyd into the hall.

INT. CBI OFFICE - OUTSIDE OF ELEVATOR - NIGHT 4

Jane catches up as Lloyd waits for the elevator.

JANE

Can I ask you something?

LLOYD

Of course, Mr. Jane.

JANE

Why didn't you take the shot?

LLOYD

(taken aback)

What do you mean?

JANE

That woman murdered your wife. You could have killed her tonight and gotten revenge. Why didn't you?

The elevator dings as it arrives and Lloyd gets in, then looks at Jane sadly and holds the door open.

LLOYD

Because I want justice. Killing her for revenge would just make me a scumbag like her.

Jane processes this silently while Lloyd waits.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Will you be joining me?

JANE

(awaking from daze)

Hmm? Oh, no. No, I don't think I'm quite ready.

LLOYD

Goodnight, Mr. Jane.

Jane nods as the doors close.

Off Jane, alone and lost in thought.

END OF EPISODE