

# **CSI: MIAMI**

**“BAIT”**

**Episode #209**

**WRITTEN BY**

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**PLEASE NOTE: THIS DRAFT IS A COMPLETE REWRITE  
FROM THE PREVIOUS 209 WRITER'S DRAFT (10/3)**

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**PRODUCTION DRAFT**

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# **CSI: MIAMI**

## **“Bait”**

### **CAST LIST**

**HORATIO CAINE**

**ERIC DELKO**

**CALLEIGH DUQUESNE**

**TIM SPEEDLE**

**ALEX WOODS**

**YELINA SALAS**

JACK

(32, stockbroker-on-holiday fisherman)

TED

(34, stockbroker-on-holiday fisherman)

CINDY CASTILLO

(VICTIM - 23, leave-your-wife gorgeous, dark, sultry)

BRUNO GOMES

(30s, Versace-wearing, ex-cop, P.I.)

DET. FRANK TRIPP

(introduced in Episode #116)

CARL PARDUE

(36, handsome, sleazy, obsessive)

JOSEPH KAYLE

(introduced in Episode #205)

TYLER JENSON

(introduced in Episode #119)

LESLIE WARNER

(34, leggy blonde)

MICHAEL WARNER

(34, boyish good looks)

N.D. DETECTIVE

N.D. UNIFORM

### **Featured Characters (non-speaking only)**

MDPD Uniforms, several (*throughout*)

Sal Warner (4, *Michael/Leslie's child*)

2 Other Stockbrokers-on-holiday (30s)

Joey Warner (5, *Michael/Leslie's child*)

MDPD Divers

Bartender

# **CSI: MIAMI**

## **“Bait”**

### **SET LIST**

<b>INTERIOR – DAY</b>	<b>EXTERIOR – DAY</b>
Autopsy Theater CSI – A.V. Lab DNA Lab Fingerprint Lab Firearms Lab Firing Range Hallway Layout Room Trace Lab MDPD – Bullpen Corridor Interrogation Room Tripp's Desk Cheaters Inc. Office Cindy's House – Living Room Hotel Lapidus – Parking Garage Room 1217 Michael & Leslie's House – Garage Tripp's Car	Cindy's House Marina MDPD – Parking Lot Michael & Leslie's House - Backyard Over Miami
<b>INTERIOR – NIGHT</b>	<b>EXTERIOR – NIGHT</b>
MDPD – Booking Area Hotel Lapidus – Bar Hallway Room 1217 Rooftop Bar	CSI – Parking Lot Marina
<b>SPECIAL SHOTS</b>	
CSI SHOTS – Bullet rips into body cavity (sc.11) Follow lavalier mike system signal (sc.14) Underwater shark attack's a diver (sc.7) Zoom inside vial to blood sample to see hCG (sc.71)	THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE – COMPARE: Two bullets rotate then match (sc.63)

CSI: MIAMI

"Bait"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. OVER MIAMI - DAY [DAY 1] 1

CAMERA GLIDES over the cool blue of Biscayne Bay, sailboats knifing past below. Another perfect day in paradise. Only there's something lurking beneath the surface of this picture postcard. Something silent and predatory...

2 EXT. MARINA - DAY [1] 2

TRACKING PAST go-fast boats and sailing cats, roped to their slips. A handful of sailors prepping their watercraft for departure.

CAMERA LANDS on a 25-foot Maxum -- FOUR WEEKEND WARRIORS, stockbrokers on holiday, loading \$5,000 worth of fishing gear onto their \$50,000 cruiser.

**JACK**, 32, a little bit country-club, flips open an ice cooler. He recoils at the smell from inside. **TED**, 34, ex-jock, cracks up at Jack's reaction.

JACK

Aww, that's foul. Whatta you got in there, bro?

TED

Secret weapon. Guaranteed to get the broadbills jumping.

JACK

(perking up)  
You using new bait?

Ted just smiles. Grabs the cooler away.

JACK

C'mon, give it up.

TED

If I did that, it wouldn't be secret, now would it.

Jack just shakes his head. He spots something over Ted's shoulder, off toward the breakwater.

JACK

Hey, check it out...

2 CONTINUED:

2

Ted and the other guys follow his gaze to see...

THEIR POV - A STUNNING WOMAN (SHARK GIRL)

Clings to the strut of a harbor buoy. Oddly, she's dressed in club clothes -- Stella McCartney halter and micro-mini. She floats there, semiconscious, like a fashion model on a bender.

The guys leer at her, more than a bit impressed.

JACK

What kinda bait you use for that?

ANGLE ON THE BUOY

IT SUDDENLY SHIVERS, hit hard from beneath. The woman is jerked down into the water. She comes up, panicked, slapping at the buoy's slick metal skin.

ANGLE ON THE GUYS

Staring at her, wide-eyed. What the hell was that?

THEIR POV - A DORSAL FIN

Slices through the water, lazily circling the woman. Then slipping back under the surface.

ANGLE ON THE GUYS

Realizing what's happening. Freaking out, yelling to the woman from the safety of their boat.

TED

Shark! Hey, there's a shark!

JACK

Get outta there! Swim to the boat!

Swim!

ANGLE ON THE BUOY

As it's SLAMMED AGAIN. Almost coming off its mooring. The woman starts SCREAMING, a choked, gurgling cry.

The guys can only watch helplessly as the water suddenly erupts -- A SIX-FOOT BULL SHARK rolls right over the woman, serrated teeth gripping, tearing. Taking her completely under.

The attack is over as quickly as it began. All that's left is empty water and the LONELY CLANGING of the harbor buoy.

SMASH CUT TO:

3 EXT. MARINA - DAY [1]

3

Florida Marine Patrol boats cordon off the dock area, as CAMERA REVEALS HORATIO CAINE, ducking under yellow tape. He finds YELINA SALAS and ALEXX WOODS, crouched over Shark Girl. Or what's left of her.

Yelina looks up as Horatio approaches.

YELINA

Marine Patrol fished her out a half-hour ago. She's pretty chewed up.

THEIR POV - SHARK GIRL'S BODY

Mostly intact but with ragged bite-sized chunks missing.

HORATIO

Shark attack? Inside the marina?

YELINA

Coupla eye-wits saw the dorsal fin.

ALEXX

Little reminder we're all just part of the food chain.

Horatio looks over Shark Girl's shredded club garb, noting the inconsistency.

HORATIO

She was dressed to impress. Early start for clubbing.

YELINA

Or a late finish. Maybe she knocked back a few too many and fell in.

HORATIO

Doesn't explain what brought the shark to a high-traffic area like the marina. Alexx, was she bleeding?

Alexx does a cursory check of the body, lifts her halter top. Sees something on her torso. **SNAP CLICK TO:**

4 ECU ON A BULLET WOUND

4

Raw, star-shaped. An ugly flower blooming right above her naval.

5 BACK TO SCENE

5

ALEXX

Uh oh. Entrance wound.

5 CONTINUED:

5

ALEXX (CONT'D)

She was gut shot.

HORATIO

Shot at close range. See the stellate pattern?

ALEXX

Shark finished what someone else started.

HORATIO

A different kind of shark.

OFF this mystery:

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 EXT. MARINA - DAY [1]

6

TRACKING WITH **ERIC DELKO**, moving through the crime scene. Passing MDPD Divers, lugging their scuba gear. He flags down Horatio.

DELKO

Divers are suiting up. Sure you don't want me to go with?

HORATIO

Gonna need you on dry land for this one. Anything on our shark?

DELKO

Sailboat saw it out in the channel. Bull shark. Very aggressive. Divers are wearing chain mail, just in case...

THEIR POV - TWO MDPD DIVERS

Pulling on dive suits of silver chain mail over their wetsuits. Like medieval knights before the joust.

DELKO

Oughta protect them from any bites...

7 CSI SHOT - UNDERWATER

7

CLOSE ON A DIVER'S ARM, inside a chain mail sleeve. Gaping SHARK JAWS suddenly appear, RUSHING AT CAMERA! Teeth crunching down on the arm, then pulling away.

PUSHING IN ON THE ARM, uninjured but for sharp tooth indentations pressed in the chain mail.

8 BACK TO SCENE

8

HORATIO

Have them scour the bottom.

DELKO

Right. Maybe we'll get lucky on a murder weapon.

Delko peels off as Horatio heads toward...



8 CONTINUED:

8

HIS POV - **TIM SPEEDLE**

Examining Shark Girl's body, halfway zipped into a body bag behind the Coroner's Van. He checks inside her micro-mini waistband as Horatio approaches.

HORATIO

Speed, Alexx is waiting on that body.  
We need to start making an ID.

SPEEDLE

This might give us a head start...

He holds up a TINY MICROPHONE AND TRANSMITTER.

SPEEDLE

Lavalier microphone and radio transmitter. Found it clipped inside her skirt.

HORATIO

She was wearing a wire?

SPEEDLE

Omni-directional, 900 megahertz.  
This is high-end spy gear.

HORATIO

Let's check with local law enforcement. Feds, Customs, DEA.  
See if anyone's missing an agent.

SPEEDLE

You got it.

OFF Horatio, fearing the worst:

CUT TO:

9 INT. CSI - HALLWAY - DAY [1]

9

ON **CALLEIGH DUQUESNE**, rushing out of the Firearms Lab, on a tear. As she heads out, **DET. FRANK TRIPP** rounds the corner in the b.g. He flags her down.

DET. TRIPP

Calleigh? Hey, you got the results on my Indian Creek double?

CALLEIGH

I'm pretty backed up right now.  
Horatio just called. I've got to get over to see Alexx.

9 CONTINUED:

9

DET. TRIPP

Case is going to trial in two days.

Calleigh stops, flabbergasted.

CALLEIGH

Frank...there are 15 bullets in that case. You've got to call me when you're going to trial.

DET. TRIPP

I thought I did.

CALLEIGH

I would've remembered, believe me. You dropped the ball on this one.

Tripp shakes his head, frustrated with himself.

DET. TRIPP

Sorry...it's been kinda crazy lately. Maybe I can ask the State Attorney for a continuance.

CALLEIGH

No, I'll get it done. Just next time, please call.

DET. TRIPP

Sure. Thanks.

OFF Calleigh, taking it in stride as she WIPES FRAME:

CUT TO:

10 INT. AUTOPSY THEATER - DAY [1]

10

ON GLOVED FINGERS, probing deep into the bullet wound. CAMERA FINDS Alexx, trying to extract the bullet from Shark Girl's belly as Calleigh sweeps in.

CALLEIGH

Heard about our Shark Girl. This her?

ALEXX

The one that didn't get away.

CALLEIGH

Shot, then eaten. That's a bad day in anyone's book.

(beat)

You get cause of death?

10 CONTINUED:

10

ALEXX

My guess is, bullet nicked the left gastric artery. She was bleeding out...

11 CSI SHOT - INSIDE SHARK GIRL'S BODY

11

A .38 caliber bullet pierces the skin, rips through meat, burrowing into the stomach. Blood begins to leak out into the body cavity.

12 BACK TO SCENE

12

CALLEIGH

Can't blame the shark. It was inevitable.

ALEXX

Nothing inevitable about this...

Alexx finally pulls the BULLET free -- it held its shape, flecked with blood. She passes it off to Calleigh, who examines it closely.

CALLEIGH

.38 caliber, eight lands and grooves with a right-hand twist. I'll check AFIS.

ALEXX

Might want to check CODIS while you're at it.

CALLEIGH

You thinking sexual assault?

ALEXX

Shark took pieces of her lower body, but I did a kit anyway. She was in the water, but the way she's dressed, thought it'd be worth a shot to look for semen.

CALLEIGH

Means her bad day just got worse.

Calleigh takes the bullet and EXITS:

CUT TO:

13 INT. CSI - HALLWAY - DAY [1]

13

ON Delko, walking down the hall, preoccupied. He stops. Speaks out loud, to no one in particular.

DELKO

Can you hear me now?

SPEEDLE (OVER RADIO)

(filtered)

Yep.

He takes another five steps.

DELKO

How about now?

SPEEDLE (OVER RADIO)

Yep.

DELKO

Good. Moving out to 75 feet.

A passing FEMALE CSI eyes Delko talking to himself as he walks. He gives her a shrug. All in a day's work. **SNAP CLICK TO:**

14 CSI SHOT - CLOSE ON THE LAVALIER MIKE

14

A tiny black square, stuck to Delko's shirt collar. CAMERA RUSHES down the wire, following it to the blinking RADIO TRANSMITTER, tucked into his pants pocket.

CAMERA ZOOMS backward through the lab, riding the radio waves past working CSIs, passing *right through* the walls, landing...

15 INT. CSI - A.V. LAB - DAY [1]

15

ON Speedle, sitting in front of the console. **RADIO SIGNALS graphed on the monitor in front of him.** CAMERA FINDS Delko now standing behind him, along with Horatio.

SPEEDLE

Law enforcement checks came up empty. No undercover officers or informants missing from any agency in the Miami-Dade area. State or federal.

HORATIO

So why else would she be wearing a wire?

DELKO

That's what we were wondering. So we did a little experiment.

15 CONTINUED:

15

SPEEDLE

Used Delko and a Near Field Strength Detector. Found out this transmitter craps out right around a hundred feet.

HORATIO

Means her recording equipment had to be nearby.

SPEEDLE

Right. We find her base camp, might shed some light on who killed her.

Delko nods.

DELKO

We also checked with the manufacturer. They sell primarily to government agencies.

HORATIO

Any private buyers?

DELKO

Only one locally. Bruno Gomes. Owns a private investigation firm. He bought twenty of them.

HORATIO

Let's see if Bruno can shed any light on *our* investigation.

CUT TO:

16 INT. MDPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY [1]

16

CLOSE ON AUTOPSY PHOTOS -- Shark Girl's dead face -- being slid across the table. CAMERA FINDS **BRUNO GOMES**, 36, in Versace, seen-it-all, done-most-of-it. He glances at the pictures, disappointed.

BRUNO GOMES

Her name's Cindy Castillo. She was one of my "hooks."

REVEAL Horatio and Yelina, sitting across from him.

YELINA

Care to explain that?

16 CONTINUED:

16

BRUNO GOMES

Wife suspects her husband's getting some on the side. She gives me a call. Next time he's at his favorite watering hole, he gets approached by a tall blonde in a short skirt...

Horatio picks up one of Bruno's business cards. Reads it.

HORATIO

Cheaters, Inc. Cute. Bet the families whose lives you ruin appreciate your sense of humor.

YELINA

You hire these girls to tempt men to cheat, then punish them for being tempted?

BRUNO GOMES

Hey, I just set the table. They decide to eat, that's not my problem.

HORATIO

But you do have a girl who was killed on the job, and that *is* your problem.  
(beat)

Did Cindy have any enemies?

BRUNO GOMES

You kidding? We're in the "enemy" business. She probably got a dozen TROs against marks in the last eighteen months.

YELINA

Temporary restraining orders.

BRUNO GOMES

Yeah. She pissed off a lot of guys. That's why she was so good. Gonna be hard to replace her.

HORATIO

Yeah, you sound all broken up about it. What was the last case she was working on?

Bruno smiles.

BRUNO GOMES

Afraid I can't reveal that information. Privacy issues.

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

HORATIO

Nothing private about murder, Bruno.  
We're going to need your entire client  
list.

BRUNO GOMES

I can't have cops knocking on my  
client's doors. That's bad for  
business.

YELINA

We can get a warrant.

BRUNO GOMES

Then do it. Least then I can tell  
them you twisted my arm. I gotta  
protect my reputation.

HORATIO

Right now, your reputation is the  
last thing you should be worried  
about.

Bruno remains defiant as Horatio's cell RINGS.

HORATIO

(on cell)

Caine.... Okay, when?... Be there in  
twenty.

He clicks off. Turns to Yelina.

HORATIO

They found our victim's car.

YELINA

Where?

HORATIO

Parking garage at the Hotel Lapidus.  
Right on Sealine Marina.

YELINA

How'd they know it was her car?

HORATIO

Sounds like it wasn't much of a  
stretch...

SMASH CUT TO:

17 INT. HOTEL LAPIDUS - PARKING GARAGE - DAY [1]

17

PULLING BACK FROM A SPIDERWEB OF BROKEN WINDSHIELD GLASS, revealing the body of a white BMW Z3, horribly dented like somebody took a bat too it. RED SPRAY PAINT is scrawled across the body panels -- a single word: "Bitch." The car is parked inside a white, curvilinear structure.

REVEAL Calleigh, gloved up, going over the car. Delko crosses to Horatio and Yelina.

DELKO

Security guard found the car  
vandalized. Shark Girl's I.D. inside.

YELINA

Was she a guest at the hotel?

DELKO

If she was, she self-parked. Didn't  
register under her own name.

Horatio looks to Calleigh.

HORATIO

Calleigh, anything on timeline?

CALLEIGH

Spray paint's dry. This was done at  
least a couple hours ago.

HORATIO

By someone who knew she'd be here.  
Isn't there a rooftop bar at the  
Hotel Lapidus?

DELKO

Damn good bar...  
(covering)  
So I hear.

Horatio's already in overdrive.

HORATIO

Let's find out if anyone requested a  
room right below the bar.

DELKO

(getting it)  
Within a hundred feet.

HORATIO

Within transmitting range of that  
wire our victim was wearing. Bring  
Speed.



17 CONTINUED:

17

DELKO

You got it.

Delko grabs his kit, leaves. Calleigh notices something else on the car. **SNAP CLICK TO:**

18 ECU ON A PARTIAL FINGERPRINT

18

Smudged into the spray paint.

19 BACK TO SCENE

19

CALLEIGH

Got a partial...

She reaches for a tape lift. Peels and sticks.

CALLEIGH

I'll run it against her TROs first.

YELINA

Cindy Castillo's "enemies" list.

HORATIO

Could be her "murder" list.

CUT TO:

20 INT. HOTEL LAPIDUS - ROOM 1217 - DAY [1]

20

Darkness. Then, a HOTEL ROOM DOOR swings open, backlighting Delko and Speedle as they enter. They survey the room [NOTE: *They see inside, we don't yet*].

SPEEDLE

Gotta get the name of their decorator.

REVEAL THEIR POV - HOTEL ROOM

White, stark, clean lines. More of an eye on design than comfort. The room is also trashed, lamps knocked over, room service cart upended. Fine china and glassware strewn on the floor.

DELKO

Hotel clerk said a single woman checked in yesterday. Requested this room specifically and asked not to be disturbed.

20 CONTINUED:

20

SPEEDLE

Looks like she got more than a disturbance...

Speedle notes something on the carpet...

CLOSE ON BLOOD DROPS

Dried, circular. A death trail leading back toward the door.

SPEEDLE

Gravity drops. She was shot right here...

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. HOTEL LAPIDUS - ROOM 1217 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

21

CLOSE ON A PISTOL in the killer's hand [NOTE: Killer's gender should be indeterminate], being pointed JUST OFF-CAMERA.

ON CINDY CASTILLO, eyes wide as she looks death in the face.

BANG! She takes a bullet in the gut. Folds to her knees, clutching her stomach.

CLOSE ON A BLOOD DROP, leaking through her fingers, swelling. SLOW MOTION as the drop falls, hitting the white carpet.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

22 BACK TO SCENE

22

DELKO

We just found our crime scene.

TIME CUT TO:

23 INT. HOTEL LAPIDUS - ROOM 1217 - DAY [1]

23

BEGIN MONTAGE:

ANGLE ON Delko, meticulously working the scene on his hands and knees. He collects a HIGHBALL GLASS. Twirls fingerprint powder.

ANGLE ON Speedle, going through Cindy's overnight bag. He notes the closet, partially open. He slides it back...

HIS POV - A TAPE RECORDER

An expensive Nagra-DII reel-to-reel. The tape spools are conspicuously missing.

23 CONTINUED: 23

ON A FINGERPRINT, slowly materializing on the Highball Glass.

ANGLE ON Delko, smiling as he tapelifts the print.

ANGLE ON Speedle, bending to examine the tape machine more closely. **SNAP CLICK TO:**

24 ECU ON A TAPE STRIP 24

A long piece of magnetic audio tape, stretched and twisted. Still stuck in the recording head.

25 BACK TO SCENE 25

ON Speedle, carefully retrieving the tape strip. Delko comes up behind him.

DELKO

Prints all over the room service.  
What'd you get?

Speedle holds up the tape strip.

SPEEDLE

Killer took all of the surveillance reels  
but forgot to take all of the tape...

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

26 INT. HOTEL LAPIDUS - ROOM 1217 - DAY (FLASHBACK) 26

As the reels are violently pulled off the machine, the tape, threaded through the audio heads, catches and stretches before breaking!

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

27 BACK TO SCENE 27

DELKO

Might give us his motive.

SPEEDLE

Might give us his voice.

OFF this intriguing turn:

CUT TO:

28 INT. MDPD - BULLPEN - DAY [1]

28

ON Horatio, arriving in a hurry, met by Yelina. They walk-and-talk.

HORATIO

Got your page. You get a hit off  
Cindy Castillo's TRO list?

YELINA

Fingerprint in the spray paint belongs  
to one Carl Pardue. Recently divorced  
and very active.

HORATIO

He violated the restraining order?

YELINA

Twice in the past three months.  
Arrested for vandalism and terrorist  
threats against her.

HORATIO

What kind of threats?

YELINA

(beat)

He said he was going to kill her.

OFF Horatio, registering that:

SMASH CUT TO:

29 INT. MDPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY [1]

29

ON **CARL PARDUE**, 38, handsome but disheveled, sitting in  
interrogation. Horatio and Yelina facing him.

CARL PARDUE

I didn't mean any of that. I was  
kidding around.

YELINA

That doesn't matter, Mr. Pardue. Just  
making the threat is against the law.

CARL PARDUE

I'd never really kill anybody. That's crazy.

HORATIO

But taking a baseball bat to someone's  
car. You're all right with that.

Carl hesitates.

29 CONTINUED:

29

CARL PARDUE

I don't know what you're talking about.

HORATIO

Your fingers say different, Carl.

CARL PARDUE

What --

CLOSE ON HIS FINGERTIPS, ridges lined with telltale RED PAINT.

HORATIO

You vandalized Cindy Castillo's car.  
Then you raped and killed her.

YELINA

Sexual assault kit came back positive  
for semen. We match your DNA, you're  
doing 25-to-life at Starke.

Carl's face darkens.

CARL PARDUE

She just got what she deserved.

HORATIO

How's that, Carl?

CARL PARDUE

She ruined my life.

HORATIO

'All you had to do was say "no."

CARL PARDUE

(agitated)

I couldn't. She tricked me.

HORATIO

She's not the one who broke the law.

CARL PARDUE

She took my job away. Took my family.  
That bitch left me with *nothing*!

HORATIO

That's not quite true, Carl. You've  
got motive for her murder.

Carl reacts, has no response. OFF Horatio, closing on the  
kill:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

30 INT. CSI - DNA LAB - DAY [NEW DAY 2]

30

Speedle collects the DNA spectra from the printer as Horatio enters the lab.

HORATIO

Got something for me, Speed?

SPEEDLE

(hands Horatio the  
printout)

Carl's DNA results. No match on the  
semen sample we took from the body.  
Best we can hook-up Carl for is  
vandalizing the car.

Horatio is pensive as he gazes at the DNA printout.

SPEEDLE

You want us to pull in the next guy  
on Cindy's TRO stalker list?

HORATIO

I don't think so...

An uncertain look from Speedle.

HORATIO

Stalkers usually get caught because  
they're driven by their emotions.  
But I think our killer's drinking  
from a different well.

(beat)

Let's look at who's not on that list.

SPEEDLE

Then we're going to need Cheater's  
Inc.'s client records.

HORATIO

Warrant's already been served. The  
client list is on its way over.

Hands back the DNA printout.

HORATIO

Call me when it gets here.

And Horatio is out of there.

CUT TO:

31 INT. CSI - FINGERPRINT LAB - DAY [2]

31

Delko is processing prints from the hotel room, scanning the photos and adding them into the data base. The fingerprint technician, **JOSEPH KAYLE** is sitting in front of the AFIS screen, keying in data.

DELKO

You're a married guy sitting alone at a bar and a babe half your age starts hitting on you - what's the first thing you think?

JOSEPH KAYLE

How much?

DELKO

So if she's not talking fee for service after thirty seconds, then you'd better finish your drink and get home to momma, 'cuz something bad is going down and it could be you.

(beat)

Guess some guys just don't get it.

Joseph has stopped listening, his attention drawn to the screen in front of him.

JOSEPH KAYLE

Hey Delko...

DELKO

(oblivious)

Probably the reason they're in the bar in the first place. Not getting it.

JOSEPH KAYLE

You'd better look at this.

Delko, still smiling at his own joke, looks at Joseph.

DELKO

We get a match?

JOSEPH KAYLE

Yeah.

Delko joins him, looks at the screen.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

THE SCREEN SPLIT: A fingerprint match on one side, a photo of the match and the suspect's details on the other. It's Detective Tripp.

31 CONTINUED:

31

Delko not believing what he's seeing.

DELKO

That can't be right ...

JOSEPH KAYLE

Made the match off the police data base. Minutiae patterns are the same... Multiple points. It's not a mistake.

DELKO

Which print?

JOSEPH KAYLE

The one lifted off the victim's hotel keycard.

DELKO

What about the other prints we collected?

Joseph enters a couple of key strokes, looks at the screen.

JOSEPH KAYLE

No match. Different suspect.

(realizes what he's said)

Sorry.

They share a look, both uncomfortable, both aware of the gravity of their discovery. A moment, then:

DELKO

You didn't see this, okay?

JOSEPH KAYLE

Sure.

Delko leans forward, hits the 'RETURN' key. **Tripp's photo ID and details are replaced with a new screen.**

OFF DELKO deeply troubled -

CUT TO:

32 INT. MDPD - CORRIDOR - DAY [2]

32

Tripp, jacket off, tie loosened, looking like shit as he reads a case file.

Delko approaches.



32 CONTINUED:

32

DET. TRIPP

Hey Eric.

DELKO

You got a minute?

DET. TRIPP

Duquesne send you, did she?

DELKO

No.

DET. TRIPP

Some days this freaking job, you know?

DELKO

I need you to clear something up for me.

Tripp catches the edge in Delko's voice. Tenses.

DET. TRIPP

What?

DELKO

You might not want to do this here.

DET. TRIPP

How about you just tell me what it is that's bugging you?

Delko squirms, tries to keep it private.

DELKO

You hear about the woman we fished out of the marina yesterday?

DET. TRIPP

The shark vic. What about her?

DELKO

Worked for one of those detective agencies - catching guys who might want to cheat on their wives or girlfriends.

Tripp tenses.

DELKO

Turns out she was shot in her room at Hotel Lapidus before she went in the water.

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

DET. TRIPP

Is this going anywhere, Delko?

Delko can feel it slipping away from him.

DELKO

I just pulled your print off her room keycard.

Tripp reacts.

DET. TRIPP

You're kidding me? You think I was involved in this?

DELKO

No. But I matched the print and I've come straight to you. I'm not taking this anywhere or to anyone. I just need to know how it got there.

Tripp's anger is barely contained.

DET. TRIPP

I stopped by for a drink at the bar after work. The lady dropped her card. I picked it up, handed it back to her. End of freaking story, okay Eric?

And Tripp turns and stomps away, leaving Delko sucking air... and knowing that Tripp is lying.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CSI - A.V. LAB - DAY [2]

33

Speedle and the AV technician **TYLER JENSEN** are processing the strip of audio tape from the crime scene. The original section has been topped and tailed with clear tape so that it can be fed through the tape deck.

TYLER JENSON

Tape must have got stretched when the reels were taken off the machine.

SPEEDLE

Still usable though, right?

Tyler finishes threading the tape through the heads, locks the reel in place.

33 CONTINUED:

33

TYLER JENSON

It's pretty chewed up. One pass and  
it's recorded onto the hard drive.  
Then we get to play with it.

A few keystrokes on the computer, then Tyler hits play.

34 ECU ON THE TAPE

34

The clear tape speeds over the tension arms before we see the  
brown spliced-in tape pass over the audio head.

35 BACK TO SCENE

35

Tyler switches off the tape, turns to the keyboard.

SPEEDLE

Five and a half seconds long.

TYLER JENSON

It's going to be distorted and slower  
because it's been stretched.

He hits a button.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

A graphic representation of the words on the tape: wave form,  
modulation, amplification and frequency.

The FEMALE VOICE coming through the speaker is distorted with  
static, the first and last words are slow and drawn out where  
the tape was stretched:

WOMAN'S VOICE

...Pplllleeaazz-dooohhnnnt...  
Hhaaarrrrtt...mmmm...bbgghhbbb...

TYLER JENSON

Five words.

SPEEDLE

Sounds like me on a Saturday night.

Tyler grins.

SPEEDLE

Can you sober her up?

TYLER JENSON

Filter out the distortion... maintain  
the pitch... adjust the compression...

35 CONTINUED:

35

## ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

The visual representation of the two words begins to alter. The thicker, longer waveforms at the beginning and end change shape, conforming with the wave patterns in the middle.

TYLER JENSON

She's still going to have a hang over.

Another key stroke and then the voice, almost clear and vibrant, caught in mid-sentence:

FEMALE VOICE

...PPplleeaase-doohhnt...  
Hhaarrtt...mmm...bbggbbb.

TYLER JENSEN

Please don't...something.

SPEEDLE

"Please don't hurt" -- could be anything.

Tyler plays it again:

FEMALE VOICE

PPplleeaase-doohhnt...  
Hhaarrtt...mmm...bbggbbb

TYLER JENSEN

It's going to take some time. I'll run a phonetic matching program.

Speedle glances up as Delko enters, stands in the doorway.

SPEEDLE

Don't think the tape's going to give us anything other than the vic's last words.

DELKO

Hey Tyler, you want to get a cup of coffee.

Tyler looks at him, then looks at the steam rising from the coffee cup on the desk beside him. A moment for him to realize, then--

TYLER JENSEN

Sure. This one's gone cold anyway.

He picks up the coffee mug, heads for the door. Delko closes the door behind him.

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

Speedle waits. Delko is subdued.

DELKO

What would you do if you found out  
someone you knew might be involved  
in this?

SPEEDLE

How involved?

DELKO

Fingerprint evidence puts him there.

SPEEDLE

Is he a cop?

DELKO

Yeah.

SPEEDLE

Did you ask him?

DELKO

Admits he was there, that's all.  
But I'm pretty sure he lied to me.

Speedle is pensive.

SPEEDLE

You think this guy did it?

DELKO

No way.

The answer too quick, the words hanging in a cloud of doubt.

SPEEDLE

You tell 'H' and this guy turns out  
to be clean, then there won't be a  
cop in Miami who'll ever trust you  
again.

Delko knows it.

DELKO

Maybe he was the reason she was  
wearing a wire.

SPEEDLE

A cop with marriage problems. That'd  
be a first.

Speedle picks up an envelope from the bench.

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

SPEEDLE

Just got Cheater's Inc.'s client list... 'H' wanted me to check off the names - look at anyone who doesn't have a TRO against her.

They both stare at the envelope.

DELKO

You're pretty busy, right?

SPEEDLE

I could be if you want.

Delko holds out his hand. Speedle hands him the envelope.

Delko opens the envelope, looks at the list.

36 ECU ON THE LIST

36

Tripp's name is on the top. Alongside his name is the status of the investigation.

37 BACK TO SCENE

37

Delko doesn't need to say anything for Speedle to know the name is on the list.

SPEEDLE

She tested positive for semen. You're going to need a swab.

Speedle hands him a DNA swab kit.

Delko turns for the door.

SPEEDLE

Hey Eric...

Delko looks back.

SPEEDLE

Don't leave it too late to tell 'H'.

Delko nods, exits.

OFF Speedle's concern -

SMASH CUT TO:

38 EXT. MDPD - PARKING LOT - DAY [2] 38

Tripp crosses the parking lot, gets into an unmarked car.

39 INT. TRIPP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 39

Tripp reacts as the passenger door opens and Delko slides in beside him.

DET. TRIPP

Last guy who got in my car without  
being invited ended up in the  
hospital.

DELKO

I've got an invitation.

Delko holds out the client list.

DELKO

Client list from the agency where  
she worked.

Tripp takes the list, quickly reads it. He slowly lowers the list, stares out the windshield.

DET. TRIPP

Eight and a half years married.

(beat)

Pretty good for a cop.

DELKO

I need to know what happened with  
the girl in the hotel.

DET. TRIPP

What? I'm a suspect now?

DELKO

I never said that.

Suddenly Tripp's anger explodes. He lunges, grabs Delko by the jacket, gets in his face -

DET. TRIPP

But you think it, don't you, Eric?

(searching his face)

You think it!

DELKO

Come on Frank, don't do this to me.  
Don't make it any harder than it is.

A long moment, Tripp breathing hard, making up his mind.  
Then he slowly releases his grip.

39 CONTINUED:

39

DET. TRIPP

She started coming on to me in the hotel bar. First, I thought she was a hooker.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. HOTEL LAPIDUS - BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

40

Tripp sitting at the bar, Cindy in close and personal, talking, laughing, like he's the most interesting man she's ever met.

CINDY CASTILLO

Staying at the hotel?

DET. TRIPP

No.

CINDY CASTILLO

I am.

And she slides her hotel keycard across the counter. Tripp picks it up. Looks at it. A moment, then he carefully places it back in front of her.

DET. TRIPP

I'm married.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

41 BACK TO SCENE

41

CLOSE ON TRIPP

DET. TRIPP

The more I talked to her, the more she made it sound like she cared.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

42 INT. HOTEL LAPIDUS - BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

42

Cindy leans forward and kisses Tripp softly on the cheek. She slides off the chair, moves away.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

43 BACK TO SCENE

43

DET. TRIPP

Maybe she really did.



43 CONTINUED:

43

DET. TRIPP (CONT'D)

(beat)

I left right after she did.

(beat)

I didn't speak to anyone. I don't think anyone saw me leave.

(beat)

Satisfied?

Delko squirms, knowing there's more.

DELKO

We found semen in her body.

A sideways look from Tripp as he realizes that this is the reason Delko come to see him.

DET. TRIPP

Screw you, Eric.

DELKO

You know I've got to do it.

DET. TRIPP

Cops are supposed to trust each other.

DELKO

Then trust me.

Tripp doesn't answer.

DELKO

Frank -

DET. TRIPP

(cutting in)

Just do it, okay.

Delko takes out the DNA kit, slips on a latex glove, opens the pack, takes out the swab.

Tripp opens his mouth, Delko takes the swab, puts the sample back in the container.

Tripp doesn't look at him.

DET. TRIPP

Now get out of my goddamned car.

Delko opens the car door -

44 EXT. MDPD - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

44

Delko gets out of the car, closes the door. Tripp starts up the engine, drives away, leaving Delko standing alone in the parking lot.

CUT TO:

45 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAY [2]

45

Speedle is peering through a microscope when Horatio enters.

HORATIO

Any luck with the client list?

SPEEDLE

Yeah... Eric's working on it.

Speedle nods towards the LAYOUT ROOM. Horatio turns.

HORATIO'S POV THROUGH GLASS - THE LAYOUT ROOM

Delko, head down, engrossed in something.

Horatio heads for the door.

OFF Speedle, concerned -

46 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY [2]

46

Delko looks up as Horatio enters.

HORATIO

Have we got a name, Eric?

Delko squirms a little.

DELKO

Yeah. She's had nineteen clients in the past year. Twelve had TRO's against them. Four have moved out of state, one's been in the hospital for the past week. The other guy's a possible.

(hands Horatio a  
sheet of paper)

Name's Michael Warner. His wife threw him out, filed for divorce. No current address.

HORATIO

We'll start with his wife. In the meantime, get his details out.

46 CONTINUED:

46

DELKO

Okay.

Horatio hesitates at the door, looks back.

HORATIO

You said there were nineteen on the list. One's missing.

DELKO

(staying cool)

Cindy's current mark. The guy didn't even know he was on the list.

Horatio nods, satisfied.

HORATIO

Thanks, Eric.

And Horatio departs. Delko glances towards Trace.

DELKO'S POV THROUGH GLASS - TRACE LAB

Speedle is watching him.

RESUME DELKO

Breathing easy.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. MICHAEL & LESLIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY [2]

47

A classy patio behind a classy house in a classy Miami suburb. **LESLIE WARNER**, 34, a leggy blonde, picking up kids toys, putting them into a basket.

Horatio and Yelina watching her.

LESLIE WARNER

I had to let the nanny go. If Michael doesn't start paying maintenance soon, the house will be next.

HORATIO

When was the last time you saw him?

LESLIE WARNER

He came to pick up the kids a week ago. We yelled at each other, then he left... Haven't heard from him since.

47 CONTINUED:

47

YELINA

Do you know where he's living?

LESLIE WARNER

Don't know, don't care.

YELINA

Does your husband own a gun, Mrs. Warner?

LESLIE WARNER

No... I don't think so.

(beat)

Do you really think he did this?

HORATIO

Do you?

LESLIE WARNER

Of course not.

She looks from Horatio to Yelina, then lowers her head, tears welling in her eyes. Returns to picking up the toys.

A moment, then Horatio's cell phone RINGS. He flips it open -

HORATIO

Caine.

(listens)

We'll be right there.

He flips the phone closed.

HORATIO

We've just found your husband, Mrs. Warner.

Leslie sucks in a breath, pulling herself together.

LESLIE WARNER

Tell him he owes me maintenance.

HORATIO

I will.

And Horatio turns for the gate.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. CINDY'S HOUSE - DAY [2]

48

A couple of PATROL CARS parked out front. Several UNIFORMED COPS on the lawn. A shadowy figure - **MICHAEL WARNER** - is sitting in the back seat of one of the cars.

Horatio and Yelina get out of the Hummer and are joined by a an **N.D. DETECTIVE** -

48 CONTINUED:

48

N.D. DETECTIVE

We found him inside - looks like he  
got in through an open window.

Horatio looks in at Michael, who looks up, wide-eyed. Almost  
in shock.

HORATIO

This is Cindy Castillo's house?

N.D. DETECTIVE

Yeah. We had a unit do a drive by -  
they spotted his car.

HORATIO

What was he doing when you found him?

N.D. DETECTIVE

I think you'd better take a look for  
yourself...

CUT TO:

49 INT. CINDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY [2]

49

Horatio and Yelina enter the living room. It's modern, the  
windows louvered, the room in semi-darkness. A ghostly light  
flickers off their faces as they take in the scene.

A hundred CANDLES of all shapes and sizes have been placed  
around a small coffee table in the center of the room. Rose  
petals have been sprinkled around.

In the center of the coffee table is a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of  
Cindy - beautiful and bursting with life. Beside it, a single,  
long stemmed rose.

YELINA

I think this guy just went to number one  
on the list.

HORATIO

With a bullet.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

50 INT. CINDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY [2]

50

Smoke curls from a dozen or more extinguished candles and hangs in the air, adding a brooding atmosphere to the room.

ANGLE TO REVEAL

Calleigh, blowing out the last of the candles, leaving just one still flickering beside Cindy's photo.

A FLASH POPS as Speedle shoots off a photo of the living room window, which is wide open.

SPEEDLE  
(indicating the candle)  
You missed one.

CALLEIGH  
No.

A shared look.

SPEEDLE  
When I was a kid we used to light a candle in church when someone died. The candle's cost a quarter each. All proceeds to the Sisters of Mercy.

Calleigh gazes at Cindy's photo.

Speedle shoots off another photo of the window.

CALLEIGH  
She was pretty.

SPEEDLE  
Pretty girl in an ugly job.

CALLEIGH  
Men who cheat get what they deserve.

SPEEDLE  
It's not cheating, it's entrapment.

CALLEIGH  
They could always say no.

Tension. They both feel it.

SPEEDLE  
Men are wired differently than women.

50 CONTINUED:

50

CALLEIGH

Glad we agree on something.

Speedle surveys the window a moment.

SPEEDLE

No signs of forced entry. Window must have been open.

(beat)

I want to check the other windows outside for prints. I doubt it was this weirdos first visit.

CALLEIGH

I was stalked once.

It's news to Speedle.

CALLEIGH

I was sixteen. Daddy caught the guy. Whipped him good. After that I locked the windows all the time. Still do.

(beat)

So why didn't she?

SPEEDLE

Maybe she wasn't scared.

CALLEIGH

She should have been.

A mystery. A moment, then the candle stutters.

They both watch as it dies.

A somber moment.

SPEEDLE

I haven't got a quarter.

CALLEIGH

I don't think the Sisters will mind.

Calleigh uses a lighter to re-light the candle.

It flares, burns bright.

A shared moment, then Speedle heads for the door, leaving Calleigh alone. A beat, then she crosses back to the window, closes it.

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

Locks it.

CUT TO:

51 INT. MDPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY [2]

51

Michael Warner, head down, disheveled. A man on the edge. Yelina is sitting opposite him, Horatio standing at the table, a folder in front of him.

Horatio begins taking photos from the folder, laying them down in front of him.

HORATIO

These are fingerprints, Michael.

(beat)

We found them inside the hotel room where Cindy was shot.

YELINA

They match the prints we took from you when you were arrested.

HORATIO

Your fingerprints, Michael.

MICHAEL WARNER

I wasn't there.

HORATIO

We've already taken a DNA sample. And you know what I think we're going to find? That it matches the semen we found in Cindy's body.

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL WARNER

You think I did this...?

HORATIO

You followed her to the hotel.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

52 INT. HOTEL LAPIDUS - ROOM 1217 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

52

Michael on top of Cindy on the bed, both still clothed, Michael clutching a gun as he rapes her from behind.



52 CONTINUED:

52

HORATIO  
You raped her and then shot her,  
didn't you Michael?

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

53 BACK TO SCENE

53

MICHAEL WARNER  
I didn't that -

YELINA  
You shot her and she ran away.

MICHAEL WARNER  
No -

HORATIO  
Did she fall in the water or did you  
push her?

MICHAEL WARNER  
I wasn't there!

HORATIO  
Just like you weren't in Cindy's  
house?

Michael falters.

MICHAEL WARNER  
I just wanted to be close to her.  
(beat)  
She loved me.

He looks at Horatio, tears in his eyes.

MICHAEL WARNER  
Why won't you believe me?

HORATIO  
Because the evidence is telling a  
different story, Michael.

Michael looks away.

SLAM CUT TO:

54 INT. MDPD - BULLPEN - DAY [2]

54

Horatio closes the door to the INTERROGATION ROOM, Michael  
framed in the window behind him. Yelina turns -

54 CONTINUED:

54

YELINA

You want me to organize a psychiatric evaluation?

HORATIO

Not yet.

YELINA

You think he's faking?

He glances back at Michael through the glass.

HORATIO

I don't know. But I'm going to find out.

CUT TO:

55 INT. MDPD - TRIPP'S DESK - DAY [2]

55

Tripp, standing by his desk, hangs up the phone in disgust. He grabs his jacket off the back of his chair, turns and stops as he comes face to face with Delko.

Tripp glances around self consciously.

DELKO

Those 'results' were negative.

DET. TRIPP

You want me to look surprised or relieved?

DELKO

We've got a suspect.

DET. TRIPP

Hope you've got more than a fingerprint and a name on a list.

Tripp moves to pass him but Delko takes his arm. Tripp bristles.

DELKO

If it hadn't been me, it would have been Speed or Calleigh. We had to exclude you, Frank. There was no other way to do it.

DET. TRIPP

You could have taken my word for it.

(beat)

Are you done?

55 CONTINUED:

55

Delko releases Tripp's arm. Tripp brushes past him and exits.  
Delko sighs.

HORATIO (O.S.)

Eric -

Delko looks around quickly. Horatio is standing in the  
corridor.

HORATIO

Have Calleigh and Speed meet me in  
Layout.

DELKO

Sure.

Delko hides his relief as he turns away.

OFF Horatio's pensive look -

CUT TO:

56 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY [2]

56

Crime scene photos from the hotel room and Cindy's house spread  
out on the layout table.

SPEEDLE

Tyler's still working on the tape.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE

Horatio, Delko and Calleigh, standing around the layout table.

HORATIO

What about Cindy's house?

SPEEDLE

Lot of fingerprints on the outside  
of the windows. I'm still processing.  
Someone spent a lot of time looking  
in.

HORATIO

Fingerprints on the room service  
glass put Michael in the room. And  
the DNA match proves he had sex with  
her. But that still doesn't give us  
murder.

SPEEDLE

Not yet.

56 CONTINUED:

56

HORATIO

What about the gun?

DELKO

Divers have extended the search grid out by another fifty meters - but if they haven't found it by now, then it's probably not there to find.

HORATIO

Which means he might have taken the gun with him.

(beat)

What about phone records?

CALLEIGH

Seven calls to Cindy's cell phone in the last three weeks - most of them short. Probably either messages or hang-ups.

HORATIO

How about calls home?

Calleigh consults a file.

CALLEIGH

Every night for the last month. Same time - seven-thirty in the evening. Nothing last night.

HORATIO

Seven-thirty. Children's bed time.

(beat)

I wonder if there's anything else Leslie forgot to tell us.

(beat)

Okay, keep on it.

Speedle, Calleigh and Delko all turn for the door.

HORATIO

Eric...

Delko stops at the door.

Horatio joins him.

HORATIO

You were going to tell me Detective Tripp's name was on the list, weren't you?

Delko squirms.

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

DELKO

I wanted to make sure his DNA cleared  
before I said anything.

Horatio nods.

HORATIO

And his fingerprint on the keycard?

Delko shuffles - caught in the headlights with no where to  
run.

DELKO

He had a credible explanation.

(beat)

It wasn't him, H.

HORATIO

I know that. But if you're going to  
watch someone's back, then I'd like  
to know. So I can watch yours.

A moment, then Horatio turns away.

OFF Delko relieved -

CUT TO:

57 EXT. MICHAEL & LESLIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY [2]

57

Two kids - SAL, 4 and JOEY, 5 - playing on a swing set in the  
backyard.

Leslie is watching them from the patio.

LESLIE WARNER

It's all they have left. A phone  
call from their dad to say goodnight.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE

Horatio and Yelina.

LESLIE WARNER

Michael's a lot of things. A lousy  
husband. A cheat. A liar. But  
he's also their father.

HORATIO

When was Michael last here, Mrs.  
Warner?

57 CONTINUED:

57

LESLIE WARNER

I don't want to be responsible for  
their father going to prison.

HORATIO

Was it yesterday?

Leslie looks at him, tears in her eyes.

LESLIE WARNER

Please Lieutenant...

HORATIO

Did he come into the house?

Leslie doesn't answer.

HORATIO

The garage.

An almost imperceptible nod from Leslie.

HORATIO

Do we need a key?

SLAM CUT TO:

58 INT. MICHAEL & LESLIE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY [2]

58

Blackness, then blinding white light as the garage door is  
opened, revealing Horatio, silhouetted.

Horatio surveys the inside of the garage as Yelina steps up  
alongside him.

Leslie stands in the driveway with her arms around Sal and  
Joey, who are watching curiously.

The garage is filled with packing cases and furniture.

YELINA

She moved him out.

HORATIO

We'll need some help.

SLAM CUT TO:

59 INT. MICHAEL & LESLIE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY [2]

59

Five UNIFORMED COPS wearing latex gloves are painstakingly  
searching the garage under Horatio's watchful gaze.

59 CONTINUED:

59

N.D. UNIFORMED COP  
Lieutenant.

The others stop searching as Horatio joins the Uniformed Cop. He steps back, indicates a box. Horatio peers at something unseen, reaches into the box and carefully draws out a .38 caliber HANDGUN.

Horatio studies it a moment, then glances towards Leslie.

Leslie draws her children closer, lowers her head.

OFF Horatio holding the gun WE -

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

60 INT. CSI - FIRING RANGE - DAY [2] 60

CAMERA STARES down the barrel of the Sig Sauer .38 as it MISFIRES -- CLICK... CLICK... BANG! The third trigger pull finally discharges.

REVEAL Calleigh at the firing line, pistol in hand, puzzled. She jacks out the clip. Examines it curiously.

61 ECU INTO THE CLIP 61

RUSTY BEADS OF WATER clinging to the inside of the clip.

62 BACK TO SCENE 62

Calleigh files it away mentally, sets the pistol aside and goes to the gel block to retrieve her bullet.

TIME CUT TO:

63 THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE - TWO BULLETS 63

Are rotated side-by-side. Lands and grooves sliding perfectly into place like a Chinese puzzle. A match! WE are:

64 INT. CSI - FIREARMS LAB - DAY [2] 64

ON Calleigh, peering through the comparison scope as Horatio enters.

HORATIO

Tell me about the gun.

CALLEIGH

Sig Sauer, .38 cal. Wasn't very well maintained. I had a couple misfires but I did manage to get a comparison sample...

(beat)

It's a match. This is the gun that killed Cindy Castillo.

HORATIO

And that's enough to sink Michael Warner.

CALLEIGH

His bullet in the victim, along with his semen.



64 CONTINUED:

64

CALLEIGH (CONT'D)

His prints in the hotel room where  
she was shot.

(beat)

Doesn't get a whole lot better than  
that.

HORATIO

No, it doesn't, does it?

Calleigh notes Horatio's tone. Knows him too well.

CALLEIGH

We've got him. A couple times over.

HORATIO

Thing about a case that's too good  
to be true... it usually is.

OFF his exit, leaving Calleigh behind, mystified:

CUT TO:

65 INT. MDPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY [2]

65

ON Michael Warner, hollow-eyed, staring down at AUTOPSY PHOTOS --  
Cindy's face, pale and beautiful. He's moving through the  
seven stages of grief at light speed. He's made it about as  
far as "denial."

CAMERA FINDS Horatio and Yelina across from him, an N.D.  
Uniform in the b.g.

MICHAEL WARNER

Put them away. Please...

HORATIO

Why don't you tell us what really  
happened?

MICHAEL WARNER

You wouldn't understand.

HORATIO

Try me.

MICHAEL WARNER

I just knew, the first time I met  
her. We were meant to be together.  
We had so much in common...

65 CONTINUED:

65

HORATIO

Your wife hired her, gave her information. She was playing you.

MICHAEL WARNER

Maybe at first. But things changed. It was real.

HORATIO

It was her job.

MICHAEL WARNER

No. We talked about the future. We were going to buy a little beach house in the Keys. She wanted a family.

YELINA

(interjects)

Thing is, you already have a family.

Michael smiles bitterly, his reverie broken. He looks to Yelina.

MICHAEL WARNER

You don't believe me, do you?

YELINA

I believe you fell in love with her. You became obsessed, you couldn't stand seeing her with other men.

MICHAEL WARNER

She wanted to quit her job.

YELINA

You wanted her to quit. When she wouldn't, you killed her.

MICHAEL WARNER

That's not what happened. She was getting out of the business. She told her boss.

YELINA

Too bad you can't prove that.

MICHAEL WARNER

She wrote him a letter of resignation.

Horatio lasers in.

HORATIO

Did she give it to him?

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

MICHAEL WARNER

Yeah. She said he was furious when she told him...

Horatio is already halfway out the door, wheels turning. Yelina is caught by surprise. Where the hell is he going? She follows.

66 INT. MDPD - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

66

Horatio is on his way out the door as Yelina catches him.

YELINA

You don't believe his story, do you?

HORATIO

Only one way to find out. Talk to Bruno the P.I.

YELINA

Bruno's not going to give us anything. And I don't have enough for another warrant.

HORATIO

You leave that to me. Have two radio cars meet us at his office.

And he's gone. OFF Yelina, having to go with Horatio's hunch.

CUT TO:

67 INT. CHEATERS INC. OFFICE - DAY [2]

67

A high-rent place right on the Bay. Green glass, nothing square. CAMERA FINDS Bruno, sitting at his kidney-shaped desk, facing Horatio.

BRUNO GOMES

What is this? Some kind of joke?

HORATIO

I look like I'm laughing, Bruno? Why don't you tell me what happened between you and Cindy Castillo?

BRUNO GOMES

I've told you everything I'm going to tell you.

HORATIO

Okay. See that Detective over there?

67 CONTINUED:

67

Bruno looks over Horatio's shoulder...

HIS POV - YELINA

Wait with FOUR MDPD UNIFORMS in the lobby. She holds an OFFICIAL-LOOKING DOCUMENT in her hand.

HORATIO

She's got a warrant to search your office. She's going to take every document, file, and photograph. Copy them and log them into evidence. I don't think your clients will be too pleased about that.

Bruno hesitates.

HORATIO

Last chance, Bruno.

BRUNO GOMES

We got into an argument.

HORATIO

Cindy was going to leave you.

BRUNO GOMES

Yeah.

HORATIO

So you got angry?

BRUNO GOMES

Not angry enough to kill her, if that's what you mean.

HORATIO

I didn't say it. You did.

Bruno fumes.

BRUNO GOMES

She was nothing before I hired her. I turned her into the best hook in the business.

HORATIO

You must be proud.

BRUNO GOMES

She was an investment. I wasn't just going to let her walk away.

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

HORATIO

Especially when she fell for a mark.

That gets Bruno's attention. He lowers his voice.

BRUNO GOMES

That gets out, my business is finished.

HORATIO

Don't look now, Bruno, but that sounds like motive.

BRUNO GOMES

I didn't kill her, but I wanted to. After all I did for her, she was gonna throw it away on some guy. You believe that?

HORATIO

(beat)

I'm starting to.

He walks away, leaving Bruno behind. Picks up Yelina at the door, out of earshot.

YELINA

He went for it?

HORATIO

Never underestimate the power of suggestion.

Yelina tosses the "search warrant" onto the reception desk as they head out.

CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE on the document to see the heading:  
"Miami-Dade Crime Lab - Request For Overtime." OFF this:

SMASH CUT TO:

68 INT. CSI - FINGERPRINT LAB - DAY [2]

68

CLOSE ON A DIGITAL SCANNER, lightbar sliding over a tape lift.

REVEAL Joseph Kayle, scanning fingerprints into the database. Speedle entering data onto -- **A 3-D BLUE WIRE-FRAME GRAPHIC of Cindy's house up on a PLASMA SCREEN.** Horatio flashes into the lab, a man on fire.

HORATIO

Speed, how we doing on Cindy Castillo's house?

68 CONTINUED:

68

SPEEDLE

Lots of fingerprints. Problem is,  
not that many from Michael Warner.

HORATIO

Can you show me?

Speedle's fingers fly over the keyboard.

ON THE PLASMA SCREEN

The wireframe house rotates on multiple axes. RED FINGERPRINTS  
POP UP -- a couple at one window, others inside around the  
table with the candle shrine.

SPEEDLE

That's the window where he came in.  
Built his shrine right here.

HORATIO

What about the rest of the windows?

SPEEDLE

Found prints, but none from our  
suspect.

HORATIO

Not what you'd expect to find if  
this guy was a stalker. He'd be all  
over her windows.

Tyler Jensen pokes his head into the lab.

TYLER JENSON

Guys? You oughta come hear this.

OFF them:

CUT TO:

69 INT. CSI - A.V. LAB - DAY [2]

69

ON Tyler, playing back the audio tape strip. Now cleaned up  
but still somewhat distorted. Horatio and Speedle listen in.

CINDY CASTILLO (V.O.)

(taped)

Pleeease, dooon't huuurt  
mmmm.....baaaby.

Tyler echoes Cindy's taped voice.

69 CONTINUED:

69

TYLER JENSON

"Please, don't hurt me, baby." Sure sounds like she's talking to someone she knows.

SPEEDLE

Someone she knows well.

HORATIO

Play it again.

Tyler does.

CINDY CASTILLO (V.O.)

(taped)

Pleeease, dooon't huuurt  
mmmm.....baaaby.

HORATIO

Michael Warner said they were going to buy a house in the Keys, raise a family...

Horatio pops his cell phone. Speed-dials.

HORATIO

(into cell)

Alexx? Horatio... I need you to run a test on Cindy Castillo's blood sample...

INTERCUT WITH:

70 INT. AUTOPSY THEATER - CONTINUOUS

70

Alexx listens on the phone, puzzled.

ALEXX

You want to test for hCG? What're you not telling me?

HORATIO

Let's just call it a hunch. Find me when you're done.

ALEXX

You got it.

Alexx hangs up. She slides open a DRAWER OF BLOOD-FILLED VIALS. Selects one. **SNAP CLICK TO:**

71 CSI SHOT - INSIDE THE VIAL

71

CAMERA SMASHES into the blood sample, ZOOMING down to the cellular level. Finding RED BLOOD CELLS, floating like flattened beach balls in the plasma matrix, pushing in deeper to find FUZZY YELLOW hCG PROTEIN CELLS.

TIME CUT TO:

72 INT. CSI - HALLWAY - DAY [2]

72

ON Alexx, moving down the hall, clutching a spectra sheet. She spots Horatio. As they walk-and-talk...

ALEXX

Victim's blood was positive for hCG.  
Your hunch was right.

HORATIO

She was pregnant.

ALEXX

About three months. Shark attack took pieces of her abdominal cavity, including her uterus. Otherwise we would've caught it right away.

HORATIO

"Please, don't hurt *my* baby." She was pleading for the life of her child.

ALEXX

(beat)

An unplanned child. Could be why she was murdered.

HORATIO

Child may have been unplanned, but the murder wasn't.

Horatio picks up Calleigh, coming out of Firearms.

HORATIO

Calleigh, you said Michael's gun misfired, right?

CALLEIGH

Yeah, clip was rusty. I thought maybe the gun hadn't been cleaned, so I stripped it. Found moisture in the firing mechanism.

HORATIO

So it got wet.



72 CONTINUED:

72

CALLEIGH  
Very wet. And recently.

HORATIO  
That's because it was dropped in the  
water...

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

73 EXT. MARINA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

73

ON Cindy Castillo, staggering down the docks. Clutching her  
bleeding stomach. She looks behind her, panicked.

ON THE KILLER, a shadowy figure pursuing Cindy.

ON Cindy, stumbling, desperate. Nowhere to run. She jumps  
into the dark water.

ON THE KILLER, running up, pistol in hand. Searching for  
Cindy, aiming across the water.

ON THE GUN, slipping from the Killer's n.d. hand, falling  
into the marina with a soft splash.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

74 BACK TO SCENE

74

CALLEIGH  
Makes sense. Killer tried to get  
rid of the murder weapon. But why  
get it back out of the water?

HORATIO  
Because someone wanted it to be found.  
And I think I know who...

SMASH CUT TO:

75 INT. MDPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY [2]

75

ON Leslie Warner, sitting at the table. Concern showing on  
her face. Not sure why she's here.

LESLIE WARNER  
What's going on, Lieutenant? Is it  
about Michael?

HORATIO  
Actually, it's about you.

75 CONTINUED:

75

LESLIE WARNER

What do you mean?

HORATIO

You were right when you said Michael didn't kill Cindy Castillo. You did.

Leslie reacts, shocked, horrified.

LESLIE WARNER

That's crazy. I hired her.

HORATIO

To see if your husband was cheating. You never imagined that she'd fall for him. So you decided to kill her and set him up for the murder.

LESLIE WARNER

And how did I do that?

HORATIO

You had his gun. You just had to put him inside her hotel room...

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

76 INT. HOTEL LAPIDUS - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

76

ON A USED ROOM SERVICE CART, left unattended in the hallway. A gloved hand grabs a HIGHBALL GLASS.

HORATIO

You knew Cindy Castillo worked out of the Hotel Lapidus. It was easy enough steal a glass from hotel room service...

REVEAL Leslie, taking several glasses, bagging them.

HORATIO

Then you had to get Michael's prints on the glass...

77 EXT. MICHAEL & LESLIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD PATIO (FLASHBACK)

77

Michael argues with Leslie, goes to the outdoor bar. He grabs a HIGHBALL GLASS from the hotel. Pours himself a stiff drink.

HORATIO

All that was left was to get into her room at the hotel.

77 CONTINUED:

77

HORATIO (CONT'D)  
And lie in wait...

78 INT. HOTEL LAPIDUS - ROOM 1217 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

78

ON Cindy, entering her room. She closes the door, turns to find Leslie standing there.

CLOSE ON A PISTOL in the Leslie's hand, being pointed JUST OFF-CAMERA [Sc. 21].

ON CINDY CASTILLO, eyes wide as she looks death in the face.

CINDY CASTILLO  
No... Stop!

ON THE TAPE RECORDER, as the voice-activated switch kicks on, recording the conversation [Sc. 21].

CINDY CASTILLO  
Please, don't hurt my baby.

ON Leslie's face, going cold. She FIRES!

BANG! Cindy takes a bullet in the gut. Folds to her knees, clutching her stomach [Sc. 21].

CLOSE ON A BLOOD DROP, leaking through her fingers, swelling. SLOW MOTION as the drop falls, hitting the white carpet [Sc. 21].

ON Leslie, toppling the room service cart, planting the FINGERPRINT GLASS on the floor.

ON THE REEL-TO-REEL TAPE DECK [SC.26]

As the reels are violently pulled off the machine, the tape, threaded through the audio heads, catches and stretches before breaking.

CLICK -- Leslie turns just in time to see the door closing. She looks to the floor. Cindy is gone!

79 EXT. MARINA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) [SC.73]

79

ON Cindy Castillo, staggering down the docks. Clutching her bleeding stomach.

ON Leslie, a shadowy figure pursuing Cindy.

ON Cindy, stumbling, desperate. Nowhere to run. She jumps into the dark water.

79 CONTINUED:

79

ON Leslie running up, pistol in hand. Searching for Cindy, aiming across the water.

ON THE GUN, slipping from Leslie's hand, falling into the marina with a soft splash.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

80 BACK TO SCENE

80

LESLIE WARNER

My kids came back from Michael's place. You know what he told them? That bitch was going to be their new mom.

(beat)

I couldn't let that happen.

HORATIO

Too bad. Now they've got no mom.

Leslie crumbles, everything falling to pieces all around her.  
OFF Horatio:

DISSOLVE TO:

81 EXT. CSI - PARKING LOT - NIGHT [2]

81

ON Frank Tripp, walking to his car. End to a long day. He spots Horatio, heading to the Hummer. Tripp stops, knows what's coming. Might as well get it over with.

DET. TRIPP

Horatio.

HORATIO

Frank. How you doing?

DET. TRIPP

Been better.

Horatio nods. Wants to respect the man's space. But it has to be said.

HORATIO

Frank, if you need to take some time. Get things right at home...

DET. TRIPP

You can't take this job home. You know that.

Horatio lets him continue.

81 CONTINUED:

81

DET. TRIPP

Just came off of three SIDS cases  
and two child abuse. And I'm supposed  
to go home and tuck my kids in after  
that?

HORATIO

What does Melissa think?

DET. TRIPP

You tell me what cop's wife ever  
understands? Unless she's on the  
job.

(beat)

Melissa gave up trying understand  
years ago. Not that I blame her...

But he does. And he knows it.

DET. TRIPP

It'd just be good to be able to talk  
about it. Every now and again.

A moment of understanding between the two them.

DET. TRIPP

Look... I gotta get home, okay.

But they both know that's not where he's going. Tripp gets  
into his car. He pulls away, leaving Horatio standing there,  
watching him go.

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE:

82 INT. MDPD - BOOKING AREA - NIGHT [2]

82

ON HANDCUFFS, being taken off Michael Warner. He heads toward  
the elevator, escorted by a Uniform. A free man. He freezes  
as he spots...

LESLIE WARNER, being taken into lockup by a Female Uniform,  
her hands cuffed behind her back. They make eye contact for  
an agonizing moment. Two lives ruined. A family in shambles.

Leslie looks back over her shoulder, a silent cry for help as  
she's led away. Michael just watches her, crushed. Knows he  
caused this tragedy.

83 INT. ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT [2]

83

ON Frank Tripp, knocking back a double bourbon. He sits alone, immune to the swirl of bar patrons around him.

ON HIS PROFILE, as he motions for the Bartender.

DET. TRIPP

'Nother one.

A beat, then Horatio sits INTO FRAME next to him. Looks to the Bartender.

HORATIO

Coffee. Black.

Tripp and Horatio sit there, side-by-side. Not speaking. There's nothing to say. It's enough just to be there. And Tripp appreciates it.

OFF the two of them, alone together:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW