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MIAMI VICE

HEART OF DARKNESS

Written

by

Daniel Pyne

(X)

MIAMI VICE
HEART OF DARKNESS

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
SWITEK
ZITO
TRUDY
GINA
RODRIGUEZ

JIMMY DUNCAN

DENNIS DOYLE
MARK RUSSO

GUARD

LESTER KOSKO
CALMAN CLAYBURN

LOUIS
ARTHUR LAWSON (ARTIE ROLLINS)
AL MARGOLIS
CUBAN
RENNY
WENDY LAWSON

FIELDS

PAUL
REPAIRMAN
NYMPHET (PENNY MC GRAW)

OFFICER
JIVEMAN
WISE GUY COP

(X)

MIAMI VICE

HEART OF DARKNESS

SETS

INTERIORS:

COUNTY JAIL
HOLDING CELL

GOLD COAST OFFICES
SQUAD ROOM
ROLL CALL ROOM
STRATEGY ROOM

WAREHOUSE (MOTEL SET)
FLORIMBI'S

LUXURY APARTMENT
COP BAR

LAWSON LIVING ROOM

EXTERIORS:

PENNY MC GRAW'S HOUSE
SWIMMING POOL
BACK YARD
BAYFRONT PARK
FLORIMBI'S PARKING LOT

MARINA/ST. VITUS DANCE
PARKING GARAGE
PHONE BOOTH
MIAMI STADIUM (PARKING
LOT)
PORT OF MIAMI
VARIOUS STREETS
ND SEDANS
TRUCKS
CARS
LIMO
WAREHOUSE

COUNTY JAIL

MIAMI VICE

HEART OF DARKNESS

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 INT. ONE ROOM APARTMENT - NIGHT 1

Green neon light pulsates through sheer curtains, throwing soft sensual shadows as we slowly pan the sultry rented surroundings to the driving beat of the Police's "Ghost in the Machine" from a redlining ghetto blaster and finally linger on ---

2 A BLONDE NYMPHET 2

Gyrating, bending and stretching in a sprayed-on one-piece leotard as she executes an awe-inspiring aerobics routine to the music.

Seconds later, a knocking causes her to cross the room and open up the door, revealing ---

3 A REPAIRMAN 3

Dark-haired, late twenties, in tight jeans and a white ginny-t, carrying a tool box. A poor man's Richard Gere with a somewhat overly explicit leer. Are we looking at a bad actor or a bad role? Do we really care to distinguish the difference?

REPAIRMAN

(taking inventory)

You the lady that called for the servicing...?

(off her
bemusement;
a grin)

...for your air conditioner, that is.

NYMPHET

Yeah, I sure am.

(fanning her brow)

It's like a sauna in here.

(X)

The door closes and the Repairman's inside, scoping the long-legged beauty up and down before he crosses to the air conditioning unit on the far wall. A quick glance at the unit then ---

CONTINUED

3

CONTINUED

3

REPAIRMAN

(stands, eyes her)

Ya know there's a forty dollar
minimum for house calls.

(X)

NYMPHET

Forty dollars! Gee, I don't have
that kind of money. I just got off
the bus from Nebraska.

(X)

(hopeful)

Would you take a personal check?

REPAIRMAN

(moving in, closer)

That depends...

(a leer)

How personal you want to make it?

Then, just as the Repairman reaches out to tear off her
leotard top the camera suddenly rack focuses to reveal ---

4

A MOTION PICTURE CREW

4

filming this tacky drama. The motel room is three set
walls in a big, dark warehouse. Lights hot and bright from
above. A small crew, one sixteen millimeter camera,
hand-held sound boom. The producer-director, a wiry,
nervous man named Jimmy Duncan, watches from behind the
camera, nodding his head in aesthetic approval as O.S.
sounds issue from the bed area, then glances over at ---

5

CROCKETT AND TUBBS

5

who stand near an impromptu bar, sipping seven-sevens and
looking the part of a couple of high-rollers from Jersey.
Jimmy smiles. Crockett and Tubbs smile back, under ---

CROCKETT

(sotto voce)

All else fails, we could pop
'em for felony bad dialogue.

(glances
toward girl)

She look underage to you?

NYMPHET (O.S.)

(protesting)

No, please, wait!

(more struggles)

Oh, my goodness, what
are you doing!?

TUBBS

I don't know. Anything
under twenty-five looks
underage to me.

REPAIRMAN

(heavy
breathing)

It's called payment in
advance, baby. Just go
with it.

CONTINUED

5

CONTINUED

5

JIMMY (O.S.)

Cut! Print it.

A.D. (O.S.)

Reset for closeups, guys. C'mon
let's shake it!

6

FULL SCENE

6

Lethargic movement among a tired crew. Jimmy crosses to
Crockett and Tubbs, lighting a cigarette.

JIMMY

So whataya think?

CROCKETT

I think we didn't come all the way
from Jersey to watch the making of
'Heather Does Hollywood.'

(X)

JIMMY

(a hospitable
gesture)Got some samples of the finished
product right in the back, guys.
Come on.

(X)

Whereupon Jimmy ushers them toward a storage area some
twenty yards away when ---

NYMPHET (O.S.)

Hey, Jimmy....

The young actress from the motel set intersects -- Penny --
wrapping a robe around herself. She looks from Crockett to
Tubbs with a built-in flirt, smiles emptily, her eyes as
vacant as a TV between channels, then ---

PENNY

...I'm really tired. When do we get
a break?

JIMMY

My star needs five? You've got it,
Babe. It's going to take them some
time to change this setup anyway.
Use my office, Penny.And as he cuddles her, he draws a small vial of cocaine
from his Hawaiian shirt pocket, presses it into her hand
along with a tiny silver straw.

CONTINUED

PENNY

(smiles; to
Crockett)

Care for a quick pick-me-up?

CROCKETT

(shakes his
head lightly)

You shouldn't mess with that stuff.
It'll put years on you.

PENNY

I've already put on about twenty years
since I moved down here. A few more
won't make much difference.

TUBBS

(smiles)

Don't tell me. You just got off the
bus from Nebraska?

The men laugh.

PENNY

(semi-
flirtatious)

Kansas.

She turns, heads for an office in the back of the darkened
warehouse. Jimmy watches, then grins ---

JIMMY

The boss's new squeeze, a real
natural.

(beat)

Kid plays her cards right she could
be the next Linda Lovelace.

Crockett and Tubbs share an ironic glance, then as they
continue toward the storage area ---

CUT TO

A hot, humid, stagnant night, on a drab downtown block of
pawn shops, liquor stores, thrift stores and vacant
buildings ---

JIMMY'S VOICE

Wait'll you see what I've got for
you guys....

-- and camera pulls back until we find ourselves:

8

INT. A SURVEILLANCE TRUCK - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

8
(X)

with Switek and Zito, detectives-at-large; the former, sweating, staring blankly out the one-way window while his cohort mans the sophisticated collection of receivers and recording devices over which the voice of Jimmy Duncan drones on:

JIMMY'S VOICE

Ever here of 'Around the World in Eighty Ways?'

ZITO

Winner of the 1983 Tallahassee Art Film Festival's Gold Stallion Award ---

JIMMY (V.O.)

Won a Gold Stallion in Tallahassee, 1983.

(beat)

I got 'Thighs and Whispers,' 'Carlotta Goes Camping,' 'Bed Dreams,' 'Afternoon of the Pets' -- you like documentaries?

SWITEK

How'd you know?

ZITO

It was in all the papers...

(beat)

Better get ready to roll...

(picks up a walkie-talkie)

SWITEK

(suspicious)

All which papers?

9

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

9
(X)

Tracking with Jimmy, Crockett and Tubbs through the shadowy depths of the empty space. The motel set in b.g. glowing.

CROCKETT

That's great, Jimmy, but it's volume we're interested in. I mean it's been a week already and we haven't heard word one from this boss of yours.

JIMMY

Hey, one step at a time, guys. This deal goes down and you check out okay, Margolis'll have Artie give you a call 'bout some major volume.

TUBBS

Forget it, man. We talk to Al Margolis himself, or the deal is off.

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED

9

JIMMY

(laughs)

Richard -- you talk to Artie, and you
are talking to Margolis. Channels
 of power, my friend, channels of
 power....

They reach a corner where two wooden crates are stacked
 near the back door. A heavysset workman is unloading a
 third, under ---

JIMMY

Here's your film. Let's see the
 bread.

Crockett takes a fat envelope from inside his coat, hands
 it to Jimmy. The director opens it -- quick glimpse of cash
 -- smiles -- and suddenly all hell breaks loose.

10

FOUR UNITS OF UNIFORMED COPS

10

burst into the warehouse from four different directions.
 Along with:

11

SWITEK AND ZITO

11

busting through the door nearest Crockett and Tubbs, guns
 drawn.

SWITEK

Miami Vice!!!

ZITO

Everyone freeze!!!

12

CROCKETT, TUBBS AND JIMMY

12

stop dead in their tracks, the workman, unbeknownst to
 Switek and Zito, having disappeared into the nearby shadows.

SWITEK

(to Jimmy)

Come on, cupcake!

(X)

Switek shoves Jimmy spread-eagled against the wall...but
 Jimmy bounces off, and makes a run for it, back across the
 warehouse, toward the set ---

(X)

SWITEK

Hey!

-- runs after him, catches up.

- 13 ANGLE - MOTEL SET 13
- tackling Jimmy in front of the bed. They both topple over it -- stumble against the wall of the set, causing the whole wooden structure to cave in like a house of cards. Lights shattering, shorting out.
- 14 ON CROCKETT AND TUBBS 14
- the latter shaking his head.
- TUBBS
- Does he get extra for stunts?
- Zito pushes him up against the wall, cuffing him ---
- ZITO
- Button it, slezeball.
- ...just as the workman suddenly appears behind Zito with a crowbar and raising it, is just a suddenly blindsided into unconsciousness with a surreptitious and lightning-fast punch from ---
- 15 CROCKETT 15
- who quickly reverts back to his undercover role, and assumes the position as Zito turns, surprised by the sight of the floored assailant behind him and wincing slightly under Crockett's withering glance, whereupon ---
- 16 ANGLE - OFFICE DOORWAY 16
- Not too far away, bangs open, and two cops emerge with Penny in tow, struggling, makeup streaked by tears, eyes frightened -- for a moment the picture of a very scared little girl.
- 17 RESUME - CROCKETT AND TUBBS - CLOSE ON THEIR FACES 17
- watching. Exchanging looks, as we:
- CUT TO
- 18 and 19 OMITTED 18 and 19 (X)

19-A INT. COUNTY JAIL CORRIDOR - DAY - CLOSE ON BARRED GATE

19-A

It is opened on the other side by an escorting guard who ushers Jimmy, Crockett and Tubbs through the corridor. Guard closes door, follows a few feet behind under which:

CROCKETT

(sotto;
to Jimmy)

I don't know, Jimmy, we're down here ten days without a problem -- then we connect with you and get thrown in the can.

JIMMY

Hey, how long did it take for Artie to spring us?

(checks
watch)

All of two hours? Come on. He even sent a driver.

(beat;
smiles)

Guess he wants to meet you guys.

Jimmy filters down a staircase, as Crockett and Tubbs exchange a hopeful look ---

CUT TO

20 INT. LINCOLN - DAY

20

cruising Biscayne Boulevard at a smooth, silent clip. Interior lights out. An occasional oncoming car strobing the faces for one split second during which we establish the Driver, seen only as a rearview mirror reflection, as an expensively dressed white male in his early thirties: the mob's hip new breed. Crockett and Tubbs are seated in the back, watching a mainland Miami Nighttown float past on either side, under ---

CROCKETT

I mean, up in Jersey all our people are telling us that Al Margolis is the man to see in porno but now, after a week of trying to set it up all we're hearing is Artie. Artie says this, Artie wants that....

DRIVER

It's simple: you want to do business with Al, you have to go through Artie.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

TUBBS

What is he, Al's new partner?

DRIVER

(glances in
rearview, a
vague smile)

Something like that.

The Driver's eyes move back to the street, then quickly back to the rearview, his brow furrowing almost imperceptibly at the sight of ---

21 POINT OF VIEW - REARVIEW MIRROR

21

in which two headlights can be seen on the semideserted boulevard, one half block back of the Lincoln, maintaining a steady pace. Under ---

JIMMY

(to Driver)

Ya know Penny looked in pretty rough shape on the way to jail. Oughta tell Al to spring her fast before she starts buying radio time.

Under which ---

22 ANGLE - CROCKETT

22

has noticed the Driver's preoccupation with the rearview. He doesn't need to turn around to know that a tail has been spotted. Under ---

DRIVER

(distracted by
rearview)

He's way ahead of you, Jimmy.

(a meditative
beat, then, to
Crockett and
Tubbs)

'fraid we'll have to give you a raincheck on that meeting tonight, guys.

Tubbs is just leaning forward to lodge a protest when the Driver suddenly cranks the wheel a vicious 360 to the left, sending Jimmy, Crockett and Tubbs lurching to the right and ---

23 EXT. - THE LINCOLN

23

bounding harshly over the medium divider, across four lanes of opposing traffic towards a freeway exit as the pursuing car, a late model LTD, fishtails temporarily out of control, losing the tail and ---

24 INT. LINCOLN - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

24

brace themselves as the driver jams at sixty-plus up the wrong way of the freeway off-ramp, parting the intermittent flow of onrushing lights and horns, under ---

JIMMY

(bracing, terrified)

For crying out...!!

(glances back)

Whatta we being tailed!?

Under which the Driver has whipped an acute angle right onto the expressway.

DRIVER

(to Jimmy;
a withering look)

No Duncan, I enjoy driving the wrong way up off-ramps.

(over his shoulder;
to Crockett and
Tubbs)

Sorry 'bout this guys.

As the Driver reaches cruising velocity on the overcrowded freeway, no tail in sight, and Crockett and Tubbs exchange a disgruntled glance ---

CUT TO

25 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

25
(X)

As, on the cut, the Lincoln pulls up to Crockett's Ferrari and disgorges Jimmy, Crockett and Tubbs ---

DRIVER (O.S.)

(to Crockett and Tubbs)

He'll call you in the morning and set something up for the next couple of days.

CROCKETT

(peering in
passenger window)

Tomorrow at the latest. We don't meet Artie by then we're splitting town.

CONTINUED

25

CONTINUED

25

-- whereupon the Lincoln slips away from the curb and is lost in the darkness. A beat, then Jimmy smiles ---

JIMMY

You already have.
(off their
reactions)
Met him, that is.

TUBBS

What are you talking about? .

JIMMY

(a look)
Guy behind the wheel..? That was
Artie.
(grins, slaps Tubbs
on the back)
No biz like showbiz, eh.

And Jimmy is off, headed towards his wheels. Crockett and Tubbs observe his departure for a long silent moment, digesting the evening's data, then as Crockett unlocks the door of the Ferrari, eliciting a momentary whoop-whoop of the car alarm ---

TUBBS

So who tied the can to our tail back there?

26

INT. FERRARI

26

as Crockett and Tubbs slide in, under ---

CROCKETT

You tell me -- who else would tail
someone at half a block in a late
model black LTD?

No sooner has Crockett spoken than, alerted by a flash of headlights, they turn to see ---

27

POINT OF VIEW - THE LTD

27

cruising slowly by the warehouse, two men inside, scoping the scene and unaware of Crockett and Tubbs, under ---

TUBBS

The Untouchables.

28 RESUME - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

28

watching, considering, then finally Crockett sparks the Ferrari to life ---

CROCKETT

You got it, bud.

-- and squeals out in the opposite direction.

CUT TO

29 INT. GOLD COAST OFFICES - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

29
(X)

Cluster of detectives around a sampling of impounded movie prop pornographia proudly set out on display here by:

SWITEK

Howabout this -- battery powered ---

ZITO

Yeah. That's my flashlight, dingbat.

Among the more repulsed in the motly gathering are Gina and Trudy, perusing wide-eyed the same sordid collection of movie still photographs ---

TRUDY

This stuff is totally revolting.

GINA

(over her
shoulder)

You're right.

(beat)

Isn't it upside down?

Under which ---

30 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

30

have passed by, entering the squad room, only to be intercepted immediately by Rodriguez, with ---

RODRIGUEZ

Nice work tonight. DA says Jimmy's no talker, but his star -- Penny McGraw -- is a prime candidate.

TUBBS

Underage?

RODRIGUEZ

We're checking it out. Could be a runaway. Margolis had her out of jail even faster than he sprung you

CONTINUED

30

CONTINUED

30

RODRIGUEZ (Cont'd)
guys and Jimmy. I think Penny will
talk to us...soon as we can track
her down.

(off Crockett's
nod)

Something wrong?

CROCKETT

(minimizing)

Little bureaucratic snafu, Lou, no
biggie.

Rodriguez shrugs, moves off toward Switek and Zito, leaving
Crockett and Tubbs, to continue their march to ---

31

ANGLE - CROCKETT'S DESK

31

where Crockett picks up the phone and starts to dial,
under ---

TUBBS

That a federal agency you're dialing
by any chance?

CROCKETT

(dialing; nods)

How's that jingle go: 'Reach out,
reach out and hit someone.'

-- Crockett replaces the receiver...Tubbs follows his gaze
across the room, to the two clean-cut government types
(Russo and Doyle) who are briskly approaching...Crockett
cuts off their attempted introduction ---

CROCKETT

No, wait -- let me guess...black on
black, '82 LTD, right? Federal
plates, no frills -- last seen
blowing a tail on Biscayne at
24th...FBI...right?

DOYLE

I'm Dennis Doyle. This is Mark
Russo. We understand you've got
a line on this man ---

He tosses on Crockett's desk an 8 x 10 glossy. Tubbs
glances at it ---

32

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH OF AL MARGOLIS

32

middle-aged, La Costa tan. Bal Harbour by way of Cy Devore.

TUBBS (O.S.)

Looks a lot like Al Margolis.

TUBBS

(picture of
innocence)

Is he in some kind of trouble?

RUSSO

(lets this
slide)

Did you set up a meeting with him
tonight?

CROCKETT

(sits on
his desk)

We may have been on our way when you
boys decided to hook a tow bar to
us.

RUSSO

Did Duncan or anyone you were with
mention a man named Artie Rollins?

TUBBS

(glance at
Crockett; then)

Not that I recall...why?

DOYLE

The Bureau's been building a case
against Margolis for six months --
federal crimes ranging from bribery
to interstate transport of pornographic
materials and corruption of minors ---

CROCKETT

So who are you after -- Al Margolis
or this Artie Rollins?

DOYLE

You know...I think maybe what would
be best on this is if we just
exchanged files.

TUBBS

Great. We'll wait right here while
you get yours.

Standoff. Doyle and Russo exchange weary bureaucratic
looks.

CONTINUED

33

CONTINUED

33

DOYLE

I think what Mark is trying to say,
is we can either help you in this
situation or hurt you.

Crockett looks at Tubbs. Stands. Nods. Puts a hand on
the shoulder of each federal agent, and begins to gently
urge them across the room -- and out -- under ---

CROCKETT

...no offense Dennis, Mark, but we've
been working real hard on this case
and, well -- based on your performance
tonight -- I think you'd be helping
us more if you went ahead and tried
to hurt us....

As they pass the collection of carnal curios, pick up ---

34

RODRIGUEZ, SWITEK AND ZITO

34

RODRIGUEZ

...anyway, South Dade is -- setting
up this burglary sting operation
as part of a robbery dragnet in
Overtown -- they need a couple of
seedy-looking guys to work under-
cover. I volunteered you.

(X)

Crockett brushes past again, returning, bundle of mail in
his hand as ---

ZITO

Okay. But who are the two seedy
guys?

Rodriguez has no answer -- he's hurrying to catch up with
Crockett. Following as they cross ---

RODRIGUEZ

If that was you 'little snafu',
Crockett, they didn't look too happy.

CROCKETT

(lost in thought)

They weren't. They were worried....

35

AT CROCKETT'S DESK

35

Tubbs intercepts Rodriguez in f.g., as Crockett moves two
steps down to speak with a desk-bound Trudy ---

CONTINUED

TUBBS

Lieutenant I need to talk to you about my housing situation -- I mean, part of the reason I moved down here was to improve the quality of my life ---

RODRIGUEZ

You moved down here because NYPD was ready to fry you for misconduct ---

TUBBS

-- instead I got a worthless rent-a-car, I'm living in a motel room with one lousy hotplate and a faucet that drips -- last night I didn't get to sleep until four AM on account of the traffic noise ---

RODRIGUEZ

Buy earplugs. Department will reimburse you.

Tubbs shoots him a corrosive look as Rodriguez is summoned back towards his office by a phone call, then sinking into his desk chair, slams a progress report into a typewriter --- (X)

TUBBS

(muttering)

America's Vacationland: one man's living hell....

Under which Crockett has seated himself on the edge of the desk and ---

CROCKETT

(still opening mail, grins)

Starring Ricardo J. Tubbs.

CROCKETT

Can you do a quick track-down for me, Trudy?

TRUDY

(a look)

Does it have four legs and scales?

CROCKETT

(ignoring this; writing)

White male, midthirties, name of Artie, or Arthur, Rollins -- R-O-L-L-I-N-S.

TRUDY

That's all you've got? A name? (X)

CROCKETT

If I had his address I could just drive over and ask him who he is, couldn't I? (X)

TRUDY

(dubious)

I'll run it through the computer...but I can't promise you anything....

35 CONTINUED - 2

35

CROCKETT (Cont'd)

(another envelope)

Mellow out, pal, that uptight New York dog-eat-dog mindset just doesn't cut it down here.

(frowns;
reading)

Things are more relaxed in Miami.

35-A ANGLE - RODRIGUEZ

35-A

has stepped back over, grim look on his face.

RODRIGUEZ

They found Penny McGraw.

(off their
attention)

Homicide just called.

Off Crockett and Tubbs' reaction ---

CUT TO

36
thru
38
OMITTED

36
thru
38

39 EXT. RESIDENTIAL SWIMMING POOL - DAY

39

At poolside patio, Crockett and Tubbs look on as a gathering of uniformed cops, lab people, SID part a pathway as a couple paramedics carry a filled body bag off. Rodriguez has emerged from the house, where an open sliding glass door reveals more law enforcement inside.

CROCKETT

Rent on the house is paid through a holding company. Margolis'.

RODRIGUEZ

Could've been an OD.

(beat)

They found a regular pharmacy in her bathroom: coke, 'ludes, Nembutal....

TUBBS

(a look)

You don't really think this was an accident...?

Rodriguez says nothing. Just pause to relight his cigar stub, then ---

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

Margolis could have figured her to roll over and sent one of his guys....

TUBBS

Someone like Artie, you mean...?

RODRIGUEZ

(a beat)

She did have a visitor, earlier tonight. Next door neighbor got a partial license number. If we're lucky, there's prints....

An Officer has stepped over with a report, hands it to Rodriguez.

OFFICER

Here's the rest of it, Lieutenant.

RODRIGUEZ

(stares at report)

Sixteen-year-old runaway from Salina, Kansas...probably a homecoming princess.

(disgusted, tosses his cigar butt)

I gotta go call her folks.

TUBBS

(jaw clenched)

Let's shut down Margolis. Hard and fast.

Rodriguez nods, stalks away through the open sliding door. Crockett and Tubbs cast a solemn glance back, as ---

TRUDY (O.S.)

Hey, Crockett....

-- turn to see Trudy approaching from the b.g.

TRUDY

Spent more than two hours on the downtown terminal trying to dig up something on this Artie Rollins and came up with a total blank.

(off their disappointment)

Finally, when I do break through I run into an IKM code -- federal access only, confidential ---

CONTINUED

39

CONTINUED - 2

39

CROCKETT

(impatient)

(X)

So'd you get anything or not?

(X)

TRUDY

(pulling out a
piece of
notepaper)

Broke a few rules and punched in some
government access codes...

(off their
impatience)

(X)

Turns out your Artie Rollins is a
fed.

CROCKETT

What!?

TRUDY

(hands them
notepaper)

His real name is Arthur Lawson. Works
undercover with the FBI.

Two beats. Then as Crockett and Tubbs trade a look of
stunned incredulity ---

40

OMITTED

40

(X)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

41 INT. GOLD COAST OFFICES - OUTSIDE RODRIGUEZ' OFFICE - 41
MORNING

Overlapping sounds of the squad room provide counterpoint to the silent drama we see through the glass door of Rodriguez' office: A middle-aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. McGraw, are picking up Penny's personal effects, and listening, numb, to Rodriguez. Mrs. McGraw's face is red from crying. Under which....

42 and 43 OMITTED 42 and 43

43-A TUBBS 43-A

enters the squad room, looking very harried, crosses Crockett at his desk.

CROCKETT
(light reproof)
Little late this morning, Tubbs.

TUBBS
I don't want to talk about this morning.

CROCKETT
Okay, let's not talk about it.

TUBBS
(erupts)
First I get a six AM wake-up call by the Cuban Biker gang in the next room. Okay, life in the roach motel, I can deal with it. I leave at seven thirty, figure that gives me plenty of time to get to work.

CROCKETT
Seven thirty?

TUBBS
(nods)
I took a wrong turn onto the Don Shula Expressway, was halfway to the Keys before I realized it.
(disgusted)
What kind of town names an expressway after a football coach.

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

Yeah, it's not like New York, where all you have to do is hop on a subway, where some wino blows his lunch on your shoes, then a mugger comes by and steals 'em.

Crockett grins at the pissed-off Tubbs, under which Rodriguez has emerged from his office, crossed to them.

RODRIGUEZ

Penny McGraw's parents are here. They arrived this morning to take her body home to Kansas. Say she came here to be a model. She saw an ad in a paper....

Couple of uncomfortable beats, then:

CROCKETT

Talk to the FBI about Artie Lawson?

RODRIGUEZ

For an hour this morning. I even spoke with Bureau Chief Clemmons. Gave me a capsule history of Margolis and the South Florida porn scene but as far as Artie Lawson goes...They said there are 'certain aspects' of the investigation they're not at liberty to discuss.

TUBBS

So basically what they did is run you around a federal hedge for an hour.

RODRIGUEZ

(a look, irritated)
Basically what they did is tell me to butt out.

CROCKETT

(glances at Tubbs, then)
You're not going to shut this investigation down...?

RODRIGUEZ

No. But I still want to know what we're up against. Listen, Switek has some sort of inside contact at the FBI. He and Zito are working a burglary sting operation in South Dade.

CONTINUED

Under which Trudy has passed by and handed to Tubbs a file. He studies it grimly for one moment, then....

TUBBS
(off Crockett's look)
Autopsy report on Penny McGraw.

CROCKETT
(moving in)
OD...?

TUBBS
(skimming report; shakes head)
Small bruises on her neck and skull. Evidently Penny's visitor last night filled her so full of tranquilizers, she didn't know which way was up.
(meets Crockett's gaze)
Then led her out to the pool. And drowned her.

CUT TO

44
and
45
OMITTED

44
and
45

46 INT. WAREHOUSE GARAGE - DAY - CLOSE ON SPOOL OF WIRE
being unwound across the top of a long counter ---

46

SWITEK (O.S.)
No can do, Crockett. I'm saving this FBI connection of mine 'cause I need him.

Under which, we pull back to reveal Crockett striding alongside Switek in this barren garage, in the process of setting up for a sting operation: Shelves on back wall cluttered with stereos, toaster ovens, microwaves, tools, etc. As Switek unspools wire ---

SWITEK
-- could be a real career break for me ---

CROCKETT
I'll give you a career break, Switek. Remember that Metro sedan you drove into the Bal Harbour Channel and reported stolen...?

CONTINUED

Switek's look says he does. They pass Zito -- standing on a chair -- reaching to top shelf, where he is hiding a video camera and a 35mm camera inside the shell of a portable television set.

CROCKETT

Paper work's still pending. I could fill in the details and you'll be making a career of traffic control.

They cross:

46-A TUBBS AND LESTER

46-A

Tubbs watches as an elfin, chain-smoking electronics wizard named Lester Kosko wields a soldering iron, hooking up a switch box behind the counter.

LESTER

...plastics. I did it all with plastics.

In b.g., Switek moves to the telephone, picks it up:

SWITEK

(dials)

You just better not waste him...I popped his nephew dealing hash at a UB40 concert. Kid was headed to college, no priors. Uncle calls me personal, so I cut him some slack -- guy thinks I'm God --

(in phone)

Cal? Cal, baby, this is Switek over at OCB.

(beat)

No, Swi-tek.

(moving off
with phone)

LESTER

I mean most guys don't know squat about micro-electronics. That cop movie where the guy gets burned by a body bug? That's just lousy work.

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

I see you met Lester, our resident Mr. Wizard.

Under which:

steps down from chair, cuts in between Tubbs and Lester:

CONTINUED

47

CONTINUED

47
(X)

ZITO

So, Tubbaroo, whataya think?
(gestures
vaguely)

Maybe we could teach New York a
thing or two, yeah?

TUBBS

(glances around)

Yeah...like how to get blown away
inside a week, for starters.

ZITO

What are you talking about?

TUBBS

You've gotta make this counter about
ten inches higher, and twenty wider,
so nobody can reach across to wring
your neck -- and if you put a platform
back there you'll look a little more
intimidating...

(looks up)

Then build that landing at the top
of the stairs out so you can cover
the whole room...

(a beat)

...and if you tack a couple of hot
centerfolds either side of the TV,
you'll get your suspects to leer up
there and won't be identifying
people by hairstyle.

Lester looks from a bemused Crockett to a speechless Zito,
nods -- Switek hangs up ---

LESTER

Nice.

SWITEK

(returning)

Okay, Crockett -- He wasn't keen on
the idea, but I used my considerable
charm to convince him otherwise.
Name's Calman Clayburn. He'll meet
you in Bayfront Park, fourth bench.
Says he's in a grey suit ---

Crockett nods thanks; he and Tubbs head out. Switek triggers
the aluminum garage door that is the only entrance, under ---

ZITO

Listen, Switek -- I just got a
brainstorm how we can improve the
logistics of this set-up ---

DISSOLVE TO

48
and
49

OMITTED

48
and
49
(X)
50

50 EXT. BAYFRONT PARK - DAY

dotted with brown-baggers from downtown offices, a water-front greenspace abutting a narrow, sandy beach. Sunlight spangles off Biscayne Bay and the pastel boxes of Miami Beach.

CLAYBURN (O.S.)

Arthur Lawson is probably one of the best undercover agents we've got....

51 ON THE FOURTH BENCH

51

along the narrow perimeter walkway, a thin, bookish man in grey suit, white shirt, charcoal tie -- Calman Clayburn -- unwraps a sandwich. Tubbs and Crockett on either side of him -- high-contrast between our guys and the G-Man: like the difference between Tom Petty and Tony Bennett.

CLAYBURN

...officially, of course, he's just another company man.

Clayburn takes a laminated FBI ID tag from his suit coat pocket, hands it to Tubbs -- Tubbs meditates on the head shot of Agent Arthur Lawson. Suit and tie. Regulation haircut. Tubbs pockets the ID, under ---

(X)

(X)

CROCKETT

How long has he been under?

CLAYBURN

This case? Eight months. But...
(careful beat)
...he's taken a lot of assignments over the past couple years...
(beat)
...maybe one too many.

TUBBS

What do you mean?

CLAYBURN

You know, I can get in serious trouble talking to you guys.

CROCKETT

We know that, Cal. We appreciate what you're doing.

CONTINUED

51

CONTINUED

51

CLAYBURN

I wouldn't even be meeting you here today but Artie Lawson's a good man and nobody at the Bureau seems to... well -- just tell Switek we're even.

(deep breath)

Six weeks ago Art Laswon sort of disappeared ---

A sober silence.

CROCKETT

What do you mean? Why didn't anyone bring him in?

CLAYBURN

How could we? We didn't know where he was, we didn't know what he was doing. It was really just blind luck that our agents discovered you had connected with him....

TUBBS

What are you telling us, Cal?

CLAYBURN

The Bureau doesn't like blemishes. Not to mention that a federal agent could be terribly valuable -- with what he knows -- to any criminal endeavor --

(off their looks)

What I'm saying is that a lot of people at the Bureau think Taylor has gone over to the other side....

Blackout.

Whirring of a slide projector fades up as ---

52
and
53

OMITTED

52
and
53
(X)
54

54

A STILL PHOTOGRAPH (SLIDE) FILLS THE SCREEN

Straight-looking G-Man in regulation suit, tie, crisp white shirt, close-cropped hair. Eyes bright, intense, staring at us as:

CROCKETT'S VOICE

Arthur John Lawson. Married, no kids. Ten year FBI veteran. Twelve commendations for superior work. Active in the community. Loyal. Dedicated....

Camera slowly pulls back to reveal we are:

(X)

54-A INT. GOLD COAST OFFICES - ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

54-A

A slide show in progress. Crockett, Tubbs, Rodriguez, Gina and Trudy sit in the dim, stagnant room. Crockett remotes to another slide -- Artie Rollins. Wholly different version of the same man -- longer hair, gold chains, silk shirt, Gucci loafers ---

CROCKETT

Artie Rollins -- Lawson's undercover ID.

RODRIGUEZ

Some change.

Crockett clicks to a surveillance shot of Artie and Margolis coming out of a doorway downtown. Al Margolis, looking tan and prosperous. Both men are smiling.

CROCKETT

Artie connected with Margolis ten weeks into his undercover. The two apparently really hit it off, and in no time at all Artie was number two man in the organization.

Crockett clicks past different angles of same previous surveillance shot, finally arrives at slide of Artie, Al and a female blonde and a female redhead climbing out of a stretch limo, dressed like high-rollers on a Vegas weekend -- barrel-chested bodyguard in b.g. Gina squints, half-recognition, as Crockett remotes to a telephoto shot of Artie and Al Margolis standing on a condominium balcony on a grey and rainy day.

GINA

Go back one ---

Crockett reverses back to the slide of Artie, Al and a female blonde and female redhead.

GINA

(to Trudy)

She looks like that strip dancer we made friends last year at the Inferno.

TRUDY

(studies it)

Yeah. Becky something...

(remembers)

Rebecca Dalton.

CONTINUED

RODRIGUEZ

(to Gina)

Check the back files.

Gina nods, exits as Crockett relicks forward to the condo balcony shot, then to a slide of an abandoned car, a Pontiac Trans ditched beside a canal.

TUBBS

Everything seemed to be going fine until six weeks ago...He cut himself off completely. Moved out of his FBI-wired apartment, abandoned his car, stopped filing reports....

Crockett remotes to final slide of Artie, Al and friends, at the door of Joe's Stone Crabs. Very long-range telephoto, faces indistinct, like a moody impressionist painting. Haunting. Artie's glancing back over his shoulder ---

CROCKETT

This is the last time the FBI had any contact with him.

Silence. They stare at the picture, considering...finally ---

TUBBS

I don't know, Crockett. I don't know about this guy.

A meditative beat is interrupted by the annoying sound of a comline buzzing. Trudy noticing lit phone console.

TRUDY

Crockett, your private line.

Crockett shoots Tubbs a significant glance, then punches in the line and, as the others go silent ---

CROCKETT

(into phone)

Yeah...

(beat)

Jimmy, my man what's shakin'?

(beat; a
tight grin)

Eight o'clock? Terrific. Thanks a million, Jim.

Crockett hangs up, exhales, then turns to Tubbs and Rodriguez.

CONTINUED

54-A CONTINUED - 2

54-A

CROCKETT
The meet's on. Tonight.
(a look)
With Artie.

Double takes. Crockett flips the last picture of Artie off the screen -- it goes bright white and ---

SMASH CUT TO

55
thru
62

OMITTED

55
thru
62

63 INT. FLORIMBI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT - CLOSE ON THE BACK OF A MAN'S HEAD 63

A beat, then it turns to face us. Artie Rollins, eyes flashing with intensity. Smile -- quick and elusive ---

ARTIE
The boys from Jersey.
(extends hand)
Artie Rollins.

Under which, we pull back to reveal Crockett and Tubbs, dressed to the nines, greeting Artie at the plush red corner booth in this expensive, Florentine restaurant for the connected set. Artie offers seats ---

ARTIE
Sorry about the little charade last night. You can't be too careful.

CROCKETT
No problem.

ARTIE
Understand you've got a chain of theaters up north.

TUBBS
Twenty-six theaters, fourteen retail stores. Jersey, New York, Massachusetts. We're running a little short of solid programming.

CROCKETT
We want to buy volume. We're carrying cash.

ARTIE
Jimmy told me.

CONTINUED

63

CONTINUED

63

ARTIE (Cont'd)

(offers them
seats)

Let's grab some dinner. We'll talk
business later.

As Crockett and Tubbs sit:

AL (O.S.)

Yeah, who wants to talk business when
you got beauty like this at the
table?

Pull back to include:

64
and
65

OMITTED

64
and
65

66

AL MARGOLIS

66

Palm Springs attired, in tow arms around two silicon
sensations. Crockett and Tubbs rise -- Artie beams like
a proud son ---

ARTIE

Sonny -- Richard -- I'd like you to
meet Karen, Rebecca, and my boss, Al
Margolis ---

AL

(shaking hands)

Boss nothing. The kid's the brains
behind the operation ---

And on Artie's odd, proud grin we ---

DISSOLVE TO

67

SAME GROUP - SAME TABLE - LATER

67

Dinner's nearly over, two bottles of wine have been
polished off everybody's happy. Especially Al ---

ARTIE

...so we've got half a mil sunk into
the picture and all of a sudden our
lead actress tells us she's only
fifteen, and her mother knows where
she is ---

AL

I was going nuts, until Artie here
comes through with a stroke of
genius.

CONTINUED

ARTIE

(grins)

I offered her mother a part in the picture.

Al bursts into laughter, nearly choking on his linguini, as a small Cuban in a banker's suit approaches Artie. Al pays no attention to the Cuban, lets Artie handle it.

CUBAN

(in low tones)

Mr. Fields says he needs a decision.

AL

(laughing;
finishes
the story)

We ended up calling it 'Family Affairs'...Six mil domestic, another two-five overseas... Oh, that was a corker.

ARTIE

Firm at eight million?
(off Cuban's nod)

Tell him I'll have a letter of credit drawn up tomorrow.

As the Cuban moves off:

AL

(to Artie)

And you wonder how I can afford to buy you a forty-five foot motor yacht.

(to the others)

You should have seen his face.

The maitre'd, Louis, reappears.

LOUIS

(sotto; to Jack)

Sorry to bother you, Mr. Margolis, but Paul Reynolds has been waiting all night -- he says you're expecting him ---

AL

Yeah. Two goddamn weeks ago!

Artie puts a calm hand on Al's shoulder, rises...motioning to Crockett and Tubbs ---

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED - 2

67

ARTIE

(to Crockett
and Tubbs)

Let's get some fresh air.

As Crockett and Tubbs stand, to follow ---

AL

(to Crockett
and Tubbs)

After him, they broke the mold.

As they leave, to girls:

AL

Like a son, that one.

CUT TO

68 EXT. FLORIMBI'S - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

68

Half-lit, nervous face of the turtle-like man we've seen before, Renny, waiting beside a midnight blue Camaro, a briefcase clutched in both hands, watching as:

69 ARTIE, TUBBS AND CROCKETT

69

cross from the restaurant to him.

RENNY

Hey, Artie. I've got it ---

ARTIE

You mean you finally got it.

RENNY

(hands him
the case)

I'm really sorry, Artie, I just ---

ARTIE

(opens the case)

Hey you don't have to apologize .

(checks money)

It's not your fault, Renny.

(closes the
case)

And as Renny's shoulders start to relax, Artie blindsides him with the briefcase, right in the face -- flattens him to the ground ---

CONTINUED

69

CONTINUED

69

ARTIE

Nothing's your fault! Nothing's
anybody's fault!

(kicking him)

It isn't my fault I'm beating the
hell out of you, either, Renny.

Picks Renny up -- slams him back against the car -- pummels
him mercilessly, body and face, until Crockett and Tubbs
finally step in and pull Artie off ---

CROCKETT

You're going to kill him --- !

Renny falls semiconscious to the ground. Artie pulls him
away, whirls on them -- eyes demented, furious ---

ARTIE

Don't ever interfere with me again!!!

Silence. Dull moan from Renny. Artie straightens his
coat, walks away. Crockett and Tubbs follow ---

70

NEAR THE DOOR

70

Artie stops, turns to them. Perfectly composed again.
Very weird.

ARTIE

So much for the corporate sales pitch,
huh? As you can see I, uh, like to run
a pretty tight ship.

CROCKETT

That's why we're here.

ARTIE

Good. Well. Before we go back in:
Get your money together for tomorrow
night, we'll want to look at it --
deal'll go down at eight o'clock.

(straightens tie)

Come on, you guys feel like some
desert?

He disappears inside. Crockett and Tubbs exchange blank
looks -- glance back at the shadowy lump that is Renny ---

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE71
thru
74

OMITTED

71
thru
74

74-A INT. GOLD COAST OFFICES - MORNING

74-A

Crockett is on the telephone, in the throes of red tape frustration. In b.g., Tubbs hunt-and-pecks at a manual.

CROCKETT

(into phone)

I gave you the requisition form yesterday...No two hundred thousand... then dig it up, we need it today.

Rodriguez has stepped over.

CROCKETT

(into phone)

Just do it!

He slams down the phone.

CROCKETT

(urgent)

We have a meet with Artie in six hours to set up the deal. These bozos --

(bureaucrats
on phone)

-- better not come up lame on the money.

RODRIGUEZ

(beat)

I don't know if I feel so good about going through with this, Crockett --

(before he
can protest)

-- particularly in light of what went down with this guy at that restaurant last night.

CROCKETT

Lou, when you're under, it's whatever it takes.

Tubbs steps over.

CONTINUED

RODRIGUEZ

(adamant)

The man's an unknown quantity and
that makes him dangerous as hell.
He's on the edge.

CROCKETT

Maybe he had to go that far to make
it happen.

TUBBS

And maybe he decided he likes it
there.

(off Crockett's
annoyance)

Why are you defending this guy?

CROCKETT

Because I know how it is when you're
living the role, month in, month out.
Because I've been where he's been.

(beat; to
Rodriguez)

We pull him in now, the entire
Margolis investigation goes down the
tubes.

Rodriguez inspects his unlit cigar. Tough call.

RODRIGUEZ

Can you honestly tell me that Artie
Lawson hasn't gone over to the other
side.

Crockett and Tubbs exchange looks.

CROCKETT

No.

RODRIGUEZ

Well then dammit, find out!

He lights a wooden match off the table top, as we:

CUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - TIGHT PAN ACROSS PHOTO MENAGERIE

Wedding photos, vacation shots, portraits, all of Wendy and
Artie. Various poses of a normal, fun-loving couple.

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED

WOMAN'S VOICE

He's too dedicated. That's always been his problem. Working undercover, nonstop, since we've been married, never taking a break. One vacation in the past four years ---

75
(X)

76

ANOTHER ANGLE - WENDY, CROCKETT, TUBBS

76

Crockett and Tubbs sit across the coffee table from Arthur Lawson's wife, Wendy. A lot of miles, a lot of sadness on Wendy's face. She clutches her cup of coffee.

(X)

WENDY

What kind of life is that?

CROCKETT

When was the last time you spoke to Artie?

WENDY

It'll be three weeks Thursday. He called me from some club.

TUBBS

What'd he sound like?

WENDY

(quivering)

Different. He said he was confused, involved. He was really frustrated that the Bureau wasn't bringing him in.

CROCKETT

(registers surprised)

He asked to be brought in?

WENDY

(nods)

More than once. They gave him their famous 'we've come too far - can't blow the case' speech. Like the world's gonna go to ruin if he backed out.

(X)

Wendy shakes her head, hating it all. She begins to sob.

WENDY

(through tears)

Please...bring my husband back.

As Wendy attempts to gather herself, Crockett looks to Tubbs, then away to:

77 PORTRAIT PHOTO OF ARTIE

77

In ornate, gilt frame. Smiling, young, on top of the world.

CUT TO

78 EXT. MARINA - DAY

78

We are tracking with Crockett, Tubbs and a comical fellow named Fields. Fields, a late thirties hirsute fossile from the sixties, working maintenance at the marina. He leads them past a trail of alligator terror -- broken wicker furniture, half-eaten towels, deflated football, etc., on the boards of the pier.

FIELDS

Been calling that beeper number of yours ever since he cut loose this morning.

(laughs)

Anyway, first thing he does is corner this charter fare of mommy-hubby touristos -- blows their mind, then scarfs down all their catch of the day ---

CROCKETT

I don't believe this!

FIELDS

(enjoys it)

-- Then he cruises down three slips and boards the Elmo Two, and drops a major load on the Harbormaster's forward deck.

Crockett groans, clutching his temple.

TUBBS

(to Crockett;
can't resist)

Ever considered trading him in on a nice French poodle...?

Crockett shoots him a sour look.

FIELDS

Then for an encore, he decides to pay a courtesy call with Rolandez the Panamanian Vice Counsel. A lot of what's on the pier here is his.

CORCKETT (O.S.)

You miserable, incontinent, worthless piece of sediment. You're dead!

The above addressed directly to---

79

ELVIS

79

who lies peacefully, the picture of innocence, on the dock near the St. Vitus Dance. Six feet of broken industrial chain dangles from his neck.

CROCKETT

(to Fields; sotto)

I've been away too much lately. He just does this to get attention.

FIELDS

(a stoned nod)

Oh totally, man. Animals have feelings too.

Crockett grabs Elvis mercilessly by the chain, leads him down the slip to board his boat, where:

80

RUSSO AND DOYLE

80

The FBI agents wait. Crockett notices them, then proceeds past them without acknowledgement. The Feds do a take on Elvis.

81

ON BOAT

81

as Crockett secures Elvis to a grumet on the aft-deck:

CROCKETT

(to Russo/Doyle
but not to
their faces)

The last thing I need is two sore thumbs in Petrocelli suits hovering around my boat when I'm trying to maintain an undercover role.

RUSSO

As what: a game warden?
(off Crockett's
look)

We hear you had a meet with Artie.
Where is he?

TUBBS

You're so good at finding people.
Find him yourself.

DOYLE

(steps to Tubbs;
threatening)

We intend to. We came here to tell
you we're shutting you down.

CONTINUED

81

CONTINUED

81

Suddenly, Elvis lurches forward, snaps viciously at Doyle. Doyle retracts, then almost faints. Tubbs, surprised by Elvis' show of protection ---

(X)

TUBBS

(X)

Elvis, my man.

CROCKETT

(X)

(to Doyle)

You wanna shut us down you better have a court order, pal, because we've been busting our hump for over two months on this case. We're not about to pull the plug just so you can keep your image clean.

DOYLE

(X)

There's more at stake than our image. We just got word that Al Margolis is packing up, moving his entire operation to Mexico.

Crockett freezes, midmotion, about to feed Elvis some fish. Tubbs, too, tries to conceal his surprise at this new wrinkle.

(X)

TUBBS

(to Franklin;
in his face)

Yeah, right. Who do you think he's selling his inventory to? Us.

Crockett, having tied and fed Elvis, hops back onto the slip.

CROCKETT

Catch ya later, boys.

They tread off.

CUT TO

82

EXT. TOP LEVEL OF A PARKING GARAGE - AFTERNOON

82

behind new high-rise apartments and a gallery of banks. Beyond, aquamarine water, whitecapped, and the low, seductive forested sprawl of Key Biscayne. Off cut a white Cadillac Seville pulls up ramp, turns and glides over to:

83

FERRARI

83

where Tubbs and Crockett wait patiently, standing beside the hood. Seville parks, Artie climbs out, looking more moneyed than we've seen him.

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

(checks watch;
good natured)

We were beginning to wonder if you
changed your mind.

ARTIE

(too friendly)

Why would I change my mind? Am I
dealing with something here that I
can't handle?

(takes off
sunglasses;
segues into
ballbuster)

I mean, you two are just a couple of
high rolling cowboys from Jersey,
wheelbarrows full of cash. Isn't
that right, detectives?

(off their
reaction)

I used my agency priority code to do
a back trace on that phone number
you gave me.

(explosive)

Are you trying to get me killed?
I'm on an investigation here.

(X)

TUBBS

Are you sure about that?

ARTIE

And what's that supposed to mean?

TUBBS

That means you haven't contacted the
bureau or your wife in over three
weeks. You moved out of the apart-
ment you were set up in. You're own
people can't even find you.

CROCKETT

They think you've gone over, Artie.

ARTIE

How dare you or anybody else question
my methods! If I make a strategic
decision to cut corners, to throw
the book out the window, then that's
my decision. Because it's my butt
out on the line. Nobody else's.

Crockett and Tubbs are clearly unconvinced by this flurry.

CONTINUED

ARTIE

(now appeals to
their doubts)

I have tapes, records, full
documentation of prostitution,
kiddiporn, extortion...at least
seven murders. I can bust Margolis
whenever I want.

CROCKETT

What are you waiting for?

ARTIE

(passionate)

When I haul in his behind, I never
want it coming out again. Margolis
is the worst street pig I've ever
seen and I've seen 'em all.

A beat, as some dust settles.

TUBBS

(cross
examining)

Did Margolis arrange the drowning of
his girl friend Penny?

ARTIE

(jaw drops;
stunned)

What are you talking about?

TUBBS

They found her OD'd in her pool last
night. Coroner has it for murder.

ARTIE

(reels)

I swear, I didn't know.
(anguished)

Jesus! She was just a kid.

As Crockett and Tubbs watch Artie mourn, they begin to
believe he's for real.

ARTIE

(confused; to
himself)

It's getting crazy. Things are
getting turned around.

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

(a beat; studies him)

Look, man I know what you're going through.

(off Artie's skepticism)

I spent the last ten years doing just what you're doing -- undercover for weeks at a time, living, eating, and breathing with this kind of scum ...cut off from my family, my friends. It takes it's toll.

(reflective beat)

It cost me a marriage.

Artie appears to be weakening. After a beat:

CROCKETT

Let's pop Margolis, Artie. As soon as possible.

Artie looks up, studies Crockett and Tubbs. Finally:

ARTIE

I'll phone you tomorrow at two o'clock.

He turns, climbs into the Seville. Crockett and Tubbs look on, not quite sure of his meaning. Artie rolls down window.

ARTIE

We'll wrap it all up.

CUT TO

Queued up in front of television set, watching a black-and-white video of the burglary sting operation. Off cut, a beanpole black Jiveman is onscreen, coming on to them like a Vegematic salesman. He is demonstrating the merits of a toupee, puts one on his head.

JIVEMAN

Hundred percent human hair. Run in it, swim in it, make love in it. The entire gross for the breakaway price of two hundred dollars.

Onscreen Switek and Zito examine the goods, as Switek and Zito look on, transfixed.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED

85

ZITO

(onscreen)

I'll give you fifty bucks and you
can call me Santa Claus.

Zito nudges Switek.

ZITO

I love that part.

86 ANGLE - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

86

camped out at a couple of desks, at far end of squad room,
their private contemplations interrupted by the Switek-Zito
Hour.

CROCKETT

I see real spinoff potential, Zito.

Trudy and Gina step over, pull up chairs.

TRUDY

Meet with Artie?

TUBBS

(nods)

He seems in control. I think we can
work with him.

GINA

We just met his porno queen fiancée.

TUBBS

Becky Dalton? That's his fiancée?

GINA

(nods)

She wearing a rock the size of a
golf ball. Present from Artie.

CROCKETT

Yeah, we saw that last night at the
restaurant. It's all part of the
show.

TRUDY

She says he's taking her to Mexico
when he makes the move with Al.

CONTINUED

86

CONTINUED

86
(X)

CROCKETT

(dismissing)

She says.

GINA

He's already bought the tickets,
Crockett. We checked it out. Under
the names Mr. and Mrs. Artie Rollins.
(off their
reaction)

He asked her to marry him.

Before they can digest this ---

87

RODRIGUEZ

87

pulls up.

RODRIGUEZ

DMV just confirmed the trae on the
leased car in front of Penny McGraw's
house.

GINA

The girl that was murdered?

RODRIGUEZ

(nods)

The car was being leased to a one
Artie Rollins.

One-two punch to Crockett and Tubbs. Rodriguez ppers down
the length of his cigar:

RODRIGUEZ

He's over the edge, guys. Let's
bring him in. Now.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

88
and
89

OMITTED

88
and
89

90

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - DAY - TIGHT ON THE DOOR

90

as it is kicked open, then widen as an entourage consisting of Rodriguez, Crockett, Tubbs and two uniformed cops spill into a spacious tenth-floor apartment overlooking Biscayne Bay.

The apartment is empty; its occupant long gone ---

CROCKETT

Dammit!

The cops look around, a little numb. Jasper Johns prints on the walls, liquor cabinet filled with expensive brandy and a small arsenal of champagne...thousand dollar stereo system, exquisite furniture, etc...an American man's dreamscape.

TUBBS

This place must've run him four grand a month....

As Crockett opens a closet door:

CROCKETT

High times, man. Life in the fast lane.

91

CLOSET

91

Nothing but empty hangers. Behind him:

RODRIGUEZ

(to uniformed cops)

Put out an APB on Federal Agent Arthur Larson, aka Artie Rollins....

CUT TO

92

EXT. MARINA - DAY

92

A slow, languorous pan across the patchwork of boats, the turquoise water, the lazy day. Under:

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED

92

TUBBS (O.S.)

...yeah...yeah...you haven't seen him?..We've been there. No, they haven't heard from him...No. Thanks.

Camera arrives at:

93 ST. VITUS DANCE - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

93

Crockett sits on a deck chair, thoroughly defeated. Tubbs, hangs up the phone. As he dials another number ---

CROCKETT

We're spitting in the wind. If he was going to call at all, he would have an hour ago.

Crockett rises, heads for the galley.

CROCKETT

(beaten)

He's gone. Al's gone....

As Crockett disappears below, Tubbs hangs up the phone, when:

CROCKETT (O.S.)

(screams)

You vandalous disrespectful, pathetic-excuse-for-a-living creature!!

Sound of a brief scuffle, then:

94 ELVIS

94

comes hurtling out the galley hatch, followed closely by:

95 CROCKETT

95

wielding a .38 in his right hand and, in his left, a mutilated album cover from which shards of black LP vinyl scatter. Crockett chases the gator to the bow of the boat, corners him there. Tosses the album cover away, and aims the pistol at Elvis, grim ---

TUBBS

Crockett, ease up ---

CONTINUED

95

CONTINUED

95

CROCKETT

Ease up?? He just devoured my entire Buddy Holly collection!

Crockett picks up a ratty pink blanket from the deck ---

CROCKETT

(to Elvis)

What's the matter with you??? How'd you like it if someone chewed on your personal belongings? See this blanket -- ?

(to Tubbs)

...Elvis loves this blanket -- it's his favorite thing in the whole world --

(moves to the gunwale out of control)

What if I just dropped it overboard, huh? How'd you like that?? Huh???

Threatens. Elvis rocks, uneasily, eyes glued to the blanket. Tubbs takes a step toward them ---

TUBBS

Crockett, take a look at yourself, man. Get a grip.

Crockett falters -- thinks -- sees himself: gun in one hand, blanket in the other, dangling over the water. The unreal expression etched across his face passes. He lets the gun fall to his side. Tosses the blanket back onto the deck ---

96

ELVIS

96

leaps on it as if it's his last link to life itself.

97

CROCKETT AND TUBBS

97

look at each other blankly. Crockett holsters his gun, shaking his head ---

CROCKETT

let's get back to the office.

Crockett shoots one last disdainful look to Elvis, then heads off the boat. Tubbs follows. Two steps away and the phone rings. A split second of disbelief, a hopeful glance, then both men sprint clumsily back toward the phone.

98 ST. VITUS DANCE

98

Crockett gets to the phone on the third ring -- composes -- picks it up off the fourth.

CROCKETT

Yeah?

Intercut with:

99 EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - PHONE BOOTH - ARTIE

99

A smooth delivery betrays the way he looks: unhinged, tired, a man in limbo.

ARTIE

You didn't give up on me, did you?

CROCKETT

Where the hell have you been?

ARTIE

Taking care of last minute business.
Al's leaving town tomorrow.

CROCKETT

Everybody's looking for you. The bureau, Metro. They say you might be involved with the death of that girl.

ARTIE

(incensed)

What do they think I am? I didn't find out about it till you told me last night!

(beat; knows he
has to explain)

I drove a guy there -- Margolis' bodyguard. He said he was gonna drop off some cash and an airline ticket to her. He was only in there a couple of minutes.

(then)

I'll explain it all later, but first we gotta pop Margolis. Are you in or out?

Crockett looks at Tubbs. Tubbs nods.

CROCKETT

Where's it going down?

CONTINUED

ARTIE

I haven't found out, yet, but Al and I are going to pick you up, eight thirty in the parking lot behind Miami Stadium. Bring the money.

Click.

Crockett replaces the phone receiver then turns to Tubbs.

CROCKETT

(meditative)

We're on for tonight.

TUBBS

(a look)

I really hope you're right about this guy, Crockett.

(beat)

If you're not, it might just be a pretty crazy night.

Off their look, and reservations ---

CUT TO

100 OMITTED

100

101 INT. GOLD COAST OFFICES - STRATEGY ROOM - NIGHT

101

Rodriguez, in b.g. , stands in front of a blackboard and a wall-size neighborhood map. He addresses a full group of OCB officers. In fore, Crockett watches as Tubbs, shirt off, is being rigged up with a body bug by a paunchy man with pipe -- Paul.

RODRIGUEZ

(uses pointer)

Eight-thirty at the old Stadium. That back lot's next to the armory. Switek and Navarro will be in the first backup unit. You'll be camped here.

(points)

In and out access only on twenty-third, so picking them up won't be a problem. Zito and Joplin -- you take the second backup.

TUBBS

(is pinched)

Hey, easy on the material.

CROCKETT

(concerned)

why isn't Lester doing this?

PAUL

Les is out on loan to Broward. They're bugging a steambath for some kind of major Columbian pow-wow.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

101

Zito looks to Trudy, arches eyebrows. She shoots him a sour look.

Crockett clearly isn't pleased.

RODRIGUEZ

I'll be in the van tied into the wire. Since we don't know where the warehouse is, We'll rely solely on visual contacts and audio surveillance via walkie-talkies. Keep those tails a minimum of a block and a half back.

PAUL

(to Crockett)
Maybe you'd like to do it yourself.

Tubbs buttons his shirt over the bug. Crockett straightens it out, so it hangs naturally, then picks up something from Rodriguez ---

CROCKETT

(to all)

Anybody blows this one because of a sloppy tail, will have to deal with me, personally.

(X)

Off the generally adrenalized atmosphere to:

CUT TO

102 EXT. MIAMI STADIUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - LANGOROUS PANNING SHOTS 102

An abandoned old-style, wood and corrugated tin building, dark and melancholy...lit only by ambient light from the rest of metropolitan Miami. Dull hiss of city traffic. Pan, finally settling on ---

(X)

103 INT. FERRARI - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 103

Silence. Waiting. Looking the part of the New Jersey high rollers again. Crockett with a Haliburton on his lap.

TUBBS

(in body bug)

if you can hear me, blink your headlights ---

104 POINT OF VIEW - BEYOND THE PARKING LOT - A RESIDENTIAL STREET 104

Dilapidated apartment buildings like stubble on a field. Very dark where there are no street lamps, and in one of these inky spots, two headlights flash....

105 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN 105

Rodriguez and Paul inside, monitoring the audio surveillance equipment.

TUBBS' VOICE

I'm good.

106 BACK TO FERRARI 106

Tubbs adjusts his shirt.

TUBBS

This bug itches like crazy.

CROCKETT

(sees something)

Game time.

107 THROUGH WINDSHIELD 107

A black Continental stretch limo pulls into the vast Stadium parking lot and heads toward them.

108 FERRARI 108

Crockett and Tubbs get out of the Ferrari. The limo pulls up. The driver, a beefy Hispanic, steps out, opens side door for our guys -- Artie's bright, smiling face appears.

ARTIE

Need a lift?
(little laugh)

Crockett and Tubbs climb in.

109 STADIUM - LONG SHOT 109

as the Limo rolls away. Pull back to reveal the OCB surveillance van in f.g. It waits until the limo is well underway, pulls out.

AL'S VOICE

Good to see you fellas again.

110 INT. LIMO 110

Crockett and Tubbs sit facing Artie and Al, a black body-guard between them.

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

110

AL

Let me see what you've brought.

Tubbs hands him the briefcase, Al opens it. Tubbs plucks uncomfortably at his shirt, as if something is stinging him ---

CUT TO

111 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

111

CROCKETT'S VOICE

(broken by static)

That's half. You'll get the other half when we see the goods.

RODRIGUEZ

(urgent)

What's the problem with the reception?

As Paul monitors the equipment:

PAUL

Sounds like moisture on the bug.

(off Rodriguez' concern)

We'll be okay.

Off Rodriguez' dark look:

CUT TO

112 INT. LIMO

112

Al closes the Haliburton nodding approvingly. Suddenly, something catches his attention. He looks to Crockett and Tubbs. Tubbs shifts uncomfortably.

AL

I love this song.

He leans forward, turns up radio, then mutters something to the driver. Crockett and Tubbs trade a look of uncertainty.

ARTIE

(beat)

Hey, Al, we just passed the warehouse.

The limo picks up speed.

AL

There's been a slight change of plans.

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

112

Al draws his pistol, levels it at Tubbs' head. Bodyguard does likewise.

TUBBS

What the hell is this?

(X)

Al rips open Tubbs' shirt, revealing the bug taped to his chest.

AL

I don't know if you're a cop or an informer...but you are definitely dead.

CUT TO

113 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

113

Classical music blasts through the speakers, drowning out voices. Rodriguez has already picked up the police band.

RODRIGUEZ

(in band)

They've been made. Move in, immediately!

Rodriguez looks out the window, pounds panel.

CUT TO

114 INT. LIMO

114

Now pushing seventy. Al and bodyguard have their guns trained, as Artie frisks Crockett and Tubbs for guns.

AL

(to driver)

The Causeway. Make it quick.

ARTIE

(apologetic)

Al, I didn't have any idea.

AL

Hey, neither did I, 'til I saw our friend here start twitching. Wire was burning 'em. I could smell it.

(X)

CROCKETT

(cool)

You've got about eight units coming down on you right now.

Al looks out window.

AL

That's funny. I don't see any.

CUT TO

- 115 EXT. 49TH STREET - NIGHT - ON THE LIMOUSINE 115
jamming at seventy-plus through intermittent traffic, running a red light...then five beats back ---
- 116 THE SURVEILLANCE VAN 116
comes honking through the same intersection, another cop car -- red lights flashing -- skidding around the corner to join pursuit.
- 117 EXT. STREETS OF MIAMI - NIGHT - VARIOUS - CHASE 117
Al's limo pushing ninety, keeping a couple hundred yards ahead of tenacious police pursuit...zigzagging eastward until it reaches: (X)
- 118 A DRAWBRIDGE 118
starting to go up. The crossing gates are down -- the red stop lights burn brightly -- one car waits at the gate.
- 119 THE LIMO 119
swerves around it, snaps off the crossing gate, accelerates across the almost rising bridge -- and then disappearing into the darkness beyond as --- (X)
- 119-A AN UNDERCOVER SEDAN 119-A
tries to bridge the gap of the now-rising bridge, is catapulted into the air and, losing control, crashes on the other side, whereupon --- (X)
- 120 THE SURVEILLANCE VAN 120
is forced to skid to a stop. The bridge continues to rise, lazily -- Rodriguez gets out, watches as the drawbridge continues to rise. He pounds van in utter frustration. A backup unit pulls up -- Trudy and Zito inside. (X)
- RODRIGUEZ
(to Trudy; urgent)
Put out a county wide broadcast --
Highway Patrol and the chopper unit.
Tell them we have a couple cops about
to get killed!
- As Trudy snaps into action the second backup unit pulls up.
- CUT TO
- 121 EXT. PORT OF MIAMI - NIGHT 121
among the desolate stacks of shipping containers ---

122 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 122

are shoved against a container by the black bodyguard.

TUBBS

I know how to walk, tough guy.

123 WIDEN 123

Al and Artie stand a short distance back, toting guns. Hispanic driver leans against the limo. As the black bodyguard steps back to fire, Al moves forward, intercedes.

AL

No, Larry ---

Al takes the gun from him.

AL

This one's Artie's.

He holds the gun out for Artie.

AL

(to Artie)

This one brings you all the way into the family, kid.

Artie hesitates a moment, then steps forward, takes the gun. He is now centerstage, his gun levelled at Crockett and Tubbs.

124 ON CROCKETT AND TUBBS 124

leaned up against the container. Crockett opens his jacket a fraction so that his badge, hanging from inner pocket, shows.

CROCKETT

(re badge)

You sure you're up to the job, Artie?

A long moment. Artie's hesitation. Al driver, bodyguard forming an arc around scene, wait.

125 ARTIE 125

swiftly pulls another gun from his side, flips it to Crockett, then completing the motion, wheels, opens fire on the Hispanic driver.

- 126 TUBBS 126
kicks the gun out of nearby bodyguard's hand, wrestles him to the ground.
- 127 HISPANIC DRIVER 127
whips out a subautomatic pistol, opens fire. Crockett and Artie hit the deck, return rounds, as the cardboard containers get shot to bits.
- 128 CROCKETT 128
worms behind container, fires at:
- 129 HISPANIC DRIVER 129
He gets hit in the neck, drops to the ground.
- 130 AL 130
scurries behind the limo, as ---
- 131 TUBBS 131
kicks the stuffing out of the black driver, leaving him unconscious.
- 132 SCENE 132
Crockett and Tubbs pick themselves up, look on as Artie raises his arm, ever so slowly, then sprays the limo with bullets. Glass shatters, tires deflate, mirrors explode. Artie has emptied his clip, but continues to shoot, as if a robot. Crockett comes up behind him, lays a hand on his shoulder.
- CROCKETT
Artie. It's okay.
- 133 ON AL 133
steps out, hands over his head, meets eyes with Artie -- the distant sound of sirens. Artie throws down his gun. Crockett looks to Tubbs.

CUT TO

134

EXT. PORT OF MIAMI - LATER

134

Aftermath of shooting scene: Police cars, ambulances, varied group of uniforms and detectives. Off cut Crockett and Tubbs are venting their rage and frustration on Rodriguez.

TUBBS

(enraged)

Four backup vehicles and we're out here all alone. That has never happened to me!! And forget about the wire ---

CROCKETT

Major screwup. I never want him --

He points to Paul, ten yards off, attending to other business.

CROCKETT

-- wiring any of our people again. Never!

RODRIGUEZ

You got it.

135

TWO UNIFORMED COPS

135

lead a handcuffed Al Margolis past. Al glances offhand at Crockett and Tubbs, mixture of resignation and respect. Jack stops a few feet away in front of:

136

ARTIE

136

who has been fielding questions from Doyle and Russo. Al and Artie exchange looks.

AL

You're good, Artie. A little too good.

Artie stares him down, giving him nothing. The uniforms lead Jack away.

DOYLE

(to Artie)

We're gonna have to take you to the Bureau for a debriefing, then I think Metro is gonna want to talk to you about Penny McGraw.

Artie reacts.

137

CROCKETT AND TUBBS

137

step over.

CROCKETT

(to Doyle/
Russo)

Can we have a second?

(X)

Doyle nods. As he and Russo head to their car:

ARTIE

I want at least the two of you to know, I had nothing to do with that girl getting killed. I did some marginal stuff when I was out there and I'll answer for it, but I didn't commit murder.

Crockett and Tubbs give him a look. They believe him.

ARTIE

(hollow)

I guess I really was out there.

(X)

CROCKETT

That's where guys like us are paid to work.

A moment, the three men reflecting on the truth of this simple statement, then ---

TUBBS

It might be rough going for awhile. You need anything, you can count on us.

ARTIE

I can handle the Bureau.

Artie stares out, lost in thought, momentarily.

ARTIE

What I don't know if I can handle is going back to that whole world I left behind: Wendy, our friends, a nice orderly existence.

(reflects)

When you've been onstage for four months, like I have, riding an adrenalin buzz twenty-four hours a day -- the power, the women, the incredible amount's of money...

(X)

CONTINUED

137

CONTINUED

137

ARTIE (Cont'd)

(beat)

From time to time, I'd try to hold on to what I'd left behind, to picture it...After awhile it just became like some out of focus black-and-white photo of someone else's past.

Artie just shakes his head.

DOYLE'S VOICE

Lawson!

(X)

Artie looks up to see Doyle giving him the "let's go."

ARTIE

(to Crockett and Tubbs)

Later, guys.

They hold on a look with each other, a powerful moment, then Artie heads off to the waiting vehicle.

CUT TO

138

INT. BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

138

Lively, crowded. Loud rock on the jukebox. Off cut, Switek and Zito lecture to a bored group of beat cops at a table.

ZITO

We found we get about fifty per cent more visual recording when we extend the counter space.

(X)

SWITEK

We also built up the platforming, found it helped with the intimidation factor.

ZITO

We may write a how-to pamphlet for burglary sting operations.

(X)

WISE GUY COP

Which one of you two knows how to write?

As the group breaks up, Rodriguez, a man on a mission, passes. Rodriguez receives, but barely notices, a couple back-clapping, "Nice bust tonight, Lieutenant's."

nursing beers. Tubbs, absently flips an FBI clip-on tag, laminated photograph of Agent Arthur Lawson.

CROCKETT

You know those mirrors at the amusement parks? The ones that warp everything out of wack? I feel like I've been staring at myself in one for the past three days....

TUBBS

That's a reflection of the job, Crockett. It's not you.
(off Crockett's
silence)

I don't know how you've been doing this for as long as you have.

CROCKETT

Either do I.

(beat;
looks up)

Think you got the temperament for it?

TUBBS

(considers)

Long way from being a New York street cop.

Rodriguez arrives at the table, pulls up a chair. He looks tired. Hesitates, then:

RODRIGUEZ

I got a call from Federal Agent Russo. They've been debriefing Arthur Lawson for the past three hours.

(off their
interest; beat)

He stepped out for a breather, made a call to his wife...then went into the men's room and hung himself.

A dark silence among them. Faint laughter from the bar, a good joke. Crockett looks out at the water. Tubbs looks down at the laminated G-man in his hand.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END