

The logo for the television series 'CSI: Crime Scene Investigation'. The letters 'CSI' are large, stylized, and have a cracked, metallic texture. Below them, the words 'CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION' are written in a smaller, clean, sans-serif font. The entire logo is set against a black rectangular background with a thin white border.

# CSI: CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION



## **“Bittersweet”**

Episode #1203

Written by

Melissa R. Byer & Treena Hancock

Dir.: Frank Waldeck



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Shooting Script  
August 11, 2011

8/11/2011

**“Bittersweet”**

**Episode #1203**

**CAST**

**D.B. RUSSELL**

**CATHERINE WILLOWS**

**NICK STOKES**

**CAPT. JIM BRASS**

\*\*\*

**SARA SIDLE**

**GREG SANDERS**

**DR. ROBBINS**

**MORGAN BRODY**

**DAVID HODGES**

\*\*\*

**DAVID PHILLIPS**

OFFICER MITCHELL

HENRY ANDREWS

CALLIE

SLADE

COLLEEN HUGHES (13)

GINA SINCLAIR

\*

TODD SINCLAIR

\*

CHAD ELLIS

\*

ED BURROWS

RYAN THOMAS

\*

COLLEEN HUGHES (21)

ANGIE SALINGER

MRS. HUGHES

\*

VICKY

Featured, Non-Speaking

N.D. Uniforms & Detectives

N.D. CSIs & N.D. Coroner's Assistant

Art Opening Hipsters

Tourists

Samantha Chase, cement girl

\*

Jennifer Burrows (photos only)

Chocolate Factory Workers

Tristan Duran

\*

Gina's Complex Tenants

Outdoor Cafe Patrons & Workers

Desert Palm Staff & Patients

\* REVISED  
\*\*\* NOT IN EPISODE

8/11/2011

# "Bittersweet"

## Episode #1203

### SETS

INTERIORS	EXTERIORS
CSI	Las Vegas Skyline (Stock)
Hallway	Tresser Park *
Russell's Office	Bottom of Ravine
A/V Lab	North Las Vegas Underpass *
Layout Room	Gina's Condo Complex
Garage	Front Entrance
Reception Area	Pool Area
Break Room	Outdoor Cafe
DNA Lab	Sinful Pleasures Chocolate Factory
Police Department	Marina / Warehouse
Hallway	
Interrogation Room "A"	
Interrogation Room "B"	
Coroner's Office	
Washroom	
Autopsy Room "A"	
Sixth Street Art Gallery	
Hallway *	
Gallery *	
ND Torture Garage (Home Footage)	
Mr. Burrows' Car	
Giant Container of Liquid Chocolate	
Sinful Pleasures Chocolate	
Lobby	
Cooking Room	
CSI Denali	
Gina's Condo	
Marina / Warehouse	
Desert Palm Hospital	
Hallway	
Colleen's Room	
	<b>Special Shots</b>
	<b>VFX SHOT - Ghosting ND Killer rolls cement block into the ravine.</b>
	<b>ECU - SMALL FLOWER EARRING</b>
	<b>CSI SHOT - Fluoroscope beams penetrate the concrete *</b>
	<b>ECU - THE FIBERS</b>
	<b>ECU - A SHORT CURLY BROWN HAIR</b>
	<b>ECU - TAG OF SCALP</b>
	<b>CSI SHOT - Dive into the chocolate to find Chad</b>
	<b>CSI SHOT - Dive into the pork shank with the water</b>

\* REVISED

CSI: Crime Scene Investigation

"Bittersweet"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE - NIGHT 1 \*

Flying over the strip, heading downtown. \*

2 INT. SIXTH STREET ART GALLERY - NIGHT 2 \*

CAMERA FLYING over extreme tight shots of TWISTED METAL, \*  
JAGGED EDGES, ROUGH CEMENT. It's dark, creepy. We don't \*  
know where we are or what we're looking at until the CAMERA \*  
lands on NICK. A disgusted look on his face. We think we're \*  
at a crime scene until -- \*

NICK \*

Five grand? For this? \*

CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing that we're not at a crime scene, \*  
but in an ART GALLERY. No paintings here. Looks like the \*  
artist was inspired by a junkyard. Nick, dressed up for his \*  
date with CALLIE (20s), hot, leather SKIRT. She admires one \*  
of the "TRASH ART" pieces -- in the form of a body, installed \*  
on the floor, with a RUSTED FRYING PAN for a head. \*

CALLIE

It speaks to me.

NICK

What's it saying?

CALLIE

Look at the face. No expression.

NICK

It's a frying pan.

CALLIE

I think what the artist is trying  
to say is, we don't need to fear  
death, because it's universal. And  
in the end, we all find peace.

NICK

I've seen a lot of very unpeaceful  
ends. I think this artist needs to  
get out of the studio more.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

CALLIE

(smiling, then)

Come over here. Tell me what you see.

Callie drags Nick through this crowd of PIERCED AND TATTED HIPSTERS, everyone drinking red wine out of PLASTIC CUPS. Past more TRASH ART SCULPTURES. Landing at one made of scavenged car parts, resembling TWO BODIES entwined in a grotesque embrace.

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

You getting hungry? Nugget has a great steak house.

CALLIE

C'mon, Nick. Give it a try.

Nick studies the art as if it were a corpse. Finally --

NICK

Muffler from a '59 Chevy. Says to me... car accident.

CALLIE

(sighs, then)

Says to me, two people breaking down the walls they've built around their hearts. Surrendering to their innermost feelings.

Is she coming onto him?

NICK

Alright. I can do a little curating.

He walks over to a ANOTHER TRASH ART BODY, flying, suspended on CABLES and bathed in SPOTLIGHTS. The SKULL is formed from crushed aluminum cans. ONE ARM from terra cotta tiles. The other encased in a CEMENT BLOCK. [NOTE: Cables are attached to eye hooks drilled into the cement.]

NICK

Now this one, it's not just speaking to me, it's shouting. The cement, the brick... We all carry a load. But if our burdens get too heavy, and we can't rise above them, life will crush us... like a beer can.

(off her look)

That's all I got.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

CALLIE  
(enthralled)  
That was beautiful.

Just then, a RED-BLACKISH LIQUID drips out from the eye-hook in the cement ONTO NICK'S CLEAN SHIRT. She eyes the drip --

CALLIE  
Oh, wow, it's interactive.

Nick dabs at the stain, takes a whiff. It's DECOMP.

NICK  
More than that. It's the end of our date.

**WHITE FLASH TO:**

3 EXT. SIXTH STREET ART GALLERY - NIGHT (LATER)

3

Full blown crime scene. CRIME TAPE surrounds the dripping artwork, dripping now into a PLASTIC CUP. Nick, in just his T-shirt, does a HEMATRACE TEST on the dripping liquid --

RUSSELL (O.S.)  
Nice catch.

CAMERA FINDS RUSSELL, staring at another CEMENT CUBE mounted on the wall nearby. In the cement is an IMPRESSION of *something* that has caught his eye.

NICK  
(re: test)  
Definitely human.  
(re: dripping block)  
Think there's a real arm in there?

Russell reads the tag next to the cement cube: "*Negativity by Slade*". \$2200.

RUSSELL  
For these prices? I won't say it.  
Oh, I'll say it... arm and a leg.

Russell cranes his neck one way, then the other, trying to interpret the impression in the cement cube.

RUSSELL  
So, Nick, which one is she?

NICK  
Hunh?

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

RUSSELL

(re: evidence shirt)

Nice shirt, at least it used to be.  
Art opening? I mean, c'mon. You  
had to be on a date.

Russell looks up, scans the crowd, zeroes in on Callie.

RUSSELL

Cute brunette. Leather skirt?

NICK

She's Doc Robbins' niece. Visiting  
from Ohio. Just showing her around.

RUSSELL

You can have a personal life, Nick.  
It's okay.

Nick feels like he stepped in a trap. Russell returns his  
attention to the cement cube mounted on the wall.

RUSSELL

What do you see?

NICK

Aw, don't start.

Russell puts his face into the impression of the cube.

NICK

I wouldn't be putting my face in  
there.

RUSSELL

Okay. You do it. That's an order.

Nick eyes Russell. Is he serious? His look says he is,  
gestures: "Go ahead." Nick sticks his face into the cube.

RUSSELL

They say beauty is in the eye of  
the beholder. I'm not saying this  
art is beautiful. But I think you're  
beholding half a face there.

Nick pulls away from the cement, now sees what Russell sees.

NICK

Nose. Cheek. Eye socket. I see  
it.

Nick turns to Russell, but he's already scanning the rest of  
the gallery --

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

RUSSELL

Not saying I'd want this stuff in my house. But I would like to see the rest of the collection.

(turns to the crowd)

Is there an artist in the house?

A heavily TATTOOED MAN, SLADE, 20s, comes over to them.

SLADE

Yeah. I'm the artist. Slade.

NICK

And your last name?

SLADE

Just Slade.

RUSSELL

Okay. Just Russell. Just Stokes. Crime Lab. Love what you're doing here. The cement is fresh... and that hint of decomp. What's your process?

SLADE

I'm an artist, man.

NICK

See that license plate over there? --

Nick points to a mangled rear bumper masquerading as a dog.

NICK

You're going to be making a lot of them, if you don't answer the man's question.

SLADE

(more nervous)

Look, I find things. They tell me what they want to be.

RUSSELL

So, these blocks, did they talk to you before or after the cement dried?

SLADE

It's called "found art" for a reason. Like "that's how I found them".

NICK

Found them where?

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (3)

3

SLADE

Tresser Park. Dump site. Prime  
*objet* turf.

\*

NICK

*Objet?* What the hell's *objet*?

RUSSELL

I can translate. You're coming  
with us. And if we don't find any  
more *objets* in Tresser Park, *bonjour*  
*bastille*.

\*

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. TRESSER PARK - DAY

4 \*

Top of the ravine. FIND Slade, standing next to a BLACK AND WHITE. OFFICER MITCHELL alongside him. MORE UNIS milling.

SLADE

(re: cops)

Man, all this heat's going to ruin my spot. Art market's cutthroat.

(ogling radio car)

How much for a used cop car? Maybe got one that's been shot up.

Mitchell's had enough of this "artist".

OFFICER MITCHELL

Give it a rest, Picasso.

OFF Slade's look, CAMERA SLIDES DOWN the hill to --

5 EXT. BOTTOM OF RAVINE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

5

-- PAST OLD TV SETS, BROKEN ELECTRONICS, REFRIGERATORS, OLD TIRES, MATTRESSES, COUCHES, ETC. Finally, reaching Russell and Nick, in COVERALLS and GLOVES, searching the junk.

Russell finds a HIBACHI. It's rusty, but in decent shape. He TAGS it and sets it aside.

NICK

That evidence?

RUSSELL

No. But it's a perfectly good hibachi.

NICK

You're not taking that home?

RUSSELL

Why not? I'll clean it up. Enough junk in the world, why buy more.

He spots a wrecked TV, a boot through the screen.

RUSSELL

(re: TV)

Tag that.

NICK

(as he tags it)

Need a TV, too?

(CONTINUED)

RUSSELL

No, but electronics have serial numbers. Maybe one of our litterbugs is a killer, or saw our killer.

Nick comes across a large, rectangular CEMENT BLOCK, A MICROWAVE askew on top of it.

\*  
\*

NICK

Big enough to hold a torso.

Nick snaps a PICTURE, as Russell digs out another CEMENT BLOCK, no bigger than a Zappos box. Russell turns over the cement block, sees --

\*  
\*

A YOUNG GIRL'S FACE

Most of the head encased in the block. But the dusty, semi-mummified face, crawling with bugs, is visible where the "art" cement cracked off.

RUSSELL

Found the missing face. Female.

Nick wades through the trash over to Russell. Takes a look.

NICK

Early Instars of the Black Soldier Fly. Cheese Skippers. Hide Beetles. Face has been exposed at least three weeks.

RUSSELL

Killed, cut up, encased in cement. You ever read "The Lady in Cement?"

By Nick's look it's clear he hasn't.

RUSSELL

Great book. Decent movie. Sinatra. Raquel Welch. Mob hit. They fitted this lady with cement shoes, dumped her in the ocean.

NICK

Body parts in cement. Seen this enough times. Good way to get rid of a body, animals can't dig it up. Even better if you roll 'mob style' and dump it in Lake Mead.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RUSSELL

Maybe our killer got lazy, didn't want to make the drive. All that chopping and cementing, I'd get tired...

\*  
\*  
\*

As Russell looks up to the top of the ravine --

6 **VFX SHOT - GHOST N.D. KILLER** 6

rolls a heavy **GHOST CEMENT BLOCK** over the edge of the ravine. It **TUMBLES** down the hill, **CRACKING INTO TWO PIECES**. The "face impression" piece lands in some brush. **GHOST BLOCK WITH THE HEAD** rolls all the way to the bottom, landing at Russell's feet.

\*  
\*

7 **BACK TO SCENE** 7

RUSSELL

Block split in two. Left the head exposed.

NICK

Gives us a time line. Exposed three weeks. Probably dead around the same time.

As Nick stares at the face, he spots something on her ear lobe. Takes a knee. Brushes **MAGGOTS** off. **SNAP ZOOM TO:**

8 **ECU - SMALL FLOWER STUD EARRING** 8

**In the shape of a daisy. Teen bling.**

9 **BACK TO SCENE** 9

RUSSELL

What is it?

NICK

Flower earring.

(grim)

Seen this before, too. Five young girls. Abducted. Sexually assaulted. Murdered and dismembered. Parts encased in cement.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RUSSELL

Cold case?

NICK

We solved it. Husband and wife team. Convicted two years ago.

(looks at Russell)

It was Sara's case.

10 **INT. CSI - HALLWAY - DAY** 10

Sara, in her court suit, hauls ass down the hall. **HEARS** the **SOUND** of a **YOUNG GIRL CRYING** and the **ODD SOUND** of a **SMALL DOG BARKING**. Follows the sounds into --

11 INT. CSI - RUSSELL'S OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 11

Sara finds Russell engrossed in a video. Sara looks at the screen, disturbed, as memories flood back.

INTERCUT WITH:

12 **ON THE TV SCREEN -- SHAKY HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE.** 12

**A GARAGE. Soundproofing foam on the walls. A 13 year-old COLLEEN HUGHES, eyes vacant, in a NIGHTGOWN, tied to a metal bed frame. Lying next to her, in sexy lingerie, is GINA SINCLAIR, late 20s, beautiful, intense. A POMERANIAN BARKS in the BG as Gina takes a swig from a BEER BOTTLE and holds it to Colleen's lips.**

\*  
\*

**GINA SINCLAIR**

\*

*Last sip is yours.*

*Colleen does as she's told and drinks the beer.*

**GINA SINCLAIR**

\*

*Good girl.*

**TODD SINCLAIR (V.O.)**

\*

*Go on, Gina, give good girl a reward.*

*Gina kisses Colleen's cheek. Then, as Gina strokes Colleen's body with the beer bottle, moving lower --*

13 BACK TO SCENE 13

Russell notices Sara's presence, hits pause, FREEZING THE IMAGE on Gina's sick pleasure --

RUSSELL

How does this woman not get life?

SARA

Because the jury never saw this.

(then)

Gina Sinclair's husband, Todd, stashed their sex tapes in his grandmother's attic. Found after she died. Three weeks after the verdict.

\*

Russell toggles the video back to Colleen's frightened face.

RUSSELL

And Colleen Hughes was their only surviving victim.

SARA

They held her captive for three years.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

RUSSELL

So how'd she walk out of there?  
What made her different?

SARA

Shrink said Colleen was fully  
compliant. Indulged their fantasies.  
Never challenged them.

\*  
\*

RUSSELL

She was smart. Most kids wouldn't  
be able to get past the fear --

SARA

I called the prison. Gina got out  
two months ago. Early release,  
with parole. Not surprising. Master  
manipulator. Sold a sob story to  
the jury, that Todd controlled her,  
forced her to abuse the girls,  
threatened her life.

\*

RUSSELL

Explains why she got five years and  
he got one hundred and twenty.

SARA

He wasn't the one in control. She  
was.

He gauges her look --

RUSSELL

And you think now that she's out --

SARA

She's picking up where she left  
off. Flower earrings and cement.  
(then)

\*

It was my case then, I want on it.

He senses her passion. Could go well, or not.

RUSSELL

Something to be said for continuity.

Just then, Russell's phone BUZZES with a TEXT --

14 INT. CSI - A/V LAB - DAY

14

Russell pushes in to find CATHERINE at a COMPUTER.

CATHERINE

Thought you should see this.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

She gestures to the MONITOR displaying a WEBSITE with recent, long lens PHOTOS of Gina Sinclair, including one of her getting out of a BLACK PICKUP. Also, MUG SHOTS and NEW STILLs from her arrest and court appearances.

\*

RUSSELL

Gina Sinclair.

\*

CATHERINE

Sara's not the only one who knows she's out.

RUSSELL

Whose website?

Catherine returns to the HOMEPAGE. We see a PHOTO of ED BURROWS (45) and his daughter, JENNIFER (13) --

CATHERINE

Ed Burrows. His daughter, Jennifer, was the Sinclairs' second victim. This guy quit his job, sold his house, devoted his life to seeing the Sinclairs put away.

\*

\*

RUSSELL

Someone killed my daughter, I'd do the same thing. And if they got out of prison, I'd have eyes on them, too --

CATHERINE

-- Lot of people want to see Gina Sinclair pay for what she did.

\*

RUSSELL

Anyone I know?

CATHERINE

As soon as I heard about the flower earring, I called the prison. Turns out they've been getting a lot of calls from the lab --

RUSSELL

-- Sara.

CATHERINE

Every two to three months.

RUSSELL

Not part of her job description.

(then)

Does anyone around here follow procedure?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

CATHERINE

You could be the first. Lead by example. Maybe you should call a family meeting.

A small dig, which he parries --

RUSSELL

Or just take away her phone privileges.

Catherine's not in the mood to joke.

CATHERINE

I know why Ecklie brought you in.

RUSSELL

Really?

CATHERINE

Clearly, as a supervisor, I was too close to my team. I let one of them walk into a house with a serial killer. You're here to make sure that doesn't happen again.

A beat, as this sinks in. But Russell's on the fence.

RUSSELL

You've got a daughter, right?

CATHERINE

Yeah.

RUSSELL

So, you know. With kids, can't hold their hands their whole life.

CATHERINE

Don't confuse Sara with your children. If she thinks justice wasn't served, look out.

(then)

And for the record, I've never 'let go' of my daughter's hand. And I got a feeling, you hold on pretty tight, too.

OFF Russell's look --

15

EXT. NORTH LAS VEGAS UNDERPASS - DAY

15 \*

A "SHOOTERS" ALLEY, under the freeways. COUPLE UNIFORMS roust the last of the DRUNKS and DRUGGIES from the area, while ANOTHER UNIFORM seals it off with CRIME TAPE.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

FIND GREG grabbing his kit out of a DENALI. For a trash run in a crack alley, he has a surprising bounce in his step. As he rounds the front of the Denali, we see why --

His partner in crime is MORGAN. He falls in step with her as they both duck under the tape --

GREG

If you're homesick for L.A., this will cure you.

MORGAN

(re: scene)

I'm not *this* homesick.

\*  
\*

A beat, then...

MORGAN

Listen, I'm not saying I'm one to date guys on the job, but -- Can I ask you a personal question?

\*

GREG

Absolutely. Sure.

His day just got even better.

MORGAN

I heard Nick was on a date with Robbins' niece. Know if it's serious?

Just then, saving Greg from whiplash --

DAVID PHILLIPS

Hey, guys. Welcome to my third trash run of the day.

Greg and Morgan turn to DAVID PHILLIPS, kneeling over a JOHN DOE. Naked, heavy-set, acne'd skin, mid twenties, face down. What looks like dirt under his nails and in his ears.

\*

MORGAN

Guess I won't ask for I.D.

GREG

(looks around)

Don't see his clothes.

MORGAN

Picked clean. In L.A., they at least leave the underwear.

David examines the body. Feels the vertebrae... spine... neck... back of head. He feels a crushed skull.

DAVID PHILLIPS

Blunt force trauma.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED: (2)

15

He pulls his hand away -- there's BLOOD on David's glove.

DAVID PHILLIPS

Blood.

GREG

But no blood pool.

\*

Morgan notices dual lividity.

\*

MORGAN

Slight lividity on his back. But lividity's fixed in the lower extremities.

GREG

Inconsistent with his current position.

Now, Morgan checks out the SOLES and HEELS of the vic's feet.

MORGAN

No blanching on the soles of his feet. Weird. Guy died standing up, but not standing on anything.

GREG

Maybe he was suspended. Hung.

DAVID PHILLIPS

(re: neck)

I don't see any ligature marks.

A beat, as they all consider this.

\*

GREG

Roll him.

\*

\*

David struggles to roll him, Greg jumps in to help.

\*

GREG

Pretty well fed for a junkie.

DAVID PHILLIPS

No jaundice. Don't see any track marks.

MORGAN

Check his teeth.

David pries the mouth open. Guy's got a perfect set of pearly whites. Must've cost him a bundle. And healthy gums.

DAVID PHILLIPS

Wish I had pearlies like that. Beautiful gums.

GREG

Guy wasn't on the pipe.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3) 15

MORGAN

(brightens)

So, we can forget trash run. He  
didn't die here. He was dumped.  
Oh, this is good.

OFF Greg, if only Morgan was as excited about him --

16 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - WASHROOM - DAY (MONTAGE) 16

PAN OFF the BLOCK WITH THE FACE, BLOCK WITH THE ARM to FIND --

-- All the RAVINE CEMENT BLOCKS, also containing dismembered  
body parts, laid out. Nick and Sara, position the FLUOROSCOPE  
against one of the blocks. They flip a switch and as the  
machine springs to life --

\*  
\*  
\*

17 **CSI SHOT - FOLLOW THE BEAM** 17 \*

**from the machine, THROUGH the cement, INTO the DISMEMBERED  
BODY PART, illuminating an image of the young woman's ARM.**

\*

18 BACK TO SCENE (MONTAGE) 18

-- ON the FLUOROSCOPE DISPLAY the position of the ARM in the  
block is clearly visible. BEGIN MONTAGE:

\*  
\*

-- Nick and Sara FLUOROSCOPE each cement block. Creating  
more X-RAYS: LEGS, TORSO, HEAD. Gradually filling the light  
board.

\*  
\*

-- Using the FLUOROSCOPE IMAGES as a guide, Nick uses a  
CONCRETE SAW to score a line around the block. He uses a  
STONE CHISEL AND MALLET to tap along the scored line,  
splitting the block in half, like a clamshell. Exposing the  
BODY PART inside.

\*  
\*  
\*

-- Nick processes the ARM. Uses a TOOTH PICK, scrapes under  
the fingernails into a BUNDLE. Then snips the fingertips  
into a vial to do printing.

\*

-- Sara chips away at the cement covering the head. She  
removes the head then PHOTOS her empty cement "clamshell".  
Spots SEVERAL FIBERS in the cement. **SNAP ZOOM TO:**

\*  
\*  
\*

19 **ECU - THE FIBERS** 19

**Short, ultra thin glass rods, like fiber optic thread.**

20 BACK TO SCENE (MONTAGE) 20

-- Sara chips away at the cement, freeing the FIBERS. As  
she bindles them... END MONTAGE.

21 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM "A" - DAY

21

CAMERA PANS ACROSS the table, where we find the girl's body parts assembled like a macabre jigsaw puzzle. LANDS ON --

Nick, Sara and DR. ROBBINS looking down at the body.

DR. ROBBINS

Based on the lack of eruption of the wisdom teeth, I'd estimate she was twelve to fifteen years old.

SARA

Like all the Sinclairs' victims. \*

DR. ROBBINS \*

I sent her dental X-rays to Missing Persons. Hopefully, it'll give us an ID. \*

SARA

Evidence of sexual assault? \*

DR. ROBBINS

I found significant vaginal trauma. Possibly involving a foreign object.

SARA

Gina used to use a beer bottle.

DR. ROBBINS

Sent the SAE kit to DNA. \*

NICK

COD?

DR. ROBBINS

Aside from the hack-job, no other signs of obvious trauma. Condition of the body makes it hard to tell much of anything. \*

Sara has now crossed to a COMPUTER MONITOR. She's staring at AUTOPSY PHOTOS of the Sinclairs' prior victims. \*

SARA

Sinclairs' *previous* victims were dismembered at the major joints. \*

DR. ROBBINS

... Leaving ragged edges, like hamburger meat. Tool marks are almost *identical* to our cement girl. \*

SARA

We never did figure out what the Sinclairs used to cut up the bodies. \*

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

NICK

And if we didn't figure it out, no way anyone else could. Same M.O., same tool -- says to me we're not looking at a copycat.

SARA

We know who we're looking at.

22 EXT. GINA SINCLAIR'S CONDO COMPLEX - DAY

22 \*

Sara gets out of her Denali, heads for the condo. Stops when she spots --

SARA'S POV: AN OLD, RUN DOWN, BLUE SEDAN

parked across the street. ED BURROWS (from vigilante website) at the wheel. He's as disheveled and run-down as his car.

Sara approaches, taps on the passenger window. Burrows just keeps his eyes glued to the condo. Sara opens the passenger door, sweeps away a pile of food wrappers so she can sit.

23 INT. MR. BURROWS' CAR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

23

Burrows still won't look at Sara.

ED BURROWS

I'm two hundred feet from her place.

He offers her a MEASURING TAPE --

ED BURROWS

Check for yourself.

SARA

I'm not here about the restraining order.

ED BURROWS

Heard you found another body.

Sara surveys the car, discarded take-out containers, clothes. CAMERA with telephoto lens and binoculars on the floor.

SARA

Mr. Burrows, when's the last time you were home?

ED BURROWS

Wife kicked me out three weeks ago.

SARA

I'm sorry.

(then)

I've seen your website. I know what you're doing.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

ED BURROWS

She's a killer. No way I'm just going to stand by and do nothing.

This is a man at the end of his rope.

SARA

Go home. Make up with your wife. Let us do our job.

Sara gets out of the car. Stares down Burrows. A beat, then... Burrows starts up his car and drives off. OFF Sara, feeling for this father who lost his daughter.

24 EXT. GINA'S CONDO COMPLEX - POOL AREA - DAY

24

PICK UP Sara entering a complex where FAMILIES and teenage GIRLS are sunbathing and playing in the pool. She spots --

GINA SINCLAIR, 30s, killer body, flower earrings, drinking a BEER as she soaks up rays on a lounge chair with a POMERANIAN. Gina exudes a cool confidence. Sara stands in front of her, blocking Gina's sunlight. Her pomeranian BARKS at her.

\*

GINA SINCLAIR

CSI Sidle, right?  
(re: beer)  
Care for a cold one?

\*

Sara doesn't take the bait.

SARA

Look good, Gina. Guess prison agreed with you.

GINA SINCLAIR

You're looking a little pale.

\*

SARA

It's all that time in the lab. Busting psychos like you.  
(then)  
Found a girl. In cement.

GINA SINCLAIR

Got nothing to do with me.

\*

SARA

Then you won't mind if I search your apartment.

GINA SINCLAIR

It's kind of a mess. Maid's day off.

\*

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

SARA

You're on parole. I don't need a warrant.

GINA SINCLAIR

And I don't need to be harassed. By you. Or by numbnuts out in the car. Burrows has been stalking me ever since I got out.

SARA

You did rape, murder and dismember his daughter.

GINA SINCLAIR

Court said Todd did it. I'm as much a victim as any of those girls.

This gets under Sara's skin. She notices Gina craning her neck to look around her. Sara turns to see some TEEN GIRLS in bikinis, frolicking in the pool.

SARA

Am I blocking your view?

GINA SINCLAIR

Just admiring the flowers.

Sara's had enough. She steps into the center of the courtyard, addressing the whole complex: sun worshippers, PEOPLE on their balconies, everyone...

SARA

Excuse me, can I have your attention please? I'm with the Las Vegas Police Department. I don't know if you know this, but your neighbor over here, Gina Sinclair, Apartment 310... She's a rapist and a murderer. And if I were you, I'd keep an eye on your kids.

The whole complex looks at Gina, concerned. Sara shoots Gina a "fuck you" look, more determined than ever to put her back behind bars --

SARA

Get up. I'm calling your parole officer. Let's see what kind of mess your maid left.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

25 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY

25

PAN ACROSS a VICTIM BOARD, displaying PHOTOS of the Sinclairs' victims, along with THUMBNAILED EVIDENCE REPORTS, FIELD INVESTIGATIONS, etc. FIND Sara waiting. A beat, then Russell enters, with a *TRANS EX SHIPPING BOX*.

\*

\*

RUSSELL

Sorry to make you wait. Got a package.

(shakes it)

I think I know what it is.

SARA

(cutting through the bullshit)

And I think I know why I'm here.

RUSSELL

Perfect. So you went to interview a suspect and in front of seventy-five neighbors, called her a rapist, murderer --

SARA

-- And psycho. But that was to her face. Her neighbors have a right to know.

Russell is opening his shipping box...

RUSSELL

Her lawyer called, threatened to sue the department and you for harassment. Which he has a right to do.

Sara knows he's right, she crossed the line --

SARA

You should've seen her, tanned and toned. Sipping a beer by the pool. Checking out all the young girls.

\*

\*

Russell pulls a WLVU BASKETBALL JERSEY out of the box. The name *RUSSELL* on the back, number 8.

RUSSELL

Look at that.

SARA

Are we done?

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

RUSSELL

My son's a freshman on the WLWU team. Point guard. Practiced every day since he was six. In junior high, practiced every night 'til late. Wanted to walk home. Only half a mile. I wouldn't let him. One of us always picked him up.

Sara holds his look, what is he talking about?

RUSSELL

A kid should be able to walk home from school. At any hour.

Russell turns to the PHOTOS on the board. His tone shifts --

RUSSELL

These girls should've been able to walk home. I want the Gina Sinclairs of the world off the street, too.  
(off her look)  
But to do that, we have to be smarter than them.

\*

SARA

Just taking her temperature.

RUSSELL

Rectally?  
(then)  
Sara, you showed your hand. To a master manipulator... your words.

SARA

She did it. Five years ago. And three weeks ago. And she's going to do it again.

RUSSELL

And maybe now get away with it. Again.

(then)

We're evidence, too. It's not just a fiber you bindle that goes into a courtroom. You go into courtroom. And Gina Sinclair made you lose today with a jury of seventy-five people.

\*

A beat, as that lands.

RUSSELL

I want to win. Like I tell my kid, you win between the ears.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

SARA

Am I off the case? Because if I am  
*someone* needs to contact Colleen  
Hughes, let her know Gina's out.

RUSSELL

I'll do it.

\*

SARA

So I am benched?

RUSSELL

Just grounded. So get grounded.

OFF Sara, not sure what that means.

26 EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

26

27 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM "A" - DAY

27

John Doe is Y'd and DR. ROBBINS is removing the chest plate.  
Morgan next to him.

DR. ROBBINS

... Good call on the dual *livor*  
*mortis*.

MORGAN

Thanks. Didn't get this job because  
of nepotism.

DR. ROBBINS

Never crossed my mind.

Just then, Greg pushes in -- they started without him.

GREG

Am I late?

MORGAN

No, I'm always early.

As Robbins lifts the CHEST PLATE, he notices the LUNGS are  
oddly distended --

DR. ROBBINS

Don't see this too often. Lungs  
are distended.

Dr. Robbins presses on the lungs.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

DR. ROBBINS  
They should feel like deflated  
balloons. These feel more like...  
pillows. But heavy.

As Morgan reaches over and feels them for herself --

MORGAN  
Awesome.

DR. ROBBINS  
Let's see how much they weigh.

Dr. Robbins takes a scalpel and cuts the BRONCHIAL TUBE.  
Suddenly, THICK MILK CHOCOLATE COLORED LIQUID oozes out.

GREG  
Whoa...

DR. ROBBINS  
That looks like...

Morgan dips a gloved finger into the liquid, takes a whiff --

MORGAN  
Chocolate. Guy's a souffle.

A beat, as they all mull this, then --

GREG  
Lungs full of chocolate. Lividity  
in the lower extremities. Died  
vertical. But not on his feet.  
And not hung.

DR. ROBBINS  
Victim was floating?

MORGAN  
Doc, can a person drown in chocolate?

28 INT. CSI - RUSSELL'S OFFICE - DAY

28

Greg and Morgan brief Russell on their "chocolate" John Doe.  
He's watering his orchid --

RUSSELL  
Was it milk or dark chocolate?

MORGAN  
Really? That's your first question?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

RUSSELL

No, it'll be my wife's. When I  
tell her this story.

GREG

We sent chocolate samples to Hodges.

RUSSELL

(still watering)

How much did the guy weigh?

Greg and Morgan swap a look. Another seeming non-sequitur.

GREG

Ah, two-twenty-one. Give or take a  
little fudge.

RUSSELL

Height?

MORGAN

He drowned in chocolate. Who cares  
about his vitals.

RUSSELL

Height?

GREG

Five-ten.

Russell stops watering. Still holding the sprayer, he starts  
to HAND MIME the rough shape of the vic in the air. Finally --

RUSSELL

I'm thinking... at least... hundred  
plus gallons --  
(off their looks)  
-- You said he drowned in chocolate.  
He didn't drown in a candy bar.

Now, they get it.

GREG

He drowned in a *lot* of chocolate.

**WHITE FLASH TO:**

29 INT. GIANT CONTAINER OF LIQUID CHOCOLATE (VERSION)

29

We see John Doe floating in chocolate. Remaining vertical  
due to the density of the liquid.

**WHITE FLASH TO:**

30 BACK TO SCENE

30

Russell at his bookshelf, running his finger along a row of spines, until he finds --

RUSSELL

T.C. Boyle. "The Road to Wellville".  
Man kills his adopted son by drowning  
him in a vat of macadamia nut butter.

More puzzlement. Russell thinks he was perfectly clear.

RUSSELL

Go forth, explorers. Find the vat.

31 INT. P.D. - HALLWAY - DAY

31

Several MEN and WOMEN sit on a bench, waiting. ANOTHER MAN exits Interrogation Room "A," heads off as... Nick pokes his head out of the room. Reading off a list --

NICK

Ryan Thomas? \*

RYAN THOMAS, late 20s, clean cut, gets up from the bench and follows Nick into -- \*

32 INT. P.D. - INTERROGATION ROOM "A" - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

32

Ryan exudes a combination of clueless and nervous.

NICK

You know dumping's illegal, right?  
Eight hundred dollar fine.

RYAN THOMAS \*

It was just a busted microwave. It  
didn't even... microwave anymore.

NICK

So that's what you do with your old  
stuff -- dump it in a ravine at  
Tresser Park? \*

RYAN THOMAS \*

I'm sorry, man. It costs money to  
dump at the dump.

NICK

Mr. Thomas, you throw anything else  
in that ravine? \*

RYAN THOMAS \*

No. Why are you sweating me? It's  
not like I dumped a body or something.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

He looks at Nick, who just stares at him. Nick slides over CRIME SCENE PHOTOS from the landfill.

NICK

Somebody did. And your microwave was the cherry on top.

\*

RYAN THOMAS

Oh, man...

\*

NICK

When did you dump the microwave?

RYAN THOMAS

I dunno, about... three weeks ago.

\*

Nick shows him a PHOTOS of several CEMENT BLOCKS.

NICK

You notice these when you were violating NRS-450.132?

RYAN THOMAS

I don't know. It was dark. Look, man, take my prints, my DNA. I got to get back to work.

\*

NICK

(ignores that)

See anyone else in the park that night?

Ryan thinks about this for a moment.

RYAN THOMAS

There was a truck... peeled out. Damn near hit me.

\*

NICK

Color?

RYAN THOMAS

Black... blue maybe.

\*

Nick shows him a PHOTO of GINA SINCLAIR'S TRUCK.

\*

NICK

It look like this?

Ryan studies it.

RYAN THOMAS

Can't be sure, but. Maybe. Yeah.

\*

OFF Nick, encouraged --

33 EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

33

Russell talks to COLLEEN HUGHES, 21, pretty but fragile. Her physical scars may have healed but in her eyes, the pain is still there. Colleen is wearing a waitress uniform.

COLLEEN HUGHES

... I can't believe they let her out.

A rush of fears and memories come flooding back.

COLLEEN HUGHES

Where is she?

RUSSELL

As a condition of her parole, she has to stay in Vegas.

COLLEEN HUGHES

Of course she does. So what, now she's free and I have to hide?

RUSSELL

No one's saying you have to hide. But for now, it might be good if you move back in with your parents --

COLLEEN HUGHES

No way. You have any idea what it's like to live with parents who thought their kid was dead. Then... They didn't let me *breathe* without them for the last four years.

RUSSELL

Maybe you have a friend you could stay with.

COLLEEN HUGHES

I don't have friends. Cause I don't trust anyone. Shrinks call it PTSD. I say once you've been chained to a bed and raped every day for eleven hundred and twelve days... it's better to be alone.

RUSSELL

I could see about police protection.

COLLEEN HUGHES

No. Why don't you send the cops over to her place. I can take care of myself. I'm done being a victim.

Russell pulls out his CARD, writes numbers on the back.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

RUSSELL

Office number's on the card.  
(writing on back)  
Here's my cell. Call me anytime.

She takes the card. Takes a look from the MANAGER --

COLLEEN HUGHES

I got to get back to work.

She moves off. OFF Russell's look.

34

INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY

34

CLOSE ON: THE FACE OF THE GIRL IN CEMENT. WIDER TO REVEAL --  
A SCHOOL PHOTO of a smiling thirteen year-old SAMANTHA CHASE.

\*

CATHERINE (O.S.)

Samantha Chase, thirteen...

\*

FIND Catherine, Sara and Russell looking at a VICTIM BOARD.  
Samantha Chase's SCHOOL and AUTOPSY PHOTOS, along with all  
the other prior case information.

\*

CATHERINE

... Doc Robbins ID'd her off dental  
records. Last seen three weeks ago,  
leaving the Desert Palm Library.

\*

Catherine, on a COMPUTER, pulls up and enlarges a map of Las  
Vegas, which is displayed on a LARGE SCREEN. Catherine  
highlights the location on the map.

CATHERINE

Library's here...

Catherine highlights another area on the map --

CATHERINE

Samantha Chase's home... here.

\*

Sara's eyes slide to an area nearby. She highlights it --

SARA

And Gina Sinclair's condo... right  
in the middle.

\*

CATHERINE

Both of Samantha's parents work --

RUSSELL

(eyes Sara)  
-- Latchkey kid.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

SARA  
(running with it)  
Walks home from the library every  
day. Right past Gina's window.

CATHERINE  
Same age. Even looks like the  
previous victims.

Russell is engrossed in the map.

SARA  
Gina's a predator. Just waited for  
the right moment. Grabbed her.

RUSSELL  
But you searched Gina's place --

SARA  
-- and yeah, I didn't find anything.  
It doesn't mean Gina didn't play  
with her somewhere else.

RUSSELL  
Until we find that somewhere else,  
it's just a theory.

Just then, Sara CELL BUZZES. She checks the display.  
Vindication. She holds it up --

SARA  
*Theory?* Hodges analyzed Samantha  
Chase's fingernail scrapings. Found  
dog hair. *Pomeranian.*  
(with juice)  
Gina Sinclair has a Pomeranian.

\*

\*

OFF Sara --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

35 EXT. LAS VEGAS - ESTABLISHING - DAY 35 \*

An industrial part of town. \*

36 INT. SINFUL PLEASURES CHOCOLATE - LOBBY - DAY 36

OPEN ON a SERIES of SEMI-EROTIC, BLACK AND WHITE POSTER SIZED PHOTOS OF A HALF NAKED MODEL, a male Adonis frolicking in chocolate. Dark chocolate, sweet dreams. The center photo is the money shot: the Adonis, life-sized, exploding out of a sea of chocolate. \*

ANGLE ON: MORGAN looking up, worshipfully. Greg and a Uni are less enthusiastic.

MORGAN

I'm sold.

GREG

Not sure it's chocolate they're selling.

ANGIE SALINGER (O.S.)

Some studies suggest that women prefer chocolate to sex...

Greg and Morgan turn to see ANGIE SALINGER. Forties, sexy, and knows it. The brains behind the company.

ANGIE SALINGER

... I say -- Why not have both?  
(then)  
Angie Salinger. CEO, Sinful Pleasures.

GREG

CSI Sanders. This is CSI Brody.

MORGAN

I really like your ad campaign.

GREG

We're investigating a guy who really liked your chocolate.

Greg shows her an AUTOPSY PHOTO of CHOCOLATE JOHN DOE.

GREG

Do you recognize this man?

Angie takes a good look, somewhat taken aback, then --

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

ANGIE SALINGER

Yes. He came in a few days ago  
looking for a job. In this economy,  
forget about it.

MORGAN

You remember his name?

ANGIE SALINGER

No, but I can check with HR.  
(looks at photo)  
Is he dead?

GREG

(nods, then)  
We have reason to believe that  
chocolate from your factory was...  
(how to say this)

MORGAN

... Involved.

ANGIE SALINGER

You're kidding? This man died from  
eating my chocolate?

MORGAN

More like inhaling it. According  
to our chemical analysis, it was  
your Argentinean Virgin Honey Bee  
chocolate.

Greg hands the WARRANT to Angie --

GREG

We're going to need to take a tour  
of your factory.

37 INT. SINFUL PLEASURES - COOKING ROOM - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

37

Lab meets micro-brewery. All white, stainless steel and  
sterile. In the center of the floor are SEVERAL LARGE VATS  
connected by pipes and hoses.

FIND Greg and Morgan, now wearing WHITE BUNNY SUITS, HOODS  
and BOOTIES. To the side, the FOREMAN and SEVERAL EMPLOYEES  
scowl, waiting to get back to work.

Greg and Morgan slide a ROLLING LADDER over to the vat of  
Argentinean Honey Bee Chocolate. Morgan scrambles up to the  
rim, pulls out her MAGLITE, and --

More chocolate than you've ever seen in one place. Nirvana.  
Morgan breathes it in. Looks down at Greg --

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

MORGAN

Oh, wow. Floral notes of honey...  
combined with cocoa. It's so  
intense.

(then)

If I fall in, don't save me.

GREG

Copy that.

(then)

While you're up there -- Notice if  
anyone else fell in?

Morgan shines her maglite along the inner edge of the vat.

MORGAN'S POV: Vat is pristine except for one DRIED SMEAR OF  
CHOCOLATE that begins at the surface of the liquid and  
continues up the side to the top of the RIM. In the SMEAR,  
she spies -- **SNAP ZOOM TO:**

38 **ECU - A SHORT CURLY BROWN HAIR**

38

**No doubt what it is. Not from the top half of a person's  
body. As Morgan's TWEEZERS ENTER FRAME --**

39 BACK TO SCENE

39

Morgan plucks the hair out. Holds it up for Greg.

MORGAN

I'm thinking pube recall.

GREG

(re: pube)

How are those floral notes now?  
Think we got our primary.

MORGAN

(considering)

If John Doe drowned in this vat, by  
definition, he didn't climb out.

GREG

He had help.

**WHITE FLASH TO:**40 **INT. SINFUL PLEASURES - COOKING ROOM - NIGHT (VERSION)**

40

**N.D. KILLER muscles a dead, naked and chocolate covered John  
Doe up and out of the chocolate.**

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

**Drags him up the side of the vat. Hoists him over the edge... and then, drops him onto the floor. As John Doe lands on his head, CRUNCH --**

**WHITE FLASH TO:**

41 BACK TO SCENE

41

Greg notes the distance from the top of the vat to the floor.

GREG

Ten foot drop. Explains the post-mortem B.F.T. to the head.

MORGAN

(nods, then)

Guy covered in chocolate? That's got to make a mess.

GREG

Somebody cleaned up. Gave this place and John Doe a bath.

They eye the silent Foreman and employees. Not talking, but the evidence will.

Greg scans the floor, spots an INDUSTRIAL DRAIN. And, next to it, a HOSE. He takes a knee. Pulls the SLOTTED DRAIN COVER off. Checks the underside, **SNAP ZOOM TO:**

42 **ECU - TAG OF SCALP**

42

**He SEES a small TAG OF SCALP embedded with a CLUMP OF HAIR.**

43 BACK TO SCENE

43

Greg calls to the Foreman --

GREG

Shut it down. This place is a crime scene.

44 OMITTED

44

45 INT. CSI - GARAGE - DAY

45

FOLLOW Sara as she moves into the Garage, finding...

Russell, deep in thought, standing over the CEMENT BLOCKS laid out on the floor, "clamshelled" and processed.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

SARA

You wanted to see me?

RUSSELL

Did you process these blocks? \*

SARA

Yeah. There a problem? \*

RUSSELL

You do it alone? \*

SARA

(defensive) \*

No. I worked with Nick. Look, if  
you have an issue with my -- \*

RUSSELL

-- These blocks are heavy. Not  
surprising it was a two person job. \*

A beat, as this lands... \*

SARA

You think Gina had help. \*

RUSSELL

Like before. She's no solo act. \*

SARA

She's found another Todd. Weak,  
someone easily controlled. \*

RUSSELL

Let's go back to 'weak'. Because  
that just may be your ticket out of  
the doghouse. \*

SARA

Find the weak link, nail Gina.

Russell nods. Just then, his pager goes off. He checks the  
display, curious. Then eyes Sara.

46 INT. CSI - RECEPTION AREA - DAY (LATER)

46

OPEN ON MRS. HUGHES, mid-40s, Colleen Hughes' mother. With  
Russell and Sara (Sara knows her from the old case). \*

MRS. HUGHES \*

Colleen wants us to leave her alone.  
But I call her every day.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

MRS. HUGHES (CONT'D)  
 Just to hear her voice. She wasn't there last night. Or this morning. I called the Cafe, she didn't show up for work. So I went over to her house. That's when I found this --

She hands Russell his CARD.

MRS. HUGHES  
 What's going on? \*

RUSSELL  
 Mrs. Hughes, I contacted your daughter to inform her that Gina Sinclair was released from prison. \*

MRS. HUGHES  
 Nobody told my husband and me. Is Colleen in police protection? \*

Russell and Sara swap a look. Mrs. Hughes turns on Sara -- \*

MRS. HUGHES  
 Sara? \*

SARA  
 Supervisor Russell offered her protection, but she refused.

MRS. HUGHES  
 (a chill, then)  
 I could feel it. I knew something was wrong... It's happening again. She has her. \*

47 INT. CSI - BREAK ROOM - DAY

47

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN: an AUTOPSY PHOTO of our JOHN DOE. A John Doe no more, because next to it, is a current DMV PHOTO of twenty-five year old CHAD ELLIS. One and the same. \*

TILT UP TO FIND Morgan at the table, LAPTOP open in front of her, eating chocolates. Nick crosses to her, eating a bowl of chili. \*

NICK  
 That your lunch? \*

MORGAN  
 Yeah. \*

NICK  
 Thought you found pubes in the cocoa. \*

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MORGAN

These are pre-pube. You gotta try  
this one -- dark chocolate infused  
with pasilla chili, cayenne pepper  
and cinnamon.

\*  
\*

NICK

I already got chili.

(then)

Get an I.D. on your Truffle Guy?

MORGAN

Chad Ellis. Twenty-five. Local.  
Greg and I searched his place.

\*

Morgan pulls PHOTOS from a FILE, gets sticky fingers on them --

\*

MORGAN

(mouth full)

Sorry.

Nick eyes the PHOTOS, featuring empty boxes of chocolate,  
empty chocolate candy wrappers, etc.

MORGAN

Guy was drowning in chocolate.  
Before he was drowning in chocolate.  
Could be why he was hitting up Sinful  
Pleasures for a job. You know what  
they say about loving your work.

Just then, Greg enters, with the victim's LAPTOP.

GREG

I love my work, too. Chocolate  
wasn't Chad's only obsession.

Greg sets the laptop down on the desk, turns the screen toward  
Nick and Morgan --

GREG

Archie unlocked Chad's laptop.

THEIR POV: SCREEN SAVER displays. It's the PHOTO of the  
SEXY HUNK IN CHOCOLATE from the factory.

MORGAN

Hey, that's the hot bod in the ad  
campaign.

GREG

Chad had more than a thousand images  
of 'hot bod' in his photo file.

Greg hits a couple keys, bringing up the first of the images.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

Morgan focuses in on the model's eyes -- they're amber.

MORGAN

Eyes are amber.

(off Nick's look)

Photos we saw at the factory were  
all black and white.

As Morgan's eyes move to the DMV PHOTO of the victim, Nick  
is right with her --

\*

NICK

Victim's eyes are amber. In order  
to get amber eyes, you need two  
recessive genes. One from mom, one  
from dad.

GREG

Amber eyes are typically found in  
less than one percent of the  
population.

MORGAN

One in a hundred shot.

NICK

How about one in one. Pull up Chad  
Ellis' old DMV records.

\*

Greg, on the same wavelength, grabs Morgan's laptop and logs  
onto the DMV DATABASE.

\*

INSERT THE LAPTOP SCREEN: Chad Ellis' DRIVING HISTORY  
displays, back to his first license. Including DMV PHOTOS:  
A RECENT PHOTO and an ORIGINAL PHOTO -- taken when Chad was  
seventeen. *He looks like a younger version of the model.*

\*

GREG

Whoaa. It's the same guy.

MORGAN

That is so depressing. Guy gained  
a hundred pounds and lost his looks.

NICK

Lost more than that.

48 INT. P.D. - INTERROGATION ROOM "B" - DAY

48

Greg slaps down the AUTOPSY PHOTO in front of Angie. Morgan  
also present.

GREG

You lied when you said you didn't  
know Chad Ellis.

\*

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

ANGIE SALINGER

(re: photo)

I don't. He came to the factory.  
Asked for a job. End of story.

MORGAN

His photos are all over your factory.

Angie reacts, confused, as Greg now slaps down a PHOTO OF  
THE ADONIS BURSTING OUT OF CHOCOLATE.

ANGIE SALINGER

That's Tristan Duran. Now him, I  
know. Every inch.

\*

MORGAN

So you can confirm the birthmark on  
his left butt cheek? In the shape  
of Rhode Island?

ANGIE SALINGER

Absolutely.

GREG

Well, Chad Ellis had the same  
birthmark. Only now it's the size  
of Texas.

\*

Angie hears what they're saying, but it doesn't compute.

MORGAN

When did you two stop seeing each  
other?

ANGIE SALINGER

It was just a fling. I moved on.  
He moved on. Heard he got a job  
walking the runways in Milan --

GREG

Don't think he walked them too long.  
Like your ad, he dipped into the  
chocolate pretty heavy.

MORGAN

Ate his way out of a career. Broke,  
modeling days over, he came to you  
looking for a job. Any job --

ANGIE SALINGER

I swear, I didn't know he was  
Tristan.

GREG

I think you did. He drowned in  
your chocolate. Means he had to  
get past your security.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

MORGAN

And someone had to pull him out of that vat, wash him off, and dump him in the alley.

Greg motions to the UNI at the door.

GREG

We'll let a jury decide.

Angie panics --

ANGIE SALINGER

I didn't kill the guy.

MORGAN

Then who did?

ANGIE SALINGER

He killed himself.

Greg calls bullshit, motions again to the UNI --

ANGIE SALINGER

Seriously. Chad-Tristan-whatever... came to the factory after hours. Told my security guy he used to work there, happiest days of his life.

WHITE FLASH TO:

49 INT. SINFUL PLEASURES - COOKING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

49

Chad Ellis and the Security Guard walk through the factory. Chad hands the Guard cash and a little paper bag hooch --

\*  
\*

ANGIE SALINGER (V.O.)

He slipped my security guy fifty bucks and a bottle, said he wanted some 'alone time'.

OFF the Security Guard exiting. And Chad eyeing the vat.

WHITE FLASH TO:

50 BACK TO SCENE

50

ANGIE SALINGER

He said he was moving on, just wanted to... say goodbye.

GREG

And he *did*...

\*  
\*

WHITE FLASH TO:

A51 INT. SINFUL PLEASURES - COOKING ROOM - NIGHT (VERSION) A51 \*

Chad, now naked, spies his reflection in the CHROME CHOCOLATE VAT. His image distorted, looking more like his former skinnier self. As he starts to climb the steps to the top of the vat -- \*

The Security Guard returns to find... a pile of clothes at the foot of the vat, some chocolate splashed over the side and onto the floor. \*

FOLLOW the Guard's gaze up the side of the vat to the rim -- \*

INSIDE THE VAT -- Chad in the Vitruvian Man pose, is swallowed up by the chocolate, like sinking in quicksand. His face is the last thing to go under. As he disappears into his chocolatey grave -- \*

WHITE FLASH TO:

B51 CSI SHOT - FROM ABOVE PUSHING DOWN INTO THE CHOCOLATE B51

becoming like a SONOGRAM, seeing THROUGH THE CHOCOLATE... \*

Chad still in his Adonis *Vitruvian Man* pose -- for a moment he becomes the Adonis again before chubby Chad sinks to the bottom. \*

WHITE FLASH TO:

C51 BACK TO SCENE C51

GREG \*

If Chad took the Nestea Plunge into your Argentinian Virgin Honey Bee chocolate, why didn't you call the cops? \*

ANGIE SALINGER

Each of those vats is worth twenty-thousand dollars. I call you guys, I'm out of business. \*

MORGAN

So you cleaned up Chad and dumped his body in an alley? \*

ANGIE SALINGER

I didn't. My security guard did. For another fifty, and his job. Ask him, yourself.

GREG

We will.

(CONTINUED)

C51 CONTINUED:

C51

ANGIE SALINGER

It's not a crime, he killed himself.  
Suicide. By chocolate.

GREG

Dumping a body is a Class-D felony.  
Giving false statements to the  
police, that's the whipped cream on  
the sundae.

MORGAN

Or... another year on the nickel.

51 INT. CSI DENALI - DAY (TRAVELING)

51

Russell driving, Sara riding shotgun. ON THE RADIO, a book  
on tape plays:

SARA

Book on tape. Really?

RUSSELL

*In Cold Blood.* It calms me.

SARA

I'd be a lot calmer if I could turn  
it off.

RUSSELL

I'd be a lot calmer if you were a  
lot calmer.

Russell turns it off.

52 EXT. GINA SINCLAIR'S CONDO COMPLEX - DAY (LATER)

52 \*

Denali pulls up. Russell and Sara get out. Sara shoots a  
look across the street, clocks Burrows' sedan. No Burrows.

SARA

Burrows' car.

RUSSELL

No Burrows.

Something's not right. Suddenly, they hear a WOMAN'S SCREAM!  
Is it Colleen? They rush toward the building. Sara pulls  
her gun. Russell pulls his cell --

RUSSELL

Control, Charlie-Zero-One-Russell.  
443. Requesting immediate back-up,  
my location. Code Three.

53 INT. GINA'S CONDO - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

53

The door is closed, but splintered. Pushes open, Sara steps in, leading with her gun. Russell behind her. Their eyes immediately lock on --

REVERSE ANGLE

Not Colleen, but a BLOODIED and BEATEN GINA SINCLAIR tied to a chair. An enraged Ed Burrows over her, KNIFE to her throat. BG, Pomeranian BARKING. Gina looks to our CSIs, pleading --

\*

GINA SINCLAIR

\*

Shoot him!

Sara levels her gun --

SARA

Mr. Burrows, drop the knife!

Burrows is startled but doesn't comply.

GINA SINCLAIR

\*

SHOOT HIM!

SARA

Mr. Burrows, please, don't do this --

RUSSELL

This won't bring your daughter back.  
You do this, she wins.

ED BURROWS

(in tears)

She cut my little Jenny into pieces.

Suddenly, Officer Mitchell and UNI appear in the doorway, guns out.

OFFICER MITCHELL

Put the knife down or I will shoot  
you!

Burrows doesn't budge. Mitchell is about to fire, when Russell puts a hand out to Mitchell --

RUSSELL

We got this.

He looks to Sara, who closes the distance with Burrows --

SARA

Mr. Burrows, Colleen Hughes is  
missing. And she's the only one  
who knows where she is.

Tension. All guns on Burrows. He's deeply conflicted.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

So close to having his revenge, yet --

SARA

Colleen has parents, too. You need  
to help us. Please. Put the knife  
down.

Sara holsters. Takes a step toward him, hand outstretched.

SARA

It's okay.

Burrows holds Sara's look, places the knife in her hand. IN  
an instant, Officer Mitchell and the UNI take him down. As  
they put Burrows in CUFFS --

GINA SINCLAIR

(to Sara)

Thank you.

\*

Sara says nothing, turns away. Walks out past Russell. OFF  
Russell, watching her go.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

54 EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING - DAY 54

NICK (V.O.)  
Fire in the hole!

55 INT. CSI - GARAGE - DAY 55

Not a gun. But a BLAST OF HIGH-INTENSITY WATER, cleaving into a RAW PORK SHANK (locked in a vise). As the pork shank EXPLODES INTO the fat, muscle and bone --

56 CSI SHOT - WE DIVE INTO THE PORK SHANK 56

along with the water. We see the MOLECULES OF WATER IMPACTING THE FAT, MUSCLE AND BONE. RIPPING AWAY chunks of tissue and splinters of bone, and carrying them away with the water. Until the water obliterates all the material, leaving RAGGED, SHREDDED EDGES between the now TWO HALVES of pork shank.

57 BACK TO SCENE 57

REVEAL Nick, in TYVEK COVERALLS and FACE SHIELD, surrounded by a VISQUINE CURTAIN. He's holding an INDUSTRIAL PRESSURE WASHER wand, the source of the water. He shuts off the machine. Raises his FACE SHIELD. Examines the ragged cuts in the pork. And compares them to AUTOPSY PHOTOS of the Sinclairs' prior dismembered victims. \*

Just then, Sara enters, looking a bit ragged herself.

NICK  
Hey. Heard it got pretty ugly over at Gina's.

SARA  
Good news, she's in the hospital.  
Bad news, she's going to be okay.  
And we still have no idea where they're holding Colleen. \*

(then)  
Burrows is facing kidnapping, assault with a deadly weapon, attempted murder. \*

NICK  
At his age, could be a life sentence. \*

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

SARA

And once again, Gina skates.

NICK

Maybe not this time. Hodges found traces of Sodium Metasilicate and Anionic Surfactant on all cement girl's body parts.

SARA

Soap?

NICK

Not just any soap. Soap used in industrial pressure washers --  
(re: washer in hand)  
-- like this baby. Got me thinking. You never found the tool used to cut any of the Sinclairs' victims.

\*

He gestures to the Autopsy Photos. Sara studies them.

NICK

Pork doesn't lie. The traumatic injuries are consistent.

SARA

You think they used a pressure washer to dismember the bodies?

(off his nod)

Only we never found any soap trace in the original case.

NICK

Got a theory on that, too. And you'll like it. Gina messed with the girls, but never messed with any pressure washer. That was Todd's job.

SARA

(on the same page)

He knew to wash off the soap. Gina missed that step. Or whoever she's teamed up with now.

(then)

So she has access to a pressure washer.

NICK

Not just any old one.

He gestures to a smaller pressure washer in a corner.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

NICK

I tried that home handyman version.  
Barely bruised the ribs. Takes  
15,000 psi's to do the job.

SARA

Industrial pressure washer.

NICK

Fifty thousand dollar unit. Not a  
whole lot of these floating around.  
Pretty sick unit.

SARA

And it's going to help us nail  
another sick unit.

58 INT. P.D. - INTERROGATION ROOM "A" - DAY

58

Russell, carrying a bag of FAST FOOD, pushes in. The N.D.  
UNI, posted at the door, squints at the bag.

RUSSELL

Thought Mr. Burrows might be hungry.  
Get yourself a cup of coffee.

Uni nods and exits, as Russell drops the bag on the table  
and takes a seat across from Burrows.

RUSSELL

Burger and fries. Better than the  
crap at county.

Burrows eyes him, suspicious. But digs in and starts eating.

ED BURROWS

Thanks.

(between bites)

You were at the house. Should have  
let me kill that bitch.

(then)

What are you here to take my  
statement? I want a lawyer.

RUSSELL

Just satisfying my curiosity.

Burrows stops eating, stares. Who the hell is this guy?

RUSSELL

What did it feel like? Staring  
into her face? Knowing she killed  
your daughter? Holding her life in  
your hands?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

ED BURROWS

What do you think? It felt good.  
And if I'd cut her throat, it would  
have felt better.

RUSSELL

(nods, then)

You know what I think -- I think  
you sound like a crazy person.  
Emotionally unstable. Maybe even  
temporarily insane.

This enrages Burrows.

RUSSELL

I'm sure your lawyer will agree  
with me.

Within the lines, Russell has told Burrows how to plead.  
And Burrows' anger gives way to understanding.

RUSSELL

I'm a father, too.

OFF their shared look --

59 INT. CSI - HALLWAY - DAY (LATER)

59

Russell on the move down the hall. O.S., a TAPPING ON GLASS.  
Russell hits the brakes, turns, looks into --

60 INT. CSI - DNA LAB - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

60

-- to see HENRY ANDREWS, staring through the glass, motioning  
for him to come in. Super excited. Russell enters.

HENRY ANDREWS

I love DNA. I like Tox, too. But  
this whole new DNA gig is like --

RUSSELL

Henry, you tapped.

HENRY ANDREWS

Yes, I did. And I think I hit a  
grand slam.

RUSSELL

I'll be the judge of that.

Henry hands Russell a DNA PRINT OUT.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

HENRY ANDREWS

I examined the SAE kit from Samantha Chase. "The Lady in Cement". Big Raquel fan by the way.

(then, re-focused)

I found semen on the vaginal swab. Which I ran on my first post-qualification DNA batch.

\*

RUSSELL

(re: print out)

So why are you giving me the results of our entire ninety-six sample run for the shift?

HENRY ANDREWS

Because I happen to notice that two of the samples were the same DNA. A match. Samantha Chase and Number 26.

\*

Russell scans down the list to NUMBER 26. It reads: "VOLUNTARY BUCCAL SWAB FROM RYAN THOMAS".

\*

RUSSELL

Ryan Thomas. The guy who dumped the microwave in the ravine?

\*

HENRY ANDREWS

If you say so. All I know is, it was his semen. He had relations with "The Lady in Cement."

61 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

61

Russell, Catherine, Nick and Sara. And Nick is pissed.

NICK

We had him. I was sitting right across from the guy. He played me.

CATHERINE

We've still got him because you swabbed his cheek and took his info.

SARA

Thomas' partnered with Gina. They tortured and killed Samantha Chase. And now they have Colleen.

\*

\*

RUSSELL

Called Brass. He checked Thomas' place. Wasn't there. Someone's sitting on it. Got a broadcast out on his van.

\*

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

A beat, then...

CATHERINE

Where does Thomas work? \*

NICK

Guy's a day laborer. Construction,  
odd jobs.

(checks his file)

Last employment was at a marina.

SARA

(making a connection)

... Marina?

CATHERINE

What've you got?

SARA

Hodges ran the fibers I pulled from  
the cement blocks. Said it was  
fiberglass. Type used in auto body  
repair. Also boats.

RUSSELL

Four kids growing up in Seattle, we  
spent a lot of time on the water.  
And time off it. My least favorite  
part. Getting the boat ready for  
storage. Winterizing it. Don't  
guess you get much winter here...

NICK

... But we do have a Lake and a lot  
of boats.

RUSSELL

And before you store them, what do  
you do?

NICK

Power-wash them.

CATHERINE

(putting it together) \*

What marina did Ryan Thomas work at? \*

62 EXT. MARINA/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

62

TRACK FAST ACROSS BOATS, stacked in dry dock. Suddenly, \*  
 Nick, Sara, and a couple of UNIS ENTER FRAME, moving fast, \*  
 keeping pace with the CAMERA. FOLLOW them THROUGH THE BOATS. \*  
 They pass by a WHITE VAN. Nick reads the plate -- \*

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

NICK

Thomas' van. \*

Nick pulls his gun, looks inside the van. It's empty. \*

Just then, Officer Mitchell appears -- \*

OFFICER MITCHELL \*

There's a warehouse around back. \*

For lease. Looks abandoned. \*

SARA \*

They've got to be there. \*

They all draw guns -- \*

63 INT. MARINA/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

63

Nick, Sara, Officer Mitchell and the Unis enter the warehouse and move through the darkness -- \*

A FAINT LIGHT at the rear of the warehouse. They pass OLD FIBERGLASS BOAT MOLDS. See BAGS OF CEMENT on a wooden pallet. Stacks of old BOXES obscure their view, as they stealth forward. Suddenly, we HEAR -- \*

The HIGH PITCHED BARK of a DOG. And then, a girl CRYING. Maybe Colleen's still alive. Officer Mitchell gives hand signals to the Unis, telling them to fan out. As they do, they HEAR --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Don't cry. Last sip is yours.

Nick and Sara swap a look. Who is that? Can't be Gina.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You want to be a good girl, don't you? Say it. "I want to be a good girl."

More SOBBING. Nick and Sara push through the darkness. There's old BLOOD SPATTERED VISQUINE hanging in front of some METAL SHELVES, obscuring their view. As they come around the shelves they finally see -- \*

A YOUNG GIRL, VICKY (13), in a NIGHTGOWN, tied to a bed. Lying next to her, wearing LINGERIE and holding a BEER BOTTLE is... Colleen Hughes. VIDEO TAPING it all is Ryan Thomas. \*

A POMERANIAN leashed in a corner. \*

COLLEEN HUGHES

Such a pretty girl. Such a good girl.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Colleen kisses Vicky on the cheek, caresses her with a beer bottle. PUSH IN -- on Sara and Nick as this horrible realization hits them -- the victim has become the abuser.

\*  
\*

OFFICER MITCHELL  
Police! On the ground! Now!

Ryan tries to run, but a Uniform quickly subdues him. Colleen doesn't move. Sara watches, still in shock, as Officer Mitchell pulls Colleen off the bed. Colleen resists, distraught.

\*  
\*  
\*

COLLEEN HUGHES  
Get off me! Don't touch me!

Nick moves to Vicky, who's shaking and sobbing.

\*

NICK  
It's alright. You're going to be alright.

Nick cuts the ROPE LIGATURES that bind Vicky to the bed. Vicky hugs Nick, grateful to be alive.

As Nick comforts her...

ANGLE ON SARA

as Colleen is cuffed and muscled past her. Their eyes meet.

COLLEEN HUGHES  
I wanted to give Gina another flower.  
I'm a good girl.

OFF Sara's speechless horror --

64 EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

64 \*

The lights shimmering, but somehow dimmer.

65 INT. DESERT PALM HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

65 \*

Sara sits on a bench outside Colleen's room. Uni posted at the door. THROUGH THE WINDOW, we see Colleen shackled with four-point restraints to the bed, in a heavily sedated state. Next to her, a tearful Mrs. Hughes confers with the DOCTOR.

Finally, she exits and joins Sara, who stands.

MRS. HUGHES  
The Doctor says victims sometimes identify with their abusers. Colleen is who she is because of what Gina Sinclair did to her.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

Both women are struggling to come to terms with this.

SARA

Colleen was at a critical age when she was abducted. Just starting to develop her personality.

MRS. HUGHES

I thought it was a miracle, a gift, that she survived. And now --

She looks into the room at Colleen, then --

MRS. HUGHES

How do I protect her from herself?

Sara has no answer for her. A beat, then Mrs. Hughes goes back into the room and sits with her daughter. Just then, Sara feels a presence and looks up to see --

Gina, carrying a bouquet of SUNFLOWERS, walking toward her. Gina is bruised and bandaged.

SARA

What are you doing here?

GINA SINCLAIR

Same thing you are.

SARA

Keep walking. You come anywhere near Colleen, I'll arrest you for violating the terms of your parole.

GINA SINCLAIR

You're wrong about me, Sara. You've always been wrong about me. Hope you're sorry.

SARA

I am. Sorry for Colleen. For Jennifer. Sorry for all those girls. And all their families. All the lives you ruined.

GINA SINCLAIR

I served my time. I think you need to accept that and move on.

Gina shoves the sunflowers into Sara's hands and turns to walk away.

GINA SINCLAIR

Tell Colleen I was here. I'm thinking about her.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

Sara watches her, barely able to contain her fury, knowing she's untouchable. Sara turns and walks in the other direction, dumping the flowers in the nearest trash can.

As she approaches the Nurse's Station, several Unis crowded around it. They part to REVEAL --

Russell, seated on the bench at the end of the hall. Waiting for her. Who knows how long. Sara's surprised to see him. He walks over to her.

RUSSELL

Have you eaten?

SARA

I need to go home.

RUSSELL

(ignoring)

Yeah, I'm hungry, too. You like Italian?

(off her silence)

Chinese?... Greek?... Sushi?... I will keep going.

In spite of herself, Sara cracks the faintest smile.

SARA

How about eggs?

RUSSELL

Eggs are good.

As they walk off --

RUSSELL

Can't talk you into egg drop soup?

SARA

No.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE