CSI: MIAMI

“HURRICANE ANTHONY”

Episode #206

WRITTEN BY
ILDY MODROVICH & LAURENCE WALSH

PLEASE NOTE: ASTERISKS REFER TO CHANGES FROM PRELIMINARY DRAFT (8-28). SCENE NUMBERS WILL REMAIN LOCKED FROM THIS DRAFT ON.

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PRODUCTION DRAFT
September 2, 2003
CSI: MIAMI

"Hurricane Anthony"

CAST LIST

HORATIO CAINE
ERIC DELKO
CALLEIGH DUQUESNE
TIM SPEEDLE
ALEXX WOODS
YELINA SALAS

HEATHER BURTON (27, former homecoming queen +10)
TOOD BURTON (28, ex-quarterback + love handles)
DET. NICK RAMSEY (35, gorgeous, African-American)
PREGNANT LATINA / SUSANA MEDESTO (29, classy, beautiful)
LATINO MAN / MIGUEL (Susana's brother)
MARTIN MEDESTO (VICTIM, Susana's husband)
EXHAUSTED MAN
BEEFY DUDE / TED GOLD (name not yet cleared)
VALERA (introduced in Episode #201)
NATALIE DI MAIO (32, goth)
TYLER JENSON (introduced in Episode #119)
FBI AGENT (female, blond)
CBS WEATHERMAN (Voice Only)

Featured Characters (non-speaking only)

Windshield Body / R.J. Spicer (VICTIM)
Neighborhood People
Power Company Guys (in Coconut Grove)
MDPD Uniforms, throughout
Deena Gold (VICTIM)
Paramedics
N.D. CSI
# CSI: MIAMI

"Hurricane Anthony"

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## SPECIAL SHOTS

- CSI SHOTS –
  - 2x4 slammed through a tree by wind (p.54)
  - Bullet hit by hurricane winds (p.47)
  - Bullet on a normal trajectory (p.48)
  - Bullet POV (p.15)
  - Chest with fence post through heart (p.19)
  - Hammer strikes head move into blood bruising (p.27)
  - Hurricane making landfall (p.2)
  - Hurricane winds shatter glass in house (p.14)
  - Rain falls into lungs shattering red blood cells (p.33)
FADE IN:

1 EXT. OVER MIAMI - DAY [DAY 1]

STILLNESS. Long wispy clouds SPIDER ACROSS a DEEP blue sky. Sunlight glints EXPECTANTLY off the mirrored HIGH-RISES downtown. Another perfect day in paradise. UNTIL --

OUR POV

WEAVES like a stomach plunging on a roller coaster -- a sudden gust of wind ushers a wave of heavy gray clouds. Churning. Angry.

Shadows swallow block after block until the sun disappears completely.

PLUNGE down to South Beach -- eerily deserted -- the shops boarded -- the sidewalk empty.

CANNON through the darkened streets to the ocean and ROLL under seven foot waves viciously slapping the shore. Unnaturally fast. Unnaturally high.

2 EXT. COCONUT GROVE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY [1]

Leave it to Beaver for the new millennium. These suburbanites get their style from Architectural Digest: clean lines, concrete, corrugated metal.

FOLLOW a pretty blonde as she jiggles down her driveway, clutching a stack of photo albums. She's HEATHER BURTON (27), homecoming queen ten years later. Climbs into a WHITE ACURA. Husband TODD BURTON (28), ex-quarterback -- now working on his love-handles instead of his spiral -- sits behind the wheel. Hits the gas, passenger door still open.

HEATHER BURTON
Ow, Todd! You almost took my foot off!

TODD BURTON
We've gotta go.

Heather slams her door. They speed down the street.

HEATHER BURTON
Not my fault we stayed so late.
CONTINUED:

TODD BURTON
I had to secure things -- you want a house when we get back?

HEATHER BURTON
You don't have to be snotty.

TODD BURTON
And I wasn't the one blabbing on the phone 10 minutes before a hurricane's supposed to hit.

HEATHER BURTON
Oh, please excuse me for wanting to make sure my mother's safe.

TODD BURTON
(under his breath)
Uch, your mother. Pain in my ass.

HEATHER BURTON
What'd you say?

He turns to face her, still driving. Ready for the real argument to begin.

TODD BURTON
I said--

One, two fat rain drops HIT the windshield. They stop bickering. Three. Four. Todd looks at Heather. The color drains from her face.

HEATHER BURTON
(barely a whisper)
Landfall.

CSI SHOT - HURRICANE MAKING LANDFALL

Rocket up, out of the Acura, past the palm trees, power lines. Rip through the thick mesh of clouds till we're flush with a satellite. Below, watch the edge of a giant white pinwheel tease the coast of Miami. Now plummet back down, like a swan dive off a skyscraper, until WHAM! We're back in the Acura.

BACK TO SCENE

A second more and the sky dumps a thousand ton curtain of rain onto Heather, Todd and all of Miami.

HURRICANE ANTHONY.

Todd slams it into reverse.
CONTINUED:

HEATHER BURTON
What're you doing?

TODD BURTON
Going back.

HEATHER BURTON
Shouldn't we just try to get to the shelter.


TODD BURTON
I can't see a thing.

HEATHER BURTON
Turn on the wipers.

She leans over, hits a button.

HEATHER BURTON
There.

BAM! A BODY SMASHES ONTO THE WINDSHIELD.

SCREAMS all around.

CUT TO:

EXT. COCONUT GROVE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY [NEW DAY 2]

The aftermath. Cranes hauling palm trees. People running by, carrying stuff on doors. Power Company guys tweaking fallen lines. Everywhere, the SOUND of power saws and newradio.

The storm has shoved the Acura up someone's front lawn and onto two wheels. Guy who hit the windshield is pinned in between the car and a tree.

HORATIO CAINE stands beside him. Body's face down, naked, riddled with debris. Not a stitch that's not bruised, scratched or shredded. ALEXX is kneeling, doing her thing.

HORATIO
Guy's running around in a full-blown hurricane. Doesn't make sense.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Does in Miami.
CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE NICK RAMSEY (35), smart and gorgeous, Denzel Washington's long lost brother, sticks out his hand.

DET. RAMSEY
Detective Ramsey. Over from Key West. Heard you needed all hands.

HORATIO
Horatio Caine.

DET. RAMSEY
(with respect)
I know,
(then)
Couple says they hit this guy close to landfall. They didn't check to see if he was dead. Too scared to leave their car.

ALEXX
The eye traveled right through here, didn't it?

HORATIO
So he was stuck out in the heart of the hurricane.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COCONUT GROVE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Windshield Guy pinned against the wheel of the Acura. Wind pummeling. Rain slashing. Pounded from every angle.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

ALEXX
Explains the shape he's in. Multiple contusions, lacerations -- too many to count. And part of his skin's torn off.

HORATIO
Let's hope the car accident killed him.

Here comes CALLEIGH DUQUESNE, ERIC DELKO and TIM SPEEDLE. The forensic "Reservoir Dogs." Through the rubble, kits in hand. Their faces strained. Horatio greets his team.
CONTINUED:

HORATIO
Going to be a lot of dead.

He looks out across the wasteland.

HORATIO
For us, the storm's just beginning.

CRANE BACK to see the big picture. Think "Gone With The Wind." Scarlett surrounded by maimed soldiers. Only in our version, the dead is harder to see. Buried in the wreckage. Stretching for miles and miles...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
FADE IN:

EXT. COCONUT GROVE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY [2]

GOD'S POV: Houses have been ripped apart as if made of toothpicks. People weave in and out of debris like ants rebuilding their shattered hill.

PUSH IN TO FIND: Windshield Guy rolling by, Alexx steering the gurney. Delko aims his Nikon at the Acura's spidery windshield and fires. Horatio's one step away. Studying. He walks around to the driver's side, raises his sunglasses.

HORATIO

Eric.

DELKO

Yeah.

HORATIO

Do me a favor and swab this when you're done.

DELKO

What's that?

Joins Horatio.

HORATIO

Blood.

SNAP CLICK TO:

ECU ON SLIGHT BLOOD SMEAR ON THE DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR

BACK TO SCENE

DELKO

Think it belongs to our John Doe?

HORATIO

Just wonder how it got way over here.

A tap on his shoulder.

TODD BURTON (O.S.)

Excuse me, Officer.

Horatio turns around. Hates the guy already.

HORATIO

Lieutenant.
TODD BURTON
Right. Look, I'm not sure how to ask, but am I going to be blamed for this?

HORATIO
Could be looking at vehicular manslaughter, yes.

TODD BURTON
But I mean, there was a hurricane. That's force majeure, right?

HORATIO
You're a lawyer.

TODD BURTON
Insurance salesman.

HORATIO
Same thing.

Horatio starts to walk away. Todd hovers like a gnat.

TODD BURTON
But a hurricane is considered an act of God, right. The rain was comin' at me sideways. I couldn't see two inches past the windshield.

HORATIO
Shouldn't have been driving in the first place. Evacuation was mandatory for this area. You broke the law just by being here.

TODD BURTON
Oh, um... sorry.

HORATIO
Tell that to the guy you plowed into.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Martin! Martin!

Horatio changes focus. An extremely PREGNANT LATINA (29), hurries through the rubble toward him. She's classy, an architect's wife. Beautiful but for the anguish in her expression. A LATINO MAN (32) wearing designer sunglasses follows quickly behind. [NOTE: the glasses are covering the beginnings of a mean black eye.]
PREGNANT LATINA
(fighting tears)
Did you find Martin? Oh God, is he hurt? Tell me he's okay.

Horatio takes her by the shoulders, protective, calming.

HORATIO
It's going to be all right. What's your name?

PREGNANT LATINA
Susana. Susana Medesto.

Latino Man catches up. Arms go around Susana, taking over for Horatio.

HORATIO
Okay Susana, is Martin your son?

SUSANA MEDESTO
My husband.

Horatio glances at Latino Man. Then who's this guy?

LATINO MAN
I'm her brother, Miguel.

HORATIO
Can you describe your husband for me?

SUSANA MEDESTO
Um, tall, short brown hair, goatee...

[NOTE: Windshield Guy's a blonde.]

HORATIO
I haven't seen him. But we'll find him for you, okay. Where'd you see him last?

SUSANA MEDESTO
(pointing)
At our house.

MIGUEL
He was securing the house. He said he'd meet us at the shelter.

SUSANA MEDESTO
He never came. I shouldn't have left him.
Susana clutches her swollen belly. She's ready to pop.

HORATIO
How far along are you?

SUSANA MEDESTO
Eight and a half months.

HORATIO
We need to get you to a hospital--

SUSANA MEDESTO
No, I'm not leaving without Martin.

Horatio reads her face. Not gonna budge.

HORATIO
Then Miguel, I want you to get your sister inside the house. She needs to lie down.

(then, to Susana)
I don't want you to worry. We'll find your husband, all right?

SUSANA MEDESTO
Thank you.

Miguel guides her away. Horatio turns to his team.

HORATIO
Eric, Speed, follow Susana to her house. Make sure the roof's not gonna cave, then search it inside and out.

DELKO/SPEEDLE
Got it. / Yep.

HORATIO
(sotto voce)
And look under things. This guy might be trapped.

CALLEIGH
I'll find Detective Ramsey. Do a knock and talk. See if any of the neighbors have seen him.

HORATIO
Good. If we don't find this guy, the stress'll push her into labor.

DELKO (O.S.)
Horatio!
11 INT. MEDESTO HOUSE - SECONDS LATER [2]

In the entry. Susana's on the floor. Cradled in her brother's lap. The only light in the boarded up house streams through the door, falling on Susana's twisted face. Horatio rushes in.

SUSANA MEDESTO
It's coming!

MIGUEL
We need a doctor.

HORATIO
I know a doctor.

SMASH CUT TO:

12 EXT. COCONUT GROVE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - SECONDS LATER [2]

Alexx. Backed against the side of the M.E.'s van.

ALEXX
What about rescue?

HORATIO
They're slammed. Could be hours.

ALEXX
I haven't worked on a live person in seven years, Horatio.

HORATIO
She needs you.

They lock eyes. Alexx steels herself. Reaches into the van. Pulls out her kit.

ALEXX
Let's do it.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. COCONUT GROVE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY [2]

A block away. Calleigh and Det. Ramsey. Silence as they wade through the devastation.
ON THE CORNER

A WOMAN washes her SIX YEAR-OLD in the spray of a burst hydrant.

ON THE RIGHT, one car is flipped on top of another like a stack of neglected toys.

ABOVE THEIR HEADS, the impossible. A palm tree stabbed by a two-by-four.

Calleigh approaches an EXHAUSTED MAN as he sifts through the debris. Det. Ramsey hangs back.

CALLEIGH
'Scuse me, I am so sorry to bother you, but I'm looking for a neighbor of yours, Martin Medesto. Do you know him?

EXHAUSTED MAN
(smiles, polite)
Course I do. But I haven't seen him since before the storm. Sorry 'bout that, wish I could help.

CALLEIGH
Thank you.

The tragedy sinks in. She can barely get the words out. Overcome by the man's selfless concern: his life blown apart, and yet he manages such kindness. She turns, reigning it in.

CALLEIGH
I can't stand it. These people--
Their whole lives--

DET. RAMSEY
(shares her grief)
I know.

Then. Something out of the corner of his eye.

DET. RAMSEY
Whoa. What's goin' on there?

Couple doors down, a BEEFY DUDE rushes out of a house juggling a stereo.

CALLEIGH
He's looting.
CONTINUED: (2)

DET. RAMSEY
Son of a bitch.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. COCONUT GROVE - GOLD HOUSE - SECONDS LATER [2]

Beefy loads the stereo into a truck. Ramsey and Calleigh materialize.

CALLEIGH
Need some help with that?

BEEFY DUDE
(jumps)
Oh, hey. No, thanks. Got it.

Ramsey moves in. Flips his badge.

DET. RAMSEY
Sure?

BEEFY DUDE
Yeah, thanks.

CALLEIGH
You live here?

BEEFY DUDE
That's right.

CALLEIGH
Then I'm sure you can prove it.

BEEFY DUDE
Uh.

DET. RAMSEY
Driver's license. Something with your address on it.

Beefy pats his pockets.

BEEFY DUDE
Left it inside.

CALLEIGH
Shall we?

INT. GOLD HOUSE - SECONDS LATER [2]

CONTINUED:

It's shadowy and dim from the plywood covering the windows. Beefy digs through a desk. Ramsey looms. Calleigh inspects.

BEEFY DUDE

Okay, here.

Hands Ramsey a card.

DET. RAMSEY

(reads)
Well, Ted Gold...
(then, hands it back)
Library card's not gonna cut it.

CALLEIGH

Found something.

Beefy looks worried.

CALLEIGH

(picking up a frame)
Photo. Of him and a woman.

From worry to relief.

TED GOLD

Yeah. That's me. See I live here.
That's proof.

CLOSE ON PHOTO of Beefy Ted and a gorgeous Petite Redhead.

CALLEIGH

Is this your wife?

TED GOLD

Yeah. Deena.

DET. RAMSEY

Where is she?

Back to worry.

TED GOLD

I don't know.

DET. RAMSEY

You don't know.

CALLEIGH

Mind if we look around.

She heads up the stairs.
TED GOLD
Actually, there's glass all over up
there. We forgot to board the
windows... So it's uh, it's a mess.
I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself.

CALLEIGH
(over her shoulder)
I'll take my chances.

DET. RAMSEY
*Yeah, why don't you be a good little
host and give us the tour.

Pushes Ted up the stairs, behind Calleigh.

INT. GOLD HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS
It's bright in contrast. Almost blinding. They walk down
the hallway, crunching on glass.

DET. RAMSEY
*Least you weren't lying about the
windows.

CALLEIGH
Biggest mistake people make during a
hurricane -- leave their windows
exposed. Something hits one of them.
Wind gets inside, increases outward
pressure.

CSI SHOT - OUTSIDE THE GOLD HOUSE FULL BLOWN HURRICANE
Hitch a ride on a tree branch as it CRASHES into the window.
Wind RACES in, full throttle. Pressure builds and WHAM! The
windows and skylight explode. Glass splinters out into the
raging storm.

BACK TO SCENE
CALLEIGH
Surprised the roof didn't come off.

They come to a door. Closed. Calleigh turns the knob. Ted
starts to protest. Calleigh and Ramsey share a look. She
opens it.

INT. GOLD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS
Middle of the bed. The pretty Petite Redhead from the photo.
Eyes open, staring.
CONTINUED:

Blood spread out behind her head like a red pillow. Calleigh rushes over.

DET. RAMSEY

Found your wife.

Ted sprints for the door. Ramsey grabs him.

TED GOLD

I swear to God, I don't know how she got there.

Carefully, Calleigh turns the girl's head to the front. There's a hole in her neck, just below the chin.

CALLEIGH

I've got a through and through.

CSI SHOT - BULLET'S POV

SLICE STRAIGHT into an unspoiled honey-colored landscape. RIP THROUGH flesh, blood. PULVERIZING the larynx. Then BURST out the other side of the neck, leaving a smoking black cavity in your wake.

BACK TO SCENE

CALLEIGH

Big hole. Maybe a .44 Mag, or a Colt .45.

TED GOLD

I'm telling you, I have no idea what happened.

DET. RAMSEY

Looks like you shot her, Ted.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDESTO HOUSE - DAY [2]


ALEXX

Gauze, cold compress, finger splint...
If you break your thumb, I'm ready.

Susana tries to laugh, but a contraction seizes her.
CONTINUED:

SUSANA MEDESTO

It hurts--

ALEXX
I know. I need you to keep breathing for me, okay?

SUSANA MEDESTO
Tell me I can have an epidural.

ALEXX
I'm sorry, honey, my patients don't usually need anesthesia.

MIGUEL
What should I do?

Alexx smacks the cold compress against the floor to activate it. Hands it to Miguel.

ALEXX
Press this to her forehead.

SUSANA MEDESTO
Martin -- did you find Martin?

ALEXX
Hang on for me, sweetheart, we're still lookin'...

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDESTO HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY [2]

Speedle and Delko lift a cast aluminum patio chair from a dog house. They peer inside. Nothing.

SPEEDLE
Where the hell is this guy?

DELKO
Martin!
(then)
Wait a second, what's that?

Wrought iron fence goes all the way around the yard. A boat cover's stuck on it, blowing in the wind.

SPEEDLE
A boat cover stuck on a fence.

DELKO
See how it's flapping toward us.
23 CONTINUED:

SPEEDLE
Yeah. It's windy.

DELKO
Wind's coming from the other direction.

SMASH TO:

24 INT. MEDESTO HOUSE - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Horatio's on his Nextel. Not happy.

HORATIO
I know you're slammed. Just get someone out here.

Delko rushes in, beyond anxious.

DELKO
Horatio!

Horatio holds up his hand. Hang on a second.

HORATIO
Yeah I get that, but this woman's about to have a baby--

DELKO
And lose a husband.

Horatio lowers the phone.

HARD CUT TO:

25 EXT. MEDESTO HOUSE - BACK YARD - SECONDS LATER

The impossible. Guy impaled on a low wrought iron fence.*
Arms open to the sky. Body bent backwards from his own weight.
Thick black blood spreads across his chest.*

The short dark hair and goatee tell us it's MARTIN MEDESTO.*
Speedle holds his head. Horatio charges up. Delko right behind.*

Horatio leans over. His voice calm. This man's alive.

HORATIO
Okay, Martin, it's gonna be all right.*
Can you talk to me?

Martin struggles. A tiny bit of blood bubbles from his mouth.*
HORATIO
That's okay, that's okay. I want you to listen to me. I need you to hang on, Martin.

Martin closes his eyes.

HORATIO
Hey, hey. Stay with me now. It's Susana, Martin. She's about to have a baby.

Hope crosses Martin's face. He looks at Horatio.

HORATIO
That's right. Susana's inside the house right now. She's in labor. You're about to be a father.

JUMP BACK TO:

INT. MEDESTO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We're deep in it. Susana's braced against the sofa. Legs up, covered in a sheet. Miguel's coaching. Flashlights are strategically placed. Alexx is doing her thing.

SUSANA MEDESTO
Get it out! Can't stand it!

ALEXX
Rachel honey, you're doin' great. I feel the head. Now I need you to push again. You ready?

Nods, dripping sweat.

ALEXX
Okay, deep breath and... Now!

She heaves.

ALEXX
That was perfect. One more.

SUSANA MEDESTO
Can't!

ALEXX
Yes you can, now here we go and--

MIGUEL
Squeeze my hand.
ALEXX
--PUSH!

Susana clamps her eyes closed and bears down.

ALEXX
Okay. It's out. Head's out-- Wait! Stop pushing!

SUSANA MEDESTO
What? What is it?

ALEXX
Tight nuchal cord.

MIGUEL
What does that mean?

ALEXX
Umbilical cord's around the baby's neck. We're gonna have to cut it.

27 EXT. MEDESTO HOUSE - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

SPEEDLE
We gotta get him off of there.

Horatio pulls Delko aside.

HORATIO
We do, and he dies. That fence is going straight through his heart. It's sealed itself around the post.

28 CSI SHOT - MARTIN'S CHEST

FOLLOW the fence post in SLOW-MO as it slices in, just below the shoulder blade. Cracks past two ribs and shreds right through the left ventricles. But miraculously, it keeps beating. Sealing itself around the post.

Post rips away. Blood gushes like from a broken water main.

29 BACK TO SCENE

HORATIO
We pull him off, it'll take 20 seconds for his chest to fill with blood.

SPEEDLE
So there's nothing we can do.
30 INT. MEDESTO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alexx digs frantically through her M.E. kit.

ALEXX
I need a damn clamp-- Susana! Does Martin fish?

MIGUEL
What?

ALEXX
Does he have a tackle box?

SUSANA MEDESTO
(pointing)
Under the bar.

ALEXX
Miguel!

Miguel is on his feet. Flings open the cupboard, grabs the tackle box and flips it open.

MIGUEL
What am I looking for?

ALEXX
A hemostat clamp. Funny looking scissors. Used to pull out fish hooks...

MIGUEL
Got it. There's three of 'em.

ALEXX
I need two.

Leaps back, hands them to Alexx.

ALEXX
Okay, Susana, keep breathing. Deep breaths...

She clamps the cord in two places, then uses her scalpel to cut in between. [Though we don't need to see this...]

ALEXX
And... we're good. Now quickly, we've got to push.
CONTINUED:

SUSANA MEDESTO
I'm so tired.

ALEXX
Susana, listen to me. We've gotta get this baby born. It's not getting any oxygen. So you push for me, damnit.

MIGUEL
Come on, Rosie.

SUSANA MEDESTO
Okay.

ALEXX
Here we go. One more big push. One, two and--

The satisfying SCREAMS of a new born.

EXT. MEDESTO HOUSE - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Horatio flips his Nextel shut.

HORATIO
It's a boy, Martin. You hear me? Susana just had a boy.

Martin stares, barely there. Something flickers. Life, the end of it. An understanding fills his watery eyes. Then fades. It's over.

HORATIO
You got yourself a baby boy.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

32 EXT. COCONUT GROVE - MEDESTO HOUSE - DAY [2]

Swirling emergency lights paint the suburban ruins red. Susana and her new son roll by on a gurney. Horatio's right there.

SUSANA MEDESTO
Lieutenant. Thank you.

HORATIO
Susana, I'm so sorry. I wish I could've--

SUSANA MEDESTO
No. I know there was nothing you could do.

Horatio nods, but will never believe her.

HORATIO
He was a strong man, Susana -- to survive that hurricane. He knew he had a lot to live for.

Susana's eyes fill.

SUSANA MEDESTO
I was very lucky.

She holds her son close, kissing his fuzzy head.

SUSANA MEDESTO
I still am.

Paramedics get ready to load her into the ambulance.

SUSANA MEDESTO
Lieutenant, will you... can you find out how he got there? I want to be able to tell my son what happened to his father.

HORATIO
I will. I promise.

And she's in. The doors shut. Horatio watches, carrying the weight of a fatherless son.

The ambulance pulls away. Horatio turns, running smack into Miguel. Sans sunglasses, it's all about his black eye.
MIGUEL
(offering his hand)
I wanted to thank you, too,
Lieutenant. For helping my sister.

They shake.

HORATIO
And I'm sorry for your loss.

MIGUEL
Yeah, well.

HORATIO
You don't seem upset.

MIGUEL
It's just... I dunno, he wasn't really
there for my sister. Pissed me off.

HORATIO
He was in the backyard dying, Miguel.

MIGUEL
I know it sounds callous, but he
shouldn't have been there in the
first place. He cared more about
that house than Susana.

Horatio nods. That's a nice shiner.

MIGUEL
Anyway, I gotta get to the hospital.
I'll see you later.

HORATIO
Yes, you will.

And he's out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDESTO HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

A girl and her Sawzall. Alexx blows through the last fence
post as Delko and some MD neighbors hold the body up. Once
free, he lays Martin onto an unzipped body bag. Posts and
all. Horatio crosses the lawn, snapping on gloves. [NOTE:
Once Martin is removed, we'll see a rose bush underneath him.
A couple buds are fairly intact. Other rose bushes nearby
have been ripped to shit.]
ALEXX
Down you go.

HORATIO
Any idea how he got up?

ALEXX
Well, he didn't trip.

DELKO
Think the hurricane could've done this?

HORATIO
Winds are horizontal. He would've hit the fence sideways.

ALEXX
(nodding)
Angle of entry's too perpendicular.

HORATIO
Like he fell straight down.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

34 EXT. MEDESTO HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

POV: THE WROUGHT IRON FENCE. Here comes Martin. SMACK. *
Like a ripe tomato.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

35 BACK TO SCENE.

ALEXX
From a pretty good distance -- judging from the length of the exposed fence.

HORATIO
From where though? Roof seems too far away.

DELKO
Run and jump?

HORATIO
Or somebody pushed him.

Alexx shifts Martin to zip the bag. Catches a glimpse of the backside of his calf.
ALEXX
Well, somebody whacked him. Look at this.

SNAP CLICK TO:

ECU ON MARTIN'S CALF

Angry purple half moons stain the olive flesh.

BACK TO SCENE

DELKO
Hammer marks.

ALEXX
Bruising is mainly crescentic, which means the hammer was coming from an angle.

HORATIO
So he was attacked from below.

Horatio wanders over to the house, studying the ground. Stops.

SNAP CLICK TO:

ECU ON IDENTICAL SQUARE IMPRESSIONS - TWO FEET APART

BACK TO SCENE

HORATIO
Indentations. Our guy was up on a ladder

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEDESTO HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

FLASH: The ladder. Martin hanging on.


SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

ALEXX
Makes sense. He was boarding up his windows when someone assaulted him.
CONTINUED:

DELKO
So we're looking at murder.

HORATIO
And a fresh crime scene.

QUICK TIME CUT TO:

EXT. MEDESTO HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY [2]

Crime tape's up. Body's gone. Delko's pulling the boat cover away. A couple sheets of plywood litter the lawn. He aims his camera.

DELKO

H, got a sec?

HORATIO

Yeah.

Horatio and DET. YELINA SALAS approach.

DELKO

I found some blood.

SNAP CLICK TO:

ECU ON A PIECE OF PLYWOOD

Traces of blood soak a group of nails jutting through the wood like a metallic claw.

BACK TO SCENE

YELINA

You sure that's part of the crime scene? Couldn't that board have been moved here during the storm?

DELKO

Actually, things flush to the ground tend to stay put. Wind has nothing to get under.

HORATIO

Let's get it back to the lab. Run the blood against our vic. If it isn't his, think I know who it will match.
INT. CSI - INTERVIEW ROOM "A" - DAY [2]

Horatio, Yelina and Miguel.

HORATIO
Wow. That's gotta hurt. Get in a fight today, Miguel?

MIGUEL
(touching his eye)
Oh, I was out hammering up some boards--

HORATIO
Hammering?

MIGUEL
Yeah, had a little accident.

YELINA
You should be more careful.

HORATIO
I think that's a secondary bleed, Miguel. It's what happens sometimes if you get hit in the head.

CSI SHOT - MIGUEL'S HEAD (MEDESTO BACK YARD)

The sharp end of a hammer smacks Ted just above the temple. *
PASS THROUGH THE SKIN and watch blood seep between flesh and skull. Across the forehead. Over the brow. Settling in the orbit of the eye.

BACK TO SCENE

MIGUEL
Well, yeah, I told you I had an accident.

HORATIO
That accident involve attacking Martin on a ladder?

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEDESTO HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

FLASH: Martin high on the ladder. Miguel and his hammer attacks from below. WHACK. WHACK.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:
BACK TO SCENE

MIGUEL
No. No way.

YELINA
Then who hit you?

MIGUEL
I did. With the back of my own hammer.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEDESTO HOUSE - BACK YARD - (FLASHBACK)

Miguel's banging away at a piece of plywood. Big swing and he SMACKS himself in the head. OOps.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

HORATIO
Then I guess you wouldn't mind giving us a DNA sample.

MIGUEL
Not at all. Look, I thought my brother-in-law was an ass. But I didn't kill him.

HORATIO
We'll let the evidence tell us that.

Horatio strides out. Yelina right behind.

EXT. COCONUT GROVE - GOLD HOUSE - DAY [2]


DET. RAMSEY
You lied to me, Ted.

TED GOLD
But we are married.

DET. RAMSEY
In the process of a divorce.

TED GOLD
Me and Deena were working it out.
CONTINUED:

DET. RAMSEY
She had a T.R.O. against you.

Shoves Ted into the backseat.

TED GOLD
But I didn't do anything.

DET. RAMSEY
Your estranged wife's upstairs with a bullet through her and you're downstairs loadin' the Sony? I'd say you violated your restraining order.

Slams the door.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY [2]

Bed's empty. Just a bloody stain on the mattress is all that's left of Deena Gold.

MOS as Calleigh gets busy. She positions a flexible foam mannequin by the bed. Inserts a pipe tube through its neck to imitate the wound track, then pulls a laser and some fogging spray out of her kit.

Closing the tattered blinds, she fogs up the room. Then she steps behind the mannequin and shoots a RED LASER BEAM through the pipe and out the doorway. Ramsey gets pegged in the forehead.

DET. RAMSEY
Whoa. Easy.

Calleigh lowers the laser.

CALLEIGH
This is weird.

DET. RAMSEY
What?

CALLEIGH
Fissures in her neck say Deena was shot from behind.

DET. RAMSEY
Okay--
CONTINUED:

CALLEIGH
But the lack of blood spray on the bed say that she was facing the door.

DET. RAMSEY
Which means?

She moves Ramsey behind the mannequin in front of a window.

CALLEIGH
You're Ted.

DET. RAMSEY
Figures.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GOLD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The machine gun RATTLE of the storm is deafening. A flash of lightening illuminates Ted by the window. He stands behind Deena, STRAPPED WITH A .44 MAGNUM. Hunter stalking prey. Gun's poised. Ted squeezes the trigger.

BULLET rips through the back of Deena's neck. She drops straight down, onto the bed.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

DET. RAMSEY
Deena takes out a T.R.O. on her husband then turns her back on him?

CALLEIGH
Exactly.

DET. RAMSEY
So maybe he was hiding.

CALLEIGH
Uh-uh. Nothing to hide behind. And he couldn't have been crouched down, because the shot was practically horizontal.

DET. RAMSEY
Maybe he didn't need to be. Power blew. It was dark.

CALLEIGH
Okay, maybe.
CONTINUED:

Calleigh (CONT'D)
Even so, that's not the weird part.

Calleigh hands Ramsey the laser.

CALLEIGH
Ted fires. Bullet goes through Deena. Means we should find it somewhere around...

She positions his hand till it's shining into the hallway.

CALLEIGH
There.

DET. RAMSEY
Yeah...

CALLEIGH
No point of impact. No bullet.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOPSY HALLWAY - DAY [2]

Speedle edges past a row of DEAD BODIES on GURNEYS.

INT. AUTOPSY THEATER - DAY [2]

As Speedle enters, knocking the doors against yet another sheeted corpse. Alexx finishes the last stitch on WINDSHIELD MAN's Y-incision.

SPEEDLE
You've got bodies lining the hallway.

ALEXX
Tell me about it... guess with all the new construction people thought mandatory evacuation didn't apply to them.

SPEEDLE
"Assumption", the mother of disaster.

ALEXX
And in this case... drowning.

Speedle looks at the body, incredulously.

SPEEDLE
The guy who hit the windshield, died of drowning?
ALEXX
Contusions covering his body had plenty of time to develop.

Alexx pulls back the drape showing extensive bruising on the body. Especially, two strap like bruises above the hips.

SPEEDLE
So the car hit him and then left him in the hurricane -- alive?

ALEXX
After I cleaned the leaves and wrappers out of his mouth, a blood-stained foam erupted from his lungs which means--

SPEEDLE
Air, mucus and water were present during respiration.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AUTOPSY THEATER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

58
Alexx pulls gunk out of Windshield man's mouth. A brackish foam gurgles up.

SMASH CUT TO:

59 EXT. COCONUT GROVE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Windshield man lays in the street. Horizontal rain tears at his skin and face. Barely recognizable as human except for the yawning mouth gasping for air. [NOTE: Stunt Man]

DIVE INTO HIS OPEN MOUTH:

60 CSI SHOT - RAIN SHOOTS INTO THE OPEN MOUTH

ZOOM DOWN the wind pipe and into the lungs. The water seeps into the lung walls and into the bloodstream. Until POP! Go the red blood cells.

ALEXX
The rain filled his lungs. Saturated his red blood cells until they burst. Heart couldn't take it.

61 BACK TO SCENE

SPEEDLE
So he drowned on rain.
CONTINUED:

ALEXX
Doesn't stop there.

Holds up X-RAYS of Windshield man.

ALEXX
Broken hip, spinal fracture, even a compound fracture of the clavicle. But no bumper injuries on the calves or knees.

SPEEDLE
No point of impact?

They stare at each other blankly.

SPEEDLE
Do we at least know who he is?

ALEXX
Look at his fingertips.

Alexx picks up Windshield Man's hand. Fuckin' mess.

SPEEDLE
Water damage.

ALEXX
No, nails are still there. Fingerprints are sanded down.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

INT. N.D. GARAGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)


SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

Speedle moves up to his mashed face.

SPEEDLE
Not gonna get an ID from his face.

ALEXX
I did swab something sticky on his feet. (handing over trace) And I found this wedged in his cheekbone.

She holds up a two inch, square piece of plastic.

SPEEDLE
A chin.
ALEXX
Plastic surgery.

SPEEDLE
Maybe we can get a facial reconstructionist to do it backwards...

ALEXX
Facial deconstruction.

SPEEDLE
Looks like this guy had something to hide.

ALEXX
Don't we all.

CUT TO:

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

VALERA crouches over her desk. Horatio enters.

HORATIO
You paged?

VALERA
Yes. Got the results from the blood on the nails.

HORATIO
And?

She refers to DNA readouts, presenting them to Horatio.

VALERA
Not a match to your victim on the fence.

Horatio waits...

VALERA
And not a match to your black-eyed suspect.

HORATIO
Perfect. A third bleeder and an unknown suspect...

VALERA
Reminds me of that saying about hurricanes...

HORATIO
Everything goes sideways.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

65 INT. CSI - HALLWAY - DAY [2] 65

Horatio strides down the hallway studying a drawing of the Medesto crime scene. Valera leaps out at him, out of breath.

VALERA
Horatio.

HORATIO
Yes.

VALERA
I found Nirvana.

HORATIO
Explain.

Valera lays a DNA TEST down on the strange Florida map table. Red, green, blue and orange spikes jag across the page.

VALERA
This is the readout from the blood on the nails.

HORATIO
That you just showed me, yes.

She lays out another DNA test.

VALERA
This is the DNA from yesterday morning's case where the guy hit the windshield -- that incongruous patch of blood you found on the car.

HORATIO
'Kay.

VALERA
They match.

Horatio picks up the pages, scrutinizing the tests.

VALERA
There is a 1 in 4.3 trillion chance that two people have this DNA. There aren't that many people on earth. So, unless, someone has an identical brother or a clone--
HORATIO
These crimes are linked.

VALERA
To one criminal.

Horatio starts walking.

HORATIO
(over the shoulder)
I assume you ran CODIS.

VALERA
(after him, down the hall)
Twice. No hits. You're welcome.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. CSI - ROOFTOP PARKING LOT - DAY [2]

Horatio catches Yelina at her car.

HORATIO

Yelina.

YELINA
Horatio. What's up?

HORATIO
Remember that judge who owed me a favor?

YELINA
Javier Ojeda?

HORATIO
Yeah, I need a rush warrant on the insurance salesman's car.

YELINA
What, his policy run out?

HORATIO
Let's just say, I doubt it covers murder.

CUT TO:

67 INT. AUTOPSY THEATER - DAY [2]

Alexx and Speedle stand over Windshield Man, wistfully.
SPEEDLE
We've tried every way of IDing him.

ALEXX
Too bad there's no database for dentists.

SPEEDLE
Or chin implants.

Alexx hands Speedle goggles and dons them herself.

ALEXX
Well then, if he has a loved one to go home to, this is the only way to get him there.

Alexx picks up a petite SAW. It starts to whir. Speedle grips the head. Alexx saws into the neck. Muscle and skin go flying. Speedle holds tight. Alexx forces the saw through bone.

INT. AUTOPSY THEATER - LATER [2]

The back of a scalpless, hairless head. Boiling in a clear Pyrex pot. HYPERSPEED skin and muscle peeling off as camera 160s around to the front. CAMERA LANDS, eye to eye sockets on a meatless skull as Speedle fishes it from its fatty bath.

INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - LATER

The skull is mounted on a black SKULL STAND.

A quirky forensic artist, NATALIE DI MAIO, (32) pale as the skull and dressed in all black, peruses the curves of the skull. Speedle peruses her.

NATALIE DI MAIO
The anthropologist left a report?

Speedle hands her the report.

SPEEDLE
Male. Caucasoid. 35-40. We also took these.

Speedle holds up RADIOGRAPH PHOTOS of Windshield man's face. They show the cheek and chin implants askew under the skin. Then she looks back at the skull.

NATALIE DI MAIO
Which man do you want?
SPEEDLE
What do you mean?

NATALIE DI MAIO
I give this guy a face. It's usually
so someone will recognize him. But
we don't know how long he's been Mr.
Strong Cheekbones and Chin.

SPEEDLE
So, you don't know whether people
will recognize him better before or
after surgery.

NATALIE DI MAIO
That's correct.

SPEEDLE
Could you do both?

NATALIE DI MAIO
Guess so. All this work on his face
makes me think he wanted to disappear.

SPEEDLE
Maybe he just wanted to please the
ladies.

NATALIE DI MAIO
He shaved down the bone in his nose.
That's almost unheard of in plastic
surgery.

SPEEDLE
Can you reconstruct it?

Natalie turns her attention to Speedle. Touches his nose,
demonstrating.

NATALIE DI MAIO
Each person's face has a certain
harmony. Even when bone is missing.
I'll follow the intimation of bone.

Speedle steps back, not enjoying being a scientific specimen.

NATALIE DI MAIO
What's a matter? Don't like to be
touched?

SPEEDLE
Not when you're talkin' about dead
people.
CONTINUED: (2)

POP INTO A MONTAGE AS IF MAN WAS CREATED IN STUTTER STOPS:

FLASH ON DIFFERENT ANGLES of Natalie sticking DEPTH TISSUE MARKERS onto the grimacing skull.

PULL AWAY FROM a set of BLUE EYES plucked from a kit and travel with them to the sockets.

CROSS BEHIND THE ARTIST'S RULER: measuring, aligning, determining.

THEN SLABS of CLAY. For muscles. For bone. Creating who he is. This mask of identity.

SHOOT THROUGH the Radiographs: at Natalie attaching CHEEKBONE and CHIN IMPLANTS.

POP IN on fingers sculpting, molding, grooving, contouring.

PAUSE ON NATALIE as she evaluates her work.

THEN, roll the slab, add the lips, and tool them into shape.

LAYERS OF CLAY. Measure the nose. Scribble calculations. Natalie makes a face at the pug nose.

Stick on the ears. Incise the eyebrows. Add skin texture with sandpaper.

Speedle carries in a ziplock full of Windshield man's hair. Natalie picks out a wig to match.

Natalie does finishing touches as the CAMERA WIPES her back--

VOILA: PLASTIC SURGERY MAN. Speedle and Natalie stare intently. Speedle pulls out a camera. FLASH-POP.

SPEEDLE

I'll get these out.

NATALIE DI MAIO

I'll go to phase two.

She peels off the chin. Pulls out the faux cheekbones. The nose grows bulbous. The face sinks in.

Natalie molds, sculpts, takes inventory. Refinishes the final touches and VOILA: THE UGLY MAN.

A conniving face. Eyes close together. Downturned lips. A man with a plan.

Speedle snap-pops some shots.
CONTINUED: (3)

SPEEDLE
This one looks familiar.

NATALIE DI MAIO
To me too.

FLASH-POP. Delko enters.

DELKO
No way.

Speedle and Natalie spin.

SPEEDLE
Recognize him?

DELKO
That's R.J. Spicer.

SPEEDLE
(realizing)
Ron Spicer. Right. Media got his name wrong.

Speedle snaps the shot. FLASH-POP.

DELKO
Parachuted out of a Cessna over the Caribbean.

SPEEDLE
With three million in diamonds.

DELKO
Yeah, and FBI never caught him.

SPEEDLE
Now we know why.

DELKO
So all we need to know is where.

SPEEDLE
Let's see if the trace Alexx found on Spicer's body can give us directions.

INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAY [2]

Speedle grabs a report from the mass spec, reads it to Delko.
CONTINUED:

SPEEDLE
Acetone, Xylene, Toulene, Clay,
Titanium Dioxide, Amorphous Silica
and Hydrocarbon Propellant... Some
kind of epoxy.

DELKO
Like windsurfing "non-skid."
(off Speedle's brow)
Prevents slippage on your board.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Gray clouds teem overhead. R.J. sprays DOUBLE TRACTION on
his board, it glitters across the fiberglass.

SMASH TO:

EXT. OCEAN - LATER (FLASHBACK)

R.J.'s feet stick to the board as water slams over them. The
board blasts off a wave in a high jump; R.J. reigns in the
boom, fighting the sail.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

SPEEDLE
Does that mean... the last thing
R.J. was doing was--

DELKO
--Windsurfing.

SPEEDLE
The bruises on his waist--

DELKO
Probably from a harness.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AUTOPSY THEATER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Bruises on R.J.'s waist.

SMASH TO:
EXT. BEACH - DAY *(FLASHBACK)*

R.J. snaps on his waist harness.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

SPEEDLE
Must have been ripped off during the storm.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY *(FLASHBACK)*

Force of the storm tears the waist harness off R.J.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

DELIK
*(impressed)*
Hundred and thirty-five mile-per-hour winds. That's gonna give your aerials some height.

SPEEDLE
So, R.J. was picked up by the hurricane while windsurfing... Is that possible?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CSI - A.V. LAB - MOMENTS LATER

TYLER JENSON plays a graphic of Hurricane Anthony hitting Miami for Delko and Speedle.

TYLER JENSON
It's possible. If he got caught in a vortice.

SPEEDLE
A vortice? What's that, like a tornado?

TYLER JENSON
But smaller. Winds whip 'em up, then they take off on their own.

Jenson types.
CONTINUED:

ON SCREEN APPEARS: Anatomy of a hurricane. A cross-sectioned pie of spiraling storm bands. Water lifts from the ocean, rising to the top of the clouds and pushing outward. Then, one of the spiraling shafts brakes off. A vortice.

TYLER JENSON
Gusts hit 150 miles-per-hour. On a windsurfing sail? Could pick a man up--

SPEEDLE
And throw him 300 feet to shore.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)


Until the wind grabs him, into a swirl, no longer man and board. Ripped into a whirl of flesh color. The storm bigger, stronger, more powerful.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

DELKO
Then that insurance salesman didn't hit R.J.

SPEEDLE
R.J. hit him.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COCONUT GROVE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The storm slams R.J. onto the windshield of the Acura. Torn apart.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

DELKO
Maybe if we figure out where the vortices went--
CONTINUED:

SPEEDLE
We can figure out where R.J. came from.

TYLER JENSON
The Doppler radar can show us the movement of the vortices.

Tyler pumps in some numbers. The DOPPLER RADAR appears.

ON SCREEN: The hurricane spins toward Miami. Inside it, red and green vortices whirl.

TYLER JENSON
He came down in Coconut Grove. So looks like...
(pointing)
This vortex picked him up.

SPEEDLE
And that's spinning right over...
Hobie Beach--

Speedle points to the screen. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON SWIRLING RED LIGHTS.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOBIE BEACH - DAY [2]

Speedle and Delko appear like a whirlwind plopped them in the middle of the sand.

DELKO
Hobie Beach.

They stare out at the ocean. Blue skies as far as the eye can see. The ocean slowly rising and falling, tranquil.

SPEEDLE
Only a day ago...

DELKO
Standing right here would have killed you.

They enjoy the perfect breeze, the easy ocean, being alive.

Speedle turns toward shore; toward a barely standing BUNGALOW.
CONTINUED:

SPEEDLE
Not a lot of places he could have been staying.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLD HOUSE - DAY [2]

Calleigh runs a metal detector over the corners of the room. Ramsey enters.

DET. RAMSEY
I've found something interesting.

CALLEIGH
What's that?

DET. RAMSEY
Deena Gold recently purchased a gun and a license to carry.

CALLEIGH
Magnum?

DET. RAMSEY
.357 though. Not a .44. Any luck with gravity?

CALLEIGH
No, but the hurricane knocked a lot of screws loose... wait a second--that's it.

DET. RAMSEY
What's it?

CALLEIGH
You solved it.

Ramsey looks clueless.

CALLEIGH
I was calculating trajectory with gravity at an acceleration rate of 32.17 feet. But if the shooting occurred during the hurricane, there's no drop rate at all. The winds would spin the bullet at who knows what rate. Who knows where. But not straight. Not on a trajectory.

SNAP CLICK TO:
86 CSI SHOT - ON A SLOW MOTION BULLET

Traveling straight through a room, hit suddenly by a hurricane and veering wildly off track.

87 BACK TO SCENE

Calleigh starts looking up into the corners of the room.

CALLEIGH
Physics goes out the window.

DET. RAMSEY
As the hurricane comes in.

CALLEIGH
Exactly. Hurricane smashed in the window and-

Calleigh sees a gouge in a corner, she steps up onto a dresser. Ramsey grabs her waist to steady her. She's stops.

CALLEIGH
Thanks, I don't need your help.

Ramsey removes his hands. Calleigh wobbles. Then digs a bullet out of the ceiling.

CALLEIGH
Got it.

She jumps down and holds the bullet up. They marvel.

CALLEIGH
What in the world...

DET. RAMSEY
Casing is still on it.

CALLEIGH
This bullet hasn't been fired.

88 ECU ON A .357 STILL IN ITS CASING

89 BACK TO SCENE

CALLEIGH

SNAP CLICK TO:
CSI SHOT - ON A NORMAL TRAJECTORY

In a cross section of a gun. Firing pin strikes. Setting off the powder. The bullet strips off its casing. Casing flies into the air. Bullet spins toward its destination.

BACK TO SCENE

DET. RAMSEY
But this bullet has blood on it.

CALLEIGH
It went through her alright-- but not in anyway known to man -- it's the immaculate bullet.

CUT TO:

INT. CSI - GARAGE - DAY [2]

Four doors of the Burton's ACURA stand open. Gloves on, Horatio clicks an amber gel onto his CRIME SCOPE. Yelina's by the door.

YELINA
Ready for lights out?

Horatio glances over his shoulder at Yelina.

HORATIO
Go for it.

Yelina hits the lights casting the garage into darkness. Horatio flips on the scope and runs it over the car's upholstery.

Passenger seat... nothing... driver's seat... something black... at the edge of a seam.

HORATIO
Something here.

Yelina steps up behind him; bathing both their faces in the amber light.

HORATIO
(handing her the scope)
Hold this.

Horatio gently pries back the sides of a car seam.

HORATIO
Blood.
He pulls out a swab and a vial of water.

YELINA
I didn't get a chance to thank you.

Horatio drips water onto the end of the swab then rubs the tip over the blood. Slowly.

HORATIO
For what?

YELINA
Being there for Ray Jr.

HORATIO
Kid's first hurricane.

Horatio drops the swab into a box and pockets it. He turns from the car, but Yelina doesn't step back. She lowers the scope.

YELINA
(forcing herself)
And for being there for me.

Now the two are close. In the dark. Wanting the same thing.

HORATIO
I always will be.

As he sidesteps around her, braking the tension, a dog on the hunt. The side door flares open and Horatio disappears. Yelina lowers her head and flips off the scope.

CUT TO:

93 INT. CSI - HALLWAY OUTSIDE DNA - DAY [2]

Horatio's steely blues are far away. Valera holds three DNA tests up to the glass. They all say the same thing. MATCH. And he's gone.

CUT TO:

94 INT. CSI - INTERVIEW ROOM "A" - DAY [2]

Horatio paces. Todd shuffles papers. Yelina stands guard.

TODD BURTON
"Morris vs. Southern Pacific Railroad." This guy got hurt but the company wasn't held responsible because there was a flood--
"Force Majeure" is a contractual term. Not a criminal one, Mr. Insurance Salesman.

So, that's all you care about? Whether you take the blame?

Survival of the fittest, man. Right and wrong go out the window in a hurricane.

That's where you're wrong.

You're not here about R.J. Spicer smashing your windshield. You're here about Martin Medesto.

My neighbor?

Your late neighbor.

Yeah, I heard. Poor Susana.

(leaning in)
I don't think there's anything I hate more than insincerity.

Yelina watches him; this is why Horatio gets under her skin.

What? We were friendly.

Then explain how your blood ended up at the foot of Martin Medesto's body.

...My blood.

(sarcastic)
Think up something good.

Todd's thinking. Thinking.
HORATIO
Try the truth. Maybe you can remember that.

TODD BURTON
The truth...
(wiping some sweat)
I remember. I loaned Martin some wood and knocked into a plank that had nails sticking out of it.

YELINA
Not award winning.

HORATIO
Not even close.

Todd panics. Stands.

TODD BURTON
Look, if you had something on me, you'd have arrested me right? So am I free to go?

HORATIO
Sit down, Todd. You're not going anywhere.

TODD BURTON
You're so convinced I did this. Show me. Show me how I stuck my neighbor on top of his fence.

HORATIO
I can see by the way that sweat is beading on your forehead -- you know I will.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

95 EXT. COCONUT GROVE - GOLD HOUSE - DAY [2]
Ramsey stands at his open car door, talking to Ted, cuffed in the backseat. Calleigh, just behind.

TED GOLD
Yeah, she told me she got herself a gun. She was threatening to shoot me with it.

CALLEIGH
Why would she do that, Ted?

TED GOLD
(grins)
Maybe because she knew she wasn't divorcing me any other way.

DET. RAMSEY
So she bought it to protect herself from you. Any idea where she kept it?

TED GOLD
I know where she practiced.

CALLEIGH
Enlighten us.

TED GOLD
Out back. I came over to, ah, give her an alimony check and I almost jumped out of my skin.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

96 EXT. GOLD HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)
Ted greets some curious neighbors out in front before: BAM! BAM! BAM! Everyone cringes. Ted rounds the corner, sees Deena with the gun and hightails it.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

97 BACK TO SCENE

TED GOLD
I mean, this is a nice neighborhood.
CONTINUED:

Ramsey looks up to see Calleigh disappear into the backyard. He slams the door on Ted.

EXT. GOLD HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY [2]

Calleigh finds an overturned trash can at the far end of the yard: a human outline spray painted on it and riddled with bad shots. Ramsey joins her.

CALLEIGH
She must have been terrified.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GOLD HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Deena's hands shake as she loads her .357 messily. She wipes some tears from her eyes and shoots AT CAMERA. BAM! BAM!

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

Calleigh strides back to where Deena stood. Looks around. A small metal shed stands open; its corrugated roof gone.

Calleigh studies the outer doors of the shed: bullet-sized dings. She opens the shed. Bullets strewn everywhere. Bullets that were trying to break out.

CALLEIGH
Immaculate bullet came from here.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GOLD HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

150 MPH winds and horizontal rain batter the shed. Inside, a pristine box of bullets shakes wickedly on its shelf. WHOOP! The roof is torn off.

Bullets shoot out lifted by swirling wind. Some smack against the inside doors, but a few escape out the top.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GOLD HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The immaculate bullet picks up speed and SMASHES through the bedroom window.
FOLLOW IT:

103 INT. GOLD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Into Deena's neck. The bullet curves again and embeds in the ceiling. Deena collapses onto the bed.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

104 INT. GOLD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY [2]

Calliegh and Ramsey stand over the window where the bullet entered.

DET. RAMSEY
Like that 2-by-4 in that palm tree we saw...

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

105 CSI SHOT - A 2-BY-4 IN A HURRICANE

Like a shooting arrow. Splitting through a palm tree.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

106 BACK TO SCENE

CALLIEGH
This one is gonna hit the ballistics lecture circuit for sure.

DET. RAMSEY
Only question is... where was Ted?

CALLIEGH
If I had to guess...

Calliegh looks under the bed, finds a wadded up windbreaker.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

107 INT. GOLD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

UNDER THE BED. Ted cowards like a child, gripping his windbreaker like a security blanket.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:
106 EXT. COCONUT GROVE - GOLD HOUSE - DAY [2]

Ramsey uncuffs Ted. Calleigh scowls.

TED GOLD
So what? So I was under the bed.
That makes me the smart one.

CALLEIGH
A smart coward.

109 EXT. HOBIE BEACH BUNGALOW - DAY [2]

A secluded getaway. Ripped apart by wind. Palm fronds that
used to be roof jut from odd angles. The bamboo garden sticks
out of the living room. Speedle and Delko enter cautiously.

110 INT. HOBIE BEACH BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Beach-bum sheik. Shoved over and tossed by the storm. Delko
picks up a can of "Double Traction".

DELKO
He didn't skid, he flew.

Speedle lifts a small palm tree off some windsurfing boards.

SPEEDLE
Think he knew what he was doing?

DELKO
Suicide by hurricane?

Delko lifts up a water-logged box of condoms.

DELKO
Doesn't look like it.

SPEEDLE
Just living dangerously.

DELKO
Full tilt.

Speedle lifts one of the surfboards, then another.

SPEEDLE
Hear that?

DELKO
What?

Speedle shakes the second board: the slightest rattle.
DELKO

Come on.

SPEEDLE

Got a knife?

Delko pulls a matte knife from his kit and slices into the fiberglass board as Speedle steadies it.

* A trickle of diamonds pour from the gash. They break the top off and pour three million in diamonds out on the floor.

Their jaws hang open.

DELKO

Oh man.

SPEEDLE

Three million bucks.

Their heads reel. Staring at the sparkling treasure. Unable to move.

DELKO

(dead pan)

Guess we better count them.

SPEEDLE

(reluctant)

That's right. It's evidence.

SMASH CUT TO:

111 INT. HOBIE BEACH BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

The guys on the floor. Plucking diamond after diamond. Turning them in their gloved hands before ker-plunking them into a box.

DELKO

This one could buy 2600 NSX Catamaran Hot Boat. Used.

SPEEDLE

(holding up a diamond)

A Harley-Davidson Screaming Eagle.

DELKO

(picking up another)

Trip to the Bahamas with Gena.

SPEEDLE

Or Cathy, or Susan.
111 CONTINUED:

DELKO
(and another)
Retirement for my mother.

SPEEDLE
(another)
College for that newborn.

DELKO
(another)
Permanent vacation.

SPEEDLE
Just what Spicer got.

DELKO
Didn't Hagen tell us that Narco got
to keep money from their busts?
Reincorporate it?

SPEEDLE
Yeah, like his undercover car.

DELKO
BMW's are really the choice vehicle
of tweakers these days.

SPEEDLE
Maybe something to do with his
transfer.

DELKO
CSIs are way above material
temptation.

SPEEDLE
(holding up a huge
one)
This one would definitely be missed.

Diamond drops with an echo into the evidence box.

CUT TO:

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

ON SCREEN: Live feed from the Interview Room shows Todd
fidgeting nervously.

Horatio and Yelina flank Tyler on the keyboard.
YELINA
(re: Todd)
He's sweating harder than a stuck pig.

HORATIO
It's called guilt.

ON A SECOND SCREEN: The Medesto crime scene. Take a virtual tour into the backyard where a 3-D body, Martin, is impaled.

TYLER JENSON
I plugged in the ladder like you suggested.

SECOND SCREEN: Martin moves backwards in time to standing on the ladder, propped against his house.

TYLER JENSON
Physics work perfectly.

Tyler types. ON SCREEN: Martin falls with the ladder and smashes onto the fence.

Horatio hands Tyler a photograph from the Medesto scene: plywood with nails.

HORATIO
Now, plug in this plywood. In relation to the fence.

Tyler scans the photo of the plywood (and nails) into the computer.

TYLER JENSON
Delko included a ruler. Makes this calculation easier.

ON SCREEN: A virtual piece of plywood appears. Resting between the house and the fence.

HORATIO
Now add a second man. 5'10". On the ladder.

Tyler punches in some numbers and a second man appears at the bottom of the ladder.

HORATIO
And collapse the ladder backwards.

Tyler does. The second man falls directly on the nails in the plywood.
YELINA
No wonder he's sweating like a stuck pig.

HORATIO
Cause he's stuck.

113 INT. CSI - INTERVIEW ROOM "A" - DAY [2]

Horatio, Yelina and an N.D. CSI enter.

HORATIO
Lift up your shirt, Todd.

Todd looks over his shoulder, hesitantly pulling off his shirt.

DEEP GOUGES in his skin perfectly match the nail pattern.

The CSI holds a ruler to Todd's back and SNAPS a photo. Exits.

YELINA
Those marks nail you to the crime.

HORATIO
So to speak.

TODD BURTON
(mopping the brow)
It was an accident. I was helping Martin board and the wind from the hurricane blew us over.

HORATIO
You accidentally hammer his calves before the wind accidentally pushed you over?

TODD BURTON
Fine. So, we had a small fight first. Doesn't mean I killed him. Assault and battery. Misdemeanor.

HORATIO
Know how I know you're lying?

Todd looks caught. But wants to know.

HORATIO
Rosebud.

TODD BURTON
What?
113 CONTINUED:

YELINA
There was a perfect rosebud under
Martin when we found him. Hurricane
wiped out all the others.

HORATIO
Your little accident happened before
the hurricane. Which means the wind
didn't blow Martin over. You did.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

114 EXT. MEDESTO HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Storm brews in the background. RACK FOCUS HARD to Todd banging
on Martin's calves with a hammer.

   TODD BURTON
   Damnit! I need the ladder. You're
   boarded. Now give me a chance.

   MARTIN MEDESTO
   Get off me, carbon.

   TODD BURTON
   Storm's gonna destroy my house!

   Todd starts yanking on the ladder. Pulling it away from the
   house.

   TODD BURTON
   Give it to me!

The ladder teeters for a second perpendicular to the ground,
then it swings hard away from the house. SLAM! Todd is rammed
into the nails jutting from the plank and SMASH! Martin is
skewered onto the fence!

   Todd squeaks out from under the ladder, then seizes his prize
   and carries it off.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

115 BACK TO SCENE

   TODD BURTON
   He was double boarding.

   HORATIO
   'Scuse me?

   TODD BURTON
   He already had one set of boards up.
115 CONTINUED:

TODD BURTON (CONT'D)
But he still wouldn't loan me his ladder. It's his fault. For being greedy.

HORATIO
As if anything you own is worth a man's life.

TODD BURTON
*I panicked. The storm was coming!*

HORATIO
You murdered that baby's father on the day he was born. He'll have to live with that for the rest of his life. And as long as I'm around, you will too.

Yelina cuffs the bastard as Horatio takes a walk.

CUT TO:

116 INT. MDPD - HALLWAY - DAY [2]

Speedle hands over the evidence box of diamonds to an officious blond FBI AGENT in a skirt suit.

SPEEDLE
150 cut diamonds. Worth three million 4 years ago.

FBI AGENT
 Probably 4.5 today.

SPEEDLE
He must've been waiting to spend them.

FBI AGENT
Statute of limitations ran out day of the hurricane. R.J. would've been free and clear.

SPEEDLE
Does that mean those diamonds don't have an owner?

FBI AGENT
Don't worry Mr. Speedle, FBI will find them a good home.
Speedle grins, shakes her hand goodbye.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. COCONUT GROVE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY [NEW DAY 3]

A new day. Cleaner streets. Less chaos. Plain-clothed, Calleigh and Alexx grab food and water out of the back of a large van, handing them to a long line of the recently homeless.

118 EXT. BEACH - DUSK [3]

Backlit by the sun falling behind Miami, Delko waxes up a surfboard. CAMERA SWINGS 180° as he jogs out to the ocean.

CUT TO:

119 INT. MEDESTO HOUSE - DUSK [3]

Susana cradles little Antony in her arms sharing a smile with Horatio.

CBS WEATHERMAN (V.O.)

Hurricane Anthony caused million in damages and took 32 lives to date. People are still searching for loved ones...

Horatio found peace for one family. Peace he'll never have himself.

CAMERA PULLS OUT, glinting off the setting sun. Flickering over the destruction.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE