

CSI: MIAMI

"Dead Zone"

[SCENE NUMBERS ARE T

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY [DAY 1]  
Out of the mystic. Moving fast over the waves, mottled coral of blue and direction. Tilt up to see Miami in th skyline looking like a land-locked ree

2 EXT. BISCAYNE MARINA - DAY [1]  
The starting gate for weekend dreamers. bob like church steeples, casting shadow of cigarette boats. Push through the settling on:

3

EXT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY [1]  
Next year's model. 38 feet of gleaming S. Feels like another Robb Report day on the illusion is shattered by the clunky WHIRRI gliding into frame.  
JIM GORDON (50s), goggles over glasses, pho white hard hat, is in love. Visions of ret through his head as he joysticks the cherry square inch of the boat's deck.

*The landlocked cabin cruiser rests atop a bo  
S eeming mirage in this neighborhood of bowed  
I range dogs.*

JIM GORDON  
Aw, Juan, she's even got the 60-30 Navitron output!

*Widen to reveal Gordon's anxious partner, JUAN  
waiting by their Sunshine State Telecom truck.*

JUAN RAMIREZ  
You're gonna get us both fired.  
Gordon pays no attention to his partner or to th  
criss crossing dangerously nearby.

3 CONTINUED:

3

JIM GORDON

Relax.

He trundles around the wheelhouse. Oblivious to the million volt surprise at his elbow.

JIM GORDON

Twin screws, Detroit 550s, I'm telling you, she's --

The WHIRRING stops dead.

JIM GORDON

-- perfect.

A bloody spear tip strains for daylight through the hull.

Gordon fumbles with his orange test set phone. Dials 9-1-1 as he watches the blood drops fall --

SMASH CUT TO:

4 EXT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY [1]

4

-- onto the crushed seashells and sugar-white sand, a poor man's lawn in this part of the world. PLOP. PLIP-PLOP. Pan up with **HORATIO CAINE** as he follows the blood trail from pool to spear tip, then past it to **ERIC DELKO**, on deck.

DELKO

Somebody hit a bull's-eye.

5 INT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY [1]

5

Horatio joins Delko and **YELINA SALAS**. Cramped quarters, especially with **SAM JASPER** (20's) speared to the wall.

YELINA

Phone guys were here at seven A.M.  
Saw nobody coming or going.

HORATIO

Neighbors?

YELINA

Heard music last night, nothing unusual.

DELKO

Forty foot boat in the yard. Yeah, pretty typical.

5 CONTINUED:

5

Horatio takes a closer look at Sam Jasper. His feet dangle off the ground, the titanium spear buried in his torso. A bottle of tequila and a glass sit on the table.

DELKO

Least he went in style. New boat,  
new gear.

(bags bottle and  
glass)

Top shelf tequila.

HORATIO

One glass. Wasn't expecting company.

ALEX WOODS enters, carrying an oversized Sawzall with a twelve inch blade.

ALEX

Can I take him off your hands?

HORATIO

He's all yours. I want the one that  
got away.

Alexx fires up the saw and slices through the hull. As the first shaft of light floods the darkened cabin, we --

SMASH TO WHITE.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY [1]

6

Horatio on a platform ladder outside the boat, his frame silhouetted against the freshly cut hole in the hull. SPEEDLE lifts footprints as Delko examines the boat's gear.

HORATIO

Air compressor, wet suits, hose.  
Vic wasn't some weekend fisherman.

DELKO

Deep sea diver's my guess.

SPEEDLE

Why's that?

DELKO

Eighty foot hose. You dive the shallows, hose that length gets tangled.

Delko opens a closet door. A heavy box falls out.

DELKO

(realizes)  
Whoa! Scantron XG Magnetometer.  
Still in the box.

SPEEDLE

He's like a kid at Christmas.

DELKO

This guy wasn't just a diver.

HORATIO

He was a salvager.  
(to Speedle)  
Footprints?

SPEEDLE

Two sets. One was dangling Sam's.  
Other one's a foreign. Size ten.

HORATIO

Shooter's?

SPEEDLE

Not sure. Can't place the prints  
with the right trajectory.

Horatio stands where Sam Jasper last drew breath.

6 CONTINUED:

6

HORATIO  
New toys, good booze, Jimmy Buffet  
on the stereo, then --

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

7 INT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

7

POV SHOOTER as he levels a speargun at Sam Jasper. Fires.

8 CSI SHOT - TITANIUM SPEAR

8

Rocketing toward Sam. Think Robin Hood's arrow in *Prince of Thieves*. SUPER SLO-MO of the razor-sharp blades' tight spiral. Back to normal speed as the spear rips through Sam Jasper. Pins him to the wall.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

9 BACK TO SCENE

9

HORATIO  
-- our vic takes the spear. Blood  
pooled at his feet --

Something in the blood pool catches H.'s eye.

HORATIO  
Speed...

Speedle is on it, dropping a ruler and snapping photos of a blank area within the pool of blood. [NOTE: This floor must be a smooth flat, surface. Hardwood or linoleum. No carpet.]

SPEEDLE  
Looks like a void in the blood pool.

DELKO  
Rectangular. Lead diving weight?

SPEEDLE  
Whatever it was, the blood formed a  
ridge around it in minutes --

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

10

CLOSE ON A RECTANGULAR, LEAD DIVING WEIGHT resting on the ground next to Sam Jasper's dangling feet. Blood drains down Jasper's shoes and pools around the weight, forming a ridge, like hardening concrete.

10 CONTINUED:

10

A hand reaches in and withdraws the diving weight. The ridge remains in place. All new blood moves around it, respecting the void.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

11 BACK TO SCENE

11

SPEEDLE

-- but left a void when the object was removed.

HORATIO

And whoever moved it stood there and watched a man die.

A reminder that there are life forms lower than murderers.

HORATIO

Keep me posted.

Horatio disappears down the ladder.

Delko laughs. Speedle knows that laugh well enough not to like it.

SPEEDLE

(threatening)

What?

DELKO

New boat, used head.  
(points to bathroom)  
Seat's up.

Sure enough, the toilet seat is up and the bowl streaked a chemical-blue.

SPEEDLE

Why's it always gotta be the toilet?

TIME CUT TO:

12 INT. CABIN CRUISER - HEAD - DAY [1]

12

LATER. Speedle with his hand down the head. Comes up empty.

13 EXT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY [1]

13

Speedle opens a ball-valve in the hull, then has to jump out of the way to avoid getting covered in treated waste water.

13 CONTINUED:

13

As he wipes the grime off, he sees it: a cheap cigar stub with a plastic filter. Blue from time in the tank. Bags it.

CUT TO:

14 INT. AUTOPSY THEATER - DAY [1]

14

CALLEIGH enters as Alexx preps. On the table, an oversized sheet rises skyward, like a magician's trick.

CALLEIGH

Who's the pup tent?

Alexx peels back the sheet. A naked guy, a spear, and a hull. Not something you see every day.

CALLEIGH

Hel-lo.

Alexx goes to work, excising the area around the spear. Blood oozes from the incision.

ALEXX

(to corpse)

Whoever did this to you left something behind.

SNAP CLICK TO:

15 MACRO SHOT - WOUND TRACK

15

Transparent silver discs populate the area around the spear.

16 BACK TO SCENE

16

CALLEIGH

Fish scales?

ALEXX

Transfer probably occurred as the spear passed through the torso. The blades'll have better samples.

Alexx slices free the last of the spear from Sam Jasper.

ALEXX

Give me a hand.

Calleigh kneels below the hull and grabs the spear. With a jerk and a SLURP, Calleigh tugs the spear free.

16 CONTINUED:

16

CALLEIGH  
I'll get the scales to Trace.  
(to spear)  
You're coming with me.

Horatio enters as Calleigh exits.

HORATIO  
What's he telling us?

ALEXX  
Irritation on hands and forearms.

HORATIO  
Most divers wear short-sleeved  
wetsuits, stop at the elbows.

ALEXX  
So he got this in the water.  
Jellyfish?

HORATIO  
Except there are cuts inside the  
welts.

SNAP CLICK TO:

17 MACRO SHOT - FOREARM WELTS

17

Small cuts run along the center of each welt.

18 BACK TO SCENE

18

HORATIO  
Fire coral.

ALEXX  
Jellyfish and fire coral are cousins.  
If he scraped against fire coral,  
it'd release nematocysts --

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. UNDERWATER CORAL REEF - DAY (FLASHBACK)

19

Sam Jasper, wearing a short-sleeved wetsuit, swims through a reef. He extends his hand to pick up something (we don't see what) and scrapes it along the rock-like fire coral.



20 CSI SHOT - SAM JASPER'S FOREARM

20

As the fire coral cuts it. ECU of water flooding the fire coral's "pore" until a nematocyst -- like a barb attached to a string -- shoots out, darting into the skin of the coral's "attacker".

Back to regular view, as Sam's injured arm pulls away.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

21 BACK TO SCENE

21

ALEXX

-- that sting just like a jellyfish.  
Welts usually only last a day.

HORATIO

So he was reef diving within the  
last 24 hours.

ALEXX

That isn't all he was doing.  
(examines his lips)  
Either he uses the same glitter lip  
gloss as my niece, or this is --

Alexx looks to Horatio, thinking she'll sound crazy if she says it.

HORATIO

Gold.

ALEXX

Lip balm makes sense for a salvage  
diver. Chapped lips are an  
occupational hazard. But gold?

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

22

Sam Jasper fondles a gold doubloon, tosses it on the table just to hear it CLINK. Smiles, smears a tube of Vaseline on his fingertip, then applies it to his lips.

23 ECU ON THE TRANSFER

23

Of tiny gold flakes from finger to lips.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

24 BACK TO SCENE

24

Alexx swabs a few gold flecks off Sam's lips, drops it in an envelope.

ALEXX

As in sunken treasure? No way that still happens.

HORATIO

Mel Fisher found half a billion from one shipwreck. Also lost a son and four other divers doing it.

ALEXX

You can keep your gold. But I guess every dream has a cost.

(to corpse)

Doesn't it, sugar?

CUT TO:

25 INT. CSI - RECEPTION - DAY [1]

25

Horatio exits the elevator to find Yelina finishing up with an ND COP.

HORATIO

Thought you had court?

YELINA

Defendant realized he wasn't God and did kill his wife. Jury was back by noon.

HORATIO

Anything on our diver?

YELINA

More questions, like how a guy who can't afford 300 dollar-a-month rent bought a hundred thousand dollar boat?

HORATIO

Not from salvaging scrap metal.

YELINA

Boat dealer sold it to him on credit. Vic told him they'd hit it big.

HORATIO

They?

25 CONTINUED:

25

YELINA

He worked for a guy named Marty  
Vincent, runs his own salvage company.

HORATIO

Any sign of him?

YELINA

No. On my way to file a BOLO.

Yelina exits. Delko and a grumpy Speedle enter from the field.  
Speedle's jeans are splotted chemical-blue.

SPEEDLE

Another pair of jeans down the toilet.  
Good thing I'm made of money.

HORATIO

Was it worth it?

SPEEDLE

Smoky Mountain Cigar stub. Chemicals  
probably killed any DNA.

DELKO

Also got a better look at that gear.  
Sidescan sonar, magnetometer, metal  
detectors. Boat's tricked out.

SPEEDLE

Pretty high end for a salvage guy.

HORATIO

But not for a treasure hunter. Let's  
find out where they were diving.

DELKO

You think he found a shipwreck?

HORATIO

If he did, might explain why the  
hunter became the hunted.

CUT TO:

26 INT. STATE OF FLORIDA MARINE ARCHEOLOGY UNIT - DAY (1)

26

Delko and Speedle talk to **DR. CHRISTINE ACHESON**, Florida's  
director of Marine Archeology. Nobody's idea of a civil  
servant. Sun-dappled cheeks and beach blonde hair, you'd  
swear her PhD stood for Painfully Hot Diver.

26 CONTINUED:

26

DELKO

So if these two found treasure, it's theirs?

CHRISTINE ACHESON

No. They have to split it with the state, 80/20.

SPEEDLE

Who gets the 80?

CHRISTINE ACHESON

They do. But we get to pick the 20.

DELKO

They do all the work and only get 80%?

CHRISTINE ACHESON

I don't make the rules, I just enforce 'em.

SPEEDLE

What if they don't report it?

CHRISTINE ACHESON

It's harder to sell if the state doesn't certify it. But that's not Marty and Sam. When they found something, they were like kids coming to register it.

SPEEDLE

They ever hit a mother lode?

CHRISTINE ACHESON

No way. Couple doubloons in their quadrant, enough to keep 'em in diesel and beer. Never even arrested a wreck.

SPEEDLE

Arrested a wreck?

DELKO

If a diver discovers a virgin wreck, he gets to claim it. Along with the state, of course.

CHRISTINE ACHESON

How'd you know that?

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

DELKO

I've been at it since I got my first  
Fisher 2000.

CHRISTINE ACHESON

Still got mine. That's how I found --  
(points to a photo)  
-- Fersephone.

DELKO

Get anything good from her?

CHRISTINE

(shrugs)  
Nah. Bragging rights. You'll have  
to come down and see her some time.

Delko blushes, Christine smiles, Speedle controls his gag  
reflex.

SPEEDLE

You said something about "their  
quadrant"?

CHRISTINE ACHESON

To get exclusive rights to an area,  
you have to lease the quadrant from  
us. Nobody else can dive there.

DELKO

Can we get a map of their area?

Christine sorts through the wide, thin drawers of nautical  
maps. Finds the right oversized map.

CHRISTINE ACHESON

I was wrong, Marty Vincent's quadrant  
is co-leased with --  
(reads off the map)  
Brian Betancourt.

DELKO

Know him?

CHRISTINE ACHESON

Recognize the name, never seen him.  
Look, treasure hunters are hucksters,  
Marty and Sam included. Always  
looking for deep pockets to bankroll  
'em.

SPEEDLE

So this guy Betancourt's some sucker?

26 CONTINUED: (3)

26

CHRISTINE ACHESON  
Burns a little cash, gets to be an  
honorary treasure hunter.

DELKO  
But if they hit it big, he hits it  
big.

CHRISTINE ACHESON  
Yeah.  
(to Delko)  
You know your way around this stuff.  
When'd you start diving?

DELKO  
Before I was born, if you ask my  
Mom. She barely made it from Cuba  
when she was pregnant.

CHRISTINE ACHESON  
Y'never do know what little treasures  
the sea'll cough up.

CUT TO:

27 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY [1]

27

Delko lays out the quadrant map on the light box.

SPEEDLE  
You realize she called you sea sputum?

DELKO  
No, she called me "a treasure."

SPEEDLE  
A little treasure.

DELKO  
Give me the reef map.

Speedle unrolls a second, marine biologist's map. Lays it  
over the quadrant map.

DELKO  
We know Sam and his boss had no reason  
to dive in other quadrants.

SPEEDLE  
No lease, no rights.

Delko draws a dark Sharpie outline around the quadrant in  
question.

27 CONTINUED:

27

DELKO

He was near fire coral, but that covers half the Florida coast.

SPEEDLE

Right, but only one species is found at depths of 80 feet. *Millepora Alaicornis*.

Delko draws lines through a huge swath of the quadrant.

DELKO

That narrows it down to two reef sections.

(reads map)

Muldoons and the Cortez Trench.

SPEEDLE

Muldoons only drops to 65 feet. So...

DELKO

Another hard day at the office.

Push in on the map as Delko circles the last bit of area left: "Cortez Trench".

DISSOLVE TO:

28 EXT. MDPD CUTTER - ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY [1]

28

Terra firma is nothing more than a slip of brown and green on the horizon. Horatio and Calleigh scan the ocean's surface.

HORATIO

Time?

CALLEIGH

(concerned)

Three hours. The other divers were up twenty minutes ago.

HORATIO

(into walkie-talkie)

I'm calling it, Delko.

DELKO

(filtered, audio fritzing out)

Give me a minute.

HORATIO

I did. Ten minutes ago.

28 CONTINUED:

28

HORATIO (CONT'D)

We'll try again tomorrow.

DELKO

Roger that. I'm -- hold on. What  
the --

(audio fritzes out)

HORATIO

Talk to me, Delk.

DELKO

-- closer --

(labored breathing)

-- can't --

HORATIO

(into walkie-talkie)

Eric? Are you OK? Over.

STATIC. Another beat. Still nothing.

CALLEIGH

We should be seeing bubbles, H.

HORATIO

I want divers ready to splash.

CALLEIGH

Got it.

Calleigh CLANGS upstairs in search of the other divers.  
Horatio paces along the gunwale, searching for signs of life.  
Nothing. Calleigh's back.

CALLEIGH

He knows to come up by his buoy.

HORATIO

If he's thinking straight. If he's  
not --

Horatio turns, slicing through the wheelhouse to the other  
side of the deck. Bubbles erupt on the surface. Delko's  
safe. Horatio and TWO DIVERS pull him from the sea.

DELKO

(acting drunk)

Guys! Who moved the boat?

(sees Calleigh)

She's so beautiful.



28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

CALLEIGH  
(all business, checks  
Delko's pupils)  
Tell me something I don't know, big  
boy.

DELKO  
Not you.

CALLEIGH  
OK, throw this one back.

DELKO  
The mermaid. She's beautiful.

Delko reaches into his goodie bag, hands over his video camera  
and a piece of plastic resembling a supersized vacuum tube.

DELKO  
Isn't it amazing?

CALLEIGH  
Pupils are normal, but speech is  
slurred. Nitrogen narcosis?

HORATIO  
The "rapture of the deep." At 80  
feet, the pressure's more than three  
atmospheres.

CALLEIGH  
That means nitrogen levels in his  
blood triple. The deeper he went,  
the more N-2 in his system.

29 CSI SHOT - DELKO'S LUNGS

29

AT THE ALVEOLAR LEVEL, as they fill with red-colored nitrogen  
particles. With every inhalation, the nitrogen particles  
multiply, until the alveoli are mostly red.

CALLEIGH  
The body can't metabolize nitrogen,  
so it leeches into his blood and  
tissue.

30 CSI SHOT - DELKO'S LUNGS

30

The nitrogen concentration becomes so great that the red  
molecules break through the walls of the alveoli.

30 CONTINUED:

30

CALLEIGH

When it interrupted the nerve impulses, he got disoriented --

31 CSI SHOT - DELKO'S NERVOUS SYSTEM

31

Electrical impulses race along neural networks, until a gang of red nitrogen molecules surround a neural spark, smothering it to death.

32 BACK TO SCENE

32

CALLEIGH

(to Delko)

-- and you had yourself a little drunk diving accident.

DELKO

(less loopy)

Am I O.K.?

CALLEIGH

Ten minutes, be good as new. Not even a hangover.

HORATIO

Next time, come up when I say. I don't care what's down there.

A diver, **JOSH WALKER**, peach-faced and fresh out of the Coast Guard Academy, sticks his head out from the wheelhouse.

JOSH WALKER

Lieutenant, you're not gonna believe this.

33 INT. MDPD CUTTER - WHEELHOUSE - DAY [1]

33

Delko's video camera feeds into the ship's on-board plasma screen. Walker fast forwards.

JOSH WALKER

Tape's mostly garbage. But then...

Walker hits pause. Calleigh moves closer, points to an image barely visible at the far edge of the screen.

CALLEIGH

Not a mermaid, but not his imagination.

33 CONTINUED:

33

PUSH in on the ghostly image in the corner. There, mostly overgrown by hundreds of years of living coral, is the hand-carved figurehead of a Spanish galleon.

MATCH CUT TO:

34 INT. CSI - A/V LAB - DAY [1]

34

The image of the female figurehead is frozen, as is Delko, staring at "her."

REVERSE ANGLE - turquoise seawater projects off the screen, giving Delko's face an eerie green glow.

TYLER JENSON (O.S.)

Nice peepers.

Delko had almost forgotten TYLER JENSON, A/V Specialist, was there.

DELKO

'Scuse me?

TYLER JENSON

(as to a child)

Your vision. Cameras can see 20% more than humans. The fact you saw it at all is amazing. 'Specially in your condition.

DELKO

(touchy, touchy)

Hey! At the academy I held my breath for almost five minutes.

TYLER JENSON

I'm sure you did.

DELKO

Can you clean this up?

TYLER JENSON

Yeah.

(works as he talks)

Center it. Enlarge. Get rid of the cloudiness in the water.

(sees something)

What's around her neck?

DELKO

A cross.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAY [1]

35

Calleigh is waiting for Speedle, who enters in a hurry. He doesn't notice a trail of greasy black footprints following him in.

CALLEIGH

Two hour lunch and you track in grease?

SPEEDLE

You had to be the milk monitor in school.

CALLEIGH

(yeah, I was)  
No, I wasn't.

SPEEDLE

I was working on my motorcycle.  
Gonna sell it on eBay.

CALLEIGH

You think somebody's gonna pay you to take that heap off your hands?

SPEEDLE

Some consider it a classic.  
(moving on)  
Whatcha got?

CALLEIGH

(hands over vacuum tube)  
Delko found it diving.

SPEEDLE

Part of an induction dredge.

CALLEIGH

That was fast.

SPEEDLE

Vic had a brand new one on his boat.  
Treasure guys use it like a vacuum cleaner on the sea floor.

CALLEIGH

What's inside?

Speedle holds up the tube. As he looks through, we see what he does: a coral-encrusted chunk of junk. He dislodges it.

SPEEDLE

Coral?

35 CONTINUED:

35

SPEEDLE (CONT'D)  
(looks closer)  
Something metallic here. Get back  
to you?

Calleigh nods, exits.

TIME CUT TO:

36 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAY [1]

36

Speedle pours a clear solution from a beaker onto the rocky coral. Smoke steams off the hissing rock, as hundreds of years of encrustation fall away. Speedle chips off a couple pieces, revealing what looks like engraved lettering in metal.

CUT TO:

37 INT. CSI - A/V LAB - DAY [1]

37

Calleigh's turn to stare at the figurehead filling the PLASMA SCREEN. On the screen next to it, a grid with drawings or paintings of EIGHT SPANISH GALLEONS.

CALLEIGH  
Hundreds of shipwrecks out there,  
how'd you narrow it down to eight?

DELKO  
Figurehead design's religious, not  
sexual. 18th century Spanish galleons  
put female saints on their bows for  
good luck.

CALLEIGH  
Clearly not a foolproof strategy.  
What do you think happened to it?

DELKO  
Her.

CALLEIGH  
What?

DELKO  
Boats are feminine.

CALLEIGH  
O.K. Creepy, but O.K.

DELKO  
Probably left too late in the season.  
Thought the weather would hold --

38 CSI SHOT - LOOKING UP FROM THE SEA FLOOR

38

Muted sounds, calm seas. Then the bulky hull of a Spanish galleon splits the water like a zipper opening. Zoom up, thousands of feet per second, out of the water, past the galleon, through wispy clouds and into the stratosphere.

TIME LAPSE as weather patterns intensify. The wispy clouds grow thicker until, from this vantage point of 10,000 miles up, the telltale shape of a hurricane forms.

DELKO

But got caught in a hurricane. Never had a chance.

Rocket back down through the storm, as the galleon is lifted from the sea by hurricane waves. Back underwater as she smashes onto a reef. CRACK. CRUNCH. The hull disintegrates, the figurehead sinks to the bottom for 300 years of slumber.

39 BACK TO SCENE

39

CALLEIGH

How come nobody found her until now?

DELKO

Most wrecks happen along shallow reefs. She sank deep. Plus, 300 years of hurricanes probably silted her over --

40 CSI SHOT - UNDERWATER SHIPWRECK

40

TIME LAPSE at the bottom of the Cortez Trench. Centuries pass in seconds, covering, uncovering, and re-covering the shipwreck (think time lapse images in *Adaptation*).

41 BACK TO SCENE

41

DELKO

-- until another one came along and uncovered her. People tried for centuries. But I found her.

Calleigh looks at Delko. He's possessive, fixated.

CALLEIGH

Yeah, we did.

CUT TO:

42 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAY [1]

42

Speedle attaches three metal clips to the dark silver plate, then dunks it into a glass fish tank. Pours in water and baking soda to make an electrolytic solution. He runs the wires to a 12 volt battery and flips the switch. The dark-grey tarnish magically disappears from the plate.

CUT TO:

43 INT. CSI - A/V LAB - DAY [1]

43

Delko and Calleigh pore over treasure atlases and volumes about shipwrecks.

CALLEIGH

These ship manifests are amazing.  
The detail.

DELKO

Spain kept better records about the ships that sank than the ones that didn't.

CALLEIGH

Makes sense. Lose a ship, lose all that gold.

DELKO

Lose the gold, you lose your empire.

CALLEIGH

Now we have to find something to link our girl here to one of these manifests.

SPEEDLE (O.S.)

How'bout the communion platter from --

Calleigh and Delko turn to see Horatio and Speedle, who's carrying the newly refinished plate.

SPEEDLE

(reads the engraving)

"La Nuestra Senora de Zaragoza."

Delko clicks on the Zaragoza's image. Up pops the manifest.

DELKO

The Zaragoza. 379 tons of gold,  
2,800 bars of silver. 92,000 pieces  
of eight!

HORATIO

417 souls. All lost.

43 CONTINUED:

43

That brought the room down. The unexpected moment of silence is INTERRUPTED by Horatio's cell phone. He exits.

DELKO

All those lives, plus slave divers  
and treasure hunters who died looking  
for her.

CALLEIGH

Add Sam Jasper to the list.

DELKO

Yeah, and who knows what happened to  
his boss.

Horatio re-enters, clicking his cell phone shut.

HORATIO

A State Trooper down in Key West.

SPEEDLE

They found Marty Vincent?

HORATIO

Very much alive.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

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

44

Horatio is as cool as **MARTY VINCENT** is nervous. Marty's all guy, a nautical Marlboro Man, but the darkness around his eyes reveals he doesn't sleep much. At least, not lately.

MARTY VINCENT

(indignant)

Why do you think I left town?

HORATIO

Enlighten me.

MARTY VINCENT

Only reason Sam'd miss Friday night at Lou's is if he got lucky. So I went by to... see how lucky he got.

HORATIO

Not very, it turns out.

MARTY VINCENT

I saw the boat. Weird, right? Then the spear, the blood. I took off.

HORATIO

Didn't check on your friend?

MARTY VINCENT

No.

HORATIO

Your shoes tell a different story.

Horatio slides across the unknown footprint lifted from Sam Jasper's boat. Marty instinctively tucks his feet under the table. Guilty.

HORATIO

And I trust them.

MARTY VINCENT

O.K. I went on board.

Horatio spies a rectangular outline in Marty's breast pocket. He leans across the table, then deftly pops the bottom of Marty's pocket and grabs the Smoky Mountain cigar pack that's ejected.

HORATIO

Try again. Light up.

44 CONTINUED:

44

HORATIO (CONT'D)  
Bet you like to smoke when you're nervous.

MARTY VINCENT  
Sam called me, said he had big news. Kept beating around the bush. I went to the head, had a smoke. That's when I heard him.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

45 INT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

45

Marty tosses his cigar in the toilet, flushes it. Hears a commotion outside. Peers through the cracked door, sees a ND MAN (back only) aim the speargun and shoot Sam.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

46 BACK TO SCENE

46

HORATIO  
Who was it?

MARTY VINCENT  
Isn't that your job?

HORATIO  
Squeezing liars like you 'til the truth comes out. That's my job.

MARTY VINCENT  
You're gonna cost me my business. My boat. Everything.

HORATIO  
It already cost your friend his life. Want to add yours to the list?

MARTY VINCENT  
Brian Betancourt.

HORATIO  
Your silent partner. Funds all your treasure dives?

MARTY VINCENT  
Did. Whatever he and Sam got into, I don't want any part of it.

Marty re-pockets his cigars, stands to go.

46 CONTINUED:

46

MARTY VINCENT

(olive branch)

Y'know, you and me aren't so different. We're both hunters. Something's out there, and it's like there's a hole in us 'til we find it.

HORATIO

You pick over dead bodies for a living. I try to bring them peace.

(in Marty's face)

So tell me again, how are we the same?

Marty throws up his hands. Guess a guy can't make conversation around here.

CUT TO:

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

47

Calleigh levels a spear gun. Aims. Fires.

48 CSI SHOT - TITANIUM SPEAR

48

POV just behind the tip, as the spear slices through the air, heading straight for a... pig.

49 BACK TO SCENE

49

The tip barely penetrates the pig before falling to the ground with a harmless CLINK. REVEAL that the pig is resting in front of the hull section Alexx removed from Sam Jasper's boat.

Speedle enters, curious.

SPEEDLE

I've heard of a pig in the poke, but why ya pokin' the pig?

CALLEIGH

Pig flesh and organ placement are closest to humans.

Calleigh hangs up her current spear gun, grabs for another from the six that hang on the wall.

49 CONTINUED:

49

CALLEIGH

None of these has enough umph to  
make it through the pig, let alone  
the hull.

SPEEDLE

It definitely made it through a fish.  
(offers folder)  
Scales were from an Atlantic snook.

CALLEIGH

Never heard of it.

SPEEDLE

And you may never again. It's  
endangered.

Speedle hangs around a beat too long.

SPEEDLE

I should let you get back to Babe.  
(starts to leave,  
stops)  
Delko been acting strange lately?

CALLEIGH

He did polish off a fifth of nitrogen.

SPEEDLE

Not loopy. Greedy. He's getting  
all Golem-y about this shipwreck.

CALLEIGH

Yeah, like it's his.

SPEEDLE

But he knows the regs. Delko better --

HORATIO (O.S.)

Better what?

Speedle and Calleigh turn to see Horatio there. Silence.  
Horatio won't make them rat.

HORATIO

Let's go.

SPEEDLE

Get something from Marty Vincent?

HORATIO

Not enough.

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

HORATIO (CONT'D)  
It's time for his silent partner to  
start talking.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. BETANCOURT MANSION - PATIO - DAY [2]

50

Horatio, Speedle and Calleigh sit opposite **BRIAN BETANCOURT** (40's), gobs of dough, aged Abercrombie & Fitch good looks. You want to hate him, but can't find a reason to. The secret of his success. He holds a DMV photo of Sam Jasper.

**BRIAN BETANCOURT**  
I'm sorry, I never even met the guy.

**HORATIO**  
He worked for you for ten years, and  
you never met him.

**BRIAN BETANCOURT**  
He didn't actually work for me. He  
worked for Marty Vincent. I hired  
Marty.

**HORATIO**  
So you're always insulated.

**BRIAN BETANCOURT**  
It may sound heartless, but it's the  
way of the world. Lawsuits  
everywhere. I have to protect myself.  
My family.

**HORATIO**  
Talk to Marty lately?

**BRIAN BETANCOURT**  
Couple weeks ago.

**GABRIELA BETANCOURT** (20's), forget-your-own-name gorgeous, saunters into frame, gliding a hand across her husband's shoulder.

**GABRIELA BETANCOURT**  
Can I get our guests anything?

**HORATIO**  
No, thank you.

Gabriela locks eyes with Horatio.

50 CONTINUED:

50

GABRIELA BETANCOURT

Shame.

She's gone as quickly as she came, entering the main house through the Game Room. She glances back at Horatio, then leaves the door open. [NOTE: A stuffed Atlantic snook is visible on the wall behind her.]

HORATIO

(to Betancourt)

Restroom?

Betancourt points to the main house. Horatio signals for Speedle and Calleigh to continue the questioning as he makes a bee line to the Game Room.

BRIAN BETANCOURT

Marty was the treasure nut. He searched five days a week, more if I let him. I just fool around out there. No big --

51 INT. BETANCOURT MANSION - GAME ROOM - DAY [2]

51

A Game Room in the old world sense. Walls covered with stuffed marlin, wahoos and, behind Gabriela's head, the silver Atlantic snook that caught Horatio's eye from outside.

Gabriela, aglow in all her aftermarket glory, smiles at H.

GABRIELA BETANCOURT

Something you need?

HORATIO

Maybe.

H. doesn't break stride, walking past her to examine the stuffed snook.

HORATIO

This your husband's?

GABRIELA BETANCOURT

Of course.

(seductively)

He likes to mount all his trophies.

HORATIO

That must make you feel special.

GABRIELA BETANCOURT

Oh, it does.

51 CONTINUED:

51

Before Horatio becomes prey, he leaves.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. BETANCOURT MANSION - PATIO - DAY [2]

52

Horatio rejoins the group.

HORATIO

Mr. Betancourt, do you own a spear  
gun?

BRIAN BETANCOURT

I think. But I never use it.

CALLEIGH

Mind if we take a look?

BRIAN BETANCOURT

I'm starting to.

HORATIO

Lend us your spear gun, we'll forget  
you've got an endangered fish on  
your wall.

BRIAN BETANCOURT

I got in on a diving trip to Jamaica.  
With the Royal Governor. Should we  
call him, too?

(not worth the fight)

Take the speargun. It's on the yacht.

Horatio nods to Speedle and Calleigh, who head to Betancourt's  
private slip and house-sized yacht.

53 INT. BETANCOURT'S YACHT - DAY [2]

53

Speedle and Calleigh take it all in. Whorled maple cabinets  
and a kitchen that would put *Le Cirque* to shame.

Calleigh dutifully heads for the rear of the ship. Speedle  
can't help himself, snoops around up front.

CALLEIGH

Storage is this way.

SPEEDLE

Yeah, yeah.

CALLEIGH

(opens storage area)  
ProTech Spear Gun.

53 CONTINUED:

53

CALLEIGH (CONT'D)  
Discontinued model.  
(keeps searching)  
But no spear.

SPEEDLE  
You smell that?

Calleigh follows Speedle to the front of the yacht.

CALLEIGH  
Engines are aft, so why gasoline  
fumes up here?

Speedle follows his nose outside, onto the deck. Calleigh  
inspects the couches that double as storage. Recoils from  
the smell.

CALLEIGH  
Whoa! Million dollar yacht that  
smells like a semi.

SPEEDLE  
I'll get a field kit.

CALLEIGH  
(shakes her head)  
Hold up. He gets nervous, he'll  
withdraw his permissive.

SPEEDLE  
O.K. You wanna take a knee?

CALLEIGH  
Donna Karan is nobody's swab.

SPEEDLE  
I'm running out of clothes.  
(Calleigh and DK  
aren't budging)  
Fine.

CUT TO:

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

54

Calleigh loads the titanium spear into Betancourt's ProTech  
spear gun. Aims. Fires.

55 CSI SHOT - SPEAR IN FLIGHT

55

Robin Hood shot as the spear rockets toward the pig.



56 INT. CSI - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

56

Speedle's walking by Firearms when --

CALLEIGH (O.S.)  
Sonofa --!

A hall full of ND CRIME LABBERS all turn.

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

57

Speedle rushes in. Calleigh holds her shoulder, Betancourt's spear gun dangling at her side.

CALLEIGH  
This thing kicks like a 40-20.

SPEEDLE  
You could use a towel.

CALLEIGH  
And you could put training wheels on your motorcycle.

Speedle examines the pig and hull.

SPEEDLE  
Found a winner?

CALLEIGH  
Maybe. But spear ballistics aren't like guns and bullets. No rifling. I can say it's consistent with the one that killed Sam Jasper.

SPEEDLE  
But not the one.

Horatio enters.

HORATIO  
Nice work on the yacht.

SPEEDLE  
Lose some pants, gain a sample. We were half right: diesel fuel.

CALLEIGH  
Even in the storage areas. I'm thinking arson.

HORATIO  
And I'm thinking cocaine.

57 CONTINUED:

57

CALLEIGH

I don't follow.

SPEEDLE

Coke gets everywhere. Our ion scanners can pick up a part per million.

HORATIO

Diesel fuel's the one cleanser that can fool the ion scan.

CALLEIGH

When he found out we were coming, he got nervous and cleaned up.

SPEEDLE

But now he knows we're onto him.

CALLEIGH

He'll never lead us to the drop point.

HORATIO

No. But maybe he already has.

CUT TO:

58 INT. INTERAGENCY COMMAND CENTER - DAY [2]

58

Enough circuitry to launch a Space Shuttle. Horatio and Delko watch a GIANT RADAR MAP of South Florida and the Caribbean.

**FRANK HUTCHISON**, an "A" lanyard tag to everyone else's "B", wears civilian clothes but directs traffic like the battlefield colonel he once was.

FRANK HUTCHISON

We entered the lat and long of your suspect. Fact he had a private slip made it easy to ID his vessel.

The map zooms in where Hutchison points, magnifying again and again until Betancourt's yacht can almost be made out by its radar profile.

DELKO

Any patterns?

FRANK HUTCHISON

Like you said, every Monday and Tuesday he'd head for the same zone. Stay there half the day, head back. Clockwork.

58 CONTINUED:

58

The time lapse image of the yacht route is repeated day after day. Each day, the yacht disappears from the screen in the exact same spot, then reappears later along its course.

HORATIO

(re: disappearance)

What happens to his radar image there?

FRANK HUTCHISON

Radar works by "line of sight".  
Most of our data comes from the  
airport tower at MIA.

59 CSI SHOT - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT RADAR TOWER

59

Emitting microwave radar signals in every direction. When the signals hit moving objects in their field -- a plane in the air, a cruise ship at sea -- they bounce back to the tower.

HORATIO

But if a building blocks the signal,  
radar can't pick up anything behind  
it.

60 CSI SHOT - RADAR WAVES HITTING DOWNTOWN

60

Skyscrapers "ping" the signal back toward the airport, so the area is rich in wave activity. On the other, dark side of the skyscrapers, it's a radar-free zone for thousands of yards, stretching far into the sea.

DELKO

So while he's in his quadrant, he  
vanishes?

FRANK HUTCHISON

We'll try and pick him up with other  
assets: AWACS planes, aerostat blimps --

61 CSI SHOT - ASTRONAUT'S VIEW OF THE FLORIDA COAST

61

An AWACS plane flies at 30,000 feet. Three white blimps on 10,000 foot tethers glide low. Each vehicle emits a different color radar wave. Along with the radar coverage from Miami International, the coastline seems blanketed with coverage.

FRANK HUTCHISON

-- but our interdiction budget's  
been cut back to nothing.

62 CSI SHOT - ASTRONAUT'S EYE VIEW

62

Two of the three aerostat blimps fade away, as does the AWACS plane. The radar-rich environment now has noticeable gaps.

63 BACK TO SCENE

63

FRANK HUTCHISON

And that's a helluva big ocean.  
Some vessels fall between the cracks.

HORATIO

And into a dead zone.  
(putting it together)  
A plane flies in, a boat goes out,  
and you guys never know as long as  
they work the dead zone?

FRANK HUTCHISON

Since 9/11 and the War, priorities  
have shifted. I'm not scrambling F-  
16s over a predictable yacht. It's  
about doing more with less.

HORATIO

And our man Betancourt knew exactly  
how to exploit your weakness.

FRANK HUTCHISON

We stay ahead of them, vary our  
coverage area year to year.

HORATIO

And he leases a new quadrant every  
year. Right in your blind spots.  
How far back to these records go?

FRANK HUTCHISON

15 days on video. 2 years as data  
files.

HORATIO

I'll take it all.

FRANK HUTCHISON

Lieutenant, let us handle this. If  
Betancourt tries it again, we'll get  
him.

HORATIO

I'll make you a deal. Let us take  
care of Betancourt and you take care  
of your leak.

CUT TO:

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

64

Delko watches the videotapes of radar coverage. Horatio enters.

DELKO

H, check this out. A second boat.  
Different point of origin. Same  
destination.

HORATIO

The dead zone.

DELKO

Strong radar ping means it's metal.  
Probably Marty Vincent's salvage  
boat. Same pattern every day. Except  
one.

HORATIO

Day after the murder.

DELKO

Boat disappeared into the dead zone.  
Then reappeared out of the dead zone.  
Fifteen minutes later, it hooked a U-  
ey, came back to shore.

HORATIO

Never dropped anchor, didn't stay to  
enjoy the view.

(realizes)

Because he was there to keep out of  
view.

DELKO

Maybe the drug plane went off course.  
Missed the wet drop. Marty found  
it.

HORATIO

Or maybe a murderer needed to get  
rid of evidence. Can you pinpoint  
that location?

DELKO

To thirty meters.

HORATIO

Eric, I need you to go back down.

DELKO

No problem, H.

Horatio stands to go, stops. A conversation that has to be  
had.

64 CONTINUED:

64

HORATIO

You know CSIs can't keep what they find. So why are you pushing this shipwreck claim?

DELKO

I'm not. I asked if I could claim the Zaragoza if I weren't a CSI.

Horatio wasn't ready for that.

HORATIO

You'd give it up. For money?

DELKO

My parents heard the streets here were paved with gold. If I could make that come true for them? Yeah, I'd think about it.

HORATIO

If you're leaning that way, tell me.

DELKO

I will.

HORATIO

And I'll cut you loose then and there.

Now it's Delko's turn to be rocked back.

HORATIO

We put victims to rest. That's our reward.

Horatio stalks off, pissed.

Push past a shell-shocked Delko, in on the radar screen, the ghost-like green radar return pinging as we --

CUT TO:

65 INT. MDPD CUTTER - DAY [2]

65

Three miles out, no land in sight. Horatio enters the bridge. Calleigh monitors the ship's magnetic imaging of the ocean floor.

HORATIO

Any anomalies?

65 CONTINUED:

65

CALLEIGH

Two refrigerators, underwater phone  
cable, some bomb shrapnel.

(off Horatio's  
reaction)

Calm down, H. This whole area was a  
bombing range in World War Two.

DELKO (O.S.)

(over the squawk box)

I got something.

66 EXT. UNDERWATER/OCEAN FLOOR - DAY [2]

66

Delko, in wet suit and SCUBA gear, examines a dishwasher-sized  
bundle, burlap straps wrapped around black plastic sheeting.

HORATIO (O.S.)

(filtered)

What's it look like?

DELKO

(filtered)

See for yourself.

Delko pulls the rip cord on the carbon dioxide lift bag. The  
bag inflates in a split-second, rocketing the bundle to the  
surface like a hot air balloon.

67 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN/MDPD CUTTER - DAY [2]

67

The cutter's crane drops the plastic and burlap bundle on the  
deck, fish and water squirting out of the seams.

HORATIO

Do the honors.

Delko cuts open the plastic. Inside, smaller bricks fall  
out. Horatio slices into one.

HORATIO

White gold.

CALLEIGH

Not just any coke, either. Look at  
the mark.

CLOSE ON a crescent moon shape stamped into every brick of coke.

DELKO

Half moon?

67 CONTINUED:

67

HORATIO

Columbian. Compliments of Javier Cienfuegos.

CALLEIGH

I thought they put him away.

HORATIO

10 million dollar mountaintop villa  
ain't the same as breakin' rocks.

(to Delko)

Where's the rest?

DELKO

Rest?

HORATIO

Nobody risks a plane and a pilot for  
50 keys.

DELKO

We were down for five hours, H.  
Nothing else there.

HORATIO

Then these weren't hidden, they were dumped.

CALLEIGH

Who dumps 50 keys of coke in Miami?

HORATIO

Someone who gets more from having  
them lost than found.

DELKO

Like?

HORATIO

Don't know. But I do know who our  
next victim is.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. BETANCOURT MANSION - DAY

68

Horatio faces off with Brian Betancourt. Big dogs, short  
leashes. Yelina stands by, ready to intercede. Gabriela  
stands by her man.

YELINA

Mind if I check your shoulder for bruises?



68 CONTINUED:

68

GABRIELA BETANCOURT

My husband already answered your questions.

BRIAN BETANCOURT

Yes, I do. Last time I helped, I became a murder suspect.

HORATIO

We're adding drug dealer to the list.

BRIAN BETANCOURT

Come on! Want me to show you my tax returns? I'm the most boring guy I know.

YELINA

Which is why you're the perfect front man.

BRIAN BETANCOURT

You're jealous of what I have. Fine. But keep your baggage out of my life.

HORATIO

You've leased ten quadrants in ten years and never found a thing.

BRIAN BETANCOURT

I must be unlucky.

HORATIO

Kinda like the guy who lost 50 kilos of Cienfuegos coke.

Betancourt pauses for a moment. Silence. Wipes away a bead of sweat.

BRIAN BETANCOURT

(to Gabriela)

Go get ready.

GABRIELA BETANCOURT

Brian...

BRIAN BETANCOURT

Please.

Gabriela Betancourt looks to Horatio as she exits, eyes now pleading.

YELINA

You had a nice operation. Team up with salvagers who didn't ask questions. They make you look legitimate, you pay them to dive for treasure they'll never find.

HORATIO

Only catch: they found it. Then the problem became you.

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

HORATIO (CONT'D)  
And they knew your secret.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

69 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - MARTY'S SALVAGE BOAT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

69

VVVROOOOOOMMMMM. The roar of a low-flying plane gets Marty and Sam's attention. They look up from their boat just in time to see a low-flying drug plane drop one of the 50 kilo bundles of drugs.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

70 BACK TO SCENE

70

BRIAN BETANCOURT  
If they stole the drugs, why are you hassling me?

HORATIO  
You think this is hassling? Try having your throat sliced open and your tongue pulled through the slit. You know what they call that?

Yelina steps away, thrown. Horatio notices it, but doesn't stop.

BRIAN BETANCOURT  
A Columbian necktie.

HORATIO  
He does that to innocent people. Think what he'll do to you.

BRIAN BETANCOURT  
So hold a press conference. Parade a bunch of bozos with badges in front of the cameras. Buy me some time.

HORATIO  
Turn yourself in. We can offer you protection. Give up Cienfuegos.

BRIAN BETANCOURT  
I never dealt directly with him. Just middlemen.

HORATIO  
So I guess you're just an independent contractor. Cleaner. Way of the world.

BRIAN BETANCOURT  
I have some things to take care of.

70 CONTINUED:

70

BRIAN BETANCOURT (CONT'D)  
So, if you'll excuse me.

Horatio rejoins Yelina and they head to the Humvee.

HORATIO  
You O.K.?

YELINA  
No. But I will be.

As Horatio opens the Humvee door, he notices a WorldSend overnight delivery truck pulling away from the Betancourt's house. Yelina notices Horatio noticing the truck.

YELINA  
What is it?

HORATIO  
No Sunday delivery.

And Horatio's gone.

71 EXT. BETANCOURT MANSION - DAY [2]

71

Horatio rounds the corner, gun drawn. Spots Gabriela Betancourt on the lawn.

HORATIO  
Where's the package?

GABRIELA BETANCOURT  
I gave it to --

She points to her husband, who walks toward the pier.

HORATIO  
(yells after Betancourt)  
Drop the --

As Betancourt turns, he rips open the WorldSend letter.

HORATIO  
Down! Now!

Horatio tackles Gabriela an eyeblink before the EXPLOSION paints the sky orange. The mansion's picture windows reflect the explosion for an instant, then disintegrate into a million shards.

Horatio stands, shielding Gabriela from her husband's mortal remains.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

72 EXT. BETANCOURT MANSION - DAY (2) 72

Luxury's disappointment. Betancourt's manicured lawn looks as tornado-ravaged as a trailer park.

DELKO

Lotta bang for a letter bomb.

HORATIO

Sheet explosive. Flexible. 8 1/2  
by 11 format. Like a pad of paper.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

73 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK) 73

A hand uses a box cutter to slice a piece of greenish sheet explosive from a roll. The hand slides the cut piece into the WorldSend letter package.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

74 BACK TO SCENE 74

DELKO

Guy probably thought it was a contract.

HORATIO

It was. Just not the kind he expected. Second he opened it...

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

75 EXT. BETANCOURT MANSION - DAY (FLASHBACK) 75

CLOSE ON Betancourt's hand pulling open the tab of the WorldSend package.

76 CSI SHOT - X-RAY OF LETTER BOMB 76

The electrical impulse runs down leg wires, almost simultaneously detonating the blasting cap and sheet explosives. Ka and Boom.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

77 BACK TO SCENE

77

DELKO  
Any idea who did it?

HORATIO  
Can't be sure until we reconstruct  
the packing slip.

DELKO  
Won't it be burned up?

HORATIO  
(shakes head)  
Flash point's 2,000 degrees, but the  
shock wave moves so fast, paper gets  
spared.

DELKO  
If it isn't alive or nailed down,  
we'll bag it.

Delko begins the search. Horatio joins Alexx on a prelim  
exam on the corpse. Betancourt's shirt is off as Alexx gropes  
the body for cause of death.

ALEXX  
(to corpse)  
Didn't know better, I'd swear you  
were napping. No visible trauma.

HORATIO  
You won't find any. The compression  
wave's what killed him. Air moving  
900 feet per second.

ALEXX  
That kind of force would macerate  
his internal organs. Turn his insides  
to jelly --

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

78 EXT. BETANCOURT MANSION - DAY (FLASHBACK)

78

A VISIBLE COMPRESSION WAVE rolls outward from the letter bomb.  
CAMERA SPINS, Matrix-like, to capture Betancourt in profile,  
mid-blast, lifted up and off the ground.

79 CSI SHOT - X-RAY OF BETANCOURT'S BODY

79

SLO-MO as the compression wave passes through him, smushing  
all his internal organs against the back of his ribcage.  
They mix together into a bio-stew and slide down, leaving  
most of his chest cavity vacant. Continue at NORMAL SPEED as  
Betancourt's flying body wipes frame.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

80 BACK TO SCENE

80

ALEX

-- but leaves his skin untouched.  
Not a single bruise.

Something not right about that.

HORATIO

Calleigh. How's your arm?

CALLEIGH

Never better.

HORATIO

Show me.

Calleigh winces as she peels off her jacket. A dinger of a bruise marks her shooting shoulder.

HORATIO

Our corpse doesn't have one of those.

CALLEIGH

Then he didn't shoot that spear gun.

HORATIO

And he didn't kill Sam Jasper.

CUT TO:

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

81

Speedle looking at photos of the mystery void from the blood pool. Compares it to items from the ship's manifest. He's at the end of his rope, tosses the photos.

Delko enters, picks them up.

DELKO

No luck matching the void?

SPEEDLE

This ship manifest is useless.

DELKO

What?

SPEEDLE

Spain didn't even have standardized measurements in the 18th century, so three inches isn't three inches.

81 CONTINUED:

81

DELKO

If we can't ID what made the void,  
we can't link its owner to the crime  
scene.

SPEEDLE

Thanks. I realize that.

DELKO

Maybe it wasn't on the manifest.

SPEEDLE

You said these things were impeccable?

DELKO

For declared items. But everybody  
snuck stuff on board so they wouldn't  
be taxed back in Spain.

SPEEDLE

What if they got caught?

Delko slices a finger across his neck. D-E-D, dead.

SPEEDLE

Pretty risky.

DELKO

Yeah, but people were crazy for new  
world gold. They could make a fortune  
selling it to the highest bidder.

Light bulb for Speedle.

SPEEDLE

The more things change...

He goes back to his computer. Delko leaves him to it.

CUT TO:

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

82

Horatio and Delko sort through the blast evidence with the  
care of archeologists on a dig.

A grid separates a thousand pieces into four categories:  
"IGNITER", "CONTAINER", "ACCELERANT", and "PACKING SLIP".

TIME CUT TO:

83 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - LATER 83

Piece by piece, the packing slip is reassembled. Like a jigsaw puzzle, crooked corners find their mates.

TIME CUT TO:

84 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - LATER STILL 84

The last of the packing slip is put into place.

DELKO  
Check out the ZIP code.

CLOSE ON the reassembled packing slip. The ZIP code for Betancourt's address reads: 030462.

DELKO  
Six digits instead of five.

HORATIO  
It's not a ZIP code. It's a date. 030462.

DELKO  
March 4, 1962.

HORATIO  
Brian Betancourt's date of birth.

DELKO  
The "To:" ZIP is today's date. The day he died.

HORATIO  
So the last thing the victim sees --

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

85 EXT. BETANCOURT MANSION - DAY (FLASHBACK) 85

Betancourt's hands holding the WorldSend envelope. The ZIP codes light up (the way numbers popped out in *A Beautiful Mind*), then his hand starts to tear; its last living motion.

SPLIT DISSOLVE TO:

86 BACK TO SCENE 86

HORATIO  
-- is his own tombstone.

DELKO  
You know this bomber?



86 CONTINUED:

86

YELINA (O.S.)

Pano.

Both men turn to see Yelina. Always a pleasant surprise.

HORATIO

Cienfuegos's enforcer.

DELKO

Get a look at this Pano guy?

HORATIO

No.

YELINA

Pano's a nickname. Comes from the old prison in Bogota: El Panoptico. Place was designed so the person in charge can see everyone without ever being seen.

HORATIO

Just like Pano.

Speedle enters, hands Horatio a COLOR PRINTOUT of a RECTANGULAR PIECE OF GOLD JEWELRY, festooned with diamonds and emeralds.

SPEEDLE

I was going at it backwards. Looking for what might be left from 300 years ago, instead of looking at what's available today.

HORATIO

(reads printout)

"The Cross of Santiago."

SPEEDLE

Measurements are an exact match with the blood void.

DELKO

Where'd you find it?

SPEEDLE

Ebay. 80,000 bucks.

DELKO

What! Why would a buyer pay that much for this, it isn't even certified.

SPEEDLE

Because they trust the seller.

(hopes he's wrong)

Seller's company is called Persephone Salvors.

86 CONTINUED: (2)

86

Off Delko, realizing --

CUT TO:

87 INT. STATE OF FLORIDA MARINE ARCHEOLOGY UNIT - NIGHT [2]

87

Christine closing up. Smiles when Delko enters. Loses the smile when she sees Horatio right behind him.

CHRISTINE ACHESON

You're not here to ask me out, are you?

DELKO

Not unless central booking's your idea of a good time.

Christine thinks about stalling. Then thinks better of it.

CHRISTINE ACHESON

The State was gonna get its 80 percent. Everybody'd do OK.

HORATIO

Including you.

CHRISTINE ACHESON

I had the eBay account. The reputation. So Marty kicked me a bonus to sell the Cross.

HORATIO

I hope the bonus is worth jail time.

CHRISTINE ACHESON

You try watching some millionaire write a check like it's nothing. After a diver spent his whole life looking for it.

DELKO

And you deserve your share?

CHRISTINE ACHESON

It's found money. Who gets hurt?

HORATIO

Ask Sam Jasper.

CHRISTINE ACHESON

I didn't have anything to do with that.

DELKO

Who did?

87 CONTINUED:

87

CHRISTINE ACHESON  
I don't know. All I did was sell the  
Cross for Marty. It was his idea.

HORATIO  
But it's your name on the eBay  
account. Your company on the check.  
Your face the buyer saw.

The weight of the evidence knocks the fight out of Christine.

CHRISTINE ACHESON  
How do I get out of this?

DELKO  
Help us ID Sam's killer.

CHRISTINE ACHESON  
I wasn't even there.

HORATIO  
No, but the Cross was.

CUT TO:

88 INT. PALM BEACH ESTATE - NIGHT [2]

88

VIVIAN KENSINGTON (70's), lemon pant suit, Edie Wasserman  
elegant, escorts Speedle into the foyer.

VIVIAN KENSINGTON  
I assure you, I knew nothing about the  
unsavoriness surrounding the Cross.

SPEEDLE  
You bought it on the black market.  
Ma'am, you are the unsavoriness.

VIVIAN KENSINGTON  
I'm giving it back, aren't I?  
Anything to help.

Vivian leads Speedle through a courtyard to the back house,  
tricked out with the latest in restoration hardware. A young  
INTERN works at a lab bench. Relics adorn the walls.

DELKO  
Where are these from?

VIVIAN KENSINGTON  
They're all certified, if that's what  
you're getting at. One item from every  
Florida shipwreck of the 18th century.

88 CONTINUED:

88

DELKO  
Except the Zaragoza?

VIVIAN KENSINGTON  
It was my last one.

SPEEDLE  
Two men dead, all so you could have  
a matching set?

VIVIAN KENSINGTON  
I'm not some tomb raider. I'm an  
art collector.

SPEEDLE  
Well, your art's now our evidence.

Speedle realizes the gloved Intern is cleaning the Cross.

SPEEDLE  
Stop!

VIVIAN KENSINGTON  
What? It's only a mild acid solution.

SPEEDLE  
Funny, cause I could swear that's  
obstruction of justice.

Speedle watches, pained, as any remaining evidence literally  
goes down the drain.

CUT TO:

89 INT. CSI - VAULT - NIGHT [2]

89

Tombl-like darkness. The weighty CLUNK of a vault door unlatching.  
The door swings opens to reveal -- we're looking out.

At Delko, eyeing the Cross. His hand moves toward it, then past,  
instead grabbing the communion plate. Delko looks around  
nervously, slips the plate in his backpack and closes the door.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE