“Tell-Tale Hearts”

Episode #1202

Story by
Larry Mitchell

Teleplay by
Joe Pokaski

Dir.: Brad Tanenbaum
Crime Scene Investigation

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Shooting Script
August 1, 2011
“Tell-Tale Hearts”
Episode #1202

CAST

D.B. RUSSELL
CATHERINE WILLOWS
NICK STOKES
CAPT. JIM BRASS
SARA SIDLE
GREG SANDERS
DR. ROBBINS
MORGAN BRODY

DAVID HODGES
DAVID PHILLIPS

CONRAD ECKLIE
OFFICER MITCHELL
HENRY ANDREWS
OFFICER METCALF
OFFICER ANDI CANTELVO

ALISON
MATT
JOHN LEE
REPORTER #1
REPORTER #2
LESLIE GITIG
XIOMARA GARCIA
* 
LONNY GALLOWS
MAURICE GALLOWS

Featured, Non-Speaking
N.D. Uniforms & Detectives
N.D. CSIs & N.D. Coroner’s Assistant
Anita Chambliss
Susan Chambliss
Cal Chambliss
Fiona Chambliss
Reporters and Cameramen
Forest Green Lookiloos
Construction Workers

* REVISED
“Tell-Tale Hearts”
Episode #1202

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* REVISITED
1. EXT. LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

CAMERA RIPS down the Strip. Favoring shots of LIGHTS. The GLARE. THE FLASH. The VOLUME. The SEXY. We find our way to the flickering "WELCOME TO LAS VEGAS" SIGN.

CRUISE from it, across the DESERT, over RESIDENTIAL TRACTS and GOLF COURSES. Then THROUGH an ADOBE WALL, into --

2. EXT. FOREST GREEN SUSTAINABLE COMMUNITY - NIGHT

A GATED COMMUNITY. We land on a SIGN: "Forest Green Sustainable Community: Life. Simply Put." Then SLIDE across it to FIND an old CADILLAC parked in front of a house.

3. INT. OLD CADILLAC - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Our INTRO SONG now on the CAR RADIO. Look through the OPEN PASSENGER WINDOW, find ALISON (16) and MATT (16), KISSING. As hot gives way to heavy, she pulls back. A good girl.

ALISON
What if someone sees us?

MATT
Please. This place is a ghost town.

It's pitch dark. Streetlights out. She can't argue, yet --

ALISON
What about God? He sees everything.

MATT
Well. If he has a problem, he'll let us know. He's God, right?

As they get back to it, they hear SPRINKLERS going off...

The SPRINKERS SWEEP BY the open PASSENGER WINDOW. Alison's getting sprayed, but she's into the moment, the romance.

Matt starts macking on her neck. Alison's eyes close in ecstasy. What they don't see, WE DO --

The SPRINKLERS spraying across the WINDSHIELD. Only this water is PINKISH/RED and getting darker. As Matt gets more amorous, moving south --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

His KNEE bumps the WINDSHIELD WIPER LEVER, the WIPERS starts SWEEPING ACROSS the WINDSHIELD. Streaking it with BLOOD. Alison opens her eyes. But before she can react --

The SWEEPING SPRINKLERS pass the OPEN WINDOW again, SPRAYING BLOOD onto her WHITE T-SHIRT. Her face. The BLOOD getting THICKER and REDDER. As she SCREAMS, God weighing in, we --

WHITE FLASH TO:

EXT. CHAMBLISS HOME - NIGHT (LATER)

Crime scene. Sprinklers off, but WATERY BLOOD is puddled everywhere. CATHERINE swabs poor Alison, still freaked.

ALISON
Is it really? --

CATHERINE
Blood? --

Catherine PHENOS the swab. It turns PINK.

CATHERINE
-- Yeah.

Alison glares daggers at Matt, with a UNI, as CAMERA FINDS --

*RUSSELL. Taking it all in. The YARD. The TWO CAR GARAGE. The HOUSE. Catherine approaches Russell --

CATHERINE
Talked to Kid Casanova, says God's wrath rained down. And I think 'Carrie' over there's convent bound.

RUSSELL
Lose the blood, the crime scene tape... my wife could go for a community like this. Eco-friendly.

CATHERINE
Not so friendly tonight.

Catherine is eyeing BRASS exiting the house with UNIS. Their faces say all the blood is coming from inside.

BRASS
Chambliss family. Quadruple. You're going to want to call for backup. (tweaking Russell)
You get many 'Stigmata' houses in Seattle?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RUSSELL

No. Saints there bleed coffee.

Cop and hippie definitely don't mix.

BRASS

(re: his notepad)
Owner was a pharmaceutical salesman.
Laid off six months ago --

RUSSELL

(has his own process)
-- I got it.

He moves past Brass -- wants the scene to brief him. Like Michael Jordan stepping onto the court, he's in the zone.

BRASS

(to Catherine)
Hope Moonbeam brought his booties.
And a strong stomach.

INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - FOYER - NIGHT (LATER)

Lights off. Russell and Catherine ease into the house, their FLASHLIGHTS cutting the darkness. BG, we HEAR a TV. The first six feet pristine. Then the horror show begins.

They SEE a WHEELCHAIR on its side. Blood all over it. Blood pooling on the rug, coming from a WHITE-HAIRED GRANDMOTHER (ANITA CHAMBLISS). House coat, slippers, seventies... she didn't stand a chance. Her THROAT'S SLASHED. MULTIPLE STAB WOUNDS and DEFENSE WOUNDS visible on her arms and hands.

Russell and Catherine react. Holy shit. And there's more to come. The metallic smell from all the blood in the house catches in the back of Russell's throat. He clears it, as...

They split off. Russell eases ahead, carefully picking his way around the blood pool. Rounding a room divider, into --

INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Where he now finds the TV on. It casts an EERIE GLOW across...

The BODY OF CAL CHAMBLISS, thirties, splayed out on a sofa where he fell. TWO GUNSHOTS TO THE CHEST. ONE TO THE HEAD, stellate pattern on his forehead, back of his head gone.

Wall behind him is painted with blood and brain matter.

As Russell takes this in, overkill --
INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Catherine moves down the hall, hugs the wall. Passes by the KITCHEN, sees broken BOWLS and MEASURING CUPS on the floor. And a gruesome commingled mess of spilled FLOUR and BLOOD. SMEARED across the kitchen floor, trailing into the hallway.

She follows the trail toward the bedrooms, but it doesn't go that far. It leads into an open doorway on the right. As Catherine gets a good look inside, her face grows pale.

INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - BATHROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Think Psycho -- BLOOD SPATTERED everywhere, but instead of Janet Leigh, it's SUSAN CHAMBLISS (36) lying in the shower. Beaten to a pulp. Stabbed multiple times, the apparent weapon left on the floor -- a broken towel bar ripped from the wall, its jagged metal edge covered in blood and tissue.

Russell now appears behind Catherine. He sees the blood from the victim covering the shower pan, the last of the drops still circling the drain. He puts it together --

RUSSELL
Eco-house. Gray water system. Recycles everything that goes down the drain...

CATHERINE
... and out to the sprinklers. Explains why the house was bleeding.

Now Russell sees a single RAINBOW MINI-MARSHMALLO, by his foot, at the edge of the baseboard. His expression shifts --

RUSSELL
When's the last time you bought rainbow marshmallows?

CATHERINE
When my daughter was eight.

They both know what this means. They move down the hall, maglites finding BLOODY BOOT PRINTS. They follow the trail...

ANGLE ON - RUSSELL AND CATHERINE

A long walk for a CSI. Longer for a father. And a mother. The door at the end of the hall is ajar. They pause in front of it. A beat.

RUSSELL
(focused)
Feel that?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

... Change in temperature.

Russell puts his hand up to the crack of the door. Feels a RUSH OF COLD AIR. He pushes open the door, revealing...

INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - FIONA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

... a LARGE BROKEN WINDOW. Peppered glass on the floor beneath it. And the basin of a BIRD BATH apparently thrown through.

Russell and Catherine swivel looks to... the bed... And FIONA CHAMBLISS (8), PINK NIGHTGOWN, holding a TEDDY BEAR, peaceful. Except for a SINGLE GUNSHOT to the side of the head.

Catherine studies Fiona's body, as Russell searches the room --

CATHERINE

No blood on the nightgown... been redressed. Cleaned up. Tucked in.

RUSSELL

... By somebody who cared about her.

Near the broken window, Russell's light falls on a DOLLHOUSE, BLOOD DROPS on the roof. Bullet in the wall above.

RUSSELL

She was shot here.

His maglite travels from the BULLET up the wall -- MORE BLOOD. Then, catches BLOOD ON A GLASS FRAGMENT still imbedded in the broken window's FRAME. Momentarily confused --

RUSSELL

How did the blood get way up here?

Then it hits him, as the CAMERA ROCKETS OUT THE BROKEN WINDOW --

EXT. CHAMBLISS HOME - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

-- AND DIVES into the grass, FINDING one BLOOD DROPLET, then ANOTHER, and ANOTHER. WE CAREEN through the grass, leap-frogging from drop to drop, as the CSIs' lights find them.

WHIP PAN UP FROM THE GRASS TO FIND Russell, Catherine, Brass and UNIs charging AT CAMERA, away from the Chambliss house.

EXT. FOREST GREEN SUSTAINABLE COMMUNITY - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS FAST WITH Russell, Catherine, Brass and UNIs as they find drops, on the grass, in the dirt. On the street. One, then another, arriving at the end of the blood trail...
EXT. JOHN LEE'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Front door ajar. BLOOD SMEAR on the DOOR FRAME. Russell and Catherine arrive a step before Brass and the UNIs.

BRASS
I got this. Don't move 'til you get a Code Four.

Brass draws his gun, enters with UNIs, as...

Russell and Catherine wait outside. Tense moments as they hear from inside the house: "Clear! Clear! Clear!" Then...

VOICES OF BRASS AND THE UNIs SHOUTING: "Show me your hands! I said, show me your hands!" Russell eyes Catherine --

RUSSELL
Sounds like a Code Four to me.

He pushes inside, and Catherine follows.

INT. JOHN LEE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT

MOVING WITH HANDHELD JERKY POV down the Living Room and hallway, ARRIVING AT... THE BEDROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL.

WHIP TO FIND Russell -- Catherine a few steps behind -- as they enter...

INT. JOHN LEE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

... Barely in time to see JOHN LEE, late 20s, on the bed, shirtless, no shoes. And clutching a LITTLE GIRL'S BLOODY NIGHTGOWN. In a flash, Brass and the UNIs are on him --

Adrenaline-pumping, they yank John Lee off the bed and throw him to the floor. Knees in his back. Smashing his face into the carpet. If they could kill him, they would. John Lee whimpers, mumbling like a mental patient --

JOHN LEE
I loved her... I loved her... I loved...

As they cuff John Lee... Brass looks at Russell and Catherine. Case closed.

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

15 EXT. ECO-FRIENDLY COMMUNITY - DAY

Off the grid. Housing boom gone bust. Roads not even finished. A FENDER and TIRE ENTER FRAME, jerk to a stop --

GPS VOICE (V.O.)
... You are going the wrong way. When you can safely do so, make a U-turn at the next intersection.

16 INT. MORGAN'S CSI DENALI - DAY

MORGAN BRODY lost, late and losing it.

MORGAN
Intersection? There's no road.

She pounds the dashboard. GPS DISPLAYS a network of roads where there are none, and repeats --

GPS VOICE (V.O.)
... You are going the wrong way. When you can safely do so, make a U-turn at the next intersection.

Morgan stares ahead. Sees across several blocks of wasteland, BUBBLE LIGHTS and CRIME TAPE -- her destination. Beat, then --

She mashes the peddle to the floor, and --

17 EXT. MORGAN'S DENALI - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Denali screams forward... jumping the curb... four wheeling it in a cloud of dust. Across dirt, rocks, sagebrush --

GPS VOICE (V.O.)
You are going the wrong way. You are going the wrong way.

18 EXT. CHAMBLISS HOME - DAY (SAME TIME)

NICK unloads his gear from the back of his Denali. In the distance, he squints at a curious DUST DEVIL approaching fast. What is it?

From the dust emerges MORGAN'S DENALI, careening off the dirt, launching over the curb and slamming onto the paved street... screeching to a stop a little too close to Nick.

A smiling Morgan hops out and approaches, as we HEAR --

(CONTINUED)
GPS VOICE (V.O.)
11376 Sagebrush. You have arrived at your destination.

NICK
Your old man teach you to drive? *

MORGAN
Funny. You guys could use a few more freeways around here. Or roads. (then)
Who's inside?

NICK
Me and Greg. Last one here gets the perimeter.

MORGAN
I got my sun block.

NICK
Speaking of the old man... * * * Nick smirks and heads inside, nodding a "hello sir" over to - * * *
ECKLIE passing by Nick, approaching. In a coat and tie. He walks up, as Morgan loads extra EVIDENCE TENTS into her kit. Ecklie takes a cursory look at the contents of her kit, notes --

ECKLIE
Cigars? I always had a few on hand.

She looks at him. So?

ECKLIE
So... settling in?

MORGAN
Yeah. (then)
You make an appearance at every crime scene?

ECKLIE
Usually roll on anything over a double. And this one, press is going to be all over it.

More silence. She suspects he's checking up on her.

MORGAN
I got stuff to do.

Just then, a REPORTER standing at the tape, shouts --

REPORTER #1
Undersheriff Ecklie. Is it true you have a suspect in custody?

As Ecklie looks at Morgan, they both have stuff to do --
19 INT. P.D. - HALLWAY - DAY

John Lee -- no shirt, no shoes -- is perp-walked down the hall by Brass, OFFICER MITCHELL and a SECOND UNI. [NOTE: The cut on his arm has been dressed]. All eyes on him. He's a pedophile, a family killer. Every cop wants a piece of him. Lee is petrified. Exactly what Brass wanted.

BRASS
Having a good time? --

OFFICER MITCHELL
Last good time you're going to have.

Officer Mitchell leads Lee into the INTERROGATION ROOM --

20 INT. JOHN LEE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

SARA now on scene, working up a sweat, searching for the gun and the knife. Tearing stuff apart. Flipping over cushions. Hutches. Cabinets. Drawers. [NOTE: All this furniture should look like it belongs to old people.]

She stops for a beat, frustrated. Nothing. She exits.

21 INT. JOHN LEE'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Sara enters, her look goes from frustrated to annoyed. REVEAL WHAT SHE SEES -- Russell deep in thought, and not sweating at all. Not searching. The dresser drawers are open revealing lots of boy toys: YO-YO'S, STUFFED RABBIT, JOLLY RANCHERS, CARTOON LUNCH BOX, PIGGY BANK, PINWHEEL, MR. BUBBLE.

SARA
Don't mean to interrupt your search.
I've torn this whole house apart.
No gun, no knife, no nothing.

RUSSELL
(deep in thought)
Did you notice the decor?

SARA
You in the market for a decorator?

RUSSELL
Suspect's twenty-seven, answers phones at a body shop... Furniture in this place looks like it belongs to his parents. Hand me downs. Only room that's a reflection of his taste is this one. It's laid out exactly like the dead girl's room. Even got the same dollhouse.

Sara appreciates Russell's focus. And the insight. *(CONTINUED)*
CONTINUED:

Swivels a look to the dollhouse, notes hinges that have been added.

SARA
Not exactly the same. Little girl's didn't have hinges.

Sara takes a knee, unclasps the hinges and opens the dollhouse roof and front facade. They open like a flower, revealing on the flat interior surfaces --

A PHOTO TABLEAU OF FIONA

Dozens of PHOTOS OF FIONA. Starting at age four. All from a peeper's perspective. SHOTS of her playing outside. Playing at parks. Riding her bike. Going to school. And even more SHOTS THROUGH THE WINDOW of her sleeping.

Russell and Sara stare at the tableau --

SARA
Guy lived three doors down.

RUSSELL
He's been watching her for years.

Sara slides a look to Russell. His focus has acquired a darker intensity.

OMITTED

EXT. CHAMBLISS HOME - OUTSIDE BROKEN WINDOW - DAY

FLASH! FLASH! Morgan documents the BASE OF THE BIRD BATH. On its side, basin missing -- we know where it ended up. As Morgan visualizes the bird bath's original position --

CSI SHOT - BASE OF THE BIRD BATH

It RISES OFF the ground, the BASIN GHOSTS back in. Morgan steps toward the GHOST BIRD BATH. Takes a beat to analyze, then crouches down behind it, looking PAST it, TO --

Fiona's bed. Perfectly framed in the BROKEN WINDOW.

Morgan looks down. In the dirt, just behind the GHOST BIRD BATH, she sees OVERLAPPING BOOT PRINTS.

She puts her cheek to the dirt, blows on the prints. Very little dirt blows away. Means the boot prints are BAKED IN.
Morgan calls to GREG, on the other side of the broken glass, just clicking off his cell.

**MORGAN**

Hey, Sanders. Got multiple boot prints.

She watches through the window as... Greg cuts out a section of carpet just inside the room. A bloody boot print.

**GREG**

Me, too. In the hall. In blood.

**MORGAN**

Mine have been here awhile. I think someone was hiding back here.

**GREG**

Looking in. That was Sara on the phone. Perp's a peeper.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Morgan's look THROUGH THE GLASS, and into --

**INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - FIONA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Greg resumes ALS-ing the bedding. There's nothing, until the beam spills over the edge of the mattress onto the carpet. Bingo. A PALE GREEN/YELLOW GLOWING STAIN appears. Greg follows it with the ALS, angling it under the bed to find --

A LARGER, GLOWING STAIN. He takes a scientific sniff. Urine.

**WHITE FLASH TO:**

**INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - FIONA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (VERSION)**

BAM! The BIRD BATH BASIN crashes through the window. Fiona bolts up, dives for cover under the bed. Terrified.

**WHITE FLASH TO:**

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


**BRASS**

Can I get you anything? Soda? Water? Milk?

**JOHN LEE**

A Cherry Cola would be nice.
CONTINUED:

BRASS  
(not budging)  
I'm sure it would.  

JOHN LEE  
I know what you think.  

Brass leans in with lethal venom. Whispers in his ear --  

BRASS  
I think you're lucky I'm a cop.  

Just then, Catherine KNOCKS and enters. She's got her kit, several EVIDENCE BAGS and JUMPS.  

CATHERINE  
CSI Willows. Here to process you.  

Lee doesn't know what this means, but his sphincter tightens. Catherine lays a piece of butcher paper down on the floor.  

CATHERINE  
Get up. Step on the paper. Strip.  

John Lee doesn't comply. Scared and embarrassed.  

CATHERINE  
Either you do it for me, or you do it for him.  

Self-conscious, John Lee looks to Brass, who shrugs.  

BRASS  
Just pretend she's six years old.  

John Lee slowly rises and stands barefoot on the paper.  

CATHERINE  
Pants first.  

JOHN LEE  
Could you close the blinds?  

Brass crosses to the blinds. He opens them all the way. Then, he cranks the thermostat all the way down.  

BRASS  
Better?  

John Lee strips off his pants. Catherine bags them.  

CATHERINE  
Keep going.  

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

John Lee eyes the JUMPSUIT on the table.

   JOHN LEE
   Can I put that on?

   BRASS
   No.

Catherine eyes Brass. A warning. Let's not lose this confession. As the CAMERA ANGLES to John Lee's face, we HEAR him drop his underwear into an evidence bag --

INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

DR. ROBBINS heads down the hall to the bathroom, maneuvering around EVIDENCE TENTS. Behind him, DAVID PHILLIPS and an N.D. CORONER wheel out a large body bag (Cal Chambliss) --

   DAVID PHILLIPS
   Father makes three. Still waiting on the Mom.

   DR. ROBBINS
   I know.

Dr. Robbins arrives at the BATHROOM DOOR. Looks in to see --

INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - BATHROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

MOM'S BODY on the shower floor, Nick SNAPPING PHOTOS of BLOOD SPATTER. He places an ADHESIVE SCALE next to one drop, FLASH! We see SPATTER on the tile (L-SCALE in the shot). FLASH! BLOOD DRYING AROUND THE DRAIN. FLASH! The ripped-out end of the TOWEL BAR. JAGGED. BLOODY, with BITS OF TISSUE on it.

   DR. ROBBINS
   Any reason you're holding onto Mom?

   NICK
   I need her in context. Lot of blood spatter here.

   DR. ROBBINS
   Lot of blood in this house period.

   NICK
   All this took a lot of time.

   DR. ROBBINS
   (agreeing)
   Grandmother sustained over a dozen stab wounds. Father shot three times.

   (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Nick eyes go from the damage to the wall where the TOWEL BAR was ripped out, to the TOWEL BAR covered in blood and tissue.

NICK
Guy's got a knife and a gun, so why the towel bar?

A beat, as Nick considers all this. He begins using his BioTX TED Liquid Evidence Collector.

NICK
You think one person could have done all this?

OFF Robbins' look, seems impossible --

OMITTED

INT. JOHN LEE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Sara enters to find Russell again in deep thought, looking in the FREEZER.

SARA
Cadets are out beating the bushes looking for the knife and gun. They're having the same luck we had.

RUSSELL
I've seen this freezer before.

Sara crosses to him. Looks in the freezer. It's filled with POPSICLES, ICE CREAM BARS, DINOSAUR CHICKEN FINGERS, MINI-PIZZAS. But they're all packaged for kids.

RUSSELL
One anniversary, my wife and I went away for a weekend. Left our oldest in charge. Kids did the shopping. Looked just like this.

SARA
Popsicles. Ice cream. Great way to lure a kid.

RUSSELL
Not a lure. A lifestyle. Arrested development.

He directs her attention to the counter. Box of INSTANT COCOA. BAG OF MINI-RAINBOW MARSHMALLOWS. LUCKY CHARMS.
CONTINUED:

SARA
Maybe he likes little girls because he's a little boy.

RUSSELL
Immature. Isolated. Hides and takes pictures through a window.* Passive, not aggressive.*

Sara eyes Russell, still trying to get a bead on him.

SARA
Thought you liked to play dead? Get into the head of the victim?

RUSSELL
My wife says I'm a frustrated writer. When I see a crime scene, I see a story. Victim, suspect. Whoever has the best tale to tell, that's where I find the truth. And this story isn't telling.*

SARA
(eyeing him)
You think the man child didn't do it? * (then, citing the facts)
He was in their house. He was holding her bloody nightgown. He'd watched that girl for years.

RUSSELL
Exactly. For years. And then one night he stopped watching and started killing. Why?

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

John Lee still naked and shivering. He stares at the chemicals lined up in front of Catherine. Brass watching.

CATHERINE
Right hand.

JOHN LEE
Is this going to hurt?

CATHERINE
A lot less than jabbing a towel bar into a woman twenty times.

JOHN LEE
I didn't do it. Any of it.

(CONTINUED)
She glares at him. He timidly extends his shaking hand. As Catherine swabs the inside of his right palm --

JOHN LEE
I went by the house. I looked in
and I saw her. I saw the hole in
her head. The blood. I loved her.
I couldn't leave her like that.

BRASS
So instead of calling the police,
you threw a bird bath through the
window?

Catherine adds a drop of SODIUM RHODIZONATE to the swab. No reaction.

CATHERINE
Other hand.

John Lee now extends his shaking left hand. Catherine swabs his left palm --

BRASS
I ran you. No record, no complaints.
But here's what I think happened.
One night you're hanging outside
that window. Someone sees you,
tells the Chamblisses. So they
take a walk. Dad knocks on your
door, then he knocks on your head.
And you didn't like that.

Catherine adds a drop to the swab, but this time it turns VIOLET. Positive. John Lee eyes the result, gets edgier.

CATHERINE
I just tested your hands for lead
to determine if you fired a gun.

BRASS
Guess what color positive is?

CSI SHOT - LEAD TRANSFER FROM GUN TO HAND

John Lee's left hand grasping a gun. As he pulls away, we ZOOM in. Seeing the microscopic SPHERES of LEAD, BARIUM, and ANTIMONY remain on his hand. Transfer.

BACK TO SCENE

CATHERINE
You shot that little girl. Shot
her father.

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Sliced and diced her grandmother.
And beat and stabbed her mother
with a towel bar.

BRASS
We're going to prove that, too.
Tests are just starting, pal.

John Lee shakes even more. Not from the cold, but from fear.

BRASS
You got a choice. Spend the rest
of your life in general pop with
some very bad guys who've got kids
they love and can't see, and are
going to take that all out on you...
Or you can tell us what you did and
buy yourself a private cell.

John Lee, shaking almost uncontrollably now. Looks up --

JOHN LEE
I did it. I'm the one who killed
the Chambliss family.

EXT. CHAMBLISS HOME - DAY

Morgan has moved to the front house and is TENTING some of
the BLOOD TRAIL. Within earshot, Ecklie. On his cell.

ECKLIE
(into cell phone)
CSI's not through processing the
scene. I think we should hold off
on the press conference, ma'am.
(listening)
Supervisor Russell has some concerns
about the suspect --
(listening, then)
I understand the pressure. I just
don't want to have another press
conference with egg on my face...
Yes, ma'am. I know it's my face.

Morgan watches as her father CLICKS off. Being a suit sucks.
She feels bad for him as Undersheriff, if not as father.

FOLLOW ECKLIE as he heads for the MEDIA FRENZY. Vans and
mobile set-ups. CAMERAS FLASH. Ecklie ducks under the tape
and approaches the REPORTERS and CAMERAS.
CONTINUED:

ECKLIE
... Good afternoon. I'm Undersheriff Ecklie of the Las Vegas PD. I'm here to announce that, thanks to the fine efforts of our detectives and CSIs, we have a suspect in custody. Who has confessed to the murders of the Chambliss family.

REPORTER #1
Can you tell us his name?

REPORTER #2
Why did he do it? How did he do it?

ECKLIE
I have no further comment at this time.

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

John Lee has been led away by the UNIs. Catherine's packing up the evidence. She looks THROUGH THE WINDOW INTO --

INT. P.D. - HALLWAY - DAY

Cops feeling good, back slaps to Brass. They got their guy.

PICK UP Catherine exiting Interrogation, subdued. A shared look with Brass, then she starts down the hall, approaching --

INT. P.D. - RECEPTION - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

OFFICER METCALF, at the desk, arguing with LESLIE GITIG, thirties, attractive, professional looking.

LESLEI GITIG (O.S.)
... I'm saying there's been a mistake. I saw the news. That Sheriff --

OFFICER METCALF
Ma'am. Ma'am, please. Slow down.

LESLIE GITIG
Don't patronize me. I have information about the Chambliss murders. I need to talk to someone in charge.

(CONTINUED)
OFFICER METCALF
That would be Captain Brass. I can take a message.

Catherine is just passing by, overhears.

LESLIE GITIG
Message? Here's the message. That man you arrested didn't do it --

OFFICER METCALF
Ma'am, please. Keep your voice down.

LESLIE GITIG
(her intensity rising)
You arrested the wrong man!

Catherine stops.

CATHERINE
Really? And you'd know that how?

OFFICER METCALF
(to Catherine)
I got this --

LESLIE GITIG
-- I know because I did it.

She's at full holler. Everyone turns, including Brass. Catherine shifts a look from Leslie Gitig to Brass. Either the woman's crazy, or --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

41 INT. P.D. - VIEWING ROOM/INTERROGATION ROOM "A" - DAY

Leslie Gitig's face FILLS THE SCREEN, freshening her lipstick. Preening in the mirror, like she's getting ready for a date. But this is no mirror. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS -- 

Ecklie, nose-to-nose with Leslie, observes. On his phone.

ECKLIE
No, ma'am. No record. Works as a Legal Secretary. Lives in Henderson. I imagine she saw the news. (eyeing her preening) Seems like the type to... crave attention. (a beat, then) Yes, ma'am, I know Captain Brass can be aggressive, but smart money's still on the perv.

Ecklie sees Brass enter to talk with Leslie. He realizes he should be in there with him. He finishes the call. Quickly.

ECKLIE
Of course. I understand. I'm on it. Personally. Yes, ma'am.

He gets up, and wants to throw the fucking phone. He looks to Leslie. Crazy lady. Screwing things up. Then --

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

Brass across from Leslie, as Ecklie enters. Ecklie turns the thermostat back up to seventy.

BRASS
So, Leslie --

LESSEE GITIG

BRASS
Right... So, Leslie, how is it you know the Chambliss family?

Ecklie closes the blinds. Full.

LESSEE GITIG
(matter-of-fact)
Calvin Chambliss and I were having an affair. He promised to leave his wife, Susan, for me.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Ecklie slides Brass a look, not sure what to make of this.

**BRASS**
I'm guessing that didn't happen?

**LESLIE GITIG**
His loss. He caved, told Susan about me. Bitch. Then he stopped calling. You can check my phone records.

**BRASS**
We'll be sure to do that.

**ECKLIE**
Where were you last night, between nine and midnight?

**LESLIE GITIG**
Where I always am. Parked outside their house. You can check the traffic cameras. Oh, and I stopped for gas.

**BRASS**
So, last night you actually got out of the car?

**LESLIE GITIG**
Yes.

**BRASS**
Then what?

**LESLIE GITIG**
I rang the doorbell. Cal's mother, Anita, answered.

(then)
I told her I was there to see Cal. She wouldn't let me in, so I killed her. Then, I killed Cal. And Susan. And Fiona.

**ECKLIE**
I read the paper, too. Tell us something the whole world doesn't know, Ms. Gitig.

**LESLIE GITIG**
You mean like, Anita's throat was slashed...

---

**WHITE FLASH TO:**

---

**INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - FOYER - NIGHT (VERSION)**

QUICK SHOTS of Leslie killing them all. Anita Chambliss' throat slashed by Leslie, with a KNIFE.
INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (VERSION)

Leslie pulls a GUN, and shoots CAL. ONCE. TWICE. Then, walks right up to him and shoots him in the head.

LESLIE GITIG (V.O.)
... Cal was shot twice in the chest, once between the eyes.

INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT (VERSION)

Leslie attacks Susan with the KNIFE. Knocking over all the BOWLS and cups. Dragging her across the floor.

LESLIE GITIG (V.O.)
... Susan was stabbed repeatedly.

INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - FIONA'S ROOM - NIGHT (VERSION)

Finally, Leslie puts the gun to Fiona's head.

LESLIE GITIG (V.O.)
... And little Fiona --

WHITE FLASH TO:

BACK TO SCENE

LESLIE GITIG
-- was shot in the head.

How's that for specific? Ecklie takes a beat. She's right about all that, but one thing doesn't fit -- our working theory is the point of entry was the broken window.

ECKLIE
You said you entered the house through the front door?

LESLIE GITIG
If you want to videotape this, I can start again from the beginning.

Or maybe Ecklie was right -- she's just craving attention.

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

All FOUR BODIES on tables, POST-Y. Catherine staring at them. Reliving the horror of walking into that house.

Dr. Robbins enters, eyes Catherine. Knows what she's thinking.

DR. ROBBINS
I heard about the second confession.

(CONTINUED)
Catherine

One's good, two is bad.

(then)

Nut job or not, she just made our job a lot harder. Creating reasonable doubt.

Dr. Robbins

Where do you want to start?

Catherine

Let's start with Mom. C.O.D.?

As Dr. Robbins crosses to Susan Chambliss' body --

Dr. Robbins

Massive head trauma. Exsanguination. Twenty-four sharp force injuries consistent with the jagged ends of the towel bar. Fifteen accompanying blunt force injuries, consistent with its rounded sides.

Catherine

Beaten and stabbed to death. Thirty-nine blows. Towel bar ripped out of the wall. Rage.

Dr. Robbins

Dad's a different story.

Dr. Robbins crosses to Cal Chambliss' body, POST-Y.

Dr. Robbins

Two gunshot wounds to the chest. And a Coup de Grace.

He holds up a bundle with three blue fibers inside.

Dr. Robbins

David found blue fibers on the Dad's clothing. Could be from the shooter. Contact wound. Right through the frontal bone. Execution style.

Catherine

Clean. Quick.

Now, he hands her two coin envelopes.

Dr. Robbins

Rounds look like 9 mil.

Catherine

Same as the little girl.

(Continued)
Catherine turns her attention to Fiona's body.

**CATHERINE**

Sexual assault? Not sure I even want to hear this.

**DR. ROBBINS**

Not sure you do either.

(off her look)

There was nothing. No physical findings of any sexual abuse.

Catherine didn't see this coming.

**CATHERINE**

He escalates to murder, but leaves the object of his perversion untouched? Then... kills her?

**DR. ROBBINS**

Doesn't make sense.

---

**EXT. CHAMBLISS HOME - DAY**

Morgan PRINTS the front door (closed). Russell approaches.

**RUSSELL**

Good first day? Finding anything?

**MORGAN**

Couple partials. See what AFIS says.

**RUSSELL**

Great.

(then)

Family meeting. Inside.

Russell heads inside. Morgan cranes a look. Huh?

---

**INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY**

Russell walks down the hall, sidestepping evidence tents.

**RUSSELL**

Family meeting. Everybody. Follow me.

He passes Nick, who pokes his head out of the bathroom, sees Russell headed for Fiona's room. Eyes Morgan as she passes.

**NICK**

Is he for real?
INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - FIONA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Greg's been printing, his face streaked with powder. FOUR EVIDENCE GROCERY BAGS on the floor. FINGERPRINT POWDER all over the walls and window. Shattered glass now collected. Bed linens stripped. Russell, Nick and Morgan crowd in.

RUSSELL
(to Greg)
Looks good.

He turns to address his team. Greg sidesteps into the group, like he's getting into a family photo.

RUSSELL
Here's how I like to run a family meeting. First, clarify the problem. * In this case, two competing stories. * Who thinks the target of this attack was the little girl? Hands.

Nobody raises their hands. Says a word. Too weirded out.

RUSSELL
Just like my kids. Point of entry? The window?

Morgan raises her hand. Then, Greg's hand goes up slowly. Nick is having none of it.

RUSSELL
Smash! (they all startle)
Greg. What does the little girl do?

GREG
Found a puddle of urine under the bed. She hid there.

RUSSELL
You processed Dad, Nick. Think he heard any of this?

NICK
Evidence says no. He barely got off the sofa before he got shot. TV's on. Maybe he was asleep. Grandma had a hearing aid, she didn't hear anything.

GREG
Flour on the floor in the kitchen * says mom was baking a cake. Mixer's * on, pretty loud.

RUSSELL
So maybe nobody heard the window break.

(MORE)
RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Still, if someone broke into my daughter's room, she'd scream bloody hell. And not hide, but run to me.

MORGAN
Little girl's behavior is off.

RUSSELL
Everyone's behavior's off. Catherine says John Lee never touched the girl. So, I'm glad none of you raised your hands when I asked if she was the focus of this whole thing.

GREG
I'd like to retract my hand on point of entry. Girl's behavior is more consistent with point of entry at the front door. She ran and hid.

MORGAN
There's no forced entry at the front door. If Dad's on the sofa, and Mom's in the kitchen, Grandma let them in.

NICK
(getting on board)
Grandma first. Dad second. Mom next. Hit on the head, dragged into the bathroom.

RUSSELL
Girl was last.

MORGAN
So why did John Lee not touch her?

GREG
Why did he kill her?

RUSSELL
Maybe he didn't. Maybe he's telling the truth. He came after the killings. Broke in, threw the bird bath through the window. He said he couldn't leave Fiona like that.

MORGAN
Would explain why we haven't found any bloody clothes. The knife. The gun.

NICK
Because someone else murdered the Chambliss family.
CLOSE ON: LESLIE GITIG

Again, LESLIE'S FACE fills the screen. But it has an odd, almost jumpy quality, like her affect.

LESLIE GITIG
I wore gloves. I always keep a pair in my car. Disposable.

BRASS (O.S.)
Where did you dispose of the gun?

CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING we are in a VIEWFINDER, and in -- INTERROGATION ROOM "A"

Leslie got her wish, a CAMERA now videotaping. Ecklie and Brass still think she's a nutjob.

BRASS
... The knife? The clothes you wore?

LESLIE GITIG
I threw them away.

ECKLIE
Where?

LESLIE GITIG
I disposed of my Beretta in the water hazard off the 12th hole at the Alsted Country Club. I drive by there every day on my way to the firm. I find it peaceful.

OFF Brass and Ecklie, unsettled -- where is this going?

EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. CSI - HALLWAY - NIGHT

ANGLE ON a BUCKET OF WATER. Inside it, we see a Beretta. TILT UP to FIND --

XIOMARA GARCIA, 30s, former Marine, veteran of Iraq and Afghanistan, now the Graveyard Firearms Examiner, carrying it down the hall. She approaches Catherine.

CATHERINE
That it?

XIOMARA GARCIA
Just like she said. Twelfth Hole water hazard. Swan took a bite out of the diver.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CATHERINE
I'm shocked you let someone else go in after it.

XIOMARA GARCIA
You know how those Navy Seals are, make us Marines take a back seat.

CATHERINE
Slugs from Autopsy are on your desk. This is a rush. When you're done, make sure Russell gets your report.

XIOMARA GARCIA
Got it.

(then)
Best job in the world. I get to play with guns. And nobody fires back.

Catherine smiles, splits off. FOLLOW Xiomara past Layout, where CAMERA pushes into --

INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

ANGLES PAST a line of John Lee's shoes, mostly WORK BOOTS. Greg INKS the soles, making a TRANSPARENT REFERENCE SHEET. Meanwhile, Morgan is overlaying one of the transparencies on one of her PLASTER CASTS from outside the window. A MATCH.

MORGAN
Individual characteristics line up. Boots match.

GREG
Got him at the window.

She moves to the CARPET CUT-OUTS. Overlays the TRANSPARENCY on a BLOODY BOOT PRINT. Reacts to the obvious discrepancy.

MORGAN
Not in the house. He gained two sizes coming in.

GREG
Russell was right.

MORGAN
Good hand retraction, brown nose.

GREG
Learned all my moves from your dad.

As she slides him a look, don't go there --
53 INT. CSI - BALLISTICS - NIGHT (MONTAGE)
-- Xiomara carefully moves the retrieved BERETTA from the EVIDENCE WATER BUCKET to a container of PENETRATING OIL.
-- Eyes and ears protected, she FIRES the PISTOL.
-- Xiomara retrieves the BULLET from the WATER TANK.
-- Places the BULLET on the COMPARISON MICROSCOPE. Then, she empties one of the AUTOPSY BULLETS from its envelope marked: CAL CHAMBLISS #1, and places it into the other stage.
-- As she looks into the scope, we see on the attached MONITOR that the AUTOPSY BULLET does NOT MATCH the TEST FIRE BULLET.

54 OMITTED

55 INT. P.D. - INTERROGATION ROOM "A" - NIGHT
Leslie is just looking at the camera, waiting for the "red light" to come on. Russell enters, with a report.

LESLIE GITIG
Where are the other gentlemen?

Russell just stares at the report, giving her nothing.

LESLIE GITIG
If you're going to ask me the questions now --
(pointing)
-- That red light isn't on.

Russell sits down, ignoring her. Then --

RUSSELL
You know what a ballistics match is?

LESLIE GITIG
Yes.

RUSSELL
Well, that gun you had us fish out at the Country Club wasn't the murder weapon. Same caliber. But the rifling wasn't even close.

LESLIE GITIG
As I understand it, any number of things can change a gun's rifling characteristics.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RUSSELL
Like shoving a screw driver down the barrel?

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. LESLIE GITIG'S CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY (VERSION)

Non-descript kitchen. Leslie at the kitchen table. TV on. As Leslie watches Ecklie's press conference, she calmly jams the HEAD OF A SCREWDRIVER into the BARREL of the Beretta.

CSI SHOT - CAMERA DIVES INTO THE BARREL OF THE GUN

We SEE the curved rifling pattern being SCRATCHED UP and GROOVED by the head of the screwdriver.

BACK TO SCENE

Russell studies her.

LESLEI GITIG
Are you going back to the lake? Obviously, you found the wrong gun.

RUSSELL
(staring through her)
I'm sure you're an excellent legal secretary. You know criminal procedure, the lingo. I bet you have contacts at PD, the Coroner's Office, even the Crime Lab.

She gets his drift. Goes from being zero-affect to icy.

LESLEI GITIG
I killed that family. Because that bitch got in the way of me and Cal. Just like she did when I sunk that knife into her twenty-four times.

Russell eyes her, bothered. He knows it wasn't a knife. But she's right about a lot of things. And definitely off.

INT. P.D. - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Russell exits Interrogation, Catherine and Brass waiting.

BRASS
Woman's ninety-two pounds soaking wet. I don't think she owns work boots. Not men's size twelves.

(CONTINUED)
CATHERNIE
And it was a towel bar, not a knife.

Catherine pulls phone records from a file --

CATHERNIE
I ran her phone logs. She's been making calls to law enforcement all over the county.

BRASS
Loose lips sink cases.

Russell is processing all of this. Quiet on the surface, but something is still bothering him. Stuck in his teeth.

BRASS
You seem a little off your Zen, maestro.

RUSSELL
Woman gets a look at our evidence. She may be crazy, but she figured out point-of-entry before we did.

CATHERNIE
Maybe we should keep that to ourselves.

RUSSELL
(eyes Brass)
Is John Lee dressed yet?

BRASS
Yeah. Why?

RUSSELL
If he didn't murder that family, maybe he saw who did.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

A60 INT. P.D. - INTERROGATION ROOM "A" - NIGHT

John Lee, in jumps, sits across from Russell and Catherine. Looking at her. What's she going to do to him now?

RUSSELL
We know you were in the house that night, John. In Fiona's room. You said she was already dead, let's say we believe you. You were still there.

CATHERINE
Did you see anything?

JOHN LEE
No.

RUSSELL
Okay. Maybe not the night of the murders. But you've been watching that family for years.

JOHN LEE
You trying to trick me?

CATHERINE
You loved Fiona. Something bad happened to her. She'd want you to help us.

Beat. They're getting through to him. Catherine slides a DMV PHOTO of Leslie Gitig across the table.

CATHERINE
Have you ever seen this woman?

JOHN LEE
(eyeing the photo)
Red BMW. 3 Series. She would park down the street and just sit there. She's an awful woman.

CATHERINE
How do you know?

John Lee reacts, edgy.

JOHN LEE
You can just tell sometimes.

Russell measures John Lee, senses more there.

(CONTINUED)
RUSSELL
Did this 'awful woman' ever go inside?

He shakes his head, no. As Russell measures him, Catherine follows up on John Lee's edginess --

CATHERINE
You ever see any other 'awful people' go inside?

John Lee really starts to sweat now. Getting nervous.

JOHN LEE
Can I have that cherry cola now?

OFF Russell and Catherine, they're getting close. But it may take some time.

INT. CSI - EVIDENCE LOCKER - NIGHT

Sara and Morgan log in their piles of evidence. Sara, doing paperwork, staples receipts to each bag. Morgan seals her bags and boxes with EVIDENCE TAPE. They run the facts --

SARA
Explain this to me. Some perv stalks your daughter, peeks in her window, takes photos. For years. Mother doesn't work, father's laid off...
I mean, they were around.

MORGAN
Can't tell me they didn't know. I found dozens of footprints outside that window.

SARA
So why didn't they call the police?

A beat, as they consider this. Then, an idea forming --

MORGAN
Maybe they couldn't.
(then)
You get a look in their garage?

SARA
(on board)
Porsche still had dealer plates.
New Volvo wagon. Money.

(CONTINUED)
MORGAN
You said it -- dad's laid off. Where's it coming from?

Under this, Greg enters. He's carrying a box filled with evidence. As Morgan continues --

MORGAN
In L.A., at least seventy percent of all murders involve drugs.

GREG
Might explain what I recovered from the kitchen. Finally got a chance to process everything. I don't think Mom was just baking cakes.

Greg digs in his evidence box, pulls out a KITCHEN SCALE and a COSTCO-SIZED SLEEVE OF BAKING SODA BOXES.

SARA
That is a lot of baking soda --

Greg drops the baking soda boxes onto the scale. It records the weight, down to the hundredth gram.

GREG
And one seriously accurate kitchen scale.

MORGAN
Either mom was seriously OCD, or she was cutting powder. Cocaine. Maybe Meth.

GREG
We didn't find any drugs in that house.

SARA
That's because we weren't looking.

They share a look, know what's next. Sara tweaks Morgan --

SARA
I'll drive. I know the way.

OFF Morgan, taking the ribbing --
OPEN on an ENORMOUS HAND. A distinct RED CHEMICAL BURN ACROSS THE PALM. Suddenly, a WHALE EYE slides INTO VIEW.

NICK (O.S.)
What are you doing?

REVEAL Hodges looking THROUGH the LIGHT RING at his HAND. And Nick looking up through it. As Nick surfaces --

HODGES

NICK
You know better than to touch evidence without gloves.

(then)
They should never let you out of the lab.

HODGES
May I cite you in my Workmen's Comp claim?

NICK
How about citing your results from the blue fibers David found on Mr. Chambliss.

HODGES
Lucky for you, I can work through the pain.

He hands the TRACE REPORT to Nick.

HODGES
Your blue fibers... denim. Of the phylum "Levis".

NICK
So jeans.

HODGES
Almost.

(off Nick's look)
As you'll never get the chance to run Grave, they never got the chance to be pants.

NICK
How much pain do you want to work through, Hodges?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HODGES
Please turn to page two.

NICK
(re: report)
Fibers were saturated with Borate. Fire retardant.

HODGES
Jean companies pulp their cutting-room scraps and sell them as insulating material. Which is used in green construction.

NICK
Okay. So how's insulation end up on dad?

HODGES
Maybe he was doing some home improvements.

NICK
Or maybe our killer works construction.

A63 INT. CHAMBLISS HOUSE - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (MONTAGE)
-- Sara pries MIRROR TILES off a wall in the Foyer, looking for a hiding place. Nothing.

-- Morgan sees a LOOSE CARPET EDGE in the Living Room. She pulls it back, looking for a floor safe or false floor. Nothing.

-- Greg pops the covers off the RECESSED CEILING LIGHTS, searching the void. Nothing. END MONTAGE, as...

63 INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - FIONA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
Greg and Morgan, exhausted, walk into Fiona's room. Sara is standing there, taking in the Children's Cartoon poster, which hangs well above eye level.

SARA
Poster look right to you?

Sara crosses to the poster, pulls it down. Behind it, she finds an ELECTRICAL PANEL.

(CONTINUED)
SARA
This is the same layout as John
Lee's bedroom. But there wasn't
one of these.

GREG
Electrical panel's in the garage.

Sara pulls a screwdriver from her vest, pries at the edge of
the PANEL. It comes away from the wall (a fake), leaving --

THEIR POV: A hole in the wall. A hiding place. FILLED
with BAGS OF COCAINE, and STACKS of CASH.

GREG
Good call, Hollywood.

MORGAN
I love it when I'm right.

Sara is already on her cell, TEXTING...

RUSSELL (V.O.)
We know about the drugs, John.

INT. P.D. - INTERROGATION ROOM "A" - NIGHT

START ON CELL DISPLAY: "DRUG-DEALING IN HOUSE." TILT UP TO --

RUSSELL AND CATHERINE

Across from John Lee, now sipping a cherry cola. Russell
looking up from his phone.

RUSSELL
... These 'awful people' going into
the house... is that what they came
for?

JOHN LEE
They let strange men sit on her
bed. Made her sit in the hallway.
(then)
One time, she forgot her doll. She
tried to go back in, to get it.
Her dad yelled at her. She cried.
(then)
He yelled a lot.

CATHERINE
He ever yell at anyone else?

John Lee hesitates. Afraid to answer.
INT. CSI - FINGERPRINT LAB - NIGHT

ANGLE OFF a PILE OF COCAINE, to PILES OF CASH. Sara spraying NINHYDRIN on the money.

Next to her, Morgan pulls the empty PLASTIC BAGS out of the SUPER GLUE TANK. Sets the first bag down, dusts it. A PRINT appears. She grabs a LOUPE, takes a closer look.

The CAMERA PUSHES IN and MAGNIFIES the RIDGE DETAIL -- *

Morgan takes a photo of it. FLASH! *

CLOSE ON: A COMPUTER MONITOR

As we SLIDE from the PRINT, on the left side of a SPLIT SCREEN, to AFIS searching on the right. Finally, a MATCH.

MORGAN
Got a hit. Multiple arrests for drug possession.

SARA
(reading screen)
Lonny Gallows.

REVEAL a MUG SHOT of LONNY GALLOWS and his RAP SHEET.

INT. P.D. - INTERROGATION ROOM "A" - NIGHT

John Lee sips his cherry cola. Still on edge. Catherine still on the offensive --

CATHERINE
You saw something happen in that house, didn't you? Saw someone arguing with Fiona's dad? Who?

John Lee hesitates again, afraid, as... Russell's CELL VIBRATES. He checks it, shows Catherine, then holds the display out to John Lee. The same MUG SHOT of LONNY GALLOWS.

RUSSELL
Was it this man?

John Lee looks at the picture. Nervous.

RUSSELL
John?

Russell fixes him with a look. Then -- with the intensity we saw in John Lee's house -- he dials it up a notch --

RUSSELL
John.

(CONTINUED)
Russell's tone shakes up John Lee. Even Catherine.

RUSSELL

JOHN LEE
Yes... Yes.

CATHERINE
... In Fiona's bedroom?

JOHN LEE
Yes. Yes... A lot.


EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CEO HOUSE - DAY

Nick, with a UNI, spots LONNY GALLOWS with a another Worker loading SHEETS OF INSTALLATION onto a GALLOWS CONSTRUCTION TRUCK. As Lonny turns to pick up a stack, he spots our guys --

Lonny takes off. RUNNING like the wind. He gets to his truck and flings the door open, just as --

Officer Mitchell grabs him, and tosses him like a rag-doll onto the hood. Securing him with most perfect form.

Nick circles around to check out the construction truck. He'll notice a DAMAGED RIGHT SIDE. Red paint in the scrapes.

LONNY GALLOWS
Yo. I didn't do nothing!

Mitchell pats Lonny's pockets, finds several BAGGIES of COCAINE. And some CASH. Intent to distribute.

OFFICER MITCHELL
Now this looks bad --

Nick's looking in the open truck, staring at a pair of BLOOD STAINED WORK GLOVES on the seat.

NICK
-- This looks worse.

On the floor, Nick finds WORK BOOTS. He picks them up by the LACES. SNAP ZOOM TO:

ECU - WORK BOOTS

A little bit of BLOOD SPATTER visible on the side of the soles. From walking through blood. Lots of blood.
As Officer Mitchell slaps the cuffs on Lonny --

OFFICER MITCHELL
Lonny Gallows. You're under arrest for possession of a controlled substance.

NICK
(re: work boots)
You're in a lot more trouble than that.

Just then, the construction foreman, MAURICE GALLOWS, drives up in his truck.

MAURICE GALLOWS
Hey, what are you doing to my son?

NICK
Arresting him for murder.

MAURICE GALLOWS
My son didn't kill anybody.

NICK
Sir, please, you're interfering with a police investigation --

MAURICE GALLOWS
Those boots are mine. So are the gloves. Arrest me. I did it. I'm the one who killed the Chambliss family.

Nick shoots a look to Officer Mitchell --

NICK
You got to be kidding me...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

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

Open on MAURICE'S OPEN MOUTH, as Nick takes a BUCCAL SWAB, caps it. PULL BACK to find Brass seated across the table.

BRASS
... You understand lying to a police officer is a crime. I'm thinking of getting a sign made.

MAURICE GALLOWS
I'm not lying.

BRASS

Brass holds up the file -- it's just a file folder, empty.

BRASS
Mr. Gallows, you've never done anything wrong in your life. Family man. Own a business. Doing well. You're the only guy in construction I know who's making money. And you massacre a whole family? Granny in a wheelchair? A little girl?

Maurice doesn't flinch. Nick notes this.

MAURICE GALLOWS
I'm sorry about that.
(then)
I want to make a deal.

BRASS
I'm not making any deals with you. I don't even believe you.

MAURICE GALLOWS
I did it. I killed the Chambliss family.

NICK
Sir, your son's a drug addict. He was high when we busted him. And I'm sure he was high two nights ago when he committed these crimes. We know he was running drugs for Cal Chambliss.

BRASS
I get you want to protect your kid --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MAURICE GALLOWS
-- I did protect my kid.
(then)
Lonny got clean in rehab. I tried
to keep him clean, put him on my
crew, building green houses. Same
damn houses in Cal Chambliss'
neighborhood.

NICK
That's how they met.

MAURICE GALLOWS
It's my fault.
(then)
Drop the drug charges on Lonny.
And I'll tell you everything.

INT. P.D. - BRASS' OFFICE - DAY

Nick and Brass enter to find Ecklie waiting. And Russell,
who's in the corner, nose deep in a file. In his own world.

BRASS
Thanks to Maurice Gallows' confession,
Leslie Gitig just got sprung. And
our perv, John Lee, made bail. Pays
to have rich parents.
(then, skeptical)
I don't see the dad doing it.

NICK
Guy's taking the rap for his son.
(floating his theory)
Lonny's dealing drugs for Chambliss.
Maybe gets hooked again, starts
dipping into the boss's stash. Cal
cuts him off. Lonny gets even.

ECKLIE
Great. So, our only viable suspect
is the one person who hasn't
confessed to the crime.

Brass eyes Russell, nose in his file. Was he even listening?
Just when they could use an idea out of left field.

BRASS
Any thoughts?

RUSSELL
Who killed Cock Robin?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Not that far left. All swap looks, hit by the Moonbeam.

**BRASS**

Those shrooms in your office aren't medicinal, are they?

**RUSSELL**

(ignoring)

"I, said the Sparrow. With my bow and arrow. I killed Cock Robin. Who saw him die? I, said the Fly. With my little eye, I saw him die."

Dead silence in the room. Russell continues.

**RUSSELL**

"I, said the fish. I, said the beetle. Linnet, lark, owl, rook..." Guys, I'm singing the song by myself here.

(then)


**ECKLIE**

Thought that was a movie.

**RUSSELL**

(frustrated; to Nick)

When you were hooking up Lonny, what did Maurice say? Exact words.

**NICK**

He said -- "I did it. I killed the Chambliss family."

**RUSSELL**

(re: file)

"I" said John Lee: "I did it. I killed the Chambliss family." "I" said Leslie Gitig... G-I-T-I-G: "I did it. I killed the Chambliss family." Three confessions, all identical. Can't be a coincidence.

Brass eyes Russell -- maybe Moonbeam did come through.

**BRASS**

It's like they got their stories straight. They were working together.
CONTINUED: (2)

NICK
(on board)
"Strangers on a Train". Two total strangers get together to commit a crime. Figuring no one will ever connect them up.

BRASS
Strangers to us. But not to each other. Each one had a motive to do harm to someone in that family.

ECKLIE
(building)
... And reason to confess. There is no perfect crime. But if you can generate reasonable doubt, there is a perfect defense.

NICK
Something a legal secretary would know.

ECKLIE
Great. So, now how do we get around reasonable doubt?

RUSSELL
We find the train.

EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. CSI - A/V LAB - DAY (MONTAGE)

Every MONITOR in the room's in play as Catherine, Sara and Greg scan, surf, punch up and read all they can find on John Lee, Leslie Gitig, and Maurice Gallows.

-- Russell's on Leslie's CREDIT CARDS.

-- Sara on John Lee's EMPLOYMENT RECORDS.

-- Nick on Maurice's PHONE RECORDS.

-- Greg's on the DMV DATABASE.

-- Catherine on a phone. Hangs up, as we... END MONTAGE.

CATHERINE
I just got off the phone with the owner of North Vegas Auto Body. Two weeks ago, Leslie Gitig paid him 4,500 dollars --
SARA
-- North Vegas Auto Body? That's where John Lee works.

GREG
Could be where they met.

CATHERINE
Apparently, Leslie's BMW was in an accident. She didn't want to put it through her insurance, so she paid cash. Not just for her repair, but also for the truck she plowed into.

NICK
Truck? What kind of truck?

CATHERINE
Don't know. Driver hasn't brought it in yet.

NICK
... Maybe because he needs it for work.
   (off their looks)
   I saw a couple thousand dollars of damage on Maurice Gallows' truck.

Russell has been observing the team in action. Pleased.

RUSSELL
Sounds like we need to take a look at that truck. Compare the damage to Leslie's Beemer.

NICK
I'll take the truck.

CATHERINE
Greg and I'll take the Beemer.

EXT. LESLIE GITIG'S CONDO - CARPORT - DAY

BG, a radio car is parked. Catherine and Greg examine Leslie's RED BMW. Greg checks out the paint job.

GREG
Nice work matching the color.

CATHERINE
To the naked eye.

They slide on goggles. Greg pulls out a UV LIGHT, hits the --
CSI SHOT - FRONT FENDER

Two distinct paint colors appear. The RIGHT QUARTER PANEL slightly darker than the rest of the car.

BACK TO SCENE

GREG
Left-side damage.

CATHERTINE
I'll call for a warrant.

BANG! They take cover. BANG! OFFICER ANDI CANTELVO, late 20s, tough female cop, and a UNI sprint from their car.

OFFICER CANTELVO
(calling it in)
3-DAVID-34. Shots fired! Requesting backup at our location.

Officer Cantelvo sends the Uni around back and hits the front door. Catherine and Greg draw guns and follow --

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Officer Cantelvo bursts into the living room, SMOKE from the gunfire still hanging in the air. Sprawled on the floor, Leslie has been shot in the chest.

OFFICER CANTELVO
(calls out)
One down.

Cantelvo moves off to clear the rest of the condo. Catherine and Greg move to the body. Greg kneels down, feels for a pulse. Just then, Leslie starts to gurgle, choking on her own blood. She's dying. Greg reaches for his radio --

GREG
We need rescue at 6966 Cartland Avenue. Gunshot victim --

Just then, O.S. SHOUTING!

OFFICER CANTELVO (O.S.)
Drop the gun! Drop the gun!

CATHERTINE
(to Greg)
Stay with her.

She rushes out and into --
INT. LESLIE'S CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

-- where she finds John Lee huddled in a corner, holding a BERETTA in his lap. Cantelvo's gun trained on him.

OFFICER CANTELVO
Don't make me shoot you!

Catherine holds out a calming hand toward John Lee --

CATHERINE

JOHN LEE
They made me go there. She made me.

CATHERINE
Leslie, I know --

JOHN LEE
-- She said Fiona needed someone who loved her. She said I could have her. And then... the screaming started... the shooting... it was so loud... there was blood... so much blood...

John Lee starts to sob.

CATHERINE
John, we can talk about this. But you got to put the gun down.

JOHN LEE
(barely audible)
-- She said Fiona had to die. She said I could have her. But only there...

(looks at Catherine)
* ... She gave me the gun. This gun. She broke her promise. Fiona was crying. Leslie got mad...

OFF John Lee, gun in his lap, shaking --

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - FIONA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (VERSION)

ON John Lee, gun shaking at his side. Leslie grabs the gun --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LESLIE GITIG

Gimme that.

She shoves John Lee aside, reaches under the bed and starts to drag a SCREAMING FIONA out from under it.

ON JOHN LEE’S FACE, FEAR

As we HEAR MORE SCREAMS. And then, BANG!

WHITE FLASH TO:

BACK TO SCENE


JOHN LEE

She was so beautiful. I didn't want to remember her like that. So I came back. Afterward. I wanted to throw myself through that window.

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - FIONA’S BEDROOM - NIGHT (VERSION)

SMASH! The BIRDBATH BASIN CRASHES through the window. John Lee walks in. Cuts his arm on the BLOODY SHARD of GLASS in the window frame.

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - FIONA’S BEDROOM - NIGHT (VERSION)

John Lee tucks-in a redressed Fiona, making sure her favorite TEDDY BEAR is safely with her. She looks peaceful. He takes the BLOODY NIGHTGOWN with him.

WHITE FLASH TO:

OMITTED

BACK TO SCENE

JOHN LEE

That awful woman. She took my Fiona... Now. I have nothing.

He lifts the Beretta to his chin. And before Catherine and Officer Cantelvo can even react --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: CATHERINE

BANG! Her face tells the story. CAMERA FINDS the pistol. OFF it, as blood pools around it --

MATCH CUT TO:

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

CLOSE ON a CRIME SCENE PHOTO of the above image, as Russell slides it across to Maurice. Brass next to Russell.

RUSSELL

Found the murder weapons at Leslie Gitig's place. Knife. Gun. The real one. Traced the serial number to Rinaldi's Guns & Ammo. It was purchased last year by a Jackie Collier.

Maurice knows her, but he's not saying.

BRASS

You know Jackie, right? Your son Lonny's girlfriend. She said she bought it for him.

MAURICE GALLOWS

I took that gun from Lonny's room. I killed Chambliss and his family. Like I told you.

RUSSELL

Good story. This gun tells a better one. Your son did it.

BRASS

Forget drugs. Lonny's getting the needle.

Brass looks THROUGH THE GLASS, out into the hallway. Maurice follows his gaze --

MAURICE'S POV: Lonny, in orange jumps and shackles, being led down the hall, past Ecklie, by Mitchell and a UNI.

Russell eyes Maurice, gauging the effect --

RUSSELL

I blame Leslie. It's not like she hit your truck by accident. That was just the beginning of the damage she did to you and your family.

Maurice is looking at him. Light bulb going off.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RUSSELL
There are no accidents. A woman scorned parks outside the house of her ex-lover. Night after night. Thinking about how she's going to destroy him. And what does she see? A pedophile lusting for a little girl --

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. LESLIE'S RED BMW - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Leslie sits, staring at the Chambliss house, seething. Suddenly, she sees John Lee skulking around to the back of the house.

WHITE FLASH TO:

EXT. CHAMBLISS HOUSE - FIONA'S WINDOW - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

John Lee, hiding behind the BIRD BATH, peers in the window. RACK TO Leslie, watching him.

WHITE FLASH TO:

EXT. CHAMBLISS HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Maurice stands in the open doorway, poking a finger in Cal's chest. Threatening him.

RUSSELL (V.O.)
And a father fighting for his son.

MAURICE GALLows
Stop pushing drugs on my son! And stay the hell away from him! Or I swear, I'll kill you! You and your family!

PULL BACK TO FIND Leslie, in her car. Parked down the block. But she can hear everything. And sees her opportunity.

WHITE FLASH TO:

BACK TO SCENE

RUSSELL
Three strangers. Who all wanted something. You just had to meet.

Maurice buries his head in his hands. A beat.

(CONTINUED)
MAURICE GALLOWS
I did everything I could to get Lonny clean. It was finally working. Then he met Cal. And I was losing him again. (then) She swore it was just going to be Cal --

WHITE FLASH TO :

A86 INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - FOYER - NIGHT (VERSION)
Leslie steps inside, following Anita in her wheelchair.

LESLIE GITIG
Cal's expecting me. It'll only take a minute...

As Maurice enters behind Leslie now, Leslie pulls a knife, pounces on Anita and cuts her throat. Maurice's look says this is not what he expected.

MAURICE GALLOWS (V.O.)
-- She lied.

Leslie looks back at Maurice --

LESLIE GITIG
What are you waiting for?

Maurice, in deep already, moves past Leslie, as Leslie sinks the knife into Anita again and again.

EVERYTHING NOW HAPPENS FAST. Overlapping CARNAGE...

B86 INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (VERSION)
Maurice confronts Cal. Cal starts to rise from the sofa, but Maurice shoots him twice in the chest. He walks over and delivers the final shot to the head.

C86 INT. CHAMBLISS HOME - HALLWAY/KITCHEN - NIGHT (VERSION)
RESUME LESLIE, moving towards the kitchen and... Susan. Fiona is at her side. Susan turns... into a left hook from Leslie. She falls, knocking over measuring cups and bowls. HITS the floor, bleeding from the head. Tells Fiona to run!

Fiona runs down the hall.

Leslie starts dragging Susan, who resists, as... John Lee now appears moving down the hall, heading for Fiona's room.
RESUME MAURICE passing the bathroom where he sees Leslie beating and stabbing Susan with the towel bar. He's dumbfounded. Not watching what he's doing, he inadvertently STEPS IN THE BLOOD. Leaves bloody BOOT-PRINTS.

Maurice watches John Lee entering Fiona's bedroom. Guilt of a father on his face, he starts toward the bedroom, tracking blood with his boots just into the bedroom. OFF Maurice, everything spinning out of control.

WHITE FLASH TO:

Maurice, that same guilt washing over him.

MAURICE GALLOWS
You know what it's like to lose your kid to drugs, to wish the world for them only to see that world come crashing down.

BRASS
I do, actually.

Brass's reaction registers with Russell.

BRASS
I do, but it doesn't justify killing a whole family.

Maurice is out of words. No defense for his actions.

Russell at his desk, doing paperwork. He looks up as Catherine steps into the doorway.

CATHY
I'm heading out. Need anything?

RUSSELL
No, I'm good. See you tomorrow.

He looks back down, feels her still there. Looks up.

CATHY
Cock Robin? Really?
   (off his look)
What journal did you get that out of?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RUSSELL
My parents were singers. It was a favorite around our... van. Always go with what you know.

CATHERINE
Worked pretty well.

RUSSELL
It's just about finding your way to the right answer.

CATHERINE
That's the job.

He looks at her, sensing inner turmoil.

RUSSELL
That's life.

His CELL RINGS. He checks the display. It keeps RINGING.

CATHERINE
You going to get that?

RUSSELL
I don't want to be rude.

CATHERINE
Be rude.

A shared smile. He answers his cell --

RUSSELL
Hey, doll...

ON CATHERINE

As she turns and walks TOWARD CAMERA, listening as she goes.

RUSSELL (O.S.)
... That's okay. Don't worry about it. I'll pick up something for us on the way home.
(then)
So, how'd Charlie do in practice?

A hint of sadness in Catherine's eyes, as she catches just a hint of a life she doesn't have, but hopes for. Someday.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE