CSI: MIAMI

“Bait”

CAST LIST

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

JACK
TED
CINDY CASTILLO
BRUNO GOMES
DET. FRANK TRIPP
CARL PARDUE
JOSEPH KAYLE
TYLER JENSON
LESLEY WARNER
MICHAEL WARNER
N.D. DETECTIVE
N.D. UNIFORM

(32, stockbroker-on-holiday fisherman)
(34, stockbroker-on-holiday fisherman)
(VICTIM - 23, leave-your-wife gorgeous, dark, sultry)
(30s, Versace-wearing, ex-cop, P.I.)
(introduced in Episode #116)
(36, handsome, sleazy, obsessive)
(introduced in Episode #205)
(introduced in Episode #119)
(34, leggy blonde)
(34, boyish good looks)

Featured Characters (non-speaking only)

MDPD Uniforms, several (throughout)
2 Other Stockbrokers-on-holiday (30s)
MDPD Divers

Sal Warner (4, Michael/Leslie’s child)
Joey Warner (5, Michael/Leslie’s child)
Bartender
## CSI: MIAMI

### “Bait”

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#### SPECIAL SHOTS

- **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)
FADE IN:

1 EXT. OVER MIAMI - DAY [DAY 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]

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...
CONTINUED:

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:
EXT. MARINA - DAY

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:

ECU ON A BULLET WOUND

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

BACK TO SCENE

ALEXX
Uh oh. Entrance wound.
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
CSI: MIAMI - Ep. 209 - Production Draft: 10/7/03

ACT ONE

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EXT. MARINA - DAY [1]

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

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

HORATIO
Have them scour the bottom.

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

Delko peels off as Horatio heads toward...
CONTINUED:

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:

INT. CSI - HALLWAY - DAY [1]

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.
CONTINUED:

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:

INT. AUTOPSY THEATER - DAY [1]

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

CSI SHOT - INSIDE SHARK GIRL'S BODY

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

BACK TO SCENE

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:
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:

CSI SHOT - CLOSE ON THE LAVALIER MIKE

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...

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.
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

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?
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.
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:
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.

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

YELINA
Was she a guest at the hotel?

DE尔KO
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?

DE尔KO
Damn good bar...
(coversing)
So I hear.

Horatio's already in overdrive.

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

DE尔KO
(getting it)
Within a hundred feet.

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

DELKO
You got it.

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

ECU ON A PARTIAL FINGERPRINT
Smudged into the spray paint.

BACK TO SCENE

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:

INT. HOTEL LAPI DUS - ROOM 1217 - DAY [1]

 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.
CONTINUED:

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:

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

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:

BACK TO SCENE

DELKO
We just found our crime scene.

TIME CUT TO:

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

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.
CONTINUED:

ON A FINGERPRINT, slowly materializing on the Highball Glass.

ANGLE ON Delko, smiling as he tape lifts the print.

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

ECU ON A TAPE STRIP

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

BACK TO SCENE

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:

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

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

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

DELKO
Might give us his motive.

SPEEDLE
Might give us his voice.

OFF this intriguing turn:

CUT TO:
28 INT. MDPD - BULLPEN - DAY [1]

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]

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.
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
FADE IN:

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

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.
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.

**DEIKO**
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?

**DEIKO**
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...

**DEIKO**
(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.

**DEIKO**
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.**
Delko not believing what he's seeing.

DELKO
That can't be right...

JOSEPH KAYLE
Made the match off the police database. 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 keystrokes, 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.
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.
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:

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

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 JENSEN
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.
CONTINUED:

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.

ECU ON THE TAPE

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

BACK TO SCENE

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
...Pllleaaazz-dooohhmmnt...
Hhhaarrrrtt...mmmm...bbggghbb... 

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...
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 hangover.

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

FEMALE VOICE
...PPplleeaase-doohhnnt...
Hhaaarrtt...mmmm...bbggbbbb.

TYLER JENSON
Please don't...something.

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

Tyler plays it again:

FEMALE VOICE
PPplleeaase-doohhnnt...
Hhaaarrtt...mmmm...bbggbbbb

TYLER JENSON
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 JENSON
Sure. This one's gone cold anyway.

He picks up the coffee mug, heads for the door. Delko closes the door behind him.
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.
CONTINUED: (3)

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.

ECU ON THE LIST
Tripp's name is on the top. Alongside his name is the status of the investigation.

BACK TO SCENE
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:
Tripp crosses the parking lot, gets into an unmarked car.

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 windscreen.

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:

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 LAPI DUS - BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

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

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 LAPI DUS - BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

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

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

43 BACK TO SCENE

DET. TRIPP
Maybe she really did.
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 -
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:

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 -

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.
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:

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

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.
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:

EXT. CINDY'S HOUSE - DAY [2]

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:

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]

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

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

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:

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.
CONTINUED: (2)

Locks it.

CUT TO:

INT. MDPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY [2]

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:

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

Michael on top of Cindy on the bed, both still clothed, Michael clutching a gun as he rapes her from behind.
HORATIO
You raped her and then shot her,
didn't you Michael?

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

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:

INT. MDPD - BULLPEN - DAY [2]

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

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:

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

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:

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]

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.
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.
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:

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

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

HORATIO
When was Michael last here, Mrs. Warner?
CONTINUED:

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:

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

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:

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

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

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
FADE IN:

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

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

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

62 BACK TO SCENE

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

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]

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.
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]

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...
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?
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.

INT. MD PD - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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.

INT. CHEATERS INC. OFFICE - DAY [2]

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?
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.
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]

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?
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:

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

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)
Pleease, doon't huuurrr
mmmm..... baaaby.

Tyler echoes Cindy's taped voice.
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)
Please, don't huuurt
mommie.......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

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:
CSI SHOT - INSIDE THE VIAL

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:

INT. CSI - HALLWAY - DAY [2]

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.
CALLEIGH
Very wet. And recently.

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

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

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:

BACK TO SCENE

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:

INT. MDPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY [2]

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.
CONTINUED:

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:

INT. HOTEL LAPIRIDS - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

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...

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

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

INT. HOTEL LAPICUS - ROOM 1217 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

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!

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

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.
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:

BACK TO SCENE

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:

EXT. CSI - PARKING LOT - NIGHT [2]

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.
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]

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

LESLEY 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.
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