

The Man on the Roof

By

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Based on the TV show **Bones**,
Created by Hart Hanson
&
Inspired by the life and work
Of Kathy Reichs

*I am not affiliated in any way with
Bones, Josephson Entertainment,
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. JEFFERSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / LOUNGE - DAYTIME

BRENNAN is sitting at the table with LETTERS spread before her, looking through them quietly. BOOTH enters.

BOOTH
Bones, I've been looking all over for you. We...

Booth stops speaking when he catches sight of the letters. He picks one up to examine it.

BOOTH
How many does that make?

BRENNAN
Four, that he's returned. This note was attached to the most recent.

Brennan hands Booth the paper.

BOOTH
"Do not attempt to make contact with me again"...what is Zack, a Vulcan?

BRENNAN
He's precise.

BOOTH
He's harsh.

Brennan sits back down heavily, head in her hands.

BRENNAN
I miss him, Booth.

BOOTH
I know you do. Look, Temperance, maybe you should...

BRENNAN
Don't call me Temperance.

BOOTH
What? I just think...

BRENNAN
You only call me that when you think I'm weak.

BOOTH

You are never weak. But, you know, it's okay to be upset.

BRENNAN

I'm not and it's not and even if I were it wouldn't solve anything so there's no use in being it.

BOOTH

(working that out)
Okay...

He stares at her awkwardly a moment.

BOOTH

Well, he's in therapy, right?

BRENNAN

Psychology, Booth? Zack doesn't believe in it any more than I do. But, yes, he's been in weekly sessions for 4 months now. Sweets observes sometimes, but he won't tell me anything.

BOOTH

Bones, it could help him. You never know. It, you know, helped me.

Brennan purses her lips, considering.

BOOTH

So, you wanna maybe check out this body then? It's all bones, no gushy parts!

She gathers the letters and walks out of the lounge.

BRENNAN

What's the context of the find?

BOOTH

DC cops were cleaning up an old squatter's building for demolition when they found the skeleton. They think it's been on the roof for years.

Booth hurries to catch up to her.

BRENNAN

So the body is entirely skeletonized?

BOOTH

If that means all bones, you got it. Cops are processing the scene now but they asked for you by name.

BRENNAN

Let's hurry then.

BOOTH

Alright! That's my girl.

Brennan stops to glare at him.

BOOTH

Um, woman. And, not my woman, just...woman. Doctor! Hey, you wanted to hurry, right? Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION / THERAPY ROOM

ZACK is led into a bare room with a table and two chairs. He sits down heavily and stares, hands in lap.

SUPER: Session #9, 2 Months Ago

After a moment DR. MARKS, a professionally dressed 50 year old woman, enters the room and sits across from Zack. He looks at her but says nothing.

DR. MARKS

Hello Zack.

ZACK

Are you my new therapist?

DR. MARKS

Yes, I am. My name is Dr. Marks.

ZACK

What happened to Dr. Seville?

DR. MARKS

He will no longer be involved in your case. You don't believe in therapy, do you Zack?

ZACK

It serves no purpose. I tried to talk with him in a manner that did serve purpose but his face would become red. Last time he broke his pencil and left.

DR. MARKS

I won't do that Zack. Do you believe feelings are important Zack?

ZACK

Some place importance on them. I...surmise. But...wouldn't you rather ask me about my time in Iraq or my parents or my coworkers?

DR. MARKS

All in good time, Zack.

She pauses and considers her notes and Zack.

DR. MARKS

Have you ever kept a journal, Zack?

ZACK

No.

DR. MARKS

Ever thought about it?

ZACK

I've thought that it would be a waste of time.

DR. MARKS

Do you feel short on time?

ZACK

Time is exact. The perception of time is irrelevant. Short or long on time simply refers to one's inability to properly budget the amount of time given.

DR. MARKS

Be that as it may, Zack, I'd like you to start keeping a journal.

ZACK

Is that actually a request?

DR. MARKS

No, it's not. In fact...

Zack holds up his gloved hands and waves them.

DR. MARKS

Ah, yes. I will try to get you a special computer and voice recognitions software. But in the meantime, I'd like you to compose thoughts about your former employment and coworkers for our next session. Would you require assistance for that...request?

ZACK

No.

DR. MARKS

Well, good then.

ZACK

So, that's it.

DR. MARKS

That's it. We have a lot of time left. Is there anything you want to talk about?

ZACK

How do you maintain your position if you only work 7% of your time?

DR. MARKS

Quality is more important than quantity, don't you think?

ZACK

That depends on the...But I am perfectly content to sit in silence. My room is next to...nevermind.

Zack's trails off and he stares through Dr. Marks.

ZACK (CONT'D)

The silence is welcome.

CUT TO:

EXT. SQUATTER'S BUILDING / ROOFTOP - DAYTIME

Various uniformed cops and FBI techs are swarming over the rooftop collecting evidence. Uniformed police officer, OFFICER JENKINS, approximately 30 and fit, calls them over to a shaded area.

BOOTH and BRENNAN move to him. Booth starts to speak but Officer Jenkins looks past him and interrupts.

OFFICER JENKINS
(to Brennan)
Dr. Brennan?

BRENNAN
Yes, I am Dr. Brennan.

OFFICER
Huge fan, ma'am. I can't wait to
read your next book.

Booth is exasperated.

BRENNAN
Why thank you.
(pointing to Booth)
This is Agent Booth, my FBI
partner.

Booth looks at her sternly but she smiles back sweetly.

BOOTH
You have a body for us?

OFFICER JENKINS
Oh yeah, right. Over this way.
There's not much left but bones.
But that's Dr. Brennan's
specialty.
(to Brennan)
That's why we called you.

Brennan crouches next to the bones while Officer
Jenkins continues to smile expectantly at Brennan.

BOOTH
Alright, I'm sure we can take it
from here. Let her have some
room to work.

Booth glares at the officer and he leaves quickly.

OFFICER JENKINS
I'll be right over there if you
need anything. Just give a yell.

Brennan doesn't acknowledge, absorbed in her work. She
begins to pick up bones as she comments.

BRENNAN
Caucasian. Male. 45-55. Frequent
golfer. And right-handed.

BOOTH
Right handed? C'mon, how can you
tell that?

BRENNAN

Medial epicondylitis. Golfer's elbow. It's presence on the right side indicates a right-handed swing.

BOOTH

Nice, Bones! What else?

BRENNAN

There are marks of animal activity but I see nothing on the bones indicating cause of death.

BOOTH

How long has he been out here?

BRENNAN

All of soft tissue is gone: 1-2 years, at least.

Brennan continues examining the bones and surrounding area.

BOOTH

What about his clothes?

BRENNAN

I don't think he was wearing any.

BOOTH

So someone killed the guy, stole his clothes, and left him on a rooftop? I'm thinking homeless guy. This building has been abandoned at least 5 years.

Brennan begins to move around the roof, examining various items.

BRENNAN

His golfer's elbow and excellent, if mottled, teeth would indicate otherwise. We need to collect everything.

She points around the rooftop where piles of possessions are scattered.

BOOTH

Everything?

BRENNAN

Everything from this entire section. With no flesh and no obvious trauma, I'm not sure what I'll be able to tell you. The environment could be key. I want photographs before they touch anything.

BOOTH

So you can do that anthropologist...thing?

BRENNAN

(annoyed)
Yes, so I can do that 'anthropologist thing.'

Brennan stoops again.

BRENNAN

There are some dead birds here.

BOOTH

Dead birds? Eugh.

BRENNAN

I want them too.

Booth looks disgusted. Brennan stares back.

BOOTH

Gotcha.

Cop nearby is bringing a homeless woman toward them. MARY, approximately 60, disheveled clothes, mentally impaired and very Southern.

OFFICER JENKINS

Agent Booth, this woman might have some information for you.

Woman notices Brennan touching the bones.

MARY

What are you doing? Stop that! Stop touching him!

Booth pulls her bodily away from the bones and Brennan.

BOOTH

Ma'am, Ma'am! I need you to calm down.

Mary continues to yell at Brennan.

BOOTH

Ma'am.

Booth waves both hands in front of her face.

BOOTH (CONT'D)

Look at me.

She stops abruptly and looks at Booth, suddenly smiling sweetly. Placing a hand lightly on each shoulder, he turns her so that her back is to Brennan and the bones.

BOOTH

That's better. What's your name?

MARY

Mary. Most folks 'round here just call me the *Bone lady* though.

Brennan pauses her examination and stands up, coming around next to Booth to face Mary.

BRENNAN

Why do they call you that?

MARY

(smiling softly at the skeleton)
Because I take care of Mr. Bones.

BOOTH

(to Brennan)
Bones. Like you!

Brennan scowls at Booth. He clears his throat and turns back to Mary.

BOOTH

How did the bones get here, Mary?

MARY

Oh, he used to visit from time to time. Then, one day, he just stayed.

BOOTH

Does he have a name?

MARY

(confused)
Mr. Bones, of course.

BOOTH
(annoyed)
Did he have another name...before?

MARY
No, he's always been Mr. Bones
to me. Skinny thing. Always was.

BRENNAN
What happened? Why did he stay?

MARY
(dreamily)
He used to visit all the time.
He'd bring me things. We'd watch
the stars. One day he came, he
sat, and he never got up again.

Mary points at the bones.

MARY (CONT'D)
Right there. In that spot.

BOOTH
Did someone hurt him?

BRENNAN
Did you hurt him?

Mary looks confused.

BOOTH
(to the officer)
Alright. Take her to a shelter.

Booth scrunches up his face.

BOOTH (CONT'D)
Maybe a bed and a bath will jog her
memory.

Officer begins to lead Mary away. She digs in her
heels, panicked.

MARY
What about Mr. Bones? You can't leave
him out here alone.

BRENNAN
Oh, don't you worry. I've got
the perfect spot for him.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT 1

FADE IN:

INT. JEFFERSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / PLATFORM - DAYTIME

The skeleton is laid out on an examination table. BRENNAN is moving around it and pointing at the bones as she talks. A group of GRAD STUDENTS is with her.

BRENNAN

What do you notice about this area?

Brennan points to a young woman standing in the front of the group and at the elbow of the skeleton.

GRAD STUDENT 1

There is noticeable medial epicondylitis of the right humerus, Dr. Brennan, which would indicate...

Brennan holds up here hand to silence the student after the answer and points to another student.

BRENNAN

And what would that indicate?

GRAD STUDENT 2

(nervously)
Um, uh...that...that would indicate the victim...played tennis?

BRENNAN

That is a question, not a statement.

Brennan points back to the first student.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

What is the correct answer?

GRAD STUDENT 1

The medial epicondylitis indicates that the victim was a frequent golfer, Dr. Brennan. Tennis elbow is evidenced on the lateral epicondyl, not the medial.

BRENNAN

Thank you.

Brennan moves to the skull and opens the jaw.

BRENNAN

The skeleton shows a particular type of mottling on both the teeth and the bones.

Brennan points to another student in the back.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Can you tell me what it is?

GRAD STUDENT 3

It's fluorosis, both dental and skeletal, indicating high, long-term exposure to fluoride.

BOOTH bounds up the platform stairs behind them just in time to hear this.

BOOTH

Fluoride? Like what's in the water? Makes teeth strong?

Booth bares his teeth and chomps them.

BRENNAN

Not exactly. That wouldn't cause this degree of fluorosis.

Brennan points at Grad Student 3.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

I want you to X-ray the entire skeleton. Look for evidence of osteosclerosis.

(to Booth)

I believe the victim worked with sulfuric fluoride.

BOOTH

Wait, how do you know the exact type of fluoride and everything?

BRENNAN

Because it's the only type they use, Booth. I believe he worked fumigating houses.

BOOTH

Are you guessing?

BRENNAN

No!

Booth looks skeptical.

BOOTH
Angela give us a face yet?

BRENNAN
No. I've got to do the tissue
depth markers.

BOOTH
Have one of your new kids do
that.

BRENNAN
Booth, I...

GRAD STUDENT 1
Dr. Brennan, I'd be honored to
do the markers for you.

BOOTH
See! Volunteer!

BRENNAN
And what am I supposed to do?

BOOTH
(smiling broadly)
Oh, don't worry. I brought you a
truck full of junk from that
rooftop to sort through.

Booth spies CAM walking toward her office and goes off
in her direction.

BRENNAN
(to Grad student 1)
You may do the tissue markers,
but I will need to check your
work before the skull goes to
Angela.

GRAD STUDENT 1
Yes, Dr. Brennan.

FBI techs begin bringing boxes and bags up onto the
platform. Hodgins follows them up, clearly interested.

HODGINS
Got any bugs or slime? I'll even
take a stray mold or spore.

BRENNAN
(to the remaining students)
The rest of you will assist Dr.
Hodgins in sorting through the
evidence found on the rooftop
where the bones were discovered.

HODGINS
A cornucopia of fun!

Hodgins turns to the grad students.

HODGINS
Alright you wannabes, you're
mine now.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFERSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / CAM'S OFFICE

CAM is putting down a FILE when BOOTH enters.

BOOTH
Hey, Cam, got a minute?

CAM
What's up?

BOOTH
I was just wondering, well, you
know...

CAM
You better not be asking me to
sleep with you, Seeley.

BOOTH
What? No...No.

Cam smiles broadly at him and laughs.

BOOTH (CONT'D)
I wanted to know if you've
talked to Zack or even tried.

Cam's smile fades.

CAM
No, I haven't tried.

Cam becomes brisk, speaking more harshly and moving
files around.

CAM (CONT'D)
I started a letter, but I never
finished it. Has anyone else
talked to him?

BOOTH
Sweets, he sometimes observes
the shrink sessions but he's not
sharing. And Zack won't talk,
even to Bones.

CAM
He makes his own choices.

BOOTH
Well his choices suck. And
someone needs to tell him that.

CAM
Not my problem.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFERSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / PLATFORM

HODGINS is overseeing the GRAD STUDENTS as they pull
dirty clothes, half eaten food and other disgusting
things out of the bags and boxes.

FEMALE STUDENT
(face scrunched)
Eugh.

HODGINS
Suck it up, missy. Would Dr.
Brennan balk at a bit of...year
old B-O?

Female student shakes her head.

HODGINS (CONT'D)
That's right! You need to
toughen up or...

MALE STUDENT
You'll make us watch dermestes
maculates munch on a burn victim
again?

Hodgins marches over to the male student.

HODGINS
You got a problem, soldier?

Male student shakes his head.

HODGINS (CONT'D)
Good. Because I've got a full
bag of feces that needs testing
if you want it.

MALE STUDENT
Yes sir. I mean no sir. I...don't.

Grad student 2 opens a WRAPPER and looks ill.

GRAD STUDENT 2
Dr. Hodgins...I think I'm gonna
be...

Hodgins peers into the paper and his face lightens.

HODGINS
Oh! Maggots!

INT - JEFFERSONIAN / BRENNAN'S OFFICE - NEW DAY

BRENNAN enters. She opens a desk drawer to get something, notices Zack's LETTERS and she takes them out, flips through them and places them back in the drawer. ANGELA walks in. She abruptly closes it.

ANGELA
Zack letters?

BRENNAN
Does Booth tell you everything?

ANGELA
I do have sources, and they sometimes include him but no, not Booth. I just saw them when I was looking for...something. Why didn't you tell me sweetie?

BRENNAN
Because I don't want to talk about it.

ANGELA
Want me to strong arm Zack? He never could say no. Oh wait. Yes, he could. Want me to get Hodgins to strong-arm him?

BRENNAN
Ange, Zack has enough problems. If he doesn't want to talk to me it's his choice.

ANGELA
Brennan, he really does love you. I hope you see it.

Brennan looks at her silently.

BRENNAN
No more Zack talk, okay? What did you come in here for?

ANGELA
I have a face for you.

Angela hands Brennan the SKETCH.

ANGELA
I wanted to make him a happy
star-watcher, but I restrained
myself. It was hard.

Brennan looks at her curiously.

ANGELA
Artiste, remember?

Brennan smiles at her tiredly. Angela smiles sweetly.

ANGELA
Remember you can talk to me
anytime, right?

Brennan nods and Angela smiles and leaves. Brennan sits
back in her chair, smile fading.

CUT TO:

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION / THERAPY ROOM

ZACK is sitting at the table.

SUPER: Session #10

DR. MARKS walks in and sits across from him.

DR. MARKS
Hello, Zack.

ZACK
Hello, Dr. Marks.

DR. MARKS
How are you today?

Zack looks at her, somewhat surprised.

DR. MARKS
When is the last time someone
asked you that?

ZACK
I do not recall.

DR. MARKS
Did your coworkers ask you?

ZACK
The Jeffersonian is a scientific
institution. I did not ask that
and it wasn't asked of me.

DR. MARKS

I see. Did you compile your thoughts on your coworkers as I asked?

ZACK

The compiling was an unnecessary request. The thoughts have always been there. But I am ready.

Dr. Marks gestures for him to begin. Zack stares back.

DR. MARKS

Please, go on. Tell me about your work and the life you had. Tell me about the people with whom you worked.

ZACK

Each of those requests could take a large amount of time. Would you like to narrow the parameters?

DR. MARKS

Alright. Tell me the nature of each relationship at the beginning, and just before you came here.

ZACK

Understood. Do you have a preference as to the order?

DR. MARKS

No. I leave that up to you, Zack.

ZACK

I will begin with the leader of our team, Dr. Saroyan. When I met her, she called me Zackaroni...

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFERSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / BRENNAN'S OFFICE

BRENNAN breaks her reverie and pulls out the LETTERS. BOOTH enters.

BOOTH

Bones, we've got...

Booth hesitates when he sees the letters out again. She puts them back in the drawer, closing it firmly.

BRENNAN
Don't coddle me, Booth.

BOOTH
Hey, I wasn't. I just...

BRENNAN
Everyone keeps doing that. Stop treating me like a child who lost... We have a job to do. I can compartmentalize well.

BOOTH
Obviously.

Brennan glares at Booth.

BRENNAN
What did you come to tell me?

BOOTH
Oh. Angela has an ID for Mr. Bones.

BRENNAN
Don't call him that.

BOOTH
Ookay. Touchy!

Booth holds up his hands, turns, and walks out the door. She rises quickly and chases after him.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFERSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB

BRENNAN catches up to BOOTH just as he reaches the body. CAM, ANGELA, HODGINS, and GRAD STUDENT 3 are there. The rest of the students are at the other end of the platform, cataloging the roof evidence.

BRENNAN
(arms crossed)
So, what do we know about the victim?

ANGELA
His name is Robert Morton, 52. Well, he would be now at least. But he's been missing for 2 years and 4 months.

BOOTH
Got his address?

ANGELA
DMV records gave his last known address in Alexandria. I called the current phone number for that address and the guy who answered said the house was a rental and he's been there 2 years. He gave me the landlord's name and number.

Angela hands the PAPER to Booth.

BRENNAN
Good work, Angela.
(to Grad Student 3)
What did you find on the X-rays?

Grad Student 3 hands Brennan the X-RAYS and she holds them up for a quick view.

GRAD STUDENT 3
I found the characteristic white spots indicating osteosclerosis, just as you suspected, Dr. Brennan.

BOOTH
Nice, giving them tasks and telling them what they'll find. What's that even mean, anyway?

BRENNAN
It means, Booth, that there is further evidence the victim worked with or was exposed to high levels of fluoride.

BOOTH
Yeah, well, we'll see. Angela, got any employment records yet?

ANGELA
No, not yet.

BRENNAN
Are there any additional findings to report?

HODGINS
The grad students are still inspecting the rooftop evidence and cataloging it. I'll begin running cultures immediately.

Brennan looks at Cam.

CAM

Don't look at me. I do flesh,
and our skinny friend here
doesn't have any.

BRENNAN

Other than the fluorosis and
osteosclerosis there are marks
of animal activity but no signs
of trauma.

CAM

That could indicate a non-
traumatic cause of death, like
poisoning...suffocation or even
drowning.

BOOTH

(guffaws)
Drowning? On a rooftop? That's a
bit of a stretch.

BRENNAN

Booth! Don't assume anything
until the facts are in. A person
can drown in a very small amount
of water.

BOOTH

Hey, I was just trying to focus
us on the most likely path here.
My gut says poisoning.

BRENNAN

Oh, so it smells, and speaks.

CAM

Dr. Brennan, I think you should
go take a breather. Booth told
me...

Booth glares at Cam to stop her.

BRENNAN

(angrily)
He told you what?

Brennan looks back and forth between a guilty looking
Booth and Cam.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Fine. There isn't much I can do
here. I'll be in my office.

Brennan leaves quickly. Booth looks annoyed at Cam then turns to follow Brennan just before she goes out of sight.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFERSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / BRENNAN'S OFFICE

BRENNAN storms into her office, face furious. BOOTH is right on her heels.

BOOTH
Bones, look, I'm sorry.

BRENNAN
(emotionless)
It's fine.

BOOTH
I went to ask her if she talked to Zack. The rest just slipped out.

BRENNAN
You did what you thought was best.

BOOTH
(startled)
Are you sure you're okay? Because usually by this point you're using words I don't understand or hitting me.

Brennan smiles sadly and then sighs.

BRENNAN
I don't know what's wrong with me.

BOOTH
You should go home. Take a nice bath. Have a glass of wine. Relax.

BRENNAN
I don't do 'relax'.

BOOTH
You should try it. If there's nothing the bones can tell you then step back, relax, and let the cops handle this one. Good ole' fashioned detective work will...

Brennan becomes furious once again.

BRENNAN
You want to push me aside? Like
I can't handle it?

BOOTH
What? No! Not at all.

BRENNAN
I'm more than just Bones, Booth.

BOOTH
I...I know that.

BRENNAN
We're partners. You can't just
toss me aside.

BOOTH
I'm not trying to. I'm trying to
give you a break here.

BRENNAN
I don't want a break. I want to
work.

BOOTH
You just seem a bit upset.

BRENNAN
I am upset! With you. With you
trying to leave me behind.

BOOTH
Fine. Okay. Let's go.

BRENNAN
(still angry)
Okay, let's go.

END ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION / THERAPY ROOM

ZACK and DR. MARKS sit across from each other.

SUPER: Session #12

DR. MARKS
Is there something you wish to
say, Zack?

ZACK

I am waiting for you to begin.
You did not give me a specific
assignment for this session.

DR. MARKS

Does it bother you, to not have
a directive?

ZACK

I am most comfortable with
something specific to
accomplish.

DR. MARKS

Goals are not always defined in
advance, are they?

ZACK

No, but they are more likely to
be properly completed if advance
instructions are given.

DR. MARKS

In some instances, yes.

ZACK

I do not wish to hear about
psychology again, Dr. Marks.

DR. MARKS

Very well. Tell me more about
Agent Booth.

ZACK

(taken aback)
Why would you ask about him?

DR. MARKS

Well, the answer to that you
won't care for. So, please, tell
me more about Booth. Last time
you told me that the two of you
rarely talked.

ZACK

He ignored me.

DR. MARKS

Did that bother you?

ZACK

On the contrary, I understood it
to be a sign of respect and
confirmation of my important
place on the team.

DR. MARKS

Do you respect Agent Booth?

ZACK

I respect his physical prowess,
his belief in duty and honor, and
his skills with guns and people.

DR. MARKS

But you have little in common?

ZACK

That is correct.

DR. MARKS

And what about his relationship
with Dr. Brennan?

Zack looks uncomfortable.

DR. MARKS (CONT'D)

Do you think he's been a
positive influence on her?

ZACK

That is a subjective question.

DR. MARKS

Yes. It is.

ZACK

You're asking me to guess. I
don't guess.

DR. MARKS

I'm asking you to evaluate.
Based on the traits, skills, and
work that you value, has Agent
Booth been a positive influence
on Dr. Brennan?

ZACK

No.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH'S VEHICLE - DAYTIME

BOOTH and BRENNAN are in Booth's FBI vehicle. Brennan
is staring out the window silently. Booth repeatedly
glances in her direction but says nothing.

BRENNAN

(still staring)

You should really watch the road
when you drive, Booth.

Booth frowns at Brennan as she turns to face him.

BOOTH
Partners tell each other things,
remember? They lean on each
other in times of need.

BRENNAN
Booth, partners doesn't mean you
get to demand that I...

BOOTH
Oh, really? I seem to remember
you doing just that in your
office.

BRENNAN
(nodding slightly)
You're right.

BOOTH
Okay, you are agreeing with me
way too much. You gave in
awfully fast. Talk. Spill it.
Lean on me.

BRENNAN
Stop saying that. You're right,
but there's nothing to say,
Booth. I told you about Zack and
nothing has changed. You'll be
the first to know if it does.
After me, of course.

BOOTH
Fine. But that is not real
sharing.

Booth is upset and staring dejectedly straight ahead.
They lapse into silence. Brennan looks at him and
purses her lips.

BRENNAN
(cautiously)
So, where are we going?

BOOTH
Morton's house. Well, his old
house. We're meeting the
landlord. Time to add some
details to the face.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOOTH'S VEHICLE - DAYTIME

BOOTH and BRENNAN exit the vehicle in front of a modest house in an average neighborhood. VINCE FOWLER, shady looking man in his 50s with slick hair and a lot of gold jewelry approaches them, carrying a box.

VINCE FOWLER
Agent Booth?

BOOTH
Uh, yeah, Mr. Fowler?

VINCE FOWLER
Yeah, Vince, Bobby Morton's old landlord. Here's all that's left of his stuff.

He pushes his box into Booth's hands.

BRENNAN
That's all he had?

VINCE FOWLER
I didn't know what happened to him, ya know? After a few months, I went and got one of them judgments, saying the place was abandoned.

BOOTH
And his stuff?

Vince walks back to his own vehicle. They follow.

VINCE FOWLER
Well, mine, of course. My rights and all. I sold most of it. But I kept that personal stuff, just incase, ya know? Shame about Bobby. Scary guy, but paid his rent on time.

BOOTH
Scary how?

Vince puts his hand on his truck door.

VINCE FOWLER
You should check out his buddy Mike from work. I interrupted a yelling match between them once. Bobby did not like the guy. Whole thing gave me the creeps.

BOOTH

Hey, not so fast. I still have some questions.

VINCE FOWLER

I got places to be.

BOOTH

If this is inconvenient, I can always take you in and make it really inconvenient. Just answer our questions.

VINCE FOWLER

Alright, but I was just the guy's landlord. I barely saw him. He paid his rent and fixed his own leaks. I got no beef with him.

BRENNAN

Where did he work?

VINCE FOWLER

I don't know, but there are some old paychecks in that box.

BOOTH

You have a business card?

Vince pulls out some papers and flips one over to write.

VINCE FOWLER

Nah, but here's my cell. Why don't ya gimme one of yours. Maybe I'll memba something.

Booth's badge is in his hand but both hands are on the box. He looks for a place to set it but the ground is wet. He holds out the box to Brennan but she refuses and grabs his wallet. They make faces at each other as she pulls out a card and hands it to Vince.

VINCE FOWLER

(grinning)

Are you two...?

They reply at the same time as they walk away from him.

BRENNAN

No.

BOOTH

None of your business.

They climb into the vehicle and Booth sets the box between them. Brennan begins pulling out items.

She pulls out a few paychecks and reads the name.

BRENNAN
Bugbusters Fumigation.

Booth raises an eyebrow at that, as Brennan continues pulling out items.

BRENNAN
Here's a business card. *The Corner Pie Shop.* What kind of name is that?

Booth snatches the card out of her hand. She tries to take it back but he slides it quickly into his breast pocket and smiles broadly.

BOOTH
A great name. I'll hold onto this. What else you have?

BRENNAN
(pulling out items)
Letters, addressed to two women, Jane and Nina Nichols. Membership at a golf club.

BOOTH
Alright. Let's go visit the *Bone Lady* first, see if she remembers anything.

BRENNAN
Don't call her that.

BOOTH
(grinning)
Jealous?

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFERSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / CAM'S OFFICE

CAM sits at her desk with papers when HODGINS walks in angrily. She looks up expectantly at the interruption.

CAM
More fun with Brennan's pets?

HODGINS
I'm about to pull out the diapers, I tell ya.
(MORE)

HODGINS (CONT'D)

A bit of sediment and fungus and they're whining about soiled nails. How does Brennan do it?

CAM

They don't act like that around her. Or me. It's just you, Dr. Hodgins. You treat them like children so they act like children.

Hodgins fumes.

CAM

Sooo...have anything for me on the bone man?

HODGINS

14 shirts, a disturbing lack of pants, a broken golf club with 4 inches of dried blood on it, and waaay more. We're testing it against DNA from the remains.

CAM

But with a weapon like that and no bone trauma it's unlikely to be the victim's.

HODGINS

Correct. I subscribe to Dr. Brennan's poisoning theory. But not from sulfuric fluoride.

CAM

Why not? It fits what evidence we have and is very likely, given the state of his bones.

HODGINS

Nuh-uh. It's too neat. No one who does that job so many years that it shows on his bones is dumb enough to go back into a closed and gassed house. No.

CAM

Maybe somebody made him.

HODGINS

Devious...

He smiles at her and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S SHELTER - DAYTIME

BOOTH and BRENNAN enter the shelter to find MARY. She's been cleaned up but is still mentally lost.

BOOTH
Hello, Mary.

MARY
Do I...

Mary notices Brennan and smiles.

MARY (CONT'D)
Oh, yes. You're taking care of Mr. Bones for me. How is he? He's not giving you too much trouble, is he?

BRENNAN
(looking at Booth)
He's...fine.

BOOTH
Mary, do you remember anything new about the night he came to stay with you?

MARY
It was a lovely night.

BRENNAN
How long have you known...him?

MARY
Child, I've known him as long as I've known...well, anything.

BRENNAN
I'm not a...

BOOTH
(interrupting Brennan)
Are you related to him?

MARY
Why yes, he's my brother.

BOOTH
Did you ever fight with him?

MARY
Of course I did. He'd make me mad as an old wet hen and I'd give him a good jab.

BRENNAN

Did you jab him the night he came to stay?

MARY

No, silly. He brought me gifts. Oh so fruity, nice gifts.

BOOTH

Fruity, alright.

BRENNAN

We're sorry to bother you, Mary. We'll...take good care of Mr. Bones for you.

They turn to leave. Brennan pulls out her phone as they walk away.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFERSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB

CAM is walking down the path between the platform and the offices when her PHONE rings. She pulls it out to answer.

INTERCUT - LAB / SHELTER

CAM

Cam.

BRENNAN

It's Brennan. The woman we found on the rooftop is the victim's sister.

CAM

Crazy in the family is never a good sign.

BRENNAN

She mentioned 'poking' or 'jabbing' him. Did you find any weapons in the evidence collected?

CAM

Hodgins found a broken golf club with blood on it. We're testing for DNA but that will take days. I'll have Angela run some simulations with the weapon.

EXT. BOOTH'S VEHICLE

Brennan hangs up the phone as they reach Booth's vehicle.

BRENNAN

They found a broken golf club on the rooftop with blood on it. Angela is running scenarios.

BOOTH

Sister kills brother? Not buying it.

BRENNAN

Why not?

BOOTH

She loved him. She still does, with all that 'take care of Mr. Bones' stuff. No way she did it.

BRENNAN

Well, the only evidence we have is that blood. And the box of the victim's possessions does contain receipts for golf.

BOOTH

There were dozens of homeless people there. It could be anyone's. I doubt he kept his clubs at his sister's...place.

BRENNAN

True. It would be hard to kill someone with such a weapon without marking any bone.

BOOTH

Ah-ha! Your evidence and my evidence match. That's a weapon for beating or maybe stabbing. It's not a slicer.

BRENNAN

So, now what?

BOOTH

Let's go pay a visit to his workplace, check on that co-worker.

FADE OUT.

END ACT 2

ACT 3

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFERSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / PLATFORM

ANGELA is in the middle of the GRAD STUDENTS talking.

ANGELA

Oh yeah, Brennan totally kicks ass. The one and only time I got her out to a club, she kicked a guy through a wall.

HODGINS approaches from behind her and looks exasperated. He begins barking orders at the grad students. Angela watches him in amusement.

HODGINS

Hey, when did the lab turn into one giant water cooler? We've got evidence to analyze, people.
(to nearest student)
You call that tagging?
(to next)
And you, dirt is not a descriptive word in this lab.

MALE STUDENT

I do bones...found in d...

Hodgins glares at him.

MALE STUDENT (CONT'D)

...soil.

HODGINS

People, this is the Jeffersonian, we do more than bones here!

(to Angela)
When do I get my own grad students, hmm? This place needs more me. A lot more!

Angela laughs at him. Hodgins notices a student opening a food container and wrinkling her nose.

HODGINS

Let me see that.

Hodgins peers inside to view moldy interior with something unknown in the center. He snaps it closed.

HODGINS

I will take this. Carry on.

CUT TO:

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION / THERAPY ROOM

ZACK and DR. MARKS are sitting across from each other.
The session has been going on for some time.

SUPER: Session #15

ZACK
But, why am I...

DR. MARKS
Oh, I know why you did it.
That's not the point. Due to
your lack of interpersonal and
emotional connections, you don't
understand why. You think it's
because he made a great logical
argument.

ZACK
Yes, he did. He...

DR. MARKS
And Dr. Brennan showed you the
flaw, did she not?

ZACK
Yes, but with my application of
the logic, not the logic itself.
The logic didn't fail me. I
failed it.

DR. MARKS
Do you fail often, Zack?

ZACK
In what context? I don't make
mistakes.

Dr. Marks raises an eyebrow at Zack.

ZACK
Rarely, rarely make mistakes.

DR. MARKS
The murder case against Max
Keenan?

ZACK
That was a limitation of my
knowledge. It was a failure of
my methods but not my logic.

DR. MARKS
And the logic is the most
important part?

ZACK
It's the part you can count on.

Dr. Marks pauses and considers Zack.

DR. MARKS
What do you think your purpose
is now, Zack?

ZACK
You do not follow any topic to
it's completion. Why?

DR. MARKS
I follow what's important and
that is constantly changing.

Zack stares at her, unconvinced.

DR. MARKS
What is your purpose now?

ZACK
I don't have one.

DR. MARKS
You don't think your
considerable intellect is
valuable to the world somehow?

ZACK
Logically...yes. It could be
utilized. But...

DR. MARKS
Logic may not be enough?

ZACK
Correct. Aren't you supposed to
let the patient answer? Isn't
that how therapy works?

DR. MARKS
Therapy works in the way best
tailored to the patient, Zack.
Do you think you've done too
much bad to be of use?

ZACK
Bad is a very subjective term.
But people do view my actions
that way, yes.

DR. MARKS

Do you think Dr. Brennan agrees?

ZACK

She understands the logic but...she also listens to Booth. He believes strongly in right and wrong. If he believes I've done wrong then she will too.

DR. MARKS

And you believe they all feel that way?

ZACK

Yes.

DR. MARKS

Shouldn't you ask them?

ZACK

To what purpose?

DR. MARKS

From what you've told me, each person began very open to you and then you grew apart. Dr. Hodgins and Ms. Montenegro began to date, Dr. Brennan and Agent Booth spent most of their time outside the lab...Did that bother you? Did you ever ask them why?

ZACK

What purpose would that serve?

DR. MARKS

You claim to be purposeless now but you're still walking, still breathing. Purpose isn't the only thing that matters. You had a purpose at the Jeffersonian. Why was that not enough, Zack?

ZACK

I don't know. But I think you do.

DR. MARKS

Suddenly you care what the psychologist thinks?

ZACK

It's your field of expertise. I'm not...equipped.

DR. MARKS

Yes, Zack, you are. The answer lies in the fundamental nature of humanity. Whether you believe it, or even know, doesn't matter. You can't recognize human interaction the same way most of us do. You can't quantify it as you wish. But you're still subject to it.

ZACK

To what?

DR. MARKS

The need for others. The need to belong. You thought you'd found your place and your purpose at the Jeffersonian. You may not know why, but you know that those around you mattered. But they didn't grow closer to you. They grew away. When you came back from Iraq it was even worse, wasn't it?

ZACK

Yes.

DR. MARKS

And without the belonging, even the purpose wasn't enough. So you looked for, and found, a new place to get both, didn't you?

ZACK

Yes.

DR. MARKS

And now you're trying to completely sever the old forever, aren't you?

They stare silently at each other for a moment.

DR. MARKS (CONT'D)

Your new assignment is to see or write the very next person from the Jeffersonian who contacts you.

Zack looks at Dr. Marks like he might argue, but he stays silent.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUGBUSTERS FUMIGATION - DAYTIME

BOOTH and BRENNAN exit the vehicle. A man, MIKE MILLER, 40s, walks out of the building and looks at them. He's very tall and overweight. He walks slowly toward his truck.

MIKE MILLER
Can I help you folks?

BOOTH
We're looking for Mike Miller.

MIKE MILLER
(warily)
That's me.

BOOTH
Is there some place private we could go?

MIKE MILLER
I'm fine right here. What's this about?

BOOTH
I'm Special Agent Seeley Booth and this is my partner, Dr. Temperance Brennan. We'd like to ask you a few questions about Robert Morton.

Mike takes off down the side of the building but he quickly gets winded. Booth catches him quickly. Brennan walks casually to Booth.

BOOTH
Why do they always think they can get away?
(to Brennan)
And why didn't you even try to help me catch him?

BRENNAN
This man is tall and morbidly obese. He favors his right knee and breathes heavily even when standing. You are highly physically fit. He was never going to get far.

Booth cuffs him and starts walking back to the vehicle while reading him his rights.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFERSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / ANGELA'S OFFICE

ANGELA is working at her computer when CAM enters.

CAM
Are you working on the
simulations?

ANGELA
(sighs)
Yes.

CAM
Well, you can stop.

ANGELA
Well, that's good, because I've
gotten nothing but a big fat
goose egg.

CAM
I got his medicals. Mr. Morton
was O-positive, the blood on
golf club was AB-positive.

ANGELA
So who's blood is it?

CAM
I don't know but I'm saving it
for Dr. Brennan. I found some
tiny pieces of bone dried in the
jagged tip. It's not the current
victim's, but there may be
another victim.

ANGELA
Well that's disturbing.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN-DOWN RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAYTIME

BOOTH and BRENNAN exit his vehicle and walk up to a
small, neatly kept house in a poor neighborhood.

Brennan fans herself idly with a piece of paper. Booth
looks at her funny.

BRENNAN
What? It's hot!

Both attempt to ring the doorbell. Booth wins.

BOOTH
Hey, you weren't the one chasing
down a runner.

BRENNAN
You had to go 30 feet! You
practically jogged it.

Booth grabs her hand and tries to angle her fanning in
his direction.

BOOTH
Fan me too.

BRENNAN
What? No, Booth! Get your own
fan.

BOOTH
Fanning is not manly.

The door opens and JANE NICHOLS, a mid 40s woman
appears. Her clothes are plain, but she is neat like
the house.

BOOTH
Ms. Nichols?

JANE NICHOLS
Yes, that's me. May I help you?

BOOTH
I'm Special Agent Seeley Booth
and this is my partner Dr.
Temperance Brennan. May we come
in?

JANE NICHOLS
Give me one moment to find some
shoes and I'll come outside.

The door closes.

BOOTH
What's with people today?
Usually people want privacy, but
noooo, today they all want to
chat in front of God and
everyone.

BRENNAN
I don't know what that means.

Booth starts to reply but the door opens and Ms.
Nichols steps out on the porch, closing the door behind
her.

JANE NICHOLS
What is this about?

BOOTH
We need to ask you a few
questions about Robert Morton.

Ms. Nichols face immediately tightens in anger.

JANE NICHOLS
I want nothing to do with that
man. I don't care what he's done
now.

BRENNAN
Now? We found some unsent
letters to you and a Nina
Nichols. Your daughter? They
were in a box of his personal
affects.

JANE NICHOLS
You keep him away from Nina!

BOOTH
Why? What are you not telling
us?

JANE NICHOLS
What has he done?

BRENNAN
He died.

Ms. Nichols looks relieved, but glances at the house.

JANE NICHOLS
Good. I'm glad.

BOOTH
What did he do to you that you
wished him dead?

JANE NICHOLS
I never wished him dead. But I'm
glad he is. He raped me, Agent
Booth. If I hadn't gotten my
daughter out of it I might have
killed him myself.

BRENNAN
Is your daughter aware of the
circumstances?

JANE NICHOLS

No! Please, please don't tell her. She thinks my late husband Joe is her father and I want her to go on thinking that. A girl just starting out in her life don't need that hanging over her head.

BOOTH

I understand your feelings...

JANE NICHOLS

I doubt it.

BOOTH

...but it's still my job to find out what happened to him. When did you last hear from him?

JANE NICHOLS

5 years ago, when Nina turned 18. He threatened to tell her. He would try to send her letters but I always saw them first and burned them.

BRENNAN

Did you report the assault?

JANE NICHOLS

I did but they wouldn't do nothing with it. His word versus mine. Devil or not, he was always charming.

Booth hands her a card.

BOOTH

We're sorry to have bothered you. Please call us if you remember anything else.

Ms. Nichols nods quietly and goes back inside. Booth and Brennan walk back to his vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH'S VEHICLE

BOOTH and BRENNAN are inside the vehicle.

BRENNAN

Do you think she had anything to do with his death?

BOOTH

No.

BRENNAN

Do you think she really did intercept all his letters?

BOOTH

You saw how tight she kept herself and her house. I bet nothing slipped by her.

BRENNAN

What now? Can we go pack more heat on the coworker?

BOOTH

Turn up the heat, Bones. And yes, yes we can. Call Sweets, have him meet us there.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING / INTERROGATION ROOM

MIKE MILLER is sitting at the table. BOOTH, BRENNAN and SWEETS are in the observation room.

SWEETS

Do I get to go grill him?

BOOTH

No.

SWEETS

Can I at least be in the room?

BOOTH

No. We do that. You watch.

Booth and Brennan exit the observation room and enter the interrogation room.

BOOTH

Why'd you run, Mr. Miller? Hiding something?

MIKE MILLER

(laughs)

Yeah. But it ain't got nothing to do with Bobby Morton.

BRENNAN

Why did you run when you heard his name?

MIKE MILLER

Bobby's been gone a long time.
FBI Agent and his...

Miller pauses to leer at Brennan. Booth inserts his hand between them.

MIKE MILLER

...partner comes around asking about him, it ain't going to be anything good.

BOOTH

Did you have something to do with his disappearance?

MIKE MILLER

(warily)
No...

BOOTH

That doesn't sound very convincing.

MIKE MILLER

Look, Bobby and I didn't always get along. The last day I saw him we were cleaning up at a house. I told him it was too early to go back in without gear but he wouldn't listen. Guy had a death wish. He started feeling dizzy and blamed me. Said he'd get me fired the next day. But no one ever saw him again. I gotta figure you talked to someone who mighta talked to him and got his version of events. The wrong version.

BOOTH

That's a nice story. Pretty neat. Why should we believe you?

MIKE MILLER

I filed a report with my boss the next day! I wrote down all the dates and times and he agreed Bobby went back in early. Stupid bastard was probably dead in a couple of days tops. I even told him that.

BRENNAN

What did he say to that?

MIKE MILLER

Just said he needed to talk to someone, dropped everything and left. I never saw him again.

Booth gets up. Brennan quickly follows.

MIKE MILLER

Can I go?

BOTH

Just a minute.

Booth and Brennan go into the observation room with Sweets.

BOTH

Well?

SWEETS

He's not lying.

BOTH

Oh, is that your 'special talent' talking again?

SWEETS

He truly believes that Mr. Morton accidentally killed himself by exposing himself to the gas.

BOTH

Thanks, Sweets. So, all of this, and the guy actually offed himself...by being stupid?

BRENNAN

That would appear to be the appropriate conclusion.

Booth exits the room again. Brennan follows.

SWEETS

(raising voice as they leave)
You should probably find out about that other reason he ran from you. Other than, you know, your burly physique and menacing nature.

END ACT 3

ACT 4

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION / COMMUNITY ROOM

ZACK is sitting at a table alone, staring out the window, with a checkers board in front of him. Other patients are spread around the room doing various activities.

ANGELA appears at the entrance to the room and spots him. She makes her way over to him.

ZACK
(continuing to stare)
I didn't anticipate it being
you.

ANGELA
Well, I drew the short straw,
err...long straw. I chose to come.

ZACK
Dr. Brennan didn't?

ANGELA
We sorta didn't let her draw and
she doesn't know I'm here.

ZACK
(turning to her)
Why are you here?

ANGELA
I want to see how you are,
and...ask you to talk to Brennan.

Zack turns back around.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
She misses you, Zack.

ZACK
I calculated Agent Booth as the
most likely emissary, not you.

ANGELA
(motioning toward the door)
Oh I can get him. He wanted to
come but we...I, thought you might
be more receptive to me.

ZACK
Meaning that you have the
potential of evoking a more
positive emotional response.
(MORE)

ZACK (CONT'D)

But then she values his opinion highly, and he hers, so I might be more likely to view him as the best authority on Dr. Brennan.

ANGELA

Zack, do you have a problem with Booth?

ZACK

My...therapist...says I do.

ANGELA

Well, I think I agree.

ZACK

I simply recognize him as an important influence in her life. She is happy with the arrangement.

ANGELA

Look, whatever she and Booth are to each other isn't important here...

ZACK

But it is, she...

ANGELA

Zack, she misses you. A lot!

ZACK

Then she should stop.

ANGELA

Stop? Zack...

ZACK

She can learn to forget. When she thought Agent Booth to be dead she reacted with logic and control and moved on.

ANGELA

Hah, yeah, right. Z-man, look. She's not going to forget you. She misses you. We all do.

ZACK

You miss me because I'm no longer where you're accustomed to seeing me.

ANGELA

Uh. Yeah.

ZACK

The reason I am no longer there is a direct result of my own actions. You should forget about someone who causes you pain. It's not logical to continue to pursue contact.

ANGELA

Zack, friendship isn't always logical. We love you and miss you and all the reasons you can throw at me won't change that.

ZACK

But it's better for you..

Angela throws up her hands in frustration.

ANGELA

Maybe Booth should have come. He could've just threatened you into seeing her.

Zack shuts his mouth abruptly.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(proudly)

How's this. Not seeing her, or reading her letters or writing her back...that is causing her pain. You have the power to make her feel better. Talk to her.

ZACK

I..will consider your advice.

ANGELA

Good. Now, how about I kick your ass at some checkers.

ZACK

You may *try*.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH'S VEHICLE

BOOTH and BRENNAN are inside the vehicle.

BRENNAN

Where are we going now? I thought this case was over?

Booth holds out the business card and shows her.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
The pie shop?

Booth nods.

BOOTH
(nodding)
It was in the box. I haven't
closed the case yet. It counts.
It's my reward.

BRENNAN
And what's my reward?

BOOTH
The pleasure of my company?

Booth smiles broadly at Brennan.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CORNER PIE SHOP

BOOTH and BRENNAN enter the diner-like pie shop and head to the counter. Booth begins examining the displayed pies while Brennan looks around the shop and at Booth who is very excited by the selection.

BOOTH
(rapidly)
Apple, peach, strawberry,
cherry, lemon meringue, key
lime...

BRENNAN
It's just pie, Booth.

BOOTH
It's never just pie.
(to the clerk)
Do you have a special today?

CLERK
Strawbarb Pie.

Booth looks confused. Brennan looks intrigued.

BRENNAN
Rhubarb is a very interesting
plant. The leaves are toxic but
the stalks can be prepared in a
variety of foods. The roots make
an excellent laxative.

BOOTH
Eugh.

BRENNAN
I'll take a piece.

BOOTH
Really? Bones?
(smiling broadly)
I thought I'd never...

BRENNAN
(smirking)
You didn't.

BOOTH
(smug)
But you are.

CLERK
And for you sir?

BOOTH
Apple, please.

BRENNAN
What? We come all this way, to a
pie shop, and you pick apple?

BOOTH
I'm in the mood for a classic.

CLERK
Would you like Dutch Apple, New
England Cream Apple, Apple
Streusel, Apple pound cake or an
Apple Fritter?

BOOTH
Ah-ha. See? Choices! I'll have
the one with the crumbs on top,
the streusel. And we need to
talk to the owner please, is she
in?

CLERK
Sure, I'll go get her.

Booth and Brennan take their pies and sit down.

BRENNAN
So, we are here for more than
pie?

BOOTH

Of course we are. There were pie containers on the rooftop and the landlord pointed us here too. Tying up loose ends doesn't have to be without benefit.

Booth takes a huge bite of pie. Brennan watches him and then tries her pie.

BOOTH

So, how's your pie?

BRENNAN

It is an interesting experience. The strawberries provide sweetness but it's offset by the tart, bitter rhubarb. I like it.

BOOTH

So, does this mean you...?

BRENNAN

No.

The owner, SARAH CARTER appears. She's in her 60s with her hair pulled back into a bun.

SARAH CARTER

I am Sarah Carter, the owner. Is there something I can help you with?

Booth is still chewing but swallows quickly.

BOOTH

Mmm-mmm-mmm. Ma'am, the only thing wrong is how wonderfully delicious this pie is.

Brennan glares at Booth. He clears his throat.

BOOTH

My name is Special Agent Seeley Booth and this is my partner Dr. Temperance Brennan. We're investigating a murder and just have a few questions for you.

Booth pulls out a picture of Robert Morton.

SARAH CARTER

A murder? Heavens! I'm not sure how I'll be able to...

Her voice trails off as he shows her the picture. Her jaw tightens and she stiffens but then her face clears. Booth notices and glances at Brennan who is staring at Ms. Carter. She sets the picture on the table.

BRENNAN

He was a regular customer, named Robert Morton. He died more than 2 years ago.

SARAH CARTER

My granddaughter might be more familiar with him. I only came back to work 18 months ago, after my husband died. I took care of him for 2 years before that, while my granddaughter ran everything.

BOOTH

Is she here?

SARAH CARTER

Yes. I'll...go fetch her.

Ms. Carter disappears into the back of the shop.

BOOTH

Something is fishy, Bones. She may be telling the truth about her absence from here. But she knows that man.

BRENNAN

Why would she hide it?

BOOTH

I don't know. Are there other ways he could have died on that rooftop?

They quiet suddenly when the young woman appears.

GIRL

My grandmother said you wished to speak with me about a customer?

Brennan hands her the picture from the table.

BRENNAN

Do you recognize this man?

GIRL

Sure, that's Bobby. I haven't seen him in ages. Is he okay?

BOOTH
We're investigating his death.

GIRL
How? Do you know what happened?

BOOTH
When was the last time you saw
Mr. Morton?

GIRL
It's been, um, 2 or 3 years I
think. He used to come in at
least once a week, sometimes
twice.

BRENNAN
Did he eat here? Or take pies
with him?

GIRL
Um, sometimes he'd sit and talk
and enjoy a piece. Other times
he'd get 2 pieces to go, always
one cherry pie made special for
him and a piece of peach.

BOOTH
Do you remember anything
different, the last time?

GIRL
(nervously)
He ordered two pieces to go.
Said he wasn't feeling well. He
didn't look good. He said
something about his job. About
going into a house that was
supposed to be cleared.

Girl starts backing away.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Let me check the back. I keep
all our receipts.

She walks away quickly.

BOOTH
Very fishy. She seem nervous to
you?

BRENNAN
You know that's not my thing.

BOOTH

So, do your thing, while I do mine. I think she seems guilty. Play with me. Tell me how she could have done it.

Ms. Carter reappears and begins tidying up nearby while watching Booth and Brennan.

BRENNAN

Our likely scenarios so far include suffocation and poisoning.

BOOTH

That girl can't weigh more than 110-120 pounds and Mr. Morton was a stocky guy and 6'3".

BRENNAN

She would have had to drug him and if you're going to drug someone to kill them, logically, you should cut out a step and just poison them.

BOOTH

I love your logic, Bones. But what kind of poison? Obviously she didn't kill him right away. Her story about the pie pieces jives with the evidence.

BRENNAN

You know...

BOOTH

Know what?

BRENNAN

The seeds and pits of many of these fruits - like apricots and apples - they use in their pies contain small amounts of cyanide.

Booth stops mid-bite.

BRENNAN

They're removed first, Booth. And you have to ingest a large amount for it to be fatal.

BOOTH

Somehow I don't think she force fed him apple seeds.

BRENNAN

If you collect them, it is possible to get enough cyanide together to kill someone.

Ms. Carter disappears into the back again behind them.

Booth wipes his mouth and looks around.

BOOTH

She's taking an awfully long time.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFERSONIAN MEDICO-LEGAL LAB

HODGINS has lined up the GRAD STUDENTS in front of the lab platform. He marches back and forth like a drill instructor in front of them as he speaks. CAM and ANGELA are on the platform watching in amusement.

HODGINS

This lab, is about more than forensic anthropologists. We have entomologists, pathologists, artists, and much more!

Hodgins pulls out his phone and holds it up.

HODGINS

I will now call Dr. Brennan and update her on our cause of death, based on my tests conducted on the victim's...

The phone rings.

HODGINS (CONT'D)

Watch and learn.

Hodgins answers the phone and puts it on speaker. Brennan does the same on her end in the shop.

INTERCUT - JEFFERSONIAN/PIE SHOP

HODGINS

Well hello, Dr. Brennan. I was just about to call and let you know...

BRENNAN

Jack, I know how Mr. Morton was killed.

HODGINS
Oh, you do, hmm? One moment
please.

Hodgins turns the cell off speaker with a quick motion
and turns away from the students.

BRENNAN
He was poisoned with cyanide.

HODGINS
How did you...

BRENNAN
Have you found any evidence that
would support a similar
conclusion?

HODGINS
As a matter of fact, I was going
to call you and tell you he was
killed by cyanide. But now
you've stolen my thunder.

BOOTH
Boo-hoo, Thor.

BRENNAN
(whispering to Booth)
You know who Thor is?

BOOTH
Sure. God of thunder. When I was
a kid...

HODGINS
Hey! Scientist here! Do you even
want to know what I found?

BRENNAN
Yes, Hodgins, please.

HODGINS
Gelcaps. 3 popped inside what
was left of a pie box. Found
both cherry and cyanide residue.

BRENNAN
The proof is in the pie!

BOOTH
Pudding, Bones. Ok, well, pie.

HODGINS
The capsules look homemade,
probably derived from...

BOOTH
Fruit, we know.

Hodgins grumbles.

HODGINS
Do you have any more of my
evidence you'd like to tell me
about?

BOOTH
What?

BRENNAN
Have you tested the victim's
bone marrow for traces of
cyanide?

HODGINS
(testily)
Yes. Positive.

BRENNAN
Can you test the cyanide to
confirm it's origins?

HODGINS
If I can get my hands on some
unopened caps, sure. I'll keep
looking.

Hodgins hangs up and turns slowly to face the line of
students who quickly form up. He stares at them
steelily before tossing up his hands and walking away.

INT. THE CORNER PIE SHOP

BOOTH
So it's definitely not
sulfloriwhatever? Just plain,
boring cyanide?

BRENNAN
It's actually not as common a
method of murder as movies and
crime novels make it out to be.
I'd hardly call this case
boring. A man lays decomposing...

Booth drops his fork on the plate with a clang.

BOOTH
Alright, that's more than
enough, Bones. Let's go find
that girl. I think she's had
plenty of time to find a paper.

Booth and Brennan rise and head toward the back of the shop. The grandmother steps back out in front of them.

SARAH CARTER
She's gone.

BOOTH
Where? Where did she go?

Sarah stares at him defiantly.

BOOTH (CONT'D)
I could arrest you for obstruction.

SARAH CARTER
Does it matter? She just wants a few minutes with her mama.

BRENNAN
Did you know?

SARAH CARTER
Only that she'd changed. I never knew why.

BRENNAN
Do you know why now?

SARAH CARTER
Yes, but you'll have to ask her.

BOOTH
Ma'am, you really need to tell us where she is.

Ms. Carter begins to weep.

SARAH CARTER
She's at the box factory on the highway. Her mother works there.

Booth and Brennan start to leave. Brennan turns.

BRENNAN
What is your granddaughter's name?

SARAH CARTER
Nina, Nina Nichols. Robert Morton raped her mother, my daughter.

Booth and Brennan look at each other.

END ACT 4

ACT 5

CUT TO:

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION / ZACK'S ROOM

ZACK is sitting at a small table holding a PEN on PAPER as best he can with his injured hands. At the top are painfully scrawled words, "Dear Dr. Brennan." He pauses to survey his work.

ZACK
That took an unexpected amount
of time.

Zack's neighbor, COLIN, is listening.

COLIN (O.S.)
(sing-song)
You know what else takes a long
time? Finding the answer.
Everyone knows the question, but
only I know the answer.

ZACK
It's 42, Colin.

COLIN
Know-it-all.

Zack smirks slightly and then returns to laborious work on the letter.

CUT TO:

INT. BRENNAN'S APARTMENT / BATHROOM - NIGHT

BRENNAN pads into her bathroom in her robe and runs bath water. Sequence of scenes as she tries to figure out how to properly set up a 'relaxing' bath.

-- She starts the water and stares at the bubbles.

-- She leaves and returns with wine and a glass.

-- She leaves and returns with a candle.

-- She goes to get 3 more candles.

-- She stares at the bath and looks around the room.

BRENNAN
Reading material!

-- She returns with Anthropology journals. She sets them down on the toilet but realizes the distance. She grabs a towel, and arranges it near the bath, journals on top.

BRENNAN
Alright.

-- She drops her robe and gets into the bath.

BRENNAN
Now what?

-- She lays her head back but it's not comfortable.

-- She spies the towel on the floor and rolls it up as a pillow.

-- She stares at the ceiling.

-- She grabs a journal and flips through it but it gets wet so she puts it down.

BRENNAN
How is this relaxing?

-- She sticks her foot out and stares at it.

-- She sighs and gets out.

CUT TO:

INT. BRENNAN'S APARTMENT / LIVINGROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BRENNAN is walking through her living room in her robe when the doorbell rings. She opens the door to a grinning BOOTH. He looks uncomfortable when he sees her robe.

BOOTH
Bones, I, um, I'm sorry. I came to..

BRENNAN
Come in, Booth, before the neighbors start staring too.

Booth enters and shuts the door behind him.

BOOTH
I, uh, just wanted to come talk to you about everything.

Booth follows Brennan into the living room. He sniffs as he follows.

BOOTH
You smell...flowery.

Brennan makes a face at him as she sits down and motions for him to do the same.

BRENNAN
Full confession?

BOOTH
Yes.

BRENNAN
How did she find out?

BOOTH
When he thought he was dying he confessed it all to her.

BRENNAN
How did she have the knowledge to do this?

BOOTH
Apparently she was an honors student, majoring in chemistry, before she quit to run the shop when her grandfather got sick.

BRENNAN
I see.

BOOTH
So he came back a couple of days later, thinking he felt better, got his 2 pieces of pie...only she made his extra special that time.

BRENNAN
And he died with his sister.

BOOTH
Another brilliant mind wasted.

BRENNAN
What do you mean by that?

BOOTH
Well, you know, like Zack...

Brennan looks troubled by the connection.

BRENNAN
He wrote me.

BOOTH
That's great, Bones.

BRENNAN
I just got the letter today.

BOOTH
Are you going to go see him?

BRENNAN
Yes, tomorrow.

BOOTH
Need me to come with you?

BRENNAN
I don't need a babysitter,
Booth.

BOOTH
How about a friend?

BRENNAN
I have that.

They look intimately at each other.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
But I'm going alone. He
requested it be that way.
Apparently, Angela's already
been to see him.

Booth looks guilty.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
You wouldn't know anything about
that, would you?

BOOTH
Me, no! Of course not!

They smile at each other.

BRENNAN
So...

BOOTH
Were you...trying a bath?

BRENNAN
What? No, no, I was just...

BOOTH
You were!

BRENNAN

Well, yes, I tried. But...I don't understand the procedure. It wasn't relaxing at all.

BOOTH

Well, what you need...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BRENNAN'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Montage of shots of BRENNAN.

- Getting ready
- Driving
- Pulling into parking lot of mental institution
- Walking up to the building
- Checking in
- Being led to Zack
- Brennan and Zack spotting each other.

While the montage plays, ZACK is heard in V.O. reading the letter he wrote to Brennan.

ZACK (V.O.)

Dear Dr. Brennan,

You were able to comprehend the Master's logic without even being cognizant of it. And you saw my own failings when I could not see them myself. You are above me. I strived to be your equal. Failing in that, I attempted to forge a new path. I thought I belonged at the Jeffersonian. But each of you continued to grow while I remained stagnant. While each of you changed, I remained the same.

What I did may not be forgivable.

(MORE)

ZACK (CONT'D)

My subsequent refusal to
acknowledge you not be
forgivable either, but I will
endeavor to correct what I may.

If you still wish to see me, and
I will accept it as a
consequence of my choices if you
do not, then I am here. Waiting.

END