

(A hologram appears on the small raised platform of a woman's upper body. The skin is translucent showing the skeleton underneath)

Booth: Whoa.

(Booth steps closer to the hologram and places his right hand into the face of it. He moves his fingers around in the hologram.)

Booth: I have to admit that's pretty cool

Bones: (grabs his hand back from the hologram) Ang, rerun the program substituting Caucasian values.

(Angela enters the new data into the computer system and the girl changes into a Caucasian girl)

Bones: Does she look familiar to anyone?

Booth: No.

Bones: (to Angela) Split the difference. Mixed race.

Angela: Lenny Kravitz or Vanessa Williams?

Bones: I don't know what that means.

(Angela types some more data into the computer and now a mixed race girl shows up in the hologram.)

Bones: Angela reduce tissue depth over the cheek bones to the jaw line.

(Angela types that data into computer. Booth looks at the skull on a small platform rotating. Hologram morphs once again.)

Bones: Does anyone recognize her?

Zach: Not me.

Angela: Wait. Is that who I think it is?

Zach: The girl who had the affair with the Senator.

Booth: Her name is Cleo Louise Eller. The only daughter to Ted and Sharon Eller. Last seen approximately nine p.m., April 6<sup>th</sup>, 2003 leaving the cardio-deluxe gym on Kay Street. She didn't even make it to her car.

Booth: Yeah well it's my job to find her.

Hodgins: Well in that case congratulations on your success.

Booth: This isn't exactly the way I wanted it to end.

[Cut to: Exterior of Jeffersonian.]

(Zach, Angela, and Hodgins are eating their lunches on the steps. Booth and Bones are walking down the steps towards them.)

Booth: Cleo Eller is not just some missing girl.

Hodgins: Yeah, she's the senate intern who was boinking Senator Alan Bethlehem.

Booth: I was secondary in the investigation to the disappearance of that girl and we couldn't confirm that.

(Booth looks at pictures of Cleo in a folder in his hand.)

Booth: (to Bones) How did you recognize her before she even had her own face?

Bones: I recognized the underlying architecture of her features the rest is just window dressing.

Zach: I'm not an expert but shouldn't he be happier?

Booth: Oh no believe me I'm happy.

Angela: You seem happy to me.

Booth: (walks down steps with Bones following him) I need this kept quiet.

Hodgins: Ha! Cover up.

Booth: Paranoid conspiracy theory.

Hodgins: (yells after him) Is it paranoia conspiracy that Monica Lewinski was a K.G.B. trained sex agent mole?

Bones: (follows Booth across the yard) So what do we do next? Confront the Senator?

Booth: Listen Bones.

Booth: I know we talked about you coming out in the field...

Bones: Oh, you rat bastard.

Booth: A case this big. The director is going to create a special investigation unit and if I line all my ducks up in a row, I can maybe, I can head it up.

Bones: I don't know what that means but I think maybe I can be a duck.

Booth: You're not a duck okay. On this one we stick to the book. Cops on the streets. Squints in the lab.

Bones: Well in that case the Jeffersonian will be issuing a press release identifying the girl in the pond.

(Bones stops walking and Booth stops and turns to face her.)

Booth: You do that and I'm a dead duck. (walks closer to her) What are you trying to do?

Bones: Blackmail you.

Booth: Blackmail a Federal Agent?

Bones: Yes.

Booth: I don't like it.