

("BRENNAN")

~~Previously:~~ "Bones"

Pilot

written by
Hart Hanson

JOSEPHSON ENTERTAINMENT

(2005)
(No DRAFT DATE)

'BONES'

TEASER:

1 INT. DULLES AIRPORT / ARRIVALS -- DAY

1

ANGELA MONTENEGRO -- early thirties, sexy, bohemian, bawdy, fun, late to pick up a friend -- elbows her way through an indifferent CROWD to eyeball the arrivals board, which is malfunctioning: FLICKERING and going BLACK-

ANGELA

This board is broken. The arrivals board is not working. How do I--?

(into the crowd)

Did anyone meet the flight from Guatemala?

(to passing official)

Aviateca Airlines? What gate?

But the person moves on. Angela crosses to an information desk where the clerk is CLICKING at a computer terminal -

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Excuse me, you have a computer glitch at the arrivals board--

The clerk holds up his hand, rudely shutting Angela down. Angela is frustrated and regards her watch -- then lifts her top to reveal her breasts to the clerk. He stops typing and gawks -

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Yeah, hi. I need to know if the flight from Guatemala has landed?

The clerk is rescued from further confusion by the arrival of DR. TEMPERANCE BRENNAN. Brennan is near thirty, beautiful even after flying from Guatemala for twenty hours, brilliant, a sort of female Indiana Jones in khaki. She carries a battered canvas field bag -

BRENNAN

Tell me you tried "Excuse me" first.

ANGELA

Sweetie! Yes, I did. Welcome home!

Angela recovers her breasts and embraces Brennan -

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Are you exhausted? Was Guatemala awful? Was it horribly backward?

BRENNAN

And yet, I was never reduced to
flashing my boobs for information.

As they move off through the concourse, they are shadowed by
a large, African-American man in a good suit. Brennan and
Angela are oblivious -

ANGELA

Flash 'em for any other reasons?

Brennan produces a photograph of a mass grave -

BRENNAN

I was literally neck deep in a
mass grave. Not romantic.

ANGELA

So, that thing where, in the midst
of death, people take solace in
the life-affirming act of making
love...?

BRENNAN

Didn't really kick in for me.

Brennan is starting to become aware of their escort -

ANGELA

Diving head first into a pit of
cadavers is no way to handle a
messy break-up.

BRENNAN

What messy? Nothing Pete and I
ever did was messy.

ANGELA

Sweetie, if nothing you two ever
did was messy, you weren't doing
the right things.

Brennan abruptly turns and heads towards the large African-
American man shadowing him. Brennan is completely undeterred
by his massive size and fierce mien -

BRENNAN

Sir, why are you following us?

The man seizes Brennan's arm. To his surprise she grabs his
thumb, forces his arm behind him, and kicks him behind the
knees so that he goes down like a sequoia -

ANGELA

(calling out)
Help! Security! We need Security
here! Attack! Help!

Suddenly, they are surrounded by Security. One UNIFORMED
SECURITY AGENT trains his gun on Brennan -

UNIFORMED SECURITY AGENT

Let him go and step back.

BRENNAN

He attacked me!

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN

I'm Homeland Security.

Brennan releases the Homeland Security Agent -

ANGELA

Little misunderstanding here...

BRENNAN

(to Uniformed Agent)
You can put away your gun.

He starts to do so. Homeland Security regains his feet and
straightens his clothing -

HOMELAND SECURITY

Who's in charge? Is she in charge?
(to Brennan)
I'm gonna have to ask you to hand
over the bag.

BRENNAN

Oh, for God's sakes! Is that what
this is about?

She hands him the bag. He looks inside. A human skull grins
back at him -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Boo!

Startled, he drops the bag and a swarm of agents take down
Angela and Brennan as though they are drug lords.

CUT TO:

2 INT. AIRPORT SECURITY ROOM -- DAY

2

Brennan sits at a table facing Dulles Airport Security, Homeland Security, and Virginia State Police.

Her luggage is being taken apart by Customs. On the table in front of her is the skull. Homeland Security is in charge -

HOMELAND SECURITY

Most people, in this situation, what they do is they sweat it.

BRENNAN

Oh, please. I've been with the UN in Guatemala for two months, identifying victims of genocide. You are not scary.

HOMELAND SECURITY

You know who doesn't sweat it?

CUSTOMS

Sociopaths.

FBI SPECIAL AGENT SEELEY BOOTH enters the room. Booth is in his mid thirties, handsome, watchful, wry and obviously amused -

BRENNAN

I'm not a sociopath. I'm an anthropologist.

(pointing)

I've got credentials from DC Police, the FBI, the NTSB, FEMA, Naval Intelligence... make some calls, check me out.

HOMELAND SECURITY

These are human remains, ma'am. You are illegally transporting human remains. Not to mention you assaulted a Homeland Security Agent.

BRENNAN

I'm sorry I embarrassed you in front of your friends but you should have identified yourself before grabbing me.

(to Booth)

Step in any time.

Booth holds up his ID -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
FBI Special Agent Seeley Booth,
Homicide Investigations Unit. I
can vouch for Dr Brennan. When
victims' remains are too badly
burned or decomposed for a regular
pathologist, we bring in Bones to
make an identification.

BRENNAN
Don't call me Bones. And I do a
lot more than identify.

Booth produces Brennan's novel -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
She also writes books.

BRENNAN
That's not what I mean.

Booth displays the author photo: it's Brennan, all right -

HOMELAND SECURITY
You wrote that? I love that book.

Booth has sprung Brennan.

CUT TO:

3 INT. BOOTH'S VEHICLE / TRAVELING -- DAY 3

Booth drives; a grumpy Brennan rides shotgun -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
A *decomposed* corpse was found this
morning at Arlington National
Cemetery and--

BRENNAN
Arlington National Cemetery is
full of decomposed corpses. It
literally goes with the territory.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
This one isn't in a casket.

BRENNAN
Pull over.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
Lady, you are number-three-with-a-
bullet on my life's-too-short list.

BRENNAN

I don't know what that means.

He sighs and pulls over. Brennan exits the car and heads down the street. Booth follows.

4 EXT. WASHINGTON DC STREET -- CONTINUOUS

4

Brennan walks briskly. Booth trots up behind her, extending a letter she barely glances at -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Goodman gave you to me.

BRENNAN

Doctor Goodman is my boss, not a slave owner. I told him I would not work with you again.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Just get back in the car, we'll swing by Arlington, you tell me if I got historical museum-type bones or homicide-victim-type bones, then I'll drive you home.

BRENNAN

I find you very condescending.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

I'm condescending? Who has to mention that she's the one with a doctorate every five minutes?

BRENNAN

I am the one with a doctorate.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Yeah, but I'm the one with the badge and gun.

BRENNAN

See? Condescending.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Is this because of our sex thing?

BRENNAN

We don't have a sex thing.

Booth holds up her novel accusingly -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Andy and Kathy holed up in the motel. I don't recall signing any release, by the way.

BRENNAN

I am not Dr. Kathy Reichs and you are not Agent Andy Lister. Those are fictitious characters.

(then)

The skeleton is the underlying architecture of a human being. Everything is written there: not only who they were but how they died and who killed them. Yet you refuse to let me do any more than identify the remains. That's why I refuse to work with you.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

You're not the only forensic anthropologist in town.

BRENNAN

Yes, I am. The next closest is in Montreal. *Parlez-vous Francais?*

She's got him and he knows it -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

What if I learned my lesson last time? What if I let you in on the entire investigation?

BRENNAN

Beginning to end?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Whaddaya want? Me to spit in my hand? We're Scully and Mulder, I promise.

BRENNAN

I don't know what that means.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

It means you win.

She extends her hand to seal the agreement. They shake and Brennan heads back toward Booth's vehicle -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH (CONT'D)

(off the book)
Agent Andy has a lot of my
mannerisms. People noticed.

BRENNAN

He's not you.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Why can't you just admit it?

CUT TO:

5 EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY -- DAY

5

Brennan and Booth approach a pond and the standard milling
authorities of a crime scene. One figure hurries toward
them: Brennan's assistant, ZACK ADDY, very early twenties,
boy-wonder, rumped, cute-but-obnoxious behind his IQ -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Routine fountain maintenance, they
drop the level of the pond a few
feet, one of the workmen thought
he saw something on the bottom.

ZACK

This Crocodile Hunter look works
for you. Very action-oriented.

BRENNAN

Agent Booth, you remember my
assistant, Zack Addy?

They remember each other, they don't like each other, they
barely nod, much less shake hands. Booth steers Brennan
into a small pedal boat -

ZACK

How was Guatemala? Dig up lots of
butchered women and children?
Learn a little something about
machete strikes?

BRENNAN

That's an understatement.

Booth pushes off, stranding Zack on the shore -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

No sense of the proprieties, that
kid. Typical squint.

BRENNAN

Typical what?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Real cops get stuck, we bring in
people like you. Squints...
(squinting exaggeratedly)
... to squint at things.

BRENNAN

Oh, you mean people with very high
IQ's and basic reasoning skills.

Booth hands Brennan a video screen then lowers a camera into
the water. Brennan can see nothing but murk and muck -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

What, exactly, am I supposed to be
squinting at?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

It's like pornography. You'll
know it when you see it.

ON THE VIDEO SCREEN -- A SKELETAL FORM -

appears, splayed on the bottom of the pond, the skull
shattered, spooky, even to Brennan. She squints -

BRENNAN

Yeah, okay. This is a crime scene.

END OF TEASER:

ACT 1

6 EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY / POND -- NIGHT

6

KLIEG LIGHTS illuminate the newly-drained pond. A few uniformed cops, military types, and Booth stand on the shore as Brennan and Zack, now in white tyvek suits, work in the muck surrounding the remains. Zack takes pictures using film, Polaroid, video, and digital cameras -

BRENNAN

The remains are wrapped in four mil flat poly construction sheeting.

ZACK

PVC coated chicken wire...

BRENNAN

Weighted. That's why the body didn't surface during decomposition.

Booth approaches on the slippery mud. Zack enjoys anything which detracts from Booth's natural cool -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

What can you tell me?

BRENNAN

Not much. This is a young woman, between say, eighteen and twenty-two, approximately five foot three, race unknown, pretty.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

(sarcastically)
That's all?

BRENNAN

Tennis player or competitive swimmer.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

How do you get a pretty tennis player outta that yuck?

ZACK

Epiphysis fusion gives age. The innominate bone shape gives gender.

BRENNAN

Bursitis in the shoulder...someone this young, it's gotta be an

(MORE)

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
athletic injury, most likely tennis
or swimming. See? Here? Her jaw
was broken to correct an overbite.

Booth reacts slightly to that news. Brennan notices -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
What?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
When did she die?

BRENNAN
(noncommittally)
Ehh...

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
Oh, God, not that "Ehh" thing again.
What's it even mean?

ZACK
Linguistically, "Ehh" is an
interjectory lexeme in which
denotation is secondary to
connotation.

BRENNAN
My guess: three to five years but
our bug and slime guy will be more
precise. No clothing.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
In my line of work, a naked corpse
usually means a sex crime.

BRENNAN
In my line of work, it can mean
the victim favored natural fibers.

ZACK
Your suit, for example, could
outlast your bones by decades.

Brennan finds a small, sodden mass clasped in one of the
skeletal hands -

BRENNAN
(to Zack)
Collect silt in a three meter radius
to a depth of ten centimeters.
(MORE)

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

(to Booth)

Your FBI forensics team can have
the plastic and the chicken wire,
we'll take the rest.

Brennan stretches and yawns as the sun comes up.

CUT TO:

7 INT. SMITHSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB -- DAY

7

Well-funded, well-equipped, this place is a marvel of modern science surrounded by stone and ivy. Brennan is being followed through the corridors by her titular boss, Lab Director DR. DANIEL GOODMAN, fortyish, enthusiastic, gregarious, political, and savvy. Zack brings up the rear -

BRENNAN

You can't just sign me over to the
FBI. I'm not a piece of property.

DR. DANIEL GOODMAN

Of course I'm aware you're not a
piece of property. You're one of
the most valuable assets in this
institution.

ZACK

An asset is by definition property.

DR. DANIEL GOODMAN

(irritated)
Go polish a bone, Mr. Addy.

Zack hurries ahead into Brennan's lab -

DR. DANIEL GOODMAN (CONT'D)

The Smithsonian is federally funded.
Traditionally, when other federal
agencies request our help, we
comply. But if you want off the
case...

BRENNAN

Well, I'm invested now, Daniel!
Just ask me next time is all.

DR. DANIEL GOODMAN

Understood. Absolutely. I promise.

BRENNAN

Good ... that way we can be Sully
and Murder.

DR. DANIEL GOODMAN

What?

BRENNAN

I may not have said that correctly.

CUT TO:

8 INT. BRENNAN'S LAB -- DAY

8

Brennan regards the mortal remains of the Arlington Cemetery victim on a stainless steel table. There are still vestiges of waxy skin and a kind of horrible soup where the organs used to be. Also present are Angela (holding her nose), Zack, and DR. JACK HODGINS, the "bug guy", a lusty academic wonk who wears shorts-socks-and-sandals in all weather -

DR. JACK HODGINS

The pond is not only warm and teeming with microbes which accelerated decomposition, but it houses black carp and koi, which fed on the body.

ANGELA

Can I -- as the only normal person in this room -- say, "Ew!"

DR. JACK HODGINS

At first glance, I get three larval stages of *Plecoptera*. Also, *Gyrinidae*, *Chironimidae*--

BRENNAN

--as we cut to the chase--

DR. JACK HODGINS

I make it one complete winter and two complete summers.

BRENNAN

Spring before last?

DR. JACK HODGINS

Do you really think I'm lusty?

ANGELA

(explaining to Brennan)
The book.

BRENNAN

(to Hodgins)
You are not in the book.

ZACK

Sure he is. We all are.

BRENNAN

None of you are in the book. Those are fictitious characters based on--

DR. JACK HODGINS

Regarding the tiny bone fragments...

BRENNAN

What tiny bone fragments?

ANGELA

We're out of the book and back in real life.

DR. JACK HODGINS

I found some small bone fragments in the silt. I'm guessing *Rana temporaria* but bones are your area.

BRENNAN

Frog bones?

DR. JACK HODGINS

Also, some tiny gold links, as from a fine chain. It's not that I have an eye for younger women it's that they have an eye for me.

ZACK

Point of clarification: I'm not a virgin. Nowhere near, in fact.

ANGELA

You know who you nailed? Booth. There is something about that button down, taciturn watchfulness combined with the mischief in his eyes that suggests a great deal of sexual confidence -- which I, for one, would like to tap.

ZACK

It's not right to discuss tapping asses in front of the soaker.

BRENNAN

Okay, I can't bounce back and forth between my book and real life, all right? Since we're stuck with real life, let's forget the book.

DR. JACK HODGINS

I haven't analyzed whatever it was the victim was holding in her hand. Looks like cellulose.

ANGELA

Paper?

DR. JACK HODGINS

Ehh.

BRENNAN

I found microscopic grit embedded in the skull fragments. I need you to identify those, too.

(off remains, to Zack)

Remove the remaining tissue. I'll debride the skull fragments myself, reassemble it so that Angela can put a face on our victim.

ANGELA

Good. I prefer holographs. They don't stink.

And they split, Zack wheeling the gurney away -

BRENNAN

Zack? I don't like those terms for human remains: soaker, crispy critter...

ZACK

I know, Dr. Brennan.

And he's gone. Brennan turns back toward the remains.

BEGIN MUSICAL MONTAGE: ("Scientist" by the Dandy Warhols?)

-- Brennan carefully removes the remaining tissue from the fragments of skull using surgical implements...

-- Zack dumps the rest of the skeleton into a gigantic boiling cauldron...

-- Angela uploads digitized information into her computer starting with all Zack's photographs and videos...

-- Hodgins regards pupal remains in a microscope, slowly drawing a chart of insect activity...

-- Zack digs his way through a pile of FBI files, all describing a missing woman vaguely matching Brennan's description...

-- Brennan regards the skull fragments in front of her, a complicated three-dimensional puzzle...

-- Angela regards, on screen, a representation of the crime scene, graphing it in three dimensions, including what bug parts were found where, where the links from the chain were found and where the bird bones were found...

-- Dr. Daniel Goodman is the first to go home...

-- Hodgins locks up his lab door, on his way home...

-- Zack wipes down the skeletal bones. They are clean and free of flesh...

-- Brennan finds the first two pieces that fit together and glues them together with Elmer's glue. It's a beginning...

-- Angela runs her program. For a moment, in front of her, there is a three dimensional holographic projection of the bones at the bottom of the pond. She can actually walk into the projection and regard the remains...

-- Zack has finished laying the bones out in anatomical order: it is a full skeleton without a head. He heads home...

-- Angela turns off her machines and leaves...

-- Slowly, painfully, now alone in the building, Brennan works through the night to put together the victim's skull...

-- The sun comes up. Brennan finally leaves. On her worktable is the completed skull, tissue-markers in place, watching her go.

END MUSICAL MONTAGE

CUT TO:

9 INT. BRENNAN'S CO-OP / BRENNAN'S BEDROOM -- DAY

9

Brennan, still in the clothes she was wearing on the plane, sleeps atop her bedspread. She never even managed to get out of her clothes before she passed out.

There's a NOISE from the other room. Another. A CRASH and Brennan wakes up.

She takes a baseball bat from beneath her bed and heads out.

10 INT. BRENNAN'S CO-OP / CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS 10

Brennan inches her way toward the NOISE in her living room. Abruptly, a FIGURE appears before her, carrying the television. Startled, Brennan WHACKS the television with her baseball bat then KICKS the Figure, Krav Maga style, in the solar plexus ... which is when she sees that it is a blandly handsome young man. This is PETER ST. JAMES, her ex-boyfriend -

BRENNAN

Peter?

He looks at her from the floor, unable to breathe.

11 INT. BRENNAN'S KITCHEN -- LATER 11

Pete sits, gathering his wits. Brennan is irritated -

BRENNAN

You had two months to move out while I was in Guatemala. It's not rational for you pick the first day I'm back to reclaim your TV.

PETE

But smashing my TV, that's rational.

BRENNAN

Sarcasm means you've recovered enough to get the hell out.

PETE

I've been thinking a lot about why we broke up.

BRENNAN

We fought all the time and don't like each other any more.

PETE

We fought because you are emotionally distant and cold. But sexually speaking, well, I think you'll agree you dropped those barriers and we--

BRENNAN

You didn't come for your TV! You timed it for a bootie call!

PETE

Your intimacy issues are probably due to being orphaned so young.

BRENNAN

You're just horny. We broke up and we're staying that way.

PETE

Brennan, do you really want to spend the rest of your life alone?

Brennan is ushering him toward her door -

BRENNAN

I don't know about the rest of my life but I sure as hell wish I were alone right now.

Pete is now standing outside the door -

PETE

So, what? We'll split the cost of the TV?

Brennan slams the door on Pete. She seethes for a moment, then...the TELEPHONE RINGS. Brennan answers it -

BRENNAN

(into phone)
What?

CUT TO:

12 INT. SMITHSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL BUILDING / CORRIDOR -- DAY 12

Special Agent Booth follows Brennan down the corridor toward Angela's area -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

You reconstructed the skull?

BRENNAN

Uh-huh.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Have you gotten any sleep?

BRENNAN

Ehh...

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Ehh, *maybe?* Ehh, *no?* Ehh,
probably? Ehh, *none of your*
business?

BRENNAN

I had a fight with my ex-boyfriend,
Booth, so could you please cut me
some slack?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

When you say "had a fight"...

BRENNAN

I kicked him in the solar plexus.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Your personal life is a lot more
interesting than a person might
think at first.

They enter Angela's area.

CUT TO:

13 INT. MEDICO-LEGAL BUILDING / ANGELA'S AREA -- DAY

13

Brennan, Booth, Zack, Hodgins, and Angela. Booth can tell
there's something up with these people, but not what.

The reconstructed skull is displayed on a turntable. It is
illuminated by a FLUCTUATING LASER GRIDWORK -

ANGELA

This computer program, which I
designed -- patent pending --
accepts digital input from any
number of sources: video,
photography, coordinates -- anything
really -- and projects it
holographically as a three
dimensional image.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Okay.

BRENNAN

You get that?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
The patent-pending part.

BRENNAN
Show him, Angela.

As Angela turns to the machine, Booth regards Zack and
Hodgins, both of whom regard him coldly -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Take our Jane Doe from the pond.
I reassembled her skull and applied
tissue markers based on the size
and spacing of muscle macula left
on the living bone. Then I turned
it over to Angela so she could put
a face on her.

Brennan indicates the actual skull on it's turntable then
turns her attention to the holographic area on a slightly
raised dais where a holographic image of the skull appears.
It is completely indiscernible from the real thing. Booth
is visibly impressed when he reaches out to touch the skull
and his hand passes right through it -

ANGELA
The racial indicators...

Brennan points out each indicator as she speaks -

BRENNAN
...cheekbone dimensions, nasal
arch, occipital measurements...

ANGELA
...weren't definitive, so I created
three versions of the face...

Booth is startled when the skull rapidly advances through
the facial reconstruction process to display a beautiful,
African-American girl -

BRENNAN
African-American...

The holographic display runs the process in reverse, back to
the skull, then runs the process forward again, only this
time, the end result is a beautiful Caucasian girl -

ANGELA
Caucasian...

BRENNAN

And, my personal favorite...

Once again, the display runs the process in reverse until we're looking at the skull, then the process runs forward, a little slower this time until the final result is a very beautiful mixed race girl: Cleo Eller -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Holy shit!

ZACK

Yeah, that's what we thought too.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

I assume even you shut-ins know who this is?

BRENNAN

Yeah. Cleo Eller. And the biggest missing person case of the decade just became the biggest murder case of the decade.

Booth stares at Cleo as though he can't believe his eyes.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

14 INT. MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / ANGELA'S AREA -- DAY

14

Brennan, Booth, Angela, Hodgins, and Zack all regard Cleo Eller's beautiful face. Booth is agitated -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Cleo Eller is not just some missing girl, she's--

ZACK

-- a Senate intern who was having an affair with Senator Allan Bethlehem.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

I was part of the team investigating the girl's disappearance and, despite the tabloids, the only sexual relationship we uncovered was between Cleo and the Senator's aide.

BRENNAN

We don't think you are completely surprised to see her face.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Not surprised? This is Cleo Eller.

ANGELA

I find your shock very convincing.

DR. JACK HODGINS

They get special FBI training.

ZACK

No, no, FBI agents are trained to have no personality, like--

Zack gives Booth is best deadman, zombie stare -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Okay, maybe the possibility crossed my mind at the pond. Cleo Eller went to Georgetown on a swimming scholarship and her medical records indicate that she had her jaw broken to correct an overbite.

Angela enters more information and suddenly Cleo Eller stands before them, naked, seemingly alive, then is reduced to her skeleton again, the shoulder and jaw highlighted -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH (CONT'D)

(to Angela)

OK, I get it, patent pending.

(then)

I need this kept quiet.

DR. JACK HODGINS

(triumphantly)

I told you.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

What?

BRENNAN

Hodgins said there'd be a cover up.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Hodgins is a conspiracy theorist.

DR. JACK HODGINS

Is it paranoia that Monica Lewinsky and Chandra Levy were Mossad trained sex-agents?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Yes.

(to Brennan)

A high profile investigation like this, sometimes you gotta apply the brakes.

ZACK

That's one way of putting it.

BRENNAN

Your foot is already on the brake.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

What?

BRENNAN

You provided us with a few hundred possibles matching my preliminary description.

ANGELA

None of whom was Cleo Eller.

ZACK

I checked twice. Or, in cop lingo,
"two times".

DR. JACK HODGINS

Paranoia? Or street smarts?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

You can't be taking this seriously.

BRENNAN

You withheld information.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

It's Bureau policy on sensitive
cases not to influence squints
with suggestions.

DR. JACK HODGINS

Not to mention Senator Bethlehem
chairs the Senate Committee
overseeing the FBI.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

That's a serious allegation, Mister.

DR. JACK HODGINS

"It's a serious implication DOCTOR,"
if you please. I hold degrees in
Entomology, Palyntology and
Mineralogy.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Always the degrees with you people.
(off Cleo Eller)
Could you please turn her off before
someone else sees?

Booth leaves, Brennan in hot pursuit -

15 INT. MEDICO-LEGAL BUILDING / CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

15

Brennan and Booth -

BRENNAN

You going to see the Senator?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

No.

BRENNAN

Why not?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Because Bethlehem isn't the only suspect. There's his aide and the Senator's wife, there were family tensions ... the prime suspect is her stalker.

BRENNAN

Cleo Eller had a stalker?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Young guy cracked under the pressure of being the Senator's speech writer, ended up in the loony bin, Cleo was the only person who visited him, he took it to heart.

(then)

Listen, Bones, I know I promised you a place in this investigation.

BRENNAN

You rat bastard welcher!

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Case this big, the Director's gonna create a Special Investigation Unit. I play this right, I maybe could head it up. I was Secondary on the investigation into Cleo Eller's disappearance.

BRENNAN

How does that help? You failed.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

I found her!

BRENNAN

You found some soggy bones. I found Cleo Eller.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

The point is, I need my ducks all in a row.

BRENNAN

I'm not sure what that means but I'm pretty sure I can be a duck.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Next time, okay? On this one, we adhere to the principal of separation of squint and state.

Brennan hands Booth a press release. He scans it -

BRENNAN

Booth, if you jettison me, I'm calling a press conference announcing that the girl in the pond is Cleo Eller.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

You do that, I'm a dead duck.

BRENNAN

Apparently, the word "jettison" prevented you from realizing that I'm blackmailing you.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

You're blackmailing a federal agent?

BRENNAN

You promised me a place, beginning to end.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Why isn't identifying her enough for you?

BRENNAN

I told you.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Bones are architecture, yakkety-yak.

BRENNAN

Look, archaeologists solve mysteries thousands of years old based on bones, artifacts, and context. I can do a lot more than identify remains if you give me a chance.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

I don't like it.

BRENNAN

That's the beauty of blackmail. You're not required to like it.

She flaps the press release in his face. He loses again.

CUT TO:

16 INT. THE ELLER HOUSE -- DAY

16

A pleasant home in the Virginia suburbs. SHARON and TED ELLER are in their mid-forties, absorbing the shock of hearing that their daughter is confirmed dead. Sharon Eller is African-American and Ted Eller is white -

TED ELLER

You're positive it's our Cleo?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

This is Dr. Brennan, from the Smithsonian. She made the identification.

BRENNAN

We have twenty-two points of comparison between the human remains we found and your daughter's medical records--

Booth CLEARS HIS THROAT. Brennan gets the point -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Yes. We're certain.

SHARON ELLER

Can we see her?

BRENNAN

You really don't want to do that.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

(gently)

It's been a year and a half, Mrs. Eller...

TED ELLER

Did he do it? The Senator?

(to Booth)

One military man to another?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Major Eller, we cannot discuss the investigation in any way.

SHARON ELLER

Can you at least tell us if our daughter suffered?

BRENNAN

To be honest, it looks as though--

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

(hurriedly)
--Cleo never saw it coming.

Brennan is confused by Booth's outright lie, but shuts up -

TED ELLER

Thank you.

BRENNAN

Mrs. Eller, what did your daughter wear around her neck?

SHARON ELLER

You mean like a necklace?

Brennan nods. Sharon looks at Booth awkwardly -

TED ELLER

As Agent Booth knows, we were not close to Cleo for months before she disappeared.

BRENNAN

Because of the Senator?

TED ELLER

It wasn't until after she vanished that we heard the rumors about the Senator.

SHARON ELLER

She was keeping something bad a secret from us. That's all we knew.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Thank you for your time.

BRENNAN

Cleo was ashamed of the relationship?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Dr. Brennan-

SHARON ELLER

You want to know about a necklace, anything personal, you could maybe ask Cleo's sister. They still talked, right up to the day Cleo went missing.

Booth nods and ushers Brennan out the door ahead of him.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BOOTH'S VEHICLE / TRAVELING -- NIGHT

17

Silence, then -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

You were actually going to tell them that their daughter suffered?

BRENNAN

They deserve to know the truth.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

No, they deserve the kindness of a lie.

BRENNAN

There will be an inquest report.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

They won't read it. They don't want to know. Especially because the friction between Cleo and her parents wasn't caused by Cleo's shame. It was caused by her lack of shame. It was them who stopped talking to her, not vice-versa.

BRENNAN

How do you know?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Getting information out of live people isn't like getting it off a pile of bones. You've got to offer something of yourself first.

BRENNAN

What exactly did you do in the Army?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

What you did there was ask a question without offering anything of yourself. I'm not a skeleton, so you get nothing in return.

BRENNAN

Hodgins found broken links from a gold chain in the silt. It suggests that the murderer wrenched something from around her neck.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

That's good information. It's not personal, but it's good. Bones, artifacts, and context.

(off her look)

I pay attention.

CUT TO:

18 INT. MEDICO-LEGAL LAB -- NIGHT

18

Cleo Eller's bones, clean and devoid of any flesh or residue, lie in anatomical order on a stainless steel gurney. There is a near life-size picture of Cleo pegged to the wall. Brennan is examining the bones, Zack assisting -

BRENNAN

She was stabbed.

Brennan indicates cut marks on the ribs. Zack photographs whatever Brennan indicates -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

I make five to eight thrusts, two of which would have been fatal -- here to the pulmonary artery, and here to the heart-muscle itself.

(then)

There are odd markings on the distal phalanxes, not consistent with defense wounds. Nothing I've seen before.

Hodgins enters, waving a report -

DR. JACK HODGINS

In a nutshell: anxious, depressed, and nauseous.

BRENNAN

Then go home.

DR. JACK HODGINS

Not me. Cleo Eller. Pupal casings show that she was on chlordiazepoxide, lorazepam, and Meclizine hydrochloride.

BRENNAN

Nausea? Let's see the bone fragments.

Zack fetches a small tray of very tiny bone fragments. Brennan looks at them under a large magnifying lamp -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

These aren't frog bones.

ZACK

Rodent?

BRENNAN

Malleus, incus, stapes ... these are fetal earbones.

DR. JACK HODGINS

The girl was pregnant?

BRENNAN

Not very far along.

ZACK

You want me to try and get a DNA reading, see if we can prove paternity?

BRENNAN

You can try. But there won't be enough genetic material to test.

Zack nods and disappears with the fetal bones -

DR. JACK HODGINS

This Senator, he's smart. He always has the exits covered. He's a flip-flopping, shilly-shallying, slippery fish.

BRENNAN

I hate it when you make paranoia plausible: it's like sliding off a cliff.

DR. JACK HODGINS

This Special Unit ... no way your FBI pal heads it up unless the Dark-Powers-In-Charge are convinced he knows where his political bread is buttered. Either way, that's where this investigation ends.

He leaves. Brennan is troubled.

Angela enters -

ANGELA

Want to get a drink?
(off Brennan's non-
response)
Alcohol? Non-topical application?
Glug, glug, whoopee!

BRENNAN

Booth tried to lose me. I had to
blackmail him to stay on the case.

ANGELA

He's FBI. Don't take it personally.

BRENNAN

Peter says I'm cold and distant.

ANGELA

Pete's a physicist. He measures
distance in angstroms.
(off Brennan's silence)
People like you.

BRENNAN

I don't care if men like me.

ANGELA

OK, interesting leap from "people"
to "men" there but I'm sure it
means nothing.

BRENNAN

I hate psychology.
(then)
My most meaningful relationships
are with dead people.

ANGELA

Who said that?

BRENNAN

It's true. I understand Cleo better
than I do Pete and her bones are
all I've ever seen.
(off Cleo's skeleton)
She was used to pain, used to
fighting through it, she thought
it was a part of life...

Brennan is completely unaware that her eyes are filling -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

...she had chronic allergies. She broke her wrist when she was around seven years old, falling off a bicycle, probably. But she just got right up on that bike and broke it again *when she was fourteen*. And when someone was killing her, she fought back hard, even though she was so depressed she could hardly get up in the morning. She didn't welcome death. She wanted to live.

Angela wipes Brennan's tears -

ANGELA

Honey, you ever think that maybe you come off a little distant because you connect too much?

They embrace -

BRENNAN

Angela...I hate psychology. It's a soft science.

ANGELA

I know. But people are mostly soft.

BRENNAN

Except for their bones.

ANGELA

Yeah. You want some advice?

BRENNAN

Does it involve alcohol?

ANGELA

Offer up a little bit of yourself every once in a while. Just...tell *someone something* about yourself you're not completely certain you want them to know.

BRENNAN

That's the second time I've gotten that advice.

ANGELA

Well, sweetie, it's good advice.

BRENNAN

What if Hodgins is right and nobody wants to catch this poor girl's killer?

ANGELA

Force the situation. Do something Booth can't ignore, see where he stands.

Brennan nods. She knows exactly what to do.

CUT TO:

19 INT. SENATOR ALLAN BETHLEHEM'S OFFICE -- DAY

19

Brennan sits across from handsome, charismatic, gum chewing, fifty year old SENATOR ALLAN BETHLEHEM, and his aide, 25yr old Ivy-Leaguer KEN THOMPSON -

SENATOR BETHLEHEM

I had heard through my contacts at the FBI that Cleo's remains were recovered.

He displays the Washington Post with the headline: "*Human Remains Found in Pond*" -

SENATOR BETHLEHEM (CONT'D)

I have to admit that I'm not looking forward to the media finding out.

BRENNAN

The FBI can only keep it under wraps so long, this being a democracy and all.

SENATOR BETHLEHEM

I can only hope that her murderer will be swiftly identified and my own name cleared.

He spits his gum into a wastebasket -

KEN THOMPSON

I'm a little confused as to why the Director of the FBI would send you to speak to the Senator instead of coming himself.

BRENNAN

Probably because I'm the one who found that Cleo Eller was pregnant at the time of her death.

KEN THOMPSON

You could tell Cleo was pregnant from her skeleton?

BRENNAN

We discovered fetal bones.

KEN THOMPSON

You know what? Given the sensitivity ...
(to the Senator)
... don't say anything on this subject without your attorney present, that's my advice.

SENATOR BETHLEHEM

Advice I intend to take.

He stands, indicating that this meeting is over. Brennan crosses to the wastebasket, and fetches Bethlehem's gum -

KEN THOMPSON

What are you doing?

BRENNAN

Saliva is an excellent source of DNA. I intend to compare it to the DNA in the fetal bones.

SENATOR BETHLEHEM

You need a warrant for that.
(to Ken Thompson)
She needs a warrant.

Ken Thompson leaps forward to grab Brennan's wrist. To his surprise, she simply elbows him in the solar plexus. Suddenly, Ken Thompson can't breathe and has to sit down -

BRENNAN

I can find my own way out.

And she leaves. Thompson barfs.

CUT TO:

20 INT. MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / -- DAY

20

Brennan enters her office to find Booth sitting in her chair.
He rises as she enters -

BRENNAN

No, no, make yourself at home.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Temperance Brennan, I am placing
you under arrest for impersonating
a law enforcement officer, trespass,
theft, and assault.

He holds out his handcuffs -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH (CONT'D)

Try and elbow me in the stomach.
See how that works out.

Brennan sees a side of Booth she hasn't seen before.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

21 INT. BOOTH'S VEHICLE / TRAVELING -- DAY

21

Booth is driving; Brennan is handcuffed in the back seat -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

What made you think you could go
talk to Senator Bethlehem without
me?

BRENNAN

Would you have gone with me?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

No!

BRENNAN

Ehh.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

You stole from a United States
Senator and assaulted his aide.

BRENNAN

I took a piece of chewed gum from
the garbage.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

A DNA sample...

BRENNAN

And when his aide attacked me I
responded in a legally proportionate
manner.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

That DNA evidence will never be
allowed. Not the way you got it.

BRENNAN

Doesn't matter. There's not enough
genetic material in the fetal bones
to make a comparison anyway.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

You knew that going in?

BRENNAN

Of course.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

What is this? Research for the next novel where you make me look like a moron?

BRENNAN

No! And, if anything, I made you smarter in the book.

(then)

The point was to get arrested, booked, and tried. This all becomes part of the public record. Good luck covering it up then.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Bones, if this really were a cover-up, I'd shoot you and claim you were trying to escape. Which, by the way, I'm considering.

BRENNAN

If you were in on a cover up, you wouldn't have arrested me. But you did.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

I passed your test.

BRENNAN

With flying colors.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Except you are my responsibility. I brought you onto this case. The fallout is all over me.

BRENNAN

Oh.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

We're both out of it now.

BRENNAN

I didn't conjugate the ramifications of my actions far enough.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

I'll just go ahead and take that as an apology.

Booth drives for a moment, seething. Then -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH (CONT'D)

At least you finally admitted it's
me in your book. I got you there.

And he did.

CUT TO:

22 INT. FBI BOOKING ROOM -- DAY

22

FLASH as Brennan's mug shot is being taken. Booth watches,
a little impressed -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

OK, it's in the public record and
you have a rap sheet. Satisfied?

BRENNAN

How long have you got?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Before I'm pensioned off?

BRENNAN

Before the Special Unit takes over
Cleo's murder investigation.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Why? I'm a lame duck.

BRENNAN

What's with you and ducks?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

(to FBI Booking Agent)

I suggest restraints and solitary
confinement for your own safety.

BRENNAN

Have me released into your
recognizance. We'll find out what
Cleo was wearing around her neck
then pay a visit to her stalker,
see if he has it. If he does, the
Senator is cleared, becomes
President, and you are promoted to
Director of the FBI and the Special
Unit is never formed.

Booth shakes his head; she's an original.

CUT TO:

23 INT. LAURA ELLER'S APARTMENT -- DAY

23

Brennan and Booth sit across from Cleo's not-as-beautiful sister LAURA ELLER, and Laura's boyfriend, MIKE FLECK -

LAURA

It was my father's Bronze Star.

Laura shows Booth a picture of her father receiving the Bronze Star from President Bush Pater -

LAURA (CONT'D)

Dad won it in the first Gulf War. That's how my sister got the page job in the Senate, too. Having a war hero for a father.

BRENNAN

I got the impression that your father and Cleo didn't get along.

LAURA ELLER

Cleo was always his favorite, so when she started keeping secrets, he took it hard.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

(to Mike Fleck)

You two live here together?

MIKE FLECK

Uh-huh.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Didn't you used to go out with Cleo?

MIKE FLECK

In high school, yeah.

LAURA ELLER

Mike and I kept meeting each other at candlelight vigils. One thing led to another...

MIKE FLECK

Cleo and me broke up in senior year, y'know. Very old news.

Brennan is watching Booth. What's he doing?

BRENNAN

The Bronze Star. Did she wear it
on a gold chain?

LAURA ELLER

Yes. I bought that for her. It
wasn't very expensive.

And she crumples into tears. Mike Fleck comforts her.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. LAURA ELLER'S APARTMENT -- DAY

24

Booth and Brennan head toward Booth's car -

BRENNAN

What's with you and the kid?

BOOTH

I like him for the homicide.

BRENNAN

Why?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Because a young girl gets killed,
it's almost always the boyfriend.
Or ex-boyfriend. Or wannabe
boyfriend.

BRENNAN

Cleo had all of those and more.
(then)

Why do you say you like a suspect
when what you really mean is that
you don't like him?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

You're out on my recognizance.
One phone call, you go to jail.

CUT TO:

25 INT. OLIVER LAURIER'S FLAT -- DAY

25

A very modest place, spartan. As an FBI team, led by Booth,
searches the place, Brennan finds herself standing with OLIVER
LAURIER, a young, twitchy man, a little creepy. Laurier
reads the warrant -

OLIVER LAURIER
A Bronze Star? Like the one Cleo
wore?

BRENNAN
Exactly like that one.

OLIVER LAURIER
I don't have it.

BRENNAN
Sometimes stalkers retain keepsakes.

FBI SEARCHER
What the hell is all this?

He refers to a drawer which is full of miniature books -

OLIVER LAURIER
Miniature "Lives of the Saints".
I hand them out to people in need
of spiritual sustenance. Help
yourself.

(to Brennan)
I never stalked Cleo.

BRENNAN
She got a restraining order.

OLIVER LAURIER
That was the Senator's doing.
Cleo had nothing to do with it.

BRENNAN
Because she loved you?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
(as he passes)
You're encouraging him...

OLIVER LAURIER
When I was all alone, Cleo helped
me. I simply returned the favor.

BRENNAN
Except she wasn't alone. She had
a boyfriend and a United States
Senator.

OLIVER LAURIER
Cleo never had an affair with the
Senator, that was simply sexual
(MORE)

OLIVER LAURIER (CONT'D)
harassment. And Ken Thompson was
very distant.

BRENNAN
Distant?

OLIVER LAURIER
*All he cared about was his work
and his hobbies. No personal life
at all. There was nothing left
for Cleo. He didn't actually share
any of himself with her. She was
lonely. The Senator saw that lack
in her life -- as I did, I admit --
but Bethlehem saw me as an
impediment and got the restraining
order.*

Booth approaches and shakes his head at Brennan -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Laurier.

OLIVER LAURIER
Anything I can do to help catch
Cleo's killer, I'll cooperate.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
A full confession might save my
job.

OLIVER LAURIER
I loved her sir. I know in some
quarters that depth of emotion
makes me crazy.

BRENNAN
I'll take one of those little books,
if you don't mind.

OLIVER LAURIER
Whatever you need, Dr. Brennan.

Brennan smiles and accepts the gift.

CUT TO:

26 INT. MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / CORRIDOR -- DAY

26

Brennan and Booth enter. Daniel Goodman hurries up -

DR. DANIEL GOODMAN
Karen Bethlehem is waiting for the
two of you in my office.

BRENNAN
(to Goodman)
Why your office?

DR. DANIEL GOODMAN
Because yours is filled with
dismembered dead people. Plus, I
have a coffee table and you don't.

He moves on. Hodgins approaches -

DR. JACK HODGINS
I've identified the particulates
embedded in Cleo Eller's skull.
Microscopic fragments of rolled
steel, cement particles, and
diatomaceous earth.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
What's diatomaceous earth?

DR. JACK HODGINS
Common insecticide or a filtering
agent for swimming pools.

Brennan hands Hodgins the tiny "*Lives of the Saints*" -

BRENNAN
Thanks. See if this matches the
cellulose we found in Cleo's hand.

And they leave him standing in the corridor with the missal.

CUT TO:

27 INT. MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / DANIEL GOODMAN'S OFFICE -- DAY 27

Brennan and Booth face the intimidating KAREN BETHLEHEM -

KAREN BETHLEHEM
We all know how this town works.

BRENNAN
I don't.

KAREN BETHLEHEM
The FBI is forming a Special
Investigative Unit to investigate
(MORE)

KAREN BETHLEHEM (CONT'D)

Cleo Eller's murder. Before the drawbridge goes up and the moat is flooded, I need to know if my husband was the father of Cleo Eller's child.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

The Senator has consistently denied any sexual relationship with Cleo Eller.

KAREN BETHLEHEM

Which is why if she was carrying his child, there really isn't a way to spin our way out of it.

BRENNAN

I'm surprised you aren't more concerned that your husband might be a murderer.

KAREN BETHLEHEM

You can't prove murder to the electorate, not beyond the shadow of a doubt. Paternity, however, is provable, which makes it a political time-bomb. Besides, anyone who knows anything about people can see Allan is incapable of murder.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Bones doesn't know anything about people.

KAREN BETHLEHEM

Unless they're dead. Then she's quite the marvel.

(to Brennan)

When it comes to the killing type, you should listen to Agent Booth. He's got special insight, don't you, Agent Booth?

(then)

So ... whose bun was in the oven?

Brennan and Booth exchange looks, then -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

We're not prepared to comment on the results of the DNA test.

Suddenly, Karen Bethlehem produces a copy of "*Bread and Bones*" -

KAREN BETHLEHEM

Then would you be so kind as to
inscribe this for me?

BRENNAN

If your husband couldn't kill
someone himself, maybe he'd get
someone else to do it.

Karen Bethlehem strokes Brennan's cheek in a sexually charged
manner -

KAREN BETHLEHEM

Getting people to do things for
Allan? That's my job. So, I guess
that means it's me you really want.

Karen Bethlehem takes her book and leaves.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

And that concludes today's civics
lesson.

CUT TO:

28 INT. MEDICO-LEGAL BUILDING / ANGELA'S AREA -- DAY

28

Angela at her equipment, Zack and Hodgins in the background,
Brennan interpreting for Booth. Angela hits a key and ...
Cleo Eller appears before them, as real as life, fingering
the chain at her neck -

BRENNAN

First thing, skull trauma was not
the cause of death. Cleo was
stabbed first, then bludgeoned.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

How do you know she wasn't knocked
down and then stabbed?

Angela hits another key. An indistinct blunt object strikes
Cleo in the forehead. The image freezes at the point of
impact. Cleo's flesh melts away leaving only her skeleton.

BRENNAN

Defense wounds to the bones of the
hand. Also ... rerun slo-mo ...

The BLOW happens again. As the skull recoils from the shock
of the blow, there is a distinct fracture in vertebrae C2 -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

... if Cleo was standing when the first blow was delivered, there would be what is referred to as a "hangman's fracture" to the C2.

Brennan is able to place her finger on the C2 vertebrae. The fracture disappears -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

No such damage appears on Cleo Eller's C2.

Brennan nods at Angela. On the dais, the Angelator runs a scenario. Cleo Eller appears live, standing on a cement floor, everything else is indistinct, including the DARK FIGURE who approaches her and stabs her several times -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Cleo was stabbed five to eight times with a military issue K-Bar knife. The defensive wounds to the bones of her hands suggest that it wasn't until the third or fourth stab -- that's likely the fatal stab right there -- that she stopped fighting back.

Cleo Eller falls to the ground. The indistinct DARK FIGURE leans over and cuts off her clothing, using the same knife -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Clothing removed. I finally realized what caused the odd damage to Cleo's distal phalanxes...

The Dark Figure yanks off the Bronze Star. The broken links fall in SLO-MO. The Dark Figure turns to Cleo's hands -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

... the murderer used his knife to whittle off her finger pads.

The Dark Figure then stands, and swings a sledge hammer five times at her head, crushing the skull -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Cranial fragmentation suggests a twenty pound hammer striking four to five times while the victim's head rested on a cement floor containing traces of diatomaceous

(MORE)

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

earth. That explains the fragments
of steel on the frontal bones of
her skull and the other particulates
on the back and sides

And the simulation ends. Booth is palpably shocked by the
brutality of what he's seen -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

This killing was all about
obliterating the victim, hiding
her identity.

She nods at Angela and the SIMULATION RUNS again. Booth can
barely bring himself to look -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

This was not a crime of passion.
Cleo never saw the first stab
coming, it didn't arise out of an
argument. Why smash Cleo's face?
To hide her identity. Why whittle
away her fingertips?

ZACK

To hide her identity.

BRENNAN

Why remove her clothing and jewelry?

DR. JACK HODGINS

To hide her identity.

BRENNAN

Why sink her body?

ANGELA

To hide her identity.

BRENNAN

The murderer put more effort into
hiding the identity of his victim
than he did into the murder itself.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

If you can't identify the victim,
you probably won't catch the
murderer. People know that from
television.

BRENNAN

In case she was identified, the
murderer planted evidence.

ZACK

"Lives of the Saints" implicates
the stalker. Military knife,
military cemetery implicates her
own father.

DR. JACK HODGINS

Sound like any conniving sonofabitch
Senators you know?

Booth is annoyed by the full-squint press -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Homicides aren't solved by
scientists like you, they're solved
by guys like me asking a thousand
questions a thousand times and
catching people telling lies.
Every time. The forensic shit,
that's good for giving juries a
scientific basis to act on what
their guts are already telling
them. Basically, you know what
squints are? Janitors. You spray
things and vacuum things and hold
things up to the light and look
for stains and hair and holes.
You don't solve murders.

(as he goes)

You did your job, you identified
Cleo Eller. The FBI thanks you
for your input.

Booth leaves.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

29 EXT. SMITHSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / PARKING LOT -- NIGHT 29

Booth, agitated, is heading for his vehicle when Angela catches up to him, waving a DVD -

ANGELA

I put the Cleo Eller homicide scenario on a DVD. Maybe you can get someone over there to watch.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Maybe.

ANGELA

She's only half as spiny as she appears.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

That's still plenty spiny.

ANGELA

You must know about her parents.

(off his silence)

Gotta be in her red file. Both parents vanish when she's fifteen, that merits a mention.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

They went out for dinner and vanished. Cops never found out anything. Yeah, I read the file.

ANGELA

Brennan figures that if maybe someone like her had been there...

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Yeah.

ANGELA

It's not hard to figure out the psychology of why she wants to do more than just identify remains.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Thought she hated psychology.

ANGELA

What Brennan usually does when she gets her ass kicked is go off and make herself more invulnerable.

She hands him the DVD. He nods and leaves.

CUT TO:

30 INT. FIRING RANGE -- NIGHT

30

Brennan stands with a handgun, FIRING into a target. She's an extremely good shot. When she stops ...

BOOTH

You being a good shot and doing martial arts, it's all your way of handling your job. Who knows better than you how fragile life is and how violently it can come to an end, right?

BRENNAN

Maybe an Army Ranger sniper who became an FBI homicide investigator?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Looked me up, huh?
(off her weapon)
Do you mind?

Brennan shrugs and hands Booth her weapon. He sites and fires. His grouping is not as good as Brennan's -

BRENNAN

It's hard to believe, considering you're such a crappy shot.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

I used an M-21 rifle. Handguns are a whole other world.

BRENNAN

That's why Karen Bethlehem said you knew her husband isn't a killer. Because it takes one to know one.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Bones, what you want me to do is commit career suicide by going after the Senator. I'd take that risk if I really thought he'd done it. But I don't.

BRENNAN

Evidence says otherwise.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
You mean your magic lantern show?

BRENNAN
Not magic. A logical recreation
of events as dictated by evidence.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH
It's no more valid than my gut.

BRENNAN
Cleo Eller was killed on a cement
floor sprinkled with diatomaceous
earth. Even after two years, Cleo's
blood will still be in the cement.
(off his doubt)
One of us is wrong, maybe both of
us, but if he wasn't a Senator,
you'd be in his basement right
now, spraying luminol, looking for
that killing floor.

Booth produces his sidearm and empties it into the target,
blasting it to bits. He turns back to Brennan. She's gone.

UP MUSIC: ("Somewhere A Clock Is Ticking" by Snow Patrol?)

CUT TO:

31 EXT. FIRING RANGE PARKING LOT -- NIGHT 31

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

Brennan gets into her car.

32 INT. BRENNAN'S CAR (TRAVELING) -- NIGHT 32

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

Brennan is driving toward the exit when her HEADLIGHTS catch
Booth indicating that she should stop.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. BETHLEHEM'S GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT 33

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

Brennan finds herself in the middle of a MAELSTROM -- press,
neighbors, and a full complement of law enforcement as the
search warrant is being executed -

FIND -- FBI AGENTS -

swarming into the house...

FIND - JOURNALISTS -

shouting questions and doing stand-ups from behind crime scene tape...

FIND -- SENATOR BETHLEHEM -

standing with Ken Thompson, shocked that this is happening...

FIND -- AN OFFICIAL CAR -

pulling up and disgorging an angry looking FBI DIRECTOR. He approaches Senator Bethlehem and they exchange convivial words.

FIND -- KAREN BETHLEHEM -

approaching Brennan -

KAREN BETHLEHEM

You've made a huge mistake.

FIND -- SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH -

being taken aside by the FBI DIRECTOR and being reamed, very quietly but very definitely...

FIND -- TWO FBI AGENTS -

grabbing a smoke. Brennan overhears them -

FBI AGENT #1

What the fuck is Booth thinking?

FBI AGENT #2

No way I would've rolled the bones like that. Not on this one.

Brennan sees, near the journalists, Oliver Laurier, Cleo's stalker, smiling at her.

She heads over toward him -

BRENNAN

What are you doing here?

She notices that Laurier's carrying her book -

OLIVER LAURIER

Will you sign my book?

BRENNAN

Are you following me?

OLIVER LAURIER

(off Ken Thompson)

Look at him. For all his politics, he's got nothing. He should have paid more attention to Cleo, loved her properly. If he had, she'd still be alive. Now, he has no job, no girlfriend, all he has is golf and his stupid fish.

BRENNAN

Stalk me, Oliver, and I will kick your ass.

She walks away. Laurier is disappointed.

FIND -- AN FBI FORENSICS TECHNICIAN -

approaching, holding a sledge hammer -

SENATOR BETHLEHEM

I don't recognize that! It's not mine. Why would I need a sledgehammer?

BRENNAN -

is visibly relieved.

DOWN MUSIC

Booth, chagrined, approaches Brennan -

BOOTH

That's it. That's all we got.

BRENNAN

Cement floor in the basement?

BOOTH

Yeah but forensics found nothing.
(resigned)

I needed the trifecta, Bones.
Weapon, crime scene, physical
evidence.

He looks at her full of reproach then heads off.

CUT TO:

34 INT. MEDICO-LEGAL LAB -- NIGHT

34

Hodgins is pouring pure alcohol into beakers for Brennan, Angela, and Zack -

ZACK

Best thing about pure alcohol: no hangover.

DR. JACK HODGINS

(toasting)
To getting the murderous bastard.

They drink. It hurts but in a good way -

BRENNAN

Even if the hammer turns out to be the murder weapon, it won't be enough. He's going to get away with it.

(ruefully)

I forced Booth to go against his instincts and I was wrong.

Hodgins digs Laurier's tiny book from his pocket, flips through it, and hands it to Angela -

DR. JACK HODGINS

Time for a reading from "The Lives of the Saints".

ANGELA

(squinting to read)
Albertus Magnus, Patron Saint of Scientists...

ZACK

I thought Dominic de Guzman was the Patron Saint of Scientists.

DR. JACK HODGINS

That's astronomers.

ANGELA

(reading)
...great by subjecting Human Wisdom to Divine Faith--

BRENNAN

FISH!

They all stare at her for a moment -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Fish. Oliver Laurier said that
Ken Thompson kept fish.

DR. JACK HODGINS

Fish mean filters means--

BRENNAN

Diatomaceous earth was on the
warrant! Thompson knows what we're
looking for.

(as she goes)

Get in touch with Booth, tell him
where I'm going.

Brennan is up and out the door -

ANGELA

(to Zack & Hodgins)

She didn't actually say where she
was going, did she?

CUT TO:

35 EXT. KEN THOMPSON'S PLACE -- NIGHT

35

This is a rural area in Fairfax County. A nice cottage with
an attached sun room, which GLOWS BLUE as Brennan approaches.

The sun room area is full of fish tanks. Thompson is inside
as Brennan approaches. He is gathering containers of
diatomaceous earth -

BRENNAN

Open the door.

Thompson gives her the finger. Brennan tries the door.
It's locked. She picks up a stone, smashes a window, opens
the door, and enters.

36 INT. KEN THOMPSON'S PLACE -- CONTINUOUS

36

Brennan steps into the sunroom. Lots of fish tanks, very
beautiful. She checks the floor: it's linoleum -

KEN THOMPSON

I don't suppose you have a warrant?

BRENNAN

I'm working for the FBI and if I
have a reasonable expectation of a
crime being committed, I don't
need a warrant.

KEN THOMPSON

What crime?

BRENNAN

Destruction of evidence pertinent
to a federal investigation.

KEN THOMPSON

I'm just cleaning up. Is that
alcohol I smell on your breath?

BRENNAN

This linoleum looks fairly new.
What's underneath? Cement, I bet.

Thompson senses a noose closing around his neck -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

The same cement that was embedded
in Cleo's skull when you bashed in
her head.

Thompson looks around -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Was it because she cheated on you
and got pregnant by another man?
Or was it to protect your political
meal ticket?

Thompson finds a can of accelerant. He shakes it -

KEN THOMPSON

You might want to get out of here.

BRENNAN

I can't let you destroy evidence.

KEN THOMPSON

How are you going to stop me?

BRENNAN

I'll stop you.

Ken Thompson shrugs and starts splashing accelerant -

KEN THOMPSON

Tell you what, wait a couple minutes
and you can arrest me for arson.
I won't even resist arrest.

He produces a cigarette lighter. Brennan produces her gun
and FIRES. Thompson is absolutely shocked as he gazes at

the gaping hole in his leg. He CRASHES against his fish tanks. They break and he finds himself surrounded by flopping fish.

Oliver Laurier enters on the run -

OLIVER LAURIER
Temperance! Are you all right?

Brennan aims the gun at him -

BRENNAN
Oliver, I understand that you're probably here out of misguided concern for my safety but I don't read people very well and you could be in some kind of psychotic collusion with Ken, so, I'm going to ask you to go over there and apply pressure to his wound until the police get here, understand?

OLIVER LAURIER
Did he kill Cleo?

BRENNAN
Yeah.

OLIVER LAURIER
Then I'm okay with him bleeding to death.

BRENNAN
Did I mention that applying pressure to a bullet wound is very painful?

Laurier moves toward Thompson. Brennan is alert as he bends over to pick something out from the detritus of a destroyed aquarium.

He produces a Bronze Star -

OLIVER LAURIER
Do you think, I could keep this?

BRENNAN
At least until the police arrive.

Brennan sits down holding her gun on both of them.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY -- DAY

37

This is Cleo Eller's funeral. The Ellers (Ted Eller in dress uniform) and Mike Fleck stand near the grave -

REVEREND

Lord, make me an instrument of
Your Peace;

At the rear of the crowd, Brennan looks beautiful in black. She stands with funky Angela, Zack -- dressed the same way he always is and eating peanuts, Hodgins -- dressed semi-formally in shorts and sandals, and Daniel Goodman, who, like Brennan is dressed appropriately. Not far away is Oliver Laurier, weeping copiously -

ANGELA

Is the FBI going to
lay charges against
Brennan?

DR. JACK HODGINS

She only shot him in
the leg. Once.

BOOTH

She didn't give a
warning. She just
shot him -- with alcohol
on her breath.

DR. DANIEL GOODMAN

It's the first person
she ever shot. You
can't expect her to
get it right out of
the gate.

REVEREND

Where there is hatred, let
me sow Love. Where there
is injury, pardon; Where
there is doubt, faith;
Where there is despair,
hope; Where there is
darkness, light; Where
there is sadness, joy. O
Divine Master, grant that
I may seek not so much to
be consoled, as to console;
to be understood as to
understand; to be loved as
to love; for it is in giving
that we receive; it is in
pardoning that we are
pardoned; and it is in dying
that we are born to Eternal
Life. [Etc....] Amen...

ZACK

Yeah. How much warning did you
give people before you sniped them?

Booth takes Brennan's arm and pulls her away from the others.
He indicates Oliver Laurier -

BOOTH

(off Laurier)

Looks like you inherited a stalker.
You want me to get a restraining
order? Or have a stern talk with
him?

BRENNAN

He's harmless.
(off Booth's look)
What?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

I told you it wasn't the Senator.

BRENNAN

And I told you who it was.
(off his LAUGH)
Catching Thompson saved your job.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

That how it's going to play out in
the book?

BRENNAN

You hate that I write books because
it gives me the last word.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

People like lesbians. Make sure
you include that part.
(off her look)

I was there, remember? When Karen
Bethlehem hit on you.

BRENNAN

Karen Bethlehem hit on me?

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Man, you really ... a lot of
ordinary stuff gets by you.

BRENNAN

You get the ordinary stuff and I
get the extraordinary stuff. That's
why I'd work with you again.

The Ellers: Laura, Sharon, and Ted, approach -

SHARON ELLER

Dr. Brennan? We just want to thank
you again.

TED ELLER

If it weren't for you, we'd never
have known what happened to our
daughter.

LAURA

Bad as it was finding out what happened to her, it was the not knowing that was killing us.

Booth sees a shadow pass over Brennan's face -

SHARON ELLER

You saved us from a kind of pain I hope you never have to experience.

Booth rescues Brennan from the conversation -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

It was a lovely ceremony.

They nod. Brennan remembers herself -

BRENNAN

I have something for you.

She withdraws the Bronze Star from her pocket. Ted Eller is immediately touched as he takes it -

TED ELLER

Thank you.

Ted Eller's eyes fill with tears as his wife embraces him. Brennan smiles as she and Booth move away.

Brennan and Booth toss their roses onto Cleo's casket -

BRENNAN

I know exactly how the Ellers felt about Cleo. My parents disappeared when I was fifteen. Nobody knows what happened to them.

Booth realizes that this is a huge offering from a person like Temperance Brennan -

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

I took a lot of lives, a lot of lives, and what I'd like to do, before I'm done, is catch at least that many murderers.

They regard each other for a moment -

BRENNAN

Oh, please, you actually think there's some sort of mystical correlation--

Brennan catches herself and makes a readjustment -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

I can help you with that.

SPECIAL AGENT BOOTH

Ehh...

They head off together through the tombstones.

END SHOW