

BONES- #303

# "Agent Katherine Frost"

BONES "Soccer Mom in the Mini-Van" Writer's Draft 7/18/07 7.

CONTINUED: (2)

~~ANGELA~~

~~(gagged out)~~

~~If no one needs me, I'm going to  
throw up, then do some paperwork.~~

START  
↓

As Angela heads off, Booth walks up carrying a file. He's with the FBI bomb expert, SPECIAL AGENT KATHERINE FROST. Agent Frost is beautiful. Very, very beautiful. With a magnificent body.

BOOTH

This is Special Agent Frost from the bomb unit. She'll be working with you, Hodgins.

Hodgins looks at her, for just that moment too long for which he is now embarrassed and overcompensating.

HODGINS

Yes. Okay. I'm -- we're going to work -- Hodgins... me

> AGENT FROST

I beg your pardon?

Angela has now returned to assess the situation.

ANGELA

He's Dr. Jack Hodgins.  
(extending a hand)  
Angela Montenegro. I do facial reconstructions. And him.

> AGENT FROST

...Pleasure to meet you.

Angela gives a frosty look to Hodgins, who looks chastened as:

ZACK

Hodgins seems unnerved meeting you. You must be very good in your field.

> AGENT FROST

Yes. I am. Right, Booth?

BOOTH

Best the bureau has to offer.

> AGENT FROST

(to Hodgins)  
I'll need you to recover all metallic particulates and explosive residue. And I'll need swabs and a chemical tray with --

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (3)

HODGINS

An aqueous buffer solution, I know.  
You want to perform capillary  
electrophoresis?

> AGENT FROST

(impressed)  
You can do that here?

HODGINS

(big smile back, showing  
off)  
Oh, yeah.  
(then, off Angela)  
It'll save time so Angela and I can  
have dinner. Together.

~~Angela is amused and heads off as Booth moves to Brennan.~~

BOOTH

License plate was destroyed, but we  
traced the VIN number on the van.  
It's registered to Jeremy Nash in  
Culpepper, Virginia.

He shows her a DMV PHOTO of JEREMY NASH, late 40's.

BRENNAN

(off photo)  
He looks familiar.

Brennan rummages through some burnt evidence, a suitcase  
among it, that she has been separating.

BOOTH

(off suitcase)  
Our victim was traveling with a lot  
of clothes.

BRENNAN

And a photo album. Most of the  
pictures were burned, but the man  
in this photo could be Nash.

She produces a singed PHOTO. It's a younger Jeremy Nash,  
arms around a woman and the little girl from the locket.

CAM

She packed herself up, keepsakes  
and all and took off in her van.  
Looks like Mrs. Nash was leaving  
Mr. Nash.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (2)

~~JEREMY NASH  
In the garage.~~

~~BOOTH  
And who had access to the garage?~~

~~JEREMY NASH  
(realizing he's a suspect)  
Other than my wife... just me.~~

~~Off Booth --~~

SC. 2

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / OOKEY ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: *Dermestes maculatus* (flesh eating beetles)

in a clear plastic "coffin" in which we see the charred remains being eaten by the beetles. Zack is there, as is Hodgins who is showing Agent Frost the beetles.

START  
↓

ZACK  
*Dermestes maculatus*. They clean the bones by eating the charred flesh.

HODGINS  
But they leave behind pieces of shrapnel you might need.

> AGENT FROST  
Fascinating. And very weird.

ZACK  
They're mine.

> AGENT FROST  
Not a surprise.

As Brennan walks in and flips on a MONITOR which displays one of the victim's X-RAYS:

~~HODGINS  
(to Brennan)  
How was your visit with your~~

~~BRENNAN  
Not germane to the investigation,  
Hodgins...~~

She presses on, pointing to the x-ray as she talks:

↓ cont.

(CONTINUED)

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BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Zack, her left shoulder is badly shattered but still shows evidence of old trauma. I need the debrided bones as soon as they're ready.

>AGENT FROST

Shouldn't be long, they seem to be enjoying their meal.

BRENNAN

They're insects. They don't experience emotion.

>AGENT FROST

I know that.

ZACK

And yet you feel the need to assign them human characteristics.

>AGENT FROST

(to Hodgins)  
Tough crowd.

BRENNAN

(continuing, off monitor)  
~~I'd also like you to look at the manubrium. These shadows look like pitting.~~

(to Frost)  
Have you determined what kind of bomb was used?

>AGENT FROST

I'm still sifting through debris and waiting for whatever goodies these bugs leave behind.

BRENNAN

Oh. Because you and Hodgins seem to be enjoying yourselves.

HODGINS

What? No. We're working. Hard. I'm going to go right now. And work. Hard.

As they watch Hodgins leave --

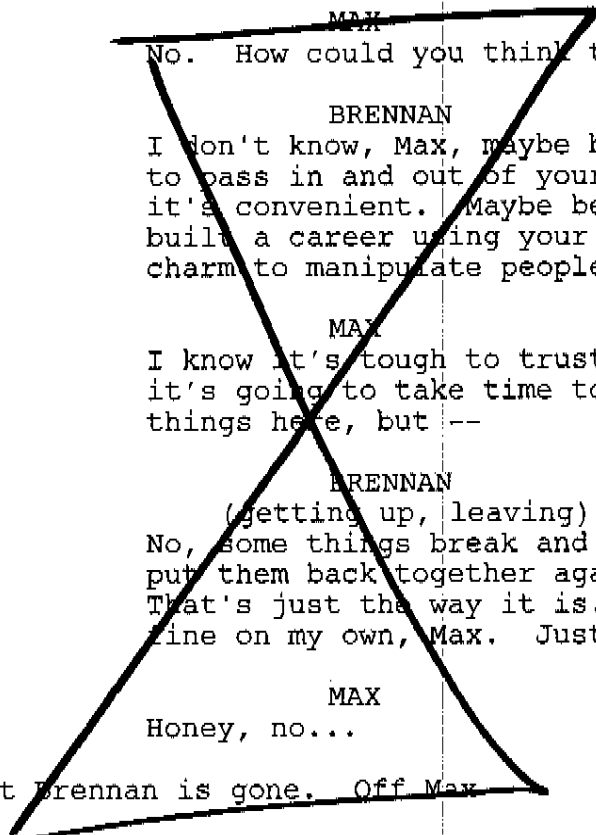
**STOP**

CUT TO:

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CONTINUED: (2)

SC. 3



MAX

No. How could you think that?

BRENNAN

I don't know, Max, maybe because I seem to pass in and out of your life when it's convenient. Maybe because you built a career using your considerable charm to manipulate people.

MAX

I know it's tough to trust me. And it's going to take time to fix things here, but --

BRENNAN

(getting up, leaving)

No, some things break and you can't put them back together again. That's just the way it is. I was fine on my own, Max. Just fine.

MAX

Honey, no...

But Brennan is gone. Off Max

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / HODGINS' AREA - DAY

Hodgins and Agent Frost are working together.

> AGENT FROST

Electrophoresis shows potassium nitrate, charcoal and sulphur in a seventy-five, fifteen, ten ratio.

HODGINS

Graphite glazed, which means it's most likely Triple F Goex -- Sporting Grade.

> AGENT FROST

Oooh, you're good.

HODGINS

Yes. Yes, I am.

> AGENT FROST

I don't know many people who get as excited as I do about the chemical make-up of explosives.

START →

(CONTINUED)

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HODGINS

(pulling himself together)  
Well... I... complex molecular  
structures... How's it coming with  
the detonator?

> AGENT FROST

Seems to be a wristwatch, pretty  
much destroyed in the blast.

HODGINS

Microscopic glass chips, probably  
the crystal. I can look at the  
composition and try and come up  
with a manufacturer.

> AGENT FROST

Great.

HODGINS

And Angela does too, by the way.

> AGENT FROST

Excuse me?

HODGINS

Loves chemical chitchat. It's  
pillow talk.

> AGENT FROST

Great. So we're dealing with a classic  
pipe bomb with an unknown detonator.

She moves to a bin of assorted DEBRIS and picks it up.

> AGENT FROST (CONT'D)

Where do I dump the junk we don't need?

HODGINS

(horrified)

You're tossing the air filter?

Frost is no longer a fantasy for Hodgins.

> AGENT FROST

I tested for explosive residue.  
There wasn't any. It was blown  
free from the car.

HODGINS

Even better. Do you have any idea what  
treasures could be trapped in there?

As he takes it and walks away from her --

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (2)

HODGINS (CONT'D)  
Don't touch my things.

Off Frost --

**STOP**

CUT TO:

~~INT. MEDICO-LEGAL LAB / BONE ROOM - DAY~~

~~Zack is showing Cam the reconstructed shoulder on the MONITOR through the MEDIA CAM.~~

~~CAM  
She was shot, too?~~

~~ZACK  
The injury presented itself when I was removing shrapnel from the reconstructed shoulder.~~

~~CAM  
And you're sure it's not from the bomb or the fire?~~

~~ZACK  
No. The fragments are lead in a copper alloy coating.~~

~~CAM  
Yep, that's a bullet. I didn't find any fresh blood on her clothes. When was she shot?~~

~~ZACK  
Damage from the blast makes it difficult to tell when the shooting occurred. I'm going to check the remodeling to estimate a time.~~

~~CAM  
Hitting the top of the shoulder wouldn't be a severe injury.~~

~~ZACK  
She could bandage herself and still be ambulatory.~~

~~CAM  
You know, you could say walk around instead; I wouldn't fire you.~~

~~ZACK  
"Walk around" implies aimlessness which I'm not able to determine.~~

(CONTINUED)

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