

T H E M E N T A L I S T P R I M E R

# T H E P I L O T

# WHY THE PILOT | X |

This episode, of course, sets the stage for the show in general. It also sets the stage for Cho's and Jane's relationship. The second scene I've included illustrates Jane's unusual way of speaking and his sheer disregard for convention when he's on the trail of the truth (something that can be either annoying or endearing. Or sometimes both.).



## The Mentalist—Pilot

Background: Jane has been suspended due to unprofessional behavior on the previous case (to say the least—he got a suspect killed, even though he was right that the suspect was guilty). Lisbon and team arrive in Palm Springs, investigating the murders of two people. They're on their way into the sheriff's department when they hear:

**Jane:** “Morning everybody! How was your flight?”



## The Mentalist—Pilot

He's been waiting for them. He gets out of the cab and hurries to catch up.

**Lisbon:** "Go away, you're on suspension."

**Jane:** "Mandated leave. Ends next weeks."

**Lisbon:** "So come back next week."

**Jane:** Says to Rigsby and Cho, "Hot enough for you?"

**Lisbon:** "Which one of you jackasses told him? It was you, wasn't it Cho."

**Cho:** No pause, "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?"



## The Mentalist—Pilot

Later, at the scene of the murder: The team is being shown through the scene of the crime by a young Palm Springs detective (presumably—maybe he's a CSI). They go to the bedroom where there's a smiley face on the wall, written in blood (Red John's signature).

**Detective:** He's very happy. "There she blows. Classic Red John smiley face, drawn in the victim's blood, clockwise with three fingers of his right hand, wearing a rubber kitchen glove." Turns and smiles at the team. "I'm stoked to finally see one in the flesh."



## The Mentalist—Pilot

**Jane:** Has turned away to look at the bed. “This isn’t Red John.”

**Detective:** Drawn out, “Right.”



## The Mentalist—Pilot

**Jane:** “Red John thinks of himself as a showman, an artist. He has a strong sense of theater. In all the previous killings he made sure the first thing anyone sees is the face on the wall.” The detective isn’t happy. “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,” gestures to the bed, “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. Doesn’t play nearly as well, does it?”

**Lisbon:** “Depends on your taste, I suppose.”

**Jane:** “No, c’mon. 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.”





## The Mentalist—Pilot

**Detective:** “Wow. That’s interesting.”

**Jane:** Sighs. “You know what your problem is my friend?”

**Detective:** Shakes his head.

**Jane:** “You enjoy your work a little too much. You’re a ghoul. If you don’t get horny reading Fangoria, I’m Britney Spears.”

**Detective:** “I— I resent that.”





## The Mentalist—Pilot

**Lisbon:** “This is you trying to redeem yourself, is it?”

**Jane:** “I’m sorry.” Is actually trying. “He irks me. I find him irksome.” Leaves the room, muttering, “You don’t need me here.”

Cut to the team watching him leave.