

CSI - PILOT EPISODE

CSI:
CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION

PILOT EPISODE

Teleplay
by
Anthony E. Zuiker

THIRD DRAFT
February 29, 2000

IMPORTANT NOTICE

CINEMA SCRIPT RESEARCH COPIES ARE MADE AVAILABLE FOR
PERSONAL USE ONLY.
THEY ARE **NOT** TO BE USED FOR ANY PURPOSE OTHER THAN PRIVATE STUDY,
SCHOLARSHIP, OR RESEARCH WITHOUT THE WRITTEN CONSENT OF THE
COPYRIGHT HOLDER.

"C.S.I."

"Crime Scene Investigation"

(pilot)

Teleplay by

Anthony E. Zuiker

Third Draft
2/29/00

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT 1

A haze of neon sin. A million lights swallowed by a blackened desert. Indeed, the city is alive. It has its own pulse. And, tonight it's hammering. Welcome to Las Vegas. O.S., we hear a "wispy" recording of a very distraught man.

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.)

*My name is Royce Harmon. I reside at
7642 Carpenter Street. I am 41 years
of age...*

CAMERA flies over the *Las Vegas Strip*. Making its gradual descent into the *City of Henderson*. A community of stucco laden homes aligned like green, *Monopoly* houses.

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D.)

...and I'm going to kill myself.

CAMERA descends lower and lower. At this point, the *Strip* is well out of sight. As WE GLIDE past hundreds of homes. En route to one "particular" cul-de-sac.

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D.)

*...I'd like to say "I love you" to
my mother Paige and my lil' sister
Gina. I'm so sorry...*

CAMERA favors a modest two-story on "7642 Carpenter Street."

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D.)

*I never wanted to put you through
this. I can't do it. I just can't do
it anymore. I've lost hope...*

CAMERA eavesdrops into the home of Royce Harmon. The man on the tape. Walking down his hallway with a loaded 357 magnum in his hand. He turns into the master bedroom and SLAMS the door on the CAMERA. And suddenly...time stands still. For a breath. BOOM!!!

SHOCK CUT TO:

2 INT. FORENSICS CHOPPER (FLYING) - NIGHT 2

Flying the bird are two SEARCH and RESCUE PILOTS from the police department. In the back, we SEE CAPTAIN FRANK MYERS (50). A fat-chewing son-of-a-bitch who never did shed his "Jersey" roots.

His partner in crime, so to speak, is GIL SHEINBAUM. (45). A cross between "Mr. Rogers" and "Bill Gates." The Captain reaches in his blazer. Pulls out a clip-on tie. Fastening.

CAPTIAN MYERS

Tellin' ya, Sheinbaum. That Deputy Chief's job better come in soon. I don't know how long I can keep up these "public appearances"...

3 EXT. CARPENTER STREET - NIGHT 3

The helicopter DESCENDS into frame. Landing gently into the center of the cul-de-sac. Several squad cars are present. The crime scene is secure. SERGEANT O'RILEY, fifties, and FIRST OFFICER ARVINGTON, mid-thirties, share a cup of coffee on the front lawn.

SERGEANT O'RILEY

(to First Officer)

Here comes the "Nerd Squad"...

Reveal the Captain and Sheinbaum. Carrying field kits. Ready for action. The two walk past the officers. Sheinbaum tips his cap.

SHEINBAUM

Gentlemen...

4 INT. HARMON RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 4

Inside the bathroom, we SEE Royce Harmon. Lying lifeless in a Victorian-style bathtub. A pistol in the clutch of his hands.

Sheinbaum SNAPS on a pair of latex gloves. Grabs a pair of tweezers and extracts a rice-sized maggot from the victim's chest. Sheinbaum holds it up to the Captain. Reveal tiny blue dots on its posterior.

SHEINBAUM

Pupa Stage Three...

4 CONTINUED:

4

CAPTIAN MYERS

English. I ain't the Entomologist here.

SHEINBAUM

Stage of "larva metamorphosis." I'd say the victim's been post-mortem for seven days. Give or take a couple of hours...

CAPTIAN MYERS

He stinks...

The Captain cups his nose. Observing. Sheinbaum puts the specimen in a clear, glass vile. Leans over the bathtub. Frisks underneath the sleeping bag. Searching. When suddenly...

Sheinbaum slowly lifts a mini-cassette recorder out of the tub.

SHEINBAUM

Think we found our "suicide" note.

Sheinbaum rewinds the tape a bit. Presses play. As, we HEAR...

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.)

I can't do it. I just can't do it anymore...

CAMERA zooms in on the tiny mini-cassette. Rotating clockwise. From the cassette, we MATCH CUT...

5 INT. PAIGE HARMON'S RESIDENCE - HOURS LATER

5

...and GO WIDER. Now, we're IN the survivor's home. PAIGE HARMON (mother) and GINA HARMON (little sister) listen to the tape with Captain Myers and Sheinbaum.

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.)

I've lost hope...

BOOM!!! Paige and Gina LEAP out of their skin. Both let out blood curdling SHRIEKS. On the tape, we HEAR labored breathing. Seconds of gurgling. Until finally, dead air. An eerie silence. Paige and Gina share a MUTUAL PANIC.

GINA HARMON

...Oh, my God???

5 CONTINUED:

5

PAIGE HARMON
Go upstairs, Gina.

The daughter runs upstairs to her room. Freaked. Paige puts her hand over her mouth. Tears stream down her face.

PAIGE HARMON (CONT'D.)
This can't be happening.

SHEINBAUM
We're very sorry, Miss Harmon. I know it must be very hard.

PAIGE HARMON
No, you don't understand.
(horrified)
That's not my son's voice...

SMASH CUT TO:

"C.S.I."

FADE IN:

6 INT. VW JETTA (MOVING) - NIGHT 6

HOLLY GRIBBS, mid-twenties, pulls into the Executive Office Plaza on West Charleston. Singing along to Hole with a Tootsie-Roll Pop in her mouth. She pulls into a designated parking spot, shuts the car off, and just sits. Reeling.

HOLLY GRIBBS
You can do this...

7 EXT./INT. CRIMINALISTICS BUREAU - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 7

Holly walks toward the Criminalistics Bureau. A large, one-story building tucked between plush, green pine trees. Indiscretion is key. Crimes are solved here.

Parked in front of the building, we SEE several black, late-model Pathfinders. "FORENSICS" is written in white, block letters along the side. Holly takes a deep breath and enters.

8 INT. CRIMINALISTICS BUREAU - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT 8

It's between shifts. A sea of young *Crime Scene Investigators*, ages 26-34, fill the halls. All dressed very professional. Men and women both wear field boots, slacks, and collared shirts.

We FOLLOW Holly down a very maze-like hallway. The Criminalistics Bureau is like any other government-based building. Dull, narrow, and beige. Holly checks the nameplates. Stops at "Gil Sheinbaum/ I.D. Supervisor."

9 INT. SHEINBAUM'S OFFICE - CONTINUING 9

The door is partially closed. Holly KNOCKS lightly and peaks in.

HOLLY GRIBBS
Hell...oh, my God...

Reveal an office of carnage. Wall to wall structures of "live" maggot farms. On every shelf, pickled possums, bats, and other parts of the anatomy are submerged in large mayonnaise jars.

One wall is plastered with stomach-turning crime scene photos. "Floaters." "Love maps." "Mutilation." "Decomposition." Holly is fully engrossed. A million miles away. Until...

A hand touches her shoulder. She lets out a MURDEROUS SCREAM. Reveal Gil Sheinbaum. Cool as a cucumber.

SHEINBAUM
Welcome to Forensics. I'm Gil Sheinbaum. Your Supervisor on grave. Please. Have a seat?

Holly does. Never taking her eyes off the horror. Sheinbaum opens a medicine cabinet. Pulls out a syringe and a long, plastic vile.

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)
Roll up your left sleeve, please?

HOLLY GRIBBS
For what?

SHEINBAUM
I need pint of your blood. Customary for all new-hires...

9 CONTINUED:

9

HOLLY GRIEBS

I haven't even clocked in yet???

CUT TO:

10 INT. CRIMINALISTICS BUREAU - HALLWAY - NIGHT

10

Meet NICKY LEDEE. (28). A native Las Vegas. Blonde and ripped. Sporting a diamond studded earring and several dragon tattoos. We see Nicky checking the C.S.I. scoresheet. A "crime solving contest" for the CSIs. BOE WILSON, an African-American intern, walks up. Inquires.

BOE WILSON

...Hey, Nick. What's the count?

NICK LEDEE

Warrick and I are tied at "99." Next crime solved gets promoted to CSI-3.

BOE WILSON

What's your first assignment?

NICK LEDEE

I don't know yet. Hope it ain't that "Trick Roll" noise. Even Sheinbaum's havin' a tough time crackin' that one.

Nick checks the scoresheet. Under his name, we SEE a list of past assignments. *Crime #97 (Hit/Run) Solved. Crime #98 (Home Invasion) Solved. Crime #99 (Grand Larceny) Solved.* Nick KNOCKS on the wall with his big white knuckles. Getting pumped up.

NICK LEDEE (CONT'D.)

One more, baby. \$8,000 raise. Choice of shift. Get to work all the "narly" shit, bro. Serial killers. Love maps. Homosexual mutilation.

BOE WILSON

I heard that about you. You get off on that stuff, don't you?

NICK LEDEE

You know it, brother...

The intern splits. WARRICK BROWN, late-twenties, a smooth looking brother rolls up. PIMP-SLAPS the back of Nick's neck.

10 CONTINUED:

10

WARRICK BROWN
...What up, bitch?

NICK LEDEE
War-rick. What up, baby?

WARRICK BROWN
Nuttin'. Jus' murderin' these sports books.

NICK LEDEE
How'd you do this weekend?

WARRICK BROWN
8-of-10. Kilt'em, boy. Outside the Huskers and the faggoty ass Irish, I'm up about four g...

NICK LEDEE
You got a winner for me tomorrow?

WARRICK BROWN
Green Bay minus 7-1/2 over Niners. Go with the better quarterback...

Nick and Warrick clock in. The time: 12:04 a.m. Both head separate ways. Continuing the conversation walking backwards.

NICK LEDEE
Hey. Good luck, tonight.

WARRICK BROWN
You, too. Hope ya get that "trick roll"...

NICK LEDEE
Hope the Packers win... by seven.

WARRICK BROWN
You wrong...

SPLIT SCREEN

Warrick and Nick turn down separate hallways. Almost at the same time, they fire themselves up with a JOLT. Both oblivious to the other. "Let the games begin..."

CUT TO:

11 INT. SHEINBAUM'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

11

Meanwhile, Holly holds a cotton swab in the crick of her arm. A bit pale. Listening to Sheinbaum explain "What a CSI does?"

SHEINBAUM

...And, that's where we come in. We scrutinize the scene, collect the evidence, and re-create what happened... without being there. Pretty cool, eh?

HOLLY GRIBBS

Yes, sir.

SHEINBAUM

Good... Now, if you'll just sign these "*Personal Injury or Death while in the Line of Duty*" forms. We will begin our shift.

Holly gives Sheinbaum a look. Signs twice. Suddenly, she makes a face. Takes a seat.

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)

What's wrong?

HOLLY GRIBBS

Whew. Light headed. Gotta sit down.

SHEINBAUM

Your blood sugar must be down from giving blood. I got just the thing.

Sheinbaum goes over to his tiny refrigerator. Pulls out a carton of chocolate-covered "thing-a-ma-jiggs." They look like milk chocolate grasshoppers.

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)

Here. Try these...

HOLLY GRIBBS

No offense but I don't think I wanna eat anything that's been in this office.

Sheinbaum POPS two. Chewing and smiling. Holly takes one. Sniffs it.

11 CONTINUED:

11

HOLLY GRIBBS (CONT'D.)

...What are they?

SHEINBAUM

Can't tell you that. You wanna know?
You gotta try one.

Holly examines it with her eyes. Checking all the angles.
Until...

HOLLY GRIBBS

Is there a "Praying Mantis" in here?

Sheinbaum shrugs his shoulders. Sticking to his guns. Off
Holly. Incredulously curious---

CUT TO:

12 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

12

The Captain addresses the night shift. Present are Sheinbaum,
Warrick, Nicky, Holly, and a dozen other CSIs. Captain Myers
checks his slate. Handing out assignment slips.

CAPTIAN MYERS

Nick LeDee. We've got another "414."
Trick roll. This time at the Sahara.
Victim was robbed and drugged at the
scene...

Nick's eyes clap shut. "Shit..." He RIPS open his Day-Timer.
Jots down the information.

CAPTIAN MYERS (CONT'D.)

Warrick Brown. "407." Home Invasion.
Forced entry by kicking the door in.
Person reporting fired multiple rounds
at the suspect. Suspect's condition
is unknown.

Captain Myers hands Warrick a slip. Looks around for
Catherine.

CAPTIAN MYERS (CONT'D.)

...Anyone seen Catherine Bellows?

CUT TO:

13 INT. STATIONWAGON (PARKED) - NIGHT

13

CATHERINE BELLOWS (32), ex-stripper turned CSI, kneels outside the stationwagon. Addressing her two daughters Lindsey (5) and Annette (3). MARTA, the sitter, is in the passenger's seat.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

O.K. Gimme kiss. Mommie's gotta go catch bad guys.

LINDSEY

...I don't wanna spend a night!

CATHERINE BELLOWS

(warning her)
Lindsey...

LINDSEY

I said, "NOOOOOO!!!"

Lindsey lets out a PIERCING SCREAM. Kicks off her shoes.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

LINDSEY, STOP IT!!!

Catherine grabs ahold of Lindsey's feet. Puts on one shoe. Tying her shoelace extra tight. The second she reaches for the other shoe, Lindsey kicks the first one off.

CATHERINE BELLOWS (CONT'D.)

(checks her watch)

...Marta, I can't do this. I'm gonna be late. I'll pick'em up in the mornin'.

NEW ANGLE

Marta drives off with the kids in the back. Catherine waves.

CATHERINE BELLOWS (CONT'D.)

Love you...

Lindsey and Annette never look up. Off Catherine. Hurt---

14 BACK TO CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUING

14

CAPTIAN MYERS

Brown, you have Bellows back you up on that Home Invasion. If anything comes up, she'll be next in line.

WARRICK BROWN

Yes, sir.

CAPTIAN MYERS

Holly, how about you and Sheinbaum step in my office. Get "acquainted" 'fore we send you out in the field.

CUT TO:

15 INT. CAPTAIN MYERS OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

15

Holly stands in front of the Captain's desk. Myers is perusing over her personnel file. Sheinbaum sits with his legs crossed.

CAPTIAN MYERS

...Says here your mother is Lt. Jane Gribbs from Traffic. That correct?

HOLLY GRIBBS

Yes, sir.

CAPTIAN MYERS

Congratulations, Gribbs... You're the fifth person I've been forced to hire without a say. And you know what, I'm sick of it...

The Captain tosses her file into the garbage. Holly goes deaf.

CAPTIAN MYERS (CONT'D.)

We are the #2 Crime Lab in the country. We employ only the best and the brightest. We solve crimes; most labs render unsolvable. Now, what makes you think you belong here?

HOLLY GRIBBS

Sir, with all due respect, I thought the key to being a "lucid" *crime scene investigator* was to reserve judgment until the evidence vindicates or eliminates assumption.

CAPTIAN MYERS

Clarify...

HOLLY GRIBBS

You're *pre-judging* me.

CAPTIAN MYERS

Yeah. So...

HOLLY GRIBBS

That's not fair.

CAPTIAN MYERS

...FAIR?! Putting a "juiced in" Lieutenant's daughter on this shift isn't fair. I've been in the field 32 years. I seen your kind come and go. And you know what, they never amount to nothin' but headaches and bad press.

(long pause)

Dismissed...

You should see Holly's face. "This can't be happening." After an inordinate beat, she does an about face and walks out.

SHEINBAUM

...Think you got through to her?

CAPTIAN MYERS

I want her out of here. I don't care how you do it. Just do it. I want her badge and gun on my desk by "end of shift." In fact, here...

Captian Myers hands Sheinbaum a slip of paper.

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

CAPTIAN MYERS (CONT'D.)

You're scheduled to appear at an autopsy at the Coroners Office at 12:30 a.m. They're cuttin' up that bozo who put the hole in his chest. Bring her with. Every new-hire should experience an autopsy on the "first" night. Don't ya think?

CUT TO:

16 INT. CRIMINALISTICS BUREAU - KIT ROOM - NIGHT

16

Catherine sits on a bench. Putting on her boots. Nick pokes his head in. Searching.

NICK LEDEE

There you are. I thought you called in. Missed ya at the briefing. Four o'clock car wash?

Catherine thinks about it for a sec. Then, answers.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Yeah, sure...

17 EXT. CRIMINALISTICS BUREAU - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

17

Time: 12:17 a.m. The shift has begun. Over civilian clothes, the CSIs also wear *WebGear*. A nylon belt that holsters a glock nine-millimeter, handcuffs and departmental shields.

18 EXT. SUMMERLIN HOME - NIGHT

18

Warrick and Catherine pull up to the "Home Invasion." Already present is Homicide Sergeant JACK POLKA. Two police units are also there. Sergeant Polka is standing in the foyer. Smoking.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Sergeant, could you please put that cigarette out? You're contaminating the scene...

Sergeant Polka looks to the other officers. Chuckles, as if to say, "Get a load of this one." He takes another drag.

18 CONTINUED:

18

CATHERINE BELLOWS (CONT'D.)
 Sir, please put your cigarette out
 or I will have you removed...

SERGEANT POLKA
 Have *me* removed? I'm a commissioned
 officer, lady.

CATHERINE BELLOWS
 And, as a "commissioned" officer,
 your job is keep the crime scene
sterile so we can do *our* jobs...

Catherine SNATCHES the cigarette from Sergeant Polka's lips.
 Takes a drag and FLICKS it.

CATHERINE BELLOWS (CONT'D.)
 Now, if you'll excuse us...

19 INT. SUMMERLIN HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

19

An unshaven, white male lies in a pool of blood. Shot twice.
 Once in the abdomen. Once in the heart. We SEE the front
 door has been kicked off its hinges.

Warrick runs roll-tape along the victim's clothes. Catherine
 SNAPS several photos of the victim. In the background, we
 SEE a HUSBAND, WIFE, and INFANT. All traumatized.

CATHERINE BELLOWS
 ...Ma'am. Are you alright?

The wife doesn't answer. Suddenly, the husband puts his arm
 around her. Gives her a one-armed hug-squeeze.

HUSBAND
 ...Oh, she's fine. She's just a lil'
 shook up is all.

The wife looks at the husband. Still doesn't answer. Warrick
 grows impatient.

WARRICK BROWN
 Somebody wanna tell us what went on
 here...

19 CONTINUED:

19

HUSBAND

...Not much to tell really. My wife invited her drunk friend in to live with us. So, he can get back on his feet. "Two weeks tops..." she says. That was six months ago...

WHITE FLASH TO:

HUSBAND'S VERSION (SUPER)

20 INT. SUMMERLIN HOME - NIGHT

20

The following sequences are in sepia tone. JIMMY THE DRUNK, early-forties, lies on the couch with his feet kicked up. Watching Jerry Springer. Drinking beer. The husband walks in. Flipping mail.

HUSBAND

...Hey, Jimmy. Do me a favor, eh?! Take your sweaty feet off the head pillow. They stink. Christ's sakes.

Jimmy sits upright. Gives him the finger. Downs another brew from the husband's private stock. Burps through his nose.

WHITE FLASH TO:

YESTERDAY NIGHT (SUPER)

21 INT. SUMMERLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

21

The husband tosses the last of Jimmy's bags out the door. Pulls out a twenty dollar bill. Flings it.

HUSBAND

Here. Here's twenty. That's twice as much as what you came with. Now, hit the road. Jag off...

FLASH TO:

ONE HOUR AGO (SUPER)

22 EXT. SUMMERLIN HOME - NIGHT

22

Now, Jimmy is outside the husband's home. Drunk as hell. BANGING on the door. Pistol in hand.

22 CONTINUED:

22

JIMMY
 OPEN UP! TEACH YOU TO PUT ME ON THE
 STREET! YOU SON OF A BITCH!

23 INT. SUMMERLIN HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

23

The wife looks through the peep-hole with a SCREAMING INFANT in her arms. Into frame, we SEE the husband. Loading a pistol when BLAM!!! Jimmy KICKS THE FRONT DOOR DOWN. The husband fires four shots in self-defense.

Jimmy spins around "180" degrees from the fiery shrapnel. Hits his knees. Takes a few final breaths, then collapses. The wife covers the baby's face. Frozen.

HUSBAND
 Call 9-1-1...

WHITE FLASH BACK TO:

24 INT. SUMMERLIN HOME - NIGHT

24

Present time. Warrick and Catherine listen intently to his story.

HUSBAND
 ...and that was it. I feared for my wife and baby so I shot him. Here's my gun and my permit.

The husband nonchalantly hands the articles over. Catherine and Warrick look at each other. She's on the fence. He smells a rat.

WARRICK BROWN
 Could you excuse us for a moment?

The husband shuffles the wife and infant into the kitchen. Catherine pulls a piece of Nicorette gum out of her purse.

CATHERINE BELLOWS
 So, whatya think?

WARRICK BROWN
 ...What? Back there? He's lyin'. That's why I took this job. I always know when whitey's bullshittin'. It's a gift...

CATHERINE BELLOWS

It's also your 100th.

WARRICK BROWN

That, too. So, tonight. You might say I'm "extra" suspicious.

Warrick kneels next to the victim. Gently lifting his left knee. Positioning the foot for "printing."

WARRICK BROWN (CONT'D.)

...Hand me a sheet of *Opaque Lifter*, will ya? I'm gonna go head and print his tread.

Catherine POPS open her kit. Extracts a piece of glossy paper. The husband re-emerges. Eavesdropping on his tippy-toes.

HUSBAND

Why you doin' that?

WARRICK BROWN

...Just procedure, sir. I just wanna make sure the shoe on the suspect is the same shoe that kicked down this door.

The husband nods. Innocently curious. Warrick lifts the victim's sneaker and presses firmly on the paper. As he peels it backward, we SEE a carbon copy of the sneaker tread. When suddenly...

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Wait a minute. Wait a minute...

WARRICK BROWN

What's the matter? Different tread?

Catherine walks the sticky paper over to the door. Matches it up.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

...No...it matches fine. Left shoe. Left tread. Sir, after you shot the deceased did you move, re-dress, or alter the body in any way?

HUSBAND

No. Why?

Catherine is perplexed. Deep in thought.

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

WARRICK BROWN

...Talk to me.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

The left shoe's tied differently...

CAMERA SWINGS to the "right" shoelace. Then, the "left" shoelace.

CATHERINE BELLOWS (CONT'D.)

Sir, in the six months the victim lived with you, did you ever wear his shoes?

HUSBAND

No. Why would I?

CATHERINE BELLOWS

You willin' to sign a statement to that affect?

HUSBAND

Yeah. Sure.

WARRICK BROWN

(to Catherine)

Make a note that the victim was wearing tube socks.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Will do. Sir, one more question. What happened to your pinky toe?

Reveal a band-aid on the husband's pinky toe.

HUSBAND

I tripped over a rattle...

Catherine smiles and nods. Having been there. Meanwhile, Warrick's staring at the husband. Letting him know. "You a Goddamn lie."

CUT TO:

25 INT. COUNTRY CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM B - NIGHT

25

Sheinbaum and Holly Gribbs stand in the autopsy room dressed in disposable, blue cloaks and foot booties. On a gurney, we SEE a zipped up body bag. Forensic Pathologist GARY KLAUSBACH (70), a pot-bellied cowpoke, snaps on a pair of latex gloves.

Without warning, Klausbach FLINGS open the body bag. A rush of decay FLOODS the room. Holly fumbles to put her mask on.

SHEINBAUM

Breathe through your ears, Gribbs.

KLAUSBACH

First dead body, Miss?

HOLLY GRIBBS

Yes, sir. But I'll be O.K. To tell you the truth, he looks "fake"...

Klausbach lifts a grin. He likes her already. On the gurney, lies Royce Harmon. The "decomp" victim who shot himself in our teaser. In the center of his chest, we SEE a quarter-sized gunshot wound.

KLAUSBACH

Hate to put a damper on your night, Sheinbaum. But it looks like we got ourselves a homicide, after all...

Sheinbaum takes one look. Humbly agrees.

KLAUSBACH (CONT'D.)

See, Holly. If it's a contact wound, the entry hole would look like this.

INSERT: CADAVER FOOTAGE #1

A 9-millimeter pointed SNUB against a human chest. BANG! We TRACK the bullet *inside* the victim. Ala the movie, *Three Kings*. Now, we REVERSE the bullet to illustrate a "contact" wound. I.E. A small, dime-sized entry wound with minimal bruising and residue spray.

KLAUSBACH (CONT'D.)

If the victim extends his arms fully and pulls the trigger with his thumb, the wound would look like this...

INSERT: CADAVER FOOTAGE #2

Same as before. Only this time, the reversal shows a nickel-sized entry wound with six to eight inches of residue spray.

SHEINBAUM

This person was shot from six, maybe seven feet away. Like somebody stood over him. Bang!!!

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

INSERT: CADAVER FOOTAGE #3

Now, we SEE the wound of the victim. A quarter-sized entry wound. Accompanied by twelve to sixteen inches of residue spray.

KLAUSBACH

Wrongful death. I got no choice. I gotta open'em up...

Klausbach JABS a scalpel in Royce Harmon's leg like a pin-cushion.

KLAUSBACH (CONT'D.)

Yep. Let's see what God has to say.

Suddenly, Klausbach shifts into doctor's mode. Slicing a "V" from the left shoulder -- down to the bellybutton -- back to the right shoulder. Klausbach opens the cavity. Holly GAGS uncontrollably.

SHEINBAUM

...You O.K., Gribbs?

HOLLY GRIEBS

I'm sorry, sir. I can't take the smell. Oh, God. Restroom?! Where is it?

KLAUSBACH

Out the door to your right...

Holly makes a mad dash. Covering her mouth. Klausbach continues.

KLAUSBACH (CONT'D.)

How soon's the Captain want this one out?

SHEINBAUM

Eight hours...

26 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

26

Holly steps into an open area. Looks every way. Hangs an immediate right. Approaches a large, silver door. Presses the "open" button. She runs in. Falls to her knees. BARF!!!

26 CONTINUED:

26

The door closes behind her. Holly looks up and suddenly her blood runs cold. She's not in the bathroom. She's in the decomp cooler. Scores of shriveled bodies lay on steel shelves. Cellophane bags filled with jaws and teeth. Holly freaks.

BACK TO AUTOPSY ROOM

On a small, black and white monitor, we SEE Holly banging on the door. Screaming. Klausbach and Sheinbaum are oblivious. Talking.

27 INT. DECOMP COOLER - NIGHT

27

Holly searches high and low for the door knob. There is none. She notices a safety latch on the upper, right-hand corner. She JUMPS up and presses it. Nothing.

HOLLY GRIBBS
HELP!!! SOMEBODY HELP ME, PLEASE!!!

Suddenly, the walls begin to close in around her. The shriveled bodies begin to move off their racks. At least in her mind. She tries to scream. Nothing comes out. Crying. Afraid to look over her shoulder. Off Holly --

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

28 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DECOMP AREA - NIGHT

28

Sheinbaum runs over to the "Decomp Cooler" door. Presses the open button and out flies... a very shaken Holly Gribbs. She stands there in disarray. Teeth CHATTERING. Hyperventalating.

HOLLY GRIBBS

...There were bodies... ...I could feel'em breathing... ...oh, God...

Holly literally collapses in Sheinbaum's arms. Sobbing. Sheinbaum pats her on the back. Not used to this.

SHEINBAUM

Ssh. It's O.K. It's over, now...

Sheinbaum heads over to the cooler. Sticks his head in. Scolding the corpses.

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)

YOU ASSHOLES!!!

Sheinbaum hits the "open" button with his fist and the door closes. His way of making Holly feel better.

CUT TO:

29 INT. SAHARA HOTEL - SOUTH WING - NIGHT

29

Nick walks down the hallway. Approaches a HOTEL SECURITY GUARD. An ex-UNLV basketball player.

NICK LEDEE

'Sup, man. Nick LeDee. Forensics.
This the "trick roll?"

The Hotel Security Gaurd motions, "Inside."

30 INT. MR. LAFERTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

30

Nick enters. Puts down his field kit. Checks his slate. Inside, we SEE the "trick roll" victim. HAROLD LAFERTY (80). Sitting on the corner of the bed. Dazed and confused.

30 CONTINUED:

30

NICK LEDEE
...Mr. Laferty?

MR. LAFTERY
What's left of him anyhow? She took everything. My wallet. My I.D. Even my weddin' ring...

WHITE FLASH TO:

THREE HOURS PRIOR (SUPER)

31 INT. SAHARA HOTEL - LOUNGE - NIGHT

31

Laferty dancing with a much younger women. Right off the bat, you can tell she's a "pro." However, Mr. Laferty hasn't a care in the world. Tonight, he's reliving his youth.

FLASH TO:

32 INT. MR. LAFERTY'S ROOM - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

32

Mr. Laferty sits on the bed. Grinning to himself in the mirror. "You dirty dog..." Suddenly, the Pro comes out of the bathroom. Wearing a skimpy white thong. The old man's smile is so big, he could eat a banana sideways.

She crawls across the bed like a panther. Purring. Kneels over Laferty. He begins to kiss around her breast area. When out of nowhere we FADE TO BLACK...

33 INT. MR. LAFERTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

33

...and we WHITE FLASH in. Slowly fade in from white to full color. Nick has just heard the story we saw visually.

NICK LEDEE
You two have a nightcap? Do you think she could of "slipped" you something?

MR. LAFTERY
No. I can't drink. Got a bum clock.
(motions to his heart)
Look, Officer...

NICK LEDEE
Nick. Call me "Nick."

33 CONTINUED:

33

MR. LAFTERY

Nick...

(deep breath)

I love my wife. I been married 53 years. I never been unfaithful once. I came out for the convention. I was in the lounge, minding my own business, when this sweet smelling brunette started nibbling on my earlobe. And it may sound funny, but for an instant... I felt like I was your age again. Is that so bad?

Nick just shakes his head. Having seen it all before. He OPENS his field kit. Pulls out a tiny, blue flashlight.

NICK LEDEE

Yeah. We've been seein' more and more of these in the past 48 hours. Let's take a look. Open your eyes wide for me. Sunny-side up...

Laferty opens his eyes. Nick shines the flashlight. Looking for imperfections.

NICK LEDEE (CONT'D.)

Now, say "Ahhh..."

(examining)

...So, was she hot?

The old man gives Nick a "big" thumbs up.

NICK LEDEE (CONT'D.)

Atta, boy...

Nick and Mr. Laferty share a smile. It's what makes Nick a great CSI. The ability to "disarm" people.

NICK LEDEE (CONT'D.)

...Mr. Laferty, tell ya what? Your eyes look O.K., but I saw some discoloration on your lips. Have you always had that?

Mr. Laferty turns toward the closet mirror. Rubs his face.

MR. LAFTERY

No??? What in the Goddamn...

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

NICK LEDEE

Let's swab your gums. Bring a sample
back to the lab. See if we can't
find what made you pass out...

Nick extracts a long cotton swab. Proceeds to swab the inside
of Mr. Laferty's gums. Off Nick---

CUT TO:

34 INT. FORENSICS PATHFINDER (STOPPED) - NIGHT

34

Sheinbaum and Holly sit in the parking lot of a 7-11. Holly,
still shaken, attempts to touch up her eye-liner.

SHEINBAUM

You're sure you don't want to take
rest of the night off?

HOLLY GRIBBS

No way. I'll be fine. Really.

Sheinbaum looks her up and down. Indeed, she's not fine.
But, he knows why she's sticking it out.

SHEINBAUM

...You know, my first robbery was a
store like this. When we caught the
guy, the owner was so happy he gave
me a dozen farm fresh eggs from the
cooler. I never forgot that.

(reminiscing)

Who knows? If you catch this guy on
prints, maybe they'll give you free
Big Bites...

Through the windshield, we SEE a promo poster for "Big Bites."
A 1/4 lb. hot dog made from nothing, but crap. Holly rolls
her head over to Sheinbaum.

HOLLY GRIBBS

You're trying to "cheer me" up, aren't
you?

SHEINBAUM

How am I doin'?

HOLLY GRIBBS

You're doin' just fine...

Holly grows a smile. Sheinbaum shifts back into work mode.

34 CONTINUED:

34

SHEINBAUM

O.K. Routine robbery. Be thorough, please. I'll be back in an hour to pick you up. If you get done early, use channel seven on your walkie-talkie. O.K.?

Holly gives a "half-hearted" nod. Gets out of the car. Like a tired six-year old going to school.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CRIMINALISTICS BUREAU - EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

35

Warrick looks through a "Stereo Microscope." A high-definition instrument used to examine small fibers. On Warrick's hip, the intern we met earlier. Warrick takes his eye out of the scope. Boe takes a look.

WARRICK BROWN

Hair fibers from the shoelace case.
Tell me what you see...

MICROSCOPES POV

Reveal hundreds of hairs and fibers. Scattered and overlapping.

BOE WILSON

See a lot of things...

WARRICK BROWN

Look at the end of the hair follicles.

BOE WILSON

Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. I see like...
tiny sacs or seeds or somethin'.

WARRICK BROWN

That's pulp. When human hair is yanked out. Like this...

P-LUCK! Warrick takes a pinch of hair from Boe's afro.

BOE WILSON

Ow! Damn, man.

WARRICK BROWN

(shows him)
See the seeds...

35 CONTINUED:

35

ECU - HAIR FOLLICLE

CAMERA zooms in on the follicle. Filling the entire screen. Now, it looks like Warrick's holding a "Miracle Grow" sized zucchini.

WARRICK BROWN (CONT'D.)

...Hair only comes out in this form when it is either yanked or pulled. Signifying a struggle...

Warrick loses himself for a second. He can feel it. He's so close to something. Puts the roll-tape in his field kit. Starts off.

WARRICK BROWN (CONT'D.)

...I gotta go. When Sheinbaum gets back, tell him I'm at Homicide. Doing a follow up on the husband. Peace...

Warrick balls. Boe pulls out a one of those "Black power" picks. Fixing his doo without a mirror. Talking to himself.

BOE WILSON

I ain't no damn Chia pet, man. Shoot.

CUT TO:

36 INT. 7-11 CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

36

Meanwhile, Holly is getting an earful from the STORE OWNER. An elderly, Jewish woman (78). Wearing a night gown and slippers.

STORE OWNER

HOW LONG IS THIS GONNA TAKE?! I GOT PEOPLE OUTSIDE WHO WANT COFFEE! I'M LOSIN' BUSINESS 'CAUSE OF YOU!

HOLLY GRIBBS

Ma'am, I told you. If you let them in, it will contaminate the scene.

STORE OWNER

CONTAMINATE, MY ASS! WHAT THE HELL DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? YOU AIN'T GONNA CATCH'M ANYWAY? YA NEVER DO!

36 CONTINUED:

36

Holly just shakes her head. Brushing the till for prints. Asking herself the question, "Could this night get any worse?"

CUT TO:

37 EXT. REGENCY CAR WASH - NIGHT

37

A Las Vegas landmark. *Regency Car Wash*. The only 24-hour car wash in the state. It's old school. The kind where you sit inside your own car. Catherine and Nicky pull up in separate *Pathfinders*. She parks hers. Hops in his. Nick hands the **CAR WASH ATTENDANT** a \$20- bill. The attendant nods. Something's up.

38 INT. REGENCY CAR WASH - NIGHT

38

Nick puts the car in "neutral." Catherine sits up front. And, the ride begins. Rainbow soap FROTHS the windshield.

NICK LEDEE

...So you wanna neck to suds or the rinse?

CATHERINE BELLOWS

The rinse. Maybe, it'll cleanse my sins...

Catherine undoes her hair clip. Letting her hair down. She looks to Nick with a straight-face.

CATHERINE BELLOWS (CONT'D.)

Knock me into tomorrow, Nicky. Make all my problems disappear.

NICK LEDEE

You got it...

Nick HONKS the horn and the car stops mid-wash. Now, we understand what the \$20 was for. Catherine and Nick begin to kiss and undress at the same time. A "nocturnal" nooner, if you will. When suddenly the two-way radio BLURTS in.

HOLLY GRIBBS (O.S.)

...This is Holly Gribbs, requesting back up at the 7-11 on Owens. Over.

Immediately, Catherine stops what she's doing. Responds.

38 CONTINUED:

38

CATHERINE BELLOWS
(into walkie-talkie)
...Holly Gribbs. This is Catherine
Bellows, CSI-3. Are you in danger?

39 INT. 7-11 CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

39

HOLLY GRIBBS
Uh... We're gettin' there. Over...

Reveal the store owner wielding a magnum like it's a water
pistol. Talking to herself at the register.

STORE OWNER
I own this popsicle stand. And I'll
defend it to the hilt if I have to.
You can try me, sweetheart.

CATHERINE BELLOWS (O.S.)
Copy that. I am in route...

40 INT. PATHFINDER (PARKED) - NIGHT

40

Catherine leans over. Gives Nick a peck on the cheek. Gathers
her stuff.

CATHERINE BELLOWS
Sorry, Nick. I gotta go. I'm on
roam...

CUT TO:

41 INT. 7-11 CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

41

Meanwhile, there are a handful of potential 7-11 CUSTOMERS
outside the convenience store. The Store Owner takes their
orders, one-by-one, through the window. Still waving her gun
around.

STORE OWNER
...SAY AGAIN???

7-11 CUSTOMER
A coffee and a danish!

41 CONTINUED:

41

STORE OWNER

Coffee...\$1.09. Danish...\$1.89. Total
with tax... \$3.02.

(to Holly)

Yes, sirree. Everytime I lose a sale.
You pay...

The Store Owner PUNCHES some cashier's buttons. Totaling \$117.83. Holly shakes her head. Over it. Through the store window, we SEE Catherine pull up. Lights flashing. She draws her pistol. Enters.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Nobody move...

The Store Owner puts the gun down. Raises her hands up.

STORE OWNER

WHAT? WE GETTIN' ROBBED AGAIN, NOW?

Catherine grabs the pistol off the counter. Checks with Holly.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Everything O.K. here?

HOLLY GRIBBS

Yes, ma'am...

Catherine holsters her weapon. Thumbs the walkie-talkie.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Control, 7-11 is "Code 4".

(to Holly)

You the new girl?

HOLLY GRIBBS

Yeah. Hi. I'm Holly Gribbs.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

I'm Catherine Bellows...

STORE OWNER

AND I'M LESLIE STALL?! NEVERMIND THE
FORMALITIES! WHICH ONE OF YOU PEOPLE
IS GONNA CLEAN MY COUNTER! LOOK...

We SEE the counter is chock full of magnetic powder. Holly looks at Catherine. "See what I mean???"

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Lemme tell you something, lady. If you don't care about catchin' the suspect, neither do we. We're outta here...

Catherine opens the door for Holly. You should see Holly's face. "Wow." The store owner can't believe it.

42 EXT. 7-11 CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

42

Holly and Catherine walk to the car.

HOLLY GRIBBS

You can do that?

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Nope...

CUT TO:

43 INT. HOMICIDE - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

43

In a room with "two-way" glass, we SEE Warrick. Sitting with the husband from self-defense case.

WARRICK BROWN

...Sir, I'm on your side. All I wanna do is "clear" you.

HUSBAND

Then "clear" me. I already told you everything.

WARRICK BROWN

I understand that, but the evidence is telling us something different. So, I'm gonna ask you again. One more time. Before you shot the deceased, did a struggle ensue?

Warrick holds his breath. Awaiting the answer. As WE...

WHITE FLASH TO:

HUSBAND VERSION #2 (SUPER)

44 INT. SUMMERLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

44

BLAM!!! Jimmy KICKS the front door down. He and the husband wrestle standing up. Grabbing one another's faces. Ripping clothes. Pulling hair. When suddenly...

The husband steps on Jimmy's sneaker. It comes off. Both wrestle to the ground. The husband gets loose. Grabs his gun. Aims it at Jimmy. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Jimmy spins around "180" degrees from the shrapnel. He hits his knees. Takes a few final breaths and collapses. The wife covers the baby's face. Frozen.

HUSBAND

Call 9-1-1...

The wife leaves frame. The husband grabs Jimmy's sneaker. Puts it back on the victim and re-ties the shoelace.

WHITE FLASH BACK TO:

45 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

45

Present time. Warrick has just heard the husband's story.

HUSBAND

...I must of tied it the wrong way. I'm sorry. I know, I should of told you earlier. But I just panicked. I mean... I took a man's life here...

And suddenly, the husband is overcome with emotion. Drinking tears down his throat. He looks Warrick square in the face.

HUSBAND (CONT'D.)

...You don't believe me, do you?

Off Warrick's face. Blank---

CUT TO:

46 INT. LAB - CHEMICAL ANALYSIS DEPARTMENT - DUSK

46

Nick raps with GREG SANDERS, the Chemist. Late-thirties. Dressed in New Balance sneakers, 501's, and a Colorado Avalanche jersey. A Glock millimeter tucked in the small of his back. He pulls out a long cotton swab from the "Evidence" bag marked (Laferty/414).

GREG SANDERS

...So, this is it. The \$8000 q-tip.

NICK LEDEE

You're the Chemist. You tell me. I just need to know what knocked out the old man. The rest is cake...

Sanders opens the door to a Gas Chromatograph. It looks like a microwave oven for R2D2. Complex gauges and knobs. He puts the q-tip in a petry dish. Shuts the door. Hits some knobs.

GREG SANDERS

In 20 seconds, it'll give us the chemical breakdown right down to the atom.

NICK LEDEE

Sweet...

GREG SANDERS

...But I'm gonna warn you though. Mouth swabs don't always read. Vaginal swabs? No problem. Anal swabs? Money...

NICK LEDEE

Ooooh. Anal swabs. You're killin' me.

The two share a laugh. Waiting.

NICK LEDEE (CONT'D.)

...Dude, you got NFL2K for Dreamcast?

GREG SANDERS

Bought it the day it came out. Graphics are killer, aren't they? My team is the Falcons. Who do you use?

NICK LEDEE

Randy Mcss...

BEEP! The Gas Chromatograph chimes. Sanders waits for a print out. Nick holds his breath. Sanders rips a small receipt from the Gas Chromatograph. Reads. Then, crumples it up.

NICK LEDEE (CONT'D.)

...It didn't take, did it?

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

GREG SANDERS

Cotton and paper. The chemical make-up for the cotton swab. A hint of saliva. Some denture solvent, but that's it...

Nick's eyes CLAP shut. Lets out a huge sigh.

GREG SANDERS (CONT'D.)

Sorry, man...

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT ON pint of blood

The I.D. label reads, "Holly Gribbs." Wider and we're in...

47 INT. SHEINBAUM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

47

Sheinbaum pours the entire pint of blood onto a mannequin's head like a fudge sundae. The head & neck structure is made out of an "absorbent sponge" material and "artificial hair." It's how CSIs practice analyzing "Blunt Force Trauma."

Sheinbaum sets the blood-soaked head onto a table in the far corner of his office. Pasted on the walls and ceiling, we SEE large sheets of white paper.

Sheinbaum slowly lifts a metal-wood driver (golf club), grips it, cocks it back over his head, and WHAM!!! He hits the mannequin on the top of the head. Blood SNEEZES on the walls.

Then, Sheinbaum JERKS the club upwards. Streaking the ceiling and wall with splatters of blood. Sheinbaum, ever so calmly, sets the club down. Writes his findings in a journal.

48 EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

48

Warrick knocks and enters. Taken aback from the blood splatter.

WARRICK BROWN

Damn...

SHEINBAUM

Blunt force trauma case. Spanish Hills Country Club. Pregnant wife caught her husband in bed with another girl.

WARRICK BROWN

I see that... So, how's it comin'???

SHEINBAUM

Good! Hey, how'd the "follow up" go?

WARRICK BROWN

Story's changed a bit. Now, he says *there was* struggle. Said he stepped on his shoe when they was fightin'.

SHEINBAUM

You believe him?

WARRICK BROWN

...At first "no." But now, hell. I don't know what to think.

Sheinbaum stares at Warrick for an inordinate beat. Thinking.

SHEINBAUM

You ever seen the movie The Exorcist?

WARRICK BROWN

Once, and believe me that's one time too many.

SHEINBAUM

When the elderly priest and Father Karris were about to *exorcise* the demon. Karris explained, he recorded Regan and consequently had broken down the spirit into three distinct forms. The elderly priest was quick to correct, "*There is only one.*"

The Exorcist score splices in for an instant. Making tiny hairs stand up on our necks. Warrick hangs on Sheinbaum's every word.

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)

Forget the husband, Warrick. Forget assumptions. Forget your promotion. These things will only confuse you. Concentrate on what cannot lie. The evidence. Follow the reason you and I are having this conversation...

Suddenly, a light bulb goes off inside Warrick's head. Realizing.

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

WARRICK BROWN
Follow the shoe...

CUT TO:

49 INT. CRIMINALISTICS BUREAU - TEMPORARY EVIDENCE VAULT - NIGHT

49

Warrick enters the evidence vault. It's a simple room. A table. A light. And, a wall-sized shelf filled with "bagged" evidence. Warrick takes a brown paper sack off the shelf marked Mydalson sneakers.

Warrick pulls both sneakers out of the bag. Sets them in front of him like a two pepper shakers. He focuses on the shoelaces. When all of the sudden...

THE SHOELACE STRINGS

magically come alive! Performing various knots before our very eyes. Up and around. Loop side left. Loop side right. Pull and bow. Now, in reverse. Now, inverse. Until the laces give up...

Next, Warrick examines the tread of the sneaker. Checking to see if anything is stuck to the bottom. There isn't. Now, he takes out the insole. Turns the shoe upside down. When...

A TINY TOENAIL FRAGMENT

falls onto the table. Warrick's heart stops, then re-starts. He extracts a pair of stainless steel tweezers from his field kit. Chopsticks the fragment and holds it up to the light.

WARRICK BROWN
 Well, lookie here...

CAMERA goes TIGHT ON the toenail chip. Off Warrick squinting---

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

50 A PRINT BRUSH

50

whisks the inside of our television monitor. Back and forth. After several swipes, the magnetic powder begins to stick. A *thumb print* takes form. PULLING BACK, we realize...

Our t.v. screen is really the "tiny hatchway" on the mini-cassette recorder. This is where the print was found. Even WIDER...

51 INT. CRIME LAB - PRINT EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

51

...and we're at the Print Lab. The PRINT EXAMINER, a female version of John Wayne, puts the mini-cassette recorder under an ultraviolet light. Now, we SEE the "thumb print" plain as day. BUZZING blue.

PRINT EXAMINER

(to Sheinbaum)

...Minute I pulled it, I knew somethin' wadn't right. The impression's perfect. Maybe, too perfect. Take a gander...

SHEINBAUM'S POV

through the microscope, we SEE a perfect thumb print magnified 400X. At this power, the loops and connections look like train tracks. Speckled with red flakes.

SHEINBAUM

...What are those red particles?

PRINT EXAMINER

Latex flakes...

SHEINBAUM

From what?

PRINT EXAMINER

Protective gloves, maybe. But the way I figure it, this sum bitch is smart. He probably "planted" the damn print. So, on a hunch, I chemically examined the flakes. Guess what it was "laced" with?

Sheinbaum nods his head. "What?"

51 CONTINUED:

51

PRINT EXAMINER (CONT'D.)

Lecithin...

SHEINBAUM

The chemical found in cooking spray.
That's odd???

Sheinbaum stands lost. In a world of his own. Thinking out loud.

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)

If latex rubber and cooking spray
went on a "blind" date, how would
the night end?

PRINT EXAMINER

Lot better than ours did...

SHEINBAUM

I'm a romantic. What can I say?

PRINT EXAMINER

...You call buying a \$100 worth of
chocolate and watching *Willy Wonka*
at your flat...romantic?!

SHEINBAUM

For me, yeah. I love that movie.
(singing)
"Pure imagination..."

The Print Examiner tries to keep a straight face. Smiles.

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)

...What???

The Print Examiner gets behind her p.c. On the monitor, we
SEE a scan of the fingerprint. She presses "send" and the
computer CLUSTERS. Scrolling through millions of finger
prints.

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)

How long until we get a name?

PRINT EXAMINER

...Could be four minutes. Could be
four hours. But you can bet your
ass, she'll give you somethin'. She
always does...

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

Off Sheinbaum and the Examiner. Sucked into the computer screen.

CUT TO:

52 INT. CAESAR'S PALACE - COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

52

Catherine and Holly are at lunch. Catherine's having the lobster bisque soup. Holly ordered the stuffed artichoke. Only in Vegas.

HOLLY GRIBBS

Look. I gotta be honest. This ain't me. I was pushed into it by my mom. She's a Lieutenant in Traffic. She's never gonna get out of traffic. I'm fulfilling her dreams. Not mine...

CATHERINE BELLOWS

That's too bad. You know, I can sit here and "baby" you, but I can't. I love this job. I mean... we're not "Crime Scene Investigators." We're kids. Getting paid to work on puzzles. Sometimes there's a piece missing. Sometimes we finish it in one night. But, at the end of the day, I know I'm doing something that "matters." Not too many jobs like that out there.

Holly digests every word. Wanting to be talked into staying.

HOLLY GRIBBS

So, you think I should stick with it?

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Stick with it?! Lemme ask you somethin'. Have you ever been violated?

Holly remembers her most awful memory. Answers the question.

HOLLY GRIBBS

Yeah...

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Didn't feel too good, did it?

HOLLY GRIBBS

No. It didn't...

CATHERINE BELLOWS

The cops. Forget it. They wouldn't know finger prints from paw prints and the detectives...

(gestures)

...they chase the lies. We "solve." We restore peace of mind. And, when you're a victim, that's everything.

Catherine leans forward. Whispering to Holly. Eye to eye.

CATHERINE BELLOWS (CONT'D.)

Stick it out, Holly. At least until you solve your first. If after that, you don't feel like King-Kong on cocaine. Quit. Hand in your badge and gun. But, if you stay, my hand to God, you'll never regret it...

Catherine nods, "Damn right." Holly smiles in silence.
"Sold..."

CUT TO:

53 INT. CAPTAIN MYERS OFFICE - NIGHT

53

Warrick stands in front of the Captain's desk. Displays a form. The Captain sits back in his chair. Mulling it over. Until...

CAPTIAN MYERS

...It's a stretch, Brown. If you want me to wake up Judge Cohen at four in the mornin', you better bring me more than a Goddamn toenail.

WARRICK BROWN

Sir, you've got to make that call. If we don't, he'll walk.

CAPTIAN MYERS

You don't have enough to convict!

WARRICK BROWN

Hell I don't!

CAPTIAN MYERS

Whatya got?! Hair fibers?! Big deal. So, there was a struggle. Who gives a shit?! The guy's protectin' his wife and kid...

WARRICK BROWN

I've got the toenail! If I get a warrant and "match" the husband's shaving to his toe, I can prove that the suspect's foot was inside the victim's shoe. That alone will establish "foul play."

CAPTIAN MYERS

The guy lived there for Christ's sakes! Maybe, he wore the victim's sneakers to fetch the paper one mornin'. Who knows?

WARRICK BROWN

...I have a sworn statement stating "he never wore the victim's shoes."

CAPTIAN MYERS

You don't even know who's toenail it is? Did it ever occur to you that it might be the victims?!

WARRICK BROWN

...It can't be the victim's. He was wearing socks.

CAPTIAN MYERS

Too flimsy, Brown. Not good enough.

WARRICK BROWN

"Not good enough?!" Captain, it don't get no better than this!

CAPTIAN MYERS

I said "No," Brown! Goddamnit! You're all jacked up over your 100th. You're clutchin' at straws.

WARRICK BROWN

I am not clutchin' at straws, Captain. I know this Chuck's guilty.

CAPTIAN MYERS

So, what if he is! Huh? What if he was sick and tired of some scumbag "freeloading" off him, got fed up, and shot him dead like the mutt that he is. Good for him! And, between you and me, I'd of done the same damn thing.

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

WARRICK BROWN
I wouldn't doubt that for a minute...

CAPTIAN MYERS
COME AGAIN???

RING!!! The phone SCREAMS.

CAPTIAN MYERS (CONT'D.)
Don't move! Stay...

Captain Myers hits the speaker button.

CAPTIAN MYERS (CONT'D.)
Criminalistics. Myers...

SHEINBAUM (O.S.)
We've got a "name," sir...

54 INT. PRINT EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

54

Sheinbaum reads from a computer screen. In the right hand corner, we SEE a photograph of a white male. Forties. Medium build. Six-foot. Blonde hair. Brown eyes. Your average "Joe."

SHEINBAUM
...Paul Millander. Resides at 1559
Lake Mead Boulevard...

BACK TO CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Captain Myers picks up. A "fuck you" to Warrick. As we INTERCUT--

CAPTIAN MYERS
...He's in town. Good. I'll phone
the judge for a warrant.

The Captain hangs up. Motions to Warrick.

CAPTIAN MYERS (CONT'D.)
Mind closin' the door, behind you. I
got to make an important call. We'll
talk about your little "foot fetish"
later.

Warrick laughs to himself. Angered beyond belief. The Captain proceeds to pick up the phone. Dials. Pause. Until...

CAPTIAN MYERS (CONT'D.)
Judge Cohen, please...

54 CONTINUED:

54

Off Warrick. Burning---

CUT TO:

55 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

55

Meanwhile, Nick is attending to a **YOUNG FEMALE**, twenties, who has just run her car into a light pole. This is the same woman we saw with Mr. Laferty. However, Nick is oblivious. He extracts a piece of glass from her forehead. Paramedics loom in the background.

NICK LEDEE

Don't move...

(picks it off)

Jesus. Look at that thing. That's three carats, right there...

YOUNG FEMALE

I don't know what happened. I...

WHITE FLASH TO:

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S FACE

smashing BACK OUT of the windshield. IN REVERSE. In slo-mo, she comes to. Rocking out to "Jamie's Got a Gun." By Aerosmith.

YOUNG FEMALE (CONT'D.)

(singing)

Run away! Run away from the pain!

WHITE FLASH BACK TO:

56 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

56

Present time. The young female scratches her head. From this angle, we SEE she's dressed a bit risque. But, nothing out of the ordinary for Las Vegas.

YOUNG FEMALE

Funny thing is I remember the lyric.
But, I don't remember passing out...

NICK LEDEE

Lemme take a look.

Again, Nick pulls out his trusty flashlight. Examines her eyes.

56 CONTINUED:

56

NICK LEDEE (CONT'D.)

Say "Ahh..."

The young female opens her mouth. Nick examines her mouth area.

NICK LEDEE (CONT'D.)

I don't see any discoloration. Hmm.
Bummer...

(to paramedic)

...There's nothing "criminal" here.
Take her to the hospital. Have her
checked out...

CUT TO:

57 INT. PATHFINDER (PARKED) - DUSK

57

Warrick sits alone in his car. Contemplating whether to bother Judge Cohen at home or not. In the front window, we SEE the Judge's wife on a cordless phone.

WARRICK BROWN

Well... Might as well roll the dice.
Take the ass whuppin'...

Warrick opens the car door. When suddenly...

POLICE OFFICER

GET DOWN ON THE GROUND! NOW!!! MOVE
IT! MOVE IT! MOVE IT!

SIX POLICE OFFICERS yank Warrick out of the vehicle. Tackle him down to the ground.

WARRICK BROWN

HEY! WHAT THE HELL YOU DOIN', MAN?
I'M I.D.! CHECK MY BADGE! I'M FROM
CRIMINALISTICS!

JUDGE COHEN, (80), runs out of his estate in his robe and slippers.

JUDGE COHEN

...What in the good Goddamn is the
matter with you? Get off of him!!!
That's Warrick Brown from I.D. The
hell's a matter with you!

The Judge helps Warrick to his feet. The officers back off.

57 CONTINUED:

57

POLICE OFFICER

Sorry, Judge. We got a call about a "black man with a gun" outside your house, sir. We responded...

JUDGE COHEN

Well, good. You got 'em. Congrats. Now, everybody clear out of here. Before you wake the neighborhood.

POLICE OFFICER

(into walkie-talkie)
...Dispatch, please be advised Judge Cohen's residence is a Code 4. False alarm. The suspect was Warrick Brown from Criminalistics.

DISPATCH SUPERVISOR (O.S.)

(chuckling)
Control copy...

The officers shake their heads. Hop into in their vehicles. Take off. Warrick dusts himself off. The Judge smiles with disbelief.

JUDGE COHEN

Brown, what the hell are you doin'?!

WARRICK BROWN

Sorry, Judge. Captain Myers wouldn't call you for a search warrant. I got a whopper on the line with a 100 lb. test.

JUDGE COHEN

You got a winner for me? I'll make it worth your while. Gimme a name.

WARRICK BROWN

Favre...

JUDGE COHEN

Oooh. I knew it! Wait here...

The Judge disappears into the house. Warrick's radio BLURTS.

CAPTIAN MYERS (O.S.)

Warrick Brown. You copy?

WARRICK BROWN

This is Warrick. Go 'head...

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

CAPTIAN MYERS (O.S.)

This is your Captain speaking. GET
YOUR ASS OVER HERE!!!

The Judge trots across the grass. Hands over a legal document.

JUDGE COHEN

Here's a "blank" warrant. Signed.
You fill out the rest...

The Judge looks both ways. Pulls a wad of cash out of his
robe.

JUDGE COHEN (CONT'D.)

Here. \$5000. Put this on the Pack
for me. My wife finds out she'll
kill me. Have the ticket in my
chambers before kick-off. You do
that? I'll square it with the Captain.

WARRICK BROWN

No problem, Judge...

CUT TO:

58 INT. CRIMINALISTICS BUREAU - HALLWAY - NIGHT

58

Captain Myers walks down the hallway toward Catherine and
Holly. Hanging up their coats.

CAPTIAN MYERS

Catherine, put your coat back on.
You got a "428"...

Suddenly, all life falls from Catherine's face. The Captain
keeps walking. Holly notices her reaction. Inquires.

HOLLY GRIBBS

...What's a "428?"

Catherine doesn't answer. It's written all over her face.

CUT TO:

59 INT. HOMICIDE - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

59

Meanwhile, the alleged suspect, Paul Millander, is being
grilled by Homicide Detectives BARNES and CHARLY. Sheinbaum
looks in from the other room.

PAUL MILLANDER

...I swear. I've never seen this man before in my life...

DETECTIVE CHARLY

Then how in the hell did your fingerprints end up at the scene! We talked to the parents. The "deceased" didn't know any Paul Millanders...

Barns and Charly look at each other. Flustered. It's obvious. They're getting nowhere. Suddenly, Sheinbaum walks in.

DETECTIVE BARNES

You want a whack at 'm, Sheinbaum?!
Be my guest...

The two detectives leave. Sheinbaum takes a seat in front of Paul Millander. Speaks in a soft, comforting tone.

SHEINBAUM

Mr. Millander, my name is Gil Sheinbaum. I work in Criminalistics. May I ask you a few questions?

PAUL MILLANDER

Sure...

SHEINBAUM

Do you have any hobbies? Build model planes. Make toys. Wind chimes. That sort of thing...

PAUL MILLANDER

No... Why?

SHEINBAUM

We found latex particles on your thumb print. Do you have access to that sort of substance?

PAUL MILLANDER

Well. Yeah. I do. At my job...

SHOCK CUT TO:

60 EXT./INT. HALLOWEEN EXPERIENCE - MORNING

60

Millander walks Sheinbaum into the back with the Detectives. We SEE a huge warehouse filled with Halloween paraphernalia. Scary masks, styrofoam tombstones, rubber body parts, and the like.

SHEINBAUM

...You made these?

PAUL MILLANDER

Yes, sir. Everything from scratch. We mold, carve, shape, paint, and authenticate.

SHEINBAUM

They look so real...

Sheinbaum looks around. Working that big brain of his.

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)

You ever make any rubber hands?

PRINT EXAMINER

...Sure we do. This is our best seller, right here. Sold 10,000 units, last Halloween.

Paul Millander reaches into a cardboard box. Pulls out a bloody, rubber hand. Severed at the elbow. Sheinbaum examines the "print grooves" on the tips of the fingers. Suddenly, it hits him.

SHEINBAUM

...So, these are your prints?

PAUL MILLANDER

Yes. I used my own hand for the mold. Why? What does that mean?

CUT TO:

61 INT. CAPTAIN MYERS OFFICE - MORNING

61

Captain Myers sits at his desk. Examining the "rubber" hand.

SHEINBAUM

We've got the wrong guy...

WHITE FLASH TO:

61

CONTINUED:

61

INSERT: EERIE FOOTAGE

An ANONYMOUS HAND sprays Pam on the tips of the rubber fingers. Now, he presses the thumb against the tiny hatchway of the mini cassette recorder. Planting a "perfect" print.

WHITE FLASH BACK TO:

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)

...This explains the "latex" and the "lecithin." Anyone who purchased the hand could be the killer...

Captain Myers just sits there. Frosted.

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)

Not only do we have the wrong man. We've got a killer out there who's proficient in Forensics.

CAPTIAN MYERS

...So, what you're telling me is we're back to square one?

SHEINBAUM

Afraid so...

In disgust, the Captain THROWS the rubber hand against the wall. It lands on the floor. Dangles twice. Then, stops cold. Standing upright. On its fingertips. Just begging to crawl away---

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

62 INT. CRIMINALISTICS - CAPTAIN MYERS OFFICE - MORNING

62

Captain Myers stands at his desk. Chewing Warrick a new ass.

CAPTIAN MYERS

...You're off the "Home Invasion."

WARRICK BROWN

WHAT??? Why?

CAPTIAN MYERS

You deliberately went over my head, Brown! The Judge's phone call saved your job. Not your ass. I want you "shadowing" Gribbs. The new girl. A robbery just came up on MLK...

WARRICK BROWN

Captain, you can't do that! Nick and I are tied---

CAPTIAN MYERS

Tough... SHEINBAUM!!!

Sheinbaum enters. Perplexed by the Captain's tone.

SHEINBAUM

Sir...

CAPTIAN MYERS

Have Warrick shadow Gribbs the next three weeks or...until Nicky solves his 100th. Which ever comes first?

Warrick snaps. Points his finger in Captain Myers' face.

WARRICK BROWN

I hate yo' ass. You know that? People walk everyday 'cause of you. You know that? Every damn day...

SHEINBAUM

Alright. Let's go, Brown. Enough.

62 CONTINUED:

62

Sheinbaum redirects Warrick out of the Captain's office. Warrick walks backwards. Never losing "eye-contact" with Myers.

CUT TO:

63 INT. SUNRISE HOSPITAL - CHILD SERVICES - MORNING

63

Catherine enters. Approaches the FRONT DESK CLERK. Mid-fifties.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

I'm Officer Bellows from
Criminalistics. I'm here for the
"428."

64 INT. SUNRISE HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

64

Make no mistake, this is longest walk of Catherine's life. Past the front desk, through some cubicles, to the "interview" room.

65 INT. CHILD SERVICES - INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

65

Playing in a glass room is LAURA SCOTT (4). The most "adorable" thing you every want to see. Blonde hair. Blue eyes. Strawberry cheeks. The Clerk makes the introduction.

RESIDENT CLERK

...Laura, this is Officer Bellows.
The woman I was telling you about.
Is it O.K., if she comes in?

Laura WAGS her head, "Yeah..." The Clerk nods to Catherine. Hands her a slate. On it, we SEE a biological drawing of a female.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

...Hi, Laura. I'm Catherine. How are
you, kiddo?

LAURA

My daddy laid me...

Catherine almost loses it right there. Trying her best to be calm.

LAURA (CONT'D.)

He does it all the time...

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Laura, I need to take some photographs. Can you show me where he "touched" you?

Catherine shows Laura the slate. The little girl points to the vaginal area. Catherine's takes a deep breath. Indeed, this is hard for her. Suddenly, the girl's eyes swell up with tears.

LAURA

Could you hold my dolly for me?

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Sure, I can.

LAURA

No... not just hold her...take her away...to your house.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

My house? Why?

Suddenly, tears fly from the little girl's face.

LAURA

...I don't want the same thing that happened to me, happen to my dolly.

The little girl covers her eyes with one arm. Trying to hide the alligator tears. Embarrassed. She extends the doll in the other. Catherine gently accepts it. When suddenly...

Catherine's face goes taut. Reveal a band-aid between the doll's legs. With every strength she can muster, Catherine swallows her emotion. Looks the little girl in the eye.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

...It's O.K., sweetheart. You're gonna be O.K. I promise...

Laura runs up and hugs Catherine for dear life. Catherine's jaw locks. Trying her best to bottle it. Catherine combs the little girl's hair with her fingers. No words. Just reassurance.

CUT TO:

66

INT. PAIGE HARMON'S HOUSE - FOYER - MORNING

66

Sheinbaum stands in the foyer. Breaks the news to Paige Harmon.

SHEINBAUM

Miss Harmon, I'm afraid I have "mixed" news for you regarding your son.

PAIGE HARMON

...Yes?

SHEINBAUM

We're ruling out suicide. The evidence leads us to believe, that it was a homicide.

PAIGE HARMON

You're certain?

SHEINBAUM

Yes, ma'am.

PAIGE HARMON

So, he was murdered.

SHEINBAUM

I'm afraid so...

A long silence.

PAIGE HARMON

You know...this may sound funny, but I feel better knowing he didn't take his own life. For me, it'd never sit right.

(emotional)

He was such a good...

Paige can't even finish her sentence. Wrought with grief. Sheinbaum consoles her.

SHEINBAUM

I'll get'm, Miss Harmon. One thing about our business, there's always a clue. It's only a matter of time until I find it.

66 CONTINUED:

66

Paige and Sheinbaum make eye-contact. She nods. Letting him know, "I believe you."

CUT TO:

67 INT. PATHFINDER (MOVING) - MORNING

67

A very tense car. Warrick drives. Checking his watch every two seconds. Holly just sits there. No words. Until...

HOLLY GRIBBS

Sorry, you gotta babysit.

WARRICK BROWN

Yeah. I'm sorry, too...

(into CB)

Control, P-4442 arrived...

In the foreground, we SEE the part of Las Vegas you don't see. Dilapidated homes. Dirt lawns. No upkeep. In the background, a METROPOLITAN POLICE OFFICER sips coffee in his squad car.

WARRICK BROWN (CONT'D.)

...O.K. Go on in the house. Dust for prints. Nobody's home. The occupants are downtown. I gotta make a "quick" stop. You'll be O.K. by yourself for about 30-45 minutes?

HOLLY GRIBBS

You kiddin'. I'm fired up. Ready to go. Besides there's a officer here.

Warrick looks over at the officer. Warms up a bit.

WARRICK BROWN

O.K... Don't forget to photograph the house. Remember... start from the outside and work your way in.

Holly smiles back at Warrick. Thanking him for the advice.

HOLLY GRIBBS

...You got it.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. SUMMERLIN HOME - MORNING

68

Sheinbaum pulls up to the husband's house from the "self-defense" case. Knocks on the door. The husband answers.

SHEINBAUM

...Gil Sheinbaum. Forensics. I'm taking over the case for Warrick Brown. Mind if I come in?

69 INT. SUMMERLIN HOME - MORNING

69

Sheinbaum enters. Looks around. The husband shuts the front door.

HUSBAND

...What can I do for you?

SHEINBAUM

I need to give you a pedicure?

HUSBAND

Come again???

SHEINBAUM

I have a warrant for your toenails.

HUSBAND

A warrant?! What am I? A suspect. I already gave you a sworn statement.

SHEINBAUM

The statement is just a public record of your version. We need the proof.

HUSBAND

Well, I'd love to help you out, but I already cut'em.

SHEINBAUM

When?

HUSBAND

This mornin'.

SHEINBAUM

What time?

HUSBAND

'Round six...

69 CONTINUED:

69

SHEINBAUM

Always cut your toenails at six in
the morning?

The husband doesn't answer that. Sheinbaum continues to probe.

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)

May I see the waste basket where you
discarded the clippings?

HUSBAND

(covering)
I...flushed them down the toilet.

SHEINBAUM

May I see your toilet?

HUSBAND

Are you serious???

HARD CUT TO:

70 INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

70

The bathroom is pitch dark. The only light coming from Sheinbaum's "Alt. Light Source." A long snake-like flashlight that illuminates several different colors. Sheinbaum flushes the toilet. Shines the light into the swirling water. Nothing.

Sheinbaum shuts the toilet lid. Sets the wastepaper basket on top. Now, he shines the light into every corner. Trying different colors and powers. When suddenly...

A single shaving ILLUMINATES red. Sheinbaum turns the bathroom light on. Reveal a toenail clipping. From the corner, he looks to the wastepaper basket. It hits him. The husband clipped the toenails in the basket. Sheinbaum hits the bathroom light.

He empties the basket. Sifting through tissues and floss. On the floor, we SEE several loose shavings. Sheinbaum CRUMBS them like a waiter. Puts them in a sandwich baggie. Pockets it.

71 INT. BATHROOM - VANITY AREA - CONTINUOUS

71

Sheinbaum opens the bathroom door. Normal as can be. The husband stands at the opening. Suspicious.

71 CONTINUED:

71

SHEINBAUM
Well. So long...

CUT TO:

72 INT. SUNRISE HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MORNING

72

Meanwhile, Nick consoles Catherine at the hospital.

NICK LEDEE
Look, I'm not a parent or anything,
but maybe, you should take a break.
Go hug your kids...

CATHERINE BELLOWS
Yeah, that's not a bad idea. Thanks
for comin', Nicky.

Catherine musters a smile. Nick lifts her chin up. DOCTOR
LEEVEE, a middle-aged gentleman, walks over.

DR. LEEVEE
Nick, just the man I wanna see.

NICK LEDEE
(to Catherine)
...See you back at the station?

Catherine tip toes up. Kisses Nicky on the cheek. Leaves.

NICK LEDEE (CONT'D.)
Doc Leever. What's up?

DR. LEEVEE
Listen. You guys gettin' any trick
rolls, lately?

NICK LEDEE
A ton of'em. Why?

DR. LEEVEE
I've had six pros come through the
ER in the past night or so. All with
two distinct similarities. Every
girl had been mysteriously knocked
unconscious and we found some skin
discoloration.

A shot of adrenaline ROLLER COASTERS through Nick's veins.
Amped.

72 CONTINUED:

72

NICK LEDEE
Skin discoloration?! Where? The lips?

DR. LEEVER
No. Their nipples...

CUT TO:

73 INT. CRIMINALISTICS BUREAU - EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING

73

Sheinbaum squints through a *Comparative Microscope*. A dual scope that allows you to view two separate objects simultaneously. The intern assists Sheinbaum.

SHEINBAUM
Nope. Gimme the next item up for bid.

Boe Wilson tweezes another toenail sample. Hands it over.

BOE WILSON
I still don't get what you're doin'.

SHEINBAUM
I'm checking for "striation." Whenever two objects are broken there's what we called "stria" - two unique connecting points. If I can match the nail in the sneaker to the husband's clippings, we have got our man.

Sheinbaum squints through the microscope. And suddenly, our screen splits in half. Sheinbaum needles the two shavings together. Turns the focus knob. Jostling. A long silence. Until...

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)
...Well, I'll be damned.

COMPARATIVE MICROSCOPE POV

At this power, the toenail shavings look like a broken *Cool Ranch Dorito* chip. Through the scope, we SEE the striation. The toenail found in the sneaker connects perfectly with toenail found in the husband's bathroom.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. IMPERIAL PALACE - THE HUT - MORNING

74

Warrick pulls up to "the hut." Another Las Vegas landmark. It's a 24-hour "drive-thru" sports book. No bigger than a photo mat. Warrick pulls up to the menu board. Reveal a plethora of sports betting odds. Warrick drives up to the TICKET WRITER.

WARRICK BROWN

Gimme Niners for five dimes...

Warrick hands over the Judge's money. Checks his watch again. A beat later, the Ticket Writer gives Warrick a slip. It says the "Niners." Not "Packers." Warrick doesn't catch his own mistake, but we do. Suddenly, Sheinbaum cuts in on the radio.

SHEINBAUM (O.S.)

Warrick. Come in...

Warrick panics. He's not supposed to be there.

WARRICK BROWN

(into CB, overtly calm)

Go 'head...

SHEINBAUM

It's Sheinbaum. We got'm...

WHITE FLASH TO:

FINAL VERSION (SUPER)

75 EXT. SUMMERLIN HOME - NIGHT

75

Jimmy is outside the husband's home. Drunk as hell. BANGING on the door. Pistol in hand.

JIMMY

OPEN UP! TEACH YOU TO PUT ME ON THE STREET! YOU SON OF A BITCH!

76 INT. SUMMERLIN HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

76

The wife looks through the peep-hole with a SCREAMING INFANT in her arms. Into frame, we SEE the husband. Loading a pistol.

76

CONTINUED:

76

HUSBAND

(to wife)

Open the Goddamned door!

WIFE

What are you gonna do???

HUSBAND

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS. JUST OPEN THE
DOOR!!!

The wife FLINGS the door open. Steps away with the baby. He aims the pistol at Jimmy. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Jimmy spins around "180" degrees from the fiery shrapnel. Hits his knees. Takes a few final breaths then collapses. The wife covers the baby's face. Frozen.

HUSBAND (CONT'D.)

Call 9-1-1...

The wife leaves frame. The husband grabs Jimmy by the hair. Yanks his head up to see if he's dead. Some "hair strands" stick to his hands. He shakes them off. Explaining the hair follicles.

In an attempt to cover up his crime, the husband PULLS off one of Jimmy's shoes and puts it on HIS OWN foot. CAMERA goes inside the shoe. We SEE the husband's pinkie nail SNAG. Explaining Warrick's finding.

77

EXT. SUMMERLIN HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

77

With Jimmy's sneaker on his foot, the husband takes three steps back and BLAM!!! Kicks down his own door. Takes the sneaker off and puts it back on the victim's foot. Explaining the shoelace. CRIME SOLVED. As, we CUT BACK TO...

78

EXT. SUMMERLIN HOME - MORNING

78

Present time. Warrick and Sheinbaum watch three METRO OFFICERS escort the Husband out of the house. The wife lowers her head. Overnight, she's been reduced to a "virtual" widow.

SHEINBAUM

Nice work, Brown...

Warrick manages to crack a smile. Sheinbaum smiles back. The two stand side-by-side. Watch the squad car pull away. Several nosey NEIGHBORS look on from their front lawns.

78 CONTINUED:

78

SHEINBAUM (CONT'D.)

By the way, aren't you supposed to be shadowing, Holly?

WARRICK BROWN

She cool. She's doin' prints on that "407." An officer's there.

CUT TO:

79 INT. MARTIN LUTHER KING RESIDENCE - MORNING

79

Meanwhile, Holly whisks the telephone for prints. Humming. You can tell, she's gaining confidence by the minute. Suddenly, we HEAR a knock at the door. Reveal a black male. Mid-thirties.

BLACK MALE

... 'Scuse me, Ma'am?

HOLLY GRIBBS

Hi. Can I help you, sir?

BLACK MALE

How you doin'? I'm the neighbor from across the way. I saw a cop car just leave. Everything O.K. here?

HOLLY GRIBBS

We had a robbery. Everything's fine.

Holly gives a smile. Goes back to what she's doing. CAMERA swings around to reveal a glock tucked in the back of his pants. Now, we realize. It's the suspect. Off Holly. Oblivious---

CUT TO:

80 INT. SUNRISE HOSPITAL - ER ROOM - MORNING

80

In the hospital, we SEE Nick conversing with the YOUNG FEMALE we saw earlier. Doctor Leever is confused.

DR. LEEVER

...You two know each other?

NICK LEDEE

No. I worked her 401. Car accident. Doc, could you excuse us for a sec?

80

CONTINUED:

80

DR. LEEVER
Certainly...

The Doctor leaves. Nick walks over to the Young Female.
Smiles.

NICK LEDEE
...May I see your discoloration?

The Young Female opens her shirt. Nick nods. She buttons up.

NICK LEDEE (CONT'D.)
I just came from a "trick roll" at the Sahara. The victim's mouth had similar contusions. Chances are whatever it is that knocked him out, knocked you out. So, I'm gonna give you a "choice." You give back the old man's belongings and tell me what you girls are usin' and I won't have you charged with "attempted murder." You come clean? I'll have the arresting officer book you for "soliciting prostitution." You'll be home in six hours. Now, which is it?

Without hesitation, the Young Female reaches inside her purse. Pulls out a bottle of Visine. Hands it over to Nick.

NICK LEDEE (CONT'D.)
...Visine?

MATCH CUT/AUDIO:

81

INT. LAB - CHEMICAL ANALYSIS DEPARTMENT - MORNING

81

Greg Sanders, the Chemist answers Nick's question from the previous scene. Reading the output from the Gas Chromatograph.

GREG SANDERS
Scopolamine... They use it for motion sickness. One drop of this and you're out cold. Clever girl.

NICK LEDEE
Dude, trip on how she did it...

WHITE FLASH TO:

- 82 INT. SAHARA HOTEL - SUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT 82
- The Pro stands in the mirror in her white thong. She reaches in her purse. Pulls out the tiny *Visine* bottle. Squeezes two drop-lets on each nipple. Rubs the chemical around her breast area.
- 83 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 83
- The Pro crawls across the bed like a panther. Purring. Kneels over the old man. He begins to "kiss" around her breast area. Seconds later, Laferty passes out.
- She goes to work. Robbing him. Emptying his pockets. Grabs his wallet. Takes the cash. Credit cards. Even his "wedding" ring.
- 84 INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT 84
- She rocks out to *Aerosmith*. Counting her money; while driving.
- YOUNG FEMALE
(singing)
Run away! Run away from the pain!
- Suddenly, her eyes get heavy. And like that, she's out cold.
- 85 EXT. SIDE STREET - MORNING 85
- The Young Woman is slumped over the steering wheel. Ghost driving. Suddenly, her vehicle veers to the left. CRASH!!! Her face smashes into the windshield. Explaining the "flesh wound" on her forehead. CRIME SOLVED. As, we CUT BACK TO...
- 86 INT. SAHARA HOTEL - SOUTH WING - MORNING 86
- Nicky walking down a hallway. Whistling. Under his arm, we SEE a sweater box with a bow made from POLICE TAPE.
- 87 INT. MR. LAFERTY'S ROOM - MORNING 87
- Mr. Laferty sits on the bed. Opens it. Inside, we SEE all of his personal belongings.
- MR. LAFERTY
Hey! It's all my stuff...

87 CONTINUED:

87

NICK LEDEE

Yep. Your wallet. Your cash. Credit cards. Even your weddin' ring...

Mr. Laferty puts the ring back on his finger. Flexes his hand.

NICK LEDEE (CONT'D.)

Do yourself a favor? Next time you wanna take a shot. Go to the dice table. Least if you crap out, you can go home "broke" instead of "busted." Know what I mean?

MR. LAFTERY

I sure do...

CUT TO:

88 EXT. BABYSITTER'S HOUSE - MORNING

88

Establishing. Catherine gets out of her *Pathfinder*. Walks toward the house. Smiling with self-satisfaction. Having just been told the news about the "shoelace" case.

89 INT. BABYSITTER'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING

89

Catherine gently opens the bedroom door. Lindsey and Annette are sleeping like two angels. Catherine sits on the edge of the bed. Suddenly, Lindsey opens her eyes.

LINDSEY

...Mommy??? What's wrong?

CATHERINE BELLOWS

I just...uh... Mommy had a real rough night and uh...I just...wanted you to know that Mommy loves so very much...

Catherine is overwhelmed with emotion. Tears run down her face.

LINDSEY

I know, Mommy. I love you, too...

Catherine holds Lindsey for dear life. Annette opens her arms. Catherine embraces her, too.

CATHERINE BELLOWS

I'm sorry I yelled at you sweetheart.
You're both such good girls. You
make Mommy so proud...

CUT TO:

INT. CRIMINALISTICS BUREAU - BREAK ROOM - MORNING

The CSIs gather around. Sheinbaum hands Nick a silver shield.

SHEINBAUM

...Congratulations, Nicky. You are
now CSI-3.

Sheinbaum, Catherine, and Warrick clap. Pat Nick on the back.

WARRICK BROWN

Good job, Nick.

NICK LEDEE

Hey, Warrick. I heard about...

WARRICK BROWN

Forget it, man. That's not what it's
all about. It's all you...

CATHERINE BELLOWS

Alright. Let's get out of here.
Breakfast is on me...

The CSIs cheer. "Free meal!" Suddenly, the Captain walks in.

CAPTIAN MYERS

I don't want to break up your party,
but I need grave to pull a double.

The CSIs let out huge SIGHS and GROANS. Exhausted.

CAPTIAN MYERS (CONT'D.)

Holly Gribbs has been shot...

CATHERINE BELLOWS

What???

CAPTIAN MYERS

She's in surgery, now. Apparently,
the suspect returned to the scene.
She was shot six times. They don't
think she's gonna make it.

The room goes deafly silent. Warrick stands frozen. Sheinbaum and Myers lock eyes. Remembering the conversation, he had with Holly.

CAPTIAN MYERS (CONT'D.)

I want your full attention. Brown, I'm putting you on "Administrative leave" pending a full report of your whereabouts. Wash your faces. Change your socks. You have a long day ahead of you...

And, the Captain proceeds to clock each CSI out and in. One by one. He folds Warrick's time-card. Puts it in his pocket. Then, Captain Myers does the unthinkable. Clocks himself out, nestles his hat about his brim, and walks out...

Catherine lowers her head into Nick's chest. Warrick calmly shuts his eyes. Levelled. Sheinbaum stares at the ground. Indeed, there are no words. Knowing full well, the next eight hours will be the most trying of their careers.

THE END