

CSI:

"LOSING FACE"

Episode #104

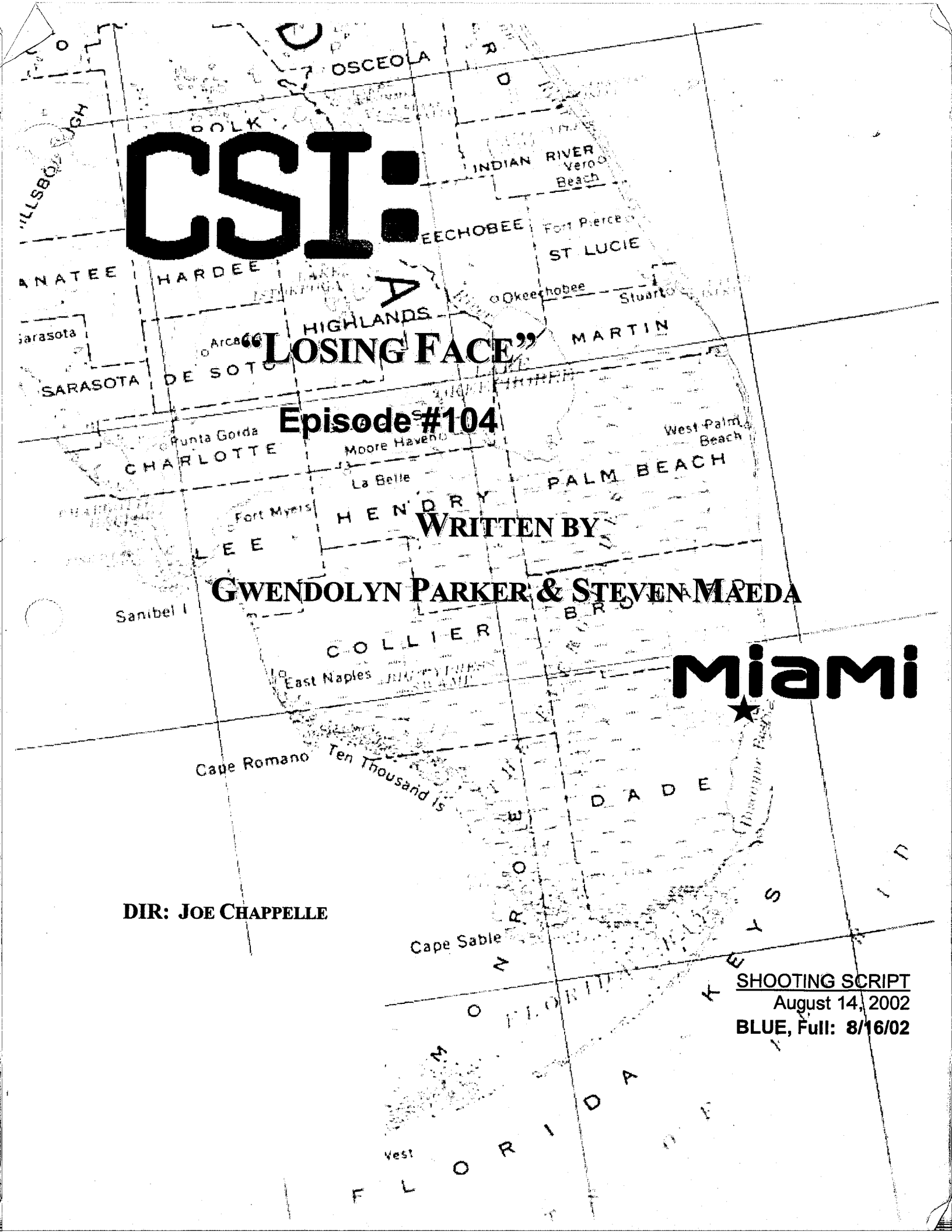
WRITTEN BY

GWENDOLYN PARKER & STEVEN MAEDA

Miami

DIR: JOE CHAPPELLE

SHOOTING SCRIPT
August 14, 2002
BLUE, Full: 8/16/02



CSI: MIAMI

“Losing Face”

CAST LIST

HORATIO CAINE
MEGAN DONNER
ERIC DELKO
CALLEIGH DUQUESNE
TIM SPEEDLE
ALEX WOODS

JULISA MORENO (elegant, blond Latina)
ALFONSO MORENO (latino)
AL HUMPHRIES (50s, African-American)
FELICIA HUMPHRIES (40s, African-American)
AGENT CHARLIE BERENGER (40s, white, Customs Agent)
DET. MARTIN ORTEGA (30s, Latino)
LILIANA MORENO (elegant, blond Latina – similar to Julisa)
KATRINA “KAT” CABRERA (30s, Latina, fit) *
POLICE COMMANDER
MAURA BURGOS (late 20s, Colombian, trendy)
CONNER (8 year-old boy, white)
BOMB TECH (ANDROS driver, Burgos Home only)

Featured Characters (non-speaking only)

n.d. Cops (<i>several</i>)	n.d. Detective (<i>white, female, in Interview “B”</i>)
N.D. Bomb Tech (<i>Moreno & Burgos Home</i>)	* Neighbors (<i>Burgos Home</i>)
Neighborhood Gawkers (<i>Moreno Home</i>)	Emergency Workers (<i>Burgos Home</i>)
Paramedics (<i>Moreno Home</i>)	Mom, Conner’s (<i>Burgos Home</i>)
Firemen (<i>Moreno Home</i>)	n.d. CSI Tech (<i>Burgos Home</i>)
Humphries Boys (2) (<i>8 and 10 years old</i>)	SWAT Team (<i>at Customs Warehouse</i>)

CSI: MIAMI

“Losing Face”

SET LIST

INTERIOR – DAY	EXTERIOR – DAY
Coroner's Office Autopsy Theater CSI Break Room Firearms Lab Layout Room Trace Lab Burgos House Customs Warehouse (incl. Dusk) Moreno House Bedroom Foyer Living Room Maid's Room	Bomb Perimeter (Burgos Street) Bomb Van (Burgos Street) Burgos House Command Post (Burgos) Burgos Street (<i>Flashback only</i>) Loading Docks (incl. Dusk) Moreno House Command Post (Moreno) Over Miami
INTERIOR – NIGHT	EXTERIOR – NIGHT
CSI Hallway Horatio's Office * Interview Room "A" Interview Room "B" Trace Lab	
SPECIAL SHOTS	

Macro Shots

- Black Hair from tape pull
- Color MRI Image of chest cavity rupturing
- Disrupter fires, super slow-mo
- Dremel Blade slicing through skin of bomb
- Electric Photocell wedged in boot tread
- Flash of gold – Wedding ring buried in wall
- Inside pipe bomb as it is activated
- Laser shoots out of Disrupter

Macro Shots - continued

- Pinhole in fragment of bomb w/ purple light shining
- Pinhole looming like the Holland Tunnel
- Silver candy wrapper under bike seat
- Stream of sand pouring out of necklace bomb
- Swatch of fabric between wood slivers
- Watermark visible through a sheet of paper
- Photomicrograph POV of a strand of hair

CSI: MIAMI

"Losing Face"

TEASER

FADE IN:

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

CAMERA SWOOPS over downtown Miami, the city cast in shadows, a slumbering giant about to awaken. As the sun EXPLODES over the horizon, CAMERA BANKS, racing at hyper-speed overtaking the lush bedroom community of Coral Gables.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. MORENO HOUSE - MORNING [DAY 1] 2

Low-lying ground mist slithers across the manicured lawn of a Ranchero-style home. A place in the upper two-percent of the upper two-percent.

3 INT. MORENO HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING [DAY 1] 3

TIGHT ON a DIGITAL CLOCK showing the time -- "5:59 a.m." CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal a sleeping woman, **JULISA MORENO**, elegant, blonde, well-kept. In the b.g., we hear a FAINT VOICE, a hoarse, drawn-out whisper that sounds like it's coming from a distance away.

FAINT VOICE (O.S.)

Juleeesa... Juleeesa...

THE ALARM CLOCK BLARES, silencing the voice as Julisa blinks her eyes open. She looks to the empty space in the bed next to her. It hasn't been slept in.

4 INT. MORENO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING [DAY 1] 4

Julisa wanders out into the living room -- a nouveau-riche space straight out of the pages of "Architectural Digest." She looks to see her husband, **ALFONSO MORENO**, sitting in an overstuffed chair, facing a plasma-screen TV displaying the local CBS affiliate. We see only what she does -- the back of his head.

JULISA MORENO

Alfonso, qué ha estado haciendo
usted? Why didn't you come to bed?

4 CONTINUED: 4

Alfonso doesn't answer. His head lolls slightly but he just sits there staring at the TV. CAMERA FOLLOWS as Julisa comes around in front of her husband. She stifles back a scream as she sees him, still in his pajamas, semi-conscious.

A CYLINDRICAL COLLAR

Has been fitted around his neck. A THICK RING of gray PVC pipe, one end bristling with metal switches.

ALFONSO MORENO
Juleesa... ayúdeme...

A PRINTED NOTE has been pinned to his pajamas, blood faintly spreading from the pin puncture in his chest. Julisa stares, wide-eyed, at the note as CAMERA PUSHES IN to see the first printed sentence: "*This is a bomb...*" OFF her SCREAM:

HARD CUT TO:

5 EXT. MORENO HOUSE - DAY [DAY 1] 5

A MIAMI-DADE BOMB SQUAD VAN comes screeching in hot, joining a phalanx of police cruisers, lightbars strobing. N.D. COPS hold back a throng of NEIGHBORHOOD GAWKERS.

The van doors fly open, discharging **AL HUMPHRIES**, 50s, African-American, all-business, a bit paunchy, and an N.D. BOMB TECH. Humphries does a quick sweep, yells to a passing cop:

HUMPHRIES
Back it up and set a perimeter! No
one inside of five hundred feet!

The Cops go running as Humphries begins unpacking their gear.

CUT TO:

6 INT. CSI - BREAK ROOM - DAY [DAY 1] 6

CLOSE on a TV monitor showing LOCAL NEWS -- live footage of the Moreno house under siege. CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal **HORATIO** standing there transfixed, locked into the monitor.

DELKO, CALLEIGH and **SPEEDLE** roll in. "Good mornings" all around, except for Horatio who stays glued to the TV. Delko uncaps a tiny cup of takeout coffee. Offers some to Calleigh.

CALLEIGH
Smells good.

6 CONTINUED: 6

DELKO
Café Cubano. Put some hair on your chest.

CALLEIGH
Don't you just say the sweetest things.

Speedle heads for the fridge.

SPEEDLE
That stuff's bad for you. Rot your insides.

He pulls out a can of Red Bull. Pops the top and chugs it. Delko notices Horatio and the breaking story on TV, the bomb squad van, the news banner: "*Coral Gables Bomb Scare.*" He watches for a beat. *

DELKO
Is it serious? *

HORATIO
Change the channel. *

Horatio turns on his heel and walks out. Delko CLICKS the remote -- the bomb scene is on every single channel. CAMERA PUSHES IN TIGHT on the screen as we: *

MATCH DISSOLVE TO: *

7 EXT. COMMAND POST (MORENO) - DAY [DAY 1] 7

Horatio's Hummer pulls into the SAME FRAME. He steps out, clearly in his element. Crosses to the Bomb Squad van, where Humphries is strapping a suit of limited body armor around his ample midsection. *

HORATIO
Didn't know they made body armor in extra-large.

HUMPHRIES
They make jockies this size too, but you wouldn't know about that either.

The two men embrace, old friends, former comrades-in-arms.

HUMPHRIES
Horatio Caine, back from the dead. Found any good fiber lately?

7 CONTINUED: 7

HORATIO
Just enough to keep me regular.
What've we got here? *

HUMPHRIES
Schedule-80 PVC collar clamped
around the vic's neck. Gonna have
to "John Wayne" it. *

HORATIO
That's not how you taught us to do
it. *

HUMPHRIES
Not much choice. Can't do remote,
gotta be hands-on. *

HORATIO
Best hands in the business. *

Humphries smiles. Picks up his bomb kit. *

HUMPHRIES
Hey, I gotta do this thing but
let's grab a beer later. Catch up. *

He turns and heads toward the house. OFF Horatio, watching him
go, a page from his past:

8 INT. MORENO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY [DAY 1] 8

TIGHT ON Moreno, now fully awake, sweat staining the upholstery
of his favorite chair. A DENTAL MIRROR slides INTO FRAME.
CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Humphries examining the underside of
the NECKLACE BOMB. They're the only two in the room.

ALFONSO MORENO
I...I keep the insurance
policies...in a wall safe upstairs.

HUMPHRIES
Good to know. I keep mine in the
sock drawer.

ALFONSO MORENO
Would you tell my wife...tell her I
love her.

HUMPHRIES
You can tell her yourself in a
couple minutes. Two of you'll be
tossing back mojitos in no time.

8 CONTINUED: 8

Humphries pulls a DENTAL DREMEL out of his kit -- like a drill crossed with a circular saw. Fires it up with a SOFT WHINE and as CAMERA FOLLOWS it to the side of the necklace bomb. *

MATCH CUT TO: *

9 EXT. COMMAND POST (MORENO) - DAY [DAY 1] 9

CLOSE ON A SHEET OF BLUE-SENSITIVE X-RAY FILM -- A profile of Moreno's skull along with the INTERIOR OF THE BOMB around his neck, packed with wires and circuitry, a DARK MASS of explosives in front. *

CAMERA ADJUSTS to find Horatio studying the x-ray, the Moreno house clearly visible in the b.g. *

BANG! Horatio recoils as the windows of the house EXPLODE behind him [*NOTE: Not a big fireball, more like the heavy hit of a sonic boom*]. Immediate chaos. FIREMEN and PARAMEDICS running toward the house. *

Horatio dabs at his cheek. Comes away with a SPLOTCH OF BLOOD on his finger. Not his blood. He looks toward the house as he realizes that's where the blood came from. OFF his horror: *

10-11 OMITTED 10-11 *

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

12 EXT. MORENO HOUSE - DAY [DAY 1] 12

MEGAN waits outside the house, slipping on paper booties, as the other CSIs disembark from their Hummers with kits, cameras, flashlights, their mood somber.

MEGAN
We lost family today so this is top priority. Everything else moves to the back-burner.

Nods all around. Calleigh looks around the post-blast scene, asking what they all want to know.

CALLEIGH
Where's Horatio?

MEGAN
Inside.

DELKO
You talk to him? I mean, he knew the guy, right?

MEGAN
Al Humphries. He brought Horatio onto the bomb squad. Trained him. They were still close.
(beat)
Give me a minute alone with him, okay?

She heads inside as the others start to put on their booties.

13 INT. MORENO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY [DAY 1] 13

The living room is in shambles, like a hurricane just ripped through. Moreno's body is slumped over in the chair, the front part of his face completely blown off. Nearby, is the small carcass of the dog.

Megan enters to see Horatio walking the room's perimeter, slowly, on edge. He acknowledges her. Doesn't acknowledge what she sees on the floor:

13 CONTINUED:

13

HER POV - HUMPHRIES' BODY

Lying, mercifully, face down. One arm has been blown off at the elbow, the other at the wrist.

Horatio stops near Moreno's chair. He keeps it impersonal, technical.

HORATIO

Victim was one Alfonso Moreno. Ran a successful Colombian import company. Looks like seat of detonation was here. "Brisance" or shattering effect may indicate use of high-explosive. Blast and frag pattern indicate most of it was packed in front.

Megan looks at the chilling tableaux surrounding them.

MEGAN

Horatio, listen... This isn't a great idea.

HORATIO

(blowing past her)
We're gonna have to work in teams. Hundreds of pieces to process. Are the others outside?

MEGAN

You should stand down. Let us work this one.

HORATIO

It's a crime scene, just like any other.

MEGAN

We should at least wait for the M.E. to clear the bodies.

HORATIO

(starting slowly, a cyclone building)
What we should do is get everyone in here to process this scene right now. I want this room taken apart, every hair, every nail, every carpet fiber, every drop of Al's blood!

Horatio stops directly over Humphries' body.

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

HORATIO

There are no other cases in Miami today. Everybody works overtime until we catch the son-of-a-bitch who did this!

Megan just stands there, taken aback by Horatio's outburst. She looks over to see -- Speedle, Calleigh and Delko watching from the doorway, uneasy with what they've just witnessed. OFF
Megan:

TIME CUT TO:

14 INT. MORENO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY [DAY 1]

14

Our CSIs, gloved and bootied, comb through the post-blast debris with gloves and flashlights (even though it's daylight). They're a bit tentative, unsure of the boss' mood.

Horatio stops by a SHATTERED WINDOW. Notes the damage to the metal frame, bowed outward.

HORATIO

Three types of bomb damage. Frag from the container. Thermal effect from liberation of gasses. And blast pressure...

SPEEDLE

(interjects)

Potentially the most damaging. Blast pressure forces air outward in a shock front at up to 29,000 feet per second.

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

15 INT. MORENO HOUSE (FLASHBACK)

15

CLOSE ON THE NECKLACE BOMB as it DETONATES in the center of the room, sending out a white-gray, rapidly-expanding sphere, blowing everything in its path outward.

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

16 BACK TO SCENE

16

Calleigh gives Speedle a look -- "teacher's pet."

CALLEIGH

When did you ever work a bomb scene?

*
*

16 CONTINUED:

16

SPEEDLE

1989. Mrs. Belsky's chemistry class. Got two weeks detention for that one.

*
*
*

Horatio picks something off the floor. Holds it for Speedle to see:

*

CLOSE ON - A DEAD BIRD

Small, sparrow-sized.

HORATIO

How would Mrs. Belsky explain this?

*

Speedle starts to answer then checks himself, unsure.

HORATIO

Blast pressure has two phases -- positive and negative. Air is forced out, creating a vacuum in the center. And since nature abhors a vacuum...

SPEEDLE

(getting it)

Everything gets sucked back in.

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

17 INT. MORENO HOUSE (*FLASHBACK*)

17

AGAIN CLOSE ON THE NECKLACE BOMB as it DETONATES. CAMERA is blown outward with the blast, through the window as it shatters. Catching an UNLUCKY BIRD in mid-flight, then SUCKING it back into the room, SLAMMING it against a wall.

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

18 BACK TO SCENE

18

HORATIO

Which means all the components from our device are probably in this room. A thousand tiny pieces, but they're still here.

He turns to his team, snapping out assignments.

18 CONTINUED: 18

HORATIO

Calleigh -- take point-of-entry, talk to Moreno's wife and see who had access to the house. Eric -- I want to know everything there is to know about that ransom note. Megan -- you, me and Speed. We're going to find the bomb.

MEGAN

(sizing up the job ahead)
Find the bomb, find the bomber.

OFF Horatio's agreement:

CUT TO:

19 INT. MORENO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY [DAY 1] 19

Process. CLOSE ON A JAGGED PLASTIC FRAGMENT stuck into drywall. It's tweezed off and bagged as CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Horatio going over the wall inch-by-inch with an illuminated magnifier.

ON DELKO, discovering a SINGED FRAGMENT OF PAPER from the ransom note. He slides it between two sheets of polyester film along with several other recovered pieces.

20 INT. MORENO HOUSE - MAID'S ROOM - DAY 20

Calleigh inspects the frame around an open window. She spies something on the upper part of the opening. **SNAP CLICK TO:**

21 **MACRO SHOT - A TINY SWATCH** 21

Fine, white fabric of some sort, wedged in between slivers of wood on the window frame.

22 BACK TO SCENE 22

She tweezes the fabric and bags it.

23 INT. MORENO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY [DAY 1] 23

CLOSE ON Megan and Speedle, going over the carpet on hands and knees, Delko in the b.g. [NOTE: The bodies have been removed.] Calleigh enters as Horatio continues his inch-by-inch search of the walls.

23 CONTINUED:

23

CALLEIGH

Bomber came in through an unlocked window in the maid's room. Yesterday was her regular day off.

HORATIO

He knew their routine.

CALLEIGH

Moreno's wife said he liked to stay up 'til around one a.m. and watch TV. My guess, he got jumped right in the middle of "Letterman."

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

24 INT. MORENO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (FLASHBACK)

24

ON MORENO'S FACE, nearly obliterated by a WHITE RAG steeped with chloroform.

ON A NECKLACE BOMB, being snapped around Moreno's neck.

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

25 BACK TO SCENE

25

SPEEDLE

"Top Ten Ways To Get Your Head Blown Off."

Calleigh shoots Speedle a look, re: Horatio and Humphries. Speedle realizes his mistake, backpedals.

SPEEDLE

Hey, boss, sorry... I didn't mean anything...

CALLEIGH

(saving his ass)
I also found some type of fabric on the frame.

HORATIO

Get it to Trace. How're we doing on the note?

Delko shows his reassembled paper fragments, singed but remarkably intact.

25 CONTINUED:

25

DELKO

Some flash burn, minimal blood spatter. Certainly readable. "This is a bomb. If you do not deliver \$50,000..."

MEGAN

Fifty grand? Did he see the size of this place? Could've asked for ten times that much.

ON HORATIO, distracted by something he sees with the magnifier.
SNAP CLICK TO:

26 **MACRO SHOT - A FLASH OF GOLD**

26

Buried in the wall. He reaches in with tweezers and extracts it to reveal -- a **MAN'S WEDDING RING**, scratched and dented.

27 **BACK TO SCENE**

27

Horatio grimly eyes his treasure. He bags it. Places it in his pocket.

MEGAN

Horatio, what are you doing?

HORATIO

Al's wedding ring. His wife would want it back.

MEGAN

It's evidence.

HORATIO

I know what it is.

MEGAN

You can't just give it away.

HORATIO

Last time I checked, I was running this case.

Horatio walks out of the room. Calleigh, Speedle and Delko exchange looks. **OFF** Megan watching him go, her concern growing:

CUT TO:

28 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY THEATER - DAY [DAY 1]

28

ON **ALEXX**, examining Moreno's faceless head, discretely out of focus in the f.g.

ALEXX

Avulsive destruction of the face
and frontal calvarium. Thermal
damage of the epidermis at the
edges of the defect.

(shaking her head)

Thought I'd seen everything.

Megan leans in.

MEGAN

I'm surprised it didn't take his
head clean off.

ALEXX

I rushed tox. Traces of chloroform
in his system. That's how the
bomber got the collar on him.

(to the body)

You didn't know what hit you, did
you?

MEGAN

Rest of him looks pretty good
considering.

ALEXX

Looks can be deceiving.

Alexx lays open the "Y-incision" flaps. Megan can't hide her shock at what she sees (and she's seen a lot):

HER POV - MORENO'S CHEST CAVITY

Full of viscous red fluid. His lungs are blown out like two great wings.

MEGAN

My God... What happened?

HORATIO (O.S.)

"White Butterfly" effect.

Megan and Alexx look over, surprised, as Horatio walks onto the autopsy theater floor. This isn't his normal m.o.

28 CONTINUED:

28

HORATIO

Overpressure can cause massive
internal damage. Lungs burst,
other organs turn to soup.

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

29 MACRO SHOT - COLOR MRI IMAGE

29

Of a HUMAN TORSO, internal organs visible, heart pumping, lungs
inflating. Suddenly, a SHOCK WAVE hits, blowing out the organs,
turning the innards to Jello.

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

30 BACK TO SCENE

30

MEGAN

Horatio, what are you doing?

HORATIO

Thought I'd be down here for Al.

MEGAN

(warning bells)

For his post?

HORATIO

I've seen plenty of blast trauma.
I can handle it.

Alexx puts her foot down.

ALEXX

No way, Horatio

HORATIO

He was my friend.

ALEXX

He doesn't need you down here, and
neither do I...

(beat)

But I know someone who does.

Horatio shoots her a look. OFF his dawning realization of who
she means:

CUT TO:

31 INT. CSI - HORATIO'S OFFICE - NIGHT [NIGHT 1]

31 *

CLOSE ON A PICTURE of Horatio and Humphries in body armor.
CAMERA ADJUSTS to find Horatio sitting with Humphries' wife,
FELICIA, African-American, 40s, barely holding it together.

*
*
*

FELICIA HUMPHRIES

We've missed you since you left the
squad.

HORATIO

It's been too long.

FELICIA HUMPHRIES

Al was just saying...

(catches herself)

We need to have you over for dinner
sometime.

HORATIO

I'd like that, Felicia.

FELICIA HUMPHRIES

He would never talk about... You
always know there's a possibility.
That something could go wrong...

Horatio reaches out a hand, comforting her.

HORATIO

He was the best bomb tech I ever
saw. The best cop. Everything I
know, I learned from Al.

He reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a coin envelope and
shakes out the DENTED WEDDING RING. Felicia takes it, her eyes
welling up. She clings to it like she's drowning.

*

FELICIA HUMPHRIES

How do I tell the kids? What am I
going to say to them?

*
*

Felicia breaks down, crying. OFF Horatio, his resolve
hardening:

*
*

BEGIN MONTAGE:

32 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY [NEW DAY 2]

32

Process. TRACKING OVER A FEW HUNDRED BOMB PIECES laid out on a
light table -- PVC frag, electrical wires, switches.

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32 CONTINUED: 32

CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Horatio, Megan and Speedle, gloved and ready to work.

33 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY [DAY 2] 33

ON SPEEDLE, trying to fit together TWO SPRING-LOADED CONTACTS. *
Piecing together the world's deadliest jigsaw puzzle. *

34 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAY [DAY 2] 34

ON MEGAN, swabbing a piece of the PVC casing. Sealing the swab for analysis.

35 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY [DAY 2] 35

ON HORATIO, with goggles, going over a casing fragment with an ultraviolet ALS. He notices something. Moves the light behind the casing and peers at the inside. **SNAP CLICK TO:**

36 **MACRO SHOT - A TINY PINHOLE** 36

Purple light beams through a pinhole in the casing. What the hell is that for?

37 BACK TO SCENE 37

OFF HORATIO, wondering that very thing:

END MONTAGE.

38 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY [DAY 2] 38

ON THE NECKLACE BOMB, now partially reassembled. Horatio stares down at it, on edge. Speedle looks up as Megan walks in with a page of lab results.

MEGAN

Casing came back positive for TATP.
Homemade explosive. Very sensitive.
Wouldn't want to get the shakes.

HORATIO

Not this guy. He was a pro.

SPEEDLE

Well, he sure made a beauty. Dummy switches, alternate power source, collapsing circuits. He must've read the book.

38 CONTINUED:

38

HORATIO

He could've written the book. But we're missing components -- an action switch. It's not all here.

SPEEDLE

We went over that scene on our hands and knees. We got it all. *

HORATIO

(steely)

I'll say again -- it's not all here. *

SPEEDLE

Evidence can't just get up and walk out of the room, boss.

MEGAN

(an idea forming)

Yes, it can.

OFF their looks to her:

TIME CUT TO:

39 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - LATER [DAY 2]

39

TIGHT ON A DIGITAL VIDEO CLAMSHELL, rolling news footage of the post-blast scene at the Moreno house. CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Megan, Horatio and Speedle staring down at it.

CLOSE ON - THE CLAMSHELL

Megan FREEZE-FRAMES to show FIREMEN AND PARAMEDICS coming out the front door.

MEGAN

And there it goes...

OFF Horatio, like a dog with a new bone:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

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

40

TIGHT ON HORATIO'S EYE THROUGH A MAGNIFIER as he examines the rubber soles of a BLACK-AND-YELLOW FIREMASTER BOOT, a pile of similar boots next to him on a layout table. Speedle enters, carting another armful of boots.

SPEEDLE

Three engine companies responded to that bomb call. It was like a freeway through that house.

HORATIO

They were the only others in or out.

SPEEDLE

What are the chances any of this is gonna lead to anything?

HORATIO

Confidence is high. Take a look at this...

Speedle peers over his shoulder to see a SMALL ELECTRONIC COMPONENT, partially melted into a boot sole. **SNAP CLICK TO:**

41 **MACRO SHOT - AN ELECTRIC PHOTOCELL**

41

Like a mini-solar panel, partially intact and wedged between the waffle-print tread.

42 BACK TO SCENE

42

SPEEDLE

Electric photocell.

HORATIO

I think I see the light.

CUT TO:

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

43

Calleigh peers through a stereomicroscope, Delko at her side. She looks up to see Megan passing in the hall, waves her inside.

43 CONTINUED:

43

MEGAN

Got something on the fabric?

CALLEIGH

Flanders mesh pattern. Machine-made. Size 10, 32-count Pella Linen...

MEGAN

French lace. Très couteux.

CALLEIGH

(impressed)
Très bon.

Delko looks at them, puzzled.

CALLEIGH

(for Delko's benefit)
Our bomber is quite the clothes-hound. He has expensive tastes.

MEGAN

If he is a he. Lot of women's clothing made with french lace -- blouses, scarves...

DELKO

Lingerie.

Megan and Calleigh trade an amused glance

DELKO

What? I shop on Valentine's Day.

MEGAN

(to Delko; changing horses)
How're we doing on the note?

DELKO

Ran thin-layer chromatography on the ink. Garden-variety laser printer. You can find them at any copy shop. Then I realized I was barking up the wrong tree.

He shows Megan a page of lab results.

MEGAN

You analyzed the paper.

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

DELKO

Bagasse pulp. Treeless paper made from sugar cane fiber. Imported primarily from Colombia.

MEGAN

We need to find out if any local area stores sell this.

DELKO

(been there, done that)

Four high-end stationery stores in Dade County. Cater to the eco-friendly crowd. All sold out and waiting for a shipment from a Colombian import company...

(he drops the bomb)

Owned by one Alfonso Moreno.

Megan gives him a look, intrigued.

DELKO

I did a little fact-checking. String of necklace bomb cases just like this one in and around Bogota. Bombers stalked their victims for weeks. Got their routines down cold. They picked high-profile targets, wealthy enough to afford the ransom...

*
*
*
*
*

CALLEIGH

Just like Moreno.

*

MEGAN

Where's that paper shipment now?

DELKO

Waiting in Customs impound.

MEGAN

Then I'm wondering...who else might've had access to that paper.

*

Delko grins and heads out. OFF Megan and Calleigh -- this is starting to get interesting:

CUT TO:

44 EXT. LOADING DOCKS - DAY [DAY 2] 44

Giant hammerhead cranes swing cargo containers from ship to shore -- the life-blood of the southeast, coursing through the Port of Miami.

45 INT. CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE - DAY [DAY 2] 45

CAMERA FINDS Delko on top of a large pallet, examining a SHEET OF PAPER with a magnifier. He's accompanied by **CUSTOMS AGENT CHARLIE BERENGER**, 40s, white, off-the-rack suit, chews on a toothpick [NOTE: Berenger wears a toupee which we should absolutely not notice.]

AGENT BERENGER

Can I ask exactly what you're looking for?

DELKO

Coded watermarks. Paper is manufactured in lots. If we can ID the lot, might lead us to our killer.

SNAP CLICK TO:

46 MACRO SHOT - THE SHEET OF PAPER 46

The watermark is clearly visible through the paper when held up to the light.

47 BACK TO SCENE 47

AGENT BERENGER

Impound's a restricted area. Doesn't mean there's no access -- dockworkers, security guards, plus any number of Federal inspectors.

DELKO

Any of them have it in for Alfonso Moreno?

Berenger recognizes the name.

AGENT BERENGER

Moreno. Real piece of business. He was being investigated by the Cargo Cats.

47 CONTINUED:

47

DELKO

The what?

AGENT BERENGER

Cargo Cats. Little name we have for ourselves on the Counter-Smuggling Task Force.

Delko nods, intrigued.

DELKO

You got a file on him?

TIME CUT TO:

48 INT. CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

48

Delko pages through a Customs file. Sees SURVEILLANCE PICTURES of Moreno. A couple of pictures of nice houses, boats, cars.

DELKO

Looks like Moreno was doing all right for himself.

AGENT BERENGER

Better than all right. Nothing moved between South Florida and Colombia without going through him first.

Delko stops on a picture of a WELL-MANICURED WOMAN.

DELKO

Who's this?

AGENT BERENGER

Moreno's wife -- Liliana.

DELKO'S POV - THE PICTURE

LILIANA is Latina, blonde, strikingly similar to Julisa, the woman from the Teaser -- but clearly not the same woman.

DELKO

(puzzled)

That's not his wife.

AGENT BERENGER

Esposa number two. You mean you didn't know?

48 CONTINUED: 48

OFF Delko, with this tantalizing new piece of information:

CUT TO:

49 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY [DAY 2] 49

CLOSE ON A NEW INTACT PHOTOCCELL, just like the one extracted from the boot. CAMERA FOLLOWS a wire lead that runs to a battery, then another lead as it's connected to an ELECTRIC BUZZER. CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Horatio, wiring the components as Megan and Speedle watch. *

HORATIO

A bomb needs a minimum of three components to do its job...

(points out the parts he's wired together)

Power source, action switch and explosive load -- in this case, an electric buzzer. *

Horatio stuffs all the components into a section of PVC pipe. He twists the last two wires together and caps the pipe.

SPEEDLE

(for Megan's benefit)

We wired in a photocell, just like the one we found melted into the fireman's boot.

HORATIO

Humphries was following render-safe procedure. He x-rayed the bomb, then tried to drill in and disrupt the power source.

Horatio picks up a hand drill and begins to bore into the PVC pipe. SNAP CLICK TO:

50 MACRO SHOT - INSIDE THE PIPE 50

The drill bit penetrates the pipe, coming straight at CAMERA, then retreats, letting in a thin SHAFT OF LIGHT. The light strikes the photocell, which closes the circuit. CAMERA FOLLOWS as a JOLT OF ELECTRIC CURRENT travels from the battery to the BUZZER -- BRRRRING! *

51 BACK TO SCENE

51

SPEEDLE

Once the pipe was breached, the light hit the photocell and closed the circuit. Boom.

Megan tries to fathom it, disgusted.

MEGAN

What kind of person makes something like that?

HORATIO

Bombers are driven by ego. They build bombs to be in control -- some want revenge, some want to sow terror. Others feel like they've been let down by some "system."

Delko rushes into the lab. Throws TWO PICTURES down on the light table.

DELKO

Or let down by someone they trusted.

THEIR POV - JULISA AND LILIANA

Smile up from their respective photos. The two women share similar features -- blonde, attractive, Latina. They could be sisters.

DELKO

Moreno was a busy boy. Had one wife in Miami, the other in Bogota. Maybe they found out about each other.

SPEEDLE

Double your displeasure. That's motive.

DELKO

Customs inspector at Port of Miami said wife number two came into town a week ago. High season.

HORATIO

Where did you get all this?

51 CONTINUED:

51

MEGAN

(steps in)

He had a lead on the ransom note.
I told him to follow it.

Horatio processes that, a bit irritated, in spite of the new information.

HORATIO

Megan, can I have a word?

Speedle and Delko take the hint and excuse themselves. Horatio waits until they're gone, speaks quietly.

HORATIO

I'd appreciate it if you didn't send CSIs into the field without notifying me.

MEGAN

I figured the sooner we got on this, the better.

HORATIO

It's my ass on the line for their actions, not yours.

MEGAN

I'll take full responsibility.

HORATIO

It's not yours to take.

He strides out of the lab, not letting her get the final word.
OFF Megan's escalating frustration with Horatio:

CUT TO:

52 INT. CSI - INTERVIEW ROOM "A" - NIGHT [NIGHT 2]

52

ON Julisa Moreno, expensively-dressed, sitting in Interview "A."
Horatio sits across from her, along with **DETECTIVE MARTIN ORTEGA**, Latino, 30s.

JULISA MORENO

I don't know anyone who would want to hurt him. Alfonso was a good man. He loved his family...

INTERCUT WITH:

53 INT. CSI - INTERVIEW ROOM "B" - NIGHT [NIGHT 2]

53

ON LILIANA MORENO, dressed similarly to her counterpart in Interview "A." Megan is there with an N.D. DETECTIVE, white, female, prettier than a cop oughta be.

LILIANA MORENO

My husband was very devoted to family. He travelled quite a bit, but he hated to be away from us...

ON JULISA

JULISA MORENO

Of course he had to travel for business, but he hated it. He didn't like to be away from me...

ON LILIANA

She wipes away a tear.

LILIANA MORENO

He never wanted to leave me. I miss him so much...

ON JULISA

Also wiping a tear. Hard to tell who's more credible.

JULISA MORENO

You have no idea how much I miss him.

Horatio studies her. Plays the compassion card.

HORATIO

I'm very sorry for your loss. We're only trying to find out who might've done this.

He pulls a swab out of his kit. Julisa eyes it nervously.

JULISA MORENO

What's that?

HORATIO

I'd like to get a hand swab. It could help us catch your husband's killer.

53 CONTINUED:

53

ON LILIANA

Hesitant. Eyeing a similar hand swab held by Megan.

LILIANA MORENO

I don't understand. What could be
on my hand?

MEGAN

It's just to rule out the
possibility of any cross-
contamination.

LILIANA MORENO

(finally agreeing)
If it will help...

She offers her hand, bedecked with a FEW GOLD RINGS and an
EXPENSIVE WATCH. Megan notices her embroidered sleeve.

MEGAN

Beautiful blouse. Is that french
lace?

Liliana nods. As Megan swabs:

ON JULISA

As Horatio swabs her hand. See she's got the SAME GOLD RINGS,
SAME NICE WATCH.

CUT TO:

54 INT. CSI - HALLWAY - NIGHT [NIGHT 2]

54

Horatio and Megan consult outside the Interview suite.

HORATIO

Moreno had it coming and going.

MEGAN

Plus he got a two-for-one discount
on clothing and jewelry.

HORATIO

Hell hath no fury...

He looks to see Julisa come down a hallway toward the elevator.
A moment later, Liliana comes down another hall. The two women
stand together, like peas in a pod.

HORATIO

I'm gonna run these samples.

54 CONTINUED:

54

He goes. Megan watches the two women as they get on the elevator, neither one acknowledges the other. Not a look, not a glance. Like they're complete strangers. OFF Megan's curiosity:

CUT TO:

55 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - NIGHT [NIGHT 2]

55

Process. ON A SWAB being treated with a chemical reagent. Horatio is alone in the lab, focused, intense.

ON HORATIO, using a micropipette to dispense measured CLICKS into a series of vials.

ON THE CENTRIFUGE, spinning, separating layers of fluid.

ON THE GC/MASS SPEC analyzing. The printer spits out a page of results and Horatio snaps it up.

CUT TO:

56 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - MORNING [NEW DAY 3]

56

A new day. Megan comes in to find Horatio, wired, poring over the lab results. He hasn't even changed his clothes from the night before. He pounces when Megan enters:

HORATIO

Take a look at this. Julisa's hands were clean, but Liliana's...

He shows her the results.

HORATIO

Trace elements of triacetone triperoxide -- TATP. We've got our bomber.

MEGAN

(placating)

All your years on the bomb squad, how many bombers were women?

HORATIO

(still on a tear)

First one.

He moves toward the phone.

56 CONTINUED:

56

HORATIO

I'm putting in a call to INS. See if we can hold her until extradition papers come through.

Megan crosses in front of him, gets right in his face.

MEGAN

Horatio, stop, listen to yourself --

HORATIO

No, you listen. Al was like a brother. And this woman blew his hands off. She's not walking on this...

MEGAN

(interrupting)

How can anyone walk anywhere with you running roughshod over the evidence?

(beat)

Can't you see this isn't about finding out what happened to Al?

Horatio stops. She's gotten his attention. Megan lowers her voice. Chooses her words carefully.

MEGAN

The day Sean died...I was at a scene. Restaurant shooting. Girl killed by her boyfriend...

Horatio listens. He knows the story. Not sure why she's telling him now.

MEGAN

I didn't realize Sean had gone across the street to the boyfriend's apartment. He found him, on a 14th floor balcony. Ready to jump. Sean tried to talk him down. It's what any good cop would've done...

(beat)

Guy took him over the side. I saw them hit. Didn't know who it was at first.

Megan closes her eyes, reliving the pain. This may be the first time she's talked about this.

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

MEGAN

I worked the case. Insisted on it.
I wanted to be there for him... But
I couldn't...

(beat)

Grief is grief, work is work.
Don't confuse the two.

HORATIO

You think I've missed something.

MEGAN

Did you notice Liliana's hair and nails?
Acetone and peroxide. Base elements of
TATP. Also of nail polish and hair dye.

Horatio's taken aback -- that's Forensics 101. How could he
have overlooked that?

MEGAN

Those two women didn't bat an eye
when they got on the elevator. I'm a
woman, and I'm telling you, they
don't know each other. They probably
have no idea the other exists.

Horatio lets it all sink in. Hard for him to admit she may be
right. The PHONE RINGS and he snaps it up.

HORATIO

Trace?... What? Where?
(he looks to Megan)
There's another bomb.

OFF Megan's reaction, stunned:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

57 EXT. BURGOS HOUSE - DAY [DAY 3]

57

YELLOW POLICE TAPE RIPS ACROSS FRAME, as an N.D. COP blocks off the end of a street. Another COP hastily herds a few STRAGGLING NEIGHBORS outside the perimeter. WE STEADICAM WITH SOMEONE past fire trucks, police cars, EMS vehicles. A phalanx of flashing lightbars. Past EMERGENCY WORKERS rushing to their posts.

CAMERA CONTINUES down the now-empty street, finding the solitary BOMB VAN, its large back-panels flapped open. We round the panels to find a bomb tech, **KATRINA "KAT" CABRERA**, 30s, fit, staring at ANOTHER NECKLACE BOMB X-RAY.

REVEAL HORATIO as he leans in over her shoulder, our traveler to the eye of the storm.

KATRINA

Any closer and I might have to file a sexual harassment suit.

HORATIO

Wouldn't stick. We don't work together anymore.

Katrina gives him a troubled look. These two clearly know each other.

KATRINA

Why do I have a feeling this isn't a social call?

HORATIO

First bomb gave us info you need. You're going to have to render-safe in the dark.

KATRINA

More ammo for my sexual harassment suit.

Horatio blows past her bomb chatter. He knows it's just her way of keeping calm.

HORATIO

The device that killed Al had a photocell. Soon as the light hit, it functioned.

57 CONTINUED: 57

Katrina takes a sharp breath. This is going to make a hard job even harder, but she takes it in stride.

KATRINA
Okey-dokey, then.
(to a **BOMB TECH** inside
the van)
C'mon, partner, let's dig out that
tarp.

*

*

*

OFF the Bomb Tech, pulling out a LARGE BLACK TARP:

*

CUT TO:

58 EXT. BOMB PERIMETER - DAY [DAY 3] 58

CAMERA FINDS Megan a few steps away, walking quickly alongside a POLICE COMMANDER.

MEGAN
Who's the target?

POLICE COMMANDER
Vic's name is Maura Burgos. High-end antiques dealer. She was in her kitchen when she got jumped. Woke up from a chloroform bouquet to a necklace bomb around her neck.

MEGAN
Burgos? She Colombian?

POLICE COMMANDER
Hard to say. Unless that's code for scared out of your mind.

HARD CUT TO:

59 INT. BURGOS HOUSE (IN THE DARK) - DAY [DAY 3] 59

CLOSE ON A GHOSTLY THERMAL IMAGE -- A WOMAN'S EYES, wide in terror.

HORATIO (O.S.)
How'd she manage to call the cops?

KATRINA (O.S.)
Garage door opener. Neighbor called it in.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL our victim -- **MAURA BURGOS**, late 20s, Colombian, trendy haircut.

59 CONTINUED:

59

She's sitting at her kitchen table, a NECKLACE BOMB cinched tight around her neck. Around her is TOTAL DARKNESS, created by the light-blocking TARP. *

KATRINA (O.S.)

(to Maura)

That was quick thinking, Maura, flapping the garage door. Did you have the opener in your pocket?

MAURA BURGOS

My purse, it was on the table when I came to --

Katrina's tone is light, conversational, trying to calm.

KATRINA (O.S.)

You use a purse much? Because me, I keep switching. Canvas bags, totes, pockets...

MAURA BURGOS

B -- Briefcase.

KATRINA (O.S.)

See what I mean. It's a regular fashion conundrum.

Maura stares straight ahead, trembling with fear, and now we see why:

MAURA'S POV -- ON KATRINA

LOOMING INTO VIEW, a PATRIOT MULTI-PURPOSE SYSTEM mounted on the front of her head. Think slanted bug eyes with a fat camera nose. As the CREATURE MOVES CLOSER:

INTERCUT WITH:

60 EXT. COMMAND POST (BURGOS) - CONTINUOUS

60

REVEAL MAURA'S THERMAL IMAGE on a monitor, relayed by Katrina's night-vision goggles. Horatio's eyes are glued to the screen, a BOMB X-RAY in one hand, Nextel in the other. *

KATRINA

Horatio, you copy? *

HORATIO

Loud and clear. Stay with me, Kat. I'll walk you through it. This device looks like a twin of the other one. *

*
*
*
*

60 CONTINUED:

60

KATRINA

(to Maura)

You can relax now, Maura. I've got
 Horatio Caine in my head. Not
 quite "Georgia On My Mind," but
 he's analyzed one of these babies
 so we're in good hands.

Maura tries to be cheered by this news but it's hard with six
 pounds of high-explosive clamped around your neck.

MAURA BURGOS

How -- How'd that one turn out?
 Was everyone okay?

KATRINA

(lying smoothly)

Better than okay, darling. Don't
 you worry. We'll be tossing back
 mojitos in no time.

ON HORATIO, the memory of Humphries still a raw wound. WE HEAR
 Katrina, to Maura:

KATRINA

Hey, you know any Stevie Wonder?

TIME CUT TO:

61 INT. BURGOS HOUSE (IN THE DARK) - LATER

61

CLOSE ON MAURA, doing a trembling, half-hearted version of
 "Uptight (Everything's Alright)." We hear a SHRILL WHINE in the
 b.g., like a dentist's drill.

MAURA BURGOS

Baby, everything is alright...
 uptight, out of sight...

She flinches as CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Katrina working a
 DENTAL DREMEL, its rotary-blade WHIRRING. She shaves away at
 the bomb casing, GRAYISH-WHITE PARTICLES raining down, snow
 flurries through black velvet.

KATRINA

Sorry, I'm giving you dandruff.
 Keep singing, darling.

*
*

INTERCUT WITH:

*

62 EXT. COMMAND POST (BURGOS) - CONTINUOUS

62

ON HORATIO, staring at MAURA'S IMAGE on the monitor. He's intense, like we've never seen him before. All his senses zeroed in on that screen.

MAURA BURGOS

(singing)

Baby, everything is alright,
uptight...

HORATIO

Stay along the seam. Frag was
largest there.

KATRINA

I'm trying. Housing's as smooth as
a baby's butt.

HORATIO

He used silicone gel, sanded, then
buffed with an electrostatic cloth.

KATRINA

Trying to hide the sucker. But he
can't hide from us, can he, Maura?

HORATIO

You should stop as soon as the
pressure eases, before you hit dead
space.

KATRINA

Just a few zip-zips, Maura, and
we're out of here. Easier than a
trip to the dentist.

*
*
*

CLOSE ON THE SPINNING BLADE, inches away from Maura's face.
SNAP CLICK TO:

*

63 **MACRO SHOT - THE DREMEL BLADE**

63

SLICING through the last layer of the **SKIN OF THE BOMB.**

64 BACK TO HORATIO

64

He's practically inhaling the bomb along with Katrina.

HORATIO

Got a visual yet?

SNAP CLICK TO:

65 MACRO SHOT - A STREAM OF SAND

65

Suddenly begins pouring out of the bomb. MORE SAND, pouring and pouring, a sick joke. *

66 BACK TO KATRINA

66

KATRINA

It's a hoax! Phony circuits. Damn thing's filled with sand. *

She reaches overhead, pulls off the black tarp exposing them to the light. *

KATRINA

I'm bringing her out!

CLOSE ON HORATIO

Leaning into the screen, yelling:

HORATIO

NO! Nobody move!

TIME CUT TO:

67 INT./EXT. BURGOS HOUSE - DAY [DAY 3]

67

ON FEET FLYING, as Horatio races toward the house, the N.D. Bomb Tech at his side. He BARKS into the Nextel as he moves: *

HORATIO

There could be a secondary device --

KATRINA

Let me get Maura out of here first.

HORATIO

No! It could function any number of ways. Either of you moves, it could blow. *

You can tell Katrina has something else to say. She waits a second, then says it.

KATRINA

This isn't your handle anymore, Horatio.

67 CONTINUED:

67

HORATIO

I put you in there in the dark, I'm
getting you out.

CUT TO:

68 INT. BURGOS HOUSE - DAY [DAY 3]

68

QUICK CUTS: ON MAURA AND KATRINA, immobile, sweat dripping.

ON HORATIO, cautiously approaching Maura and Katrina.

HORATIO

(to Katrina)

Am I still on the path you cleared?

KATRINA

Yellow brick road right under your
feet.

ON A TIGHT ROPE FIGURINE, balanced on a wire stretched overhead.
A SMALL WIRE protrudes from the back of the figurine's head. Is
it some sort of RADIO DETONATOR?

REVEAL HORATIO, staring up at it.

HORATIO

(to Maura)

This tight rope walker usually have
a wire coming out of his head?

For a second Maura's confused, then her head clears.

MAURA BURGOS

Yes, there was a little balloon
that broke off.

ON HORATIO, kneeling carefully with a mag light, examining the
area around Katrina.

ON HORATIO, now running his hands behind the cushions on Maura's
chair.

HORATIO

Look one more time, Maura. Is
anything different?

Maura's eyes desperately sweep the room, struggling --

MAURA BURGOS

No, I just... I don't know!

68 CONTINUED: 68

Horatio nods -- she can rely on him, not her memory. His eyes SCAN the room one last time.

HORATIO
(into the Nextel)
It's clear. We're coming out.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. BURGOS HOUSE - DAY [DAY 3] 69

THE FRONT DOOR is flung open. Maura, exhausted, relieved, walks out with Horatio and Katrina.

INTERCUT WITH:

70 EXT. BOMB PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS 70

FEATURE a small group of NEIGHBORS in the distance. Just before them is the BOMB TRUCK. The neighbors erupt in SPONTANEOUS APPLAUSE.

ON KATRINA AND MAURA

KATRINA
What'd I tell you? Mojito time.

ON HORATIO, his eyes are still restlessly sweeping. *

FEATURE the same group of neighbors again. Just beyond them is a TOW-HEAD KID ON A BIKE. [WARDROBE NOTE: He's wearing a bike helmet.] He's leaning up against a STOP SIGN, not moving.

ON HORATIO, something's not right about this picture. He quickens his pace, SEEING... SNAP CLICK TO:

71 CLOSE ON - A LARGE PACKAGE 71

In the BASKET OF THE BIKE -- and you can practically hear it TICKING.

72 BACK TO SCENE 72

Horatio WALKS DELIBERATELY up the street.

73 EXT. BOMB VAN - CONTINUOUS 73

HORATIO still walking, speaks quietly to the Bomb Tech -- *

73 CONTINUED:

73

HORATIO

Give me the ECM. Get everyone back
from that kid on the bike.

Megan watches curiously as the Tech scrambles in the back of the van. Comes up with a SQUARE CONTAINER, about the size of a boombox, hands it off to Horatio on the move.

74 EXT. BOMB PERIMETER - DAY [DAY 3]

74

Horatio approaches the Tow-Head Kid, Conner, 8, white, sitting motionless on his bike. He sets down the blinking ECM CONTAINER, eyeballing the PACKAGE in the front basket. His tone is calm, conversational.

HORATIO

Nice bike. What is that? BMX?

Conner says nothing, scared due to the sudden attention.

HORATIO

In my day, hot ride was the Sting Ray. Banana seat, racing sliks. My folks said no way. Guess they thought I might get into trouble.

(beat)

What's your name?

CONNER

(a beat; finally)

Conner.

INTERCUT WITH:

75 EXT. BOMB VAN - CONTINUOUS

75

Megan waits with KATRINA, both watching intently.

MEGAN

What's the box?

KATRINA

ECM.

MEGAN

Electronic Counter Measure?

(off Katrina's
surprise)

My husband's squad took a course.
He brought the manuals home.

75 CONTINUED:

75

KATRINA

Horatio's jamming every radio signal in the area. In case the bomber's trying to remote-detonate.

Megan's eyes immediately begin searching. Is the bomber nearby?

ON HORATIO

HORATIO

Bike's a little big for you, Conner. Where'd you get it?

CONNER

The man said I could keep it, if I brought this package to his friend. He said to wait for him here.

Conner points to a sign. Horatio reads it: "*SLOW - CHILDREN AT PLAY.*" Conner nervously looks to the COPS, setting up a new perimeter around him and his bike. Freaking out.

CONNER

(a whisper)

I did something bad, didn't I?

HORATIO

No, Conner, everything's fine.

Conner's face says otherwise. His bottom lip starts to quiver and as he shakes, the BIKE WOBBLER. Horatio puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

HORATIO

You know what, Conner, how 'bout you just look at me. Can you do that?

Conner nods.

HORATIO

In just a few seconds, I'm gonna' have you get off the bike.

Horatio leans down now so he can see under the kid's seat.

HIS POV - THE UNDERSIDE OF THE SEAT

A SLIVER OF SILVER FOIL pokes through. Horatio examines more closely. Could the seat be booby-trapped?

*

HORATIO

You like chocolate, Conner?

*

75 CONTINUED: (2) 75

CONNER
How'd you know?

HORATIO
All kids like chocolate.

Horatio gently tugs at the silver, it easily gives... **SNAP**
CLICK TO:

76 **MACRO SHOT - A SILVER CANDY WRAPPER** 76

It **FLIES OUT** once Horatio frees it from under the seat, **BLOWS OFF** in the wind.

77 **BACK TO SCENE** 77

HORATIO
You think you could get off the
bike in slow motion, Conner?

Conner nods. Horatio holds the bike as Conner eases himself
off.

HORATIO
Great job, Conner. Now I want you
to walk away. Don't run. Just
walk to those policemen. Go!

Conner scampers away, straight to Megan, who snatches him out of
harm's way.

ON HORATIO

HORATIO
Let's get this target secure!

HARD CUT TO:

78 **EXT. BOMB VAN - DAY [DAY 3]** 78

SIDE PANELS YAWN OPEN, RAMP DOWN as...an ANDROS ROBOT smoothly
rolls out of the bomb van. A long cylinder protrudes from its
robotic arm -- a DISRUPTER CANNON. Think R2-D2 packing a high-
tech water bazooka.

TIME CUT TO:

79 **EXT. BOMB PERIMETER - DAY [DAY 3]** 79

The robot rolls toward the ISOLATED BIKE, which has been secured
to nearby trees and signposts by a WEB OF ROPE AND TWINE.

80 EXT. BOMB VAN - CONTINUOUS

80

ON A COMPUTER AND A PAIR OF VIDEO MONITORS set up outside the back of the van. The Bomb Tech navigates Andros, as Horatio and Katrina eye the robot closing the gap between the bomb truck and the bike.

HORATIO

New robot?

KATRINA

ANDROS -- extra set of hands.
Wouldn't want to ruin my manicure.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. COMMAND POST (BURGOS) - DAY [DAY 3]

81

Megan processes Conner, while his MOM, 20s, blond, petite, hovers nearby.

MEGAN

I'm just going to comb your hair
Conner, see if the man who gave you
the package left anything on you.

Conner nods. Megan looks to the Mom, who seconds the okay.
Megan carefully combs through his hair.

MEGAN

I know the detective asked you
already, but is there anything else
you remember about the man?

Conner shakes his head 'no.' He's still too shaken up to talk.
Megan pulls a TAPE LIFT off Conner's shirt.

MEGAN

That's okay. I forget stuff too.
Especially when I'm scared.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. BOMB VAN - DAY [DAY 3]

82

CLOSE ON AN X-RAY -- a TANGLE OF WIRES, clearly visible in an unearthly white, while the POWER CELL sticks out, a fluorescent green. CAMERA FINDS Horatio studying the x-ray on a computer monitor as Katrina leans in.

KATRINA

You found me my target?

82 CONTINUED: 82

HORATIO
Green for go. If it's like the
first bomb.

CUT TO:

83 **MACRO SHOT - A BLACK HAIR** 83

Two inches long, a bit wavy.

84 EXT. COMMAND POST (BURGOS) - DAY [DAY 3] 84

Megan examines the dark hair caught in her tape lift. She looks
at little blond Conner.

MEGAN
Did the man have dark hair, Conner?
Some of the confusion lifts from the kid's face.

CONNER
Yeah. Black. Kinda wavy.

MEGAN
See, you did remember something.
OFF Conner, with a tentative smile.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. BOMB VAN - DAY [DAY 3] 85

QUICK CUTS: ON HORATIO, watching the Bomb Tech manipulate the
robot's joystick.

86 EXT. BOMB PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS 86

ON THE ROBOT, as the Disrupter tilts into position. **SNAP CLICK
TO:**

87 **MACRO SHOT - A LASER** 87

**Shoots out of the Disrupter, lining up a spot on the outside of
the package.**

88 EXT. BOMB VAN - CONTINUOUS 88

ON THE COMPUTER, the laser is visible right onto the X-RAY,
targeting the power cell. Megan joins Katrina and Horatio.

88 CONTINUED:

88

BOMB TECH

Laser's on target. *

MEGAN

What's it going to do?

KATRINA

Little gizmo on top's called a Disrupter. Think of it as a water pistol, only it fires 900-feet per second. *

HORATIO

Little gift to the bomb squad from nature. Water doesn't compress, comes shooting out like a piece of steel rebar. If we get lucky, we can knock out the power source.

KATRINA

Circuit interruptus.

MEGAN

And if we don't?

HORATIO

Then we're going to have a very large scene to process.

The moment of truth. Horatio gives Katrina a nod.

HORATIO

Do it.

KATRINA

Fire in the hole!

She hits the Disrupter trigger, as we **SNAP CLICK TO:**

89 **MACRO SHOT - THE DISRUPTER FIRES!**

89

SUPER SLOW-MO as a stream of water discharges -- a liquid bullet RIPPING through the package. CAMERA FOLLOWS as it penetrates, obliterating the power cell!

90 EXT. BOMB PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS

90

BANG! The package goes flying in REAL TIME, SLAMMING into a tree. *

ON HORATIO, following Katrina to the perimeter. They cautiously check the scattered components.

90 CONTINUED:

90

KATRINA

All clear!

OFF Horatio, relieved but uneasy:

TIME CUT TO:

91 EXT. BOMB PERIMETER - LATER

91

ON THE DEPARTING BOMB VAN, as CAMERA FINDS Megan and Horatio heading back to their Hummer. An N.D. CSI loads Conner's bike into the back. Horatio stares at the Burgos house up the street. Megan follows his gaze.

MEGAN

One thing I don't understand.
Bomber's after the girl -- why
plant a hoax in her house?

Horatio turns, eyes the "Slow -- Children" sign on the post where Conner was found.

HORATIO

What's the distance -- the house to
that sign?

MEGAN

Couple hundred feet.

HORATIO

I'd say five hundred feet. Exactly
where the bomb squad sets up
containment. Command post just
inside. By the book.

MEGAN

Are you saying the bomber knew that?

*
*

HORATIO

I'm saying Moreno and Burgos were
just decoys. I think he was after
the bomb squad.

*
*
*

OFF this grisly insight:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

92 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY [DAY 3]

92

ON THE FIRST NECKLACE BOMB, now carefully rebuilt. Horatio points to the front of the necklace.

HORATIO

The explosives were packed here, a steel plate along the interior. Deflected the blast wave both up toward the victim and out toward the bomb tech.

*

REVEAL SPEEDLE AND CALLEIGH AND DELKO, intently listening.

Horatio points to the DUMMY NECKLACE, on the table next to the real one.

HORATIO

This one was to lure the squad...

ON THE PACKAGE BOMB COMPONENTS, separated into a grid of switches, power cells, packaging, and wires. Horatio indicates the components.

HORATIO

And this one was designed to blow them all to smithereens.

CALLEIGH

All those little pieces. Hard to believe they can be so deadly.

*

SPEEDLE

14 ounces of Sementex brought down the plane over Lockerbie. That's smaller than a bag of coffee. Killed all 259 people in the aircraft, 11 on the ground.

HORATIO

These are going to give us our bomber. Speedle, swab everything. Look for saliva, sweat, household cleaner, hand lotion, anything that might've been mistakenly introduced.

92 CONTINUED:

92

ON THE SWITCHES AND CIRCUIT BOARDS

HORATIO

Delko, concentrate on the switches. They aren't hand made, so the bomber got them somewhere. I want manufacturer's specs, make and model number of every item.

ON THE TANGLE OF WIRES

HORATIO

Calleigh, work the wiring. Look for unique cuts or toolmarks.

Even though it may be implicit, Horatio has to say it --

HORATIO

Normally, the people we get answers for can wait. This one's different. Any minute, the bomb squad's gonna get another call.

SPEEDLE

What are you going to do, boss?

Horatio looks at the innocuous collection of parts, knowing the deadly power they contain.

HORATIO

I'm going to rebuild this bomb.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

*

93 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - LATER

93

Process. ON HORATIO, in the zone, rebuilding the bomb, one component at a time. Its mechanical poetry -- tracing the connections, the pathways of life and destruction.

*

ON TWO WIRES, slightly-mangled, insulation frayed. Horatio lays them side-by-side. Hesitates. Turns them head-to-head, overlapping and facing each other.

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

94 INT. CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE (FLASHBACK)

94

CLOSE ON THE GLOVED HANDS OF OUR BOMBER. He's got the wires lined up the same way, wrapping them in shrink-wrap.

94 CONTINUED: 94

Applies a heat gun and the PLASTIC CONTRACTS, marrying the wires together. *

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

95 INT. CSI - FIREARMS LAB - DAY [DAY 3] 95

ON CALLEIGH, slicing a wire with a UTILITY KNIFE to make an exemplar. REVEAL A PILE OF WIRES, and CUTTING IMPLEMENTS - shears, scissors, kitchen knives, etc. She's got her work "cut out" for her.

96 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY [DAY 3] 96

ON HORATIO, as he examines the blown-out power source. He starts to wrap a wire lead CLOCKWISE around a terminal. Stops. Removes the wire lead and wraps COUNTER-CLOCKWISE instead.

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

97 INT. CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE (FLASHBACK) 97

CLOSE ON THE BOMBER'S HANDS, wrapping the same wire lead in a COUNTER-CLOCKWISE direction.

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

98 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAY [DAY 3] 98

ON SPEEDLE, painstakingly swapping a section of the bomb package. He drops the swab into a vial. THROUGH THE FOREST OF VIALS, we see: *

DELKO, eyeballing a switch with a magnifier. He adds another serial number to a long list.

99 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY [DAY 3] 99 *

ON HORATIO, staring at the reassembled PACKAGE BOMB. He gets up, impatient, needs to move --

END MONTAGE. *

100 INT. CSI - TRACE LAB - DAY [DAY 3] 100

PHOTOMICROGRAPH POV of a STRAND OF HAIR.

100 CONTINUED:

100

MEGAN (O.S.)

I can tell you it's dark brown,
auburn reflectivity, a fragment of
three inches with an angle-tip cut.
Cortical cell is damaged, medulla
fractional. But none of that is
going to give you a name...

*

THE CAMERA BACKS OUT OF THE MICROSCOPE TO REVEAL Megan, staring
through the eyepiece. She keeps talking without lifting her head.

MEGAN

I can also tell you your standing
there is not going to grow a hair
tag at the end of this sample.

She lifts her head. REVEAL Horatio staring at a duplicate image
of the hair on a PLASMA SCREEN.

MEGAN

Do you also stand around on your
lawn to watch the grass grow?

HORATIO

On occasion.

MEGAN

The scary part is, I believe you.

She looks back into the microscope.

MEGAN

You miss it, don't you? Being on
the front lines.

HORATIO

Simple answer, no.

Megan nods toward the work.

MEGAN

But why leave something you're good
at?

HORATIO

Ever bet on a horse race?

MEGAN

(shaking her head)
Life's enough of a gamble for me.

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

HORATIO

Some horses run better in harness.
Keeps them from running wild. I
guess the science does that for me.

*
*
*

Megan is surprised. This is news to her --- the Horatio who not
only respects, but needs the science, as much as he champions
his gut. OFF that:

*

CUT TO:

101 INT. CSI - LAYOUT ROOM - DAY [DAY 3]

101

The gang is re-assembled. Speedle's got his nose in the bomb,
Calleigh and Delko stand beside Horatio.

HORATIO

So what've we found?

DELKO

Couple of components were brand-
name -- resistors, circuit boards.
But the relay base grommets were
painted, not clear.

HORATIO

Counterfeit?

DELKO

Looks that way.

HORATIO

See if you can find out where
they're sold. Speedle?

SPEEDLE

No sweat, no saliva, no hand lotion
but there were traces of chlordan.

*

HORATIO

Insecticide?

*
*

SPEEDLE

Banned insecticide. Still in use
in a lot of coffee-growing
countries. Don't have a
manufacturer yet.

*
*
*
*

HORATIO

Keep looking. Calleigh?

101 CONTINUED:

101

CALLEIGH

All the wire ends were straight-
edged. Standard utility knife.
Nothing fancy. It's a dead end. *

Megan enters the room with a page of lab results.

MEGAN

Afraid I've also got a dead end.
Literally. Hair is human, but it
didn't belong to our guy.

HORATIO

How can you tell without a skin tag?

MEGAN

Faint traces of silicone adhesive
at the root. It came from a wig.

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

102 INT. MORENO HOUSE - MAID'S ROOM (*FLASHBACK*)

102

FROM BEHIND, we see OUR BOMBER, his wig askew. He reaches up
and straightens the hairpiece.

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

103 BACK TO SCENE

103

CALLEIGH

(a realization)

French lace. From the window at
the Moreno house. It's also used
on high-end toupees. It gives a
more natural look at the hairline. *

SPEEDLE

Lace on a rug? Shoot me if it
comes to that.

Megan follows Speedle's earlier lead, throws a question to
Horatio.

MEGAN

What'd you find from the bomb?

HORATIO

Signatures. Like our guy shrink-
wraps his wires. Lines them end-to-
end.

(MORE)

103 CONTINUED:

103

HORATIO (cont'd)

Winds his leads counter-clockwise.
But big thing -- he likes to show
off.

CALLEIGH

How can you get that from a bomb?

HORATIO

Most bombers keep it simple. It's
more reliable, safer that way. Not
this guy. Every twist of his
wires, said, "Look at me, look how
clever I am."

MEGAN

Still doesn't give us a name.

They all look at each other, momentarily stumped. Horatio runs
it down again.

HORATIO

So we start at the top. He knows
his way around a bomb. Carries a
grudge...

MEGAN

He wears a toupee --

CALLEIGH

Maybe out of necessity, chemo --

HORATIO

Or if he's been around bombs, he
could have had some close calls...

CALLEIGH

(catching on)

Maybe burned his head in some sort
of explosion, which would account
for the wig...

Delko chimes in.

DELKO

And he's making his bomb out of
counterfeit parts...

SPEEDLE

In a place with some kind of heavy-
duty insecticide.

Horatio considers that.

*

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

HORATIO

So where do phony parts and banned
insecticide come together?

SPEEDLE

Both are illegal imports.

DELKO

Moreno imported goods from
Colombia. So did Maura Burgos.

HORATIO

And all of it had to clear
through...U.S. Customs. That
impound warehouse.

Megan chimes in.

MEGAN

When all roads lead to Rome...

HARD CUT TO:

104 EXT. LOADING DOCKS - DUSK [DAY 3]

104

ON THE HUMMER'S WHEELS, SQUEALING to a stop on the docks. ARM
UP to find Horatio and Megan stepping out. Det. Ortega is
waiting for them. He hands off a list of names to Horatio.

DETECTIVE ORTEGA

All the agents with access to the
Moreno and Burgos files, combined
with warehouse access --

Horatio speed-reads through the list, halts, recognizing a name.

HORATIO

Customs Enforcement Agent Charlie
Berenger...

MEGAN

That's the agent Delko talked to.

HORATIO

I know him.

MEGAN

Who is he?

HORATIO

Someone who never learned to run in
harness.

104 CONTINUED:

104

Horatio looks toward the warehouse, looming ominously large. How many bombs could be hidden in there? SIRENS WAIL, approaching in the distance. *

DETECTIVE ORTEGA
SWAT team is on it's way.

Horatio starts toward the Customs warehouse.

HORATIO
Berenger hears that, he may try to set another device. *

MEGAN
Horatio, we should stand down. Wait for back-up.

HORATIO
I can't give him that opportunity. *

MEGAN
That's not protocol and it's not a good plan.

But Horatio's still going. Megan stays by his side.

MEGAN
Who's running wild now? *

HORATIO
This man's killing my friends. He's talking to me.

He goes. The sirens grow closer. OFF Megan, conflicted:

CUT TO:

105 INT. CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE - DUSK [DAY 3]

105

The warehouse is a giant rat maze of stacked pallets and crates. Horatio steps INTO FRAME, eyes searching. He walks down an aisle, his weapon still holstered.

ON ANOTHER AISLE, as Horatio turns a corner. He hears a NOISE behind him. Snaps a look. Nothing. He turns back to see:

BERENGER, standing ten feet away. He's calm, clear-eyed, in spite of the NECKLACE BOMB he has cinched around his own neck. Toothpick in his mouth. Horatio holds up his hands, unarmed. *

HORATIO
Charlie Berenger. *

105 CONTINUED:

105

AGENT BERENGER

Horatio Caine. Long time. Nice
work with that kid on the bike. *

CAMERA RACKS as Megan quietly steps into view, about 30 feet
behind Berenger, drawing down on him with her pistol. She nods
to Horatio: "I'm here."

But Horatio keeps moving toward Berenger. There's no guarantee
that her taking the shot will prevent the bomb from exploding.

HORATIO

We're just gonna talk, right
Charlie? One old bomb tech to
another. *

Megan can only watch and wait -- gun raised and ready.

HORATIO

(speaks quietly,
intimately)

1998. You got a raw deal when that
bomb blew, didn't you, Charlie? You
knew you could've beat the timer. *

AGENT BERENGER

I would've too, if Humphries hadn't
been screaming in my ear.

HORATIO

Big mistake on Al's part. He
didn't know how clever you were.
So you decided to show them...

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

THE FLIPBOOK:

106 INT. MORENO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (FLASHBACK)

106

ON MORENO'S FACE, nearly obliterated by a WHITE RAG steeped with
chloroform.

ON A NECKLACE BOMB, being snapped around Moreno's neck.

CLOSE ON THE NECKLACE BOMB as it DETONATES in the center of the
room, sending out a white, rapidly-expanding sphere, blowing
everything in its path outward.

107 INT. BURGOS HOUSE (FLASHBACK)

107

ON MAURA'S FACE, she's drugged, semi-conscious, on the ground.

107 CONTINUED: 107

ON BERENGER, straddling her to place the decoy bomb on her neck.

HORATIO (V.O.)

You picked victims to mislead the squad. Made them think they were dealing with Colombian bomb ransoms...

108 INT. MORENO HOUSE - MAID'S ROOM (*FLASHBACK*) 108

ON BERENGER, climbing through the window. He snags his toupee on the frame. SNAP CLICK TO:

109 MACRO SHOT - A TINY SWATCH 109

Fine, white fabric wedged in between slivers of wood on the window frame.

110 BACK TO BERENGER 110

FROM BEHIND, we see Berenger, his wig askew. He reaches up and straightens the hairpiece.

HORATIO (V.O.)

But all the while you were setting them up...

111 MACRO SHOT - A STREAM OF SAND 111

Suddenly begins pouring out of the bomb. MORE SAND, pouring and pouring. No circuitry, no explosives, a sick joke.

112 EXT. BURGOS STREET (*FLASHBACK*) 112

ON THE BIKE, as Conner mounts up. Berenger adjusts CONNER'S HELMET as he sends him on his way.

113 INT. CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE (*FLASHBACK*) 113

ON THE PACKAGE BOMB, as we see Berenger carefully assembling components.

HORATIO (V.O.)

And that last device -- a work of art. Collapsing parallel circuits. Michelangelo would have been envious.

*

CLOSE ON GLOVED HANDS. Berenger's got the wires lined up head-to-head, wrapping them in shrink-wrap. Applies a heat gun and the PLASTIC CONTRACTS, marrying the wires together.

113 CONTINUED:

113

CLOSE ON HIS HANDS AGAIN, wrapping the same wire lead in a COUNTER-CLOCKWISE direction.

NEGATIVE FLASH TO:

114 BACK TO SCENE

114

HORATIO

I've done the reconstruction. Al should have never tossed you off the squad. You were too good for that.

*

AGENT BERENGER

I was. And look what it got me...

He slides off his toupee, revealing his HIDEOUSLY SCARRED, BALD HEAD. Horatio takes it in stride, doesn't react.

HORATIO

We all have off-days. This could be a bad day for me. Trying to take you down and we both get blown up. Couple of bozos, the papers'll say. Two bomb techs and neither one could get out of harm's way.

*

*

*

*

*

AGENT BERENGER

You think I can't get out of this?

HORATIO

I couldn't. I searched for the safe-arming switch. Never could find it.

*

*

AGENT BERENGER

It's easy to miss. Want to take another shot? Of course, if you're wrong...

Horatio knows the end of that sentence. Berenger lowers his arms. Stands there waiting for Horatio, daring him.

ON HORATIO, it's his move. His eyes scan the necklace bomb, searching for detail. He's back where he started. All those hours in the lab and nothing stands out. And then he sees it:

CLOSE ON - A TINY PINHOLE

In the bomb casing, just above the collar-line.

SNAP-CLICK TO:

115 **MACRO SHOT - THE PINHOLE** 115

Looming like the Holland Tunnel.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

116 **MACRO SHOT - A TINY PINHOLE (FLASHBACK)** 116

Purple light beams through an identical pinhole in the casing of NECKLACE BOMB #1.

117 **BACK TO SCENE** 117

Horatio reaches up and plucks the TOOTHPICK out of Berenger's mouth. Before Berenger can protest, Horatio INSERTS THE TOOTHPICK INTO THE PINHOLE.

CLICK -- The necklace bomb falls off effortlessly. Horatio catches it before it hits the ground. Berenger just stands there in stunned amazement.

ON THE SWAT TEAM, charging down the aisles toward Berenger, taking him down to the ground. *

Horatio looks back to where Megan was standing -- she's gone. OFF his puzzlement: *

CUT TO: *

A118 **EXT. LOADING DOCKS - DUSK [DAY 3]** A118 *

ON MEGAN, staring out over the water, thoroughly shaken. This has been too much for her, too soon. She holsters her pistol, trying to take deep breaths, stay calm. *

A beat. Then Horatio steps up next to her IN PROFILE. He doesn't say a word. Just stands by her side, looking out over the bay. He puts a comforting hand on her shoulder -- "it's okay." Megan shakes her head -- "it's not." *

OFF the two of them, standing silently, new comrades-in-arms: *

118-119 **OMITTED** 118-119 *

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW