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NUMB3RS

"Finders Keepers"
#313/Ep.50

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SCOTT FREE in association with CBS PARAMOUNT NETWORK TELEVISION, a division of CBS Studios.

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"Finders Keepers"

TEASER

BLACKBOX OPENING:

11,346.... Nautical Miles
22..... Ports
14..... Racing Yachts
1..... Sunken Treasure

1 **EXT. OCEAN - DAY (STOCK FOOTAGE)** 1

MONTAGE to music. SAILBOATS slice through the water. Winter sun sparkles. Sails flutter then SNAP, filling with wind, lifting yachts away from shore... It's all the glamour and beauty of sailing without the Dramamine.

WE LAND ON a sailboat headed in. She drops her sails and heads up the channel, leading us toward...

2 **EXT. SAN PEDRO - BOAT SLIPS - DAY** 2

The usual activity among the docks. Here and there, owners do maintenance. A few fishing boats hose off...

At the end of one of the docks WE FIND a group of JUNIOR HIGH KIDS on an oceanography FIELD TRIP. They're gathered near a tied-up RESEARCH BOAT, listening as a MARINE EXPERT describes some local sea life, holding up SPECIMENS of some, pointing to PICTURES of others on a chart...

MARINE EXPERT

These are some examples of what we might find today in our catch. Pacific crab, sea anemones, any number of a variety of starfish...

Behind the Expert, on the Research Boat, a small CRANE lifts a bulging fishing net...

MARINE EXPERT

Once the net is released, you should try to identify as many creatures as you can. Keep a list there in your notebooks...

The net moves into position over the pier. It's tough to see its contents, most of what's visible is seaweed.

(CONTINUED)

MARINE EXPERT

So far, most of what we can see is kelp, which you're all familiar with from the beach, right? Everybody's seen that? So let's write down "kelp"...

The net comes to rest. The Operator throws a lever, dumping its contents - a tangle of sea weed, kelp, a giant crab... and SOMETHING black, rubbery caught in a heap of kelp...

JUNIOR HIGH KID

What is that, a sea lion?

The Marine Expert tugs on the kelp. The "sea lion" tumbles out... It's the wetsuit-clad BODY of a DEAD DIVER! Teachers and kids react. The Marine Expert stands stunned... then --

MARINE EXPERT

Somebody call the Harbor Patrol!

Off the Dead Diver --

EXT. SAN PEDRO - BOAT SLIPS - DAY - LATER

CRIME SCENE now. LAPD is here, along with PORT POLICE... DON and COLBY arrive as the CORONER'S INVESTIGATOR wraps up her initial exam. She turns to them, familiar --

CORONER'S INVESTIGATOR

Agents. How is it this guy rates FBI attention?

COLBY

He had the dumb luck to get himself scooped up out of the ocean. "Crimes-at-sea" are ours...

DON

What can you tell us?

CORONER'S INVESTIGATOR

He wasn't in the water long, 16 to 24 hours. Can't say for sure 'til I get him in the shop, but he was probably dead before he went in.

COLBY

(off the diver's body)
I'm guessing the bullet hole in his wetsuit had something to do with that?

(CONTINUED)

CORONER'S INVESTIGATOR
Actually, Granger, it's the bullet
hole in the diver that really
clinched it.

COLBY
(grins, teasing)
Thanks. Nice to see those 4 years
of medical school weren't a waste.

She smiles. Don turns to a nearby PORT POLICE OFFICER.

DON
We have an exact location on where
the body was found?

PORT POLICE OFFICER
The boat was dragging the bottom
over several miles, seeing what
they could pull up for the kids...

DON
Kids...?

PORT POLICE OFFICER
Junior High class on an
oceanography field trip.

COLBY
Bet this went over real well...

Don stoops to take a look at the body, eyes the wetsuit.

DON
This doesn't look like a
recreational dive suit...

PORT POLICE OFFICER
Nah, it's definitely commercial.

COLBY
Like an oil rig worker or
something...?

Don moves to the Diver's leg, releases the knife sheath
strapped just above the ankle, turns it...

DON
Or a salvage diver.

He hands the sheath to Colby. Colby reads the back...

COLBY

Morris Marine Salvage.

(beat, shrugs)

Guy makes a living pulling stuff
off the ocean floor... ends up as
somebody else's catch...

A beat. Off the dead diver --

4 **INT. EPPES HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY**

4

ALAN's at the table. He's got a CHESS SET spread out in
front of him, examining and polishing some of the pieces. He
looks up as CHARLIE bounds down the stairs, heading out.

ALAN

Hey, Charlie, you headed to school?

CHARLIE

Uh, I need to go by the FBI first,
drop off some crime index work I
did for Don, but after that, yeah.
(seeing the chess set)
Why? Are you looking for a match?

ALAN

(absurd)

What, with you? You know I said
I'd never do that again. Have to
put up with you looking bored the
whole time, or condescending... or
bored and condescending...

CHARLIE

Well, seeing as your usual chess
partner, Larry, is currently in low-
earth orbit, I thought maybe you
were getting desperate.

ALAN

Not at all. Millie says she has a
pretty good game, too.

CHARLIE

Really. I'll be sure to teach her
some of my best condescending looks
then...

ALAN

No! No coaching, I mean. Millie
brings her own game, not yours.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Okay, but you're forgetting, Dad, she's a mathematician. That gives her the same analytical edge that I have.

Alan suddenly stops polishing chess pieces.

ALAN

Thank you. I forgot about that. I'll have to reconsider some of my strategy...

CHARLIE

You ever think maybe you take the whole thing just a little too seriously.

ALAN

Charlie. It's chess. Do I really have to say more?

Alan picks up another chess piece, starts polishing. Charlie watches him a beat, gets a chuckle.

CHARLIE

No, Dad. You sure don't...

ALAN

I'll see you later.

As Charlie heads for the door, amused --

MEGAN works at her desk as Don approaches. On her monitor - a NAVY ENLISTMENT PHOTO of the Dead Diver.

MEGAN

Our dead guy's name is Evan Koontz. He was a Navy diver until '98. He's been working different dive jobs since... Landed with Morris Marine Salvage about five months ago.

She hands Don the file on him, adding --

MEGAN

He should've done a little more research on his employers though...

DON

What do you mean?

A pair of MUG SHOTS appear on her computer monitor.

MEGAN

Meet the Morris brothers, Chris and Robert.

DON

Serious criminals?

MEGAN

Theft. Aggravated assault... I get the feeling though the marine salvage business isn't exactly the place for boy scouts...

Colby comes over, joins them (as Charlie approaches in b.g.).

COLBY

I've been on the phone with some of the other salvage companies in town... Turns out every dive crew between here and San Diego is out right now. And they're all looking for the same thing: the "Cheetah."

He reveals a PHOTO of a sleek 60' yacht.

MEGAN

A yacht?

CHARLIE

(reaches the group)

A 60 foot Open Class racing yacht. It went down a couple days ago.

COLBY

It sank about 40 miles out. Deep water...

DON

Wait a minute, I read about that. It was taking part in some 'round-the-world race. There's still a big search going on...

CHARLIE

Yeah. They were headed for Marina del Rey when she sank. Looks like the Skipper went down with her...

(CONTINUED)

MEGAN

Charlie, are you a closet
"yachtsman," or just incredibly
well-up on the news...?

CHARLIE

Neither. "Open Class" is the
cutting edge of racing yachts. A
ton of math goes into their design.
A lot of it, I don't mind saying,
based on my early work in
computational fluid dynamics...

COLBY

Wait. Fluid dynamics. That's like
aerodynamics, except in water?

CHARLIE

Sure. Actually you can think of
air as a very thin liquid.

*
*
*

AUDIENCE VISION

The low, sleek profile of a SPORTS CAR in a wind-tunnel.
Carried by the air currents, a ribbon of SMOKE snakes low
over the hood, up the windshield and over the car...

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Both air and water stick to
surfaces as they travel over them.
It's called friction. But we can
create mathematically optimized
designs that reduce friction...

*
*
*
*
*

As Charlie speaks, the Sports Car body inverts and becomes
the hull of a boat, the Smoke ribbon now trailing under and
around the hull's keel design, accompanied by complex
equations...

CHARLIE (V.O.)

...lowering the drag as air, or in
this case water, moves around the
design. The lower the drag, the
faster your boat...

*
*
*

Resume Charlie and the others --

DON

Charlie, how much do you know about this particular yacht?

CHARLIE

Not too much. Designs are kept secret before a race. But these boats can cost easily eight or ten million dollars. Even as a shipwreck, the Cheetah still has to be worth a couple million...

COLBY

Explains why everyone's out there looking.

DON

Maritime Law favors whoever finds the wreck first.

COLBY

So we're talking, basically, about a treasure hunt.

CHARLIE

Somewhere out there, on the bottom of the ocean, is a two million dollar prize...

MEGAN

And somewhere out there is a person willing to kill for it.

Off our guys --

END TEASER

ACT ONE

TWO SECOND GRAPHIC BUMPER:

6 **EXT. MARINA - MORRIS MARINE SALVAGE OFFICE - DAY** 6

An industrial area of the marina. The Morris Salvage BARGE is tied up opposite a small office. Don pounds on the door. Colby appears from around the side...

COLBY

Their salvage barge is here, but I don't see anyone...

Don notices a MECHANIC working on a boat in the next slip.

DON

Hey... Have you seen anybody from Morris Salvage around?

MECHANIC

Not today...

DON

When was the last time you did?

MECHANIC

I dunno. Their boat's been out for the past couple days. Must've come back in last night, but I wasn't here.

The Mechanic goes back to work. Colby turns to Don...

COLBY

If this guy's right, it means the barge was out the same time period the diver was shot and dumped.

DON

Which makes this barge our crime scene.

As they turn and climb aboard the barge...

7 **EXT. MORRIS SALVAGE BARGE - ON DECK - DAY - CONTINUOUS** 7

The barge is the ocean-going version of a heavy duty TOW TRUCK - marker buoys, winch motors, cranes - most of it covered with rust and/or barnacles...

Colby and Don cross the deck, splitting up, poking around, searching.

(CONTINUED)

COLBY

You ever see The Treasure of the
Sierra Madre?

DON

Bogart, Walter Huston...

COLBY

Guys start looking for treasure,
they get greedy.

Colby kicks at a trash bin full of empty beer bottles.

COLBY

Add in a little alcohol... Maybe
an argument erupts over how they'll
split the prize if they find it.

(then)

Three guys sail out, only two end
up sailing back in.

Don rounds the side of the wheel house, stops short.

DON

Better call E.R.T. Tell 'em we
need a crime scene team out here.

Colby comes to see -- a smeared, BLOODY HAND PRINT low on the
wall. It's dried now, but there's no mistaking it.

COLBY

Yeah, I'm pretty sure that's not
finger paint...

As Colby pulls his phone to call it in. Don SEES SOMETHING
on the dock that distracts him.

AGENT LIZ WARNER is coming up the dock...

EXT. DOCK - ALONGSIDE THE MORRIS BARGE - DAY

Don hops off the barge, goes to greet Liz, all smiles.

LIZ

How you doin', Eppes?

They hug, but Liz is unexpectedly guarded, a little distant.

DON

This is one I didn't see coming.
What's a Riverside agent doing this
close to the ocean?

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

I got transferred. L.A.'s my new base now.

DON

No way. *

LIZ

I guess I've been here about three weeks now. *

DON

(a little stung) *

Three weeks... *

LIZ

I've been caught up in work, you know how that is. But then I caught wind of your case, gave me an excuse to see you. *

(beat)

I'm working a Task Force - looking at the marina as an entrance point for drugs.

DON

You think our salvage diver was murdered over drugs?

LIZ

We've been seeing supply boats come up from Mexico, making drops in deep water. Then local fishing charters or salvage boats go out and make the pickup.

(then)

I was hoping I could tag along with your guys, see if there's any connection between that and this.

DON

Of course, yeah. You got it.

Beat. Definitely weird, awkward. Don addresses it.

DON

Everything's okay otherwise?

(CONTINUED)

LIZ
 (avoiding it)
 I'm just tired. Transfer, having
 to move. It's been pretty hectic.

Colby appears, sparing Liz further explanation --

COLBY
 E.R.T. guys're on their way. Look
 what I found in the wheel house...

He hands Don a PICTURE of the racing yacht.

DON
 The Cheetah...

Off the PHOTO of the Cheetah...

EXT. MARINA - RESTAURANT - DAY

Megan talks with the Cheetah's wealthy owner, MEL OLIVER
 (45). He eyes PHOTOS of Chris and Robert Morris, and the
 Navy PHOTO of Koontz, shakes his head.

OLIVER
 Morris Salvage isn't any part of
 the official search to find the
 Cheetah. Doesn't mean they weren't
 looking for her though. Situation
 like this, salvagers descend like
 flies, everyone looking to grab a
 peice of the salvage rights...

MEGAN
 That must be annoying. It's your
 yacht. Other people trying to cash
 in on it...

OLIVER
 (shrugs)
 The way I look at it, the more
 boats out there the better right
 now. Gives us a better chance of
 finding Reid.

MEGAN

That would be Reid Sarasin, your Skipper.

OLIVER

(saddened)

Yeah, I was in constant radio contact with him until the last minutes before he went down...

(then)

Probably not a handful of people in the whole world who could sail at his level...

MEGAN

Do you have any idea yet what caused your yacht to sink?

OLIVER

Design flaw probably. We fared pretty well most of the race. But 3 days after leaving Honolulu, the keel began to separate, the boat started taking on water.

MEGAN

Why didn't they turn back?

OLIVER

Problem wasn't that bad at first. Wasn't until the seas got rougher that we realized how serious it really was. Finally Reid gave the order to abandon ship.

MEGAN

How many in his crew?

OLIVER

Five, including Reid. We were able to contact one of the other race yachts. She doubled back, picked up the others. But Reid didn't go. Guess he thought he could make it with the Cheetah...

MEGAN

But he didn't...

OLIVER

Seven minutes later we lost radio contact.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

OLIVER (cont'd)

The yacht's locator beacon went dead.

(then, mournful)

I can build another boat, you know?
I can replace the Cheetah. But
there's no way to replace Reid.

A beat passes. Off Megan and Oliver --

10 INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

10

DESIGN PLANS for the Cheetah are tacked up. Charlie goes over them, making notes and calculations on the chalk board. MILLIE pops her head in --

MILLIE

Charlie, quick question for you --
(as Charlie turns)
How good is your dad at chess?

CHARLIE

He's good, don't worry. He'll give you a real game...

MILLIE

Uh-oh. I'm afraid I might've misrepresented my abilities.

CHARLIE

You don't play chess...

MILLIE

I do. I mean, I can... The little horsey piece... That goes up two over one, right?

(then)

Oh, well, it's just for fun anyway. Alan'd probably enjoy being able to teach me something...

Charlie looks worried. Millie glances at the design plans.

MILLIE

What's all this? Are you building a boat on University time?

*

CHARLIE

They're design plans for a racing yacht that recently came apart and sank.

(CONTINUED)

MILLIE

(off his equations)

And you're looking for the flaw...

CHARLIE

I am... but I haven't found it. As far as I can tell, the design's solid. With the allotted load of crew and supplies, there's no reason the keel should have failed.

MILLIE

You know, Charlie, I have some sailing experience myself.

(adding quickly)

For real. Not like my chess experience.

CHARLIE

No, I didn't realize...

MILLIE

I took a three month sabbatical from MIT, spent it navigating the South Pacific with a friend I knew back in grad school.

(then)

It sounds as if I'm in danger of not having a point here, but I do. And that's this... Out at sea, all bets are off. You encounter forces you could never anticipate...

(remembering, not fondly)

Now some of those forces have to do with being confined to a very small space with someone you only thought you knew; someone clearly enamored with the sound of their own voice and able to talk endlessly without even the need to breathe...

CHARLIE

But the real point...

MILLIE

Oh, yes, my point... The ocean has to have exerted tremendous physical pressures on this boat. Have you accounted for compressive creep? Tensile stress? Material fatigue?

(CONTINUED)

10

CHARLIE

I ran calculations to evaluate the probabilities of material failures, and to check if the designs would withstand ocean conditions... I can't find a single flaw.

MILLIE

Then why did the yacht sink?

Off Charlie's wondering --

11

INT. FBI - BULLPEN - DAY

11

Megan at her desk. She hangs up the phone, turns to Don, calls in Colby as well, who's passing with Liz -- *

MEGAN *

Colby, you'll want to hear this too. *

(as they gather) *

The lab just finished a preliminary analysis of the blood you found on the Morris salvage barge. They isolated three distinct samples. One belonging to our dead diver, Koontz, and two others... *

DON

The Morris brothers...?

MEGAN

The blood-types are consistent.

COLBY

So the Morris brothers become potential victims not suspects. Which means our focus shifts where?

MEGAN

Other salvage companies maybe, someone trying to keep the Morris crew away from finding the Cheetah?

LIZ

Or it could be related to one of the drug operations I was telling Don about. Either these guys were involved... or maybe their search for the yacht took them too close to something they weren't supposed to see...

(CONTINUED)

11

DON

Problem is, we have the crime scene... but we don't have the crime scene.

COLBY

What do you mean?

DON

The barge. The blood suggests the murder took place on board, but we don't know where the barge was when it happened.

MEGAN

If we knew where it was, we could determine what other ships were in the area, who might've had access.

DON

Exactly. Who had opportunity.

Beat. Don's eyes land on Liz. They share a look, a connection, then Liz looks away and moves off. On Don -- *

12 **INT. EPPES HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT** 12

Charlie and Alan. Charlie's animated, carrying on about the Cheetah's design...

CHARLIE

Dad, I'm telling you, from a math standpoint, the designs for this yacht are amazing. Almost has me thinking about getting back into my fluid dynamics work again.

ALAN

What, and abandon your cognitive emergence theory? Charlie...

CHARLIE

Relax, Dad, I said almost.

ALAN

Good. 'Cause I remember the damage some of those fluid dynamics experiments did to the pond out back...

Don enters. Alan looks up.

(CONTINUED)

ALAN

Hey, Donny. Just missed dinner.
Plenty of leftovers though.

DON

Thanks. I already ate.

ALAN

Wasn't dinner with Agent Warner by
any chance, was it?

Don eyes Charlie, who throws up his hands.

CHARLIE

I heard she was back... I might've
mentioned it to Dad...

ALAN

Seems to me, last time you two
worked together you were pretty...
..."interested" in each other.

DON

I don't know. Things may have
changed. When I saw her today, she
was just... It was different.

ALAN

So, what're you going to do?

DON

I'm not gonna do anything. I'm in
the middle of a case. Figuring Liz
out is the least of my worries...

CHARLIE

So there's nothing new on the
yacht, or that diver's murder?

DON

No. No answers, anyway. Problem
is, I've got a mobile crime scene.

CHARLIE

The barge...

DON

As many as three murders may have
taken place there... but we've got
no way to know where it was when
they happened.

(CONTINUED)

12

CHARLIE
(after a beat)
You know, that's not necessarily
true...
(off Don's look)
It's just a matter of collecting
the data...

DON
Charlie, you just tell me what you
need. I'll make it happen.

Off Charlie --

CUT TO:

13

EXT. MORRIS SALVAGE BARGE - ON DECK - NIGHT

13

There's crime tape now, surrounding the wheel house where Don
and Colby discovered the bloody hand print. Charlie's here
with Colby and Liz.

CHARLIE
The question we're asking is
simple: Where did this barge go
during the time it was out? And
how can we re-trace its path?

Charlie stops in the center of the deck, looks around as if
the answer is going to magically appear. Liz smiles -

LIZ
Oh, c'mon, Charlie. I'm calling
your bluff here.

COLBY
No, let him go. He's fun to watch
when he gets like this.

CHARLIE
The key is identifying data
sources. There are a lot more
clues here than you probably
realize. For instance, how much
fuel was consumed? How many engine
hours were logged? Did they record
any sonar readings? Uh... How
deep was the anchor chain run out?
And is there evidence of a
particular algae bloom on the
chain?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZ

Ooh, I'm having a bad algebra
flashback. "If a salvage barge is
headed west at 6 knots in a
headwind of 8 knots..."

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

It's not that difficult. Each piece of data is a constraint. Since the path of the boat must obey every constraint, the set of possible paths gets pared down with each new measurement. So I'll make a list of possible data sources. You two start collecting.

COLBY

Well, fuel and engine hour data we've already got. It's right here in the crime scene report.

(flipping pages)

Fuel consumed, 68 gallons. Engine hours on the last trip... 16.

CHARLIE

Are you sure?

COLBY

That's what the report says. We can double check...

Charlie starts scribbling on his pad, quick calculations. Then he unrolls the OCEAN CHART they've brought along.

LIZ

What, Charlie... You can't already know where the barge went?

CHARLIE

No, but I know where it didn't go.

(using the chart)

The Cheetah went down here. That's almost 40 miles out. But by the fuel and engine hours data, I can tell you right now that this barge traveled a maximum of 20 miles. Round trip.

He marks a semi-circle on the chart, 10 mile radius.

COLBY

So they were never more than 10 miles from shore.

LIZ

Which means they were no where near where the Cheetah went down.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

That's right.

COLBY

But Charlie, all our assumptions
about motive, about cause...
they're all attributed to finding
that boat.

CHARLIE

Then all your assumptions're wrong.

Beat.

LIZ

If they weren't looking for the
racing yacht, what were they
looking for?

Off Charlie, Colby and Liz...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

TWO SECOND GRAPHIC BUMPER:

14 **INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY** 14

Ocean charts, a book of tide tables, maps of ocean currents. Charlie's at work in his office, scribbling equations on the board. Millie appears in the doorway.

MILLIE

Still working on the racing yacht?

CHARLIE

Uh, no, actually. The case's taken a turn in a different direction.

MILLIE

Oh. So what is it now?

CHARLIE

I'm trying to retrace the path of a marine salvage barge...

MILLIE

And why would you want to do that?

CHARLIE

Don suspects a murder took place on board. If I can tell him where the barge went, he can hopefully figure out who else was in the area...

MILLIE

You mean the killer...

(then, a let down)

Still, a barge... Doesn't quite have the snap and sex appeal of a racing yacht, does it?

CHARLIE

Not exactly.

Charlie notices Millie is carrying two books.

CHARLIE

You're reading up on chess...

MILLIE

Yeah. Lasker or Jankowski? Which is gonna give me a better shot?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

It's not the kind of thing you can learn overnight.

MILLIE

I'm a quick study...

Just then, two suited men, GRAVES and CORDERO, appear.

GRAVES

Professor Eppes...

CHARLIE

Uh, yeah?

CORDERO

(glances to Millie)

If you don't mind, we need to speak to Professor Eppes alone.

Charlie shrugs, apologetically. Millie waves him off.

MILLIE

It's alright, Charlie.

(re: the books)

I'll read them both.

She goes. Cordero shuts the door after her.

CHARLIE

So what's this about?

Graves and Cordero reveal their ID's.

GRAVES

We're with the National Security Agency. We have a situation. We're hoping you can help us out.

CHARLIE

I've always been happy to help the NSA whenever I can, but I'm kind of involved in something for the FBI right now.

CORDERO

We know what you're involved with, Professor. And we know you have an interest in a missing racing yacht, the Cheetah.

(CONTINUED)

GRAVES

That's why we've come to you. We want you to help us find it.

Beat. On Charlie. Then --

CORDERO

Alright if we take a walk?

15 **EXT. CAL SCI CAMPUS - DAY** 15

Charlie, Cordero and Graves walk across the campus.

GRAVES

Within hours of the time the Cheetah went down, we had two search vessels in the area. We've worked around the clock, sonar mapping every inch of the bottom...

CHARLIE

And you know for certain you're looking in the spot she went down.

CORDERO

The boat's locator beacon gave precise GPS coordinates until the moment it went under... Still, despite all our efforts, we've found nothing.

CHARLIE

Can I ask why the NSA is interested in finding the yacht?
(off their silence)
N.S.A. Never Say Anything, I get it.

A beat. Charlie stares off. By chance, his eyes land on a LEAF as it FALLS from a tree, wafting lazily back and forth.

CHARLIE VISION -

On the falling leaf. Part way through its gliding descent it FREEZES. Equations suddenly surround it...

Then the leaf becomes the hull of a SAILBOAT. More equations as it resumes a descent, gliding forward as it drops...

BACK TO SCENE -

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

You can't find it because you're
looking in the wrong place. Here,
let me show you...

He pulls a sheet of paper from the notebook he carries,
crumples it into a tight ball.

CHARLIE

Your search pattern probably
assumes that the Cheetah sank
something like this...

He drops the crumpled wad. It falls straight down.

CHARLIE

But...

He grabs another sheet, folds it in half, end to end. Looks
around... spots a PAPER CLIP on a file Graves carries.

CHARLIE

Uh... Paper clip. May I?

He snatches the paper clip, attaches it to the end of the
folded sheet - a crude PAPER AIRPLANE.

CHARLIE

In reality, the Cheetah probably
sank more like this.

Released, the paper flies forward before hitting the ground.

GRAVES

It glides forward.

CHARLIE

(growing enthusiasm)
That's right, it glides. And a
boat like the Cheetah, a boat of
that sophisticated a design...
It's practically going to fly
underwater, traveling laterally 4,
maybe 5 feet for every foot it
falls.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Knowing what I know about the hull,
and given the depth of the water, I
should be able to determine, with
pretty good accuracy, just how far
she could've traveled before
hitting bottom... and then the NSA
can refocus their search.

GRAVES

How long will it take you?

CHARLIE

I'll get on it right away...

Charlie looks invigorated by the chore.

CORDERO

Oh, and Professor... This is a
matter of National Security. It's
need-to-know only, so not a word to
anyone. That includes the FBI.

Off Charlie --

16 **INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY** 16

TIGHT ON the mug shots of Chris and Robert Morris. REVEAL
Liz studying them. She turns to Megan.

LIZ

If the Morris barge was never near
where the yacht went down, they
weren't after the yacht.

MEGAN

Maybe they're involved in one of
the drug operations you were
talking about...?

LIZ

Drug runners usually stay further
out, in International waters. But
I don't think we can rule it out.

Colby ENTERS, interrupting.

COLBY

Just talked to the E.R.T. lab. The
other two blood traces we found on
the barge... they definitely
belong to Chris and Robert Morris.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

How big a leap would it be to
assume they're dead, same as their
diver?

COLBY

Would explain why we can't find
them. And if the killer dumped
their bodies at sea, they could've
drifted anywhere by now...

MEGAN

Wait a minute, maybe not. Hand me
the Coroner's report on the diver.

Colby grabs the FILE, hands it to Megan. She flips pages,
pulls out an AUTOPSY PHOTO of the dead diver's legs...

MEGAN

Can we put this one up?

Colby uses his lap top computer, puts the PHOTO up on the big
screen. Megan points to impressions on the diver's ankles.

MEGAN

The impressions on his ankles.
Report says they're consistent with
having been caused by a rope.

COLBY

Not from the fishing net?

LIZ

More like something was tied around
his ankles. A weight probably.

MEGAN

Whoever threw him in the ocean
probably anchored him down. Only
in his case, the rope came loose
somehow. He drifted free, ended up
in the fishing net.

LIZ

If that's true, then the other two,
Chris and Robert Morris... they
could still be anchored to the
bottom right where they were
dropped.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

COLBY

We need Charlie. Once he tells us where the salvage barge went when it was out, we'll have a pretty good idea where to look for bodies.

INT. EPPES GARAGE - DAY

Cheetah designs, depth charts. Charlie's at the boards, engrossed in his NSA work, scribbling equations. He hears someone coming, scrambles to cover his work as Don enters.

DON

Hey, I've been calling you. Don't you answer your phone?

CHARLIE

Sorry. I've been busy. Working.

DON

Good. You gonna have an answer for us pretty soon on the salvage barge?

Charlie takes a beat. This isn't good --

CHARLIE

Okay, here's the thing... I kind of had to back-burner the salvage barge stuff for a while.

DON

Back-burner it? Charlie, I thought you were working on this for me.

CHARLIE

Something else came up.

DON

What?

CHARLIE

I can't talk about it.

Don sighs, frustrated.

DON

Charlie, there may be two bodies tied to the ocean floor. I don't know how much longer they're going to stay there. I need to know where that barge was.

CHARLIE

I understand. And I'll get to it as soon as I can.

DON

"As soon as you can?" The bodies could be gone by then.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry.

DON

You know what? That doesn't do me a whole lot of good.

Alan enters, drawn by the noise.

ALAN

Guys, c'mon, what's going on?

DON

I have no idea. Ask Charlie.

Don leaves. Alan looks to Charlie for an explanation. After a beat, Charlie sets down his chalk.

CHARLIE

I'm in a no-win situation, that's all. Don needs me to do something, and I can't right now.

ALAN

Why not?

CHARLIE

(snapping a little)
Because I'm doing something else, something I can't talk about!

ALAN

Alright, Charlie, relax, I won't ask... You've got obligations. You have to choose what to work on...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
(over sensitive)
What's that suppose to mean?

ALAN
Doesn't mean anything other than
what it means... You make the
choice of what needs to be done
when. I trust that choice...

Charlie isn't calmed. In fact, just the opposite.

CHARLIE
You know what? Forget it, it's
moot now anyway. I'm just about
done with what I was doing. I'm
tired, I'm hungry... but I'll stay
out here and do what Don wants me
to do...

Alan watches Charlie confused... then goes --

18 **EXT. FBI - BRIDGE - NIGHT** 18

Don comes out of the building, onto the bridge. Liz is
there, on her cell phone. She hangs up looking annoyed.

DON
Hey. What's up? *

LIZ
My new landlord. She was supposed
to let the cable guy in today. She
forgot... for the third time.

DON
That's not really what I meant... *

They stand a beat, awkward... Liz tentative -- *

LIZ
Look, Don... Last time, with us...
I was just passing through. Now
I'm assigned here, and... *

DON
And... *

LIZ
C'mon. It gets complicated now. *

DON
Why? *

Liz pauses, thinks. *

LIZ
Because I like you. *

DON
I'm right there with you. *

Liz takes him in, scrutinizing, not wanting to get hurt. *

LIZ
But I'm thinking we may want
different things. *

DON
I just want to get to know you
better. *

LIZ
People will find out. *

DON
So what? *

LIZ
This is the bureau. It matters. *

DON
A lot of agents are together. *

Beat. She's still wary. *

LIZ
And where does your prosecutor
girlfriend fit into all this? *

DON
She doesn't. *

Just then, Charlie appears, not realizing he's interrupting. *

He hands Don some rolled up charts.

CHARLIE
Here. I finished. There's
everything you need.

(CONTINUED)

DON

It's a little late now, Charlie.

CHARLIE

(starts to take it back)

So, what, now you don't want it?

(CONTINUED)

18

DON

We want it. But the search boat
won't be able to go out until
morning when it's light.

LIZ

You were able to map out the
barge's path?

CHARLIE

Sort of. I laid out a large grid.
They'll have to search it. But
there's a better than 83% chance
that it covers the Morris barge's
operations...

(then)

And it's just as I figured. They
never left the shallow water...

19 **EXT. COASTAL CLIFFS - PALOS VERDES - DAY (STOCK FOOTAGE)** 19

Establish the FBI's SEARCH BOAT trawling just off the
shoreline. If possible, footage also establishes submersible
drone or remote underwater camera going into the water.

20 **INT. FBI - TECH ROOM - DAY** 20

With a few extra monitors, the Tech Room has been set up to
receive a live feed from the Search Boat. Displays show
detailed sonar, underwater video, radar and depth images...

Charlie sits at the desk, marking the ship's progress over
the search grid. Colby and Liz look on --

CHARLIE

GPS coordinates put them right on
the edge of Abalone Cove...

SHIP'S TECH OFFICER

(over speaker)

Charlie, we're going to be coming
around to the port side now, and
beginning another pass...

Charlie leans forward to a microphone, slightly awkward --

CHARLIE

(into microphone)

Uh, copy that.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

Charlie, you said last night there's an 83 percent chance the Morris barge was actually working within your search grid.

CHARLIE

Yeah, that's right.

LIZ

So there's still a 17 percent chance they weren't...

CHARLIE

Wow, I didn't realize you were such a glass-half-empty type. 83 percent is actually a very high probability.

A FLASH of something passes across the video monitor, then it's just more murky water and ocean bottom.

COLBY

Whoa. Go back. What was that?

CHARLIE

(into microphone)
Did you guys see that?

SHIP'S TECH OFFICER

(over speaker)
Yeah, Charlie. Sonar mapping's picking it up too. Let me steer the camera back around.

They all watch the screen, P.O.V. of an underwater camera, as the Tech steers the camera drone with a JOYSTICK.

COLBY

It was back this way a little bit I think.

CHARLIE

He'll get it...

Suddenly on the monitor, the unmistakable form of a human body, anchored to the bottom by its ankles.

LIZ

It's a body.

(CONTINUED)

SHIP'S TECH OFFICER
(over speaker)
Confirm a body... Sonar mapping's
seeing two of them.

COLBY
Chris and Robert Morris...

LIZ
(playful)
I never doubted you, Charlie.

SHIP'S TECH OFFICER
(over speaker)
Wait a minute. Sonar's reading
something else down there...

CHARILE
(into microphone)
Another body?

SHIP'S TECH OFFICER
(over speaker)
Negative. This is much bigger.
Looks like a vessel.

CHARLIE
(into microphone)
Can you get us video on it?

Eyes go to the video monitor - as the camera moves along the
murky bottom... finally reaching the stern of a boat, canted,
resting on the bottom... "CHEETAH".

COLBY
It's the Cheetah.

CHARLIE
It can't be. I've done all the
calculations. It shouldn't be
anywhere near here.

LIZ
It shouldn't be, Charlie. But it
is.

On Charlie... and the Cheetah's image on the monitor --

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

TWO SECOND GRAPHIC BUMPER:

21 **EXT. MARINA - DAY** 21

CHEETAH has been raised from the ocean floor and now hangs in a sling next to the docks, water still draining off her. Six large LIFT BAGS hang from her rails - deflated balloons. Don crosses toward the yacht with Charlie and Colby.

CHARLIE

None of this makes sense. Every piece of data available says this yacht went down 40 miles out to sea.

DON

So how'd she end up on the bottom so close to shore?

COLBY

We don't know. But Morris Salvage knew right where to look.

They reach Liz, standing next to the Cheetah. She's examining one of the deflated LIFT BAGS.

LIZ

Here's something else that doesn't add up. Lift bags. They're used to raise a sunken ship to the surface. But these were already on the Cheetah when we found her.

She turns one over, revealing some familiar markings.

DON

M.M.S. Morris Marine Salvage.

LIZ

They'd already brought her up.

COLBY

Why would someone bring a 2 million dollar prize to the surface... and then throw it back?

Attention shifts to the NSA's Graves and Cordero as they comes stomping down the dock, flashing badges.

GRAVES

Where's the Agent in Charge?

(CONTINUED)

Someone points toward Don. They make a bee-line... until they see Charlie. They veer toward him instead.

CORDERO
Professor Eppes. I suppose you think you're pretty clever...

CHARLIE
I don't know what you mean...

CORDERO
You intentionally sent us in the wrong direction so you could help your brother recover this yacht.

CHARLIE
That's not true, honestly. I'm as surprised as anyone we found her.

GRAVES
You'll be lucky if you don't lose your security clearance over this.

CHARLIE
But I didn't do anything wrong!

DON
(stepping in)
Alright. Back off, now.

GRAVES
You don't look any better than your brother in this, Eppes.

DON
I don't even know what this is about, alright? But if you guys want to discuss it in a civilized way, we can talk about it. Otherwise get the hell outta my crime scene.

22 **INT. FBI - INTERVIEW - DAY** 22

Charlie, Don, Graves and Cordero. They're still angry.

GRAVES
Do you have any idea how many tax payer dollars you wasted sending us in the wrong direction?

DON
He told you, he didn't know.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

We weren't even looking for the Cheetah. We were just tracking the path of a salvage barge...

CORDERO

And you just happen to find her. What luck.

Beat. Stand-off. Charlie looks to Don --

CHARLIE

Can I go now?

GRAVES

No.

DON

Yes.

Charlie goes. A beat passes between Don and the NSA agents.

DON

Look, we thought we were working separate cases. Obviously, we're not. So let's skip all the inter-agency crap, and figure out what the hell's going on here, alright?

(then)

What's NSA's interest?

(off their silence)

Guys, c'mon...

GRAVES

(finally, reluctant)

NSA's been tracking an arms dealer named Hashim Aziz. He's Pakistani, terrorist ties, on every agency's watch list...

DON

And you think he's somehow connected to the racing yacht?

GRAVES

Aziz recently transferred a large sum of money to Reid Sarasin.

DON

Sarasin. That's Cheetah's skipper.

(CONTINUED)

CORDERO

The reason for the payment is unknown. Best guess now is that the yacht was smuggling something for Aziz...

DON

Which explains why someone would pull it, then throw it back...

GRAVES

They got what they wanted. Only we don't know what it was...

Off Don --

INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY

Megan, Liz and Colby. Colby with the ocean chart showing the Cheetah search area out in deep water.

COLBY

All search efforts for the Cheetah were focused way out here... and really for only one reason.

MEGAN

Because that's where the locator beacon stopped transmitting.

COLBY

The assumption was, it stopped transmitting because the yacht went under water.

LIZ

But there are other reasons the beacon might've quit, right?

MEGAN

Like if someone turned it off.

LIZ

But why do that?

COLBY

Say you're the skipper, Sarasin. You're the only one left on board, you're taking on water, and you're smuggling something.

(CONTINUED)

MEGAN

You're gonna try to get your boat to shallow water. That's the only way you'll be able to recover whatever you're smuggling.

COLBY

But you don't want anyone else to know where the yacht ends up.

LIZ

I get it. Once my crew's gone, I turn off the homing beacon, and aim my yacht for the closest shoreline...

COLBY

Explains how the boat ended up so close in. And how the Morris guys knew right where to look for it. Sarasin told them.

MEGAN

(realizing)

Which means he didn't drown at sea. He's still alive!

Off their reactions...

EXT. FBI - BRIDGE - DAY

Charlie out on the bridge, still a little shaken. Don approaches. Charlie sees him --

CHARLIE

No good deed goes unpunished, right?

DON

Don't worry about the NSA guys. They're over it already.

Beat. Something else is bugging Charlie.

CHARLIE

I feel bad I back-burnered your stuff to work on theirs.

DON

Charlie, what're you gonna do? You didn't have a choice, right?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

I don't know, maybe I did...

(beat, off Don)

I was so obsessed with that yacht -
truth is, when they offered me a
chance to work on it, I jumped.

DON

(beat, teasing)

Then maybe you do have something to
feel bad about.

Charlie smiles. The air's cleared.

DON

If you're interested, NSA thinks
the Cheetah was smuggling
something.

CHARLIE

(dawning)

Smuggling... Makes perfect sense.

DON

What, you already knew that?

CHARLIE

No. But it explains why I couldn't
find a flaw in the boat's design.
The hull only failed because the
yacht was carrying an extra load,
weight it wasn't designed to
handle.

(then, curious)

What were they smuggling?

DON

Don't know. The race took them to
16 different ports all over the
world. Whatever they were carrying
could've been loaded on anywhere.

CHARLIE

That's not true.

DON

Why not?

CHARLIE

I studied the boat's performance.
The Cheetah's pace slowed slightly
following the stop in Singapore...

(CONTINUED)

DON

Which would indicate they took on
extra weight, right?

CHARLIE

Matter of fact, it wouldn't be
difficult to calculate exactly how
much extra weight they took on...

A beat between them. Then they hurry toward the building.

INT. FBI - COFFEE ROOM - DAY

Megan's at the fridge when Liz enters, pours herself a cup of
coffee. Before she drinks it --

MEGAN

I'd be careful. I think Colby made
the last pot...

LIZ

(sips it, winces)
Wow. Is that what passes for
coffee in the army?

She dumps the pot, starts a new one as --

MEGAN

Little weird? Being back here?

LIZ

By weird, you mean... with Don.
(off Megan's nod, then)
Why you asking?

MEGAN

(shrugs, honest)
Because my basic nature is to be
nosy. And Don sure the hell isn't
going to tell me anything...

LIZ

You've worked with him for a while.
Did you and he ever...?

MEGAN

(a laugh)
No. I don't think you ever met
Larry, but my tastes run a little
more... eccentric, maybe?
(beat, still wondering)
So... is there something going on?

LIZ

Last time we never quite got there.
Work interrupted us. Then work
kept us apart...

*

MEGAN

And now work's brought you back
together...?

*

LIZ

(shrugs)
He's a tricky one.

*

*

Megan nods in agreement. Off Liz --

*

INT. FBI - BULLPEN - DAY

Don and Charlie exit the elevator. Don heads straight for
Graves and Cordero. Charlie veers off to grab a pad and
pencil, and starts calculating...

DON

Whatever the Cheetah was smuggling,
she picked it up in Singapore.

CORDERO

How do you know?

DON

Charlie. He says the boat slowed
down right after its stop there.

Cordero and Graves share a look.

DON

Does that mean something?

GRAVES

It could.

(pulling Don aside)

Cobalt-RE. It's a missile guidance
system. Four units disappeared
from a Pakistani army base twelve
weeks ago. NSA was tracking them -
lost them crossing into Thailand.
But if you continue on that
trajectory...

DON

You end up in Singapore. Just what
Charlie said.

(CONTINUED)

Beat.

GRAVES

The Cobalt system is relatively compact, easy to program... but its main advantage is that it's capable of being mated with several Katyusha-style rockets...

CORDERO

Katyushas are common, but not considered a grave threat because they fly a ballistic trajectory. You aim and fire, they go where they go...

DON

But not if they're fitted with one of these guidance systems...

Charlie comes over, carrying his pad.

DON

The four missing units... What would they weigh?

GRAVES

4 units, 85 pounds each, plus the crates... Little over 400 pounds.

CHARLIE

(off his pad)

418 pounds is what I got.

CORDERO

Then they're here. They're in the U.S.

DON

And whoever has them has already got a two day head start on us...

Off Don --

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

TWO SECOND GRAPHIC BUMPER:

27 **INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY** 27

TIGHT ON A PLASMA - Footage of KATYUSHA ROCKETS being fired in rapid succession, rushing off toward an unseen target... REVEAL Liz watching the screen. She turns to Colby, Megan and Don --

LIZ

What exactly are we up against?

COLBY

We know the guidance systems were pulled from the Cheetah just about 38 hours ago.

MEGAN

Question is, where are they now?

DON

Question is, where are they headed?
And does that party have the rockets to marry them to?

Colby puts a picture of skipper, REID SARASIN, on the screen.

COLBY

Right now our best lead's the Cheetah's skipper, Reid Sarasin.

DON

What do we know about him?

MEGAN

He's a top-notch sailor, but like most of the skippers in the race, he's just a gun-for-hire. I doubt his loyalties to the owner go much beyond whatever he has to do to get a paycheck.

LIZ

So, how do we find him?

MEGAN

His wife's here in L.A...

DON

Then let's get her in here.

28

INT. FBI - INTERROGATION - DAY

28

JANETTE SARASIN sits at the table. Early-40s, face weathered from wind and sea, but, no doubt, she was a beauty once. Megan sits opposite her, close, while Colby paces.

MEGAN

You don't strike me as a woman in mourning, Mrs. Sarasin.

JANETTE

That's because I haven't given up hope my husband will be found.

COLBY

Sure. That or he's already contacted you, told you he's alive.

JANETTE

That's ridiculous. There's still a search on looking for him...

Beat. Megan eyes Janette a moment, smiles.

MEGAN

Married to a man who races yachts around the world. Must be pretty exciting.

JANETTE

I really don't do much traveling anymore...

MEGAN

I didn't mean exciting for you. I meant exciting for him... Can't imagine he's around much, though. And you have three children?

JANETTE

What do my kids have to do with this?

MEGAN

Just helps me to fill in the picture, that's all. And what I see is you, at home, raising kids alone, while Reid sails around the world, partying it up like he's still 25 years-old...

(eyes Janette hard)

Haven't you made enough sacrifices for this guy already?

(CONTINUED)

Another beat. Janette's trying hard to look tough.

COLBY

The nature of what your husband was smuggling, Mrs. Sarasin, means we can classify him as a terrorist. You're helping him, so in effect, you become a terrorist as well. You can be held indefinitely...

MEGAN

Means you'd be sacrificing your kids too. You really ready to do that for him?

Megan lets that hang. Janette's wavering --

MEGAN

Would he ever do that for you?

EXT. MARINA - BOAT SLIPS - NIGHT

Cordero comes down the dock. Colby and Liz are waiting for him.

COLBY

It's a cabin cruiser, belongs to a friend of the Sarasins. The wife says he's been hiding out there...

CORDERO

Your lead...

Colby's the first to start toward the boat.

EXT. MARINA - CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT

The three Agents cautiously approach the vintage CABIN CRUISER. Lights are on. Guns drawn, they silently board, take positions. Colby pounds hard on the cabin door --

COLBY

Reid Sarasin. Federal Agents!
Come on out!

A beat. Nothing. Colby steps back, then kicks the door in.

INT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Guns up, the three Agents enter the cramped cabin. Spaces are narrow, tight. Lots of hiding places. Dim light adds to the sense of danger...

(CONTINUED)

31

Room to room, Colby, Liz and Cordero search the cabin. Under bunks, in the head, storage cabinets... Finally --

LIZ
He's not here.

Cordero points to some food wrappers, dirty dishes --

CORDERO
Looks like he was. Could his wife have tipped him off?

COLBY
No. But maybe she knew he was already gone.

32 **EXT. MARINA - CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 32

The Agents emerge onto the deck, glance around.

LIZ
I'll call it in to Don. Maybe they wanna have another go at the wife.

As Liz pulls her phone, Colby sees something on the forward rail - a torn piece of FABRIC, snagged on the top edge.

He moves forward, looks into the water alongside the boat... A concentric RIPPLE emanates out from under the nearest dock.

COLBY
Liz. Hold up.

She puts away her phone, joins Colby, sensing something's up. Then Colby spots something in the water, points.

COLBY
There. What's that?

LIZ
Looks like the tip of a snorkel.

Sure enough, it's the top 2 inches of a SNORKEL, barely visible sticking up from the water. Colby grabs a discarded CONTAINER off the ground, fills it with water...

He then dumps it into the open tip of the snorkel. Almost immediately, REID SARASIN comes sputtering up to the surface.

COLBY
Alright, Captain Nemo. Up on the dock. Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

As Reid Sarasin pulls himself up onto the docks...

33 **OMITTED** 33

34 **INT. FBI - INTERROGATION - NIGHT** 34

Don and Graves in with Reid Sarasin. Sarasin has dry clothes, but his hair is still wet, tousled as --

SARASIN

You think I chose to put those crates on my boat? My life was threatened. I was forced to.

DON

And were you forced to cash that big check they wrote you too?

Beat. Sarasin shakes his head, burdened --

SARASIN

The whole thing unraveled when the damn boat started leaking. It was supposed to be easy. Sail in, unload the crates, sail out on the next leg of the race...

GRAVES

Who'd you give the guidance systems to? Who'd you meet with on this end?

SARASIN

Two guys. I don't know their names. I just had a phone number.

DON

C'mon, you can do better than that. Unless you want to take a triple-murder rap alone.

SARASIN

Wait. I didn't have anything to do with that! I just sail boats, that's all. I didn't kill anybody.

GRAVES

But you were there. You were on the salvage barge.

(CONTINUED)

SARASIN

I went along with the two guys, to show them where the Cheetah went down so they could recover the crates.

(then)

I didn't know they were gonna kill the crew after they got what they wanted...

GRAVES

Reid, we need to know where the crates are now...

SARASIN

I don't know.

GRAVES

When did you last see them?

SARASIN

When we came back in on the barge. These two, they loaded the crates into a truck, a yellow box van...

DON

Did you hear them say anything about where they were going?

SARASIN

Not exactly. But I know they weren't leaving L.A. right away. They were waiting...

DON

Waiting for what?

Sarasin looks away, doesn't want to say. Don presses.

DON

Waiting for what?

SARASIN

Missiles...

Off Don and Graves as this latest news lands on them --

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

TWO SECOND GRAPHIC BUMPER:

35 **INT. FBI - BULLPEN - NEAR INTERROGATION - NIGHT** 35

The bullpen is active. The stakes are high, everyone amped up. Colby and Cordero, reacting to what Sarasin revealed.

COLBY

You gotta be pretty damn committed to the cause to be smuggling missiles into the U.S. Does NSA have an idea who the end customer is?

CORDERO

Hashim Aziz is an arms dealer at heart. His politics would never keep him from selling to the highest bidder.

COLBY

Which means it could be anyone...

Graves paces on the phone in the b.g. as Don appears.

DON

I just brought Homeland up to speed. They're upping security at all entry points.

Don sees Charlie arriving.

DON

Charlie. Thanks for coming back. C'mon, we'll catch you up...

They head into --

36 **INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER** 36

Megan at a table, running it down for Charlie and the others.

MEGAN

According to Sarasin. The guidance systems left the docks in a yellow box van similar to this one.

She puts a PHOTO of a yellow box van up on the screen. Charlie enters quietly in the back as --

GRAVES

A rental?

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

We don't know for sure. We've got Agents checking with all the local rental companies.

MEGAN

Suspects are two males, Middle-Eastern descent. The contact number they gave Sarasin traces to a "world phone," Jordanian carrier. They won't help us...

CORDERO

Our people are generating a list of Hashim Aziz's associates in Los Angeles. Maybe Sarasin will be able to ID one of them.

DON

Sounds like a long shot.

COLBY

This whole thing's a long shot. Two suspects with a 30 hour lead in a city of 8 million...?

CHARLIE

You're kind of mixing apples and oranges with your variable quantities there, but you're right. The odds aren't good...

DON

Charlie, if you got the answer...

CHARLIE

I don't. But our friends from the NSA might. After all, they've got the most comprehensive space-based surveillance and reconnaissance network in the world.

MEGAN

Satellites...?

CORDERO

Professor, we thought about satellites, but the problem in this sort of application is that there's too much information. We've got four birds above us...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Five. Five birds. Geo-16 was put in orbit in August.

CORDERO

Fine. Five birds, sending constant imaging of 47 hundred square miles.

COLBY

And besides, Charlie, we're not talking about real time. The truck we're looking for left the marina over a day ago.

CHARLIE

I know. But the NSA stores all their satellite data...

CORDERO

Stored images are even worse. Do you have any idea how much data that is? You could spend 30 years going through images and not find what you're looking for.

CHARLIE

Not if we apply a target discrimination algorithm.

LIZ

I don't know what that is.

CHARLIE

You do know. A 5 year old knows. He does it anytime he goes to the toy box. Let's say he's looking for his favorite yellow truck.

AUDIENCE VISION - a small yellow toy truck sits alone in the bottom of a toy bin.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

But the truck is in a bin full of all his other toys...

The toy bin fills with other toys, hiding the yellow truck.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Without even thinking about it, he employs filtering strategies.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (V.O.) (cont'd)

All stuffed animals, can
immediately be eliminated. Same
for building blocks, and action
figures...

Stuffed animals magically disappear. Then blocks and action
figures vanish, leaving only cars and other trucks.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Then other discrimination
strategies come into play. Size,
color, weight... until he has his
toy truck.

All toys except the yellow truck disappear.

RESUME CHARLIE AND THE OTHERS --

CHARLIE

I'll do the same thing with the
satellite images, create an
algorithm that tells the computer
what we're looking for and what
we're not looking for. Weed out
false alarm variables, compensate
for urban clutter...

DON

Alright, Charlie, what do you need?

CHARLIE

Access to the NSA computers...

CORDERO

I'll make the call...

As they start to move --

37 **INT. FBI - TECH ROOM - NIGHT** 37

CLOSE on a computer screen. NSA logo. A "file search" is
underway, search gak flying by on the screen.

Colby and Charlie look on over the shoulder of the tech who
mans the keyboard. Liz enters. Charlie turns to her.

CHARLIE

Still searching.

LIZ

Long time...

(CONTINUED)

37

CHARLIE

I just added more criteria to the
discrimination filter... Should
help.

The image on the screen changes. Colby sees it.

COLBY

What's it doing?

CHARLIE

We're starting to land some
images... There's likely to be a
lot at first...

As aerial images begin to line up on the screen --

38 **INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 38

Charlie, Liz and Colby hurry in. Colby hands Don the
printout of a SATELLITE PHOTO.

COLBY

Here. A yellow box van outside a
port warehouse in San Pedro.

DON

How do we know this is the right
van?

LIZ

The banked satellite images
followed its trail all the way back
to Morris Salvage...

Bingo. Don lights up. They move --

39 **EXT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT** 39

Under the orange wash of mercury-vapor lamps, we find the
yellow BOX VAN parked alongside the warehouse. Sounds of
ships loading in the distance, train engines...

Out of the shadows, the Agents appear - Don, Colby, Liz,
Cordero and Graves ("casual tac"). Colby uses a flashlight
to peer inside the box van.

COLBY

Empty...

They move toward the warehouse door. There's the muted
crackle of a radio - Don's ear bud. He turns to the others.

(CONTINUED)

DON
Spotter has two inside. Southeast
corner...

They move into position, nearer the entrance. Don looks up,
spots a small motion-detector lamp mounted up high.

DON
(whispered, urgent)
Hold up!

But it's too late. Cordero trips the beam. The spotlight
above the door illuminates. A BUZZER SOUNDS somewhere
inside. They've been made and they're standing in the light.

DON
Dammit, we're compromised. Hit the
door. Go, go, go!

Colby BLOWS THE DOOR --

40 **INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT** 40

The Agents storm in, looking for immediate cover.

AGENTS
FBI! FEDERAL AGENTS!

There's a flash of MOVEMENT in the corner as the TWO SUSPECTS
scramble for cover.

DON
Colby, watch your right!

Colby and Graves go right, paired up. Suspect #1 fires. The
Agents hold cover, then rise and return fire. Then --

GRAVES
Where's the other one?

COLBY
(eyes scanning, urgent)
I don't know.

They hug cover, not knowing where the next shot might come
from... Colby makes a lateral move to the right for
position. Suspect #1 fires again. Graves fires, forcing
Suspect #1 back. As Colby makes another move to the right --

ON DON, LIZ AND CORDERO --

Cordero spots the crates, motions toward them.

(CONTINUED)

CORDERO

Eppes. The guidance systems.

Just then, the SOUND of the warehouse's ROLL-UP DOOR somewhere off to the left. We find Suspect #2 jumping into a car, planning to drive out of the warehouse --

DON

I've got that one.

Don makes a move, goes. Liz follows. Suspect #1 sees them, raises his gun, taking aim... Colby rises behind him.

COLBY

Drop it!

Suspect #1 doesn't. Colby FIRES, sending Suspect #1 tumbling down the stairs...

41 **INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - NEAR THE ROLL-UP DOOR - NIGHT** 41

Behind the wheel, Suspect #2 races toward the open roll-up door, making his escape.

Don appears in his path. Suspect #2's only escape route is right at Don... and he's not slowing...

Don levels his gun, BLAM BLAM!, fires TWO SHOTS through the windshield, right next to Suspect #2... then swings his gun straight on. The next pull is the kill shot...

Suspect #2 slams on the brakes. Don's lit up by the headlights in the swirl of dust as the car comes to a stop.

DON

Hands! Lemme see your hands!

But Suspect #2's not giving up. He opens the door to bail out on foot. But as the door opens...

Liz appears and kicks it shut hard, pinching Suspect #2 between the car and the door. As the door bounces open again, she levels her gun...

LIZ

Get on the ground! Down!

Don's there as Suspect #2 complies. He moves in, twists back the bad guy's arms, cuffs him.

For the moment, it's over. As Don and Liz share a look --

42 **EXT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - LATER** 42

Mop up. Handcuffed Suspects #1 and #2 are placed into cars in the b.g. Don and Colby cross and meet up with Cordero and Graves as the NSA Agents come out of the warehouse.

CORDERO
Crates are all here, full.
Guidance systems accounted for.

DON
What about missiles? Any sign of them?

GRAVES
We found this inside. It's a shipping invoice. A container ship coming in tomorrow from Malaysia...

He hands it to Don. Colby and Don read, Colby smiles --

COLBY
"Teak furniture." Why do I get a feeling these guys aren't waiting on a new patio set?

CORDERO
We've already put a call in to the Coast Guard. We'll be waiting along with D.H.S. tomorrow when the missiles arrive...

Graves and Cordero move off. Colby too. Don turns to find Liz standing right behind him. The tension is still there. *

LIZ
Nice work, Eppes. We're alright together. *

DON
Isn't that what I've been telling you all along? *

That brings a smiles to Liz's lips, breaks the tension. *

LIZ
We need to figure this thing out. *

DON
I already have. *

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

It scares me. I don't want to get hurt.

*
*
*

DON

Goes with the territory, doesn't it?

*
*
*

LIZ

Easy for you to say. I know your reputation. No commitments.

*
*
*

DON

Haven't met the right girl.

*
*

She contemplates.

*

LIZ

Okay, Romeo. But let's take it slow, keep it to ourselves.

*
*
*

DON

I'm in the FBI. I know how to keep a secret.

*
*

LIZ

Good. See you tomorrow, Agent.

*
*

DON

Special Agent to you.

*
*

She turns and walks off. On Don watching her go --

INT. EPPES HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alan and Millie. They're playing chess. Alan sits back, being as patient as possible as Millie studies the board.

MILLIE

Sorry...

*

ALAN

What? It's fine. Take your time.

Finally Millie moves a piece... but she doesn't release it. Still holding it, she looks up, studies Alan, reading him.

ALAN

What?

MILLIE

Yup. That's what I thought?

She moves the piece back. Alan can't contain himself (as Don and Charlie enter through the door in b.g.).

ALAN
Oh, just pick a piece and move
already!

Don and Charlie enter, surprised by Alan's tone.

DON
Hey, what's going on?

MILLIE
We're playing chess?

ALAN
Oh, is that what you call this?
'Cause I sure don't recognize it.

CHARLIE
What's he so mad about?

ALAN
I'm not mad.

MILLIE
(smiles, loving it)
Your dad has a "tell".

DON
What, you mean like a poker tell?

MILLIE
Mm-hmm. Alan's got a chess tell.

ALAN
Will you listen to this? A "chess
tell?" She's completely destroying
the spirit of the game. It's
supposed to be about strategy, and
anticipation. It's supposed to be
art.

Charlie realizes, smiles.

CHARLIE
You beat him, didn't you?

MILLIE
Yeah, the first game. He had no
idea I was reading him...

(CONTINUED)

ALAN

I was trying to be nice...

DON

(to Millie)

You sound like you've played a little poker...

MILLIE

A little? It wasn't the fellowship that paid my way through grad school, G-man.

DON

Are you up for a game?

MILLIE

What, against the Eppes men?

ALAN

Look, if it means we can put away the damn chess board, I'm in.

CHARLIE

Let's do it then.

Charlie lifts the board out of the way. Don drops a deck of cards. Millie starts shuffling. In comes the rack of chips.

MILLIE

How can you call this poker if there isn't any beer?

ALAN

Charlie, get the lady a beer!

*
*

Charlie breaks off for the kitchen, Millie starts to deal.

MILLIE

Alright, ladies. Here we go. Practice round 'til the beverages arrive. Seven card, hi-lo, blind declare... Oh, and no whining.

ALAN

Bring it on, Millie. Bring it on.

As Charlie returns, and they start scooping up their cards -

END ACT FIVE