

C.S.I.

"Dead and Buried"

by
Anne Toole

Anne Toole
West Hollywood, CA 90069
Thewritetoole@gmail.com

CSI: CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION

"Dead and Buried"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE - EARLY MORNING

The lights of Las Vegas twinkle on into the early morning, as cruisers and gamblers continue up and down the Boulevard. CAMERA GLIDES westward over the freeway to a casino strip off the beaten track.

EXT. BALDUR CANYON CASINO- EARLY MORNING

PICK UP ON an aging 50s-era casino, complete with a tacky blinking arrow under the sign reading BALDUR CANYON HOTEL AND CASINO. Still a sizeable number of cars out front, though, most of them low-end. It's where out-of-towners go for cheap rates and where the locals go to gamble.

INT. BALDUR CANYON CASINO - EARLY MORNING

POV UNSEEN CHARACTER

The elevator doors open, and camera moves out past the elevator banks to a rich, red-lined hallway. In the distance, the eerily chipper hoots and whistles of the casino draw closer as we move down the hall. A laughing COUPLE, clearly drunk out of their minds, brush past, oblivious.

We move along a wall near a door marked EMPLOYEES ONLY, then veer toward a railing, where a college-age REVELER waves down the stairs.

REVELER

I'll be right back.

He turns around and stops, gaping. A FEMALE EMPLOYEE (JULIA), preoccupied, exits the door in street clothes. Seeing what's going on, she looks horrified.

REVELER

Hey man, are you all right?

JULIA

Oh my god.

Julia starts to back away. Camera pans around to reveal **PHIL HARRIS**, 40s, his clothes drenched in blood seeping out of the holes in his chest. In a daze, he opens his mouth to speak.

PHIL HARRIS

Bobby...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He collapses. His body tumbles down, coming to rest at the bottom of the staircase.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BALDUR CANYON CASINO - EARLY MORNING (HALF-HOUR LATER)

A number of Uniforms interview a few groggy hotel guests as **GRISSOM** and **SARA**, kits in hand, weave their way up to **CAPTAIN BRASS**.

GRISSOM
(re: uniforms)
Three alarm fire?

BRASS
Victim took a header down the stairs in front of several guests. This old dinosaur is about to be sold to a developer. Manager is real concerned about a law suit.

SARA
His compassion astounds me.

BRASS
Phone records indicate he called down to room service about half an hour before.

SARA
Service too slow?

BRASS
Single gunshot wound to the chest. He was dead as soon as he hit the ground. M.E. already came and went. Not one for ceremony.

GRISSOM
Neither am I.

Brass gestures toward the body, in a crumpled mess at the base of the stairs. Sara begins to take pictures, when **WARRICK** reaches them.

WARRICK
I came in the back way. There's a blood trail leading a hundred feet back to the elevator.

Grissom pulls out a plastic KEY CARD from the victim's pocket.

GRISSOM
Hotel guest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRASS

We'll check the key, see if that
links us up with a name.

Warrick sees the victim's face, flinches.

WARRICK

No need. Named after one of Vegas'
all-time favorites: Phil Harris. I
knew him.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BALDUR CANYON CASINO - DAY

Onlookers and police are busy at the crime scene. Brass interviews an anxious Julia, as Grissom looks on.

JULIA

I need to go home. My baby is running a fever. Please.

BRASS

Humor us.

JULIA

I work in housekeeping till six, but I had to leave early because my baby is sick. When I came out, there he was.

(shivering)

All that blood. How did he get down here?

BRASS

The other man at the scene heard him say something like "Bobby." Does that sound right?

JULIA

(flustered)

I don't know. I was trying to get out of there.

BRASS

Why did you leave?

JULIA

Jesus Christ, wouldn't you? I thought the devil himself had come for me.

Grissom moves over to Warrick, leaving evidence markers along the blood trail.

WARRICK

He must have lost half his blood volume but was still walking around.

GRISSOM

The walking dead.

(beat)

There isn't going to be a problem, is there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARRICK

No.

GRISSOM

I can swap you with Nick on another 419.

WARRICK

I barely knew Phil. He was just another face on the other side of the card table.

GRISSOM

A problem gambler.

WARRICK

Yeah. But that's a thousand years ago. There's no problem.

They reach the elevator, where Sara is photographing the interior of the elevator. Two trails of blood stain the floor.

WARRICK

A lot of blood, going in and coming out.

GRISSOM

This isn't where he was shot.

SARA

Brass said he was registered in a room on the 11th floor.

Grissom nods toward a second elevator.

GRISSOM

Going up?

INT. PHILIP HARRIS' HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The door opens to reveal Warrick, Grissom and Sara, whose attention immediately turns to the floor.

GRISSOM

I think we can safely assume this is the right room.

Warrick kneels by the still-wet blood stain on the floor.

WARRICK

Leads straight to the bed.

He follows the trail to the bed, where a circle of blood has stained the sheets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sun begins to rise over the city, causing long shadows to reach across the room. A faded but extensive seating area surrounds a table, host to an abandoned game of cards. Sara and Grissom carefully move about the room.

SARA
I love searching in the early morning light.

GRISSOM
Let me guess. It's not because you love the view.

SARA
The sun is the most powerful oblique light source. It makes everything pop.

Sara is near the bathroom door. The grain of the carpet goes every which way and it appears lighter than everywhere else.

SARA (CONT'D)
I got some disturbance and discoloration over here.
(taking a whiff)
Smells like chemicals and... something else. Someone tried a clean-up job. Ran out of time?

GRISSOM
Or cleaned up what they needed to.

WARRICK
That's funny.

Warrick places a tag beside a small stuffed bunny on the floor near the bed.

WARRICK
I never figured Phil for a bunny guy.

SARA
Our guy was comped this suite?

GRISSOM
Perks don't include plush animals.

SARA
But perfect for entertaining.

A table hosts a bottle of champagne and two glasses. Sara indicates a glass displaying a lipstick stain.

SARA
Purple. Not really my color.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRISSOM

Not much of a drinker. Still some champagne inside.

SARA

And saliva. What do you think? Lovers argue; she reaches for a gun?

Warrick comes up to them.

WARRICK

Or something else entirely. Phil must have been on a big roll. I found a 500 dollar chip near the door. Not something you leave lying around.

SARA

No sign of forced entry. I don't read this as a burglary.

Warrick looks at the table, where playing cards are laid out.

WARRICK

No burglary. Game of poker. Two players. They played a couple hands.

(gestures to one hand)

Nice. Full house. This guy won.

GRISSOM

Which begs the question: What did he win?

Off Grissom, wheels turning...

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY GARDEN - MORNING

Catherine and Nick, carrying their kits, move past a patch of trees and cacti. Nick looks at an assignment slip.

NICK

D.b. at the UNLV garden. They couldn't be a little more specific?

CATHERINE

It's been awhile since I've been here.

NICK

The campus bringing back some wild memories?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

My wild memories come from before I
ever went to college.

They reach an area consisting of a pile of dirt; a big hole
in the ground; **GEORGE NISAN**, irreverent groundskeeper,
smoking a cigarette; and a bored **DETECTIVE O'RILEY**.

CATHERINE

We're here about a 419?

DET. O'RILEY

Oh, yeah, here you go.

George Nisan knocks his cigarette ash on the ground, steps
out of the way. Nick grabs the guy's cigarette.

NICK

This is a crime scene.

DET. O'RILEY

Doubt that. Looks like we have us
a bonafide Indian burial.

Nick and Catherine stand on opposite sides of the hole. They
shine flashlights down into the pit.

CATHERINE

Complete with mummy.

NICK

You're kidding.

Their lights fall upon a shriveled body covered in burlap.
Nearby lies a vase with the distinctive painting of the
American Southwest.

NICK

(to George Nisan)

Who are you?

GEORGE NISAN

George Nisan. I'm one of the
landscapers for the university. I
thought I was gonna plant a desert
willow here. Guess not, now.

Catherine carefully steps down into the hole. She pulls out
a brush, lightly lifts the burlap.

CATHERINE

There's a hole in the skull,
possibly the cause of death.
Burlap seems to have some sort of
pigment on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. O'RILEY
What did I tell you? That's some
Indian thing.

Catherine brushes away at the dirt a bit more.

CATHERINE
Really. How many Indians do you
know that have blonde hair?

NICK
(to O'Riley)
Better tape off the garden.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILIP HARRIS' HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

CLOSE UP on a powder brush as it dances across the door
handle.

Warrick dusts for prints as Brass looks on.

BRASS
You got something?

WARRICK
Don't hold your breath. Could be
every would-be high roller in town
has had their hands on this door.

Brass moves off. Warrick shines the light on the interior
side of the door. A hodgepodge of prints appears.

WARRICK
Like I said.

KAELI (O.C.)
Hey, let me through. I know him.

A young woman, **KAELI MARSHALL**, tries to get past a **GUARD**.
She's wearing a simple red dress, but extensive wrinkles
indicate she's been wearing it all night. The guard pushes
her back.

KAELI
Nice hands, but there are better
ways to impress me.

The guard is put off by her assertiveness. Warrick locks
eyes with her, moves up.

WARRICK
(to guard)
I've got this.
(to Kaeli)
You know Phil Harris?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAELI
Doesn't everybody?

WARRICK
We're investigating his murder.

KAELI
Oh.
(beat)
I didn't know him *that* well.

WARRICK
So you came up here to see him in
his room.

KAELI
I know what you're thinking.
(locking eyes with
Warrick)
He's not my type.

WARRICK
When did you last see him?

KAELI
Around three. He said he was going
to get some more chips.
(with a pointed, rueful
smile)
You know guys like that. He'd
pretty much blown it all.

WARRICK
Where were you?

KAELI
At the slots. I've been on a
streak all night.

WARRICK
A streak? Then why are you here
now?

She looks at her empty hands.

WARRICK
Uh-huh. If there's anything you're
holding back on, now's the time.
We'll find out, either way.

Off Kaeli, nervous...

INT. CSI - PRINT LAB - MORNING

Sara dusts for prints on the base of one of the two glasses.
She sighs unhappily. Grissom enters, Warrick in line with an
evidence bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 GRISSOM
Body's up in 30.

 SARA
What's the holdup?

 GRISSOM
Don't ask. What have you got?

Sara points to the glasses, which now reveal what she describes.

 SARA
A beautiful print of the victim on glass one and a smudged print on glass two. I sent the lipstick and a swatch of the carpet to trace, see if anything turns up. We got anyone to compare it to?

 WARRICK
Kaeli Marshall. She said that Harris was going to get more play money.

 GRISSOM
You're thinking she helped herself.

 WARRICK
A conversation with casino security might hook us up with the real story.

 GRISSOM
Good. Anything on those cards?

 WARRICK
Ah. Not yet.

 GRISSOM
Let me know.

Grissom heads out of the room. Warrick drops the cards in their bag onto the table, looks a bit despondent.

 SARA
What do you think? One -- maybe two hundred prints on those.

 WARRICK
Easily. So, since you're here anyway...

Warrick slides the prints over to her. Sara's not happy.

 WARRICK
Come on. I'm on Mandy's hit list.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANDY WEBSTER, print analyst, glances at Warrick, then quickly looks away. Sara shakes her head.

SARA

Go.

WARRICK

I owe you.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY PARKING LOT - MORNING

Nick places the last stake into the ground. PULL BACK to reveal a grid of stakes connected by string around the hole and body.

NICK

That's the last.

Catherine compares the grid with a map she is drawing on a clipboard.

GEORGE NISAN

(annoyed)

What's all this for? I thought you were going to take the body away.

CATHERINE

An excavation is like a laboratory where we can only do the experiment once.

NICK

So we better get everything right the first time.

CATHERINE

Hey, Nick. Look at this.

ANGLE DOWN ON CATHERINE as she crouches next to the body.

CATHERINE

This pottery is directly to the right of the head, but to the left, notice this indentation in the ground.

NICK

Looks like something's missing.

Catherine climbs out.

CATHERINE

(to George Nisan)

Did you touch anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE NISAN

No. What you see is what you get.

CATHERINE

Tampering with evidence at the scene of a crime is a criminal offense.

GEORGE NISAN

Hey, I didn't know it was the scene of a crime.

CATHERINE

It's also illegal to remove grave goods from a burial.

George considers, then opens up his bag. Nick reaches in and carefully pulls out a decorated vase.

CATHERINE

It's beautiful.

GEORGE NISAN

My brother tells me this stuff goes for a lot of money. But you guys, you go ahead.

George starts to head off. Nick sees something.

NICK

Did you break this vase?

GEORGE NISAN

What are you, crazy? It's in perfect condition.

NICK

Not so perfect.

CSI SHOT

The CRACK along the inside with a light-colored adhesive within.

BACK TO SCENE

NICK

There's a thin crack that has been glued together.

Nick hands the vase to Catherine, who inspects it.

GEORGE NISAN

I didn't do that.

CATHERINE

Well, someone did. Then buried it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off Nick and Catherine's confusion...

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - BREAK ROOM - MORNING

Grissom is getting himself coffee when Sara peeks her head in.

SARA
You need to see this.

GRISSOM
You got clear prints on the glass?

SARA
Better.

MICROSCOPE SLIDE

A crystalline form in the shade of purple, next to another oblong shape in yellow-red.

GRISSOM
What am I looking at?

INT. CSI - TRACE - MORNING

Grissom is looking through a microscope with Sara beside him.

SARA
Manganese violet. It's a common ingredient in cosmetics.

Sara hands him two trace metals graphs.

SARA
I got the trace report for the chemicals used to clean the carpet. Standard cleaner, nothing there. On the lipstick, I came up with high levels of manganese, zinc, and copper.

This news means nothing to Grissom.

GRISSOM
Pretend I know nothing about makeup.

SARA
That would describe about anything on the market. But when I put a sample under the microscope, I recognized the structure of zinc sulfide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 GRISSOM
 Is that rare?

Warrick enters.

 SARA
 No, but in combination with the
 manganese violet, it is. Only one
 product combines both compounds to
 make a "luminescent violet color."
 Metropolitan. We find someone to
 match it to...

 GRISSOM
 We know who Phil's guest was.

 WARRICK
 Then you might be interested in
 this. Casino faxed me Kaeli
 Marshall's gambling card records.
 She was slamming the slots last
 night.

Warrick hands a paper to Grissom. Something catches his eye.

 GRISSOM
 But not the whole night.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Brass is standing against the door with Kaeli in the room.
Grissom and Sara enter.

 BRASS
 When were you in his room?

 KAELI
 Never. I told you. I went to his
 room to look for him, but by then
 he was...

Grissom shows Brass a file, while Sara appears to wait.

 SARA
 (sympathetically)
 Tired?

 KAELI
 I must look like hell.

 SARA
 I've seen worse. I like your
 lipstick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAELI

It's Metropolitan. It kind of wore off, though.

SARA

It's a funny thing about lipstick. It tends to stay on everything but your lips. Like the two glasses we found in the hotel room.

KAELI

(beat)

Okay. I was in his room earlier, but I left.

GRISSOM

You told police that you were at the slots all night.

KAELI

I was exaggerating. I played a little bit.

GRISSOM

Thing is, we checked out your gambling card. You were at the slots. Until you ran out of money at 4:30am. When you came back at five, you had five thousand dollars.

Off Kaeli, knowing she's in trouble...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Kaeli is the center of the CSI team's attention, as Warrick and Sara work their magic.

SARA
Open your mouth.

KAELI
What... What for?

SARA
DNA sample.

Sara inserts a swab into her mouth.

WARRICK
Right hand.

She slides her hand into his, almost intimately. Sara notices. Warrick, businesslike, turns her hand over.

KAELI
Oh, sorry.

Warrick dips a cotton-tipped applicator into a solution, and brushes along the inside of her hand. She looks to Warrick, hoping to find an ally.

KAELI
You don't believe all this, do you?
Look, I did go back to the room...

INT. PHILIP HARRIS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Kaeli takes the key out of the door, enters. Phil sits back at the table, glances at his watch.

KAELI (V.O.)
...but he was waiting for somebody.
He gave me a pile of chips and told
me to go have fun.

Kaeli grabs the pile and skitters out the door, dropping one chip on the way out.

RETURN TO PRESENT

WARRICK
We already know you were with him,
Kaeli. Left hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kaeli gives him her left hand.

KAELI

Yeah, but I wasn't going to sleep with him. He gave me his room key as a... courtesy.

SARA

And he gave you money to gamble with out of the kindness of his heart.

KAELI

You didn't know Phil. Sure, he'd been a selfish prick. But then I didn't see him around for months. Heard he was trying to quit...
(quick glance to Warrick)
...like that would ever stick.

Warrick is suddenly acutely aware of Sara looking at him.

KAELI

And sure enough he shows up again like he'd never been gone. Except he's more focused. More lucky.

SARA

And more generous.

KAELI

I came to Vegas with fifty bucks in my pocket. Phil gave me the money. He had loads to spare.

SARA

Just from gambling?

KAELI

I don't know.
(glancing at Warrick)
But I bet one of his friends knows who to ask.

WARRICK

I think we're done here.

The two leave Kaeli within as they head out into...

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING

Warrick and Sara continue down the hall.

WARRICK

I'll take these over to Greg, then check in with the big man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA
Are you sure the evidence is the
first thing on your mind?

WARRICK
What are you talking about?

SARA
How long have you known her?

WARRICK
(beat)
I *used* to know her. That's not me
anymore.

Sara is skeptical.

WARRICK
Believe what you want.

SARA
So? Who can you ask about the
money?

WARRICK
Charlie. My old bookie.

Sara is concerned. Grissom comes up to them.

WARRICK
We got all the references off of
Kaeli Marshall.

GRISSOM
Sara?

Sara looks at Warrick, considers telling him.

SARA
She's looking good. The lipstick
puts her in the room, and the money
gives her motive.

GRISSOM
(to Sara)
Let's go see if Mr. Harris can tell
us anything himself.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM A - MORNING

Sara and Grissom talk to Dr. Robbins over Phil Harris' body.

DR. ROBBINS
(to business)
Harris was shot once in the chest.
Bullet did a little dance while
inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CSI SHOT

Follow the bullet as it winds through the chest, grazes a rib and changes course toward an artery, and finally, deformed by its journey, comes to a rest.

BACK TO SCENE

Robbins holds up the used bullet.

GRISSOM

Did the abrasions around his mouth tell you anything?

DR. ROBBINS

I wondered about that as well. I couldn't find any pathology in the lungs. Nothing, except irritation in his esophagus caused by hydrochloric acid.

SARA

He vomited. That gels with the clean-up job I found on the rug.

DR. ROBBINS

I looked at his stomach. His last meal consisted entirely of champagne.

GRISSOM

Bad vintage?

DR. ROBBINS

That's for toxicology.

Dr. Robbins holds a vial of blood. Sara takes it from him.

GRISSOM

Is that lividity or bruising on his cheek?

DR. ROBBINS

At this point, both. But you're lucky -- will you hit the lights please? -- Narrow Band Imaging will show you what I found.

Sara hits the lights and Dr. Robbins passes out protective glasses and switches on an ultraviolet light.

UV VIEW OF VICTIM'S CHEEK

The skin fluoresces around a darkened area.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. ROBBINS (V.O.)
The dark area indicates the wound
pattern.

The wound extends in a straight line, but near its center, a
semi-circle extends from the right edge.

BACK TO SCENE

Robbins switches off the UV lights and Sara turns on the
lights in the room.

DR. ROBBINS
M.E. didn't report any objects that
might have caused it, but it
wouldn't be the first time
something was overlooked.

SARA
He fell down a flight of stairs.

DR. ROBBINS
I doubt that would have caused this
kind of wound.

Grissom examines each of the victim's hands carefully. They
appear unharmed.

SARA
The victim was not only shot, first
he was sick then he was assaulted.

GRISSOM
And he didn't lift one hand to
defend himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY GARDEN - MORNING

Catherine and Nick are still trucking away at the burial
site. They are now facing the sedimentary layers along the
excavation pit, when **DR. MERRILL JONES**, early 60s, smart and
dignified, calls to them from beyond the edge of the grid.

MERRILL JONES
Hello? I'm looking for Catherine
Willows?

CATHERINE
You got her. This is Nick Stokes
from criminalistics. Nick, this is
Dr. Jones from the UNLV archaeology
department.

NICK
Dr. Jones?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRILL JONES
Please call me Merrill. You've got
a nice site set up here.

CATHERINE
Learned from the best.

MERRILL JONES
Who's that?

CATHERINE
You. I took your class when I was
a student here.

MERRILL JONES
I do remember you. I'm glad
someone was listening.

Nick, amused at Merrill's flirting, winks at Catherine.

CATHERINE
We're hoping you could lend us your
expertise. It appears to be a
burial in the Native American
tradition.

MERRILL JONES
I'd be happy to.

Merrill takes a look and lists off the characteristics as if
going through a checklist.

MERRILL JONES
Ah yes. Burial in a burlap cloth.

He moves the burlap aside, sees the pigment.

MERRILL JONES
And the pigment. Often Paiutes
would paint pigments on the skin of
the deceased.

NICK
So you're saying this is a native
burial?

MERRILL JONES
No, I'm not saying that at all.
Did you ever study archaeology?

NICK
Forensic archaeology.

MERRILL JONES
Then you know it can't be. It's
all written here, in the soil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Merrill and Nick take a gander at the strata revealed on the side of the excavation pit. Nick shakes his head.

NICK
I'm sorry, but you can tell just by looking at the strata?

MERRILL JONES
Actually, no. But we have the benefit of this being a historical burial, so we're not flying blind.

Merrill hands his binder to Catherine.

CATHERINE
University grounds records.

She flips it open.

CATHERINE
They change the landscaping here every five years. A rock garden, before that a path, and before 1970, this area was paved.

NICK
Here. This dark area must be the pavement. They pulled it out, but couldn't remove the inclusions from the soil.

MERRILL JONES
Very good. You may make an archaeologist yet.

NICK
So the body predates 1970.

CATHERINE
Spoke too soon. You see this dirt layer above the pavement? It resembles the entire fill of the burial pit.

CSI SHOT

The strata in the excavation with the dark layer and the lighter layer above it. An abrupt disruption indicates the burial pit, where the dirt appears the same color and consistency as the lighter layer.

BACK TO SCENE

CATHERINE
This body was buried between 1970 and 1975.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Merrill smiles appreciatively at Catherine. She and Nick exchange a look.

NICK
Teacher's pet.

CUT TO:

INT. BALDUR CANYON CASINO - SECURITY - MORNING

Surrounded by an array of monitors boasting grainy displays of the casino floor, Warrick pulls tapes from the security VCRs. **JAMES YEARLY**, an overly eager 40-something security guard, places a stack of tapes in front of him and a white clipboard.

JAMES YEARLY
Here are the rest of the tapes.
You think you'll find what you need?

WARRICK
Won't know till I take a look at them. Anything I should know?

JAMES YEARLY
I tell ya, I didn't see anything weird on this morning's shift. Aside from what happened.

WARRICK
You seen this guy, Phil Harris, around much?

JAMES YEARLY
Yeah. I recognize him from the floor.

WARRICK
Does he come with someone? A little arm candy?

JAMES YEARLY
Yeah... come to think of it. There's this girl who's always on him like glue. Mmm. Beautiful. Too bad for him.

WARRICK
Sounds like it's good for him.

JAMES YEARLY
Not if they stick around. Girls like that... it's all about the money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARRICK

No, it's about winning.

As Warrick takes a look out at the casino floor, too close for comfort...

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - MORNING

Grissom faces a "dummy." He has posted on the wall several photographs of the wound pattern on the victim's cheek. He refers to several weapons by his side: a baseball bat, a cane, a wrench. Sara swings at the dummy's face with a baseball bat.

GRISSOM

I think we've seen enough.

SARA

No matter how she swung, she would have hit the side of his head, not his cheek.

GRISSOM

Kaeli was not tall enough.

SARA

Then she hit him when he was already down on the ground.

GRISSOM

Or the obvious. Someone else was in the room.

Warrick pokes his head in.

WARRICK

I did a little checking on Phil's gambling history. Turns out he was a regular Action Jackson. He was fat, bagging big dimes left and right. I'm thinking nobody's that lucky.

SARA

I think we lost you at gambling history.

WARRICK

I'm following the money.

Grissom and Sara exchange a look as Warrick heads off.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GARDEN - MORNING

Catherine and Merrill are finishing off the examination of the deceased before taking the body away. Nick is bagging up the vase that George Nisan removed from the burial.

MERRILL JONES

(re: body)

A woman. Who do you think did it?

CATHERINE

I can't assume, because each crime, each victim is different.

MERRILL JONES

You're clearly a pro, Catherine. I bet you have your suspicions.

CATHERINE

I only assume one thing. This woman didn't deserve to have this happen to her.

NICK

Merrill, does the number 47 dash 234 mean anything to you?

Merrill, annoyed at the interruption, turns to Nick.

MERRILL JONES

Depends. What's the context?

NICK

This one.

Nick turns over the vase for Merrill to take a look. They see 47-234 written on its base.

MERRILL JONES

Interesting. This is one of ours. It's the catalog number we put on every artifact in the university's collection.

NICK

Anything been reported stolen?

MERRILL JONES

In the past 30 years, who knows?

CATHERINE

Who has access to the collection?

MERRILL JONES

Nobody except for archaeology faculty or students like Catherine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

Sounds like someone tried a little field experiment.

CATHERINE

And this woman was chosen as the subject.

Catherine looks toward the mummy, waiting for its secrets to be revealed.

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - VIDEO ROOM - DAY

On the monitor, Kaeli smiles, claps her hands together. Then presses the button to play again. As Warrick watches, he picks up his phone.

WARRICK

Yeah, Charlie. It's Warrick. ... You remember Phil Harris? ... I can't come down there. You know that.

Warrick suddenly leans forward, eyes intent on the screen.

WARRICK

Never mind. I'll call you back.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. CSI - VIDEO ROOM - LATER

Grissom and Sara watch as Warrick explains his discovery.

WARRICK

We have a chronic gambler, Phil Harris, who's short on cash. Where does a gambler go to get money?

SARA

His friends. His family. His job.

Warrick shoots her a look, wondering if that was a dig against him. She is unapologetic.

GRISSOM

The casino.

WARRICK

Right. Here he is at the blackjack table. He wins, he loses. Now watch after the pit boss and the last player leaves the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIDEO CAMERA OF THE CASINO

Phil Harris sits at an empty card table. As soon as the pit boss walks by, the dealer turns over his cards and pushes a pile of chips toward Phil.

BACK TO SCENE

SARA

So, he won.

WARRICK

That's the thing. He didn't. The surveillance system is old. Nine out of ten tapes are grainy, making it hard to ID anything.

VIDEO CAMERA OF THE CASINO

A square isolates the cards on the table.

WARRICK (V.O.)

I went back and digitized the picture so I could get a closer look at their cards.

Warrick hits a button and the square comes into focus. Phil has up a 10 and a 2. The dealer has up a 10 and a 7.

BACK TO SCENE

WARRICK

The dealer had seventeen to Phil's twelve. Every time the house won, the dealer doubled his money.

SARA

Harris was embezzling money right under the casino's nose with the help of their own dealer. How did they not know?

GRISSOM

Let's find out. We've got ourselves another crime.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING

Brass closes the door on the **DEALER** from the video as Sara and Warrick approach.

BRASS
The dealer's not talking. He insists he's good at his job.

SARA
I know. We've seen the video tape.

BRASS
Then you also know he was on the floor until his shift was over at six.

WARRICK
Hold up. This can't be the first time he was running the scam with Phil.

BRASS
Ok, prove it.

WARRICK
I've got casino security tapes going back a week.

SARA
Want company?

WARRICK
Yours, always.

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - VIDEO ROOM - MORNING

Warrick and Sara sift through a pile of video tapes.

SARA
Friday, section 14, 2:00 to 5:00am.
Section 14, 8:00 to 11:00am.
Where's 5:00 to 8:00?

WARRICK
Thursday's missing a tape, too.

SARA
Who do we call to find out who was on shift?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Warrick grabs a sign-in sheet.

WARRICK
Sign in sheet is right here.

Warrick flips through the sheet. He looks at Sara.

WARRICK
James has got some explaining to do.

CUT TO:

INT. BALDUR CANYON CASINO - SECURITY AREA - DAY

Sara and Warrick move quickly through the security door, headed toward the lockers. They push through the locker room door which appears empty.

WARRICK
James?

No answer.

WARRICK
James, man. It's Warrick. I need a little more help with the tapes.

They look around, then hear something CRASH to the floor in another room. They move to the door, open it, then stop dead as they see inside. They look away, then look again.

SARA
Somebody hit the jackpot.

THEIR POV

James looks toward them, caught in the proverbial headlights, by a table lamp that has fallen to the floor. The cause of the crash is immediately evident as Kaeli, in flagrante, is spread beneath him on the table, eyes wide. They both scramble to get up and cover themselves.

JAMES YEARLY
Hey, get out of here --

WARRICK
Get dressed.

As James is about to put on his holster, Sara intercepts it.

SARA
Nice gun. .22?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES YEARLY
It's standard issue.
(adding two and two)
I didn't kill him.

SARA
Didn't say you did.

Kaeli, more clothed than before, grabs some poker chips and tries to head for the door.

WARRICK
Hey!

Warrick blocks her path. She reaches up, touches his cheek.

KAELI
Come on, Warrick. For old time's sake?

Sara shakes her head.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Grissom and Brass sit in with James Yearly and his lawyer, **FLORENCE ADAR**. Grissom measures James' right hand.

JAMES YEARLY
I didn't see Phil last night.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kaeli, wired, slightly ill, paces while Brass interrogates her.

KAELI
James was always hanging around...
with a bankroll in his kick.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Brass grills James.

BRASS
You expect me to believe you got
twenty thousand dollars this month
from the tooth fairy?

JAMES YEARLY
I don't care what you believe.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kaeli, paces some more, anxious to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAELI

I didn't really know how they got it. I thought they were lucky... that it would rub off on me.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

JAMES YEARLY

Oh, her. She was one of Phil's girls.

(grinning)

I thought I'd help her out. After a little taste, though, don't know why he bothered.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kaeli eyes the door longingly, her breathing ragged.

KAELI

I just needed to borrow a little more money, okay? And James was willing. Can I talk to Warrick?

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

FLORENCE

I think this interview is over. You don't have any evidence that puts my client in the room with Phil Harris.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kaeli sits, pained.

KAELI

I need to stop.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

GRISSOM

(to James)

That's a nice ring.

JAMES YEARLY

So?

GRISSOM

It's an interesting shape. Unique, even.

Grissom holds the photograph of Phil's bruise to Phil's hand. It matches perfectly.

GRISSOM

But now I'm thinking it has a twin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

James confers with his attorney. She nods.

JAMES YEARLY

I hadn't seen Phil around in months. One night he shows up, says he's got a proposition for me. So I think, when this hotel gets sold, nobody's going to care what happens to me. I figured, why not?

BRASS

What about this morning?

JAMES YEARLY

At 4:15, I took a break and went up to get my cut.

INT. BALDUR CANYON CASINO - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Phil opens the door for James.

INT. PHILIP HARRIS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Phil and James play a game of cards with a pile of chips between them.

JAMES YEARLY (V.O.)

He wanted to play a few hands of cards. I needed to get back to work.

James stands up. Phil drops the cards, then in a rage, throws one of the chairs aside.

JAMES YEARLY (V.O.)

He started throwing things around the room. It wasn't like him. I thought he was going to start something, so I punched him.

James lands one square on Phil's jaw. Phil sits down on the floor, stunned.

JAMES YEARLY (V.O.)

I took my cut, told him to sleep it off, and left.

BACK TO SCENE

JAMES YEARLY

That's the last I saw of him. We needed each other. With him gone, what have I got?

FLORENCE

My client is cooperating to prove he wasn't involved in Phil's death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 GRISSOM
What he says won't prove his
innocence, the evidence will.

CUT TO:

POV BARREL OF A GUN

Pitch black. The stopper is removed, revealing a circle of light. A bright light shines down, picking up traces of dust and fibers along the length of the shaft. An eye peers through the opening.

INT. CSI - BALLISTICS LAB - MORNING

Grissom examines the barrel of the gun, when Sara enters, bearing a few bags of evidence.

 SARA
I got the references off of James
Yearly.

 GRISSOM
We're going around in circles.

 SARA
No good news?

 GRISSOM
No powder deposit in the bore.
Look inside.

 SARA
Dust is thickest from the muzzle.

 GRISSOM
This gun has not been fired in some
time.

 SARA
Two suspects with opportunity, but
no motive.

 GRISSOM
Unless they were planning to run
the scam without Phil.

Warrick moves in, carrying a stack of papers.

 WARRICK
We got something else to worry
about. Kaeli Marshall collapsed
right after questioning. And Brass
said she'd appeared wired when he
spoke to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 GRISSOM
James Yearly said that Phil had
been acting strange, aggressive.

 WARRICK
You're thinking there may be
something to it.

 SARA
I'll check on the status of that
tox screen.

Sara heads out.

 GRISSOM
Warrick. A robbery occurred over
on East Bonanza. I need you to
cover it.

 WARRICK
Something I said?

 GRISSOM
Something you didn't say. I'm
wondering why.

 WARRICK
Have you been talking to Sara?

 GRISSOM
Excuse me?

 WARRICK
I told you there wasn't a problem.

 GRISSOM
Yes, you did.

 WARRICK
You're saying you can't trust me,
that you don't believe me.

 GRISSOM
There's a problem if I can't count
on you to be a scientist.
 (handling Warrick a file)
You got a handle on this?

 WARRICK
Yeah, I'm good for it.

Grissom nods and walks off, leaving Warrick frustrated.

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - MORNING

Nick, brush in hand, brushes the dirt away from the bones laid out on the slab. Catherine sails in.

NICK
Where've you been?

CATHERINE
I drove Merrill back to his office.
You should have joined us.

NICK
I think he was more interested in
talking to his star pupil.

Catherine shoots him a look.

NICK
Coroner finished up. Blunt force
trauma to the head.

CATHERINE
Any idea what she was hit with?

NICK
No, but did you notice the girl's
right hand?

CATHERINE
It's clenched.
(realizing)
Cadaveric spasm. Her hand closed
around something the moment she
died. Impossible to fake.

NICK
Want to see what she was holding?

Catherine does. Nick wipes away some more dirt, pauses.

NICK
She was blonde, right?

CATHERINE
Yeah, why?

NICK
Her killer wasn't.

CSI SHOT

The shriveled hand.

SNAP-ZOOM IN TO a strand of hair. It's dark brown, nearly black. SEE a tweezer go in to retrieve it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

NICK

So are we going to call in the forensic pathologist to ID her?

CATHERINE

I've got a lower tech idea. What else do we know about this woman?

NICK

Blonde, female, about 5'7". Her third molar had not yet come in.

CATHERINE

Therefore she was under 21 years old.

NICK

Student.

CATHERINE

Somebody's daughter. Let's check out missing persons cases.

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - MORNING

Sara sits at the lab table with two clear red vials beside her. She pours the one labeled "PHIL HARRIS CHAMPAGNE" into a decanter on top of a hot plate. She pours it to 9 ml, making sure to leave some in the vial. She then adds 1 ml of trichloroacetic acid and turns on the heat.

TIME CUT TO:

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Sara takes the decanter and adds chloroform. It turns a satisfying color.

GRISSOM

What are you on?

SARA

Testing the champagne. What have you got?

GRISSOM

Somebody found another gun.

SARA

Where?

CUT TO:

INT. BALDUR CANYON CASINO - BAR AREA - MORNING

The flashing lights and whirs of slot machines beckon from the casino floor. Grissom kneels by a trashcan featuring the recently discovered gun. A **GAMBLER** and a **UNIFORM** stand by.

GRISSOM

(to Uniform)

See if you can find me a cardboard box to transport this.

(to Gambler)

Did you find this weapon?

GAMBLER

I dropped a ten dollar chip in there by accident. I went to look for it, and guess what I found instead.

GRISSOM

Have you removed anything from this trashcan?

GAMBLER

Not for lack of trying.

Grissom delicately examines the gun. He pulls out tweezers and removes two fibers that appear to be stuck in the trigger. He pulls them out.

GAMBLER

Can I get my chip back?

Grissom places the fibers in an evidence bag.

GRISSOM

Sorry, it's evidence.

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - BREAK ROOM

Nick is getting a cup of coffee when Sara comes in. She takes a drug manual from the table.

SARA

You seen Grissom?

NICK

Nope. You got a drug case?

SARA

Possible drug-assisted homicide. What are you on?

NICK

Homicide. Mummified dead body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA
A mummy? Sweet.

NICK
You want to see her?

SARA
(beat)
No. I'm not on the case.

NICK
You're maturing.

Sara shoots him a sour look and heads out. Catherine enters.

CATHERINE
We nailed it. Sharon Weber, dob
1959, first year student at UNLV
reported missing October 1974. Her
dental records match.

Catherine hands Nick a report with a photo of a smiling Sharon with blonde hair.

NICK
Fits the profile. Classified a
runaway. This case was closed
before it even started.

CATHERINE
We're going to reopen it.
Detectives indicated she had a
boyfriend.

NICK
You think he'll remember something
new after thirty years?

CATHERINE
It's going to feel a lot closer
when we talk to him. We've got
something the police didn't:
evidence.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY WIDOWSKI'S HOME - MORNING

Catherine and Nick speak with **JEREMY WIDOWSKI**, 47, relaxed and comfortable in his home.

JEREMY WIDOWSKI
Sharon's grades were failing; she'd
been depressed. I guess no one was
surprised when she took off. Did
she do something? Is that why
you're here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

No, we found her.

JEREMY WIDOWSKI

You found Sharon? Where is she?

(off their looks)

Oh. You found her. God.

NICK

We're going to need a sample of your hair.

JEREMY WIDOWSKI

What does that mean?

CATHERINE

It means we want to eliminate you as a suspect.

JEREMY WIDOWSKI

Fine. If that helps.

As Catherine pulls a sample of Jeremy's hair, places it on a small plastic sheet...

CATHERINE

Have you ever studied archaeology?

JEREMY WIDOWSKI

No, Sharon did. She didn't much like her archaeology class.

NICK

Why's that?

JEREMY WIDOWSKI

Sharon was a bit of a drama queen. She kept telling me about her archaeology TA, that he wouldn't leave her alone, that he called her constantly.

CATHERINE

But you didn't believe her.

JEREMY WIDOWSKI

I saw him around. He never so much as looked at her. But she was freaking out, said she was going to drop the class.

NICK

Did she?

JEREMY WIDOWSKI

(shrugs)

She disappeared.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY WIDOWSKI (cont'd)

(beat)

Oh my God. It was him, wasn't it?
All this time, I thought she wasn't
willing to listen to reality. But
it was me. I wasn't listening.

CATHERINE

It's not too late. You can help
her now. What was this man's name?

JEREMY WIDOWSKI

I don't remember. Merle something?

Catherine and Nick exchange a look.

CATHERINE

Merrill Jones?

JEREMY WIDOWSKI

Yeah, how did you know?

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - HALLWAY - DAY

Warrick walks down the hall, then slows to a stop. At the
entrance, he sees **CHARLIE**, a man in his 30s who looks like he
never worked a day in his life. He is chatting up the
RECEPTIONIST.

CHARLIE

(to Receptionist)

Never mind. I found him.

(to Warrick)

Warrick!

WARRICK

Charlie, what are you doing here?

CHARLIE

You said you couldn't come down. I
always like to help out an old
friend.

Warrick looks around, notices some people are looking at
them.

CHARLIE

Why'd you call me?

WARRICK

I wanted to know about Phil Harris,
what he was into.

CHARLIE

Hadn't booked him any spreads in
awhile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARRICK

Then you need to go.

CHARLIE

Hey, I wasn't finished. I hadn't seen him, till he came back, first a little bit, then a lot. Just like old times. He told me he had of a kid. Needed the money, so he could get custody. Always chasing a dream.

Something clicks for Warrick. He heads back down the hall.

WARRICK

Thanks.

CHARLIE

Hey, is that really why you called?

WARRICK

Yeah, it is.

CHARLIE

If you say so. It's kind of funny, though. After all this time, you still remember my number.

Warrick digests that revelation as Charlie turns to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - DNA LAB - DAY

Sara is waiting by the GCMS, Greg hovering near her, as Grissom, with a paper in hand, walks in to take a print-out.

GRISSOM

Any of our suspects cop to the clean-up job?

SARA

Why?

GRISSOM

Hold this.

Sara looks at a trace analysis graph, confused.

SARA

This is the trace analysis of the chemicals used on Phil's carpet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRISSOM

It is. And this is the analysis of the fibers found on the gun.

Grissom puts the second print-out over it. They match perfectly.

SARA

It's the same cleaner.

GRISSOM

Whoever cleaned up after Phil also pulled the trigger.

SARA

And now we may know what caused the need.

Sara turns to Greg, who scurries to explain.

GREG SANDERS

Well, I'm not sure. He had very little alcohol in his system. Sixteen nanograms per liter. But he had 100 micrograms per liter of Gamma-hydroxybutyrate.

GRISSOM

GHB? The date-rape drug?

GREG SANDERS

Not necessarily. GHB is a common by-product of decomposition. So normally I'd have to test something else.

SARA

So I ran the champagne.

GREG SANDERS

Oh, did you clean it out before you used it? Because I'll be happy to clean it out for you afterwards.

Greg Sanders lingers, hoping to be of service.

SARA

Whatever works for you.

GREG SANDERS

Oh, okay.

Greg slinks off. Grissom gives Sara a look, wondering what that was about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

He gets territorial with his equipment.

BING! The spectrometer has completed its rounds. Sara opens it up and retrieves two vials. Grissom takes the printout from the computer.

GRISSOM

Odd.

SARA

No GHB?

GRISSOM

Sample one had 300 micrograms per Liter. The second one had none. Did you put in a control?

SARA

No, I didn't. One was the champagne from Phil Harris' glass. The second came from the glass with the lipstick.

GRISSOM

Kaeli Marshall.

SARA

Looks like Kaeli gave Phil a night to forget.

GRISSOM

"The wheel is come full circle."

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - NEXT NIGHT

The gun is suspended by string inside a cardboard box. Beside it, several wads of paper trash rest. Grissom looks through a microscope. Sara enters.

SARA
(re: napkins)
Did you spill something?

GRISSOM
No. I'm trying to match the fibers on the gun.

SARA
So how soon is Brass going to move on Kaeli?

GRISSOM
He's not.

SARA
What, drugs and money are not good enough motive?

GRISSOM
If Kaeli pulled the trigger, why did she drug him first?

SARA
Maybe he woke up and didn't like the fact that he was five grand poorer.

BRASS (O.C.)
Or maybe he didn't like the fact that she was pregnant.

Brass walks in.

BRASS
Hospital just released Kaeli Marshall. She suffered a miscarriage. Apparently, Phil was in the family way.

GRISSOM
Who says Phil was?

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NEXT DAY

Kaeli, pale, sits while Brass, Grissom, and Sara interrogate her.

KAELI

Phil was thrilled that I got pregnant. I... was happy he kept loaning me money.

SARA

So happy that you knocked him out?

KAELI

Knocked him out? He'd had a lot to drink.

GRISSOM

Actually, he hadn't. Tox screen shows he had .01 micrograms per liter in his blood.

SARA

He was good enough to drive. If we went on blood alcohol level alone.

GRISSOM

All his symptoms are consistent with a medium dose of GHB. It's odorless, colorless, and will dissolve in anything, including champagne.

KAELI

I don't know anything about that.

GRISSOM

I think you do. Because the GHB we found in his system came from the champagne in his glass. Your glass didn't have any.

Kaeli, boxed in a corner, let's it all come out.

KAELI

I didn't do it all the time.

INT. PHILIP HARRIS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Philip, glass in hand, hands Kaeli her own glass. He smiles, then puts down his drink, reaches around for something. She takes the opportunity to drop something in his drink, mix it around a bit. He comes back with the plush bunny, hands it to her, and kisses her. She pulls back and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAELI (V.O.)
Last night, when I came back, he
was already asleep. I took the
money and left.

BACK TO SCENE

GRISSOM
Did you notice he had gotten sick?

KAELI
(confused)
He wasn't sick; he was asleep. I
wouldn't kill him. Ask James.
Phil didn't mind that I played with
his money.

SARA
How about you playing with his
emotions?

KAELI
What are you talking about?

GRISSOM
We did antigen test on your fetus.
(off her blank look)
A paternity test.

KAELI
You can't do that...

BRASS
Under twenty weeks we can. Phil
wasn't the father. So we figure
that wasn't the first time you and
James had a little friendly run-in.

Her silence is confirmation.

BRASS
So when Phil found out, he told you
the gravy train was heading out
without you.

KAELI
He never knew.

BRASS
Phil found out about you two, and
one of you had to protect your
interests. The first one who
speaks up, gets the deal.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRASS (cont'd)

Either way, you're going to be staying in Vegas just a little longer than you anticipated, Miss Marshall.

Kaeli sees the walls closing in as, on the other side of the mirror, Warrick watches her. He moves off.

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Warrick is getting some coffee when Sara and Grissom meet.

GRISSOM

It's over. James Yearly took a deal and has agreed to testify against Kaeli Marshall. Brass says the DA is filing murder charges against Kaeli in an hour.

SARA

But CSI hasn't signed off on the case yet.

GRISSOM

We better hurry.

WARRICK

A contact of mine says Phil was trying to get custody of a child. There's another kid out there.

SARA

Who was your contact?

Warrick ducks the question, confirming Sara's suspicions.

WARRICK

Might want to have someone check into it, is all I'm saying.

GRISSOM

How's that robbery going?

WARRICK

I know what I need to do.

Warrick moves off as Grissom and Sara share a concerned look.

INT. BALDUR CANYON CASINO - MORNING

CLOSE ON A SLOT MACHINE

Spinning its magic. Three bars show up, and the machine dings in appreciation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON A SPORTS BETTING CHART

As the scores are posted.

ANGLE ON WARRICK

Taking it all in -- the lights, the sounds. It's been awhile.

Warrick spots a stray chip on the ground by a slot machine. He picks it up.

SARA (O.C.)

Find any evidence on that slot machine?

Warrick turns to face Sara.

WARRICK

Found out it's a no brains, low return game. You come down to scope out the crime or me?

SARA

I was hoping I wouldn't find you, since Grissom nearly had to fire you the last time you came anywhere near here on your own.

WARRICK

The gun in the casino bar makes it a crime scene.

SARA

My crime scene. Not yours.

WARRICK

Killer dumped the gun in one can, who's to say there isn't more evidence in another?

SARA

You want to check every trash can in the casino? You could be here for hours.

WARRICK

You know, I'm used to it.

SARA

You can't do this.
(off Warrick's look)
You're going to need some help. It's a big room, and if you find something, I can't let you have all the glory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Warrick smiles as he realizes he has an ally.

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - CORRIDOR - DAY

Catherine encounters Nick on the move.

NICK

No match on Mr. Widowski's hair samples. He's clean.

CATHERINE

I checked out university records. Merrill was a graduate student at UNLV from '73 to '78.

NICK

He buried her right on campus.

CATHERINE

The only way she'd never leave him.

NICK

Why do you think he helped us out?

CATHERINE

Because he knows we can't get him. This guy's good. I doubt he's going to pony up his DNA just because we ask nicely.

NICK

We start smaller. We'll ask for a hair sample.

CATHERINE

Better yet. We don't ask at all.

NICK

What are you talking about?

CATHERINE

I gave him a ride this morning.

INT. CSI - GARAGE - MORNING

Catherine searches with a flashlight along the passenger side of her Tahoe. Something catches her eye.

NICK

Find something?

CSI SHOT

SNAP_ZOOM INTO the seat, where a grey hair is resting. Tweezers reach for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOOM OUT to see Catherine bagging the fiber, Nick next to her.

CATHERINE
Never thought I'd be searching for
evidence in my own car.

NICK
Let's hope this is all we need.

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY

Bags and bags of trash line the tables. Sara is sorting, Warrick at a microscope, as Grissom enters.

GRISSOM
The trashman cometh.

SARA
The trashman came and brought us a
mess. Warrick and I found several
possibles from the casino floor.

GRISSOM
Warrick?

SARA
I needed some help, so I pulled him
from the robbery.

GRISSOM
(knowing what's going on)
Uh huh.

SARA
So, what are we looking for?

GRISSOM
The fibers I found on the gun were
actually from a generic paper
towel. Sold throughout the country
and available in every hotel room.

SARA
That describes everything here.

WARRICK
But not everything has gun shot
residue.

Warrick moves back, indicates that Grissom should take a look. Grissom sits down to examine the towel and his fiber.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV MICROSCOPE

On the left, one of the fibers from the gun, on the right, the paper towel. Grissom pushes them together. Not only does the shredded fiber fit neatly into the torn paper towel, the stain pattern matches perfectly.

BACK TO SCENE

Grissom looks up, smiles.

SARA

You've got a positive association?

GRISSOM

And then some.

Grissom offers the microscope to Warrick.

WARRICK'S POV DOWN THE MICROSCOPE

The dark, gun powder stain on the napkin is in sharp focus. Including a fingerprint, outlined in black.

GRISSOM

Your gamble paid off.

INT. CSI - PRINT LAB - DAY

Sara and Warrick enter to find Mandy Webster at her computer.

WARRICK

(to Mandy)

The print from the Harris case ready yet? Brass is waiting.

MANDY WEBSTER

Patience.

SARA

We get Kaeli's prints on here; we're ready to go home.

WARRICK

They're not going to be on there.

SARA

You believe her.

WARRICK

I believe the evidence.

MANDY WEBSTER

Here we go.

Mandy hands the printout to Warrick. He takes it in, smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA
Kaeli Marshall?

WARRICK
Unknown.

SARA
If neither Kaeli nor James pulled
the trigger, who did clean up after
James?

WARRICK
Someone whose job it is.

Warrick takes off, pleased. Mandy looks at Sara quizzically.

MANDY WEBSTER
Isn't he supposed to be upset now?

SARA
If it's any consolation, I'm upset.

CUT TO:

INT. UNLV CAMPUS - JONES OFFICE - MORNING

Catherine, Nick, and Det. O'Riley are in Dr. Jones office.

MERRILL JONES
You must be joking. You have a
warrant for my DNA?

CATHERINE
I searched my Tahoe after I dropped
you off this morning.

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. STEREO MICROSCOPE POV - EARLIER THIS SHIFT

Hairs on each side. One white, one black, but both sharing
consistent markings.

CATHERINE (V.O.)
Your hair was consistent with a
hair we found in Sharon's hand.

BACK TO SCENE

MERRILL JONES
That's easy. It must have fallen
in when I helped you. I never knew
Sharon.

NICK
Jeremy Widowski thinks you did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRILL JONES

He was her boyfriend. Of course
he'd think that.

CATHERINE

Suddenly the memories are just
flooding back.

Merrill realizes he revealed too much.

NICK

You were harassing Sharon. She
decides to drop your class.

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. UNLV CAMPUS - JONES OFFICE - DAY (RE-ENACTMENT)

POV MERRILL

Merrill leads Sharon Weber into the office. She looks
scared, but hands him a drop slip. He reads it, shocked.

CATHERINE (V.O.)

She broke the news. Maybe you saw
it as a betrayal.

Merrill grabs her shoulders, shakes her. She fights him,
until Merrill slams her against a book case. She slumps to
the ground.

WHITE FLASH TO:

CLOSE ON SHARON'S HAND

As it falls to the floor, clamped around a strand of hair.

BACK TO SCENE

CATHERINE

But Sharon did manage to grasp the
one bit of evidence that could
convict you. And she's hung on to
it for 28 years.

MERRILL JONES

I don't believe this. I'm a
respected professor. I have taught
archaeology here for twenty years.

NICK

Then you should know that what's
buried tends to come back to haunt
you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off of Nick and Catherine's victory smiles...

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - GRISSOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Grissom is at his desk, writing, when Warrick comes in carrying a folder.

WARRICK

Hold up, we have ourselves a new suspect.

BRASS

DA already filed against Kaeli Marshall.

WARRICK

The prints came back unknown.

GRISSOM

So you took another look at the you went back to the cleaning solution.

WARRICK

You knew I was coming.

GRISSOM

Could I have stopped you?

WARRICK

Turns out Phil did call down to room service, but he was transferred to housekeeping to request service. Now all we need to do is find out who was on shift -

Grissom hands him a folder.

GRISSOM

We already know.

Warrick opens to a photo of Julia, the female employee.

GRISSOM

She was at the crime scene.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Julia drinks from a coffee cup as she talks to Brass with Warrick and Grissom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA

I have a sick baby at home. I don't have time to stay here.

BRASS

We know your son is Phil's baby.

JULIA

Who's Phil?

BRASS

The man you shot, the man who fell down a flight of steps trying to get to you.

JULIA

You're nuts, you know that?

BRASS

Phil told you all about the money he was making. He was going to use it to get custody as soon as he proved paternity. You had to prevent it.

JULIA

Nobody has ever filed for custody of Bobby, okay?

BRASS

"Bobby."

Julia realizes she's made a mistake, decides to clam up.

WARRICK

You were called in to clean his room, of all things.

INT. PHILIP HARRIS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Julia is scrubbing the floor when Phil rolls over in her bed. She recognizes him, then her eyes stray to one of Phil's jackets, where a gun peeks out.

WARRICK (V.O.)

It wasn't till after you cleaned the rug that you realized now was your chance.

BACK TO SCENE

JULIA

Yeah, I cleaned a guy's room, but I didn't know it was him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARRICK

Oh, you covered your tracks well.
You got in and out without leaving
a shred of evidence.

INT. BALDUR CANYON CASINO - BAR AREA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Julia, invisible in her work clothes, surreptitiously wipes
off the gun. She drops it in the trash.

WARRICK (V.O.)

You got back to the casino,
cleaned, then dumped the gun.

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. BALDUR CANYON CASINO - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Julia tosses the paper towel into a trashbin.

WARRICK (V.O.)

And threw out the towel.

BACK TO SCENE

JULIA

It's impossible for you to prove
that.

GRISSOM

Science turns the impossible to the
probable. That towel had a
fingerprint, stained in gunpowder
residue, much like the fingerprint
on that cup you're holding.

Julia suddenly looks at the cup like a friend who has just
betrayed her.

GRISSOM

Which will link your hand to the
towel that wiped the gun that shot
Phil Harris.

Julia weighs her options, knowing she's sunk.

JULIA

What's going to happen to Bobby and
me?

GRISSOM

Depends on what you say now.

JULIA

Phil didn't care about Bobby. Not
a bit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA (cont'd)

He left so he could go back to the game. That's what it all was to him, you know. Just another game.

GRISSOM

A game where everyone loses.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Kaeli is being let out on bail. She's wired. She's checking the pay phones for loose change when Warrick comes over.

KAELI

They didn't give me any of my goddamn money back, can you believe it? If you've got some cash, we could go in for an over/under. You up for it?

WARRICK

I don't think that's a good idea.

KAELI

Right. You quit.

She checks another pay phone, but Warrick catches her hand.

WARRICK

How about you?

KAELI

I will. I will. Just as soon as I can cash out, you know.

Warrick hands Kaeli the plush bunny.

WARRICK

Just a tip... don't think about what you might win.

Warrick moves off, leaving Kaeli to gaze at the bunny, her loss finally hitting her. Grissom comes up to Warrick.

WARRICK

Here it comes.

GRISSOM

Trash investigation might not have panned out.

WARRICK

But it did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRISSOM

As a scientist, I say good job. As head of the unit, next time, there won't be a next time.

Warrick nods.

GRISSOM

You were lucky that Kaeli wasn't responsible.

WARRICK

No, I wasn't. The evidence didn't make sense. A gambler with five grand in hand doesn't stop to cover his tracks. He doesn't stop to think about anything except laying the next bet.

GRISSOM

All that was a thousand years ago, right?

WARRICK

Sometimes a thousand years is a lot closer than you'd think.

Warrick heads out the door, leaving Grissom behind.

FADE OUT.

THE END