

CSI:

"BROKEN"

Episode #106

WRITTEN BY

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Miami

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CSI: MIAMI

“Broken”

CAST LIST

HORATIO CAINE
MEGAN DONNER
ERIC DELKO
CALLEIGH DUQUESNE
TIM SPEEDLE
ALEXX WOODS

RUTHIE CRIGHTON	(5, blond, Caucasian)	
TERRY CRIGHTON	(33, Caucasian)	
LATINO EMPLOYEE	(Zany Town)	
DET. ZACH BERNSTEIN	(40, African American)	
UNIFORM	(Outside Zany Town)	
STORE MANAGER	(40, male, Caucasian)	
PREPPY BLACK GUY	(Zany Town customer w/ Daughter)	
BRAD REPKIN/ACAPULCO	(skinny)	
ASIAN MALE REPORTER	(outside Zany Town)	
WHITE FEMALE REPORTER	(outside Zany Town)	
BLACK FEMALE REPORTER	(outside Zany Town)	
BEN McCADDEN	(Caucasian, CSI Tech)	
DAMON	(28, African-American, Medical Examiner Assistant)	
JADE HOROWITZ	(23, Asian, CSI Tech)	
STEWART NOLAN		
BRYAN WOODS	(8, Alexx's son)	*
JANIE WOODS	(7, Alexx's daughter)	*

Featured Characters (non-speaking only)

Families – all types (at Zany Town, about 50)	Little Sleepy Head (at Zany Town)
Ten-Year-Old Boy (at Zany Town)	Dad (at Zany Town, carrying Sleepy Head)
Blonde Girl (at Zany Town, similar to Ruthie)	Workers (at Otis House)
Uniforms (Several, different scenes)	Pudgy Man (at Sir Golf-a-Lot, employee)
Latino Dad (at Zany Town)	Boy (at Ruthie's shrine)
Media (outside Zany Town)	

CSI: MIAMI**“Broken”****SET LIST**

INTERIOR – DAY	INTERIOR – NIGHT
CSI Atrium * Fingerprint Lab Firearms Lab Hallway Outside Trace Interview Room “A” Layout Room Trace Lab CSI Surveillance Van Alexx’s Home – Kids Bedroom * Zany Town Aisle/Arcade Front Entrance Food Court Hallway Outside Bathroom Handicap Bathroom Manager’s Office Play Area Storage Room	Coroner’s Office Autopsy Theater Lobby CSI A.V. Lab Fingerprint Lab Hallway Interview Room “A” Observation Room CSI Surveillance Van Zany Town Aisle/Arcade Front Entrance Food Court Path From Play Area to Bathroom Storage Room Otis House (Dusk/Night) Bachelor’s Bedroom Dirty Kitchen Hall Closet Livingroom Trashed Playroom
EXTERIOR – DAY	EXTERIOR – NIGHT
Zany Town Back of Building Front of Building Parking Lot Sir Golf-a-Lot Over Miami Park	Zany Town Parking Lot Otis House (Cutler Creek) (Dusk/Night) Backyard
SPECIAL SHOTS	
CSI Shots Crystal Garden as sugar molecules form (p. 55) Ghost image overlay of chest cavity (p. 29) Hand doused in acid sizzles (p. 41) Live Scan to the DOJ files (p. 13) Sliced finger heals in time lapse (p. 41) Through the Microscope Fingerprint off Ruthie’s neck (p. 24) Sugar molecules (p. 55) Glitter looking like broken armor (p. 39) Glitter being lined up with a tweezer (p. 43)	Macro Shots Blue patch on Ruthie’s neck (p. 21) * Brown squiggles of dried mud (p.25) Butterfly eggs imbedded in wood (p. 48) Glitter on the tape (p. 14) Glitter sparkling like rubies and emeralds (p. 6) Greasy fingerprint on clipboard (p. 27) Partial footprint looking like peaks and valleys (p. 23) Ruthie’s Lips and into her mouth (p. 17)

CSI: MIAMI

"Broken"

TEASER

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. OVER MIAMI - DAY [DAY 1] 1
- GOD'S VIEW. RUSH OVER an aqua-marine ocean, FLY PAST cruise ships docking, SMACK INTO claustrophobic downtown buildings. WHIP ACROSS happy Coral Gables. And, JOLT TO A HALT in Sweetwater:
- 2 EXT. ZANY TOWN - DAY [DAY 1] 2
- Thunderclouds gather ominously in the far distance. MOMS and POPS cart their KIDS in and out of AN INDOOR AMUSEMENT CENTER: playgrounds, pizza, and people in giant animal costumes.
- 3 INT. ZANY TOWN - CONTINUOUS 3
- SWEEP PAST the line of moms waiting for pizza, dads reserving the tables and CHILDREN zigzagging between them.
- WHIP ACROSS THE VIDEO ARCADE bleeping wildly as four year-olds race on plastic motorcycles. Air-hockey mallets slam the sides of the table defending their goals.
- FIND a small boy giving himself a facial with an ice cream cone.
- ZOOM IN on the tap-dancing feet of two competitive six-year-olds jiggling on the "Dance Dance Revolution" machine.
- RICOCHET THROUGH THE FOOD COURT to catch a wisp of party hats and blazing birthday candles.
- LAND ON a freckle-faced five year-old, golden locks bouncing as she crawls over a rope bridge into an ENORMOUS HUMAN HABITRAIL.
- RUTHIE CRIGHTON** (Caucasian) loses her footing on the tube-slide and barrels head first into hundreds of multi-colored balls.
- Her mother, **TERRY CRIGHTON** (33), jumps to her feet, concerned about Ruthie's haphazard plunge.
- A heavy second ticks by. Then another. And another...
- Ruthie explodes out of the balls, giggling and yanks down her cherry-spotted sun dress. Terry exhales.

3 CONTINUED:

3

RUTHIE

Mom! D'yousee? D'yousee?

Ruthie comes tearing out of the ball pen and crashes playfully into her Mom's knees.

TERRY

Whoa!

RUTHIE

Mommy, I'm hot.

TERRY

Okay. Arms up.

Up go the arms, off goes the sweater. Ruthie bounces off and disappears up a red tube.

TERRY

Stay where I can see you!

Terry waves, just as --

A MINIATURE ELECTRIC RACECAR crashes into Terry's heels and flips over. She glances around for the culprit and spots a chagrined TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY with a remote.

She rights the car, raises her eyebrows at the kid playfully, then turns back to the habitrail. The red tube's empty.

CAMERA PULLS IN ON Terry as she scans the yellow slide. Huh. Where'd she go?

She gets up from the bench to get a better view. Still no Ruthie.

PULL IN TIGHTER as Terry's eyes dart from the monkey bars, to the princess tower, to the ball pit. A little BLONDE GIRL pops up! Not Ruthie.

TERRY

(voice quiet)

Ruthie?

TIGHTER STILL as Terry picks up the pace, circling the plastic maze. God, where is she?

Terry glances back to the ball pit. She sees five kids. None of them Ruthie. Terry's stomach drops. Mother's instinct kicks in. She tears around the maze and dives into the balls.

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

FROM HER POV we see her arms plowing through the multi-colored sea. Balls fly. Kids jump out of her way. She goes under -- swimming, like through molasses.

TERRY
Ruthie?... Ruth?

Suddenly, ALL SOUND IS SUCKED FROM THE ROOM. Only Terry's quivering voice exists now. Each time she calls her daughter's name, THE CAMERA CLICKS IN TIGHTER. The neon lights flicker.

TERRY
Ruthie. Ruthie. RUTHIE?!

Out of the balls, past the arcade and into the food court. Searching for a sign of her dress, her pretty blonde hair...

Terry's head ricochets from child's face to child's face.

TERRY
(pure panic)
RUTHIE! RUTHIE!

A **LATINO EMPLOYEE** bounds over to her. The painful silence breaks and all other noise rushes back in like a train wreck.

LATINO EMPLOYEE
Lady?

TERRY
I can't find my baby!

The Employee tears over to a wall and flips open a hidden panel.

CLOSE ON A RED PANIC BUTTON

He hammers it down and the place becomes an armed fortress.

A TEN-FOOT METAL GATE STRIKES ACROSS THE FRONT ENTRANCE. SLAM!

ANOTHER IMPRISONS THE BACK. SLAM!

EXTREME CLOSE UP: BOLTS SPRING INTO THEIR LOCKS! SLAM! SLAM!

SHRIEKING ALARMS BLARE FROM ALL DIRECTIONS. RED LIGHTS FLASH.

PARENTS SCREAM AND COVER THEIR CHILDREN -- NOT KNOWING WHAT KIND OF DISASTER HAS STRUCK.

SMASH CUT TO:

4 OMITTED 4 *

5 INT. ZANY TOWN - HALF AN HOUR LATER 5 *

DETECTIVE ZACH BERNSTEIN, African-American (40), handsome and slightly graying with kind eyes, greets **HORATIO** at the door. They walk and talk. *

DET. BERNSTEIN
Ruthie Crighton. Five-years-old.
Paramedics just pronounced. Found
by an employee in the handicap
bathroom.

ON THE RIGHT, fifty people huddle in THE FOOD COURT; kids cling to their parents like life rafts.

HORATIO
Nobody leaves.

DET. BERNSTEIN
Mother lost the child here --
(gesturing to the HABI-
TRAIL ON THE LEFT)
-- in order to get to the bathroom,
guy had to go past the food court,
past the arcade, past who knows how
many people...

5 CONTINUED: 5

APPROACHING THE BACK OF THE STORE, Bernstein gestures to the handicap bathroom.

HORATIO

This place is like a kiddie buffet
for these creeps.

*

Gloves on, Horatio slowly swings open the door --

*

6 INT. ZANY TOWN - HANDICAP BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 6

Two stalls and a urinal. Yellow stains in the sink. Paper towels crumpled and strewn. A popcorn bag. A Styrofoam cup. And a tiny dead hand. Horatio holds for a quiet moment --

*

-- then pulls himself away from the bathroom, back to the crowd. He scans the faces. (NOTE: Repkin in his "Acapulco" T-shirt is part of the crowd but not singled out.)

*

*

*

DET. BERNSTEIN

*

Fifty witnesses.

*

HORATIO

*

Or fifty suspects.

*

Horatio's head jerks from face to face to face. Searching desperately, angrily for -- a child killer.

*

*

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

AA7 EXT. ZANY TOWN - DAY [DAY 1] AA7 *

A FULL-TILT UGLY CRIME SCENE. Swirling reds and blues. *
 UNIFORMS guard the doors, no one exits. More Officers push back *
 the crowd. Media vans swarm into the parking lot. A Uniform *
 runs out of crime scene tape. *

A7 INT. ZANY TOWN - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY [DAY 1] A7

MEGAN, CALLEIGH, SPEEDLE and **DELKO** squeeze past the Uniforms
 guarding the door: kits and cameras ready to go. Horatio meets
 them.

HORATIO

Welcome to the next forty-eight
 hours of your life. Delko, I need
 you to extend this inner perimeter
 from the playground to the
 bathroom.

Delko nods.

HORATIO

Speed, get snap happy: people and
 exterior perimeter.

Speedle swings his camera into his hands. Horatio points to
 several SECURITY CAMERAS.

HORATIO

Calleigh, look at all those eyes --

CALLEIGH

When and where was the victim last
 seen.

HORATIO

Then for the second round:

(to Delko)

Live-scan every finger. Including
 children. Speed, trace the trace.
 Calleigh, trail our vic on the
 video. Her path might indicate the
 killer's. Guys, don't just look at
 the evidence. Look into it.

Horatio looks at Megan.

*

A7 CONTINUED:

A7

MEGAN

Right behind you.

*

*

Everyone heads off, armed with their missions.

*

7 INT. ZANY TOWN - HANDICAP BATHROOM - DAY [DAY 1]

7

A COARSELY DRAWN PENCIL SKETCH OF THE BATHROOM OVERLAYING GRIDDED PAPER. (Think Kathe Kollwitz as a CSI.) Urinals with heavy shadows. Crumpled paper overflowing the trash.

SILENCE as Megan finishes the details of THE BODY. Death on a grid. Her pencil sketches in... the vacant eyes. And the last touch... freckles.

PULL THE DRAWING AWAY to reveal Horatio, hands and knees on the real thing, MAG LIGHT in hand. He unrolls 6 inches of J-LAR TAPE and presses it to the floor. **SNAP CLICK TO:**

*

8 **MACRO SHOT - GLITTER**

8

Sparkling like shards of emeralds, diamonds and rubies.

9 BACK TO SCENE

9

HORATIO

Glitter, southeast quad.

Megan flips her sketchbook and marks the glitter on the grid. Horatio meticulously lays the tape across AN ACETATE SHEET.

MEGAN

Path cleared?

*

*

HORATIO

Doorway to body.

*

Megan moves away from the wall, tucks her sketchbook away and twists the lens cap off her 35mm. Horatio starts to J-LAR around the body.

MEGAN'S CAMERA FLASH ILLUMINATES: a knee with a SMILEY-FACE BAND-AID. FLASH: fingers curled into a loose fist. FLASH: the tiny face frozen in a terrified gasp... Megan pulls the camera aside. **SNAP CLICK TO:**

*

*

10 ECU ON RUTHIE'S HAIR

10

Blond chopped curls make a halo around her head. SNAP CLICK TO:

11 ECU ON A BOYS' T-SHIRT 11

Crammed over her cherry-spotted sun dress. CHECKED PANTS
screwed around her ankles.

12 BACK TO SCENE 12

Horatio continues to J-LAR around the body.

HORATIO
Fingernail, Northeast Quad.

Megan marks the diagram, then lifts the camera to capture.

MEGAN
Cut hair.. Boys clothes...

HORATIO
Disguising her? To smuggle her
out?

FLASH! FLASH!

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

13 INT. ZANY TOWN - HANDICAP BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) 13

THICK FINGERS GRIP A PAIR OF SCISSORS as it slices through a
bundle of Ruthie's hair; it spills to the floor like spun gold. *

THE SAME SQUARE HANDS violently jerk a boys' T-shirt over
Ruthie's terrified face.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

14 BACK TO SCENE 14

FLASH! Megan lowers her 35mm; Horatio processes his thoughts -- *

HORATIO
He didn't mean to kill her... At
least not here. *

Horatio applies J-LAR to ACETATE, his mind racing --

MEGAN
He was gonna take her with him... *

HORATIO
But something messed up the plan...
Her screaming? The alarms? *

14 CONTINUED:

14

Horatio reaches for his cell.

MEGAN

If it was the alarms, we could have
a fish in the net.

*

HORATIO

More like a shark.

*

CUT TO:

15 EXT. ZANY TOWN - FRONT OF BUILDING - DAY [DAY 1]

15

Speedle walks around the building with a **UNIFORM**, snapping pictures faster than a fashion photographer -- FLASH: the barred front door. FLASH: the gated windows.

Speedle moves in close, shutter clicking the whole time. He drops the camera and shakes a gate. Locked tight.

16 EXT. ZANY TOWN - PARKING LOT - DAY [DAY 1]

16

Calleigh coaxes the flustered **STORE MANAGER**, (white, male, 40), arms full of DIGITAL VIDEO DISKS, toward the CSI SURVEILLANCE VAN. He's so damn scared he can barely form words.

FRIGHTENED MANAGER

This, um, never, you know --

CALLEIGH

This has never happened in your store before. You have the gates, so you must have a protocol.

FRIGHTENED MANAGER

Each of the employ, employ --

CALLEIGH

Employees --

FRIGHTENED MANAGER

Checks a different section of the store.

CALLEIGH

I noticed stamps on people's hands.

The Manager is overcome with emotion. Calleigh straightens the crease in her brow.

16 CONTINUED:

16

FRIGHTENED MANAGER
My. Own. Kids. Come here.

CALLEIGH
Okay, you need to calm down. I
need your help. Tell me about the
stamps.

The Manager gasps for air. They enter --

17 EXT. ZANY TOWN - CSI SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

17

Calleigh pops the disks into a MULTI-DISK DVD PLAYER. In a
heartbeat, the two monitors in front of her are split up into 10
different squares of 10 different Zany Town angles.

FRIGHTENED MANAGER
K-K-K- check.

CALLEIGH
Oh, kid check. You match the stamp
on each child's hand to the same
stamp on an accompanying adult.

The Manager nods, wiping his sweaty palms on his pants.

ZOOM IN ON A VIDEO SCREEN: we see a row of cash registers.

CALLEIGH
Okay. Why am I lookin' at
merchandise and registers?

FRIGHTENED MANAGER
Theft is real bad.

HARD CUT TO:

18 EXT. ZANY TOWN - BACK OF BUILDING - DAY [DAY 1]

18

Camera poised, Speedle squints at A CORRUGATED GARAGE DOOR; AN
ELECTRONIC KEY PAD, attached to the wall beside it. Speedle
slips on his gloves, leans to the bottom of the garage door and
tries to yank it up.

SPEEDLE
It's locked tight.

UNIFORM
That's the storage room.

Speedle snaps some shots. FLASH. FLASH.

18 CONTINUED:

18

SPEEDLE

Leads into Zany Town?

UNIFORM

(nods)

No public access.

SPEEDLE

Let's hope not.

TIME CUT TO: *

19 INT. ZANY TOWN - FOOD COURT - LATE AFTERNOON [DAY 1]

19

Chaos. Worried parents. Crying kids. Uniform cops taking names. Bernstein and Delko stare at the mess like it's a surrealist painting.

DELKO

Where do we start?

*

*

Speedle, back from his travels, overhears him.

*

SPEEDLE

When the weight of the world has got you down -- rise above it.

He jumps up on a counter, the crowd's attention turns:

SPEEDLE

People. People. This is what we're gonna do. Get in groups. With your families. Three feet apart. We are CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS. And in order to investigate this crime scene, we're gonna need your patience while we grab your prints and anything else that needs investigating. 'Preciate it.

The families move into formations, now noticeably quieter. Delko frowns, he shoulda thought of that. He yanks out "Mr. Live Scan": a portable fingerprinting machine. Delko and Speedle knock fists and get busy.

*

20 INT. ZANY TOWN - HANDICAP BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON [DAY 1] 20

MEGAN (O.S.)

North-east quad clear. I'm gonna
dust.

Horatio lifts the boy's T-shirt with a gloved finger and sees
the sun dress. *

HORATIO

The glitter's Locard. Didn't come
from her clothes.

Megan dusts the sink with MAGNETIC FINGERPRINT POWDER. No
prints. Speedle pops in.

SPEEDLE

You rang?

HORATIO

What'd you get?

SPEEDLE

Automatic lock-up system: Windows
barred, doors gated. Storage
room's on a keyed alarm. Your
basic kid playground turned high-
security prison.

Megan moves to the urinal: dabs her brush, shakes it and twirls
on the dust.

HORATIO

Crime kit?

SPEEDLE

Been subtly checking the crowd,
overtly searching the area --
haven't found any abandoned
backpacks or bags.

HORATIO

He probably stashed it.
(off Megan's raised
eyebrow)

(MORE)

20 CONTINUED:

20

HORATIO (CONT'D)

Ninety-nine percent of violent
pedophiles are male.

(back to Speedle)

Plus, Speed, glitter transfer.

*
*
*
*

SPEEDLE

I'll check the crowd's clothes.

Speedle's out. Megan moves next to the boy clothes, deciding
how to process them.

*

HORATIO

This guy is a "pro": Prior
planning, no witnesses, brought
everything he needed with him.

*
*

MEGAN

But he didn't get everything he
wanted.

*

HORATIO

Means he's frustrated.

*

MEGAN

Means he's gotta find another
victim.

*

HORATIO

So we find him first.

*

Megan yanks ORANGE GOGGLES from her kit and hands a pair to
Horatio. They lock eyes, burying any doubt.

*

MEGAN

The clothes. They're old, worn.
Where did he get them? From his
own family? Or more likely --

Megan pulls out an OMNICHROME UV LIGHT and sparks it. Horatio hits the lights.

ON THE BOYS' T-SHIRT reading like "Grateful Dead" tie-dye. A black, almost opaque sunburst, made in blood.

MEGAN

Affirmative on blood.

*
*

Horatio brings up the lights; Megan's face is grim.

HORATIO

Recycled from his last kill.

HARD CUT TO:

21 INT. ZANY TOWN - FOOD COURT - LATE AFTERNOON [DAY 1] 21

Delko's set up at a table, the IDENTIX TENPRINTER FC TRANSPORTER open in front of him. (Think large black briefcase with two laptop-type machines stuck side by side -- very James Bond.)

A line of adults and kids winds from the table through the food court. Delko LIVE SCANS them as Speedle shines his flashlight down the line and a sea of glitter shimmers back.

SPEEDLE

Damn Brittany Spears.

AN AVERAGE LATINO DAD presses his index, the second of ten, onto a small silver screen. **SNAP CLICK TO:**

22 CSI SHOT - LIVE SCAN 22

A finger enlarged fifty times. White light blasts across its ridges, digitizing the image. The electronic information zaps through cyberspace to a computer at THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

AT THE D.O.J., records scroll across the screen, searching ...MATCH! AVERAGE DAD's face appears on the screen along with a record of DUIs.

BACK THROUGH CYBERSPACE, zapping through a spiderweb of wires and splashing onto Delko's screen.

23 BACK TO SCENE

23

He looks from the short list of priors to Dad's nervous face --
not the criminal he's looking for.

23 CONTINUED:

23

A **PREPPY BLACK GUY** steps out of line and over to Delko.

PREPPY GUY

Look, I'm a third year law-student
at U.M. and I know you have no
legal right to keep me here.

A skinny **GUY**, WEARING A T-SHIRT THAT READS "ACAPULCO", listens. *

DELKO

Yeah, but you have a moral
obligation to stay.

ACAPULCO

Is that true? Can I go?

Speedle notices "ACAPULCO" written in silver glitter.

SPEEDLE

Guess what Mr. Good Samaritan?

Speedle slaps J-LAR on the man's chest and lifts. **SNAP CLICK**
TO:

24 **MACRO SHOT - GLITTER ON TRANSFER TAPE**

24

Miniscule pieces of multi-colored foil, strangely familiar...

25 **BACK TO SCENE**

25

He shoves the tape in the guy's face.

SPEEDLE

Now you're a suspect. So, *legally*,
get comfortable.

26 **INT. ZANY TOWN - HANDICAP BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON [DAY 1]** 26

Megan tweezes blonde curly hairs off the floor and bindles them
one by one. Her face is rigid with painstaking concentration,
begging to find the hair that doesn't belong... the pearl in the
oyster. *

Horatio peruses the door -- *

27 **ECU ON THE DOOR HANDLE**

27

As he tries to push in the knob. *

28 BACK TO SCENE 28

HORATIO *

This lock is broken. How'd he keep
people out?

He looks around the room and zeros in on a trashcan. Lifts it.
Too light. *

HORATIO *

Nothing in here that would hold a
door shut.

He opens the door and peers into the hallway. **SNAP CLICK TO:** *

29 ECU OF AN ORANGE PYLON 29

On its side. About 5 feet away. "Out-of-order" plastered on
the side in black lettering.

30 BACK TO SCENE 30

He picks it up by a corner and shows it to Megan. *

HORATIO *

This is how he got his privacy.

He kneels to box it and sees: a pink rose clip-on earring. *

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

31 INT. ZANY TOWN - HALLWAY OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) 31

The orange pylon covers the door warding off witnesses; those
big square hands shove Ruthie roughly past the cone into the
bathroom. Her earring flies off and falls SLOW MOTION to the
floor. Dwell on it. Still rocking.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

32 BACK TO SCENE 32

Horatio bags the earring. Megan moves over to him. *

HORATIO *

That covers the door, but how did
no one see a grown man grabbing a
little girl in the middle of the
store?

32 CONTINUED:

32

MEGAN

Maybe someone she trusted.

*

CUT TO:

33 INT. ZANY TOWN - MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON [DAY 1] 33

A mask of anguish and tears, Terry Crighton searches Horatio's eyes for answers.

*
*

HORATIO

Mrs. Crighton, do you recall -- was your daughter wearing clip-on earrings today? Pink roses?

*

TERRY

(nodding with regret)

I wouldn't let her pierce her ears until she was six.

Terry doubles over.

*

HORATIO

Was there anyone here you knew? Someone she might have trusted?

*

Terry wrings Ruthie's sweater, shaking her head "No".

TERRY

She was too good for this earth. Like an angel from heaven.

Suddenly Terry brightens, she's cracking.

TERRY

Maybe that's not even Ruthie in there. How can you be sure? Maybe she got out.

Horatio looks at Terry's hand, and at the K-check stamp that failed... a PURPLE BUNNY.

*

TIME CUT TO:

*

34 INT. ZANY TOWN - HANDICAP BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

34

ALEXX gently touches the identical PURPLE BUNNY stamp on Ruthie's hand. Definitely Terry's daughter.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. ZANY TOWN - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY (FLASHBACK) 35

An Employee stamps Ruthie's hand and then Terry's.

RUTHIE
We're twins Mom!!!

Terry ruffles her hair, smiling; unaware that it's their last day together.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

36 BACK TO SCENE 36

Teeth grinding, Alexx examines Ruthie as Horatio stands watching. Alexx pulls back her eyelids, checks behind her ears, feels for fluid transudation around her jowls and neck.

Horatio notes Alexx isn't talking to this one; she's removed -- protecting herself.

ALEXX
Facial edema and petechial hemorrhages indicate raised venous pressure concurrent with asphyxia.

HORATIO
That blue around her lips looks too turquoise to me.

CLOSE ON RUTHIE'S FACE

SNAP CLICK TO:

37 MACRO SHOT - ON RUTHIE'S LIPS 37

The outer lips are purple-blue, but push into her mouth and there's a vivid turquoise on the inner lip rim and tongue.

ALEXX (V.O)
De-oxygenated hemoglobin is usually more purple blue, but cyanosis coloring is really subjective. Who knows under these fluorescents.

38 BACK TO SCENE 38

HORATIO
Why no bruises?

38 CONTINUED:

38

ALEXX

Echymosis can take up to twenty-four hours to fully develop, but you're right, we should at least see minimal erythema if she was strangled or ruptured capillaries around her mouth if she was smothered. I see neither.

*

HORATIO

So how did he kill her?

Bernstein interrupts.

DET. BERNSTEIN

Don't shoot the messenger, Horatio, but the brass is leanin', choppers are hovering and reporters --

HORATIO

Not. Yet.

Bernstein retreats.

BACK TO THE BODY: Alexx reaches for a SEXUAL ASSAULT KIT. Horatio turns his head as she tears open the kit, removes a swab and lifts Ruthie's sundress. Alexx freezes.

ALEXX

Horatio, your killer took a souvenir.

HORATIO

(stops breathing)

What?

ALEXX

Her underwear.

Horatio takes a beat; his emotions starting to trump his brain.

SMASH CUT TO:

39 EXT. ZANY TOWN - DUSK [DAY 1]

39

Horatio and Alexx flank the tiny body bag rolling out on a gurney. They push by CAMERAS, COPS and REPORTERS toward the M.E. VAN. Horatio shields Ruthie from the media horde.

ASIAN MALE REPORTER

Have you detained a suspect?

39 CONTINUED:

39

WHITE FEMALE REPORTER
Lieutenant Caine, is it true she
was raped?

They load the body into the van; Alexx rides shotgun.

BLACK FEMALE REPORTER
Any indication the killer will
strike again soon?

HORATIO
I'm not commenting on evidence.

Horatio heads back into Zany Town, then stops. He turns and
steps up to the microphones and looks straight into a camera.

HORATIO
Here's what I will say: this animal
left us a mountain of evidence and
we're not going to sleep until we
finish digging through it; because
we know, at the bottom of it, is
his grave.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

40 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY THEATER - NIGHT [NIGHT 1] 40

Ruthie lays like a broken doll across the stainless steel table.
OFF SCREEN, we hear Alexx's voice.

ALEXX (O.S.)

Honey, I don't want you giving
Tiger any more potato chips...

SLOW PAN, to see Alexx talking on the phone.

ALEXX

... They're not good for kitties,
okay? And have Daddy read you a
story tonight, no TV... I love you,
too, baby.

BACK TO RUTHIE

Alexx takes a deep breath and removes Ruthie's shoe. She
struggles to remain disconnected from the: Tiny buckles.
Fragile lace on tiny socks. Five tiny perfect toes.

Horatio enters.

HORATIO

(snapping on gloves)
I got the results from the blue
tinge on her lips... di-glucose and
propylene glycol. Aka: Good old-
fashioned candy.

ALEXX

Could be how he lured her.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. ZANY TOWN - PLAY AREA - DAY (FLASHBACK) 41

Ruthie's eyes widen. She smiles and reaches for something.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

42 BACK TO SCENE

42

ALEXX

Not very inventive, but effective... And *sticky* as hell.

They look at each other, both thinking the same thing.

THE CAMERA BECOMES THEIR EYES, as we follow Alexx's careful examination of Ruthie's slender leg. As Horatio tenderly lifts Ruthie's arm and peers across the fine baby hairs for something... Anything.

THE SILENCE IS LOUD, as they continue to canvass her petite frame. That scraped knee with THE SMILEY-FACE BAND-AID, her vulnerable torso, those tiny toes...

*

Alexx gently turns Ruthie's head to the side and:

ALEXX

(barely a whisper)
Whoa. What's that?

SNAP CLICK TO:

*

A43 MACRO SHOT - RUTHIE'S NECK

A43

*

A slightly shiny patch of something blue, no bigger than...

*

B43 BACK TO SCENE

B43

*

HORATIO

A fingerprint.

Horatio and Alexx lock eyes. Score.

HORATIO

Get this to Megan. I need to get back... Keep me posted.

She enters.

MEGAN

Get me what?

TIME CUT TO:

43-44 OMITTED

43-44

45 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY THEATER - MINUTES LATER 45

Megan hardens the print on Ruthie's neck with a blow-dryer. She shuts it off and picks up her next weapon - A MAGNA BRUSH. She shakes a little BLITZ-RED FLUORESCENT MAGNETIC FINGERPRINT POWDER into the lid and gets busy.

With a delicate spinning motion, she dusts the print. It turns a purplish color.

Satisfied, Megan picks up her MINI BLUE MAX (think pen light, only fluorescent) and situates the orange shield.

*
*

45 CONTINUED:

45

She fires it up and the fingerprint glows. OFF Ruthie's lifeless face --

WE MORPH INTO:

46 INT. CSI SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT [NIGHT 1]

46

Ruthie's face, now very much alive.

TIGHT ON A VIDEO SCREEN

Where Ruthie poses in front of a fun mirror -- having the time of her life in black and white. Her body elongates and shortens as she bounces up and down. Then the image jerks into fast forward.

PULL BACK to reveal Calleigh, in profile, at the controls of a VCR. She pushes PLAY.

BACK ON THE VIDEO SCREEN

The image slows and we watch a silent film version of what we already know. Ruthie slides down a tube, into a sea of balls.

FAST-FORWARD. STOP. PLAY:

Ruthie drops off the monkey bars, reacts to someone and skips off screen... We're tracking Ruthie's path from the Playground to the Bathroom. FROM ABDUCTION TO MURDER.

A second later, Ruthie reappears on a different monitor.

CALLEIGH

She's talking to someone, but whoever it is, stayed off camera.

But who's Calleigh talking to? She's alone in the room.

CALLEIGH

This guy must've surveilled the place. Knew how to keep out of sight... Where are you?

She freezes Ruthie's image and turns. Now we see she's wearing a headset.

ON THE OTHER MONITOR

We see Horatio in Zany Town. His image is darker, but he's in the same spot we just saw Ruthie. Essentially, he's walking in Ruthie's footsteps. He communicates with Calleigh via headset.

*
*
*

46 CONTINUED:

46

He adjusts his headset and frowns, turning to a Uniform.

*

HORATIO
(re: the bleeping
machines)

*

*

*

Shut these machines down.

*

The Uniform moves off with an Employee.

*

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

CALLEIGH

Okay, go left.

ON THE VIDEO SCREEN, we see Horatio follow Calleigh's instructions.

HORATIO (O.S.)

How far is she from the shelf?

CALLEIGH

About three feet.

CUT TO:

47 INT. ZANY TOWN - AISLE/ARCADE - CONTINUOUS

47

The machines dim down one-by-one. An eeriness falls over the room. Horatio crouches down. He turns his CRIME SCOPE to the white light position then shoots it across the floor. **SNAP CLICK TO:**

48 **MACRO SHOT - A PARTIAL FOOTPRINT**

48

Looking like mountainous peaks and valleys of gray snow.

49 BACK TO SCENE

49

HORATIO

In order to stay off camera, he had to stay off the beaten path.

CALLEIGH (O.S.)

Worse to see him --

HORATIO

But the better to see his footprints...

He drops a numbered marker next to his find and moves on.

CUT TO:

50 INT. CSI - FINGERPRINT LAB - FRONT - NIGHT [NIGHT 1]

50

*

The words "NO MATCH" blink annoyingly from the AFIS screen in front of Megan. Beside her, a Caucasian male Print Tech, **BEN McCADDEN** (35, "Marlboro Man" meets "Sensitive Artsy Guy") stares into a microscope.

MEGAN

No match?

50 CONTINUED:

50

BEN

That sucks.

MEGAN

I know. It can't be this guy's first time.

BEN

No, I mean, yeah, that sucks, too, but this really sucks.

MEGAN

What?

BEN

This print you got. It's whacked.

Megan scoots closer.

MEGAN

Lemme see.

51 THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

51

A labyrinth of purple walls and white crevices. It's the molded fingerprint we got off Ruthie's neck.

RACK FOCUS ONTO MEGAN'S EYE, blinking through the scope as she examines the print. *

*

*

52 BACK TO SCENE

52

BEN

(over her shoulder)

For one thing, the central pocket loop looks way off-center.

MEGAN

Well, human skin is an elastic surface. Maybe the print got stretched when we moved her.

BEN

That's what I thought. So I used an enhancement algorithm.

MEGAN

And it still looks strange.

BEN

Yeah.

52 CONTINUED:

52

MEGAN

Maybe we're not looking at one
finger. Maybe it's a cross-section
of a couple different fingers.

BEN

Oh right... Like this?

He interlaces his fingers and holds them up. Megan nods as her
pager beeps. She checks it and she's out --

*
*
*
*

CUT TO:

53 INT. ZANY TOWN - PATH FROM PLAY AREA TO BATHROOM - NIGHT[N1] 53

Mini-assembly line: Calleigh and Horatio pick up footprints like
a well-oiled machine.

Calleigh peels the cover sheet from a LARGE BLACK GELATIN LIFTER
and hands it to Horatio. He lays it delicately across a
footprint, rolls it down, waits then lifts.

Back to Calleigh, camera poised. She zooms in and focuses.
SNAP CLICK TO:

54 **MACRO SHOT - BROWN SQUIGGLES OF DRIED MUD**

54

Looking like giant tractor treads.

55 BACK TO SCENE

55

CALLEIGH

Got somethin' juicy with this one.

She marks the back and reaches for the next lifter.

CALLEIGH

We're outta lifters.

55 CONTINUED:

55

HORATIO

There's more in the van.

Calleigh grabs the box full of footprints and bolts.

JUMP CUT TO:

56 INT. ZANY TOWN - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT [NIGHT 1]

56

Calleigh waits with her load as Delko unlocks the door for a LITTLE SLEEPY-HEAD and HIS DAD.

CALLEIGH

Lettin' people go?

DELKO

Print results came back. So far, not one prior, barely a traffic ticket... except for four people.

CALLEIGH

Records?

DELKO

No. They refused to give prints.
(gesturing to)
Snotty mom, smarty-pants law student and his daughter --

CALLEIGH

How quickly they learn...

DELKO

-- and that guy in the Acapulco T-shirt. He's here alone.

Calleigh follows Delko's gaze. An unassuming guy with thin hair and pock marks leans against the wall.

CALLEIGH

Think we could arrest him based on it's too creepy to be in one of these places without a kid?

Delko shrugs. She plunks her box in Delko's arms.

CALLEIGH

Here. Hold my gelatin lifters. Got any ridge builder lotion?

DELKO

In my kit.

56 CONTINUED:

56

COMMAND POST LOCATION

Calleigh walks to where Speedle is organizing the glitter he's gathered. She zips open Delko's bag.

CALLEIGH

How's it comin' with the world's first glitter data base?

SPEEDLE

Sparkling.

She grins and pulls her hair loose from its knot. Instant glamour. Tugs at her shirt. Hello cleavage.

SPEEDLE

What're you doing?

CALLEIGH

Collecting evidence.

Lastly, she coats her right hand with a little ridge builder lotion, grabs a clip board and heads toward Acapulco Guy.

With every ounce of her Southern charm:

CALLEIGH

'Scuse me, sir, I'm Calleigh Duquesne.

She offers him her hand. He shakes it automatically.

ACAPULCO

Brad Repkin.

CALLEIGH

Hi, Brad. I's just wonderin' if I could ask you a few quick questions?

Oops, she drops her clipboard. Leaning over to get it, Acapulco gets an eye full. Now he's lost.

BRAD REPKIN (ACAPULCO)

Here. Lemme get that for you.

He does. She takes it back carefully and glances at the top sheet. **SNAP CLICK TO:**

A57 **MACRO SHOT - ACAPULCO'S GREASY FINGERPRINT**

A57

Clear as day on the front of the clipboard.

B57 BACK TO SCENE

B57

CALLEIGH

Ohmigoodness, what'd you say your last name was?

BRAD REPKIN

Repin. R-E-P --

CALLEIGH

Nevermind.

She flounces back to Delko who's got his mouth wide open and sets the clipboard carefully on top of the box.

CALLEIGH

Here ya' go. Mind takin' my footprints back to the lab while you're at it? Thanks.

CUT TO:

C57 INT. ZANY TOWN - PATHWAY/STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT [NIGHT 1] C57 *

Horatio moves slowly down the darkened pathway, silently studying. His eyes sweep across the video games, past the bathrooms and over to the storage room. *

QUICK CUT TO: *

Horatio's stands in front of THE CORRUGATED DOOR. It's shut and locked but not barred. *

CLOSE ON AN ELECTRONIC KEY PAD *

His eyes narrow. Bernstein approaches. *

HORATIO *

This is the only entrance that isn't barred. *

DET. BERNSTEIN *

Service entrance. You need a code to get through it. *

HORATIO *

Who has access? *

DET. BERNSTEIN *

According to the manager. Just himself and six other employees. Two on shift, four we pulled in. *

(MORE) *

C57 CONTINUED:

C57

DET. BERNSTEIN (CONT'D)

We looked at them hard, Horatio...
They all check out.

*
*

Horatio digs into his pocket and comes out with some BLACK PRINT
POWDER and a FEATHER DUSTER.

*
*

HORATIO

Not that I don't trust you --

*
*

DET. BERNSTEIN

I know, people lie, prints don't...

*
*

57 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY THEATER - NIGHT [NIGHT 1] 57

Alexx is deep in it when Megan re-enters. (NOTE: Because we've
progressed to the Y-incision, we see VERY LITTLE of the body.)

MEGAN

You paged me?

ALEXX

I've got broken ribs. 5 and 6 on
the right. Consistent with the
blood in her mouth.

MEGAN

Hemothorax?

Alexx nods.

ALEXX

Cracked rib punctured her lungs...
her lungs filled with blood...

SNAP CLICK TO:

58 CSI SHOT - CHEST CAVITY 58

A ghostly image over the torso: A rib snaps. A lung pops like a water balloon. Blood rushes in.

MEGAN (V.O.)
She was probably fighting him.

59 BACK TO SCENE 59

MEGAN
So the monster got on top of her.

ALEX
Crushing her chest...

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

60 INT. ZANY TOWN - HANDICAP BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) 60

CLOSE ON RUTHIE'S FLAILING ARMS. A figure jumps over Ruthie, straddling her, pinning her arms between his legs.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

61 BACK TO SCENE 61

ALEX
Cause of death... positional
asphyxiation.

MEGAN
Intentional evil.

61 CONTINUED:

61

M.E. ASSISTANT, **DAMON** (28), African-American, enters with the
tox reports. *

ALEXX

Whatcha got?

DAMON

Wasn't expecting anything unusual,
but check it.

ALEXX

(reads)
Butalbital.

MEGAN

He gave her barbituates along with
her candy.

ALEXX

Butalbital's a fast-acting
sedative. It wouldn't take a lot
to knock a child out almost
immediately. But what about the
signs of a struggle?

DAMON

I found something else...

He flips the page for Alexx and Megan who soak it up.

MEGAN

Antihistamine.

ALEXX

Poor thing had a cold.

MEGAN

She wasn't struggling, she was
convulsing....

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

ALEXX

Antihistamine is contra-indicated
with Butalbital.

MEGAN

She went into anaphylactic shock.

ALEXX

God. That means he wasn't trying
to restrain her.

MEGAN

He was trying to revive her.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

62-64 OMITTED (62 MOVED TO C57 / 63 CUT / 64 COMBINED WITH 61) 62-64 *

65 INT. ZANY TOWN - HANDICAP BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) 65

Ruthie convulses on the floor.

ALEXX (V.O.)

CPR when applied with too much
force can puncture a lung, break a
sternum, crack ribs...

CLOSE IN on adult-sized hands as they pound her chest. The
figure increases his force and something inside her snaps.

A66 ECU ON RUTHIE'S EYE

A66

As the pupil dilates to a pool of black. Finally, the last
breath. The life leaves her eyes, and in its place, the menacing
silhouette of a killer as he backs away...

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

66 BACK TO SCENE

66

MEGAN

He wanted his time with her.

67 INT. ZANY TOWN - PATH FROM PLAY AREA TO BATHROOM - NIGHT [N1]67

Calleigh's back. FOOTPRINTS DOWN, TRACE TO GO. Horatio and
Calleigh shine the beams from their MAG LIGHTS parallel to the
floor, searching feverishly for evidence. A giant animatronic
dog in an Elvis jumpsuit looks ghoulish in the obscurity. *

67 CONTINUED:

67

THE SCENE PLAYS OUT A FEW SECONDS IN SILENCE AS: *

Calleigh finds a plastic ring. Tweezes it and drops it into a bag. Horatio picks up a straw. Bags it. Takes half a step and zeros in on a half-eaten stick of cotton candy. IT'S BLUE.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

68 INT. ZANY TOWN - PLAY AREA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

68

Blue cotton candy. Ruthie's eyes widen; she smiles and reaches--

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

69 BACK TO SCENE

69

Horatio slides it carefully into a paper bag. Speedle walks up, bursting at the seams.

SPEEDLE

H, we got someone who's looking so sweet.

Horatio stands, all ears.

CALLEIGH

Mr. Acapulco?

SPEEDLE

He's been in a real hurry to get out of here, has glitter on his shirt, no ID, refused to give us his prints --

CALLEIGH

But I got 'em anyway.

SPEEDLE

And get this, Delko just called me from the print lab. He's a registered sex offender.

Horatio slaps his back and strides for the front.

SMASH CUT TO:

70 INT. ZANY TOWN - FOOD COURT - SECONDS LATER

70

Horatio and Bernstein make a bee line for Brad Repkin. Calleigh and Delko in their wake. Repkin cowers like a deer in the headlights as the badges move in.

70

CONTINUED:

70

HORATIO
Repkin?... Stand up.

It's a wonder Repkin doesn't pee his pants.

DET. BERNSTEIN
Hands out of your pockets and
behind your back.

Bernstein cuffs him. Horatio grabs Repkin's arm and leads him --

HARD CUT TO:

71

EXT. ZANY TOWN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT [NIGHT 1]

71

-- toward the rows of parked cars. Horatio, Bernstein and Repkin walk around a make-shift shrine that has already begun to form for Ruthie. Candles, stuffed animals, flowers.

Horatio's gaze lingers on a child-like DRAWING of a stick figure with tears running down its face. Then it's over to an old maroon Coupe de Ville. *

BRAD REPKIN
You can't search it, can you? I mean, I got rights. *

HORATIO
No you don't. One hundred feet of a child while on parole... you just forfeited every right but the first one...

BRAD REPKIN
But --

HORATIO
So feel free to shut up.

QUICK TIME CUT:

72 EXT. ZANY TOWN - PARKING LOT/REPKIN'S CAR - SECONDS LATER 72

Thunder clouds stir overhead as Horatio jams the keys in the lock and lifts the dirty maroon steel.

INSIDE THE TRUNK: Pitch black. The CREAK of rusty hinges and light bleeds in. WE LOOK UP AT HORATIO'S FACE: His expression says it all.

180 OVER HORATIO'S SHOULDER and we join his POV: A suitcase. Normal sized, black.

THEN SLOWLY SHIFT FOCUS ONTO: Another suitcase. But this one's not normal; it's tiny, pink and decorated with superheroes.

HORATIO

She. Was five.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

73 INT. CSI - INTERVIEW ROOM "A" - NIGHT [NIGHT 1] 73

Repkin slouches in a metal chair. Horatio reads this man like a computer does data. A Uniform in the background.

HORATIO

Spent a lot time in solitary on
your first conviction.

*
*
*

BRAD REPKIN

That charge was bogus. My wife --
ex-wife made up a buncha crap.
Turned my little girl against me.

*
*
*

Horatio consults Repkin's file.

*

HORATIO

Your daughter said you were giving
her swimming lessons and you
touched her --

*

BRAD REPKIN

(shaking his head)
That's not true. I never would
hurt her. My bitch ex-wife -- she
ruined my life.

*
*
*
*
*

HORATIO

On this conviction -- my money says
the cons get you before the chair
does. They kill child molesters
before rapists. Before serial
killers.

*
*
*
*
*

BRAD REPKIN

(scared)
You don't have anything on me.

*
*
*

HORATIO

We have footprints, glitter, a
record and we're about to match
your fingerprint so --

*
*
*

73 CONTINUED:

73

BRAD REPKIN

(blurts out)

I was going to take my daughter,
okay? That's it. It's my visiting
day.

HORATIO

Or did you think you would just get
a substitute?

SMASH CUT TO:

74 INT. CSI - A.V. LAB - NIGHT [NIGHT 1]

74

TWO MONITORS split into four images: Zany Town surveillance
disks.

CALLEIGH (V.O.)

Where are you, you perv?

SPOT the lower half of Repkin (B&W), recognizable by his
"Acapulco" T-shirt and torn jeans.

His image takes over both screens: hands dug deep into his
pockets, as if he's touching himself.

74 CONTINUED:

74

RACK FOCUS TO: Calleigh, reflected in the monitor, leaning in intently. JUMP TO: real Calleigh, her mouth dropping open in disgust. UNTIL -- *

ON THE VIDEO SCREEN: Repkin reacts to the alarms, jumping about a foot high, thinking he's caught. His hands jolt into the air.

Disappointment replaces disgust and Calleigh bolts into:

SMASH TIME CUT TO:

A75 INT. CSI - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A75 *

Horatio stalks out of the Interrogation Room. Calleigh steams down the hall, pulling him into -- *

75 INT. CSI - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

75 *

Calleigh points to Repkin through the one-way. *

CALLEIGH

He was playing pocket pool just before the alarms went full blast.

Horatio lowers his head, realizing what that means.

CALLEIGH

Perv was on camera the whole time.

HORATIO

Damn.

CALLEIGH

But he still violated parole. He's still going back to prison.

HORATIO

But he's not our guy.

Horatio stares angrily at his reflection in the observation window, searching his heart and gut for something he missed.

HORATIO

Do you know how many children pedophiles molest in a lifetime? On average?

Calleigh shakes her head "No".

HORATIO

Two hundred and seventy three.

75 CONTINUED:

75

CALLEIGH

What if they're caught?

HORATIO

Seventy-six...

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

CALLEIGH

Then, we can still save one hundred
and ninety-seven children.

CUT TO:

76 INT. CSI - FINGERPRINT LAB - BACK - NIGHT [NIGHT 1]

76 *

Gloves on, Delko turns the white cotton candy cone around
slowly. Next to him, Megan changes her camera lens.

DELKO

Here comes the magic.

Delko spritzs "Ninhydrin solution" on the surface and grins.
TWO DARK PURPLE PRINTS APPEAR. Megan angles Delko's hand for
the best picture. FLASH. FLASH.

QUICK TIME CUT TO:

A77 INT. CSI - FINGERPRINT LAB - FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

A77 *

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

**THE COTTON CANDY FINGERPRINT is blown up to the size of a
watermelon. It's a mess of whorls, loops and arches. Like a
cracked Picasso charcoal ON ACID.**

DELKO

...Broken ridges running in all
directions... just like...

MEGAN

The cotton candy fingerprint.

Delko turns to the computer screen where Megan's cotton candy
print is enlarged.

MEGAN

That makes three out of five
fingers.

DELKO

Let's hope he left the rest...
Right here.

Delko picks up the orange "out of order" pylon and some "Sudan
Black". He begins the dusting process...

CUT TO:

77 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAWN (4AM) [NEW DAY 2] 77

Speedle works intensely, rocking to Hoobastank's "Crawling in the Dark". The five o'clock shadow now a mini-beard. He holds up a Zany Town vest and rakes glitter onto white butcher paper.

77 CONTINUED:

77

SPEEDLE

(mouthing the words)

"I will dedicate and sacrifice my everything. For just a second's worth of how my story's ending".

A snippy Asian Tech, **JADE HOROWITZ**, (23) lifts Speedle's headphones.

JADE

Did you forget you're dayshift?

Speedle replaces his earphones.

SPEEDLE

H. wants us around the clock.

She lifts them again.

JADE

I could do a glitter comparison.

SPEEDLE

This is the Ruthie Crighton case.

JADE

Oh. Sorry.

Jade backs away. Speedle returns to his work. He gathers a random sample onto a slide and looks at it under a POLARIZED LIGHT MICROSCOPE. (Magnified 40x)

78 THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

78

The glitter looks like broken pieces of armor scattered over a battlefield. All shapes and sizes. A metallic probe flips over a tiny gold star.

The sample glides out, leaving white light glaring from the scope until... a second sample slides in. The probe finds a matching gold star.

79 BACK TO SCENE

79

Speedle scratches down a note, then begins the process again.

80 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAWN [DAY 2]

80 *

ON ROLLING PLASMA SCREEN - FIVE FINGERPRINTS *

In a line each labelled: "FINGER #1, possible thumb"; "FINGER #2, index"; "FINGER #3, possible middle"; "FINGER #4, ring", "Finger #5, pinkie."

REVERSE ANGLE ON

Delko and Megan stare, hypnotized, at the five prints on the Plasma Screen. Delko snaps out of it to stretch. *

MEGAN

All "unique" prints.

Delko points to the different images on the computer.

DELKO

Look at this middle finger... No whorls. No arches. No loops.

MEGAN

It's all dots and bifurcations.

DELKO

But the index has three radial loops...

MEGAN

Malcolm X had the previous record with two radial loops on one hand.

Their minds begin to race; they finish each other's sentences.

MEGAN

World's worst case of psoriasis?

DELKO

Psoriasis looks more like white splotches but this --

MEGAN

-- isn't so much a problem with ridge detail as --

DELKO

-- it is with broken ridges all over the place.

MEGAN

Let's narrow the possibilities...

80 CONTINUED:

80

Megan and Delko stare at the screen, their blood pumping faster. What the hell is up with this guy's fingers? Delko tugs at his collar. Megan rolls up her sleeves. Almost got it...

DELKO

It isn't a buncha cuts... those would just break up otherwise fluid ridges.

SNAP CLICK TO:

81 CSI SHOT - A FINGER

81

Sliced into tiny sections. SPEED UP TIME and watch the bloody cuts heal into a mass of tiny white lines breaking up otherwise fluid ridges.

MEGAN (V.O.)

It isn't a chemical burn... the ridges would be worn evenly on the hand.

82 CSI SHOT - ON A HAND

82

Doused with acid. The flesh sizzles as the acid eats away the skin. SPEED UP TIME and it heals into an even cicatrix across the fingers.

83 BACK TO SCENE

83

DELKO

It can't be a scar because the skin would heal back into the print.

MEGAN

But it looks scarred. It looks like dozens of scars.

DELKO

Like Frankenstein fell into a blender.

HARD CUT TO:

84 INT. CSI - FIREARMS LAB - MORNING [DAY 2]

84 *

Orange light of morning streams through the window onto different size footprints stuck against the portable lightboard, SUBJECT "A": tennies. Subject "B": loafers. Subject "D": flip-flops. *

84 CONTINUED:

84

Subject "C" (whose footprints matched Repkin's) lays crinkled on the floor. *

On the table, three separate Zany Town blueprints are marked: Subject "A" indicates the tennis shoe prints picked up along Ruthie's path from habitrail to bathroom.

Subject "B" indicates the loafer prints along Ruthie's path; Subject "D", flip-flop prints.

A motionless hand, still holding a pen, hovers over Subject "D's" blueprint -- Calleigh fell asleep. *

Horatio enters, pretends not to notice, moves to the light board.

HORATIO

Uh-huh. Hmmm. That's interesting.

CALLEIGH

(jumping up)

Oh my God, I'm so sorry. I was closing my eyes for just a second. What time is it?

HORATIO

You're a morning person.

CALLEIGH

Horatio, I don't know what happened.

HORATIO

Calleigh, it's okay. The twenty-fourth hour's always tough.

(re: the light board)

Look at this with me, will ya? Notice anything peculiar about Subject "B"?

On the light board, Subject "B's" shoes look markedly different: the footprint impression is heavy in the center, but light in the toe.

CALLEIGH

His weight's all in the back?

HORATIO

When someone takes a step, it's heel, ball, toe. But this guy has pressure in his arch, not his toe.

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

CALLEIGH

You're thinking his shoes are too big for his feet...

Now she's wide awake.

HORATIO

... And whoever would wear a shoe three times his size is hiding his identity.

CALLEIGH

Just like he did with the cameras.

Calleigh points to the transparency of Subject "B"'s path. It loosely trails Ruthie's path from play area to bathroom.

CALLEIGH

"B"'s steps peter out near the storage room.

HORATIO

And I think we got trace soil from the fourth print.

*

They look at each other and head for the door --

SMASH CUT TO:

85 THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

85

A METAL PROBE moves one piece of copper glitter next to another. **THE SCOPE WIDENS TO REVEAL:** several other matches, all in a row. Like animals being lead onto Noah's Ark.

86 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAY [DAY 2]

86

Speedle vaults from his seat, sees Horatio through the hallway glass and picks up the Zany Town vest. Moving toward...

87 INT. CSI - HALLWAY OUTSIDE TRACE - CONTINUOUS

87

Speedle's shouting through the window. Horatio picks up his pace to meet him at the door. They arrive at the same time.

SPEEDLE

-- how he got in.

HORATIO

Full sentence please.

87 CONTINUED:

87

SPEEDLE

Glitter on Ruthie is a match to
glitter from a Zany Town vest.
That's how he got in.

HORATIO

And... how he got out.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

88 INT. ZANY TOWN - STORAGE ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

88

Alarms blare. Creepy shoes scuffle rapidly to THE CORRUGATED
DOOR. Pause for a moment. The door lifts streaming sunlight
into darkness. Watch a man roll beneath it, to freedom.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

89 BACK TO SCENE

89

HORATIO

Get Bernstein. One of those
employees knows this guy.

HARD CUT TO:

90 INT. CSI - FINGERPRINT LAB - DAY [DAY 2]

90

Delko paces, a man on the hunt; he spitballs with Megan.

DELKO

What if -- no.

MEGAN

Try me.

DELKO

You're a complete pro. You know
what you're doing.

MEGAN

Cause you've done it before. You
have a record. You've been to
jail.

DELKO

So, to escape Megan's law. No pun --

MEGAN

-- intended --

90 CONTINUED:

90

DELKO

-- and avoid having the neighborhood know where the local pedophile lives, you decide to take someone else's prints and put them over yours.

(arguing with himself)

But that would never work, they'd fall off.

MEGAN

Frankenstein... He frankensteined himself. He took his own skin off and put them on different fingers.

DELKO

We could still match that to something.

MEGAN

Not if he sliced them into small pieces first. Then grafted them back.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

91 INT. OTIS HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

91 *

PUSH DOWN A DIM HALLWAY AS WE HEAR GRUNTING NOISES; SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S GETTIN' SOME.

CLOSE ON SOMEONE'S RIGHT HAND OVER A PORCELAIN TOILET

All digits are bloody and bare except for the last. A razor blade moves to the intact pinkie and slices down it. The arm trembles in agony.

The slice of skin drops onto the toilet seat where five other bloody pieces lay. Our killer's reflection ripples in the bloody water. With his left hand, he dices the semi-circles of skin into squares and flanks.

MEGAN (V.O.)

A biological collage.

Then he takes a small slice of the pinkie finger and puts it on his index. Then a slice of thumb and so on. Until every finger has a patchwork of skin.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

92 BACK TO SCENE

92 *

DELKO

There are twenty-five hundred nerve receptors in a finger. Per centimeter. Musta hurt like a bitch.

MEGAN

That's how badly he wants these kids.

DELKO

He thought if he rejiggered his prints he couldn't be linked to his previous crimes.

MEGAN

He was almost right. AFIS didn't figure it out.

Megan hands Delko some scissors.

*

MEGAN

But if we cut up his prints and figure out where the pieces actually go...

DELKO

Like a human jigsaw puzzle...

SMASH CUT TO:

93 INT. CSI - INTERVIEW ROOM "A" - DAY [DAY 2]

93

Horatio "talks" to the Frightened Manager; a Uniform in the bg.

HORATIO

The glitter on Ruthie's body was from a Zany Town vest.

FRIGHTENED MANAGER

(shaking)

Couldn't have been an employee. Nobody with a record can work there.

93 CONTINUED:

93

HORATIO

The killer knew the code to your storage room. Explain that.

FRIGHTENED MANAGER

I, I don't know --

HORATIO

Where do you keep it?

FRIGHTENED MANAGER

On my desk.

HORATIO

On your desk? Laying out for anyone to see?

The Manager pulls at his hair, realizing his horrible mistake.
OFF Horatio sickened --

94 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY [DAY 2]

94 *

On the floor, five placards 3'x 3': THUMB, INDEX, MIDDLE, RING and LITTLE. Plus a "PIECES" pile. Megan and Delko crawl across a huge black and white jigsaw puzzle. They're half-way home.

MEGAN

I need a bifurcation with dots.

Delko scans the "pieces pile" and produces a slice of a print.
THE CAMERA BEGINS TO CRANE UP, TILTING DOWN.

DELKO

Bifurcation with dots.

Megan lines it up. Fit. CAMERA EASES UP TO TWENTY DEGREES.

MEGAN

Do you have a ridge -- might look like the lower half of a banana?

Delko searches -- finds the lower half of the banana.

DELKO

Bingo on the banana.

He passes it to her and she matches it to the index finger placard.

MEGAN

How about a really sharp arch?

94 CONTINUED:

94

DELKO

Sharp arch. Sharp arch... Got it.

CAMERA HITS FORTY-FIVE DEGREES. One hand hands to another.
Megan finds its home.

MEGAN

Okay. Looks like part of an ulnar
loop.

DELKO

Right here.
(hands her a piece)
Been waiting for that one.

CAMERA HITS A TOP SHOT: looking down on Megan's thin figure
across a giant palm. Think Jessica Lange in King Kong's hand.

SMASH CUT TO:

95 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAY [DAY 2]

95

Calleigh stands over Speedle as he looks at THE SOIL with a
STEREO-MICROSCOPE. His eyes shift between the scope and an open
entomology reference text. *

CALLEIGH

Doesn't this stuff shake you?

Speedle's gaze goes back in the scope.

SPEEDLE

The only way I can deal with kid
cases -- focus on the evidence.

Horatio enters --

HORATIO

So what's it telling you?

SPEEDLE

"Papilio aristodemus ponceanus."
And torchwood.

SNAP CLICK TO:

A96 MACRO SHOT - BUTTERFLY EGGS IMBEDDED IN WOOD

A96

Hundreds of glimmering silver globes clinging together like
caviar.

B96 BACK TO SCENE

B96

SPEEDLE

Translation: The dirt you found on Subject "B's" shoe was full of Swallowtail eggs.

CALLEIGH

Book says "Swallowtails" are a really rare butterfly. Only three seen in Biscayne National Park in the last four years.

HORATIO

Let's get a map.

HARD CUT TO:

96 INT. CSI - FINGERPRINT LAB - DAY [DAY 2]

96

Megan brings up the rejiggered fingerprint on the computer: now it looks like a human fingerprint with a few slices through it. She submits it to AFIS. On the edge of their seats...

DELKO

Come on, AFIS.

MEGAN

Give us a name.

Delko stares at the screen, summoning the results with sheer will: Matching... matching... 3 points, 4, 5, 10 points... Megan and Delko exchange an excited look. 17 points... MATCH!

MEGAN/DELKO

Stewart Otis.

Stoked, they clasp their hands in a high five.

97 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

97

A map of Miami glows on the table. Horatio points at an area. The BISCAYNE NATIONAL PARK. Megan bursts in:

MEGAN

Got a print match... and a name. Stewart Otis, registered pedophile. Long record. Starting at age twelve.

97 CONTINUED:

97

HORATIO

Now we need an address.

TIME CUT TO:

98 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - LATER

98

Megan and Horatio search the MIAMI-DADE PROPERTY RECORDS.

MEGAN

Damn. No Stewart Otis.

HORATIO

If he changed his prints, he probably changed his name.

(types something)

Property search for just the last name, Otis, in or around Biscayne National Park.

MATCH! MATCH! MATCH!

HORATIO

William and Margaret Otis, quarter mile from the reserve. 2430 Cutler Creek.

QUICK PAN TO: the map on the layout table. Hover above, then dive down into the map and go from representation to reality: A SATELLITE SHOT OF BISCAYNE NATIONAL PARK AND ENVIRONS. *

*
*

SMASH CUT TO:

99 EXT. CUTLER CREEK - OTIS HOUSE - LATER PART OF DUSK [DAY 2] 99

FULL-BLOWN FUCKING CRIME SCENE. Green and white radio cars. Horatio, Megan, Speedle, Calleigh and Delko spill from a Humvee and a CSI Van. *

*
*
*

Two Nightbusters 2000 illuminate: A hundred-year-old Victorian tucked off-road, hidden by overhanging trees. Is it the dampness, the decay or the sense of evil that make this place more frightening than Amityville?

100 INT. OTIS HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

100

Calleigh's camera FLASHES across the darkness like a strobe. FLASH: a moth-eaten couch. FLASH: Stained yellow curtains. FLASH: A faded portrait of a little girl. The roll is spent; the camera rewinds.

100 CONTINUED:

100

She goes for another roll and sees Horatio staring at a sagging *
bookshelf shoved full of every kind of BOOTLEGGED CHILD PORN.

She steps up beside him to read the spines: "Tantalizing Tots", *
"Sugar & Spice", "School Girl Crush", "Dolls in Diapers", ... *

Horatio runs his finger over a thick layer of dust.

HORATIO

He doesn't live here.

101 INT. OTIS HOUSE - TRASHED PLAYROOM - CONTINUOUS

101

Unlatched shutters CRACK against the outside of the house.

MEGAN

He plays here.

101 CONTINUED: 101

Megan pulls thick dusty sheets over the windows plunging the room into darkness. She sprays luminol from a tank. The room glows purple. BLOOD EVERYWHERE. On the walls. Across the floor. Over the rocking horse. The pile of toys. She looks up. IT'S EVEN ON THE CEILING.

102 INT. OTIS HOUSE - HALL CLOSET - DUSK [DAY 2] 102

Speedle lifts up three different sized shoes: 8, 10, 12.

103 INT. OTIS HOUSE - BACHELOR'S BEDROOM - DUSK [DAY 2] 103

Horatio yanks open a huge closet. Dozens of vests, jumpers and jackets are hung two inches apart from small to large. Horatio's gloved hand swipes across them: Uncle Nandi's Circus, Typhoon Planet, Mister Zigler's Palace, Boom City, Zoo-A-Rama, Happyville...a crossing guard.

Horatio kneels to pick up -- THE DISCARDED ZANY TOWN VEST.

104 INT. OTIS HOUSE - DIRTY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS [DAY 2] 104

Delko shines a flashlight over dozens of milk cartons pyramided in the window. Each one has the face of a young child and the caption, "MISSING". Horatio enters silently.

HORATIO

What'd you find?

Delko jumps out of his skin.

DELKO

These cartons. They're... like...
sick trading cards.

Horatio steps closer, his large flashlight encompassing the lot.

HORATIO

These aren't trading cards...

Push through the cartons, through the window and into the woods.

HORATIO

They're headstones.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

105 EXT. OTIS HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT [NIGHT 2] 105

Flood lights bathe an eerie luminescence over the maze of trenches and mounds of dirt. Looks like an archeological dig; organized graves yielding tiny skeletons.

Orange flags flap in the wind, marking each gruesome find. A CREW OF WORKERS dig painstakingly with trowels and brushes. Our team of CSI's sweat among them, approaching their fortieth hour. *

Megan assists Alexx placing child-sized bones into a body bag.

MEGAN

That makes four. And one partial.

ALEXX

I'll call the office -- get an autopsy room prepped for these remains. At this point, closure's the only thing we can give their families. *

MEGAN

Until we catch this guy.

From the other end of the yard:

HORATIO

Woods! Over here!

Alexx moves over. Horatio carefully wipes the dirt from the side of a tiny face. Soon we can make out an ear, the bow on the end of a pigtail... (NOTE: This should be quick flashes, long enough to get the idea that it's a child, but short enough to maintain discretion.) *

In order to maintain composure, Alexx gets right to business.

ALEXX

Sandy soil minimizes decomposition. *

Alexx brushes more dirt from the girl's leg, exposing a glimpse of LITTLE FLOWERED UNDERWEAR. *

105 CONTINUED:

105

ALEXX

There's marbling but very little skin slip.

HORATIO

The soil's cool.

*

ALEXX

I'd say she's been here three, maybe four weeks.

HORATIO

He's not even waiting a month between kills.

ALEXX

Don't serial killers accelerate as they progress?

HORATIO

Yeah, they also make more mistakes.

ALEXX

(to the little body)
Maybe you can tell us some of them, angel.

*
*
*

CUT TO:

106 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAWN [NEW DAY 3 - WITHOUT SLEEP] 106

Horatio hands Speedle a PLASTIC EVIDENCE BAG. He opens it carefully and slides the contents to the table: little pink-flowered underwear from the recently-buried girl.

SPEEDLE

That blood?

HORATIO

Yeah.

SPEEDLE

This freak plays with them like toys.

HORATIO

Until they break.

QUICK TIME CUT TO:

A107 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - LATER

A107

Speedle examines the underwear with a magnifying glass. Looking for a fiber, a hair, anything that can tell us where this guy is. He turns the underwear over and freezes. He leans in.

107 ECU OF A BLUE STAIN SUNK INTO A MESH OF COTTON FIBERS

107

108 BACK TO SCENE

108

He swaps his magnifying glass for a Q-tip and scrapes the blue spot. Then the Q-tip goes into a test tube, which Speedle fills with a clear solution.

Then BAM, into the MASS-SPEC. The thing spins into action. Speedle waits, holding his breath. Finally, it spits out a report just as Horatio enters.

SPEEDLE

(reading)

My favorite carbon, oxygen and hydrogen combo and propylene glycol... Sugar and blue dye #1.

HORATIO

That's our cotton candy.

SPEEDLE

How did it get on her underwear? I thought he used it to lure them and drug them.

HORATIO

Well, if there was no Butalbital, maybe he had another use for his cotton candy.

Horatio and Speedle exchange glances: They don't even want to think about the possibilities. Speedle takes another swab and sticks it under a microscope.

*
*

SPEEDLE

Hello.

109 OMITTED

109

110 THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE 110

SUGAR MOLECULES. They look like ice-cubes, irregular in shape, slanted at both ends.

111 BACK TO SCENE 111

SPEEDLE

These crystals haven't elongated. They're square, not fibrous.

HORATIO

Meaning.

SPEEDLE

Meaning they haven't been exposed to heat.

HORATIO

Like a cotton candy machine.

You can practically hear the adrenaline rushing through them.

SPEEDLE

Exactly. This is unprocessed cotton candy.

HORATIO

He doesn't just lure them with this stuff... he makes it.

HARD CUT TO:

A112 CSI SHOT - A CRYSTAL GARDEN A112

An earthquake hits. Shorter, fatter crystals begin to stretch into long thin shards of what looks like clear blue glass. PULL OUT ON:

112 EXT. SIR GOLF-A-LOT - DAY [DAY 3] 112

SWIRLING COTTON CANDY - feathery blue strands of spun sugar as it weaves around a paper cone. PULL BACK FURTHER STILL TO REVEAL:

A PUDGY MAN with sweat dripping down his forehead, hands the treat to:

MEGAN

Thanks.

112 CONTINUED:

112

She slides it into a paper sack for evidence. Horatio approaches casually, heading behind the cart.

Is Pudgy Guy Stewart? Then Horatio kneels down and we see another MAN pouring blue sugar into the machine. His innocent, almost cherubic face belies the monster underneath. *

Horatio swipes the bag beside **STEWART NOLAN** (33) and unzips it.

STEWART NOLAN

Hey!

HORATIO

Hey, Stewart. How're you doin'?

STEWART NOLAN

Give me my bag! Who're you?

Megan flanks Stewart on his right. And in case he felt like leaping over the cart, Bernstein's planted. From Stewart's bag, Horatio pulls out a "Sir Golf-a-Lot" T-shirt like the one Pudgy Guy's wearing.

HORATIO

Onto the next one?

Bernstein goes to cuff him. Horatio turns his hands up and looks at his fingers.

113 **ECU OF NOLAN'S FINGERTIPS**

113

Patchwork proof of an amateur surgery.

114 BACK TO SCENE

114

HORATIO

I hope that hurt.

Instantly, Stewart's sweet guy act changes.

STEWART NOLAN

I haven't done anything.

Bernstein escorts Stewart away.

Horatio walks to where Megan stands. He puts a hand on her shoulder. Neither of them says a word.

CUT TO:

A115 INT. CSI - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY [DAY 3] A115 *

Megan and Bernstein hold their breath as they watch Horatio and Stewart through the one-way glass. *

115 INT. CSI - INTERVIEW ROOM "A" - DAY [DAY 3] 115 *

Horatio looms over Stewart. Stewart sits silently picking his nails. *

HORATIO

We found your pornography Stewart.
Pretty sick stuff.

When Stewart speaks, he is innocence personified.

STEWART NOLAN

Pornography?

HORATIO

Couldn't come close to the real
thing, I bet. So you got dressed
and went shopping...

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

116 INT. ZANY TOWN - HANDICAP BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) 116

Over-sized shoes lead the way into the handicap bathroom. SNAP
CLICK TO:

A117 INT. OTIS HOUSE - ECU ON A SYRINGE (FLASHBACK) A117 *

As it plunges into a bottle of Butalbital, then squirts into a
spray bottle. SNAP CLICK TO: *

B117 INT. ZANY TOWN - HANDICAP BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) B117 *

Glitter sparkles off Stewart's Zany Town vest as he wrestles
into it. He spritzes the liquid Butalbital over the cotton
candy.

HORATIO (V.O.)

Baited your line... secured your
privacy.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

117 INT. ZANY TOWN - JUST OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY (*FLASHBACK*) 117 *

ON THE ORANGE PYLON as he drops it outside the door.

ON STEWART as he leans close to a video game. He turns a stick of blue cotton candy over in his hands.

Then he spots... RUTHIE as she slides down the yellow tube and plunges into the multi-colored balls.

Out she comes, and over to Mom who lifts the sweater over her head. TIGHT ON STEWART'S FACE as he practically drools.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

118 BACK TO SCENE

118

STEWART NOLAN
(slipping)
She was flirting with me.

Horatio instinctively clenches his fist -- what he'd like to do to this sick piece of shit.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

119 INT. ZANY TOWN - PLAY AREA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

119

RUTHIE loses her grip on the monkey bars and falls two feet to the mat. STEWART smiles and helps her up. Doing his best Mr. Rodgers...

STEWART NOLAN
Whoopsa-daisy.

HORATIO (V.O.)
She didn't know monsters come in all shapes and sizes.

He offers Ruthie the cotton candy. She naturally recoils a step, but wait... He works here...

She pulls off a big piece. It melts in her mouth, tinging her lips blue. She smiles brightly showing off her blue teeth. STEWART gestures: "Follow me."

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

120 BACK TO SCENE

120

HORATIO
The big shoes. Staying off camera... The things you did to hide made you that much more noticeable.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

121 INT. ZANY TOWN - AISLE/ARCADE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

121

Stewart walks the edge of the pathway, ducking slightly. His shoe lifts, leaving brown squiggles of dirt in its wake.

HORATIO (V.O.)
The drug started to kick in and you yanked her into the bathroom --

122 INT. ZANY TOWN - HALLWAY OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) 122

ON STEWART as he wrenches a listless Ruthie down a clownish hallway that seems to stretch in length. Ruthie's little rose earring pops off.

She leans down to pick it up, but he jerks her into the bathroom. One last look back. The neon lights dance. Children's laughter echoes. Safety is swallowed up.

A123 INT. ZANY TOWN - HANDICAP BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) A123

CLOSE ON A BOX CUTTER as it slices through her curly blonde hair.

HORATIO (V.O.)
-- and redressed her like a doll.
So you could smuggle her out of the
store like a sleepy little boy.

ON A LARGE T-SHIRT jerked on over Ruthie's own clothes.
STEWART's thick hands resting on her shoulders.

STEWART NOLAN (V.O.)
But she ruined it. Had some kind
of fit.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

123 BACK TO SCENE 123

Horatio turns his head to control his sorrow and disgust.

HORATIO
Anaphylactic shock. Your sedative
reacted to her cold medicine.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

124 INT. ZANY TOWN - HANDICAP BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) 124

RUTHIE convulses on the floor.

ON STEWART as he digs a mass of half dissolved cotton candy from her mouth.

HORATIO (V.O.)
You must've been pissed. You
wanted to spend time with her.

124 CONTINUED:

124

RUTHIE writhes harder, thrashing against Stewart.

ON STEWART, frustrated, as he grabs her by the neck (leaving the print) and yells in her face.

STEWART NOLAN

Stop it!!

CLOSE IN on adult-sized hands as they pound her chest rhythmically. GLITTER FROM HIS ZANY TOWN VEST rains down on her like Pixie Dust.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Stewart, his face coloring with anger, panic. He increases the force of his CPR and something inside her snaps.

Ruthie goes limp.

HORATIO (V.O.)

Then the alarm went off and all hell broke lose.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

125 INT. ZANY TOWN - HALLWAY OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) 125

ON STEWART, bursting out of the bathroom.

ON FRIGHTENED CUSTOMERS, running in panic.

ON THE GATES, crashing down.

ON STEWART, slipping into the storage room.

HORATIO (V.O.)

But you had a back-up plan. One day on your run you snuck into the Manager's office and got the code.

A126 INT. ZANY TOWN - STORAGE ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A126

ON STEWART, pressing in the code, the corrugated door rising and Stewart rolling out.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

126 BACK TO SCENE

126

STEWART NOLAN

I didn't even get to play with her.

126 CONTINUED:

126

Stewart picks at his nails -- back to La-La Land.

CUT TO:

127 INT. CSI - ATRIUM - DAY [DAY 3]

127 *

CLOSE ON Ruthie's little rose clip-on earring as it passes from one hand to another.

SLOWLY PULL BACK TO REVEAL Horatio standing across from Terry Crighton. Terry's hand closes around the treasure. She looks up at Horatio and her eyes fill with tears. Neither of them speak. Words aren't enough.

128 INT. ALEXX'S HOME - KID'S BEDROOM - DAY [DAY 3]

128 *

Alexx sits on a bed, a book open on her lap. Her seven year-old **JANIE** and eight year-old **BRYAN**, snuggle in on either side of her. *

ALEXX

...Gretel set to work on a gum drop window pane and Hansel, who liked the taste of the roof, tore down a great piece of it. Suddenly the door opened, and a woman as old as the hills came creeping out...

Alexx stops reading; she zeros in on the SMILEY-FACE BAND-AID wrapped around Jamie's finger. *

BRYAN

Keep going, Mommy.

Alexx grits her teeth and closes the book.

JAMIE

What's wrong, Mom?

ALEXX

I want to talk to you guys...

The kids look up at her, with wide-eyed innocence.

ALEXX

...about bad people...

*

A129 EXT. PARK - DAY [DAY 3]

A129 *

Horatio sits on a bench as thick gray clouds threaten him from above. He pulls off his sunglasses and watches a cheerful scene through jaded eyes.

A Cuban dad at the grill. A white mom pushing a swing. And diverse children, everywhere: chattering, laughing... unaware of their fragility.

Drained but full of purpose, Horatio stands guard.

DISSOLVE TO:

129 EXT. ZANY TOWN - PARKING LOT - DAY [DAY 3]

129 *

Ruthie's shrine has grown. Candles spelling out her name, flicker in the stormy breeze.

Ruthie will not be forgotten.

Finally, the rain comes. The candle flames struggle against the fat drops then start to go out. We wait for a sense of closure, but it doesn't come.

FADE OUT.

THE END