

# The Mentalist

## Episode 1



*LISBON and JANE approach a cop outside of a mansion.*

LISBON: Captain.

CAPTAIN: Agent Lisbon. Don't think we'll be needing you guys. We like the neighbourhood kid who found the body.

LISBON: Did he confess?

CAPTAIN: Eh, he's a real **squirrel**. I'd say...

*Press are asking the kid if he did it or not while Jane **watches on**.*

VOICE: Mercy's father would like to give a brief **statement**.

MORGAN: I just want to take a moment and thank everyone in **law enforcement** and all the volunteers who helped us in the search for our beloved daughter. The way that this entire community has **come together** to support me and Juniper in this terrible time has been a great comfort to us. And now I would just like to ask that you give us some time and space and **PRIVACY to grieve for** our daughter...





JANE goes into the house and makes a **pot of tea** and a sandwich for himself.

JUNIPER enters.

JANE: Hello, Mrs. Tolliver.

JUNIPER: Who are you?

JANE: My name's Patrick Jane. I'm here to help you. Would you like a cup of tea?

JUNIPER: Yes, I would. Thank you.

JANE: You must be tired. Why don't you sit down?

JANE and JUNIPER sit at the table and drink tea.

JANE: Calm. I've been watching you and your husband and I want you to know that I understand what you're feeling right now.

JUNIPER: You have no idea. Believe me.

JANE: I do. I know. I know and I want to help you.

JUNIPER: You can't help me. What do you know?



JANE: (*smiling*) All sorts of things. You really only pretend to like skiing, right?

JUNIPER: Yes, but...

JANE: You're pleased that your best friend recently **gained weight**, about ten **pounds**. You wish you'd been more adventurous when you were younger. You love India, but you've never been there. You **have trouble sleeping**. Your favorite color is blue.

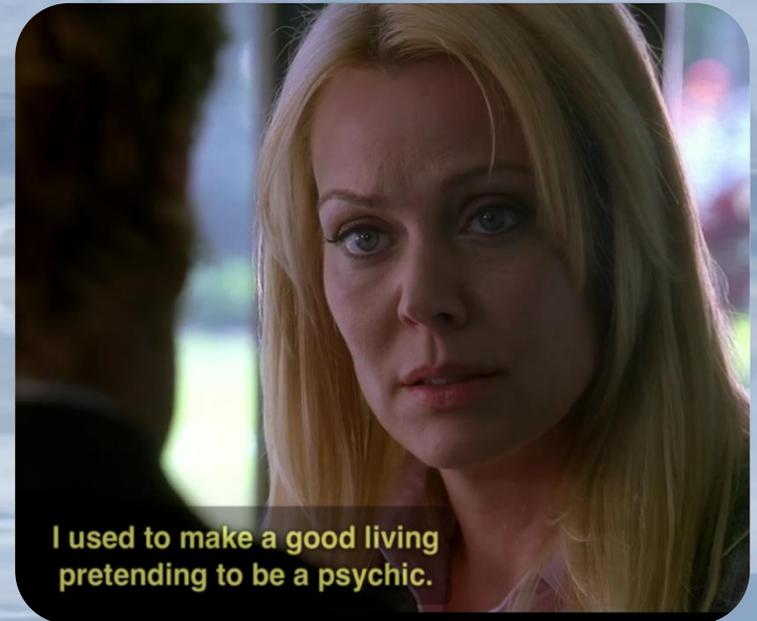
JUNIPER: I don't understand. You're...you're **PSYCHIC?**

JANE: No. Just **paying attention**. I used to **make a good living** pretending to be a psychic. I tell you this because I want you to understand **there's no point** hiding things from me.

JUNIPER: Hiding what?

JANE: You know what I see when I look at your husband? I see a warm, loving, generous man. A little **vain** maybe. Selfish. Controlling. But a decent man.

JUNIPER: Yes.



pretending to be a psychic:  
I used to make a good living

JANE: SO why do you suspect him **of** murdering your daughter?

JUNIPER: I don't. The Mc Cluskey boy did it.

JANE: Yes, that's what the police **say**. But you think they're wrong. Why?

JUNIPER: I don't know, I don't know! I...

JANE: Tell me.

JUNIPER: Last year they had been so strange with each other. And **neither one** would admit that anything was wrong and think that...I think that she tried to tell me once, and I didn't...I...God. Oh God.

JANE: **Did** you ask him if he killed her?

JUNIPER: What would he say?

JANE: Most wives can tell when their husbands are lying.

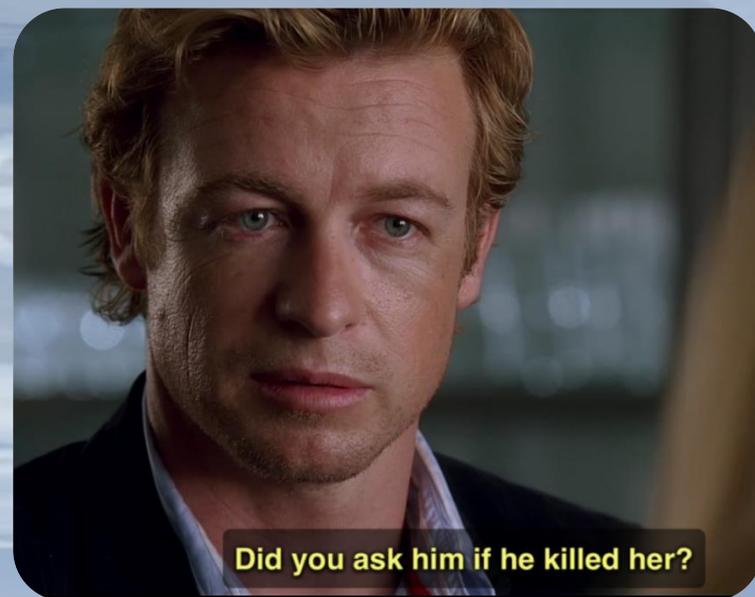
JUNIPER: Yes. Yes. I...I don't want tea. The McClusky boy did it.

JANE: Maybe.

JUNIPER: You think he did it, too?

JANE: I trust a mother's instinct.

*MORGAN enters*



Did you ask him if he killed her?

Did you ask him if he killed her?





MORGAN: How dare you?!

JANE: I asked you a simple question, sir. Did you kill your daughter?

MORGAN: No, I did not kill my daughter!

JUNIPER **whimpers**.

MORGAN: Now you get the hell out of my house!

June? June, what's the matter with you?

JUNIPER leaves the room.

MORGAN: I'm going to have your badge!

JANE: An innocent man would have punched me by now.

MORGAN: I am going to make life miserable for you! You come in here. You **accost** my wife. You cause trouble...

JUNIPER walks in with a gun pointed at MORGAN.

MORGAN: June. June, honey, please...

JUNIPER shoots her husband. LISBON and some officers come running into the house. JANE has his hands in the air. JUNIPER **drops the gun** and walks out into the garden.

JANE: (to LISBON) Honestly, it's not as bad as it looks.

LISBON follows JUNIPER into the garden.

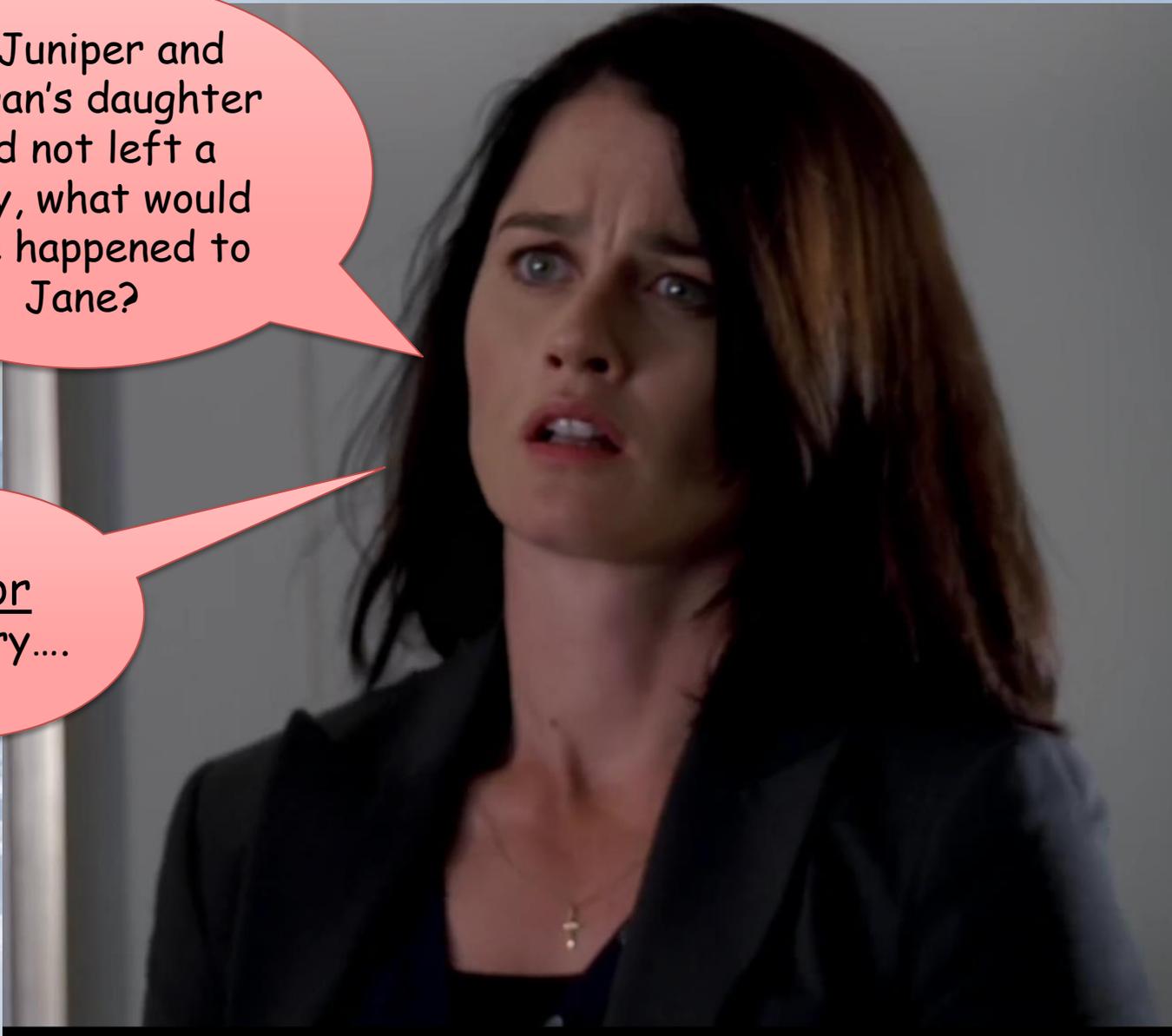
LISBON: Mrs. Tolliver. Mrs. Tolliver! Please wait.





If Juniper and Morgan's daughter had not left a diary, what would have happened to Jane?

But for  
that diary....





**ONLY WHEN** the police found the diary, **COULD** Jane not be charged with incitement to murder.

Sentences that start with an “**only**” adverbial, usually referring a particular time or condition, have a curious structure as they typically require an auxiliary verb and an inversion. These sentences can come in many tenses, and are usually emphatic. Here’s few examples:

- **Only after** the sun went down, **did** the bats come out.
- **Only if** you finish your homework **can** you go to the park.
- **Only when** we had eaten the pie **did** we realise that it was out of date.

**BUT**

**Not only did** he kill his daughter, but he had also raped her.

[http://englishrevealed.co.uk/FCE/fce\\_grammar/inversion\\_3.php](http://englishrevealed.co.uk/FCE/fce_grammar/inversion_3.php)



Join the pairs of sentences below using the structure  
“**Not only...but also...**”.

Example: He must pass a theory test. He must pass a practice test.

Answer 1: He not only must pass a theory test but also a practice test.

Answer 2: Not only must he pass a theory test but also a practice test.

1. She wants to run a marathon. She wants to write a book.

2. He hits very hard. He moves very fast.

3. They are strong. They have stamina.

4. He likes to train hard at the gym. He follows a healthy diet.

5. He writes articles for some newspapers. He does painting and decorating.

6. He wants to buy a car for his son. He wants to buy a motorbike for himself.

7. The book I read yesterday was educational. The book I read yesterday was interesting.

8. The restaurant was too noisy. The food was quite bland.



**CHANGE THE NORMAL SENTENCE INTO ONE WITH **INVERSION**.  
YOU MAY HAVE TO CHANGE SOME OF THE WORDS.**

1. Sarah didn't realise that she had lost her keys until she got home.  
Not until .....that she had lost her keys.

2. You can only watch the film after the match has finished.  
Only after .....watch the film.

3. They were only able to cross the land border by offering her a bribe.  
Only by .....able to cross the land border.

4. He will feel better if he takes this medicine.  
Only if..... feel better.

5. I haven't had such an enjoyable day since I was young.  
Not since..... such an enjoyable day.



*Palm Springs International Airport. Agents LISBON, CHO, RIGSBY, AND VAN PELT are walking along the **concourse**. VAN PELT stops at the **baggage carousels**.*

VAN PELT: Sorry...

LISBON: You checked luggage? What, are you on vacation?

VAN PELT: No, ma'am. Won't do it again.

LISBON: When your **trousseau** arrives, pick up the **second rental** and go direct to the Sheriff's department. **Hustle us up** a couple of rooms, furniture, and phone lines.

VAN PELT: Yes, ma'am.

LISBON: *(to Cho and Rigsby)*: Come on. Let's go.

*Riverside County **Morgue**. LISBON, CHO, and RIGSBY are walking up a path when a taxi **pulls up** and JANE comes out, greeting them.*

JANE: Morning everybody. How was your flight?

LISBON: Go away. You're on suspension.





# PULL IN, PULL OVER, PULL UP, PULL OUT



JANE: (to cab driver) Thank you.

JANE goes to catch up with LISBON.

JANE: **Mandated leave**. Ends next week.

LISBON: So come back next week.

JANE: Hot **enough** for you?

LISBON: Which one of you two told Jane?

**It** was you, wasn't **it**, Cho?

CHO: Yes, **it** was.

JANE: Of course he called me. It's Red John. You can't keep me out of this. Why would you want to?

LISBON: You **got** a man **killed**. There's consequences.

JANE: A man that murdered his daughter because she wouldn't have sex with him anymore.

LISBON: You didn't know that. You did not know that. If she hadn't left a diary...



# ENOUGH



The word **enough** can be used as an **adjective**, an **adverb** or with a **noun**. It can even be used as a **pronoun**.

## ENOUGH WITH ADJECTIVES AND ADVERBS

She wasn't **tall enough** to become a flight attendant.

You have not been **concentrating enough** in class.

## ENOUGH WITH NOUNS

We don't have **enough wine** for everyone.

Has he got **enough time** to come to the meeting?

## ENOUGH CAN BE USED WITHOUT A NOUN

I've already eaten too much. That's **enough** thanks.

No more workouts. That's **enough** for today.





JANE: But she did, though. Be reasonable. This is my case.

LISBON: Your case.

JANE: Red John is mine.

LISBON: Red John doesn't belong to anyone.

*JANE and LISBON stop in front of the doors where CHO and RIGSBY hurry inside.*

LISBON: It's not my **call**. Rules are rules. Come back next week. *(to security guard)* Don't let this man past. *(her phone rings)* Boss...

*LISBON, CHO, and RIGSBY are standing inside the **morgue** with the M.E. looking at a dead body.*

M.E.: We have Gregory Tannen, Caucasian, male, 43, single. We haven't opened him up yet, but burn marks...

*JANE enters and stands next to LISBON.*

JANE: Sorry **I went over your head**. I'll **redeem** myself. I promise.





What would you do, if somebody went over your head?

Tell me, how would you feel?



JANE shows his ID to the M.E.

LISBON: If you want redemption, be silent.

JANE: Okay. I can really do that.

LISBON: Shh. (to the M.E.) Sorry.

M.E.: ...but burn marks here indicate that the victim was **subdued** with a **stun** gun, standard civilian model, by the look of it. Death appears to be caused by several blows to the back of the skull, **consistent** with a bloodied golf club found at the scene. The female is Alison Randolph, 27, married, no children. They were found at her listed residence. T.O.D. looks to be early Saturday evening. On Alison we have the same stun gun marks, followed by binding with tight black plastic ligatures, frenzied cutting, and **stabbing** assault to the torso and subsequent abuse of the viscera.

CHO: Textbook Red John.

LISBON: Who found the bodies?

CHO: This one's husband, coming home from the airport Sunday morning with his brother. He's a **pro** golfer.



LISBON: Making a house call?

RIGSBY: Lovers?

JANE: No. **This one's** gay.

M.E.: Dr. Wagner might know what their relationship was. He's here to make a formal ID.

JANE: Okay.

*The agents approach Dr. Wagner in the morgue's hallway.*

LISBON: Dr. Wagner. Hi. I'm Agent Teresa Lisbon, California Bureau of Investigation. What's your connection to the victims?

WAGNER: Well, I work with Gregory - Dr. Tannen - and the Randolph family are long-time clients of our **practice**.

LISBON: Are house calls the norm at your practice?

WAGNER: No. Gregory and Alison were close friends.

RIGSBY: Lovers?



No. This one's gay.

No. This one's gay.

WAGNER: No, he was gay. No, they were just friends. What in God's name happened to them?

RIGSBY: Looks like Red John.

WAGNER: Who's Red John?

LISBON: We don't know who did this. We'll be in touch, probably. Thank you.

#### SCENE FOUR

*The agents are at the Randolph house with a CSI tech named Brett Partridge.*

PARTRIDGE: Red John enters here. Excuse me. He comes around here. He waits for her, expecting her to come in alone. Only thing, her friend Tannen chose the wrong night to come over for a Richard Gere and ice cream orgy. So Red John zaps them both with his trusty gun and...excuse me...grabs a **five iron** from the bag here and BAM! Crushes Tannen's skull. Then takes his sweet time dealing with Alison how he likes. She's a nice big girl, so unless he's pretty strong, I guess he **grabbed her by** the arms...



- Well, I work with Gregory.  
- What's your connection to the victims?

JANE wanders off to where ALISON was killed.  
We see the blood **stain** on the bed and the  
smiley face on the wall.

FLASHBACK:

JANE is before an audience, who are all quiet  
and motionless. Cameras are all on him.

JANE: He says that he's sorry for all the pain he  
caused you and your mother. Deeply sorry. He  
asks you to forgive him. Can you do that,  
Jenny? He needs to hear it.

JENNY is weeping and nodding.

JENNY: I forgive you, Daddy. I forgive you.

JANE: Oh, yes. He's smiling now. here are tears  
of joy. He says God bless you and keep you.  
He's gone.

JANE comes out of his trance and takes a seat  
with Davis and Kelly, the talk show hosts, as  
the audience claps.

KELLY: Amazing. Amazing. Amazing.



AVIS: She's amazed. Patrick.

JANE: One second.

KELLY: Give him some time.

DAVIS: Absolutely. Come on back to us.

JANE: I'm back. Thank you.

KELLY: He's back.

KELLY laughs.

DAVIS: So, Patrick, I understand that you're also sort of a paranormal detective. Is that right?

JANE: I try to help the police when I can.

DAVIS: And you're helping them hunt this scary serial killer... What's his name?

KELLY: Red John.

DAVIS: Red John.

*PRESENT.*

PARTRIDGE: There she blows. The classic Red John smiley face. Drawn in the victim's blood **clockwise** with three fingers of his right hand wearing a rubber kitchen glove. I'm **stoked** to finally see one in the flesh.



Drawn in the victims' blood, clockwise,  
with three fingers of his right hand...

with three fingers of his right hand...  
Drawn in the victims' blood, clockwise...

(Anti) or COUNTERCLOCKWISE

CLOCKWISE



JANE: Red John thinks of himself as a showman, an artist. He has a strong sense of **theater**. In all of the previous killings, he made sure that the first thing that anyone sees is the face on the wall. You see the face first and you know. You know what's happened and you feel dread. Then, and only then, do you see the body of the victim. Always in that order. Here it's the opposite. The first thing you see is the body and you have to look around to see the face on the wall. It doesn't play nearly as well, does it?

LISBON: Depends on your taste, I suppose.

JANE: No. Come on. The killer could have painted on the correct wall, here. But he didn't, because he didn't know better, because he isn't Red John.

PARTRIDGE: Wow. Interesting.

JANE: You know what your problem is, my friend? You enjoy your work a little too much.





PARTRIDGE: I resent that!

LISBON: This is you trying to redeem yourself, it is?

JANE: I'm sorry. He **irks** me. He's **irksome**. You don't need me here.

### SCENE FIVE

*SHERIFF'S OFFICE. VAN PELT is unpacking things still. LISBON, CHO, and RIGSBY are running through crime scene footage from previous RED JOHN cases on a laptop. The footage shows the smiley face first and then the body.*

LISBON: So yeah. This one doesn't **fit** the pattern.

CHO: So Jane was right. We do have a **copycat**.

LISBON: Or we have Red John trying new things. Or we have Red John making a mistake. We don't know. We'll work the evidence until we do know. Go talk to the husband.

RIGSBY: Will do, Boss.

LISBON: What are you waiting for?



He irks me.

He irks me.



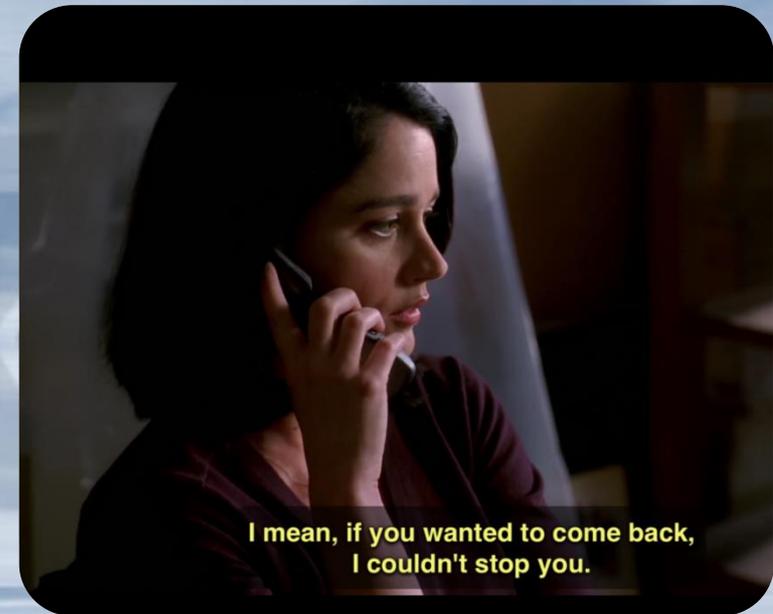
# SO.....

1. Hadn't Jane defied Red John before cameras.....
2. Had the murderer been Red John, the smiley face.....
3. If Partridge weren't too morbid, Jane.....
4. If Jane went over Lisbon's head, she.....
5. Lisbon wouldn't have allowed Jane to be there, but for.....
6. Had the crime scene fit the pattern.....





- *RIGSBY and CHO leave. LISBON makes a quiet phone call.*
- LISBON: *(on phone)* Hey. So, you might be right about this case. *Might be.* Thanks for the **insight**. *(pause)* No, did I say that? I'm **acknowledging** the fact that you might be right, that's all. I mean, **if you wanted to come back, I couldn't stop you**. *(pause)* Yeah, fine, I'm asking you to come back. *(another pause)* Because...because you're useful to the team. *(pause to listen again)* No! No, I won't say 'please,' go screw yourself!
- LISBON **slams** her phone **shut** and sits at her desk to do some work.
- JANE walks in behind her. VAN PELT goes to greet him.
- JANE: Good morning.
- VAN PELT: Can I help you?



I mean, if you wanted to come back, I couldn't stop you.





- JANE: You must be Van Pelt. A pleasure. Patrick Jane.
- VAN PELT: Oh, hi! Good to meet you! Agent Cho said you'd left town.
- JANE: No. Nowhere to go.
- VAN PELT: Okay. Uh...do you want that desk over there or this one? I mean, that one gets more light.
- JANE: That one. More light, **by all means.**
- *JANE goes to LISBON's desk.*
- JANE: Very pleasant addition to the Serious Crimes family.
- LISBON: Oh, hi, when did you get here?





- *CHO and RIGSBY are at the RANDOLPH house with PRICE and TAG, who are watching a video of ALISON.*
- PRICE: I lost a beautiful, precious angel.
- CHO: Yes, sir. Good-looking woman. I'm jumping right in, if you don't mind, Price. You missed the tournament cut on Friday, yes? But you didn't come home until Sunday. What did you do with the rest of your time in Fresno?
- PRICE: I get this. You guys can't catch the real killer, so you want to **lay this one on me?**
- RIGSBY: No, sir. If we have confirmation of where you were, it lets us exclude you from the investigation.
- PRICE: I was with a massage therapist.
- CHO: Name?
- PRICE: It had Lady in there somewhere.





- TAG: It'll be on his credit card bill.
- PRICE: There you go. Pleasure meeting you boys.
- LISBON and JANE are in DR. WAGNER. DR. WAGNER is looking up records on his computer. JANE is **prowling around** the office, which has a lot of African decor.
- WAGNER: ...we're a full service private practice. We deliver primary care, cosmetic surgery, psychotherapy, sports medicine, you name it.
- JANE: What's the African connection?
- WAGNER: It's what this place is all about. Half of our profits go to build and staff basic health clinics in poor African communities. Well, here we are. It's a thin file. Alison was a healthy young woman.
- LISBON: Psychiatric history?





- WAGNER: She didn't have one.
- LISBON: STDs? Abortions? Unexplained injuries?
- WAGNER: No. Aside from routine check-ups with me, it's all Dr. Tannen. All aesthetic work.
- JANE: Did Tannen keep a diary? Our last case was solved because the victim kept a diary.
- WAGNER: A diary? I don't think so.
- LISBON: Getting back to Alison Randolph. How was her marriage do you think? Happy? Unhappy?
- WAGNER: About six months ago, Dr. Tannen asked my advice. Alison had asked him to get her a year's supply of birth control pills **off the books**, which is strictly against AMA code. I said sure, do it. I mean, better us than some Tijuana drugstore.
- LISBON: Why the secrecy?
- WAGNER: Price Randolph had a vasectomy. April of '02.





- JANE chuckles.
- WAGNER: If there's anything else I can do...
- LISBON: We appreciate that.
- JANE: Actually, there is. **I'm out of** sleeping pills. Can you **fix** me up? Anything strong will do.
- WAGNER: Sure. Come in for a consultation. We'll **squeeze you in** this afternoon.
- JANE: Oh. No. I was hoping to get something now. Trying to avoid the **chit chat**.
- WAGNER: I'm sorry. I wouldn't be comfortable prescribing without some sort of chit chat.
- JANE: I understand. No problem. I'll call you, maybe.



Trying to avoid the chitchat.  
Oh, no, I was hoping to get something now.



IN YOUR OWN WORDS..

I am out  
of  
sleeping  
pills

Can you  
fix me up?

I'll squeeze  
you in



I'm trying  
to avoid  
the chit  
chat!



- *The team is at a seafood restaurant that night.*
- CHO: I like the husband for it(..) It's a classic elaborate and clever, but ultimately stupid, plan.
- JANE: Have you looked at his PGA tournament record?
- CHO: Not bad. 6 mill career earnings.
- JANE: For coming in second and third. You put him on the 18th tee with a big win on the line, like night follows day, he'll shank it. He's a **choker**. He doesn't have the nerve to kill his wife. Didn't do it.
- LISBON: Are you suggesting we drop a prime suspect because he's never won a major?
- JANE: Oh, no, no, no. I'm just making idle conversation.





- *JANE makes a straw follow his finger and has it roll cross the table as though pulled by magnetism.*
- VAN PELT: How'd you do that?
- JANE: Telekinesis.
- CHO: He blew on it.
- JANE: That is another way to do it.
- VAN PELT: Mr. Jane, I have a question regarding your previous career path.
- JANE: Fire away.
- VAN PELT: When you met with other psychics, real psychics, could they tell you were just pretending?
- JANE: There's no such thing as real psychics.
- VAN PELT: I beg to differ. My cousin Yolanda is a psychic.
- JANE: Your cousin is **deluded** or dishonest or both.
- RIGSBY: Hey, **steady**.



What is it like in Italian?





- VAN PELT: No, no. He's entitled to his opinion. He's wrong, though. She has power. She can communicate with the other side. I've seen her do it myself.
- JANE: She **let** you **speak** with someone that's gone.
- VAN PELT: Yes.
- JANE: Someone that you love and still miss very much.
- VAN PELT: Yes.
- JANE: You wanted her power to be real, so it was.
- VAN PELT: No.
- RIGSBY: You're so sure you're right. Science don't know everything.
- VAN PELT: Five hundred years ago, radio would have seemed like magic.
- RIGSBY: Exactly.
- VAN PELT: Five hundred years in the future, it could be totally normal to communicate with the other side.
- JANE: The other side? Your father's a football coach, yeah?



## TRANSLATING : FARE +INF (PERMISSION)

- She **let** you **speak** with someone that's gone.

- SOGG + LET + OBJ + INF (NO TO)

My dad let me drive his car

Susan let me read her text

Her mum lets her watch tv



## TRANSLATING : FARE +INF (obligation)

- Jane **made** him **tell** the truth .

- SOGG + MAKE + OBJ + INF (NO TO)

My dad    made    me    do    my tests

Susan    made    him    read    a book

Her mum makes her go to bed  
early



## TRANSLATING : FARE +INF (passive)

- Jane **had** his **shoes** mended.
- SOGG + have + OBJ + Past participle  
My dad had his car washed  
Susan had her hair cut  
The king had a wall erected



- VAN PELT: How did you know that?
- JANE: It's obvious from your whole **demeanour**. My point is, didn't you always say life is like football? When that final whistle blows, the game is over, done. There is no more. There is no other side. This is it. Lobster and bread rolls and nautical kitsch and then psssh.

**Nothingness.**

- VAN PELT: You poor, sad man. The kingdom of God is a real place.
- JANE: Okay. Later tonight when Rigsby asks you to come back to his hotel room...
- **RIGSBY chokes.**
- JANE: Say yes.
- VAN PELT: Excuse me?
- JANE: I know. You were planning on refusing him very **curtly**. First week on the job, you want to set a tone. No money business. But why not? Rigsby is an excellent lover, I'm sure. Tough, but fair, right? Right?

Another word for demeanour?



- VAN PELT: The kingdom of God is a real place, Mr. Jane. And you have an immortal soul.
- JANE: Oh, I do so hope you're wrong.
- *A hotel elevator door opens and CHO gets out leaving VAN PELT and RIGSBY alone.*
- CHO: Goodnight.
- VAN PELT: Alone.
- RIGSBY: Later, dude.
- RIGSBY: This is me. (*gets out*) Welcome to the unit, Agent Van Pelt.
- VAN PELT: Thank you, Agent Rigsby.
- *JANE is in his hotel room watching TV when an **envelope** is **slipped underneath** the door. He goes over to it and looks at the letter where he finds a red smiley face on it. He drops it and **swings open** the door and **races** after the person who left the letter. He falls down the stairs. When he gets up, he runs to the parking lot, but the **perpetrator** is gone*



...she easily outruns her terrified prey.

SOMEONE has  
slipped a letter  
underneath my  
door .....

What is  
the correct  
pronoun?

I don't know  
who THEY  
are, or..



I don't know  
who HE  
/SHE is?



- *JANE is in his hotel room with the team. VAN PELT is reading the letter out loud for everyone.*
- VAN PELT: "Greetings old friend. It's been a while. I hope you are keeping well. I am **thriving** and happy. I have 11 wives now and will soon begin courting number 12. Why can't you catch me? You must feel so powerless and stupid and sad. Oh well. All the best, Red John."
- CHO: That **sounds like** the **real deal** to me.
- JANE: Sounds like Red John. It's not. Red John wouldn't risk capture just to **taunt** me.
- RIGSBY: So the real killer is trying **to throw us off track?**
- LISBON: Cho, find out where Price Randolph was a half an hour ago. Rigsby, I want you to check the hotel security camera. (to VAN PELT) Get those over to **forensics**. (to JANE) You okay?
- JANE: Absolutely.



## In your own words....

I am thriving and happy!

Red John wouldn't risk capture just to taunt me



So the real killer is trying to throw us off track



- *Sheriff's office. It is the next morning. JANE is sitting at his desk, still writing in the diary, ignoring the ringing phone. The others enter where RIGSBY answers the phone.*
- RIGSBY: Hello.
- JANE: Morning.
- LISBON: **You didn't sleep, did you?** (gets on her phone) Hi, I'd like to **make an appointment** with Dr. Wagner, please. It's urgent. Jane. Patrick Jane. Yeah, I'll hold.
- RIGSBY: Forensics **maybe got a break**. The blood in the **clot** in the envelope is Alison Randolph's but they found a hair in there. Doesn't belong to her or Tannen. Guess who it does belong to?



- You didn't sleep, did you?  
- Good morning.

You didn't go  
to sleep, did  
you?



This is an example of a  
tag question, too !

# TAG QUESTIONS

A tag question is a special construction in English. It is a **statement** followed by a **mini-question**. We use tag questions to ask for confirmation. They mean something like: "**Is that right?**" or "**Do you agree?**" They are very common in English.

The basic structure of a tag question is:

Positive statement	Negative tag
Snow is white	isn't it?

Negative statement	Positive tag
You don't like me,	do you?

<https://www.engelsgemist.nl/aangeplakte-vragen-hgtvh1-ex-1/>

<https://learningapps.org/187038>



STATEMENT	TAG
Jane is pretty,	isn't she?
These pics aren't in focus,	are they?
That room looks dirty,	doesn't it?
Those pizzas don't smell good,	do they?
Jack didn't call you,	did he?
They didn't like gambling,	do they?
She cannot make it out,	can she?
She shouldn't apologize,	should she?
Bob didn't turn out well,	did he?

**BUT.....**



If I say: «I am running late.....»

What is the correct tag?

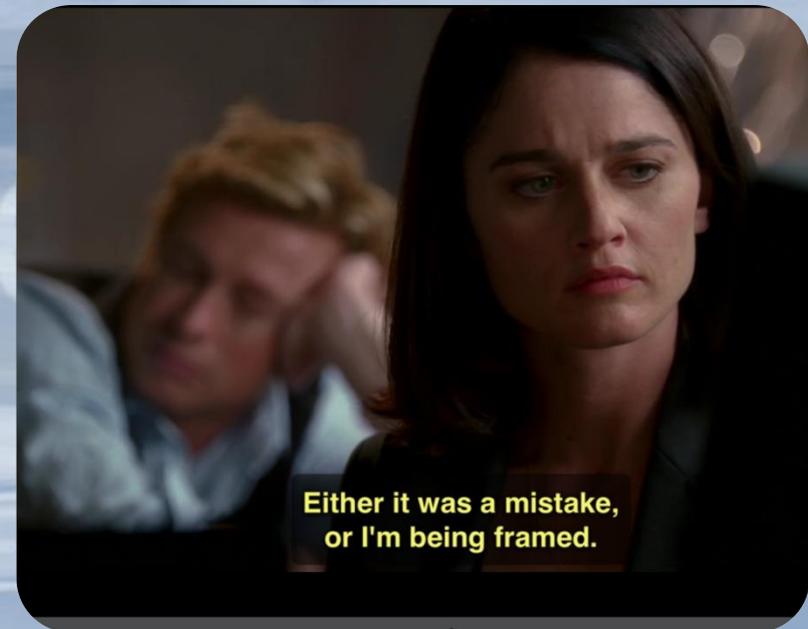
ain't I? is very used both in the U.K. and in the U.S., but it is very informal.

- a. Amn't I?
- b. Aren't I?
- c. Don't I ?





- *A magnified hair is on a laptop in an interrogation room. CHO is interrogating TAG while the others watch outside.*
- CHO: It's yours, Tag. Amazing, huh? Science.
- TAG: This is insane. I didn't...I didn't kill Alison.
- CHO: How do you explain your hair in the envelope?
- TAG: Either it's a mistake, or...or I'm being **framed**.
- CHO: Who would want to frame you? We don't want to, if that's what you're thinking.
- JANE: He and Alison were lovers.
- CHO: Who would want to frame you, Tag?
- TAG: My brother.
- CHO: Why would he want to do that?
- TAG: Alison and I were lovers.
- VAN PELT: I think you are psychic. You're just afraid to admit it.
- JANE: Hmm.





- **SCENE ELEVEN**
- *JANE is in WAGNER's office now.*
- WAGNER: So.
- JANE: So.
- WAGNER: Why is it you can't sleep?
- JANE: Because I can't get the good pills without talking to a doctor.
- WAGNER: And you don't like talking to doctors.
- JANE: Meh. They always want to be the smartest person in the room, don't they? When in fact that's me, obviously.
- WAGNER: You protect your **core** self very fiercely. What do you think is the reason for that?
- JANE: You know, this is exactly how I imagined it would be. Are you going to ask me about my mother?
- WAGNER: Do you want me to ask you about your mother?
- JANE: I just want to sleep.





- WAGNER: What is it that keeps you awake?
- *FLASHBACK*
- *JANE is in the TV studio with DAVIS and KELLY.*
- DAVIS: What's his name? Red John?
- JANE: That's right. Red John. He's killed at least 8 women that we know of. The police asked me to try and get a psychic fix on him and see if I can get a sense of who this man is.
- DAVIS: How do you do that exactly? Get a psychic fix on someone?
- JANE: Well, Davis, true demonic evil burns like fire. It burns with a terrible cold, dark flame. I force myself to look into that flame and I see an image of the **evil-doer**. In this case, Red John. He's an ugly, tormented little man; a lonely soul. Sad. Very sad.



- *JANE drives up to his beach home in Malibu. He pushes a child's tricycle out of the way and makes his way upstairs. He sees a note on the door. His smile fades as he reads it: "Dear mister Jane, I do not like to be **slandered** in the media, especially by a dirty **money-grubbing fraud**. **If you were a real psychic**, instead of a dishonest little worm, **you wouldn't need to open the door** to see what I've done to your lovely wife and child." That's when JANE opens the door to find the bloody smiley face on the wall.*
- *PRESENT*
- *WAGNER: Mr. Jane. Mr. Jane? What is it that keeps you awake?*



Dear mister Jane,  
I do not like to be slandered in the media, especially by a dirty money-grubbing fraud.  
If you were a real psychic, instead of a dishonest little worm, you wouldn't need to open the door to see what I've done to your lovely wife and child.

**I do not like to be slandered in the media...**



- JANE: Um. You know, when I was a boy, we had a farm. It was a lot of work. I was kind of a lazy kid.
- WAGNER: Yes?
- JANE: I'd always be trying to get my little brother Jimmy **to do chores** for me. One day I promised him a dollar if he cut the firewood. Well, he opened an artery in his leg on the saw and he bled to death. Died. Doing my chores for me.
- WAGNER: You know, that's almost exactly the same thing that happened to Johnny Cash.
- JANE: Is it really? Wow. That's **spooky**.



I'd always be trying to get my little brother,  
Jimmy, to do my chores for me.



- *Sheriff's office.*
- *PRICE and a lawyer come in.*
- CHO: Mr. Randolph, good-
- PRICE: Cut the crap. My brother's done nothing. You scumbags haven't got the stones to come after me, so you go after my family. That is **flat-out** persecution.
- LAWYER: Price, what did we agree?
- CHO: Mr. Randolph, rest assured there's no intent to persecute you. We scumbags are holding your brother because we have physical evidence linking him to the crime, and potential motive in that he states whenever you weren't around(..)
- PRICE: Tag and Alison?

- CHO: That's what he states. He further states it was you that killed Alison, and you're now trying to frame him in revenge.
- PRICE: My God, what did you say? What?
- *RIGSBY brings TAG in where PRICE pounces at his brother.*
- PRICE: Bastard!
- *VAN PELT and CHO restrain him as RIGSBY takes TAG out another door, also struggling.*
- TAG: Son of a bitch! You treated her like trash! What did you expect?
- PRICE: I didn't expect my little brother to bang my wife, you little punk bastard!





- *It is night time now. WAGNER is writing JANE a prescription before he leaves for the night.*
- WAGNER: Everything you told me is total fiction, isn't it?
- JANE: Yes.
- WAGNER: Why? I can tell you're in real pain. Why not tell the truth?
- JANE: The truth is mine.
- WAGNER: I hear you.
- JANE: Thank you.
- *WAGNER escorts JANE through the empty building to the front door.*
- JANE: Oh, yes. Remember we were talking about Tannen the other day and I asked you if he kept a diary and you said that he did? Well, there's no diary among his effects...



- WAGNER: No?
- JANE: I'm sorry. No.
- WAGNER: No. You have it wrong. I didn't think he kept a diary.
- JANE: Strange. Then it must have been someone else who told me. Either that or I'm going mad. But I definitely 100% remember hearing that Tannen kept a diary.
- WAGNER: That is strange. But why does it matter if he kept a diary?
- JANE: You're right. It doesn't matter. Only I was thinking, why do magicians have beautiful girl assistants?
- WAGNER: Why?
- JANE: Because they're **reliable** distracters of attention. People will look at a beautiful girl for a long time before they look where they should be looking if they want to see how the trick really works. Anyhow, I'll send over a couple of forensics guys tomorrow to search his office and locate that diary.





- WAGNER: Didn't they already search his office?
- JANE: Oh, they never do it **thoroughly** the first time.
- *WAGNER opens the door with his key-card and puts it back in his pocket.*
- JANE: Once more for luck, eh? It's gotta be there somewhere.
- *JANE hugs WAGNER.*
- JANE: Thanks for everything, Doc.
- WAGNER: Goodnight. Goodnight.
- *JANE leaves. WAGNER walks back to his office but pauses outside of TANNEN'S office. He begins going through it, **dumping** through drawers, **book cases**, and **folders**. That's when JANE enters.*





- JANE: Lost something?
- WAGNER: How did you get in?
- JANE: The door was open. I think I left my phone in your office.
- WAGNER: The door wasn't open.
- JANE: Must have been. Here I am.
- *FLASHBACK*
- *JANE is hugging WAGNER before he leaves when he slips his key-card from his pocket.*
- *PRESENT*
- JANE: What are you doing?
- WAGNER: I confess, the temptation to play detective was a little too strong. I was looking for that diary. I got a little carried away.
- JANE: No kidding. And no diary?
- WAGNER: No diary.
- JANE: Maybe I should have a **gander**. I'm good at finding things.
- WAGNER: Be my guest.



- *JANE studies the room and moves around. He finally gets onto the floor and reaches underneath a bookshelf, pulling out the diary he had been writing in earlier. He opens it and glances at a few pages.*
- JANE: Eureka.
- *JANE shuts the diary as WAGNER tries to take a **peek**. He shakes WAGNER's hand.*
- JANE: Dr. Wagner, thank you for your help.
- *JANE begins to leave.*
- WAGNER: Mr. Jane, your phone.
- JANE: Right. Thanks.
- *JANE goes into DR. WAGNER'S office and picks up his phone from the chair he had been sitting on earlier.*
- JANE: Oh, yeah, got it. Silly of me. Well, goodbye again.
- WAGNER: Wait.
- *WAGNER points a gun at JANE*





- WAGNER: Give me the diary.
- *JANE hands over the diary. WAGNER flips through it and when he sees the word "Confess," he realizes he's been tricked. He smiles.*
- WAGNER: That's very amusing.
- JANE: I try.
- WAGNER: I knew. I knew it might be a trick. But I had to be sure.
- JANE: Yes. That's how the trick works.
- WAGNER: What led you to me? Not that I'm saying I did it, I'm just asking.
- JANE: When you first met, you said you didn't know who Red John was, but you have books on criminal psychiatry there that have chapters on him. You're the Randolph family doctor, so you could easily get **a strand** of Tag's hair and being a doctor, you can **hack up** another human without difficulty. It's obvious it was you.

- WAGNER: That's it? You have nothing. That's just **guesswork**.
- JANE: Oh, I know. I just wanted to be sure I had the right answer. I was surprised. I've got to be honest. You don't seem to be a wicked man. But you are.
- WAGNER: You're angry about the letter, Yeah, it was a bit mean-spirited. **For the record**, I'm sorry about your family. I can only imagine your pain. I'm not a wicked man. My conscience is clear.
- JANE: Really?
- WAGNER: Right now, in Africa, there's 3,000 beautiful children alive today who should be dead, but they aren't, because of me. Tannen was going to ruin me and destroy all that worry. Over nothing. Money. Theft, he called it. Embezzlement. The **self-righteous** idiot. It's simple math. **If I go to jail, thousands of kids will die**, so I made a rational moral decision to kill Tannen for the greater good.
- JANE: And Alison? What did she do wrong?





- WAGNER: As you said, she was the magician's assistant. Just a distraction. **If only Tannen died, the police would have been all over this place**, wouldn't they? Truly, is killing two any worse than killing one? When so many lives are at stake. I don't think so.
- JANE: You poor, sad man. You're under arrest. Let's go.
- WAGNER: I'm pointing a gun at you.
- JANE: You really think I would **set** you **up** so nicely and let you pull a **loaded** gun on me? I took the **bullets** out earlier.
- *JANE **pats** his pockets to cause a **jingling** sound.*
- *WAGNER checks his gun when JANE grabs some **porcupine quills** and throws them at him. WAGNER fires the gun but JANE manages to **duck out** of the room. He runs down the stairs and yells at RIGSBY who has just arrived.*





- JANE: You're late!
- RIGSBY: What?
- JANE: Draw your weapon!
- RIGSBY: Huh?
- *WAGNER comes running out. RIGSBY whips out his gun.*
- RIGSBY: Drop the gun! Hands on your head. Get down on your knees. Down!
- *WAGNER **complies**. RIGSBY arrests him. JANE **grins**.*
- *Sheriff's office.*
- *The team is packing up. LISBON is sitting at her desk. JANE comes in carrying a box of doughnuts.*
- JANE: Case closed doughnuts are here.
- *Everyone ignores him.*
- JANE: I just went to get sleeping pills, I swear to God. I didn't even want to go. You know I didn't want to go.
- VAN PELT: Right.





- RIGSBY: Yeah, you didn't set Wagner up. Didn't figure it was him days ago.
- CHO: You didn't let us **tear apart** the victim's family simply to satisfy your **childish** need for drama.
- JANE: Eh. That family was screwed anyway. Don't **blame** yourselves, guys.
- LISBON: Don't even start. I'm still angry.
- JANE: I'm sorry.
- LISBON: No you're not.
- *He sets a paper frog on her desk.*
- LISBON: A frog? Well, this makes everything better, doesn't it?
- *The frog suddenly jumps up and makes her **gasp** and then smile. Jane, who is walking away, also smiles widely.*