"Untitled Autopsy Project"

Written by

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CHAPTER ONE: NYCTALOPIA AND PUPURA

COLD OPEN ON:

INT. PENTHOUSE LOFT -- MIAMI -- MORNING

BEAUMONT ROSEWOOD, JR. (35), hauls ass across his penthouse loft, naked, save the RED BEATS HEADPHONES around his neck. We also notice a SMALL HEARING AID in his right ear. He's throwing on clothes, rushing to get out the door.

We clock a dense scar from the base of Rosewood's throat to the top of his navel. On his exposed back we see a TATTOO of the GRIM REAPER with an unfinished <u>epitaph</u> below that reads:

BEAUMONT ROSEWOOD, JR. AUGUST 27TH, 1979 - _____

Even in his current state, we can easily tell that this dude is as cool as the other side of the pillow. Swagger in spades.

The AFRICAN-AMERICAN STEVE MCQUEEN.

Dressed now, he snatches a PIECE OF PAPER from his night stand. It's a summons to appear in SUPERIOR COURT OF MIAMI. We see words like: WARRANT TO BE ISSUED. GROSS NEGLIGENCE. DELINQUENT.

Rosewood grabs his keys, exits. CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI CITY STREET -- MORNING

Rosewood grips the wheel of a 1979 FERRARI 308. Convertible. YELLOW. He drives at a high rate of speed down a suburban Miami street. CITY CAMERAS snap images of him as he runs a pair of RED LIGHTS. But then, we hear something crackle in the car:

POLICE SCANNERS. TWO OF THEM mounted to the underside dash of the car. The dispatcher requests more black-and-whites for a D.O.A. at HOBIE BEACH -- FEMALE VICTIM IN HER EARLY 20s.

This gets Rosewood's attention in a big way. He glances up at the STREET SIGN: HOBIE BEACH, 1 MILE. He can see the SWIRLING POLICE LIGHTS in the distance. A beacon, drawing him in. He glances down at the court time on his SUMMONS:

9:00 am. He checks his watch: 8:40 am. As we'll soon discover, Rosewood can't help himself. He takes the HOBIE BEACH EXIT.

EXT. HOBIE BEACH -- MORNING

A section of Hobie beach has been taped off as a potential CRIME SCENE. A half dozen POLICE CARS are present. A Miami-Dade Coroner's VAN on sight. A crowd of lookey-loos has swelled.

A RED JEEP has been towed from the water. Inside: A DECEASED BLONDE GIRL (20s). Working the scene is DETECTIVE JOEY WILLET (35), loves his job, hates his life. His eyes track to something that produces instant frustration:

Rosewood, standing quietly outside the POLICE LINE. His focus locked on the YOUNG VICTIM, somber, deeply affected by the loss of life.

DETECTIVE WILLET

Rosie, what the hell are you doing here?

Rosewood holds up his finger, signaling that he needs a moment. He closes his eyes, mumbles something to himself. Not sure if it's a prayer or if he's simply asking for peace for the victim.

DETECTIVE WILLET

Hey, showing up to my crime scenes uninvited doesn't work for me!

ROSEWOOD

Detective Willet, I simply have an...

DETECTIVE WILLET

...addiction to your craft. I've heard it before. I don't care. Leave.

ROSEWOOD

I will. And soon. I have to be in court at nine sharp. Just a handful of moving violations -- a baker's dozen of parking citations.

DETECTIVE WILLET

You have a court date? And you're here? For God's sake, you really can't help yourself, can you?

Rosewood's eyes track back to the victim, locks into the lifeless blue eyes of this young girl as he says:

ROSEWOOD

A beautiful life has been taken a solid fifty years too soon. To my own dying day, it's something I'll never get used to. I got five minutes to spare. This is the best use of that time. I want to help in any way I can.

DETECTIVE WILLET

Our coroner is on scene. The girl drove off the road and into the water. Single car accident. Your services aren't needed. So piss off.

ANGLE ON: THE COUNTY CORONER, CHESTER BLY (50s).

Rosewood's eyes remain fixed on the VICTIM, as Chester the Coroner opens the driver's side door, giving us a full look at the dead girl. Then, something catches Rosewood's attention.

ROSEWOOD

Nobody move! Don't touch the body...

Chester freezes. Detective Willet, the other cops and pedestrians all turn towards Rosie. Silence lingers as he steps under the CRIME SCENE TAPE, approaches the body...

DETECTIVE WILLET

Rosie, you better have something...

Rosewood signals for silence, moves closer, finally says:

ROSEWOOD

Coccinellidae...
(beat)
...Ladybug.

And everyone sees it, a LADY BUG is resting on the DEAD GIRL'S CHEEK. Rosewood is mesmerized. Willet is beside himself, rendered utterly speechless by this nonsense.

ROSEWOOD

Size of a pea; beauty beyond words. Rare this time of year, especially in Miami. Perhaps it's an angel disguised as a beetle. I don't believe this beautiful lady bug is here for us, but rather a protector of an innocent soul.

Rosewood continues to stare at that lady bug, resting on the dead girl's cheek. Detective Willet is at the end of his rope.

DETECTIVE WILLET

You should hear yourself sometimes, Dickwood. Now this is your last chance. Get out of here. Go to court.

Rosewood breaks from his fugue, turns to Willet:

ROSEWOOD

Okay, but a couple of things before I see the judge...

(turns to Willet)

Willet, your sour disposition mixed with the stress of the job are gonna drive you to a premature grave. Slow the roll. Let your eyes devour whatever it is that dazzles your mind, warms your cockles.

DETECTIVE WILLET

Warms my what?

ROSEWOOD

And two, all signs point to this being a single car crash.

DETECTIVE WILLET

I just said that thirty seconds ago!

Rosewood walks closer to the body, pulls a set of latex gloves from his pocket, slips them on. He then removes what looks like a SMALL PEN LIGHT, twirls it like a drum stick between his fingers, clicks it on. Addresses everyone:

ROSEWOOD

Pupura! It's tissue damage often seen on the palms when someone is gripping something with all their might. White knuckling it, if you will.

Willet glances at the Coroner, he nods, that's correct.

DETECTIVE WILLET Alright. Pupura. So what?

Rosewood shines that mini-pathology light on Kate's hands:

ROSEWOOD

Our victim shows no signs of it. But she does have contusions on the \underline{BACK} of her hands. That suggests she was doing \underline{THIS} while her car was crashing into the water...

Rosewood GOES LIMP, acts as if he's UNCONSCIOUS, begins silently FLAILING his arms in a dramatic manner. He finally stops. Beat.

ROSEWOOD

She was unconscious BEFORE the crash.

DETECTIVE WILLET

Doesn't mean murder.

ROSEWOOD

No, but my read of this body has mined another helpful gem, which I will reveal to the group, should you decide to bring me on as a consultant.

DETECTIVE WILLET

Not a chance in holy hell.

ROSEWOOD

Fine. I gotta head off to court anyway.

Rosewood stops as he passes Chester the Corner, leans in:

ROSEWOOD

Chester, do not hesitate to tag me in if you need assistance. Free of charge.

Chester nods a thank you. Rosewood heads for his vintage Ferrari. Turns back to Willet:

ROSEWOOD

Hey Willet, if you forget my office number, just turn your handsome head to three O'clock!

Willet looks down the street, sees a MASSIVE BILLBOARD perched atop a building featuring a PHOTO of ROSEWOOD that reads:

DR. BEAUMONT ROSEWOOD, JR.

PRIVATE PATHOLOGIST

1-800-AUTOPSY

We re-visit Rosewood as arrives at the exact spot where he parked his car. Then he sees that he left it directly in front of a FIRE HYDRANT.

Several blocks away, he watches his beloved yellow Ferrari being towed away. He checks his watch. 8:50 am. There's no way he's going to make it to court on time. CUT TO:

CHYRON: TWO DAYS LATER

INT. '79 FERRARI -- MORNING

Rosewood grips the wheel of his vintage Ferrari -- cruises down Ocean Blvd. on the South Beach Strip. He coasts by the night clubs and swanky eateries that line the strip, pulls into the ALLEY-WAY, backs his ride into a RESERVED PARKING SPOT. The sign reads: ROSIE TWO-POUNDS

Pulling into the RESERVED SPOT next to Rosewood is a BLACK ESCALADE ESV. The sign on this spot reads: KFC & PIPPY

Rosewood gets out, just as a lanky gal in her late 20s exits the Escalade with an unimaginable amount of neurotic energy. A young, female Woody Allen. This is KATHY FERN CLYDE aka KFC.

Sliding out of the passenger's seat of the caddie is a feisty AFRICAN-AMERICAN woman with attitude oozing from every pore. This is **PIPPY ROSEWOOD (30)** -- KFC's lovely $\underline{\text{fianc\'e}}$ and Rosewood's baby sister.

KFC

Rosie, where ya been? We left ya nine messages. Are you okay? Are you sick? I have a nasty cold. Did I get you sick? Was it social? You with a lady?

Rosewood lets silence linger with KFC. It drives her nuts.

PIPPY

If I know anything about my brother, he was definitely hooking up. No doubt.

KFC

I get it. It's comforting. But quality over quantity, Rosie. A bachelor's life is a fine breakfast, a flat lunch, and a miserable dinner. Someone famous said that. Pippy-bear, who said that again?

PIPPY

I got no clue.

KFC

Doesn't matter. It's a lonely life and who wants that?

PIPPY

Rosie, I'm gonna live vicariously through you because I got a whole lotta nothin' from KFC last night.

KFC

I JUST said I have a vicious cold. I don't wanta get anyone ill. But guys, we gotta balance business and pleasure and I was calling about business...

KFC opens the back of the ESCALADE to REVEAL a **BODY BAG**. We also notice this isn't your standard ESCALADE. This is a fully customized, tricked out **MEDICAL TRANSPORT VEHICLE**. KFC and Pippy slide the BODY BAG out of the truck. CUT TO:

INT. SOUTH BEACH LAB -- MORNING

Rosewood, KFC and Pippy carry the BODY BAG into a DARK ROOM.

Rosewood turns on some music. BEYONCE. The ceiling of this room is peppered with RECESSED SPEAKERS. High-end.

Then, lights fade up giving us a clear look around the COMPOUND. The OFFICE SPACE IS EXPANSIVE, ULTRA MODERN. We see a PAIR of 75 INCH FLAT SCREEN TVs, a MASSAGE CHAIR, MINI-BAR. This is the coolest MAN-CAVE of all time with one MAJOR DIFFERENCE:

It's also a STATE-OF-THE-ART AUTOPSY LAB.

Several customized, wildly expensive AUTOPSY TABLES are set up in various parts of the main room. Each table is equipped with a QUARTET OF CASE CAMERAS to RECORD ALL AUTOPSIES.

KFC

Rosie, you're being quiet and weird.

PIPPY

Yeah, brother, silence is not your style.

ROSEWOOD

It was a dozen single ladies.

KFC's jaw drops. Pippy eyes Rosewood suspiciously.

ROSEWOOD

And thirty-five thousand people watching. Beyonce concert at Sun Life Stadium. Got to roll back stage; meet the queen in the flesh.

KFC

I hate you.

Rosewood flashes a mischievous grin, but it quickly fades, suddenly laser focused. He steps over to his WORK STATION: organized medical tools, solutions, devices. We also notice:

A <u>DOZEN PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLES</u> and a SUPPLY OF <u>BOTOX</u>. Rosewood pops three of the meds while simultaneously holding his right hand out on an even plane, watches it tremble.

A moment later, he loads a SYRINGE with BOTOX and injects the cosmetic miracle drug into his shaking right hand.

Rosewood spins around, ready to go to work. KFC and Pippy slap on gloves and remove the DEAD BODY from the bag. Rosewood sees that it's the **DECEASED BLONDE GIRL** from the jeep. We also notice that the girl has a Y-INCISION running down her chest -- having already undergone an autopsy by the county.

ROSEWOOD

I see that Detective Willet came to his senses and hired us for this case.

PIPPY

Nope. Someone else hired us. Dr. Frank Grayson.

Are you serious?

PIPPY

Paid the body transfer fees when we picked her up from the morgue. That's his niece on the table.

ROSEWOOD

Why did he send her to us?

PIPPY

Hell if I know. He's your crazy-ass mentor. You ask him.

ROSEWOOD

Is he here?

PIPPY

Nah. Said he wants you to come to him.

ROSEWOOD

Of course he does.

Rosewood makes a quick exit. CUT TO:

INT. FRANK GRAYSON'S HOME -- MIAMI -- DAY

An ASSISTANT leads Rosewood through this wildly eclectic home. Every inch of wall space is lined with books — a combination of classic literature and medical volumes. Paintings, lithographs and sculptures densely populate the place. It's equal parts library and museum. Rosewood enters the living room to find:

DR. FRANK GRAYSON (50s-60s), eccentric, complicated -- from another time -- should have existed in the early 1900s but finds himself trapped in present day Miami. A bottle of 30 year single malt scotch near-by, almost empty.

Grayson calls Rosewood by his first name: BEAUMONT. Always does.

GRAYSON

For Christ's sake, Beaumont -- took you long enough. Did you walk here?

ROSEWOOD

Doctor, this would be a lot easier if you would just come to my lab.

Grayson walks over, taps that HEARING AIDE in Rosewood ear.

GRAYSON

Your hearing hasn't abandoned you yet, right? One last time: the ridiculous billboards and obnoxious location of your lab trigger sudden bouts of nausea.

ROSEWOOD

I've always lacked the elegance of the great Doctor Grayson.

GRAYSON

Just elegance? Beaumont, in my thirty year career only two proteges have emerged from my practice. I wish I could stand here and say I'm proud of either one of my creations.

ROSEWOOD

Sorry you feel that way. But I'm also sorry about the sudden passing of your niece. My condolences on your loss.

Grayson takes a swig of scotch -- a man that rarely shows emotion is doing his best to fight them off.

ROSEWOOD

Doctor, why did you send her body to my lab?

Grayson tone softens, his voice quivers.

GRAYSON

Kate was a special young lady. My brother is inconsolable. I promised that I'd handle everything, but I cannot perform the autopsy myself.

ROSEWOOD

What are you talking about?

GRAYSON

Medical board suspended my license. Someone on my staff filed a complaint. Others soon followed. They'll be calling to interview you as well.

ROSEWOOD

Ah hell.

GRAYSON

What was once considered brutal honesty is now a potentially career ending offense. It's not like I took off my slacks and showed Darla the simpleton my manhood. I simply needed her to be precise, efficient, perfect. That's what I demand. Artists, not doctors.

ROSEWOOD

Calm down and drink less. I got this. If there's anything to report, you'll be the first to know.

GRAYSON

Beaumont, the last time I saw Kate she had some mild neuropathy in her feet. Tingling sensation.

ROSEWOOD

I know what neuropathy is.

GRAYSON

She thought it was her sciatica.

But the scaly skin and halos around the pupils tell us she likely had Vitamin-A deficiency.

GRAYSON

Her constant use of Visine further supports this diagnosis.

ROSEWOOD

Sounds like Nyctalopia. Night blindness.

GRAYSON

I'm well aware of what Nyctalopia is.

Rosewood shrugs, touché.

GRAYSON

There's simply no chance Kate was driving at a high rate of speed on the I-95 at midnight. Not if she did indeed have this condition.

ROSEWOOD

Let me do a full work up and circle back when I'm done.

Rosewood heads out. Grayson pours himself another drink.

GRAYSON

Call me when you require my assistance. I'm sure you'll need it.

Rosewood ignores the comment, EXITS.

INT. SOUTH BEACH LAB -- DAY

Rosewood enters and turns on the <u>CASE CAMERAS</u>, they start recording all words and movements:

ROSEWOOD

Pippy, tool me up.

Pippy grabs a DISSECTION SCALPEL and BONE CHISEL, tosses them to Rosewood. He catches them without batting an eye and starts twirling the autopsy tools in his fingers like drum sticks.

PIPPY

How's the great Dr. Grayson?

ROSEWOOD

Refreshingly honest, as usual. But considering his niece is laying dead on our table, not so *great*. County path reports please...

KFC uploads the AUTOPSY REPORT from MIAMI COUNTY. They are displayed on the FLAT SCREEN TVs.

KFC

Head trauma and drowning.

PIPPY

Blood-Alcohol was a point-six, but they didn't run her through the works.

ROSEWOOD

It was a rush-n-roll. With no signs of foul play the county med-examiner isn't going to spend their already slashed budget dollars on an accident victim unless they're a household name.

Rosewood reviews the COUNTY PATHOLOGY REPORT, continues to scan Kate's body on the table. Something on the report catches his attention: GREY RESIDUE FOUND IN HER NASAL CAVITY.

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

KFC, call Chester at the coroner's office, find out if they tested the grey residue in Kate's nasal cavity.

KFC follows orders, exits. Rosewood states the SUBJECT DETAILS for the CAMERAS:

ROSEWOOD

Dr. Beaumont Rosewood, Jr. June 26th, 2015. Time: 9:35am. Exam on Kate Grayson is underway...

PIPPY

Flying the fluid draw and toxies.

ROSEWOOD

Copy that. Also, let's check and confirm Vitamin A deficiency, stat.

Rosewood leans in, checks the victim's mouth and tongue. Something catches his attention; he calls out an order:

ROSEWOOD

Pippy, blacklight my world!

Pippy switches the illumination in the room to **BLACKLIGHT MODE** -- highlights body fluids, skin markings, bruising. High tech.

Rosewood and Pippy see HUNDREDS of SMALL PURPLE SPOTS ALL OVER KATE GRAYSON'S TORSO.

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

Low platelets causing petechia. Pipp, run blood splits. I also want scan-n-screens on the gums and tongue.

Pippy follows her orders. Rosewood continues to examine. CUT TO:

INT. SOUTH BEACH LAB -- 2 HOURS LATER

Rosewood is fixated on the bottom of Kate's right foot. We see:

** A BLACK SPLOTCH ON THE BOTTOM OF THE RIGHT FOOT ONLY

He moves in with steady hands and REMOVES a small TISSUE SAMPLE from the right foot, passes it to KFC.

She quickly slides the sample under a MEDICAL GRADE ACCU-MICRO SCOPE, while Pippy takes hair samples, mouth swabs.

ROSEWOOD

Run a derm biopsy on the tissue. I think the skin necrotized.

KFC

Cellulitis?

PIPPY

Gangrene?

ROSEWOOD

Maybe to both so run the derm biopsy.

Rosewood concludes his autopsy, starts to sew the cavity closed in lightening fast fashion. He steps back from the body -- his eyes studying it once again. He locks in on Kate's mouth and nose. Notices one tiny detail...

ROSEWOOD

Digi-ray of the exterior nose.

Pippy grabs a PORTABLE X-RAY MACHINE, scans Kate's nose. The images instantly pop up on the FLAT SCREEN TVs. Rosewood's eyes light up as he stares at the X-RAYS.

PIPPY

Also, prelim-tox confirms your suspicion. Kate had a severe vitamin A deficiency.

Rosewood removes his gloves, heads for the door. CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI PD -- DAY

Bustling with activity. Detectives and Blues move with purpose through the precinct. Rosewood enters, strutting through the precinct like he owns the joint.

ROSEWOOD

Sup!? Where's Detective Willet?

Rosewood is met with resounding silence. No love for him here.

ROSEWOOD

How'bout Captain Rawlins? (total silence) Good talk everyone. Super helpful.

Rosewood continues on towards the BREAK ROOM...

INT. MIAMI PD -- BREAK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Rosewood enters the precinct's BREAK ROOM to find **CAPTAIN DOUG RAWLINS** (60s) -- stern, leathery, mustache. Rawlins is removing his McDonald's breakfast plate from the microwave, sighs when he sees Rosewood.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS

Rosie, what are you doing here?

Helping you and your amazing team of officers out once again.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS

My officers can't stomach you.

ROSEWOOD

Which I struggle to understand.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS

You crash one of our crime scenes at least once a week. Step on toes. Drive everyone crazy with your glass-half full nonsense. Should I keep going?

Rosewood's attention suddenly shifts, he stares hard at Captain Rawlins jugular vein.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS (CONT'D)

Rosie, my blood pressure is just fine.

Rosewood reaches up and places TWO FINGERS on Rawlins neck, awkwardly holds them there, silence lingers:

ROSEWOOD

170 over 95. I toldya, you got prehyper tension. Early on-set halitosis, better known as bad breath. And you're a single man. Dumpster mouth is the number one assassin of a man's social life. All stems from your piss-poor diet. So I extend to you an invitation to enjoy a quinoa scramble at my pad any morning you wish.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS

I'm not eating breakfast in your home. One more time: why are you here?

ROSEWOOD

Kate Grayson. I've got some info that should make Detective Willet's ears perk up. Yours too.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS

Willet kicked that case to a new transfer from NYPD. Detective Villa.

ROSEWOOD

A newbie from New York!? That means there's no chance he hates me yet.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS

HE is a <u>SHE</u>. Local girl. Born and raised here in Miami. Leave her alone.

ROSEWOOD

I'll do my best.

Rosewood exits and we CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI PD -- DAY

KARISSA VILLA (30) -- Cuban-American, naturally beautiful, her soft features an adequate disguise for a haunted soul. We find her gazing out the window of her office; on a BILLBOARD advertising ETERNITY COLOGNE. We'll discover why a bit later.

An unlit cigarette in her hand, a nicotine patch on her arm; still struggling to extinguish her nasty habit.

ROSEWOOD (O.S.)

Gotta eat fruit. Lots of fruit.

REVEAL Rosewood in the doorway. Villa glances at him briefly. For him it might be love at first sight. Not so much for her.

ROSEWOOD

It'll help kill your smoking habit before it kills you. The naturally occurring sugars and sense of fullness will quell your cravings, but also make that first drag on the stogie taste a lot less satisfying. It's science.

VILLA

Do we know each other?

ROSEWOOD

I'm Dr. Beaumont Rosewood, Jr. Considered by many to be the Lebron James of Private Pathologists.

VILLA

Did you just say that out loud?

ROSEWOOD

I also serve as a consultant for the Miami PD from time-to-time. You can call me Rosie. Rosewood. Rosie Two-Pounds. Rosie Bag-of-bones.

VILLA

Dr. Rosewood, what do you want?

ROSEWOOD

Kate Grayson. I've been hired to do a more thorough autopsy. My findings might surprise you.

VILLA

The county's report was sufficient.

Rosewood notices the WEDDING RING on Villa's finger. Huge rock. Notes it.

ROSEWOOD

Detective, you'll soon discover that the city paid medical examiners you have at your <u>disposal</u> should be <u>disposed</u> of. They're overworked and wildly underpaid. Not to mention the fact that they're saddled with old-ass technology.

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

I've got arguably the most sophisticated pathology compound this side of the Pecos.

VILLA

Why don't you tell me what you REALLY think of yourself.

ROSEWOOD

All I'm saying is, don't look at me as just a pathologist. My skills are detective-like in nature. They've helped solve many cases. See, I'm a master of the human body and all that makes it tick. I can read the shells of the living and the dead the way you read a mindless young adult novel to conquer your crippling insomnia.

VILLA

I hate young adult novels and how would you know if I have insomnia?

ROSEWOOD

Myokymia. Slight spasm in your left eye. Usually caused by anxiety, but not in your case. Severe lack of rest is causing dilation in your pupils. You're swallowing Ambien like Tic-Tacs, but I'd recommend you slice your intake in half to avoid short-term memory loss.

VILLA

Doctor, it's been a pleasure.

Villa has heard enough, heads for the EXIT. CUT TO:

EXT./INT. MIAMI PD -- PARKING GARAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Villa walks with purpose towards her city issued Blue Ford Fusion. Rosewood, not one to give up, follows close behind.

ROSEWOOD

Kate Grayson was murdered.

VILLA

That conclusion is based on what?

ROSEWOOD

My autopsy which yielded two reasons to believe her death was NO ACCIDENT.

VILLA

And they are?

ROSEWOOD

I'll give you one reason now and the other on the way to question WHOEVER saw her alive last.

VILLA

How'bout you give me both now and I'll take it from here since I'm the cop and you're the medical examiner.

ROSEWOOD

Private pathologist.

(then)

Kate was unconscious before the crash. I believe someone else was in the car with her OR her foot was being held on the gas by a foreign object.

VILLA

Kate was driving alone at a high rate of speed, she sent a TEXT and crashed into the ocean. There were no signs that someone else was in the car and no evidence that her foot was weighted down by anything.

ROSEWOOD

A text? What do you mean she sent a text? What did it say?

VILLA

It's not important.

ROSEWOOD

Actually it is. Kate Grayson had a severe form of Vitamin A deficiency which caused night blindness. I doubt she sent a perfectly written text while doing eighty at midnight. My money says she didn't type it herself.

(beat)

Her KILLER did.

Rosewood jumps into his '79 FERRARI, fires it up, as he says:

ROSEWOOD

Dig deeper and call me when you're ready to get serious.

(beat)

Professionally, of course!

Rosewood screeches away in his vintage wheels. We push in close on Villa, her suspicions on high alert now and simply incapable of hiding the fact that she is indeed impressed.

END CHAPTER ONE

CHAPTER TWO: GRILLED CHEESE AND CHILBLAINS

INT. BEACH FRONT LOFT -- NIGHT

Pippy enters Rosewood's loft, the door cracked open for her. She hears pots and pans being rattled around.

Pippy steps further inside to find Rosewood sitting at his WORK STATION. A TRIO OF COMPUTER MONITORS AND A LITANY OF SOPHISTICATED, VERY EXPENSIVE AUTOPSY RELATED TECHNOLOGICAL DEVICES. But she's surprised to see:

BELLA TRINIDAD (10). Adorable. Her wisdom light years beyond her pre-teen age. She's cooking up a storm in the kitchen.

PIPPY

Rosie, are we working here or should we head to the lab?

ROSEWOOD

Here. Where's KFC?

PIPPY

Pole dancing class.

ROSEWOOD

Seriously?

PIPPY

Yeah. Prepping for our honeymoon.

ROSEWOOD

I didn't need to know that.

BELLA

Me either.

PIPPY

(re: Bella)

Rosie, did you adopt a child while I wasn't lookin'?

ROSEWOOD

Hell no. That's Bella. She lives down the hall. Bella, that's Pippy. She's my over-protective baby sister.

BELLA

Pippy, nice to meet ya. I'm making Asiago grilled cheese with heirloom tomatoes. You wanta get in on that?

PIPPY

Sure. Why not.

ROSEWOOD

Pipp, you gotta be brutally honest with Bella on the meal tonight. The stakes are sky high.

BELLA

That's true. I'm attending the Young Chef's Academy this summer and I want to be the crème de la crème as they say in the cooking world.

PIPPY

I'm sorry, but do you have parents?

BELLA

Yeah, but they bailed again this week. Aspen or wherever. I got my Aunt Suzie watching me but she ate four Vicodin for dinner and sacked out on MY BED.

ROSEWOOD

Speaking of dinner, when's it gonna be ready? I'm starving!

BELLA

Rosie, you of all people should understand the science behind cooking. Attention to detail, technique, proper measurements. In a weird way we're kind of in similar businesses, me and you, mine is just more appetizing.

ROSEWOOD

Can't argue with that. Pipp, get your ass over here and look at this!

Pippy joins Rosewood at his WORK STATION as he pulls LAB PHOTOS OF KATE GRAYSON UP on the TRIO OF MONITORS. He also has the CRASH PHOTOS of the JEEP.

Rosewood is focused on the LAB PHOTOS as well as the CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. He looks at the PASSENGER'S SIDE DOOR. It's closed, locked and the window is up.

ROSEWOOD

Something kept Kate's foot on that gas pedal. I just can't figure out what...

Pippy just stares at Rosewood with the judgmental eyes of a sibling. He recognizes that look:

ROSEWOOD

Ah hell. What did I do now?

Pippy lowers her voice to a whisper so Bella can't hear:

PIPPY

You're making friends with a ten year old down the hall? Really, Rosie?

ROSEWOOD

Will you relax your body. She's a good kid -- parents are never around, she gets lonely.

PIPPY

Like someone else I know.

I don't need this from you right now.

PIPPY

Rosie, I know you. The second she gets attached, you're gonna pull your same move. Find the hills and run like a jack ass. Same thing you do to all your other damn friends and family.

ROSEWOOD

Don't throw family into that mix.

PIPPY

When was the last time you came to Sunday dinner at Mom and Pop's?

ROSEWOOD

I'll break bread with them again when they hit the pause button on babying me like I'm still a weak-ass child. Now can we work please? I didn't ask you over here for the sisterly lecture.

PIPPY

We can work, but just know that I told you what's up.

Pippy hands Rosewood lab reports, toxicology results.

PIPPY

Here's labs and tox on Kate.

ROSEWOOD

Pipp, I don't care about labs and tox. I care about what held her foot to the goddamn gas pedal!

Pippy does not appreciate Rosewood's tone.

BELLA

It would be great if we didn't use the Lord's name in vain prior to the meal. (then)

AND, duh, the killer tied a brick around her foot.

Bella goes back to cooking. Rosewood stares long and hard at the BLOWN UP PHOTOS of Kate's bare feet. <u>He's obsessed with that BLACK SPLOTCH on the bottom of her RIGHT FOOT.</u> Over Rosewood's shoulder we see Bella searing the grilled cheese...

BELLA

Ya know, the key is real butter on the bread. Crisps the sandwich up nice...

Rosewood hears that sandwich cooking, turns around just as Bella is FLIPPING the GRILLED CHEESE and searing both sides. He glances back at the black splotch on KATE'S FOOT. He looks at a CRIME SCENE PHOTO of the GAS PEDAL in the JEEP. The RUBBER looks singed. Rosewood grabs his keys.

Pippy, I got it! Go to the lab, test the skin sample for carbon dioxide.

PIPPY

I'm not testing nothin' until you apologize.

ROSEWOOD

Sorry I snapped at you. Now hurry your ass to the lab.

PIPPY

You're lucky I got so much love for you.

Pippy gets up to leave. Rosewood right behind her.

ROSEWOOD

Bella, I'll take my sandwich to go.

BETITIA

Where's everyone going?

Rosewood grabs his grilled cheese, darts for the door, EXITS.

INT. MIAMI PD -- NIGHT

Detective Villa is pacing in her office, her desk covered in CRASH SCENE PHOTOS of KATE GRAYSON'S JEEP. Villa's frustration is palpable. Nicotine patch on the arm. Nicorette gum in her mouth. Rosewood enters, a bag of peaches in his hand.

VILLA

Take your fruit and leave.

ROSEWOOD

Eat a pair of peaches, they're in season, and they'll get that nasty nicorette outta your mouth.

VILLA

Are you here for a reason?

ROSEWOOD

Two, actually. I was wondering why the youngest beat cop ever promoted to detective at the NYPD would come running back home to Miami? The Big Apple offers better pay, real seasons...

VILLA

Dr. Rosewood, it takes a rare bird to be the best in your profession. You've got a love affair with death. Tell me why and I'll explain my reasons for coming south.

Rosewood's sunny disposition darkens, suddenly serious:

Villa, I've got this recurring dream of this seventeen year old kid graduating high school, getting married, having kids. But because I met him as an eleven year old boy after he was murdered, he'll never live out those phases of his life. But I walk in his shoes from time to time after my head hits the pillow. The amazing moments that will never be are what drives me. Your turn...

Villa finds herself drawn in by his honesty, but it's too soon for her to share some of her own:

VILLA

And the other reason you came down?

ROSEWOOD

Kate had a grey residue in her nasal cavity. It tested positive for cocaine. Might be worth checking with the DEA. See if they're seeing a lot of this strange colored blow on the streets.

VILLA

Grey colored coke? Couldn't you have just called me with that info?

ROSEWOOD

Yeah, but I also figured out how the killer got that jeep to go eighty down the freeway.

Rosewood pulls up a photo on his PHONE of Kate's right foot, the black splotch illuminated.

ROSEWOOD

That's not bruising on the bottom of Kate's foot. It's a burn. Frost bite.

VILLA

Maybe her body was stored in a freezer before being placed in the jeep.

Rosewood smiles wide, simply shakes his head, NO.

VILLA

You're going to throw out some scientific term I've never heard before, right?

ROSEWOOD

Chilblains.

(beat)

Ulceratic blisters on the skin. If Kate was in a freezer for any period of time, we'd see chilblains. WE DO NOT.

VILLA

Then how could she have frost bite? The water temp when they pulled her out was seventy-five degrees.

ROSEWOOD

DRY ICE. The killer put a brick of it between Kate's foot and the gas pedal. It dissolved away when the jeep went into the water. It's also why the rubber on the gas peddle is singed.

Villa digests, knows she has enough to go on now.

VILLA

I'll talk to Rawlins in the morning and tell him I'm re-opening the case.

ROSEWOOD

I dig it. Now, please tell me we have a prime suspect to interview...

VILLA

I have a prime suspect that I'm going to interview.

ROSEWOOD

Oh, so it's like that, huh? I scratch your back and I gotta do that thing where I try to reach the middle of my own back like this...

Rosewood attempts to scratch his own back in an overly dramatic way. Villa is not amused.

VILLA

It's exactly like that.

Villa goes back to work. Rosewood masks his frustration.

EXT./INT. NORTH MIAMI BUNGALOW -- LATER

Villa pulls up to a small house in North Miami, sees:

Rosewood, already parked out front, leaning against his vintage yellow Ferrari. He approaches, walks and talks with her:

ROSEWOOD

Dante Gomez. Kate's ex-boyfriend. They met at a night club called 'BROOD' where Kate used to work. Her best friend told me they recently had a nasty break-up. Pretty tight, right?

VILLA

I find myself searching for a reason to arrest you.

ROSEWOOD

Not the first time I've heard that.

Villa keeps walking towards the bungalow, sees something in the TRASH bin worth noting: A TV WITH IT'S SCREEN SHATTERED.

VILLA

You aren't needed here, Doctor. Go back to your lab and hack away on a corpse.

Rosewood is deeply offended by that comment, catches up to her:

ROSEWOOD

For the record, you should know I don't hack up shit! Ask Tito and the rest of the Jackson clan about my post-mortem work on the 'King of Pop'. I got a list of references that will tell you these are the hands of an artist.

VILLA

That tremor tells me otherwise.

Villa is referring to Rosewood's trembling left hand.

ROSEWOOD

Don't push my <u>buttons</u>, Villa! I'll push back and I see all kinds of buttons...

But Villa isn't paying attention, suddenly she yells out:

VILLA

Dante!? Hold it right there!

Rosewood finally sees a young, handsome dude, <code>DANTE GOMEZ (24)</code> sneaking out the sliding doors at the back of the house, locks eyes with Villa. A second later, he takes off running. CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH MIAMI STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Dante Gomez hauls ass down the street. Close behind him we see Detective Villa. Lagging back is Rosewood, WINDED:

ROSEWOOD

Villa, you got this right!?

This just as Villa runs ahead, DIVES ONTO DANTE'S BACK, takes him down! Dante takes a swing, but she ducks it, slams one clean shot to the BRIDGE OF DANTE'S NOSE -- he drops.

DANTE

You broke my nose!

Rosewood kneels down next to Dante, casually places his hands over his broken nose and in one swift motion:

SETS THE BONE BACK INTO PLACE. Rosewood flashes a satisfied grin, locks eyes with Villa...

ROSEWOOD

Villa, it's undeniable -- we make a pretty good team.

END CHAPTER TWO

CHAPTER THREE: PETECHIA & MECLIZINE

INT. NORTH MIAMI BUNGALOW -- LATER

Dante is cuffed to a chair, ice pack to his swollen nose.

DANTE

I haven't seen Kate in weeks! I didn't kill her. I loved her.

Villa glares at him, studies his eyes, puts her hand on his chest, feels his rapidly beating heart. It's odd. Intimidating.

She gets up, walks over to Dante's lap top -- it's open on the kitchen counter, she starts scanning the list of songs in his music library -- sees that one tune has been played on LOOP recently. She hits play.

Dante has a visceral reaction to the song --

DANTE

What are you doing?

VILLA

This was your song, right? You and Kate?

DANTE

How did you know that?

Villa clocks a CRACKED BLENDER on the counter. She enters the bedroom, emerges moments later with some women's clothing items. Holds one of the garments in front of Dante's face.

VILLA

Kate slept over here a lot, right? These are clothes she left behind? Her scent is still on them, isn't it?

DANTE

What are you doing? This is weird.

Rosewood stands outside on the porch, watches through the screen door, antsy to come inside.

ROSEWOOD

Villa, what the hell are you doing? Let me come inside. I got an ace in the hole that can help you out!

Villa ignores Rosewood, he grows frustrated. She walks over to Dante, undoes his cuffs, takes him by the hand, slides the dining table out of the way with her foot. Then, she switches to SPANISH (for the remainder of the scene.)

VILLA

Yo hablo Español?

Dante nods. Yes.

VILLA

(in Spanish)

Your last night together -- what did you and Kate do? Take me through it.

ROSEWOOD

Yo, why are you talking in Spanish? You trying to keep me in the dark?

Villa ignores Rosewood. Dante is nervous, uncomfortable --

VILLA

Dante, I talked to Kate's family. Her friends. She was disappearing for days at a time, right?

Dante nods. Villa leans in, whispers:

VILLA

I used to disappear on an old boyfriend of mine back in the day. You know what I was doing? Shacking up with a bass player with hair down to his ass. It was amazing. See what I'm getting at? You thought she was cheating...

Dante nods again. Yes. Rosewood chimes in from the porch:

ROSEWOOD

Speak English! I'm coming in there in thirty seconds!

Villa shoots a venomous look at Rosewood, he softens:

ROSEWOOD

I'll hang out here a little longer.

Villa refocuses on Dante -- she's LOCKED IN. Her voice calm, measured as she tries to lure him in. Still in Spanish:

VILLA

Your last night together was probably nice at first. She comes over, I don't know, maybe you dance a little.

(beat)

You're pissed off, jealous, but you love her, maybe you want to fall back into bed before you ignite an argument about your suspicions...

ANGLE ON: Rosewood, chomping at the bit.

VILLA

And maybe she feels guilty. She loves you too. But she's got her demons. Doesn't know how to tell you. So she doesn't, you start kissing, but the thought of another man's lips on hers is too much. And you snapped!

Villa walks over, grabs that CRACKED BLENDER, picks it up and whips it across the room -- it sails towards an empty area where that FLAT SCREEN TV used to rest -- slams into the wall, shatters. Dante backs away, rattled, scared. Villa drops the Spanish, switches back to English:

VILLA

You threw that blender at her face, but hit your 42 inch flat screen instead. You got carried away and killed her, didn't you? Made it look like she died in a car accident.

DANTE

Yes! I mean, no! I threw the blender. Okay? But I didn't kill her!

Villa's demeanor has shifted, stalking towards Dante like a lion. Rosewood is out of patience, ENTERS.

VILLA

Get back on the porch!

ROSEWOOD

Hell no! This is my case too. Goin' bilingual on me like that. Show off. And you're being stone cold crazy right now and I have something that can help. Arrest me if you want.

Rosewood starts rifling through the cupboards...

DANTE

What's wrong with you people!?

VILLA

Tell me the truth, when did you last see Kate alive?

Villa leans in close again, just inches away from his face, taps her ear. He whispers to her:

DANTE

The night she died.

Villa has her breakthrough, but is quickly interrupted by Rosewood shouting from the other side of the room.

ROSEWOOD

Sub-gastric enhancer!

A fuming Villa and Dante both turn to see Rosewood, standing before a variety of items: RITZ CRACKERS, CASHEW BUTTER, BOTTLE OF MIDORI, SOUR MIX, CUCUMBER AND MINT.

ROSEWOOD

It's the Rolls-Royce of pathology toys. Very pricey. It runs stomach contents through a siphon-system that tells me what the victim ingested in a matter of hours, not days. My ace in the hole...

Rosewood shoots a look at Villa, then back to Dante:

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

Kate's last supper consisted of Ritz crackers, cashew butter AND she washed it down with a cucumber-mint Midori sour just hours before her death. This dude saw Kate the night she died!

VILLA

He just told me that ten seconds ago.

DANTE

That's it! I want a lawyer! I'm done talking to the both of you freaks.

VILLA

Make that request down at the station because you're under arrest for the murder of Kate Grayson.

Villa applies the cuffs. Rosewood follows. CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI PD -- INTERROGATION VIEWING ROOM

Villa stands outside the INTERROGATION ROOM watching Dante through the ONE-WAY GLASS. Dante is a nervous, emotional wreck. Rosewood steps up next to her. She sighs, simply can't get rid of him. He stares at Dante, studies him, watches him nervously tap his foot, squirm in his seat. Everyone else sees a guilt ridden suspect. Rosewood sees symptoms. Beat. Then:

ROSEWOOD

Can I get a moment alone with Dante?

VILLA

No. His lawyer will be here any minute.

ROSEWOOD

Can WE get a moment with Dante?

Villa stares hard at Rosewood -- she has this uncanny ability to read people in her own intuitive way:

VILLA

You've got another ace.

ROSEWOOD

Am I that obvious?

VILLA

Incredibly.

INT. INTERROGATION -- MOMENTS LATER

Rosewood enters the interrogation room with Villa on the flank. He marches over to Dante:

ROSEWOOD

Dante, do you have a rash on your ass?

DANTE

What?

Itchy skin? Lower back? Ass cheeks?

DANTE

What do you care?

Rosewood then shuts off the lights, closes the blinds. He pulls a mini-blacklight, twirls it between his fingers.

ROSEWOOD

Lose the Izod and show me some skin. I need to blacklight your belly.

DANTE

Where's my lawyer!? Get away from me.

VILLA

If I get Dante's shirt off can I trust that it'll pay dividends?

ROSEWOOD

Guaranteed.

VILLA

Alright Dante, lose the Izod.

DANTE

Bitch, are you deaf!?

Villa closes her eyes, takes deep, calming breaths. Dante isn't sure what's happening, he looks to Rosewood, who shrugs.

VILLA

Dante, my calming technique didn't work. It never does. So I'm upset. Take off your shirt and let the weird guy look at your belly OR I remove your shirt and possibly re-break your nose.

Something about the tone of Villa's voice and the look in her eyes convinces Dante to cooperate. He wisely removes his shirt.

Rosewood runs the mini-blacklight across Dante's skin. REVEAL dozens of small microscopic purple spots. The same ones we saw on Kate's skin back in the lab.

ROSEWOOD

Petechia.

(then)

Dante, you didn't pass out from the booze you had the other night. You passed out from the drugs that were slipped INTO your booze. It's why you have that rash on your buns and these spots all over your body. Called PETECHIA. Usually see it in leukemia patients but also pops up in people that are pill poppers.

(to Villa)

Say that five times fast.

DANTE

I was drugged?

In liquid form Ativan absorbs into the body twice as fast -- doesn't show up on tox screens unless you're looking for it. My lab just confirmed it was in Kate's system. But it's also in yours. I know you're telling the truth.

DANTE

Thank you! And I'm so sorry I called you a freak earlier.

ROSEWOOD

All is forgiven, my man. But let's not forget about Kate. She lost her life. You've still got yours. Always remind yourself that each day is a gift. It will help you on the path of being a better man; less of a dickhead.

DANTE

Yeah. Cool. I hear ya, bro.

ROSEWOOD

Bring it in for the real thing, homie...

DANTE and Rosewood share a 'bro-like handshake-n-hug.

VILLA

Seriously?

They break up the love fest. Villa gets back to work...

VILLA

Dante, who could have slipped you guys the Ativan? I need a name.

DANTE

I don't know. It was just us.

VILLA

Did she bring the Midori with her?

Dante nods. Yes.

ROSEWOOD

The bottle sealed when she got there?

DANTE

No, it was half empty.

VILLA

How'bout the guy you suspected her of having an affair with?

DANTE

I just know it was some older dude. I never met him. Don't know his name.

Villa and Rosewood share a look of disappointment. CUT TO:

INT. ROSEWOOD'S LOFT -- NIGHT

Rosewood opens his refrigerator and we see that his food and beverage supply is that of a confirmed bachelor, basically empty. He grabs sprite, grenadine and cherries. Starts making a pair of Shirley Temples. Find:

Dr. Grayson, moving around the loft, observing the bare walls.

GRAYSON

Did you just move into this place?

ROSEWOOD

It'll be six years in August.

Grayson continues to stalk around -- what he's seeing is cause for concern. A man alone. Something he can relate to. Then:

GRAYSON

Mozart was such a prodigy, so prolific. Truly a master of his craft. Died alone, buried in a pauper's grave, not a soul attending his funeral.

ROSEWOOD

Did you know that more people will visit Jim Morrison's grave this year than the Eiffel tower?

(then)

Don't worry, Doctor, I'll show up and say a few words when you die. Hell, I'll even buy you a mausoleum.

Rosewood holds a look with Grayson, both acutely aware of the other's thoughts. Rosewood shifts gears.

ROSEWOOD

More importantly, Kate's case is growing cold. We've got no suspects. Maybe you or your brother can help with that.

GRAYSON

Neither of us had talked to her in months. Kate had some bad habits. We were impatient with her. And I'm growing impatient with you.

ROSEWOOD

Doctor, I've done everything I can.

GRAYSON

Beaumont, the body tells the story. What is this? Your first day out of medical school? You're missing something. Let's go to your ridiculous lab and I'll figure it out myself.

ROSEWOOD

You've got no license. I can't let you touch the body.

GRAYSON

I just need to put my eyes on her.

ROSEWOOD

Can't risk my practice.

GRAYSON

You wouldn't have a practice if it wasn't for me! And you're right, Kate's case will grow cold because of your incompetence.

ROSEWOOD

Sorry you feel that way.

GRAYSON

Beaumont, the next time we get together and waste each other's time, as we often do, let's promise to keep names like Mozart and Morrison out of our mouths.

ROSEWOOD

You started that conversation, not me.

GRAYSON

I'll add it to my list of regrets.

Grayson exits. Rosewood feels a wave of guilt wash over him, maybe he is missing something. CUT TO:

INT. SOUTH BEACH LAB -- DAY

Rosewood stands over Kate's body. Frank's words ringing in his ears. He's scanning her from head to toe -- re-visiting the lab reports. Crime scene photos. Still coming up with nothing. He's obsessing over every detail. Finally:

Something gets his attention. He holds a crime scene photo of Kate next to her body on the path table.

ROSEWOOD

(sotto)

Dr. Grayson, when you're right, you're right.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUTH BEACH LAB -- LATER

Villa enters the pathology lab to find Rosewood waiting for her. She can't help but be impressed by his elaborate compound.

VILLA

You said you had a big break in the case. I'm here. What is it?

ROSEWOOD

Slow down, Villa, at least take me to dinner first.

Villa is stone-faced, not in a playful mood.

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

KFC!? Pippy!? Where you guys at? Come meet my new partner!

VILLA

We're not partners.

KFC and Pippy enter from the back of the lab. KFC is gloved up and seemingly covered in blood. Pippy is gripping an IPAD.

ROSEWOOD

Ladies, this is Detective Villa. She just transferred back home to Miami PD from the NYPD for mysterious reasons to be revealed later. We have chemistry.

VILLA

We have little to no chemistry.

ROSEWOOD

Villa, this is KFC -- one of the best DNA specialists in the country. Pippy there is my baby sister and known by most as the Toxicology Queen. She knows body fluids better than anyone. They're engaged to be married. And guess who's enrolled in an online course to become an ordained minister?

VILLA

You.

ROSEWOOD

Yes! If you weren't married I'd ask you to be my date at their nuptials.

VILLA

KFC, Pippy, been a pleasure. Goodbye.

ROSEWOOD

Kate's hair got darker on the table.

PIPPY

From real blonde to a dirty-ish blonde in the 24 hours she's been with us.

KFC

Hair and nail growth after death is normal. Color change after death is SUPER weird.

Rosewood approaches Kate's body on the table and pulls the COVER SHEET back. He then holds a CRIME SCENE PHOTO next to her so as to show that her hair is indeed SLIGHTLY DARKER. He grabs a set of surgical scissors -- snips a HAIR SAMPLE.

ROSEWOOD

Villa, look at this follicle sample under that ACCU-SCOPE. Look blue?

Villa looks at the hair sample under the scope. Beat. Then:

VILLA

Yeah. Blue. Why?

ROSEWOOD

Meclizine hydrochloride. First generation antihistamine.

KFC

Used in anti-nausea drugs like Dramamine.

PIPPY

Motion sickness med.

VILLA

So Kate was on a boat. So what?

ROSEWOOD

Meclizine saturates anything made of keratin: that's our hair and nails. When we die the keratin dies with us. A few days without oxygen and meclizine turns from crystal clear to navy blue. That's why her hair got darker.

(to Villa)

Yes. Kate was on a boat. But she was taking Dramamine almost daily. She didn't get on a boat once before her death. She was on a boat regularly.

VILLA

One of the items in Kate's purse was a monthly pass to the Sea Isle Marina.

ROSEWOOD

Must have been visiting that someone an awful lot.

VILLA

A pass means security. Security means admission logs.

ROSEWOOD

Admission logs means the name of the person she was visiting...

VILLA

What are the chances of you NOT showing up at the marina?

ROSEWOOD

Less than zero.

Off Rosewood, smiling from ear to ear -- he's wearing her down.

EXT. SEA ISLE MARINA

Villa pulls up to the MARINA. Parked near-by is Rosewood, leaning against his '79 Ferrari. Villa's all business...

VILLA

According to the head of marina security, Kate was visiting a house boat called the Blue Izzy.

As they walk and talk towards the boats...

VILLA (CONT'D)

It's registered to a sixty year old EX-CON named Rodney Briggs.

ROSEWOOD

Sounds like the older dude Kate was having an affair with.

VILLA

Yes it does. Briggs has been out of prison for 4 YEARS with no run-ins.

As they approach, Villa signals Rosewood to stop following...

VILLA

(firm)

Rosie. No. Too dangerous. Not negotiable.

ROSEWOOD

Did you just call me, Rosie? It sounded so sweet and partner-like.

Villa ignores him, steps on to the BOAT, knocks on the DOOR.

VILLA

Rodney Briggs!? This is Detective Villa with Miami PD! I need to ask you a few questions.

Silence. Villa glances over her shoulder at Rosewood. He motions for her to go inside the boat. She shakes her head NO.

Villa then takes a peak through a small WINDOW on the side of the boat. Then, she pushes the DOOR all the way open to REVEAL:

RODNEY BRIGGS, sitting in a recliner with a .45 CALIBER HAND GUN resting in his right hand. Rodney has a self-inflicted gun shot through his mouth and out the back of his head.

END CHAPTER THREE

CHAPTER FOUR: WARAFIN, ET AL.

EXT. SEA ISLE MARINA -- CRIME SCENE

The Blue Izzy house boat is now a crime scene. A cluster of POLICE CARS with lights swirling are parked near the water. Captain Rawlins arrives on the scene, heads towards the boat...

INT. BLUE IZZY -- CONTINUOUS

...Rawlins steps inside to find Detective Villa, in her element, Zen-like as she moves through the crime scene. She's scanning the room, much in the way Rosewood scans a dead body. Her focus unbreakable. On the other side of the room Rawlins sees:

Rosewood, sitting in a recliner across from RODNEY BRIGGS -- staring at the dead man. He's quiet, solemn, paying his respects to the deceased -- he always does.

Rawlins watches as Rosewood places one hand (gloved) on top of Rodney's, closes his eyes, softly whispers to himself as we saw him do with Kate at the very beginning. Either a prayer or requesting peace for another lost soul.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS
Detective Villa, talk to me.

VILLA

Kate was visiting Rodney on a regular basis, not sure how they met. But I suspect the relationship was sexual.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS What else you got?

VILLA

Kate paid off twenty-five grand in debts about six weeks ago. Right around that time, Rodney pulled that exact amount out of his bank account.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS

Rodney's still on parole, right? Maybe Kate had something that could put him back behind bars. Like the twenty-five grand. Where did he get that kind of money?

Villa REVEALS a BLACK GYM BAG filled with UNCUT COCAINE.

VILLA

Selling stuff like this. We found it stashed in a closet.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS

So Kate needed money and saw an opportunity. Rodney could buy her silence or she rats his drug business out to the cops. He killed her and then out of guilt, he took his own life.

VILLA

Sounds good, but it doesn't hold. (beat)

According to marina logs the Blue Izzy hasn't moved in two years. Kate wouldn't be taking Dramamine every day if she was on a boat that never set sail. Rodney also did a load of laundry last night as evidenced by the fresh batch of socks in the dryer...

ROSEWOOD

Roger that. His hands smell of 'Tide Sensitive Skin' detergent.

VILLA

Who does laundry before they blow their brains out? And a hundred grand in uncut cocaine sitting in a coat closet? Feels like a plant to me.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS
Villa, I hear you, but

Detective Villa, I hear you, but there is a compelling amount of evidence pointing to Rodney as Kate's killer.

VILLA

Yeah, but my gut is telling me Rodney didn't choose his last supper of steel and a single bullet. I think somebody might have chosen it for him.

(beat)

So I want to expedite an autopsy.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS

County coroner is backed up for days.

Villa's eyes shift to Rosewood, who's currently pushing on Rodney's SWOLLEN NECK VEIN over and over again. It's odd.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS

Do you really want to bill the city \$8500 for Dr. Rosewood to rush an autopsy on Rodney?

VILLA

I think it's worth the costs.

CAPTAIN RAWLINS

Alright, Villa, but it's on you.

Captain Rawlins gives Villa a stern stare, exits. Villa takes a beat, walks over to Rosewood, leans in, whispers:

VILLA

Please tell me you've got something...

Rosewood stops pushing on Rodney's SWOLLEN VEIN, turns to Villa:

ROSEWOOD

I think this dude blew his brains out.

NOT WHAT SHE WANTED TO HEAR. CUT TO:

INT. SOUTH BEACH LAB -- DAY

Rosewood is in the middle of RODNEY BRIGG'S AUTOPSY. He's locked in, focused. KFC and Pippy are in the deep background, running tests. A moment later Villa comes barging in:

VILLA

You find anything yet because I got something.

ROSEWOOD

Still looks like Rodney blew his brains out.

Villa crosses to the MINI-BAR, grabs a RED BULL, takes a long swig. While there, she notices something odd: A HALF-DOZEN PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLES. ALL DIFFERENT MEDICATIONS. SHE ALSO SEES THE BOTOX AND SYRINGES. She notes it, but moves on...

VILLA

Rodney had an active Captain's license. He lied on his application about his record and they issued him one late last year. So he was manning a boat, just not HIS boat.

Villa downs the Red Bull, grabs ANOTHER from the mini-bar.

VILLA (CONT'D)

And I no longer think his relationship with Kate was sexual. It was paternal. I spoke to Rodney's ex-wife. He had a daughter around Kate's age that passed away five years ago from cancer. I don't think he was being blackmailed. I think he gave Kate that money. I think he was helping a young girl in trouble.

Rosewood glares at her, annoyed. Beat. Then:

VILLA

Why are you looking at me like that?

ROSEWOOD

Because while all that is mildly interesting, it doesn't help me. I'm just trying to find something that proves Rodney didn't commit suicide.

VILLA

Are you asking me to leave?

ROSEWOOD

No, but I'm sure your husband wouldn't mind you coming home for the first time in thirty-six hours.

Villa doesn't react kindly to that comment:

VILLA

You wanta know why I got promoted so fast in New York? Because I put everthing second to my job.

VILLA (CONT'D)

(beat)

But the burning question tonight is: why are you so obsessed with your work? I'm watching you and it's like nothing else exists. It's not just about the victims. What you do and why you do it runs deeper than that.

Villa grabs one of the MANY PILL BOTTLES on Rosewood's desk.

VILLA

Strange to have so many pills in a place where the people that roll in have lost their ability to swallow. (then)

You wanta know what I think?

ROSEWOOD

Dying to know.

VILLA

I think I was right. You are obsessed with death. And I think that obsession has something to do with all these pills you're dining on.

Rosewood twirls his scalpel and chisel and sets them down on the table, turns to Villa, a serious tone in his voice:

ROSEWOOD

Villa, you've ordered the city of Miami to pay me premium dollars to perform this autopsy, so if you don't mind...

Villa heads for the door...

VILLA

Call me when you're ready to get serious. Professionally, of course.

ROSEWOOD

Warafin!

(then)

It's a anticoagulant for people with congenital heart defects.

VILLA

Was Rodney on it?

ROSEWOOD

No. <u>I am</u>. (beat)

I got a pair of holes in my bum ticker. Nadalol to prevent aneurysms in my constantly bleeding brain. Tolofil for renal calculus aka kidney stones. Daylene for Tympanosclerosis, it's a calcifying of the ear drums, which means the music dies for me in the next decade. I had my first stroke when I was eleven; my second when I was twentyone. Got the shaky paw to prove it...

Rosewood holds his LEFT HAND out and we see that slight tremble. He pulls a syringe of BOTOX, injects it.

ROSEWOOD

Botox helps steady the tremble. I never leave home without it.

Rosewood slips another syringe full of Botox into his pocket.

VILLA

Holy hell, what happened to you?

ROSEWOOD

There's a great reason why babies hang out in the womb for nine months. My anxious ass decided to roll out in six. When I came into this world my diseased heart had already stopped. My first moments of life were lifeless. Twelve weeks premature and weighing in at exactly two pounds.

(beat)

Docs jump started my dime sized ticker twice. Four months in the neonatal intensive care unit and a body laced with issues. I'm a lemon. A walking, talking 1988 Ford Tempo.

Rosewood glances down at this hand, tremble has stopped.

ROSEWOOD

I have a unique relationship with death, but it has never been my obsession. My proximity to people that have lost their lives reminds me every day how quickly it can be taken from us. My obsession is with every breath I take. And you never know, maybe I can diagnose myself before the next bomb in my body goes boom.

VILLA

Have you given that speech before?

ROSEWOOD

Why? Did it sound rehearsed?

VILLA

No, it was pretty good actually.

ROSEWOOD

Catch a nap. If I find something, I'll wake you up.

VILLA

I have crippling insomnia, remember?

ROSEWOOD

You also had a pair of Red Bulls -- 54 grams of sugar. A crash is coming.

Rosewood goes back to work as we, DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOUTH BEACH LAB -- LATER

Rosewood stands over Rodney's body, POST-AUTOPSY. He's flanked by KFC and Pippy. They're all staring at MAGNIFIED IMAGES on the FLAT SCREEN TVs. To us they look like colorful squiggly lines. To Rosewood and his team they look magical...

FIND: Villa, asleep, leaning against a cabinet labelled SKIN SAMPLES. Rosewood walks over, shines a PATH-LIGHT in her face. Villa stirs awake, startled, she jumps to her feet.

VILLA

I'm good. You guys good?

ROSEWOOD

We're good and I have good news.

Villa's eyes light up. Rosewood refers to the FLAT SCREENS:

ROSEWOOD

These are magnified images of Rodney's hands. He had early stage rheumatoid arthritis. That's why we see inflammation in the joints.

VILLA

Are you saying he couldn't have pulled the trigger because of his arthritis?

ROSEWOOD

He could've easily pulled the trigger.

VILLA

How is this good news?

ROSEWOOD

Rodney's blood vessels are extremely vulnerable because of his disease. Had he fired a .45 caliber weapon we'd see signs of hemorrhaging under the skin. Discoloration outside the skin.

VILLA

This is good news.

ROSEWOOD

And the only discoloration I see on his body is this...

Rosewood switches the LAB into BLACKLIGHT MODE and flips Rodney's right hand PALM SIDE UP. On his wrist we see an INVISIBLE INK STAMP from a NIGHT CLUB called **BROOD**.

ROSEWOOD

'Brood' night club.

VILLA

The same club where Kate used to work.

ROSEWOOD

And guess who knows a guy at 'Brood' that can help us out in a big way?

VILLA

(begrudgingly)

You.

ROSEWOOD

ME! Let's go dancing.

Rosewood heads out of the lab, Villa in tow.

INT. BROOD NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

Rosewood leads the way, Villa on the flank. The club is jam packed with Miami's hippest, hottest.

VILLA

You sure about this Joo-Joo guy?

ROSEWOOD

He's not just a big time club promoter. He knows people's business. If Rodney was in here, he'll know why.

Rosewood bee-lines for the VIP CABANAS where we find: JULIUS 'JOO-JOO' BEEMAN (30s), smooth and slippery. He's dressed to the nines and surrounded by a gaggle of ladies.

ROSEWOOD

Joo-Joo, my man!

J00-J00

Rosie Bag-Of-Bones, what's kickin'!?

Joo-Joo jumps to his feet, shakes-n-hugs with Rosewood, welcomes him into his VIP BOOTH. Villa is all business.

J00-J00

Get in here, drink it up. What's mine is yours. Who's your new piece?

ROSEWOOD

This is Detective Villa. We're not staying long -- strictly business.

J00-J00

Yo, slow up -- what kind of business?

Villa pulls up a picture of KATE GRAYSON on her cell phone.

VILLA

This girl right here: Kate Grayson. She was murdered. Tell me about her.

J00-J00

Check-it, I've never seen her before.

Villa leans in close, presses her hand against Joo-Joo's chest.

VILLA

That heart of yours is really racing. You lying to me?

J00-J00

My heart's always flyin'! Leave me be!

ROSEWOOD

Forget about the girl. How about a guy named Rodney Briggs? He came in here to see someone on her behalf.

VILLA

He's dead too. Who did he come to see?

J00-J00

You deaf? I got no clue.

Villa forces herself into the seat next to Joo-Joo, gets uncomfortably close to him.

J00-J00

Rosie, put a leash on this chick, man! I don't know squat about no dead girl or some *old* dead dude!

VILLA

We never said Rodney was old.

J00-J00

I assumed it! Now scatter back!

Suddenly, Villa reaches underneath Joo-Joo's ass and grabs his wallet, pulls out his DRIVER'S LICENSE.

J00-J00

You can't go diggin' around under a man's ass, woman!

VILLA

(reads from license)

Julius Beeman. 7911 Airflight. I'm sending a pair of black-n-whites to your crib to find your stash because I can smell the weed on your skin.

ROSEWOOD

She's right, homie. You reek of bud.

J00-J00

Rosie, I thought we were friends...

VILLA

Last chance, what do you got for me?

J00-J00

A whole lotta nothin'. I'm out!

Joo-Joo storms away. They watch him as he enters the MENS' ROOM.

ROSEWOOD

Lemme chat with him one-on-one.

VILLA

No. I'll chat with him one-on-one.

Rosewood furrows his brow, what? But before he can respond, Villa is quickly marching towards the MEN'S ROOM. On the way, she snatches a bar stool, heads into:

INT. MEN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Villa enters, places the bar stool against the door, jams it up. Joo-Joo is just finishing up at the urinal when he spots Villa coming towards him, his eyes bug out.

J00-J00

Now you're just playin' with fire!

Villa grabs Joo-Joo by the collar and slings him into a stall. She marches towards him, fearless, takes his hands in hers.

VILLA

Let us pray...

J00-J00

Pray! Are you insane!?

VILLA

Dear God, Joo-Joo would like to ask if your almighty hands will kindly grace him, shake the truth from his lying lips as he sits like a little bitch on this porcelain throne. Guide him towards the truth, Lord!

J00-J00

You need help from a pro!

Villa pulls her GUN and slides it across the bathroom floor. Joo-Joo's face is streaked with fear. Outside the bathroom we hear Rosewood banging and calling for her. "Villa, let me in!"

VILLA

Do you really want to fight with an unarmed female cop in the Mens' bathroom of a douchey night club? How do you think that's going to look to twelve jurors, Joo-Joo?

Joo-Joo's starting to panic, Villa senses weakness, presses:

VILLA

I have this sick habit of never taking no for an answer. Make this easy on yourself -- tell me what you know.

Joo-Joo throws his head back, stressed, scared. He finally breaks, locks eyes with Villa -- nods okay. CUT TO:

EXT. MENS' ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Rosewood is knocking hard on the BATHROOM DOOR, frustrated:

ROSEWOOD

Villa!? I'm not gonna ask again! Don't make me try to kick in this door!

(sotto)

Man, I can't kick in this door. Can I?

Finally, Villa emerges. As they walk-and-talk through the club:

VILLA

I got what we came for. Let's roll.

ROSEWOOD

Be honest, did you kill Joo-Joo?

VILLA

No, but we bonded in a meaningful way.

ROSEWOOD

I don't want to know what that means. But I do want to know what he said.

VILLA

Rodney Briggs came in here a few times to see a guy named Clive Drexel.

ROSEWOOD

I've met that dude. He owns this club and a few spots down in Little Havana.

VILLA

He also owns a luxury yacht called the Vera Cruz. Rodney was the captain and guess who was a hostess on the boat?

ROSEWOOD

Kate. That's where she and Rodney crossed paths.

VILLA

That's right. And Drexel takes a trip down to Cozumel every couple weeks. My money says to drop off a lot of black bags full of uncut cocaine.

ROSEWOOD

So let's go talk to Drexel.

VILLA

I am. Tomorrow evening. He's throwing a 'WHITE PARTY' on the Vera Cruz. Perfect opportunity to take a look around without a warrant.

ROSEWOOD

Villa, you know damn well I've earned an invite to this party.

VILLA

I also know you're going to show up no matter what I say. See you tomorrow. Seven sharp at the Sea Isle Marina.

ROSEWOOD

Sweet. I've got the perfect ivory tux for the occasion.

Rosewood beams, thrilled to be invited along for the ride...

END CHAPTER FOUR

CHAPTER FIVE: BOTULINUM TOXIN AND PULMONARY EMBOLISM?

INT. ROSEWOOD'S LOFT -- NIGHT

Rosewood stands in his LIVING ROOM donning an ALL WHITE TUXEDO. A casually dressed Pippy is across the room, cringing. Beat.

PIPPY

It's too white.

ROSEWOOD

It's a white tuxedo for a white party.

PIPPY

I get it, but your head on top of that ultra white tux is too much of a contrast and not in a good way.

ROSEWOOD

Says the woman who comes over in her damn pajamas.

PIPPY

These aren't my pajamas.

ROSEWOOD

They should be.

A knock on the door interrupts. Rosewood crosses, opens the door to find: Bella. She's taken aback by Rosewood's get up.

BELLA

Whoa.

ROSEWOOD

Yeah. Yeah. I already heard it from Pippy. You need something?

BELLA

Medium sized favor.

Bella enters and hands an application for the YOUNG CHEFS ACADEMY to Rosewood.

BELLA

I'm going to the Academy. I have to. It's my destiny. You believe in destiny, don't you, Rosie?

ROSEWOOD

I'm not against destiny.

BELLA

Great. So my dad was supposed to write me a recommendation letter for the Academy like three weeks ago. He hasn't. Knowing him, he probably won't. I need it. And it doesn't have to be from him. Just needs to be from someone who's tasted my talent.

ROSEWOOD

Bella, hold up, I'm sure your dad...

BELLA

He won't. I know it.

Rosewood stares at that application, something about this request from Bella is bothering him. Pippy holds a look with her brother, shakes her head -- told you so.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Rosie?

Rosewood forces a smile, nods okay. Bella lights up, hugs him and heads for the door.

BELLA

You rock. Did I mention I need it by tomorrow? You're the best. (before she exits)
Be careful tonight!

Bella exits. Pippy tries to bite her tongue, but she NEVER can:

PIPPY

You should see the look on your face right now.

ROSEWOOD

My face looks fine.

PIPPY

If you say so. I'm out.

Pippy grabs her bag, heads for the door --

PIPPY

Don't get yourself killed catching the bad guy tonight.

ROSEWOOD

Don't get too emotional about it.

PIPPY

I'm crying on the inside. Call me when you're ready to burn that tux.

ROSEWOOD

Woman, get outta here.

Pippy lets out a loud laugh, exits. Rosewood can't help but smile, but it fades when his eyes land back on that application for Bella.

EXT. VERA CRUZ YACHT -- MARINA DEL REY -- EVENING

Rosewood approaches the VERA CRUZ, looking dapper in his white tux, but he immediately sees that something isn't right.

The YACHT is completely dark. NO PEOPLE. NO PARTY. It dawns on him that Villa completely misled him...

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA -- NIGHT

Calle Ocho, as Miami calls the main drag in the predominantly Cuban neighborhood of Little Havana. Elaborate and colorful murals of Latin American celebrities line the walls of just about every business.

Always bustling with activity, the streets are jammed packed with fruit vendors, cigar rollers and hundreds of people playing the popular Cuban version of DOMINOS. CROSS CUT TO:

INT. LITTLE HAVANA MARKETPLACE -- NIGHT

Inside this market we find what looks like a swanky Cuban speakeasy. Scantily clad ladies serve premium rum and stogies to well dressed, affluent clientele playing high stakes dominos. Find:

Villa, at the bar, nursing a drink. She dons a sleek cocktail dress -- stunning. Her eyes are scanning every inch of the room, but never leave her main target for long as she clocks:

CLIVE DREXEL (40s) -- walking the floor, visiting tables, shaking hands with familiar faces. One look at Drexel tells us he's a guy you don't want to cross. Intimidating, ruthless.

Clive can't help but notice Villa sitting at the bar alone. And she's doing a good job of flashing flirtatious glances his way. He shakes a few more hands, approaches.

DREXEL

Waiting for somebody?

VILLA

No. Just having a drink...

DREXEL

Of all the places in Miami, you ended up here? How does that happen?

VILLA

Nostalgia. I grew up a few blocks from here on East 10th street. Next door to Los Pinareños Fruteria. My dad used to take me to the park across the street when I was little. I buried him two days ago.

DREXEL

Sorry to hear that.

Villa nods a thank you. Drexel signals for the bartender to bring TWO MORE DRINKS. CROSS CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA -- LATER

Rosewood's yellow Ferrari pulls up and parks illegally outside. Still wearing his WHITE TUX, he sticks out like a sore thumb as he walks through the maze of game tables, beelines for one of his many connections in Miami -- spots who he's looking for:

ROSEWOOD

Sancho!? Mi hermano from another madre!

ANGLE ON: SANCHO (30s) -- tattoos from head to toe, his face covered in dozens of piercings in weird and painful places.

SANCHO

Red Rosie!

ROSEWOOD

Good to see you, homie. I love that new diamond stud in the center of your forehead.

SANCHO

Sweet right?

ROSEWOOD

Pure cane sugar. So listen, I need your assistance, por favor.

Rosewood slips a roll of hundred dollar bills to Sancho.

ROSEWOOD

Which one of these joints is Drexel's main spot?

Sancho turns and nods towards a STOREFRONT right across the street. CROSS CUT BACK TO:

INT. LITTLE HAVANA MARKET -- NIGHT

Villa and Drexel are growing more flirtatious by the moment. He's charming her, she perfectly plays the part of the entertained, slightly tipsy girl. But she's sure to keep her eyes on the action and on Drexel.

Then, something catches her attention, all those DOMINOS -- clicking together as high rollers play the popular game. Click. Click. As Drexel orders another round:

Rosewood enters, announces his presence in dramatic fashion:

ROSEWOOD

Bartender! Shirley Temple, extra cherries.

(then)

Drexel! What's shaking, my man?

Villa is equal parts mortified and furious at the sight of Rosewood, but remains calm, poker faced.

Drexel turns to see Rosewood, eyes that ridiculous WHITE TUX as he extends his hand, shakes with Rosewood.

DREXEL

Forgive me, have we met?

ROSEWOOD

Hell yeah. We shook our money makers together with a bevy of babes a while back at your club, Brood. Crazy night. Barely remember it myself. Is this your wife? Chick on the side?

Rosewood motions to Villa. She masks her contempt.

DREXEL

Neither.

ROSEWOOD

Looks like a winner. Better lock her down before I do! Am I right?

Drexel isn't amused. Villa covers, says to Rosewood:

VILLA

Excuse me, I don't want to be rude, but we're just getting to know each other.

ROSEWOOD

I hear that. Ya see, I was supposed to meet someone at a swanky party but she left me hanging like a chump.

VILLA

I'm sure she had her reasons.

ROSEWOOD

Actually, I don't think she did.

Villa glares at Rosewood, he shoots a nasty look back.

DREXEL

Too bad that you got stood up. Drinks are on me, but you gotta do me a favor and slide a few stools down.

ROSEWOOD

I'd rather get a seat at a table. I really wanta sling some dominos.

Rosewood flashes his cash. Drexel wants to get rid of him.

DREXEL

Be right back.

Villa smiles and nods. Drexel crosses the room, talks to one of his henchman. Rosewood and Villa stare straight ahead, start arguing like an old married couple in hushed tones:

VILLA

Rosie, are you insane?

ROSEWOOD

You hurt my feelings. Straight up.

VILLA

You're an unarmed pathologist. I'm trying to help you not get killed!

ROSEWOOD

And what about you? Do you even have back up here!?

VILLA

Yes. I do.

ROSEWOOD

Man, quit your lying.

Villa and Rosewood sneak glances at Drexel, clearing a seat for Rosie at one of the gambling tables. Clock is ticking...

VILLA

Rosie, I'm getting ready to make my move, so please, get outta here.

ROSEWOOD

No chance. What move? Tell me the move.

VILLA

If I tell you the move, will you go?

ROSEWOOD

Depends on the move.

VILLA

I need to get upstairs. I think I figured out how Drexel camouflages his coke before he loads it onto his yacht.

Villa nods towards the back of the room where a TEAM of employees slide racks of DOMINOS to gamblers. He gets it:

ROSEWOOD

They're making the blow into dominos.

VILLA

You said the cocaine in Kate's nasal cavity was grey.

ROSEWOOD

You crush the domino -- the black dots mix with the white tile.

VILLA

Yes. And I hear a lot of activity going on upstairs. I'm making my move.

ROSEWOOD

Wait! Hold up. Before you go... (beat)

You gotta try this Shirley Temple. It's the best one I've ever had.

VILLA

Have you forgotten where we are? How dangerous this is? Go find an eight-year old kid to try it.

ROSEWOOD

Villa, for all you know this is our last night on earth together. The bad guy can wait five seconds while you take one sip of what is undoubtedly the best Shirley ever mixed.

We see that Drexel is heading back towards them. Rosewood offers his drink again. Villa takes a sip, has to admit...

VILLA

Damn, that is good.

ROSEWOOD

Pretty sure they use natural cherry extract in place of the grenadine.

VILLA

Definitely.

Villa heads off towards the LADIES' ROOM. Drexel returns:

DREXEL

Where's she going?

ROSEWOOD

To freshen up. You score me a seat or what?

Drexel nods, escorts Rosewood towards a DOMINO TABLE. CUT TO:

INT. LITTLE HAVANA MARKET -- MOMENTS LATER

Villa glances over her shoulder, sees Drexel being occupied by Rosewood. She walks past the bathroom, ascends a set of stairs, but quickly finds herself face-to-face with a GUARD. Villa feigns drunkenness, her speech badly slurred:

VILLA

Bathroom up here?

BODYGUARD

Downstairs. You walked right past it.

VILLA

Is there one up here? I'm gonna be sick.

The Guard shakes his head. Nope. Villa sighs, reaches into her purse and pulls her 9mm. Points it in the guard's face.

VILLA

Nice and quiet. Turn around and give me the key card for that door.

At the end of the hallway is a METAL DOOR with a sophisticated security access system attached. The guard hesitates, Villa cocks the hammer of her gun.

He reaches into his coat pocket, hands over his SECURITY ACCESS CARD. A moment later, she hits him on the back of his neck with her gun, knocks him out. Villa moves past him, towards that metal door, swipes the access card, cracks the door, peaks inside to see:

THOUSANDS OF DOMINOS stacked neatly on a dozen tables. TWO MEN loading them into CASES. A THIRD MAN scoops what appears to be cocaine from a crate into a domino tile press.

Villa shoots a TEXT to ROSEWOOD: 'GET OUT. NOW.' CUT TO:

INT. LITTLE HAVANA MARKET -- MAIN FLOOR -- SAME

Rosewood hangs at one of the tables, eyes on Drexel the whole time -- getting antsy, glancing down the hallway where the ladies' room is. Villa's been gone too long. As Drexel heads towards the bathrooms, Rosewood makes a move, steps in front:

ROSEWOOD

Drexel, hold up! You're a business man, right? So check it out, I've got a can't miss opportunity for you...

Drexel is visibly annoyed, growing suspicious.

DREXEL

A real player never leaves his tiles. Who are you? What's your game?

ROSEWOOD

Game of life, baby.

DREXEL

I've seen your face before. On those billboards. You're the autopsy guy.

ROSEWOOD

Yeah, but that's a side deal. No real dough in the death biz.

Drexel eyes Rosewood up and down, exchanges a knowing glance with one of his henchman. CROSS CUT TO:

INT. LITTLE HAVANA MARKET -- SECOND FLOOR

Villa coming down the stairs, re-enters the MAIN ROOM to find Rosewood sitting back at the bar -- Drexel next to him, a gun pressed in his ribs.

DREXEL

The ladies' room has been empty for a while. Want to explain why you're sneaking around my establishment?

VILLA

Yeah. I do, but the dipshit in the white tux doesn't need to stick around.

DREXEL

Not often I see new faces in here. Especially two in one day. Makes me think you're working together. (then)

You a cop?

VILLA

Drexel, I know you're the one that drugged Kate Grayson with the liquid Ativan -- put the dry ice on the gas pedal, made it look like a car accident. I'm also going to prove that you killed your yacht captain, Rodney Briggs, for trying to help Kate get away from a murdering drug lord.

VILLA (CONT'D)

That's you, by the way. The hundreds of pounds of coke you've got upstairs is just a nice way to get you behind bars until you confess. Now lay down that gun, make this easy.

DREXEL

You got nothing to prove any of that. And unfortunately, by the time the piggies get here, whatever you think is upstairs will be long gone.

Villa fires ONE BULLET into the ceiling, in the exact spot where that CRATE OF COCAINE was resting in the room upstairs -- it starts to seep from the hole like sand in an hourglass, the bar top below getting covered in coke.

VILLA

I know exactly what's upstairs...

Drexel's men pull their weapons, train them on Villa, just as:

A DOZEN POLICE OFFICERS, rush through the front and back doors, guns drawn. Drexel's crew turn their weapons on the cops. It's a true Mexican stand-off. People duck for cover.

VILLA

And I had piggies right around the corner.

Villa shoots a look to Rosewood -- she did have back up. Drexel panics, grips Rosewood in his arms, gun to his head.

DREXEL

I'm only gonna say this once -- lower the weapons or your friend's white tux is going to get ruined.

ROSEWOOD

My grandmomma gave me these duds, so my vote is we try to figure out a way to resolve our differences peacefully.

DREXEL

You don't get a vote.

Villa has little choice, starts to lower her weapon, as do the other cops, until she notices Rosewood's eyes grow wide -- sees him having a light bulb moment. Then:

Drexel flinches, <u>feels a prick on his leq</u>. He sees a **SYRINGE** in Rosewood's hand, the needle buried deep in his thigh. Then:

ROSEWOOD

Botulinum toxin.

(beat)

Better known as Botox. Injected under the epidermis and you're lookin' years younger. Injected into your bloodstream and you're feeling like every nerve in your body is on fire...

He starts to inject the botox into Drexel, the pain hits...

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

Once I give you the full dose, your spinal cord is going to feel like it's spinning with razor blades. And that still-thinking brain of yours will start to cook like an egg in the mean-spirited Summer sun.

Rosewood pushes a little more botox into Drexel...

ROSEWOOD

Drop those weapons before I release the rest of this toxin...

Drexel cringes, finally lowers his weapon. The other members of his crew follow suit. Villa moves in, applies the cuffs, Rosewood extracts the syringe.

ROSEWOOD

I was just messin' with you, Drexel. That pain will dissipate by the time they throw your ass in jail.

As Villa leads Drexel away, Rosewood follows...

INT. FRANK GRAYSON'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rosewood sits across from Grayson, who's making his way through another bottle of 30 year single malt. A framed photo of his niece, Kate, in his hand. He places it face down on his desk.

GRAYSON

Funeral is tomorrow.

ROSEWOOD

I'll be there.

Grayson nods. Rosewood gets up, takes the glass of scotch out of his hand, grabs the bottle along with it.

ROSEWOOD

Doctor, there's this loop hole in the Miami-Dade medical board rules and regulations wherein third parties can be present during examinations if only participating in a consulting capacity.

Grayson's eyes track to Rosewood.

ROSEWOOD

Maybe Mozart can get over his sudden bouts of nausea and drop by my lab from time-to-time. At least until your license is reinstated. Think about it.

Rosewood takes the scotch with him, heads for the door.

GRAYSON

You know, Beaumont, you're more Charlie Parker than Jim Morrison.

Rosewood can't help but smile. Maybe the first compliment Grayson has ever paid him. Ever. CUT TO:

INT. BEACH FRONT LOFT -- HALLWAY -- LATE NIGHT

Rosewood heads towards his loft. His tired eyes land on Bella, standing by his front door. She holds up her Chef's Academy Application. No letter attached.

BELLA

I thought you said you'd do it?

Rosewood opens his door, walks inside. Bella follows...

ROSEWOOD

I'll talk to your dad and get him to write the letter.

BELLA

Why are you being weird?

ROSEWOOD

Bella, you're a great kid. I just don't think coming over here all the time is the best idea, ya know?

BELLA

Why?

ROSEWOOD

I'd love to not do this right now.

BELLA

If this is the last time I get to come over, I wanta know why. I'm not saying you owe me an explanation, but you kinda do since I put some amazing food in your belly these past few months. It's just a letter. What's the big deal?

Bella will wait all night if she has to. He knows that. Beat.

ROSEWOOD

Bella, you're not my kid. I see this going down a path I'm not comfortable with.

BELLA

Not good enough. Why?

ROSEWOOD

Have you seen how many pills I swallow? This scar on my chest? The shake of my hand? Helluva good chance I don't live a long ass life, Bella. I don't need a wife, a friend or a kid down the hall walking in to find me on the floor without a pulse. That's how it is.

BELLA

My world's a cooler place because you're in it. I don't care if it's for another week or another year.

BELLA (CONT'D)

And if everyone in the world was scared like you, then no one would have dogs as pets. And dogs are awesome. Think about that while you sit alone and eat your last supper from me.

Bella exits. We hold on Rosewood, the honest words of a kid forcing him to reevaluate his way of life. CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI PD ROOFTOP -- MORNING

Villa is on the Miami PD rooftop, sitting in an OFFICE CHAIR, a LIT CIGARETTE in her hand. Rosewood steps onto the roof, his eyes land on something that makes his stomach sink:

A <u>PAPER COFFEE CUP</u> resting on the ledge. Stenciled on the side of the cup we see: **GRACE BAPTIST CHURCH**

ROSEWOOD

Grace Baptist Church.

(beat)

They offer a grief recovery group every Friday. I've sent families there after they've lost a loved one.

Villa doesn't look back, just stares out at that BILLBOARD for ETERNITY COLOGNE. Rosewood walks over, sits down next to her. He takes the cigarette from her hand, puts it out.

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

Your husband's dead, isn't he? That's why you transferred back home.

She turns to him, eyes heavy with emotion, nods yes.

VILLA

Three days to figure that out? You would make a crappy detective.

ROSEWOOD

Agreed. What happened to him?

VILLA

Eight months ago he ran a marathon in Central Park. Pizza, movie, bed. Our Sunday routine. It was the one night we refused to work no matter what. He slept like a baby, got dressed, one spritz of my favorite cologne...

Villa drops into a fugue, a painful reflection.

VILLA

And he collapsed. Pulmonary embolism; dead before he hit the floor.

(beat)

When the love of your life is gone it makes you love life less. Say that fives times fast...

Villa masks her heartbreak, forces a smile. Rosewood furrows his brow, something bothering him.

Pulmonary embolism? Slept like a baby? We can read from Rosewood's expression that something about those two details doesn't add up for him. Silence lingers. Villa finally turns:

VILLA

Is there a reason you came up here?

Rosewood decides not to press. Not now anyway. Then:

ROSEWOOD

There's a warrant out for my arrest.

VILLA

Are you joking?

ROSEWOOD

No. Turns out I've got a chronic traffic citation situation that's catching up to me. Wondering if you can help broker a deal on my behalf.

VILLA

What kind of deal?

ROSEWOOD

Pull some strings, prevent my license from getting suspended, keep me out of county lock-up. In exchange, I'll hook you up with a two for one autopsy special at my lab. I think Rawlins will bitch less if I cut the city a break on my fees.

VILLA

The Lebron James of private pathologists is offering a discount?

ROSEWOOD

On your cases ONLY. The other detectives can kiss my talented ass.

Villa flashes a rare smile...

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna bail while you're still smiling.

He heads for the door, Villa watches him go.

ROSEWOOD

Hey Villa, if you ever miss my face, just look SOUTH...

Rosewood smiles wide and EXITS. Villa turns south, sees:

A NEW BILLBOARD AD FOR 1-800-AUTOPSY complimented by a snazzy UPDATED PHOTO OF ROSEWOOD. FADE TO BLACK: