"Bittersweet"

Episode #1203

Written by

Melissa R. Byer & Treena Hancock

Dir.: Frank Waldeck
CSI:
Crime Scene Investigation

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“Bittersweet”
Episode #1203

CAST

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

DAVID HODGES
DAVID PHILLIPS

OFFICER MITCHELL
HENRY ANDREWS

CALLIE
SLADE
COLLEEN HUGHES (13)
GINA SINCLAIR
TODD SINCLAIR
CHAD ELLIS
ED BURROWS
RYAN THOMAS
COLLEEN HUGHES (21)
ANGIE SALINGER
MRS. HUGHES
VICKY

Featured, Non-Speaking
N.D. Uniforms & Detectives
N.D. CSIs & N.D. Coroner’s Assistant
Art Opening Hipsters
Tourists
Samantha Chase, cement girl
Jennifer Burrows (photos only)
Chocolate Factory Workers
Tristan Duran
Gina’s Complex Tenants
Outdoor Cafe Patrons & Workers
Desert Palm Staff & Patients

* REVISED
*** NOT IN EPISODE
8/11/2011

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Special Shots

VFX SHOT - Ghosting ND Killer rolls cement block into the ravine.

ECU - SMALL FLOWER EARRING

 CSI SHOT - Fluoroscope beams penetrate the concrete *

ECU - THE FIBERS

ECU - A SHORT CURLY BROWN HAIR

ECU - TAG OF SCALP

CSI SHOT - Dive into the chocolate to find Chad

CSI SHOT - Dive into the pork shank with the water

* REVISED
CSI: Crime Scene Investigation

"Bittersweet"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1  EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE - NIGHT
Flying over the strip, heading downtown.

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

   NICK
   Five grand? For this?

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

   CALLIE
   It speaks to me.

   NICK
   What's it saying?

   CALLIE
   Look at the face. No expression.

   NICK
   It's a frying pan.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CALLIE
(smilin, then)
Come over here. Tell me what you see.

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

NICK
You getting hungry? Nugget has a
great steak house.

CALLIE
C'mon, Nick. Give it a try.

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

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

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

Is she coming onto him?

NICK
Alright. I can do a little curating.

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

NICK
Now this one, it's not just speaking
to me, it's shouting. The cement,
the brick... We all carry a load.
But if our burdens get too heavy,
and we can't rise above them, life
will crush us... like a beer can.
(off her look)
That's all I got.
CALLIE
(enthralled)
That was beautiful.

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

CALLIE
Oh, wow, it's interactive.

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

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

WHITE FLASH TO:

EXT. SIXTH STREET ART GALLERY - NIGHT (LATER)

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

RUSSELL (O.S.)
Nice catch.

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

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

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

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

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

RUSSELL
So, Nick, which one is she?

NICK
Hunh?

(CONTINUED)
RUSSELL
(re: evidence shirt)
Nice shirt, at least it used to be.
Art opening? I mean, c'mon. You had to be on a date.

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

RUSSELL
Cute brunette. Leather skirt?

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

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

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

RUSSELL
What do you see?

NICK
Aw, don't start.

Russell puts his face into the impression of the cube.

NICK
I wouldn't be putting my face in there.

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

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

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

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

NICK
Nose. Cheek. Eye socket. I see it.

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

(CONTINUED)
RUSSELL
Not saying I'd want this stuff in my house. But I would like to see the rest of the collection.
(turns to the crowd)
Is there an artist in the house?

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

SLADE
Yeah. I'm the artist. Slade.

NICK
And your last name?

SLADE
Just Slade.

RUSSELL

SLADE
I'm an artist, man.

NICK
See that license plate over there? --

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

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

SLADE
(more nervous)
Look, I find things. They tell me what they want to be.

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

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

NICK
Found them where?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

SLADE

NICK
Objet? What the hell's objet?

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

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES.

END OF TEASER
FADE IN:

EXT. TRESSER PARK - DAY

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

SLADE
(re: cops)
Man, all this heat's going to ruin my spot. Art market's cutthroat.
(ogling radio car)
How much for a used cop car? Maybe got one that's been shot up.

Mitchell's had enough of this "artist".

OFFICER MITCHELL
Give it a rest, Picasso.

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

EXT. BOTTOM OF RAVINE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

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

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

NICK
That evidence?

RUSSELL
No. But it's a perfectly good hibachi.

NICK
You're not taking that home?

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

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

RUSSELL
(re: TV)
Tag that.

NICK
(as he tags it)
Need a TV, too?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

NICK
Big enough to hold a torso.

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

A YOUNG GIRL'S FACE

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

RUSSELL
Found the missing face. Female.

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

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

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

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

RUSSELL

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

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

As Russell looks up to the top of the ravine --
VFX SHOT - GHOST N.D. KILLER

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

BACK TO SCENE

RUSSELL
Block split in two. Left the head exposed.

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

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

ECU - SMALL FLOWER STUD EARRING

In the shape of a daisy. Teen bling.

BACK TO SCENE

RUSSELL
What is it?

NICK
Flower earring. (grim)


RUSSELL
Cold case?

NICK
We solved it. Husband and wife team. Convicted two years ago. (looks at Russell)

It was Sara's case.

INT. CSI - HALLWAY - DAY

Sara, in her court suit, hauls ass down the hall. HEARS the SOUND of a YOUNG GIRL CRYING and the ODD SOUND of a SMALL DOG BARKING. Follows the sounds into --
INT. CSI - RUSSELL'S OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

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

INTERCUT WITH:

ON THE TV SCREEN -- SHAKY HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE.

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

GINA SINCLAIR
Last sip is yours.

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

GINA SINCLAIR
Good girl.

TODD SINCLAIR (V.O.)
Go on, Gina, give good girl a reward.

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

RUSSELL
How does this woman not get life?

SARA
Because the jury never saw this.

(then)

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

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

RUSSELL
And Colleen Hughes was their only surviving victim.

SARA
They held her captive for three years.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

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

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

He gauges her look --

RUSSELL
And you think now that she's out --

SARA
She's picking up where she left off. Flower earrings and cement. It was my case then, I want on it.

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

RUSSELL
Something to be said for continuity.

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

INT. CSI - A/V LAB - DAY

Russell pushes in to find CATHERINE at a COMPUTER.

CATHERINE
Thought you should see this.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

RUSSELL
Gina Sinclair.

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

RUSSELL
Whose website?

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

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

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

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

RUSSELL
Anyone I know?

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

RUSSELL
-- Sara.

CATHERINE
Every two to three months.

RUSSELL
Not part of her job description.

(then)
Does anyone around here follow procedure?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (2)

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

A small dig, which he parries --

RUSSELL
Or just take away her phone privileges.

Catherine's not in the mood to joke.

CATHERINE
I know why Ecklie brought you in.

RUSSELL
Really?

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

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

RUSSELL
You've got a daughter, right?

CATHERINE
Yeah.

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

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

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

OFF Russell's look --

EXT. NORTH LAS VEGAS UNDERPASS - DAY

A "SHOOTERS" ALLEY, under the freeways. COUPLE UNIFORMS roust the last of the DRUNKS and DRUGGIES from the area, while ANOTHER UNIFORM seals it off with CRIME TAPE.
FIND GREG grabbing his kit out of a DENALI. For a trash run in a crack alley, he has a surprising bounce in his step. As he rounds the front of the Denali, we see why --

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

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

MORGAN
(re: scene)
I'm not this homesick.

A beat, then...

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

GREG
Absolutely. Sure.

His day just got even better.

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

Just then, saving Greg from whiplash --

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

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

MORGAN
Guess I won't ask for I.D.

GREG
(looks around)
Don't see his clothes.

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

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

DAVID PHILLIPS
Blunt force trauma.

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

DAVID PHILLIPS
Blood.

GREG
But no blood pool. *

Morgan notices dual lividity. *

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

GREG
Inconsistent with his current
position.

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

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

GREG
Maybe he was suspended. Hung.

DAVID PHILLIPS
(re: neck)
I don't see any ligature marks.

A beat, as they all consider this. *

GREG
Roll him. *

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

GREG
Pretty well fed for a junkie.

DAVID PHILLIPS
No jaundice. Don't see any track
marks.

MORGAN
Check his teeth.

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

DAVID PHILLIPS
Wish I had pearlys like that.
Beautiful gums.

GREG
Guy wasn't on the pipe.
CONTINUED:  (3)

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

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

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

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

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

CSI SHOT - FOLLOW THE BEAM

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

BACK TO SCENE (MONTAGE)

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

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

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

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

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

ECU - THE FIBERS

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

BACK TO SCENE (MONTAGE)

-- Sara chips away at the cement, freeing the FIBERS. As she bindles them... END MONTAGE.
INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM "A" - DAY

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

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

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

SARA
Like all the Sinclairs' victims.

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

SARA
Evidence of sexual assault?

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

SARA
Gina used to use a beer bottle.

DR. ROBBINS
Sent the SAE kit to DNA.

NICK
COD?

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

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

SARA
Sinclairs' previous victims were dismembered at the major joints.

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

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

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

SARA
We know who we're looking at.

SARA'S POV: AN OLD, RUN DOWN, BLUE SEDAN
parked across the street. ED BURROWS (from vigilante website) at the wheel. He's as disheveled and run-down as his car.

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

ED BURROWS
I'm two hundred feet from her place.

He offers her a MEASURING TAPE --

ED BURROWS
Check for yourself.

SARA
I'm not here about the restraining order.

ED BURROWS
Heard you found another body.

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

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

ED BURROWS
Wife kicked me out three weeks ago.

SARA
I'm sorry.

(then)
I've seen your website. I know what you're doing.
ED BURROWS
She's a killer. No way I'm just going to stand by and do nothing.

This is a man at the end of his rope.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sara doesn't take the bait.

SARA
Look good, Gina. Guess prison agreed with you.

GINA SINCLAIR
You're looking a little pale.

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

GINA SINCLAIR
Got nothing to do with me.

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

GINA SINCLAIR
It's kind of a mess. Maid's day off.
CONTINUED:

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

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

SARA
You did rape, murder and dismember his daughter.

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

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

SARA
Am I blocking your view?

GINA SINCLAIR
*Just admiring the flowers.

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

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

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

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

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

25 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY

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

RUSSELL
Sorry to make you wait. Got a package.
(shakes it)
I think I know what it is.

SARA
(cutting through the bullshit)
And I think I know why I'm here.

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

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

Russell is opening his shipping box...

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

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

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

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

RUSSELL
Look at that.

SARA
Are we done?

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

Sara holds his look, what is he talking about?

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

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

RUSSELL
These girls should've been able to walk home. I want the Gina Sinclairs of the world off the street, too.

(off her look)
But to do that, we have to be smarter than them.

SARA
Just taking her temperature.

RUSSELL
Rectally?

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

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

RUSSELL
And maybe now get away with it. Again.

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

A beat, as that lands.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (2)

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

RUSSELL
I'll do it.

SARA
So I am benched?

RUSSELL
Just grounded. So get grounded.

OFF Sara, not sure what that means.

EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

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

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

DR. ROBBINS
... Good call on the dual livor mortis.

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

DR. ROBBINS
Never crossed my mind.

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

GREG
Am I late?

MORGAN
No, I'm always early.

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

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

Dr. Robbins presses on the lungs.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

As Morgan reaches over and feels them for herself --

MORGAN
Awesome.

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

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

GREG
Whoa...

DR. ROBBINS
That looks like...

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

MORGAN
Chocolate. Guy's a souffle.

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

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

DR. ROBBINS
Victim was floating?

MORGAN
Doc, can a person drown in chocolate?

INT. CSI - RUSSELL'S OFFICE - DAY

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

RUSSELL
Was it milk or dark chocolate?

MORGAN
Really? That's your first question?
Russell: No, it'll be my wife's. When I tell her this story.

Greg: We sent chocolate samples to Hodges.

Russell (still watering): How much did the guy weigh?

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

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

Russell: Height?

Morgan: He drowned in chocolate. Who cares about his vitals.

Russell: Height?

Greg: Five-ten.

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

Russell: I'm thinking... at least... hundred plus gallons --

(Off their looks)

-- You said he drowned in chocolate. He didn't drown in a candy bar.

Now, they get it.

Greg: He drowned in a lot of chocolate.

__WHITE FLASH TO:_

INT. GIANT CONTAINER OF LIQUID CHOCOLATE (VERSION)

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

__WHITE FLASH TO:_
Russell at his bookshelf, running his finger along a row of spines, until he finds --

**RUSSELL**

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

More puzzlement. Russell thinks he was perfectly clear.

**RUSSELL**

Go forth, explorers. Find the vat.

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

**NICK**

Ryan Thomas?

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

Ryan exudes a combination of clueless and nervous.

**NICK**

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

**RYAN THOMAS**

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

**NICK**

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

**RYAN THOMAS**

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

**NICK**

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

**RYAN THOMAS**

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

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

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

RYAN THOMAS
Oh, man...

NICK
When did you dump the microwave?

RYAN THOMAS
I dunno, about... three weeks ago.

Nick shows him a PHOTOS of several CEMENT BLOCKS.

NICK
You notice these when you were violating NRS-450.132?

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

NICK
(ignores that)
See anyone else in the park that night?

Ryan thinks about this for a moment.

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

NICK
Color?

RYAN THOMAS
Black... blue maybe.

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

NICK
It look like this?

Ryan studies it.

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

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

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

A rush of fears and memories come flooding back.

COLLEEN HUGHES
Where is she?

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

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

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

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

RUSSELL
Maybe you have a friend you could stay with.

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

RUSSELL
I could see about police protection.

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

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

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

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

COLLEEN HUGHES
I got to get back to work.

She moves off. OFF Russell's look.

INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY

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

CATHERINE (O.S.)
Samantha Chase, thirteen...

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

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

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

CATHERINE
Library's here...

Catherine highlights another area on the map --

CATHERINE
Samantha Chase's home... here.

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

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

CATHERINE
Both of Samantha's parents work --

RUSSELL
(eyes Sara)
-- Latchkey kid.

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

CATHERINE
Same age. Even looks like the previous victims.

Russell is engrossed in the map.

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

RUSSELL
But you searched Gina's place --

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

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

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

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

OFF Sara --

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

35 EXT. LAS VEGAS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

An industrial part of town.

36 INT. SINFUL PLEASURES CHOCOLATE - LOBBY - DAY

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

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

MORGAN
I'm sold.

GREG
Not sure it's chocolate they're selling.

ANGIE SALINGER (O.S.)
Some studies suggest that women prefer chocolate to sex...

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

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

GREG
CSI Sanders. This is CSI Brody.

MORGAN
I really like your ad campaign.

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

Greg shows her an AUTOPSY PHOTO of CHOCOLATE JOHN DOE.

GREG
Do you recognize this man?

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

MORGAN
You remember his name?

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

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

MORGAN
... Involved.

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

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

Greg hands the WARRANT to Angie --

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MORGAN
Oh, wow. Floral notes of honey... combined with cocoa. It's so intense.
(then)
If I fall in, don't save me.

GREG
Copy that.
(then)
While you're up there -- Notice if anyone else fell in?

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

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

ECU - A SHORT CURLY BROWN HAIR

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

MORGAN
I'm thinking pube recall.

GREG
(re: pube)
How are those floral notes now? Think we got our primary.

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

GREG
He had help.

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. SINFUL PLEASURES - COOKING ROOM - NIGHT (VERSION)

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

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

WHITE FLASH TO:

BACK TO SCENE

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

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

MORGAN
(nods, then)
Guy covered in chocolate? That's got to make a mess.

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

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

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

ECU - TAG OF SCALP

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

BACK TO SCENE

Greg calls to the Foreman --

GREG
Shut it down. This place is a crime scene.

OMITTED

INT. CSI - GARAGE - DAY

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SARA
You wanted to see me?

RUSSELL
* Did you process these blocks?

SARA
Yeah. There a problem?

RUSSELL
You do it alone?

SARA
(defensive)
No. I worked with Nick. Look, if you have an issue with my --

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

A beat, as this lands...

SARA
You think Gina had help.

RUSSELL
Like before. She's no solo act.

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

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

SARA
Find the weak link, nail Gina.

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

INT. CSI - RECEPTION AREA - DAY (LATER)

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

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

(MORE)

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

She hands Russell his CARD.

MRS. HUGHES
What's going on?

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

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

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

MRS. HUGHES
Sara?

SARA
Supervisor Russell offered her protection, but she refused.

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

INT. CSI - BREAK ROOM - DAY

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

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

NICK
That your lunch?

MORGAN
Yeah.

NICK
Thought you found pubes in the cocoa.

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

NICK
I already got chili.
(then)
Get an I.D. on your Truffle Guy?

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

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

MORGAN
(mouth full)
Sorry.

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

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

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

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

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

GREG
Archie unlocked Chad's laptop.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

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

MORGAN
Eyes are amber.
(off Nick's look)
Photos we saw at the factory were all black and white.

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

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

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

MORGAN
One in a hundred shot.

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

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

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

GREG
Whoaa. It's the same guy.

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

NICK
Lost more than that.

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

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

GREG
You lied when you said you didn't know Chad Ellis.
ANGIE SALINGER
(re: photo)
I don't. He came to the factory.
Asked for a job. End of story.

MORGAN
His photos are all over your factory.

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

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

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

ANGIE SALINGER
Absolutely.

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

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

MORGAN
When did you two stop seeing each
other?

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (2)

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

Greg motions to the UNI at the door.

GREG
We'll let a jury decide.

Angie panics --

ANGIE SALINGER
I didn't kill the guy.

MORGAN
Then who did?

ANGIE SALINGER
He killed himself.

Greg calls bullshit, motions again to the UNI --

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

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

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

ANGIE SALINGER (V.O.)
He slipped my security guy fifty bucks and a bottle, said he wanted some 'alone time'.

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

GREG
And he did...
INT. SINFUL PLEASURES - COOKING ROOM - NIGHT (VERSION)

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

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

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

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

WHITE FLASH TO:

CSI SHOT - FROM ABOVE PUSHING DOWN INTO THE CHOCOLATE

becoming like a SONOGRAM, seeing THROUGH THE CHOCOLATE...
Chad still in his Adonis Vitruvian Man pose -- for a moment he becomes the Adonis again before chubby Chad sinks to the bottom.

WHITE FLASH TO:

BACK TO SCENE

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

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

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

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

GREG
We will.

(CONTINUED)
ANGIE SALINGER
It's not a crime, he killed himself.
Suicide. By chocolate.

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

MORGAN
Or... another year on the nickel.

INT. CSI DENALI - DAY (TRAVELING)
Russell driving, Sara riding shotgun. ON THE RADIO, a book on tape plays:

SARA
Book on tape. Really?

RUSSELL
In Cold Blood. It calms me.

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

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

Russell turns it off.

EXT. GINA SINCLAIR'S CONDO COMPLEX - DAY (LATER)
Denali pulls up. Russell and Sara get out. Sara shoots a look across the street, clocks Burrows' sedan. No Burrows.

SARA
Burrows' car.

RUSSELL
No Burrows.

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

RUSSELL
Control, Charlie-Zero-One-Russell.
443. Requesting immediate back-up, my location. Code Three.
The door is closed, but splintered. Pushes open, Sara steps in, leading with her gun. Russell behind her. Their eyes immediately lock on --

REVERSE ANGLE

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

* GINA SINCLAIR
  Shoot him!

Sara levels her gun --

* SARA
  Mr. Burrows, drop the knife!

Burrows is startled but doesn't comply.

* GINA SINCLAIR
  SHOOT HIM!

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

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

  ED BURROWS
  (in tears)
  She cut my little Jenny into pieces.

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

* OFFICER MITCHELL
  Put the knife down or I will shoot you!

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

  RUSSELL
  We got this.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

So close to having his revenge, yet --

SARA

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

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

SARA

It's okay.

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

GINA SINCLAIR

(to Sara)

Thank you.

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

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

54 EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

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

55 INT. CSI - GARAGE - DAY

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

56 CSI SHOT - WE DIVE INTO THE PORK SHANK

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

57 BACK TO SCENE

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

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

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

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

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

NICK
At his age, could be a life sentence.

((CONTINUED)
SARA
And once again, Gina skates.

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

SARA
Soap?

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

He gestures to the Autopsy Photos. Sara studies them.

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

SARA
You think they used a pressure washer to dismember the bodies? (off his nod) Only we never found any soap trace in the original case.

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

SARA
(on the same page) He knew to wash off the soap. Gina missed that step. Or whoever she's teamed up with now. (then) So she has access to a pressure washer.

NICK
Not just any old one.

He gestures to a smaller pressure washer in a corner.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

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

SARA
Industrial pressure washer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

RUSSELL
Burger and fries. Better than the crap at county.

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

ED BURROWS
Thanks.
(between bites)
You were at the house. Should have let me kill that bitch.
(then)
What are you here to take my statement? I want a lawyer.

RUSSELL
Just satisfying my curiosity.

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

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

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

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

This enrages Burrows.

I'm sure your lawyer will agree with me.

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

I'm a father, too.

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

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

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

Henry, you tapped.

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

I'll be the judge of that.

Henry hands Russell a DNA PRINT OUT.
HENRY ANDREWS
I examined the SAE kit from Samantha Chase. "The Lady in Cement". Big Raquel fan by the way.  
(then, re-focused)
I found semen on the vaginal swab. Which I ran on my first post-qualification DNA batch.

RUSSELL
(re: print out)
So why are you giving me the results of our entire ninety-six sample run for the shift?

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

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

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

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

INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY (MINUTES LATER)
Russell, Catherine, Nick and Sara. And Nick is pissed.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
A beat, then...

CATHERINE
Where does Thomas work?

NICK
Guy's a day laborer. Construction, odd jobs.
(checks his file)
Last employment was at a marina.

SARA
(making a connection)
... Marina?

CATHERINE
What've you got?

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

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

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

RUSSELL
And before you store them, what do you do?

NICK
Power-wash them.

CATHERINE
(putting it together)
* What marina did Ryan Thomas work at?

EXT. MARINA/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NICK
Thomas' van.

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

Just then, Officer Mitchell appears --

OFFICER MITCHELL
There's a warehouse around back.
For lease. Looks abandoned.

SARA
They've got to be there.

They all draw guns --

INT. MARINA/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

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

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

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

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Don't cry. Last sip is yours.

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

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You want to be a good girl, don't you? Say it. "I want to be a good girl."

More SOBBING. Nick and Sara push through the darkness.

There's old BLOOD SPATTERED VISQUINE hanging in front of some METAL SHELVES, obscuring their view. As they come around the shelves they finally see --

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

A POMERANIAN leashed in a corner.

COLLEEN HUGHES
Such a pretty girl. Such a good girl.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

OFFICER MITCHELL
Police! On the ground! Now!

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

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

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

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

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

As Nick comforts her...

ANGLE ON SARA

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

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

OFF Sara's speechless horror --

EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE — ESTABLISHING — NIGHT

The lights shimmering, but somehow dimmer.

INT. DESERT PALM HOSPITAL — HALLWAY — NIGHT

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

Finally, she exits and joins Sara, who stands.

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

(CONTINUED)
Both women are struggling to come to terms with this.

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

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

She looks into the room at Colleen, then --

**MRS. HUGHES**
How do I protect her from herself?

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

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

**SARA**
What are you doing here?

**GINA SINCLAIR**
Same thing you are.

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

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

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

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

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

**GINA SINCLAIR**
Tell Colleen I was here. I'm thinking about her.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

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

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

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

    RUSSELL
    Have you eaten?

    SARA
    I need to go home.

    RUSSELL
    (ignoring)
    Yeah, I'm hungry, too. You like Italian?
    (off her silence)
    Chinese?... Greek?... Sushi?... I will keep going.

In spite of herself, Sara cracks the faintest smile.

    SARA
    How about eggs?

    RUSSELL
    Eggs are good.

As they walk off --

    RUSSELL
    Can't talk you into egg drop soup?

    SARA
    No.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE