

CSI: **Crime Scene Investigation**

“REVENGE IS BEST SERVED COLD”

EPISODE #03/02

WRITTEN BY

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"REVENGE IS BEST SERVED COLD"

Episode #03/02

CAST

GIL GRISSOM

CATHERINE WILLOWS

CAPT. JIM BRASS

NICK STOKES

WARRICK BROWN

SARA SIDLE

DR. ROBBINS

GREG SANDERS

HANK PEDDIGREW

DAVID PHILLIPS

DET. CYRUS LOCKWOOD

RONNIE LITRA

BOBBY DAWSON

GRINDER

MATT BUNIN

DOYLE PFEIFFER

LITA GIBBONS

NADINE MILLER

YOUNG GEARHEAD

THUMPY G

MICHELANGELO

LARRY MASTERS

ADAM MASTERS

BARTENDER

TONY DEL NAGRO

RUDY DEL NAGRO

RITA DEL NAGRO

N.D. WAITRESS

Featured, Non-Speaking

Jace Felder

Professional Race Drivers

"REVENGE IS BEST SERVED COLD"

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SETS

INTERIORS	EXTERIORS
Coroner's Office	Las Vegas Skyline
Autopsy Room A	Desert
CSI	Frenchman Field
A/V Lab	Racing Track/Landing Strip
DNA Lab	Side Street
Layout Room	Michelangelo's Motor Garage
Corridor	Gibson Road Tent Sale
Trace Lab *	
Ballistics *	
Firearms *	
Garage	
Police Department	
Interrogation Room	Racing Cars
Corridor	CSI Tahoes
Brass' Office	
Tangiers Hotel	
Poker Room	
Main Floor	
Service Bar Area	
Michelangelo's Motor Garage	
Del Nagro House	
Living Room	
Garage	
Tony's Car	
Racing Cars	
Station Wagon	

Special Shots

Mees lines on cuticle magnified at 1000X
Camera into ear canal, see torn eardrum membrane *

Nitrous oxide hisses from bottle into engine
Sound pulsing down ear canal, popping eardrum
Temporal lobe of brain - swollen
Follow air into bar gun, pick up booze, shoot it back through
Eye drop liquid drops into drink, blends
Magnifier POV - deformed bullet
Magnifier POV - glass on end of bullet
Chocolate solution vaporizes

CSI: CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION"Revenge Is Best Served Cold"TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE - NIGHT 1

The Strip, pure as ether. Translucent liquid neon pulsing in hemorrhagic fashion. Sin city's never been so alive. As...

CAMERA SWEEPS DOWN Las Vegas Boulevard with reckless abandon, absorbing everything in its span. The gold of Mandalay Bay. The Luxor's pyramid. Off the MGM's green monster, we --

MATCH CUT TO:

2 INT. TANGIERS HOTEL - POKER ROOM - NIGHT 2

-- A DOZEN GREEN FELT POKER TABLES shoehorned with a cornucopia of players. Tourists. Pros. Sharks. Grinders. Deadbeats. All mumbling hidden vernacular.

Cards RIFFLE effortlessly from the DEALERS. Neutral in all this. By the hush, we can tell there's an order to it all. As well as an agenda. Beat the other man. This isn't about cards. It's about "skill." The skill of reading a man and his tells. If you just know how to look --

MOVE PAST the 15/30 games to a "No Limit Texas Hold 'Em Table." The "Cadillac" of poker. This is where the big boys play. The energy -- much different. A \$10,000 stack in front of each player.

POKER TABLE

Four stale-faced players sit across from each other like a United Nations Summit. In the center of the table is the "flop": Queen of Clubs, King of Clubs, eight of Clubs.

Sitting first base is the GRINDER. Mid-thirties. A slim Italian drink of water. Product of Atlantic City. Shifty eyes. Three day growth. Playing it very close to the vest. For the Grinder, this isn't a challenge. This is how he feeds his kids.

CAMERA EAVESDROPS ON the Grinder's two cards. He's holding an eight of spades and nine of clubs. He TAPS the layout with his knuckles three times. Signifying --

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

GRINDER

Check...

He has a low pair, working a flush. Somebody could have a pair of Kings or Aces. Grinder's going to wait it out.

*

MATT

He don't bet but he keeps a beat.

Grinder doesn't flinch. His eyes angle up from the flop to --

MATT BUNIN, late-twenties, sitting third seat. Dressed in new Adidas sweats. Kangol cap. A typical California poker player. Always YAPPING. Telling you what you have. Beer in front of him.

MATT

(to Grinder)

You check. Someone's on a flush draw.

*

*

(to Doyle)

What do you got, Candyman?

Sitting second seat, **DOYLE PFEIFFER**. POPPING a chocolate into his mouth. A small pile of chocolate candies spilled out from a wrapper in front of him. Underneath that wrapper, stacked like chips, several empty wrappers. A foray of colors. Orange, red, yellow, green and blue hard shells. It's his signature.

*

*

*

*

Make no mistake, this man is a legend. 6'1. 200 lbs. Physically and mentally imposing. Looking at every player with dolls eyes. His mind never resting. Processing tells. Dissecting the flop. Calculating what everyone's holding.

CAMERA EAVESDROPS ON his hand, a pair of bullets. Ace of diamonds. Ace of clubs. Doyle doesn't bite.

DOYLE

Check...

MATT

What? You waitin' for me to move first? I'll take a free card.
Check...

CAMERA EAVESDROPS ON Matt's cards, a pair of cowboys. King of Diamonds. King of Spades.

LITA

(insult, to Matt)

Nice hat. I check.

Next to him, **LITA GIBBONS**. Late-forties. Palm Springs native. Age in her hands and experience on her face.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

CAMERA EAVESDROPS ON her hand, Queen of Hearts, Ten of Spades. Needs a "Jack" for a straight. She reaches in her purse for a bottle of eye drops. DROPS a few DROPS into both eyes. Continues.

Just then, **NADINE MILLER**, in a risque cocktail outfit and balancing a tray filled with drinks, comes over to Doyle. *

NADINE MILLER *

Whiskey sour.

She sets down a napkin, then the drink. Makes eye contact with Matt. Doyle, meanwhile, doesn't acknowledge her. *
Stiffs her. *

NADINE MILLER *

(fake smile; to Doyle) *

Thank you.

MATT

(to Doyle)

Stiff. Typical. Yeah, keep chompin'.

(to Dealer)

Come on. Deal the game. Let's go. *

Cocktail Waitress moves over to Grinder. Sets down a fresh bottled water. He gives her a five dollar chip. She smiles, exits. *

Dealer burns a card. Turns a card. REVEAL an eight of diamonds. Good for the Grinder, now holding three eights. He quickly checks his cards again.

GRINDER

I can bet it. Make it two thousand.

MATT

The Grinder speaks. *

Grinder doesn't give anything away. Giving everything away. Doyle simply cups a stack of chips. Puts out four-thousand.

DOYLE

Re-raise. Four thousand. *

Matt takes a pause. Milling his options.

MATT

Well, might as well make it a poker game. I'm all in.

Matt gives his chips "the arm." Pushes all in. Suckers. *

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (3)

2

MATT

What do you got, Southern Iowa?

LITA

I got a pain in my ass to the right.

Lita folds. Meanwhile, Grinder is lost in his own silence, he's just made a terrible mistake.

GRINDER

I'm gonna go get a \$2000 slice of pizza.

Grinder MUCKS his cards. Tosses them in. Folding. It's now Matt versus Doyle. Doyle stares at the kid. Seeing if he's going to shake.

DOYLE

You might have the best hand. Or you might be trying to buy it.

Matt doesn't retort. Believe it or not, this kid knows when to talk and when to listen.

DOYLE

Johnny Chan was wondering if I was too old too. Like back in the '86 series.

MATT

You mean, the series where the ball went through Buckner's legs.

DOYLE

Forget the story. Here's what's what. You been runnin' your mouth all night about what people got. Me? I got Aces. What do you got? You got trips? King, Queen? Two pair? Ace hits the board, I win. Club hits the board, I win. Eight, nine hits the board, I win.

*
*

Doyle POPS another candy.

MATT

Here's the math, old man. Thirteen of every suit in the deck. I see four clubs. That means you got nine comin'. There's thirty-seven cards left. You like those odds?

*

DOYLE

I like 'em more than you...

*
*

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (4)

2

Doyle puts his hands on his chips, about to give them the arm, go "all in", when his wrists go limp. An instant later, he starts to CONVULSE. Then --

*
*

BLAM!!! Doyle takes a HEADER into his chips. They scatter into the air. Candies BOUNCE for cover. As we --

*

CUT TO:

3 INT. TANGIERS CASINO - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

3

OPEN on GIL GRISSOM, standing in the middle of the neon cesspool. Everything in the casino is in motion. Cards. Coins. Tourists. Cocktail waitresses. All except Grissom, feet planted, field kit in hand. He just stands there and listens. WARRICK BROWN walks INTO FRAME.

WARRICK

You lost?

GRISSOM

No. Just listening.

(explains)

E-C-G. C-major chords. All the slots play the same notes. Perfect harmony. Makes people happy.

WARRICK

Except when you're losing. When that happens you don't hear nothin'.

Grissom PULLS FOCUS to Warrick. "If he only knew." They start across the casino toward the Poker Room. Past a row of blackjack tables. One of the DEALERS lifts his eyes from the layout, notices Warrick, nods. Warrick doesn't acknowledge. But Grissom notices.

4 INT. TANGIERS CASINO - POKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

4

COPS stringing yellow tape around the now empty poker room. JIM BRASS herding the witnesses: Lita, Grinder and an agitated Matt. HANK PEDDIGREW, the EMT from last season, loading Doyle's body onto a gurney. As Grissom and Warrick approach --

*
*

WARRICK

Hey, Hank...

HANK

Hey. Sara with you guys?

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

WARRICK

On her way.

Hank registers disappointment.

HANK

Tell her I said hi.

Warrick nods, as Hank heads out with his paramedic equipment. Brass walks up to Grissom.

*
*

BRASS

Doyle Pfeiffer. Best poker player in the world. 18 hours ago he sits down at the table a healthy man. Half hour ago, he drops dead.

WARRICK

Casino not satisfied with heart attack?

GRISSOM

We're not satisfied. Until we know otherwise, we treat it like a murder.

WARRICK

(gets it)

Suspicious circs.

Warrick takes out his camera, starts taking one-to-ones. Grissom moves over to study the table.

GRISSOM

Play poker?

WARRICK

Nah. Poker's not gambling. It's a skill. You're playing percentages. I play for the high.

*

Grissom gives him a look, play versus played.

*

GRISSOM

(re: kings)

Whose cards are these?

MALE VOICE

Mine. It's my pot. I had kings over his aces.

Matt attempts to walk over. Brass holds him off.

BRASS

I'm not done.

*

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

A gloved Warrick turns over Matt's cards, REVEALS two kings.

GRISSOM

Pair of cowboys.

Warrick turns over Doyle's cards. (Note: Scattered chips and chocolate candies still next to them). Sure enough -- two aces.

GRISSOM

Two bullets.

(to Warrick)

Burn one. Turn one.

Warrick burns one card. Turns the next. It's the --

WARRICK

Ace of Spades.

GRISSOM

Death card.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. DESERT - SUNRISE 5

OPEN ON the sun. Rising it's big bald head over the horizon. Melting gold over the valley. HOLD --

CAMERA PANS to FIND a squad car. Red and blue bar hues dot the desert floor. INTO THE LENS, two bright beams of white light reflect. We SEE they're MAGLIGHTS held by CATHERINE WILLOWS and NICK STOKES.

NICK
There's Lockwood...

WHAT CATHERINE AND NICK SEE

DETECTIVE CYRUS LOCKWOOD waving a flare to attract their attention. They approach Lockwood, standing over a dead body -- male, early 20s, jeans, T-shirt, ripped physique. *

NICK
... Who called it in? *

DETECTIVE LOCKWOOD
Western LVU ornithology student
saw turkey vultures. Got curious.

Catherine kneels, spirals her Maglight over sections of the dead man's chest and legs. We SEE they've been partially eaten away by the vultures, through his shirt and pants.

CATHERINE
Birds of prey beat maggots to a
body. Impressive.

Catherine leans in more. Sees a quarter-size bloody hole beneath his left cheek-bone.

CATHERINE
Gunshot. Entry just below his
cheek bone. Not much blood.
(looking)
No blood pools.

NICK
Means he wasn't shot here.

CATHERINE
Where exactly is "here"?

DETECTIVE LOCKWOOD
Frenchman Airfield.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

DETECTIVE LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)
Old landing strip. Hasn't been
used since the sixties.

Nick takes in his surroundings. Thinking it out loud.

NICK
Well, it's flat. You could still
land a plane.

DETECTIVE LOCKWOOD
Yeah, but in the middle of nowhere?

CATHERINE
Perfect place to dump a body.

CUT TO:

6

INT. TANGIER'S CASINO - POKER ROOM - MORNING

6

OPEN ON Grissom and Warrick processing the poker table. Grissom is emptying the contents of the drink glasses. Transferring the liquid in Doyle's glass to a container labeled: "Doyle Pfeiffer, third seat." Then Grissom carefully picks up the glass. Bags it. Labels it. As --

Warrick bags Doyle's candies.

SARA (O.S.)
I got chocolate.

WARRICK
What color?

Warrick looks under the table TO FIND SARA SIDLE, on her knees, shining her maglite. She's focused on a lone GREEN CANDY. With gloved fingers, she picks it up. She resurfaces. Proud of her finding.

*
*

SARA
Green. You know what they say
about the green ones?

Before Warrick can answer, Grissom chimes in.

*

GRISSOM
Bag it separately.

*
*

Warrick and Sara exchange a smile. "He doesn't get the reference." Meanwhile --

*
*

OUTSIDE POKER AREA

Brass is getting an earful from Matt. Still hot about the pot. In the b.g., the poker table is still cordoned off.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

BRASS

See this badge? I'm not from the
Gaming Commission. You got a
problem, talk to the guy in the bad
suit.

*

Matt looks over at the Gaming Commissioner in a Loehman's
Sale Rack pin-stripe. He's next on the list. But for now --

MATT

(half hearing)

You agree, right? It's a forfeit.
Doyle never went "all in." He can
wipe his ass with those Aces.
River card or no river card. I
beat him. It's a forfeit.

BRASS

Look. Look. Ssh. Pending an
investigation. It's his pot...

Brass indicates Grissom, who is still processing the layout.
Now bagging and tagging the players' cards. Including the
"flop" and the remainder of the deck.

Meanwhile, Warrick has found something disturbing with his
ALS. He holds his light steady.

WARRICK

Is that what I think it is?

Grissom and Sara come around to the other side of the table.
One of the chairs is "glowing" with a puddle of body fluid.

GRISSOM

Urine, maybe. Game like this,
leaving the table can be perceived
as a sign of weakness.

*

SARA

Tell me they "scotch guard" these
things.

GRISSOM

You can tell me when you take it
back to the lab.

SARA

(lifeless)

Yeah.

*

*

Sara picks up the chair and exits. Leaving Grissom and
Warrick alone at the table. Penny for your thoughts time.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

WARRICK

How do you know about poker?

GRISSOM

It's how I financed my first body farm in college.

WARRICK

You serious?

(beat)

You sat at a table with other living human beings?

GRISSOM

Poker's not about interaction. It's about observation. I started out studying people. Now I study evidence.

WARRICK

How come you never said anything? We've talked shop about gambling before.

*
*
*

GRISSOM

(the lesson)

Same reason a good player hides his "tells".

*

WARRICK

(understood)

They don't want to be exposed.

Grissom closes his field kit. Conversation's over. Warrick's been exposed.

CUT TO:

7

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM "A" - MORNING

7

OPEN ON Doyle's cold body. On a cold metal slab. Grissom enters, crosses to DR. ROBBINS at the table.

DR. ROBBINS

... You know why Steve Wynn hired Bobby Baldwin to run the Nugget? Then The Mirage. The Bellagio. He was a great poker player. A great thinker.

GRISSOM

I never knew that.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

DR. ROBBINS
Stop the world.

Dr. Robbins gives a small smile to Grissom. They're friends. Now the body...

DR. ROBBINS
No violaceous lividity prominent
above the level of the shoulders.

GRISSOM
So no heart attack.

DR. ROBBINS
Not ruling out stroke. But check
out the Mees lines in his finger
nails...

Dr. Robbins lifts Doyle's right wrist. SNAP ZOOM TO:

8

CSI SHOT

8

A cuticle at the 1000th power. Horizontal white lines
appear in the nail bed, like an albino candy cane. SNAP
ZOOM OUT TO:

9

BACK TO SCENE

9

Dr. Robbins makes his way up the body to the mouth area.

DR. ROBBINS
... Milky vomit-like fluid in the
corners of his mouth...

SNAP ZOOM TO:

10

CORNER OF DOYLE'S MOUTH

10

TO REVEAL a frothy pearl-like marshmallow substance. Dried
and bubbly. INTO THIS SHOT comes Dr. Robbins' gloved hand.
He peels the vic's upper-lip back TO REVEAL a single black-
blue line running between the teeth and gums. Like a blue
line on a hockey rink.

11

BACK TO SCENE

11

DR. ROBBINS
... Single blue line running across
his gums. All the earmarks of lead
poisoning.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

GRISSOM

In this day and age?

Dr. Robbins points to a circular scar on Doyle's upper thigh. Looks old.

DR. ROBBINS

What does that look like to you?

Dr. Robbins pulls out an X-ray. Holds it up for Grissom.

*

GRISSOM

There's a bullet in his thigh.

*

*

DR. ROBBINS

Probably been there quite a while.
Leeching lead into his system.

*

*

GRISSOM

Enough to kill him?

DR. ROBBINS

I'll know better when I get the tox
screen back and examine his brain.

*

CUT TO:

12 EYE-IN-THE-SKY SURVEILLANCE VIDEO (MOS)

12

Black-and-white footage of the poker game FILLS THE SCREEN.
Doyle, Matt, Lita and Grinder. Early on in the game.
Everyone fresher. PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

13 INT. CSI - A/V LAB - MORNING - INTERCUTTING

13

Grissom, all alone, in front of the plasma screen, eyes fixed on the game. Playing forensic poker. Observing behavior. From his POV we SEE:

Doyle, again with the candies. He picks up a chocolate, pops it in his mouth, goes all in. Grissom FAST-FORWARDS to another hand. A while later. Doyle doesn't pick up a candy, folds. Grissom FAST-FORWARDS again. Another hand. Doyle pops another chocolate, raises his bet. A pattern silently begins to emerge.

Now, Matt. Just collecting a big pot from Doyle. He motions to the Cocktail Waitress. Takes five black chips, five hundred dollars, tosses them on her tray. Eyes Doyle, as if to say "I'm tipping her with your money."

Grissom ZOOMS IN on the Grinder. Watches for an inordinate beat. Then, SPEED-SEARCHES through him.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

His movements are minimal. Methodical. Guy's a robot.

Lastly, Lita. PICK UP on her opening a small tube of CARMEX lip balm. She whisks her finger into the balm and coats her lips. Then, with the same hand, she lifts her cards, sneaking a peak. GRISSOM fast forwards to another hand.

Now, Lita pulls out a small bottle of eye drops. Tilts her head back. Drop, drop left eye. Drop, drop right eye.

Then, she does the strangest thing. She looks to Doyle's cards, looks to Grinder's cards, looks to Matt's card. Then, her own. Not a big look, her version of subtle. Out of nowhere she goes all in. Grissom is suspicious.

*
*
*
*
*

GRISSOM
(to himself)
Everybody has a tell...

OFF Grissom, FAST-FORWARDING again, the SPEED BLUR of the layout reflected onto his face --

CUT TO:

14

INT. CSI - DNA LAB - DAY

14

OPEN ON GREG SANDERS, tapping his fingers on the GC-MASS SPEC. He's just processed the contents of the drinks from the crime scene. Sara is there waiting for the results.

GREG SANDERS
... A Whiskey Sour? I'm a "Thug
Passion" man myself.
(off her look)
Alize and Cristal.

Sara doesn't get it.

GREG SANDERS
It's a Tupac thing. So, what does
your Paramedic drink? With a name
like Hank, I figure he's probably
got ho's sipping on 'yak.

SARA
Cognac, no. "Ho's", not getting
it. And he drinks... none of your
business. Nobody's business...

GREG SANDERS
I won't tell Warrick and Nick. On
one condition.

*

Sara waits for it.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

GREG SANDERS

What's Hank got that I ain't got?

Just then, BEEP. The GCMASS SPEC spits out a sheet of paper. Sara, avoiding, rips it off, checks --

SARA

There was tetrahydrozoline in the victim's drink.

*
*

She heads out the door. Greg calls after her --

GREG SANDERS

Hey, never got my answer.

SARA

Got mine.

*
*

Sara waves "bye" with the paper. Typical Sara.

*

HARD CUT TO:

15 INT. CSI - A/V LAB - DAY

15

ECU on an EYE DROP BOTTLE. The image is digitally enhanced, a bit fuzzy, but you can still make out the words in fine print on its label: CONTAINS TETRAHYDROZOLINE. ZOOM OUT TO Lita, holding the bottle. Then, PULL BACK to REVEAL --

Grissom, Sara and Warrick staring at the surveillance video.

WARRICK

... She killed him with eyedrops?

SARA

Not that farfetched. Tetrahydrozoline is the active ingredient in eye drops. It's a vaso-constrictor. Great for bloodshot eyes...

WHITE FLASH TO:

16 ECU - N.D. EYEBALL

16

BLOODSHOT, like the lead singer from Motley Crue, a giant half-oval of glistening white, the pupil ice-blue, surrounded by red, throbbing, angry capillaries. HOLD for a beat, then a pristine drop of clear liquid falls from the heavens, hits the surface of the eye and flows in every direction. As the liquid touches the capillaries, they constrict and start to shrink, getting the redness out.

*

WHITE FLASH TO:

17 BACK TO SCENE

17

WARRICK

... But if you ingest it, it constricts the blood vessels throughout your body... which would spike your blood pressure. Maybe even cause a stroke.

*

*

SARA

It's the perfect poison. Odorless, colorless, tasteless. Doyle never would've known it was in his drink.

*

GRISSOM

Only one problem...

WARRICK

What's that?

GRISSOM

Lita Gibbons was the last one to join the game. And she never left her chair. How did her eye drops get into his drink?

CUT TO:

18 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

18

OPEN ON DR. ROBBINS. Standing over the d.b. from the landing strip. The victim's torso and legs reveal evidence of vulture predation. Also, significant strap bruising on his torso (in the shape of a five-point harness). Bullet entry on left side of face and exit wound on the right.

Catherine enters just as Dr. Robbins jots a final note.

DR. ROBBINS

Nice timing. Just finished my prelim on your John Doe.

Catherine approaches the body. Observes.

CATHERINE

No longer a John Doe. Got a name and a rap sheet. Jace Felder. Busted for selling meth in '98. Prints are in AFIS. Your turn.

*

DR. ROBBINS

Cause of death -- perforating gunshot wound, through-and-through.

19 ECU - VICTIM'S FACE 19 *

A BULLET penetrates the skull, entering just below the left cheek. Exiting with a mist of blood at the right temple. *

20 BACK TO SCENE 20

DR. ROBBINS
Wound penetrated the zygomatic arch. Exited the right temple. *

Take a look at his right eardrum.

Dr. Robbins hands an otoscope to Catherine, who places the scope into the victim's ear canal.

21 CSI SHOT - THROUGH THE OTOSCOPE 21

CAMERA ZOOMS INTO the auditory canal. Past tiny hairs and bits of wax. TO a hole -- traces of blood around the rim. THINK a drum with the top skin ripped off. Blood surrounds the missing tympanic membrane.

22 BACK TO SCENE 22

Catherine retracts from the ear. Much to her surprise --

CATHERINE
His eardrum's gone.

DR. ROBBINS
(agreeing)
Presence of blood indicates the tympanic membrane was blown out shortly before death. *

CATHERINE
We found him on an airstrip. Maybe *

he got too close to a jet engine.

DR. ROBBINS
Jet engine? That'd explain his clothing. Smelled gasoline and sent it off to Trace. *

(next subject)
But here's something you don't see every day.

Dr. Robbins focuses his attention to the chest area.

DR. ROBBINS
Peri-mortem bruising on the torso. Seatbelt, maybe. *

Catherine eyes the bruise. Throws in her two cents.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

CATHERINE

That or a harness.
 (conjectures)
 What was this guy, a Top Gun?

*

CUT TO:

23 EXT. FRENCHMAN FIELD - DAY

23

CAMERA FLIES IN OVER dust clouds and a heat mirage. LANDING ON Nick, like a lone wolf, standing there kit in hand. He looks down at the landing strip, covered in sand. At his feet, he notices something. Retrieves a four-inch paintbrush from his kit. Kneels and starts delicately brushing the sand from a tire mark. He looks down the sand-covered runway. His work's cut out for him.

*
*
*
*
*
*

TIME CUT TO:

24 OMITTED

24 *

25 EXT. FRENCHMAN FIELD - LANDING STRIP - TEN MINUTES LATER

25 *

A quarter-mile further down the runway. Nick steps over to another set of tire marks. A 35mm on a tripod. He snaps off a few one-to-ones. He notes that one set of treads veers off the pavement, suggesting a skidding wipeout.

*
*
*
*

Catherine walks INTO FRAME. Notices.

*

CATHERINE

This was no plane. Marks are too narrow. No center wheel.

*
*

With their eyes, Nick and Catherine follow the treads off the runway. Leading to several orange numbered markers placed beside evidence of broken glass; a snapped-off rearview.

CATHERINE

Not to mention airplanes rarely lose a rearview mirror. So... we're looking at a car.

*
*

NICK

Actually, we're looking at two. I saw fresh marks at the head of the runway. Two sets. Both parallel. My guess is... the first car spun out here.

*
*

Nick leads Catherine to a second set of parallel treads.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

NICK

And over here, a second set of
treads going straight ahead.

Catherine takes a knee. Taking a closer look.

CATHERINE

You only lay down treads when the
wheels aren't rolling smoothly.

(re: straight ahead
treads)

Panic braking? Sudden boost of
acceleration?

*
*
*

NICK

Either way, we're looking at a
race.

CATHERINE

Drag racing?

NICK

(clarifying)

Street racing. It's illegal for a
reason.

*
*

CATHERINE

Kids end up dead.

*
*

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

26 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT [NEW SHIFT/WARDROBE CHANGE]

26

(Note: To be shot in Vegas) OPEN ON a street-racing pre-party -- an urban rave with a trunk-woofer backbeat, flood-lit by xenon headlamps. MUSIC BLARES from car stereos. ENGINES REV in the distance. The REVELERS are either socializing over open car hoods or dancing sensually to rap beats. The girls range from teens to early twenties and from hot to hotter. The cars -- maxed-out Accords, Preludes, etc. -- sleek and ominous.

Tight clothes on those who can, baggies on those who can't. Everyone hooked up to the latest in communication technology -- cells, pagers, blackberries, etc.

ANGLE ON CATHERINE AND NICK

carrying field kits, taking in this Mardi Gras. Nick eyes a scantily clad BABE leaning against a 280-Z tricked out with a front dam, sideskirts, and a wing:

NICK

Midnight drags.

Off Catherine's look --

NICK

My oldest brother was a gearhead. Rebuilt a '65 GTO with three carbs, ran that thing flat-out. Zero to a buck thirteen in a quarter mile --

CATHERINE

So your brother's cooler than you.

Before Nick can answer, Lockwood approaches.

DETECTIVE LOCKWOOD

Welcome to pre-game. Every gear-banger in Clark County, all with the same question. "What're you runnin' under there?"

CATHERINE

Foreplay is foreplay. So, when do they race?

DETECTIVE LOCKWOOD

Not so much "When." It's "Where?" Racing locations are always in play. Once the call comes in, this street'll empty out in seconds.

*

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

CATHERINE

They go all the way out to
Frenchman Airfield from here?

DETECTIVE LOCKWOOD

Only when it rains.

CATHERINE

Rained last night. Rain brings the
oil up from the streets. So they
go somewhere they can get some
traction.

*
*
*
*

NICK

The desert.

*
*

As they pass a **YOUNG GEARHEAD**, late-teens, working on his
Acura. Nick leans in, admiring the customization. Talking
shop as Lockwood and Catherine look on.

NICK

Centrifugal supercharger. Sweet.

YOUNG GEARHEAD

(eyeing Catherine)

It's like the compressor side of a
turbo, but instead of spinning on
the exhaust, it goes through a
gearsset to the crank.

CATHERINE

More power, no extra weight. Every
girl's dream.

Nick gives her a look.

CATHERINE

Quick study.

YOUNG GEARHEAD

I like that...

(flirting)

Check the nitrous feed.

*

"Nitrous" gets Nick's special attention. Catherine notices.

NICK

NOS. Nitrous Oxide System.

CATHERINE

Nitrous oxide as in "speed."

WHITE FLASH TO:

27

CSI SHOT

27 *

OPEN ON a Nitrous Oxide bottle inside the trunk. The nitrous HISSES out. FOLLOW the nitrous line snaking forward TOWARD the engine, DOWN the manifold, and INTO the combustion chamber -- where the gas droplets surge, suddenly EXPLODING twice as fast. Imagine the Fremont Street Experience on coke. FOLLOW the pistons through the length of the drive train and DOWN TO the tires, SQUEALING as they spin, leaving tread marks.

*

WHITE FLASH TO:

28

BACK TO SCENE

28

YOUNG GEARHEAD

Speed is ultimately limited by how fast you can mix oxygen with fuel and ignite it.

CATHERINE

Sweet.

NICK

Regular air is only twenty percent oxygen. Nitrous is forty. Double the burn, double the power.

*

*

CATHERINE

(recalling; thinking)

A sudden boost of acceleration could account for those burned in treads back at the airstrip.

*

*

*

*

Just then, an Acura screeches up ten feet from Catherine. Driver swings the door open, starts to unfasten his five-buckle harness.

*

*

CATHERINE

Nick.

(motions)

Five-buckle harness. Matches the bruise on our vic.

*

A beat later. BOOM!!! From the deafening BASS of Thumpy G.

*

*

ANGLE ON THUMPY G'S MUSIC TRUCK

An enormous pickup rolls up, carrying an absurd mass of PULSATING woofers and subwoofers. The kids continue to dance, but Nick and Catherine wince at the loudness, as does Lockwood. From her field kit, Catherine pulls out a small decibel meter.

*

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

FAVOR DECIBEL METER

Catherine on the move. Approaching the truck. The meter reads 124... 128... 131...and climbing. At 155, Nick and Catherine stop. They can't take much more to the ears. Lockwood flashes his badge. Motions the truck owner, THUMPY G, to come over. He complies.

CATHERINE

(to Thumpy G)

... You deaf?

THUMPY G

Thanks. 'Sup. Thumpy G.

Thumpy G extends his hand. Nick and Catherine don't shake it.

NICK

A jackhammer is about fifty decibels quieter.

THUMPY G

Only way to beat a jackhammer is to bump 15,000 watts of Run DMC's "Dumb Girl." Or, LL Cool J's "Goin' back to Cali."

CATHERINE

"Too Short" didn't make the list. Bummer.

(to Nick, explaining)

My ex.

(next subject)

So... Thumpy G. You blow out a lot of eardrums?

THUMPY G

Try to.

29 OMITTED
THRU
32

29 *
THRU
32

33 CSI SHOT

33 *

ECU -- Jace Felder's outer/inner ear VIBRATING. Sound, visualized like gasoline vapors, pulsates down the ear canal, titillating the cilia, which dance like wheat fields in a hurricane. Finally reaching the tympanic membrane, which starts to vibrate with increasing intensity until it POPS.

34 BACK TO SCENE

34

Lockwood shows a picture of Jace Felder to Thumpy G.

DETECTIVE LOCKWOOD

You know this cat? Jace Felder.

THUMPY G

(cares less)

Negative.

*

CATHERINE

You didn't even look at it. Hey,
Thumpy G. How 'bout we impound
your car, seize your stereo system
and charge you with disturbing the
peace.

*

*

*

*

*

Catherine shoves the picture back at him. Thumpy G takes
another look. Loses the 'tude.

*

*

THUMPY G

Well... it is coming back to me...

*

*

NICK

We're all ears...

CUT TO:

35 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM A - NIGHT

35

Dr. Robbins, BACK TO CAMERA, working on the head of Doyle's
body, whistling. DAVID PHILLIPS is unraveling the cord to a
STRIKER SAW. Plugs it in, guns it -- REN, REN, RENNN...

DAVID PHILLIPS

Wow. Is this new?

DR. ROBBINS

Yeah. Turbo.

DAVID PHILLIPS

I like it. Need any help?

*

DR. ROBBINS

Nope...

With a GOOEY-SLURPY-RIPPING SOUND Dr. Robbins pulls the face
off the body, peeling it back to expose the skull.

He motions for the saw. David hands it over and Dr. Robbins
begins carving. IMAGINE drilling a tooth. This is a
million times worse. Several seconds of spraying bone chips
and a hint of blood spatter later, the operation is
complete.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Dr. Robbins reaches in, and when he turns around, he's holding the brain in his hands.

DR. ROBBINS
Ever hold a legend's brain?

Off David, intrigued --

HARD CUT TO:

36 INT. TANGIERS CASINO - POKER ROOM - NIGHT

36

THE SIDE OF LITA'S HEAD. PULL BACK to REVEAL she's working a new poker game. Sitting behind a big stack of chips. Putting eye drops into each eye.

WIDER TO REVEAL -- Grissom and Brass, watching from a distance. Studying Lita. The betting goes around: a player checks, another raises, Lita goes all in. Dealer burns and turns the "River." Lita rakes it in and wins the pot.

BRASS
How many pots is that?

*
*

GRISSOM
Too many.

*
*

They approach the table as the next hand is being dealt.

BRASS
Lita Gibbons. Why don't you sit this one out?

CUT TO:

37 INT. TANGIERS CASINO - NEAR POKER ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER 37

Grissom and Brass are talking to a poker-faced Lita.

LITA
... I live at this joint. The Tangiers is a smokehouse. Bothers my eyes.

*

BRASS
So you use eye drops.

*

LITA
Bottles and bottles. Pick a pocket.

BRASS
We'll take them all.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

As Lita digs in her pocket for the drops, juggling Carmex lip balm, Grissom's eyes are fixed on her eyes -- *

 GRISSOM

 What color are your eyes, Ms. Gibbons?

SNAP ZOOM TO:

ECU - LITA'S EYEBALL

The left eye is brown. But the right eye is darker brown. Along its periphery we notice the faint edge of a contact lens.

38 BACK TO SCENE

38

 LITA

 Brown.

Grissom looks even closer, trying to understand.

 GRISSOM

 You're wearing one contact lens.

 LITA

 I've got ten-thirty vision in my right eye.

 GRISSOM

 Why is it tinted?

 (no answer)

 We'll take the lens, too. And your lip balm.

Brass isn't sure what Grissom is up to. But Lita is -- despite the fact that her poker face remains unchanged.

CUT TO:

39 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM A - NIGHT

39

Warrick pushes in only to find Dr. Robbins and David Phillips staring at a brain in a stainless steel pan, as if it were a nude centerfold. Warrick approaches. *

 DAVID PHILLIPS

 The brain cried uncal.

 DR. ROBBINS

 Correct spelling, "U-N-C-A-L". *

Warrick gives a look. His eyebrows cross. *

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

DR. ROBBINS
Uncal herniation. A swelling at
the base of the temporal lobe...

Dr. Robbins uses metal retractors to pry apart the
hemispheres, and we SNAP ZOOM TO:

40 CSI SHOT

40

THE TEMPORAL LOBE of the brain, swollen and distended.

41 BACK TO SCENE

41

DR. ROBBINS
... which expands downward into the
opening of the spinal column,
resulting in a stroke.

WARRICK
Let's back up here. Victim had
chronic lead poisoning from a
bullet in his leg --

DR. ROBBINS
Tox is pending.

WARRICK
But you're thinking lead from the
bullet made his brain swell up.
With this... uncal herniation.

*
*
*

DR. ROBBINS
The wild card was blood pressure.
If he'd kept that under control, he
might've had another twenty years.

WARRICK
Except someone put tetrahydrozoline
in his drink. Which caused his
blood pressure to spike. And now
we got his brain on a plate.
(looks)
Nasty.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. MICHELANGELO'S MOTOR GARAGE - MORNING

42

Catherine and Nick head toward the autobody studio.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

NICK

Michelangelo? Odd name for a mechanic.

CATHERINE

Thumpy G said he was an artist.

HARD CUT TO:

43 INT. MICHELANGELO'S MOTOR GARAGE - MORNING

43

CLOSE ON a hood opening. PULL BACK to REVEAL a chromed-out Prelude engine. It's a work of art. WIDER TO Catherine and Nick, standing next to MICHELANGELO. Spotless, goateed, and tiny -- Prince, if he worked on cars. Mid-twenties. Been doing this since he was ten.

NICK

... Primo.

CATHERINE

How long have you been racing cars?

MICHELANGELO

I don't race 'em, I soup 'em. And at \$650 an hour, you're costing me money.

CATHERINE

And you're costing us time. We're investigating a murder.

MICHELANGELO

Jace Felder, right?

NICK

How do you know?

MICHELANGELO

Small world. Shame about what happened. He was the Vin Diesel of Southern Nevada.

NICK

We're looking for the kid he raced, the night he was shot.

MICHELANGELO

Why come to me?

CATHERINE

Someone dropped your name. Said this kid was driving a "Michelangelo."

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

MICHELANGELO

I have many works of art. Which one?

NICK

Blue rice box, white rims, tinted windows.

MICHELANGELO

Ah, yes. "Bessie Smith."

He strides toward a desk and picks up a photo -- an electric blue Honda with all the trimmings. He shows it to the CSIs.

MICHELANGELO

Built this baby for myself. Sold it to some punk kid.

(to himself)

Shouldn't of done that. Sold out.

CATHERINE

Tell us about the buyer.

MICHELANGELO

Kid walks in one day. 50,000 dollar price tag in his head. Wants a racer off the showroom floor. No custom. No waiting. Right now. Paid by check.

*
*

CATHERINE

Got a copy.

MICHELANGELO

Tossed it. Never should've done that either. All I know was it was an insurance company check. Third party. Sat on it 'til it cleared.

*
*

Catherine's CELL phone RINGS.

CATHERINE

Willows... Where?...

INTERCUT WITH:

44

EXT. GIBSON ROAD - DESERT LOT - DAY

44

TENT SALE. White tent with used car flags flapping in the wind. Behind Lockwood, on his cell, we SEE a line of parked cars, all for sale. A Uniform hovers.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

DETECTIVE LOCKWOOD

... Uniform found it out on Gibson Road. Tent sale. VIN number was scratched off, but I ran the fire wall. Came back Jace Felder.

CATHERINE

Tent sale? Who's the seller?

CAMERA FOLLOWS Lockwood's gaze THROUGH the windshield TO a "FOR SALE BY OWNER" sign. There's a name and number: Larry Masters; 555-0166.

DETECTIVE LOCKWOOD

Some guy named Larry Masters.

CATHERINE

Make him an offer. We'll take the car.

CUT TO:

45

INT. CSI - DNA LAB - DAY

45

OPEN ON the gloved hand of Greg Sanders, holding the eyedrop bottle between his thumb and forefinger, like a diamond.

GREG SANDERS

... We meet again.

WIDER TO REVEAL Sara, question marks all over her face. Not getting where Greg is going. On a table next to him, we SEE two more bottles of eye drops, identical to the first.

GREG SANDERS

Lita Gibbons wasn't putting this on her nipples, was she?

SARA

You've been drinking too many Thug Passions. The woman's twice your age, Greg.

*
*

GREG SANDERS

Old case. Sorry.

Just then -- BEEP! The GCMASS SPEC chimes. Greg snatches the printout before Sara can get it, checks it against the original analysis of Doyle's tainted drink. Sara reaches out to grab the paper. Greg pulls it aside.

GREG SANDERS

You'll get your answer, when I get mine.

CUT TO:

46

INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY

46

OPEN ON the illuminated layout table, covered with an orange gel to replicate the lighting conditions in the Tangiers Poker Room. Grissom takes the cards from Doyle's last hand out of an evidence bag and places them face down on the table. CAMERA STEPS BACK with him, REVEALING that all fifty-two cards are now on the table in neat rows. Just then, RONNIE LITRA (our QD Tech) enters.

RONNIE LITRA

Hey, Grissom. Hooked you up. *

Ronnie hands over a small blue-tinted glass filter. In a lens holder. Six inches in diameter.

GRISSOM *

(takes the glass) *

This the same color as the contact lens?

RONNIE LITRA *

Only bigger. Glass is my bread and butter.

Ronnie nods. On his way out. Grissom stops him.

GRISSOM

Don't leave, Ronnie. I need your eyes.

RONNIE LITRA

(thrilled)

As long as they stay in my head.

Grissom holds the blue filter up to eye level. Looks through it at the spread out cards. He's on to something. He hands the lens to Ronnie.

GRISSOM

Find the Aces.

Ronnie holds up the lens. Not knowing what to expect. *

WHAT RONNIE SEES

POV through the filter, as Ronnie moves it methodically along each row of cards. Seen through the blue filter, yellow marks are visible on the corners of four cards.

BACK TO SCENE

RONNIE LITRA

Third card, first row.

Grissom turns it over. Ace of Diamonds. Ronnie points out three more cards. Grissom turns them over. All aces.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

RONNIE LITRA

Anaglyphics. Color contrast to see
hidden marks.

GRISSOM

Lita Gibbons was "playing the
daub."

(off his look)

She was cheating.

SARA (O.S.)

And that's all she was doing...

Grissom looks over as Sara enters, test results in hand.

SARA

... Vic's drink contained point-
zero-five-percent tetrahydrozoline
hydrochloride and point-two-five-
percent zinc sulfate. *

GRISSOM

There was no zinc sulfate in any of
Lita Gibbons's eyedrops. Different
formulation.

SARA

She didn't kill Doyle Pfeiffer.

GRISSOM

But someone's eye drops did. *

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

47 OMITTED 47 *

48 INT. TANGIER'S CASINO - SERVICE BAR AREA - DAY 48 *

Cocktail Waitresses come and go. Firing drink orders at two BARTENDERS. Warrick is speaking with Nadine. Grissom is standing back. Taking it all in. His eyes alternating from Nadine to the other waitresses. *

NADINE MILLER *

... You're costing me money here.
I got a full pit.

WARRICK

You didn't seem too worried about money the other night. We watched the surveillance tape. Doyle Pfeiffer didn't throw you a nickel and you were all over him. *

NADINE MILLER *

I can tell you never served drinks. Catch 'em in the right mood, with the right pot, and he can make your month. *

WARRICK

That why you were making eyes with the California Kid? It was on the tape. Plain as day. *

NADINE MILLER *

I wasn't making eyes with him. I was playing one man against the other. You want to make money, you bait. Besides, I thought Doyle had a heart attack. *

WARRICK

He had help. Somebody put something in his drink.

Before Nadine can answer, RACK FOCUS TO Grissom. His eyes and ears focused on an N.D. WAITRESS barking a drink order. *

N.D. WAITRESS

Coke, Cuba Libre, Midori Sour, Cosmo and two Genuines. *

As she calls it out, a Bartender punches in the drinks on a register, then uses a drink gun to make the drinks in precisely the same sequence. Grissom is fascinated by this.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

CAMERA RE-RACKS BACK TO Warrick.

NADINE MILLER

... Look, even if I wanted to put
eye drops in his drink, I couldn't.
Bar's not set up that way...

*

CAMERA RACKS BACK TO Grissom, speaking with the BARTENDER.

BARTENDER

... The days of comp-ing drinks and
sticking the hotel with the bill
are over. Everything's
computerized, down to the drop.
Standard protocol, down to the way
the girls call their drinks: sodas
first, mixers second, beers last.
No exceptions.

*

*

Grissom peers over the edge of the bar, looking for
something, not finding it.

GRISSOM

Where's the alcohol?

BARTENDER

Back 'a house.

Grissom lays down a \$10 bill.

GRISSOM

Show me. Double Jack Daniels.

Bartender grabs the sixth drink gun in the trough. ECU on a
small button labelled JD. Bartender's manicured thumb hits
it, and --

49

CSI SHOT

49

CAMERA goes INSIDE the gun at hyperspeed, riding a burst of
air, rocketing THROUGH a network of plastic tubes inside the
walls of the casino -- a series of corkscrewing, loop-de-
loops. Mach speed now! THROUGH another wall, heading north
into a 64-ounce Jack Daniels bottle, dripping like an IV...
soft and innocent... drip-drip, drip-drip... hold for
beat... and then ROCKET BACK, FOLLOWING eighteen inches of
brown JD back through the tubing and out of the end of the
gun and into a rock glass with a HISS...

50

BACK TO SCENE

50

... which the Bartender sets down in front of Grissom.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

BARTENDER

Eight dollars, bro.

Grissom shows a small hint of a smile. Doesn't take the drink, pushes it back.

GRISSOM

Keep the change.

CAMERA RE-RACKS to Warrick, who's in the mid-stare-down with Nadine.

*
*

WARRICK

You mind if I look in your purse?

*
*

NADINE MILLER

Yes, I do mind.

*
*

She reaches behind the bar, pulls out her purse. Digs inside and fishes out an eye drop bottle.

*
*

NADINE MILLER

I tell you right now. You bust me...

*
*

(re: other waitresses)

*
*

... You can bust all of us.

*

As she hands Warrick the eye drops --

*

CUT TO:

51 EXT. GIBSON ROAD - DESERT LOT - DAY

51 *

The wrecked CRX still parked on the street, doors open. Catherine and Nick, sleeves up, gloved up, mag lights in hand. They open the doors, examine the interior.

NICK

... Spotless.

*

CATHERINE

No glass. No paint flecks. No personal effects. It's been cleaned.

Nick sees something. He reaches through the missing passenger window. And with plastic forceps, removes a BULLET lodged in the windshield strut.

*

NICK

Missed a spot. Looks like a 9mm round. No body fluid. Maybe, a miss.

*

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

51

CATHERINE

If he was shot in this car there's
got to be blood.

Catherine leans in the driver's side door, sprays Ninhydrin
on the interior of the car. Blood spatter lights up purple
all over the place, with an especially high concentration on
the passenger side door, just below the missing window.
Driver's seat has a void.

CATHERINE

Only void is the driver's seat.
Means it was occupied by the
victim, Jace Felder. He was shot
in the head, left-to-right. The
spatter pattern on the door is from
the exit wound.

NICK

What about all the rest of this
blood. It's everywhere.

CATHERINE

Stuck pig in a dryer. He was shot
while the car was in motion. Bled
out while the car was rolling.
(eyeing "SALE" sign)
I wanna meet this seller.

CUT TO:

52

OMITTED

52 *

53

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

53

LARRY MASTERS, young forties, Jack Nicholson on a good day
sitting in the hot seat. Catherine and Nick don't look
pleased. A UNIFORM posted at the door.

LARRY MASTERS

Opportunity knocked, I answered.

NICK

Okay, back up. Let's start over.
(re-sets)
You and your brother were off-
roading.

LARRY MASTERS

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

NICK

You stumbled upon a wrecked racer
out near Mercury.

LARRY MASTERS

Yes, sir.

Catherine's had enough. Can't help herself.

CATHERINE

(to Nick)

I gotta get some of this.

(to Larry)

What were you thinking? You
took the car???

LARRY MASTERS

Damn, right. Engine alone is
worth fifteen grand.

WHITE FLASH TO:

54

EXT. DESERT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

54 *

An SUV is parked next to Jace's wrecked CRX. (Note: It's
rolled, but is now upright.) Larry opens the driver's door.
ADAM, his brother, by his side. They find Jace slumped over
his harness.

ADAM MASTERS

Keys are still in the ignition.
See if it runs.

LARRY MASTERS

What about him?

ADAM MASTERS

Leave him here.

As they begin to unbuckle the victim --

WHITE FLASH BACK:

55

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

55

CATHERINE

... What does a person's life go
for?

LARRY MASTERS

Ma'am... He was already dead. I
drove the car home. Washed it out.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

NICK

You didn't think to call 9-1-1?

LARRY MASTERS

(defensive)

No. You guys would have impounded
the car.Catherine and Nick exchange a look. Catherine rises.
She's had enough of this shit.

CATHERINE

You've confessed to grand larceny.
Tampering with a crime scene.
Detective Lockwood will get back to
you on the murder charge.

NICK

Make yourself at home.

Catherine and Nick exit into --

56 EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

56

Interrogation over. The Uniform escorts Larry Masters to a
holding cell. Lockwood approaches Nick and Catherine on
their way out.

DETECTIVE LOCKWOOD

... Got some more info on that
third party check signed over to
Michelangelo.

CATHERINE

You get a name?

DETECTIVE LOCKWOOD

Name and address.

NICK

Bring it.

Lockwood hands over a piece of paper.

DETECTIVE LOCKWOOD

Tony Del Nagro. 8824 Sandy
Creek Road.*
*

HARD CUT TO:

57 INT. DEL NAGRO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

57

Blue collar. Functional furniture. Worn carpet.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Family photos on the wall. Typical American family.

TONY DEL NAGRO (O.S.)

Yeah, I race...

*

WIDER to REVEAL TONY DEL NAGRO, 18, boyish but full of attitude. James Franco looks. Baggy cargo shorts and a T-shirt. He's leaning against a wall. Flanked by Catherine. His father, RUDY DEL NAGRO, is pacing.

*

*

CATHERINE

You race Jace Felder the other night?

TONY DEL NAGRO

I race a lot of turtles.

*

MR. DEL NAGRO

(steps in)

If you're looking to bust my kid for street racing, you can get your partner out of my garage --

*

*

CATHERINE

Sir, we're investigating a murder. Jace Felder was shot.

MR. DEL NAGRO

He doesn't know anything about that.

*

TONY DEL NAGRO

Yeah, I do. We went head up. Put my pink slip up against his five Gs.

*

*

CUT TO:

58 INT. DEL NAGRO GARAGE - DAY

58

Meanwhile, Nick is mid-process mode. We PICK UP on him lifting a canvas tarp off of an electric blue Honda -- white trim, sun roof, the "Michaelangelo."

WHAT NICK SEES

The passenger-side window. The glass is tinted. A slightly darker than the side panel glass next to it. Nick moves in closer to observe. Snaps a photo.

Next, Nick reaches into his kit. Pulls out a bottle of purple sodium rhodizinate. Adds HCL. Begins to spray the mixture around the front dash, seats, steering wheel, console, head liner.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Within seconds, the areas begin to turn blue.

59 INT. DEL NAGRO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

59 *

CATHERINE

... From what I hear, Jace Felder was Mario Andretti. Why risk your "Michelangelo" against the best?

TONY DEL NAGRO

Best? Right. Jace was a lip flapper. Said I was all flash, no dash. He wanted to nut up a title shot. I took it.

WHITE FLASH TO:

60 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

60

TIGHT ON two race cars. Nose jockeying. Tony vs. Jace. They speed down the airstrip. Neck and neck. In the b.g, screaming fans eat their dust. PUSH IN TO TONY'S CAR --

Tony's sweating. Like any race, he's focused on the finish line. His eyes are continually darting at his competition.

Jace takes over the lead. Tony reaches for the red button located on a cylindrical pedestal (*think* a Jeopardy buzzer) between the seats. He takes a deep breath, presses it. NOS kicks in. Instantly, his car accelerates. Passing Jace.

TONY'S POV - IN HIS REARVIEW MIRROR

Jace's car skidding off the runway. Rolling over. Tony shows no emotion. As we --

WHITE FLASH TO:

61 BACK TO SCENE

61

TONY DEL NAGRO

I bailed. Everyone scattered. No one wants to be around when the cops show up.

Suddenly, Nick steps into frame. He's just come from the garage. Builds on Tony's theory. "I've got evidence" written all over his face.

NICK

Wonder why. Big T. Replace one of your car windows recently?

*

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

TONY DEL NAGRO

Yeah. Last week. Some tweaker
smashed it after I took his
tuition money.

*
*

NICK

Before or after you fired a gun in
your car?

*

MR. DEL NAGRO

What's this all about? Look. My
son doesn't have to answer any more
of your questions.

TONY DEL NAGRO

It's okay, Dad.

Mr. Del Nagro flushes red. No happy about all this.

TONY DEL NAGRO

I popped off a few rounds
through my sunroof. Everyone
does it. The rap music's
bumpin'. Everyone's showin' off
their wheels. It's just a way
of gettin' hyped before a race.

*
*
*

Nick and Catherine share a look. They don't buy it.

CATHERINE

Where's the gun, Tony?

Before Tony can answer, the father jumps in. Covering.

MR. DEL NAGRO

It's not his. It's mine. It's
registered to me.

NICK

Well, sir. We have reason to
believe this gun may have been used
in a homicide.

Mr. Del Nagro is now angry. The CSIs have pushed too hard.

MR. DEL NAGRO

Two years ago, my wife was killed
and the cops wouldn't even return
my calls. Now you come into my
home and harass my son. Get out.
Now... Take a walk.

*

Catherine and Nick don't have a choice. As they exit past
a defiant Tony --

CUT TO:

62 INT. CSI - DNA LAB - DAY

62

Grissom and Warrick with Greg Sanders, who's doing a little showroom dance with the results of the GC-MASS SPEC.

GREG SANDERS

... What do cowboys drink?

WARRICK

Whiskey.

GREG SANDERS

When I chew on a lemon wedge, boy
is it...?

WARRICK

Sour.

GREG SANDERS

(punchline)

Vacuums are great because they...?

Neither Grissom or Warrick get this punchline.

GREG SANDERS

Suck.

GRISSOM

(gets it)

Reverse suction.

*

WHITE FLASH TO:

63 CSI SHOT

63

An eye drop BOTTLE, in a WOMAN'S FINGERS, poised above a high-ball glass filled with whiskey sour. The tip of the bottle breaks the surface, the FINGERS SQUEEZE, and clear eye drop fluid spews out into the brownish drink, immediately blending in. As the eye drop bottle retracts, and the WOMAN'S FINGERS release slightly, a tiny bit of the whiskey is SUCKED BACK INTO the bottle.

WHITE FLASH TO:

64 BACK TO SCENE

64

WARRICK

His drink in her eye drops. Her
eye drops in his drink.

GREG SANDERS

Dr. Edmund Locard would be proud.

Grissom lost in thought. Contemplating his next move.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

WARRICK

Bonded bartender. Eye-in-the-sky.
Other waitresses. How'd she slip
it into his drink without being
seen?

GRISSOM

Sixty-four thousand dollar
question. *

CUT TO:

65 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY

65

PICK UP Grissom studying reams of computer printout: the
drink logs from the casino bar. In the b.g., we HEAR "The
Marriage of Figaro" -- Duetтино-Sull Aria, by Mozart.

Grissom's finger starts at Nadine Miller's name and I.D.
number. Then, down. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIS FINGER slowly down
a progression of times and drink orders. Going fast, then
slow. Stopping at Poker Table 14: De-caf, btl water,
whiskey sour, beer. (Note: These are the drink orders for
Lita, Grinder, Doyle and Matt.) *

ECU - DRINK LOGS. First round, same drink order. Same for
second, third, fourth and fifth. But on the sixth round,
the order is different. It reads, "Whiskey Sour, btl.
water, de-caf, and beer." *

Just then, the music ABRUPTLY STOPS. CAMERA FINDS Sara.
Shutting off a CD player, REVEALING the music is not TRACK
but SOURCE. Grissom looks up.

SARA

Whataya got?

GRISSOM

(quite simply)

A suspicious waitress. Standard
protocol for ordering drinks:
Sodas, mixed drinks, beer. First
five rounds, she called them
correctly. Last round, she called
Doyle's whiskey sour first.. *

HARD CUT TO:

66 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - BRASS' OFFICE - NIGHT

66

Nadine Miller in the hot seat. Brass is grilling. Grissom
is listening. *

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

NADINE MILLER

... You can't pin this on me.

*

BRASS

Sure we can. You put your eyedrops
in Doyle's drink. And that's what
killed him.

NADINE MILLER

My eyedrops? Look, you saw the way
it works. I didn't have time.

*

GRISSOM

You gave yourself time...

*

WHITE FLASH TO:

67

INT. TANGIERS CASINO - SERVICE BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

67

Nadine steps up to the bar. Riffles off her drink order.

*

NADINE MILLER

Whiskey Sour, de-caf, bottled
water, beer.

*

Bartender enters the drinks in the register the second
they're called out. Stops himself, then continues.

BARTENDER

C'mon, Nadine. Call your drinks
right. I'm swamped.

*

WHITE FLASH TO:

SERVICE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bartender pours a Whiskey Sour from a shaker. Puts it on
Nadine's tray. Moves away to get the rest of her order.
The instant he turns his back, Nadine reveals the eye drop
bottle, palmed in her hand.

*

*

*

WHITE FLASH TO:

68

INT. TANGIERS CASINO - SERVICE BAR - NIGHT

68

Nadine SQUEEZES eye drops into Doyle's highball glass.

*

WHITE FLASH TO:

69

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - BRASS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

69

Present time.

(CONTINUED)

69

CONTINUED:

69

GRISSOM

... You called your drinks out of order. The switch-up gave you "opportunity."

*

BRASS

Let's talk motive.

Nadine feels the walls closing in. With nowhere else to turn, she cops to it.

*

NADINE MILLER

You want motive? He was a stiff. I gave him a *standard eye drop* shooter. I was trying to give him diarrhea. Not kill him. Doyle sat at my station, night after night, never so much as tosses me one of his piddly-ass candies.

*

(melting down)

Newsflash, tourists! We make our money off of tips. In my line of work, there are two kinds of tippers: "George's" and "stiff's." Matt was a "George" and Doyle was a "stiff." You wanna charge me with conspiracy to make him shit his pants, go 'head. I'm guilty. But I didn't kill him.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

CUT TO:

70

INT. CSI - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

70

Grissom is walking down the corridor. Sara catches up.

SARA

... Server's revenge?

GRISSOM

That's what she said.

SARA

A pissed off waitress and a rounder full of lead. Lethal combination.

Warrick walks up.

WARRICK

Not quite. Tox screen just came back.

HARD CUT TO:

71 MICROSCOPE POV

71

CAMERA RACK FOCUSES to Doyle's red blood cells at high magnification. Most of the cells are smooth and red -- normal. But many others are distorted, pockmarked and stained with blue granules.

72 INT. CSI - DNA LAB - NIGHT

72 *

Grissom pulls his head back from the microscope.

GRISSOM

Basophillic stippling. Can't be.

(considers)

Coarse basophillic stippling occurs from a sudden infusion of lead into the system.

*

SARA

Well, the guy did have a bullet in his leg.

WARRICK

According to tox, the bullet wasn't degraded enough to account for the lead in his system.

GRISSOM

It came from somewhere.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

73 INT. CSI - BALLISTICS LAB - MORNING [NEW SHIFT/WARDROBE CHANGE] 73

Under a magnifier, **BOBBY DAWSON** holds a projectile with his forceps. He studies the bullet. Nick enters.

NICK
Got your beep.

BOBBY DAWSON
Got your bullet.
(re: bullet)
Pulled this out of a CRX, huh?

NICK
Ye-yeah. *

BOBBY DAWSON *
It's the lead core of a bullet, *
looks like medium caliber, mangled *
upon impact. Can't get any stria *
from it. Test firing the suspect's
weapon's a waste of time.

NICK
Great. So the bullet's useless.

Nick's "smoking gun" has suddenly gone cold.

BOBBY DAWSON
Maybe not. Take a look at the tip.

Nick, curious, crosses over, as Bobby holds the bullet under the magnifier. SNAP ZOOM TO:

74 CSI SHOT - THROUGH THE MAGNIFIER 74

The mangled, deformed, flattened bullet. For the uninitiated it doesn't even look like a bullet, but a tip is a tip, and embedded in it are tiny shards of glass -- some clear, others tinted.

75 BACK TO SCENE 75

Nick looks up, smiles. He's onto something.

BOBBY DAWSON
Bullet has splinters.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

NICK
(thinking back)
Clear glass. Tinted glass.

Nick looks up. Smiles. On to something --

CUT TO:

76 INT. CSI - A/V LAB - MORNING

76

B.G., surveillance footage of Nadine serving the last round of drinks plays. Nadine takes the whisky sour from her tray, lays a napkin down, and sets the drink down on it. She flirts with Doyle, then glances at Matt. Grissom FREEZES it. WIDER TO REVEAL:

*
*
*
*

Grissom, Sara, Warrick and Greg sitting at a poker table -- replicating the final hand before Doyle died.

GRISSOM
Last hand. I'm Doyle. Haven't
left my seat for thirteen hours.
Here comes the cocktail waitress.

Grissom hits "PLAY" again, the footage continues.

*

GRISSOM
She gives me my drink, flashes me,
then looks to Matt.

SARA
Question is, why?

WARRICK
Don't forget, now. Eyedrops are
already in the drink. Maybe she's
giving him a signal.

GREG SANDERS
They're working together.

GRISSOM
Irrelevant. We chased eyedrops to
death. We're looking for lead.

GREG SANDERS
Maybe the lead came from the
glasses. Lead crystal.

WARRICK
In a casino? Yeah.

SARA
Already tested them. Negative.

(CONTINUED)

76

CONTINUED:

76

Grissom eyes the video. By now Nadine has left the table and Doyle is giving Matt the "sermon." Doyle takes pause. POPS a candy. RACK FOCUS TO Grissom -- *

POPPING his own candy from a small pile lying on the table. Just like Doyle. Never taking his eyes from the footage. Retracing every step. Every detail. Warrick, Sara, and Greg are into it. Suddenly, Grissom gets up, grabs a handful of candies and leaves with no explanation.

CUT TO:

77

INT. CSI - FIREARMS - DAY

77 *

Catherine enters. Hits the brakes. She can't believe what she sees. A tinted sheet of tempered autoglass placed in a station. Five feet behind that is clear sheet of tempered autoglass. A foot behind the clear glass is a CSI dummy. Seated, strapped into a chair. As if simulating a driver. A large sheet of four-inch rubber is placed behind that as a back wall. Nick is there with Bobby, who's holding a 9mm pistol. *

CATHERINE

... Looked into Rita Del Nagro's death. Accident report says "Hit and run." Two car collision. Still open. An arrest was made, but the suspect was released due to insuff ev. Guess his name. *

NICK

Jace Felder. *

CATHERINE

(nodding) *

Gives Tony Del Nagro plenty of motive. He lost his mother. Wanted revenge. *

NICK

Maybe. But why gun Felder down in the middle of a street race? *

They both take a beat. Smart question. *

CATHERINE

We'll deal with the why later. Right now, let's deal with the how. *

BOBBY DAWSON

Stand back. *

(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

BOBBY DAWSON (CONT'D)

(aloud)

FIRING!

Bobby checks the chamber. Lifts the 9mm. Aims it five feet from the tinted glass. Right at the dummy's head. BANG! A CRASH of glass followed quickly by a second CRASH of glass. The dummy falls. Shot right through the head. The bullet embeds in the rubber siding.

Nick and Catherine move over to the wall. Nick, pulls a set of forceps out of his front pocket, extracts the bullet from the backwall. Bobby hands over a magnifier.
SNAP ZOOM:

78 CSI SHOT - THROUGH THE MAGNIFIER

78

Bullet's nose is embedded with shards of glass - both tinted and clear. Like in the bullet we SAW earlier in Bobby's lab.

79 BACK TO SCENE

79

Nick turns to Catherine. Displays the bullet for her. *

NICK

Bullet's nose picked up trace
from both windows.

CATHERINE

Like the bullet recovered from Jace
Felder's car. We know the bullet
can make the shot. Let's see if a
driver can. *

HARD CUT TO: *

80 EXT. DESERT - AIRFIELD - DAY

80

The deserted airstrip. Two cutting-edge street racers pull up side by side. PROFESSIONAL DRIVERS step out of each car.

PICK UP Nick and Catherine. Gearing up to drive. Putting on helmets. Fastening their communication. Zipping their racing suits. Nick steps over to the black Honda CRX. Mounts a head-sized target array of photocells on his driver's side window.

Catherine, also geared up, pulls out a test weapon made from a small laser. Mounted to trigger on an empty 9mm handgun. She checks and clears the empty firearm. Then, she and Nick get in. Buckle up their five-point harnesses. Ready. *

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

NICK
Gimme a test fire.

Catherine smiles. She's dying to do this. She fires into the photocell array -- embedded in Nick's helmet. Nick's CAR ALARM BLASTS in response. Catherine shoots him a look. He grins and shuts it off with a remote.

NICK
Wired the target to the car alarm?
Gotta make sure we hear it.

All set. Nick pulls down his visor. Catherine pulls hers.

NICK
Remember, full out to fifth gear.
Hit nitrous at your quarter mile
mark. And hold on.

CATHERINE
You just try to keep up...

NEW ANGLE

Catherine and Nick -- side by side - REVVING their engines.

81 INT. HONDA ACURA - CATHERINE'S CAR - (REVVING) - DAY

81

Catherine puts the gun in the passenger seat and her hand on the shifter, then exchanges them, practicing the move back and forth. The nitrous button right next to the shifter.

CATHERINE
(yells out)
On three. One... two... three.

82 EXT. TRACK - THE CARS - ECU - TIRES SQUEALING

82

The race is on. Catherine pulls slightly ahead as they both hit second gear, then third gear. Nick fights to stay in firing range. Gaining speed. The speed gauges read 50... 60... 70 mph...

Catherine shifts into fourth. So does Nick, a notch behind but gaining, although time is running out.

NICK
Come on... come on...

Finally, in one smooth motion, Catherine throws it into fifth, picks up the gun, as both cars align, then fires off three quick shots. The third one hits, setting the CAR ALARM BLARING.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

Catherine drops the gun and hits the NOS button. Within a nanosecond, she is blown back in her seat like a rocket. The acceleration pressing her. Mach 5. Her eyes widen with excitement.

Nick grins and takes his car out of gear, coasting to a stop. The ALARM still BLARING.

Catherine comes to a complete stop. Gets out. Stoked out of her mind. Top of Mount McKinley.

*

CATHERINE
WHOOOOOOOOA!!!

CUT TO:

83 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAY

83

OPEN ON an evidence bag labeled "Doyle Pfeiffer -- candy." Grissom takes out the candy wrapper. The stamped lettering on the back of the wrapper reads: "Choco-bees. Bite-sized candies."

Grissom takes a single candy. Picks up an Exacto knife and cuts off the hard candy shell. Piece by piece. As if doing surgery on an Easter egg.

Next, Grissom takes the naked sample of chocolate and puts it in a test tube. He squirts in a solvent of hexane and acetone. SNAP ZOOM TO:

*
*

TEST TUBE

The chocolate begins to dissolve in the solvent before our very eyes. Imagine a cloud of liquid smoke.

*

BACK TO SCENE

Grissom draws a sample from the test tube into a vial and loads the vial into an GC/MS. A syringe injects the solution into the machine. SNAP ZOOM TO:

*
*

84 CSI SHOT

84

Following the solution down the thin copper tubing, as a high temperature flame VAPORIZES it. In a breath -- POOF! Gone. SNAP ZOOM OUT:

*

85 BACK TO SCENE

85

Grissom patiently waits. Eyeing a computer screen. On it, we SEE a tremendous spike. The Nasdaq chart INVERTED.

CUT TO:

86 INT. POLICE DEPT. - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 86

CLOSE ON Tony Del Nagro's face. His guard down now.
Too tired to lie. Catherine and Nick listen.

*
*

TONY DEL NAGRO
... Jace killed my Mom. Everyone
knew it. Everyone knew it and
nobody came forward.
(pause, remembering)
It was a street race...

WHITE FLASH TO:

87 INT. STATION WAGON (STOPPED) - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 87

MRS. DEL NAGRO, mid-forties, pulls up to a stoplight.
Tony is in the passenger seat. Opening up a bag a chips
from the backseat groceries.

*
*
*

MRS. DEL NAGRO
... Wait till we get home?

TONY DEL NAGRO
Come on, Mom. I'm starved.

Light turns green. Suddenly, we HEAR the screams of two
RACE ENGINES. Mrs. Del Nagro pulls out and hits the brakes.
She and Tony pull focus as --

BEAMS OF HEADLIGHTS

BLUR directly at Tony and his mother. Their faces LIT by
the glare bearing down upon them. Seconds before impact,
we HEAR a pre-lap a HORRIFIC CRASH!!!

WHITE FLASH TO:

88 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 88

OVER TONY'S DISTRAUGHT FACE. His eyes clap shut.
Remembering the horror. Until the SOUNDS of carnage and
broken glass subside.

TONY DEL NAGRO
She was just driving through an
intersection...
(emotional)
...and he plowed right into us.
Kept on going.

Catherine looks at Nick. This is a tough one. She treads
lightly.

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED:

88

CATHERINE

You were in the car. Why didn't
you tell the police?

TONY DEL NAGRO

I didn't know it was Jace. All I
knew was the guy behind the wheel
was a street racer.

NICK

And you weren't.

TONY DEL NAGRO

Not at the time. So, I went to a
couple of events. Hooked into the
world. I found out within an hour
who killed her.

NICK

(puts it together)

And you decided to become one of
them. Bought a car. Made friends.
Started racing.

*

CATHERINE

Revenge is best served cold...

*

WHITE FLASH TO:

89 EXT. DESERT - AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

89

Mid-race. Tony and Jace are nose and nose. PUSH IN TO:

90 INT. TONY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

90

Mid-race. Tony reaches for his 9mm. Points it at his own
passenger side window. FIRES. The bullet smashes through
his window and out. Then, he FIRES again and again.

91 EXT. DESERT - AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

91

The driver's side window of Jace Felder's car is blown
out.

*

*

92 INT. TONY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

92

Tony presses his nitrous oxide. Takes off. Never coming
back. Mission accomplished.

WHITE FLASH BACK TO:

93 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

93

TONY DEL NAGRO
I never stopped. I just kept on
going. Never looked back.

NICK
Took his title and took him down.

TONY DEL NAGRO
He took my mother's life. I took
his.

CATHERINE
Street justice.

Tony looks up at Catherine with pained eyes. Nods, "Yes."
Off Catherine and Nick. Torn --

CUT TO:

94 EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE - NIGHT

94

ESTABLISHING.

95 INT. CSI - GARAGE - NIGHT

95

In the corner of the garage we FIND Grissom standing next to
a table. Connecting a dryer hose to a small gas generator.
CAMERA FOLLOWS the hose up to a six-foot by four-foot mini-
glass BIOSPHERE resting on the table. Inside the glass, a
neatly cultivated line of cocoa plants, in a soil base. And
above that, a metal bar with holes in it. THINK misters in
the produce department of Ralph's. Towering over all this,
are three heat lamps, and a temperature gauge. Warrick and
Sara enter. Hit the brakes.

*

WARRICK
... What the --

*

SARA
(leans closer)
Is there something "alive" in
there?

GRISSOM
Yes. Cocoa plants. I'm making a
mock-up of West Equatorial Africa.

WARRICK
Of course. And somehow this is
related to our case?

(CONTINUED)

95

CONTINUED:

95

GRISSOM

The lead in Doyle's system came from chocolate. Not the bullet.

SARA

Death by chocolate?

GRISSOM

You know seventy percent of the world's chocolate is produced in West Africa. Ivory Coast, Ghana, Nigeria, Cameroon.

SARA

No, I didn't know that.

GRISSOM

Neither did Doyle.

Meanwhile, Grissom is starting to monkey with nozzles.

GRISSOM

Little did he know that he was poisoned seven thousand, thirty-six miles away. In West Africa they use leaded gas.

Grissom leans down, turns on the generator which begins to spew cloudy gas fumes into the biosphere.

GRISSOM

Those fumes disperse into the atmosphere...

Grissom turns another nozzle. O.S., we HEAR water rushing into a fine mist. And begin to see "rain" showering the cocoa plants and seeping into the soil base.

GRISSOM

And when it rains... *

SARA

... it pours... lead.

WARRICK

(punchline) *

And the cocoa beans soak it up.

Now, Grissom turns on the heat lamps which BUZZ and SNAP streaming scorching beams of light into the biosphere.

GRISSOM

That cocoa's then harvested, processed, refined, sold in bulk, and eventually... *

(CONTINUED)

95

CONTINUED: (2)

95

SARA

... Choco-bees.

*
*

GRISSOM

They called Doyle Pfeiffer the "Candyman." He got that name when he won the World Series of Poker in '86.

*
*

WARRICK

If those candies were in his pocket that night, bet your ass they've been with him ever since.

SARA

Gamblers by nature are creatures of habit.

GRISSOM

Ultimately, it was the tetrahydrozoline in conjunction with him being a chocoholic that killed him. According to my calculations, Doyle must've consumed a pound and a half of chocolate every night for sixteen years. Chronic lead poisoning.

*
*
*
*
*
*

WARRICK

(knowing too well)
Superstition -- gambler's crutch.

SARA

We all got 'em.

*

WARRICK

(to Grissom)
What's yours?

GRISSOM

Let me know when you figure it out.

*

Grissom hits the garage lights, EXITS FRAME, signifying it's time to go home. Warrick and Sara follow. CAMERA HOLDS ON the glass biosphere. Day One...

*
*

FADE OUT.

THE END