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เรื่อง ซีเอสไอ: นิวยอร์ก

**A CORPUS BASED STUDY OF THE POLICE LANGUAGE
IN THE AMERICAN TV SERIES CSI: NY**

ANCHAN PREMJAI

**A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS
FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS PROGRAM
(ENGLISH FOR PROFESSIONAL COMMUNICATION)
GRADUATE SCHOOL HUACHIEW CHALERMPRAKIET UNIVERSITY
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ศิลปศาสตรมหาบัณฑิต (ภาษาอังกฤษระดับสูงเพื่อการสื่อสาร)

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บทคัดย่อ

งานวิจัยเรื่อง การศึกษารูปร่างข้อมูลภาษาของตำราวจในละครชุดทางโทรทัศน์ เรื่อง ซีเอสไอ: นิวยอร์ก (CSI: NY) มีจุดมุ่งหมายเพื่อ 1) ศึกษาคำศัพท์ที่มีความถี่สัมพัทธ์สูงสุด (Relative frequency) หรือคำสำคัญ (Keyword) ที่ใช้ในงานตำราวจจากละครชุดทางโทรทัศน์เรื่อง ซีเอสไอ: นิวยอร์ก ซีซั่น 9 2) ศึกษาหน้าที่ของตำราวจที่ปรากฏในละคร และ 3) ศึกษาการรวมกลุ่มคำของคำสำคัญในรูปแบบของ เอ็น-แกรม (N-gram) จากบทสนทนาของตำราวจในละครชุดนี้ งานวิจัยนี้เก็บข้อมูลจากบทสนทนาของตัวละครตำราวจในขณะกำลังปฏิบัติหน้าที่ที่ปรากฏในละครชุดเรื่องดังกล่าว ซึ่งมีทั้งหมด 17 ตอน มีหน่วยคำเฉพาะของตำราวจทั้งหมด 47,836 หน่วย (tokens) คิดเป็น 4,731 ชนิดของคำ เครื่องมือที่ใช้ในการศึกษา ได้แก่ 1) โปรแกรมแอนท์คองค 3.4.3w (AntConc 3.4.3w) ใช้เพื่อวิเคราะห์คำศัพท์ที่มีความถี่สัมบูรณ์สูงสุดและการรวมกลุ่มคำของคำสำคัญในรูปแบบของเอ็น-แกรม (N-gram) และ 2) โปรแกรม British National Corpus (BNC) ใช้เพื่อเปรียบเทียบคำศัพท์ที่มีความถี่สัมพัทธ์สูงสุดหรือคำสำคัญ

ผลการวิจัยพบว่า คำศัพท์ที่มีความถี่สัมพัทธ์สูงสุดหรือคำสำคัญมีจำนวน 164 คำ เป็นคำสำคัญที่เกี่ยวข้องกับงานตำราวจ 120 คำ และมี 16 คำสำคัญที่มีการรวมกลุ่มคำในรูปแบบของ เอ็น-แกรม นอกจากนี้ยังพบว่า คำสำคัญที่เกี่ยวข้องกับงานตำราวจทั้ง 120 คำ สามารถแบ่งตามหน้าที่ของตำราวจได้ ดังนี้ 1) คำสำคัญที่เกี่ยวข้องกับงานสืบสวน คิดเป็นร้อยละ 37.50 2) คำสำคัญที่เกี่ยวข้องกับงานสอบสวนผู้ต้องสงสัย พยาน หรือบุคคล คิดเป็นร้อยละ 8.33 และ 3) คำสำคัญที่เกี่ยวข้องกับการออกคำสั่งในขณะปฏิบัติหน้าที่ คิดเป็นร้อยละ 4.17 นอกจากนี้ยังพบคำสำคัญอีก 2 กลุ่ม ที่ไม่เกี่ยวข้องกับหน้าที่ของตำราวจโดยตรงแต่มีความถี่สัมพัทธ์สูงในขณะตำราวจออกปฏิบัติหน้าที่ ได้แก่ 1) คำสำคัญที่เกี่ยวข้องกับการเรียกบุคคลหรือสิ่งต่าง ๆ คิดเป็นร้อยละ 29.17 และ 2) คำสำคัญที่เกี่ยวข้องกับภาษาพูดหรือภาษาที่ไม่เป็นทางการ คิดเป็นร้อยละ 20.83

ผลจากงานวิจัยนี้ ทำให้มีคลังข้อมูลภาษาของตำราวจที่ใช้ในการสื่อสารขณะปฏิบัติหน้าที่โดยคู่สนทนาของตำราวจนั้นมีหลากหลาย ได้แก่ เจ้าหน้าที่ตำรวจ ผู้ต้องสงสัย พยาน หรือประชาชนโดยทั่วไป คำสำคัญต่าง ๆ ที่ปรากฏในงานวิจัยนี้เป็นคำที่ใช้บ่อยที่ปรากฏในละครชุดทางโทรทัศน์ เรื่องดังกล่าวซึ่งจะเป็นประโยชน์ต่อการออกแบบและจัดอบรมภาษาอังกฤษสำหรับตำรวจในการเลือกคำศัพท์เพื่อใช้สอนในชั้นเรียน รู้จักการใช้คำศัพท์ตามประเภทการใช้งานหรือหน้าที่ของตำราวจ และการเรียนรู้โครงสร้างไวยากรณ์ภาษาอังกฤษผ่านการรวมกลุ่มคำในรูปแบบของ เอ็น-แกรม เพื่อให้การจัดการเรียนการสอนในชั้นเรียน ESP ของตำรวจมีประสิทธิภาพมากยิ่งขึ้น

คำสำคัญ: ภาษาอังกฤษเพื่อวัตถุประสงค์เฉพาะ คำสำคัญ เอ็นแกรม ภาษาตำรวจ หน้าที่ตำรวจ

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ABSTRACT

The field of English for Specific Purposes (ESP) has continuously broadened its scope especially among the members of the expanding circle of English speakers (Kachru, 1992; 2006). As part of that broadened scope, it is interesting to look at the burgeoning practice of ESP especially those related to the police profession. This thesis examines the content of the American TV Series *CSI: NY* to identify the words with the highest absolute frequencies, words with the highest relative frequencies or the keywords, and N-grams or combination of words (e.g. Bednarek, 2011) used by police officers in the TV series while doing their jobs. Relative frequencies were obtained by comparing the research corpus against the British National Corpus (BNC) and their comparison results were expressed in log likelihood values, and the N-grams were identified from the concordance of each keyword using the software *AntConc 3.4.3w* (Anthony, 2017). The keywords and N-grams were then iteratively categorized into themes and compared against the actual functions of police officers. The findings showed that the police functions of (1) Investigating a crime (37.50%), (2) Interviewing a suspect, witness or person (8.33%), and (3) Police order or instruction (4.17%). In addition, two other themes of police language were found which were (1) Addressing oneself, other people or things (29.17%) and (2) Characteristic features of informal spoken language use (20.83%). Pedagogically, the findings have strong implications since the words with the highest absolute frequencies, the keywords and the N-grams are indispensable in preparing ESP (listening and speaking) courses for police students and officers who are members of the expanding circle of English speakers. The findings have strong pedagogical implications since the identified police keywords and functions were not only related to the functions of the American police department (Baton Rouge Police Department, 2017), but most especially to the functions of Thai police officers (Royal Thai Police, 2018).

Keywords: English for Specific Purposes (ESP), Keywords, N-grams, Police Language, Police Functions.

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ANCHAN PREMJAI

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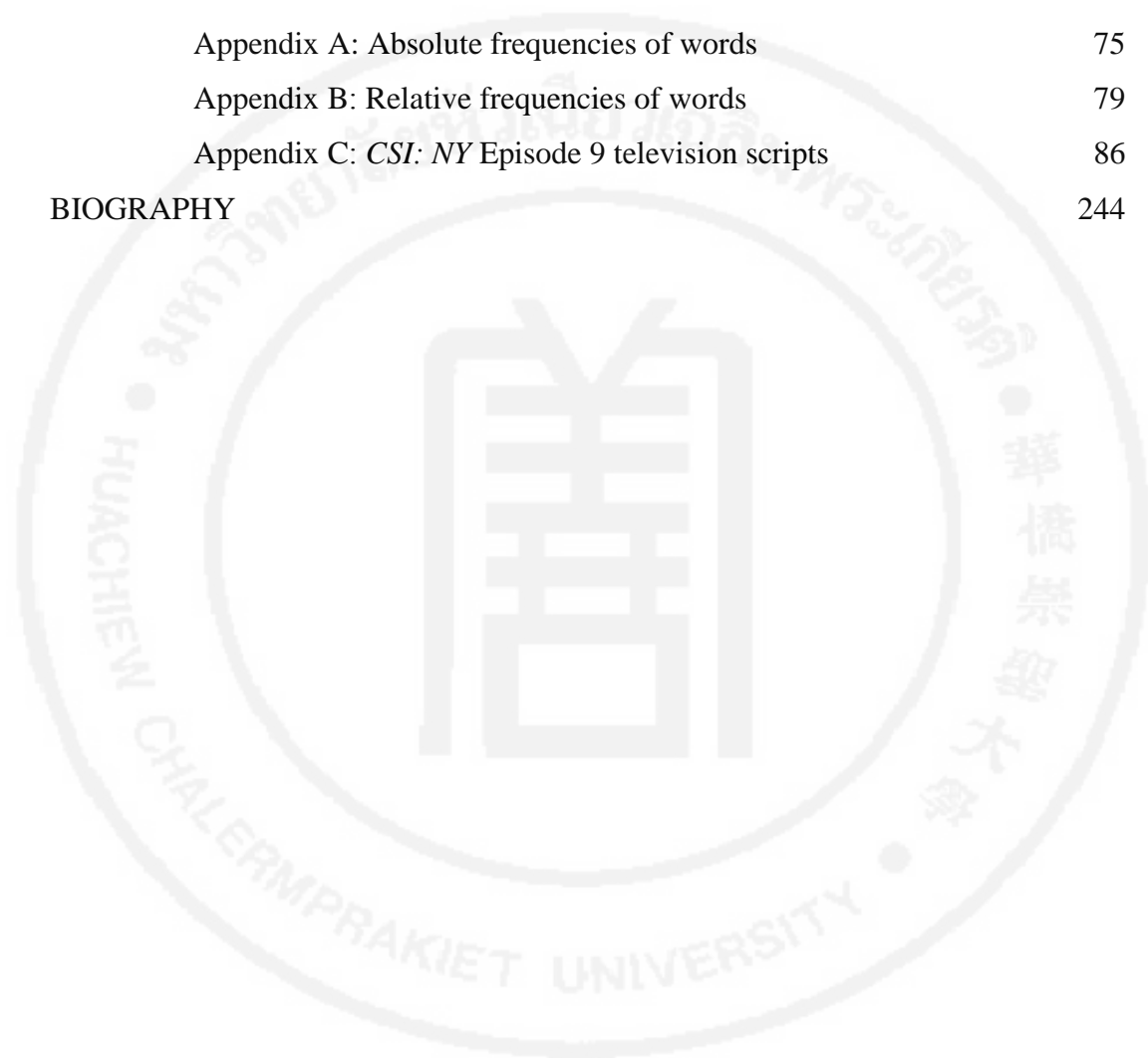
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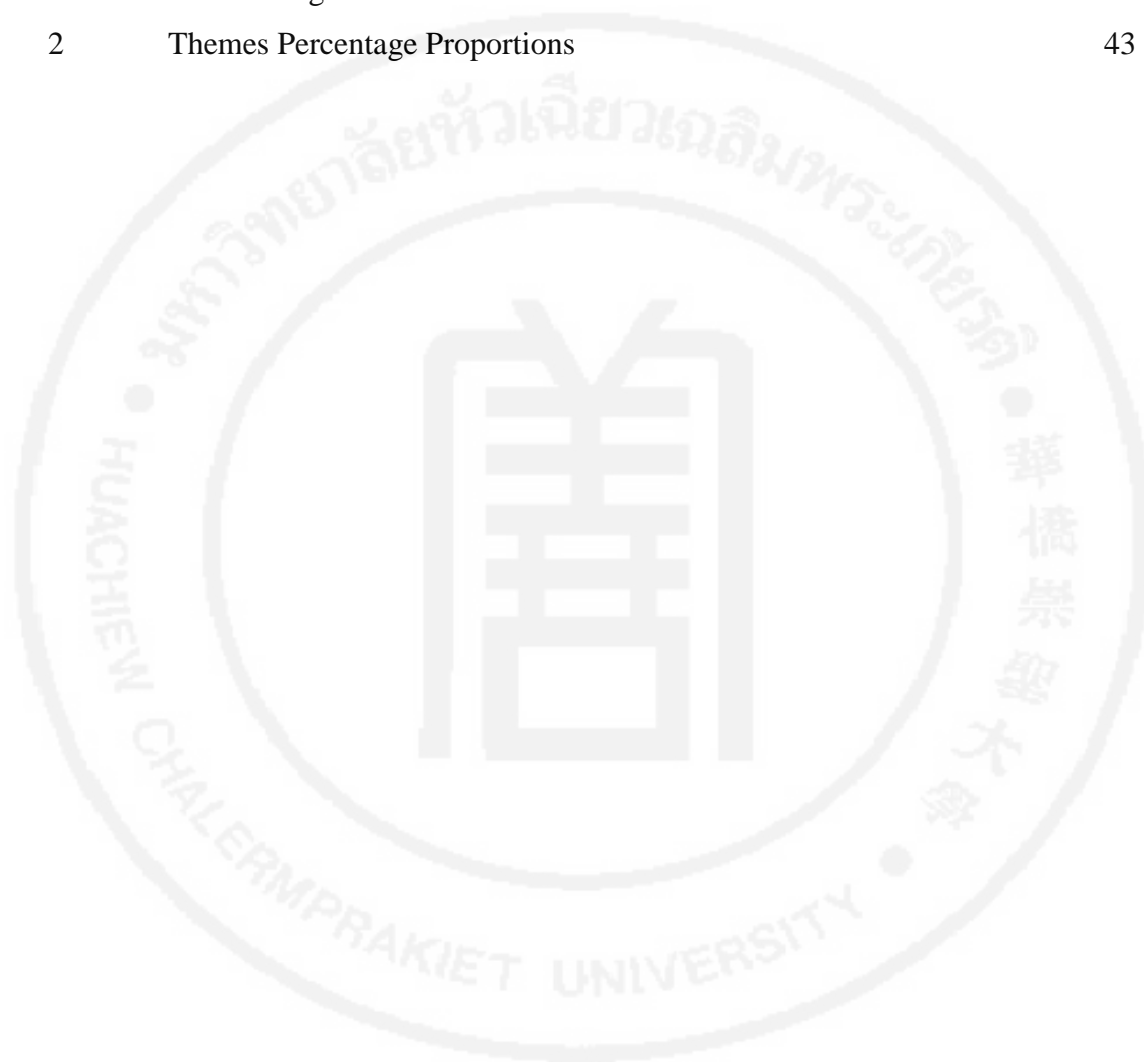


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CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION

This chapter provides rationale, significance of the study, objectives, research questions, definition of terms, limitation of the study, definitions of terms, and overview of the thesis.

1.1 Rationale

Since the Bangkok Declaration August 8, 1967, the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN) has grown into 10 ASEAN countries which are Indonesia, Malaysia, Singapore, Philippines, Thailand, Brunei, Vietnam, Laos, Myanmar, and Cambodia (ASEAN Economic Community. 2014). The ASEAN Community comprises many missions under three main pillars, which are the ASEAN Political-Security Community (APSC), the ASEAN Socio-Cultural Community (ASCC), and the ASEAN Economic Community (AEC) (ASEAN Economic Community. 2014). Each community also has sub-communities (or organizations) that run on their missions to support the three main pillars such as the ASEAN Security Community (ASC), the ASEAN University Network (AUN), ASEAN Free Trade Area (AFTA), and more.

ASEAN National Police or ASEANAPOL is one of many organizations established since October 23, 1981 (Introduction. 2017). It has three main functions: 1) enhance police professionalism, 2) forge stronger regional cooperation in policing, and 3) promote lasting friendship amongst police officers of member countries (Objective of ASEANPOL. 2017). With these functions, it facilitates annual conferences to continually enhance, develop and discuss with other ASEAN members many issues such as regional cooperation in policing, trinational crime, cross-border cooperation, information sharing, people smuggling, police training, or even scientific investigation tools (Introduction. 2017). However, due to differences in languages spoken in the ASEAN region, discussions of these burning issues may not be fully achieved. Malaysia and Brunei use Malay language, which has some similarities to the Indonesian language. In these three ASEAN nations, language may be a minor barrier in communication. Language similarities are also exhibited by the Laos and

Thailand, which allow less strenuous communication between the two countries. Problems start to arise when the rest of the ASEAN countries such as Vietnam, Cambodia, Myanmar, and the Philippines communicate with other member countries. Their languages have unique features that are not shared by the languages of other ASEAN countries. This ongoing dilemma suggests a need to have one common language in the region such as English.

English language is not only an international language; it can be the lingua franca among ASEAN member countries (Kirkpatrick. 2008). Among ASEAN countries, business sectors in the group of Kachru's expanding circle countries (2003; see also Kachru. 1982, 1985, 1986, 1990, 1996), where English is used as a foreign language, realize that English language is important for business communication. Nowadays, we have heard that English courses tailored for the medical and allied medical professions, lawyers, aviation industry, logistics management, tourism, hotels and restaurants and others are quite common. Nevertheless, one more profession which is concerned with security, and peace and order that may use English during the performance of their career in the ASEAN region is the police.

Police in ASEAN countries who especially live in the group of Kachru's expanding circle countries like Thailand, generally experience that their inability to communicate in English is a barrier to the full performance of their duties. This may have inspired the various short and long-term English language courses initiated for police officers particularly the immigration police and tourist police. The scope of the content of the English course for immigration police and tourist officers is straightforward. The immigration police officers deal mainly with travelling, visa processing and checking illegal immigrants who overstayed visas, and the tourist police usually communicate with the foreigners about lost belongings, directions, complaint, or minor crimes. However, the content for local police officers might be difficult to pin down due to the broad scope of their functions.

Most research studies concerning police language communication have been conducted in Western countries (e.g. Fenner *et al.* 2002; Eastwood *et al.* 2010, 2012). In Thailand, the few research studies on police language and police communication were survey studies that examined people's viewpoints and expectations on police

performance and language skills (e.g. Tansrisawat. 1991; Promrat. 1998; Meemark. 2002; Tipmontree. 2007). Thus, it is apparent that while some research studies on English language performance and skills were conducted, research on the source of information for preparing teaching-learning materials was quite undermined. This research study supports the strong pedagogical argument that one quality of good materials for teaching-learning English language is authenticity (e.g. Berardo. 2006; Flowerdew & Miller. 1997; Gilmore. 2007; Granger. 2003; Peacock. 1997).

Recently, several research studies, examining spoken language in almost real-life situations such as in movies, were conducted (e.g. New *et al.* 2007; Cai *et al.* 2010; Keuleer *et al.* 2010; Heuven *et al.* 2014). They focused on exploring general word frequencies from different genres of popular movies that present various kinds of people and careers (Cai. 2010). However, investigations of word frequencies in movies or TV series for pedagogical purposes especially in the field of English for Specific Purposes (ESP) are quite undermined.

Earlier in this section, it was argued that it is quite difficult to pin down the scope of the English language courses for police officers while at the same time taking into consideration the authenticity of the source of pedagogical materials. Thus, in this study, a television series that relates to the work and life of police officers is examined. Specifically, this research study considered the *Crime Scene Investigation (CSI)* franchises: *CSI: Miami*, *CSI: Las Vegas*, and *CSI: New York*. The scenes on *CSI: Miami* pivots on refugees and drug problems. The scenes in *CSI: Las Vegas* mainly focuses on how police scientists examine evidences in the crime scene laboratory. While these two franchises depict the work of police officers, the English language used is too complicated with so many jargons and quite difficult to understand which may pose a threat to beginners especially in Thailand where English is not yet a well-accepted lingua franca. Thus, *CSI: NY (Crime Scene Investigation: New York)*, the latest *CSI* franchise broadcasted from 2004-2013 has been chosen. Unlike in the first two franchises, *CSI: NY* portrays New York police officers as crime scene laboratory scientists, detectives and community police officers equally. The series focuses on general crimes occurring in a big city such as murder, kidnapping, street-gangs, robbery, and others.

1.2 Significance of the Study

The significance of the study is two-fold. On the one hand, examining police language using movies provides another lens for viewing police language as used in various situations. What is really happening in the life of police officers while they are doing their jobs is difficult to pin down due to security reasons, so examining the tasks of police officers from the lens of a TV series may provide another perspective on their tasks. On the other hand, the output of the analysis, hopefully, will lead to the creation of a basic corpus of police common words and keywords that can be used for pedagogical purposes.

1.3 Objectives

1. To explore police keywords in the *CSI: NY* police dialogues
2. To investigate police functions depicted in *CSI: NY*
3. To examine N-grams found in the *CSI: NY* police dialogues

1.4 Research questions

1. What police keywords can be found in the *CSI: NY* police dialogues?
2. What police functions are depicted by the data?
3. What common N-grams can be found in *CSI: NY* police dialogues?

1.5 Definition of Terms

Absolute frequency refers to a number of word occurrences time in data source.

TV series refers to a collection of related films that share the same fictional universe and broadcast on television.

N-gram refers to a string words that usually occur together, where N stands for a number, so a two-word combination is called two-grams, a three-word combination is called three-grams and so on.

Local police refers to police who based on local area (such as town or village).

Log likelihood refers to a significant difference in frequency between two corpora which are absolute frequency word list for police dialog and BNC corpus.

Iterative Thematic Analysis refers to identification common themes by looking at repetitive samples in the data as bases for the categorization.

Police or police officer refers to a person empowered by government or state to enforce the law and apprehend the offenders.

Police language refers to the words and expressions that are uses by an on-duty- police officer

Relative frequency or Keywords refers to a list of absolute frequency words after comparing with a benchmark. In this research, the benchmark or comparative corpus is the British National Corpus or the BNC.

1.6 Limitations of the study

A few limitations may exist in this study. As mentioned previously, this study aims to explore police language used in real life. The research design should be included the collection of data from real police encounters (e.g. chasing a criminal, investigating a crime scene, interrogating a suspect, etc.). However, this is impractical due to security reasons. It is risky for the researcher life to confront to suspects, criminals, weapons, and unexpected situations. Moreover, some police tasks are confidential in nature and cannot be disclosed to the public to avoid panic. There is also the issue of time. Police officers have to reach a crime scene as fast as possible. So, they normally bring only four things with them such as police badges, guns, handcuffs, and mobile phones or two-way radios (Tronshaw. 2017). They will not waste time to help any undercover researcher or bring the researcher's recorder to record the unfolding of the events.

To address these limitations, the researcher explored the possibility of using movies and source of data. Whether movies are true-to-life or include fictitious characters and situations, they still depict what is going on in the society. Thus, it can be safely assumed that the situations depicted in the movies have some resemblance to real life situations.

1.7 Overview of the thesis

Chapter 2 provides theories and tools that are used to examine the data in this research study. Chapter 3 explains the data selection, data collection, and procedure of analysis. Chapter 4 shows results and discusses the findings. In Chapter 5, the conclusion and implications for future research studies are discussed.



CHAPTER 2

LITERATURE REVIEW

This chapter briefly reviews theories, tools and previous research studies, which are of particular relevance to the present study. The first section gives a brief explanation of American and Thai police officers and their functions. The second section examines three concepts related to this research study: corpus linguistics, iterative thematic analysis, and N-gram. The third section presents some related research studies.

2.1 ASEAN communication: Kachru's three concentric circles of English language in ASEAN region

As mentioned in the Chapter 1, languages in the ASEAN region have similarities and differences. One language may have unique features that are not shared by the languages of other ASEAN countries, so communicating with member countries is quite challenging. The advent of the ASEAN Economic Community (AEC) may have aggravated this challenge. Economically, the AEC is seen to affect free movement of goods, services, investments, and skilled labors. Politically, the AEC may lead to different perspectives of governing, such using one visa for the entire region, which is similar to the Schengen visa of the EU community. From a socio-cultural point-of-view, people in the member countries will be exposed to the various cultural differences and practices, which suggest that prior knowledge of these cultural differences and practices may be beneficial to all members (ASEAN Economic Community, 2014). Whatever aspect is affected, language seems to play a vital role. The community members and potential visitors have to communicate with each other, which brings in the question on potential language or lingua franca that may be used in region. Thus, there is a need to choose one language to be the lingua franca such as English language (Kirkpatrick. 2008).

However, English proficiencies among these countries vary. Kachru (2003; see also Kachru. 1982, 1985, 1986, 1990, 1996), divided the ASEAN countries into circles which are the 1) inner circle, which includes the five native English speaking countries (no ASEAN country is included in this circle); 2) outer circle, which

includes the colonial countries of the United Kingdom and the US (e.g. Brunei, Malaysia, Singapore, and the Philippines); and 3) expanding circle, which includes countries using English as a foreign language (EFL) (e.g. Thailand, Laos, Myanmar, Cambodia, and Vietnam).

In the outer circle countries where English is used as a second language, English is commonly employed in various government and non-government agencies and it is the main medium of instruction in all levels of education. This suggests that the majority of the population in these countries have a better grasp in using the English language. Conversely, in the expanding circle, English is used only on special occasions or events in some government and non-government organizations and in teaching-learning some subjects in schools. Most daily life activities are done using their native languages. This indicates that people in these areas are less immersed to English, which affects any kind of collaborations, linkages or merges with countries that have a better grasp in using English as mentioned in the earlier section of this chapter.

One interesting country to consider regarding the impact of the advent of the AEC is Thailand. Thailand is the second largest economy in the ASEAN and the most strategically located among all the member countries. Moreover, Thailand's short-term and long-term goals of developing the manufacturing and tourism industries conform to the AEC blueprint (ASEAN Economic Community. 2014). Thus, it is expected that there will be influx of goods, services, manpower, tourists, and business activities in Thailand once the AEC officially opens in 2015 (ASEAN Economic Community. 2014) which pose challenges to the local businesses, Thailand's various careers and labor market and to ordinary citizens. To face these challenges, not only Thailand should develop its technology and workforce, but also its workforce should also be able to effectively communicate in a language (such as English) accessible and understandable to other countries.

2.2 Police Officers

Police is from Greek word, *Polis* which refers to *city* (Kelling, Banton, Walsh, Brodeur & Whetstone. 2018). The first policing organization was established in Egypt in about 3000 BC and directly controlled by Pharaoh. The officer in this organization

is responsible for ensuring that justice is served and security is maintained. In the ancient time, a person who was in charge of security service is called criminal justice (Ancient Egypt Kingdom), guard (Greek and Roman Empires), watchman, and others. Until the 17th century, many countries in the European region began to establish policing organization. The word *police* emerged. In the past, police functions overlapped with military and judicial departments of the government. At present, the police functions are clearer.

2.2.1 American police officer and functions

In North America, the first American police department was established in Boston in 1631 (Kelling, Banton, Walsh, Brodeur & Whetstone. 2018). Now, the American police system is divided police into five types: 1) federal law enforcement agencies, 2) special police agencies, 3) state police officers, 4) municipal police officers, and 5) sheriffs (Police System. 2018).

Firstly, the federal law enforcement agencies, which are part of the executive branch of the national government, consist of six major federal agencies which are 1) the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), 2) the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (ATF), 3) the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), 4) the U.S. Marshal Service, 5) the Secret Service, and 6) the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS).

Secondly, the special police officers (SPO) are in small divisions that are under government's or organization's control such as fire police, transit police, Washington D.C. Special Police Office, and others.

Thirdly, the state police officers (SP) are under government's control. They are based in each state in the US. They are similar to Thai provincial officers who are based in provinces and districts in Thailand. The SP must follow the state's code such as ISP (in Indiana state), VSP (in Virginia state), PSP (in Pennsylvania state), and so on.

Fourthly, the municipal police officers directly report to the Mayor, city manager or police board. This division is usually found in a big city that has a high rate of violent crimes such as New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Houston, Philadelphia, and Detroit. These police officers use their section code called Police

Department or PD, so there is NYPD (New York City), LAPD (Los Angeles), DPD (Detroit), CPD (Chicago), etc.

Finally, the sheriffs are based in rural areas of the United State. Their responsibilities are similar to the municipal police officers which are providing town security, conducting arrests, operating country jails, and serving court documents (Police System. 2018).

As for police functions, the police in the groups of the federal law enforcement agencies, the special police officers, and the sheriffs have specific missions and functions which are unnecessary to mention here since the goal of this research study is to analyze the functions of regular state police officers because these police work in the cities that matches with the target group of police officers in this thesis. Their main functions are conducting patrol duties, responding to emergency calls, investigating crime scenes, including conducting arrests, interviewing suspects, witnesses, or other persons, enforcing traffic law, roadway accident investigations, submitting crime reports and case files, giving a court presentations, and escorts prisoners to and from court (Baton Rouge Police Department. 2017).

2.2.2 Thai police officer and functions

In Thailand, the Royal Thai Armed Forces was established in the 19th century and Royal Thai Police Cadet Academy was found in 1902 (Royal Thai Police. 2018). There are many police divisions under the Royal Thai Police such as Border Patrol Police Division, Central Investigation Bureau, Narcotic Suppression Bureau, Provincial Police Division, Special Branch Police, Tourist Police, Marine Police Division and Metropolitan Police Division. This research is interested in the functions of police officers from Provincial and Metropolitan Divisions since they are directly in contact with the community.

The Provincial Police Division and the Metropolitan Police functions which are serving social security, crime prevention and suppression, crime investigation, traffic control, conducting arrest, serving court document, and escorting prisoners (Royal Thai Police. 2018). These functions are similar to the American State and municipal polices that were mentioned earlier. Each police division needs to communicate with other police divisions such as the Central Investigation Bureau, Narcotic Suppression Bureau, Border Patrol Police division and others.

For this thesis, the researcher would like to focus on police language that suits for Provincial Police division and Metropolitan Police because the police officers in both groups perform their duties around local areas in Metropolitan Bangkok and provinces. These police officers always work in public places to secure people and properties. Moreover, they communicate with various kinds of people who are involved in crimes. Their functions differ from Border Patrol Police, Central Investigation police, Narcotic Suppression police, Special Branch Police, Tourist Police, and Marine Police in that the latter divisions usually have specific missions and work in specific places such as port, attractive places, laboratory, crime scenes, and the like.

2.3 Theoretical Frameworks

2.3.1 Corpus Linguistics

Corpus linguistics refers to the study of language based on large database form real life language and collected corpora (Nordquist. 2017). Corpus linguistics has been popular since the 1980 and has been developed for over three decades by European linguistics researchers (Bellés-Fortuño. 2009). Recently, the quest for authenticity of materials in pedagogical practice has drawn more research studies conducted in this field. Pedagogical professionals or language teachers use corpus data in classroom to help language learners understand word meaning, language structures, and authentic writing and spoken language (Green. 2018). In brief, corpus linguistics becomes a core idea for language study processes and theories subdivided into corpus analysis, corpus-based analysis, corpus-based approach and others. This research study supports this quest for authentic materials by analyzing the contents and language structures in a police TV series for future potential pedagogical purpose.

2.3.2 Corpus-based approaches

Generally, corpus-based approaches examine the absolute and relative frequencies of an unknown corpus. On the one hand, absolute frequencies are obtained by running the unknown corpus using software such as *WordSmith* (Scott. 1996), *MonoConc* (Barlow. 2000), *AntConc* (Anthony. 2014). However, absolute frequencies only reveal the commonly used words in a corpus but not the characteristic linguistic features of that corpus. On the other hand, relative frequencies are obtained by

comparing the unknown data against a benchmark using statistical measures such as chi square or log-likelihood (e.g. McEnery & Hardie. 2017; see also Carreon & Watson Todd. 2012 for application of log-likelihood). The words with the highest absolute frequencies might differ from common spoken English. Thus, it is necessary to compare with a benchmark such as the British National Corpus (BNC) through *Xaira* software. The BNC collected more than 100 million words of written and spoken language from wide-range sources from the later part of the 20th century. Words that are found in the BNC are generally used among native English speakers. In contrast, if words are found zero in BNC software, it means that they might be abbreviations, slangs, and technical terms in specific fields or even words which were not generally used. Words with the highest log-likelihood values are deemed as the keywords (Sinclair. 1997). Keywords are characteristic features of the text as they reflect the main content of that text.

2.3.3 Iterative thematic analysis

Themes can be identified to show the priorities of an institution (Krippendorff. 1980; 2012). Iterative thematic analysis identifies patterns of meaning across a dataset through a rigorous process of data coding, data familiarization, and theme development and revision. In other words, the analyst identifies the repetitive patterns of the data. Carreon and Watson Todd (2013; see also Carreon, Watson Todd & Knox. 2013) iteratively thematized keywords from a private hospital website. Each of the keywords they identified was categorized as one of these business objectives by the two researchers independently and the categorizations compared using Cohen's kappa, a statistical measure of inter-rater agreement for qualitative (categorical) items, which is more robust when compared to simple percentage calculations as it takes into account agreements occurring by chance.

2.3.4 N-grams

In this research study, the N-gram model is a tool used to explore and categorize multi-word units. The N-gram model is a string word model that is based on classes of words and previous words history (Brown, Desouza, Mercer, Pietra, & Lai. 1992). To apply this concept to a clause, the number of words represents the number of grams. Thus, there is a unigram, bigram, trigram, and N-gram, where N refers to the number of grams.

For example:

Unigrams (N=1)	This is a cat.	Unigrams:	This/ is/ a/ cat.
Bigrams (N=2)	This is a cat.	Bigrams:	This is/ is a/ a cat
Trigrams (N=3)	This is a cat.	Trigrams:	This is a/ is a cat

From the parsing, one can get language expressions that may be characteristic features of a text. In the example above, the trigram “This is a...” can be used as a language expression or a template where a new word can be substituted in the blank. Thus, one can say “This is a dog”, replacing the noun cat with another countable noun. This works well provided what is inserted is a countable noun that does not start with a vowel. However, this fall short about what the gram is trying to convey.

N-gram focuses on number of string-words that always come together. N-gram can begin with function words such as articles, prepositions, and pronouns. A set of word, the-matter-of-fact (the-matter-of-time, the-matter-of-taste, and others) is an example of N-gram (4-gram) that begins with article. Meanwhile, some set of words begin with content words such as nouns, verbs, and adjective. For example, go-after-that is a 3-gram starting with verbs.

N-gram process focuses on to find out a group of words that usually combines together between two to four or more units and then it classified them to be 2-gram, 3-grams or 4-gram without basing on lexical meaning.

2.4 Related research studies

2.4.1 Related research studies on police communication

In Western countries, researchers focus on studying ambiguity in police communication. Fenner, Gudjonsson & Clare (2002) examined people’ understanding of police cautions in England and Wales. This was later expanded to explore the complexity of police cautions and the extent of understanding these cautions (Eastwood, Snook & Chaulk. 2010; Eastwood & Snook. 2012). These suggest that police language can be misunderstood and pose challenges to police officers in making themselves clear and understandable when communicating with concerned people. To study police cautions is valuable for both police officers and people; however, indeed, real life police officers cannot be limited to using only cautions

when they are on duty. Expressions for informing, asking, or reporting are also used. Thus, there is a need to explore police language in other purposes related to police duties; not only the cautions.

In Thailand, a number of research studies examined English language skills in the police profession. Tansrisawat (1991), Promrat (1998), Meemark (2002), and Tipmontree (2007) analyzed tourist police officers' needs and problems in English communication skills. Khamkaew (2009) studied English communication police officers needed and deemed problematic at the tourist counter service in rural areas. Recently, a also conducted to obtain Thais and foreigners' viewpoints on tourist police's role and language skill abilities after the official opening of the AEC in 2015 and found that Thais and foreigners expect the tourist police to have high English proficiency (Wichasin & DOUNGPHUMMES. 2014).

In brief, these research studies mainly looked at police competencies and undermined other relevant issues in language learning such as the source of materials used in developing the English courses for teaching English language skills for Thai police officers. The issue of source of materials for preparing future courses in English for police officers is deemed indispensable and addressed in this thesis. Specifically, this research study will examine frequent words and word combinations used in the police profession.

2.4.2 Related research studies examining TV series or films using corpus linguistics

Many research studies that analyze spoken language in authentic situation often collect data from electronic media such as radio program (Moore & Carreon. 2012) television programs (Kanwal. 2017) or movies(e.g. Bednarek. 2008, 2011, 2012) because it is more convenient to gather data and they can be easily used later for pedagogical purposes. Electronic media provides learners the opportunity to experiences the language through a more authentic communication. Although scripts or screenplays are pre-written, they are designed to mirror real life conversation (Williams-Fleck. 2014).

Brysaert *et al.* (2011, 2012) used movies' subtitle as data for language analyses. Their studies mostly explored word frequencies, frequency norms, word functions, and corpora in many languages such as Chinese, Dutch, Spanish, American

English, British English, Polish, and others (e.g. Cai & Brysbaert.2010; Keuleers *et al.* 2010; Brysbaert *et al.* 2012; Cuetos *et al.* 2012; Van Heuven *et al.* 2014; Mandera *et al.* 2015). They developed codes for movie subtitles in various languages such as SUBTLEX-CH (Chinese), SUBTLEX-NL (Dutch), SUBTLEX-ESP (Spanish), SUBTLEX-US (American English), SUBTLEX-UK (British English), SUBTLEX-PL (Polish), and the like.

Overall, while research studies using films and TV series have been conducted using corpus tools, their focus was mainly on understanding the content and structure of the corpus in question. This research study examines an American television series, *CSI: NY* that relates to police functions to examine and reveal police language used, word frequencies and keywords, the finding of which may have pedagogical implications.

2.4.3 Related research studies on N-gram

In investigating language, examining language at the word level may already have shed light on the important vocabulary used in the police profession. However, people communicate not only using words, but also by combining and recycling words. One way to present combinations of words is by using the N-gram model. The N-gram model focuses on presenting N (number) of items (words) that are put together as a sequence of text or speech (Broder, Glassman, Manasse & Zweig. 1997). Bednarek (2008) applied the N-gram model to categorize and examine languages presented in a movie and continued exploring about spoken language through the TV series *Gilmore Girls* in 2011 and 2013.

Informed by Bednarek (2008), this research study examines N-grams in police language that is suitable and useful because most police language learners aim to learn “language in action (Jones. 2012: 27)”. The police officers mainly use English to communicate to each other who might be a foreign victim, suspect, witness or even police in another branch.

CHAPTER 3

RESEARCH METHEDODOLOGY

The purpose of this thesis was to explore police keywords that were involved with police function and N-gram model, through the American TV series *CSI: NY*. This chapter discusses the selection of data source, data collection, and data examination.

3.1 Data Source

Generally, data should be collected from an authentic source. Authenticity here is defined as data taken from real life situations. Authentic data are useful because they provide genuine accounts of events, the staging of the events and the lexicon used. In this research, authentic data came from recording real police situations (e.g. arrest, interrogation, drug bust, etc.). The collection of these kinds of data, however, is risky and endangers the life of the researcher. Moreover, some police activities are confidential to allow them to work effectively beyond the knowledge of the suspect. It is also impractical to bring a recording device and become an undercover since police activities may happen anytime especially at night.

Many researchers choose to study spoken language through media which is in public and inexpensive. New, Brysbaert, and colleagues collect several million words coming from thousand movies and television series in different language such as Chinese, Dutch, France, etc. They state that characters' dialogue in movies (or movie subtitle) are valid sources of word frequencies investigation (Cai & Brysbaert. 2010). It is in line with Williams-Fleck's discussion that script or screenplay is prepared as writing form; nevertheless, they still reflect people conversation in real life (Williams-Fleck. 2014). Consequently, it was decided that a TV series that relates to police be the data for the analysis.

There are hundreds of police series that are broadcasted until now. They are also presented in various genres such as action-drama, action-sci-fi (science fiction) or even action-sitcom (situation comedy). Action-sci-fi police series (e.g. *Stitchers*, *Cold Case*) and action-sitcom police series (e.g. *Rush Hours*, *Lethal Weapon*) are excluded in the lists of choices. Sci-fi police series are fictional science-based phenomena even

though they present extraordinary situations. Besides, sitcom police series are too humorous. They are filled with ridiculous dialogues that are unusual from authentic situations and may not be suitable for real police work. For pedagogical purposes especially among members of Kachru's expanding circle (Kachru, 2006), good data source should have simple conversation that is easily understood, so police drama series may provide appropriate data for analysis.

Drama police series are popular in this decade such as *24 hours*, *Criminal Minds*, *Hawaii Five-O*, *CSI* and more. *CSI* franchise series are very popular television series with the most number of seasons and episodes. All *CSI* franchise series have 36 seasons and 774 episodes consisting of *CSI (Crime Scene Investigation: Las Vegas)*, 15 seasons, 314 episodes), *CSI: Miami* (10 seasons, 232 episodes), *CSI: NY* (9 seasons, 197 episodes), and *CSI: Cyber* (2 seasons, 31 episodes). All *CSI* franchise series (except *CSI: Cyber*) focus on municipal police officers in big city such as Las Vegas, Miami, and New York City. *CSI: NY* presents police life and work in New York Police Department (NYPD), which is the largest police force and the oldest police department in the U.S. (Reaves, 2018). These are the reasons why this franchise, *CSI: NY* is more interesting than other franchise series.

CSI: NY (Crime Scene Investigation: New York) is an American TV series that was broadcasted by CBS TV in 2004. The series ended its ninth and final season in 2013. The plot of the story mainly focuses on a group of investigators who have responsibilities to investigate crime scenes, search for evidences, and sometimes join with the New York City Police Department (NYPD) or the Special Weapons and Tactics (SWAT) teams. For this study, the *CSI: NY* Season 9 with 17 episodes is used as data. The ultimate goal is to analyze word combinations in the screenplay (characters' dialogues) because these episodes present various kinds of emergency situations such as drug bust at a warehouse, gas leak in a building, the condition of the hostages, interviewing suspects, and others which are parts of the main task of a police officer. Furthermore, the plot mainly focuses on police investigators and police detectives' working lives; it does not focus on suspects' life. Thus, the researcher can examine police keywords when the characters, who are police investigators and police detectives, communicate to each other and at times with suspects.

3.2 Justifying the Choice of Data to Investigate

CSI: NY was chosen to be the data source of the study because firstly, it was played by native English speakers of English. This study was interested in naturally-occurring word combinations. Second, the word combinations in the data were compared against the word combinations from a benchmark. The benchmark or comparator corpus was the British National Corpus (BNC), which a corpus of general language use composed of about 100 million words. Thus, to eliminate any potential discrepancies such as poor choice of words, grammatical inconsistencies and other competencies in speaking, the police TV series played by native English speakers were chosen. Finally, the researcher analyzed word combinations taken from police real life, so *CSI: NY* is drama that film genre that depicts realistic police characters and roles.

3.3 Data Collection

The researcher found the series subtitle by downloading from website named *Subscene* (www.subscene.com). The researcher downloaded all 17 episodes of *CSI: NY*, Season 9. However, the downloaded subtitles were not identified who speak. The researcher had to match dialogue with the characters by watching the series; meanwhile, researcher also checked the language collection between download texts and movie subtitle. Before analyzing, ordinary people' dialogues were got rid of from text documents.

3.4 Data Analysis

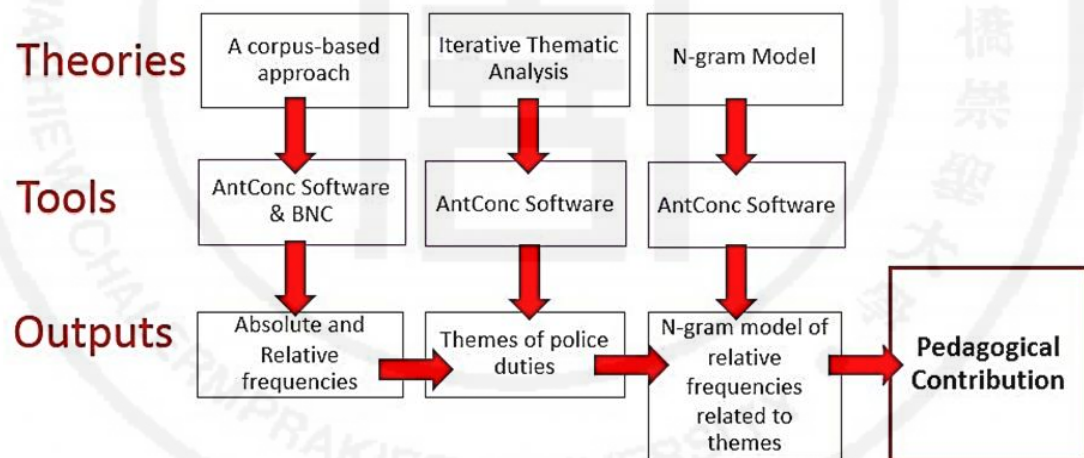
The data analysis consisted of two parts. Firstly, a collection of police words in *CSI: NY Season 9* was run by using free software which used in corpus analysis called *AntConc* (Bednarek. 2008) to find absolute frequencies. Secondly, the words with absolute frequencies of at least 20 were compared with the British National Corpus (BNC) to explore the differences between police and general language use. The outputs were words with relative frequencies or also known as the keywords (e.g. Scott. 1997, 2000). Any words with a log-likelihood of greater than 20 were considered keywords. All keywords were written in lower case even if they were proper nouns or the first word of a sentence.

These keywords within their local co-text were then categorized using an iterative process of identifying themes. Identifying themes followed four steps: 1) divide the keywords into sets of 20 keywords (e.g. Carreon & Watson Todd, 2013), 2) examine the concordance lines of each keyword (Bednarek, 2011), 3) categorize the keywords based on police purposes (Baton Rouge Police department, 2017), and 4) quantify the themes. Then N-grams were identified with the help of the concordance of each of the keywords.

3.5 Methodological Framework

This research study used a mixed method approach. Diagram below shows the overall methodological framework of the current study.

Diagram 1 Methodological framework



On the one hand, informed by corpus linguistics, the quantitative component looked at absolute frequencies, taking into consideration the selection of words for further examination (e.g. Carreon & Watson Todd. 2012 for application; see also Bednarek. 2008). This is followed by the analysis of keywords or compare the relative frequencies of the selected words in the initial step against a benchmark (e.g. BNC) using the corpus tool *AntConc* (Anthony. 2017). The resulting keywords shed light on the specific features of the language used in the *CSI: NY* TV series. Specifically, these are specific words that are commonly employed by police while on duty.

On the other hand, the qualitative analysis is divided into two: (1) iterative thematic analysis and (2) N-gram analysis. The iterative thematic analysis focused on

the identification of themes by examining repeatedly the concordance of a keyword in question. The resulting themes shed some light on the police functions. These findings were interpreted with the help of the US police functions (Police System. 2018) and Thai police functions (Royal Thai Police.2018). The analysis of N-grams (e.g. Bednarek. 2008) involves the identification of word combinations using two guides: (1) content keywords, and (2) function keywords. The results provide longer stretches of word combinations that may have pedagogical significance. On the one hand, the combinations that include the content words provide clear examples on how specific police words are used in phrases and sentences, and can be useful for advanced students of ESP courses such as English for Police Officers. On the other hand, combinations of function words with other words provide specific grammatical representations and examples that can be commonly seen in police language. The latter will be useful for police officers learning English at the beginner level.

CHAPTER 4

FINDINGS AND DISCUSSION

In this chapter, the researcher would like to present the results and discussion of the research study. It begins with the absolute frequency words presented in the American TV series, *CSI: NY*. Then, it is followed by the relative frequency words (or keywords) which are that compares proportions of the *CSI: NY* words and the British National Corpus (BNC). Then, it identifies themes of keywords used in various kinds of police situations. Finally, vague keywords are discussed and phrases presented as N-grams are identified.

4.1 Absolute frequency of words in *CSI: NY*

Police dialogues from all 17 episodes of *CSI: NY* Season 9 were run through the *AntConc* software to find absolute frequencies. It produced 47,836 tokens and 4,731 word types. The researcher determined words which occurred in texts for at least 20 times and were chosen as words with high absolute frequencies and examined further. There were 309 words with frequencies higher than 20. These were compared with the British National Corpus (BNC). Table 1 shows the top 50 words in the *CSI: NY* police dialogue with highest absolute frequencies.

Table 1 Words with the highest frequency (1-50)

Keywords List					
No.	Tokens/Words	Frequency	No.	Tokens/Words	Frequency
1	the	1885	26	but	261
2	you	1482	27	all	245
3	i	1106	28	his	242
4	to	1097	29	no	242
5	a	1071	30	him	237
6	s ('s)	1047	31	m ('m)	234
7	that	778	32	out	227
8	it	714	33	re ('re)	224
9	and	659	34	know	218
10	of	646	35	got	217
11	he	604	36	at	210
12	in	596	37	they	210
13	was	549	38	right	208

Table 1 (Continued)

No.	Tokens/Words	Frequency	No.	Tokens/Words	Frequency
14	t (not)	526	39	just	206
15	on	427	40	there	206
16	we	415	41	not	204
17	what	383	42	she	200
18	this	331	43	do	197
19	is	330	44	her	183
20	so	305	45	don (don't)	181
21	with	298	46	from	180
22	for	297	47	like	177
23	your	275	48	up	175
24	me	269	49	about	171
25	have	268	50	one	170

In Table 1, there are some initial implications. The top five of the word rank were *the, you, I, to, and a*. According to terms of word classes, it was found that 39 words from top 50 words were function words in the group of pronouns, determiners, prepositions, conjunctions, and auxiliary verbs. There were only eleven content words which were *no, got, right, just, there, like, here, be, well, get, and how*. These content words are in the group of verb, adverb, and adjective. Surprisingly, nouns were not found among the top 50 most frequent words. However, the table also reveals some nature of language use and characteristic of spoken language in police dialogue that could be divided into three.

First of all, the high frequency word of the definite article *the* reflected the form of noun phrases in police dialogue and the kind of corpus which was being studied (e.g. a conversation corpus with long running sentences). Secondly, pronouns of the second person and first person, *you* and *I* were in the second and third ranks. They became useful characteristic indicators that the data was spoken. Finally, it found one characteristic of spoken languages that was a contraction word. Contraction words are shorter form of words with apostrophe; for example, *isn't, don't, I'm, and etc.* (University. 2017). Surprisingly, the analysis found one interjection, *yeah* which is informal form of *yes* and is used for making positive responses. The table above shows only top 50 frequency words; the rest of them are presented in Appendix A.

Nevertheless, the words with the highest absolute frequencies may not differ from common spoken English. Thus, it is necessary to compare with the British National Corpus (BNC) using log-likelihood (Rayson & Garside. 2000), which was a collection of more than 100 million words of written and spoken language from a wide-range of sources from the later part of the 20th century, to identify the characteristic linguistic features of the research data. Words found in BNC were generally used among native English speakers. In contrast, if words are found zero in BNC, it means that they might be abbreviations, slangs, and technical terms in specific fields or even simple words which are not generally used. The words with high log-likelihood are significant and are considered as keywords.

4.2 Relative frequency of words in *CSI: NY*

The words with high relative frequency or words with high log-likelihood values signified strong presence in the corpus. In contrast, words which had low log-likelihood (LL) values were uncommonly used in the corpus. Earlier, in the Methodology Chapter, it was set that this study would consider keywords with LL values of at least 20. From the analysis, there were 164 words with LL values of at least 20. Table 2 presents only top 50 of the relative frequencies and the rest are placed in the Appendix B.

Table 2 Keywords with the highest log-likelihood values (1-50)

Keywords List							
No.	Tokens/Words	*F	**LL	No.	Tokens/Words	*F	*LL
1	s ('s)	1047	8243.90	26	and	659	346.79
2	you	1482	2221.80	27	christine	49	343.48
3	re ('re)	224	1922.36	28	maybe	87	338.31
4	don (don't)	181	1559.05	29	sid	39	333.30
5	m ('m)	234	1444.75	30	right	208	323.08
6	ve ('ve)	103	1210.50	31	leonard	42	291.16
7	uh	75	800.74	32	know	218	263.95
8	i	1106	783.45	33	we	415	257.05
9	hey	96	717.42	34	here	159	251.95
10	vic	72	616.11	35	him	237	228.38
11	of	646	574.04	36	he	604	225.37
12	mac	68	562.40	37	murder	54	221.53
13	'd (I'd)	107	480.66	38	justin	26	218.17
14	gun	72	404.39	39	so	305	216.69
15	the	1885	403.36	40	killer	36	215.63
16	guy	72	386.42	41	just	206	213.95

Table 2 (continued)

Keywords List							
No.	Tokens/Words	*F	**LL	No.	Tokens/Words	*F	*LL
17	what	383	385.26	42	yeah	162	210.80
18	your	275	377.76	43	milner	21	203.52
19	brooks	43	374.23	44	adam	42	200.25
20	me	269	369.68	45	found	117	196.20
21	benny	47	367.10	46	kid	35	196.11
22	look	66	358.95	47	cop	25	186.30
23	how	128	356.15	48	guys	31	184.76
24	got	217	353.12	49	which	31	180.36
25	okay	95	352.64	50	tell	88	177.33

*F = Frequency, **LL = Log-likelihood

Table 2 presents relatively frequent words which are quite different from the words with high absolute frequencies, although some of the most frequent words are similar such as *s ('s)*, *you*, *re ('re)*, *don (don't)*, and *m ('m)*. These contracted words confirmed the nature of the corpus, which was a corpus of spoken data. As such, they are crucial part of the content of any English language training program for police officers and therefore should be included when designing the training program and preparing the materials. This is discussed in detail near the end of this chapter.

The next issue is to identify the cut-off for log-likelihood values in the relative frequency analysis. According to Carreon, Watson Todd and Knox (2014), the selection of keywords can be done iteratively. This was done by dividing the keywords into sets of 20 per set, and then identifying the themes in each set until no new themes emerges and the saturation point had been reached. This procedure was followed for identifying themes of keywords in the next section.

4.3 Identifying themes

Using the concordance, each keyword was iteratively categorized into themes until no new themes emerge, following four steps: 1) divide the keywords into sets of 20 keywords per set, 2) examine the concordance lines of each keyword, 3) categorize the keywords based on police purposes, and 4) quantify the themes. A total of 164 keywords were divided into set of 20 keywords. Tables 3-8 below presents the

findings by focusing on themes related to police dialogues. In the tables, “F” means absolute frequency and “LL” means log-likelihood.

The keywords are arranged into themes and the themes are shaded in different colors for easier viewing. They are words relating to:

- 1) Addressing oneself, other people or things
- 2) Crime scenes
- 3) Characteristics of informal spoken language use
- 4) Interviewing a suspect, witness, or a person
- 5) Police order or instruction

The first theme is *addressing oneself, other people or things* which mainly includes keywords in group of proper nouns, pronouns, or related words about persons, places, or things. The second theme is *crime scenes*. These words occur in concordance lines that relate to police jobs in areas where the police responded. The third theme is *characteristic features of informal spoken language use* which refers to informal spoken language used during police communication. The fourth theme is *interviewing a suspect, witness, or a person*. It means keywords presented in phrases, clauses, sentences, and especially, interrogative sentences that are used by police officers or detective police officers while interviewing people. The last theme is *police order or instruction* which refers to police expressions used to inform or control people, who could be police officers, suspects, or even a crowd of people. Table 3 below shows the first 20 themes.

Table 3 Keywords and themes (Set 1)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
2	you	14 82	2221.80	1. But we can bring the scene to you . 2. The phone log shows you called the vic 17 times...	Addressing oneself, other people or things
8	I	11 06	783.45	1. I called it in. 2. I can't remember the simplest things.	Addressing oneself, other people or things

Table 3 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
12	mac	68	562.40	1. Mac , it's Mr.Lewis. 2. Mac Taylor in the lounge with the Glock.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
18	your	275	377.76	1. We got your blood, we got your prints. 2. It's someone you invited onto your boat...	Addressing oneself, other people or things
19	brooks	43	374.23	1. Video recordings of Leonard Brooks ' prison therapy sessions. 2. Brooks used basic chemistry to kill Jimmy Clark.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
20	me	269	369.68	1. You brought me out here. 2. Do you want to tell me why you're really here?	Addressing oneself, other people or things
21	benny	47	367.10	1. Benny 's blood was all over it. 2. Raymond shocked Benny with a car battery...	Addressing oneself, other people or things
14	gun	72	404.39	1. Guy who took a shot at you dumped the gun . 2. That gun has been around the block a few times. 3. ...Nathan hid his gun in the attic... 4. Looks like he's putting the gun in your hands. 5. ...you brought a gun to a public place...	Crime scenes
1	s ('s)	1047	8243.90	1. Our vic's a male. 2. There's a bank drop-off two blocks from here.	Informal spoken language use
3	re ('re)	224	1922.36	1. You're under arrest for assault and resisting arrest. 2. We're searching for a missing young girl.	Informal spoken language use
4	don (don't)	181	1559.05	1. Janitors don't get here till 10.00...	Informal spoken language use
				2. Don't move!	Police order or instruction

Table 3 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
5	m ('m)	234	1444.75	1. I'm Detective Lovato with the NYPD. 2. I'm gonna need that patient's name.	Informal spoken language use
6	ve ('ve)	103	1210.50	1. We've just been looking in the wrong place. 2. He could've tossed the gun on the roof, maybe.	Informal spoken language use
7	uh	75	800.74	1. And, uh , maybe somebody can tell us her real name. 2. I'm, uh ... I'm pretty sure that our guy's...	Informal spoken language use
9	hey	96	717.42	1. Hey , Flack, I got your text. 2. Hey! Calm down!	Informal spoken language use
10	vic	72	616.11	1. Our vic is Ellen White, 19 years old. 2. Our vic was driving the van.	Informal spoken language use
13	d	107	480.66	1. You'd rather leave a man die in the street... 2. ...how they'd take the news of his murder...	Informal spoken language use
16	guy	72	386.42	1. We have a dead guy . 2. This guy knows that you saw his face.	Informal spoken language use
24	got	217	353.12	1. It's look like got a few good prints there. 2. He's got a gun. 3. Just got a hit on Interpol. 4. We got a hit off some prints on the latex gloves...	Informal spoken language use
17	what	383	385.26	1. What can you tell us about these? 2. What's up with this guy? 3. Tell me what you did to her! 4. What about the rest of the video? 5. What happened after you abandoned your vehicle?	Interviewing a suspect, witness, or person

*F = Frequency, **LL = Log-likelihood

In the first set of 20 keywords, four themes were found. These were (1) words relating to addressing oneself, other people or things [7 instances], (2) words relating to informal spoken language [11 instances], (3) words relating to crime scenes [1 instance] and (4) words relating to interviewing a suspect, witness or other person [1 instance]. In addition, the keyword *don't* can be categorized in two groups. Major occurrences were in the group of *informal spoken language use* and minor occurrences were in the group of *police order and instruction*.

Table 4 Keywords and themes (Set 2)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
27	christine	49	343.48	1. We found Christine's phone at a jewelry store... 2. Any sign of Christine or Shawn Boyd?	Addressing oneself, other people or things
31	leonard	42	291.16	1. Got the suspect, Leonard Brooks. 2. Leonard's in the wind.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
33	we	415	257.05	1. We found a bag of pills in his backpack. 2. Okay, we found a print on the jeweler's safe.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
35	him	237	228.38	1. You saw him at the scene. 2. Somebody could have driven the car after him .	Addressing oneself, other people or things
36	he	604	225.37	1. Well, he has to be in the crowd. 2. He ran his prints through AFIS, got nothing back.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
38	justin	26	218.17	1. He found Justin dead on the floor. 2. Check Justin's GPS records.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
29	sid	39	333.30	1. Trace that Sid collected from the wound of our vic. 2. Sid estimated the time of death as around midnight...	Addressing oneself, other people or things
43	milner	21	203.52	1. Keith Milner , the only suspect in the disappearance of Tommy... 2. What can you tell me about Keith Milner's murder?	Addressing oneself, other people or things

Table 4 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
44	adam	42	200.25	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Adam and Hawkes don't have detective shields. 2. Adam are on foot in the alley heading northbound toward 122. 	Addressing oneself, other people or things
37	murder	54	221.53	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. ...the champagne bottle become a murder weapon... 2. There was no signs of a struggle or murder. 3. Rennick's not getting away with murder. 4. You're under arrest for the murder of Jeremy... 	Crime scenes
40	killer	36	215.63	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Our killer must've used Ashley's phone... 2. Is he our killer or our witness? 3. Nothing about these two murders suggests serial killer. 4. Bridge surveillance shows the killer was lying in wait... 5. Ellen may have known her killer. 	Crime scenes
46	kid	35	196.11	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Except the kid has a clean record and his business was picking in. 2. A kid robs a jewelry store... 3. That kid, he pointed a gun and he shot at me... 	Crime scenes
45	found	117	196.20	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. We found a bag of pills in his backpack. 2. I found a bloodstain on our victim's dress. 	Crime scenes
25	okay	95	352.64	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Okay. 2. Okay? 3. Is he okay? 	Informal spoken language use
30	right	208	323.08	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. All right. 2. ...Paul always backed the van up right here. 3. He looked right into mine. I looked right into his eyes. 4. He's there right now. 5. Sharing information with the right person... 	Informal spoken language use

Table 4 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
32	know	218	263.95	1. We know she was upset with her parents. 2. I know how to use it...	Informal spoken language use
34	here	159	251.95	1. So I probably shouldn't be standing around here ... 2. Here , I bought you a coffee...	Informal spoken language use
22	look	66	358.95	1. Look familiar? 2. He got a look at the guy who went over the fence.	Informal spoken language use
42	yeah	162	210.80	1. Yeah . 2. Yeah , you do.	Informal spoken language use
23	how	128	356.15	1. Tell me how a gun registered in your name... 2. How about murder? 3. How 'd she afford(s) a dress like that? 4. How did your blood end up on her dress? 5. How 'd you light the fires, Leonard?	Interviewing a suspect, witness, or person

*F = Frequency, **LL = Log-likelihood

In the second set of 20 keywords, four themes were found. These were (1) words relating to addressing oneself, other people or things [9 instances], (2) words relating to informal spoken language [6 instances], (3) words relating to crime scenes [4 instances] and (4) words relating to interviewing a suspect, witness or person [1 instance].

Table 5 Keywords and themes (Set 3)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
54	jo	25	156.51	1. I'm Jo Danville, crime lab. 2. The champagne bottle that Jo found.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
57	jason	25	147.84	1. Hi, I'm Jason Riley. 2. Jason trusted you, and you betrayed that trust.	Addressing oneself, other people or things

Table 5 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
60	felipe	20	140.50	1. Felipe dragged Tortucci out of the van... 2. Felipe Zacharias is in the wind.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
62	hopkins	20	134.57	1. We got to get Hopkins and Jensen out of here. 2. Hopkins is lying about the gun.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
64	someone	60	131.39	1. He had to have told someone about that address. 2. Looks like he's got someone following in his footsteps.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
67	our	140	129.30	1. I want to give him our address. 2. ...this footage from one of our Department surveillance camera...	Addressing oneself, other people or things
68	detective	25	127.19	1. I'm detective Messer with the NYPD. 2. ...I am a first-grade detective ...	Addressing oneself, other people or things
51	blood	56	175.14	1. ...I found a single blood drop, footprints... 2. Also found blood trace on a jewelry clasp. 3. I mean, but the blood pool is right here.	Crime scenes
65	killed	44	129.92	1. We're not sure the rope killed her. 2. He was killed somewhere else, then dumped here. 3. She was killed with a rock.	Crime scenes
66	kill	35	129.86	1. It was a trap designed to kill a firefighter. 2. Brooks used basic chemistry to kill Jimmy Clark. 3. Plenty of motive to kill . 4. Same gun used to kill the Jane Doe in the Hell's Kitchen.	Crime scenes
70	shot	42	125.17	1. ...a little girl was shot and killed with your gun. 2. Jane Doe shot in Hell's kitchen 24 hours ago. 3. Man was shot in the back.	Crime scenes

Table 5 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
72	want	100	119.14	1. I want a name and address as soon as possible. 2. Her parents want her found, Oliver.	Crime scenes
47	cop	25	186.30	1. Benny invited an undercover cop into the crew? 2. I wouldn't be sitting in a cop car... 3. Robbing a cop with no gun.	Informal spoken language use
48	guys	31	184.76	1. Guys at the security desk know him as Jason... 2. I'm sure you recognize these guys .	Informal spoken language use
50	tell	88	177.33	1. Go ahead, tell 'em. 2. Well, tell us.	Informal spoken language use
53	let	78	158.70	1. Let me guess. 2. Let me ask you a question if the record. 3. Let me see. 4. Let's see. 5. Let's start with the stolen car.	Informal spoken language use
58	huh	21	142.68	1. That's a lot of chocolate, huh ? 2. Man, he looks tired, huh ?	Informal spoken language use
59	looks	52	142.53	1. Looks like he's putting the gun in your hand. 2. Looks like a burner. 3. Somebody looks like they're in a hurry.	Informal spoken language use
49	which	31	180.36	1. Which alley could he have dumped the gun in? 2. Which would mean the luxury sedan carjacked the van? 3. Which way?	Interviewing a suspect, witness, or person
				4. Janitors don't get here till 10.00, which is 15 minutes from now.	Crime scenes

Table 6 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
93	it	714	76.86	1. Two kids found it . 2. Your friends' prints were all over it .	Addressing oneself, other people or things
95	mary	29	74.61	1. You had to get Mary on the first plane out. 2. Mary took out \$700 from her ATM.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
96	luke	22	73.25	1. Luke was going public with the dextro abuse. 2. Luke had dextro in his backpack.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
98	their	41	72.13	1. Neighbors say their car has been gone since early this morning. 2. ...employees at NYPD have their fingerprints on file in AFIS...	Addressing oneself, other people or things
74	guess	28	114.08	1. I guess this explains the drug trace in the van... 2. Guess whose name showed up on a list...	Crime scenes
77	name	64	108.73	1. The vic's name is Theodore Hart. 2. I'm gonna need that patient's name .	Crime scenes
80	weapon	22	96.96	1. ...the murder weapon was a shank... 2. Here's your murder weapon right here. 3. Might lead us to the weapon . 4. They were both murdered with the exact same weapon .	Crime scenes
83	trace	22	92.84	1. ...and how does that trace connect back to this? 2. The black soot trace found in the wound. 3. We found some drug trace in the van, Ray. 4. Left a little blood trace . 5. Well, I found black trace on the rope.	Crime scenes

Table 6 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
85	scene	32	90.37	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Any unknown blood at the scene? 2. We have evidence that put you at the crime scene... 3. I ran all the prints from the scene. 	Crime scenes
87	think	116	86.19	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. I think Benny was killed to send a message to the Trinitarians... 2. I think there's someone in the apartment. 	Crime scenes
89	fire	42	85.71	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Fire gel running up the wall at each scene. 2. Vent tubing was used to help the fire travel from room to room. 	Crime scenes
91	missing	25	79.66	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. ...I looked over the reports of the original missing person case. 2. We're searching for a missing young girl. 3. Drain plug's missing. 	Crime scenes
97	car	54	72.61	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Felipe jumps out of the car and rushes the van. 2. Car was reported stolen yesterday. 3. And the car was wiped clean. 4. your car was involved in a shooting this morning. 	Crime scenes
76	get	134	110.75	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. This cabdriver parked here to get a cup of coffee. 2. Get away from me. 3. I get there. 	Informal spoken language use
79	hell	31	100.49	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What the hell are you doing, Frank? 2. Where the hell have you been? 3. What the hell is wrong with you? 	Informal spoken language use

Table 6 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
86	did	154	87.81	1. Did Brooks say anything before you started hitting him? 2. Did she ever mention the name Same Cross to you? 3. Did the person that attacked Milner earlier go back ... 4. Did you hear that? 5. When did you notice it was missing?	Interviewing a suspect, witness, or person

*F = Frequency, **LL = Log-likelihood

In the fourth set of 20 keywords, four themes were found. These were (1) words relating to addressing oneself, other people or things [8 instances], (2) words relating to informal spoken language [2 instances], (3) words relating to crime scenes [9 instances], and (4) words relating to interviewing a suspect, witness or other person [1 instance].

Table 7 Keywords and themes (Set 5)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
103	anything	53	68.09	1. Mean he probably didn't know anything about Mary Portico. 2. Anything else you can give me to narrow this down?	Addressing oneself, other people or things
113	my	140	53.75	1. Stay out of my personal business. 2. I already gave my statement to IAB.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
120	this	331	49.41	1. The lease on this apartment's being paid for by Oliver... 2. This guy's been in and out of jail since he was 15 years old.	Addressing oneself, other people or things
112	call	40	57.44	1. They had Christine call my cell phone. 2. ...he was in serious trouble and tried to call for help.	Crime scenes
				3. Call an ambulance.	Police order or instruction

Table 7 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
111	happened	34	59.34	1. no one knows what happened in that alley except for Hopkins... 2. Transfer of the sequin could have happened anywhere...	Crime scenes
				3. What happened after you abandoned your vehicle? 4. So what happened to the gun?	Interviewing a suspect, witness, or person
117	looking	45	52.19	1. We're looking for the location of the library. 2. It's looking like got a few good prints there.	Crime scenes
105	dead	34	64.92	1. He found Justin dead on the floor. 2. Lewis, is found dead in the park...	Crime scenes
107	victim	21	63.95	1. Well, the victim didn't hang herself. 2. ...our victim moved in this direction. 3. ...we have your blood on our victim's watch.	Crime scenes
110	find	63	60.41	1. I can't seem to find a reason anyone would want her dead. 2. I need FBI support to find Mary Portico.	Crime scenes
114	lying	20	53.23	1. Raymond was lying about him. 2. Lying helpless on the ground?	Crime scenes
101	case	43	69.00	1. The case is clear. 2. ...in this case , what part of the story would Rachel play...	Crime scenes
125	sure	40	43.46	1. I'll make sure I get their name. 2. So what makes you so sure that I'm lying?	Crime scenes
126	phone	22	42.06	1. ...I ran Ethan Grohl's phone records... 2. No purse, no ID, no cell phone . 3. The cell phone wasn't stolen.	Crime scenes
100	hit	32	69.04	1. No hit in CODIS. 2. Bullets didn't get a hit in IBIS... 3. ...print had enough rich detail to get a hit in AFIS 4. ...Zane's fingerprints got a hit in Interpol...	Informal spoken language use

Table 7 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
104	else	44	65.64	1. ...who else knew about the address? 2. What if somebody else gave the money away?	Interviewing a suspect, witness, or person
108	back	110	62.67	1. Get back! Get across the street! 2. Everybody, back up! Back up!	Police order or instruction
				3. She's back at her office...	Crime scenes
102	come	89	68.51	1. Come on. 2. Come in to the Central park.	Police order or instruction
106	go	111	64.26	1. Go ahead. 2. Go, go, go! 3. Let's go!	Police order or instruction
115	check	24	52.49	1. Check it out, right here. 2. Check this out. 3. Check out the prison ink.	Police order or instruction
				4. We're not gonna check every floor.	Crime scenes
121	stop	32	47.50	1. NYPD! Stop! 2. Police! Stop!	Police order or instruction
				3. Stop anywhere along the way?	Crime scenes

*F = Frequency, **LL = Log-likelihood

The fifth set of 20 keywords produced five themes. These were (1) words relating to addressing oneself, other people or things [3 instances], (2) words relating to informal spoken language [1 instance], (3) words relating to crime scenes [10 instances], (4) words relating to interviewing a suspect, witness or other person and [1 instance], (5) words relating to police order and instruction [5 instances]. In addition, there were some keywords that occurred in another group at the same time. The keyword, *call*, was mostly categorized in the group of crime scene and the minor group was in police order and instruction.

Table 8 Keywords and themes (Set 6)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
134	us	80	38.49	1. Maybe her watch could tell us something. 2. ...a plant in the park, it could give us the primary crime scene.	Addressing oneself, other people or things

Table 8 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
127	crime	21	41.98	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. We're from the crime lab. 2. ...the crime scene had to be across the street... 3. Finally had a chance to process the crime scene this morning. 	Crime scenes
130	wrong	31	41.50	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. I think that's the wrong call. 2. Guns are dangerous enough in the wrong hands. 3. We've just been looking in the wrong place. 4. I think we're looking for the wrong person. 5. Ethan just happened to come along at the wrong time. 	Crime scenes
133	ago	34	39.05	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. ...he moved to San Francisco over a year ago. 2. Ten years ago. 3. That was 45 minutes ago. 4. Opened up about two years ago. 5. That puts time of death between 24 and 36 hours ago. 	Crime scenes
138	street	32	34.97	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. It's across the street from Clark's apartment. 2. I found this street pipe, foil burner in his backpack. 3. The wrapper came from a deli on 34th Street. 	Crime scenes
139	match	22	34.88	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. ...she doesn't match a description on any recent missing persons 2. ...but I can't get a match in EDNA. 3. The blood did match the blood we found in the hotel room. 	Crime scenes
140	around	53	34.84	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. It closes around 2.00 a.m. 2. I had a couple unis look around for a beautiful blonde. 3. Body temp suggests TOD was around midnight. 4. He's stopped again, just around the corner. 	Crime scenes

Table 8 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
146	said	46	29.66	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Hawkes said Ellen's death was around 6.00 p.m. 2. Ray said Paul always backed the van up right here. 3. Said they hear two men arguing. 4. The bartender said that Martell's been here almost every day. 	Crime scenes
147	new	23	29.22	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. He also told me that he hired a new counter guy... 2. You have an interest in new and developing technologies... 3. They took her before she made it out if New York. 4. New York state requires fingerprints for anyone who gets a liquor license. 	Crime scenes
149	inside	24	27.65	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. We have to get inside Brooks' head... 2. ...take a look inside your apartment... 3. They wanted what was inside it. 	Crime scenes
150	cause	23	26.89	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. 'Cause I found black powder on the rope... 2. ...tell me if you could, uh, determine a cause of death. 	Crime scenes
151	couple	22	26.88	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Security patrol spotted a busted gate a couple hours ago. 2. Also...couple of defensive wounds there...and here. 3. ...this new place that opened up in SoHo a couple months back. 	Crime scenes
153	night	42	26.83	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. They said there was a man in here last night... 2. ...you were spending the night at Sammy's after the party... 3. Saturday night in the park. 4. ...puts the time of death about 10.00 last night. 	Crime scenes
154	knew	33	26.74	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. She knew exactly how violent you were. 2. No one knew his name... 	Crime scenes

Table 8 (Continued)

Rank	Keywords	*F	**LL	Concordance	Themes
161	lot	34	22.12	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. This kid was delivering a lot more than pizzas. 2. A lot of people have access to your personal checkbook? 3. Lot owner says he closed up at 10.00 p.m. ... 	Crime scenes
152	ll ('ll)	68	26.84	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. If Billy did this, we'll catch him. 2. ...we'll talk about what happened. 3. ...he'll have something to compare it to. 	Informal spoken language use
132	going	72	40.96	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. And how long has that been going on? 2. Adam, what's going on? 3. How's it going in there? 4. She was going out? 	Interviewing a suspect, witness, or person
142	saw	37	33.22	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. You saw him at the scene. 2. Not your first time with a chain saw? 	Interviewing a suspect, witness, or person
141	where	97	33.57	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. So where's Brooks take her? 2. ...where'd this blood come from? 3. Where'd you get the gun, Evan? 4. Where'd you hear that? 5. Where did you go after that? 6. Do you know where he lives? 7. Where were you last night? 8. ...where was Ashley before she was at the park? 	Interviewing a suspect, witness, or person
145	do	197	30.36	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Do you recognize this man? 2. Do you remember what switch he said it was? 3. Do you mind if I take a look inside your apartment? 4. What do you mean? 	Interviewing a suspect, witness, or person

*F = Frequency, **LL = Log-likelihood

The sixth set of 20 keywords also produced four themes. These were (1) words relating to addressing oneself, other people or things [1 instances], (2) words relating

to informal spoken language use [1 instances], (3) words relating to crime scenes [14 instances], and (4) words relating to interviewing a suspect, witness or persons [4 instances].

From the investigation of the six sets of data, there were two significant observations. On the one hand, the number of keywords for the themes *Crime scenes*, *Interviewing a suspect, witness, or person*, and *Police order or instruction* were directly proportional to the number of sets. In other words, the number of keywords increases was same as the number of sets increases. In terms of corpus analysis, this observation means that as the keyness value decreases, less keywords relating to the three themes above were observed. On the other, the themes *Addressing oneself, other people or things* and *Characteristic features of informal spoken language use* were indirectly proportional to the number of sets examined. Put another way, the number of keywords under these themes decreases as more sets of data were examined. Thus, it in can be argued that more keywords very specific to the work of police officers could be found as the keyness value decreases. These two observations indicate that the saturation point had already been reached, so there is no longer any need to further examine the other sets of data since the number of keywords in the various themes were increasing or decreasing at a stable rate. Table 4.9 and Figure 4.1 below show comparison of themes in the six data sets.

Table 9 Themes frequencies in Sets 1 – 6 and their percentage proportions

Themes	Sets						Total	%
	1	2	3	4	5	6		
Crime scenes	1	4	5	9	10	14	43	35.83
Addressing oneself, other people or things	7	9	7	8	3	1	35	29.17
Characteristic features of informal spoken language use	11	6	6	2	1	1	27	22.50
Interviewing a suspect, witness, or person	1	1	2	1	1	4	10	8.33
Police order or instruction	-	-	-	-	5	-	5	4.17
Total	20	20	20	20	20	20	120	100.00

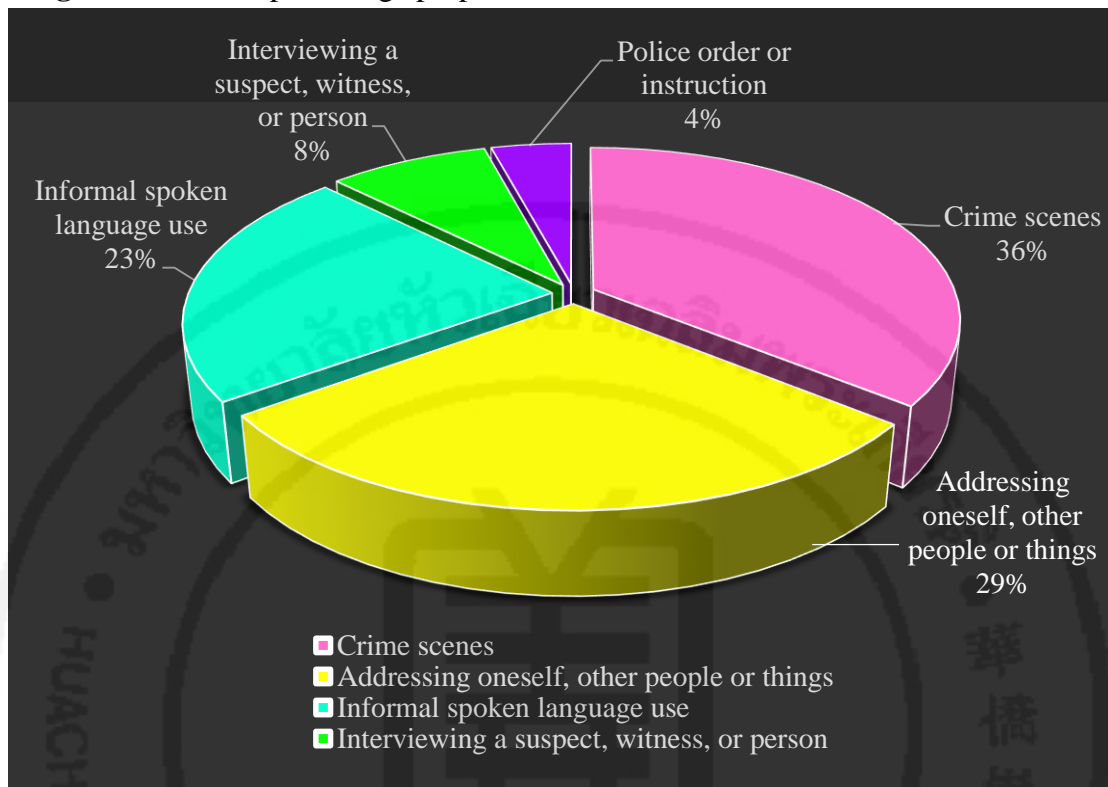
Diagram 2 Themes percentage proportions

Diagram 2 above shows percentage proportions of each theme: 1) *Crime scenes* (38%), 2) *Addressing oneself, other people or things* (29 %), 3) *Characteristic features of informal spoken language use* (21%), 4) *Interviewing a suspect, witness, or person* (8%), and 5) *Police order or instruction* (4%). Although it seems that the themes of *Addressing oneself, other people or things* and *Characteristic features of informal spoken language use* are quite unrelated to police functions, they are used in police's daily communications at the work place. Pedagogical discussions and implications are provided in the discussion section of Chapter 5. All five themes also are necessary for police, so they were examined for N-grams which are described in the next section.

4.4 Identifying N-grams

In this part, all five groups of keywords, which were 1) relating to addressing oneself, other people or things, 2) words relating to characteristic features of informal spoken language use, 3) words relating to crime scenes, 4) words relating to interviewing a suspect, witness or persons, and 5) police order or instruction, were

examined and categorized into the shape of N-gram. Table 10 below presents the keywords under the theme *crime scenes*. The keywords highlighted in green presented clear N-gram formations but those highlighted in red were usually used as single words.

4.4.1 N-grams of the theme *Crime scene*

Under the theme *Crime scenes*, there were 11 keywords: *murder*, *blood*, *shot*, *weapon*, *trace*, *scene*, *fire*, *missing*, *happened*, *victim*, and *case* which can be presented as N-grams. These keywords occurred as 2-grams to 6-grams.

Table 10 N-gram models of the theme *Crime scene*

Keywords List							
No.	Tokens/Words	*F	**LL	No.	Tokens/Words	*F	*LL
1	gun	72	404.39	16	think	116	86.19
2	murder	54	221.53	17	fire	42	85.71
3	killer	36	215.63	18	missing	25	79.66
4	kid	35	196.11	19	car	54	72.61
5	found	117	196.20	20	call	40	57.44
6	blood	56	175.14	21	happened	34	59.34
7	kill	35	129.86	22	looking	45	52.19
8	killed	44	129.92	23	dead	34	64.92
9	shot	42	125.17	24	victim	21	63.95
10	want	100	119.14	25	find	63	60.41
11	guess	28	114.08	26	lying	20	53.23
12	name	64	108.73	27	case	43	69.00
13	weapon	22	96.96	28	sure	40	43.46
14	trace	22	92.84	29	phone	22	42.06
15	scene	32	90.37				

*F = Frequency, **LL = Log-likelihood

1. murder

Murder produced 54 concordance hits. Mostly, they were used as *murder weapon* (8 instances), and *murder of + noun or noun phrase* (5 instances). The interest was on *murder of + noun or noun phrase* such as *murder of a police officer*, *murder of Benny Madera*, *murder of Jeremy However*, *murder of Sadat*, and *murder of your son*. This combination produced 3-grams. It began with *murder of* and followed by noun or noun phrase.

There were two interesting issues here: 1) *murder weapon* is a specific phrase to denote a tool that is used to commit crime and 2) *murder of + noun or noun phrase* is a short phrase that used to identify a crime case. The n-gram, *murder weapon*, refers to a tool or object that is used to kill a victim using for example, 0.38 caliber gun, knife, stick, rock, baseball bat, flower pot or even pillow. It can be seen that some objects have dangerous sharpened points but some seem not dangerous as pillow yet it can be used as a murder weapon. The *murder weapon* is different from *killer weapon*. For the second issue, the phrase, *murder of + noun or noun phrase* is like giving a title for a crime case (e.g. *murder of a police officer*, *murder of Benny Madera*, *murder of Jeremy However*, etc.).

Figure 1 Example of *murder of + noun phrase* or *proper noun*

a big one. Let's figure this out. Attempted **murder of a police officer**, that's, like, ten year moment, he's writing out a confession for the **murder of Benny Madera**. Hector "Toasty" Mendez ki . Don't move. You're under arrest for the **murder of Jeremy Howser**. Protection from what? D to Vegas and have him stand trial for the **murder of Sadat**. D.B., I can't thank you shirt. We get it. You wanted to avenge the **murder of your son**. But if you were man enough

2. blood

Blood was found to produce 56 concordance hits. There were some interesting 2-grams of *blood + noun* which were *blood spray* (3 occurrences), *blood trace* (3 occurrences), *blood trail* (2 occurrences), *blood drop* (1 occurrence), and *blood spatter* (2 occurrences). Although these 2-gram combinations had fewer occurrences, they were crucial in investigating crime scenes to find clues and evidences. In the case of 4-grams, combinations were as follows: *blood on + noun phrase* (12 occurrences) such as *blood on her cloth*, *blood on his jacket*, *blood on Martell's floor*, and *blood on the glass*.

Figure 2 Example of *blood on + noun phrase*

t murder? Ashley Braden. Mm-hmm We found **your blood on her** clothes. How'd you cut your hand?
 Don't worry. Christine? Christine. So he's **got blood on his** chin, but no pooling on the ground.
 , holding Tommy's puppy, and he had Tommy's **blood on his** jacket. So, did Milner ever make a
 . And not for nothing, Mac. Milner had Tommy's **blood on his** jacket when the cops found him. Yeah
 didn't get a hit. Ah, neither did **the blood on Martell's** floor, so I'm guessing that
 theory supported by the fact that we have **your blood on our** victim's watch. Theory sound more li
 . This just doesn't make sense. What? I **found blood on the** vic's watch. You were there, you
 . Yes. Just got Dibello's swab. It's **his blood on the** clasp that Hawkes found across the po
 's go. Looks like this floor's the **one Blood on the** glass. On the wall here. Five-11, f
 've taken it with you. Found Alex Henley's **blood on the** scarf. Found the scarf in your room.
 ? When Felipe hot-wired the car, he left **your blood on the** ignition wire. Like she said, we're
 . are hunters. Angry and... and vicious, all **with blood on their** hands. It's my blood. : It's

3. shot

Shot produced 42 concordance hits, mostly displaying 5-gram combinations: *take/took/taking + a + shot + at + pronoun or proper noun*. This 5-gram combined different types of word classes together, which includes a verb, a determiner, a noun, a preposition, and a pronoun (or proper noun). It was a long word combination. This occurred 10 times in the police dialogues such as *take a shot at him*, *took a shot at me*, *taking a shot at Scarlet*, and others.

Figure 3 Example of *take/took/taking + a + shot + at + pronoun or proper noun*

to forcibly enter the precinct. The mope took **a shot at him**. That's what happened. You saw him
 . That's what happened. You saw him take **a shot at Hopkins**? No. You hear the shot? No. So
 . So how do you know that Brown took **a shot at Hopkins**? Because Kevin said so, and that'
 . So you think the vic really did take **a shot at Hopkins**? I think he thinks the vic took
 Hopkins? I think he thinks the vic took **a shot at Hopkins**. But the truth is, no one knows
 it. He had a gun; the kid took **a shot at me**. You called it in? Yeah, I called
 hands! Kevin, you all right?! Yeah, he took **a shot at me**. Dispatcher: 198, come in to Central. 1
 lie. I am not lying. That kid took **a shot at me**. I called a 13. Stay there. Don't
 you. That kid, he pointed a gun and **he shot at me**, and I will go to my grave
 Emerson for this, and I buy her taking **a shot at Scarlet** and hanging White, but I don't
 doubled back to find Hopkins. Had you heard **a shot at that** point? No, but that doesn't mean
 and killed with your gun. Guy who took **a shot at you** dumped the gun. Two kids found it.

From the figure, these word combinations were used to describe *crime scenes* such as *Guy who took a shot at you dumped the gun*. Moreover, there were some interesting police expressions that were used in interviewing a witness or

asking a person: *you saw him take a shot at Hopkins?*, *so how do you know that Brown took a shot at Hopkins?*, and *so you think the vic really did take a shot at Hopkins?*

4. weapon

Weapon produced 22 concordance hits. There were some word combinations occurred with *weapon* which were *murder weapon* (9 occurrences). This was already been discussed in the first keyword *murder* in this section above.

Figure 4 Example of *murder + weapon*

it down, repeat the process and you have a **murder weapon**. All of these are items that are ac
n it around... And the champagne bottle becomes a **murder weapon**. By exploiting his vulnerability?
p determine the type of knife used? Suggests the **murder weapon has an** uneven blade, if it has a
murder by putting her on that landing with the **murder weapon in her** hand. The partial footprints
exactly where you're headed here. It's our **murder weapon**. Plastic, fatty acids, and gum? Tha
ke? Blunt and sharp force trauma. Here's your **murder weapon right here**. Whatever happened, it's
unless... You're in a prison cell. Yeah. The **murder weapon was a** handmade shank. And I believe
to be to our killer. Hawkes determined that the **murder weapon was a** shank, making our killer an ex
what? You were able to pull those off the **murder weapon? Yeah. Infrared** images. There were

5. trace

Trace produced 22 concordance hits. Most of them were 2-grams of *trace* such as *drug trace* (3 instances) and *blood trace* (3 instances). *Trace* refers to a trail or a sign of something to indicate that something happened. *Drug trace* and *blood trace* are common in crime scene investigations especially in murder cases.

Figure 5 Example of *blood + trace*

point. Already forgotten. Ah. The face behind **the blood trace**. Joseph Skiver. Yo! NYPD. Why does t
I ecovered at the crime scene. Also **found blood trace on** a jewelry clasp. It doesn't belong
the car, he pricked his finger. Left a **little blood trace**. Reno Martell. Auto theft, assault wi

6. scene

Scene produced 32 concordance hits such as *crime scene*. *Crime scene* is an interesting 2-grams occurred 22 times. *Crime scene* is a kind of word combination that police officers used when referring to the location where something inhuman or unlawful occurred. Some 6-gram combinations were also found: *put + someone + at + the + crime + scene* such as *put him at the crime scene*, *put himself at the crime scene*, and *put you at the crime scene*.

Figure 6 Example of *put + someone + at + the + crime + scene*

the clasp that Hawkes found across the pond. It puts him at the crime scene. Yeah, it's also . I know that look. What are you thinking? He puts himself at the crime scene, but we don't Luke for Nate's overdose? We have evidence that puts you at the crime scene, Melanie. Things get

7. fire

Fire produced 42 concordance hits. There are a few interesting word combinations or 2-grams such as *fire gel* (3 occurrences) and *fire escape(s)* (3 occurrences). The word *fire gel* is used by police officers when they have to investigate the cause of fire. *Fire escape* refers to the tool used by victims of fire to move away from the burning area.

Figure 7 Example of *fire + escape*

asn't terrorizing the neighborhood he sat on that fire escape smoking dope. See that guy right there was fire escapes. It was more narrow. There was fire escapes. Hang on. Adam, stay there for a sec uit down the alley behind... There was, there was fire escapes. It was more narrow. There was fire e

8. missing

Missing produced 25 concordance hits. For 2-grams, *missing people* had 8 occurrences. For 3-gram combinations, examples included *missing persons case* (3 occurrences) and *missing persons reports* (2 occurrences). This keyword related to the status of people, report or evidence related in a crime.

Figure 8 Example of *missing + person*

they'd still be here. Then what are we missing? "Hastings Library, opened March 21, 1963
 withdrew all \$700 from her account the day she went missing. I'm not suggesting anything, Mr. Portico
 the lollipop. So an eight-year-old boy goes missing in a tight-knit neighborhood like this. The
 does connect to Ashley Braden. I filled in the missing letters. Fits like a glass slipper,
 every single part in this place, and for every missing or unmatched VIN we find, you'll be doing
 cky, but your specialty in the Bureau is tracking missing persons across state lines, and I realize
 missing persons case is now being as a homicide missing persons case. You have my word they will
 mean, I looked over the reports of the original missing persons case. I mean, Milner was no angel.
 , but sadly, what was being handled as a runaway missing persons case is now being as a homicide m
 have an ATM card. The bank records pulled by missing persons indicate that Mary withdrew all \$7
 w their daughter was dead. I understand from the missing persons report that you had an argument w
 she doesn't match a description on any recent missing persons reports. Blunt force trauma. Enou
 we don't know about. I'll check the missing persons reports as well as the morgues for
 in court. How are you with Photoshop? Build the missing ridges and print it out for me. Maybe we
 . Found the scarf in your room. There was a missing sequin. Found that on Henley's body. Why'd
 force trauma. Enough to kill her. Drain plug's missing. She's tied down. Well-thought-out suicide
 go? No issues with Ashley? Because she isn't missing. She's in Kansas City. And you know that
 . Sometimes the biggest clue is the one that's missing. So what would you do in that position?
 had quite the drug problem back when Tommy went missing. Sounds like a straight razor, some kind
 your golf clubs? When did you notice it was missing? That's when you should have reported it

9. happened

Happened produced 34 concordance hits. They were usually associated with the question word *what*. The phrase, *what happened* occurred 21 times in the dialogues. It was also a kind of 2-gram combination that was used as sentence head of interrogative sentences and clauses.

Figure 9 Example of *happened*

Here's your murder weapon right here. Whatever happened, it's safe to say our perp didn't
 have a seat and we'll talk about what happened. Marshall Hilson. Applied to the FDNY
 . And you know that because... That's not what happened, Matthew. She's was murdered. Saturday n
 to your car. Maybe he wants to know what happened Maybe he just wants to see if you're
 he kidnapers contacted him. That's exactly what happened. 15 minutes to the call. That's why they
 the hell is wrong with you? And then what happened? Oh, no, that's done. It's done. I
 's not what I'm saying; that's what happened. Okay. Central never heard your 13. Wel
 of people that are trying to find out what happened. Okay? Has your husband been in contact
 the injuries serious? And did he say how it happened? Okay, I'm gonna need that patient's name

10. victim

Victim produced 21 concordance hits. There were 13 occurrences of *our + victim*. *Our victim* shows that the ongoing investigation is under the

responsibilities of the police. There was also a pattern of 2 to 3-gram combinations: *victim* + 's + *noun/noun phrase* (7 occurrences) such as *victim's watch*, *victim's dress*, *victim's stab wound*, and others.

Figure 10 Example of *victim* + 's + *noun/noun phrase*

.26 caliber pellet. The powder burns on the *victim's clothing* would indicate that the shooter
 . More good news. I found a bloodstain on *our victim's dress*. Not her own. After three days in
 to corroborate his alibi. His blood's on *our victim's dress*. A toucan? Really? Had a cousin t
 crumpled piece of paper that Sid found in *our victim's mouth*... Front page. Chelsea Voice W
 . Well, the crumpled paper that Sid found in *the victim's mouth*, it came from the Chelsea Voice Wee
 were detected in the trace Sid collected from *the victim's stab wound*. Trace left by the knife. Whi
 the fact that we have your blood on *our victim's watch*. Theory sound more like fact now?

11. case

Case produced 43 concordance hits. Most of the findings were 2-grams or words combinations such as *case file*, *drug case*, *persons case*, and others. There were also some 3-gram occurrences and they were used in the police dialogues as signposts such as *in this case*, *in that case*, *in our case*, and *in your case*.

Figure 11 Example of *case*

st recent, December of last year. Now, *no arrests in either case*, but I'm not so sure they'
 ymer is a plastic. A plastic fork *or toothbrush*. *In our case*, the killer used a coffee cup to-
 ould consider himself the deer...*the hunted*. *And in that case*, what part of the story would Rachel
 lease, thank you for coming up. All *right, well, in that case*, uh, this is our photo-topsy. Take
 by prolonged periods of *continued stimulation*. *In this case*, caused by repetitive and deliberate
 ompter and the sound *speaker*. *Fortunately, in this case*, yes. But it doesn't rule out
 some people would do for that kind *of money*. *In your case*, you killed for it. Yeah, yeah, yeah

4.4.2 N-grams of the theme *Addressing oneself, other people or things*

Most keywords in this theme were proper nouns. The 17 proper nouns were people's names and surnames, which were *Mac, Brooks, Benny, Christine, Leonard, Justin, Sid, Milner, Adam, Jo, Jason, Felipe, Hopkins, Ashley, Tommy, Mary, and Luke*. One keyword was an improper noun: *detective*. There were also 16 pronouns which were *you, I, your, me, we, him, he, our, it, their, my, us, this,*

someone, something, somebody, and anything. Most of them did not exhibit clear N-gram combinations. Only four keywords, which were *someone, something, somebody, and anything*, came with *else* as 2-grams.

Table 11 N-gram models in the theme *Addressing oneself, other people or things*

Keywords List							
No.	Tokens/Words	*F	**LL	No.	Tokens/Words	*F	*LL
1	you	1482	2221.80	19	felipe	20	140.50
2	i	1106	783.45	20	hopkins	20	134.57
3	mac	68	562.40	21	someone	60	131.39
4	your	275	377.76	22	our	140	129.30
5	brooks	43	374.23	23	detective	25	127.19
6	me	269	369.68	24	ashley	21	115.01
7	benny	47	367.10	25	tommy	20	104.11
8	christine	49	343.48	26	something	80	80.82
9	leonard	42	291.16	27	somebody	30	78.07
10	we	415	257.05	28	it	714	76.86
11	him	237	228.38	29	mary	29	74.61
12	he	604	225.37	30	luke	22	73.25
13	justin	26	218.17	31	their	41	72.13
14	sid	39	333.30	32	anything	53	68.09
15	milner	21	203.52	33	my	140	53.75
16	adam	42	200.25	34	this	331	49.41
17	jo	25	156.51	35	us	80	38.49
18	jason	25	147.84				

*F = Frequency, **LL = Log-likelihood

1. someone

Someone produced 60 concordance hits. There were seven occurrences of *someone + else*. This combination is used when people mention to unspecified person or unknown person.

Figure 12 Example of *someone + else*.

then stole his idea. Then used it to kill someone else. But your plan kind of... backfired a few thousand dollars. We thought it was drugs. Someone else did, too. Ray said Paul always backed and finish the job, or did he run into someone else? Milner hasn't had so much as a ? 17 months. A long time to live your life as someone else. Must have seemed like an eternity. every court date you've had, you've had someone else take your notes and testify. That's j

2. something

Something produced 80 concordance hits. There were three occurrences of *something* + *else*. This combination is used when people mention unspecified objects.

Figure 13 Example of *something* + *else*.

airy product. Which means the perp thought it was *something else*. *Maybe that's* exactly what the vic
 . We all have access to that. I also found *something else*. *Okay... I think I see it.* Oh, it
 hoever sliced Milner's throat used that knife for *something else*. *What about* the stain on his

3. somebody

Something produced 30 concordance hits. There were six occurrences of *somebody* + *else* used when people mention unspecified person or unknown person.

Figure 14 Example of *somebody* + *else*.

means we can't talk to him. But maybe *somebody else can*. *Done. Done!* In the boat. Fill
 . 8:45. See him coming back out? And he's with *somebody else*. *Can't see his face.* Male, approxi
 claiming otherwise. What if he's lying? What if *somebody else gave the* money away? Then I'd expec
 fear is, if we don't catch him soon, *somebody else is going* to die. Get up! You're
 street or was flat-out lying to cover for *somebody else*. *the Buick* was a heavyweight poncho
 stop ideas. Sooner or later, I'm sure that *somebody else will figure* out how to print a gun.

4. anything

Anything produced 53 concordance hits. There were five occurrences of *anything* + *else* used when people mention or ask about things, events or actions. *Anything else* in interrogative sentence is used for getting more information.

Figure 15 Example of *anything + else*.

did that... me. Control fire. I can't do **anything else**, **but** I know I can control that. How
 .I'm wondering if... Stop wondering. I'm fine. **Anything else?** **No. Nothing.** Okay. You know... I
 as always very careful. Never mentioned a name or **anything else that would** expose who was above him.
 text. What's up? Since we don't have **anything else to go** at Nathan Brody with, I've
 known associates of the Trinitario street gang. **Anything else you can** give me to narrow this down?

4.4.3 N-grams of the theme *Characteristic features of informal spoken language use*

Four keywords displayed combinations: *vic*, *right*, *let*, and *looks*. There were six keywords that were auxiliary verbs in contracted form using apostrophe ('), such as *'s*, *'re*, *don't*, *'m*, *'ve*, and *'d*. Four keywords were in a group of interjections which were *uh*, *hey*, *yeah*, and *huh*.

Table 12 N-gram models in the theme *Characteristic features of informal spoken language use*

Keywords List							
No.	Tokens/Words	*F	**LL	No.	Tokens/Words	*F	*LL
1	s ('s)	1047	8243.90	14	know	218	263.95
2	re ('re)	224	1922.36	15	look	66	358.95
3	don (don't)	181	1559.05	16	here	159	251.95
4	m ('m)	234	1444.75	17	yeah	162	210.80
5	ve ('ve)	103	1210.50	18	cop	25	186.30
6	uh	75	800.74	19	guys	31	184.76
7	hey	96	717.42	20	tell	88	177.33
8	vic	72	616.11	21	let	78	158.70
9	d ('d)	107	480.66	22	huh	21	142.68
10	guy	72	386.42	23	looks	52	142.53
11	got	217	353.12	24	get	134	110.75
12	okay	95	352.64	25	hell	31	100.49
13	right	208	323.08				

*F = Frequency, **LL = Log-likelihood

1. vic

Vic had 72 concordance hits. There was a 3-gram model like as *vic + 's + noun (or noun phrase)* (20 occurrences). It was a short group of words to

mention about the victim's belongings; for example, *vic's chest*, *vic's blood*, *vic's wound*, *vic's tox report*, etc.

Figure 16 Example of *vic + 's+ noun or noun phrase*.

room, now. I recognized your number on **the vic's caller I.D.** I know it was you
 . But at least now we know what caused **the vic's chest** wounds. Green paint flakes could've tr
 piece of fabric on the front gate, matches **our vic's coat**. I'm thinking maybe he ducked in
 right about this time? Subdermal bruising on **the vic's face**. The insignia is the trademark for Dunl
 theory, I looked at the uneaten portion of **our vic's lunch**. Black forest turkey, muenster on rye,
 to him? What the hell's going on, **Lovato? Vic's name** is Benny Madera. He was a part
 Someone turned this elevator into a boiler. **Our vic's name** is Rita Lowman. According to one of
 o be focusing on her male patients. Mac **Taylor. Vic's name** is Shane Simmons. He's 19. He was
 ed security. Said they hear two men arguing. **The vic's name** is Theodore Hart. Priors for assault, d
 . You got it. Billy Wharton? He goes to **our vic's school**. Frank was right. The drugs weren't
 wedged behind a rhinestone on the back of **our vic's shoe**, which suggests that she was dragged al
 van. Then he rear-ended the car. So, **the vic's the carjacker?** Picked a target that wouldn't
 othing. Maybe the bar was just over-serving. **The vic's tox** report said he had a buildup of

2. right

Right had 72 concordance hits. As part of informal spoken language use, *right* is mostly used as adverb of manner and it refers to correct or well. There was a 2-grams likes as *all + right* (65 occurrences), *right + now* (20 occurrences), and *right + here* (20 occurrences). *All right* refers to agree or accept. *Right now* refers to at present. And, *right here* refer to this location.

Figure 17 Example of *right + here*.

e murder, roughly around 1:00 a.m., and this **girl right here is** also in this footage. Macy Sullivan
 , you've got to read this. Check it **out, right here**. **Open** letter to the Times. "I am a
 Lawrence Hall right away. Okay, give me your **hand. Right here**. **Police!** Look out! Mac Taylor in the
 . I know. I mean, but the blood pool **is right here**. **So** he dropped here. Nowhere near the e
 ny, you head to Chinatown. It's transmitting **from right here**. **There's** no one over here. Signal ha
 back a set of mug shots. Okay. This **girl right here, this blonde**. Where were you last night
 d sharp force trauma. Here's your murder **weapon right here**. **Whatever** happened, it's safe to say ou
 , too. Ray said Paul always backed the van **up right here**. **Which** means this is where he must've
 your help. Hmm. Everything you need to know **is right here**. **You** love taking advantage of me, don'
 with the gun you used to kill this **woman right here**. **You** shot her in Hell's Kitchen. Any

3. let

Let had 78 concordance hits. It means to allow or to permit. It can be in the shape of 3-grams like as *let + me + verb* (22 occurrences). For example, *let me know, let me guess, let me see*, and more. On the other hand, *let + 's (us) + verb* (40 occurrences) is also a kind of 3-gram; for example, *let's go, let's start, let's talk*, and others.

Figure 18 Example of *let + 's (us) + verb*.

.If Hector Mendez didn't kill Benny, who **did**? **Let's ask** the person who accused him in the
 im, number four. That's the shooter. All **right**. **Let's bring** Lonnie in. You can go in now.
 ager. We still have rules in this family. **Good**. **Let's eat**. Ellie, was that your first kiss? I
 first day of school is always a big **one**. **Let's figure** this out. Attempted murder of a polic
 why there's a dead felon on the **floor**. **Let's find** Wayne Brown, have him fill in the
 me! Come on! You all right? I am **now**. **Let's get** the hell out of here! Let's
 foot traffic, any vehicles would be **conspicuous**. **Let's go** pay George a visit. We'd like
 only question is for how long? Let's **go**. **Let's go**. Might need more divers; It's a
 ack, sweep forward. Come on. All right, **go**. **Let's go**. Let me see your hands! Stand up!
 get the hell out of here! Let's **go**! **Let's go**! Match. Lord, tell me you found somethi
 now. Let's get the hell out of **here**! **Let's go**! Let's go! Match. Lord, tell me
 want a smoothie? Right, you haven't seen **him**. **Let's go**! Yeah, this is Agent Cade Conover with
 didn't read it. But Mac filled me **in**. **Let's go**. Looks like this floor's the one

4. looks

Looks had 52 concordance hits. It usually occurs with a word, *like*. *Looks like* becomes 2-grams (41 occurrences). When *looks like* is used as informal spoken language, it is often at the beginning of the sentence (28 occurrences). It means 'to be similar to or resemble to'.

Figure 19 Example of *looks + like*.

more about what fired this bullet than you can. Looks like a busy day down here. Well, I hope removing Mary's body. This handwriting definitely looks like a match to the envelope we found at on the floor. No signs of breaking and entering. Looks like a single round. Penetrating trauma to t 't moved since Adam locked in on it. Jo. Looks like a burner. Yeah, it's Messer. Danny, we E.R. in town, check reports of anything that looks like a shrapnel injury. Got it. Okay, will ar stint for assault with a deadly weapon. Well, looks like a deadly weapon just assaulted him back ers here? Does that say "RR"? I think so. Looks like an... an "M..." "R-R..." "Y." What d supposed to know who's next? This might help. Looks like Davis was keeping a detailed schedule o trical tissue damage suggests a serrated blade. Looks like he took a pretty stiff shot to the , sir. It's all clean. It's all clear. Looks like he cleared out of here in a hurry. few times. Always talking about his family. Mm. Looks like he's got someone following in his foots w's van. It was carrying 500 pounds of something. Looks like he was hoping to smuggle it into Canada you write a confession before you do a video. Looks like he's putting the gun in your hands. my trauma team... That's good news for you. Looks like he's going to make it. Well played. uy and determine who actually pulled the trigger. Looks like I missed all the fun. You did. I We're looking for the location of the library. Looks like it used to be on the south side here last night? Yeah. That's definitely what he looks like. Just got off the phone with the night eman, taking a cut like everyone else. Still, it looks like my son's apartment. He loves sports, gr e Russians in 1988. They lost track of it, but... Looks like one piece of it found its way back has something to do with hers. Either way, it looks like one homicide may have just become two.

4.4.4 N-grams of the theme *Interviewing a suspect, witness or person*

There were two keywords found under this theme which were *what* and *else*. The rest of the keywords had no the characteristic N-gram combinations.

Table 13 N-gram models in the theme of *Interviewing a suspect, witness or person*

Keywords List							
No.	Tokens/Words	*F	**LL	No.	Tokens/Words	*F	*LL
1	what	383	385.26	4	which	31	180.36
2	how	128	356.15	5	did	154	87.81
3	why	106	156.07	6	else	44	65.64

*F = Frequency, **LL = Log-likelihood

1. what

What had 383 concordance hits. It began with interrogative sentences such as *what was the first thing that you remember?* or occurred in a complex sentence such as *That's what we're trying to figure out.* One interrogative sentence that was *what was the first thing that you remember?* It is useful for police officers while interviewing a suspect, witness or person who might be in an accident

or crime scene. This question can be the first sentence to ask suspect, witness or person after the police introduce themselves.

There were also 3-grams occurring here which were *what about + noun, noun phrase or pronoun* (21 occurrences) and *what happened to + noun, noun phrase or pronoun* (4 occurrences). For example: *what about + noun, noun phrase or pronoun*

What about her?

What about Justin's life?

What about the blood found?

What about unidentified DOA's?

The use of the n-gram *what about ...*, can also be used to ask for suggestions or comments. These questions are used in police investigations to discuss evidences or clues.

Figure 20 Example of *what about + noun, noun phrase or pronoun*

are the same. People can surprise you sometimes. *What about Benny Madera?* Did he surprise you? Mirant career advancement. Mm-hmm. Have a seat. *So what about Detective Lovato's safety?* I need to know. Boys? Anyone who might have been a *confidant*? *What about enemies?* Do you recognize this young man? Then Manny Hinde might have known his *killer*. *What about family?* Divorced twice. Both of his exes interact with them? You recognize this *guy*? *What about her?* We found a whisker from one of my letters? And Clue... how'd that figure in? *What about her patients?* How'd you go about choosing on six counts of intellectual property *theft*? *What about Justin's life?* He was murdered a few weeks ago at 8:05 that night. And then *what*? *What about Manny Hinde?* Danny find some way to contact his apartment? He used a burner. Dead *end*. *What about our vic,* Rita Lowman? She was living with him, he didn't have to worry about his *reputation*. *What about something* that ties Justin directly to the murder? Looks like they all go to the same *barber*. *What about the rest of the video?* Witness took down the throat used that knife for something *else*. *What about the stain on his jacket?* Ink, the kind of ink? Yeah, but the buyer caught on and tapped *him*. *What about the fender bender?* I mean, if this was a fender bender, Jason have problems with anyone *recently*? *What about the lacerations?* Given the shapes and sizes of the lacerations, any problems recently? Jason just saw the *reward*? *What about the exclusivity of the bar?* That could be a formula... Five-11. That's brains, not luck. *So what about the blood you found?* Well, the um... that's a sin that can't go *unpunished*. *What about the girl on the bus...* could she have been the girl? I got it. Leonard's in the *wind*. *What about the guys we posted at his apartment?* T

2. else

Else had 44 concordance hits. It was combined with words such as *any-, every-, no-, some-* or question words (e.g. *what, where, when, why, who, and how*). It denotes the presence/absence of another entity. As N-gram combinations, they appeared as *somebody else, anybody else, somewhere else, who else*, and others.

For example:

...if we don't catch him soon, somebody else is going to die.

He never told me. He didn't tell anybody else either.

...we've had no sign of him somewhere else.

Who else knew about that address?

...to interrogate her and find out what else she was hiding.

Figure 21 Example of *else*

more than one target. Hamilton, and someone else. Adam, go over the news camera footage and ca
ID. badge in her apartment and not much else. And an old acquaintance. Security cam outsid
ty lengthy blood trail. He was attacked somewhere else and dragged here. Employee found a set of ke
that... me. Control fire. I can't do anything else, but I know I can control that. How many
stole his idea. Then used it to kill someone else. But your plan kind of... backfired on you,
we can't talk to him. But maybe somebody else can. Done. Done! In the boat. Filled, pan
him coming back out? And he's with somebody else. Can't see his face. Male, approximately si
ousand dollars. We thought it was drugs. Someone else did, too. Ray said Paul always backed the van
to prison? who else knew about that address? Who else did you tell? Hey. You better hope you're
fortune on some fancy meal just 'cause everybody else does. Well, now you don't have to, okay?
? He never told me. He didn't tell anybody else either. Because if he would have, I would've
otherwise. What if he's lying? What if somebody else gave the money away? Then I'd expect that
we can connect this to Timothy Brown or anyone else he runs with. This is gonna get ugly again.
'm gonna have to shoot you. Is there anybody else in the building? No. Which way? : Where?
a dead body halfway across town? So, does anyone else interact with them? You recognize this guy?
is, if we don't catch him soon, somebody else is going to die. Get up! You're coming
before you were stopped and sent to prison? who else knew about that address? Who else did you tel
dy. Lombardo was not shot with that gun somewhere else later on. Mark Riley was the first officer a
a couple meatball subs from Romeo's. If nothing else, Lovato, you got damn good taste in Italian.
ct. Which means the perp thought it was something else. Maybe that's exactly what the vic wanted. I

4.4.5 N-grams of the theme *police order or instruction*

For this part, there were three keywords that had N-gram combinations which were *back*, *come*, and *go*.

Table 14 N-gram models in the theme of *Police order or instruction*

Keywords List							
No.	Tokens/Words	*F	**LL	No.	Tokens/Words	*F	*LL
1	back	110	62.67	4	check	24	52.49
2	come	89	68.51	5	stop	32	47.50
3	go	111	64.26				

*F = Frequency, **LL = Log-likelihood

1. back

Back had 110 concordance hits. Most of them were in the pattern of 4-gram combinations such as: *verb + back + preposition + noun/ noun phrase* (e.g. *go back to jail, get back on your feet, get back at them, got back from a gym, etc.*). There were a few patterns of 4-gram combinations: *the back of + noun/ noun phrase* which were *the back of his head, the back of our vic's shoe, and the back of the head*. Moreover, there were some phrases related to police commands (police order and instruction) such as *everybody back up!*, and *back up!*. Police officers shout this expression when they request reinforcements (need more police officers) to conduct arrest or control people in crowded areas.

Figure 22 Example of *back up!*

323, that's just down the block. Everybody, **back up!** Backup now! Back up! Everybody, get back! down the block. Everybody, back up! Backup now! **Back up!** Everybody, get back! Get back! Get across the fire department. Yo, hey! Whoa, whoa, whoa. **Back up.** Help him out. Come on. What the hell!

2. come

Come had 89 concordance hits. Most of them were 2-grams of phrasal verbs such as *come on* (37 occurrences), *come in* (8 occurrences), *come out* (2 occurrences) and others. *Come on* occurred a lot in police dialogues; it is used like the police officers encourage others to do something or to tell something. For example, “*Come on, what the hell's going on?*”, “*Come on. I'm listening.*”, and “*Come on, Courtney, enough with the lies.*” In contrast, *Come on!* (*come on* with exclamation mark), is superior police order to tell others to move. There was one 3-gram that is *come up + noun or noun phrase* (3 occurrences) such as *come up with a better story, come up with a better name, and come up with something lame* which is used by police officers to tell the other party to create a story or ways of calling things other than those already in place.

Figure 23 Example of *come on*

front. We'll start in the back, sweep **forward**. **Come on**. All right, go. Let's go. Let me in Benny's murder? Where'd you hear **that**? **Come on**. All right, all right, go wait by the almost every day. It has been a few **hours**. **Come on**. And don't say I never take you . No, you're not. Let me just keep **it**. **Come on**. And if you tell anybody about it, you' me, of course. Yeah, but... when you were **here**. **Come on, babe**, um... it was hectic here yesterday. eyes are going to pop out of my **skull**. **Come on, babe**, stay with me. We got to figure ell you something about the Benny Madera **murder**. **Come on**. **Come on**. I'm listening. Toasty? How'd Jason found out, confronted you, and then **what**? **Come on, Courtney**, enough with the lies. You kille a nice red wine sauce, porcini mushrooms\x85 **oh, come on, Curtis**. Your boys have won the last five . Put him in a car and get out **there**. **Come on, finding** them hanging out in the streets s you were with. Look at me. The names! **Now!** **Come on, get up**. Give me an excuse. I didn' down here and say that? Annie Hall for **sure**. **Come on!** **Get him!** Fight! Go\x85! Well, I guess five. I\x92m tried of buying you **dinner**. **Come on!** **Hey**, get your head in the game, kid. professional, wasn't it? Go to hell, Flack. **Oh, come on. Hey!** Whoa, hey! Am I wrong? Because from to me about these things. What, caring? **Ellie, come on**. I just want to know how you feel. up. Mac, it's Mr. Lewis. Oh, no, **Gram, come on**. I'm stuffed. It's called being in , no. It\x92s great. She\x92s **great**. **Come on!** I\x92m here! I\x92m here! you into? Why, so you can tease me? **No**. **Come on**, I'm curious. I won't bust on mething about the Benny Madera murder. **Come on. Come on**. I'm listening. Toasty? How'd you know associates. Let me show you what I've **got**. **Come on in**. Trinitarios... one of the fastest-grow

3. go

Go had 111 concordance hits. *Go, go, go!*, it can be short police order or command. It means that to tell their team to invade or enter to an area. Moreover, there were some 2-gram combinations as phrasal verbs such as *go ahead, go away, go back*, and others but each of them did not occur a lot.

Figure 24 Example of *go ahead*

.Would you mind telling her that? (both laugh) **You go ahead and** laugh, you'll see. Just wait till . Why not? No, it's not. You go **first**. **Go ahead, ask** me anything you want. Case. Sit. later. Is there something that you want to **know**? **Go ahead. Ask** me. All right. Your relationship wi hese cuffs? They belong to the man you **murdered**. **Go ahead. Take** a peek. I'm sure you recognize to the cells, you're not gonna find **Kalim**. **Go ahead, tell** 'em. He was taken over to the 88 diabetic. Any idea who sent that to him? **Okay. Go ahead. What's** wrong with this picture, huh? I

Overall, this chapter reveals absolute frequencies, relative frequencies, police functions, and N-gram combinations found in the police dialogues. The five themes iteratively identified using the concordance produced by each keyword namely 1) *Addressing oneself, other people or things*, 2) *Crime scenes*, 3) *Characteristic features of Informal spoken language use*, 4) *Interviewing a suspect, witness, or*

person, and 5) *Police order or instruction*. The abundance of themes 1 and 3 indicated that the TV series were related to police officers' jobs, the police officers commonly converse in simple and informal language. Moreover, their job-specific language expressions as depicted by the themes 2, 4, and 5. All of these were crucial in understanding how police officers relate, react, deal and communicate with people around them.



CHAPTER 5

CONCLUSION

This chapter presents the summary of the findings, discussions, conclusions, and recommendations based on the data analysis in the previous chapter.

5.1 Discussion

The focus of this study is to investigate police keywords and word combinations or N-grams used in the American TV series, *CSI: NY*. All high frequency words in police conversation while doing police missions were taken as keywords that were later used to find word combinations by iteratively examining the concordance of each keyword. The findings of the analysis were discussed using the research questions as guide.

Research question 1: What police keywords can be found in the *CSI: NY* police dialogues?

The absolute frequency analysis of police keywords produced 47,836 tokens and 4,731-word types. These were used in the identification of police keywords by comparing the *CSI: NY Season 9* TV series against the British National Corpus. There were 164 police keywords with high log-likelihood values of not less than 20. The keywords of the highest log-likelihood values ranged from content words (such as nouns, verbs, adjectives), function words (auxiliaries and modals) and informal or sometimes slang words. Highly frequent nouns were proper nouns such as the names of people involved in the dialogues (e.g. *mac* [F= 66, LL= 562.40, *Christine* [F= 49, LL= 343.48, *Justine* [F= 42, LL= 291.16, etc.). First and second personal and object pronouns were also highly frequent such as *you* (F= 1482, LL= 2221.80), *we* [F= 415, LL= 257.05), and *me* (F= 604, LL= 225.37). These presences strongly indicated that the data was conversational in nature. The high frequency of the pronoun *you* was due to its common used in conversation (e.g. investigations, interviews and discussions) to address interlocutors who may be the victims, witnesses or suspects. Adjectives were in the form of possessive adjectives such as *your* (F= 275, LL= 377.76), a more popular way of showing possession in the corpus. However, 's (apostrophe s) was used in contractions of phrases as "is" (F= 1047, LL= 8243.90). Indeed, *this* was the

most frequent keyword in the data. Examples included (your apartment, your blood, your arrest, your DNA, etc.). Regardless of the part of speech, all of these were common in spoken language such as in dialogues. There were also verbs such *look* (F= 66, LL= 358.95) and *know* (F= 218, LL= 263.95) but used mainly as part of expressions such as *you know* and to attract or divert attention such as *look at that*.

The most common function word was the auxiliary ‘are’ used in the contracted form *’re* (F= 224, LL= 1922.36), ‘do’ in the form of the contracted *don’t* (F= 181, 1559.05), ‘am’ in the contracted form *’m* (F= 234, LL= 1444.75), and ‘have’ in the contracted form *’ve* corpus. Like most content keywords above, the contracted form of these function words are characteristic features of spoken English language. They are also in the present tense, which suggests that the dialogues are ongoing and factual.

The informal or slang words in the corpus mainly included *uh* (F=75, LL=800.74), *hey* (F=96, LL=717.42), *okay* (F=95, LL=352.64), *right* (F=208, LL=323.08), and *yeah* (F=162, LL=210.80). They are commonly used in showing surprise (*uh*), calling the attention of the other party (*hey*), and agreeing (*okay*, *right* and *yeah*). Some of these can also be used as signposts (*yeah*, *uh*, *okay*, *right* and *yeah*) when talking to another party.

Overall, from these most frequent keywords, it was quite evident that police conversation did not only focus on specific topics or words that were directly related to their tasks but also on what kind of language was used to communicate these tasks or functions. These findings had strong pedagogical implications especially among ESP learners (e.g. police officers) in the expanding circle (Kachru, 2006), where English is used as a foreign language.

Research question 2: What police functions were depicted by the data?

The Baton Rouge Police Department identified some functions of police officers specifically while they were in service. These included 1) conducting patrol duties, 2) responding to emergency calls, 3) investigating crime scenes, including conducting arrest, 4) interviewing suspect, witness, or person, 5) enforcing traffic law, 6) conducting roadway accident investigation, 7) submitting crime report and case file, 8) giving a court presentation, and 9) escorts prisoners to and from court (Baton Rouge Police Department, 2017). In the *CSI: NY Season 9* TV series, three of these

functions were observed. These were responding to *crime scenes* (37.50%), *interviewing a suspects, witnesses or person* (8.33%) and *giving police order or instruction* (4.17%) for a total of 50%. This percentage was not uncommon since the corpus in question was composed of dialogues but it was significant enough given the total of representative keywords examined. Other police functions were not found probably due to the limited number of TV series season examined.

These findings were also in concord with the functions of Thai police officers namely crime prevention and suppression, crime investigation, conducting arrest, and serving court document (Royal Thai Police, 2018). This suggested that the corpus in this research study can be used as a material or guide in rearing English language trainings for police officers in Thailand. In other words, the findings were highly promising for developing curricular offerings to enhance or practice police officers especially where English is used as a foreign language such as Thailand. Through this training, the police officers may know and understand when or how to use these words or expression and apply them in various situations.

Research question 3: What common N-grams can be found in *CSI: NY* police dialogues?

There were 120 keywords that were related to three police functions, but there were only 16 keywords that had clear N-gram combinations which were *murder, blood, short, weapon, trace, scene, fire, missing, happened, victim, what, else, back, come, and go*. The rest of the keywords were usually stand-alone words without combinations. The N-gram types found ranges from 2-grams to 6-grams. The 2-gram combinations were the compound words and phrasal verbs; for example, *crime scene, murder weapon, missing person, come on, go away*, and others. The 3-grams, 4-grams, 5-grams, and 6-grams were word combinations with prepositions such as *blood on his jacket, the back of his head, murder of a police officer, take a shot at him, and put you at the crime scene*. There were 11-keyword-types with the characteristic of 2-grams and 6-keyword-types with the characteristic of 3-grams. There was one keyword type for each 4, 5, and 6-grams.

The findings are useful especially when planning for any pedagogical training since the N-grams elevates the learning of a new language to the level of phrase. For example, it is easier for the learners to understand grammar by looking a number of

samples from the concordance. To illustrate briefly, the 4-gram *blood on his jacket* composed of *N + Prep + Possessive adjective + Noun* may help the learners to produce other word combinations using the sample as guide such as *water on his/her clothes, soil on his/her mouth, gun powder on his/her wrist, and so on*. Even the use of punctuation marks, which is crucial in English language that can be studied from naturally-occurring instances by the learners such as *victim's watch, victim's dress, victim's stab wound*.

In Thailand, it is still a common practice to let language learners to memorize standalone words. This is a good practice but quite limited since the actual uses of the words are not seen or practiced or used by the learners. The use of N-grams provides a micro context for the learners and allows them to see how each of these words is used. Lewis (1997) posited that language does not simply consist of grammar and words, but lexical meaning and multi-word “chunks” which are crucial components of English pedagogy. He argued “to speak English well, you do need a large lexicon (p.20).” Understanding lexicon meaning and their combinations will help the learners effectively communicate in the target language such as English.

5.2 Limitation and further research study

The limitation of the study is on the data. Although it provided useful keywords as a corpus of police spoken language, but the themes of keywords do not cover all police duties which are 1) conducting patrol duties, 2) responding to emergency calls, 3) investigating crime scenes, including conducting arrest, 4) interviewing suspect, witness, or person, 5) enforcing traffic law, 6) conducting roadway accident investigation, 7) submitting crime report and case file, 8) giving a court presentation, and 9) escorts prisoners to and from court (Police officer duties, 2017) (Baton Rouge Police Department, 2017). This study found only three police functions which were 1) investigating crime scenes, including conducting arrest, 2) interviewing suspect, witness, or person, and 3) police order and instruction.

Future research studies should examine a larger set of data and investigate other police functions. Moreover, there should also be an investigation that examines police functions and language used in Asian countries. Other research directions may look at enforcing traffic law and conducting roadway accident investigations. Most

people in Thailand and in other Asian countries have cars or motorcycles; they sometimes have traffic violations or involved in roadway accidents.

5.3 Conclusions and Implications

With the identification of more than 164 keywords, description of 16 N-grams and the identification of common police functions in the TV series *CSI: NY Season 9*, the findings in this study can be a corpus of police spoken language. It is useful for ESP pedagogy such as in designing language-training activities or selecting useful police keywords to be taught in class.

The person who teaches or designs English communication for police language training course will have a source material for the kind of words that are often used by police officers-on-duty and what kind of words that are often used to perform police functions. It is unnecessary to encourage learners to study more difficult keywords or jargons after they pass the foundation level. Moreover, word combinations as N-grams are useful. Many ESL/ EFL classes teach word combinations because they are formed with the grammar of the language, so the learners also learn the grammar at simultaneously (Krishnamurthy, 2002). Word combinations in the shape of N-gram also provide a frame of language production and help ESL/ EFL learners decode individual words or interpret the whole meaning (Zhao, 2009).

I hope that this corpus-based investigation of police keywords furthered some knowledge and understanding on police functions and on possible source of data for preparing English language training for police officers especially for members of the expanding circle of English speaker (Kachru, 2006).

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APPENDICES

APPENDIX A
Absolute frequencies of words (the frequencies upper than 20)

No.	Words	Frequencies	No.	Words	Frequencies
1	the	1885	51	yeah	162
2	you	1482	52	here	159
3	i	1106	53	be	157
4	to	1097	54	if	155
5	a	1071	55	did	154
6	s ('s)	1047	56	are	153
7	that	778	57	can	151
8	it	714	58	my	140
9	and	659	59	our	140
10	of	646	60	were	140
11	he	604	61	well	136
12	in	596	62	get	134
13	was	549	63	how	128
14	t (not)	526	64	an	127
15	on	427	65	had	127
16	we	415	66	as	120
17	what	383	67	found	117
18	this	331	68	think	116
19	is	330	69	when	115
20	so	305	70	who	112
21	with	298	71	go	111
22	for	297	72	back	110
23	your	275	73	now	109
24	me	269	74	would	108
25	have	268	75	d	107
26	but	261	76	didn (din't)	107
27	all	245	77	why	106
28	his	242	78	ve ('ve)	103
29	no	242	79	or	102
30	him	237	80	want	100
31	m ('m)	234	81	two	97
32	out	227	82	where	97
33	re ('re)	224	83	any	96
34	know	218	84	hey	96
35	got	217	85	time	96
36	at	210	86	could	95
37	they	210	87	okay	95
38	right	208	88	see	92
39	just	206	89	come	89
40	there	206	90	been	88
41	not	204	91	tell	88
42	she	200	92	maybe	87
43	do	197	93	good	85
44	her	183	94	then	84
45	don (don't)	181	95	gonna	81
46	from	180	96	something	80
47	like	177	97	us	80
48	up	175	98	let	78
49	about	171	99	over	78
50	one	170	100	uh	75

No.	Words	Frequencies	No.	Words	Frequencies
101	by	74	151	killed	44
102	vic	72	152	else	44
103	gun	72	153	than	44
104	guy	72	154	too	44
105	going	72	155	brooks	43
106	down	69	156	has	43
107	mac	68	157	case	43
108	need	68	158	leonard	42
109	ll ('ll)	68	159	adam	42
110	more	68	160	shot	42
111	look	66	161	fire	42
112	make	65	162	night	42
113	name	64	163	day	42
114	some	64	164	through	42
115	only	64	165	mean	41
116	find	63	166	first	41
117	off	63	167	does	41
118	last	63	168	their	41
119	these	63	169	much	41
120	way	63	170	call	40
121	someone	60	171	kind	40
122	take	59	172	sure	40
123	never	58	173	life	40
124	them	58	174	sid	39
125	blood	56	175	thought	39
126	years	55	176	long	39
127	murder	54	177	doesn (doesn't)	39
128	oh	54	178	sorry	38
129	car	54	179	will	38
130	anything	53	180	love	38
131	around	53	181	took	38
132	looks	52	182	went	38
133	still	52	183	might	38
134	before	52	184	x	38
135	say	51	185	saw	37
136	into	51	186	put	37
137	after	51	187	killer	36
138	those	50	188	very	36
139	christine	49	189	kid	35
140	people	49	190	kill	35
141	even	48	191	every	35
142	made	48	192	away	35
143	benny	47	193	wasn	34
144	man	47	194	pretty	34
145	used	47	195	dead	34
146	said	46	196	happened	34
147	little	46	197	ago	34
148	because	46	198	lot	34
149	looking	45	199	nothing	34
150	other	45	200	really	34

No.	Words	Frequencies	No.	Words	Frequencies
201	thank	33	251	check	24
202	knew	33	252	inside	24
203	doing	33	253	job	24
204	should	33	254	room	24
205	give	33	255	money	24
206	scene	32	256	new	23
207	hit	32	257	cause	23
208	stop	32	258	girl	23
209	street	32	259	bad	23
210	help	32	260	talk	23
211	whoa	32	261	building	23
212	same	32	262	black	23
213	guys	31	263	year	23
214	hell	31	264	always	23
215	wrong	31	265	weapon	22
216	which	31	266	trace	22
217	called	31	267	luke	22
218	better	31	268	phone	22
219	things	31	269	may	22
220	being	31	270	match	22
221	somebody	30	271	couple	22
222	police	30	272	morning	22
223	came	30	273	white	22
224	left	30	274	feel	22
225	home	30	275	keep	22
226	nypd	29	276	mind	22
227	mary	29	277	place	22
228	also	29	278	milner	21
229	body	29	279	huh	21
230	enough	29	280	ashley	21
231	work	29	281	victim	21
232	few	29	282	crime	21
233	old	29	283	exactly	21
234	guess	28	284	green	21
235	wanted	28	285	everything	21
236	probably	28	286	heard	21
237	trying	27	287	believe	21
238	ever	27	288	must	21
239	thing	27	289	am	21
240	three	27	290	yes	21
241	hands	26	291	five	21
242	justin	26	292	next	21
243	cop	25	293	felipe	20
244	jo	25	294	hopkins	20
245	jason	25	295	tommy	20
246	detective	25	296	lying	20
247	missing	25	297	story	20
248	coming	25	298	ten	20
249	done	25	299	move	20
250	flack	24	300	death	20

No.	Words	Frequencies	No.	Words	Frequencies
301	gave	20	306	told	20
302	own	20	307	head	20
303	across	20	308	really	20
304	means	20	309	thanks	20
305	part	20			



APPENDIX B
Relative frequencies of words (frequencies of not less than 20)

No.	Words	(f) CSI: NY	(f) BNC	Total CSI:NY	LL
1	s ('s)	1047	15305	47,836	8243.90
2	you	1482	667652	47,836	2221.80
3	re ('re)	224	2260	47,836	1922.36
4	don (don't)	181	1796	47,836	1559.05
5	m ('m)	234	8239	47,836	1444.75
6	ve ('ve)	103	173	47,836	1210.50
7	uh	75	241	47,836	800.74
8	i	1106	868973	47,836	783.45
9	hey	96	1728	47,836	717.42
10	vic	72	736	47,836	616.11
11	of	646	3051609	47,836	574.04
12	mac	68	808	47,836	562.40
13	d	107	9016	47,836	480.66
14	gun	72	3381	47,836	404.39
15	the	1885	6055159	47,836	403.36
16	guy	72	3847	47,836	386.42
17	what	383	240413	47,836	385.26
18	your	275	134346	47,836	377.76
19	brooks	43	407	47,836	374.23
20	me	269	131363	47,836	369.68
21	benny	47	710	47,836	367.10
22	look	66	3398	47,836	358.95
23	how	128	990060	47,836	356.15
24	got	217	90165	47,836	353.12
25	okay	95	12094	47,836	352.64
26	and	659	2632194	47,836	346.79
27	christine	49	1121	47,836	343.48
28	maybe	87	10080	47,836	338.31
29	sid	39	401	47,836	333.30
30	right	208	90541	47,836	323.08
31	leonard	42	1000	47,836	291.16
32	know	218	118678	47,836	263.95
33	we	415	350744	47,836	257.05
34	here	159	67859	47,836	251.95
35	him	237	153366	47,836	228.38
36	he	604	639598	47,836	225.37
37	murder	54	5586	47,836	221.53
38	justin	26	290	47,836	218.17
39	so	305	239233	47,836	216.69
40	killer	36	1394	47,836	215.63
41	just	206	126333	47,836	213.95
42	yeah	162	83006	47,836	210.80
43	milner	21	117	47,836	203.52
44	adam	42	3064	47,836	200.25
45	found	117	47135	47,836	196.20
46	kid	35	1655	47,836	196.11
47	cop	25	455	47,836	186.30
48	guys	31	1219	47,836	184.76
49	which	31	365482	47,836	180.36
50	tell	88	28878	47,836	177.33
51	125	blood	56	9778	175.14

No.	Words	(f) CSI: NY	(f) BNC	Total CSI:NY	LL
52	101	by	74	520751	170.51
53	98	let	78	25301	158.70
54	244	jo	25	842	156.51
55	77	why	106	48582	156.07
56	66	as	120	653947	155.63
57	245	jason	25	1007	147.84
58	279	huh	21	537	142.68
59	132	looks	52	11243	142.53
60	293	felipe	20	454	140.50
61	12	in	596	1944328	137.63
62	294	hopkins	20	529	134.57
63	32	out	227	197149	133.31
64	121	someone	60	17765	131.39
65	151	killed	44	8457	129.92
66	190	kill	35	4460	129.86
67	59	our	140	93282	129.30
68	246	detective	25	1544	127.19
69	27	all	245	227168	125.60
70	160	shot	42	7951	125.17
71	29	no	242	226985	120.98
72	80	want	100	55161	119.14
73	280	ashley	21	1060	115.01
74	234	guess	28	2940	114.08
75	47	like	177	147744	112.27
76	62	get	134	96008	110.75
77	113	name	64	25434	108.73
78	295	tommy	20	1162	104.11
79	214	hell	31	5086	100.49
80	265	weapon	22	1938	96.96
81	7	that	778	1119443	96.16
82	53	be	157	654445	95.38
83	266	trace	22	2139	92.84
84	194	pretty	34	7568	91.43
85	206	scene	32	6605	90.37
86	55	did	154	135732	87.81
87	68	think	116	88665	86.19
88	178	sorry	38	10752	86.18
89	161	fire	42	13575	85.71
90	96	something	80	50060	80.82
91	247	missing	25	4227	79.66
92	221	somebody	30	7011	78.07
93	8	it	714	1054810	76.86
94	179	will	38	251085	76.73
95	227	mary	29	6892	74.61
96	267	luke	22	3441	73.25
97	129	car	54	26886	72.61
98	168	their	41	254372	72.13
99	156	has	43	256598	69.26
100	207	hit	32	9656	69.04
101	case	43	18122	47,836	69.00
102	come	89	66612	47,836	68.51
103	anything	53	27456	47,836	68.09

No.	Words	(f) CSI: NY	(f) BNC	Total CSI:NY	LL
104	else	44	19916	47,836	65.64
105	dead	34	11884	47,836	64.92
106	go	111	97097	47,836	64.26
107	victim	21	3836	47,836	63.95
108	back	110	96989	47,836	62.67
109	thank	33	11692	47,836	62.27
110	find	63	40906	47,836	60.41
111	happened	34	13131	47,836	59.34
112	call	40	18766	47,836	57.44
113	my	140	146645	47,836	53.75
114	lying	20	4521	47,836	53.23
115	check	24	7117	47,836	52.49
116	well	136	142354	47,836	52.31
117	looking	45	25364	47,836	52.19
118	about	171	195782	47,836	51.18
119	is	330	994890	47,836	50.15
120	this	331	457821	47,836	49.41
121	stop	32	14553	47,836	47.50
122	up	175	207521	47,836	46.94
123	need	68	55293	47,836	45.29
124	kind	40	23573	47,836	43.81
125	sure	40	23720	47,836	43.46
126	phone	22	7679	47,836	42.06
127	crime	21	6957	47,836	41.98
128	love	38	22348	47,836	41.73
129	for	297	883599	47,836	41.73
130	wrong	31	15495	47,836	41.50
131	good	85	81044	47,836	40.97
132	going	72	63529	47,836	40.96
133	ago	34	19312	47,836	39.05
134	us	80	76340	47,836	38.49
135	or	102	371242	47,836	38.04
136	may	22	131381	47,836	35.50
137	was	549	881655	47,836	35.01
138	street	32	18890	47,836	34.97
139	match	22	9383	47,836	34.88
140	around	53	43403	47,836	34.84
141	where	97	105617	47,836	33.57
142	saw	37	25127	47,836	33.22
143	had	127	420317	47,836	31.42
144	never	58	53182	47,836	30.46
145	do	197	270537	47,836	30.36
146	said	46	195306	47,836	29.66
147	new	23	124308	47,836	29.22
148	exactly	21	10305	47,836	28.70
149	inside	24	13598	47,836	27.65
150	cause	23	12879	47,836	26.89
151	couple	22	11887	47,836	26.88
152	ll ('ll)	68	251085	47,836	26.84
153	night	42	34929	47,836	26.83
154	knew	33	23939	47,836	26.74
155	trying	27	17773	47,836	25.38

No.	Words	(f) CSI: NY	(f) BNC	Total CSI:NY	LL
156	are	153	464610	47,836	24.24
157	girl	23	14569	47,836	22.84
158	now	109	139133	47,836	22.64
159	off	63	67880	47,836	22.44
160	thanks	20	11692	47,836	22.14
161	lot	34	27996	47,836	22.12
162	bad	23	14922	47,836	22.08
163	see	92	115086	47,836	20.58
164	doing	33	27879	47,836	20.46
165	wanted	28	22132	47,836	19.62
166	talk	23	16255	47,836	19.42
167	green	21	14251	47,836	18.87
168	also	29	123391	47,836	18.82
169	story	20	13240	47,836	18.65
170	any	96	125885	47,836	17.97
171	coming	25	19511	47,836	17.92
172	body	29	24607	47,836	17.83
173	to	1097	2595289	47,836	17.50
174	took	38	37139	47,836	17.30
175	make	65	77286	47,836	17.29
176	last	63	74681	47,836	16.92
177	there	206	319397	47,836	16.68
178	nothing	34	32239	47,836	16.59
179	police	30	27056	47,836	16.32
180	take	59	69572	47,836	16.11
181	mean	41	42906	47,836	15.78
182	building	23	18699	47,836	15.32
183	on	427	734285	47,836	15.27
184	probably	28	26552	47,836	13.66
185	other	45	154926	47,836	13.31
186	everything	21	17732	47,836	13.03
187	can	151	232441	47,836	12.80
188	oh	54	66740	47,836	12.61
189	job	24	22195	47,836	12.37
190	thought	39	43981	47,836	12.21
191	ever	27	26548	47,836	12.12
192	down	69	92116	47,836	12.01
193	called	31	32404	47,836	11.97
194	been	88	259852	47,836	11.81
195	morning	22	19987	47,836	11.78
196	more	68	209450	47,836	11.67
197	heard	21	18947	47,836	11.41
198	every	35	39090	47,836	11.27
199	than	44	144654	47,836	10.55
200	man	47	58821	47,836	10.49
201	enough	29	31149	47,836	10.42
202	his	242	409108	47,836	10.17
203	but	261	446095	47,836	9.90
204	better	31	34726	47,836	9.90
205	went	38	45751	47,836	9.70
206	believe	21	20420	47,836	9.68

No.	Words	(f) CSI: NY	(f) BNC	Total CSI:NY	LL
207	have	268	460850	47,836	9.58
208	say	51	67135	47,836	9.40
209	help	32	36897	47,836	9.37
210	her	183	302680	47,836	9.29
211	black	23	23883	47,836	9.03
212	ten	20	19618	47,836	9.03
213	very	36	119440	47,836	9.01
214	into	51	157682	47,836	8.93
215	move	20	19742	47,836	8.90
216	death	20	19907	47,836	8.72
217	if	155	253303	47,836	8.67
218	should	33	109026	47,836	8.10
219	white	22	23445	47,836	8.07
220	an	127	337074	47,836	7.85
221	still	52	71874	47,836	7.79
222	little	46	62525	47,836	7.42
223	at	210	526764	47,836	7.42
224	two	97	152624	47,836	7.13
225	gave	20	21913	47,836	6.80
226	them	58	167106	47,836	6.66
227	used	47	65924	47,836	6.58
228	time	96	152631	47,836	6.58
229	feel	22	25358	47,836	6.45
230	room	24	28890	47,836	6.13
231	life	40	55058	47,836	6.10
232	thing	27	33914	47,836	5.95
233	own	20	68878	47,836	5.93
234	give	33	43896	47,836	5.83
235	things	31	40879	47,836	5.67
236	she	200	351606	47,836	5.66
237	one	170	294706	47,836	5.60
238	away	35	47858	47,836	5.50
239	first	41	120675	47,836	5.39
240	really	34	46420	47,836	5.38
241	must	21	69993	47,836	5.37
242	keep	22	26867	47,836	5.35
243	day	42	60076	47,836	5.35
244	hands	26	33437	47,836	5.25
245	mind	22	27097	47,836	5.20
246	across	20	23994	47,836	5.17
247	work	29	89823	47,836	5.13
248	long	39	55712	47,836	5.00
249	am	21	25984	47,836	4.88
250	year	23	73094	47,836	4.66
251	way	63	99845	47,836	4.41
252	could	95	159884	47,836	4.16
253	too	44	66919	47,836	4.01
254	done	25	34275	47,836	3.88
255	means	20	26205	47,836	3.76
256	over	78	130280	47,836	3.65
257	years	55	88623	47,836	3.42

No.	Words	(f) CSI: NY	(f) BNC	Total CSI:NY	LL
258	some	64	167145	47,836	3.42
259	three	27	78321	47,836	3.24
260	being	31	87646	47,836	3.13
261	from	180	427977	47,836	3.11
262	came	30	44710	47,836	3.08
263	left	30	45047	47,836	2.95
264	few	29	43314	47,836	2.94
265	put	37	57546	47,836	2.94
266	before	52	84905	47,836	2.93
267	might	38	59388	47,836	2.92
268	who	112	200715	47,836	2.52
269	does	41	67259	47,836	2.22
270	money	24	36551	47,836	2.17
271	when	115	209629	47,836	2.06
272	yes	21	58534	47,836	1.92
273	those	50	87053	47,836	1.57
274	people	49	121711	47,836	1.54
275	doesn (doesn't)	39	67259	47,836	1.35
276	part	20	53464	47,836	1.31
277	then	84	154590	47,836	1.31
278	a	1071	2168817	47,836	1.07
279	with	298	659332	47,836	0.98
280	not	204	456080	47,836	0.94
281	home	30	52702	47,836	0.86
282	even	48	87525	47,836	0.86
283	would	108	245415	47,836	0.77
284	only	64	148564	47,836	0.73
285	were	140	313231	47,836	0.66
286	old	29	52716	47,836	0.54
287	told	20	35381	47,836	0.53
288	head	20	35809	47,836	0.46
289	they	210	419838	47,836	0.41
290	made	48	91391	47,836	0.41
291	through	42	81126	47,836	0.26
292	these	63	123495	47,836	0.26
293	same	32	61106	47,836	0.25
294	really	20	46420	47,836	0.23
295	after	51	113806	47,836	0.22
296	five	21	39930	47,836	0.18
297	always	23	44385	47,836	0.14
298	much	41	89843	47,836	0.09
299	because	46	100509	47,836	0.09
300	place	22	47856	47,836	0.04
301	next	21	44983	47,836	0.01
302	t (not)	526	0	47,836	#NUM!
303	didn	107	0	47,836	#NUM!
304	gonna	81	0	47,836	#NUM!
305	x	38	0	47,836	#NUM!
306	wasn	34	0	47,836	#NUM!
307	whoa	32	0	47,836	#NUM!

No.	Words	(f) CSI: NY	(f) BNC	Total CSI:NY	LL
308	nypd	29	0	47,836	#NUM!
309	flack	24	0	47,836	#NUM!



APPENDIX C
CSI: NY, Season 9, Episode 1, "Reignited"

Crowd: NYPD, NYPD, NYPD...

Announcer: NYPD: 4, FDNU: 3.

Curtis: Don't look so smug. It ain't over yet.

Mac: Ah, let's see, oao bucco in a nice red wine sauce, porcini mushrooms...

Curtis: And you wonder why the public likes us better. You guy are so cocky

Mac: Oh, come on, Curtis. Your boys have won the last five. I'm tired of buying you dinner.

Man: Damn it!

Announcer: Firemen tie the score—NYPD: 4, FDNY: 4

Danny: Come on! Hey, get your head in the game, kid. You're better than that

Adam: Are you kidding me? Who just got nailed in the corner over there, all right? Get the puck along the boards!

Danny: Just keep your skates up against the post. You learn that in peewee league.

Don: Hey, hey, hey Shut up, the two of you We are not losing this game. We got two minutes left. Danny, I need you strong on the forecheck. Adam, nothing gets past you. Focus, baby. Focus. Let's go, boys. FDNY

Jack: Hey, Flack, that last goal was for your mother. This next one's for your sister.

Don: My sister died six months ago, jackness.

Jack: No. Bro, I didn't know.

Don: She's not dead, you idiot. Mention my family again, I'll punch you in the mouth.

Curtis: So, how you been? You feeling all right?

Mac: Yeah. Yeah, I'm good. The last six months have felt like five years, but it's good to be back. I appreciate you coming by the hospital every week. That meant a lot.

Curtis: Ah. Least I could do. Well, how's Christine? Please tell me you haven't screwed that up.

Mac: No, no. It's great. She great.

Curtis: Mary and the kids? (scoffs) I screwed that up years ago. But she loves me. What can I say?

Danny: Come on! I'm here! I'm here! I'm here!

Sid: Cinema quoi cinema, I'd have to say Manhattan

Lindsay: No! Yes. – No way, absolutely not. Annie Hall Annie Hall over Manhattan any day of the week.

Sid: Well, Manhattan has a classic style and a Gershwin score.

Lindsay: Nah, it's black and white.

Sid: No, but it's just... You just prefer a more unconventional form of storytelling. I guess I'm just more of a conventional guy.

Lindsay: Nothing about you is conventional, Sid.

Man: Messer, you suck

Lindsay: Hey, you want to come down here and say that?

Man: All right, all right, all right.

Lindsay: Annie Hall for sure. Come on! Get him! Fight!

Lindsay: Go...!

Announcer: That's the game! FDNY wins, 5 to 4.

Mac: Well, I guess there's no truth to the rumor the departments hate each other.

Curtis: II Mulino. 8.00. I'm ordering dessert

Dispatcher: 10-75, 10-75 Fire at 323 7th Avenue. All available trucks in the area. Commercial building, occupants unknown. 10-47, police response for crowd control

Mac: 323, that's just down the block.

NYPD: Everybody, back up! Backup now! Back up! Everybody, get back! Get back! Get across the street. Let's go

FDNY: Let's go Let's move! There may be someone trapped in there!

Curtis: Joe, you and Kevin take this floor. Do a primary search for anybody trapped. You don't see anyone, you hear me? Tony...

Tony: I'm with you, Captain.

Curtis: Is there anybody in here?! Bang on the floor if you can hear me!

Tony: Captain! There's no one on this end (People scrambling)

Chaplain: May our hearts be always ready if we should be summoned before our Eternal Chief in the midst of our labors. Through our ministrations to our suffering fellowmen, we dedicate our lives humbly to your praise and glory. In joy or sorrow, we ask only that You may be pleased with our service, that when the last alarm shall have sounded for us. We may receive our eternal assignment with You. Amen.

Man: Present arms. Order arms.

Christine: Nice and slow One step at a time
(Six month ago)

Christine: You okay? You need to take a break?

Mac: (sighs) I can't remember what happened. The thing. I-I can't picture it in my head. At all.

Christine: Mac, it's totally normal for you not to remember. I...

Mac: went to the, uh...

Christine: Mac.

Mac: No, no. I want... I want to know. I walked into the...

Christine: Pharmacy

Mac: Pharmacy, yeah That's it. That's all I can remember.

Christine: There was a guy robbing the store for drugs. You shot him, but you didn't know he had a girl outside helping him. She came in, and she shot you in the back.

Mac: You don't have to do this, you know-- come here every day.

Christine: Nice and slow, one step at a time.

Mac: Ugh, I hate you seeing me like this.

Christine: Well, you better get used to it.'Cause I'm not going anywhere.

Don: Mac. He's there right now. Two unis posted at the scene just saw him go in. They have the perimeter secured. He's not going anywhere.

Leonard: They only sent two of you? How disappointing.

Jo: So, this is the guy we've been keeping our eye on since the fire.

Don: They collared him back in, like...'97. They say he was responsible for ten fires, but they could only pin the last one on him. He gets out

Jo: He gets out 15 years later and torches the same building? I know arson's tough to prove, but he didn't leave anything behind at the first nine fires?

Don: Nothing that linked back to him. They didn't even have an ID on him until the tenth fire.

Jo: How'd they grab him?

Don: He ran back inside the burning building when he realized someone was still inside.

Leonard: Come on, please. Come on, please don't... Please, please!

Don: Uniforms rolled up on him giving CPR to the vic, but it was too late.

Leonard: The guy who died, the fireman, he was a friend of yours? I'm sorry. I'm sorry he died.

Mac: Yeah, you're so sorry you went back to the scene during his funeral. You couldn't even let us have that.

Leonard: You're right. That was poor timing on my part. I'm sorry. I apologize

Mac: Two weeks. You get paroled, it takes you all of two weeks to get right back at it.

Leonard: I didn't do this. Do you really think I would be stupid enough to hit the same building twice?

Mac: Your signature is all over it, Leonard. Same thing each time. So don't sit there and tell me you had nothing to do with this. 1992, '93, '95. Buildings on Hudson, 8th, and Prince.

Leonard: It was never proven I had anything to do with those fires.

Mac: You use wax paper and dryer sheets to spread the fire through the hallways. We found the same residue at this scene. 1994. Corner of Thompson and Spring.

Leonard: You don't have anything to link me to that fire.

Mac: Fire gel running up the walls at each scene. And wouldn't you know it, we found residue from fire gel at this 7th Avenue fire. Disabled sprinkler system. You cut the chain to the OS&Y valve-- every fire you're believed to be associated with.

Leonard: "Believed", being the operative word.

Mac: Look, don't sit there and insult me by saying you didn't do this! How'd you light the fires, Leonard? Some kind of time-delay device, huh? How'd you do it?

Leonard: I'm not gonna conjure fire from thin air, Detective.

Mac: Put'em down.

Leonard: Do you smoke?

Mac: No.

Leonard: Drink? I trust you've never experimented with heroin or crystal meth? Addiction. That's what it is, an addiction. Only there's no chemical in my bloodstream weaving its way through my body. The poison coursing through my veins is psychological. And the antidote can't be found in a bottle of pills. Trust me: many doctors have tried. I don't want to do what I do, Detective. Every day, every hour, I battle with my mind. "Don't do it. Don't do it. Don't do it." And I've won that battle for the last 15 years.

Mac: Yeah, I'm-I'm confused. You waiting for some kind of applause here? You want me to cry? What?

Leonard: Let's talk honestly, shall we, Detective? We both know you can't prove I did anything. Otherwise you would have arrested me days ago. You waited to see if I would go to the scene.

Mac: Which you did?

Leonard: Why would I do that? Must have known you'd have people watching the place. My parole officer knows where I'm staying. I knew I would be arrested within minutes, so why go back? (inhales deeply) Because I have just as much incentive to figure out who set that fire as you do. Someone clearly wants to frame me, someone who has waited a long time for me to get out, but would prefer that I stay caged up in that cell.

Mac: And you might know who that someone is?

Leonard: I'm offering my services. As a... arson investigator... ..if you will. To help figure out wh-who set the fire, based on the case evidence. But I have to study the scene. I have to go back to it 'cause I'm the only one who knows

Mac: what to look for. "Don't do it. Don't do it. Don't do it?" The only reason this wackadoo hasn't set a fire in the last 15 years is because he's been locked up. What do we have to lose? If he's lying, he incriminates himself in the process. Arrogance-- it's always the criminal's Achilles' heel. All right, so, when we found you, what were you looking for, Leonard?

Leonard: This. It's the ignition point.

Don: Yeah, great, genius. That was a tough one. Can I lock his ass up now, please?

Leonard: Did you find anything here? Either inside or next to the hole in the floor?

Mac: One of my investigators found some kind of melted metal.

Leonard: About the size of a dime?

Don: What was it, Leonard?

Leonard: Have I not earned your respect enough to not treat me like one of your project thugs?

Don: You don't have even one ounce of my respect.

Leonard: Which is precisely why I'm not gonna tell you what it was. You'll use it against me.

Mac: All right, look. You're gonna have to do better than that, Leonard. I'm still overtaken with emotion over your "I have just as much incentive to solve this as you do" speech, so come on.

Leonard: Well, whoever did this did their homework, I will give them that. Wax paper. Dryer sheets. I may have used them, but they don't necessarily link back to me. Melted metal is part of a time-delay device. It's an ingredient in a compact and simple chain of reactions that would allow the arsonist to get out of the building before it ignited. (chuckling): I employed the technique... once, and that's all I'm gonna give you on that.

Don: That's it? We brought you out here for that?

Leonard: Yeah. This was very helpful. Perhaps not to you, but it was to me.

Doctor: What's on your mind, Mac?

Mac: I'm having trouble... remembering things.

Doctor: What kind of things?

Mac: Like... things like this. I know what it does, I know how to use it, but I ca... I can't tell you what it's called. I can't recall the names of certain foods, colors. I know the difference between them, but... sometimes I... -I can't name them.

Doctor: You're suffering from what's called anomic aphasia. When you were shot, it appears that for a time, your brain was deprived of an adequate supply of oxygen. It's likely that this caused damage to a particular area of your brain. We'll have to do more tests to determine the extent of it. I'd rather no one else know.

Doctor: Of course. How long do you think it'll last? Some cases are temporary. It diminishes and even disappears with time and therapy. Many times, I'm afraid, the condition is permanent.

Mac: I've got the mayor, the commissioner and half the fire department calling for answers. This better be good.

Lindsay: "Good" is definitely not the word I would use, but you should see this before you return any calls. Triethylaluminum. It's highly pyrophoric. It ignites immediately upon exposure to air. Used as an additive for rocket propellants. Water. You want to do the honors?

Mac: Wow, it's even more flammable when introduced to water.

Lindsay: Yeah. It gets worse. The trace we found in the room where Curtis Smith died its rubber from balloons. We found several of these on the floor. There were also... Metal eyelets were on the wall, running all the way up to the ceiling, where this piece of wood was rigged.

Mac: It was a trip wire. He knew the FDNY would rush in. It was a trap designed to kill a firefighter.

Jo: Adam, you've been at this how long?

Adam: Oh, I'd say about, uh, three, four years now.

Jo: Well, he has to be in the crowd. Arsonists are sick people. They disregard risk to thumb.
their nose at authority, and they love to watch their work.

Adam: Maybe he doesn't I mean, look at Johnny Depp. He doesn't watch any of his movies.

Jo: Show me what you got.

Adam: All right. A lot of people in the crowd with criminal records. Dirty dozen. Everything from public urination to fraudulent accounting, also known as running a... three-card monte game. Huh, but... nothing comes even close to arson. You, uh, ever been fraudulently accosted, Jo? (chuckles) I had this friend Pete who was fraudulently accosted, yeah. This girl picked him up at the, uh, Drunken Dog Tavern. Yeah, turned out she was a dude. What up?

Jo: Two, Two, three. That's way out in Brooklyn. They would've never responded to this fire. Adam, run this guy through the software.

Adam: The firefighter?

Jo: Do it.

Adam: Okay. Criminal Impersonation?

Jo: This gut's not even a fireman.

Marshall: Five years. That's all I can do. I'm begging you, please. I-I can't do more than five years. I... just if you could help me out, I-I...

Mac: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Slow down. We'll get to that. We don't need to discuss that right now; just have a seat and we'll talk about what happened.

Marshall: I can't do more than five years.

Mac: Marshall Hilson.

Marshall: Yes, sir.

Mac: Applied to the FDNY in 2001. Rejected. Applied to the Yonkers Fire Department 2002. Rejected. Applied to seven fire departments on Long Island. Rejected. All on the basis of psychological issues.

Marshall: I'm not crazy.

Mac: No one's saying you're crazy.

Marshall: They are. They say I am.

Mac: Does that piss you off? Make you feel like you want to get back at them? Let's talk about what happened.

Marshall: It wasn't supposed to go that way.

Mac: You wanted to be a hero. Set a fire. Then, be a first responder.

Marshall: It got out of control.

Mac: It killed my friend.

Marshall: What?

Mac: Come on. Let's not draw this out, Marshall.

Marshall: No, no, no, no, wait a minute. You said somebody got killed. Who got killed? Nobody got killed.

Mac: Curtis Smith. Captain Curtis Smith, you son of a bitch.

Marshall: The one the other day? On 7th Avenue? You think I did that? I wouldn't do that. I would never intentionally harm a fellow firefighter.

Mac: You're not a firefighter, Marshall.

Marshall: It was an abandoned car. It was on the side of the road. Two wheels were missing. It was just supposed to be a easy, simple thing. There were gas can in the trunk. I thought I could handle it, but it...

Mac: Don't move.

Marshall: Five years.

Mac: Yeah, yeah, yeah, I got it. You can't do more than five years. I got it.

Don: Leonard's in the wind.

Mac: What about the guys we posted at his apartment?

Don: They watched him go in and then they watched him go out. He called a plumbing company and swapped outfits when the guy showed. What's up with this guy?

Mac: He's a waste of time. The guy's touched in the head. He's just a buff. Not smart enough to have pulled this off.

Don: Leonard's playing with us. You saw him at the scene. This "addiction", as he calls it? It's still inside him.

Mac: You know, well, , I guess I'm just hoping that after all these years he's learned to control those impulses.

Dispatcher: All units, all units: 1075 in progress at 152 8th Street, commercial building... Got the suspect, Leonard Brooks. Leonard Brooks found on site, and taken by the fire department.

Tony: Captain says hi.

Don: Yo, hey!

Tony: Enough. That's enough. You want some?

Mac: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Back up. Help him out. Come on.

Don: What the hell's going on?

Tony: He was just standing there when we pulled up, looking all proud or something. Well, he don't look proud now, does he?

Don: Are you kidding me? You don't get to do that. You don't even know what happened.

Tony: That was in his pocket. That's all I need to know. Oh, by the way, there was another booby trap in that building. You know, if it wasn't for those sprinkler systems, we'd be going to another funeral.

Mac: Did Brooks say anything before you started hitting him?

Tony: Yeah, he did. He wanted to know why he was allowed to walk around the streets after killing my captain.

Mac: Your captain was my friend. You don't get to beat a man down just because you think he had something to do with Smitty's death.

Tony: You see that fire right there? That's what happens when cops don't take care of business.

Mac: Come here

Tony: What the hell are you doing? Damm it.

Mac: I'm taking care of business. You're under arrest for assault and resisting arrest. Don't move!

Fireman 1: Copy that. On my way up. Belt's on the rig.

Fireman 2: That's good. Right there.

Mac: Were the sprinklers on when the first truck got here?

Tony: What?

Don: The sprinklers. You said they were on. Were they on when the first truck got here?

Tony: Yes, yes, yes, they were on.

Don: Yo.

Office : Yeah? Put him in the car. You can't be serious. You grab that other mook over there. He goes too. Take them back to the house, put them in the cells, wait for me there to get there. You still think Leonard had nothing to do with these fires?

Mac: There should be plenty of evidence left inside to tell us one way or another. If he was involved, why stick around?

Don: To watch. Or maybe it's what you said: it's arrogance. He thinks he's smarter than everybody else.

Officer: You okay?

Leonard: Yeah, I think so. Yeah, it's gonna be all right.

Mac: This valve is normally locked in the on position. Someone broke the lock and turned the system off. Then, after the fire started and before FDNY got here, someone turned it back on.

Don: What, you think Leonard suddenly grew a conscience?

Mac: Maybe he had one all along.

Danny: So, uh, I ran all the prints from the scene. Now, except for a couple of Leonard's prints on the sprinkler valve outside the building, found nothing in AFIS. Vent tubing was used to help the fire travel from room to room. They were filled with fire gel.

Jo: Same ignition method, same materials used, same choreography as the other fires.

Sheldon: No prints of value inside the glove. But all hope is not lost. As you always have to use a gloveless hand to put on the first glove.

Lindsay: I'm hoping that this sewing kit can get us somewhere; it's nothing fancy. It's pretty much standard issue at a lot of hotels. But I did find it really close to the ignition point and I'm hoping if I can ID this partial logo, I could maybe get us a location that connects us to our arsonist. Also, I found a sewing needle near the ignition point, which is consistent with the melted steel we found at the other fires. Now, we just have to figure out how you use a needle to start a fire.

Jo: think your cake's done.

Sheldon: It's looking like got a few good prints there. Let's hope it's the icing on the case.

Danny: Really?

Sheldon: Oh, that's pathetic

Lindsay: Did you say that

Jo: Eh, I kind of liked it.

Doctor: Mr. Brooks, do you remember how you were injured?

Leonard: A couple of firemen kicked my ass for no apparent reason.

Doctor: Do you remember how you got here?

Leonard: Back of an ambulance. I got nothing to say, so stay the hell away from me.

Don: What was the address of the fire doing in your pocket?

Leonard: Somebody slipped it under the door of my place.

Mac: Who?

Leonard: I'm guessing the same person who killed your friend the fireman and tried to burn down that building.

Don: Yeah, okay. What were you doing there?

Leonard: Same thing as you. Hoping to run into the person who's been setting these fires.

Mac: There's 152 8th Street in Brooklyn; there's also one in Manhattan and Queens. But you knew it was the one in Brooklyn. How'd you know that, Leonard? Was that the address of the next fire you intended to set before you were stopped and sent to prison?

Leonard: Very nice, Detective. Excellent police work. You should ask for a raise. But let me correct you. Because I wasn't stopped. If I didn't go back to save that woman, you wouldn't even know my name.

Mac: who else knew about that address? Who else did you tell?

Leonard: Well, that's the \$64,000 question, isn't it? Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm done answering your questions.

Don: Hey. You better hope you're half as smart as you think you are because when you slip, I'm gonna be there to kick you the rest of the way down the stairs.

Mac: He had to have told someone about that address. Been in prison for the last 15 years. May have been someone he met on the inside.

Don: Don't tell me you're buying that crap about a fire fairy slipping a note under his door.

Mac: Well, someone turned those sprinklers back on. Why would he put out his own fire? Maybe there's more than one person involved.

Sheldon: Mac!

Mac: Just saw you called.

Sheldon: We got a hit off some prints on the latex gloves we found at the scene, and they don't belong to Leonard Brooks. Eva Mason, arrests for arson in Pennsylvania. On parole, absconded a couple of weeks ago. Active parole warrant.

Don: You think her and Leonard were working together?

Sheldon: Maybe. She visited him in prison a few times about seven or eight years ago. Interviewed him on three separate occasions and wrote several letters after that. She was a psychology major, doing a research study on arsonists and pyromaniacs.

Mac: Three interviews? Probably got to know him pretty well. We have a location on her?

Sheldon: Yeah, Lindsay ID'd the logo on that sewing kit. Kit came from the River Peak Motel on the West Side. She got a room around the time she went AWOL from Pennsylvania. Jo is hitting the door with ESU as we speak.

Officer: Do it. OFFICER: Clear. Clear. Clear!

Danny: What the...? This girl was definitely, uh, the president of his fan club.

Lindsay: Odorless, colorless liquid. If I had to guess, I'd say glycerin. These must be all the components she used to build her ignition devices. Same ones Brook used to set his fires.

Jo: Oh, my. This is a live feed. She was watching him.

Eva: Don't turn on the light. What the hell took you so long?

Lindsay: Is that her?

Eva: Go! Get in the chair!

Jo: Mac, get over to Brooks' place as fast as you can. Eva Mason's not working with him. She's gonna kill him.

Eva: Don't you lie to me! I'll put this bullet right in your face. The news said you were cooperating with the police. I didn't want to believe it, but then I saw you out there. Why would you do that?! Why would you turn those sprinklers back on?!

Leonard: I-I wanted to stop you, to save you from the life had! It's 15 years spent in a filthy prison cell surrounded by animals! It's okay to feel these things; you don't have to act on them. There are people that can help you.

Eva: Help me?

Leonard: Yeah.

Eva: Save me? I did this for you!

Leonard: Okay

Eva: I waited for you. I wanted to show you; I wanted you to be proud of me.

Leonard: What the hell are you talking about? I don't even know you.

Eva: Don't you ever say that to me! You know me! You're the only one that knows me, because you're just like me. Fire is the only thing you think about. The way it looks, the way it smells, the way it moves-- those were your words! That's what you said! That's what you told me!

Leonard: I s-said that, but I-I... never tried to hurt people.

Eva: Don't tell me you didn't fantasize about it. You just didn't have the balls to do it!

Leonard: I didn't tell the police about you

Eva: Shut up!

Leonard: If I wanted to hurt you...

Eva: Don't you lie to me! You went with them back in the building where the fireman died; I saw you!

Leonard: I needed to know that it was you!

Eva: Shut up! You're just like them, and you need to die just like them! And the last thing you see... will be the thing you love most.

Mac: Where is she?

Jo: This was all that was left of your property, Leonard. I'm sorry

Leonard: Guess when you don't have much, you don't have much to lose.

Mac: Potassium permanganate...mixed with water becomes an astringent antiseptic. But mixed with glycerin... and exposed to oxygen, it strips electrons from the glycerin so violently that it creates a flame. Takes about 30 seconds for the reaction to occur.

Jo: We found these materials in Eva Mason's motel room.

Leonard: I didn't get many visitors in those 15 years. I guess I boasted a bit too much when I did.

Jo: Well, Eva Mason listened very well.

Leonard: She was a bright, charming, well-adjusted young woman all those years ago. A student drawn to the subject matter. Nothing like the person who killed your friend. I guess I was naive to think I could save her from a life in prison.

Mac: It's where she belonged. I know you still have those feelings, Leonard. You don't have to give in to them. You don't have to go back there.

Jo: Everything that's happen the last few days, maybe you can put it behind you start over.

Leonard: It's too late for that, Detective. (laughs) I'm never gonna have the house and the wife with the two kids, the dog and the white picket fence. My past will always follow me. As it should. I do still... I have the urges every day, and I don't want to go back to that place. But... as long as I can't be arrested for my thoughts, I won't. Thank you for treating me like a human being.

Mac: We don't know any other way.

Christine: Hi. Hey, I know it's been a rough couple of weeks and I don't want to sound selfish, but I'm having withdrawals. For six months I'm with you practically 16 hours a day, and now, lately, it'd be easier to get an audience with the pope.

Mac: Yeah, but the pope isn't taking you to your favorite place for dinner Thank you. Or... giving you these.

Christine: what are these for?

Mac: I don't think I ever officially thanked you for taking care of me. There is no gift or words... that could ever come close to saying how much it meant having you there by my side through those six months. Every single day your smile and your love just pushed me to work harder, and you... you lifted my spirits. So... two dozen roses... one for every week you took care of me.

Christine: All right, enough of the mushy stuff. Let's go and eat. I'm starving. You know I have favorite places all over the city. Which one are we going to?

Mac: Well, you know, the one with the, uh, the dish that you like.

Christine: Oh, let's see, that narrows it down to about 50 places?

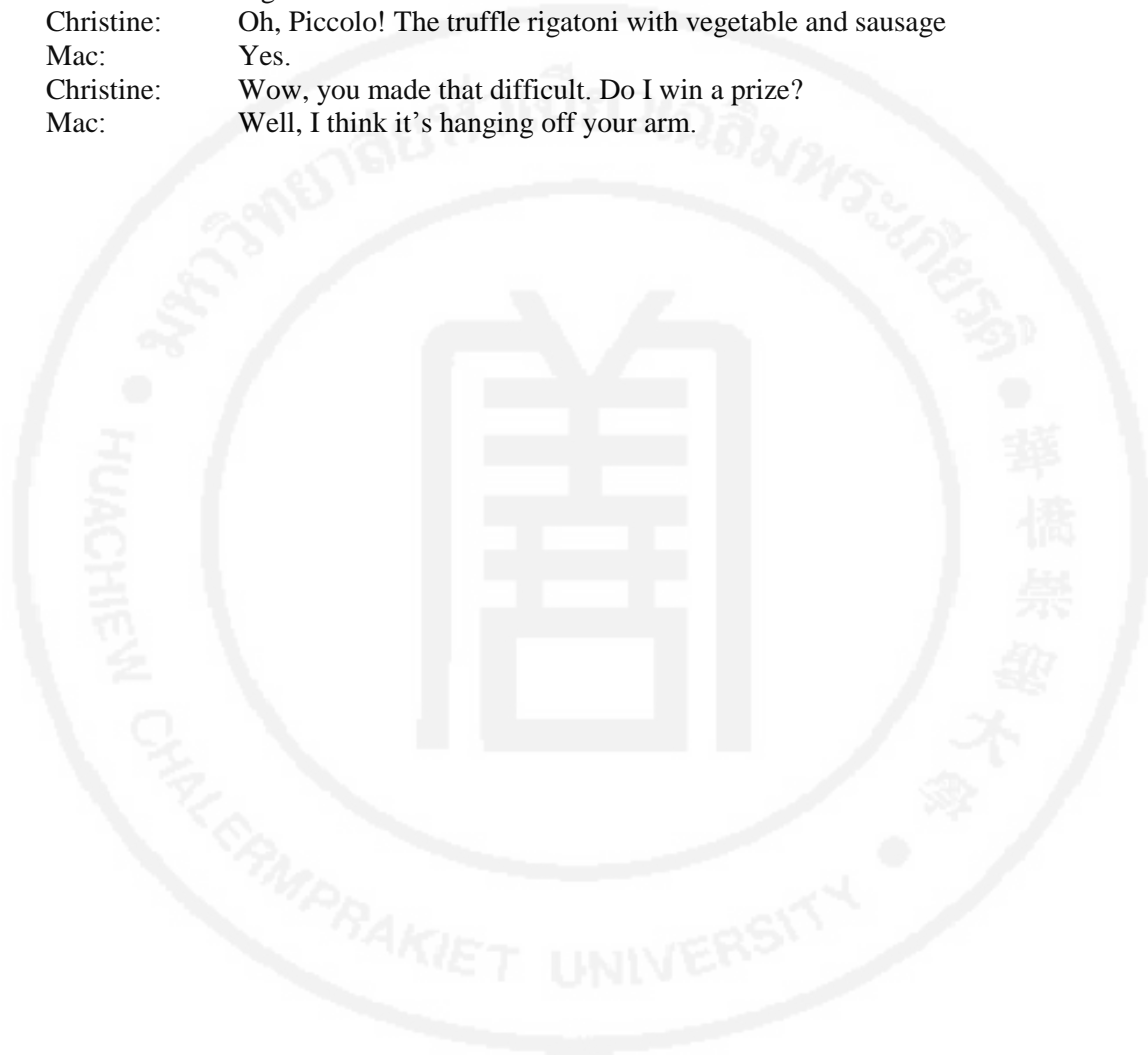
Mac: You know... th-the one with the, uh, stuff. The one with the chef who, uh, you always ask him what the recipe is and he always leaves outdone ingredient.

Christine: Oh, Piccolo! The truffle rigatoni with vegetable and sausage

Mac: Yes.

Christine: Wow, you made that difficult. Do I win a prize?

Mac: Well, I think it's hanging off your arm.



CSI: NY, Season 9, Episode 2, "Where There's Smoke"

Leonard: My first time? Dumpster in an alley. Near 59th. It was filled with cardboard boxes and tissue paper. One match and... the fire was raging in under a minute.

Doctor: How did that make you feel?

Leonard: Safe. Like nothing or nobody could hurt me. I made those flames dance. I was in control. After that, there was no going back. I was never going to be scared again.

Rita: Oh, come on. Hello? Is there anybody out there? Hello? Help! Somebody, please! Help! Aah! Help me. Somebody help me!

Jo: Oh, my God, Mac.

Mac: Looks like those pipes were the source of the heat.

Jo: Someone turned this elevator into a boiler.

Don: Our vic's name is Rita Lowman. According to one of her neighbors, she freelanced a couple times a month as a private nurse. Found this I.D. badge in her apartment and not much else. And an old acquaintance. Security cam outside the service entrance captured an unscheduled visit by the elevator repairman early this morning.

Mac: Leonard Brooks.

Officer: Door's clear, no trip wires.

Mac: NYPD! Brooks, open up!

Officer: Go, go, go. We're good. Bathroom's clear, sir.

Don: It's all clear. It's all clear. Looks like he cleared out of here in a hurry.

Mac: Notify every roll call and media outlet in the city. I want Brooks caught now.

Don: What's his endgame here, Mac?

Mac: Whatever it is, Leonard Brooks had 15 long years to plan it.

Don: Train stations, port authority and airports are all covered, and units are circulating Brooks's mug.

Mac: Anything from his P.O.?

Don: Hasn't heard from him in days. Turns out Brooks has no known friends or associates, which doesn't shock me, having met the man.

Mac: He's independent and self-reliant. Makes him even more unpredictable.

Mac: Answer it. Just say hello.

Officer: Hello? It's for you, Detective.

Mac: Taylor.

Leonard: Sorry about the lack of hospitality, Detective. I wasn't expecting guests.

Mac: Brooks.

Leonard: Press is wrong about me, you know.

Mac: Don't like being called a monster?

Leonard: No, that part is accurate. I am a monster, but please tell those reporters my victim was anything but innocent.

Mac: Just surrender and tell them yourself.

Leonard: Gracious offer, but I can't accept.

Mac: Who was she, Leonard? Why'd you kill Rita Lowman?

Leonard: I got to go now, Detective. There's still more work to be done.

Sid: Fascinating.

Sheldon: What is?

Sid: Well, in spite of the severe external tissue damage, internal structures were left surprisingly unscathed. Based on the relative size and condition of her organs, our vic was in seemingly good health.

Sheldon: Any external injuries sustained prior to thermal necrosis?

Sid: No indication of penetrating wounds or blunt force trauma. C.O.D is hyperthermia.

Sheldon: Broiled, not burned.

Sid: The infrared radiates from above. was efficiently lethal Not a single flame touched her. The stainless-steel walls kept the compartment insulated and the intense heat contained.

Sheldon: Yeah. It overwhelmed her thermoregulatory system, causing her core body temp to spike. She suffered a debilitating drop in heart and respiratory rate, followed by systemic and lethal organ failure.

Sid: Her death was anything but quick and painless.

Sheldon: Hey, Sid, you see this?

Sid: Yeah, looks like a 12-step recovery pendant.

Sheldon: It's personalized.

Sid: Hmm?

Sheldon: "To Jen, with love"

Sid: Vic's first name is Rita.

Sheldon: So, who is Jen, and why is Rita Lowman wearing her necklace?

Jo: You know, it didn't make any sense, Mac. For years, Leonard Brooks has suffered from sudden impulse control disorder, compelling him to start fires, but he did it to cause property damage, never to cause bodily harm or to take a life.

Mac: So, why does his M.O. suddenly change? And in such an extreme fashion?

Jo: Because, clearly, the relief that he got from starting fires no longer had any value.

Mac: So torture and murder is his new drug of choice.

Jo: And when his emotional need shifted, he needed to find another means to satisfy it.

Mac: Why now?

Jo: This is a guy who spent a large portion of his life in jail. And now that's he's out, those urges and sensations are magnified. They're just overwhelming. Control may not even be an option for him.

Mac: How do we find him?

Jo: We have to get inside Brooks's head, figure out the origin of his disease. If we can create a physiological road map, if you will, then we can probably fill in a lot of blanks and help us understand why he targeted Rita Lowman.

Mac: Brooks said there was still more work to be done. There was something in his voice, Jo. My fear is, if we don't catch him soon, somebody else is going to die.

Officer: Get up! You're coming with us. Oh, oh, I got him.

Don: Impressive.

Jamie: Growing up with three older brothers has its advantages.

Don: Can I help you with something?

Jamie: Yeah, I need a desk. Looks a little something like that?

Don: Yeah, what are you going to do with it?

Jamie: My job. Detective Jamie Lovato. I just got my transfer orders from Narcotics. My cover was blown, so now I work here.

Don: Welcome to Homicide. I'm Detective Flack. As far as your desk goes, the watch commander handles bullpen real estate.

Jamie: Thanks

Don: Mm-hmm. Still no sign of Brooks. But he's got to crawl out from under his rock eventually.

Mac: We trace the call he made to his apartment?

Don: He used a burner. Dead end.

Mac: What about our vic, Rita Lowman?

Don: She was living under an alias. Rita Lowman isn't her name. Checked every possible database I could think of. Turns out there's no record of that name before 2000.

Mac: She was wearing a necklace engraved with the name Jen.

Don: Well, whoever Jen is, we know that she's been living off the grid for at least the last 12 years.

Mac: Only reason to do that is if you're hiding from something or someone.

Don: Brooks?

Mac: We need to identify her to make a connection. Circulate her... The, uh... circulate... Get her face across the wire. And, uh, maybe somebody can tell us her real name.

Don: All right.

Mac: So, where the hell are you, and what are you thinking?

Woman: What's happening?

Man: Is he okay? Can you hear me? Sir, are you okay? Are you okay, sir? Check if he's breathing. Step back.

Sid: Jimmy Clark, age 45. Collapsed in the park earlier today. EMTs treated him for a myocardial infarction. Their efforts were clearly unsuccessful.

Mac: This wasn't a heart attack.

Sid: No. It was efficiently planned and deliberately induced hypovolemic shock. C.O.D. is severe blood and fluid loss as an acute result of being burned alive from the inside out. Precision and intelligence behind it fits the M.O.

Mac: Leonard Brooks did this. Burn damage is geographical. Trajectory follows the esophageal tract down to the stomach.

Sid: Which is why chemical ingestion was my initial hypothesis.

Mac: That's consistent with the contact burns, blisters and tissue perforations.

Sid: But not the considerable thermal flash damage to the gastric lining.

Mac: Whatever he swallowed, it literally ignited a fire inside his stomach. So what could cause that?

Don: We just got this footage from one of our Department surveillance cameras in the park.

Mac: Brooks stuck around to see his plan in motion. Looks to me like the bastard enjoyed the show. Pull footage from every other security cam in a five-mile radius. I want to know where he went when he walked out of that park.

Don: All over it.

Mac: Brooks's motive is clearly personal. We have to establish his connection to each of the victims.

Jamie: I could tell you how the vics are connected to each other. Clark, vic number two? Eight months ago, he got popped for assault. Pummeled some guy in a bar. Guess who puts up the 15 large to bail him out. Rita Lowman, aka vic number one.

Don: Well, nobody fronts that kind of cash for someone unless they're close.

Jamie: That's what I thought, so I dug a little deeper. Clark's parents died in a car crash when he was two years old. Had no other blood relatives, so he became a ward of the state.

Don: So, he became a ward of the state. So, they're not related? Means their paths must have crossed someplace else.

Jamie: Well, our vic number one was a trained nurse.

Don: Why does that matter?

Mac: Child Protective Services employs nurses to provide public health services to the children they oversee.

Jamie: Exactly.

Don: So Clark could have been one of her patients when he was a kid.

Mac: Subpoena his CPS records.

Jamie: Oh, they're on their way already. I motivated the file clerk with a couple meatball subs from Romeo's.

Don: If nothing else, Lovato, you got damn good taste in Italian.

Mac: Well, it won't be easy connecting the dots without knowing Rita Lowman's real name.

Jamie: That's why Flack's going to help me. And since I still don't have a desk, looks like we'll be using yours.

Mac: I like her.

Officer: Whoa! How you been?

Jamie: How are you?

Don: Join the club.

Leonard: My old man took me fishing every Sunday morning. We would... ride the first bus out to Coney Island, get to the pier before anybody else. I would get a quarter for every fish I caught, and then I would get to spend the afternoon blowing it at Astroland.

Woman: What's your fondest memory of him?

Leonard: I don't know. My ninth birthday. Ringling Brothers was at the Garden, and... my old man greased an usher to sneak us backstage. He convinced a clown to dress me up, put me in the show. There I was... I was standing in front of 10,000 smiling faces, but my father, he had the biggest smile of them all. I remember at that moment thinking that I... was the luckiest kid in the world 'cause he was my dad.

Jo: Zero zero three nine five two.

Danny: Jo, uh, so Jane Fonda just called. She said she wants her workout tapes back.

Jo: They are not Jane's. They're Cher's.

Danny: Cher had a workout video?

Jo: Yes, she did.

Danny: Seriously, what do you got here?

Jo: Video recordings of Leonard Brooks' prison therapy sessions. 14 years' worth.

Danny: Why don't you call his shrink and get the Cliff Notes?

Jo: She passed away last year, so I've got to rely on all these tapes and her handwritten notes to build a psych profile.

Danny: Well, maybe I can save you some time. People like Brooks spend their entire lives blaming other people for all their problems. And I don't care how rough he had it, there's nothing on these tapes that are going to justify what he did to those people.

Jo: I'm just hoping there's something on these tapes that tells us why he did it.

Danny: All right Let me ask you a question if the record.

Jo: Shoot.

Danny: You think Mac's okay?

Jo: How do you mean?

Danny: How do I mean? I don't know exactly. It's just, you know, he's... he seems off.

Jo: Well, a little off would be pretty damn good considering everything he's been through. I mean, think about it. He suffered a life-changing trauma, months of painful rehab.

Danny: Yeah.
Jo: Most people would have reexamined everything, quit their job and be sitting on a beach, but not Mac. Couldn't wait to pick up exactly where he left off. I think it's a miracle and a gift that the guy's the same old hard-ass boss he's always been.

Danny: I worry about him.
Jo: Look at you. You're just an old softie. Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on Mac, just in case.

Danny: Thanks. Now, you get back to your workout.
Mac: You wanted to see me?
Lindsay: It's so simple, Mac, it's genius. Brooks used basic chemistry to kill Jimmy Clark. Based on Sid's ingestion theory, I looked at the uneaten portion of our vic's lunch. Black forest turkey, muenster on rye, bag of chips and a bottle of water. I ran it all through the GC-MS. Get this.

Mac: The food was spiked.
Lindsay: Well, not the food per se; the condiment. Mayonnaise is typically an emulsion of egg yolk, oil and vinegar. This stuff had a little something extra thrown in.
Mac: Cesium. Which is easy to get from any laboratory supply house or online.
Lindsay: Right, so here's what happened, okay? Our vic takes a bite of his sandwich. It tastes funny, so what's his natural reaction?
Mac: To wash it down with water.
Lindsay: Right.
Mac: Cesium is an alkali metal. When mixed with H₂O, the hydrogen bonds break down into gas, generating intense heat. The more Clark drank, the more severely he was burned.
Lindsay: And as if that weren't bad enough, as the cesium made its way down the GI tract into the stomach, it was introduced to digestive fluids.
Mac: Hydrochloric acid
Lindsay: Creating a violent exothermic reaction. The fire burned inside of him until all the fuel was exhausted.
Mac: How could Brooks ensure that Clark would eat the sandwich?
Lindsay: The wrapper came from a deli on 34th Street. It's across the street from Clark's apartment. The deli owner told me that Clark was a regular, that he got his sandwich there every single day. He also told me that he hired a new counter guy last week.

Mac: Leonard Brooks.
Lindsay: Physical description matches. But Brooks used the name Phil Gordon.
Mac: Brooks stalked Clark... studied and exploited his routines. Flack put surveillance in the deli just in case Brooks comes back. He won't. He's already accomplished what he set out to do. The question is, what comes next?

Don: I am never going to bad-mouth computer files again. These CPS files are killing me. This suck.
Jamie: Are you always this whiny?
Don: Yes. So, how long did you work undercover narcotics?
Jamie: Three and a half years.
Don: Why'd you request the transfer to Homicide?
Jamie: Stuff happens.
Don: Care to elaborate?
Jamie: No. Whoa. Check this out. Look at the name.
Don: Jennifer Brooks.

Jamie: It says there that Clark was her foster kid starting at age 15, but her name is Jennifer Brooks. Jennifer...

Sheldon: "To Jen, with love."

Jamie: Jen, Jennifer... That explains the name on the pendant.

Don: That could be Rita Lowman. Son of a bitch. Brooks killed his own mother and foster brother.

Jo: Leonard Brooks was a happy, well-adjusted kid, and then his dad dies two days after his ninth birthday.

Mac: Well, that's a tough pill to swallow. Any indication he acted out?

Jo: He never talked about it, and then his life skips ahead three years to the time where he starts setting fires.

Mac: between the ages of nine and 12, Leonard Brooks becomes a monster.

Sheldon: Dental records confirm our first vic Rita Lowman was actually Jennifer Brooks, Leonard's birth mother and Jimmy Clark's foster mom. Clark lived with Leonard and his mother from 1980 to 1983.

Jo: And she took Jimmy in right after her husband passed away.

Sheldon: So why assume that kind of responsibility at such a difficult time?

Mac: Money may have been tight. State's foster care stipend may have helped make ends meet.

Jo: So, we have Leonard, his mother and his foster brother. God, something terrible must've happened in that house for him to start setting fires and ultimately want them both dead.

Mac: He claims both his vics are guilty.

Sheldon: Of what

Mac: Well, unfortunately, Brooks has killed everyone who was there to tell us.

Danny: Not yet he hasn't. Clark wasn't Jennifer Brooks' only foster child. There's another little girl by the name of Rachel Nelson. She'd be 39 years old now. We need to find her before Brooks does. Any luck locating Rachel Nelson?

Adam: Rachel Nelson... Now Rachel Moore. Then... and now. Lives in upstate New York, but currently resides at... Weddington Rehab Clinic in Midtown for alcohol abuse. 90 days, court order. I'm going to try to get the...clinic on the phone right now.

Danny: All right, good.

Adam: No one's answering.

Danny: Something's got to be wrong. Now, I'll notify Mac.

Dispatcher: 911 dispatch. What's your emergency?

Danny: Yo, Doc. No sign of Rachel. Hey. What do you got?

Sheldon: It's a pretty lethal cocktail of chemicals despite being outdoors.

Danny: Ammonia and bleach?

Sheldon: Chemistry 101.

Danny: So, there was never a fire?

Sheldon: Just smoke. And vapors strong enough to create chlorine gas.

Danny: All right, so he fills the... vents with smoke and fumes so somebody pulls the fire alarm... creates a diversion.

Sheldon: Giving people a chance to get out...

Danny: In order to grab Rachel Moore. Easy escape in all the chaos.

Sheldon: So where'd Brooks take her?

Danny: Now, more importantly, how long does she have to live?

Leonard: I don't know. Things are just... I feel cloudy today. I'm just... I'm just trying to find a way to sort it all out.

Woman: When was the last time you slept?

Leonard: I don't know. Days ago, maybe more. I-I-I can't trust my mind.

Woman: Nightmares again?
 Leonard: Close my eyes and all I see are... are hunters. Angry and... and vicious, all with blood on their hands. It's my blood.
 Woman: It's just a dream, Leonard.
 Leonard: I spend so much time in here thinking. Thinking, thinking, thinking. Can't forget anything. My past just plays on this loop.
 Woman: Well, the past is why we're here.
 Leonard: No! We're here, Doc, 'cause I went back. 'Cause I tried to save someone. 'Cause I did what no one would do for me! I heard a story when I was a kid about a... deer who got lost in the woods who tried to get back to his castle... found himself being stalked. They wanted blood. To bring home the kill. That deer just hoped that something or someone would... save it, protect it. And like that, he becomes invisible. Unseen, unheard... unharmed. Vanished.
 Woman: Is that what you want, Leonard? To be invisible? Starting fires seems to be in opposition to that want.
 Leonard: No. You never listen. Can't you see? I Control fire. No one's looking at me. All eyes are on the flames. And I did that... me. Control fire. I can't do anything else, but I know I can control that.
 Mac: How many of those have you had?
 Jo: Uh... 200, one for every hour of tape I've watched, but the good news is, I think I found something. Leonard brutally murders his mother, Jennifer Brooks, and yet, in 14 years of therapy, he never mentions her once? That's strange.
 Mac: Well, given the possible history of child abuse, he could've transferred his feelings to something or someone else... which is why he doesn't mention her.
 Jo: For years, Leonard suffered from a recurring nightmare about being hunted. He references the story over and over in these tapes. It's about a deer and a castle. And the deer's being hunted, but he's saved when something makes it invisible.
 Mac: The Story of Saint Aidan.
 Jo: So based on transference...
 Mac: Brooks's mother and foster brother are the hunters... Leonard would consider himself the deer...the hunted.
 Jo: And in that case, what part of the story would Rachel play, and where's Leonard's castle?
 Sheldon: Hey, guys. The trace I found on the roof came back as silver nitrate ointment.
 Mac: Used to treat burns.
 Jo: Yeah but that you could find at any hospital, pharmacy, doctor's office.
 Sheldon: But get this, the ointment was severely degraded. Level of breakdown suggests it's about ten years old. Also, the ammonia and bleach were industrial. A brand called Supercar. Checked it out... company went out of business about...
 Jo: Ten years ago?
 Sheldon: You got it.
 Mac: Burn ointment. Ten years ago. Leonard's mother. Jennifer Brooks was a burn ward nurse in three hospitals. Two are still open. The third has been abandoned for ten years. Saint Aidan's.
 Jo: Saint Aidan's Hospital is Leonard's castle.
 Mac: If Brooks is setting fire to the past, there's a good chance that's where he wants to end it.

Leonard: It's payback time, Rachel. This smell familiar? Since canned heat is the popular drink of choice for a desperate drunk like you, it just felt appropriate. Well... I learned that cocktail from Mom. Why didn't... why didn't you... help me? You saw. Please, Mommy. No! Not again. Not again. Please...

Rachel: I wanted to. Please, Lenny, I'm sorry! I'm sorry.

Don: Hey, Mac, over here.

Rachel: Please, just... just stop.

Leonard: Stop wh-what?! Stop and... be your savior?!

Rachel: I was seven. What was I supposed to do? Lenny...

Leonard: The fence in the backyard, there was that one board.

Rachel: Seven over with the crack at the top.

Leonard: Opened into the Winchell's yard. They were just next door. You could have squeezed through.

Rachel: I didn't know what to say.

Leonard: The truth. We could have stopped it, all of it, us, together.

Rachel: Lenny, please, just stop this. Just...

Leonard: It has to end, Rachel.

Mac: Put the lighter out now.

Leonard: Well done, Detective, but I got to say I'm sorry to see it come to this.

Mac: Do it, Leonard.

Leonard: No. You shoot me, I'll ignite her before that bullet hits.

Mac: Just put it out. No one has to die here.

Leonard: Wrong! No one innocent has to die!

Mac: Killing Rachel because she didn't come to the rescue won't make your demons go away, Leonard.

Don: Turn over! Stay right there! Don't move. Do not move. Stay down.

Mac: There, it's all right.

Rachel: He's right. I should have done something.

Leonard: I spy ears replaying everything. My mother, the smell of cheap whiskey on her breath, how hot that basement was. I had to stop the memories, get control.

Mac: First your mother, then your foster brother. He showed up after your father passed. Right after the abuse started. You were expecting Jimmy to save you? He was just so big. He was like an adult. He looked like one of the guys in the comic books, like some kind of superhero.

Jo: But he wasn't a superhero. He beat you, too, didn't he, Leonard? Afraid that if he didn't, he'd suffer the same fate.

Leonard: When I think about it, though, Mother was smaller, yet it always hurt more coming from her. She used to take me to work when she didn't know what else to do. I wanted nothing more than to be loved by her. Just, like, an ounce of the attention she gave them. So you hid in the chapel, guarded by the saints. My own mother, she liked them, loved them more than me.

Mac: All those fires, and the one that got you caught, the one that put you away, is the one where you went back in to save an innocent woman.

Jo: You did the one thing no one would do for you: come to the rescue.

Leonard: You know, it was always only about the fire. Always. You think I chose to be like this?

Mac: It's the events in our life that shape us, but it's our choices that define us, and you made the wrong choice, Leonard.

Jamie: Well, it took you long enough. But thank you.

Don: You should know, the guys got a pool going.

Jamie: Yeah? Let me guess: What will last longer, me or the plant?

Woman: It's just a dream, Leonard. Starting fires seems to be in opposition to that want.

Leonard: Can't you see? I control fires. I close my eyes, and all I see... Nobody can hurt me. All eyes are on the flames. I did that, me... My blood... I feel cloudy today I made those flames dance.

Woman: You said starting fires was all about you being in control, but is it really?

Leonard: I don't know. It's just something I feel. Something that... It's hard to explain.

Woman: Try.

Leonard: It's like that moment when you're a kid and you first realize how powerful the ocean is. You step in, and-and the water's calm, and you hold it in your hand, but it just slips through your fingers. And you think, "Well, how strong could it actually be?" Feeling bold, you wander out into the abyss. And by the time you turn around, everyone you left on shore seems too far away to help. That's when it hits, this wave, this massive current that pulls you in and pushes you down, holds you there, pinned beneath something so strong. It's like... something you can't control. All you can do is... is hold on and fight, but then the more you fight, the more weary you get, and your lungs burn and your throat... throbs, so you... just let it overtake you. You feel this... force, seemingly benign, but it... can consume and destroy you. It's the thing inside me, strong in ways that nobody can see or comprehend. This dark undertow that I'm powerless to stop. I guess the fires were really controlling me.

CSI: NY, Season 9, Episode 3, "2,918 Miles"

Oliver: Damn! Take it easy, cop! Why you so agro?

Mac: Sorry, I'm not from around here.

Don: No wallet, and I found a tag on his backpack. Ran the name through NYSPIN, got a hit to his address. His name's Ethan Grohl, 19 years old, lives on the Brooklyn side. Requested bridge surveillance footage. Might get us a glimpse of the killer.

Mac: Who found him?

Don: Passing biker.

Sheldon: Cause of death, exsanguination, result of a deep abdominal Cause of stab wound. Asymmetrical tissue damage suggests a serrated blade.

Don: Looks like he took a pretty stiff shot to the nose as well.

Sheldon: Yeah. Could've left him unconscious long enough for bleed out.

Don: Well, from the look of things, I'm guessing that didn't take too long.

Sheldon: Also, seeing some contusions across his right knuckles.

Don: There was definitely a struggle.

Sheldon: But did Ethan know his attacker or was it a stranger? Mac?

Don: You think these are fake?

Mac: It's too early to tell.

Don: Well, if they're real, what the hell was this guy doing with pictures of a dead girl in his backpack?

Sheldon: Maybe his death has something to do with hers.

Mac: Either way, it looks like one homicide may have just become two.

Man: God, I thought we'd never get through dinner.

Jo: You didn't enjoy me rattling on about my work?

Man: Of course I did. I just couldn't stop thinking about dessert.

Jo: Wait. Wait.

Man: What?

Jo: Did you hear that?

Mac: All I can hear is my heart beating. What?

Jo: No, I'm serious. I think there's someone in the apartment. NYPD. Show me your hands.

Ellie: Oh, my God. Mom, it's me.

Cade: Hey, Mrs. Danville. I thought you said

Jo: I thought you were at a party, Ellie.

Ellie: Hello? It's at Sammy's house, three floors down. We just came up to get some more soda.

Jo: I see that. Who's we?

Ellie: Jordan, Mom. Mom, Jordan. I'd introduce you to the surfer dude with the hairy chest, but I have no idea who he is.

Mac: Hey, Sid, what do you got?

Sid: Oh, Mac. Are you familiar with the words of Heraclitus of Ephesus?

Mac: I'm not sure I got that memo.

Sid: Well, he was an ancient Greek philosopher who once said, "The eyes are more accurate witnesses than the ears." And in the case of Ethan Grohl here, he may actually have been right. This is a disposable contact lens. I found it tangled in Mr. Grohl's hair. So naturally, I went looking for its match. And that's when I saw... take a look... these. Look at the screen.

Mac: Some kind of surgical scarring?

Sid: Radial keratotomy, to be exact. It's been largely supplanted by Lasik, but it is still used for the treatment of astigmatism, and these scars are relatively recent.

Mac: Means Ethan would've likely had no need for contact lenses.

Sid: Right

Mac: Good eye, Sid. And this one could actually belong to our killer.

Mrs. Portico: Oh, my God, that's Mary.

Mac: I'm sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Portico, but your address was on the envelope containing these photos.

Mr. Portico: Is she... Are you telling us that Mary is dead?

Mac: Based on what we've seen, I'm afraid it's a possibility.

Mrs. Portico: Who did that to her?

Mac: We've just begun our investigation.

Don: Why would someone send those photos to her parents?

Jo: It clearly wasn't for ransom. For some reason, they wanted the Porticos to know their daughter was dead.

Mac: I understand from the missing persons report that you had an argument with Mary a couple of weeks ago?

Mr. Portico: Yes, but we told the officers it was just the usual, you know? Help with the dishes. Pick up your dirty clothes. Stop spending so much time online. We all went to bed mad, and when we woke up the next morning, she... she was gone. She's only 15.

Mac: Were there any girls that Mary was particularly close to? Boys? Anyone who might have been a confidant?

Mrs. Portico: She's shy. She doesn't have a lot of close friends.

Mac: What about enemies?

Mr. Portico: No. She just wanted to fit in.

Mac: Do you recognize this young man? His name is Ethan Grohl.

Mrs. Portico: No.

Mr. Portico: I never heard her mention him, either. You think he had something to do with this?

Mac: We're looking into it.

Don: I checked Ethan's Grohl's place. There was no signs of a struggle or murder.

Jo: What about unidentified DOA's?

Don: I searched the rolls for New York and surrounding states. No one matched her description.

Mac: Mary didn't have a cell phone?

Mr. Portico: She did. She lost it. I told her the next one was gonna be on her dime. God, why didn't I just get her a new one?

Mac: Well, she did have an ATM card.

Mrs. Portico: We got it for Mary for her 14th birthday. We thought that it would teach her responsibility.

Mr. Portico: Why, have you found something?

Mac: The bank records pulled by missing persons indicate that Mary withdrew all \$700 from her account the day she went missing.

Mrs. Portico: But that's all the money she'd saved up from babysitting.

Mr. Portico: Are you suggesting that she ran away? That she had a plan, she wanted to get away from us?

Mac: I'm not suggesting anything, Mr. Portico, but sadly, what was being handled as a runaway missing persons case is now being as a homicide missing persons case.

Mr. Portico: I want to know what happened to my daughter, Detective, and I want the person... who took her away from us to pay.

Mac: You have my word they will.

Jo: There's no tougher job in the world.

Don: Being a cop?

Jo: Being a parent.

Lindsay: Hey.

Danny: What do you think about our daughter wearing body armor when she becomes a teenager?

Lindsay: After looking at these photos, I'm fine with that.

Danny: Oh, good.

Lindsay: So, did you solve the case?

Danny: Me? I thought you had the answer.

Lindsay: No, the partial footprint was not a match to Ethan Grohl, so it could have been from our killer, but it could have been from anybody, and I ID'd those tiny orange flecks as dried paint, but I can't get a match in EDNA.

Danny: Messer family... 0 for two.

Sid: You rang?

Danny: Sid, please, thank you for coming up.

Sid: Oh, don't be silly. I spend all day in a refrigerated room with no cell reception. I live for these invitations.

Danny: All right, well, in that case, uh, this is our photo-tops. Take a look at these snapshots, tell me if you could, uh, determine a cause of death.

Sid: Oh, well, at a cursory glance I'm seeing multiple contusions around the supraorbital process as well as the bridge and septum of the nose. Uh, there's fresh blood pooling, approximately 18 to 20 inches in diameter, originating from the nose, mouth, and open abrasions of the scalp. If I had to hazard a guess, I'd say your C.O.D. Could be cerebral hemorrhage due to blunt-force trauma. I mean, right?

Lindsay: to play devil's advocate, do you think that there's any chance that these wounds aren't legit?

Sid: No. I once caught my own daughter faking a bloody nose with food coloring to get out of a spelling test. I know chicanery when I see it. However, there is something here that does beg questioning.

Lindsay: Is that a track mark?

Danny: That's amazing... I mean, 15 years old and she's using.

Sid: Unfortunately, I can't run a tox panel on a photograph, so confirming that is impossible. I'm afraid I'm not much help.

Lindsay: No, thanks, Sid. Maybe her watch could tell us something. It's a pretty clear view of the face. Maybe we can use it to time-stamp the photos. Let's see, this one says 4:30:58.

Danny: This is 4:31 here.

Sid: And... 4:30:56 on this photo.

Lindsay: Okay, so that photo's first. Second. Third. With a total of four seconds elapsed from beginning to end.

Sid: Uh, there's just one problem. What? Condensation. Why is the glass face on her watch in this last photo fogged?

Lindsay: Because it's so close to her mouth. She's breathing.

Danny: Right, so she might have not been beaten to death after all.

Lindsay: I think you were premature in calling the medical examiner. When this final photo was taken, Mary Portico was still very much alive.

Jo: Ellie, put the phone down. You know I don't allow 'em at the table. You're not hungry?

Ellie: I had nachos at school.

Jo: I told you I was coming home to make dinner. And we need to talk.

Ellie: I don't want to talk.

Jo: Why not?

Ellie: Because it's just going to be one of those talks where you do all the talking.

Jo: No, it's not. You go first. Go ahead, ask me anything you want.

Ellie: What's his name?

Jo: Case.

Ellie: Okay, great.

Jo: Sit. He's an FBI agent. He's visiting from California. He and I used to work together at the Bureau.

Ellie: Looks like you were doing a little bit more than that.

Jo: Yes, because I thought you were spending the night at Sammy's after the party, but instead I find you in the kitchen with what's-his-name.

Ellie: I told you, it's Jordan. He's a ninth grader, a basketball player. It's no big deal.

Jo: No big deal? Oh, my God, Ellie, I could have killed both of you. Listen to me, this is about your safety, so I don't care if it's Jordan or Drake or all the members of One Direction. You may not bring anyone into this apartment when I'm not here without my permission, especially when I don't even know who he is. Don't give me that look. I am the adult, you're the child.

Ellie: I'm not a child.

Jo: Okay, you're a teenager. We still have rules in this family.

Ellie: Yeah, and yours are different than mine... I get it.

Jo: Good. Let's eat. Ellie, was that your first kiss?

Ellie: Are you kidding me right now?

Jo: I can't believe you're not talking to me about these things.

Ellie: Because, Mom, I knew you'd do exactly what you're doing.

Jo: What, caring?

Ellie: No, prying.

Jo: Ellie, come on. I just want to know how you feel.

Ellie: Well, I don't know yet, okay? Do you?

Jo: You want some green beans?

Ellie: No, I have homework.

Hawkes: Ethan Grohl might have had drugs on him when he was attacked... heroin to be exact, cut with traces of cocaine, LSD, and B12.

Mac: B12?

Sheldon: I guess even users need their vitamins. I found this street pipe, foil burner in his backpack.

Mac: Bridge surveillance shows the killer was lying in wait, but at that hour I think he was waiting for anyone. Ethan just happened to come along at the wrong time. When the killer couldn't score any cash, he took the only valuable thing he could find.

Sheldon: The heroin, but he didn't even touch that envelope full of photos. Means he probably didn't know anything about Mary Portico.

Mac: But Ethan certainly did.

Don: Boyd Hackman... our number one suspect in Ethan Grohl's murder. Already done a couple stints upstate for assault and armed robbery.

Jo: Holy sideburns. Not even a mother could love that face. Where is he?

Don: In the wind with a parole warrant. Hasn't checked in or been at his place in over 24 hours. I got unis sitting on it now. In the meantime, I ran Ethan Grohl's phone records and noticed dozens of calls to and from a 212 number within 36 hours of his death. Thought it might mean something. Tracked that number to a guy named Oliver Epps, and I'm trying to get a bead on where he is now.

Jo: Did you run Epps' name by Mary Portico's parents?

Don: Next on my list of things to do.

Jo: Okay.

Don: Looks like you've got your hands full as well.

Jo: Hmm, you could say that.

Cade: Detective Danville.

Jo: Agent Conover, thank you for coming.

Cade: No problem. I just wish we could have had this meeting at my hotel because we have these margaritas... the best I've ever had...at the bar.

Jo: I need FBI support to find Mary Portico, a minor who went missing two weeks ago. We thought we were investigating her death, but it turns out there could be a slim chance she's still alive and in imminent danger.

Cade: Oh, so if she's dead she's your case, and if she's alive she's mine?

Jo: Well, this one's tricky, but your specialty in the Bureau is tracking missing persons across state lines, and I realize you're on vacation, but this is a teenage kid. Cleaned out her bank account, she could be anywhere. We need to broaden the scope of our search, so I really need your help.

Cade: Hmm.

Jo: Everything you need to know is right here.

Cade: You love taking advantage of me, don't you?

Jo: You have no idea.

Danny: I feel like my eyes are going to pop out of my skull.

Lindsay: Come on, babe, stay with me. We got to figure out where these photos were taken. So, no details from the hardwood floor. The lamp is mass-produced.

Danny: You checked the paper in the corner?

Lindsay: Yeah, it's a take-out menu, but there's no name.

Danny: Yeah, but there is, uh, a partial address on it from...

Lindsay: Right, Ulton Street, which is probably Fulton Street, but there's hundreds of restaurants down there, and so far, none of them match that flower pattern in any way.

Danny: All right, let's take another look at the beer bottle, okay?

Lindsay: All right, so based on its proximity to the body, it was probably broken in the struggle. I couldn't make out a label.

Danny: Wait a second... boom, right there, you see that? What? Right there, that piece of glass in the center. Looks like there's some kind of reflection in it.

Lindsay: Yeah, maybe from a window.

Danny: The sun is visible. We know it's around 4:30, so we're looking at a sunset in the west.

Lindsay: It's backlighting something. Is that just me or does that look like the Flatiron Building?

Danny: No, that's not just you, babe. Okay, the Flatiron Building is 22 stories, so the crime scene had to be across the street, below the 20th floor, with a direct view of the Flatiron's front wedge. All right?

Jamie: Good afternoon, sir. I'm Detective Lovato with the NYPD.

Lindsay: We're searching for a missing young girl. You mind if I take a look inside your apartment? Good afternoon, sir, I am Detective Messer with the NYPD.

Jamie: We're searching for a missing young girl.

Lindsay: We're searching for a missing young girl. You mind if I take a look inside your apartment?

Jamie: Good afternoon, I'm Detective Lovato with NYPD.

Lindsay: Do you mind if I take a look inside your apartment? I'm Detective Messer with the NYPD.

Jamie: Do you mind if I take a look in your apartment? Hello. NYPD.

Woman: Disculpáme, señora, lo siento. Call me crazy, but I'm not seeing those hardwood floors, Lindsay.

Lindsay: Neither am I. Windows don't match, either. And I don't see how that view could've been reflected into any of these apartments.

Jo: And they canvassed multiple floors?

Mac: Every viable vantage points of the Flatiron, from the one angle it could have been seen from, but nothing lined up with the Mary Portico crime scene photos.

Jo: It doesn't make sense. All of our science says she was there.

Mac: You hear anything more from Flack?

Jo: Still no 20 on Oliver Epps.

Mac: He's the guy who traded all the calls with Ethan Grohl?

Jo: Right. But apparently, Mary's parents knew his name. Oliver, I guess, was an older kid who went to school with Mary in Manhattan. She had a big crush on him, and he dropped out about a year ago.

Mac: Mm. So, we don't know where he is, but he's definitely the connection between Ethan and Mary. Epps have family of his own?

Jo: Flack's trying to track them down. But I did notice something interesting. The 212-number assigned to Oliver's cell may be local, but the cell towers getting hit by its signal definitely weren't. All the calls that Oliver Epps made to Ethan Grohl originated from the West Coast. Was it something I said?

Mac: Get Agent Conover and meet me in the War Room. The fog on Mary Portico's Wristwatch could very well be her last breath. But our priority is still to find her, right? TAYLOR: Absolutely. We've just been looking in the wrong place. Mary took out \$700 from her ATM. We know she has a crush on Oliver Epps. I think she used it to go be with him. But Manhattan isn't the only city with a Fulton Street... And we're not the only one with a Flatiron Building. And the reason Lindsay had trouble identifying the orange paint flecks is because they're not in EDNA's database. It's a proprietary color, developed in the 1930s, called "International Orange" And you can only find it in one place. Dead or alive, Mary Portico is somewhere in San Francisco.

Jo: Flack confirmed it. This is Oliver Epps' apartment right across from the San Francisco Flatiron.

Cade: All right, we spoke to the building manager. The lease on this apartment's being paid for by Oliver Epps' parents, who live in Long Island. They claim they haven't seen him since he moved to San Francisco over a year ago. And the manager says the kid's hardly ever here.

Jo: Is there any chance that Oliver Epps is a victim in all this, as well?

Cade: Well, based on the active federal interstate drug warrant I pulled on him, I seriously doubt it.

Mac: Well, this is definitely where he took the photos. Looks to me like he cleaned up an awful lot of blood.

Cade: Enough to kill her?

Mac: from cleaning up, or drag marks, from removing Mary's body.

Jo: This handwriting definitely looks like a match to the envelope we found at Ethan Grohl's crime scene.

Mac: At the very least, Oliver Epps could be good for assault, kidnapping, unlawful imprisonment.

Cade: You got the full support of the FBI on this one, Mac. Epps is a very dangerous young man.

Mac: Well, I'm here to find a vulnerable young woman.

Don: 27 to two.

Jamie: Doesn't matter.

Don: How does that not matter? We're talking about 27 World Series wins. That is over two times the Yankees have been rightfully anointed the gods of baseball, whereas the Mets...

Jamie: The Mets are the heart. The heart and soul of New York City baseball.

Don: Come on.

Jamie: Tom Seaver. Voted into the Hall of Fame with the highest first ballot percentage in history. Rusty Staub. Founded the New York Police and Fire Widows Fund. And don't even get me started on Gary Carter.

Don: Again, 27 to two.

Jamie: And 19 of those were before the Mets even existed. How are you such a pin striper? Did you not say you were?

Don: Proudly. But fortunately, my father had the good sense never to let me root for a sad-sack bunch of boo...

Jamie: That's Boyd Hackman. Boyd Hackman! NYPD!

Boyd: Go, go, go! Out of the way! Go! Go! Ow.

Jamie: Don't move.

Boyd: Ow.

Jamie: What were you saying?

Boyd: You keep that crazy bitch away from me.

Don: Watch your tongue or I'll leave you alone with her.

Boyd: I think she hurt my neck.

Jamie: We think you killed Ethan Grohl.

Boyd: I don't even know any Ethan Grohl.

Don: No? You should. Here. Maybe this will refresh your memory. This is you mugging Ethan Grohl on the Brooklyn Bridge just before you killed him.

Boyd: You can't tell that's me.

Don: No, you can't tell that's you. Of course, you can't see much without your contacts, can you, Boyd? Huh? How many fingers? Turns out you lost one of your lenses on our victim. Then we found a hunting knife in your jacket.

Jamie: Oh, and the bundle of heroin we found in your apartment that you stole from his backpack.

Boyd: Okay, it was his fault!

Jamie: His fault? Yeah! What kind of kid doesn't carry a wallet? Real charmer that one.

Don: Probably a Mets fan. Ooh.

Jamie: Do you want me to give you a head start like him before I kick your ass? Or would you like to take your chances?

Adam: You ever run away from home?

Sheldon: No. You?

Adam: Few times. Yeah. I even, uh... I even ran away to be with this girl once. Yeah. Uh, except she, um... she only lived across town, and, uh, these two other guys showed up. Yeah. Ugh. It was crowded. But I would've never gone all

the way across the country like Mary did, though. I mean, my home life might've sucked, but... it's the evil you know, you know?

Sheldon: But at her age, I'm sure Mary would've come home by now if she could.

Adam: Oliver Epps' prints are all over this heroin bundle. I-I still can't figure out what this... daisy sticker is, though.

Cade: It's called "Flower Power." It's high-grade heroin distributed by a... drug ring here in San Francisco. Listen to this, according to intel I just got from our local task force, Epps is part of it.

Mac: Makes sense. The heroin's an exact chemical match to the street pipe residue we found in Ethan Grohl's bag.

Jo: So, what if Oliver sent the drugs to Ethan in exchange for delivering the photos to Mary Portico's parents?

Mac: What could he hope to gain with her already dead?

Jo: Maybe the gains were Mary's.

Cade: You think she was in on it?

Jo: Well, we know she was upset with her parents. She might've thought sending the photos was a way to find her freedom.

Mac: Now that sounds like something a kid would do.

Cade: Well, if that was her plan, she picked the wrong guy to hatch it with.

Mac: What can you tell us about Oliver Epps' involvement in the drug ring?

Cade: Well, on the record, I can tell you it's an ongoing investigation.

Jo: And off the record?

Cade: It's centered in Haight-Ashbury. There's a restaurant in the neighborhood that my case agents suspect is being run as a front.

Jo: 358 Fulton Street. The Daisy Chain Cafe. This is the place.

Jamaican: Ah. Welcome to the Daisy Chain.

Jo: Uh... nah. You want a smoothie?

Cade: Right, you haven't seen him. Let's go! Yeah, this is Agent Cade Conover with the FBI. I need SFPD backup in the vicinity of Fulton and Page. 10-31 in progress.

Mac: Step aside. Stop! Police!

Crowd: Oh!

Mac: Stop! Jo. Just entered the south end of the park. You and Cade circle around to the north side

Oliver: Damn! Take it easy, cop! Why you so agro?

Mac: Sorry, I'm not from around here.

Cade: I got him, I got him.

Oliver: Go ahead, check my pockets. I got nothin'!

Mac: We don't want your drugs. Where is she?

Oliver: Who!

Mac: Mary. Tell me what you did to her! Nothing she didn't ask for.

Cade: Maybe you didn't understand the question. Where is Mary Portico?

Oliver: That little head case? Good luck finding her, man. She's gone.

Mac: What do you mean Mary's gone? Did you kill her?

Oliver: No, I didn't kill her. She's just... you know, a little messed up. I'm sure she's got you to thank for that.

Jo: Where is she?

Oliver: Don't you think if she wanted to be found, she'd be back in New York already?

Jo: Her parents want her found, Oliver. Did you ever stop to think about that?

Oliver: Hell, yeah. Why do you think we sent those photos to them in the first place? It was Mary's idea. What do you want to do, again?

Mary: I'm just saying... I could, like, fake like I'm dead, and you could take pictures to send to my parents.

Oliver: Man, you must be really pissed at them.

Mary: Whatever. At least they won't come looking for me.

Oliver: Damn, girl That's Cray. But sure, what the hell, let's have some fun.

Mary: No, wait, what are you doing?

Mac: You shot up a 15-year-old with heroin?

Oliver: I had to give her something for the pain.

Mac: What the hell is wrong with you?

Oliver: Look, I just did what she asked.

Jo: And then what happened?

Oliver: Then she started bitching and moaning, saying she wanted to run back home to Mama. And I was like, "Screw that," you know? I'm 19 years old. You're only 15, I'm not getting hit with statutory.

Cade: Oh, no, that's done. It's done. I just wish we could peg you for murder.

Oliver: I told you, she's still alive.

Jo: She better be. Because your buddy Ethan isn't.

Oliver: What are you talking about?

Mac: He's dead, Oliver. He got mugged on his way across the Brooklyn Bridge, trying to deliver those pictures to Mary's parents.

Oliver: Oh, dude...

Cade: Sad, right? Didn't get to keep the drugs you sent him. Of course, that's not going to keep you from racking up interstate trafficking charges.

Jo: Believe me when I tell you, it's in your best interest to help us.

Mac: We're only going to ask you one more time: Where is Mary Portico?

Mac: Mary?

Mary: Hey. Can you help me?

Jo: That's why we're here. Your parents are very worried about you.

Mary: I'm sorry. They were very mad at me, but... I should have listened to them instead of trusting him. Is he here? If Oliver sees me talking to you, he's going to be really mad.

Mac: Now, don't worry. It's okay. He can't hurt you now.

Mary: Oh, that's good. I think I'm lost.

Jo: No, sweetie, you've been found.

Don: You got to be kidding me.

Jamie: Welcome home, Yankee. I thought your desk could use some sprucing up.

Jo: The look on Mr. Portico's face when he walked into Mary's hospital room, that's going to stay with me for a long time.

Mac: Feels nice to be able to deliver good news every once in a while.

Jo: Yeah.

Mac: This one hit close to home, didn't it?

Jo: Well, I mean, Ellie's a teenager, just like Mary and Lord knows we don't always see eye to eye. But God, I would hate to think one argument could change so much.

Mac: Just got to keep the lines of communication open and give yourself a break every now and then while you're at it. You're a great mom, Jo. She's lucky to have you.

Jo: Thanks, Mac. Would you mind telling her that? (both laugh) You go ahead and laugh, you'll see. Just wait till you and Christine start plopping out cute little blonde babies into the world.

Mac: Slow down, Jo.

Jo: You don't fool me. I've seen you two. Oh, where did you go, little girl?

Cade: Hey.
Jo: Hey. Sorry we had to leave so soon.
Cade: It's all right. You had to get Mary on the first plane out. How's she doing?
Jo: Oh, time will tell.
Cade: How are you?
Jo: Well, Ellie spent the night with her friend Sammy again while we rushed off to San Francisco. So, who knows what kind of trouble she's gotten herself into.
Cade: Nothing you wouldn't have gotten into, for sure.
Jo: Yeah, that's exactly what worries me.
Cade: Well, she's a good kid. Just like her mom. I wish you could have stayed, Jo.
Jo: Please. All those blue skies and sun tans? Why would I want to do a thing like that?
Cade: You tell me.
Jo: Maybe I will. One of these days.
Cade: Okay. Bye.
Jo: Bye. Let me see your hand.
Ellie: You seriously think he's cute?
Jo: Jordan? Yeah. He's pretty good looking for a freshman. But you should pace yourself. They do get better with time.
Ellie: You mean like Cade?
Jo: Ah... you did notice.
Ellie: No, 'cause that would be gross. But do you like him?
Jo: Yeah, I think so. Complicated, though, you know? He lives there and we live here.
Ellie: We could move.
Jo: That's sweet, Ellie. You mean you'd do that for me?
Ellie: Sure, but you'd have to buy me all new clothes.
Jo: We'll talk about it later.
Ellie: Do we have to?
Jo: Nah.

CSI: NY, Season 9, Episode 4, "Unspoken"

Mac: Speak Say something. Anything. I need an explanation. Tell me how a gun registered in your name was used to fire shots at you this afternoon.

Hamilton: That's not possible.

Mac: It happened. Casings found at the scene were a match to those registered in your name, and to your weapon in CoBIS.

Hamilton: Then my gun was stolen.

Don: And you didn't report it?

Hamilton: I thought I had misplaced it.

Don: What, it wasn't in your sock drawer, so you figured it was where? With your golf clubs?

Mac: When did you notice it was missing?

Hamilton: About six months ago. Someone broke into my boat. They stole a few items. I wasn't even sure the gun had been there. Obviously, it must have been. At the time, I thought it was at my beach house. I looked for it, and I didn't find it.

Don: That's when you should have reported it stolen.

Hamilton: I-I just... The best way to explain it? Bad timing.

Mac: You mean you were running for the Senate.

Hamilton: That complicates things. Yes. However, the priority here, gentlemen, is the fact that a man shot at me.

Don: For you, maybe. For me, it's the fact that a little girl was shot and killed with your gun.

Hamilton: What?

Don: Guy who took a shot at you dumped the gun. Two kids found it. A little girl was shot. She died.

Hamilton: I-I'd like to call her family.

Don: Nice. Nice. Maybe you could take a couple photos with her grieving mother. A nice photo for the campaign.

Mac: Hey, hey, Take a break. Come on.

Hamilton: So now what?

Mac: We just need you to answer one little question. Who would want you dead, Mr. Hamilton?

Hamilton: Nobody. Or any number of people, I suppose. My politics are a bit threatening to some.

Mac: And before you decided to run for office?

Hamilton: I was a successful businessman. Who pissed a few people off.

Mac: Well, let me narrow down the list for you. It's someone you invited onto your boat, or into your home. Someone bold enough to steal your weapon with the intent to kill.

Adam: Blood on the chain-link fence is a match to the hairs I found in the baseball cap. But no match to anything in the database. I also got a partial print on a bullet from the magazine. But not enough ridge detail to even waste our time with an AFIS search.

Mac: Then we got to chase the gun. Hamilton says it was stolen.

Adam: IBIS search came up with nothing. It doesn't connect us th any crimes. So it looks like what it is. The guy who stole the gun shot the gun. But this is what I don't get: If he was able to get onto Hamilton's boat to steal it, why not just lie in wait and shoot him there? Why wait six months?

Mac: Nerve. You've got to talk yourself into it. Then there's the planning. You don't want to mess up. Or maybe the public event. The publicity is something he's after.

Adam: Well, he messed up. He missed. Well, and then there's the elephant in the room.

Mac: The irony that a man could be shot with his own stolen gun.

Adam: Yeah. Well, what if it's part of a bigger plan? Hamilton's down in the polls, the campaign needs a little kick... You know? It just... Just explain to me why he was only grazed with the bullet.

Sheldon: Why? Because he wasn't the target. I took photos and processed the scene. And it just didn't make any sense. This... is an animated simulation based on location of spent casings, trajectory and bullet recovery, which helped me calculate the likely placement of our shooter in the crowd. Hamilton entered from the shooter's left, moving left to right towards the podium. The first shot struck Hamilton in the right shoulder. He was slightly grazed. The next two shots hit much further to the left, damaging the teleprompter and the sound speaker.

Adam: That's at least two feet from the first bullet, and near the ground. Could somebody have that bad of a shot?

Mac: Fortunately, in this case, yes.

Sheldon: But it doesn't rule out the possibility that he was never aiming for Hamilton.

Mac: No, it just introduces one more problem. Our shooter might have had more than one target. Hamilton, and someone else. Adam, go over the news camera footage and call campaign headquarters. We need to find out who was standing on that stage.

Adam: Got it.

Danny: Hey, Montana.

Lindsay: Hey. You haven't called me that in a long time.

Danny: How you feeling?

Lindsay: Headache.

Danny: You remember anything?

Lindsay: Lucy.

Danny: She's fine. I dropped her off with my mother this morning.

Lindsay: Where was she last night?

Danny: She was with me, of course.

Lindsay: Yeah, but... when you were here.

Danny: Come on, babe, um... it was hectic here yesterday. The doctors and the nurses were in and out. You were knocked out the whole time, so I kissed you good-bye, and I took Lucy home with me.

Lindsay: No, but later. You were standing by the window, holding vigil for your poor, injured wife. Who was Lucy with?

Danny: I think you might have been dreaming. Was I naked in that, uh, moment?

Lindsay: No. Did you catch the shooter?

Danny: No. All those people... and not one positive I.D.

Lindsay: What do you mean?

Danny: No one saw this guy's face.

Lindsay: I did.

Danny: Hmm?

Lindsay: He looked right into mine. I looked right into his eyes.

Danny: This guy knows that you saw his face. What time did you say I was here last night?

Lindsay: Yeah. That's definitely what he looks like.

Don: Just got off the phone with the night shift. They said there was a man in here last night after visiting hours, and they gave me a basic description. Six, one;

brown hair above the ears; short on the neck; square jaw. Couldn't give me eye color or complexion; it was too dark.

Jo: Let's whip out another one without the hat, and get these out ASAP.

Don: How the hell did this guy get up here?

Danny: You know what, look into the hospital security. How the hell did this guy get up here?

Don: Yeah, I know. We got unis outside right now. We'll have them at your place, and your mother's.

Lindsay: Is that really necessary?

Jo: There was a reason he was here, Linds. You saw him, and he knows it.

Jo: Do that again, Danny.

Danny: What?

Jo: Fog the window. Move your coffee cup across it.

Danny: Wow. We might have a possible print on the glass here. Are we seeing letters here? Does that say "RR"?

Jo: I think so.

Danny: Looks like an... an "M..."

Jo: "R-R.." "Y."

Danny: What do you got there, Don?

Don: Well, buying a vowel, it looks to me like "I'm sorry."

Danny: I'll bet you he's sorry. He left a print. The partial I lifted got us a match to Evan Wescott. All right? Unfortunately for him, all public-school teachers are printed. So, Flack's got units heading to his house, to the school, tracking all his credit card activity. Got his name and face to all transportation headed out of the city. So far, he's made no moves.

Mac: Any connection to Grant Hamilton?

Sheldon: Not directly. Wescott never made a contribution, never made a complaint. Hamilton, on the other hand, is a big supporter of public schools... more specifically, public school teachers. So, I'm not seeing motive.

Jo: Okay. I appreciate it. Thank you. All right. Beverly McCord. Public school supervisor. Check this out.

Sheldon: She's one of Hamilton's VIPs.

Mac: Standing just to Hamilton's right.

Sheldon: Which would be to the shooter's left.

Mac: So, if she was Wescott's target, that explains the misdirection of the two additional shots.

Danny: Right, okay, okay, but why her? What's Wescott's beef?

Jo: Three years ago, when she was principal of PS 423, she had the school board investigate one of her elementary school teachers. That would be our shooter, Evan Wescott. Don't know the details, but do know that he was definitely laid off from his job.

Sheldon: Well, it had to be something big to make such a public attempt at revenge.

Jo: I get the feeling, if we find her, we'll find him.

Danny: What makes you think he's gonna go after her again?

Jo: Well, for 24 hours, no one knew his name, where he lived or what he looked like, so he had plenty of time to get out of town.

Mac: But he didn't. Means he's got unfinished business.

Beverly: Evan!

Evan: Shut up and walk. Just go.

Beverly: No! You don't want to do this.

Jo: Flack, Beverly McCord's not at home or her office, and she's not answering her cell, but it's live and we're tracking it now.

Adam: Hold on. Three seconds. Two seconds.

Jo: Ooh! 1726 West 48th.

Beverly: Stop. Evan... Please. Please!

Evan: Move!

Beverly: We can talk about this.

Evan: Shut up! Just shut up. I tried talking to you, but frankly, you have a hard time understanding me. - Please!

Beverly: I'm sorry. Please, think about your future!

Evan: Future? What future, huh? My future? The one that you ruined?! Yeah-yeah! High five. High five! Yeah! High five. Whoa. Slow down, guy. Are you okay? Here, hop up. Hop up! Let me take a look at that. That hurt? Yeah. You're gonna be okay. Hurt? Yeah. You have a good day, all right? Bye. Shut up! Come on.

Don: Drop the knife, Wescott. Do it!

Danny: Don't move!

Don: This is the last time you're making me run.

Mac: Thank you

Kevin: Mac?

Mac: Kevin. Here, I bought you a coffee

Kevin: Oh, thank you.

Mac: Look, thanks for meeting me. I know you have a busy practice.

Kevin: It's no problem. It's great to see you. It's been a while. I do have to say I'm a little concerned, though. You sounded, um, not yourself.

Mac: I'm having a bit of a tough time. Aftermath of the shooting, the surgery.

Kevin: That's common. It's only been eight months. What is it, pain?

Mac: Aphasia. I can't remember the simplest things.

Kevin: It can come and go, but my guess is it's getting worse. Otherwise, you wouldn't have called me.

Mac: No. I don't know. They... gave me those coloring book pictures and name games. They gave me a bunch of exercises that don't seem to be working. I just... I just want to fix this.

Kevin: Mac, it doesn't work that way. You're past the window of "temporary aphasia." So, you're going to have to retrain your brain. It's like learning everything all over again. It takes time.

Mac: I can't name simple words. Simple objects I've known my whole life. Look, I... I'm in charge of people, Kevin. I've got a very demanding job. I should be able to name the color red.

Kevin: I can understand your frustration, but...

Mac: No, don't do that! I don't want your understanding. I... I'm sorry, Kevin. I-I just want this to go away. There's got to be something medically that we can do.

Kevin: No. And out of respect, I'm not gonna sugarcoat this for you. There is no quick fix, no pill, no surgery. There's just word games and exercises. You know, your greatest gift is Christine.

Mac: I haven't told her yet.

Kevin: Have you told anyone?

Mac: This is my problem. I just want a schedule and a plan that I can stick to. And I'll... I'll get better, and it will all go away.

Kevin: I can appreciate your optimism, but, you know, you cannot do this alone.

Mac: Look, I... I got to go. Thanks. I'll call you later. Thank you.

Officer: Shoulder to shoulder. Heads up. Look forward.

Lindsay: That's him, number four. That's the shooter.

Mac: All right. Let's bring Lonnie in.

Lindsay: You can go in now.

Mac: Hey, Lonnie. I want you to stand up here and tell me if you see the face of the man who threw the gun in the dumpster, okay? Just take your time.

Don: He can't see you

Mac: Say the number.

Lonnie: Four.

Mac: You're sure?

Lonnie: Yeah, that's him.

Mac: Okay.

Lonnie: I didn't mean to hurt Aimee.

Don: I know that.

Lonnie: We were just playing around, you know? She was my best friend. Thanks for trying to save her.

Don: Yeah, you're welcome, Lonnie.

Lonnie: Am I going to jail for what I did?

Don: No. We're all gonna make sure that doesn't happen. Where'd you get the gun, Evan?

Evan: I stole it. There was a party at Grant Hamilton's beach house, a... It was a fundraiser for schools. Several teachers were invited, and I was one of them. Had a little bit to drink, and I started snooping through drawers. There it was. It was the answer to my problem.

Don: You've been planning this for some time.

Evan: Beverly McCord decided that I was doing something to kids. Something that I wasn't. It was a hug. She was crying.

Beverly: It was inappropriate. The placement of your hands was inappropriate.

Evan: Did Audrey come to you? I mean, did her parents call?

Beverly: No. I witnessed it. Evan, you tend to show... a certain degree of uninhibited affection, and it's got to stop. It making me and others uncomfortable.

Evan: Others. You're having conversations about my behavior with others?

Beverly: Touching the children in any way is dangerous.

Evan: Affection is dangerous?

Beverly: Frankly, I don't understand why you don't get this.

Evan: Yeah, I suppose I deserve that. Oh, I get it. I get that this is your problem, Beverly, not mine. Your sick imagination took an action that was so innocent, and you made it perverted. And you know what? That... that makes me uncomfortable. I was laid off for six months without pay and denied benefits. Two months later, they... I was cleared of any suspicion, and it took another year to get back into the school. But that didn't matter. I couldn't shake the skepticism, and I... I still can't. There was never any proof. Just her accusations. I wanted to stop it. I had to stop it. The rally just seemed like the perfect time. Lot of people. I could get lost in the crowd. And the fact that it was Grant Hamilton's gun and his event is just an ironic fluke. I would never do anything to hurt a child.

Don: You could have made a different choice, Evan. But instead, you brought a gun to a public place with the intention of murdering someone. And when you fired that weapon, you changed the lives of every person there. You violated their sense of security, but worse than that... you hurt a child, and you don't even know it.

Evan: What are you talking about?

Don: You dropped that gun in that dumpster, and it was found... and it was fired. And this little girl was killed. Her name was Aimee DeSilva.

CSI:NY, Season 9, Episode 5, "Misconceptions"

Lindsay: So, you were on the case back then?

Mac: Yeah, the chief of detectives put together a task force. There were over a dozen detectives temporarily assigned. I was one of them. Tommy was eight years old when he disappeared. Been begging his parents for a long time to let him walk the dog by himself. They finally gave in. That was his house.

Mon: Okay, don't talk to anyone you don't know. Straight to the park and straight back, and as soon as Leo is done doing his business, you come right home, you understand? Tommy, are you listening?

Tommy: Yes, Mom. I won't talk to strangers and I'll come right back when Leo's done. I promise. Love you.

Father: Tommy, make sure you use the crosswalks.

Mother: Love you.

Mac: That was the last time they saw him. They promised each other they'd never move. They believe his soul is still with them in the house. The owner of this store saw Tommy right after he left the house. He gave him a quarter to buy a lollipop in that candy store down the street.

Tommy: Thanks.

Mac: The clerk in the candy store remembered Tommy coming in to buy the lollipop.

Lindsay: So, an eight-year-old boy goes missing in a tight-knit neighborhood like this. There had to have been dozens of tips.

Mac: Hundreds.

Lindsay: Did any of them pan out?

Mac: It always came back to Keith Milner. He lived up there. He was 17 at the time, real bad seed. Whenever he wasn't terrorizing the neighborhood he sat on that fire escape smoking dope. See that guy right there? He's the last person to see Tommy alive. The whole precinct was out looking for Tommy. Four hours later unis found Milner in the park, high on angel dust, holding Tommy's puppy, and he had Tommy's blood on his jacket.

Lindsay: So, did Milner ever make a statement?

Mac: By the time the angel dust wore off and he was coherent enough to talk, his parents were at the precinct with a lawyer. Without a statement, a body, or a witness, we never had enough to charge him. Thank you.

Lindsay: So, where'd Milner go after that?

Mac: There were a lot of angry people around here. Death threats against Keith and his family. They were eventually forced to move away.

Lindsay: Looks like someone welcomed him back to the neighborhood.

Jo: Somebody threw him a beating before cutting his throat.

Lovato: Still has his wallet and jewelry.

Lindsay: Keith Milner, the only suspect in the disappearance of Tommy Lewis, is found dead in the park a block away from where the kid vanished exactly 20 years ago today. My guess is, this about payback, not a payday.

Jo: I'm sure there's still a lot of people in this neighborhood who'd love to see him dead.

Lindsay: Probably most of all Tommy's parents. I'm curious to hear how they'd take the news of his murder.

Lovato: That's if it's news to them at all.

Don: Come and get it, sweetie. There you are, sleepyhead. Grace.

Man: Come on, come on! Don't let that chump off easy, man! Oh, yeah, work it!

Man: Attaboy, Flack. All right... good work. Whoo.

Don: You hit me so hard with that right hand, I was gonna call your parole officer and have you violated.

Man: That's why I let up at the end.

Don: Come on. You beat me up the whole fight, but I got you fair and square right there.

Man: Seriously, man, you've come a long way. Three months ago, that punch would've put you on your ass. You're learning to relax in the ring, keep your composure.

Don: You're just saying nice things to keep me coming back, because you like getting paid to hit a cop.

Man: Hey, you know I love you, Flack.

Don: I know you love hitting me.

Man: See you next week same time?

Don: Yes, sir. All right. Hey, baby. Last night was amazing... I can't stop thinking about you. You were incredible. Grandma? Oh, sorry. Yes, I knew it was you. I'm sorry. What? Yeah, today's my day off. Anything for you. What do you need?

Jo: (sighs) Hey, Sid.

Sid: Hey, Jo. You know, there have been a number of times over the years when unidentified remains of a male child about Tommy Lewis' age have come through this morgue, and each time, we did the DNA comparison to a sample provided by Tommy's parents, hoping we'd be able to give them some closure. And now, lying dead on this table is possibly the one man who knew the fate of that child.

Jo: What can you tell me about Keith Milner's murder?

Sid: He was very healthy and well nourished. No signs of recent or chronic drug abuse or disease.

Jo: That's surprising. From all the reports I read, Milner had quite the drug problem back when Tommy went missing.

Sid: He appears to have kicked the habit. The mortal wound to the neck is a shallow laceration that completely dissected the jugular vein. The blade was short, sharp and narrow.

Jo: Sounds like a straight razor, some kind of box cutter?

Sid: into the wound tract. was transferred from the blade it looks like this substance Whatever the instrument,

Sid: Single slash wound. Whoever did this went right for the kill. And it wasn't the first time Mr. Milner was attacked last night. The discoloration under the epidermis around the orbital bones and clotting around the wound above the eye tell me... he suffered these injuries at least a couple of hours before he was murdered. Take a look here. I was surprised at the absence of typical defensive wounds on the arms and hands. He didn't put up much of a fight.

Jo: So, the question is: Did the person that attacked Milner earlier go back and finish the job, or did he run into someone else?

Sid: Hmm.

Danny: Milner hasn't had so much as a parking ticket in the last 20 years. How is it possible that a guy who murdered an eight-year-old boy turns into this model citizen?

Mac: All right. Maybe Milner wasn't the guy that everyone thought he was.

Danny: What do you mean?

Mac: There were a lot of bosses and experienced detectives calling the shots on that case. No one was very interested in the... opinion of a young detective. It

always bothered me that he was the only suspect from day one. He was the perfect guy for them.

Danny: Everything fit. It did, though, right? I mean, I looked over the reports of the original missing persons case. I mean, Milner was no angel... assault, burglary. He had over a dozen arrests before Tommy disappeared. And not for nothing, Mac. Milner had Tommy's blood on his jacket when the cops found him.

Mac: Yeah, but Tommy's blood was also on the puppy, and it was never determined whether the blood was transferred from the jacket to the dog or the dog to the jacket.

Danny: All right, well, if he didn't kill Tommy, who did?

Jo: Lewises are in the wind. Neighbors say their car has been gone since early this morning. Mr. Lewis works at a print shop overnight in the neighborhood. Took his lunch break at 2:00 a.m. and never came back. Lovato's out looking for him.

Danny: I mean, you think Tommy's father might have actually killed Milner himself?

Jo: Milner shows up in the neighborhood at the 20th anniversary of his kid's death. Certainly, has motive.

Mac: Well, motive is fine, but, until we're done analyzing the evidence, we've got nothing to go at them with.

Jo: Danny, do you mind giving us a minute?

Danny: No, sure.

Mac: What's on your mind?

Jo: I'm not quite sure how to say this, and I might be overstepping my bounds.

Mac: But you're gonna say it anyway.

Jo: I am. You've been back to work for over a month. And I've been going through Leonard Brooks' arson case, prepping for court. There were 200 reports in that folder, and not one of 'em has been written by you. And every court date you've had, you've had someone else take your notes and testify. That's just not like you, Mac. What's going on?

Mac: You're right. You're overstepping your bounds.

Jo: Mac, if something's wrong...

Mac: Nothing's wrong. Just doing what I should have been doing all along. I'm delegating. That's what bosses do.

Jo: I'm just used to you leading from the front. I'm wondering if...

Mac: Stop wondering. I'm fine. Anything else?

Jo: No. Nothing.

Mac: Okay.

Jo: You know... I might be a bit quirky, I may not be as organized as I would like, but don't let that fool you. I'm incredibly perceptive.

Mac: Turn the water on. Well... this... is a mystery. All your connections are tight, nothing's leaking. So... how do you think this water got in the bucket that you put under the sink because you supposedly had a leak?

Grandma: You're the detective. You figure it out.

Don: Doesn't take Sherlock Holmes to figure this one out.

Grandma: Uh-huh. I need you to open the pickles.

Don: What?

Grandma: The pickles. I can't open 'em. I need you to loosen the top.

Don: You're the only one who lives here, right? You opened the jar. How is it you can't close it... are you stronger than yourself?

Grandma: Sometimes.

Don: I love you, Gram.

Sam: Hey.

Don: Yo. You here for the mystery leak?

Sam: Yeah, and to open some jars.

Don: I got you.

Grandma: What are you doing here?

Sam: Don't you play senile with me. You called me. And you set the table for three.

Grandma: Hmm. Hey! Don't do that. Ooh!

Sam: See, they're hot. See? Ah! Ooh. Oh!

Grandma: The two of you are so bad. Mmm. Mmm. Are you gonna eat now when we sit down to the table?

Don: I'll eat your meatballs four times over. Grandma makes the best meatballs. Get away from me. Get away from me. Can I have another one? You smart aleck. - No!

Grandma: No!

Lovato: We got an alarm on Lewis' cars. Uniforms posted outside the house and both their jobs, teams canvassing the hood. Tell the boss we got everything covered. Mrs. Lewis.

Mrs. Lewis: Are-are you the one who's looking for me?

Lovato: Yes.

Mrs. Lewis: Um.. Hey, hey. Relax. Tell me what's wrong. I.. I think that my husband has done something terrible. I think that he killed Keith Milner.

Man: Baby. Are you there? Baby? I saw Milner. I saw that son of a bitch... at the tavern. Why? Why? Why? He just walked in... and he sat down. Like it was nothing.

Mrs. Lewis: And then it cut off. I kept trying to call him back, but, uh, his phone just kept going to voice mail. I've been driving around for hours looking for him. Last night, he was drinking before he went to work. He was really upset. I'm afraid... do you think that he might have...

Danny: Mrs. Lewis, don't do this to yourself. Just, just relax right now.

Lovato: There's a lot of people that are trying to find out what happened. Okay?

Mrs. Lewis: Yeah. You know, every year, um... this day is tough. All I remember is down the street. watching Tommy disappear But this year it was really bad.

Lovato: Has your husband been in contact with Mr. Milner?

Mrs. Lewis: No, of course not.

Danny: Did he ever talk about trying to... hurt Milner himself?

Mrs. Lewis: No. Nathan never talked about trying to hurt anyone. I just... I want him to come home.

Sheldon: Trace Sid pulled from the slice wound on Milner's neck.

Mac: Penicillium?

Sheldon: Yes, green mold. I also found plant matter called *Urtica dioica*, or green nettle, as well as traces of paraffin and microcrystalline wax.

Mac: Obviously whoever sliced Milner's throat used that knife for something else. What about the stain on his jacket?

Lindsay: Ink, the kind used in industrial printing presses.

Sheldon: Mr. Lewis is a lithographer. He works on the press.

Mac: And he was at the shop last night. Were you able to get a usable print?

Lindsay: Lewis was fingerprinted for DWI in '98, so he'll have something to compare it to.

Danny: I got a signal on Nathan Lewis' cell. It's not moved since I picked it up.

Lindsay: Mac, it's Mr. Lewis.

Mrs. Lewis: Is he dead? Did I kill the son of a bitch?

Don: Oh, no, Gram, come on. I'm stuffed.

Grandma: You look like one of those POWs.

Don: It's called being in shape.

Grandma: Skinny is not a shape. You still going with that boy?

Don: No, we broke up. He was too clingy. I wanted to see other people.

Sam: He's not a boy. He's a man. His name is Jimmy, and, uh, yeah, we're still going out.

Don: All right. Hate to do it. I got to eat and run. It's my day off. I got a few errands to take care of.

Sam: I'll help you clean up.

Grandma: Don, before you go, I got something I got to give you and Sam. Okay. This is stuff that was left in the house when your father passed.

Don: I thought we got everything.

Grandma: Well, the man who came to do the inspection for the closing, he found it in the corner of the attic.

Don: Oh, no way. This is great. Are you sure you don't want this?

Grandma: I don't need any of it. You can take that damn ugly urn, too.

Don: I thought we agreed that Dad would want to be here with you.

Grandma: Dad is here with me, right here. That's all I need.

Don: I got nowhere to put that thing.

Sam: Don't look at me. I don't want it.

Don: Wow. Sam, come over here and check this out. This is amazing. There's a picture of us with Dad from that time he got us down on the field to run around after the game.

Sam: No thanks. Whatever it is, if it belonged to Dad, it's all you.

Don: You gonna pull that "he loved you more than me" crap again?

Sam: I'm sorry I can't pretend he was this wonderful guy.

Don: I'm not asking you to pretend anything.

Sam: You know what, I can't do this again. You take the stuff. I'm good. I will see you at the next leak under the sink.

Grandma: Let her be. She'll learn how to forgive him someday.

Don: Thank God for you, Gram. I love you.

Grandma: You love my meatballs.

Don: Dad, can I see your policeman's badge?

Dad: Be careful. It's not a toy.

Don: When I'm a policeman, I'm gonna arrest all the bad guys.

Dad: Easy there, officer. Let's not shoot up the place.

Sam: Can I see it?

Dad: Doctors don't have badges, sweetheart.

Sam: I already told you, Daddy, I don't want to be a doctor. Please can I see it?

Dad: Maybe later. Here, eat your hot dog.

Man: Welcome, baseball fans to your New York Yankees...

Dad: Get your scorecards out, guys. The game's about to start.

Don: Hey, Sam, it's me. I need you to come over. There's something really important that I have to show you.

Mr. Lewis: Seven years after Tommy disappeared, the state declared him legally dead. Do you know what it's like to bury an empty coffin?

Lindsay: I'm sorry for your loss, Mr. Lewis, but Keith Milner is dead. "I don't remember, I blacked out"... that's not gonna cut it. Your fingerprints are all over his jacket.

Mac: Not to mention his blood all over your shirt.

Lindsay: We get it. You wanted to avenge the murder of your son.

Mac: But if you were man enough to kill him, be man enough to take responsibility for it.

Mr. Lewis: I swear to you, I don't know if I killed him. Look, I was so tired of thinking about Tommy, I just... wanted to be numb.

Milner: Bourbon, neat.

Mr. Lewis: was playing tricks on me I thought my mind. Took him a second to recognize me.

Milner: Please, Mr. Lewis.

Mr. Lewis: How dare you show your face around here on this day? You son of a bitch!

Milner: Please. I didn't kill Tommy.

Mr. Lewis: Shut up! Shut your mouth!

Milner: I didn't... I didn't.

Mr. Lewis: Why would you hurt that Why? perfect little boy? Why?

Milner: I didn't... kill your little boy. Please. Please. I didn't hurt him. I didn't. I didn't hurt him.

Mr. Lewis: I don't know if he was alive... but I left him in that alley.

Lindsay: Where did you go after that?

Mr. Lewis: The next thing that I remember is... waking up in the cemetery on top of Tommy's grave.

Sid: Okay, Brian.

Lindsay: I'm sorry you had to come all the way down here under these circumstances.

Milner's wife: He wasn't the horrible man people said he was. He didn't kill that boy.

Sid: When did you find out about the accusations against your husband?

Milner's wife: After we'd been dating for a few months. Keith wouldn't talk about it with me. He just wanted to put the whole thing behind him. And he said that if I thought for a second he was capable of such a thing, I should break it off right there. I didn't. We were married three years ago last week. And he's been nothing but kind, decent and honest.

Lindsay: Something brought your husband to the neighborhood last night. Do you have any idea what that was?

Milner's wife: I think this is the answer you're looking for. LINDSAY: "As the child we're about to bring into this world grows "inside the belly of my beautiful wife, "anxiety over secrets of my past grow on my conscience. "It tears at my heart to know "my parents went to their graves "believing I took the life of that boy. "The lies and the manipulation, the stealing and the drugs. Maybe I didn't deserve their trust."

Milner: I'm afraid that when I look into the eyes of my son for the very first time, the joy of that moment will be stolen from me by thoughts of Tommy Lewis and his mom and dad wondering where their own son has gone. If I'm going to raise my boy with integrity, if he can ever look up to me, he has to know the truth. I have to clear my conscience and my name. The world has already made up its mind about me.

Lindsay: "I have no choice but to face the wolf in sheep's clothing, "compel him to step forward and confess to the crimes for which I was so wrongly accused." That's his last entry.

Mac: If what he wrote is true, Keith Milner didn't kill Tommy Lewis, and he knew who did.

Sheldon: If Milner went back to the neighborhood to confront Tommy's killer, then the killer must still live there.

Christine: Hey.

Jo: Hi. Thanks for coming.

Christine: Of course. What's up? You were so cryptic on the phone. A million things were going through my mind on the way over here.

Jo: I'm sorry about that. I'm just a little concerned about Mac.

Christine: What do you mean?

Jo: I think he's struggling with some stuff.

Christine: What makes you say that?

Jo: Well, he's been avoiding certain situations at work, particularly things where he has to provide specific details.

Christine: Like what?

Jo: I've watched him a bunch of times struggle to name or identify an object, and he covers pretty well, but... Lord, I feel like I'm telling on him. I'm just worried about him. Have you noticed anything like that?

Christine: No. Not really. I mean, he doesn't know where he left his keys half the time, but that's just a man thing, you know. They're a forgetful bunch.

Jo: Because I think if you had noticed, then maybe we could...

Christine: No. I'm sorry. I mean, I'll keep an eye out. You know, Mac's been through a lot, and I'm sure it's just him settling back in.

Jo: Probably just me worrying when I shouldn't.

Sam: You're not seriously thinking of doing this?

Don: I am. But I need your help. That kid Zane that you used to make out with... he works there doing security. He can get us in.

Sam: I did not used to make out with him.

Don: Oh, sorry. He used to make out with you.

Sam: You're such an ass. I haven't seen that kid in, like, ten years.

Don: Well, I bumped into him two weeks ago on the subway. Talk to him. This guy would murder puppies if you asked him to.

Sam: Yeah, well, I'm not asking him to. You know, to be honest, it kind of pisses me off, Dad's still trying to tell me what to do from an urn on a shelf at Gram's place.

Don: Come on! Would you ease up on him already? So maybe he was a little bit tougher on you. It's only because he knew you were twice as smart as I am.

Sam: That is not true.

Don: It is true. I'm okay with that.

Sam: Would you just stop trying to make excuses for him? Yeah, I came to terms with this a long time ago. Maybe I was just hard to love. Maybe he had trouble relating to me. Whatever it is, I'm over it.

Don: I saw that guy cry once in my whole life. The night of your senior prom. You said you were sleeping at Heather's house. He checked up on you. You weren't there. So, he and I drove around all night looking for you. He was a wreck. Thinking the worst, as only a New York City detective can. And when we didn't find you, he bawled like a baby.

Sam: He never said anything about that to me.

Don: Maybe he was just trying to keep the peace. When you came home the next morning, he was just thankful you were safe. Sam... he loved you.

Sam: I got to get back to work. My car's at a meter.

Don: Hey, come on. Talk to Zane. I don't have a plan "B." Um... I love you.

Christine: Hey.

Mac: Hey. This is a surprise.

Christine: Sorry to barge in on you like this. I-I brought you something from Piccolo.

Mac: Oh.

Christine: Hope you're hungry.

Mac: Oh, thank you.

Christine: Do you trust me, Mac?

Mac: You even have to ask me that?

Christine: I think I do. Um, I had coffee with Jo earlier. She's worried about you, and I am, too.

Mac: Well, I'll tell you what I told her... I'm fine.

Christine: That's what I said, 'cause our relationship and if you had a problem, you would have come to me and we would have worked it out together, right?

Mac: That's right.

Christine: Except she's with you a lot more than I am, and, um, she's very smart, and for her to approach me was hard. She took a chance, so I'm thinking there must be something there. I just want you to look me in the eye and tell me nothing's wrong.

Mac: What the hell is this, Christine?

Christine: It's really simple. Just look me in the eye and tell me.

Mac: I don't appreciate my integrity being called into question.

Christine: I didn't come here to question your integrity. I came here because I care about you. All right, let's try this another way. Tell me what this is called. Tell me what this is called.

Sheldon: Hey, Mac, I'm sorry to interrupt, but you're gonna want to hear this. I apologize. Should I...?

Mac: No, no. Christine was on her way out. Come on.

Sheldon: Microcrystalline wax, paraffin, green nettle plant, and green mold have one thing in common... a very rare, expensive cheese called Flaming Nettle Gouda. It's imported from Italy and sold in a few cheese shops and delis around the city. One of them is Ventri's in the East Village.

Mac: Ventri was the last person to see Tommy alive.

Ventri: Hey, what can I get you?

Lindsay: Mitch Ventri?

Ventri: Yeah. I'd like to talk to you about the murder of Keith Milner.

Lovato: Put down the knife and come out from behind the counter.

Ventri: It's over. I'm sorry. I've done some very terrible things. Tommy knew me. I'd seen him in the store a bunch of times with his folks. That day was the first time I ever saw him alone.

Tommy: Come here, Foo-Foo, come here. Hi.

Ventri: Hey, Tommy, how you doing, bud?

Tommy: Good.

Ventri: You out walking the dog all by yourself?

Tommy: Yeah.

Ventri: Wow. What do you got on your lip there, buddy? You got a little something... what is that? I told him I had a big box of lollipops down in the basement, and he could pick one if he wanted. He asked me how much it was gonna cost. Okay, yeah, let's go down in the basement, come on. I didn't plan on hurting him. I really didn't. He started to call out to help, and... I panicked. I hit him. And he wouldn't stop yelling, he just... And I hit him again. Then, I just kept hitting him.

Lovato: How many are there? How many other kids are there, Mitch?

Ventri: There's none. No, no, I... I swear to you, there's none. I, I thought about it, but I never touched a kid before that and I never touched one after.

Lindsay: So, where is he? Where's Tommy? He's still there. He's still in the basement.

Lovato: So, Keith told his parents that he saw you take Tommy into the basement. Why didn't they call the police?

Ventri: 'Cause they didn't believe him.

Lindsay: They took your word over the word of their own son?
 Ventri: I wish I could tell you I had to convince them, but I didn't. They were at the end of their rope with Keith. I mean, he was using drugs, he was stealing from half the neighborhood, including the Milners.

Lovato: So, they'd been lied to and manipulated so many times that they didn't believe a word he said.

Ventri: Look, I know you think I'm a monster, but I was good to a lot of people in that neighborhood, especially the Milners. I gave 'em credit in my store, I lent them money to pay rent sometimes when things were tight, and... they were my friends. They trusted me. I've been coming through that park every morning at 4:00 a.m. for the last 27 years. I wake up early, I go into the deli, I open it up, I get it all set up for the day. Milner knew that. The whole neighborhood did. He was waiting for me.

Lindsay: But he didn't want to hurt you. He just wanted to confront you, give you a chance to come clean on your own.

Ventri: He should have just left it alone.

Milner: I have to talk to you, Mr. Ventri

Ventri: What do you want?

Milner: You have to tell what happened to Tommy. The Lewises deserve to know what happened to their son.

Ventri: Get away from me. I don't know what you're talking about.

Milner: If you don't tell, I will. I will tell everyone I can until someone finally listens.

Ventri: I didn't know what to do. I mean, I didn't want any of this to happen. I'm not a bad person. No, you're the worst kind of person.

Lindsay: You look like us, you walk and talk like us. But you know what, Mitch Ventri? You're nothing like us.

Jo: You sure you don't want me to come with you to the Lewises' to make notification?

Mac: You stay here and help Danny and Sheldon finish up downstairs.

Jo: I'm so glad you're finally able to bring this family closure after all these years. See you back at the office.

Mac: Jo.

Jo: Yeah.

Mac: I'm only gonna tell you this once. Be careful where you stick your nose. Stay out of my personal business.

Mr. Lewis: Detective.

Mac: I wanted to, uh, let you know that we found your son.

Sam: Hey.

Don: Oh.

Sam: Scared you, didn't I?

Don: Yeah, you did.

Sam: Yeah.

Don: Not funny.

Sam: You know you owe me big-time. Zane? Beyond creepy.

Don: Do you remember what switch he said it was?

Sam: I don't know. I'm glad I came.

Don: I'm glad you came, too. This is for you, Pop.

CSI: NY, Season 9, Episode. 6, "The Lady in the lake."

Man: Yo, watch out!

Don: Hey! Hey!

Girl: Wait. Are you kidding me? I thought you said this story was about a princess, not some cops chasing some dude.

Adam: It is. I'm just setting it up. Okay? See? It's called backstory.

Girl: Well, how about getting to the front story?

Adam: Well, I... Detective Flack is chasing the bad guy.

Don: Where is it, Rennick?

Remind: Where's what?

Don: The gun you used to kill Roger Murray with.

Rennick: Who?

Don: I pulled a hamstring scaling that truck over there. You don't want to mess with me right now.

Rennick: Hey, man, come on!

Don: Listen to me. We got your blood, we got your prints. You're going away. The only question is for how long?

Rennick: It's in the pond. Turtle pond. Near the dock.

Don: Let's go.

Officer: Let's go.

Rennick: I swear, I threw it in there.

Adam: Between the mud and the zero visibility, I got nothing.

Jo: Might need more divers; It's a big pond.

Mac: Rennick's not getting away with murder. Drain it.

Adam: Drain it? Girl: Ugh. Drain the pond? How long is this gonna take?

Adam: Uh, well, not nearly as long as a lineup takes. Your mom's gonna be... At least another hour, and I don't see anybody rushing over here to take my report, so I think we're stuck.

Girl 2: If you're a cop, why can't you report your stolen car to yourself?

Adam: Um, well, 'cause I'm not a cop. No, I mean, I work with cops. Yeah, I do cop stuff, but I'm a... I'm a crime scene investigator. Okay, fine. Girls, I'll tell you about the princess. You know, in Central Park... Looking for the bad guy's gun.

Mac: Everybody spread out.

Adam: No way. I found it. I found it!

Jo: Mac?

Mac: Another gun?

Jo: Another murder.

Mac: Yeah. Okay. I got it. Keep me posted.

Jo: She's been underwater for at least a couple of days, so any evidence of foul play would definitely be compromised.

Mac: No purse, no ID, no cell phone. So far she doesn't match a description on any recent missing persons reports.

Jo: Blunt force trauma. Enough to kill her.

Mac: Drain plug's missing. She's tied down. Well-thought-out suicide? Mugging gone wrong?

Jo: Well, they didn't take her earrings. Quite an elaborate way for a grab-and-go guy to dispose of a body.

Mac: Eliminates mugging.

Jo: Quite a ball gown, so... I'm not buying suicide.

Mac: That leaves good, old-fashioned murder.

Jo: So we've got a castle, and a princess.
 Mac: And an unhappy ending.
 Girl: Is that what she was killed with?
 Adam: No, um... That actually was a piece of a spaceship.
 Sheldon: Prints got a match to Ashley Braden, 26. Had a juvie record for a meth bust about eight years ago. Been clean ever since. Part-time student Chelsea U, no next of kin.
 Sid: No signs of pulmonary edema.
 Mac: Means she was dead before she went in the water.
 Sid: COD is subdural hematoma, caused by massive blunt force trauma.
 Sheldon: Analysis of the trace you recovered from the wound suggests that the weapon was a banded metamorphic deposit, containing quartz, mica, feldspar and biotite.
 Mac: She was killed with a rock. Specifically, Manhattan schist.
 Sheldon: Which doesn't help us, 'cause the city's full of it.
 Mac: Time of death?
 Sid: Well, given the water temperature, and extensive skin slippage, I'd say she'd been underwater approximately 60 hours when you found her.
 Mac: And how long before that was she killed?
 Sid: Lividity is exclusively along her right side.
 Mac: Consistent with her position in the boat.
 Sid: So she was probably pushed out into the water within minutes of her death.
 Mac: Which would suggest she was killed in the park, quite close to the pond.
 Sheldon: 60 hours... Puts it at Saturday night, around midnight.
 Sid: Stomach contents revealed traces of *arothron hispidus*, also known as puffer fish.
 Mac: Very expensive sushi.
 Sid: And delicious. Her last meal was to die for.
 Sheldon: Fancy meal, fancy dress, fancy party... That begs the question, where was Ashley before she was at the park?
 Sid: And who was she with? I may have discovered evidence of a struggle. I took subdermal photos.
 Mac: Very light discoloration.
 Sid: Yeah, but then I found... Burst capillaries. And in a circular pattern, around her wrist.
 Sheldon: Somebody grabbed her.
 Mac: And she resisted. Ashley didn't go down without a fight.
 Christine: I just want you to look me in the eye and tell me nothing's wrong.
 Phillips: You're suffering from what's called anomia. I can appreciate your optimism, but you cannot do this alone.
 Mac: Christine, uh, when you get this, can you call me? I don't want to leave things... Just call me, please. You got a match on the gun from the pond?
 Adam: 100%. Sent the ballistics report to the D.A., and Rennick's probably pled out by now.
 Mac: What's that?
 Adams: That is an excellent question, Mac. I found this in the pond. Strange etchings, carbon trace from intense heat, and radioactivity. Not enough to be dangerous, just intriguing. But here is the *pièce de résistance*: I found particles combined of nickel, iron and olivine.
 Mac: Space dust.
 Adam: That's right, M.T. Okay? This is not of this earth.
 Girl 2: Nuh-uh.

Adam: Uh-huh
 Girl: So... What'd the boss cop say?
 Adam: Well, he said, um...
 Mac: Fascinating. Now clear the rest of the guns, and don't ever call me "M. T." Again.
 Adam: All right.
 Mac: Give me some good news.
 Jo: My 14-year-old daughter broke up with her boyfriend. And I found a trace of flora wedged behind a rhinestone on the back of our vic's shoe, which suggests that she was dragged along the ground.
 Mac: If EDNA can give us a match to a plant in the park, it could give us the primary crime scene.
 Jo: More good news. I found a bloodstain on our victim's dress. Not her own.
 Mac: After three days in water?
 Jo: It was under her arm. GCMS analysis found aluminum sulfate. A dye-fixing agent. It's also an ingredient in antiperspirant, which is why it preserved the bloodstain. It is human, so I'm running it through CODIS right now to see if we can get a hit. There's also something unusual about the labels on her clothes. Bargain basement brand, right? Her dress... a designer label, very expensive.
 Mac: She's a part-time student. How'd she afford a dress like that?
 Jo: She didn't. The tag's still on. Clearly, she was going to return it.
 Mac: A poor girl trying to look rich.
 Jo: Cinderella story.
 Mac: Hey, Jo?
 Jo: Yeah.
 Mac: Last week, I was a bit short with you.
 Jo: You made your point. Already forgotten. Ah. The face behind the blood trace.
 Mac: Joseph Skiver.
 Man: Steady. Check the interiors. Nah, I got it.
 Don: Yo! NYPD. Why does that never work?
 Man: Watch it, watch it! Hey, buddy.
 Don: Nice move.
 Joseph: I'm not holding, man. Search me all you want.
 Don: Here's something you've never heard a cop say: I'm gonna take your word for it. Let's go.
 Don: Assault, fraud, burglary, possession of meth, trafficking in meth, trafficking in proscribed wildlife.
 Jo: "Proscribed wildlife"?
 Joseph: I'm diversifying.
 Jo: How about murder?
 Joseph: Yeah, stick it all on me. I'm a pincushion, baby. Just for giggles, who'd I kill?
 Don: Ashley Braden.
 Joseph: Ashley's dead?
 Don: Mm-hmm
 Joseph: God. And you think I did it 'cause I got a rap sheet?
 Jo: We found your blood on her clothes.
 Joseph: What?
 Don: How'd you cut your hand?
 Joseph: Are you kidding me? I would never...
 Don: That's not the answer I'm looking for, Skiver.
 Joseph: Uh... it's a bite, feeding the toucan. Those things are nasty.

Jo: Thought you were going to come up with something lame. When did you last see Ashley?

Joseph: Uh, Saturday night, at her place. She told me she couldn't see me anymore. Didn't want to give her boyfriend the wrong idea. She was all dressed up...

Jo: She was going out?

Joseph: Yeah. With Richie Rich. The boyfriend. He was throwing some big thing at the castle in Central Park.

Jo: Does he have a name?

Joseph: She wouldn't tell me.

Don: Sounds to me like Ashley dumped you. That must've made you pretty angry.

Joseph: You don't understand. When I met Ashley, her folks had just been killed in a car crash. She was alone. And, yeah, she got into a lot of dark stuff 'cause of me. That's what made me pretty angry. When she told me she was moving on, yeah, it broke my heart. But I was happy for her.

Jo: How did your blood end up on her dress?

Joseph: I don't know. Must've been when I was giving her a hug good-bye. I would never do anything to hurt Ashley.

Don: You believe him?

Jo: He was alone most of the evening, no one to corroborate his alibi. His blood's on our victim's dress. A toucan? Really?

Don: Had a cousin that worked with birds. They can be vicious.

Jo: We need to put Skiver in Central Park at the time of the murder, with that rock in his hand.

Don: And then there's always the new boyfriend.

Jo: Run with it. In the meantime, we're going back to the crime scene.

Don: All right.

Jo: EDNA matched the leaf. It only grows around here. Who catalogs every plant in Central Park? to hibiscus moscheutos

Danny: I'm guessing single guy, no kids.

Sheldon: Is that it?

Jo: Boom. Let's see what we can find.

Danny: Did she just use my word?

Don: Hey, Mac. Park operations put me onto the caterer of Saturday night's party. I should have the guest list ASAP. I understand there was some serious money in Belvedere Castle the other night. Over 300 people. Manhattan's elite.

Mac: That's a lot of suspects.

Don: Hoping the guest list can narrow it down to Ashley and a plus-one.

Mac: The boyfriend?

Don: Got my fingers crossed.

Mac: This area open to the public?

Don: Only during private events.

Mac: All those people, and not one of them reported Ashley Braden missing. Why?

Danny: You ever see me rip up a check for 50 grand, do me a favor and shoot me.

Mac: Consider it done.

Danny: Okay. 'Cause the paper that Sid found on the vic's body is a match to the check that I recovered at the crime scene.

Sheldon: Also found blood trace on a jewelry clasp. It doesn't belong to Skiver. Neither does the check.

Danny: It does connect to Ashley Braden. I filled in the missing letters. Fits like a glass slipper, no?

Mac: \$50,000 check made out to our vic. Hmm. Not much left of the signature.

Danny: No. It ends with e-l-l-o, or-or i-l-l-o.

Mac: Taylor.

Don: Hey, Mac. So, Ashley Braden was a guest of the vice president of the coronation group. A guy by the name of Matthew Dibello.

Mac: Dibello. Matthew Dibello. Perfect. Hold on. That's our guy. I'll meet you there.

Danny: Boom.

Don: Do you know an Ashley Braden?

Matthew: Yes, why?

Mac: When was the last time you saw her?

Matthew: Saturday night. We had a corporate function.

Don: And how did that go?

Matthew: Fine.

Mac: No issues with Ashley?

Matthew: We... had words. What's going on?

Mac: You haven't seen her for three days, but you haven't reported her missing.

Matthew: Because she isn't missing. She's in Kansas City.

Mac: And you know that because...

Matthew: I got a text from her Sunday morning, saying she was going there for a few days to cool off.

Don: That's not what happened, Matthew.

Matthew: I don't understand.

Mac: She's was murdered. Saturday night in the park.

Matthew: Ashley? No, no, no. She's in Kansas City.

Krista: Matthew, I was wondering... Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were in a meeting. What's wrong?

Matthew: Ashley's been murdered.

Krista: Oh, Matthew, what?

Matthew: Detectives, this is my mother, Krista Dibello.

Don: Why don't you tell us a little more about the words you had with Ashley.

Matthew: Ashley, uh, was late. We argued. She left.

Mac: Did it get physical?

Matthew: Did I hit her? No. I grabbed her wrist. Her jewelry must've scratched me, but I never hit her.

Don: You know she had a history, a criminal record, some shady friends?

Krista: That wasn't a secret, and it didn't matter to us.

Mac: Then why'd you write her a check for \$50,000?

Matthew: I didn't. I've never seen that check before.

Mac: Is that your signature?

Krista: It must be a forgery.

Mac: A lot of people have access to your personal checkbook?

Matthew: I can't explain that check, but there's something you have to understand about Ashley. She was honest with me. I knew about her past, and it only made me love her more. There was no blackmail, if that's what you're suggesting.

Mac: You won't mind if we take a DNA sample.

Matthew: I think I should consult my attorney.

Don: I thought you had nothing to hide?

Krista: Gentlemen, I understand you have to do your job, but let me be very clear. Matthew loved Ashley. He never, never could have hurt her.

Matthew: I'll give you whatever you need.

Girl: So did the prince do it or not?

Adam: Ah.

Girl 2: Even if he did the crime, he won't be doing the time.

Adam: Whoa, my story, my moral.

Mac: His reaction was genuine. He didn't know Ashley Braden was dead.

Don: Okay, but he's lying about something. We need to track down Ashley's cell.

Lindsay: Do you believe in luck?

Mac: Well, uh, Seneca said, "luck is the intersection of preparation and opportunity."

Lindsay: Well, then opportunity just knocked. Do you know where the Midtown Manhattan meteorological station is located?

Mac: Belvedere Castle.

Lindsay: 50 feet from where I found a single blood drop, Footprints and a bizarre circular divot pattern. Sid estimated the time of death as around midnight. On Saturday night at precisely 12:01 A.M., it started raining. And then at 12:14, it stopped. The circular divot pattern was from somebody holding an umbrella.

Mac: Which means they had to be standing there for at least some part of that 13 minutes.

Lindsay: Right, and also the pieces of the check that Danny found across the lake, they also had water damage from the rain. This umbrella duplicates the ring pattern I found at the site. Then I calibrated this pressure-sensitive mat to register the exact same depth of penetration as the raindrops.

Mac: The only variable is the height of the person holding the umbrella.

Lindsay: Right, now most people hold an umbrella with their forearm at a 45 degree angle. And at the site, I measured a depth of penetration of 3/16 of an inch. So, if I plug those into a height formula...

Mac: Five-11. That's brains, not luck. So what about the blood you found? Well, the umbrella protected it from the rain.

Lindsay: Right, unfortunately...

Mac: No hit in CODIS.

Lindsay: Right, but the footprints that I discovered at the scene, they faced away from the Belvedere Castle towards the pond. Male, size 11, slight over-pronation of the right foot.

Mac: No logo or brand name.

Lindsay: There's something even better. See that line?

Mac: It's pretty unique stitching.

Lindsay: There's only shoemaker that does that, Felitti.

Mac: Not cheap.

Lindsay: So, we have footprints across the lake, outside the Belvedere Castle, pointing towards the pond right around the time that we think Ashley was killed.

Mac: We have a witness.

Lindsay: Yes.

Girl 2: You heard aliens talking?

Adam: You know, who knows? I don't even know if they have mouths. All I know for sure is that it's some form of communication. Sounds waves from the middle of the spaceship. Which means I've discovered first contact. Boo-yah. Mmm.

Girl: So what happened next with the dead lady?

Adam: Really?

Lindsay: Just got Dibello's swab. It's his blood on the clasp that Hawkes found across the pond.

Mac: It puts him at the crime scene.

Lindsay: Yeah, it's also his blood near the footprints I found on the landing at Belvedere Castle. He's five-foot 11, he wears size 11 shoes, and he can certainly afford Felitti's.

Mac: Puts him in two places at the same time. Is he our killer or our witness?

Danny: Somebody looks like they're in a hurry.
 Don: Yep.
 Danny: Everybody get down!
 Don: Drop that gun now!
 Danny: Hey, drop it!
 Don: Drop that gun!
 Joseph: That was for Ashley, you son of a bitch!
 Don: Put your hands on your head right now. Don't move. Don't move. Get this hand up here.
 Danny: I need an ambulance at the Coronation Group Plaza, 122 Broad. Shooting, a man down. Ambulance is on its way.
 Girl 1: So the princess and the prince get killed?
 Adam: No, he wasn't killed. He just was in no shape to talk, which left us stumped.
 Girl 1: What about the text the Bello guy got from the princess?
 Adam: Ah, and that's exactly what the boss cop asked me to find.
 Girl 2: Whoa, whoa, whoa. What happened to the spaceship?
 Adam: Another great question.
 Sid: Any luck?
 Adam: Still waiting on a cell tower to pick up a signal from Ashley Braden's phone. But that is not the reason why I called you up here, Sid. What does that look like to you?
 Sid: Uh... Maybe the molecular structure of threonine?
 Adam: No, think bigger.
 Sid: Bigger. Um, flights out of O'Hare.
 Adam: Bigger.
 Sid: Okay, then, how about a star map?
 Adam: Yes, thank you. I knew you'd get it. Yeah. These lines right are radiating from Alpha Centauri, the closet star to earth, the closest source of extraterrestrial life, and the most likely source of this.
 Sid: Uh, may I?
 Adam: Easy.
 Sid: Okay.
 Adam: I found it in turtle pond, Sid. Do you know what this could do?
 Sid: Uh, protect a tabletop from a wet drink.
 Adam: Launch an industry, okay? Graphic novels, tv series, movie, theme parks, restaurants. I already got a name for it. Area 52. The A and the R are capitalized, because...
 Sid: Oh, Adam Ross.
 Adam: What up?
 Sid: Yes, very clever. And ambitious.
 Adam: Exactly, but since this is a ground floor startup, I'm willing to give you, Sid, 49% for only \$284,000, yeah.
 Sid: Dollars? Uh, well, that sounds like a bargain.
 Adam: You know, you'd be part of all major decisions. I'd love to hear your business advice, but of course, at the end of the day, someone has to have the final say.
 Sid: I understand. In fact, I already have some advice.
 Adam: Great, shoot. What?
 Sid: Don't pitch this to anyone who can fire you.
 Adam: Whatever. Jo! This guy's pulling into every dead end and alley in the city. What's up with that?
 Jo: He's stopped again, just around the corner. I'm gonna get out here.
 Adam: Okay, well, um, you know, I'll park and, uh, I will, I'll catch up. Jo? That's it?

Jo: That's it. Our killer must've used Ashley's phone, and then dumped it. You find any spaceships?

Adam: That's very funny, Jo. That's real funny.

Jo: Hey, you want any coffee? I just found a place down the block.

Adam: Oh, I got it!

Jo: Wow.

Adam: Oh, yeah. The cell phone was... Always sending a signal. It just was in a dumpster underground.

Jo: Till trash day, and the truck picked it up.

Adam: Look, if we cross-reference the truck route, maybe it'll lead us to an address where the suspect is.

Jo: Good idea. Garbage truck routes run along Fifth Avenue.

Adam: I parked right here.

Jo: What?

Adam: No! No, oh, no! This isn't happening! Jo, somebody stole the car. Somebody stole the avalanche. Mac is gonna kill me!

Jo: Oh, Adam, you're brilliant. We got a name. "Dibello." Taxi!

Adam: That's great. I can handle this. Yeah, you go. I'll handle this... And my funeral arrangements. Oh, my God.

Krista: You need to leave my son alone. He's done nothing, and you know it.

Mac: You're right. But we're not here for him.

Krista: What? This is ridiculous. Why would you think I had anything to do with Ashley's death?

Mac: Recognize this? You used it two send a text to your son, throw everyone off the trail.

Krista: That's it?

Mac: We also have an eyewitness.

Krista: Matthew is not going to help you.

Mac: You killed your son's girlfriend. I'd say all bets are pretty much off.

Krista: I didn't kill anyone, and he knows that.

Mac: He was there, Mrs. Dibello, when you put Ashley's body in the boat and pushed it into the pond.

Krista: He didn't see anything.

Jo: We found your footprints and blood, and the rain gave us the exact time, so we know you were there, and we know you saw something.

Matthew: It was dark.

Jo: You know, Matthew, I have a son that's not much younger than you are, and I, oh, I treasure his loyalty. But more important than that, I value his principles. If he were to encounter a wrong, I trust that he would come forward and do the right thing no matter who did it.

Matthew: I'm sorry. I can't help you.

Jo: And the more I learned about Ashley, the more impressed I am. She had so much to overcome. But no one does anything alone. She needed a partner in life, and she finally found that in you. Someone stable and supportive. Someone she could make a life with. Someone she could count on. That's what your mother did to her. And you may not be able to bring Ashley back, Matthew, but there is something you can do for her. She's still counting on you.

Jo: Matthew would like to talk to his mother.

Krista: How are you feeling?

Matthew: What do you mean?

Krista: How is your shoulder?

Matthew: My shoulder will heal.
 Krista: Matthew, you've been shot. Honey, you're grieving.
 Matthew: Why am I grieving, mom?
 Krista: Matthew...
 Matthew: Why am I grieving?!
 Krista: Because you lost a friend, who will be missed...
 Matthew: You hated her guts! She didn't like high heels, she-she wasn't catholic, she didn't come from money.
 Krista: She was a drug addict and so was her boyfriend.
 Matthew: I was her boyfriend.
 Krista: She was wrong for you, Matthew. She didn't belong.
 Matthew: So, you killed her?
 Krista: She was being introduced to people worth tens of millions of dollars, and she is saying "lovely to twalk to you."
 Matthew: I thought if you saw her all dressed up you might give her a chance. She hated putting on a show, but she did it for you, to impress you.
 Matthew: Ashley, wait! We have to talk about this!
 Ashley: No, we don't.
 Mac: So that's when you went after her.
 Krista: I figured this was my chance.
 Mac: To kill her?
 Krista: To bribe her. Take this. I never wanted her dead. It's \$50,000. I just wanted her gone.
 Ashley: What do you think I am?
 Mac: You took her bracelet?
 Krista: My bracelet, given to me by my grandmother. I had no idea Matthew was watching.
 Matthew: I didn't put it together until the police told me that Ashley was dead. Didn't realize I'd seen her murder.
 Jo: The D.A. will have more questions. And your mother...
 Matthew: I don't care about her. Am I free to go?
 Jo: Yes, you are.
 Girl 1: Whoa, that prince's old lady is cold.
 Girl 2: Is she gonna fry?
 Adam: No, they don't fry people in New York, but she is gonna go away for a very, very long time.
 Girl 1: Ooh, there's mama.
 Girl 2: Wait. What about the end of the spaceship story?
 Adam: Well, that's all I got for right now. I tell you what? This story is just beginning.
 Girl 2: Cool.
 Adam: All right.
 Girl 1: Come on. Bye
 Adam: Bye.
 Girl 2: That dude, he's gonna be richer than Carmelo.
 Adam: Bye.
 Officer: Heading home, detective?
 Mac: No, no, I gotta get back to the... The, uh...
 Officer: The lab?
 Mac: The lab, yeah. It's been a long day.
 Officer: There you go. Thank you.

Mac: Christine, uh, it's... it's me. We need to talk. I'm, uh... There is something wrong.

Automated Voice: To send your message, press one. To delete your message, press two.

Jo: When are you gonna tell him?

Mac: They found the avalanche.

Adam: Oh, great. Where?

Mac: Impound. You parked in the red zone. Next time, put the placard in the window.

Adam: And when did you find this out?

Mac: I've had a lot on my plate today.

Adam: Well, you know, so did I. It's a lot more important than sitting here.

Mac: Well, maybe this will help: Mikhail Gorbachev.

Adam: Mikha... Gorbachev. What?

Mac: Phobos one?

Jo: Not from Alpha centauri?

Adam: Kazakhstan.

Mac: Martian probe launched by the Russians in 1988. They lost track of it, but... Looks like one piece of it found its way back home.

Adam: Yeah. Animal sounds, car horns, the word "earth" recorded in 37 different languages, 1988's top ten hits. This was Russia's interplanetary greeting card.

Jo: They had some good stuff in '88. "Red, red wine," "Kokomo" "Don't worry, be happy" do you remember that?

Mac: Yes, I do.

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Jo: Okay, bring her down.

Sheldon: Bring her down.

Don: Our vic is Ellen White, 19 years old. She was originally from Kansas. Has no family locally to speak of? Her classmate, Alexa Holdman, discovered her when she was practicing one of those twirly things.

Mac: A pirouette?

Don: Like I said, a twirly thing.

Mac: Any idea how she got up there?

Don: Looks like the killer used the theater's pulley system.

Mac: Alexa Holdman seems pretty together for someone who just found her friend murdered.

Don: They weren't friends. Ellen was Alexa's understudy, and that was the extent of their relationship.

Sheldon: Petechial hemorrhaging. C.O.D.'s most likely asphyxiation.

Don: You needed an exam for that? She was hung up by a rope.

Jo: We're not sure the rope killed her.

Don: A ligature mark and bruising. No ecchymosis presents.

Sheldon: Most likely made postmortem. This bruising is more consistent with being choked to death.

Mac: Discoloration and swelling indicates it was made antemortem.

Don: All right, I may not be the owner of a wonderful white lab coat, but it sounds to me like you're saying somebody strangled her, then strung her up.

Mac: Why hang somebody who's already dead?

Jo: I don't know, Mac talented understudy dead, doesn't seem the least bit upset about it. I know it's a cliché, but understudies do go on to become stars, so maybe Ellen's was shining a bit too bright for Alexa's liking.

Mac: Danny confirmed the pulley system was used to hang the body, a task even a 90-pound ballerina could pull off.

Don: That's an interesting theory. There's only one problem. Hawkes said Ellen's death was around 6:00 p.m. Now, I just spoke to the dancers and the director of the show. Anyone who's a possible suspect was in rehearsal from 5:00 until 8:00, including the very icy Alexa Holdman.

Mac: How about Ellen? She ever makes it there?

Don: She left to use the bathroom around 5:30 and never came back.

Jo: No one thought to go looking for her?

Don: Apparently, breaks were pretty common for Ellen. Sometimes she'd come back, sometimes no.

Mac: No one else was in the... the, uh...

Don: Building? No. The dancers and the director had the place to themselves. Janitors don't get here till 10:00, which is 15 minutes from now.

Mac: Well, the victim didn't hang herself. Someone was here who wasn't supposed to be. Find out who that was.

Christine: I'm sorry I didn't... I didn't return your calls. I didn't know what to say.

Mac: I understand why you're angry with me, Christine.

Christine: I'm not angry. Um... hurt, uh, confused... a little embarrassed. I realized I'd been acting like a teenage girl, you know? Butterflies in my stomach 'cause I'm so excited to see you, fighting the urge to text message every minute... Making a lot more of this than... than what it is, so I'm going to take a step back. No, I don't want you to do that. Yeah, well, if that's true, then why don't

you tell me what's wrong? Why are you shutting me out of whatever it is that you're going through?

Mac: That's not what I'm doing. This isn't... about us.

Christine: Oh. Oh, okay. I get it. It's none of my business.

Mac: That's not what I'm saying.

Christine: Mac, the problem is that you are not saying anything.

Mac: You... you make me very happy. I'm just... struggling with...

Christine: You can tell me. You know, all those nights that I sat by your bedside in the hospital, it wasn't because I felt some obligation. I was where I wanted to be. I sat there day after day, praying... because I wanted... I needed you to recover. Mac, you can trust me.

Mac: I can't... I can't remember things. Since the shooting, I... my... mem-memory is... It's the little things, mostly, like colors, names of colors, foods, little... every-everyday objects. I just... I thought I could work through it on my own, but I just keep forgetting things. They call it aphasia. I keep seeing all these doctors, and they... they tell me it could, uh... it could go away, or this could be how I am.

Christine: Why didn't you share this with me, Mac? Never mind. I asked a question I already know the answer to. You know, one of the most endearing things about you is your pride. But it's also your weakness. And I-I have to decide if I can live with that.

Mac: Okay

Sid: A dancer, more than any other human being, dies two deaths." Martha Graham said that. Though, obviously, she didn't have our victim in mind when she said it.

Sheldon: Then cause of death was asphyxiation by manual strangulation. The ligature mark was made postmortem.

Sid: Yes. I also found esophageal scarring and enamel loss.

Jo: So she was bulimic. Common in dancers.

Sid: But not my only discovery.

Jo: Those weren't made by the killer.

Sid: Self-mutilation. Or, as the cool kids call it...

Jo: Cutting.

Sid: From the look of these scars, going on over a year now.

Sheldon: Well, our killer may have known about her issues and wanted us to think it was a suicide.

Sid: Bruising suggests her killer went straight at her. But I didn't find any defensive marks on her hands.

Jo: Well, if that's the case, Ellen may have known her killer.

Sheldon: Hey, never get Lucy a cell phone.

Danny: She's only five, Doc.

Sheldon: I mean, never ever. I went through Ellen White's cell. There were 500 texts from this week alone.

Danny: Wow. Anything out of the ordinary?

Sheldon: No, just a lot of "IMHO"s and "FTW"s. The girl moves to New York a year ago. Has no close friends in town? Texts her boyfriend in Kansas daily. I can't seem to find a reason anyone would want her dead.

Danny: Well, I found black trace on the rope. Came back a mixture of saltpeter, charcoal and sulfur. All components of black powder.

Sheldon: As in the type of gun powder used during the Civil War?

Danny: Before the Civil War, actually.

Sheldon: So, how does gunpowder from an antique gun end up on the rope of our hanging victim?

Adam: Messer, you got to do me a favor and tell your wife to back off, okay? 'Cause I didn't do it. Okay, and I don't like being accused of things I didn't do when I didn't do it because I didn't do it, okay?

Danny: That make any sense to you?

Sheldon: Yeah, he didn't do it.

Danny: Hey, babe, what'd you do to Adam?

Lindsay: Don't think that you two aren't suspects.

Danny: What happened to your eyes?

Lindsay: Adam. You know, I think I'm a pretty nice person. Levelheaded, patient, as is evidenced by the man I've taken as my husband.

Sheldon: God knows how you do it.

Lindsay: Somebody decided, "Hey, she's an easy target. Let's play lab prank on Lindsay because she's..." what, weak? Whoever did this is going down.

Danny: And you think Adam did it?

Lindsay: Well, I think so, but I haven't had a chance to process the microscope yet, so until I do, everybody's a suspect. Okay? I don't think I need to remind you two that your fingerprints and your DNA are in our reference files.

Sheldon: All this is very fascinating, and I personally can't wait to find out who did it, but... I'm slightly more interested in this antique gun gallery. Murder case?

Lindsay: Yeah. Jane Doe shot in Hell's Kitchen 24 hours ago. The gun used to kill her discharged a loading paper that's used in front-loading guns of the antique variety.

Danny: What are you looking for?

Mac: A zigzagging wound pattern indicated in Sid's autopsy report.

Lindsay: We reconstructed the fragments. The bullet was a .26 caliber pellet. The powder burns on the victim's clothing would indicate that the shooter was approximately ten feet away.

Mac: That brings out the color in your eyes.

Lindsay: Thank you.

Mac: Any luck?

Lindsay: I think number two's a winner. Closely mimics the wound pattern that Sid found on his CT scan. The Allen & Thurber pepperbox revolver. It's manufactured in 1830.

Danny: Pre-Civil War.

Sheldon: You find traces of black powder GSR on your victim?

Lindsay: Yeah. Why?

Danny: 'Cause I found black powder on the rope that was used to hang Ellen White.

Mac: GSR from the gun that killed our Jane Doe matched GSR from the rope that hung our ballerina. Doesn't make sense.

Sid: No, it doesn't.

Mac: Nothing about these two murders suggests serial killer. The women have nothing in common: job, description, social circles.

Sid: Two completely different methods of murder. And no signature left by their attacker.

Mac: Still, the evidence suggests that whoever shot our Jane Doe strangled Ellen White.

Sam: Keep moving. Keep moving!

Lady: Please...

Sam: Shut up. Back up.

Police: Freeze! Put the weapon down! Young lady, come towards me. Come towards me. Back away from the weapon. Put your hands behind your head.

Don: Patrol picked him up holding a girl at gunpoint.

Jamie: Same gun used to kill the Jane Doe in Hell's Kitchen. You like shooting young girls with old guns?

Sam: I never shot anybody.

Don: Of course not. You're a good guy. Let's see. Sam Cross, 25 years old. Highlights include: assault, armed robbery and burglary. So, tell me, what made you graduate to murder?

Sam: Whoa, wait a minute. Murder? Look, I didn't kill these girls. Okay? I'm just a stickup guy. I never graduated to nothing.

Jamie: I can't imagine why.

Don: This is a very compelling performance, Sam, but the fact is we found you with the gun you used to kill this woman right here. You shot her in Hell's Kitchen. Any of this coming back to you? What we can't figure out, though, is: Why did you hang Ellen White? Why not just shoot her, too?

Sam: Who the hell is Ellen White? Look... that's not even my gun... I found the damn thing.

Jamie: That's the lame-ass story you're gonna go with?

Sam: Yeah, it's the truth, actually. Look, I've been trying to go straight. Okay? I got a job at a, uh, gym in Hell's Kitchen, but the owner just couldn't stop... busting my balls, so I quit. I decided to hit this little bar I know on my way home, and, uh, she was dead when I found her.

Jamie: So, why didn't you call the cops?

Sam: With my record? No. Uh-uh. Hell, no. Look... I searched for a wallet. I-I found none, so... I mean, I did take some jewelry. Look, it's not like she was going to need it. Okay? And that's when I saw it. It was just... lying there.

Jamie: Lying. That's an interesting word choice.

Sam: Yeah, well, you know what? A free piece comes your way and you take it.

Don: You ever visit the Manhattan Conservatory of Dance? Maybe last night?

Sam: Last night? I was with a lady friend, yeah. So, you can actually call her and ask her about that. Just make sure her husband's not around when you do.

Jo: We any closer to I.D.'ing our Jane Doe?

Lindsay: Not yet. The tox results just came back. There was a blend of chemicals in her system consistent with those found in antidepressants, but in a combination, I've never seen before.

Jo: Could be a cocktail.

Lindsay: Yeah. I have a call in to a pharmaceutical company. Maybe they can help.

Jo: How's your search for the lab prankster going?

Lindsay: Fine. Finally had a chance to process the crime scene this morning. Tested positive for methylene blue.

Jo: That's not going to narrow your list of suspects. We all have access to that.

Lindsay: I also found something else.

Jo: Okay... I think I see it.

Lindsay: Oh, it's there. Just not sure exactly what it is yet. But I'll figure it out. When I do, I'll be that much closer to exacting my revenge.

Jo: Remind me never to get on your bad side.

Christine: Is this a bad time?

Mac: No.

Christine: It meant a lot, you, um, opening up to me last night.

Mac: I wish it wasn't so hard for me.

Christine: Yeah, I know that. But I want you to always feel you can come to me, be honest with me, no matter how hard it is. I'm tougher than you think.

Mac: I know how tough you are.

Christine: I want to help you, Mac.

Lindsay: Hey, I got the... Oh. Sorry. Hey, Christine.

Christine: Hi.

Lindsay: I can come back.

Christine: I-I was just leaving. What...?

Lindsay: Oh, don't ask. It's a long story. I got punked.

Mac: Somebody thought it'd be funny to dye her eyes...

Christine: Blue. I see!

Lindsay: It takes a few days to wear off. I know I look... ridiculous.

Christine: No, no. Not-not at all. I'll call you later.

Lindsay: So... any word on Flack and Lovato's suspect?

Mac: They're still trying to track down his alibi.

Lindsay: But you're not convinced it's him?

Mac: Doesn't make sense. He's a stickup man. And even if he did kill our Jane Doe, why kill Ellen White in such a... theatrical way?

Lindsay: Well, maybe if we knew who our Jane Doe was, we could establish a connection. Sid found a drug in her system called Trihoxiphil. I'd never heard of it before, so I did some digging. It's an antidepressant, and it's currently in the human trial phase of FDA approval.

Mac: So how'd she get access to it?

Lindsay: I called the drug company. They're currently working with a select group of psychiatrists nationwide, four of whom are in New York City.

Mac: You reach out to them?

Lindsay: Yes. And only one of them has a patient whose description matches our Jane Doe.

Dr. Emerson: Her name is Lisa. Lisa Weston. She's been a patient of mine since she was 16. Who did this to her?

Jo: That's what we're trying to figure out.

Mac: Did she ever mention the name Sam Cross to you?

Dr. Emerson: Not that I recall. Is he the man responsible?

Mac: We're still trying to determine that. Right now, we just need to know as much about her as you can tell us.

Jo: Did she mention anything in therapy? Anything that could aid us in the investigation?

Dr. Emerson: I saw her just this week. Everything seemed fine.

Jo: What were you treating her for?

Dr. Emerson: She suffered from bipolar disorder. But our work together, plus this new trial drug, she'd never been better.

Dr. Emerson: she'd never been better. What about her home life? Did she live with family, a boyfriend? She lived by herself. Lisa came from a very Privileged background, but... she never wanted any help from her family. As far as a boyfriend, she didn't have one... she was very guarded when it came to men. I can check my notes from our last few sessions together. It's possible I overlooked something.

Jo: That'd be very helpful.

Mac: Dr. Emerson. Did Lisa ever mention the name Ellen White to you?

Mac: Lisa Weston and Ellen White were both patients of Dr. Carly Emerson.

Lindsay: So, where's the doctor now?

Jo: She's back at her office gathering notes and files on both of the victims. Flack and Lovato are meeting her there.

Lindsay: Okay, so how does Sam Cross figure into all this?
 Mac: He doesn't. His alibi checks out.
 Lindsay: So, why is somebody targeting this doctor's patients?
 Adam: Tracked the seller of the antique revolver, and it wasn't easy because it was made back when the dinosaurs were roaming the earth. Ran the serial number. Now, problem was, you don't need a permit to buy and sell guns that were manufactured before 1899, so there was no record of the gun in any database. However, after some masterful Internet sleuthing by moi, I was able to track down the gun to the seller. It was bought online two weeks ago by Dr. Carly Emerson, the psychiatrist of our two victims.
 Don: Dr. Emerson! Dr. Emerson! NYPD!
 Jamie: Clear.
 Don: She's gone.
 Jo: Maybe she never went back at all.
 Don: Well, it looks to me like she was here. I got Polaroids of Ellen White, the rope used to hang her and the Conservatory of Dance.
 Mac: The victim, the weapon and the location. Got it.
 Jo: So, what do you make of that?
 Mac: Someone's playing a game with us. Mrs. White. Conservatory. With a rope.
 Lindsay: Lisa Weston had red hair, and she was killed in Hell's Kitchen with a revolver.
 Jo: Mrs. Scarlet in the kitchen with the revolver.
 Lindsay: Holy crap.
 Mac: It's Clue.
 Mac: Six suspects. Nine rooms. Six murder weapons. 324 possibilities to deduce the killer.
 Jo: Dr. Emerson may have bought the revolver, but I'm having a hard time believing she's a killer.
 Sheldon: Science would tend to disagree. Polaroids Flack recovered from the doctor's office had only one set of prints on them... hers.
 Jo: But she's a doctor, well-respected in the community. She has no criminal record. Why, all of a sudden, would she start killing her patients? And like this?
 Mac: Right now, the why isn't as important as who's next. Four remaining suspects in the game, meaning four more potential victims.
 Sheldon: We have an APB out on Dr. Emerson. Danny and Lindsay are reaching out to her patients, but Ellen White's the only one whose name matches characters from Clue.
 Mac: Lisa Weston did have scarlet-colored hair.
 Jo: So, if it's not their name, it's something specific to them that connects to the game.
 Mac: I'm guessing that pattern's going to follow. To catch our killer, we're going to have to play the game with them. So, according to the rules, Scarlet always moves first, followed clockwise by Colonel Mustard, then White and so on.
 Sheldon: Well, if our killer is following the order of players in the game, what happened to Mustard?
 Jo: Maybe the rules don't matter. Locations haven't been spot-on.
 Mac: Or there's a body out there that we don't know about.
 Sheldon: I'll check the missing persons reports as well as the morgues for any unidentified DOAs.
 Jo: Scarlet, Mustard, White.
 Mac: If the killings are going in order, Mr. Green would be next.
 Jo: Maybe we need to be focusing on her male patients.

Mac: Mac Taylor.

Lindsay: Vic's name is Shane Simmons. He's 19. He was a patient of Dr. Emerson's for two years. He had a full ride to Stanford on a golf scholarship, but he never went. Doc's files said it was too much pressure for him.

Mac: Body's on a green, killed with a candlestick.

Lindsay: Yeah, I was trying to figure that out... what's the location?

Mac: The ballroom.

Lindsay: Well, I'll give the doctor this... she's clever.

Don: Thanks.

Mac: We got a pretty lengthy blood trail. He was attacked somewhere else and dragged here.

Don: Employee found a set of keys still in the door handle, and the door was unlocked. Our vic was probably attacked when he came out to lock up last night.

Mac: And the laceration from the candlestick is on the back of his head, so he was hit from behind.

Jamie: Kid never saw it coming.

Mac: What'd you find out?

Don: Simmons been working here for about six months. He takes classes at Hunter during the day and comes here at night to work the late shift.

Mac: What time does the place close?

Jamie: 10:00, but whoever locks up has to stay here long enough to get the course ready for the next morning.

Mac: Emerson might have known his routine, that he'd be alone.

Jamie: No witnesses. Just like the other vics.

Don: Except it's not like the other two vics.

Mac: How do you mean?

Don: Our vic's a male. Now, we all like Emerson for this, and I buy her taking a shot at Scarlet and hanging White, but I don't know many women her size who could drag a dude his size from where he was attacked all the way across this course to that green over there.

Mac: She may have had someone helping her.

Danny: Seriously, babe, how long you planning on wearing those sunglasses?

Lindsay: Till I don't look like I'm a member of the Blue Man Group.

Danny: Did you figure out what made those markings in Ballistics?

Lindsay: Yeah. As a matter of fact, I did. So, whoever stained the microscope is a detective.

Danny: Ah. Hmm. Adam and Hawkes don't have detective shields. Probably could take Mac out of the equation because, you know, joke is not really a part of his vocabulary. You know, that just leaves you with Ms. Danville.

Lindsay: And you.

Danny: Me? Think I would pull that kind of prank on... on my own wife?

Lindsay: Let me see your badge.

Danny: You want to see my badge?

Lindsay: Yeah, let me see your badge.

Danny: What do you want to see my badge for?

Lindsay: Let me see it. Give it to me. All right, no stain. I'm looking for a blue stain.

Danny: Ah. I'm innocent.

Lindsay: You could have rubbed it off. Oh, my God. Lucy is going to be so jealous.

Danny: How does a whisker from a giant snow leopard in the Central Park Zoo end up on a dead body halfway across town?

Mr. Hull: I'm the primary zookeeper for the snow leopards.

Danny: So, does anyone else interact with them?
Mr. Hull: They can be temperamental animals. Anybody gets in that cage without proper training, that's when limbs start getting ripped off.

Lindsay: You recognize this guy?
Mr. Hull: No.
Lindsay: What about her?
Mr. Hull: Doesn't look familiar. What is this all about?
Danny: We found a whisker from one of your, uh, snow leopards at a murder scene this morning.

Mr. Hull: You think one of my cats killed someone?
Lindsay: Mr. Hull, where were you last night?
Mr. Hull: Me? I was here most of the night. I've been staying late. One of my leopards is sick.

Danny: What time, uh, did you leave?
Mr. Hull: About 10:00. Drove home, got a few hours of sleep and came back at 4:00.
Danny: Stop anywhere along the way?
Mr. Hull: No. Why are you asking me this?
Lindsay: Do you mind if we take a look at your car?
Mr. Hull: I don't have it anymore. I mean... I know that sounds suspicious. I rented it. It's a Go Ride. I pick it up when I need it, and I drop it off when I'm done.

Danny: What time did you drop it off?
Mr. Hull: Uh, 10:15. I don't know. Check with the company. They keep records.
Lindsay: Thanks. Somebody could have driven the car after him. His name's Steve Davis. He's been a patient of Dr. Emerson's since he was 13 years old.

Jo: What was he seeing her for?
Lindsay: OCD and depression. So, we subpoenaed Emerson's case files. According to Davis's file, she stopped treating him two months ago.

Mac: What ended the relationship?
Danny: Kid fell in love with her. Right, so she referred him to another colleague, but he never made an appointment.

Jo: Says here he was taking Escitalopram for the last six years.
Danny: eah, but not currently. Insurance company says that he hasn't filled that prescription in two months.

Mac: So he's off his meds.
Lindsay: Turns out Davis rented the car from 11:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m.
Danny: GPS coordinates put the car at Pier 25 from 11:30 to 12:45, right around the time our vic was killed.

Lindsay: And when we tracked down the Go Ride... blood was a match to our victim, Shane Simmons... Mr. Green, killed with the candlestick.

Don: Steve Davis! NYPD! Open up! All right. We got a live one in here!
Mac: Where's Davis now?
Dr. Emerson: I don't know.
Jo: Did he say anything? Indicate who his next target may be?
Dr. Emerson: He was over by the board, he rolled the dice, he said he had to finish the game.
Don: Mac, Jo, you guys need to check this out. The first three murders are laid out on this board. White with the rope in the conservatory, Scarlet with the revolver in the kitchen, and Green with the candlestick in the ballroom.

Jo: There's a knife in the library, but no token.
Mac: He's going after Plum. The dice is rolled to five, you move Plum's piece...
Jo: Goes right into the library.
Don: Between the public libraries, the schools and the loony-tune imagination this guy has, how the hell are we supposed to know who's next?

Jo: This might help. Looks like Davis was keeping a detailed schedule on all his victims.

Don: There one for Plum?

Jamie: It reads like a class schedule. American Revolution, 10:00 a.m.; Spanish-American War, 12:00 p.m.; and another American Revolution at 4:00 p.m.

Jo: Students don't repeat classes in the same day.

Mac: They don't, but professors do. Plum could be a real professor.

Dr. Emerson: My fiancé's a professor at Chelsea University. That's his schedule.

Mac: Jo and I will take the front. We'll start in the back, sweep forward. Come on. All right, go. Let's go.

Don: Let me see your hands! Stand up! Turn around. Get out of here. Go, go. Building's clear. No sign of either of them.

Jo: I just got off the phone with the professor's T.A. Has not seen or heard from him since his last class ended.

Mac: That was 45 minutes ago.

Jamie: Maybe he took him off campus.

Mac: I don't think so. We know Davis followed his victims, kept tabs on their schedule... Scarlet in her neighborhood, White at dance, Green at work.

Jamie: So it makes sense that they'd still be here.

Don: Then what are we missing?

Mac: "Hastings Library, opened March 21, 1963."

Jo: But Chelsea University was founded in the late 1800s.

Mac: This wasn't the first library. Pull up the original map of the university.

Adam: Got it.

Mac: We're looking for the location of the library.

Sheldon: Looks like it used to be on the south side of the campus.

Adam: Which is now a science building... Lawrence Hall.

Mac: Drop the knife, Davis!

Jo: Need a medic at Lawrence Hall right away. Okay, give me your hand. Right here.

Don: Police! Look out! Mac Taylor in the lounge with the Glock.

Jamie: You just couldn't help yourself, could you?

Davis: I-I-I need to see Dr. Emerson.

Don: Oh, you will, in court behind a stand as she's testifying against you for murdering three of her patients and nearly killing her fiancé.

Davis: He's alive?

Don: Luckily.

Mac: You were in love with her. That's why you went after him. That's why she stopped seeing you. Did you get my letters?

Dr. Emerson: I'm afraid that's what we need to talk about.

Davis: I-I meant every word of it. Okay, I'm-I'm not going to deny my feelings anymore. I love you.

Dr. Emerson: I think you're confusing your feelings for me.

Davis: No. I've never been more sure of anything. My whole life, you're the only one who has ever given a damn about me.

Dr. Emerson: You know that's not true; your parents love you.

Davis: No, they don't... they don't love me. My mother loves her vacation home, and my father loves his French whores. They don't... they don't love me.

Dr. Emerson: Steve, I need you to understand, I don't have the same feelings for you. I care for you, but as I do for all my patients, which is quite a great deal.

Davis: And you have a boyfriend.

Dr. Emerson: Yes, and I know that one day you'll find someone who loves you like you deserve.

Davis: No, no, she... she turned her back on me, is what she did. Just like my parents, first sign of trouble and she just tossed me aside to become some other doctor's problem.

Mac: And Clue... how'd that figure in?

Dr. Emerson: I thought you might like to play a game. Have a little fun while we get to know one another, break the ice. You can choose whichever game you like. She was Mrs. Peacock... and I was Colonel Mustard.

Don: What about her patients? How'd you go about choosing them?

Davis: I broke into her office and I went through her files. I picked three perfect patients, I followed them, I... I learned their schedule. I wanted to hurt her the way that she hurt me... by taking away the things that she loved most, but more than anything... I wanted her to know that it was me doing it.

Danny: Hey.

Lindsay: Hey. What... are you getting off?

Danny: You getting on?

Lindsay: You got some hot date I don't know about?

Danny: Yeah, taking my wife out to dinner tonight.

Lindsay: Oh, what's the occasion?

Danny: You don't need an occasion to take your wife out to dinner, do you?

Lindsay: It was you. I knew it. I said it was you.

Danny: Adam was supposed to be in Ballistics, not you, and...

Lindsay: Well, why didn't you just tell me?

Danny: I don't know. I was going to tell you. We were at the zoo, and you seemed so pissed, and we had to catch the killer, so I didn't.

Lindsay: So, it was Messer in Ballistics.

Danny: With methylene blue. Can you forgive me? It's almost gone.

Lindsay: This better be some dinner.

Christine: Hey, I thought we were meeting at your place.

Mac: I have something I need to say to you, and I didn't want it to wait. I love you, Christine. Aren't you gonna...?

CSI: NY, Season 9, Episode 8, "Late Admission"

Don: Cleaning crew found him about an hour ago. Principal's on his way in now.

Mac: What was he doing here on a Saturday?

Don: The SATs were this morning. Best guess, he was studying late last night, someone locked up without knowing he was here.

Mac: Kid doesn't come home and his parents don't report it?

Don: Who knows what his home life was like?

Mac: Blunt and sharp force trauma.

Don: Here's your murder weapon right here. Whatever happened, it's safe to say our perp didn't have much of a plan.

Mac: And our vic's was snuffed out. No to the Post, no to the Daily News. I'll have a comment when there's something to comment on. Those in the vic's backpack?

Sheldon: Yeah. Dextroamphetamines. Vic might have suffered from ADHD. Did have an I.D., though. Wallet was in the vic's backpack. Uh, Luke Stevenson, DOB: 8/12/94.

Mac: Luke Stevenson? What's the address?

Sheldon: 1013 Kings Row, Brooklyn.

Frank: Got called to a scene around 8:00 last night. When I got home, his door was closed. I assumed he was asleep. I knew he had the SAT this morning.

Mac: I'm so sorry, Frank. I can call your ex-wife.

Frank: No, I'll tell her. She should hear it from me. I don't understand. He was such a good kid, you know? You met him. He never did anything wrong. Not a damn thing.

Mac: We don't know much right now, Frank. Is there anything you can tell me?

Frank: I don't know. A week ago, his friend Nate, Nate Paulson, he OD'd mixing prescription meds with alcohol. It was rough on Luke. But he seemed okay. We talked about it.

Mac: What kind of meds?

Frank: I don't know.

Mac: Did Luke have ADHD?

Frank: Attention deficit? No. Why are you asking me?

Mac: We found a bag of pills in his backpack. Dextroamphetamines. They're used to treat...

Frank: I know what they're used for. Luke didn't have ADHD.

Mac: Is it possible he could have taken his friend's death harder than you think? Maybe he was having trouble dealing with...

Frank: They weren't his.

Mac: Frank.

Frank: They weren't his. What... what are you telling me? That he was using them to get high?

Mac: That's not what I'm saying.

Frank: He was what? That he was, uh, some drug addict, and I didn't even know about it?

Mac: Frank, just listen to me. That's not what I'm saying. I don't know that. Kids use this stuff for all kinds of reasons. To study longer. Focus better on their exams. With the SAT's coming up and college applications, he could have just been stressed, and...

Frank: No. No way. Not my boy.

Danny: Hey, it's me. I figured you might still be sleeping. Red-eye probably knocked you out, huh? I just wanted to hear your voice and see if you're doing all right.

You don't want to get into it, I know. I just thought... I don't know what I thought. I just want to know that you're okay. So call me back if you feel like talking, please. Say hey to your dad for me. All right? I love you.

Father: Hey. You ready?

Lindsay: I haven't even eaten yet.

Father: Eat in the truck. Come on, sleepyhead. Let's go.

Lindsay: Okay, okay, okay.

Sid: I testified for Frank on numerous homicides. He would always talk about him. Always so proud of how he was doing.

Mac: He tried my first case on the job. Luke was only a year old.

Sid: Luke was only a year old. Okay. Uh, nothing particularly unique to report, I'm afraid. COD is as expected. Blunt and sharp force trauma to the head. Multiple blows, which suggests some kind of rage, perhaps. I extracted a shard of the mug that lodged in the wound tract, among other, smaller pieces. Toxicology was completely clean. Uh, the same could not be said...

Mac: Hang on. Tox showed nothing?

Sid: No foreign substances detected. But I pulled the autopsy report for Nate Paulson, like you asked. He had in excess of 400 milligrams of dextroamphetamine in his system. Plus a blood alcohol level of .24.

Mac: How long does dextroamphetamine stay in the system?

Sid: Uh, the half-life is about, uh, ten hours, so depending on the amount taken and diet and metabolism, it would still be present anywhere from three to four days after ingestion.

Mac: Something's not right. Luke had dextro in his backpack. He was probably up all week, studying for the SAT's. He was cramming for it when he was killed. That's exactly when he would have the stuff in his system, pills as a study drug, why aren't they in his system?

Sid: I hate to say it, but if he was in possession of it but not using it...

Mac: He was selling it. But where was he getting it from? Hawkes, you have the plastic bag of dextro recovered from Luke's backpack?

Sheldon: Yeah, it's right here, Mac.

Mac: Drop what you're doing. I need you to print the bag.

Sheldon: You got it.

Mac: Billy Wharton? He goes to our vic's school. Frank was right. The drugs weren't Luke's.

Don: Oof. Damn, kid. Do a wash, my man. Cab drivers smell better than this.

Billy: Satisfied? You've gone through both my lockers. Can... can you just tell me what you're looking for?

Mac: I think you know what we're looking for.

Billy: Actually, I don't, so can you please just tell me? Because I'm a little scared here. Obviously, this has something to do with Luke.

Don: Harvard would be lucky to have someone as smart as you.

Mac: What can you tell us about these?

Billy: Wh-Where did... where did you find those?

Don: Luke's backpack.

Billy: I thought it might have been him. He-he stole those. From my locker.

Don: You dealing, too? He steal your stash? You guys get into an argument? Things get out of hand?

Billy: I take dextro and you jump to me dealing? I'm not a drug dealer, sir. I-I have a prescription for those.

Mac: Why were they in a plastic bag?

- Billy: I'm not exactly looking to advertise that I have ADHD. I-I don't... I don't need to be carrying a prescription bottle around school.
- Mac: We know there's bad blood between you and Luke. As recently as yesterday morning.
- Billy: Luke, I saw you. You were copying off my exam. Now, you know, if you get caught, it's my ass, too. Hey, listen to me. I mean, if our answers are too similar...
- Luke: Get the hell out of my face, man.
- Billy: What's wrong with you?
- Mr. Connors: Hey, hey, break it up. That's enough! That's enough, I said! One of you better tell me what this is about.
- Billy: And when Mr. Connors broke it up. I mean, I could have ratted on him right there, but I didn't. I kept my mouth shut. I considered Luke a friend. Can I go? I mean, I'm already late for practice.
- Don: Kid's pretty smooth. He's got an answer for everything.
- Mac: Too smooth. See if his parents can confirm the prescriptions and subpoena his phone records. Get them to Adam. If he's clean, I want to be able to tell Frank that we looked at everything.
- Father: Rooster tail, huh?
- Lindsay: Worked when I was a kid. I'm guessing the trout haven't wised up any.
- Father: Any chance I can convince you to keep what you catch? You know, pan-seared with a little garlic...
- Lindsay: No.
- Father: What are you doing here, Linds?
- Lindsay: What do you mean? You brought me out here.
- Father: No, home. What are you doing home?
- Lindsay: What, you think I shouldn't have come?
- Father: Come on. I love seeing you. You know that. Just wondering what you think you can accomplish by being here.
- Lindsay: What do you mean, accomplish?
- Father: The way you feel about him. The things you got going on inside of you. You're still going to feel those same things tomorrow.
- Lindsay: Maybe. Is that why you brought me out here?
- Father: I just want to protect you, is all. That's all any father wants. Boy, I tried, but you can't protect your daughter from everything. Eventually, the day comes when you have to pick her up off the ground after she skins her knee and tell her everything's going to be all right. Or wipe away the tears after some boy breaks her heart. Find the words to tell her her mother's gone. But that's life. I couldn't teach you everything, and you wouldn't even let me. You have your own way of doing things, but...
- Lindsay: I'm not that little girl anymore, Dad. I haven't been for a long time. And I know you're proud of me, but I know that you wish I didn't do what I do. Or see the things I see. That innocence was gone a long time ago. And I don't regret the choices that I've made, and I don't regret seeing the things I've seen.
- Father: You're an impressive young woman, Lindsay. But you grew up so fast. What I'm trying to say is, haven't you seen enough?
- Jo: Oh, let me guess. "Life is not measured by the breaths we take but by the moments that take our breath away."
- Danny: That's close. It's actually, "Where my party, p-party, party, p-party people at?" It's Nelly.
- Jo: That would have been my second guess. What's up with her?

Danny: Blonde hair Hawkes recovered from the pocket watch. I ran it for DNA, but no hit. However, it's, uh, badly damaged. It's severely dry, had a split cortex, and also has a slight green tinge.

Jo: So, you're thinking it belonged to a swimmer.

Danny: Exactly. Found traces of chlorine, copper, iron and manganese, all of which are found in a swimming pool.

Jo: The length and color are consistent with Melanie Rogers.

Danny: Along with five other girls on the swim team, but only one of them was dating Nate Paulson.

Jo: The kid who OD'd on dextro and alcohol.

Danny: Boom.

Jo: Impressive last 50 meters.

Melanie: Thanks.

Jo: I'm Jo Danville, crime lab. This is Detective Flack. Sorry to hear about your boyfriend, Nate. - Yeah.

Melanie: Yeah.

Don: And now, with what's happened to Luke, I bet it's been pretty rough.

Melanie: I've had better weeks. Luckily, I have this to keep my mind off of it.

Jo: Well, I'm going to need your mind to think about it just for a few more moments. Sorry. We found over 400 milligrams of dextro in Nate's system after he passed away.

Melanie: He didn't pass away. He OD'd.

Don: Did you know he was taking it?

Melanie: He was addicted to it. One minute he was happy, the next depressed. We fought about practically everything. He wasn't the same person as when we first started dating.

Jo: Do you know where he was getting it? He was getting it from Luke, wasn't he?

Don: Did you blame Luke for Nate's overdose?

Jo: We have evidence that puts you at the crime scene, Melanie.

Don: Things get out of hand? You're emotional. You blame him for Nate. Hit him in the head with the coffee mug.

Melanie: You guys are sick. You know that? I went to the library to see if Luke was all right. He took Nate's death pretty hard. The watch was Nate's. His grandfather gave it to him. He carried it with him everywhere. I thought Luke would want it.

Girl: Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow.

Lindsay: I haven't even done anything yet.

Caroline: Lindsay. How long has it been?

Lucy: This thing stinks.

Lindsay: Lucy, how long has it been?

Lucy: I don't know, like, five minutes.

Lindsay: That should be good. Right?

Lucy: I-I don't know. You didn't have a potato without these things growing out of it?

Lindsay: Look. Who has the lighter?

Girl: What do you need a lighter for?

Lindsay: To sterilize the needle.

Caroline: This is a bad idea. I don't like this one bit.

Lucy: Caroline, what are you doing?

Caroline: I'm looking out. I'm keeping a lookout.

Lindsay: My mom and dad aren't even home. I told you that. Okay, good. Now give me the rubbing alcohol.

Girl: Rubbing alcohol, too?
 Lindsay: I just have to get the rust off of it.
 Girl: Rust? What the hell?!
 Lindsay: Shh! I'm kidding. You just don't want it to get infected. Okay, Lucy. Hold the potato behind her ear. One, two...
 Adam: "Fred goes to the videostore on Broadway. "Fred, you are a moron. Online video, dude. "He buys three videos for \$25. "God, you're killing me. "This was \$15 more than twice what he paid for a box of Goobers." I would go with Raisinets, but whatever. "How much were the Goobers?" First of all, five bucks for chocolate covered peanuts? Second, isn't this kid in, like AP Calculus? Yo, you hear from Lindsay?
 Danny: No. What's all this?
 Adam: Uh, Billy Wharton's phone records. Text messages, actually. Uh, I didn't find any contact between him and Luke.
 Danny: These are all basic algebra problems. So, they're all like this? Solve for x, solve for y, two trains leave Grand Central?
 Adam: Yeah, everything is fairly innocuous. No sexting, nothing. It's pretty disappointing.
 Danny: I would keep digging, because Mac's not done with this kid. Bet you're not loving the fact that you're the one with the surgeon's hands around here, are you?
 Sheldon: Don't get me started. What's up?
 Danny: Find anything in Luke's backpack that's related to basic algebra? You know, word problems or anything like that?
 Sheldon: No, not that I can think of. Uh, his notebooks are right there, if you want to take a look. I need a coffee, huh? You good?
 Danny: Yeah, I'm good. Don't worry about it. Thanks. Hey, Mac, you've got to read this. Check it out, right here.
 Mac: Open letter to the Times. "I am a student at Vernon Academy. "I feel compelled to bring to light an epidemic "that is plaguing the school that I have attended since I was in kindergarten. "It involves the abuse of dextroamphetamines. "I lost a close friend as a result of this, and it is incumbent upon... " It cuts off there.
 Danny: So Luke wasn't selling the drugs.
 Mac: He was going to blow the whistle.
 Don: He looks nervous.
 Mac: He should be. Luke was going public with the dextro abuse.
 Don: That's what the fight in the hallway was about, wasn't it? He made the story up about Luke cheating off of him.
 Mac: Luke confronts him, maybe gives him one last out to quit dealing.
 Don: Billy tells him to piss off.
 Mac: This isn't just some casual lunch.
 Don: If Billy supplied these kids with dextro, and Luke was going to go public with the names, they all had a lot to lose. I'll make sure I get their names.
 Don: Is that Frank? That's Frank.
 Mac: What the hell are you doing, Frank?
 Don: This isn't good.
 Mac: I'm going. You want to tell me what you're doing here?
 Frank: That son of a bitch killed my son.
 Mac: We don't know that. You hear me? We don't know that.
 Mac: What's in your pocket?
 Frank: Nothing.

Mac: Take your hand out of your pocket. Listen to me, we don't even have proof that Billy was dealing.

Frank: Yes, we do. I subpoenaed Billy's psychiatric records.

Mac: You don't have probable cause to do that, Frank.

Frank: Judge Spencer owed me a favor. Billy goes to four different psychiatrists. He fakes the symptoms for ADHD, then he gets a prescription for dextroamphetamines from all of them. That's where he gets the stuff from. Two of them he doesn't even...

Mac: I don't want to hear this. Judge Spencer owed you a favor? What are you doing, Frank? Listen to yourself.

Frank: He killed Luke.

Mac: You're not only jeopardizing the investigation, you're risking your job. Now let us do what we do. If Billy did this, we'll catch him. The right way... no favors. Don't make me go to your bosses. Now, go home. I'll call you later.

Girl: Okay, ready? Pretend to make out with your latest crush.

Lucy: Oh, Dillon. Oh, Dillon.

An: Dillon? Ew! Wait, Dillon?

Lucy: Yeah. What's wrong with Dillon? He's cute.

Kelly: He's got weird teeth... they're all crooked.

Lucy: So?

Lindsay: And he wears all black. I think he's goth or something. Ooh, you like bad boys, don't you?

Lucy: Maybe. Cowboys are boring.

Lindsay: You're up.

Caroline: Red.

Lindsay: R-E-D.

Lucy: Green.

Lindsay: G-R-E-E-N.

Caroline: Four.

Lindsay: Truth. What was the last dream you had?

Lucy: Are you serious? That's so lame.

Kelly: No, I want to hear this.

Caroline: Okay. You were all in it. I dreamed that we were all seniors and we all had our driver's licenses. Linds, you had a convertible Trans Am.

Lindsay: A Trans Am? Ford F250, please.

Caroline: And we all drove down to the reservoir to our spot. We all had our acceptance letters, you know, for colleges. And we opened them up... and we all got into different schools.

Lindsay: Oh, Caroline. What the hell, Caroline?

Lucy: Your last dream, she said, not your last nightmare.

Kelly: We're all applying to one school, and that's it. And everyone's getting in. And everyone's going.

Lucy: Yeah.

An: Yeah.

Adam: I'm requesting a transfer to NSA.

Jo: Approved.

Adam: I think I did it, Jo.

Jo: What exactly did you do?

Adam: I cracked his code.

Jo: Whose code?

Adam: Billy's. His phone was filled with these algebra problems sent to him by other students. They're way too easy to be actual questions from students that are this smart.

Jo: Ugh, I was never very good at these.

Adam: The questions are a request for dextroamphetamines.

Jo: And the answer is how many they want?

Adam: Mm-hmm.

Billy: So, Billy is dealing.

Adam: Yeah, and the details are all here. Check this out. "Jack goes to the driving range." Means the deal is going to go down at the driving range, most likely Chelsea Piers.

Jo: Okay.

Adam: "Buys a bucket of 312 balls." I mean nobody buys a bucket of 312 balls. Your arm would fall off. So, the deal is going to go down at 3:12. If Jack hits 78 balls in an hour, how many hours will it take for him to hit all 312?

Jo: Okay, well, all right. So, the answer... don't tell me. The answer is 312 divided by 78. Four.

Adam: There you go.

Jo: That means this person wants four pills. But how do you know who the person is?

Adam: Well, this one was sent by... Melanie Rogers.

Jo: You lied to me, Melanie.

Melanie: I didn't lie.

Jo: You let us believe that Luke was supplying students with dextroamphetamines when you knew all along it was Billy who was selling.

Melanie: It's not just Billy. I can name 20 people, right now, that sell the stuff. It's so easy to get. Most of them have legitimate prescriptions or they just go into a shrink, stare out the window, and say they're having a hard time focusing in school.

Jo: Why are you taking it? Such a smart girl.

Melanie: Because it works. B-pluses don't cut it anymore. Not when you're trying to get into the top schools. Dextro makes you focus, study longer. It works.

Jo: Like it worked for Nate? If you got caught, you were jeopardizing your whole future. Everything you'd worked so hard for. You had a lot to lose if Luke went public and named names.

Melanie: I didn't kill Luke.

Jo: Then who did?

Melanie: All I know is Billy said he would take care of it.

Don: I'm not seeing him, Adam. You've got to help me out here, man.

Adam: You should be right on top of him.

Don: Well, maybe that's the problem. I'm right on top of him, he's on street level.

Adam: That I can't help you with. But the signal indicates...

Don: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. I got him. Yo! Heads up. Hey! Stop! Police! Heads up! Heads up! Look out! That's it. It's over. That's it!

Lucy: That one. I'd go to that one.

Lindsay: The really bright one straight ahead. That's the North Star. You know because the Big Dipper points to it. See?

Lucy: Do you think you'll ever leave here?

Lindsay: Montana? And go where?

Lucy: Yeah, I don't know. Anywhere.

Lindsay: No. I like it here.

Lucy: I will. One day. I like how big it is out there.

Father: You heading over?

Lindsay: Yeah.

Father: Well, you know where I stand on this, but... you're my daughter, and I love you. If you want me to go with you... I'll go with you.

Lindsay: I love you, too, Dad. I gotta do this on my own.

Don: So how are things going on with Dr. Renway Or Dr. Overbrook. Or... Dr. Parkston. Or Dr. Gleeson. Selling dextroamphetamines is a felony, Billy, and you're looking at I don't even know how many counts. But I'm guessing Harvard will not be impressed with your entrepreneurial skills.

Mac: You sold to Nate Paulson, didn't you? Didn't matter how much he wanted, or how out of control his addiction was, you just kept selling to him. And Luke blamed you for his death, that's what the fight was about, wasn't it? He told you he was going to blow the whistle.

Don: But you nipped that in the bud, huh? You found him in the library. Let me guess: you want a lawyer.

Billy: No. I want to trade.

Mac: Trade? Trade what?

Billy: Mr. Connors.

Mr. Connors: What are you doing with these?

Billy: We use them as study aids. I mean, to focus, to stay up late. Not to get high or anything.

Mr. Connors: We?

Billy: Half the school uses them. Your, your champion debate guys. The prized pupils at the front of the class. Ever wonder how all those B-pluses turn to A's? So, now what?

Mr. Connors: Nothing. Get out of here.

Mac: You were able to pull those off the murder weapon?

Sheldon: Yeah. Infrared images. There were too many cracks to see a usable print with powder. But as you can see, even with infrared, there's too much separation and breaks within key points. It would never hold up in court.

Mac: How are you with Photoshop? Build the missing ridges and print it out for me. Maybe we won't need it to hold up in court.

Lindsay: How much money did you get out of the cash register that day? How much? I want to know how much those lives were worth to you.

Man: This is going to be a disappointing little discussion. For both of us. You were at the trial. You heard me then, hear me now. It wasn't me. You ID'd the wrong guy.

Lindsay: Right. Yeah, I read your appeals. They're all based on the unreliability of a single eyewitness.

Man: 16 years go by, you waltz into that courtroom and point your finger at me? Please.

Lindsay: I feel sorry for you. I do.

Man: Why did you come here? What is it that you want, huh? Absolution? You want this off your conscience? You came to the wrong place, little girl.

Lindsay: All these years. All the appeals. All the denials. What if we argue this? What if we argue that? You still can't state the simple truth.

Man: You've had quite a year, Mr. Connors. 2011 Teacher of the Year. And awards for excellence from New York universities honoring high school teachers. One for \$5,000.

Don: Coach of the debate team champions. Some would think you deserve a raise.

Mac: The administration did.

Mr. Connors: I've been very fortunate, yes. But it also was a lot of hard work.

Mac: I'm sure it was. I don't doubt that you're a damn fine teacher. But you have a responsibility that transcends good grades and churning out Ivy League students. You have a responsibility to safeguard the welfare of the kids who walk these halls.

Mr. Connors: I'm not sure I understand what you're getting at.

Don: Oh, I think you do. We had a chat with Billy Wharton.

Mr. Connors: Luke! Luke. What has gotten into you, son? What the hell was that all about?

Billy: He knows.

Mr. Connors: Knows what?

Billy: That I sell my stuff. He says it's gone too far. He's going to go public, to the Times or something.

Mr. Connors: What exactly did he say?

Billy: I don't know. But you better fix it. Because if I go down, you're going down with me.

Mac: You couldn't afford to let Luke go to the media with his story.

Mr. Connors: I didn't touch Luke.

Mac: No. But you did touch this.

Mr. Connors: I just wanted him to consider how many lives would be affected if he went forward with this. Luke, consider what you're doing, son.

Luke: Don't call me "son." Billy told me that you know.

Mr. Connors: It's more complicated than that.

Luke: No. No, it isn't. You should have said something a long time ago. And I should have said something.

Mr. Connors: They'll fire me. I'll lose my job. I have a family. A daughter.

Luke: You should have thought about that before.

Mr. Connors: I'm begging you, son. Don't do this. I've been at this school for 12 years. I've known you since you were in kindergarten. Think of the other students. The futures that are at stake.

Luke: What about Nate? What about his future? I have to live the rest of my life with the guilt of... of not saying anything. And so should you.

Mac: Don't pretend you're concerned about your students. The only future you were concerned about was your own.

Frank: I'm sorry.

Warden: Daniel Katums, do you have any last words?

Man: I'm sorry for what I've done.

CSI: NY, Season 9, Episode 9, "Blood Out"

Man1: Excuse me. Hey, come on, man, just watch where you're standing, please.

Man2: Hey, sit over here.

Man3: Hey, chill out, all right?

Man1: You stepped on my foot again. Please don't do that, all right?

Man3: Look, I'm sorry. Would you just relax?

Man1: What the hell is your problem, man? You stepped on my foot, like, three times.

Man3: Just get out of my face. I don't want any trouble.

Man1: Hey, if you do it again, jackass, you're a dead man.

Man3: Yeah, whatever.

Man1: I warned you, man.

Man3: Dude, it's the bus. It's not my fault.

Jamie: NYPD. Drop the knife!

Man1: Go to hell!

Jamie: Hey! Move!

Bystander: Keep pressure on it.

Jamie: You'll be okay. Call an ambulance. Get up.

Don: Now that's just wrong.

Mac: What do we know?

Don: Not much. Warehouse has been shut down since July. Security patrol spotted a busted gate a couple hours ago and called it in. Some poor uni had the unique experience of finding this horror show.

Mac: They made no attempt to conceal the body. Whoever did this knew it would be found.

Jo: Well, they either didn't care, or they were sending a rather emphatic message.

Don: Check out the prison ink. Our boy has gang ties. "41-6-12" stands for D.P.L.

Mac: Dios, Patria, Libertad. God, Fatherland, Liberty.

Jo: The Dominican National Motto.

Don: Nobody loves a good dismemberment like the Latin street crews.

Mac: If this is gang-related, it may be more than murder. It could be a declaration of war.

Don: Hello? Hello?

Jo: Who was it?

Don: I don't know; we got cut off. Lovato! Interrogation room, now. I recognized your number on the vic's caller I.D. I know it was you on the other end of that line. The phone log shows you called the vic 17 times today, all within a few hours of the poor bastard being cut in half.

Jamie: Look, I didn't do anything wrong.

Don: Convince me. Who's the body in that warehouse, and what's your connection to him? What the hell's going on, Lovato?

Jamie: Vic's name is Benny Madera. He was a part of a drug case I worked.

Don: Why did you call him today?

Jamie: There was a new development.

Don: You should have called your supervisor.

Jamie: I did. I told my DEA liaison everything. You don't believe me? Robert Hicks. Go check for yourself. I had a responsibility to tell Benny his life was in danger.

Don: And how did you know that?

Jamie: One of his associates made me as a cop this morning.

Man: I warned you, man!

Man2: Dude, it's the bus. It's not my fault.

Jamie: NYPD! Drop the knife!

Man1: Go to hell, man.

Jamie: I think I'm the reason why Benny's dead. Benny was known as Toro on the streets.

Don: Benny the Bull. 33 years old. He's got priors for possession, distribution, assault, all kinds of weapons charges. This guy's been in and out of jail since he was 15 years old.

Jamie: He was one of the subjects on an undercover narco case I was on before I got transferred into homicide.

Mac: What was the assignment?

Jamie: Infiltrating a crew of local Trinitario gang members, gathering intel for a joint NYPD/DEA task force. Benny was an up-and-comer. He was well-respected and trusted by the other players. He also had a good eye for fresh talent.

Jo: He was your way into the gang?

Jamie: It took me months to get under his radar, but as soon as I did, he took me under his wing. After that, everybody knew me as Anita Castillo, a member of Toro's crew.

Mac: How long were you under?

Jamie: 17 months.

Jo: A long time to live your life as someone else. Must have seemed like an eternity.

Jamie: I was building a strong case, learning routines, making connections. Investigation was right on track, and then just like that, it was over.

Mac: Your cover was blown?

Jamie: I had no other choice but to walk away. As far as the Trinitarios were concerned, Anita Castillo just disappeared. And it would have stayed like that if I hadn't taken the bus this morning. Didn't even recognize her at first, but the look in her eyes said she knew exactly who I was. And then I remembered where I saw her. Toro sent me.

Man: Bye, Mama.

Man2: She looks good, huh?

Jamie: Toro sent me... with this.

Lindsay: Blood at the scene was a bust. It all came from a single donor, the vic.

Mac: Any prints?

Lindsay: A handful, but no hits in AFIS. I think they were just left by old warehouse employees.

Jamie: Well, the Trinitarios do know how to clean up after themselves.

Don: You're thinking someone in his own crew murdered him?

Mac: He rolled out the red carpet for a narc. In gang culture, that's a sin that can't go unpunished.

Jo: What about the girl on the bus... could she have done this?

Jamie: Maybe, but not without the approval of a bigger player.

Mac: So, the question is, who did she report to after seeing you?

Don: Let's pick her up and find out.

Jamie: We can't. I don't know her name.

Mac: But you do know where she was sitting on the bus.

Don: All right, I'll call the MTA.

Lindsay: You don't have to. The stabbing made the bus a crime scene. It's already parked in the impound lot.

Sheldon: Sid, take a look at this.

Sid: Well, whatever it is, that's certainly a unique shade of green.

Jo: Not one of Mother Nature's own?

Sid: Oh, perfect timing, Jo. Uh, there's lots to tell you.

Jo: Well, start by telling me how our victim ended up in two pieces.
Sid: Of course. Uh, the violent transection occurred between the rib cage and pelvis, penetrating mostly soft tissue, but also severing the spinal column.
Sheldon: There were significant breakaway spurs and splintering on the terminal side from where the vertebrae was cut.
Jo: That's consistent with the force provided by a motor-driven saw. But which kind?
Sid: Periodic striations on the bone rule out the circular or reciprocating varieties.
Jo: Leaving one likely culprit. This man was cut in half by a chain saw.
Sid: Even more disturbing, the rawness of the surrounding flesh suggests that our victim was still alive when the sawing began.
Sheldon: Fortunately, the shock and massive blood loss wouldn't have kept him that way for very long.
Sid: Right.
Jo: Can you tell me why his legs are frozen in this kneeling position?
Sid: Spontaneous onset of rigor as the result of cadaveric spasms.
Sheldon: More specifically: tetany.
Jo: Muscle contractions caused by prolonged periods of continued stimulation.
Sid: In this case, caused by repetitive and deliberate electric shocks.
Jo: He was tortured first?
Sheldon: Yeah. Confirmed by these electrical burns.
Jo: So what do you think caused these penetrating wounds?
Sheldon: Not sure, but I'm hoping these green flakes I found embedded in the tissue will shed some light.
Adam: Little heads up on the slasher flick would be nice.
Jo: Got something, Adam?
Adam: Well, yeah, besides nightmares for the next three weeks. Okay, we got a CODIS hit on our mystery girl from the bus. DNA on her soda straw is a match to Carmen Vega. Rap sheet a mile long and known gang tie to the Trinitarios.
Jo: Good work.
Adam: Thanks.
Don: Carmen Vega, NYPD! Stop! Stop! Hey! Carmen, give up! Give up! It's over, Carmen.
Don: Get down on the ground now and put your hands up!
Mac: Don't do it. It's too far; you won't make it!
Hicks: Yeah, Lovato... she's a pretty good cop. She's got a bright future.
Mac: Agreed.
Jo: Thank you for meeting with us, Agent Hicks. Much appreciated.
Hicks: Yeah. Heard you had a little falling out with Carmen Vega earlier today.
Mac: Young woman made a bad decision, paid for it with her life.
Hicks: Yeah. Gallows humor... occupational hazard, I guess.
Jo: We believe Carmen ran because she's involved with Benny Madera's murder.
Hicks: I heard that, too.
Mac: Carmen may have been connected to Benny's murder, but she didn't act alone. We need background information on her associates.
Hicks: Let me show you what I've got. Come on in. Trinitarios... one of the fastest-growing gangs on the East Coast. And one of the most violent.
Mac: They originated inside the New York Department of Corrections?
Hicks: Yeah, as a protection squad for Dominican inmates. They got tired of working for other gangs. They decided to unify on the streets under their own identity. Now they got a presence in neighborhoods all over the city, and they're starting to spread to the suburbs.

Jo: Anywhere they can sell their drugs and guns.
 Mac: As long as they do, Mexican and Colombian cartels will keep providing them with product.
 Jo: Where does Benny fit in?
 Hicks: Benny? Middle management in a splinter crew out of Washington Heights. He had a dozen or so runners, drug dealers working for him.
 Mac: Who did he take orders from?
 Hicks: Well, my best guess is one of these three mystery lowlifes. Lovato was supposed to find out who they were, but Benny... he was always very careful. Never mentioned a name or anything else that would expose who was above him.
 Jo: What do we know about Carmen Vega?
 Hicks: Low-level foot soldier. Not much street cred to speak of.
 Mac: Seeing Lovato on that bus provided the perfect opportunity to change that.
 Jo: Carmen was the only one who knew Lovato's real identity. And that Benny had vouched for a cop.
 Mac: Sharing information with the right person would have ensured her instant career advancement.
 Hicks: Mm-hmm. Have a seat.
 Mac: So what about Detective Lovato's safety? I need to know they won't target her next.
 Hicks: Well, even the Trinitarios wouldn't cross that line. Going after a cop would bring too much heat. And even if they wanted to, they're not gonna get the chance.
 Mac: Why's that?
 Hicks: Well, in a few days, a grand jury is gonna hand down a RICO indictment on the Trinitarios. 60 counts, 21 defendants. And once they flip, we're looking at, uh, two dozen bonus convictions. Look, I'm sorry about Carmen and Benny, but if they weren't dead already, they'd be spending the rest of their miserable lives behind bars.
 Mac: That doesn't change the fact that we have a murder to solve.
 Hicks: I think Benny was killed to send a message to the Trinitarios not to make the same mistake.
 Jo: Whoever did it wanted people in his crew talking about it.
 Mac: We need to find out what they're saying.
 Hicks: If there's chatter on the streets, I got a C.I. in my bag that's gonna tell us all about it.
 Hicks: Raymond wants to tell you something about the Benny Madera murder.
 Hicks: Come on.
 Raymond: Yeah!
 Hicks: Come on.
 Mac: I'm listening.
 Raymond: Okay, if I was a cop, I'd be looking for a boy named Toasty.
 Mac: Toasty?
 Raymond: He's been in Benny's crew for about a year. Real name is Hector. I don't remember his last name.
 Mac: How'd you know Hector was involved in Benny's murder?
 Raymond: Toasty's got a big mouth, okay? He's been bragging about doing Toro with a chain saw in some warehouse on the West Side.
 Mac: Where'd you hear that?
 Raymond: Around the way.
 Mac: Come on.

Hicks: All right, all right, go wait by the car. Look, the kid's got a bad attitude, but he's the real deal. When it comes to reliable information, he's batting at thousands. If Raymond said he heard Toasty killed Benny, trust me, that's who did.

Mac: What do you got, Sheldon?

Sheldon: The trace from the electrical burns on Benny's chest is automotive paint. As you know, manufacturers use slightly different paint components and pigments for each model made.

Mac: They also change the formulas every year.

Sheldon: Right. So, I ran the sample through the diffractometer, then compared the isolated phases to the various OEM databases. Came back as a GM color called Seamist Green... aka Springfield Green and Pinehurst Green. That formulation was only used in 1972, but on eight of GM's most popular. Skylark, Firebird, Camaro, just to name a few.

Mac: Run them through DMV, compare registrations to known associates of the Trinitario street gang.

Sheldon: Anything else you can give me to narrow this down?

Mac: Hold on. Hey, Raymond. Toasty own a green car?

Raymond: Yeah, a Buick. Bought it off his old man.

Raymond: Refine your search to only '72 Buicks. Title transferred to a Hector from an owner of the same last name.

Sheldon: Okay, I'm on it.

Hicks: What's, uh, what's going on?

Mac: Looks like Raymond's hitting streak might still stand.

Don: Hector "Toasty" Mendez. This guy should get a gold medal in the felony Olympics. He's got 17 arrests this year and two open drug warrants to boot.

Jamie: If he killed Benny, warrants are the least of his worries.

Don: Yeah.

Don: I never would have pegged you as an undercover. I guess that's kind of the point though, isn't it?

Jamie: Yeah. Kind of. You know, the view inside wasn't what I expected. After a while, targets stop looking like targets and they started looking like... ordinary people.

Don: Ordinary people who sell drugs to kids and solve their problems with a chain saw.

Jamie: Boys like that get recruited as young as nine. Now, that's not an excuse for what they grow up to become and things that they do. They join 'cause they want to feel loved, accepted, safe. Things they don't feel at home. Things I didn't feel at home.

Don: You found a better way.

Jamie: I got lucky. Went to go live with my abuela. She made my brothers and me feel special, protected. But it came pretty damn close. Flip of a coin, I wouldn't be sitting in a cop car, I'd be running from it.

Don: That doesn't mean we should take it easy on the ones who weren't so lucky.

Jamie: Somebody breaks the law, they get locked up. End of story. But not all offenders are the same. People can surprise you sometimes.

Don: What about Benny Madera? Did he surprise you?

Anita: Gracias, papi.

Man: Mira, mami chula. You want my money... you're gonna have to earn it the hard way.

Anita: Was that hard enough?

Benny: You handle yourself real good, chica.

Anita: I'm good at a lot of things.
 Benny: Cómo te llamas?
 Anita: Anita.
 Benny: I'm Benny. Mi amigos call me Toro. Interested in being my friend, Anita?
 Anita: Friends I got. A job's what I need.
 Benny: I'll make you a deal. Beat me... and I'll put you to work.
 Anita: Rack 'em.
 Don: There's our guy.
 Toasty: Truchas! Five-O! Cierra la puerta!
 Don: You all right?
 Jamie: Yeah, never better.
 Toasty: Cochina!
 Don: Hey! Moron, one more word out of you, and I'm gonna duct tape your mouth shut.
 Mac: We've got you at 25 vials of crack, Toasty.
 Toasty: Those drugs weren't mine.
 Mac: They were in your pockets, Hector.
 Toasty: I was holding them for a friend.
 Mac: You've got an answer for everything. So, tell me why you murdered Benny Madera.
 Toasty: Hells, no, you ain't pinning that on me.
 Mac: Then who did kill Benny?
 Toasty: All I know is what I heard. The Bull got got, 'cause he was played by the hot lady cop.
 Mac: We found your green Buick.
 Toasty: Great, 'cause I lost it. When do I get it back?
 Mac: Never. It was recovered from an abandoned lot in Queens. Somebody doused the interior with gasoline and set it on fire. Most likely in an attempt to destroy evidence. But, you know, the beauty of a 1972 Buick is very few plastic parts. Means the fire spread nice and slow. Gave the FDNY plenty of time to put out the blaze before the car and its contents were completely burned. Guess what we found in your trunk. The jumper cables and battery used to torture Benny. As well as the chain saw used to cut him in half while he was still alive. You got a clever explanation for that, Hector?
 Toasty: I had nothing to do with those things, I swear.
 Mac: Then why were they in your car?
 Toasty: Other day my homegirl Carmen stops by my place. Says she needs to borrow my ride to run some errands, so I gave it to her, but she never brought it back. Who knows? Maybe it was Carmen who sawed off the Bull. Too bad you can't ask her.
 Mac: So you're blaming Benny's murder on Carmen?
 Toasty: Just keeping it real, Detective. Call me Honest Abe. I cannot tell a lie.
 Mac: That was George Washington.
 Toasty: Same difference.
 Hicks: What's her problem? We got the guy.
 Don: L, want to talk about it?
 Jamie: No.
 Don: Hey, come on, you're gonna have to come clean with me sooner or later.
 Jamie: Is there something that you want to know? Go ahead. Ask me.
 Don: All right. Your relationship with Benny was more than professional, wasn't it?
 Jamie: Go to hell, Flack.

Don: Oh, come on. Hey! Whoa, hey! Am I wrong? Because from where I stand, it looks to me like you're taking Benny's death a little more personal than maybe you should.

Jamie: Damn right I'm gonna take Benny's murder personally.

Don: Because you had feelings for him?

Jamie: Because I owe him my life. Siéntate. Todo bien?

Benny: I know, Anita. I know what you really are. A cop.

Jamie: That's crazy. You know I would never front like that. -

Benny: Stop. I'm not mad. I understand you did what you had to do. It's the way this game is played. I just wish it had been anybody but you.

Jamie: You're better than all this, Benny. You have to know that.

Benny: You have to walk away, chula. And never show your face around here again, 'cause if you do there's only one way out for either one of us... that's with blood.

Don: How'd he makes you as a cop?

Jamie: He never told me. He didn't tell anybody else either. Because if he would have, I would've been hanging in that warehouse right next to him.

Don: So, the whole time you were busy playing Benny, he was busy falling in love with you.

Jamie: That's why I was relieved to walk away. Different time, different place, something might have happened between us. But my job means more to me than just about anything. So, if you think for one second I would do anything to jeopardize that, you're crazy.

Adam: The fire obliterated the interior of the car along with any trace that might've been in it. I did, though, uh, get a partial print on the door handle.

Danny: All right, good. Maybe we'll get lucky with AFIS.

Adam: What about the saw?

Danny: Eh, this blade's covered in blood, tissue, bone fragments. I'll bet the farm, it comes back to Benny Madera.

Adam: Well, looks like we got our murder weapon.

Danny: Yeah, but the heat melted the plastic handles and any chance of pulling a print off of 'em. Same thing with the jumper cables. But at least now we know what caused the vic's chest wounds. Green paint flakes could've transferred to the vic's wound from the negative polarity clamp...

Adam: Which gets connected to the metal ground of the car... sometimes covered in paint.

Danny: We got some trace Hawkes found on our vic. Question is, what the hell is this?

Adam: Looks like some sort of melted plastic. You think it's connected?

Danny: I'm not sure, but I will find out.

Mac: Not your first time with a chain saw?

Lindsay: I'm from Montana, Mac... if I hadn't left, I'd probably be a lumberjack right now. Okay, check this out. Sid said that Benny Madera was cut on a horizontal axis, one inch above the iliac crest of his pelvis. Directionality of the blade marks and striations on the bone would suggest that the incision was initiated on his right lateral side.

Mac: Why does that matter?

Lindsay: Well, our only suspect, Hector "Toasty" Mendez is right-handed. Okay. Cutting from the left, he wouldn't have had any leverage over the saw.

Mac: Resulting in a less consistent and level cut trajectory.

Lindsay: Right. But if he was left-handed, and his dominant hand was guiding the saw, then leverage wouldn't have been an issue, and he could've made a straight, steady cut.

Mac: Well, I'm not sure that's enough to rule out Hector entirely.

Lindsay: I knew you were gonna say that, so try this on for size. The easiest way to make a steady cut with a 20-pound chain saw is to keep your elbows down and hold the blade directly in front of you.

Mac: Lines up perfectly.

Lindsay: Lucky for us if Hector Mendez was over six feet tall, which he isn't. He's only five-foot-six.

Mac: He could've been standing on something, too.

Lindsay: Not according to the blood spatter at the scene. There was no void in the floor.

Mac: Hector was telling the truth. He didn't kill Benny.

Jo: If Hector Mendez didn't kill Benny, who did?

Mac: Let's ask the person who accused him in the first place.

Jo: Hicks' confidential informant, Raymond? Well, either he got bad information on the street or was flat-out lying to cover for somebody else.

Danny: I would say smart money's on option number two. The melted plastic from the trunk of the Buick was a heavyweight poncho made of ethylene vinyl acetate. Benny's blood was all over it.

Jo: Killer must've been wearing it while he was cutting him up.

Danny: The plastic distorted when it was exposed to the heat, encasing several items that were balled-up inside... leather gloves and a bloody rag with one eyelash attached.

Mac: The poncho and the gloves protected the killer's clothing and hands from blood spatter but not their face.

Jo: So they wiped their face with the rag, rolled it up inside the poncho with the gloves, and hoped that the car fire would destroy it.

Danny: Right, which would've worked if the flames had reached the trunk, but the samples were only exposed to indirect heat. So I was able to extract two distinct DNA profiles from the fibers.

Mac: One from Benny Madera's blood.

Danny: The other from the epithelials transferred when the killer was wiping his face. Now, the heat did cause the cells to lyse, but I was able to get a complete profile.

Jo: Okay, tell me you found a CODIS match.

Danny: Yes, ma'am. Raymond Cruz.

Hicks: Raymond wants to tell you something about the Benny Madera murder.

Mac: Hicks' C.I. tortured and murdered Benny Madera.

Jo: Science doesn't lie, Raymond, no matter how long you stare at it. DNA proves you killed Benny Madera, there's no question about that.

Raymond: Then what the hell your question?

Jo: I want to know why. Was it because Benny invited an undercover cop into the crew?

Raymond: That's why he got the jumper cables. But that's not the reason he had to die.

Jo: What was?

Raymond: Payback. Eight months ago, DEA busts down my door, finds a big stash of rock Toro asked me to sit on. I could have done ten years, handled it easy. But Agent Hicks told me the weight was enough to buy me a mandatory life sentence. Said there was only one way out.

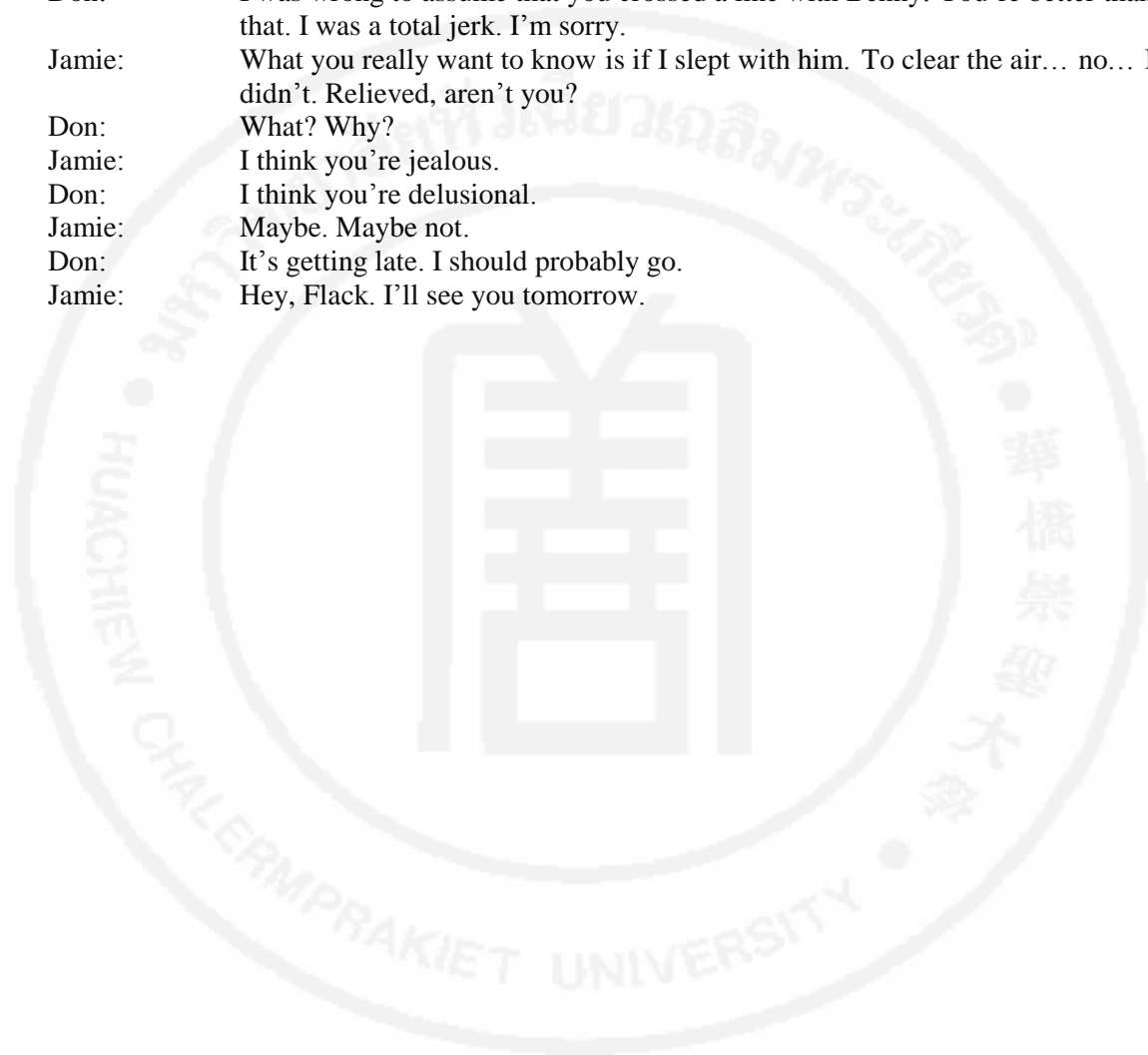
Jo: To inform on your fellow gang members.

Raymond: Hicks... owned my ass. Made me earn my freedom by being his full-time rat. I would have been a freer man behind bars.

Jo: So, you blame Benny for putting you in that position, when you chose to live your life as a criminal?

Raymond: Benny broke the code.
 Jo: You think he informed the police about the drugs?
 Raymond: Not until Carmen found out Anita was a cop. That's when I knew Benny had sold me out.
 Jo: You're wrong, Raymond. Benny didn't sell you or anybody else out. You killed him because you thought he betrayed you and the Trinitarios, but the reality is, there was only one person doing that, and that was you. Only you. Put it down on paper.
 Hicks: You got a set of brass balls, Taylor. What the hell is my informant doing in police custody?
 Mac: At the moment, he's writing out a confession for the murder of Benny Madera.
 Hicks: Hector "Toasty" Mendez killed Benny.
 Mac: No, he didn't. Carmen Vega reported to Raymond that Lovato was a cop. He told her to borrow Hector's car, then together they jumped Benny, tossed him in the trunk, and brought him to that warehouse. Raymond shocked Benny with a car battery over and over again, demanding to know what he told Lovato about the Trinitarios, if he was an undercover cop, too. Of course, Benny was a dead man, no matter what he said. Raymond pointed the finger at Hector Mendez to cover his own ass, but you already knew that.
 Hicks: What are you talking about?
 Mac: We subpoenaed your C.I. contact reports. You met with Raymond Cruz one hour after Benny's body was discovered.
 Hicks: So what? He never mentioned one word about committing any murder.
 Mac: He didn't have to. It was where the two of you met that spoke volumes.
 Hicks: You're late.
 Raymond: I was saying good-bye to an old friend.
 Hicks: Whose car is this?
 Raymond: I borrowed it.
 Mac: We lifted your fingerprint off the door handle. You were in Hector's Buick. So when you heard me ask about it in the garage, you knew that Raymond was lying about him, and you knew why. Hey, Raymond... Toasty own a green car?
 Raymond: Yeah, Buick. Bought it off his old man.
 Hicks: Do you have any idea how important he is? Raymond can serve up the Trinitarios on a silver platter. Drugs, kidnapping, murders... all of it. We can take them down... if my star witness gets on the stand and spills his guts.
 Mac: Doesn't it bother you that your star witness is a sadistic, cold-blooded killer?
 Hicks: I can live with that, considering what he means to the big picture.
 Mac: The only picture I see is of a man fooling himself. You had a responsibility to uphold the letter of the law, not pick and choose the parts that make your job easier!
 Hicks: I spent four years of my life building this case, and nothing about that was easy. And you want me to throw it all away because some gangbanging degenerate couldn't control himself?
 Mac: Raymond didn't compromise this case, Hicks. You did that.
 Jamie: Excuse me.
 Man: Sorry.
 Jamie: Good night.
 Man: Night.
 Don: About time you showed up.
 Jamie: What are you doing here, Flack?
 Don: Been a long day. Figured you might be hungry, so I bought you some takeout.
 Jamie: From where?

Don: Yang Chows, 39th.
Jamie: Well done. Best kung pao in Midtown.
Don: Come on.
Jamie: Thanks.
Don: Mm-hmm.
Jamie: Do you want to tell me why you're really here?
Don: I was wrong to assume that you crossed a line with Benny. You're better than that. I was a total jerk. I'm sorry.
Jamie: What you really want to know is if I slept with him. To clear the air... no... I didn't. Relieved, aren't you?
Don: What? Why?
Jamie: I think you're jealous.
Don: I think you're delusional.
Jamie: Maybe. Maybe not.
Don: It's getting late. I should probably go.
Jamie: Hey, Flack. I'll see you tomorrow.



CSI: NY, Season 9, Episode 10, "The Real McCoy"

Womam: I like your tie. It's really nice.
 Man: Thanks.
 Man: Get him out of here! Out!
 Jaso: What'll it be, hon?
 Dirty martini.
 Jason: Sorry, no vodka tonight, but you look like you could be a slogin fizz kinda girl.
 Girl: I can be whatever you want me to be.
 Eli: How we doing?
 Jason: Amazing. Movin' and groovin'.
 Eli: Receipts looking good?
 Jason: Come on, buddy. Are you kidding me? Will you just relax? Look at this place.
 I'd say we're doing good.
 Christine: Hey, I never asked you. How did your doctor's appointment go yesterday?
 Mac: He said I'm showing signs of improvement. Sailing through my tests and getting better all the time. Couldn't have done it without you.
 Christine: Mmm, this is nice. You, me, a quiet moment. Mm-hmm. I can see us here years from now sitting on our bench... wrinkly, gray. You'll be all crotchety, of course.
 Mac: What's the fun of getting older if you can't be crotchety?
 Christine: Go on. Get it.
 Mac: Taylor.
 Don: Lot owner says he closed up at 10:00 p.m. last night. Showed up at 6:00 a.m., found our vic shortly thereafter.
 Jo: Well, not the kind of Christmas surprise that poor man was expecting, I'm sure.
 Don: The vic is Jason Black, 28 years old.
 Mac: Blunt force trauma.
 Don: Also...
 Mac: Any sign of what was used to hit him in the head?
 Don: No. But I have a pretty good idea why. Bank deposit bag. Ten grand was taken off of our vic.
 Jo: So he was robbed.
 Don: Yeah, kinda.
 Jo: How do you kinda rob someone?
 Don: You leave \$5,328 behind. His wallet, credit cards, untouched.
 Mac: Why robs someone and not take all the money?
 Lindsay: Foot tread would indicate our vic was kicked in the chest.
 Mac: Probably the force that sent him back onto the spike.
 Lindsay: Yeah, it's just hard to tell if it was intentional or accidental. The blunt force trauma? Nothing accidental about that.
 Mac: Medium-velocity spatter.
 Lindsay: Yeah, our vic took quite a beating before landing on the spike.
 Don: If a body falls in a fake forest, does it make a noise? Apparently not. Canvass of the area turned up zilch. No witnesses, no surveillance cameras.
 Mac: And the lot owner?
 Don: His alibi checks out.
 Lindsay: The business on the deposit slip, The Real McCoy.
 Don: Yeah, it's a super exclusive speakeasy up the street. Opened up about two years ago. Our vic was one of the co-owners. Personally, I don't get the appeal. 20 bucks for a specialty drink? Give me a beer and call it a day, thanks.
 Lindsay: It's nostalgic.

Don: So nostalgic that the bar keeps everything old school from its drinks to the "cash only" policy.

Mac: Over 15 grand. Must have been the end-of-the-week deposit.

Don: There's a bank drop-off two blocks from here.

Mac: He ends up here.

Lindsay: I found a piece of fabric on the front gate, matches our vic's coat. I'm thinking maybe he ducked in here to hide from whoever eventually caught up with him.

Mac: Or someone forced him in. You're gonna rob someone, the best bet is to get 'em off the street.

Don: But if it's just a stickup, why go to all the trouble of squeezing into a locked lot?

Woman: Hey. Where do you think you're going?

Adam: Hey, babe. I didn't mean to wake you.

Woman: Mm. It's way too early to be functional. I don't have rehearsal till 2:00.

Adam: I know, but I gotta go.

Woman: I thought you had the day off.

Adam: I do.

Woman: Adam, we need to talk.

Adam: Okay.

Woman: This isn't gonna work out.

Adam: What?

Woman: It's been a fun few months, and you're cute and all and... mildly intellectually stimulating, but if you're gonna insist on being a morning person, then

Adam: Oh, way to give a guy a heart attack. Mm, I would actually love to stimulate you with my mild intellect, but, uh, um... Oh, I can't believe I'm saying this right now. I-I gotta go. You have no idea how much I hate myself. No idea.

Woman: At around 1:00...

Adam: Yeah?

Woman: you're gonna be overcome with a particular feeling.

Adam: Oh.

Woman: That feeling is going to be overwhelming regret. So you should reconsider this whole responsibility thing you've got going on.

Adam: Yeah. Yes, yes, yes. Yes, but I gotta go.

Woman: Where are you going?

Adam: Um, Hyperion House. It-it's a nursing home that I sometimes volunteer at.

Woman: Okay, now I'm overcome with regret. I knew you were one of the good ones.

Adam: Thanks. Bye.

Mac: Jason was your boyfriend?

No name: Almost a year. Typical story. Best friends who became more. We've known each other since college.

Mac: Eli, too?

Courtney: Used to call them Yin and Yang. They were total opposites, but together, they just kinda worked.

Mac: Despite being opposites, Jason and Eli got along?

Eli: He was my best friend... since second grade. I can't imagine things without him. Not many friendships survive going into business together. We had our moments. He was always quick to anger, and I've always been a little too passive.

Don: How about Courtney, how'd she fit in?

Courtney: Started off as a dancer. I mean, still am. But as things got more hectic around here, they had me start helping with the day-to-day.

Mac: There was a good portion of cash taken from Jason. Do you know if he had any money problems recently?

Courtney: He liked to gamble. He always took the risky bet, but... How risky?

Eli: I guess risky's relative. I was a stats major, so I always saw the odds; the risk/reward of it all.

Don: Jason just saw the reward?

Eli: Yeah. I mean, this bar had been our dream. Jason's grandpa, he'd worked at a speakeasy back in the day, so we grew up hearing stories all about it all the time: Club Durant, The Hollywood, The Ha-Ha Club. It was exciting. We wanted to replicate that feeling. Share an experience, offer an escape.

Don: What about the exclusivity of the bar?

Eli: That only made people want it more.

Don: That could've pissed some people off. Jason have problems with anyone recently?

Courtney: He was the life force of this place. People came to see him. Everybody loved him.

Sid: The screw from the tree stand pierced the left external carotid artery and the left jugular vein. Official COD exsanguination. Liver temp places TOD around 4:00 a.m.

Jo: What about the lacerations?

Sid: Two horizontal puncture wounds and one in which the skin split and caused three radiating tears.

Jo: Given the shapes and the ragged look of the laceration, I'd say our vic was pistol-whipped. The blunt end, the corner of the handle.

Sid: Subdermal photos confirm it. Probably a small gun, given the shape and size.

Jo: So our perp used a gun, but never fired it.

Sid: Also, I collected trace from the wound. Sent it up to the lab.

Jo: What is this mark below the temple?

Sid: Hmm.

Jo: Might lead us to the weapon.

Man: All right, here we go.

Adam: Yoo-hoo.

Father: Huh?

Adam: We're playing a game here. It's your turn. You got to take seven tiles.

Father: Oh. Sorry about that.

Adam: It's okay. There you go.

Father: I got it!

Adam: Okay. Hey. You know that kid?

Father: I thought maybe it was my son. I don't know why. He never visits. I wouldn't either, I guess. Place is disgusting. You're a good brother, Brian.

Adam: I'm...

Father: No one else visits me, just you. How's the family? You need money? Remember... Always be saving. Ah-huh.

Adam: What's wrong?

Father: You see, you see that woman, huh? I'd give you a few bucks but she keeps stealing my wallet. That's why you always gotta be careful. I don't like the people who hang around here. They're just trying to help you. Yeah, just trying to help themselves to my money.

Adam: Uh... Can you hold on one second?

Woman: There you are.

Adam: What are you doing here?

Woman: I wanted to see you in your element.

Lindsay: Thought I'd surprise you with a little pick-me-up. Maybe help out?
Adam: Uh, I mean, that's really sweet and I really appreciate it. Just, um, I'm busy.
Oh, no. Where the hell did he go?

Lindsay: Hey, you're gonna get a wrinkle if you keep furrowing your brow like that.
Sheldon: This just doesn't make sense.
Lindsay: What?
Sheldon: I found blood on the vic's watch. You were there, you saw; the jacket was securely around the gloves.

Lindsay: Yeah, the watch was completely covered.
Sheldon: Yeah. So, where'd this blood come from?
Don: All right, hey!
Danny: That's a catch of the day.
Don: Petty theft, armed robbery, burglary.
Danny: You were pinched five years ago for third-degree robbery.
Danny: You're out of prison for a week and you're already back at it?
Nathan: I'll paint you a picture. You get out of prison, times are tough...
Danny: You want to get back on your feet...
Don: You find an easy mark... Jason Black. Name ring a bell?
Nathan: I don't know who that is.
Danny: Yeah, you do.
Nathan: It's a pretty good theory.
Don: A theory supported by the fact that we have your blood on our victim's watch.
Danny: Theory sound more like fact now?
Nathan: Guy was a douche.
Jason: I found a way into his pretentious exclusive club. I try to order a drink, the ass has me thrown out. Come on. Get out of here.

Nathan: Get your hands off of me! Left a pretty good mark, too. What kind of place refuses business just 'cause I don't look the part?
Danny: It doesn't sound like your kind of joint.
Nathan: Just like you said. I'm out of prison a week. I got a taste for bourbon. It's as simple as that. Just a random bar.
Don: Of all the watering holes in all of New York, you had to walk into that one? Doesn't feel random. Plus, you're on parole, which means...
Nathan: Which means the only thing I did wrong was try and get a drink in that bar.
Father: There's no reason for this! None! I want to go home. Look, I don't know who you are, but I demand to speak to your supervisor!

Adam: I got this, I got this. Hey, it's okay. Take a breath.
Father: You! You're behind this, aren't you, Adam? I should have known! Always trying to ruin things for me! You know who I am?
Adam: Of course, I do. Look, I got a call from the cops saying they found you. I'm just gonna take you home.
Father: That's where I was trying to go before you had me hauled off. You did this!
Adam: I didn't do anything!
Father: I want to go home. I need to go home. Do you understand?
Adam: I do, but do you know where home is?
Father: Don't be silly! Arizona!
Adam: We're in New York City.
Father: Don't tell me where I am.
Adam: Okay, look, let's just, let's just go home.
Father: You are such a disappointment! Always have been, always will be. A good-for-nothing! Trying to put me away, huh? Trying to hurt me. I haven't seen

you for years, and this is when you show up?! This is how you repay me?!
Huh?

Adam: Can you put him in an interview room, please?

Father: Come back here, Adam! Adam?! Adam!

Woman: What's going on? Is that guy okay?

Adam: Yeah. No. My dad has Alzheimer's.

Woman: What did you say?

Adam: He's my dad.

Sheldon: Hey, Jo. Turns out you were right.

Jo: Oh, I love those three words. What was I right about this time?

Sheldon: Subdermal bruising on the vic's face. The insignia is the trademark for Dunley Ballistics.

Jo: The perp's gun.

Sheldon: Yeah, but not just any gun. A starter pistols.

Jo: They use those at my kids' swim meet. It only fire blanks or caps.

Sheldon: Looks just like the real McCoy, but far from it. Probably just wanted to scare the vic into giving up the money.

Jo: Still doesn't explain why our perp only grabbed \$10,000.

Sheldon: Hmm.

Jo: Ah! Okay, cotton, indigo, foil, boric acid. Trace that Sid collected from the wound of our vic.

Sheldon: Okay. Uh, cotton and indigo... sounds like denim. Foil... But boric acid?

Jo: Okay, usually used as an antiseptic, insecticide, flame-retardant, lubricant.

Sheldon: Any number of things.

Jo: Uh! I expected so much more from you.

Mac: Hey, Flack, I got your text. What's up?

Don: Since we don't have anything else to go at Nathan Brody with, I've been looking over complaint reports from the area around The Real McCoy.

Mac: Able to I.D. any sort of robbery pattern?

Don: Not yet. What I did find, though, is an unusually high number of disorderly conduct and public intox. 14 incidents in the last month, and only three others in the two years they've been open.

Mac: That's a pretty significant spike.

Don: Could be nothing. Maybe the bar was just over-serving.

Mac: The vic's tox report said he had a buildup of formic acid in his system. When ingested, methanol quickly converts to formaldehyde, and then to formic acid.

Don: Okay. So, what are you thinking, here?

Mac: That maybe the bar isn't just a speakeasy by name.

Adam: Chocolate malt shake.

Father: My favorite. How did you know?

Adam: Just a good guess. Do you know where you are right now?

Father: Uh... no.

Adam: Do you remember anything about today?

Father: Um... I went to, um... I, um... I was looking for, um, for my wife. Um... she wasn't home, so I, uh... I went out for a walk, to uh, to-to find her. She leaves a lot. You okay?

Adam: Where was that when I was a kid?

Father: Huh? You got to speak up if you want to be heard. You know, you remind me of my boy? Sweet. But, uh... a little soft. I try to toughen him up. Yeah.

Adam: Who am I?

Father: What kind of question is that?

Adam: It's so frustrating, how I... I have you for five minutes, and then I lose you again. Who am I? Say my name.

Father: Brian.

Adam: That's your brother.

Father: Charles.

Adam: That's you.

Father: I'm Charles?

Adam: Yeah. Dad. Say my name.

Father: I don't... I don't know.

Adam: I'm Adam. I'm your son.

Danny: I'd like a martini, shaken, not stirred.

Lindsay: Yeah, and preferably one with ethanol.

Danny: Not that I don't like an excuse to come see you, babe, but what's up?

Lindsay: Based on Mac's theory that our speakeasy is not just a speakeasy, I tested all the alcohol.

Danny: And you found methanol.

Lindsay: Yeah. Only not in any of the bottles out here, only in a few in the stockroom.

Danny: So the real stuff is here on the shelves, the fake stuff's in the back. Any idea why?

Lindsay: Well, I think it was a recent change. They have been serving the counterfeit stuff, see? The rubber mat gives it away. Methanol corrodes rubber, pulls moisture out of the air and turns it into a white powder.

Danny: Mm. I love it when you talk sciencey to me, baby.

Lindsay: Hmm. Votova Vodka. That's the stuff with the methanol.

Danny: So this is a modern-day bootlegging operation going on.

Lindsay: Yeah, only during Prohibition people were so desperate they were drinking pure ethyl alcohol. That's like swigging aftershave. This stuff is a lot slicker. It's less detectable, but it's not any less dangerous.

Danny: Yeah, but it's essentially poison. It gives you a mild reaction similar to extreme drunkenness, but it's dangerous enough to kill you.

Lindsay: So maybe our vic figured out that people were selling him a fake product.

Danny: We need to find out who this bar was buying from. - Yeah.

Lindsay: If it didn't kill him, it could be what got him killed. Votova Vodka? You want to pass off fake vodka as legit, I'd come up with a better name.

Lindsay: Feel free to fill out a complaint card on your way out.

Don: Yo. Listen to me. Between us, the Feds, ICC and ATF, you're screwed, my man.

Lindsay: You sold counterfeit vodka to The Real McCoy.

Don: And Jason Black figured out your scam.

Eli: Please. I'm scamming no one. Running a business is expensive. Clearly, they're looking to cut corners.

Lindsay: And you were happy to oblige.

Eli: That's usually what you do when you run a business.

Don: Jason confronted you about the fake booze you were selling him. He didn't want to pay.

Eli: Yeah, he confronted me, all right.

Jason: Whoa. No way, man. Not gonna happen. I'm not selling your crap anymore.

Eli: What are you talking about?

Jason: I know what you're up to.

Eli: Dude, I'm just trying to drop off your order.

Jason: Hey. I mix drinks for a living. You think I can't tell you've been selling me this counterfeit vodka?

Eli: Yeah, I'm selling it to you 'cause that's what you've been ordering.

Jason: Well, that's impossible.

Eli: Look, this guy didn't have a clue. He didn't handle the P. O. s. He refused to pay; he sent me on my way.

Lindsay: So, you killed him. You took what you thought he owed you.

Eli: No. I told him he was bitching at the wrong person.

Don: Okay. So, who handles the purchase orders?

Eli: Ah, the manager. The broad, Courtney.

Mac: You lied to us, Courtney. Relationships are built on trust. Jason trusted you, and you betrayed that trust.

Lindsay: You were stocking the bar with counterfeit vodka.

Courtney: I didn't think anyone was gonna get hurt.

Mac: Jason found out, confronted you, and then what?

Courtney: Then nothing.

Lindsay: Come on, Courtney, enough with the lies. You killed Jason to keep your secret safe. Then you used the money to pay off your liquor distributor.

Courtney: No. No, I loved Jason.

Jason: Want a drink?

Courtney: It's a little early to be drinking, don't you think, babe?

Jason: Nah, have a sip.

Courtney: What's with you?

Jason: Do it.

Courtney: It's noon.

Jason: So it wouldn't be because it's counterfeit vodka?

Courtney: Jason, I was gonna tell you. I'm...

Jason: No. No, no, no. Stop. You put me at risk. You put the bar at risk. What were you thinking?

Courtney: I was just trying to help. We're barely making enough money to stay afloat as it is... Baby, I'm so sorry.

Jason: Don't.

Courtney: Jason didn't look at the books. He didn't know. He was... he was never any good with money. Eli told me that we had to start finding ways of saving. We had to cut back.

Mac: And you two kept the bar's money problems from Jason?

Courtney: Eli thought it would be best.

Lindsay: So, Eli knew about the alcohol?

Courtney: No, I did that on my own.

Mac: How did you leave things with Jason? He said he needed time. Now time is something we can't get back.

Adam: Your arm hurt?

Father: Yeah. Ever since I broke it, I can always tell when the weather's gonna change. I can feel it.

Adam: When did you break your arm?

Father: You were there. Remember? There were those, uh... those two birds that we wanted to take out? Man, those girls. What were their names again? Oh, that brunette. What a knockout. She was something else. We just wanted to impress them. We stole some beers. Got that old, uh, that old army blanket, you know, from the garage. Packed up the car, and... there was Dad. Oh, man, was he pissed. Remember that? He was some new shade of red I'd never seen before. And it wasn't the belt. Or the spoon. Not that time. Man, he was pissed.

Adam: He broke your arm?

Father: Yeah. What are you gonna do? He would've broke yours, too, if I hadn't stepped in. Stupid broken arm. Ruined my chance of playing ball. I could've been great.

Adam: Why did you let him hurt you?

Father: What were we, like 15? What choice did I have?

Adam: I mean... did-did he do it to you often?

Father: Oh, come on. You don't want to relive that stuff.

Adam: I relive it every day. I tried for so long to forget about everything you did to me. Don't you remember?

Father: No, I.. that was Dad, that wasn't me.

Adam: You are my dad. You kicked the crap out of me. Look at me. You look at me. You tell me you remember.

Father: No, you must have me confused with someone else.

Jo: That's one complicated-looking map.

Sheldon: But it is the map that might lead us to our perp. The trace you ran led to a ton of possible sources, one of which: denim insulation. Cotton, indigo, foil and...

Jo: Boric acid, acting as a flame-retardant.

Sheldon: Mm-hmm.

Jo: Okay. So maybe our perp kept his gun in the attic.

Sheldon: Denim insulation gets on the gun and transfers to our vic when he gets hit.

Jo: And how does that trace connect back to this?

Sheldon: It turns out Jason and Eli worked a slew of odd jobs before opening The Real McCoy.

Jo: They laid denim insulation?

Sheldon: Yeah, right before they opened the bar, they worked for Overhead Roofing. I took the addresses of all the jobs Jason worked, plugged those in, then cross-referenced all the players in the game with those address to see if there was any link. Jason's employees, friends, family. And finally, anyone questioned.

Jo: Nathan Brody.

Sheldon: Nathan lived at his grandma's house till he got popped for third-degree robbery and hauled off to prison. Pulled the file. His haul was approximated at ten thou. That was five years ago.

Jo: Money was never recovered?

Sheldon: Not a dime.

Jo: When was our vic in the attic?

Sheldon: Date on the insulation job says a little over two years ago.

Jo: Right before Jason opened the bar. So if Nathan hid his gun in the attic, maybe he hid his money there, too.

Sheldon: Mm-hmm. Nathan's released, comes home to find his stash gone.

Jo: And somehow fingers our vic as his thief.

Jason: What? So maybe Jason's dream was built on a lie.

Don: \$10,000. Scary to think what some people would do for that kind of money.

Mac: In your case, you killed for it.

Nathan: Look, I already told you what happened, all right?

Don: Yeah, yeah, yeah. That was part one of a two-part tale.

Mac: We know you killed Jason Black. We have the gun you hit him with.

Don: The skeleton in your closet comes in the form of a starter pistol in the attic. Start talking.

Nathan: I found the receipt for the insulation job.

Mac: Signed off by Jason Black.

Don: Quick Google search, you find out that Jason owns The Real McCoy. You snuck in that night to confront him, but he booted you out.

Nathan: Figured if he wouldn't talk to me at the bar, I wouldn't let walking away be an option.

Jason: Look, I don't know what you're talking about, man. I've never seen you before, and I did not take your money.

Nathan: You were in my attic, right? You found my cash, and I'm here to collect. I was gonna leave him, then he fought back. So I searched him... found the deposit bag, took my money back.

Mac: It wasn't yours to begin with.

Nathan: Think what you want... but that money was my hope to start over. A hope to meet my kid. He was born four months after I went in.

Don: Yo, you were gonna start over with stolen money?

Nathan: I just wanted to do right by him. Hoist him up on my shoulders after his first ball game. Hold his hand on the way to the barber for his first haircut, you know? Give him better than my dad gave me.

Don: The sins of the father are the shackles worn by their children.

Mac: Let's hope your son is able to break free. Tough day?

Adam: Yeah. Nothing that a good night's sleep can't fix.

Mac: I saw you with your father. You want to talk?

Adam: Okay. You know, I only stood up to my dad once. I was 15. And he, he just got home from work. My mom was cooking dinner in the kitchen. He started hassling her... verbally. Then he pushed her hard against the wall and shattered this picture frame. My mom starts to cry. And I could, I could hear from the living room. Then he started to hit her. And I, I just... I couldn't listen to her cry anymore. So I got up and I grabbed a piece of broken glass off the floor and... I yelled at him to get off her. And I said, "If you ever hurt me " or her again... I will kill you."

Mac: Why do you go visit him?

Adam: I'm his son. I feel obligated. Did you take care of your dad when he was sick?

Mac: No, no, my mother did that. I wish I'd done more.

Adam: It's just not fair, you know? He doesn't remember anything... anything that he did to me. And I remember every curse, every smack, every bruise. Everything. I remember all of it.

Mac: You want an acknowledgement. Or an apology, but with his fleeting memory, you can't have that.

Adam: I look at him now, and he's old... and sick. And I feel nothing. And it scares me. I mean, what does that say about me as a person? You know, you're supposed... you're supposed to love your parents. So... I guess I go because I want to... I want to feel something.

Mac: It looks like you feel something now. Holding onto the anger isn't gonna help you.

Adam: It's so crazy, you know? I've learned more about him now since he's been sick than when he was normal. Turns out, he's just another case of history repeating itself, you know? He was a victim, too.

Mac: A little forgiveness... you can move on.

Adam: Maybe.

Mac: Not just for him, Adam, for you.

Don: Thought you guys might want this.

Courtney and Eli: Thank you.

Eli: Detective? You got the guy?

Don: Yeah.

Courtney: Jason was a really good man. Who would want to hurt him?

Don: It seems the past came back to haunt him. Apparently, he stole ten grand out of someone's attic when you guys used to lay insulation.

Courtney: You said you won it in Atlantic City.

Eli: What're you talking about?

Courtney: The money. The last bit of the start-up money. You said you won ten grand in AC.

Eli: I did.

Courtney: No.

Courtney: No, you laid insulation with him. You were there. You took that money.

Eli: We were so close to having everything that we wanted. The money was... it was just sitting there.

Courtney: It should have been you.

Don: I didn't think anyone would know.

Eli: Or that after all this time anyone would come looking for it.

Don: No one ever thinks that.

Woman: What?

Adam: Ah, man, uh, I'm gonna regret saying this, but I totally understand if you want to walk away from this. No hard feelings.

Woman: I'm here, aren't I?

Adam: I know, I just... you have to deal with all this baggage.

Woman: We all have baggage. You just have to find someone who you want to help you carry it. I'm applying for the job.

Adam: Can I play you something?

Woman: 'Course.

Adam: This is the only thing I have of my dad's. The only thing I ever wanted. Favorite memory as a kid was going to the record store with him.

Woman: That'd be another point for you.

CSI: NY, Season 9, Episode 11, "Command+P"

Sheldon: That had to hurt.

Jamie: Not as bad as his bill for his time.

Mac: Who's the vic?

Jamie: Name's Manny Hinde, attorney- at- law. You probably heard his radio commercial. "Had an accident? Hurt on the job?"

Sheldon: "Call the legal mind of Manny Hinde."

Mac: Oh.

Jamie: Secretary found him when she came in this morning. Said that he stayed late last night to work on a bunch of briefs.

Mac: Through and through. Fired at point-blank range.

Sheldon: Body temp suggests TOD was around midnight.

Mac: Outside of where it impacted the glass, I'm not seeing any ballistic striae on its surface.

Jamie: So we're not talking about your average gat.

Mac: No. But whatever it was... somebody clearly used it to blow the legal mind of Manny Hinde. Any signs of forced entry?

Jamie: None whatsoever.

Mac: Then Manny Hinde might have known his killer. What about family?

Jamie: Divorced twice. Both of his exes live out of state. No kids. His secretary says he spent half his life in the office, the other half in court.

Mac: Any idea what kind of cases he was working?

Jamie: He was counsel to 17 plaintiffs. Six traffic accidents, eight worker comps, two slip-and-falls and a bad lip enhancement. Though I have yet to see a good one.

Sheldon: Sounds like there could be any number of defendants who didn't appreciate Manny's work.

Jamie: I sent a copy of the case files to your office.

Mac: Good. It could help us figure out who chased this ambulance chaser into an early grave.

Reporter: Police say they have no leads at this stage and they're appealing for help from the public.

Lindsay: Hey, I thought we were having lunch together.

Danny: Yeah, sorry, me too, babe. But Mac's got me poring over Manny Hinde's case files. Which I actually like to call "50 Shades of Sleazebag."

Lindsay: It's better than running ballistics on a bullet with no ballistics.

Danny: How you supposed to do that?

Lindsay: Exactly.

Man: Hey, will you turn that up?

Woman: A million dollars. A million! You telling me it wouldn't knock you out cold to have somebody hit you with that kind of lettuce?

Reporter: So far, over the last 24 hours, ten individuals across New York City have received cashier's checks from an anonymous donor for a million dollars apiece. Officials at First Federation Bank, where the checks were processed, had no comment on the identity of the generous benefactor people are now simply referring to as the "Guardian Angel."

Danny: The Guardian Angel? Can I get a number on this guy? I want to give him our address.

Reporter: ...every borough across town. And while none of the random recipients claim to have any clue about why they've been given a million in cash, it's clearly had a very big impact.

Man: Uh, I'm gonna get out of the projects. I'm gonna go back to school. Um, I'm gonna do everything my mother dreamed I would.

Reporter: Flores, a fast-food restaurant employee...

Adam: Wow. What kind of person gives that type of coin away to someone they don't even know?

Jo: Somebody who wants to feel good, I would imagine.

Reporter: ...an investment planner, a songwriter, and a retired veteran.

Jo: Borrow your pen?

Reporter: Also, no one has been able to figure out what exactly these folks have in common, aside from their newfound wealth and their obvious joy, and also...

Adam: You know, the most free money I ever got was \$1.75 in extra change from that vending machine.

Jo: You should give it back.

Adam: Seriously?

Jo: Absolutely. Jo Danville. Okay, on our way. All right, let's go work, Adam. You can earn back that snack machine bonus.

Don: Name is Justin VanderHeyden. 23 years old, mechanical engineer. Graduated with honors last year from the Brooklyn University of Science.

Jo: Sounds like a bright kid.

Don: Never got less than an "A" according to his parents. Nothing more than jury duty according to his record.

Adam: Then how'd he ends up here?

Don: Landlord came by around noon looking for the rent. Said the door was open. He found Justin dead on the floor. No signs of breaking and entering.

Jo: Looks like a single round. Penetrating trauma to the heart, judging by the blood loss. Liver temp... puts the time of death about 10:00 last night.

Adam: Okay, so we got two computer speakers, a mouse pad and no computer.

Don: So, we could still be looking at burglary, even without the B and E. Maybe Justin let the wrong person in.

Adam: Hey, Jo, check this out. This table's covered with some kind of powdered metal.

Jo: Not totally covered. Sometimes the biggest clue is the one that's missing.

Lindsay: So, what would you do in that position?

Sheldon: If somebody gave me a million bucks? Hmm. I'd probably use it to help underprivileged youth. Aw. Or buy a Tesla.

Sheldon: Huh. That's weird.

Lindsay: What?

Sheldon: These metal fragments I collected from Manny Hinde's desk are testing positive for gunshot residue. But they're made of some kind of metal and epoxy resin that I've never seen on any weapon before.

Lindsay: Yeah, then we're in the exact same boat. 'Cause I can't tell Mac anything more about what fired this bullet than you can.

Reporter: But it wasn't until the East Village couple found a gift from the Guardian Angel that they realized just how lucky they were.

Woman: But now the three of us are gonna be just fine.

Man: The three of us? I'm gonna be a father?

Woman: Yeah.

Sid: Okay, people. These bodies aren't gonna autopsy themselves.

Jo: Looks like a busy day down here.

Sid: That's what I get for taking yesterday off.

Jo: Well, I hope you spent it at least relaxing.

Sid: I think I stopped relaxing during my first year of med school.

Mac: So, what can you tell us about Justin VanderHeyden?
Sid: COD was catastrophic injury to the heart due to gunshot wound. The bullet was lodged in his pulmonary artery, where it no doubt killed young Justin instantly. But I'm afraid that wasn't my most unsettling discovery.

Lindsay: There's no striae of any kind.
Mac: Uh-huh. It's just like the other one. The bullet Sid pulled from Justin VanderHeyden's heart is identical to the round fired through Manny Hinde's head. When did you estimate Justin's TOD?
Sheldon: And Manny died a couple of hours later at midnight.
Lindsay: So, what's the connection between a young engineer and an ambulance chaser?
Mac: They were both murdered with the exact same weapon. Despite the kinds of cases Manny Hinde handles, there haven't been any countersuits filed against him in the past five years or a single complaint logged with the New York Bar.
Jo: And we didn't find anyone who didn't like Justin VanderHeyden. So, whatever he was working on, he didn't have to worry about his reputation.
Mac: What about something that ties Justin directly to Manny? Mm-mm.
Jo: Different ages, different walks of life, live on completely separate sides of the city. Nothing to indicate these two ever crossed paths.
Mac: Then why are these two men dead at the hands of the same killer?
Adam: I miss you more. I do. Well, it is possible. I'm bigger than you, okay? It means I'm physically capable of missing you in larger quantities. It's a scientific fact. It is. Yeah. Ooh. What? Wow. You like that, do you? You like that I'm a scientist? Do you? Yeah? I think it turns you on. Well, maybe I'll come over later and put on my lab coat and... Oh! Oh. Bye.

Mac: Uh...
Adam: Oh, God. Uh, you guys are probably wondering why I'm on my phone.
Mac: Yeah, uh, that thought did cross our mind.
Adam: Well, unfortunately, Justin VanderHeyden, uh, had pass code protection, so I'm having to hack into his phone.
Jo: And in the meantime?
Adam: I can see that. I know, but have you ever met someone that just makes you completely forget about everything in your life before you met them?

Mac: Adam.
Adam: Yeah? Oh, God. Thank you.
Mac: Check Justin's GPS records. Maybe they can tell us where he was before he was killed. Now.
Adam: Okay. Here we go. He was around the Bronx approximately 7:30 p.m.
Jo: Triborough Club. Have you ever heard of it?
Adam: It's an upscale place. A lot of younger, hipper kids. You definitely go there to be seen.

Mac: All right, then listen to me carefully. Stay off your phone and on his. Go through Justin's contacts, calendar, text messages, call records, all of it.
Adam: And, Jo. Get on the horn with Flack. He and Lovato should check with the Triborough Club for any possible witnesses or surveillance. If Justin was there that soon before he was killed... his killer might have been there with him.

Don: I can't believe not one bartender or server remembered seeing Justin VanderHeyden in that club.
Jamie: I asked every single last one of them, and all we have to go on is a surveillance video they gave us of the freak show outside.
Don: Tell you what, you would not catch me dead in a place like the Triborough.
Jamie: Let me guess. You prefer Irish pubs.
Don: Why? Because you prefer salsa dancing?

Jamie: Touché. What are you into?
 Don: Why, so you can tease me?
 Jamie: No. Come on, I'm curious. I won't bust on you, I promise.
 Don: Okay. But I'm trusting you with this, okay? Two words: Ping-Pong.
 Jamie: Ping-Pong?
 Don: I know. I didn't think I'd be into it, either, but there's this new place that opened up in SoHo a couple of months back. I walked into it on a canvass-- it's awesome. You can rent tables by the hour. They got a full bar. They even have coaches walking around to help you with your game.

Jamie: Of Ping-Pong?
 Don: When was the last time you played?
 Jamie: I don't know, probably seventh grade.
 Don: Then you should know what I'm talking about. But in case you forgot, I will happily reintroduce you to the pleasures of Ping-Pong-- unless, of course, you're scared I'm gonna beat you.

Jamie: I think I can hold my own.
 Don: Oh, all right, then. So, what do you say we go tonight after work? First round's on me.

Jamie: All right. Yeah. I'm game. Whoa. We got VanderHeyden entering the club.
 Don: What time?
 Jamie: 7:50.
 Don: Okay. Let's see if we can run it forward and catch him on the exit. There. 8:45. See him coming back out?

Jamie: And he's with somebody else. Can't see his face.
 Don: Male, approximately six-foot, blond hair, muscular build.
 Jamie: Doesn't look like our attorney. But we've had no sign of him anywhere else.
 Don: Then who is this guy?
 Adam: His name is Andy Stein, and he's the founder of a company called Intellifund.
 Mac: A venture capital firm.
 Adam: Yeah, and after I unlocked the pass code to Justin's phone, I found Stein in the calendar. Now, get this. They were scheduled to meet at the Triborough Club at 8:00 p.m. the night he was killed.

Mac: Then he could know something about what happened to Justin.
 Adam: And based on what I learned about this guy, that's just the start of it.
 Mac: You have an interest in new and developing technologies, Mr. Stein?
 Mr. Stein: I do, indeed.
 Mac: We understand you were supposed to hear a pitch the night before last from Justin VanderHeyden.

Mr. Stein: I meet with a lot of B.U.S. graduates.
 Jo: Yeah, we've seen the list of civil complaints from young innovators whose ideas you've already stolen. Or did you forget to mention to Justin that you're currently being indicted on six counts of intellectual property theft?

Mr. Stein: I didn't take anything from anybody.
 Jo: What about Justin's life?
 Mac: He was murdered a few hours after leaving the Triborough Club with a man who closely matches your description.

Mr. Stein: No, no, no, that's not possible.
 Jo: You must've been awfully desperate to get your hands on whatever he was working on.
 Mr. Stein: N-No. No, you... you don't understand. That's not possible, because I never actually met the kid.

Mac: We have you on surveillance video entering the Triborough Club... at 8:05 that night.

Mr. Stein: Yes, that's right, because I was there; he wasn't. I sat around in that bar for the better part of an hour. I even ordered myself some foo-foo watered-down drink. This kid never showed up.

Jo: And then what?

Mr. Stein: I left. By myself. I didn't kill anybody.

Jo: What about Manny Hinde? Danny find some way to connect him to Andy Stein?

Mac: Not one. Plus, we still can't prove it's Stein in the video leaving that club with Justin. And once Flack went back to take another look, we couldn't see him exit at all.

Jo: So without some firm science, we can't put that guy at either crime scene.

Sheldon: I think I may have just figured out what Justin VanderHeyden was working on.

Jo: What's that?

Sheldon: Same thing that killed him. Justin VanderHeyden printed a gun.

Jo: He what?

Sheldon: Yeah. It's called 3-D metal printing, and it works just like any ordinary printer, but instead of using ink to produce an image...

Mac: It uses powdered metals.

Sheldon: Yes. Mixed with steel epoxy resin to create multiple layers of a three-dimensional object.

Jo: Okay, I'm not sure I even want to try to wrap my brain around that.

Sheldon: Think about it like this. Little by little, each layer is fused together... by a laser heat source until the object is made whole.

Mac: 3-D printing's already had revolutionary applications in the automotive and biotech fields.

Sheldon: Yeah, you can print anything from car parts to bone replacements.

Jo: Yeah, okay, but a gun? How did he pull that off?

Sheldon: I got to admit, it wasn't easy. I found a series of proprietary algorithmic programming files backed up on the Zip drive that Justin kept on his key chain. Now, at first, it just looked like a bunch of foreign language. Until I saw a few words that I recognized. When I put all that information together, along with the trace swabs and dust void measurements from Justin's workshop, I got a better idea of what he was up to. Once he designed the software to drive it, the parts and supplies needed to print a gun were available online and at the local hardware store. All he had to do was hit Command-P, then sit back and watch. His printer was probably a little more homegrown than ours, but the software that ran it gave us the same end result.

Jo: You've got to be kidding me. I wish I was. It's your basic .38, printed whole, with all moving parts.

Mac: No markings, no serial numbers, no barrel boring.

Jo: That explains the complete lack of ballistics.

Mac: Guns are dangerous enough in the wrong hands. Now we have to worry about people being able to print them at home.

Sheldon: Without a permit.

Mac: This is one I almost wish you hadn't figured out.

Jo: Well, you know what they say? Every act of creation is an act of destruction.

Mac: A printable gun definitely proves that theory. But we still need to figure out who took two lives with one of them.

Reporter: ...where sources tell us he is about to reveal the identity of the Guardian Angel - the mysterious donor who has given \$1 million to ten random people. Oh, and it looks like Mr. Kemp is making his way to the podium right now.

Mr. Kemp: Thank you. Thank you. I know there's been a lot of speculation swirling about this Guardian Angel character. And frankly, a lot of people familiar with my philanthropic side have been asking if it's me. So I thought it was time I gave you an answer to that. Yes, I am the Guardian Angel. The fact is, I take a lot of heat in this town, thanks to the properties I own and the plans I have, but I love New York. So, if I can make this kind of a difference in the lives of ten average people, then hell, maybe I'm not such a bad guy after all.

Adam: Oh, so that's the Guardian Angel.

Jo: So he says.

Danny: Yeah, ten million bucks is chump change for that guy.

Adam: Yeah, right? He probably spends that on hair gel.

Jo: I don't know. Feels more like strategy to me than charity.

Adam: You think?

Jo: These things are never how they look.

Reporter: Well, there you have it. The Guardian Angel has been revealed.

Man: Detective?

Jo: Thank you.

Reporter: Let's go back to David and Devon in the studio.

Devon: Great reporting. Such good news. So, tell us, what's it like down there?

Reporter: Well, it's very exciting down here. Everyone thought it might be Kemp, but no one really thought he was that generous.

Lindsay: Look familiar? That's part of what's left of the printed revolver I just test-fired in Ballistics.

Sheldon: And these are the metal fragments I collected from Manny Hinde's office.

Mac: They're the same. Lindsay, when did the gun fail?

Lindsay: On the second round.

Sheldon: Which is consistent with my analysis of soft metal and epoxy construction. Okay, the gun Justin made must have been a prototype. It would have had to have been kiln-tempered at high heat for a lengthy period before it would even have a chance of being structurally sound enough to fire.

Mac: But our killer didn't know that. We know the first round killed Justin on impact. The second round did more than just kill Manny Hinde. It would have exploded and very likely injured the shooter. Reach out to every E.R. in town, check reports of anything that looks like a shrapnel injury.

Lindsay: Got it.

Danny: Okay, will you let me know if you see a patient with those kinds of injuries? Fantastic. Thanks a lot. Bye.

Lindsay: Hi, this is Detective Lindsay Messer with the NYPD Crime Lab. Could I please speak to an emergency room physician? That was at about what time? Okay, and were the injuries serious? And did he say how it happened? Okay, I'm gonna need that patient's name.

Danny: Boom.

Lindsay: Mac, we checked with 17 area hospitals. I think we finally got a lead on our perp.

Mac: Andy Lewis.

Lindsay: How does he do that?

Danny: Wasn't our other suspect named Andy, too?

Mac: Andy Stein, venture capitalist, but that shyster's a saint compared to Andy Lewis.

Danny: "B and E, burglary." Just finished a three-year stint for assault with a deadly weapon.

Lindsay: Well, looks like a deadly weapon just assaulted him back. I checked with the E.R. doctor. He has first degree burns on his fingers, multiple lacerations on his face.

Danny: Well, shouldn't be hard to spot once we find him.

Mac: We just did.

Mac: Andy Lewis, NYPD. Put your hands where I can see 'em.

Danny: Man, he looks tired, huh?

Jo: You ever see the movie North by Northwest, Mr. Lewis?

Mr. Lewis: I don't get out much.

Mac: I'm sure that's true, considering all the time you've spent in lockup.

Mr. Lewis: It was a great flick. Cary Grant plays an ad exec who gets mistaken for someone else, and it just completely turns his life upside down.

Mac: Kind of like Justin VanderHeyden. Only his life was ended, and you're the one that got mistaken. Justin had an 8:00 meeting scheduled with a venture capitalist at the Triborough Club.

Jo: He had a big idea that needed funding. And he was certain that Andy Stein was the guy to make that happen.

Mac: Trouble is, Justin was excited, so he got there a little earlier than he should have, and Andy Stein hadn't arrived yet.

Jo: But Andy Lewis had.

Justin: Andy?

Mr. Lewis: Yeah?

Justin: Hi. I'm Justin. Um, it's so nice to meet you. And I know you're a very busy man, but I think you're really gonna like what I've come up with. I'd like to introduce you to the printable gun.

Mr. Lewis: I had no freakin' idea who he was.

Jo: No, you probably had other things on your mind. Like the fact that Manny Hinde slept with your wife Molly while you were in prison.

Mr. Lewis: How the hell do you know that?

Mac: Once we found out who you were, your parole officer was happy to tell us who your wife is. Turns out that Molly had heard one of Hinde's radio commercials, and so, she went to him for one of those quickie divorces right after you got locked up.

Jo: But it turned out to be much more than just a quickie, didn't it?

Mr. Lewis: Sleeping with a freakin' attorney. I wanted to kill that bitch.

Jo: That might explain why we found your wife hiding in a hotel. She knew exactly how violent you were.

Mr. Lewis: I tried to calm down. I even took myself out for a drink. But I just sat in that bar getting more and more pissed.

Mac: Then opportunity suddenly presented itself.

Justin: Think of what this kind of technology can mean to law enforcement or the military. Low-cost weapons can be printed whenever they're needed by precincts or platoons around the world. Now, all I need is the funding to be able to continue my research, and then...

Mr. Lewis: Kid... I'm all in. Just do me a favor.

Justin: Yeah, what's that?

Mr. Lewis: Show me, don't tell me. And it takes regular rounds?

Justin: See for yourself. Whoa, be careful where you point that.

Mr. Lewis: You're telling me to be careful? When you just gave a gold mine to the wrong guy.

Justin: Wait, what are you talking about?

Mr. Lewis: You're a genius, kid. For an idiot.

Jo: You killed an innocent young man and then stole his idea.

Mac: Then used it to kill someone else.

Hinde: No... No!

Jo: But your plan kind of... backfired on you, didn't it?

Mr. Lewis: That stupid kid. Half-assed gun. That... cheating son of a bitch messing around with my wife. If you ask me... they both had it coming.

Mac: No, Mr. Lewis. But you certainly do.

Jo: What do we do with Justin's printer?

Mac: We'll have it sent over to the Brooklyn University of Science after Lewis is convicted.

Jo: And his software?

Mac: Good or bad, you can't stop ideas. Sooner or later, I'm sure that somebody else will figure out how to print a gun. But until they do, I think we should just keep that info to ourselves.

Jo: Okay. Sounds like an excellent plan. Let me ask you a question-- if you had a million dollars to spend, would you ever give your money to a total stranger?

Mac: Don't tell me you're caught up in this whole Guardian Angel story. Richard Kemp is about as see-through as the hot air coming out of his mouth.

Jo: I know. But what if it's not him?

Mac: Well, he's certainly claiming otherwise.

Jo: What if he's lying? What if somebody else gave the money away?

Mac: Then I'd expect that person to come forward, wouldn't you?

Jo: Unless they'd rather remain anonymous.

Mac: Why are you so suspicious anyway? You got a bead on the real Guardian Angel?

Jo: Maybe.

Mac: Well, you gonna tell me?

Jo: Nope.

Jamie: I'm impressed. You got some pretty good skills.

Don: You got a nasty little serve yourself. Ooh!

Jamie: What do you say we take it up a notch?

Don: All right, what do you got in mind?

Jamie: Best two out of three.

Don: I'm in. Hold on, hold on, hold on. What does the winner get?

Jamie: Whatever the winner wants.

Don: Ooh, I can tell this is gonna get ugly. Didn't I tell you that was a good time?

Jamie: You did. And I didn't believe you. But it was a really nice time.

Don: Just collecting my winnings.

Jamie: So... we done playing Ping-Pong?

Don: Yeah, we're done playing Ping-Pong.

Jo: Hey, Sid.

Sid: Jo, what are you doing down here so late?

Jo: Just came by to chitchat for a few minutes. I'm so fascinated by this whole Guardian Angel story in the news.

Sid: Really? I've been trying to avoid it. Uh...

Jo: Do you remember Mauricio Flores?

Sid: No. Should I? Well, I recognized his name right off the bat from a case we worked on together a couple years ago. His mother was killed in the projects. And all those other people. Carolyn Sutton, lost her husband in a home invasion. Kevin and Rachel Carpenter. She lost her dad in a hit-and-run. And

the traffic cop, Rhonda Reynolds, buried her teenage son after a drive-by. You know what's fascinating about all these is that they're all connected by crime.

Sid: Now that you mention it, I guess it is.

Jo: And you know what really gets me is that all the employees at NYPD have their fingerprints on file in AFIS, Sid.

Sid: Yeah.

Jo: Or should I call you the Guardian Angel?

Sid: I should've worn gloves, but I didn't exactly think I was committing a crime.

Jo: Well, you weren't. Still, I couldn't help trying to figure out why you would be giving \$10 million of your hard earned patent money to complete and total strangers. Until I realized that all these people had lost someone they loved. Somebody whose autopsies were on your table.

Sid: What are you, a detective or something? These ten cases, they really stuck with me, Jo, I mean, because their losses only got worse. They-they got pink-slipped or hit with back taxes or had to drop out of school. I just wanted to try and repair some of the damage, you know? 'Cause, I mean, let's face it. That's something people in our business rarely get to do. So I decided to hand-deliver those checks because I wanted to personally hand someone hope. Some kind of joy. Of course, we all deserve that, but trust me, Jo, these folks deserved it so much more.

Rachel: A million dollars?

Kevin: Are you kidding me?

Rachel: Oh, my God, oh, my God.

Kevin: Are you kidding me? Are you serious? Oh, my God!

Sid: And you know what, more than anything else, I wanted to reassure those people that somebody out there still understands there's always more than one victim in a crime.

Jo: Sid, I can't imagine how you've changed these people's lives.

Sid: Well...

Jo: But do you really want to give away all your money?

Sid: Well, it's like they always say, you can't take it with you.

Jo: What, are you going somewhere?

Sid: Uh... Jo, you were the first person I confided in when I became a millionaire. So now, uh, can I ask you to be my confidant again?

Jo: Of course. What's up?

Sid: I've been diagnosed with cancer. Yeah, non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, to be exact. Uh... I'm still doing a bunch of tests, trying to figure out how far it may have spread. I've known for a while, but it's just easier... never mind.

Jo: Sid. What's the prognosis? Oh, uh, you know doctors. They've all got their opinion. But, uh, you know, we've all got an expiration date, right? Whether it's tomorrow or ten years from now. It's what we do before then that matters. That's why I gave the money to those people, Jo. I mean, most of us aren't around to see what happens to the inheritance that we leave behind. I want to know what kind of difference I've made.

Jo: Sid, you have no idea. You... All right. Are you in any pain?

Sid: Not really. But if there comes a time when I can't do my job, I won't hesitate to step aside. Just please, please let it be on my own terms.

Jo: I promise. Promise me you're not telling me good-bye.

Sid: No. Are you kidding me? I've got way too much work to do. No, this is only... good night.

Jo: Okay.

CSI: NY, Season 9, Episode 12, "Civilized Lies"

Riley: Good night, ladies.
 Girl: Good night.
 Riley: Get home safe.
 Girl: Thanks. Okay. We'll see you tomorrow.
 Riley: Hey, kid. I'll be there in 15. No, no, you're buying. You got a big boy job now and a big boy paycheck. Uh-huh. Hey, let me go, son. I'm locking up. No, we'll talk when I get there. I love you, too. And, hey, I'm proud of you.
 Man: Come on, hurry up, come on! Hurry up! Get it!
 Mr. Lombardo: That's it. Shots went off, I saw the dude get hit, and I ran. Got around the block and I felt this... burning feeling in my shoulder. That's all I saw.
 Mac: That "dude" was an off-duty police officer, moonlighting at the check cashing store. Did it occur to you, did it cross your mind for one second to go back and help him?!

Mr. Lombardo: I mean, I was shot, too.
 Mac: And you knew you had an active bench warrant on a drug case, so you didn't want to stick around. You'd rather leave a man die in the street than go to court.
 Mr. Lombardo: Hey, please, I can't go back inside on that warrant. I got a kid. I wanted to call, okay? I really did. I was scared. Maybe I wasn't thinking about the cop, all right?
 Sheldon: Good night.
 Mr. Lombardo: You know what? There's no law that says I have to help you guys. So, you know what'd be nice? Just a little, maybe,
 Sheldon: "Hey, thank you for cooperating, Mr. Lombardo."
 Don: You wouldn't even be talking to us if the hospital hadn't called to report you coming in with a gunshot wound.
 Mr. Lombardo: Hey, how's that cop doing, anyway?
 Don: He's down the hall, fighting for his life.
 Mac: Get up.
 Mr. Lombardo: What?
 Mac: Turn around. Turn around.
 Mr. Lombardo: Ow. Ow! Hey, okay. Relax, relax! What the hell's going on?!

Mac: You weren't across the street running when you got shot. You were standing right over the officer when the bullet went through your shoulder. You're no innocent bystander, you're a liar.
 Adam: Oh, snap! I got all y'all! What?
 Sheldon: Looks like they all go to the same barber.
 Adam: Uh-huh, no kidding. They could be brothers.
 Sheldon: What about the rest of the video?
 Adam: I see the car, just not really clear.
 Sheldon: Witness took down the plate. Car was reported stolen yesterday.
 Adam: Okay, I went through the entire video, open to closing, and no one resembling Lombardo came in and out. If he's involved, he's not in this video. All the witnesses have the same story: all right, three bald, African-American males. No one puts Lombardo at the scene.
 Sheldon: But the science does. I examined those gunshot wounds. Lombardo was standing directly over Riley, facing him, when Riley shot him. Bullet traveled through his shoulder, ended up on the other side of the street. Riley's .38 was recovered right near his body. Lombardo was not shot with that gun somewhere else later on.

Adam: Unless Lombardo had some sort of magical cloaking device, how did he end up in the crime scene, get shot, without anybody seeing him?

Lindsay: Mark Riley was the first officer at one of the first crime scenes I worked in the city. He really made an impression on me. He was so nice, very professional... really knew his stuff. I bumped into him at the courthouse a few times. Always talking about his family.

Jo: Mm. Looks like he's got someone following in his footsteps.

Jason: Hi, I'm Jason Riley.

Jo: Hi. Jo Danville, detective. We're from the crime lab.

Lindsay: Hi, I'm Detective Lindsay Messer.

Jason: Uh, my dad's...

Lindsay: We know. We're pulling for him.

Jason: Do you have any idea who did this?

Jo: have a whole team of detectives working on it.

Lindsay: No one's going home till we do.

Jason: So, what? You're, um... here to process his body if...

Jo: No. No, we're here to collect evidence in his clothing once he pulls through surgery.

Jason: I was, I was talking to him on the phone just before he got shot. We both got off at midnight, and we were gonna go to the diner, have coffee and a midnight snack.

Lindsay: Did he sound worried or concerned about anything?

Jason: No. I mean, he kind of hurried off the phone like he was distracted, but he-he gets that way when he's trying to do three things at one time. He said, um, "I love you and I'm proud of you," though. That's pretty good, right? If it's the last thing your father ever says to you?

Jo: Don't think like that.

Lindsay: From what I know about your dad, he's a fighter.

Jason: Yeah, he is. Excuse me.

Doctor: Ladies and gentlemen, last night, an off-duty NYPD officer was shot during a burglary in Queens. But I'm happy to say that the officer is out of surgery and his family is by his side.

Cops: Yes! But I will caution you, we are not out of the woods yet. The next 24 to 48 hours will be crucial in determining his condition going forward. I want to thank my trauma team...

Don: That's good news for you. Looks like he's going to make it.

Don: Well played. What are you doing? That press conference is golden.

Jamie: It's two years old. We need an upgrade.

Don: You have a point.

Jamie: Mac wants us to wait for him. So, what do you think? Tough nut to crack?

Don: He's scared. But my gut tells me, as long as he thinks Officer Riley is still alive, he'll keep talking.

Mac: I'm gonna make it real simple for you. The hole in the front of your shoulder is an entrance wound. The hole in the back is an exit wound. The bullet entered at an upward angle within six feet of the shooter. That means you had to be standing directly over and facing Officer Riley when he shot you.

Mr. Lombardo: I was across the street, running away. Like I told you. What? That's the truth. I mean, I could lie if you want me to. You know, just tell me what you want me to say.

Mac: I want you to say the names of the three men you were with. Look at me. The names! Now! Come on, get up. Give me an excuse. I didn't think so. I'm done with this piece of garbage. Do whatever you want with him.

Jamie: Damn. I would not want to get on your bad side.

Mr. Lombardo: What, now you gonna play good cop? Be honest with you, I don't know what to do.

Don: He's usually the good cop. He's also the boss. And the last guy in this building you want to piss off.

Mr. Lombardo: Look, man, you got a witness who can I.D. me, bring him in. You got any of that DNA crap, bring it on. Otherwise, take me to court on that warrant, because I told you what I saw.

Don: Look... you seem like a smart guy. So you know if we had a witness, you'd be standing in a lineup. I'm not gonna lie. All I got you on is that warrant right now. So what makes you so sure that I'm lying? Because your story makes no sense. It couldn't have happened the way you said.

Jamie: He's being too soft.

Mac: Mm. He's being patient. I can't think of anybody I'd rather have in that room.

Don: You got hit with a bullet from Officer Riley's five-shot .38. That thing's a peashooter. It wouldn't barely break the skin from across the street. It definitely would not go clean through you shoulder from that distance. Impossible. I've been doing this for a long time. I've heard a lot of stories. This one's bad. Anthony, listen to me. Being six feet away from a cop getting robbed does not make you guilty of anything. It just means that maybe you got a little too close to a bad situation. All of our witnesses say that three bald black guys did this. You got a full head of hair, and you look pretty white to me. What are you hiding? Maybe you think no one will believe you because of your record? If that's it, you got to tell me, because the people out there are looking to put this on someone, and right now, that someone is you.

Mr. Lombardo: Oh, man. All right. I wasn't across the street, okay? I was passing by on the same side that they shot that cop on. I didn't know what was up till the shots went off. I got hit. I just ran. I mean, that's it. I had nothing to do with that cop getting shot.

Don: What the hell is wrong with you?

Mr. Lombardo: What?

Don: Why did we have to waste all of that time to get to the truth? I don't know. I'm coming back with a pen and a pad. I want you to write down your statement.

Mr. Lombardo: Yeah, hey, but I'm no good with spelling.

Don: Neither am I.

Jamie: Fish on, the hook is in, and we reeled him into the crime scene.

Mac: I'm not buying he was scared because of the warrant. He's involved.

Don: Nice work. I nearly messed myself when you spun his chair around. I know that look. What are you thinking?

Mac: He puts himself at the crime scene, but we don't evidence that proves he was involved in the robbery. He's not on the surveillance tape, and we don't have a witness who can place him with other three perps. Something's not right.

Danny: Lunch at Lawson's says my results come up first.

Jo: Dinner, Grimaldi's. You're on.

Danny: Yeah, all right.

Lindsay: All the blood samples I got from Officer Riley's clothing came back to him; no foreign DNA. And I did find two hairs on his shirt. They were both synthetic. Some kind of polyester-acrylic blend. They also had epoxy on the ends.

Danny: Two guys did have facial hair. Could be from a fake beard or mustache.

Jo: We're going to Grimaldi's.

- Danny: Wait, hold up, latex and silicone under Riley's fingernails and also on the bullet that went through Lombardo's shoulder.
- Jo: And synthetic hairs. Think I know what we're looking for.
- Mr. Lombardo: Spelling's pretty bad, right?
- Don: It's terrible. There no such word as "runned." It's "ran." But the important thing is that the story makes sense and I believe it. I just got to run it up the flagpole, check with the bosses.
- Mac: We executed a search warrant at your apartment, found some interesting stuff. Look familiar? How about this? That's you, wearing this mask. You didn't witness three guys committing a robbery. You were one of them.
- Don: Four. They say it's a great age. Gonna be honest with you. I don't remember it. She'll be going to kindergarten next year, won't she? That first day of school is always a big one. Let's figure this out. Attempted murder of a police officer, that's, like, ten years minimum. Robbery one, possession of a loaded firearm, criminal possession of stolen property, all the other little charges, add another seven or eight. My guess, you're looking at 15 minimum. Damn, you'll probably just miss the prom and high school graduation. But no big deal she probably won't even know you by then. And your girl will promise, and she might even mean it, but I'm telling you this right now, there is no way she's gonna schlep up to some maxi max prison on the US-Canadian border to come and see you. Not gonna happen.
- Mr. Lombardo: You getting your rocks off? Messing with my heart. Disrespecting my family.
- Don: No more than you've been getting your rocks off disrespecting me, sitting in that chair lying to my face for the last couple hours! You made me look like a jackass in front of my bosses, and I was trying to help you out! I believed you, man. I really did! I'm sorry about that. Is there people watching us? Well, there was. There was a whole crowd of people. It was standing room only. But there's nothing to watch anymore. It's a ghost town in there now. Everyone's out in front of the precinct right now at a press conference announcing your arrest. The case is cleared. They got their man. Yeah, they'll say something brave about going after the other two guys, but at the end of the day, the cop didn't die. They are happy putting all of this on you. And you might be good with that, but I'm not. I want the truth. Anthony, I'm pretty sure you didn't pull the trigger and shoot that cop. I got to give it to you. You're a stand-up guy. I don't think I could do it. Those guys drove off and left you in the street, knowing you were shot. That's messed up. Who are they? What are their names? All right. You think of those names, you give me a shout. I'll be around for a bit. If not, I'll see you in court.
- Mac: He's protecting someone. Someone he's afraid of or someone he cares about.
- Jason: He never took his sergeant's test. Had no interest in being a boss. He worked that second job to make up for the money. I never thought that's how he'd die.
- Lindsay: Jason... is there any way I can talk you out of this?
- Jason: No. My father was invincible in my eyes. I need to know how it went down and how he died.
- Sid: The first round entered your father's abdomen, perforating the bowel and coming to rest near the spine. It was nonfatal. The next round entered here, struck a rib, shattering it. There was significant damage to the right lung, but again, it was nonfatal. These first two rounds were fired from a distance of three to six feet. This one was close contact. The gun was pressed against his face.

Jason: So he was... he was executed. Um... Lying helpless on the ground? What kind of human being does that?

Mac: You all have your assignments. I want every family member, every friend, every past associate, every codefendant of Anthony Lombardo spoken to. If they aren't home, track them down. If they have a warrant, drag them in. If they don't, coax them in.

Jo: Somebody on that list was running with Lombardo last night or knows who was. You all have the year, make, model of the stolen car used in the robbery. Keep your eyes open. It's probably dumped somewhere nearby.

Mac: I know some of you have worked through the night. If you start feeling tired, think of Mark Riley's family. Now get out there. Be safe.

Jo: Lombardo's always been a property thief... burglary, grand larceny, drugs. Seems so out of character to shoot a cop.

Jamie: They came at Riley with pepper spray. And the only guns we know of belonged to him. Maybe shooting a cop wasn't part of the plan. Half these cases are always inside jobs.

Mac: Lindsay's working with the owner of Bright-Star, putting a list together of current and former employees.

Danny: So, a sector from the Bronx just called the desk downstairs. They found the car. Dumped under the Deegan Expressway.

Mac: Hey, get up.

Mr. Lombardo: What's going on?

Don: Officer Riley passed away.

Mr. Lombardo: Oh, God.

Mac: We have the car, Anthony. Your friends' prints were all over it. It's just a matter of time before your pals are sitting in the room next door in the same situation that you are.

Don: What do you think? They gonna be stand-up like you?

Mac: You're here. We're here. You want to make a deal, now's the time to do it. When they come through that door, all bets are off.

Don: Don't do it for us. Do it for her. What's it gonna be, Anthony?

Mr. Lombardo: I got nothing to tell you.

Mac: You're making a very bad decision. And I'm gonna do my best to make sure that you regret it for the rest of your life. I'm gonna brief the mayor and the D.A. I'll be back in an hour.

Don: You still don't get it.

Mr. Lombardo: No, you don't get it. I snitch, I'm dead. My girl is dead, my daughter is dead. Do you understand that?

Don: We can protect your family.

Mr. Lombardo: No, you can't.

Jamie: You were right. He is afraid of someone.

Mac: Yeah. So afraid, he's willing to take the fall for killing a cop.

Don: Here you go. I'll get you over to booking when you're done eating. Unless you've had change of heart.

Mr. Lombardo: I didn't. And I won't. Who's that? What's going on?

Don: The guy in the suit, he's the D.A. You know who the other guy is. Roland Benitez. You probably call him Mookie. We got his prints on the car; he wants to make a deal.

Mr. Lombardo: No way. No way. Mookie's no snitch.

Don: You don't think so? 'Cause they didn't bring the D.A. and the camera in to make a YouTube video.

Mr. Lombardo: He might be in the room with all that... no, no way he's rolling on me.

Don: Okay. Mookie's definitely a better speller.

Mr. Lombardo: What is that?

Don: They make you write a confession before you do a video. Looks like he's putting the gun in your hands. Let me see that. That would be unprofessional.

Mr. Lombardo: That ain't real, man. What, you think I'm stupid? I know what you're doing. Yeah, you're trying to fool me.

Don: You give me too much credit, Anthony.

Mr. Lombardo: You said you're gonna take me to court. What are you waiting for?

Don: Do you really think that I'm playing some kind of trick on you?

Mr. Lombardo: Yeah, I do.

Don: You ever heard the expression "seeing is believing"? What if I let you see Mookie talking to the D.A.? Would you believe me then?

Mr. Lombardo: You can't tell me the truths you want to tell me. You can't just tell me what I want to hear. In order for us to make this deal, you have to tell me everything.

Jo: Don, he can't be in here.

Don: Two seconds. I want him to see this for himself.

Mookie: Yeah, I'm not gonna lie.

Don: Let's start with the car. Were you worried about alarms?

Mookie: By the time you hear the alarm and you get to the window in your boxer shorts, I'm halfway down the block... Where is he?

Don: Relax.

Mac: He's about to put the final nail in your coffin, my friend. You're done.

Don: Okay, I'm gonna be very specific. I want to talk about the car you stole yesterday. I want the names of the people who were with you.

Mr. Lombardo: Where is he? I want to talk to him right now!

Don: Calm down.

Mr. Lombardo: No, I want to talk to him! I didn't shoot that cop!

Don: Hey!

Mr. Lombardo: I didn't shoot that cop!

Don: Calm down!

Mr. Lombardo: I'm not going down for this. I want to talk to the D.A.! Right now, man! I want to make a deal, okay? I want to make a deal.

Don: Okay. You'll have a chance to tell your story. Let's go.

Mr. Lombardo: I am not going down for this, man! I didn't do this! He's lying to you! I didn't do this!

Mac: Nice job everybody. We got him. Now we need to find the third guy and determine who actually pulled the trigger. Looks like I missed all the fun.

Jamie: You did. I think we just flipped Lombardo.

Lindsay: I've got more good news. Guess whose name showed up on a list of former Bright-Star employees.

Jo: Lombardo.

Lindsay: Yep. He worked there as a messenger for three months during the same time that Mark Riley was there. They knew each other. They fired Anthony six months ago when he stopped showing up for work.

Jo: He's our inside man.

Mr. Lombardo: We've been homeboys since we were 12, man. I can't believe that bitch turned on me like that.

Don: Anthony, when you're in here, it's every man for himself. So, right now, it's about saving yourself.

Mac: You knew Mark Riley. You worked with him at Bright-Star.

Mr. Lombardo: Look, him getting shot... that was never supposed to happen.

Mac: I believe you. But no more lies, Anthony. You tell me the truth here and now, I'll do everything I can to help you. But you lie to me just once about anything, I'll make sure you never live to see the outside of a prison ever again. You understand?

Mr. Lombardo: Me and Roland... we owed Eric money for this stash of weed we had to ditch when the cops came at us a few weeks ago. It was a lot. Like, ten grand worth.

Mac: What's Eric's last name? Mookie didn't know.

Mr. Lombardo: He knows. He didn't tell you 'cause he was scared. Eric, man... he's a stone-cold killer. He's got bodies on him. You got to promise me that you're gonna protect my family.

Mac: You have my word.

Mr. Lombardo: Oh, man. Blaylock. Eric Blaylock.

Jamie: Eric, Eric, Eric. Eric Blaylock. Got him.

Mac: So you decide to rob Bright-Star as a way of paying Eric back. Mr. Lombardo: I told him that me and Roland could do the job. He says he's got to come with to make sure I don't skim any money from the top before he gets paid what he's owed. But Eric's crazy. I told him I wasn't gonna do it unless there was no guns.

Don: That's pretty ballsy. Robbing a cop with no gun.

Mr. Lombardo: Nah, I knew the routine from working there. I knew Mark carried a gun on his right side in his pants. I knew that if we came at him with pepper spray, masks, we could beat him down, get the gun and the cash. We did it. It worked, man. We had it. I didn't know... that he had another gun.

Man: Get in!

Lindsay: Blaylock! NYPD, stop!

Danny: Stop right there! Hands up! Put your hands in the air! You want to live, put your hands in the air, get on your knees! On your knees!

Lindsay: See these cuffs? They belong to the man you murdered.

Jamie: Go ahead. Take a peek. I'm sure you recognize these guys.

Eric: I've never seen them before in my life.

Don: Come on. You know this guy?

Eric: Nope.

Don: How 'bout him? You know him?

Eric: Yeah, I know him. I know him real good. And no matter what you say, what you do to him, what you promise him, he ain't writing nothing, and he ain't saying nothing. Matter of fact, I think he wants a lawyer.

Danny: Smug son of a bitch. He's lucky he didn't catch a bullet. All right, at least we have him for two counts of attempted murder on Lindsay and Lovato, so he's not going anywhere.

Jo: The gun we recovered in the alley wasn't Mark Riley's. We're working on a search warrant for Eric's place. Don't expect it to turn up there.

Danny: And the car was wiped clean. He did a good job of covering his tracks up on that.

Mac: So, as it stands right now, we have no forensic evidence that links him to Mark Riley's murder. We need a confession.

Jo: That's not likely. He just lawyered up.

Mac: Well... that just means we can't talk to him. But maybe somebody else can.

Mr. Lombardo: I didn't give you up. I swear to God, man. I swear to God, Mookie flipped on us. Man, he gave up the whole thing.

Eric: You stupid bastard.

Mr. Lombardo: Listen to me. Listen to me. Dude wrote a confession. I saw it; he flipped on

both of us.

Eric: Shut up!

Mr. Lombardo: Eric...

Eric: Mookie didn't give anything up. Mookie's dead.

Mr. Lombardo: No, man, he isn't. He can't be. I saw him.

Eric: And I saw him, too. I saw that cop shoot him in the leg while he was running away.

Eric: He bled out in the front seat of the car right in front of me. I watched him die. Then I shoved him in the trunk of the car.

Mr. Lombardo: No, that's not possible. I'm telling you, man, I saw it with my own eyes. He was making the video, man. He was talking to the D.A.!

Eric: There is no video! He didn't confess! They played you, Anthony. Those cops played you.

Mr. Lombardo: Were you worried about alarms, Mr. Benitez?

Mookie: Alarms? By the time you hear the alarm, I'm halfway down the block listening to your satellite radio. Alarms? By the time you hear the alarm, I'm halfway down the block listening to your satellite radio.

Eric: Did you tell them I shot the cop? Did you?

Mr. Lombardo: They already knew, man. I swear it, Mookie told them.

Eric: There is no Mookie! I'm gonna kill you.

Mr. Lombardo: Come on, man.

Eric: The first chance I get, I'm gonna kill you! You got played, you stupid bitch! You got played.

Don: Done. Done! In the boat. Filleted, pan-fried, on the plate.

Jo: Oh, that was perfect. Anthony's statement plus Blaylock's corroborating statement gives us a rock-solid felony murder case against both guys.

Mac: Yeah, thank God for civilized lies. It's moments like these remind me how much I love this job.

Jamie: I'm only gonna say this once. Did an amazing job in that room.

Don: Thank you.

Mac: Yeah, our work is done here. Let's wrap it up and go home.

Jason: Detective Messer, thank you for coming.

Lindsay: Oh, not at all. This is my husband, Danny.

Danny: Hey. How you doing? I'm so sorry for your loss. You should know, every cop that worked in Manhattan for the past 20 years... they knew your father. He was something special.

Jason: Thank you, guys. Uh, can you, you know, come in for a second? Have bite to eat?

Lindsay: Oh, no. Thank you. We just wanted to pay our respects. And, uh, I wanted to give you something. I made a few phone calls. It's yours. Course, you don't get to wear it till you graduate from the academy, but... every time you pin it on your uniform, you can think of your dad and what he represented. I'd say make him proud, but... he already was.

Jason: Thank you for everything. Excuse me. They, uh, gave me Dad's badge.

CSI: NY, Season 9, Episode 13, "Nine Thirteen"

Man1: You messed with the wrong guy.

Man2: Get off me. No... move, man!

Mac: The curse of building 913. And Everett Harrington Wentworth.

Don: I never believe urban legends, but this one I'm buying. Our vic is the 37th bizarre death connected to this address since

Sid: Wentworth himself jumped from the penthouse in 1929. They say the building was cursed on that very day. Wentworth lost all his money in the crash of the market. Distraught, he leapt to his death. His beloved girlfriend, Wilma Ashton... a stunning blonde... watched his fatal leap, then killed herself. She was found lying in a pool of her own blood. Many believe their ghosts roam the floors.

Mac: Anything paranormal, or otherwise, upstairs?

Don: I had a couple unis look around for a beautiful blonde, but no luck. The penthouse apartment is used as a haunted tourist attraction during the day, and a club at night. It closes around 2:00 a.m., employees finish locking up about 3:00, 3:30. Hey, Sid, how come they only ever call you out to the really strange ones?

Sid: They... didn't call me. Uh, this is one I was not going to miss.

Don: Witnesses on the ground report that our vic fell from above. The heard a roar, looked up, saw him mid-plunge. This cabdriver parked here to get a cup of coffee. Luckily, he missed all the excitement.

Mac: No idea where exactly our victim was when he fell?

Don: No, but I'm collecting surveillance from all the cameras in the vicinity and inside the building.

Mac: 1920s attire. A leather mask.

Sid: In tribute, uh, Wentworth was the Gatsby of his time. Uh, made his fortune in leather goods. He was scarred from a disease. Allergy to the sun, I believe. Covered his face with intricately-designed leather masks.

Mac: So our victim was fascinated with Wentworth's story and decided to commit suicide the exact same way?

Don: Or, he was drunk at the steam punk party, decided he needed some fresh air, woops, accident, not a suicide?

Sid: I've already eliminated both those options. It's murder. Laceration of the carotid artery. And, no protruding glass or metal to suggest it happened from the impact.

Mac: And I wouldn't give up your search for that beautiful blonde, Flack.

Sid: Lipstick kiss.

Mac: My guess is she's alive and well. And could be our killer.

Sid: Well, uh, blunt force trauma resulting in a fissure fracture of the skull, and possibly the fracture of every other bone in his body.

Lindsay: Is there any evidence that our killer pushed him after he stabbed him?

Sid: Well, with the victim in this condition, it'll be difficult to tell if there was any kind of a... struggle.

Lindsay: What? What is it?

Sid: Well, (sighs) look at his face. He doesn't look like he fought the fall. He could've been disoriented as a result of the stabbing, lost consciousness, then, he just fell.

Lindsay: You can tell all that by just looking at him?

Sid: Well, it's not based on any published scientific research, just something over the years that I've learned to see in the victims that have been on my autopsy

table. Reminds me of Evelyn McHale. She was only 23 years old. In 1947, she jumped to her death from the observation deck of the Empire State Building. Landed on top of a limousine. She was clutching her pearl necklace when they found her.

Lindsay: Oh, is that that famous picture from Life magazine?
Sid: Yes, uh, they called it "the most beautiful suicide" In the photo, she looked so peaceful. Lindsay, are you okay?

Lindsay: Why?
Sid: You just look a little piqued.
Lindsay: No, I'm fine.
Sid: Hm.
Don: I got a little, uh, info on our vic. He dresses as Everett Wentworth and takes pictures with the tourists and the club patrons.
Vic: Anybody want to come in? Anybody? Anybody? You guys? Hey, come on in. How are you guys doing? Ready? Great, thank you. Hey, hey, hey. Hi. Take a pic with me. Hey, one more. Ready?

Lindsay: Well, that could explain the lipstick on his cheek He got a name?

Don: That seems to be the hard part. Guys at the security desk know him as Jason... just Jason... so they sent me upstairs to the folks who run the tours and nightclub, and they know him as Jake, no last name. And, until ten minutes ago, everybody thought he worked for the building. So, we got nothing. We got no paperwork, no background info, no permit. No identity.

Lindsay: So our Everett Wentworth is a John Doe.
Mac: Anything on the prints from Sid's ten card, Adam?
Adam: No hits in AFIS. The vic is still a John Doe.
Mac: What's all this?
Adam: Ah, this stuff was found inside the hidden pocket on the vic's jacket.
Mac: Our vic was a pickpocket.
Adam: Loser. Look, I-I-I I'm sorry, that's inappropriate and unprofessional; I'm not supposed to have an opinion, but, that guy was out there taking pictures with tourists, innocent tourists, while he was stealing from them.

Vic: Pictures, pictures. You two want to take a pic? Yeah. All right. Ready? Good? One, two, three. Thank you. See you, guys. Bye. Thanks.

Adam: Wallets, watches, jewelry, phones. Loser, okay? And he was getting away with it.

Mac: Or maybe not. Maybe that's what got him killed, Adam. Turn on all these phones, track them to their owners. Cross-reference any info you get with registered guests in hotels. See if any of the jewelry or watches have serial numbers. Look for I.D.'s in the wallets. Check to see if anything was reported stolen. As of right now, every one of these people is a suspect. And start with whoever owns this phone. I want a name and address as soon as possible.

Jo: I'm here to pick up shirts for my son. It's under Jo Danville. Thank you. Those are a little bright. Are you trying to stop traffic?

Grant: You're right, I should just go with something safe.
Jo: Well, you should always try it on first. Make sure it looks good with your eyes. Why are you following me?

Grant: Uh, I'm not following you.
Jo: You were at the coffee shop 15 minutes ago. You ordered herbal tea, completely gave you away. 15 minutes before that, you were at a bus stop right in front of my apartment.

Grant: Um, pleasant coincidence?

Jo: No. What's your name?
Grant: Grant. Grant Holliston.
Jo: I suppose any other woman my age would be flattered, assuming that she's got the attention of a very attractive younger man. But I'm a little bit smarter than that. You should know that I am a first-grade detective, a sworn federal marshal, former FBI agent, which makes me highly suspicious and acutely observant. So, once again, you want to tell me why you're following me?
Grant: Um... I'm not sure what to say.
Jo: I'm carrying a gun.
Grant: All right. I'll tell you if we can go someplace quiet. But public. And you promise not to shoot me.
Jo: Deal.
Sheldon: Looks like our vic fractured every bone in his body.
Sid: Ah. Uh... Thoracic and pelvic injuries suggest that our victim fell from a distance of more than 18 meters, but less than 30.
Mac: That's somewhere between the sixth and tenth floors of the building.
Sheldon: Was he dead before the fall?
Sid: He was dead before the impact. He drowned, so to speak.
Sheldon: Blood from the lacerated artery flooded his lungs on the flight down.
Sid: Exactly.
Sid: I collected trace from the neck wound. A powdery black substance. And several black flecks. hopefully, analysis of these will get us somewhere, along with trace I collected from the clothing.
Mac: The wound track help determine the type of knife used?
Sid: It was very odd. No hilt mark was evident, and the tissue is jagged at the surface as well as within the wound.
Mac: Suggests the murder weapon has an uneven blade, if it has a blade at all.
Sid: And that wasn't my only discovery. This was in the victim's mouth. It looks like a page of newspaper.
Mac: A message from the killer?
Jamie: "I know it's you, I'm coming after you"? This is your phone, right?
Calvin: Well... yeah. I threatened him, but I wanted to send a clear message to whoever it was that stole it, that I wanted it back.
Danny: Where were you last night, Calvin, around 1:00 in the morning?
Calvin: I can't remember.
Danny: Really? You know, uh... where this surveillance footage was taken?
Calvin: No, I don't.
Danny: Do you know what elevator that is?
Calvin: I'm guessing the elevator in my hotel.
Danny: That's a bad guess. This is surveillance footage of your mug heading up the elevator to a nightclub at Building 913.
Jamie: Around 1:00 a.m. Were you looking for revenge?
Calvin: No, I was... I was looking for a girl. All right? I met her a couple nights ago, we hit it off, we agreed to meet at the club. Only I didn't have my phone to find out she stood me up. Okay? Yeah, I was a little pissed, and I sent that message. But what law is there that says a guy can't be a little peeved?
Jamie: Did he just say "peeved"?
Danny: Peeved.
Calvin: That little masked man was pestering me on the street and it really ticked me off. It's got to be when he lifted my phone.
Danny: And what'd you do about it?
Calvin: Nothing.

Danny: You know what, Calvin? You've got to tune into a couple cop shows. These days, there's surveillance cameras all over the city. Take a look at that.

Vic: Hey. Hey, man, get back. Hey, hey, what are you doing?

Guard: Just go.

Calvin: I can't believe this. Okay. Yeah. I got mad, but I didn't kill nobody.

Jamie: There's only one problem, Calvin. We have a dead guy. And we have footage of you going up that elevator, but not down.

Calvin: I took the stairs. There were too many people waiting in line, it would've taken forever.

Danny: You took the stairs 94 floors?

Calvin: Burned off the booze, man.

Danny: Wow. You're in shape, huh? Got anybody who can back that story up?

Calvin: Look... I came to New York to have a good time. Okay? I leave tomorrow. I have no phone, my hotel stinks, and I didn't have any fun, if you know what I mean. Besides, like I said before, I didn't kill nobody. It's very clear to me that I'm the victim here.

Grant: I've been trying to meet you for a long time.

Jo: That part's accomplished.

Grant: I don't really even know where to start. Beginning, I guess. I was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Jo: Roll Tide! I'm from Alabama. I went to undergrad in Tuscaloosa. But you know that, don't you? Did we meet before?

Grant: No.

Jo: Do we have mutual friends?

Grant: No. Not exactly. Eight years ago, I was diagnosed with a heart disease called hypertrophic cardiomyopathy. Um, it was very hard for my heart to pump blood and I was extremely sick.

Jo: Well, you look very healthy now.

Grant: That's because three years after my condition was discovered, on September 13, I was given a donor heart. A very successful transplant. An incredible match, and a healthy donor.

Jo: That was you?

Grant: Yes.

Jo: You got her heart?

Grant: Yes. And I've been trying to find out who she was, and what she was like. I didn't mean to follow you today. Your office said you weren't in, and you were coming out of your apartment, I... didn't exactly know how to approach you. Just... trying to get up the nerve, I guess. And now I'm hoping I haven't made a big, giant selfish mistake.

Jo: You have my sister's heart. Whoa. I'm sorry.

Lindsay: Is it hot in here? It's like the vent's not blowing or something. I mean, it's warm in here, right?

Woman: Mm-mm.

Lindsay: Really?

Sheldon: Sequins.

Adam: We gotta check every floor?

Danny: No, no. We're not gonna check every floor. If you'd do your homework and read the reports, Adam, Sid's autopsy suggests that our vic fell somewhere between the sixth and tenth floors.

Adam: You didn't read Sid's autopsy.

Danny: Nah, I didn't read it. But Mac filled me in.

Adam: That's how I do it.

Danny: Let's go. Looks like this floor's the one Blood on the glass. On the wall here.

Adam: This could be our primary crime scene. How tall's our vic?

Danny: Five-11, five-ten.

Adam: There's a void here. All right. The arterial spray suggests that the attacker was facing him. The attacker slices his throat, blood spatter goes all over the killer, on the back of the door. And the void suggests that the attacker and the vic are roughly the same height.

Danny: So the stabbing happened here. The blood trail indicates that our victim moved in this direction.

Adam: Then he staggered over to the edge, and... yeow...

Danny: I know. I mean, but the blood pool is right here. So he dropped here. Nowhere near the edge.

Adam: I've got partial footprints all the way to the door from the blood pool. They're not our vic's. So they got to be our killer's.

Danny: But why would the killer come all the way back here after he stabbed him?

Adam: He wanted to make sure he's dead.

Danny: Or... he wanted to leave a message. The vic tried to stay alive, Adam. He got to his feet.

Adam: He had no idea he was close to the edge. That's no way to go.

Grant: Hey, Jo. You left your bag at the café.

Jo: Thank you. I never stopped to think about who got Leanne's heart. I was just so preoccupied with my anger toward the guy that hit her. Drunk driver. It was raining. I was in Virginia at the time. Then Mama called.

Mama: Jo?

Jo: Mama, what is it?

Mama: Jo, it's Leanne. You got to come home, honey. She's not gonna make it. Jo, you got to come home.

Jo: She was gone before I even made it out of my driveway. Wow, we were just all so consumed with grief, and all the while your family, thrilled that Leanne was a match.

Grant: She saved my life.

Jo: How did you find me? How did you know I was her sister? How did you know Leanne was your donor?

Grant: I kind of put two and two together. A nurse said that there was a car accident. The heart came from a woman. I knew the date, September 13. It was even a Friday. And, uh, I knew how quickly they had to transport the heart from the donor to the recipient.

Jo: So you searched the newspapers, looking for accidents. You must have known before now.

Grant: I did. How do you walk up to someone and say to them that you have the heart of someone they lost, someone they loved?

Jo: What do you do, Grant?

Grant: I'm a professor. Joined the faculty at Memphis University. I teach physics.

Jo: Are you married?

Grant: No. Got engaged once. I got cold feet.

Jo: Leanne never married. Never even made it to the church. Daddy was so mad; he'd spent all his money. She was right. That guy was a creep.

Jo: Are you a good man, Grant?

Grant: I think so.

Jo: When you woke up from the transplant surgery, what was the first thing that you remember?

Grant: A bright warm light. And then a woman's smiling face.

Jo: Your mama.

Grant: No. It was a face I didn't know, and now that I see you, I think it was your sister.

Jo: Wow.

Mac: Hey, are you okay?

Lindsay: Who, me?

Mac: Yeah, you.

Lindsay: Yeah, I'm fine. Why?

Mac: You looked a little, um...

Lindsay: Perplexed.

Mac: Well, that's not the word I was going to use, but...

Lindsay: Well, the crumpled paper that Sid found in the victim's mouth, it came from the Chelsea Voice Weekly. So that's all I've got, uh, but I'm hoping to make a connection to our victim, that can lead us to our killer. So I probably shouldn't be standing around here chatting with you, you know what I mean?

Mac: Okay. You need help?

Lindsay: No. No. No.

Mac: Hey, you owe me ten bucks. I just saw Lindsay. No, she didn't say anything. I just know I'm right. I know I am. No, Christine, I'm not going to come right out and ask her. What kind of proof? All right. I'll get you proof. We still on for dinner tomorrow night? Great. I love you, too. Bye. You cooking something or should I say burning something in here, Sheldon?

Sheldon: What do you get if you combine carbon, polymer, fatty acids and chicle?

Mac: Let's see. Polymer is some kind of plastic. Fatty acids could be almost anything, but based on the smell in here, I'm guessing it's a kind of food. The carbon is associated with fire, chicle is gum. We're gonna be here all day if I try guessing exactly where you're headed here.

Sheldon: It's our murder weapon.

Mac: Plastic, fatty acids, and gum? That doesn't sound too dangerous.

Sheldon: Those were all components that were detected in the trace Sid collected from the victim's stab wound.

Mac: Trace left by the knife. Which would suggest the knife was man-made.

Sheldon: Mm-hmm, and it was created by first using an AA battery and a foil gum wrapper.

Mac: The creation of a spark. Ah, the gum wrapper was the source of our chicle. You attach the foil side to the battery's positive and negative charge at the same time, you get a spark that starts a fire.

Sheldon: Exactly.

Mac: The question is why would someone need to start a fire that way?

Sheldon: Well, most likely someone who didn't have access to matches or a lighter. Both easily accessible unless...

Mac: You're in a prison cell.

Sheldon: Yeah.

Mac: The murder weapon was a handmade shank.

Sheldon: And I believe I know the recipe. A pile of corn chips represents the fatty acids.

Mac: Start a spark, ignite a napkin or toilet paper. The oils in the chip serve as a slow burning fuel source. The burn is the carbon.

Sheldon: The black soot trace found in the wound.

Mac: Polymer is a plastic.

Sheldon: A plastic fork or toothbrush. In our case, the killer used a coffee cup to-go lid.

Mac: The black flecks Sid found in the wound.
 Sheldon: Molded over heat in the shape of the blade.
 Mac: Submerge it in water, it instantly hardens. File it down, repeat the process and you have a murder weapon.
 Sheldon: All of these are items that are accessible to inmates. Our killer is an ex-con.
 Mac: And hell-bent on revenge.
 Lindsay: Mac, I give up. I surrender. I have nowhere else to turn.
 Mac: What did Danny do now?
 Lindsay: No, this time it's work. The crumpled piece of paper that Sid found in our victim's mouth...
 Mac: Front page. Chelsea Voice Weekly. February 6, 2011.
 Lindsay: Right, so the big question is what's the significance, right? There's an article about art. There's an article about a music festival, a Valentine's Day benefit. None of it has anything to do with our victim. Of course, he's still a John Doe, so I could be staring at the answer and I wouldn't know it.
 Adam: Oh, we were staring at it and didn't even know it.
 Lindsay: That's exactly what I just said.
 Adam: We assumed the phones inside the hidden pocket of the suit jacket were taken from tourists. All of them were claimed except for one. So I called the phone company, and I got a name. Alex Henley, 22, from Astoria, Queens. And then it dawned on me.
 Mac: The phone wasn't stolen. It belongs to our vic.
 Adam: Okay, there you go. I sense a promotion in the near future.
 Lindsay: So Alex Henley is our John Doe. So let's see if he connects to anything on the front page of the paper. No connection.
 Mac: Maybe it's not the stories but the date on that front page.
 Lindsay: I hate that sound. No match.
 Mac: Wait a minute, if the connection isn't to our victim, it's got to be to our killer. Hawkes determined that the murder weapon was a shank, making our killer an ex-con. So connect February 6, 2011, to any legal actions, dockets, or convictions.
 Adam: Whoa, that's a huge file. Hey, um, do men wear sequins? I mean, I know they do in cabarets and Vegas. Okay, well, my point is Hawkes said that Sid found sequins on the the vic's suit, so it could be transfer from our killer.
 Lindsay: That's part of the legend. Wentworth was allergic to sun, so he rarely went out, right, and he always kept the drapes in his penthouse closed. So he made this request that all his female visitors wear sequins to bring in the light. The club still offers free entry to any women who still honor that request.
 Danny: Okay, let's limit the search to women.
 Adam: Hopefully one of them will be our perp.
 Danny: Linds, go back a set of mug shots.
 Lindsay: Okay.
 Danny: This girl right here, this blonde. Where were you last night, Calvin, around 1:00 in the morning?
 Calvin: I can't remember.
 Danny: Really? You know, uh... This is surveillance footage from the elevator at the crime scene the night of the murder, roughly around 1:00 a.m., and this girl right here is also in this footage.
 Adam: She's wearing a sequined scarf.
 Lindsay: Macy Sullivan, arrested February 6, 2011. Criminal possession of stolen property, second degree. February 6, 2011, that's the connection, the day she was arrested.

Danny: She did a two year sentence and got out two weeks ago.

Mac: Okay, we have her in the building, but we don't have her near the body. Transfer of the sequin could have happened anywhere from anyone.

Adam: Well, she's roughly the same height as the vic. I mean, it fits.

Mac: Circumstantial. We need a connector to Alex Henley's murder by putting her on that landing with the murder weapon in her hand.

Danny: The partial footprints Adam photographed at the scene are small... could be a woman.

Adam: Can't take it to the D.A.

Danny: Any unknown blood at the scene? All belonged to our vic. We dusted the door handles, and the glass. No prints.

Sheldon: Flack and Lovato got an address on Macy Sullivan from her parole officer. They're headed there now. P.O. said she didn't check in today.

Mac: She's running. Get her picture out. Have all the airports, bus stations, car rental companies check their surveillance for the past 18 hours. If he finds her, have Flack pick her up for parole violation. In the meantime... we got to prove that Macy Sullivan's our killer.

Don: Macy Sullivan! NYPD! She's long gone. She left in a hurry, too. The guys at the lab might like this.

Jamie: I think we're looking for the wrong person.

Don: What do you mean?

Jamie: I mean she doesn't look like what we think she looks like. She's no longer a blonde. And she cut her hair.

Don: I need an APB out on a Macy Sullivan. Brunette, short hair.

Police: All units be advised: female matching description, possible sighting Long Island city bus terminal. Proceed, no lights, no sirens.

Woman: Hey!

Don: Lovato.

Jamie: I see her. NYPD, freeze!

Macy: Out of my way!

Mac: Should've taken it with you.

Macy: I was in a hurry.

Mac: Found Alex Henley's blood on the scarf. Found the scarf in your room. There was a missing sequin. Found that on Henley's body. Why'd you kill him?

Vic: Can't believe you're here, Macy.

Macy: I've been waiting for this moment a long time. Finally seeing you again.

Vic: Really?

Macy: It's all I've thought about since the day I was convicted.

Mac: You were after revenge.

Macy: Hey, I was put away for crimes that I did not commit. No matter how many times I told them I was innocent, it didn't matter. Especially not to Alex Henley. I trusted him. I guess I thought I could trust him because he was my boyfriend. I found the bag in the closet in our apartment. I looked inside, called Alex, and did what he told me to. Alex, what do you want me to do with it?

Vic: Just bring the bag to me. But why is it in our apartment? Macy, calm down. Just get here as fast as you can.

Mac: I read your case file, and you could've made a deal.

Macy: I was innocent. What would I need to make a deal?

Mac: You were in possession of stolen property, Macy. There was a woman that identified you as someone she took a picture with, and then discovered her

necklace was gone. It's the scam that you and Alex played. The one he continued to play.

Macy: I was not the thief, okay? It was Alex. It was only Alex. I didn't know that he was stealing from people. I thought we were just taking pictures and making money. But I never for one second considered that he was the one stealing. When I found the bag, he told me that he was holding it for a friend, and I believed him.

Mac: But there was no friend.

Macy: No. So... I sat in prison and came up with my plan. He was gonna pay.

Mac: Was it all worth going back to prison, Macy?

Macy: I got him back for what he did to me. So, yeah, it was worth it.

Jo: Hey, I'm sorry I interrupted your plans for your day off. Oh, it was an unexpected pleasure, Grant, really. Something my sister would have done. She was so spontaneous and unpredictable. And irresponsible, but very loving. I haven't know you very long, but it feels right that you have her heart. Why was this so important to you?

Grant: Transplant patients aren't always as lucky as I was. Every breath that I take, I cherish. It's still hard knowing that someone had to die so I could live. And I wanted to say thank you... to somebody.

Jo: You're welcome. I-I have a... I have the craziest request. Can I listen to your heart? Hear it beat?

Grant: Absolutely.

Jo: Oh. It's strong. Oh, it's beautiful. Thank you.

Grant: You bet.

Sheldon: Okay, so, we're good.

Adam: Whoa, guys, guys, here she goes.

Sheldon: What?

Adam: Here she goes.

Sheldon: No, no, this is no time for questions. I got money on the line.

Sid: Exciting. Hey, what are you doing here?

Jo: Hey, guys.

Sid: I thought this was your day off.

Jo: It was. It was terrific. What are you all doing?

Sheldon: Sid thinks she's about to tell him.

Jo: Who's she? Tell who what?

Adam: Oh, here we go. Here we go.

Lindsay: Hey.

Danny: Hey. You ready to hit the road?

Lindsay: Danny, I'm pregnant. What?

Danny: Are you being serious with me right now?

Lindsay: Yes. I've thrown up twice today. I've taken four pregnancy tests, and they were all positive.

Danny: Really? Really?

Lindsay: Yeah.

Sheldon: There we go. Look-Looking good.

Jo: No.

Sid: Yes.

Adam: No, no, no. Wait, wait-wait for it.

Lindsay: Lucy's gonna be a big sister.

Danny: We're having a baby!

All: Aw...

Jo: Oh, my God.

Sid: Pay up, gentlemen.
Danny: We're having a baby, Mac.
Mac: Congratulations.
Sid: Thank you very much.
Sheldon: There you go.
Sid: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Yeah. Where is it?
Adam: You take checks?
Jo: She's pregnant. I'm gone one day and she's pregnant.
Danny: Don't you think it's a little early to be telling everybody?
Mac: Uh, I think they already know.
Adam: Congratulations.
Lindsay: Was there a bet?
Sid: Uh, yeah.



CSI: NY, Season 9, Episode 14, "White Gold"

Man: I'm surprised the paint isn't frozen.

Woman: Thought you wanted to do this.

Man: I did. Defacing personal property at 5:00 in the morning sounded great last night.

Woman: It's not about defacing property. It's about disseminating a message. But maybe you've got more important things to do, like play Call To Duty.

Man: Hey, I'm here, aren't I? I think you got your point across. Can we just go get coffee now?

Woman: I'm not finished.

Man: It's Call Of Duty. Abby, come on.

Woman: You don't need coffee. It's a car accident. Somebody could be hurt. - Abby...

Man: Abby It's just a fender bender. Everybody's fine.

Woman: Well, what if they're not?

Man: The fewer people that know we're here, the better. Maybe we should take this as a sign and just get out of here?

Woman: Look, just one more. Don't you think that's a little overkill? Abby, wait! Oh, God.

Jamie: So you were just strolling the streets at 5:00 a.m., taking in the beautiful sites?

Man: We were taking pictures for a photography class.

Jamie: You must have gotten some real close-ups. Your girlfriend has red paint on her hands.

Man: Look, right now, I don't care about murdered cows. I care about a murdered human. So I need to make sure that you're telling me absolutely everything.

Jamie: Yeah, I swear.

Jamie: All right. She's cute. Just use your head.

Jamie: It's so amazing what a guy would do to impress a girl.

Don: Well, some of you are harder to impress than others.

Jamie: You don't have to impress us. You just have to be honest with us.

Don: Oh, be honest? That's it?

Jamie: Simple as that.

Jo: Oh, it's mornings like these that make me wish I was back in Alabama.

Mac: Oh, it's whining about a little chill in the air that makes me wish you were in Alabama, too.

Don: Got a white male, 20s, no ID, no wallet, nothing.

Mac: Looks like two bullets in the chest.

Jo: Any witnesses?

Jamie: Couple of animal rights activists... who have a beef with beef.

Don: They were busy leaving their mark when they saw two cars, heard the crash, heard the shots.

Jamie: They didn't see anyone, other than the vic when the vehicles left. And their stories match up.

Jo: We're looking for a late-model BMW four-door rear-ended by an unmarked beige van with rust and some dents. At least ten years old.

Mac: Two vehicles, two drivers. Looks like we're looking for at least two people.

Jo: Whole thing was very fast and efficient. Could be a hit.

Mac: Junker rear-ends a luxury car... sounds more like a carjacking to me.

Don: That's one way to trade up.

Sid: No hit on the fingerprints in AFIS, which leaves us with a Caucasian male, fivefoot, ten, 174 pounds, between 23 and 27 years of age.

Mac: I'm guessing COD is no surprise.
Sid: Uh, one bullet shattered his sternum. The other severed his left main coronary artery before lodging in his spine. Blood loss was rapid and fatal.
Mac: Stellate tearing. These are close contact wounds.
Sid: A couple more things. I found a trace of white powder in his nostrils. Just got the results back from the lab.
Mac: Cocaine?
Sid: Flour. Bleached and all-purpose.
Mac: Oh. Our vic liked to bake. Well, I'm hoping that, uh, the other thing is a bit more helpful?
Sid: I have saved the best for last. Three scars. I'd say about a year old?
Mac: More bullet wounds?
Sid: That's what I thought until I opened him up and found he's missing his gallbladder.
Mac: Laparoscopic surgery. That's pretty rare for a guy this young.
Sid: Very rare. Probably no more than a couple of dozen patients in the last year in local hospitals.
Mac: Well, who needs fingerprints?
Lindsay: Hey.
Adam: Hey. Almost done with the, uh, reconstruction here. So, how you feeling?
Lindsay: Uh, fine, thanks
Adam: Yeah. How's, uh, Lucy feel about her possible baby brother or sister?
Lindsay: She's excited.
Adam: That's-that's great. That's great, you know. You know, my brother hated me. Oh. Just, he was so... He was so pissed all the time that I was there. He was just, like, "Here's the little thing..." Oh, we totally worked it out. Uh, I mean, uh, eventually, it was totally, totally cool. It was totally... Um, anyway, what do you got?
Lindsay: I have the year, make and model of the car if it helps.
Adam: That helps a lot. Did you get the fingerprints off the taillights?
Lindsay: Microdots. Thieves are targeting high-end lenses now, so manufacturers are dotting them. I'm running the VIN through DMV now.
Adam: You gave me the "who" I gave you the "how" Uh. And, um, look. He wasn't, like, super pissed. You know? Oh... We... we worked it out.
Danny: Yo, Mac, want to go grab a quick slice?
Mac: A slice?
Danny: Bullets didn't get a hit in IBIS, but hospital records gave us 17 guys in their 20s that lost their gallbladder last year, and only one of 'em looked like our vic.
Mac: Paul Tortucci.
Danny: Yeah. Lives at Carmine and Bleecker.
Mac: Above Tortucci's Pizzeria. He bakes pizzas.
Danny: Best in the village.
Mac: Raphael Tortucci?
Ray: That's what my mama calls me. Only when she's angry. It's Ray.
Mac: NYPD.
Ray: Hey, New York's finest. What can I do for you guys? You want a slice? Let me give you a slice.
Mac: No, thanks. We're here about Paul?
Ray: Paul. Paulie. My nephew? What? He didn't do anything wrong, did he?
Danny: Why don't we step over here for a sec?
Ray: What's going on? What do you guys want to talk about?

Mac: I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but, um, Paul was found shot this morning.
Ray: Shot? What do you mean, "found shot"? I don't know what you're telling me.
He's okay, right?
Mac: I'm sorry.
Ray: Paulie... my Paulie's dead?
Mac: Why don't you have a seat? Sit down.
Danny: Hold on, now. He was going snowboarding. What do you mean he was shot?
He was shot by who?
Mac: We don't know that yet.
Danny: He lived upstairs?
Ray: Yeah.
Mac: You know how we can contact his parents?
Ray: Oh, God. They're dead. They died 16 years ago. I promised them I'd take
care of him, I'd watch over him like he was my own. I mean, he was my
blood, he was my boy.
Danny: He worked here with you?
Ray: Yeah. After the funeral, he didn't want to go home. He just wanted to hang
out around here and... and help us, you know? He was nine years old, so I-I
gave him an apron, and I put him on a stool, and... He worked beside me
since then. And the trouble, I mean, bad trouble... and we're just finally,
we're getting out of the red. And I was gonna retire... and I was gonna... I
was gonna leave... I was gonna leave the place to... all for nothing. Will you
tell me what happened?
Mac: We think he was carjacked.
Ray: Carjacked? What are you... talking about?
Danny: He had a fender bender, and they must have pulled him out of the car, and
they... they shot him and took his BMW.
Ray: Paulie never drove a car like that in his entire life. He drove a piece of crap
van. Now, who would kill someone over that? Nobody.
Mac: We got this all wrong. The vic was driving the van. Then he rear-ended the
car.
Danny: So, the vic's the carjacker? Picked a target that wouldn't give up without a
fight? Except the kid has a clean record and his business was picking up.
Mac: Carjacking at gunpoint feels like a stretch.
Danny: Well, maybe it was road rage on the car's part.
Mac: Then why take the van?
Lindsay: That's something you might want to ask the owner of the car. DMV just gave
us a name and address.
Don: That a new jacket?
Jamie: Actually, it is. Well?
Don: It's fine.
Jamie: Just fine?
Don: Hey, I'm just being honest.
Don: NYPD. Rowena Black?
Rowena: In person.
Jamie: Are you the owner of a black BMW 528?
Rowena: Are you gonna give me a parking ticket?
Don: Where were you this morning?
Rowena: Here. Asleep.
Jamie: Can anybody vouch for that?
Rowena: You mean, did I sleep with anyone last night? No.

Don: You're gonna have to do better than that, Ms. Black. Your car was involved in a shooting this morning. A murder.

Rowena: Wait... what? My car? You sure?

Jamie: Positive. So, unless we can confirm that story, we're gonna be talking at the precinct.

Rowena: Okay, look, I don't know what happened. Last time I saw my car was three days ago. I haven't left here since I did this.

Adam: Okay. Nothing on the car?

Jo: Owner says it was stolen.

Adam: You believe her?

Jo: Well, she has no priors and her boyfriend checks out. I'm just hoping we can pick up her car's anti-theft signal before it ends up in a chop shop. So, what do you have?

Adam: Now, what don't I? All right, I found four sets of skid marks at the crash site... front and rear for the van, front and rear for the car. Check this out. The rear skids are lighter than the fronts, and the drag sled gave me a surface friction value. Plug everything into a velocity formula, and you get a virtual model of the collision.

Jo: Oh.

Adam: Eh? Impressed yet?

Jo: I'm getting there. Go on.

Adam: Behold. I picked up faint acceleration marks starting here, and shadow marks where the car swerved sharply. Then it started braking here. Curving skid marks indicate the van tried to avoid it but no chance.

Jo: The car caused the accident?

Adam: Looks that way to me.

Jo: Which would mean the luxury sedan carjacked the van?

Adam: Mm, doesn't make any sense.

Police: 9-Adam-14. Two vehicles recovered at Amsterdam and West 57th

Don: Both the van and the car are intact.

Sheldon: This isn't about auto theft?

Don: Doesn't look like it.

Danny: Looks like our vic was hitting the slopes, huh?

Sheldon: Found his wallet in his jacket pocket along with his passport.

Danny: So, maybe he was going somewhere more than just the Poconos, huh?

Don: According to the stamps in his passport, he's been in Canada four times in the last five months.

Sheldon: Take a look at this. Note the matching damage. Impact site is 19 inches above the ground. The van, 23 inches.

Don: So, something was weighing the van down when they hit.

Danny: Yeah. Something that isn't here anymore.

Don: Well, that explains the hit on our vic. This kid was delivering a lot more than pizzas.

Adam: This is the car, this is the van. The red marks are the point of impact. When both vehicles are empty, there's a difference of 4.3 inches.

Jo: Okay, well, we know there are two people in the car.

Adam: Okay, so add the average weight of two males.

Jo: And our vic weighs 174 pounds.

Adam: All right, so add that to the van. Now, we'll add the weight of the mysterious cargo. 100 pounds, 200 pounds, 300 pounds, 400 pounds, 533 pounds.

Jo: He was smuggling over 500 pounds...of what?

Adam: I don't know. Could be anything. Guns, liquor, drugs.

Danny: I would go to option C, since, uh, I didn't find any prints in the van, but I did find some drug trace... P.E.A.

Jo: That's a mild amphetamine.

Adam: 500 pounds is a lot of speed.

Jo: A lot of reasons to kill somebody.

Jo: Not exactly Tony Montana's mansion.

Mac: Paul was probably just the middleman, taking a cut like everyone else.

Jo: Still, it looks like my son's apartment. He loves sports, gross-out comedies. Mom and Dad.

Ray: What are you doing here? What's going on?

Mac: We're trying to find some answers, Ray. We have a warrant to search your nephew's apartment.

Ray: For what? Why?

Mac: We found a hidden floor compartment in your nephew's van. It was carrying 500 pounds of something. Looks like he was hoping to smuggle it into Canada.

Ray: What are you talking about? Wait, hold on, smuggle what?

Mac: We're not sure. It was gone. But whoever killed Paul didn't want the van. They wanted what was inside it.

Ray: I told you, he was going snowboarding. He said that Quebec had the best snow and the prettiest girls there. He bought the van used. All right? So, if there was a hidden compartment in there, it was there when he bought it. Look, all right... Detective, I know you don't know me from Adam, but Paulie, Paulie, he... he... he wasn't a drug smuggler. He was a good boy.

Mac: We found some drug trace in the van, Ray.

Ray: No.

Jo: Mac? There's a couple of thousand, here.

Sheldon: You know those little metal pellets I found on the passenger mat in the car? They're castings from an oxyacetylene torch.

Mac: So, our passenger's a welder.

Sheldon: Mm-hmm. I also found GSR on the outside of the driver's door.

Mac: Our driver's the shooter.

Sheldon: Tall shooter. He had his seat all the way back, I put him at six foot four and a half.

Mac: You know that from the car seat?

Sheldon: I know that from his rap sheet. When he hot-wired the car, he pricked his finger. Left a little blood trace. Reno Martell.

Mac: Auto theft, assault with a deadly weapon. Just got out of Fishkill.

Sheldon: Yeah. His P.O. gave us his last known.

Don: NYPD, open up!

Danny: Boom.

Don: Jackpot.

Danny: Jack cheese, maybe.

Don: What?

Danny: Think we just made the largest cheese bust in NYPD history, buddy.

Danny: It's-it's Martell with two "L"s. Now, any friends, any family, known associates. You know the deal. Guys, why don't you start canvassing the building?

Police: Yeah, sure.

Danny: Thanks.

Sheldon: Low-moisture, part-skim mozzarella. Same stuff they use on pizza.

Danny: If you had told me this morning we'd be investigating a cheese murder, you know what I would have said?

Sheldon: Please don't.

Danny: "No whey."

Sheldon: Thought I said "don't." I guess this explains the drug trace in the van... this cheese contains small amounts of P.E.A.

Danny: Doc, people don't kill each other over dairy product. Which means the perp thought it was something else.

Sheldon: Maybe that's exactly what the vic wanted. I mean, the way he... packaged it up, stored it in a hidden compartment, maybe he was trying to con a bunch of people into thinking he had a whole lot of coke or heroin, maybe meth?

Danny: Yeah, but the buyer caught on and tapped him. What about the fender bender? I mean, if this was a revenge hit, why take the cheese?

Sheldon: Yeah. Does that part of the floor look cleaner than the rest?

Danny: Yeah, since when does someone clean a dump like this?

Sheldon: Yeah. When they've spilled a lot of blood.

Ray: You're here to tell me it was the mozzarell, aren't you?

Mac: You knew about that?

Ray: If I did, Paulie would probably still be alive today. I just figured it out.

Mac: We think maybe he was trying to con someone. Make them think he was selling them drugs.

Ray: He wasn't trying to con anyone. He was just trying to make a few bucks. Couple years ago, some Canadian greaseballs came in here, and-and they start going on and on about the cheese, how it's cheaper here and more expensive there. They said if I could figure out a way to get it over the border, I could make four bucks a pound.

Jo: Smuggling cheese?

Ray: Low risk, high reward. "White gold," they'd call it. But that stuff never flies with me, so I threw 'em out. And I never thought about it again. Until you found that money in the apartment.

Mac: You went through the books?

Ray: Yeah. Last year, we were doing really bad. We were in trouble. It was grinding me down. So when Paulie offered to take over the books, believe me, I was thrilled. But turns out he was good at it. I mean, he raised some prices, he lowered some costs. Before long, we were showing a profit again, and I had no reason to look at the books. Here. These are my dairy purchase orders for the last five months. Paulie went from ordering 200 pounds of mozzarella a month to 700 pounds.

Jo: These delivery dates are consistently a day or two before the dates of the Canadian border entries in Paul's passport.

Mac: And... the delivery times are all late in the day, after 6:00.

Ray: Yeah. I had the lunch shift, Paulie had dinner. I was gone every day by 6:00.

Mac: He was getting a little action on the side... couple of thousand a month.

Ray: Yeah, I guess that's what it would look like. But that's just not Paulie. So I looked at everything, and then I realized none of it was adding up. For the last five months, the daily receipts aren't even synching with the final balances.

Jo: You think he was skimming from the till?

Ray: He was adding to it. \$50 here, \$70 there. Little bit every day.

Mac: That's what was putting you in the black. And that's why we found that cash in his place.

Ray: He knew that... I would never retire as long as this place was in the red. He was doing it all for me. Excuse me.

Jo: You think he really didn't know?

Mac: That this is the first time he heard about it? Yeah. Something isn't sitting right. The perps stole a car, stage an accident, commit murder?

Jo: That's a lot of downside for a few thousand dollars.

Mac: We thought it was drugs. Someone else did, too. Ray said Paul always backed the van up right here.

Jo: Which means this is where he must've loaded the bundles.

Mac: What if someone happened to see him? Saw him loading those white bricks wrapped in tape into a secret compartment at night.

Jo: It'd be pretty easy to think he was loading a whole bunch of cocaine.

Mac: Worth a few million bucks. Plenty of motive to kill.

Jo: No foot traffic, any vehicles would be conspicuous.

Mac: Let's go pay George a visit. We'd like to ask you a few questions.

George: Last time a cop asked me questions, I ended up doing three months.

Jo: What do you know about your neighbors the Tortuccis?

George: They make pizzas? Look, I'm kind of slammed here. What's this about?

Mac: The nephew, Paul, was murdered this morning.

George: Are you serious? I mean, I went in there now and then. I don't know. He seemed like a good kid.

Jo: Where were you this morning?

George: And here we go. You know, I knew that was gonna be next. I don't know anything about that.

Jo: Then you shouldn't have any problem telling us where you were.

George: Same place I am every morning: at Nico's on the corner having coffee.

Mac: What time was that?

George: 5:00. and you can ask him if you don't believe me.

Mac: We will. Mind if we look around?

George: Without a warrant? Yeah, I do.

Mac: Well, if we come back with a warrant, we're gonna go through every single part in this place, and for every missing or unmatched VIN we find, you'll be doing another three months.

Jo: Looks like that could add up pretty fast.

George: Knock yourselves out.

Mac: Hey, Jo.

Jo: Yeah.

Mac: Perfect view.

George: So what? You think I've been spying on the pizza boy?

Jo: Looks like somebody has.

George: Those are Felipe's.

Mac: Who's Felipe?

George: He works here.

Jo: Where is he?

George: Taking a "me" day. He can weld like a son of a bitch. If he could speak English and learn to show up for work, he'd be a rock star.

Mac: All right. Felipe have a last name?

Sheldon: Felipe Zacharias is in the wind.

Jo: Chop shop guy's alibi checked out, so I'm liking Felipe for this.

Sheldon: You think he's our welder?

Jo: Yeah, and Martell's accomplice.

Sheldon: Unfortunately, Felipe's not in the system, any system. Probably illegal.

Jo: Which explains why the DNA from the cigarette butts I ran through CODIS didn't get a hit.

Sheldon: Ah, neither did the blood on Martell's floor, so I'm guessing that could be Felipe's, too.

Jo: Good guess because I ran the blood and the DNA against each other and got a match.

Sheldon: Sounds like Felipe and Martell had a falling out.

Jo: And Felipe lost.

Don: Got it. Thank you. Ticket-taker says this bin was emptied yesterday sometime around noon. So that means Felipe was dumped sometime after that.

Sheldon: Makes sense. Body temp is ambient. That puts time of death between 24 and 36 hours ago. We got two stab wounds. Deep. Explains all the blood at Martell's SRO.

Don: Also...

Sheldon: couple of defensive wounds there... and here.

Don: Whoa, whoa, whoa. What's that?

Sheldon: What?

Don: On his shirt.

Sheldon: A matchbook. So if the Dumpster was empty except for the body, this belongs to either Felipe... Or Martell.

Jamie: Thanks.

Don: I'm really starting to feel like we're wasting our time.

Jamie: The bartender said that Martell's been here almost every day.

Don: Bartender's a drunk... he sees a lot of things in here almost every day.

Jamie: It has been a few hours.

Don: Come on. And don't say I never take you anywhere nice.

Jamie: Hold on.

Don: Reno Martell. Police. All right! Drop it! Cheese? You murdered two guys over some cheese? I'm thinking you better come up with a better story, because when you're doing consecutive life, you don't want anyone to know it was over a bunch of mozzarella.

Martell: Hey... hey, listen to me. I didn't murder anyone, all right? This was all Felipe. It was his idea. He stole the car. He capped the guy. He attacked me with a knife. The only thing I'm guilty of is listening to a moron.

Don: Well, you ran like you were guilty of a lot more than that.

Martell: I don't trust cops.

Jamie: It sounds to me like maybe you were just having a bad day where everything goes wrong.

Martell: Exactly.

Jamie: So why don't you walk us through it? Starting with how you knew Felipe. I sold him a car. I'm, like, a car dealer, you know?

Don: Wow. One car deal and you guys are thick as thieves.

Martell: Eh, he was new to the States, he didn't know a lot of people.

Don: Ah. You're, like, a... one-man Ellis Island?

Jamie: You must've made an impression on him, because as soon as he came across an opportunity, you were the one he called.

Martell: Yeah. He said he'd been watching this pizza guy next-door.

Jamie: Paul Tortucci.

Martell: Yeah. He said he saw him loading something into his van late at night. Then a couple weeks later, he sees the very same thing again. It's, like, a regular thing. Only this time he sees a bit more. He sees these big white bricks, and he's hiding them in this trapdoor he's got in the floor of his van.

Jamie: So you figured it was cocaine.

Martell: That's what Felipe said it was... a ton of it. A friggin' fortune. So anyway, Felipe picks me up in this sweet ride he's just boosted.

Don: Hang on a sec. Felipe was driving? You sure?

Martell: There was a steering wheel in front of him. So yeah, I'm sure.

Jamie: So, you waited at the pizzeria for your guy to drive away, and then you follow?

Martell: We waited till we found a nice, quiet street.

Don: Then you cut him off. It was just a fender bender. We just wanted to stop the guy. Then all hell breaks loose. Right away, Felipe jumps out of the car and rushes the van. Then out of nowhere, he pulls out a gun. I didn't even know he was carrying.

Jamie: That wasn't part of the plan?

Martell: Hell, no. I wasn't worried about the guy rattin' us. He was running coke! But Felipe, he was on his own planet. He puts two in the guy's chest, just like that.

Don: So, Felipe dragged Tortucci out of the van and tagged him right in the middle of the street.

Martell: We got the hell out of there. We drove back to Felipe's car, we unload the van, and then we head to my place. You thought

Jamie: you hit the mother lode.

Martell: Hell, yeah. I'm thinking Felipe's a friggin' genius. So was he. He keeps saying, "I told you so, I told you so," over and over again, like a crazy man.

Don: Then you cut it open.

Martell: He... cut it open. It was his score, it's his honors.

Martell: What's the trouble?

Don: You must've been pretty pissed when you saw what was inside.

Martell: I didn't have time to get pissed. Felipe went nuts. He was just so... wired. You know? A-And then when he saw that it was... cheese... that he just murdered a guy for friggin' cheese... he lost it.

Don: I didn't have time to get pissed. Felipe went nuts. He was just so... wired. You know? A-And then when he saw that it was... cheese... that he just murdered a guy for friggin' cheese... he lost it.

Don: So he turned on you?

Martell: He would've turned on his own mother. It was totally self-defense. It was just like she said. Just one of those days.

Don: You know, I think I believe him. Oh, like you've never had one of those days? So his ended in murder... you gonna hold it against him?

Mac: We'll try and keep an open mind.

Martell: Who are you guys?

Jo: We're the guys you're gonna tell the truth to.

Martell: Oh, come on, I just told the whole story to the other two...

Jo: Let's start with the stolen car. When we found it, the driver's seat was pushed all the way back. Now, if Felipe was driving, that would be very strange because he's only five seven.

Mac: You know what's even stranger? When Felipe hot-wired the car, he left your blood on the ignition wire. Like she said, we're the guys.

Martell: So maybe I boosted the car. And yeah, I was driving; big deal. See? I can be real with you guys.

Jo: Good. Good, 'cause there's more... we found gunshot residue on the outside of the door of the car.

Mac: The driver's-side door... you know, the one with the steering wheel?

Martell: Look, th-this is all messed up.
 Jo: There were witnesses who said that nobody jumped out of the car right away.
 Martell: I don't know. I don't know.
 Mac: Then let me clarify it for you. You forced the crash. Paul gets out, comes over to your car. Maybe he wants to know what happened Maybe he just wants to see if you're okay. You open the window and shoot him, point-blank.
 Martell: No! I didn't want to shoot the guy. The idiotNo! I didn't want to shoot the guy. The idiot grabbed for my gun. We fought and, you know, it went off.
 Jo: So it was self-defense?
 Martell: Yeah. I swear.
 Jo: Just like Felipe.
 Martell: Exactly.
 Jo: You have very thin walls in your place.
 Martell: Neighbors said they heard yelling. Yeah, yeah, like I told him, Felipe, h-he went crazy.
 Jo: Except the person yelling was speaking English. And Felipe's English wasn't very good, was it?
 Jo: Except the person yelling was speaking English. And Felipe's English wasn't very good, was it?
 Martell: We-we were both yelling. I mean, he-he came at me with a knife.
 Mac: Except he had defensive wounds and you don't.
 Martell: He was freakin' moron, all right?! Who mistakes cheese for coke?! Who?! I just... I lost it! After all I'd just done...
 Mac: You know... the good thing is, you won't be having any more of those days for a long time.
 Mac: Hey, Ray.
 Ray: Hey, Detective.
 Mac: How about that slice?
 Ray: I was thinking maybe I sell the place. This... I don't know, I don't think I'm ready to let it go yet. Hard to let go of a lot of things. I keep thinking about the promise I made my brother,
 Mac: We found something in Paul's van. When this little boy came back from his parents' funeral, he was confused, lost... scared. Kid like that can go wrong in a whole lot of ways. But instead, he turned into a hardworking, devoted, caring young man, a good man. That's on you, Ray. You never let anyone down.
 Ray: Look at him. He's covered in flour. Every time... he'd sneeze up a storm. Oh... We'd always have to start over. For every... every one piece he made, I... I'd throw away four.
 Ray: Thank you, Detective. Thank you.

CSI: NY, Season 9 Episode 15, "Seth and Apep"

Man: Previously on Crime Scene Investigation...

Mac: Christine?

Russell: Mac.

Mac: Christine? Christine? Where is she? What the hell is going on?

Russell: We found Christine's phone at a jewelry store robbery.

Julie: The blood did match the blood we found in the hotel room.

Mac: Christine's room.

Russell: We still don't have an exemplar from New York, so we don't know that it's her yet.

Mac: What else you have?

Nick: Okay, we found a print on the jeweler's safe. Hit came back to a James Boyd.

Mac: Jimmy Boyd? Boyd manages Christine's restaurant. You son of a bitch. Where is she?

Boyd: She's in New York. She never came to Vegas.

Russell: What the hell are you talking about?

Boyd: I owe money to a loan shark back in New York.

Mac: What's this have to do with Christine?

Boyd: I needed to use her to pay him off.

Mac: Where is she?

Boyd: She's with my brother; my brother has her.

Mac: You're gonna call him, and you're gonna tell him it's over.

Boyd: I can't.

Mac: Don't play with me, Jimmy.

Boyd: Come on. The guy I owe... he got nervous and he grabbed them up. If I don't bring the diamonds tomorrow night, they're dead. They're dead.

Russell: I'm taking that bastard back to New York with the diamonds. He's gonna pay off the scumbag he owes. I'm gonna get Christine back.

Russell: I'm not saying don't do this. I'm just saying you're gonna need my help. I'm coming with you.

Boyd: Zane?

Zane: That you, Boyd?

Boyd: Yeah. I just got in from Vegas. So where do you want to meet?

Zane: 38th and Lex. Bring the diamonds.

Boyd: Shawn and Christine, you're gonna bring 'em, right?

Zane: One hour, Boyd. Come alone.

Mac: Christine was so excited about going to Vegas. They took her before she made it out of New York.

Russell: Mac, we're gonna get her back.

Mac: Christine was so excited about going to Vegas. They took her before she made it out of New York.

Russell: Mac, we're gonna get her back.

Don: I got visual confirmation. Two of them approaching from the northwest corner.

Russell: Yeah, we see them.

Mac: Any sign of Christine or Shawn Boyd?

Don: Negative.

Mac: What about you, Adam?

Adam: Nothing on the traffic cams. Running as many plates as I can, but traffic's picking up.

Zane: Big brother returns. Boye

Boyd: Where are they?
 Zane: Close by. Diamonds? It's only fair. You owed me first.
 Russell: I've got an image of our two suspects.
 Mac: Adam, see if you can get us more on Zane than just his first name.
 Adam: On it.
 Boyd: They're all there, just like we talked about.
 Zane: Six hours, Jimmy. Six hours in Vegas we kept trying to call, but nobody could get a hold of you. Not even your brother.
 Boyd: I told you this... things went bad.
 Zane: You think I'm stupid?
 Boyd: Hey, hey, hey.
 Don: Gun. I don't like this, Mac. We got a lot of people out here.
 Russell: He-he's testing him.
 Mac: Give it a second.
 Boyd: Hey, please. Please put the gun back.
 Zane: What happened in those six hours, Jimmy? Did you get caught? Trying to set me up?
 Boyd: I just want my brother back. Please, you got to believe me. I just want my brother back.
 Don: He's gonna do it.
 Mac: Hold your position.
 Zane: Come. Let's go.
 Boyd: Where?
 Zane: To get your brother and the girl.
 Boyd: You said you were gonna bring 'em here.
 Zane: We have to take a ride first.
 Russell: Okay, that's not the plan.
 Mac: Flack, they're headed your way.
 Don: I got 'em.
 Boyd: Where are we going?
 Zane: You will see. You brought the cops?
 Mac: NYPD. Stop! Where is she? Where's Christine?
 Russell: Hey! My friend asked you a question.
 Zane: Your friend won't like the answer.
 Mac: What'd you do to her?
 Zane: You will never see her again.
 Mac: Where is she being held?
 Zane: She must be important to you. You only ask about her.
 Mac: Who are you working with? Who's holding her?
 Zane: Leave it to the Boyd brothers to kidnap a cop's girlfriend.
 Mac: You took Christine and Shawn as collateral for the \$100,000 he and his brother owed you.
 Zane: Everyone needs insurance.
 Jo: Any word on Jimmy Boyd?
 He's still in surgery.
 Jo: When you questioned him in Vegas, he give you anything on Zane?
 Russell: No, he said he only met him once. Knew his first name, that's all. Said the guy was a loan shark that he and his brother, Shawn, were borrowing money from. What a mess. Guy's in my custody. I had to pull strings just to bring him back to New York. Do we know anything more about this guy?

Don: I just got off the phone with Adam. Facial recognition was inconclusive. He ran his prints through AFIS, got nothing back. He's running them through Interpol now. How's it going in there?

Jo: Not good.

Mac: Did you do something to her? Is she alive?

Zane: I'm done talking.

Mac: You can end this. Just tell me what you did with her.

Zane: Go to hell.

Mac: Tell me where she is.

Kidnapper: They arrested Zane. I don't know. What do you want me to do? Yeah. I'll take care of it. You and your brother, you were working for the cops?

Shawn: No. Huh? - What happened? Where's Jimmy?

Kidnapper: He's dead. Jimmy's dead. You set us up! Huh?

Shawn: I swear, I don't know what you're talking about.

Kidnapper: I think you do, I think you do.

Christine: Don't shoot him. Police have your friend. They're gonna figure out where we are. If you kill us, then you'll lose the only leverage that you've got.

Kidnapper: What kind of leverage could you possibly be?

Christine: My-my-my boyfriend's a cop.

Sheldon: Anything in your autopsy point to who our John Doe is or where he may have been in the last 24 hours?

Sid: I found non-fatal acute pulmonary inflammation. Something he inhaled within the last 24 hours caused irritation to the lining of his lungs. I sent a sample to Tox. I also discovered his fillings are made of glass ionomer.

Sheldon: These weren't done by any dentist in the U.S.

Sid: From scarring on the surrounding gums, I'd say they're about three months old. That tattoo on his bicep suggests he's from Egypt. It's from the story of Seth and Apep.

Sheldon: Seth and Apep.

Sid: Um, Seth, the god of chaos, protects Ra by beheading Apep, the god of evil. It's an ancient Egyptian myth.

Sheldon: So chaos destroying evil. Sounds like gang ideology.

Sid: It could tie back to a gang in Egypt.

Sheldon: Or one here with Egyptian ties. Hey.

Lindsay: Hey, it looks like our John Doe was keeping some kind of a ledger.

Sheldon: Well, we think he's Egyptian. Would explain the Arabic.

Lindsay: Yeah, I don't know what these numbers correspond to yet. Did you find anything in tox?

Sheldon: Yeah, lung sample came back positive for alpha-terpineol.

Lindsay: All right, that's found in fragrances, right?

Sheldon: Well, unfortunately it's found in everything from perfume to aftershave, making it virtually impossible to narrow down where he inhaled it.

Lindsay: I feel so helpless, knowing that Christine is out there alone.

Sheldon: I know. We just got to stay positive for Mac

Lindsay: Yeah. Ah.

Sheldon: What's this?

Lindsay: I found this in his pocket but I couldn't make it out.

Sheldon: Nailah's Cleaners.

Lindsay: You said that tox detected alpha-terpineol? That's found in industrial fabric softeners.

Christine: Bye.

Man: Thanks for this.

Christine: Okay, don't trip.

Mac: That's the Christine you always talked about at the academy?

Christine: Mm, this is nice.

Mac: I love you, Christine.

Russell: Mac? Mac. Just got a hit on Interpol.

Mac: "Zane Kalim."

Russell: Wanted for murder in Egypt. Killed a member of their parliament. About a year ago.

Mac: Well, if he's been here less than a year, chances are he's working for someone.

Russell: We need to find out who that is.

Don: Mac. This was left for you at the front desk.

Mac: What is it?

Don: I don't know. It just came in.

Mac: Mac Taylor.

Jo: 15 minutes to the call.

Russell: This is a lot for anyone to handle. Even Mac.

Jo: He puts the burden of the case on his shoulders even when it's a stranger. Now that it's Christine, it makes me worry for the people he's after because he's not gonna stop till he finds them.

Russell: I know how he feels. Few months ago, my... my granddaughter was kidnapped. I would have done anything to get her back.

Jo: Tell me you found her.

Russell: Yes, yeah, thanks to the people around me. You know, Mac's lucky to have you. All of you.

Adam: All right, I'm linking to every phone company in the tristate area. When the call comes in, I'll determine the service provider, whether it be cell or landline, and then we can get our trace on.

Russell: Excuse me.

Lindsay: Nailah Fayed? I'm Detective Messer, this is Dr. Hawkes. Do you mind if we ask you a few questions?

Nailah: No, not at all.

Sheldon: Do you recognize this man?

Nailah: No, I don't.

Lindsay: This was his ticket. Seems he was a customer of yours?

Sheldon: Are you sure you don't recognize him?

Nailah: He's no customer. He collects money from me every week. In this neighborhood, you don't do business for free.

Lindsay: And how long has that been going on?

Nailah: A few months. He says it's for protection, but it's Faraj we need protection from.

Sheldon: Faraj?

Nailah: I don't know his last name.

Sheldon: Do you know where he lives? Does he have any relatives in town?

Lindsay: Have you ever seen him with this man?

Nailah: He's coming in with Faraj once or twice. I don't know his name. This is a very tight community, like a family. I can ask around, but people are scared. I don't think anyone's going to say anything. I'm sorry, Detectives. I wish I could help more.

Lindsay: Thank you.

Danny: DNA came back on the tongue. Belongs to a male.

Jo: Oh, thank God.

Adam: If it's not Christine's, whose is it?
 Danny: It could be Shawn Boyd's. I got 'em running it through CODIS now. Where the hell is Mac?
 Adam: What do you want to do?
 Jo: I'm taking it. Detective Jo Danville. Who am I speaking with?
 Man: There's a fountain in Fong's alley, Chinatown. Next to it is a bench. There will be instructions waiting in an envelope.
 Jo: Where are Christine and Shawn?
 Man: If you want to see them alive again, be at the bench in 15 minutes.
 Adam: Keep him talking.
 Jo: We need to know they're alive first.
 Man: 15 minutes.
 Jo: Hello?
 Adam: Got it. Chelsea, 21st and Eighth.
 Jo: I'll call Flack. Danny, you head to Chinatown. It's transmitting from right here.
 Don: There's no one over here.
 Jo: Signal hasn't moved since Adam locked in on it.
 Don: Jo. Looks like a burner.
 Danny: Yeah, it's Messer.
 Jo: Danny, we struck out here... what about you?
 Danny: No, there's no envelope here. What the hell's going on, Jo? Why make contact with us just to take us for a ride?
 Jo: We need to find Mac.
 Mac, what are you doing?
 Mac: Damn it, D.B., you shouldn't have followed me.
 Russell: I saw you leave the lab... I figured something was going on. Thought you might need some backup.
 Mac: You have to leave now.
 Russell: They contacted you, didn't they?
 Mac: They had Christine call my cell phone. This is Mac Taylor.
 Christine: Mac, it's me.
 Mac: Christine? Thank God. Are you all right?
 Christine: Mac, listen.
 Mac: She gave me an address of a warehouse. Said to come alone. Told me if I didn't, they'd kill her.
 Russell: Well, Mac, they just separated you from your team.
 Mac: Look, I know what I'm doing, D.B. You of all people should understand that.
 Russell: I do understand. That's why I'm here. I'm not trying to stop you, but I'm not gonna leave you alone either. Look. I'll be close by... they won't even know I'm there.
 Mac: Taylor.
 Christine: Mac?
 Mac: Christine.
 Christine: "You proved you're willing to work "alone." Now we make a trade. Christine for Zane."
 Mac: Okay. Uh, I understand. I'll figure it out. Don't worry.
 Christine: "Bring him to Teterboro Airport, "hangar 20. One hour." Or they'll kill me, Mac. No...
 Mac: Christine? Christine.

Danny: So he's got blood on his chin, but no pooling on the ground. The lingual artery supplies blood to the tongue, and if it was severed here, let's just say we'd be looking at a much bigger mess.

Jamie: He was killed somewhere else, then dumped here.

Danny: And Mac called it in. They must've wanted him to find it.

Jamie: Maybe the kidnapers contacted him.

Jo: That's exactly what happened. 15 minutes to the call.

Danny: That's why they got us running all over town, so Mac would be here alone. So what's our next move?

Jo: Mac feels he needs to go with this alone, we need to trust him. Our job is to follow the science, just like any other case.

Don: Where the hell have you been? Everybody's been looking for you.

Mac: Where is he, Flack? Where's Zane?

Don: He's in holding. But not for long.

Russell: What do you mean?

Don: Once Zane's fingerprints got a hit in Interpol, the, uh, Department of Justice was alerted.

Russell: They're taking him into federal custody.

Don: Yeah. Two U.S. Marshals are on their way over now.

Russell: Well, has his provisional warrant been signed yet?

Don: Yeah, it's a done deal. Once those guys walk through the door, he's no longer our prisoner.

Mac: Well, until they get here, he's still ours.

Sid: I tested the blood. It's a match for Shawn Boyd.

Jo: It's awfully intricate to draw as you're dying.

Sid: Well, I don't think he did it. There's no traces of blood on his fingers.

Sheldon: This eye is a fingerprint.

Sid: Hmm.

Sheldon: Christine.

Jo: New York State requires fingerprints for anyone who gets a liquor license.

Sheldon: She knew the body would end up here.

Jo: Christine's trying to tell us something. We got to find out what this symbol means.

Adam: Looks like this guy kept records of all his collections, and by the looks of it, he was pulling in several thousand a week.

Lindsay: Can you pull up a map of all the addresses listed?

Adam: I'm one step ahead of you. All these places are businesses in Little Egypt. Do you recognize one of the locations?

Lindsay: No. But I should. Nailah's cleaner isn't on this map.

Sheldon: Do you recognize this man?

Nailah: He collects money from me every week.

Lindsay: She was lying.

Don: A trade?

Mac: If I don't do it, they're gonna kill her.

Christine: "Now we make a trade. "Christine for Zane. "Bring him to Teterboro Airport, "hangar 20. One hour" Or they'll kill me, Mac.

Don: Then we talk to the marshals. There's an innocent life at stake; they'll play ball.

Russell: Not before running it up to the attorney general's office. We don't have that kind of time.

Don: Then we ask for more time.

Mac: These men aren't patient. They've already proven they'll kill to make a point.

Russell: You said it yourself: there's an innocent life at stake.

Mac: I can't take any chances, Don. Not on this one.

Don: So what? We just... spring the dude and walk him out the front door as the federal marshals are walking in?

Mac: Yes. I'm here to take him out.

Don: Fellas.

Fellas: You must be Detective Flack.

Don: I am. Thank you for coming. Can't wait to get this guy off my hands. All right, I'll just look this over real quick.

Mac: Let's go.

Russell: Hey, sorry, I got hung up there. Are these the guys that are here for Zane Kalim?

Don: Yeah. This is Detective Russell, out of Vegas. He helped us apprehend Kalim.

Fellas: Appreciate your help.

Russell: Yeah. Yeah. Um... boy, I just better come clean here. If you go on back to the cells, you're not gonna find Kalim.

Fellas: So where is he?

Russell: Go ahead, tell 'em.

Don: He was taken over to the 88 in Brooklyn. I got a uni picking him up right now.

Russell: It's all right. Actually, you know, it's my fault. Uh, when I was booking Kalim, I-I filled out the wrong... the wrong form. Those damn things look so different in Vegas, and I'm a little tired to tell you the truth. Uh, tell you what. In the meantime,

Don: we will... we'll grab a cup of coffee while we wait?

Russell: Yeah. Fellas, I'm so sorry. You know what? I wouldn't worry about it. I'm, uh... I'm pretty sure that our guy's, uh... walking him out of the precinct as we speak.

Jo: Why leave her off the list?

Lindsay: Because. He's not collecting from her, it's the other way around Nailah immigrated to the U.S. about ten years ago. When she was applying for her green card, she legally changed her name to Fayed.

Sheldon: What was it before?

Adam: Kalim.

Sheldon: Just like Zane.

Lindsay: Exactly like Zane. They're brother and sister.

Jo: Being related to someone doesn't make you guilty of their crime.

Adam: True, but this doesn't help her case.

Sheldon: That's the same symbol Christine left on Shawn Boyd's body.

Lindsay: It's on a restaurant in Little Egypt directly across the street from Nailah's dry cleaners.

Jo: Christine could have seen that from wherever she's being held. That's what she's trying to tell us. She's at Nailah's.

Kidnapper: Come alone?

Mac: Show me Christine.

Kidnapper: Where's Zane?

Mac: Satisfied? Now let me see Christine.

Kidnapper: First take him out. Hand him over. Then I'll tell you where your girlfriend's being held.

Mac: Change of plan. Now we're gonna go get Christine together, or I'm gonna shoot you dead right now.

Kidnapper: Aah!
 Mac: Where is she? I'm tired of playing games. Let's play one of mine. Hey. We'll see how far you're willing to go.
 Kidnapper: Hey!
 Mac: Tell me when you've had enough.
 Kidnapper: Wait! Hey, please! Please!
 Mac: Where's Christine?
 Kidnapper: No, no! I'll take you to her! I'll take you to her!
 Mac: How many men are holding her?
 Kidnapper: Just one.
 Mac: Where?
 Kidnapper: In the back.
 Mac: What's his name?
 Kidnapper: Ahmed.
 Mac: This him?
 Kidnapper: Yeah.
 Mac: Tell him to bring her outside. Don't try anything. This one's full of bullets. Where the hell is he?
 Kidnapper: I don't know.
 Ahmed: This is Ahmed. Leave a message.
 Mac: All right. Let's go.
 Lindsay: Nailah Fayed, we have a warrant to search the premises.
 Jo: Or should we call you Nailah Kalim?
 Jamie: Don't make me chase you. Then I'm gonna have to shoot you. Is there anybody else in the building?
 Jamie: No.
 Mac: Which way?
 Kidnapper: Over there.
 Mac: Where?
 Kidnapper: Over here.
 Jo: Clear.
 Mac: Where?
 Kidnapper: Back there.
 Lindsay: I got blood.
 Jo: She was here.
 Lindsay: So where is she now?
 Kidnapper: Hey, Ahmed. Get the girl. Bring her up front. Ahmed...
 Mac: Christine, Christine.
 Christine: Thank God, Mac.
 Mac: Shh. It's okay, it's okay. Okay. It's okay, it's okay. You're safe now. You're safe.
 Christine: I knew you'd come for me.
 Mac: Always.
 Christine: I love you, Mac.
 Mac: I love you, too. It's okay. I love you. I love you, too. What'd the marshals say?
 Don: They were pissed. But they'll get over it. Not much you can do. Clerical errors tend to happen from time to time.
 Mac: Clerical errors, huh?
 Don: Yup.
 Mac: Hey, Jo.
 Jo: Oh, Mac. Thank God we got Christine back. How is she?

Mac: Thankful it's over.
Jo: Yeah.
Mac: We took her to Trinity General. So this is Zane's sister?
Jo: And the woman behind the blossoming crime family. The laundry was her front. I'm on my way to interrogate her and find out what else she was hiding. I'm sorry I kept you in the dark. If there was any other way...I know. Oh, one more thing. The guy you arrested... Omar. He told this wild story about playing a game of Russian roulette. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you?
Mac: Hey... Let's see how far you're willing to go. Not much of a game when the gun's empty.
Russell: Just when you think you got a moment to yourself, somebody knocks on your door.
Mac: Well, I guess that's the job we signed up for.
Russell: There's got to be some perk to being the boss, right?
Mac: Yeah, the seminar in Hawaii comes to mind.
Russell: Yeah, that would do it, that would do it. How's Christine doing?
Mac: She's coming along. I was just about to head back to the hospital.
Russell: I guess it's your turn to take care of her, huh?
Mac: Yeah, it is. So, when are you taking off?
Russell: Uh, first thing in the morning.
Mac: And Boyd?
Russell: He made it out of surgery, so, as soon as he's safe to travel, they'll transfer him back to Vegas and have him stand trial for the murder of Sadat.
Mac: D.B., I can't thank you enough for coming back here with me.
Russell: Hey...
Mac: No, no. You stuck your neck way out on the line. Much more than I could have asked for. I want you to know how grateful I am. Thank you. Next time we come to Vegas, dinner's on me.
Russell: Damn right. I'm gonna bring my whole family, too.

CSI: NY, Season 9, Episode 16, "Blood Actually"

Jamie: Champagne, chocolate strawberries, candy hearts? Somebody was in a Valentine's day mood.

Jo: Looks more like someone was in the mood for World War III.

Jamie: Pretty much how the other guests described it when they called security. Said they hear two men arguing. The vic's name is Theodore Hart. Priors for assault, drug possession, and menacing to name a few. Doesn't seem like a guy who'd shell out \$1,200 a night for a place like this.

Jo: Because he didn't. Hotel log shows he's not the guest that checked in. The room is registered to a Wayne Brown. He used his credit card with a home billing address in Gramercy.

Jamie: Not much reason to splurge on a pricy hotel room when you live ten blocks away. Special getaway?

Jo: Or a secret one.

Jamie: Well, either way, it doesn't explain why there's a dead felon on the floor.

Jo: Let's find Wayne Brown, have him fill in the blanks.

Wayne: Am I going to jail?

Jo: Did you kill that man? I just wanted him to stop.

Jamie: Stop what?

Jo: Why don't we start at the beginning, Wayne? Why'd you book a room tonight at the St. Monarch hotel?

Wayne: I didn't. I mean, that wasn't my plan at first. I was just gonna have a drink at the bar and go home.

Jamie: So, when did your plans change?

Wayne: When the most beautiful woman I had ever seen asked me my name. I thought it was a mistake at first, like she confused me with somebody else, but she sat down and we just started talking.

Jo: About what?

Wayne: Everything, anything. It was so easy, so comfortable, I-I didn't want it to end.

Jamie: So you decided to get a room together.

Wayne: I'd never done anything like that before, I swear. I just didn't want to be alone on Valentine's day again.

Jamie: So, did you guys go upstairs together?

Wayne: She told me she'd meet me in the room, so I went up first, ordered some champagne, and waited. There was a knock at the door. I assumed it was her, but it wasn't. He just started attacking me. I was blacking out. At the last second I grabbed the corkscrew and...

Hart: Aah!

Wayne: I didn't want to hurt him, but I had to protect myself.

Jo: You know, if what you're saying is true, why did you leave the hotel? You should have called the police and waited until they arrived.

Wayne: I was scared.

Jamie: That we wouldn't believe that you killed him in self-defense?

Wayne: Until you told me, I didn't even know he was dead. I ran because I was afraid he was going to get back up.

Jo: What was her name... the woman you met at the bar?

Wayne: Laura.

Jo: Last name?

Wayne: I don't know.

Jo: The vic could have been a jealous boyfriend or husband.

Jamie: Found out that Laura was planning some extracurricular activities and wanted to stop it.

Jo: If there ever really was a Laura.

Jamie: What is it about Valentine's day that just makes people lose their minds?

Don: Is that today?

Jamie: Yeah, it's today.

Don: Right. You want to... maybe do something later?

Jamie: Yeah, maybe.

Don: How about a couple beers and a slice, maybe watch a game?

Jamie: Perfect.

Don: Really?

Jamie: Yeah. What, do you really think that all women need that sentimental crap to make them happy?

Lindsay: I was hoping today, of all days, people might be a little nicer to each other.

Sid: You're, of course, referring to the kindly deeds of St. Valentinus, one of at least three martyred saints to whom this secular and commercial holiday is attributed.

Lindsay: Well, call me a sap, but any excuse to celebrate love is okay by me.

Sid: Fair enough. Let's start with the penetrating wound to the neck courtesy of this corkscrew.

Lindsay: Did it puncture his carotid?

Sid: As a matter of fact, no. It missed vital structures altogether.

Lindsay: Well, then, what killed him?

Sid: Blunt force trauma to the parietal bone. C.O.D. is a single blow to the back of the head.

Lindsay: Huh. Jo thought the blood spray was arterial and that he hit his head on the floor after he was stabbed.

Sid: A logical assumption, but instead of carpet fibers, I found flecks of gold foil and what appears to be green glass embedded in his scalp.

Lindsay: The champagne bottle that Jo found.

Sid: Right.

Lindsay: So, our suspect said that the vic was standing directly above him during the attack. So how could Wayne have hit Hart in the back of the head if he was underneath him? He couldn't have.

Sid: Either Wayne was behind the vic when he struck him...

Lindsay: Or he wasn't the only one in that room. Thanks, Sid.

Sid: You bet.

Danny: Whoa, whoa, whoa, where's the fire at? Hey.

Lindsay: I got to find Jo, our case just got turned on its head.

Danny: Are you serious? Does that mean we might not be able to go to dinner tonight?

Lindsay: Will you shut up? I know that you hate Valentine's day.

Danny: I don't hate Valentine's day. I just think it's stupid to go spend on a fortune on some fancy meal just 'cause everybody else does.

Lindsay: Well, now you don't have to, okay? Consider that my gift to you.

Danny: But I promise we will celebrate tonight, okay?

Lindsay: Okay, see you at home eventually.

Ellie: Midnight? Mom, the movie doesn't end until 11:45.

Jo: That gives you 15 minutes for Andrew to walk you home, give you a good-night kiss on the cheek before your curfew.

Ellie: Mom, it's Valentine's day.

Jo: All right, 12:15 and not a second later, Ellie, and remind Andrew that I carry a gun.

Ellie: Mom.

Jo: I love you. Have a great time. Be safe.

Ellie: Love you, too. Mwah.

Jo: Okay, I don't know what's more depressing... the fact that my 15-year-old has a hot date tonight or the fact that I don't.

Jamie: Well, get this. Vic was arrested three times for assault. He liked to beat up hookers, especially the ones that worked for him.

Jo: Hart was a pimp. That means the woman Wayne was talking to...

Jamie: Could have been a hooker.

Jo: So either Wayne had no idea or he lied to us about his random love connection.

Lindsay: That's not the only thing he lied about... Wayne didn't go up to that room by himself. Adam found a partial print on a chocolate strawberry and another one on the champagne bottle that killed Theodore Hart. So taken independently, neither print had enough rich detail to get a hit in AFIS, but he overlaid them and got a complete print. Say hello to Laura Palmer. She's in the system for... a half dozen solicitation arrests.

Jo: Well, that puts her in the hotel room but not much else.

Lindsay: Unless you consider the directionality of the print... it was upside down.

Jamie: Why does that matter?

Jo: Tells us how she was holding the bottle.

Lindsay: If you're pouring champagne, your print is right side up. Turn it around...

Jamie: And the champagne bottle becomes a murder weapon.

Laura: Wayne looked so sad and lonely sitting at the bar by himself. Thought I could help.

Jo: By exploiting his vulnerability?

Laura: By doing my job. Not my fault the world is a cold and cynical place.

Jo: What happened in that hotel room?

Laura: Not what you think. All Wayne wanted to do was talk. He asked where I was from, about my family and my friends. Crazy part is it seemed like he actually cared.

Jo: Maybe he really did.

Laura: Time must've gotten away from me 'cause I forgot to check in with Theo. That's his number one rule.

Jo: So he came looking for you?

Laura: Theo was pissed as hell... thought I was disrespecting him. Theo. No. Leave him alone, Theo! He didn't do anything! Theo, stop! He was gonna kill the poor guy. I had to do something.

Jo: Funny thing, Laura, you know, Wayne told us that... he killed Theodore Hart.

Laura: Why would he do that?

Jo: You'd have to ask him. Maybe it's because the world is not as cold and cynical as you think.

Wayne: What's gonna happen to her?

Lindsay: The district attorney will review the evidence, and if he agrees that it was self-defense, she'll be free to go.

Wayne: I knew what she was. I guess there was just a part of me that wanted to believe that the spark between us was real. Even if it was only temporary. Please tell her I said thank you.

Lindsay: I will.

Jo: Why is true love so hard to find?

Lindsay: It helps if you look in the right places.
 Jo: Any idea where those places are?
 Mrs. Chandler: Bernie must've come home early to surprise me. When I got back from the gym, I found him just lying there on the floor.
 Danny: When was the last time you spoke to your husband, Mrs. Chandler?
 Mrs. Chandler: Uh, around lunchtime. He told me that he had something important to discuss.
 Danny: Did he say what that was?
 Mrs. Chandler: Only that he needed to tell me in person. Bernie always had a... flair for the dramatic. What am I gonna do now? Bernie was my everything. And today wasn't only Valentine's day; it was also our fifth anniversary.
 Danny: I mean, is there anyone that you can think of that would want to hurt your husband?
 Mrs. Chandler: Everybody loved Bernie. He had a way about him. Lit up the room the second he arrived. He just... knew how to make people happy.
 Sheldon: Mrs. Chandler, I'm sorry for your loss. Did you send this box of chocolates to your husband?
 Mrs. Chandler: No, that would've been cruel. Bernie was trying to lose weight, and sweets were his weakness. Besides, he was diabetic.
 Danny: Any idea who sent that to him?
 Mrs. Chandler: It's... my mother-in-law.
 Danny: Okay. Go ahead. What's wrong with this picture, huh?
 Sheldon: I just see a couple in love.
 Danny: Couple that couldn't be more mismatched. I'm gonna guess that this guy's loaded.
 Sheldon: Are you... trying to say that someone who's beautiful on the outside could never fall for someone whose beauty's on the inside?
 Danny: I mean... Unless there's power and money stacking the deck.
 Sheldon: That's just narrow-minded and sad, man. Yeah.
 Danny: Really? Why are you all bent out of shape about that, Mr. GQ smoothie over here?
 Sheldon: Uh, you know what? Never mind.
 Danny: Ah. So, you find any signs of struggle?
 Sheldon: No. No, and nothing on the body to indicate he was attacked. Couldn't find any signs of forced entry either.
 Danny: So then what are we doing here then? Our vic was the poster child for heart disease, no?
 Sheldon: No, not so fast. I didn't find any xanthomas on his eyelids to suggest fat buildup in the blood. So heart attack is a possibility but it wouldn't be my first guess at C.O.D.
 Danny: Hmm. All right. Ball's in Sid's court.
 Sheldon: Yeah. I'll tell you this, whatever happened here, Bernard Chandler knew he was in serious trouble and tried to call for help.
 Danny: Full house, huh, Sid?
 Sid: Oh, Mr. Messer. What a treat. I only wish it were under different circumstances.
 Danny: Yeah. Tell me about it. So, uh, what's the deal with Bernard Chandler here?
 Sid: Well, penetrating wounds across his chest were caused by glass shards. But all were shallow and superficial.
 Danny: All right, so what's the C.O.D.?
 Sid: To answer that, I began with the inordinate amount of undigested chocolate in his stomach... two pounds worth.

Danny: That's a lot of chocolate, huh?

Sid: Gluttonous, yes, but under normal circumstances not lethal. Unfortunately, our vic's pancreatic function was anything but normal.

Danny: Because of his diabetes.

Sid: Type 1, to be exact. I detected a fruity acetone-like odor in the vic's mouth, indicating a hyperosmolar hyperglycemic state.

Danny: So he od'd on sugar.

Sid: Precisely. C.O.D. is acute shock and respiratory failure as a result of... severely elevated glucose levels.

Danny: I mean, Sid, come on. This doesn't make any sense. Lifetime diabetic eats an entire box of chocolate? And then doesn't use his insulin to save his own life?

Sid: Well, this fresh injection site suggests he may have tried to.

Danny: All right, but then why didn't it work?

Christine: Don't shoot him! "Bring him to Teterboro airport, hangar 20." Mac?

Mac: Hey. Hey, I'm sorry.

Christine: It, uh, doesn't look good for our 8:00 reservation. Well, I'll call the restaurant, see if they have an opening later.

Mac: On Valentine's day? Uh, we may be out of luck. That's okay. I'll just, uh, pick up some food instead.

Christine: Aw, I was really looking forward to going out tonight.

Mac: Well, you know, maybe it's for the best. What you went through was hell, Christine. Recovering from that kind of trauma is gonna take time and patience. You don't have to push yourself.

Christine: I know. A-and I accept that, Mac. I know, but I also refuse to spend another minute hiding from the world. I need to get out of this apartment. Besides, is there any better excuse than Valentine's day?

Mac: All right. See if you can change the reservation. I'll call you back in a little bit.

Christine: Okay. And, Mac? You don't have to check on me every 15 minutes.

Mac: I need you to know you're not going through this alone.

Christine: I do. I know.

Mac: I'll see you later tonight.

Christine: Bye.

Mac: Hey.

Danny: Christine?

Mac: Yeah.

Danny: How's she holding up?

Mac: She's better. She's a fighter. Stubborn as hell.

Danny: Mm-hmm, sounds familiar. You two were made for each other.

Adam: So... vic was definitely up to something shady. I found two dozen texts between Bernard Chandler and a woman by the name of Evelyn Long. And I'm thinking she might've been the one who sent him the chocolates.

Sheldon: What were they discussing?

Adam: I don't know. The messages were kind of cryptic, but from what I gathered, they were planning some sort of trip and they didn't want the wife to find out.

Sheldon: Okay, so if Sandra did find out her husband was having an affair, that definitely constitutes motive for murder.

Adam: Sid says he was killed by taking too much sugar. So how do you convince a diabetic to risk his life by eating a box of chocolates?

Sheldon: By making him think there wasn't any risk. Before this was torn off, this chocolate was labeled sugar free, listing malitol as the sweetener.

Adam: Which only partially digests and barely affects your blood sugar.

Sheldon: Right. But the sample I took from Chandler's stomach contents contained concentrated levels of refined sucrose... nothing sugar free about it.

Adam: So the wife switched out the chocolates and he ate them, thinking they were safe.

Sheldon: And she tore off the label before calling the police.

Adam: Damn, that's twisted.

Sheldon: But it still doesn't explain how she stopped an insulin injection from saving him.

Mrs. Chandler: Why am I here?

Danny: You're here because you murdered your husband.

Mrs. Chandler: That's ridiculous. I loved Bernie deeply. No man ever treated me with the same respect and kindness as he did.

Danny: Maybe, until you started to suspect that he was cheating on you. Which would make you angry enough to want Bernie dead.

Mrs. Chandler: I've heard enough, okay? I'm leaving.

Danny: Sit down. Sit down. We're just getting started. We searched your apartment for his insulin. We didn't find that, but we found something all over your vanity. Simple syrup. Mixture of, uh, sugar and water.

Mrs. Chandler: Yeah, I know what it is.

Danny: when you replaced Bernie's insulin with it, right? You bought him a box of, uh, sugar-free chocolates, and then you replaced them with the regular ones? Really? Huh? Then he gets home, he sees the surprise you left him, and he goes to town, 'cause, you said, right, he had a weakness for sweets. His sugar level goes through the roof immediately. Gets dizzy, disoriented, he's out of breath. He would recognize that he needed his insulin. But then what? Thanks to you, all he's doing is injecting himself with one final, fatal dose of sugar. So you tried to hide the evidence, right? So we wouldn't find it? And with all due respect, Mrs. Chandler, throwing it down the garbage chute? Come on. That's pretty stupid. You don't think we're gonna find that?

Mrs. Chandler: I knew something was up when Bernie started leaving the room to take calls. When he suddenly added a password to his phone It didn't take me long to break that.

Danny: So you read the texts between him and Evelyn.

Mrs. Chandler: It was like being stabbed through the chest. I couldn't breathe. I saw the way other women looked at my husband, the way they envied me. Whoever this Evelyn was, I just knew she was prettier than me. Younger. But the worst part... he was taking her on my dream vacation. My heart and soul really did belong to my husband. He was the prince charming I had wished for ever since I was a little girl.

Danny: But now you hated him 'cause he broke your heart.

Mrs. Chandler: I hated myself.

Danny: Why did you hate yourself?

Mrs. Chandler: For not being good enough. For not being the wife that Bernie wanted, the one he deserved. I always feared that he'd come home someday and tell me that he'd found someone better.

Danny: And he said to you that he needed to have a serious talk with you, so you thought today might be that day.

Mrs. Chandler: I couldn't let him walk away. The thought of him having a life with another woman... would've killed me.

Danny: So you killed him instead? Evelyn Long... Uh, she was your husband's travel agent, and she was helping him set up the trip to Europe for the two of you. That was the big surprise. Happy anniversary, Mrs. Chandler.

Sheldon: From the outside looking in, Sandra was the ultimate prize. But in her mind, it was the other way around.

Danny: Yep, I guess I was wrong, huh... true love is really blind.

Sheldon: Something I want to show you.

Danny: All right. What?

Danny: Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa, this is you?

Sheldon: Yeah. I was 20, and madly in love with a girl named Susie Thomas. But she couldn't see past my size, pretended I didn't even exist, and broke my heart.

Danny: Eh, what'd you do about it?

Sheldon: Starting working out, eating right. I was a different man when I ran into Susie years later.

Danny: Yeah, that must've felt pretty good, huh?

Sheldon: Yeah, yeah, it did... until... she told me that she had a giant crush on me, too, but was afraid of what her friends would say.

Danny: Of course.

Sheldon: Yeah. And I realized, you know, that love has the power to overcome almost anything, but only if we all can get past our own prejudice and let it.

Danny: Yeah. I'm gonna keep this.

Sheldon: No, you're not.

Danny: Let me just keep it. Come on.

Sheldon: And if you tell anybody about it, you're a dead man.

Danny: What, were you pushing, two and a half in that picture there?

Sheldon: Eh, maybe a deuce and a quarter.

Danny: That's not bad.

Sheldon: Eh.

Mac: Serial numbers have been filed down. Man was shot in the back. Somehow the gun ended up underneath him. Doesn't make sense.

Don: Our vic is Jeremy Howser.

Mac: Sounds familiar.

Don: It should. He's been in the news lately. Howser was the CEO of some fortune 500 investment firm. The SEC has been Investigating allegations that he defrauded some of his clients.

Mac: Surefire way to make enemies.

Don: That wasn't the only controversy in his life. He was also in the middle of a very ugly divorce. We're talking millions in cash and assets at stake.

Mac: And gives the wife ample motive.

Don: Being here gave her ample opportunity. That's her right there. Patrol picked her up fleeing the scene minutes after the shooting.

Wendy: When I heard those gunshots and saw Jeremy fall, I just panicked. I wasn't running to get away, I was running to save my own life.

Don: Did you see the shooter?

Wendy: Everything happened so fast.

Mac: We understand that you and your husband were in the middle of a highly contentious divorce.

Wendy: Jeremy and I hadn't spoken to each other in months.

Mac: And what were you doing here with him tonight?

Wendy: He called me out of the blue this afternoon... Told me he wanted to meet right away.

Don: He say why? Only that he was tired of fighting. That he wanted to settle things like adults. It was my idea to meet here. Just in case.

Mac: In case of what?

Wendy: I figured if we met in public, he'd have to keep things civilized.

Mac: Sounds like you were afraid of him.

Wendy: Jeremy had a temper, yes, but if you think I would ever hurt him, you're wrong. I wanted free of him, but not like this.

Mac: One of the rounds fragmented?

Sid: Uh, both of them, actually. One from impacting the mid-thoracic spine and the other from contact with the lumbar. Bone and bullet fragments ricocheted through his heart, proving fatal almost instantaneously.

Mac: Vic never saw it coming. This wasn't a murder, Sid, it was an execution.

Sid: Well, there's something else. Uh... Abrasions and contusions on the knuckles with discoloration and inflammation of the metacarpals.

Mac: Offensive wounds.

Sid: I'd say our vic punched something.

Mac: Or someone.

Sid: Uh, clotting is fresh, uh, suggesting the injuries were sustained several hours prior to his being shot.

Mac: Any bruising or lacerations anywhere else on his body?

Sid: None. If he was in a fight, it's likely our vic was the aggressor.

Mac: What's that? It looks like some kind of ink stamp.

Sid: Damn it, I... I don't know how I missed it. Uh, sorry, Mac.

Mac: It's okay, Sid... once in eight years that you don't catch something, it's still a perfect record, as far as I'm concerned.

Sid: Get some photos.

Adam: Uh, it wasn't easy, but I sorted the bullet fragments that Sid retrieved, and I was able to reconstruct one of the rounds.

Mac: Striate match the gun I found?

Adam: Not even close. Not even the same caliber. And the GSR swab from Wendy Howser's hands, it came back negative. She did not shoot her husband, Mac.

Mac: Well, somebody did.

Adam: Um, I'm running the rounds through, uh, IBIS, and, uh, you know, when the system gets a match, it will notify you.

Mac: What, you going somewhere?

Adam: Oh... Well, y-you know my girlfriend, Michelle. I mean, she has never been ice-skating...

Mac: Adam...

Adam: Sorry, you're right. Okay, well, I got these VIP tickets to the rink at the Rockefeller Center, okay? But if I don't leave literally in the next ten minutes, it's over.

Mac: You can go.

Adam: Oh, yes!

Mac: Just as soon as you figure out what this is. It's faded, so you may have to enhance the detail before...

Adam: Hypodermic. It's a club on the lower east side. You know, a lot of indie bands, pretty cool vibe. Yeah, they actually, um, stamp your wrist when you're on the way out, just in case you want to come back in. Yeah. Anything else?

Adam: Go. You're so good to me. Sorry, that was a little awkward. Sorry. Okay. I got to go.

Don: Mac. Officer Thomas Reynolds, retired from the force in 2010 six months after being cleared in a justified shooting case.

Mac: Three years later, he uses the same gun to shoot Jeremy Howser. Why? What's the connection between a retired cop and crooked CEO?

Don: Reynolds runs a small private-security firm. Couple part-time employees. Mostly short-term protection services. But he did have one long-standing account with a certain financial institution.

Mac: Howser's investment firm.

Don: This gets better. Howser's assistant heard them fighting in his office this morning. Didn't know what it was about, but he said it got mighty heated, and Reynolds left the building with a black eye and a pink slip.

Mac: Beat up and fired in the same day. Reynolds followed Howser to the outdoor market and got exactly what he wanted... revenge.

Police1: NYPD!

Police2: Clear!

Police3: Clear!

Police: Bedroom clear!

Don: Nobody's home.

Mac: Reynolds knows protocol. Knew we'd be coming here first. Don. Look at this.

Don: Son of a bitch. We had this all wrong.

Mac: Reynolds wasn't following Jeremy Howser. He was doing surveillance on Howser's wife.

Don: Mac. Gray sedan, east side of the street.

Mac: Reynolds.

Don: Down on your knees, let me see your hands! He's got a gun.

Reynolds: It's not loaded, I swear.

Don: Don't move.

Mac: You're under arrest for the murder of Jeremy Howser.

Reynolds: I met Jeremy Howser a few years back. He was looking for some personal protection.

Mac: Protection from what?

Reynolds: His company made some bad investments. Lost his clients a boatload of money. Thought they'd come after him.

Don: Did they?

Reynolds: No. But Howser thought that everybody was out to get him, especially his wife. Wendy, she tried to fix things between them, but the damage was done. So, she filed for divorce. After that, he made it his mission in life to punish her.

Mac: But he needed your help to do it.

Don: So, he had you looking for dirt on Wendy.

Reynolds: Anything he could use as leverage against her. But instead, what I found was the kindest, most selfless individual I'd ever seen. And I watched Wendy volunteering at hospitals, and-and homeless shelters over and over, giving her time and money to those less privileged. She was an incredible woman, and that's exactly what I told Jeremy. Your services are no longer required. I'm gonna handle things myself.

Reynolds: I don't want your money. I just want you to leave Wendy alone. Let her move on with her life, man. It's what she deserves.

Jeremy: I'll decide what Wendy deserves! Not the lawyers! Not you! Her life belongs to me.

Reynolds: Man, it took everything inside of me not to hit him back. And that was the moment that I realized that he was gonna kill his wife.

Mac: You should have gone to the police.

Reynolds: With what evidence? It was my word against his.

Don: So you followed Wendy instead.

Reynolds: He was going to shoot her. I didn't have time to think. I just reacted. I was protecting an innocent life. Exactly what I was trained to do.

Mac: You were also trained to take responsibility for your actions, not run from the scene of a crime.

Reynolds: It was stupid, I know. I panicked.

Don: So, why'd you finally decide to turn yourself in?

Reynolds: 'Cause I thought about Wendy. The type of person that she is. And I realized that that's the type of person that I wanted to be, too. It's probably too late for that, now. Jeremy's the only other person that can corroborate that story, and he damn sure ain't talking.

Mac: He doesn't have to. Not only did he buy a gun off the street, Howser stopped at a club on his way to meet his wife. Stayed less than ten minutes, then got his hand stamped so he could come back later.

Don: And, just in case his alibi for the time of the shooting didn't work out, he also bought himself a one-way ticket to Geneva.

Mac: Seems he had his wife's murder all figured out. The only thing he didn't count on.... was your selfless act. You're absolutely breathtaking. This is for you.

Christine: How do you always know the exact right thing to say?

Mac: It's easy, Christine. 'Cause I love you.

Lindsay: Do you even remember the last time that we had five minutes together?

Danny: Uh, yup. Thursday, in the A.V. lab. It was fantastic until Adam showed up.

Lindsay: Seriously, though, between Lucy and work, I feel like we don't even see each other any more. And, it's about to get a lot harder.

Danny: It's also about to get a lot better. There's my little boy.

Lindsay: Well... Lucy's asleep, now. And work is done, so... You know, maybe...

Danny: I told you we'd have a little time to celebrate.

Lucy: Mommy, mommy! There's a vampire under my bed! under my bed!

Ellie: Hi, Mom.

Jo: Ellie. What are you doing here? I thought you were out with Andrew.

Ellie: I told him I was coming down with a cold.

Jo: But you've been looking forward to this date for weeks.

Ellie: I know, I just changed my mind, that's all. I thought maybe you and I could make some, uh, double fudge, death-by-chocolate ice cream sundaes, instead, hmm? Watch one of these little sappy movies?

Jo: Okay, does this have anything to do with your poor mom flying solo on Valentine's day?

Ellie: I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about.

Jo: Ellie Danville. Aw, you are becoming the most amazing young lady.

Ellie: Yeah, yeah. Tell me something I don't know.

Jo: Here's something. I get to pick the movie.

Ellie: Why are we in here? It smells like... I don't know what it smells like, but it's bad.

Don: Suck it up, Lovato, we're almost there.

Jamie: Can't you just tell me where we're going?

Don: No.

Jamie: Fine. But these heels are way too sexy for a stinky stairwell. You didn't forget Valentine's day, did you?

Don: Are you kidding me? It's my favorite holiday. After Arbor day, that is.

Jamie: You're crazy, you know that? And very thoughtful.

Don: So, does that mean that, uh... sentimental crap does make you swoon?

Jamie: Maybe a little bit.

Don: Dinner's getting cold.

Jamie: I don't care. What are we doing, Flack? I mean, what is this?

Don: It's whatever we want it to be. Doesn't really matter what we call it, does it?

Jamie: You're going to have to meet my brothers soon.

Don: Bring 'em on.

Jamie: They're a tough crowd. Especially when they meet my boyfriends.

Don: Do I look worried? They're gonna love me.

Jamie: Yeah, they will.



CSI: NY Season 9, Episode 17, "Today Is Life"

Dispatcher: Two Sector Adam, what's your location? One Two Adam to Central Suspects are southbound on Lenox at 122 street, going toward 121. 10-4, One Two Adam.

Officer: Whoa, whoa, whoa, they're cutting left! Central, this is One Two Adam. Now heading westbound on 121. Suspects are two black males, early 20s, one in a black jacket with a hoodie, one in a red jacket, gray hoodie.

Dispatcher: Copy that, One Two Adam. I need any available units to report to 121 and Lenox Officers in pursuit of robbery suspects.

Polices: Central, suspects are now northbound in an alley next to the sporting goods store heading toward 122. In pursuit.

Police1: Hey, police! Sector Adam Shield 198 to Central. 198, go.

Police2: We're 84, pursuing suspect on foot northbound in an alley towards 122.

Dispatcher: Copy that, 198. Units responding. Be advised, Sector Adam are on foot in the alley heading northbound toward 122.

Dispatcher: Sector Adam 841 to Central! Suspect scaled a barbed wire fence! heading eastbound toward Lenox!

Dispatcher: 841, repeat. I didn't copy that. 841, go again. 198, stand by. 841, go. 841, do you have a visual?

Police1: Uh, negative. I'm doubling back.

Police2: Shots fired!

Dispatcher: All units, stand by 198, you're breaking up. Come in to Central.

Police: Do you have a 10-7 on my partner?

Dispatcher: All units, stand by. 198, what is your location?

Police: Suspect is headed... Police! Show me your hands!

Dispatcher: 198, come in to Central. 198, come in to Central. 198, do you copy?

Crowd: There was no gun! There was no gun! There was no gun! There was no gun!

Reporter: Ted, I'm learning that the victim of the shooting, Timothy Brown, was allegedly involved in a jewelry store robbery with an accomplice who has not been apprehended An anonymous high-ranking official has revealed, however, that Timothy Brown, a college student, was unarmed at the time of the shooting This is the second fatality at the hands of police in less than a week, and as you know, the other victim was gunned down just blocks from here and was unarmed as well.

Crowd: There was no gun!

Kevin: I don't know how many times I got to say it. He had a gun; the kid took a shot at me.

Mac: You called it in?

Kevin: Yeah, I called it in.

Don: So what happened to the gun?

Kevin: I don't know. Don't you think I would tell you that if I knew? There's 200 people outside that would like to take a baseball bat to my head! A kid robs a jewelry store, and it's my word that's in question?

Don: Kevin, relax, buddy.

Mac: No one's questioning your word, Kevin. We're just trying to work out what happened. The more we know, the more we can control any misinformation that gets out there, all right?

Kevin: Trey and I got separated when the two of them split up in the alley. Suspect is running northbound in a tunnel towards 122. Stop, stop! Police! Stop! Stop! 198 in pursuit down the alley behind, uh...

Dispatcher: 198, stand by. 841...841, do you have a visual?

Kevin: Uh, negative. I'm doubling back. 10-13, 10-13, shots fired!

Dispatcher: All... stand by. 198, you're breaking... Central. Police! Don't move! Show me your hands!

Trey: Kevin, you all right?!

Kevin: Yeah, he took a shot at me.

Dispatcher: 198, come in to Central. 198, come in to Central. 198, do you copy

Don: So you're saying that after he popped off the one shot, he ditched the gun and you called in a 13?

Kevin: That's not what I'm saying; that's what happened.

Don: Okay. Central never heard your 13.

Kevin: Well, that must be the first time that the radios didn't work.

Mac: Did he have a gun in his hand while he was running?

Kevin: No.

Mac: And you saw him reaching into his pocket when you shot him?

Kevin: He spun around, his hand was up by his inside pocket.

Don: Which alley could he have dumped the gun in?

Kevin: I don't know. It was like a maze in there. Look, guys... detectives, I don't have to talk to you. I have 48 hours before I can be compelled to give a statement to IAB, but I know what that looks like. You both think that gives me 48 hours to perfect my lie. I am not lying. That kid took a shot at me. I called a 13.

Mac: Stay there. Don't move!

Officer: 10-13! One-two precinct. Disorderly group trying to forcibly enter the precinct.

Woman: Get off of me!

Reporter: What began as a peaceful demonstration escalated into a bloody confrontation this morning inside this Manhattan precinct. Dozens of police officers and civilians were injured. At least ten arrests were made, and it doesn't look like the tension has come even close to subsiding. The crowd out here has grown to approximately 1,500, and no one is any closer to getting the answers that they sought, particularly Tori Bell, Timothy Brown's girlfriend, who is here with me now. Miss Bell, is there anything you'd like to say?

Ton: Tim didn't rob anybody. They're saying he robbed a jewelry store, and I can't believe he would do that. He wasn't a violent person, and... I never seen him raise his hand towards anyone, let alone rob a jewelry store. He was a good man. I loved him very much. I just want to know what happened.

Trey: The mope took a shot at him. That's what happened.

Jamie: You saw him take a shot at Hopkins?

Trey: No.

Jamie: You hear the shot?

Trey: No.

Jamie: So how do you know that Brown took a shot at Hopkins?

Trey: Because Kevin said so, and that's good enough for me.

Don: Well, that's not good enough for me. And it's not good enough for the bosses down at one P.P.

Jamie: Start from the beginning.

Trey: Look, I already gave my statement to IAB.

Don: Well, tell us.

Jamie: I can't believe how out of control this got. All because some punk wants to buy his jewelry by sticking a gun in the owner's face. 2,000 people out there

for this guy. They were tossing jewelry on the ground while we were chasing them.

Don: Did you see a gun in either one's hand while they were running?

Trey: No.

Don: What happened after you abandoned your vehicle?

Trey: They split up. I followed the one kid down an alleyway to the left. Police! Stop! Sector Adam 841 to Central! Suspect has scaled a barbed wire fence! Last seen heading eastbound toward Lenox! That's when I doubled back to find Hopkins.

Jamie: Had you heard a shot at that point?

Trey: No, but that doesn't mean that it didn't happen. The generator in the alley was like standing next to an airplane.

Jamie: So when did you hear the shot?

Trey: I was coming around one of the corners when... Kevin, you all right?!

Dispatcher: 198, come in to Central.

Kevin: He had a gun. 198, come in to Central. 198, do you copy?

Kevin: He had a gun.

Jamie: What do you think?

Don: It would've been so easy for him to cover for Hopkins and lie. All he would have to do is say that he heard two shots, and there would be nothing we could do to dispute it.

Jamie: So you think the vic really did take a shot at Hopkins?

Don: I think he thinks the vic took a shot at Hopkins.

Don: But the truth is, no one knows what happened in that alley except for Hopkins and Timothy Brown. We need evidence.

Mac: Calling to tell me you found the gun? Wish I had good news.

Jo: We've combed the alley, can't find anything.

Mac: Dumpsters, doors, garbage bags? He could've tossed the gun on a roof, maybe.

Jo: Mac, there is no gun. What's the situation there? Do we have a lead on the perp that got away?

Mac: Not yet, and things are definitely not quieting down. It's all over the news, and now half the community is outside. There's maybe 1,500 people out there.

Jo: Maybe Sid's got something.

Mac: Well, he better. We need something to tell us whether or not Hopkins is lying. Sid.

Sid: Hey, Mac, is everything all right over there?

Mac: Yeah, we're hanging in, but it's gonna get ugly again if we can't provide any satisfactory answers.

Sid: Well, let's hope what I'm about to tell you doesn't get leaked to the press.

Mac: You're with the body?

Sid: I haven't started the autopsy, uh, but I performed some preliminary examinations. That tox showed no alcohol or drugs in the victim's system. But more importantly, Timothy Brown's hands tested negative for gunshot residue. Did Jo find any ballistic evidence at the crime scene?

Mac: No. Hopkins is lying about the gun.

Crowd: We want the truth! We want the truth! We want the truth! We want...

Mac: No, no GSR on the vic. I think that's the wrong call. Respectfully, sir, I think locking him up and letting the grand jury sort it out is a cop-out. I-I realize the political implications of this, but we deserve more time, and Hopkins

deserves better than punting to the grand jury. I understand. Whatever you say, Chief.

Reporter: Officers and detectives are more or less barricaded inside, as demonstrators have virtually surrounded the precinct. Officials within the NYPD are not releasing the names of the officers involved in the shooting, but we have learned that they are officers Kevin Hopkins and Trey Jensen

Mac: Might as well hang wanted posters outside. Officer Hopkins, a member of the NYPD for the last two years, has been brought before the Civilian Complaint Review Board in the past.

Don: Oh, come on, Victoria!

Mac: You know about that?

Don: Yeah, he responded to a 911 call of a domestic disturbance. A wife wanted her husband locked up for hiding her cigarettes. Hopkins asked the husband to hide her phone, too. The complaint was dismissed.

Reporter: ahold of both of the officers' personnel files...

Don: What's the chief say?

Mac: It's not just Sinclair, it's the mayor and the D.A., too. This thing spun out of control, so they're saying, "Just lock 'em up. Let the grand jury sort it out!"

Don: You satisfied with that?

Mac: Not at all.

Kevin: You want to tell me what's going on?

Mac: I'll tell you what's going on when you stop lying to me.

Kevin: What's that supposed to mean?

Mac: Timothy Brown didn't have a gun. No gun. No ballistics.

Kevin: We've been over this a hundred times. I came around the corner...

Mac: He didn't have gunshot residue on his hands or his jacket. Nothing, not a speck. You want to tell me how that happens? See, the thing is, you didn't have to lie. You didn't need it. Here's what I think happened. You chased a guy who just robbed a jewelry store. You came around the corner, you identified yourself as a police officer, he disobeyed your command, he spun around with his hand up by his chest, and you fired. You did everything right. The truth would've been enough; the truth is enough. But you thought it wouldn't look good, so you had to say he fired at you. You're a good police officer, Kevin, but you got to stop lying to me.

Kevin: Detective Taylor, I respect you, I got respect for you, but screw you. That kid, he pointed a gun and he shot at me, and I will go to my grave swearing by that. Take me out there. I will... I will walk you through it.

Mac: It's too dangerous to bring you out there. But we can bring the scene to you.

Adam: There's no way I'm chasing a guy who may or may not have a gun down this alley.

Sheldon: When's the last time you chased anyone at all?

Kevin: I think he went right.

Mac: Hawkes, take a right at the end of this tunnel.

Sheldon: 10-4, Mac.

Mac: Are you sure he went right?

Kevin: Yeah, he definitely went right.

Mac: Is this where he took the shot?

Kevin: No. No, it wasn't right out of the dark alley. Keep going down.

Mac: You sure?

Kevin: Yeah. Yeah, it was, it was more narrow and... 198 in pursuit down the alley behind... There was, there was fire escapes. It was more narrow. There was fire escapes. Hang on.

Mac: Adam, stay there for a sec. Is this it?

Kevin: I think so. I'm not sure. Yeah. That is the corner. I remember, I took cover. I was leaning right against that wall. 10-13, 10-13! Shot's fired!

Sheldon: Mac, got an impact mark on this pipe here.

Mac: Adam, can you zoom in? Hawkes, if Timothy Brown was standing in that alley when he took the shot, there's got to be a casing.

Sheldon: All right. Just tell me when to stop.

Kevin: Right about there. He was standing right there in the center. You still think I'm lying?

Crowd: We want justice! We want justice!

Mac: No, Hawkes, go straight back to the lab and get that casing into Brass Catcher. Maybe we can connect this to Timothy Brown or anyone else he runs with.

Don: This is gonna get ugly again. And I don't care how many reinforcements we call in, if they want to get in, they're getting in.

Mac: We got to get Hopkins and Jensen out of here.

Don: I'm with you on that, but they're not going out through those doors. So, if you have any ideas, I'm all ears. Those ambulances are still out back by the dock.

Crowd: No peace! No justice, no peace! No justice, no peace!

Crowd: We need help! Dispatch, get some cops out here!

Crowd: Yo, that's one of them! That's one of the guys!

Kevin: Help me! Hey! Hey!

Police: Move out of the way! Let the police through!

Kevin: Get off me!

Mac: Come on! You all right?

Kevin: I am now.

Don: Let's get the hell out of here! Let's go! Let's go!

Sheldon: Match.

Jo: Lord, tell me you found something.

Sheldon: I've got two somethings. Two matches in Brass Catcher to the shell casings recovered in the alley. Two different shootings, six weeks apart. Both in the 6-4, both in the vicinity of Avenue Q and 12th street. The most recent, December of last year. Now, no arrests in either case, but I'm not so sure they're connected to the jewelry store robbery.

Jo: 122nd Street in Manhattan is a long way

Sheldon: from Avenue Q in Brooklyn. Yeah.

Jo: But it may not be as far as we think. That jacket that belonged to the perp who went over the barbed wire fence that Danny processed... turns out, it had a hole in the pocket. He found a piece of paper inside the lining of the jacket. It had been washed a few times. Turns out, it was a summons issued a few months ago in the 64th Precinct for drinking alcohol in an open container in public. That was the 4300 block of Avenue Q.

Sheldon: Right up the block from these two unsolved shootings. So that connects our guy who jumped over the barbed wire fence to the neighborhood where the shootings occurred.

Jo: Avenue Q and 12th is a residential neighborhood. So that drinking summons tells me this is where they hang out, and that's where we need to be looking.

Sheldon: Yeah, but we don't have Jensen or Hopkins to put into a car to do an area search, and the jewelry store owner can't I.D.

Jo: There were no cameras in the jewelry store, and we don't have a good screen shot from the dash cam in the squad car. So we don't know who the hell we're looking for.

Jo: How's Hopkins?
 Mac: He got roughed up pretty good. But he's okay; could've been worse.
 Jo: Any sign of the protest letting up?
 Mac: None. Crowds have actually gotten bigger. Commissioner called a Level 2 mobilization. More reinforcements are on the way. The only way this thing is gonna die down is if we get some more answers. We need that other guy in the alley with Hopkins and Jensen. The shell casing... did it get us anything?
 Sheldon: It got us to a neighborhood where one of our jewelry store perps might hang.
 Jo: The problem is, Mac, we need a photo or a witness who can I.D.
 Mac: Jensen made it out of here before they got Hopkins. He's at headquarters. He got a look at the guy who went over the fence. Put him in a car and get out there.
 Sheldon: Come on, finding them hanging out in the streets seems like a long shot.
 Mac: You might be right, but right now, it's the only good lead we've got.
 Reporter: Tonight's top story continues to be the community unrest outside the 12th Street Precinct in Manhattan over the alleged shooting of an unarmed man by police. The mayor and police commissioner continue to call for calm, but protesters remain defiant. Some in the community are labeling the death of Timothy Brown a cold-blooded murder.
 Trey: Any of those jackass reporters that talk to Kevin Hopkins for five minutes... they'd realize how ridiculous that statement is.
 Reporter: one of the two police officers involved...
 Jo: Recognize anybody?
 Reporter: Officer Kevin Hopkins shot the 26-year-old...
 Man: What you looking at?
 Trey: Nope.
 Reporter: None of them are the guys
 Trey: we were chasing down to murder in cold blood.
 Reporter: The other unidentified suspect remains at large.
 Jo: Yeah. All right, be safe. No luck yet on the perp who went over the fence, but they're still looking.
 Adam: Boss, I don't want to tell you how to conduct your business, but you got to answer your phone. Okay? Your voicemail's all jacked up, Jo doesn't pick up her phone... I was literally left unsupervised for a really long time.
 Mac: Adam, what's going on? How the hell did you get past that mob outside?
 Adam: Well, I-I parked my car, like, 20 blocks away and I walked. And I'm not gonna lie, I almost got jacked a couple times, but as long as I, you know, pumped my fist up in the air and yelled some crazy things and kicked over a garbage can, I was... I was good, I was totally good.
 Mac: Okay, what's so important?
 Adam: The jewelry that we found in Timothy Brown's pocket... okay, we all assumed that it was part of the robbery, right? Now, a lot of it was stamped 14-karat gold, and I'm really good with my precious metals, so some of it didn't look right so I tested some of the heavier-gage bracelets. Turns out, it was 14-karat iron. It dissolved inrochloric acid and had a phony gold stamp. Worthless. Right? So I went back out in the field and I... and I did some more legwork, and I really hope that that's okay.
 Mac: Yeah, it's fine. Go on.
 Adam: The jewelry belonged to Brown, Mac. All right? He was trying to hock it at another jewelry store about a block away from the one that got robbed. He was just trying to scrape in a couple extra bucks together to get this. It's an engagement ring. He was gonna propose to his girl. Now, I tracked down the

store through the serial number of the diamond, and I spoke to the owner. Timothy Browns in there around the same time that the other store got hit. Mac, Timothy Brown had nothing to do with the robbery. Both those perps are still out there.

Dispatcher: All units, be advised, the 12th Squad is seeking two males in connection with the jewelry store robbery earlier today. They are two male blacks, 20 to 25 years old, one wearing a black ski jacket and blue jeans, the other in a gray hoodie and blue jeans. These males are known to frequent the 4300 block of Avenue Q in Brooklyn.

Trey: That's the guy that went over the fence. Whoa, the guy in the black ski jacket. He's the guy Hopkins was chasing.

Danny: Jensen, stay put.

Man: Go, go, go!

Danny: Hey, NYPD! Come out right now with your hands above your head!

Jo: Turn around! Show me your hands! Hands up!

Lindsay: Everybody okay?

Danny: Yeah, everybody but him. There's no gun. Did you see a gun?

Jo: No, b-but I saw him reaching for something in that mailbox.

Lindsay: Come on, Ray, pull yourself together. We're almost done.

Ray: Look, I'm trying, man. That was my homeboy you guys killed.

Danny: Yeah, well, he made a bad choice, Ray. He went for that gun. After Keith came home from upstate, he said, "I'm never going back to jail." I guess he wasn't lying.

Danny: That gun has been around the block a few times. Two shootings in Brooklyn. And then the jewelry store robbery today.

Lindsay: Who does it belong to?

Ray: It belonged to everybody. That gun always in that mailbox. It's like... going to the library or something. Taking out a book. You go in there, you take it, you need it, you use it, you put it back, that's it... it's the honor system.

Lindsay: So earlier today, you and Keith checked out a gun and then used it to hold up a jewelry store?

Ray: Look, I told you before, okay? We wasn't meaning to use it. We was gonna front on those people in case they got bold or something.

Danny: And then maybe shoot a few cops if they were bold enough to chase you?

Ray: Nah, I wasn't trying to kill that cop. I was just trying to shoot him. You were just trying to shoot him?

Kevin: ...in the alley behind, uh...

Trey: Uh, negative! I'm doubling back!
10-13! Shots fired!

Ray: That place was all tore up like it was out of business or something. I hit the streets, ditched into the subway, and hopped a train back to Brooklyn, that's it. We did that stickup, but we didn't hurt nobody.

Lindsay: You hurt so many people.

Mac: Still can't believe Tim's dead.

Tori: This is crazy. All those people out there fighting the police, demanding justice for Tim.

Mac: They're looking for what we've been looking for: answers.

Tori: Do you have any?

Mac: That's why I asked you here. I want you to hear the truth. Before you read some version of it in the papers or hear it on the news.

Tori: I... I want to understand, Detective. Really, I do. But there is nothing you can say to me that'll change anything. I mean... How could that cop just murder Tim like that?

Mac: Take a walk with me?

Kevin: If I could step in front of that bullet to save that man, I swear to God I would do it. That would feel better than this. I was scared, Detective. I was shaking all over. Like a coward. And maybe if I just... kept my cool, I would've hesitated. I would've seen he had no gun. That he was the wrong guy.

Don: And what if it was the right guy? And he had a gun. Then maybe it's you lying in that alley. That's the nature of this job, Hopkins. There's no do-overs. You're forced to make the best decision given the circumstances, and you better make it fast. That's what you're trained to do. That's what you did. Let me tell you something. A coward doesn't run after an armed man who's trying to kill him. A coward runs away.

Kevin: But that kid is dead now. And he didn't do a damn thing wrong. And his family... and his girl... what do I say to them?

Don: You can feel bad about that. If you didn't, I'd think you didn't have conscience. That kid's dead because two sons of bitches decided to rob a jewelry store. Simple as that.

Mac: At the very same moment our suspect was disappearing through the back door of the theater... Tim appeared in the alley coming from the opposite direction. I'm not asking you to excuse what happened, I just want you to understand why.

Tori: I get it. They were wearing the same clothes, they had the same color skin. That... cop thought that Tim was the one shooting at him. It was wrong. He made a mistake, he... killed the wrong man.

Mac: Yes, he did. An innocent man, a good man. And he'll have to live with the burden of that mistake for the rest of his life. I'm sorry there was no easy way to do this, but... I thought you should know. Tim had this in his pocket. He was planning to give it to you.

Tori: Today is life. The only life you're sure of. Make the most of today." That's how Tim signed off all his letters to me when he was away at college. Seems kind of prophetic now.

Mac: I'm sorry. Miss Bell.

Tori: Uh, no. Please. Only remind me of what could have been.

Reporter: The numbers have not diminished, but the intensity of the protest seems to have waned for the moment, after word that the mayor has agreed to meet with community leaders and answer questions regarding the death of Timothy Brown. Brown's longtime girlfriend, Tori Bell, was summoned to the precinct a short time ago by police, leading to speculation...

Man: There she is! There she is!

Reporter: H-Hold on. It appears Miss Bell is emerging from the precinct.

Reporter2: Tori, do you blame Hopkins?

Reporter3: Tori, are they making excuses...

Reporter4: Do you want Officer Hopkins to go to jail?

Reporter: Miss Bell, what are police saying?

Reporter5: What can you tell us?

Tori: Uh... I can tell you that today is the worst day of my life. It's the worst day in the lives of Timothy's family and the people who loved him. But it's also the worst day in the life of Officer Hopkins. Hold on. Please. All of this has to stop. That officer didn't wake up this morning, go to work and set out to kill Tim. That happened because two men woke up this morning and decided that

- they were gonna come to this neighborhood and steal what doesn't belong to them. They tried to take that policeman's life while he was protecting ours. And I hope... someday that maybe I can find a way to forgive Officer Hopkins. But I will never forgive those two men that came here with a gun. Because their actions took something from me a hundred times more valuable than all of the jewelry in that store. They stole the love of my life.
- Mac: As police officers in this big, complicated city, we see so much bad. So many souls filled with hatred and violence. And it's our job to look for them, chase after them and confront them. Over time, they can become all we see. As with all evil, some good will always come from it. It can bring us together with some of the most dedicated, honorable, kind-hearted people we could ever hope to meet. It can fill hearts with a love so strong that it will endure forever.....and create unbreakable friendships that will last even in the face of life's most difficult challenges.
- Sheldon: Cheers, everybody.
- All: Cheers.
- Mac: Sometimes, the good comes when we most need it and least expect it. If we are lucky enough to notice it, set our eyes upon it and appreciate it, it can almost make us forget all of the bad. "Today is life. "The only life you're sure of. Make the most of today." Words of wisdom. A slice of goodness passed on by an innocent soul whose life was cut short by an errant bullet. These are words that will always stay with me, words that are about to change the course of my life forever. This is not how I imagined it would happen. I-I don't know if it's how you imagined it would happen, or... if you even imagined it happening at all, but...
- Christine: I'm not sure what you're saying. L-Let's go in and have a glass of wine. I'll make a fire...
- Mac: No. No, no, no, stay here. I don't want to wait another minute. I don't have a ring. Or a speech. I-I wasn't even able to stop and pick up a cheap bottle of champagne. I never thought I'd feel like this again. You're everything that's good in my life. We've been through so much together. I need you, Christine, I want you and I... I can't imagine my life without you. I don't want to... I just want to spend the rest of my life with you by my side.
- Christine: Oh.
- Mac: Christine... will you marry me?
- Christine: Yes. Of course, I will. Oh. This is exactly how I imagined it.

BIOGRAPHY

Name	Miss Anchan Premjai
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Address	141, Soi Onnut 30, Suan-Luang, Bangkok 10250, Thailand
Academic Background	
2003 – 2007	Bachelor of Arts in English, Burapha University (Chonburi, Thailand)
Work Experiences	
2008 – 2011	English teacher at Samutprakarn Institute of Commerce and Technology (Samutprakarn, Thailand)
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