

CSI: VEGAS

“Legacy”

Episode #101

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CSI VEGAS

"Legacy"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 **INT. RUNDOWN HOME - KITCHEN - MAGIC HOUR**

1

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON a SWIVELING EYEBALL. It belongs to an African Grey PARROT. The water bowl in his unkempt cage says 'ELVIS.' He's watching FLIES BUZZ around DIRTY DISHES in the sink.

The gloaming outside casts a pinkish hue to everything in this dim, squalid home. ANGLE ON a SAD OLD MAN at the stove, cooking dinner. CAMERA CREEPS FORWARD to give us a profile...

It's D.B. RUSSELL*. (* = **CSI Character is actually TBD.**) It's heartbreaking. Why is he living like this?

Just then, a CREAK under Elvis's cooing. Russell tenses.

RUSSELL

Hello? Someone there?

ELVIS

Keep it down.

Russell turns, giving us our first close look at him. His eyes are clouded over. He's *blind*...

REVERSE ON: an INTRUDER WITH A KA-BAR KNIFE stands ten feet away. The man stands stock still, breathless, waiting. After a horrible, frozen moment, Russell addresses his bird:

RUSSELL

Keep it down, Elvis.

Russell turns back to the stove, apparently none the wiser. As he opens the bread box, resuming his meal preparation...

The intruder readies his knife, but before he can use it a GUNSHOT shatters the silence. Hit in the leg, the intruder cries out.

Russell has pulled a gun he keeps handy in the bread box. He wheels around, but his next shot goes wide. The attacker lunges with his blade, SLICING Russell's arm.

There's a violent struggle for the gun. Life and death hang in the balance... until Russell EMPTIES HIS CLIP into the stranger.

Chest heaving, Russell leans over the dying man.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Who are you? Who are you? What do
you want with me?

The would-be killer chokes on his last words:

INTRUDER
He didn't tell me.

ON Russell, the dead man, and a pool of blood on the floor...

2 **EXT. SUNRISE, NEVADA - RUSSELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

2

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS FLASH on what is now a bustling crime scene. TWO CSIs duck under the TAPE: ALLIE RAJAN (20s, normally sunny, all business here) and her boss, head of the Vegas Crime Lab, MAXINE ROBY (a jocular genius). Max commands all she surveys, claps her hands to emphasize:

MAX
Alright, people. This is D.B.
Russell. Let's get this right.

ALLIE
D.B. Russell. Is this gonna be like
the time I didn't know who Bob
Barker was?

MAX
Russell used to run Criminalistics.
Switched over to head up cyber --
until he got shot. He's a legend.

Allie considers the house they're about to enter.

ALLIE
Pretty crappy house for a legend.

3 **INT. RUSSELL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

3

FROM FLOOR LEVEL -- WARPED, UPSIDE DOWN REFLECTIONS IN BLOOD: the KA-BAR KNIFE. BULLET HOLES in the wall. The INTRUDER'S FACE. A SHADOW falls across our view. TILT UP to Max, camera in hand.

MAX
This is my kind of mess.
(snaps a PHOTO)
Smile, Allie. We got lots to work
with.

ALLIE
Everything but ID. Only thing in
his pockets.

Allie holds up a WAD OF \$20 BILLS she's fished out of the dead man's pockets. Max looks at the cash, considering how OLD the bills are, when she HEARS:

RUSSELL (O.S.)
Hey, pal, I'm gonna need that arm
back when you're done with it.

Max heads toward the voice. Allie trails her into...

4 INT. RUSSELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

4

They find Russell, annoyed with an EMT treating his arm. He returns his attention to someone he's talking to on his cell:

RUSSELL
I'm getting mauled here. Anyway,
you know I hate to ask but... Yeah.
Just until I get settled. Thanks.

Allie hesitates, taking in the sad living conditions. Not Max. She charges in with buoyant confidence. Her energy creates its own weather wherever she goes. As Russell hangs up:

MAX
You went three for ten, D.B. I'll
grade on a curve, give you a B+.
(takes his hand, shakes)
Maxine Roby. We met at Catherine
Willows' retirement thing.

RUSSELL
Right. You took over for her.

Max beckons Allie over to shake Russell's hand.

MAX
I'm here with Allie Rajan. Level II
CSI. One of our best.

ALLIE
Honor to meet you, sir.

RUSSELL
Sorry to make work for you. But...
he started it.

MAX
Everyone told me you were a tough
old bastard.

Russell almost smiles, coming out of his fog.

RUSSELL
I made my share of enemies. Still.
Like to think there aren't *that*
many people who'd send someone to
kill me.

Max looks back through the doorway at the dead man.

MAX

That what this was?

RUSSELL

Pretty sure. That's all I got out of Mr. Mystery Guest.

ALLIE

Maybe whoever hired him gave him a ride. There's no vehicle out front.

MAX

No time-machine either. So there's gotta be some other explanation why this kid had a wad of cash half as old as he is.

RUSSELL

Bills only stay in circulation, what? Four, five years?

ALLIE

(checks)

This was all from 2011.

WHITE FLASH TO:

5 **CSI SHOT: The aged bill on top. Still crisp. 'SERIES 2011.'**

5

BACK TO SCENE: Russell sits up straighter, on edge.

RUSSELL

What are the serial numbers? On the money. Last five digits.

ALLIE

We've got 6331A, 6334A, 633--
Actually, hold on. These are all close together.

RUSSELL

Lucky...

ALLIE

I don't think this could be random.

RUSSELL

No, that was his name. A kidnapper. He struck four times. Used to send us notes signed *Lucky*.

(it haunts him)

Last woman he took, we never found her. Him either.

ALLIE

He got paid in twenties?

RUSSELL

Demanded it. Easier to spend,
harder to track. We tried
sequential bills. Nothing worked.

Allie fans out the bills, giving Max one more CLOSE LOOK at the
serial numbers.

MAX

A hired hitter paid in ransom cash.

RUSSELL

I don't get it. Lucky got paid
millions. Why not let it lie?

MAX

Most people win, they keep playing.
If it was easy to walk away... this
town wouldn't exist.

SMASH CUT TO:

6 **EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT**

6

CAMERA SOARS over the Strip. Bigger and brighter than ever. We
reach the sleepy surrounding sprawl, SWING LOWER and PUSH IN...

7 **EXT. PARADISE, NEVADA - YATES PAWNSHOP - NIGHT**

7

CAMERA TRACKS SLOWLY through the eerily silent, inky black night
toward a cinder block building. A FLICKER OF FLAME is visible in
the window. CREEPING FORWARD, we watch the fire grow quickly, as
the blaze consumes what we can now see is a pawnshop.

A SHADOWY FIGURE bursts out of a side door, and struggles to
drag a Santa-sized SACK OF LOOT out to their waiting PICK UP
TRUCK. The thief loads in, and drives off into the night.

And as an EXPLOSION rocks the building, sending debris flying
past our lens...

8 **INT. YATES PAWNSHOP - DAWN**

8

JOSH FOLSOM (Level III CSI, suave, stoic) stoops over a BODY.
It's so badly burned, the SKULL is visible, very little flesh
remains. Folsom inspects a jagged hole in the back of its head.

CHRIS (O.C.)

Folsom. Folsom.

CHRIS LIU (Level II CSI, late 20s, a lab rat set free), walks up
and looms over his colleague... but still gets no response.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You alright? You haven't moved in
ten minutes.

FOLSOM

Less there is to look at, longer it takes to see what's missing.

CHRIS

Then we're gonna be here awhile.

WIDER: there's nothing left except charcoal, ash, and SCORCHED METAL OBJECTS. Chris eyes an exploded PROPANE TANK by the body.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

VFD's arson guy says it was still blazing when the trucks got here, but they couldn't get in. Store sells grills, so they've got a lot of propane. Tanks kept blowing.

FOLSOM

It started by the door. Moved fast. Killer used an accelerant.

CHRIS

(sniffs)

My money's on bleach.

FOLSOM

This guy's money is gone.

He nods to the CASH REGISTER, singed, pried open, lying on it's side. Chris stoops to inspect the body. Folsom holds a METAL NAME TAG with tweezers for him to read:

CHRIS

Danny Yates. Yates Pawn.
(inspecting the SKULL)
You weren't kidding about less to look at. We don't even get an entry wound?

As Folsom indicates with a PEN...

9

INT. YATES PAWN SHOP - NIGHT (VERSION)

9

DANNY YATES faces a HOODED FIGURE who holds the HANDGUN inches from his face. The TRIGGER is pulled. The BULLET explodes out of the gun in extreme slow motion toward Danny's RIGHT EYE.

FOLSOM (V.O.)

Bullet goes in the right eye...

WHITE FLASH TO:

BACK TO SCENE:

FOLSOM

...out through the occipital bone.
Hard to say what caliber the --

VOICE (O.S.)

Oh my god! No!

Folsom and Chris look over and see TWO YOUNG WOMEN are being held back by a UNI COP. TRISH YATES is wracked by grief, collapsing in the doorway. Her friend BECKY holds her up.

UNI COP (O.C.)

Listen, you can't be in here.

FOLSOM

Hold on. Give her a minute.

BECKY

Is that -- is that Danny?

Chris's look confirms it. Trish can't form words.

BECKY (CONT'D)

He's her brother. They've been trying to find him all morning.

Folsom helps steady Trish. She meets his eye.

TRISH

Please. You have to find who did this.

And ON Folsom, clearly affected...

10 **INT. PAWN SHOP - MONTAGE**

10

FROM DIRECTLY OVERHEAD: Folsom and Chris process the scene in a TIME LAPSE SEQUENCE. The two CSIs keep disappearing and materializing in different parts of the frame as they work.

They criss-cross the space with YELLOW STRING, making a grid. Then flag notable items amidst the wreckage with GREEN TENTS. WHITE FLASHES jump them from one spot to the next as they photograph everything, and make measurements between identifiable landmarks. The SEQUENCE ENDS as they exit the main space, and disappear into a back room...

11 **INT. CSI - HALLWAY - DAY**

11

Max skims a newspaper as she walks. She flips past a headline: **"One Year After Verdict, Wix Still Fights For Baskin Park Six"**, looking for the Sports. She answers a call from Folsom.

MAX

Joshua. I heard you caught a doozy.

INTERCUT WITH:

12 **INT. PAWN SHOP - BACK ROOM - SAME TIME**

12

Folsom looks down toward CAMERA.

FOLSOM

Whole scene's one giant charcoal briquet. But it's possible we have the murder weapon.

MAX

It's *possible*?

FOLSOM

It could've been tossed in with the guns the store was selling. Be a good way to confuse the issue.

MAX

Well. Figure it out, would ya?

FOLSOM'S POV: he and Chris moved part of a collapsed cinder block wall and found a METAL BLOB the size of a couch cushion. It's made of MELTED GUNS, so warped they're barely recognizable.

FOLSOM

Yeah. We'll get right on that.

13 **EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

13

CAMERA ZOOMS over the Strip towards Catherine Willows' casino hotel, The Eclipse...

But this is more than the establishing shot it seemed to be. We keep DRIFTING CLOSER, eventually favoring a window on a high floor. Inside, A WOMAN wheels in a suitcase. She strides toward us to take in the view. Is that...? Yes. It's SARA SIDLE (ageless, but a bit unmoored here) staring out toward us.

14 **INT. ECLIPSE HOTEL - RUSSELL'S SUITE - DAY**

14

Sara takes in Las Vegas with a deep breath. It used to be home. Behind her, Russell eases into a chair.

RUSSELL

What a view, huh?

SARA

Don't start with me, old man.

RUSSELL

Too late, sounds like.

SARA

It takes an attempted murder to get a call back from you. And you never mentioned... *this*. What you're going through.

RUSSELL

Why? You got a cure for Fuch's Corneal Disease up your sleeve?

SARA
People care about you.

RUSSELL
Yeah. So much they want me dead.

SARA
Hey. I'm here. And Catherine rolled out the red carpet so you'd have a safe place. She'd be here if she could.

RUSSELL
She's got a grandbaby in Dublin. What's your husband's excuse?

SARA
He's in the Panama Basin. They don't have flights from the deck of his boat. Believe me. I've checked.

Russell won't pry into that loaded comment. A beat, then:

RUSSELL
I know I should've called. I was in a bad place last year.

SARA
I'm so sorry about Greer, D.B.

RUSSELL
She'd be so mad I didn't get off my ass to do something about my eyes while there was time.
(then)
Wouldn't be wild about some of my investment choices either...

Sara looks at Russell. All banged up. His shabby suitcase.

SARA
I'm sorry.

RUSSELL
Forget it. Tell me something good.

SARA
You look like you dropped a few pounds.

RUSSELL
I did skip dinner last night.

They both smile at that. Then:

SARA
They get an ID on this guy yet?

RUSSELL

(shakes his head)

These new people, I'm sure they're great. But I don't know them. Feel a lot better if you took a look.

SARA

I don't know how that would work.

RUSSELL

C'mon, Sara. I didn't really ask you to come all the way out here to help me pack my socks.

And ON Sara, who can't refuse this favor...

15 INT. CSI - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

15

PAN OVER A WALL OF PHOTOS... landing on one that features Grissom, Sara, Greg Sanders and the old crew. REVERSE ON: Sara, studying the pictures, a VISITOR BADGE clipped to her jacket.

MAX (O.C.)

Hey, look. That's Sara Sidle.

Sara turns and sees Max walk up, hand extended. She takes it.

MAX (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you. Maxine Roby.

SARA

Thanks for having me.

MAX

Thanks for passing on my dream job. You're the reason I'm here.

Coming from anyone else, it might be awkward. But Max lands it. Sara smiles, taking a liking to her immediately.

MAX (CONT'D)

Come on back...

16 INT. CSI - HALLWAY/VARIOUS - SECONDS LATER

16

Sara catches site of NEW FACES and NEW EQUIPMENT as they walk.

MAX

Little different than you left it?

SARA

Five years is longer than I thought.

MAX

D.B. thinks you'd pick it all right back up.

SARA
(realizes)
He already got to you. I'm sorry --

MAX
I like the idea, you riding shotgun
on this one. We're always a little
short-staffed. You up for it?

SARA
I was gonna ask.

MAX
Good. 'Cuz I already ran it up the
pole. It helps you kept your certs
up to date in San Diego. We've got
POST reciprocity with California,
so you're authorized. Just can't
carry 'til the Sheriff signs off.
(off Sara's look)
You were expecting a fight?

SARA
A little, yeah.

Max shrugs. *Nope. Welcome aboard.* They round a corner.

SARA (CONT'D)
What do we know about John Doe?

MAX
Oh, lots. He liked knives, stabbing
people with knives, breaking into
houses to stab people...

SARA
I take it prints, dental, and DNA
weren't in the system.

MAX
No. But the cash he had on him was.

17 **INT. CSI - MAX'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

17

Warm and inviting. An OLD FAMILY PHOTO. A PISTONS JERSEY. As Max
sorts the mail and starts opening a LARGE BOX left on her desk:

SARA
So D.B. was right.

MAX
(indicates a FILE)
FBI confirmed it. The cash we found
was part of a ransom paid to the
man they knew as "Lucky."

Sara takes the OLD FILE from the desk. Right on top: a COMPOSITE SKETCH of a MEAN LOOKING SUSPECT with a BROKEN FRONT TOOTH.

SARA
So this is who we're looking for.

MAX
Sketch artist worked that up back in 2012 with a neighbor of the last woman taken. They got a glimpse. Nobody's seen either one since.

Sara scans the details, noting a PHOTO of Lucky's last victim.

SARA
Kelsea Webb. Taken August 20, 2012.

Sara looks up in time to see Max take a step back from the box she just opened. She's roiling under a stunned surface.

SARA (CONT'D)
What?

MAX
I found her.

SHOCK REVEAL: a PARTIALLY MUMMIFIED HEAD rests in the box Max opened. Kelsea's features are still vaguely recognizable; her AUBURN HAIR is caked with DRIED BLOOD.

Sara tilts her head, peering in to read a NOTE in the box:

SARA
'D.B. Russell is just the beginning.'

SMASH TO:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

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

19

ECU: the severed end of a dried-out CAROTID ARTERY under a lens.

ALLIE (O.C.)
I guess you'd call this good news.

Max and Sara look on as Allie examines KELSEA WEBB'S HEAD.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
Check the carotid. Whoever killed
this poor girl, they didn't do it
by cutting her head off.

She steps aside for Max to look through the microscope.

MAX
Must've removed it just for us.
Severed edge is smooth.

ALLIE
If cause was decapitation, the
tunica externa would be shriveled
by now. We get a nice look because
she was buried in quick lime. It's
like one of my old school projects.

SARA
Poetry major?

ALLIE
Archaeology and forensics.

MAX
Allie's our go-to CSI when we get a
desiccated corpse.

SARA
Then, please. Do the honors.

Sara hands Allie DENTAL RECORDS and a CANDID PHOTO of Kelsea.
QUICK FLASHES illustrate Allie's forensic comparison, focusing
on the victim's INCISORS.

ALLIE
Don't need to wait for DNA. This is
Lucky's last victim. Dental's a
match.

Sara considers the COMPOSITE SKETCH of Lucky in the file.

SARA

She had a nicer smile than he did. Russell is gonna be torn up about this. He still blames himself.

ALLIE

Why?

SARA

Lucky'd been paid huge ransoms to return his first three abductees. Russell pitched the Feds on a sting at the cash drop for the fourth. Lucky sniffed it out. Disappeared.

ALLIE

Maybe that's why he blames Russell. Cost him a couple million bucks.

MAX

People kill for less. But I don't think that's it. His note said Russell is 'just the beginning.' I don't know what he's planning, but... this guy woke up one day and decided to switch sports.

SARA

I'm gonna learn more about his teammate. Russell's buddy with the knife. Work backwards from there.

MAX

I'll help you get started, but first I'm gonna get this sketch aged up. Put the word out for everyone to be on their toes.

Max EXITS with the sketch. Allie reads the box's MAILING LABEL.

ALLIE

I hate to ask obvious questions, but: anyone check?

SARA

Return address is fake. Guy timed this to make a splash. Dropped it in the back of a mail truck.

ALLIE

You know what might help... he also dropped the head. The flesh is... well, it's *smushed*.

WHITE FLASH TO:

CSI SHOT FROM ABOVE: the severed head FALLS away from us.

ALLIE (V.O.)
Somewhere between decapitation and
the box, this head impacted a
surface that was coated in...

**SIDE ANGLE OF IMPACT: the head makes impact on a counter covered
in YELLOWISH DUST.**

WHITE FLASH TO:

BACK TO SCENE: Allie and Sara peer at a fine YELLOWISH DUST on
Kelsea's cheek.

ALLIE
Whatever this is. I'll run tests.

SARA
Let me know what you find.

And ON Sara, back in the saddle...

20 **INT. CSI - DNA LAB - DAY**

20

A TIME LAPSE SEQUENCE of Max's methods and illustrative ECUs:

Max takes the BLOODY SHIRT Russell's attacker was wearing out of
a DRY LOCKER. She SWABS the edge of the right sleeve. The SWAB
shakes in a VIAL in an EZI DNA TISSUE KIT. **INSIDE:** CELLS break,
disgorging DNA. Next, the vial is loaded into a CAPILLARY
ELECTROPHORESIS DEVICE. **INSIDE:** the sample -- in a CLEAR AQUEOUS
SOLUTION -- is subjected to UV LIGHT. Finally...

Max watches as PEAKS EMERGE on the resultant ELECTROPHEROGRAM.

SARA (O.C.)
Just the shirt I was looking for.

Max looks up and sees Sara in the door, eyeing the bloody shirt.

MAX
C'mon in. Step into my real office.

SARA
You come from the lab side?

MAX
I come from Flint, Michigan. Go
Spartan. But yeah. Genetics,
pheno-typing, that's my thing. You?

SARA
Materials and element analysis.
Used to be, anyway.

MAX
(eyes her, chances it)
How 'bout now?

SARA

Working on a new answer to that question. Turns out I'm not a sailor. We're gonna figure it out.

Not an easy topic. Sara sits, looking at the bloody shirt.

SARA (CONT'D)

Too bad Russell made such a mess.
(off Max's look)
I was thinking maybe this guy brushed up whoever hired him. Shook his hand. Guess we'll never know.

MAX

Oh ye of little faith.

SARA

Shirt's soaked. You're not worried about cross-contamination?

MAX

That's barely a thing anymore. Gotten easier to tease out separate samples, run 'em all. And there are two sets of DNA on this cuff. His blood, and some other source.

Max indicates the electropherogram. Sara's impressed.

SARA

Brave new world. Results still take a couple days?

MAX

Yep. Course, I'm hoping Lucky's in line for a name change before then.

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

21

PHOTOG FLASHES: a SPIDER TATTOO. An AZTEC WARRIOR TATTOO.

A THIRD FLASH brings Sara into the room, where the new Chief Medical Examiner, HUGO RAMIREZ (sweet but under-socialized, a teddy bear with claws) is photo-documenting every inked inch of Russell's attacker. The TATTOOED DEAD MAN lies naked on the slab. The top of his head is, notably, off.

SARA

You must be Dr. Ramirez.

HUGO

I'm sorry, I don't have time for new people right now.

He snaps more tattoo pics. SNAKE EYES. ROSARY BEADS on his neck.

SARA
I'm Sara Sidle.

No response. Sara considers Hugo, looking for an angle. She checks out a SECTIONED BRAIN on a tray.

SARA (CONT'D)
Last guy who worked in here
would've been impressed with this
coronal sectioning.

HUGO
(looks up, flattered)
Call me Hugo. Dr. Robbins trained
me, actually. I like to imagine
he's still watching me when I cut.

SARA
You know he's retired. Not dead.

HUGO
I just don't get a lot of company
down here. So sometimes I...

Have imaginary friends? Sara lets it go, stoops over the brain.

SARA
What are you looking for in the
corpus callosum? Motive?

HUGO
In a way...

He slides a stained slide under a scope. The brain tissue mostly appears LIGHT PINK but some BROWN STAINS appear like cavities.

SARA
That's a lot of plaque. Taus
building up everywhere.

HUGO
During the autopsy I noticed
cirrhosis in the liver. And of
course, auricular hematoma.

Sara looks at the dead man's EARS. They're swollen, smooth.

SARA
So you're thinking the guy's a
wrestler, MMA type. He gets
cauliflower ear... and CTE. Self
medicates with liquor.

HUGO
Chronic traumatic encephalopathy is
hell to live with. Mood swings,
confusion, violent outbursts...

SARA
Contract killing...

HUGO
I don't mean to justify --

SARA
No. But you've got an unhealthy brain. Unkempt hair and nails. Pretty good chance this guy was living on the street when he got hired to kill Russell.

HUGO
All these tats might as well have advertised his services. There's something funky about this one. I think it's a cover up.

Hugo holds up UV LIGHT to the rosary bead tattoo. The older ink of the previous design radiates in BRIGHTER GREEN: a TINY SKULL and THREE HASHMARKS. Hugo smiles, snaps a PHOTO.

SARA
Nice catch. Not really a tattoo connoisseur, but the older half looks prison quality. We should share with RTCC right away.

HUGO
I *am* a bit of a connoisseur, and I couldn't agree more.
(the worst kept secret)
I actually paint a little. Did they tell you upstairs?

They didn't. Hugo looks chagrined. Sara turns her attention to a BOWL with a BROWN LIQUID flecked with WHITISH SEEDS.

SARA
Stomach contents?

HUGO
Pomegranate. He was full of it.

SARA
That's a lot of seeds. Strange.

HUGO
How'd you mean?

SARA
Stuff's like two bucks an ounce. Most people who drink as much as this guy, when they come into some cash? They don't blow it on fruit.

And ON Sara, mulling the evidence...

22 **EXT. SUNRISE, NEVADA - AERIAL - ESTABLISHING - DAY** 22

CAMERA takes in the mountains before slinging us downward...

23 **INT. VOLKSWAGEN THING/ EXT. RUSSELL'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY** 23

RUMBLING ALONG inside a distinctive Volkswagen Thing. We don't catch a clean look at the driver, but linger on the sleeve of his GREEN WINDBREAKER... as he reaches into a plastic bag full of POMEGRANATES at his side. *This must be the guy.*

As the vehicle approaches Russell's house, the unseen driver slows. He draws no particular attention from the TWO UNIFORM COPS working to release the scene.

Through the windshield, we SEE: A FEMALE UNIFORM COP pulling down the FLUTTERING CRIME SCENE TAPE. Our POV narrows, zeroing in on HER FACE for a second...

Finally, the Thing drives off...

24 **INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAY** 24

EXTREME CLOSE UP: HUGE BLACK BRISTLES graze over fine YELLOW DUST on the severed head's cheek. Next, they brush the dust onto a CLEAN SLIDE, coating it.

CHRIS (O.C.)
It's actually much worse than not knowing who Chuck Woolery is.

Chris watches Allie put the slide into mass spectrometer.

ALLIE
It was Bob Barker.

CHRIS
My point is, D.B. Russell was king of this castle. You should be ashamed of yourself. I'm ashamed of you.

ALLIE
Since you're such an amazing historian, why don't you tell me something about Sara Sidle.

CHRIS
You're kidding me.

ALLIE
I knew the name. But now that I've met her, I can't figure her out.
(then)

(MORE)

ALLIE (CONT'D)

A woman works her way up to take over the Las Vegas Crime Lab and then, right when they're ready to give her the keys, she walks away.

CHRIS

Yeah, but it's not, like, a mystery why. Remember Greg Sanders -- dude with the hair? He told me Sara and Gil Grissom were the star crossed duo here before Folsom and --

Allie looks up sharply from the notes she was just making.

ALLIE

Don't.

CHRIS

I'm just saying: the heart wants what it wants. You know that.

(off Allie's look)

You told me you always thought you were gonna go back to Mumbai after college, but then you fell in love with Dunkin Donuts and Carrie Underwood, right?

Allie looks at him: *yeah, totally the same thing.* BEEP. The test is done. She pulls the slide out of the mass spectrometer, and reads the result. ON her surprised look...

25 **EXT. CSI - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

25

Sara walks around the side of the building, talking on her cell.

SARA

I can't -- I think your sat phone's acting up.

(raised voice over STATIC)

I can barely hear... Oh. I love you too. Gil? ...Gil?

Nothing. She lost him. Did he hear any of that?

MAX (O.C.)

Sara. Over here.

Sara sees where the voice came from. She hangs up, hurries over:

26 **EXT. CSI - SAFE TEST AREA - NIGHT**

26

Sara approaches just as Folsom uses IRON TONGS to lower a NICKEL PLATED COLT .45 into a propane-fueled MELTING FURNACE. Max gets halfway through a perfunctory introduction:

MAX

Sara, Folsom. Folsom, yeah... You looking for me?

SARA

It was brewer's yeast. That yellowish powder on Kelsea's cheek.

Sara hands Max Allie's report. Max glances it over.

MAX

If that's what was lying around where he dug her up, guy's either a moonshiner or...

SARA

The Board of Examiners keeps lists I'm gonna check. Distilleries, brewery supply stores.

Folsom's cell rings. Caller ID: '**Jessica.**' He presses '**Ignore.**' A shadow seems to pass over him, but he shakes it off when:

SARA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

And what've we got here?

Folsom looks up and sees Sara inspecting the PILES of SINGED, TWISTED, and MELTED METAL laying on TARPS under a POP UP TENT.

FOLSOM

All that's left from a burned out pawn shop. Shooting fatality. Trying to figure out just how hot this fire got.

MAX

Not hot enough to vaporize shell casings and slugs. There'd be melted traces at least. But nope.

SARA

How do you explain that? The killer swept up after themselves and burned the scene?

FOLSOM

And bleached it. And wiped it down. Wasn't a partial print to be found on any of the glass either.

SARA

That's extreme.

MAX

Welcome to 2020. It's getting pretty extreme out here.

FOLSOM

We do still get the occasional moron. Just not this time.

27 INT. CSI - RECONSTRUCTION ROOM - SECONDS LATER

27

Sara and Max trail Folsom in from the test area to an unfamiliar room: a CAVERNOUS WHITE SPACE, with Folsom's desk in the corner.

SARA

I love what you haven't done with the place.

FOLSOM

More and more, we're working scenes that have been altered, burned down. It's nice to have a blank canvas for reconstructions.

MAX

It was a big aquarium last week. He made fish out of foam core.

FOLSOM

Popoto dolphins, actually. Mammals.

MAX

He's a lot nerdier than he looks.

Folsom takes it in stride. Sara steps into a familiar RED GRID on the floor (matching the one made at the scene). Partially finished FOAM CORE SHELVES AND COUNTERS are a work in progress.

SARA

So this'll be the pawn shop as it was at the time of the shooting.

Folsom nods. Max considers the HUNDREDS OF CRIME SCENE PHOTOS tacked up on the walls. She focuses on one in particular: the VICTIM'S SKULL, with the JAGGED HOLE in the back of the head.

MAX

Poor kid took it in the eye, huh?

Folsom carries a STYROFOAM HEAD and a HOT PINK DOWEL to the spot where Danny Yates was found.

FOLSOM

Killer steps up to the counter here, and... bang.

He slides the dowel through the eye, out the back of the head.

FOLSOM (CONT'D)

Best guess based on the exit wound is a .22, but it's just a guess.

Sara finds the MELTED BLOB OF GUNS nearby.

SARA
Doesn't look like ballistics is gonna crack the case anyway.

FOLSOM
Strangest find at the scene. Value of those guns is probably double what we think was taken in jewelry, electronics, and guitars.

SARA
So was this a robbery, or just made to look like one?

Max chimes in from the desk where she's looking through a FILE.

MAX
Probably an inside job gone wrong. Looks like Danny had juvenile arrests for meth.

FOLSOM
Yeah, but he's kept his nose clean the past few years.
(off Max's look)
You never bet on an underdog?

MAX
My sweet Folsom.

FOLSOM
Hey, I know what it's like in the kind of trailer park Danny grew up in. It's a petri dish for self destruction, but... some do get out.

MAX
Maybe I just know too much about recidivism rates.

Sara notices that there's something unspoken being communicated between these two. She won't pry, moves it along:

SARA
Store alarm go off?

Folsom shakes his head, conceding the point.

MAX
Most people will never know how horrible it is... being right all the time.

28 **EXT. CSI - SAFE TEST AREA - NIGHT**

28

Folsom dons HEAVY GLOVES and picks up the tongs. Just as he opens the melting furnace, Allie stops by on her way out.

ALLIE
Bad time for a drink?

FOLSOM
A pretty flammable time for one.

He turns and sees: Allie is holding a RING BOX. Folsom is caught flat-footed, not sure how to respond.

FOLSOM (CONT'D)
Is that...

Allie opens it up and REVEALS: there's a HOUSE KEY inside it.

ALLIE
Mark scared the hell out of me.
Asked me to move in like this.

FOLSOM
Wow. Congrats. I didn't realize you
guys... That's great.

It rings hollow, hangs awkwardly in the air.

ALLIE
We're grabbing friends to, you
know, celebrate. It'll be fun.

FOLSOM
I wish I could join you. But I
think my gun's finished cooking.

Folsom finishes what he started, pulls the Colt .45 out. The RED HOT BARREL droops to the side.

ALLIE
You like 'em well done, huh?

FOLSOM
(checks the TEMP GAUGE)
Didn't get that way until 1,370
degrees Celsius. Which doesn't make
sense to me.

ALLIE
I'm with you there.

Folsom realizes she's lost. He looks to the melted blob of guns, which he's brought in and placed on a METAL TABLE.

FOLSOM

Trying to figure out how those guns melted. This Colt's made out of the softest alloy I could find, and it still held up way past the point of your typical structure fire.

ALLIE

So that was made *before* the fire?

FOLSOM

Somebody pulled a Salvador Dali before they ever struck a match. I think I better find out why.

And as Folsom fires up a WELDING TORCH and eyes the blob of melted guns... PRELAP a blood curdling SCREAM...

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON a YOUNG WOMAN'S FACE contorted in abject terror. She's crying out but to no avail. Whatever she's being subjected to, it just won't stop. REVEAL, she is:

29 **EXT. FLY LINQ - OVER THE VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT** 29

ON A ZIP LINE, FLYING toward the tallest Ferris wheel on Earth, the HIGH ROLLER. Finally, TILT DOWN to the outdoor mall below:

30 **EXT. LINQ PROMENADE - NIGHT** 30

Teeming with TOURISTS bustling between shopping and dining options. A lot of lights, a lot of action. A BAND performs on a small stage. It's sensory overload, until we settle into...

A steady POV that favors the same female cop (OFFICER FISCHER) we saw helping Russell at his house earlier. She's walking a beat now, headed toward the parking garage, watching over the crowd and smiling at passing families.

EXT. PROMENADE PATIO BAR - CONTINUOUS

FROM A SLIGHTLY WIDER ANGLE: we realize our POV comes courtesy of a MAN in a FAMILIAR GREEN WINDBREAKER -- the driver of the

Thing we saw earlier. He sits alone at an outdoor table, watching the cop from across the promenade. We still don't see his face as he reaches for the check... pays with an OLD \$20.

31 **EXT. LINQ PROMENADE - CONTINUOUS** 31

A CONFUSED DAD approaches her with a map.

CONFUSED DAD

Excuse me, Officer. Can you point us to Circus Circus?

OFFICER FISCHER
North end of the Strip. And hurry.
Looks like it's bed time.

She nods at his kids, acting up. WE STAY WITH the man, and his tired YOUNG FAMILY as they start off in the other direction. He scoops up his 3 YEAR OLD DAUGHTER, and her face looks back at us, over his shoulder...

HER POV: Officer Fischer smiles and waves, drifting toward the corner of a parking garage. Just as a GREEN WINDBREAKER steps into frame...

BACK ON THE GIRL: she smiles too. But then her EYES GO WIDE.

DAUGHTER
Dad. Dad.

CONFUSED DAD
Please, Jessi. Enough.

The little girl wriggles, watching something that upsets her. And as CAMERA STOPS allowing the family to trudge off, disappearing into the crowd...

32 **EXT. LINQ PROMENADE - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

32

CLOSE ON OFFICER FISCHER, bound and gagged, lying in a trunk, a CHLOROFORM RAG tossed in on her chest. She fights for consciousness, her glassy eyes blinking up at us, terrified.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Sshh. Sssshhhh.

WIDER: the back of the man in the green windbreaker, standing beside his Volkswagen Thing. There isn't a soul around -- just the distant SOUNDS of FUN and HAPPY SCREAMS on the promenade. And as he closes the hood...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

33 **EXT. LINQ PROMENADE - DAY**

33

AN ID PHOTO of Officer Fischer is clipped to her PERSONNEL FILE.

MAX (O.C.)
Ah man. She's a kid.

Max considers the file, stalking along beside CAPTAIN ELIZONDO (50s, intense and political). There's a bad buzz in the air.

CAPTAIN ELIZONDO
Her sergeant says Jill Fischer's a damn good cop. Told me he knew something was wrong when she didn't check in at nine on the dot.

Max scans the promenade, her eyes flitting over the parking garage -- there's no way for her to know that's where it went down. A DOZEN UNIFORM OFFICERS and DETECTIVES are canvassing the mall, showing an updated COMPOSITE SKETCH OF LUCKY to no avail.

MAX
That's prime time here. Nothing like this on Lucky's rap sheet. He took women from their homes.

CAPTAIN ELIZONDO
He must've learned some new tricks, because this *is* connected. Fischer was detailed to the D.B. Russell crime scene.

MAX
So our guy checked in on things. She caught his eye...

CAPTAIN ELIZONDO
We're checking security cameras. So far nothing. You made any progress?

MAX
We got an ID on Russell's attacker. Esteban Ruiz.

Max hands over a FILE. Elizondo considers a MUGSHOT of the man who tried to kill Russell.

MAX (CONT'D)
Ex con from Oaxaca. RTCC had his tats on file. They think he came up to the States last year.

CAPTAIN ELIZONDO

Be nice to ask his friends if anyone knew about his new employer.

MAX

We think he was living on the streets. We can ask around at shelters, but I like our other lead better. The head Lucky sent -- Kelsea Webb? Her cheek was coated in brewer's yeast. We're searching distilleries.

CAPTAIN ELIZONDO

Sounds like a long shot.

MAX

I thought so too, but I just got a call. There's one in particular, might be a pretty good bet...

And ON Elizondo, waiting to hear why...

34 **EXT. NEVADA DESERT - ESTABLISHING AERIAL SHOT - DAY** 34

ZOOM OVER the arid landscape, favoring a forgotten WAREHOUSE on the outskirts of civilization...

35 **EXT. HENDERSON, NEVADA - CONDEMNED DISTILLERY - DAY** 35

ON A MAP, marked up with distilleries that have been searched. Sara shoves it up on the dash and climbs out of the car with BOLT CUTTERS in hand.

A FARM STAND with a sign featuring a SMILING SUN LOGO is visible up the road. Chris takes a bite of some pomegranate he clearly bought there, savoring it as they approach the warehouse.

CHRIS

Smart as this theory of yours is, I almost hope it's wrong. Maybe it's a coincidence this place is next to a pomegranate farm. I hate thinking the guy who tried to kill D.B. Russell had a last meal this good.

SARA

I'm sure he'd appreciate that.

Chris studies Sara. He can't help himself.

CHRIS

You're different than I pictured. I was expecting more of a weather-beaten, salty sea captain vibe.

SARA
Haven't been on the water much,
last few months.

CHRIS
Oh. I heard you and Gil Grissom
sailed off into --

SARA
Look. That lock's brand new.

She's right. There's a SHINY PADLOCK on the door to this
crumbling warehouse. DECREPIT SIGNS make it clear this place has
been condemned by the city for years.

CHRIS
Somebody's been using this place
without permission.

Chris eyes some TIRE TRACKS in the dirt nearby.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I can circle back and shoot those
tracks when we're done inside.
(pulls his GUN)
You ready?

SARA
Ready as I can be. Sheriff hasn't
authorized me to carry yet.

CHRIS
You want to stay back in the --

Sara's expression answers him. She raises the bolt cutters...

36 INT. CONDEMNED DISTILLERY - SECONDS LATER

36

Chris enters, trailed by Sara. They split up, exploring the dark
space with FLASHLIGHTS. It's not just vacant, it's decomposing.

Sara moves slowly, and stops when she SEES FOOTPRINTS on the
DUSTY FLOOR, clustered around a loose floorboard.

ACROSS THE ROOM: Chris inspects some SMUDGES in the YELLOWISH
DUST on a counter.

CHRIS
Got something here. Could be our
brewer's yeast.

SARA (O.C.)
It is.

Chris looks over, realizing: she sounds awfully confident.

WITH SARA: she's pried up the floor board and is looking down at A PILE OF OLD MONEY, BOUND IN NEAT STACKS... and the HEADLESS, MUMMIFIED CORPSE KELSEA WEBB, coated in WHITE GRIME.

37 **EXT. RIVIERA MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY**

37

An UNMARKED SUV parks next to an ABSTRACT METAL LAWN SCULPTURE in front of a double-wide trailer. A WOMAN peers out from a window next door. A NEIGHBOR watering his plants sneaks a look.

Folsom declines another call from 'Jessica' on his cell, and gets out of the car. He addresses the curious strangers.

FOLSOM
This the Yates' place, right?

Blinds close. Backs are turned. Interesting.

38 **INT. YATES FAMILY MOBILE HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

38

ON an OLD TV: 'SAY YES TO THE DRESS.' Trish's red-rimmed eyes stare vacantly. Her friend Becky exhales a vape cloud.

BECKY
That bridesmaid's a bitch.

Seated in the adjacent living space, Folsom turns his attention back to BILL YATES (formerly imposing). Danny's father is considering a PHOTO of the melted gun blob.

BILL
How you know they didn't just melt in the fire?

FOLSOM
Science.
(off the man's look)
You want the long answer?

BILL
But these are our guns. I recognize that Glock 19. The Sig there. These were for sale at our store.

FOLSOM
They were being re-sold at your store. Question is: were they used in some other crime first. Maybe that's why they were destroyed. Maybe that's why your son is dead.

Becky looks over, an angry edge to her.

BECKY
You saying Danny's a criminal?

FOLSOM

Not accusing anybody of anything.

BILL

What you're not getting is we sell *clean* weapons. Yates Pawn's been an authorized dealer since '87.

FOLSOM

Right. And you have to maintain records with the ATF online.

(takes out a LIST)

Now, I could deal with them direct, but I thought you could speed things up. Help me check some serial numbers I found.

Bill looks exhausted by this, but pulls a LAPTOP close.

BILL

You pulled numbers from that mess?

FOLSOM

Not many. But they're engraved deeper than people think. Got a few from the guns on top that were in better shape.

Bill enters a password, allowing Folsom to check the guns Yates Pawn had for sale. While he does:

BECKY

You ever think maybe Danny did it? For art?

BILL

Damn. Now that makes sense.

(off Folsom's look)

Boy was trying to be a sculptor. He made that sunflower out front.

Becky hobbles over in her walking boot to pull back the curtain. Folsom can see the metal sculpture he parked beside.

TRISH

Wouldn't that be just like him? Burning up inventory, trying to make some statement.

BECKY

When we was clerking, he wouldn't shut up about gun control.

FOLSOM

Is that right?

BILL

I didn't raise him that way. He was a normal kid. Liked to hunt. He got that eight pointer right there.

He nods to a BUCK mounted on the wall.

BECKY

He changed when he got sober. Started taking those art classes.

BILL

(sees Folsom is finished)
Anyway. You find anything?

FOLSOM

No. It's like you said. Few numbers I got all had clean histories. Thanks for giving it a shot.

And ON Folsom, his eyes drawn back to a FRAMED PHOTO under the buck: Danny and Bill posed on a bow hunt.

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

39

Kelsey Webb's HEADLESS, DESICCATED CORPSE lies on the slab. Sara and Dr. Ramirez watch Allie make the Y-Incision in what's left of the dried-out, CHALKY flesh.

HUGO

This Lucky guy was a better kidnapper than a killer.

SARA

Looks like he got the job done.

HUGO

And buried her in quick lime. Dumb.

ALLIE

He was stuffing her under a building that was still in use back then. Needed to knock down odors. And a lot of people used to think it helped dissolve bodies.

HUGO

Calcium oxide leaches moisture, and forms an endocast that keeps bacteria out. How'd anyone ever think that could *speed up* decomp?

SARA

It was 2012. People thought social media was good for your mental health.

Allie opens the chest cavity gently.

HUGO
Well, Ms. Rajan. It's your time to shine. What do you think?

ALLIE
Cause'll be tough. We can try to rehydrate these organs, but right now I can't tell if she was stabbed, strangled, or what.

Hugo reaches in and pulls out the OSSIFIED LIVER.

HUGO
Let's soak in Allie's secret sauce.

CUT TO:

40 A MONTAGE: DRIED OUT ORGANS are removed, and placed into a BATH 40
of CLEAR LIQUID. As this task is completed, Sara swishes the
solution with a gloved finger:

SARA
Saline, glycerin, and... nitrates?

ALLIE
You're good.

SARA
Once upon a time.

Allie studies Sara for a beat. She can't help herself:

ALLIE
Do you ever -- Have you -- What's it like to stop and then --

HUGO
She wants to know if you regret retiring.

Allie cuts a lethal look at Hugo. He retreats.

ALLIE
Sorry.

Sara shakes her head: no need. A beat. She hasn't really talked about it. Part of her wants to.

SARA
I didn't retire. At least, that's not what I thought I was doing. I always felt like I was meant to be with Gil. I didn't think I'd have to stop working forever to make that happen. But...

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)
sometimes forever sneaks up on you
by surprise.
(a beat, then)
You find out. Nobody's meant to be
in two places at once.

Allie's poker face fails. Sara sees her words register before:

HUGO (O.C.)
Drink little bronchioles, drink.

Hugo's pushing on a HARDENED LUNG with his finger.

HUGO (CONT'D)
Gotta love lungs. Always the first
to plump. Bet this hole wasn't
always here.

He points. Allie comes over to check it out.

ALLIE
No serrated tissue. Looks smooth.

SARA
Bullet wound?

Hugo holds the lung over Kelsea's chest cavity, lines it up. He probes the torso at that spot with TWEEZERS... feels something.

HUGO
Never would've thought to look
behind T8. Guess who was hiding in
back of her spine.

He pulls out: A 9MM SLUG. Allie lets him drop it in her hand.

ALLIE
Let's go get this guy.

41 INT. CSI - HALLWAY - DAY

41

Max is hustling, cell to her ear. After a RING, HEAR Folsom:

FOLSOM (OVER PHONE)
I was about to call you --

MAX
Your thing can wait. Right now I
need you to get to the Ling
Promenade. They found something
where Fischer was taken.

INTERCUT WITH:

42 **EXT. LINQ PROMENADE - PATIO BAR - DAY**

42

Folsom holds an OLD \$20 BILL by the edges with a gloved hand. Behind him, DETECTIVES are questioning a WAITRESS. She squints at the COMPOSITE SKETCH of Lucky, trying to remember.

FOLSOM

I know. Caught it on the radio on my way back to the office. I just got here.

MAX

Lucky left a calling card?

FOLSOM

Waitress thought it was just a nice tip. Bet the prints are all smudged, but --

MAX

It doesn't matter. Get *everything* he might've touched. And bring it to me.

43 **INT. CSI - BALLISTICS - NIGHT**

43

ON A COMPARISON MICROSCOPE SCREEN: ECU on the surface of an OLD BULLET, nicked up with identifying scrapes. Allie marks them digitally, and moves the image over to another that looks just like it -- it's a PERFECT MATCH.

Allie clicks to print a report. She scoops the case off the printer, and reads. And ON her dismayed reaction...

44 **INT. ECLIPSE HOTEL - RUSSELL'S ROOM - NIGHT**

44

ON Russell, incredulous.

RUSSELL

The hell do you mean Lucky's not our guy?

Sara sits opposite him. She has a FILE -- the case Allie found.

SARA

I mean he can't be. The gun that shot his last victim was a Beretta M9. We know because the same gun was used in a different murder in October 2013. Case was solved. He killed his girlfriend over a busted hand of blackjack. She hit on 18.

RUSSELL

Surprised he wasn't acquitted.
(then)

(MORE)

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

All these years, I was sure he fled the States.

SARA

He got sent to High Desert. No question about it. This guy went to school with the first abductee, worked in the same building as the third. His name was Frederick Vikner.

RUSSELL

Was?

SARA

Lucky died in prison three years ago.

Russell takes that in, not happy. Sara tucks Lucky's composite sketch into the file next to his MUGSHOT: not a dead ringer -- he was an even meaner looking S.O.B. Sara closes it.

SARA (CONT'D)

At least Kelsey Webb's family gets a little closure.

RUSSELL

(it's no comfort)

Even when this guy dies he manages to do it like a scumbag. Leaves all his money to some sociopath who hunts cops.

(then)

I'm sorry, Sara. I thought we knew who we were looking for.

SARA

That's the worst thing about this. We're nowhere.

And as that grim news descends...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

45 **INT. CSI - DNA LAB - NIGHT**

45

ECU: A GIANT SWAB comes down on ANDREW JACKSON'S FOREHEAD. UNDER A BLACKLIGHT we see SMUDGED PRINTS all over this old \$20.

Folsom watches Max work.

FOLSOM

It never gets easier, watching you destroy latents.

MAX

Some evidence must die so that others might live. I'll take DNA over no value prints any day.

FOLSOM

You'll get plenty. Might as well be swabbing a public bathroom.

As Max loads a swab into an EZ1 DNA TISSUE KIT:

MAX

The cotton and linen in paper money is kind of a sponge, but Lucky's stash wasn't touched for so long. Lot of that old DNA'll be degraded.

(then)

Only skin oils should be from our guy and the waitress he tipped. I'm skeptical about an ID, but we'll learn *something* about our perp.

FOLSOM

Once upon a time, you would've been burned as a witch.

Max enjoys that. Folsom angles for the door.

FOLSOM (CONT'D)

I've gotta get back to the Yates case. I've got a theory.

MAX

Not what they pay us for, Joshua.

FOLSOM

Evidence. I know. It's coming.

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - DNA LAB - MORNING

SARA

He was a really good kidnapper too.
We think he told somebody in here
where he kept his ransom money.

They've arrived at the Records Room. As the warden UNLOCKS IT...

WARDEN

Hope you find what you're looking
for. I wish the old files were
digitized, but...

He opens the door: THOUSANDS OF FILE FOLDERS line the walls.

MAX

Thank you.

WARDEN

I'll leave you to it. But I thought
you should know, Maxine: Bryan's
been a model inmate.

Max gives a curt nod. The Warden walks off. Sara doesn't miss
this strange moment, but Max offers no explanation. She enters:

48 **INT. HIGH DESERT STATE PRISON - RECORDS ROOM - SECONDS LATER** 48

Max finds VIKNER'S FILE and takes half of the paperwork out.

MAX

Figure we'll pull medicals on every
inmate mentioned in Vikner's file.
Cell mates, disciplinary incidents,
all of it.

She hands Sara her half. Max's mood has cratered, but Sara's not
going to pry. Max turns to get started, but after a second...
her shoulders sag. She explains without turning around:

MAX (CONT'D)

Bryan's my son.

A beat as Sara absorbs that and thinks of how to respond.

SARA

I saw the picture you keep on your
desk. The little boy.

MAX

It's been 278 days. 32 more to go.
(a beat, then)
Anyway.

Anyway we're not talking about it. Max turns her attention to
the file, escaping to the work. And as Sara follows suit...

49 INT. CSI - RECONSTRUCTION ROOM - DAY

49

Folsom's FOAM CORE PAWN SHOP is finished. BRIGHTLY COLORED TAPE make the edges stand out against the all-white background. Chris stands in the middle, the STYROFOAM HEAD WITH BALLISTIC DOWEL at his feet -- marking where Danny was found. Chris considers a PHOTO of the pawn shop as it was before the fire.

CHRIS

Man, you must've been a demon with Legos.

Folsom looms thirty feet behind him. In his left hand, he holds A FILE. His right is a finger gun, lining up a shot.

FOLSOM

Move half a foot to your left.

CHRIS

That can't be where the killer was when he shot Danny. You saw the hole in his skull. That look like a bullet entry wound to you?

FOLSOM

It doesn't. Because it isn't.

Folsom 'fires' the finger gun. *Got him.* Chris is confused.

FOLSOM (CONT'D)

We thought the killer shot Danny face to face.

WHITE FLASH TO:

50 INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT (VERSION)

50

As before, a gun pointed at Danny Yates is fired in SLOW MOTION. This time, JUMP TO X-RAY to track the BULLET through his head.

FOLSOM

That the bullet went in through his eye, and exited the back of his head. But that's not the only possible explanation for the hole in his occipital bone.

WHITE FLASH TO:

51 INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT (VERSION)

51

A HOODED KILLER looms 30 feet behind Danny, firing a CROSSBOW. In SLOW MOTION the ARROW flies toward the unsuspecting victim.

FOLSOM

A tip-less wooden bolt would make a jagged *entry* wound. And it wouldn't come out the other side at all.

A LOW ANGLE: Danny slumps to the ground, DEAD. The arrow protrudes from the back of his head.

WHITE FLASH TO:

BACK TO SCENE:

CHRIS

You're talking about an arrow?

FOLSOM

That's why we didn't find bullets or shell casings. The killer didn't collect them. There weren't any.

WHITE FLASH TO:

52 **INT. YATES PAWN SHOP - NIGHT (VERSION)**

52

CLOSE ON the arrow, implanted in Danny's skull. **ON FIRE.**

FOLSOM

The arrow just burned to ash.

WHITE FLASH TO:

BACK TO SCENE:

CHRIS

Huh. I never would've thought the killer had a shot from behind.

FOLSOM

I didn't either, 'til I got in here. Found out there was this one tight angle from G5 of our grid.

We SEE HIS POV through the shelves. Chris's head just visible... until he walks over and joins Folsom.

FOLSOM (CONT'D)

Not a section of the wreckage we ever would've paid much attention to. But lo and behold...

He indicates a TWISTED BLACK SCRAP OF METAL at their feet. It's not clear what it is... until Folsom shows Chris a PRINTOUT of a Yates family bow hunt from social media. Chris looks closer at the CROSSBOW Bill Yates is holding.

CHRIS

We got the murder weapon.

FOLSOM

What's left of it. That piece is called the stirrup and lath. The rest burnt.

A dark thought crosses Chris's mind as he considers the picture.

CHRIS

Whole family bow hunts.

FOLSOM

I don't think any of them did it.

CHRIS

Why not?

FOLSOM

Because the person who did left us one clue. Thanks to how they got rid of all the rest. Look what else was in G5.

He shows Chris a CRIME SCENE PHOTO: U-SHAPED MARKS singed into the cement floor. Folsom drops the photo at their feet.

CHRIS

Too wide to be shoe prints.

Folsom nods. And ON a sense that he knows what they are...

53 INT. CSI - MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

53

ON A MUGSHOT of a suspect. BILL DWYER (50s, a mean S.O.B.).

MAX (O.C.)

We think this is the guy who took Officer Fischer. Bill Dwyer.

WIDER: Captain Elizondo and Allie have joined Max and Sara. The Captain doesn't like what he sees in Dwyer's PRISON FILE.

CAPTAIN ELIZONDO

God, I hope you're wrong. A serial rapist?

SARA

Greg and I worked his case with Russell in 2013.

ALLIE

So there's motive.

MAX

There's more than that. Dwyer and Lucky had kitchen duty together.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

And Dwyer's prison records show he has the same allergy profile as the perp who handled Lucky's old cash.

CAPTAIN ELIZONDO

(reads in the FILE)

'No latex or avocado.' Glad we're protecting rapists from guacamole.

ALLIE

It's more about the gloves prison docs wear, but the allergies overlap. Similar proteins.

The Captain finds a RELEASE FORM, stamped and signed.

CAPTAIN ELIZONDO

Got out in May. Supposed to live at a halfway house during probation.

SARA

We called. They haven't seen him in over a month.

MAX

All the pieces fit. We gotta find this guy, tie him to something. The distillery, the cash, Kelsea Webb's body...

CAPTAIN ELIZONDO

(nods, deciding)

I'll put out an APB.

(then)

Just pray it stays out of the press. Jill Fischer might still be alive. If this guy sees us coming...

He doesn't have to finish that grim thought. And ON the Captain, going to put the word out: they've got a target...

54 INT. YATES PAWNSHOP - DAY

54

Folsom and DETECTIVE LIN (40s, a sweet grump) usher Becky and Trish under the tape. Both young women are on edge as they're led along the perimeter -- still outside the evidentiary grid.

TRISH

I don't like being here. Can't you ask your questions somewhere else?

DETECTIVE LIN

I'm sorry, but it's important you both see this.

BECKY

What?

He points at the ash covered ground. Behind Trish: footprints.
Behind Becky: mismatched prints made by her shoe and her walking
boot. It's leaving a familiar U-SHAPE IMPRINTS.

FOLSOM

See the marks your walking boot
makes? These were found at the spot
where the killer took their shot.

Folsom shows the PHOTO: identical marks burned into the ground.

BECKY

What is this? Are you accusing me --

FOLSOM

You shot Danny. You doused the
scene with bleach, and lit a fire
to destroy the evidence.

BECKY

No. I -- I didn't do any of that.

FOLSOM

You tracked through the bleach you
were spilling. The fire cooked the
sodium hypochlorite into the floor.
(then)
There's always something. I just
had to know where to look.

Trish turns to her friend, not yet willing to believe it.

TRISH

Becky. *Tell them.* You wouldn't...

DETECTIVE LIN

Tell us, Becky.

Becky falls silent. It's over. Trish sees it on her face.

TRISH

Why? Why?

ON Trish's horror and shock...

55 INT. CSI - HALLWAY - DAY

55

Folsom rounds a corner. Max and Allie see him coming.

MAX

The return of the conquering hero.
Heard you got a full confession
from the sister's friend.

FOLSOM

She was a clerk at Yates Pawn too.
Never got along with Danny. He
thought she was a bad influence on
his sister. He was right.

WHITE FLASH TO:

56 INT. YATES PAWN SHOP - BACK ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 56

Danny confronts Becky. They yell at each other (MOS).

FOLSOM

Becky was selling illegal guns out
of the back of the store. When
Danny found out, he melted 'em to
slag, hid 'em under the rest.
Judging by weight, five or six.

QUICK TIME CUTS: Danny finds Becky's STASH OF GUN. He tosses
them into a FURNACE. Takes out BLACKSMITHING TOOLS.

WHITE FLASH TO:

57 EXT. RIVIERA MOBILE HOME PARK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 57

Becky scrambles to get away from an ANGRY BIKER. She trips and
falls. He swings a BAT, crushing her ankle.

FOLSOM

Becky owed them to a buyer who
wasn't happy. Busted her up pretty
good, and put her in that boot.

WHITE FLASH TO:

BACK TO SCENE:

ALLIE

So this was revenge. Premeditated.

FOLSOM

She says she just went to confront
him, and it got out of hand. Didn't
seem like she had many regrets
though. I think she saw it as... I
don't know. Frontier justice.

MAX

Well, if you're gonna kill someone
with an arrow, at least have a
theme.

(then, less pleased)

I got a call. You brought the vic's
sister out to the scene?

FOLSOM

I know. Not kosher.

MAX

What were you thinking?

FOLSOM

I was thinking about what he died for. Trying to get Becky out of his sister's life. I wanted him to have that.

(then, for Max's benefit)

Danny Yates made some mistakes when he was young, but... he turned it around. It does happen.

Allie watches that land on Max, who needed to hear that. And ON Allie, watching Folsom walk off... more than impressed.

58 **INT. MARK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

58

Allie's boyfriend, MARK (30, sweet, but we want more for her) hangs a FRAMED PHOTO of Allie and her family back in India. He steps back, eyeing the spacing among more of her art and photos.

ALLIE (O.C.)

Mark. This is insane. It's like I live here.

He smiles as Allie enters, carrying a bag of take-out. She walks past empty boxes, taking in the sight of her belongings warming up his formerly spartan bachelor pad.

MARK

That's the idea. I wanted to be done before you got here, but you have more pictures than the Met.

She pecks his cheek, takes the next FRAME out of Mark's hands.

ALLIE

You're done. We don't need all these. It's incredible. Thank you.

MARK

(re: the takeout)

Thank you. I'll get plates.

As he goes, Allie looks down at the frame. REVEAL: it's a candid photo of her joyous, laughing with friends at a bar... her eyes on Folsom. And ON Allie, taking one last lingering look before sticking it back in a box, and joining Mark in the kitchen...

59 **INT. CSI - RECONSTRUCTION ROOM - NIGHT**

59

Folsom tears down his foam core pawn shop, working up a sweat. 'Jessica' pops up on his cell again. This time he answers.

FOLSOM
You've got to stop calling.

MALE VOICE
This Josh Folsom?

Folsom is caught off guard, reflexively on alert.

FOLSOM
Yeah. Who's this?

MAN'S VOICE
I'm the guy who took your ex's
phone. And car. And every dime she
had. She's still short. 'Course,
hurting her won't get me paid.

JOSH
No, it won't.

MAN'S VOICE
Mr. Bello says it's on you now.
Vig's running.

The call ends. And ON Folsom, more exhausted than surprised...

60 **EXT. VEGAS STRIP - AERIAL ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 60

61 **EXT. ECLIPSE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT** 61

Sara CHIRPS her car locked, leaving a voicemail as she cuts through the parking lot on her way in for the night.

SARA
... so no need to call me back.
Hopefully tomorrow I'll have some
news. Alright. Love you.

Sara hangs up. And then, as she rounds a row of parked cars...
THE MAN IN THE GREEN WINDBREAKER waits in her path. His RIGHT
HAND's in his pocket. He could have a gun -- no way to know.

REVERSE ON: BILL DWYER. Vaguely familiar from his mug shot.
Unmistakable, based on Sara's breathless reaction. He enjoys it -
- a thin smile creases his dark features.

DWYER
Sara Sidle. You don't look that
surprised to see me.
(then)
You haven't been looking for me,
have you?

Sara looks around: there's no one else here. No help coming.

SARA
What are you doing, Bill?

DWYER

I'm not doing anything. Seeing you here, it's just... fate, I guess.

Sara dials her cell, keeping her eyes on him.

SARA

I'm calling my office.

DWYER

I'm not going to hurt you. I do want to tell you something though.

He steps close. We can HEAR Sara's call getting answered, but she doesn't dare raise the phone to her ear.

DISPATCH (FAINT, OVER PHONE)

CSI Section.

DWYER

I know all about you people. I know how you put me away. The way you plant evidence. The way you lie.

(then)

Someone needs to teach you all a lesson. Who knows? Maybe it'll happen tomorrow.

Dwyer eases back. Is that all? Sara can't help asking:

SARA

Where is she? Where's Jill Fischer?

DWYER

I'll see you soon, Sara.

With that, he turns on his heel and walks away into the night...

Sara is shaken, but keeps her wits. She speaks into the phone, eyeing Dwyer's receding figure as he stalks toward The Strip.

SARA

Hey. Is anyone there?

DISPATCH (OVER PHONE)

Yes, ma'am. How may I direct your --

Sara watches Dwyer cut a final look her way, and disappear. Sara eyes the THROGS of TOURISTS, starts to move toward them.

SARA

There's a 427 suspect headed south on the Strip on foot. C10 in pursuit.

(SPRINTING now)

I need backup. Send 'em now.

62 **EXT. VEGAS STRIP - SECONDS LATER**

62

Sara reaches the BUSTLING SIDEWALK with her head on a swivel. Pamphleteers. Drunks. THERE: Dwyer's up ahead. Fifty yards.

Sara hustles to keep him in sight amidst a SEA OF BOBBING HEADS. She's wary. Dwyer keeps checking his six. He doesn't seem aware of her, but when Sara loses sight of him, it feels like he could be doubling-back. Then she spots him, moving quicker now...

63 **EXT. VEGAS STRIP - THE FLAMINGO - CONTINUOUS**

63

Dwyer's dark form silhouetted against the dazzling lights. Behind him, Sara pushes past ROWDY BACHELORETTES. One of them takes exception.

BACHELORETTE

Watch it!

Dwyer turns at the sounds, and SPOTS SARA. He takes off running. His hands are empty. No gun. Sara sprints after him, staying with him even as he runs INTO TRAFFIC...

64 **EXT. LAS VEGAS BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS**

64

Dwyer stumbles between SPEEDING CARS. HORNS BLARE. Sara's closing the gap... until a TRUCK SWERVES to avoid Dwyer. It's veering toward Sara...

She DIVES out of the way -- a terrifying near miss. Lying on the pavement, Sara looks up in time to see:

Dwyer jumps behind the wheel of his Volkswagen Thing, parked just off the Strip on Audrie Street. He's going to get away.

Sara pulls out her phone and SNAPS PHOTOS of Dwyer SIDE-SWIPING a PARKED CAR and speeding off. And ON Sara, out of breath, watching her quarry escape into the night.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

FOLSOM

I know he was in a hurry, but...
would you leave that?

ALLIE (O.C.)

Hey, guys. Think this paper's a
match for the note he sent...

Everyone turns to Allie, who stands at an OLD TYPEWRITER on a desk. She pecks away with gloved fingers, letters appearing:
'D-B R-U-S-S-E-L-L I-S J-U-S-T T-H-E B-E-G-I-N-N-I-N-G.'

As she types, the CSIs HEAR an odd THUMP under the clatter of keys. Everyone looks at each other. Folsom turns to Max:

FOLSOM

He didn't take her gun.

Max realizes, radios the tactical unit outside:

MAX

There's a crawl space under the
house.

67 **EXT./INT. DWYER'S HOUSE - CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT**

67

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS slash at the darkness. They find DWYER'S FACE.

COP #2

There! There he is! Hands up!

MORE LIGHTS swing over to REVEAL: OFFICER FISCHER. Dwyer's hands are clamped over her gagged mouth. Her eyes blink, terrified.

COP #3

Hands! Show me your hands!

Dwyer slowly complies, showing he's unarmed. Even now he remains disturbingly calm as he whispers into Fischer's ear:

DWYER

Lucky girl.

And as the cops clamber in to pull them out...

68 **EXT. DWYER'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - LATER - NIGHT**

68

EMTs check Officer Fischer's pupils while an ND DETECTIVE takes notes. She's deeply shaken, but responsive.

OFFICER FISCHER

...No. He didn't touch me.

FIND Sara and Max, looking on. Relieved. Folsom approaches holding a LETTER in a CLEAR EVIDENCE BAG.

FOLSOM

You need to see this.

69 INT. PD - INTERROGATION ROOM "B" - DAY

69

Max and Captain Elizondo sit opposite Bill Dwyer and his attorney, SYDNEY WIX (50s, a self-made scrapper you'd want in your corner, showing signs of wear and tear). Max's barely concealed disgust is a contrast to Dwyer's placid demeanor.

WIX

Due respect, I think this meeting is a little premature. I haven't even had a chance to review the case against Mr. Dwyer, so I --

CAPTAIN ELIZONDO

The case is overwhelming, Mr. Wix. We got you client dead to rights. Kidnapping, assault...

MAX

We've got you in a car that left tracks at the scene where Kelsey Webb's body was found. We've got the money you paid to have D.B. Russell killed. We've got plenty.

Wix looks to Dwyer, who shrugs as if to acknowledge it's true.

WIX

Well then. What's on the table?

MAX

We'll push the D.A. to offer favorable terms, but we need to know who put him up to it.
(off Wix's confusion)
We found this. Addressed to your client.

Max pulls out THE BAGGED LETTER. It's been PRINTED. Dwyer's cool cracks. He looks away as Max reads from it:

MAX (CONT'D)

'Pay Esteban, and take 25K for yourself. Don't forget to wear gloves when you get her head.'
(looks up)
That was underlined, but you sure didn't wear gloves when you handled this. Got about a hundred of your partials here. You were reading a playbook someone else wrote.

Dwyer stays quiet, betraying nothing.

CAPTAIN ELIZONDO
'Course you probably should've
skipped the bit about "rubbing our
noses in it." Visiting Sara Sidle?
Big mistake.

DWYER
The look on her face though...

WIX
Don't.

CAPTAIN ELIZONDO
But it cost you. It's why you
didn't make it to page two. Jill
Fischer would be dead and you'd be
hiding on a beach somewhere.

MAX
You're going back to prison
instead. Forever. So why should the
guy who planned all this get away?

Dwyer sits in silence, shakes his head. Wix leans in:

WIX
Be smart, Bill. There's a deal to
be made here.

DWYER
No. There's not. I ain't flipping.
(to Max)
The person who wrote that? I like
them. But you people? I want to see
you rot in hell.

The mask has dropped. It's clear what kind of animal he is. Wix
hangs his head.

MAX
The note you sent me said Russell
was the beginning. I want to know
how this was supposed to end. Talk
about this bit at the end. The
storage facility in Spring Valley.
(reads again)
'We have to get in there before you
go. I think it's where they do it.'

CAPTAIN ELIZONDO
Who's 'they?'

Dwyer leans back in his chair, unblinking. Unresponsive.

70 **EXT. U-STORE IT - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

70

A low-rent self storage center off the interstate.

71 INT. U-STORE IT - OFFICE - DAY

71

The elderly MANAGER reads the WARRANT Sara and Max have brought.

MANAGER

We don't know what folks keep here,
you know. There's rules in the
contract, but it's not like we can--

MAX

You're not in any trouble, sir. We
just want to know who owns Unit 37B
and have a look.

The manager nods, turns to rifle through a FILE CABINET.

SARA

I didn't see any cameras out front.

MANAGER

Some other places have 'em. But we
got the best prices, and that big
gate. You need a code.

MAX

We think some bad people wanted to
get into this particular unit. Any
way to know if they did?

MANAGER

Oh, we haven't had a break-in for
years. Not since the fire station
went in across the street.
(finds what he wants)
Here we go. 37B.

Max looks on, reading the paperwork over his shoulder.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Looks like it's been leased to the
same guy for... jeez, 20 years.
'Fore my time even.

MAX

(sees the name)
Wait, is that -- That can't be
right.

Sara watches as a sense of dread descends on Max.

SARA

What? What is it?

--MORE TO COME---MORE TO COME---MORE TO COME---MORE TO COME--