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MIAMI VICE

CALDERONE'S DEMISE

THE RETURN OF CALDERONE-part II

Written

by

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and

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#59507

MIAMI VICE  
CALDERONE'S DEMISE

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT  
RICARDO TUBBS  
CAPTAIN SWANSON  
JIMMY WALTERS  
SIDNEY ALBURY  
ANGELINA MEDERA  
CALDERONE  
MENDEZ

SAMMY ALBERTS  
LUIS  
THERESA  
GUILLERMO PINO  
HENDERSON  
POLICE OFFICER (sc.70)  
MASKED OFFICER  
EVIL MASKED MAN

SETS

INTERIORS:

DOWNTOWN PRECINCT  
INTERROGATION ROOM  
CORRIDOR  
CIGARETTE BOAT  
POLICE STATION  
SMALL ISLAND SCHOOL  
CLASSROOM  
HALLWAY  
RENTAL CAR  
BEACH HOUSE  
BEDROOM  
BATHROOM

EXTERIORS:

MARINA  
CIGARETTE BOAT  
ST ANDREWS ISLAND  
OUTDOOR BAR  
DESERTED COVE  
BEACH  
CONCH BAY  
VILLAGE SQUARE  
SMALL OUTDOOR CAFE  
ISLAND TRUCK  
CHEVY  
CANE FIELD  
CONCH BAY DOCK  
ALLEY  
SAN YSIDRO BEACH  
PRIVATE VILLA

MIAMI VICE  
CALDERONE'S DEMISE

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON PITCHER OF WATER 1

as, on the cut, it is lifted by a man's hand and poured slowly into an empty glass, then reset on a table, whereupon the glass is lifted. Suddenly it is viciously swiped from the man's hand and sent crashing against a far wall by ---

2 TUBBS 2

wound tight as a spring, in shirt sleeves and empty holster, oblivious to the late hour and wilting heat, as he leans in ---

TUBBS

(a look)

Where in Bimini...?

-- on the object of his fury ---

3 MENDEZ 3

seated alone at the interrogation room table, unshaven and exhausted, brow-beaded with sweat ---

MENDEZ

(a worried  
shrug)

That's all Calderone told me.  
Bimini.

Under which, we have pulled back to include ---

4 CROCKETT 4

standing on the other side of Mendez, also in shirt sleeves and empty holster. He trades a glance with Tubbs, then looks down on Mendez.

CROCKETT

There's over seven hundred islands  
in that chain, Mendez. You get  
specific real fast or that glass  
won't be the only thing broken here  
tonight.

CONTINUED

4

CONTINUED

4

MENDEZ

(tensing  
slightly)

Hey, I'm not his travel agent, man --  
(off their  
murderous looks,  
a beat)

Calderone's opening new trade routes,  
using shrimpers to haul coke to the  
islands. Then cigarette boats to the  
mainland.

This seems to ring true to Crockett and Tubbs. A beat,  
then ---

TUBBS

(to Mendez)

Using the Bimini as a base for a  
Miami operation.

Mendez nods, then:

TUBBS

That why he hired Ludivicio Armstrong?  
To eliminate competition. Former  
middleman moving into his turf?

MENDEZ

(a look)

Something like that. They were taking  
over his network and transport routes  
of wholesalers he uses in Chicago,  
Detroit, Cleveland and New York.

Tubbs takes an 8x10 blowup of a surveillance photo and tosses  
it on the table in front of Mendez.

4-A INSERT - PHOTO

4-A

A grainy half-tone photo of a beautiful young Colombian  
woman smiling as she accepts a kiss on the cheek from  
Francisco Calderone at an outdoor cafe in Medellin,  
Colombia. She looks positively radiant and vibrant.

5

BACK TO SCENE

5

TUBBS

Ever seen her before?

Mendez is noticeably nervous. Tubbs tosses before him  
three more photos in rapid succession, under ---

CONTINUED

5

CONTINUED

5

TUBBS

DEA surveillance photos of her and  
Calderone in Bogota, Rio de Janeiro,  
New York....

CROCKETT

Is this Calderone's woman?

MENDEZ

(feigning  
indifference)

Calderone's got women all over the  
globe.

TUBBS

(looking at  
photos)

Angelina Medera, age twenty-five.  
Born Medellin, Colombia. Educated  
in a Sacred Heart convent in Bogota,  
University of Sao Paulo, then  
Georgetown. Most recent address,  
Saint Andrews Island...

(a look)

...the Bahamas.

CROCKETT

What is she to Calderone: wife,  
mistress, hooker ---

MENDEZ

(defensive)

What are you asking me for? You  
guys have all the answers.

Tubbs throws the photos back on the table.

TUBBS

(disgusted)

You can forget any deals, Mendez,  
which means you'll be strolling into  
prelims as an accessory to at least  
seven homicides. Good chance you  
won't fry, but we're going to  
personally push for life and a day  
and turn you out in a federal yard  
with a snitch jacket.

CROCKETT

I'll take odds you don't make it  
past your first group therapy  
session.

Mendez squirms in his seat.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

Last chance, Mendez. Give us a hook.

MENDEZ

The Argentinian --- Ludivicio  
Armstrong.

CROCKETT

The hit man?

MENDEZ

(nods  
vigorously)

He had the second half of his payment  
coming.

TUBBS

(picking up  
speed)

When and where?

MENDEZ

As soon as he completed his hit list  
he had orders to check in at Conch  
Bay Lodge on Saint Andrew's Island  
under the name Miller and wait to be  
contacted.

Crockett and Tubbs take a thoughtful moment, then ---

CROCKETT

(to Mendez)

Does Calderone or his people know  
what the Argentinian looks like?

MENDEZ

As far as I know, I'm the only one  
that ever saw him.

Crockett and Tubbs exchange a significant glance, then ---

CUT TO

enter and are met by Captain Swanson who observed the  
interrogation.

SWANSON

(to Crockett  
and Tubbs)

That's two good reasons for our man  
to show up on that island.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TUBBS

(a look, carrying  
photos)

One's all I needed.

They step up to a wire-cage counter, behind which the duty officer wordlessly unlocks a drawer and hands Crockett and Tubbs their firearms, which they holster while:

SWANSON

I want a full report on the Mendez investigation typed up and on my desk before you leave here tonight.

CROCKETT

(meeting  
his gaze)

You got it.

Locking eyes on them for a good moment, before ---

SWANSON

And let's get something straight. Lou Rodriguez was a good man and he died a good cop, and we all have a lot of feelings about that.

(a look)

And until there's a new lieutenant assigned to your unit, I'm responsible for you tow. And I do not want to see or hear anything that's not textbook procedure.

CROCKETT

(nods)

Understood, Captain.

SWANSON

Heard something from Milch over at Division last week...

(beat)

That this Caldron was responsible for the death of your brother up North.

Tubbs just stares at him a moment, then ---

TUBBS

You heard right.

CONTINUED

SWANSON

We have absolutely no jurisdiction out there. You check in with the local authorities the second you land. You're there for surveillance only. You spot Calderone; we apply for extradition -- that's it.

CROCKETT

(nods)

That's all we want, Lieutenant.

Crockett and Tubbs nod thanks and start out, when ---

SWANSON

Tubbs....

Both Crockett and Tubbs turn. Swanson regards Tubbs for a meditative beat, then ---

CUT TO

Greasy and capable, expertly adjusting a flow valve on a monstrous boat engine, under ---

SAMMY'S VOICE

With the new carbs and the lifters  
you'll be able to outrun anything  
short of a Bell chopper.

At which point he closes the engine cover and we pull back to reveal Sammy Alberts, a young crack South Florida mechanic wearing jeans, ripped Van Halen T-shirt and tattoos, aboard Crockett's cigarette boat, moored in the dark, silent marina beside the St. Vitus Dance. Taking a final slug of lukewarm beer, Sammy glances at his watch then turns to Crockett, stowing gear nearby ---

SAMMY

Four in the A. of M.

(a perverse  
grin)

I'm not even gonna ask what you're  
up to.

TUBB'S VOICE

Good.

Under which Tubbs has boarded, carrying a heavy sea bag. Crockett peels off two C-notes and crams them into Sammy's greasy palm.

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

CROCKETT

Thanks for the house call, Sammy.

Off their poker faces, Sammy emits a slightly imbalanced little chuckle then, grabbing his tool chest, heads off down the dock. Crockett watches him go then turns to Tubbs, stowing the contents of the sea bag in a locked equipment cabinet.

CROCKETT

(re: sea bag)

Pretty hefty carry-on bag.

TUBBS

(stowing  
gear,  
over his  
shoulder)

Just some flare guns and binocs and stuff.

Under which Crockett has moved in to take inventory over Tubbs shoulder ---

CROCKETT

...Kevlar bulletproof vests, M-845  
night scopes, two HK machine pistols...  
(a skeptical  
look)

Basic surveillance gear, eh Tubbs?

Tubbs closes the cabinet door, locks it, then turns to Crockett with a tight smile.

TUBBS

A good scout's always prepared....

Their eyes lock for one moment, Crockett studying his partner, then Tubbs turns away to toss off the mooring lines. Crockett watches him for one moment then moves to the cockpit and calls over to Elvis, eyeing him from the deck of the adjacent St. Vitus.

CROCKETT

(to Elvis)

Switek'll be by with your breakie  
'round eight, pal.

(keys to  
the ignition)

We're not back in a week, the boat's  
all yours.

CONTINUED

7

CONTINUED - 2

7

Under which Tubbs has returned to the passenger seat as Crockett idles out of the slip, then ---

TUBBS

What'd ya call that mechanic in for?

Crockett glances casually over to Tubbs then, managing a slight grin ---

CROCKETT

This.

-- jams the throttle forward whereupon, as the twin Merc 750's explode, slamming Tubbs hard against the back rest and rocketing the vessel viciously toward the predawn horizon and Saint Andrew's Isle ---

Main titles:

8

EXT. CIGARETTE BOAT - DAY

8

Sparkling expanse of endless blue ocean as the cigarette boat skims along at a steady strong forty knots with Crockett at the helm. And Tubbs next to him being jostled about as he tries to read the map.

9

INT. CIGARETTE BOAT

9

Over the wonderful growl of engines, Crockett glances over at a somewhat shakey-looking Tubbs and ---

CROCKETT

You look a little green around the gills, my man.

TUBBS

Forget the gills, man. I'm feeling green 'round my entire body.

(loses balance, grabs brace)

This boat stuff's for the birds, Crockett. I'm a city boy, gotta have that New York asphalt under my loafers.

(face full of ocean spray)

Closest I like to get to open water's the fountain at Rockefeller Center.

CONTINUED

Crockett shoves a towel in Tubbs' dripping face and laughs.

CROCKETT

Relax, we'll be there in twenty minutes.

TUBBS

(looking at  
endless ocean)

Yeah, right. All I see is blue. I  
look up, blue. Look down, blue.  
Not to mention this map.

(tries to show  
map)

What Bimini? All I see is tiny  
little dots. How can you be so sure  
we're going to hit one of these  
little things? We might pass right  
on by and go all the way to Portugal  
or somewhere.

CROCKETT

Not a chance.

TUBBS

Yeah.

CROCKETT

Hell, we'll run out of gas long  
before we hit Portugal.

TUBBS

Thanks, Ahab.

Tubbs throws the map down.

TUBBS

You know there's sharks out here,  
Crockett. Spiny creatures that  
nobody ever saw before.

(shudders  
then  
realizes  
something)

We're right smack in the middle of the  
Bermuda Triangle. You realize that?

(hand to  
head)

Sharks and weirdness.

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED - 2

9

CROCKETT

(amused)

Hey, Tubbs, if you'd shut up a second and look about two o'clock starboard, you'll see Bimini.

TUBBS

Two o'clock what!? Where?

Crockett points to white dot of land in the distance.

CROCKETT

Right there.

(beat)

Out of the frying pan and into the fire.

10

EXT. SAINT ANDREWS ISLAND - CONCH BAY

10

as Crockett and Tubbs debark with duffle bags from the cigarette boat, which is docked alongside the eclectic array of boats moored in the small Bahamian harbor. They start up the deck toward the Conch Bay Lodge, a comfortable island resort with an outdoor bar situated conveniently near the registration desk.

11

EXT. OUTDOOR BAR - JIMMY WALTERS

11

JIMMY

Checking in?

Crockett nods and Jimmy beams a smile and places two hollowed out coconuts with long straws extending from the center in front of Crockett and Tubbs.

JIMMY

Compliments of the house. A Jimbo Special. The rum kills the lousy taste.

(laughter)

What brings you lads to the island?

TUBBS

Little rest and recreation.

JIMMY

(laughs)

You'll get plenty of recreation. I'm not sure about rest. We're just kicking off our annual Junkaroo festival: masks, costumes, masquerades, four days of nonstop wierdness.

CONTINUED

11

CONTINUED

11

Crockett and Tubbs test their drinks.

JIMMY

You're going to love this place.  
Beautiful women, water sports,  
nightclubs. You guys need anything  
-- I mean anything -- see the kid.

(leans  
conspiratorially  
forward)

Can get you some great Jamaican  
Ganga. Stuff'll tie-dye your  
frontal lobe in technicolor.

CROCKETT

Maybe later.

JIMMY

(shrugs)

Smart. I came down for spring  
break, got into some Caribbean weed  
and missed my flight back to the  
mainland.

TUBBS

Spring break? How long ago was that?

JIMMY

(thinks about  
it)

Seven years, this past April.  
(changing  
gears)

Let me get your bags checked.  
(to bell  
captain)

Luis!

The bell captain comes over and starts to pick up Crockett  
and Tubbs' sea bags.

CROCKETT

(stopping Luis)

That's okay, we'll handle 'em.

LUIS

(no visible  
reaction)

Yes, sir.

CROCKETT

Reservations under the name Miller.  
Any messages for me yet?

CONTINUED

11

CONTINUED - 2

11

LUIS

Nothing, sir.

Luis hurries off as Jimmy moves off to serve drinks at the end of the bar.

CROCKETT

(sips drink)

Let's finish these. I'll check in with the Chief of Police and you see what you can get on the woman.

TUBBS

Right.

Jimmy edges back and Tubbs pulls out a small photo of Angelina Medera and shows it to Jimmy. Jimmy looks at it carefully and slowly smiles.

JIMMY

I knew you guys were up to something.

TUBBS

Friend of a friend in New York.

JIMMY

Whatever you say, man, it's cool. Every third person through here's got something going. Way of the islands. Mysteries and foreign intrigue.

CROCKETT

(slips him a  
twenty)

Know her?

JIMMY

Angelina? Sure. Teaches grade school on the north side of the island.

(grins)

Stone fox. Talented, too.

TUBBS

With what?

Jimmy nods to a painting above the bar.

JIMMY

She painted that.

12

CLOSE ON PAINTING

12

A woman in white standing alone on a beach, looking out to sea. Its bright tropical tone nearly overriding the inherent loneliness.

TUBBS' VOICE

Know where I can find her?

JIMMY'S VOICE

Like I said, it's a small island.

CUT TO

13

INT. POLICE STATION - SIDNEY ALBURY

13

-- starched and pressed, the capable-looking young police chief smiles as he steps into his air conditioned and efficient-looking office with two cups of steaming coffee and sets one in front of Crockett and takes a seat, under ---

ALBURY

(island accent)

We've had no reports on Calderone in some time. We try to keep our eye on major traffickers, but with seven hundred islands, uncountable inlets, private coves and landing strips, it's almost an impossible task. The Bahamas have always been a haven for pirates and fugitives.

CROCKETT

(still hopeful)

Nothing at all on Calderone?

ALBURY

(patient)

I assure you, if a criminal of Calderone's stature was on my island, I'd be the first to know. We know where you're staying, Detective, and we will notify you of any change of status.

CROCKETT

I appreciate that.

ALBURY

And while you're here, we'll try to make your stay as comfortable as possible. We are at your disposal. By the way, where is your partner?

CONTINUED

13

CONTINUED

13

CROCKETT

(smiles)

Fishing.

CUT TO

14

EXT. DESERTED COVE - DAY - A WOMAN

14

wearing a stunning white sundress, seated alone before an easel, painting, at the water's edge. Beyond is a small white dockjutting out into the cove. At the mouth of the cove a huge luxury yacht is anchored. Along the shore, in b.g., can be seen a modest private villa. The woman is ---

15

ANGELINA MEDERA

15

Even more beautiful than her photograph. She's concentrating on her painting and doesn't notice the approach of Tubbs up the beach. The antique Cartier watch on her wrist irritates her and she removes and drops it in her pack.

TUBBS

(regarding  
painting)

Reminds me of a Cuban painter,  
Vacherrez.

Angelina is startled, looks at Tubbs.

ANGELINA

I don't know if I'm more startled  
with your presence. Or that a  
tourista would be acquainted with  
Vacherrez?

TUBBS

(shrugs)

He and Colican are two of my favorite  
Caribbean artists. Actually, I'm on  
sort of a buying trip.

(smiles)

I own a small gallery up in Soho.

Under which, in b.g., a small launch is heading towards  
them from the yacht.

TUBBS

I'd be very interested in seeing more  
of your work. What's your name?

CONTINUED



15

CONTINUED

15

ANGELINA

Angelina.

(smiles)

I'm flattered, but I only give them  
away. To my friends.

TUBBS

(making eye  
contact)

In that case I absolutely hope to  
have one.

Under which, Angelina has noticed the launch and begins  
rapidly gathering her things.

ANGELINA

I've got to go.

TUBBS

(gently takes  
her arm)

You can't --

Angelina looks at Tubbs' hand on her arm. She's unused to  
being "handled" by aggressive men.

ANGELINA

And why not?

Tubbs doesn't let go. This may turn unpleasant.

TUBBS

(his charming  
best)

Haven't you heard of the old Buddhist  
custom? If karmic fate makes somebody  
enter your life and that happens to be  
a major knockout, they must be your  
guest for dinner and dancing at this  
terrific cafe I heard about at Lyford  
Cay.

Angelina laughs out loud and the tension goes away.

ANGELINA

(charmed)

That's a very liberal interpretation  
of Buddhist philosophy.

(pulls away)

I really have to go.

CONTINUED

15

CONTINUED - 2

15

She pulls loose and begins gathering the rest of her things as the launch coasts up to the dock, piloted by a local boat man.

TUBBS

(testing)

Your boyfriend on that yacht?

ANGELINA

(smiles, teasing)

Are you a man of a thousand questions?

She spins away toward the boat and in that instant we see a cold, calculating look on Tubbs' face. He quickly scoops up her bag and, as he follows her to the boat, he spots her gold and diamond-studded watch in the bag and deftly palms it.

TUBBS

(to Angelina)

Will I see you again?

She sneaks a quick look at the boat man.

ANGELINA

(to Tubbs,

a look)

It's possible.

Tubbs helps her into the boat. The boat man gives Tubbs a cold stare and they start off. Angelina waves good-bye.

16

EXT. BEACH

16

Tubbs walking up the sand, entering the tree line.

CROCKETT'S VOICE

You silver-tongued devil you.

Tubbs turns and spots Crockett standing under a palm tree holding a pair of binoculars.

CROCKETT'S VOICE

How'd you make out?

Tubbs pockets the Cartier watch.

TUBBS

Like a bandit. How 'bout you?

CONTINUED

16

CONTINUED

16

CROCKETT

Nothing. Albury says they haven't seen hide nor hair of Calderone in some time.

TUBBS

(determined)

We'll be here. If not now, then tomorrow, the next day. I know it.

Tubbs takes the binoculars from Crockett and looks after the launch.

CROCKETT

The man could be anywhere, South America, Europe. He hasn't lived this long being predictable.

Tubbs focuses the binoculars.

TUBBS

(cold)

Everyone's got their weak spots, Crockett.

Tubbs hands Crockett the glasses.

17

GLASSES - POINT OF VIEW

17

as Angelina is helped aboard the yacht by the boat man, a man turns, facing the beach, and we see Francisco Calderone.

CROCKETT'S VOICE

Calderone....

18

BACK TO SCENE

18

CROCKETT

(excited)

We'll get the boat number, check all the harbors, then put in a call to Vargas and ---

Crockett trails off as he notices Tubbs' murderous stare toward the yacht.

CROCKETT

(calming)

Tubbs, I know how you feel, but don't forget we're cops. We go by the book.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

(pure ice)

Like we did it before? And ended up  
on shore watching the man fly away  
with a smile on his face and ten  
million clear in a Swiss account?  
Not this time, Crockett. Nothing's  
gonna stand in my way. Not that  
over-educated hooker or anyone else.  
He's mine.

Tubbs turns and moves off down the beach, Crockett after him:

CROCKETT

Tubbs. Tubbs...!

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

19 EXT. CONCH BAY - MORNING

19

Long leisurely pan of the beautiful Bahamian Cay; lazy palms, white sand, azure water, bobbing pleasure boats, under which we hear labored breathing. We continue to pan until we pick up ---

20 CROCKETT

20

shirtless and in a push-up position on the patio of his private bungalow overlooking the cay. On the twelfth push-up a day old Miami Herald lands inches from Crockett's nose, as ---

TUBBS

(stepping  
out on patio)

You look in pretty good shape for a  
dead man.

(beat)

You made the front page.

Crockett stops his exercise routine and grabs the paper, searching for the article as he stands.

CROCKETT

(reading  
paper)

'A high-ranking Dade County vice  
detective was found shot to death  
yesterday in the south beach area.  
Details are sketchy, but the  
authorities believe the killing to  
be linked with at least seven other  
recent contract murders in south  
Florida.

Crockett looks at Tubbs, satisfied.

CROCKETT

That ought to convince Calderone's  
people the Argentinian's completed  
his list.

TUBBS

(takes a seat  
at the table)

Any word from them yet?

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

Nada.

Crockett grabs a towel and begins toweling off as he studies Tubbs.

CROCKETT

I stopped by your bungalow last night with a couple of cold beers. Knocked a good five minutes.

TUBBS

(cool)

Took a long walk on the beach, trying to sort everything out.

(beat)

I'll be fine as soon as we take care of what we came here for.

They are interrupted by the disharmonious chords of "Stairway to Heaven" as Jimmy Walters cuts through the bushes, singing as he balances a tray of food.

JIMMY

Good morning, gentlemen. Breakfast has arrived.

(sets tray  
noisily  
on table)

What's on the agenda this beautiful island day? I can lay a couple of doobies on ya and you can kick back, do the whole island trip scuba, para-sailing?

Jimmy notices Crockett and Tubbs are not touching their food.

JIMMY

No appetite? Mind if I just have a piece of toast.

CROCKETT

(rolls  
his eyes)

Sure. Help yourself.

JIMMY

Thanks, man.

Jimmy plops down in a chair, grabs a piece of toast and piles some of Crockett's scrambled eggs on it, eating as he talks.

CONTINUED

20

CONTINUED - 2

20

JIMMY

I'm taking the day off from writing.

(invokes wind)

Never touch a typewriter on southerly trade winds. The negative ions throw off your metaphorical assimilation.

TUBBS

What are you writing, Jimbo?

JIMMY

(struggles  
down mouthful)

Novel, I've been working on it for the PAST five years. Up to 2,127 pages.

Jimmy suddenly looks out at ocean and begins reciting.

JIMMY

(zoning out)

'The house was built on the highest part of the narrow tongue of land between the harbor and the open sea. It had lasted through three hurricanes and it was built solid as a ship.'

Jimmy turns back in and returns to the food, under ---

TUBBS

(impressed)

That's very good.

JIMMY

Ought to be -- it's Hemingway. I'm writing what's soon to be a contemporary island classic. Sort of a cross between Mutiny On The Bounty and Road Warrior.

Crockett and Tubbs exchange glances.

CROCKETT

Sounds like a sure hit.

JIMMY

Whatever.

Jimmy grabs the rest of the toast and puts one slice in his shirt pocket as he stands.

CONTINUED

20

CONTINUED - 3

20

JIMMY

Gotta go.

(smacks his  
head with  
the palm of  
his hand)

Almost forgot.

(pulls out  
battered  
envelope  
from  
back pocket)

For Miller.

Jimmy hands the envelope to Crockett and goes bobbing off, eating his toast and humming another tune. Crockett waits for the song to recede and then quickly opens envelope and reacts to contents.

CROCKETT

Bingo.

(looks at  
Tubbs; holds  
up letter)

Gotta meet with Calderone's man in  
two hours. They're bringing the  
final payment for the hit man.

TUBBS

Need backup?

CROCKETT

No. It's better if I go solo. We're  
meeting at a cafe in the middle of town.  
I doubt very much they'll pull any  
stunts.

TUBBS

Good, it'll give me a chance to  
continue my little 'romance.'

CROCKETT

(kidding)

Despite your obvious charm, how do  
you know she'll even see you again?

Tubbs pulls out the gold watch.

TUBBS

(cold)

Oh, I think she'll see me all right.

CUT TO



21 INT. SMALL ISLAND SCHOOL - DAY

21

The camera pans across the tiny schoolroom with twelve adorable, not too well dressed, but very well kept, third-graders, listening with rapt attention to ---

ANGELINA'S VOICE

(reciting 'Madeline')

'In an old house in Paris  
That was covered with vines.  
Lived twelve little girls in two  
straight lines.'

The camera continues to pan along the open windows until it picks up Angelina walking down the aisle, clearly enjoying reading out loud to the class. She spots something outside the window and hesitates for a second.

22 WHAT SHE SEES - TUBBS

22

standing outside the window, out of view of the children with a picnic basket in one hand and displaying Angelina's gold watch in the other.

23 BACK TO ANGELINA

23

who smiles, thinks a beat, and then nods her head in the direction of the classroom door. She calmly finishes the passage and ---

ANGELINA

(closing book)

Theresa, would you continue reading  
to the class, please?

Theresa shyly stands and begins reading as if a great honor has been bestowed on her.

THERESA

'In two straight lines they broke  
their bread,  
And brushed their teeth and went  
to bed.  
'They smiled at the good  
And....'

CUT TO

24 INT. HALLWAY

24

as Angelina steps out in the hall, obviously very surprised to see Tubbs again.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

(holds out  
watch)

I asked at the hotel where I could  
return this.

Angelina happily accepts the watch.

ANGELINA

(genuine joy)

I was afraid I'd never see it again.

(clasps watch)

My father gave it to me.

(looks up  
and smiles)

Really, thank you.

TUBBS

(indicates  
picnic basket)

And since we missed dinner last  
night, I thought I'd buy you lunch.

ANGELINA

(hesitant)

That's very thoughtful of you but...

(nods at  
basket, a hint  
of a smile)

Looks like quite a lunch you've  
prepared.

TUBBS

(flashes smile;  
reaches into  
basket and pulls  
out bottle of wine)

Thought we might start with a little  
1979 Pouilly-Fuisse and then slowly  
work our way through the conch  
salad, segue to the cold pheasant  
and then finish with a flourish --  
homemade Key Lime Pie.

ANGELINA

(coyly)

I love Key Lime Pie.

(quick look at  
classroom)

The little ones should be letting me  
off in about twenty minutes.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED - 2

24

TUBBS

(smiles,  
knowing bait  
is hooked)

I think I can wait.

25 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

25

The camera pans along the bustle of the colorful Bahamian Village Square before it finally rests on ---

26 CROCKETT

26

seated at a small outdoor cafe with his back strategically to the wall, watching the movement in the Square as he finishes his third expresso. A shadow falls across his table and Crockett looks up to see ---

27 GUILLERMO PINO

27

a tall, knife-thin Columbian killer, with a milky left eye where he once took an ice pick. He is holding a large briefcase and staring coldly down at Crockett.

PINO

I trust you're enjoying your stay on  
the island, Mr. Miller.

Crockett indicates a chair opposite him and Pino takes the seat, all the while staring coldly at Crockett.

CROCKETT

(cold)

Cut the tour guide routine. Let's  
get down to business.

He slides a manila envelope across to Pino.

CROCKETT

Press clippings, Miami Herald. Seven  
obituaries.

(picks up paper on  
his lap and hands it  
to Pino)

Number eight on page one.

CONTINUED

27

CONTINUED

27

Pino doesn't look at the paper. He pushes the briefcase along the ground next to Crockett's seat.

PINO

Sixty thousand. American. Nice doing business with you.  
(leaving)

CROCKETT

We're not done doing business...

Crockett uses his foot to slowly push the briefcase back to Pino. Off Pino's look of surprise ---

CROCKETT

(puts finger  
on clipping)

My price was based on standard targets.  
Your people omitted telling me about Crockett. My price for that kind of job is the same as for politicians.  
You owe me an extra \$30,000.

PINO

(firm)

Senor Calderone never renegotiates.

Crockett calmly lights a cigarette, then ---

CROCKETT

(calm)

This isn't a negotiation.

PINO

Oh?

CROCKETT

My fees aren't negotiable. Senor Calderone pays the fee. Or he becomes number nine on my list.

Pino digests this information.

PINO

(regains  
composure)

Possibly we can arrange something.

CONTINUED

27

CONTINUED - 2

27

CROCKETT

Only thing you got to arrange is  
delivery by sundown.

PINO

(stands)

I'll relay your message to  
Senor Calderone.

CROCKETT

(butts out  
cigarette)

And tell Calderone I don't deal with  
errand boys. Money that gets paid  
for blood gets paid personally. By  
him.

Pino picks up briefcase.

PINO

I understand completely.

Crockett calmly lights another cigarette as he watches  
Pino's thin frame walk away through the square.

28

EXT. BEACH - DAY - LONG SHOT

28

of Tubbs carrying picnic basket as he walks alongside  
Angelina, who is walking barefoot in the surf. They make a  
beautiful couple as they walk along with what seems like  
the entire island to themselves.

29

EXT. BEACH - LATER

29

as Tubbs and Angelina kneel and begin laying out the food  
and wine on a brilliant white tablecloth near the shore  
break.

30

EXT. BEACH - LATER

30

as Tubbs and Angelina lie alongside each other on the  
blanket, finishing their scrumptious lunch. Tubbs pours  
the last of the wine into both glasses, as Angelina  
playfully pick up the last piece of Island Lime Pie and  
holds it out for Tubbs. Tubbs leans toward the offered pie  
and Angelina suddenly shoves the whole piece into his  
mouth. They both laugh at their foolishness.

31 EXT. BEACH - DAY

31

as Tubbs and Angelina lie closer together on the white blanket, growing more intimate with the warm glow of the wine, the beautiful island day and each other. Tubbs leans forward, they are about to kiss, when ---

32 A SMALL WAVE

32

washes over the bottom of the blanket, soaking Tubbs' pants.

33 TUBBS AND ANGELINA

33

react, jumping to their feet, laughing at their predicament, as they move away from the next wave. Caught up in the playful joy of the moment, they are suddenly in each other's arms.

34 INT. RENTAL CAR

34

Crockett driving up the road past the beach and cane fields, listening to the island radio stations. He pulls to the side of the road and Tubbs jumps in with his picnic basket. Crockett notices Tubbs' wet pants as they pull away.

Tubbs ignores Crockett's comment as he squeezes water from his pants.

CROCKETT

How'd you do?

TUBBS

(clearly  
troubled)

Fine but, I don't know, man this Angelina's...she's...she's not what I expected. Woman's intelligent, sensitive. Something does not compute here.

CROCKETT

(hard)

You mean her being the mistress of a stone cold killer?

TUBBS

(trying to  
understand)

I just spent two hours on the beach with her, trying to pump her for information. Something's wrong, Crockett.

CONTINUED

34

CONTINUED

34

TUBBS (Cont'd)

(beat)

This whole thing with her is  
starting to make me feel, I don't  
know ---

CROCKETT

I've been playing roles for  
over ten years, Tubbs. You never  
get used to using people.

TUBBS

Yeah?

CROCKETT

(harder)

Just because she's playing 'Sound of  
Music' with you doesn't mean she  
doesn't have another act all  
together for Calderone. Don't go  
getting turned around here.

TUBBS

(snapping)

Nobody needs to tell me about  
getting turned around. I know what  
we came here for.

CROCKETT

(a look,  
finally)

Do you? It's not a vigilante  
action...

A difficult moment. Tubbs does a 90 degree turn:

TUBBS

(beat)

How'd you make out?

CROCKETT

Academy Award Time. I put them  
against the wall about the ninety  
thousand. We'll be hearing from  
Calderone this afternoon.

35

WINDSHIELD - POINT OF VIEW - BACK END OF AN ISLAND TRUCK

35

lumbering slowly down the narrow road with its back filled  
with costumed festival-goers dressed in strange macabre  
costumes. The costumed villagers wave to Crockett and  
Tubbs.

36

INT. RENTAL CAR

36

TUBBS

Must be on their way to the festival.

Crockett waves back and slows down some more.

CROCKETT

Yeah, at crisp five miles per hour.

Crockett tries to pass and quickly swerves back behind the truck as another truck lays on the horn, blowing dangerously past in the opposite direction.

TUBBS

(reacting to  
close call)

Careful, I'm not ready to be  
anybody's hood ornament.

Crockett checks his rearview mirror.

CROCKETT

(reapproaching  
vehicle)

These joker's sure are.

As the blue Chevy comes alongside ---

37

POINT OF VIEW

37

as blue Chevy comes alongside Crockett and Tubbs, we see  
four people wearing festival masks waving at them.

38

INT. RENTAL CAR

38

Crockett and Tubbs smile and wave back as the masked people  
on the passenger side suddenly bring up small machine  
pistols and open fire on them.

CROCKETT

Tubbs!!

Crockett and Tubbs duck as the windows explode out and  
the machine pistols begin chewing up the rental car.

39

EXT. REAR OF TRUCK

39

as the festival-goers scream and scramble for cover.

40

INT. RENTAL CAR

40

as Crockett recovers and slams his auto into the side of  
the blue Impala, throwing their aim off.



- 41 TUBBS 41  
draws his pistol and leaps into the backseat and begins returning fire.
- 42 EXT. RENTAL CAR 42  
as it slams into the Chevy again and then cuts on the inside of the truck, bouncing over the ruts on the grassy shoulder.
- 43 EXT. CHEVY 43  
as it speeds by the truck on the opposite side, heading straight for an oncoming vehicle. The oncoming vehicle lays on the horn as the Chevy swerves and clips the front of the lumbering truck and then comes panel to panel with the rental car.
- 44 ANGLE 44  
The tearing of grinding metal as the Chevy and the rental car collide with the machine pistols firing and Crockett and Tubbs attempting to return fire.
- 45 INT. RENTAL CAR 45  
as Crockett yanks the wheel right and the rental car bounces off the road, slamming cross a cane field.
- 46 EXT. CHEVY 46  
as it brakes hard on the shoulder and the masked gun men continue firing into the rear of the rental car. The rental car suddenly erupts into smoke and explodes. The gun men quit firing and then remove their masks. They take one last look at the burning rental car and then drive off.
- 47 EXT. CANE FIELD 47  
as a battered Crockett and Tubbs lie prone, hidden by the cane leaves.

TUBBS

I think we just heard from Calderone.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

48 EXT. CANE FIELD - DAY

48

As we come onto a gathering of field workers watching on as a half-dozen Bahamian officials in starched suits and pith helmets tend to the remains of the demolished vehicle. A very different aftermath scene than we saw in the U.S. On the cut, Police Chief Albury and his assistant, Henderson, pull up in car; step out, surveying the scene. They walk over to ---

49 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

49

who tend to flesh wounds, keyed up from the incident ---

ALBURY

(to Crockett  
and Tubbs)

I just received word...Are the both  
of you alright?

TUBBS

Barely.

ALBURY

I was on my way to your hotel when I  
heard about it.

CROCKETT

You got something for us?

ALBURY

(a grim nod)

One of our sources just informed us  
that Calderone's boat departed from  
the island.

CROCKETT

When?

ALBURY

This morning. We have reason to  
believe this information is reliable.

HENDERSON

(officious)

The serial number on the yacht is  
768A311, registered to a Macedonia  
Holding Company.

CONTINUED

49

CONTINUED

49

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

That's one of Calderone's corporate fronts.

ALBURY

We put in calls immediately to all our nearby islands. A yacht fitting the description came into St. Marcos for refueling around noon.

TUBBS

(accusatory)

Why wasn't the Coast Guard alerted?

HENDERSON

Spotter planes have already been called in.

ALBURY

Unfortunately -- there's five thousand square miles of water out there. He could be en route to Cuba, the Antilles, Costa Rica ---

CROCKETT

(turns in utter frustration)

Dammit!

A long frustrated beat between Crockett and Tubbs as the realization hits them that Calderone slipped through their fingers.

ALBURY

(invokes  
carnage of  
aftermath  
scene)

I feel responsible that we did nothing to avert such a situation.

CROCKETT

Don't.

ALBURY

If there's anything else we can do for you while you're on the island....

CROCKETT

I appreciate it, but we will be going back to Miami right away.

CONTINUED

49

CONTINUED - 2

49

Tubbs shoots a look to Crockett.

ALBURY

Henderson here will arrange a ride  
back to the hotel for you.

(beat)

Again, my deepest apologies about  
all this.

With a half bow Albury heads back toward his vehicle,  
followed by Henderson. After a beat ---

TUBBS

(teeming with anger)

We're just gonna pick up and leave?

CROCKETT

He's gone, Tubbs. We have better  
resources for coordinating a tail on  
him out of Miami.

TUBBS

(bitter)

Great.

CROCKETT

(testily)

What do you suggest we do? Sit  
around on the beach and congratulate  
ourselves on how close we got?

TUBBS

Maybe we wouldn't have to if we were  
more careful about things.

CROCKETT

What's that supposed to mean?

TUBBS

It means you played it too loose, man,  
pushed Pino to the wall. Calderone  
had no other choice but to strike back.

CROCKETT

(wheels on him)

Let me tell you something!  
Everything's a judgement call! You  
push hard and sometimes it's not  
enough. You lay back and sometimes  
it's too much. There's no hard and  
fast rules.

CONTINUED

49

CONTINUED - 3

49

TUBBS

(a look,  
bitter)

Tell that to Calderone, Crockett.  
If we ever see him again.

Whereupon turning his back on Crockett, Tubbs stalks off several yards then pausing beside the car he suddenly smashes his fist into the side window, spiderwebbing the glass. A beat. Then he turns and walks back to Crockett --- Crockett slaps him playfully on the back of the neck. Tubbs shakes his head in frustration. The look in both their eyes shows they understand each other; they're venting frustration.

CROCKETT

(nods, accepting)

Come on, let's go back and pack.

TUBBS

Let me catch up with you in about an hour.

CROCKETT

(eyes him a beat)

The girl?

TUBBS

(nods)

Maybe I can get a destination on Calderone from her.

CROCKETT

Is that the only reason?

TUBBS

(false resolve)

Absolutely.

Off their looks ---

CUT TO

50

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BATHROOM - ON ANGELINA

50

standing before a mirror, recently showered. One towel wrapped around her hair, another she's using to dry herself off, when she is interrupted by a ring of the doorbell. She wraps the towel around herself, walks off ---

51

ON FRONT DOOR

51

as Angelina looks through the peephole, smiles, then opens the door to reveal Tubbs standing before her.

ANGELINA

(happy to see him)

You show up everywhere, don't you?

TUBBS

(soberly)

Angelina, something's come up. I've got to leave the island in a couple of hours.

ANGELINA

(unable to conceal her disappointment)

So suddenly?

TUBBS

(nods)

Business. On the mainland.

(beat)

Listen, there's something I've got to talk to you about.

ANGELINA

Come on in.

As she closes the door behind him, they face each other for an awkward moment, when ---

TUBBS

(fumbling)

This is difficult for me to say....

A hopeful gleam crosses Angelina's eyes. She misinterprets Tubbs' awkwardness as a prelude to a romantic confession, puts her arms around his neck.

ANGELINA

No. I understand. I've been feeling the same way.

TUBBS

(disoriented)

Feeling what way?

ANGELINA

Ever since I met you yesterday, Richard, I feel like I've been walking three feet above the clouds.

(exhales)

There, that wasn't hard...

CONTINUED

51

CONTINUED

51

Tubbs looks down at her shining, trusting face, full of love for him.

TUBBS

(deeply moved)

You trust me completely, don't you?

ANGELINA

(ingenuous)

Why shouldn't I?

Touched by her vulnerability, Tubbs leans in, gives her an affectionate kiss, but pulls back quickly. Angelina, her passion triggered, wraps her arms around him; engages him in a long, passionate kiss. Tubbs succumbs to the passion of the moment.

52

EXT. CONCH BAY DOCK - ON CROCKETT AND JIMMY

52

As Crockett loads his sea bags into the cigarette boat, Jimmy works out on a blue harp intermittently ---

JIMMY

You sure you hombres gotta go?  
Festival's a real power party. We're  
gonna be dropping some primo window-  
pane that just came in this morning  
from Oakland.

CROCKETT

Sounds tempting, Jim, but I just  
don't get the kick from turning my  
brains into boiled squash that I  
used to.

JIMMY

Hey, don't get me wrong, Bud. This  
isn't recreational.

CROCKETT

Of course not. Strictly spiritual,  
right.

JIMMY

It's for my writing. Check this out --  
(recites)  
'Parallel lines trail off into sun's  
blinking eye. While we eat mangoes  
in a dying carcass. Come back to the  
five and dime...Zarathustra.'

CONTINUED

52

CONTINUED

52

CROCKETT

What's that? Moody Blues played  
backwards?

JIMMY

'Nylon Truth.'  
(off Crockett's  
blank look)  
My first book of poetry.

CROCKETT

Must have missed that one. I'll try  
and catch the movie.

Crockett breaks off in midsentence as something catches his  
attention from the corner of his eye ---

53

CROCKETT'S POINT OF VIEW - SPEEDBOAT

53

At the far end of the pier, a speedboat is getting tanked up  
with gas. Behind the wheel, a man whose face is obscured,  
pays off a dock attendant. In a moment, the man throttles  
the engine, kicks the boat into gear and cruises off, allowing  
us a full face shot for one second -- it's Pino -- Calderon's  
right hand man ---

JIMMY

It's not published yet, but a couple  
of big agents up in Pittsburgh are  
taking a look at it.

54

RESUME CROCKETT

54

reacting. His face goes tight at the sight of Pino. Jimmy  
notices ---

JIMMY

Hey, are you copa, man? You look like  
you just saw Jim Morrison or something.

CROCKETT

Yeah. I'm real copa.

Off Crockett's consideration of Pino, who now disappears  
across the water ---

CUT TO

55

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

55

On Tubbs and Angelina, now under the covers, having completed  
making love, drenched in the lazy sunshine streaming through  
the window.

CONTINUED



55

CONTINUED

55

Angelina smiles. As she meditates on the moment, cradled in the warmth of Tubbs' arms ---

ANGELINA

(after a  
long beat)

Who are you, Richard?

TUBBS

(immediately  
defensive)

What do you mean?

ANGELINA

Sometimes I can see your mind drifting to other places...private places...that others aren't allowed into.

TUBBS

(light)

Didn't I tell you? I'm a misunderstood soul.

ANGELINA

No, really.

TUBBS

Yeah, well I see something in your eye too.

ANGELINA

(enthralled)

Do you?

TUBBS

(beat; smiles)

A little eyelash, right here.

They both laugh, then ---

ANGELINA

You goof. Hand me the brush.

Tubbs turns to the night table, reaches for the brush, when he suddenly freezes, seeing something on the corner bookshelf ---

56

TUBBS' POINT OF VIEW

56

On a shelf amidst books and figurines rests an oval framed photograph of a younger Angelina with her arms wrapped around a man -- Calderone.

57

RESUME TUBBS

57

He hands Angelina the brush, then grabs the photograph.

TUBBS

Don't tell me we were being watched  
by your boyfriend this whole time?

(off her laugh)

Isn't he a bit old for you?

ANGELINA

That isn't my boyfriend.

(takes

photo; looks

looks at

it affectionately)

It's my father.

Tubbs, shocked, has to pull from deep within to keep it  
together. He takes the photograph from her, stares at it --

TUBBS

(meditative  
beat)

Your father, huh?

ANGELINA

I was hoping you would stick around  
for festival. I wanted to introduce  
him to you.

Tubbs looks at her sharply ---

TUBBS

Tonight?

ANGELINA

(nods)

There's a masquerade party at the  
beach club.

TUBBS

(kisses her)

How can I pass that up?

(beat)

I love masquerades.

Off the chilling fire in Tubbs' eyes ---

CUT TO

58

EXT. ALLEY - ON CROCKETT

58

walking very quickly through the colorful Bahamian back  
alley ---

CONTINUED

58

CONTINUED

58

CROCKETT

(shocked)

His daughter?

Under which, we pull back to reveal Tubbs walking beside him ---

TUBBS

I knew it didn't add up. She just wasn't the mistress type.

CROCKETT

And she has no idea what her father really does?

TUBBS

(shaking his head)

Classic Mafioso daughter syndrome. Cut off from the real world, convent, private schools, the whole trip. As far as she knows, Daddy's just a wealthy financier who donates half his income to the church.

CROCKETT

(beat)

So where's this party?

CUT TO

59

INT. POLICE STATION - ON ALBURY

59

standing stiffly behind his desk, beneath a large overhead fan ---

ALBURY

The Valencia Yacht Club...? It's a private club on the east side of the island.

Under which, we pull back to Crockett and Tubbs across the desk from him; Henderson's at the sidelines ---

HENDERSON

There's one access road that leads in and out. We won't have any problem covering it.

TUBBS

How many backups can you spare us?

ALBURY

As many as you need. I think six should be sufficient.

CONTINUED

59

CONTINUED

59

CROCKETT

(nods)

Undercover.

ALBURY

(laughs)

That will hardly be a problem.  
Everybody at the Valencia will be  
in costume tonight.

TUBBS

When do the festivities begin?

ALBURY

Nightfall.

Off Crockett and Tubbs' impatient anticipation ---

CUT TO

60

EXT. CONCH BAY DOCK - SUNSET - ON CIGARETTE BOAT

60

Crockett and Tubbs, relatively isolated, gear up for the evening. Extracting an impressive array of arms and ammunition from the duffel bag -- enough for a small army -- they clip automatics, attach shoulder and ankle holsters, etc. Both men move with an absorbed, adrenalized rhythm ---

CROCKETT

Time?

TUBBS

Eight eighteen.

CROCKETT

Albury's men should be setting up  
on the access road about now.

After a beat the two men working quickly, efficiently ---

TUBBS

Hand me the .44 Mag.

Crockett reacts, hesitates a beat ---

CROCKETT

We're not going after elephant, Tubbs.

Without responding to Crockett, Tubbs reaches into the duffel, pulls out the .44 himself. Before Crockett can respond, their attention is diverted by the sound of approaching footsteps. Crockett and Tubbs quickly cover themselves, zip up the duffel, as they look up to see ---

61

ANGLE - JIMMY

61

approaching the boat, carrying a large bag ---

JIMMY

Let the good times roll!

CROCKETT

Got 'em?

JIMMY

Hey, would I let my Yankee brothers  
down?

Tubbs pulls out a couple twenties, makes the exchange with  
Jimmy, who hands them the bag ---

JIMMY

You guys are gonna be knee-deep in  
party-rama, tonight. Jon Karco  
gets, like, seriously crazy.

CROCKETT

We can handle it.

Tubbs turns his back to us, pulls something from the bag,  
puts it on his face. Spinning quickly, he reveals a haunting,  
primitive death mask ---

TUBBS

Let's party.

Off the eerie, chilling moment ---

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

62 EXT. SAN YSIDRO BEACH - MASQUERADE PARTY - NIGHT 62

pounding of goatskin drums, jangling of herd bells, clarion of horns, whistles and noisemakers to the distinctive rhythm of the Goomby beat, as we pick up the stomp and shuffle of myriad feet pounding across the sand in between two huge bonfires.

63 ANGLE - DRUMMER 63

as the costumed drummer ecstatically beats on the goatskin drum below a flaming torch, which is flickering in the sea breeze. Primitive looking shadows dance across the drummer and we pick up ---

64 A CONGA LINE OF REVELERS 64

ecstatically dancing past to the Goombay beat. We follow the conga line as it weaves through the party and we see the amazing varieties of costumes; "scrappers" garbed in elaborate scraps of cloth and paper; others in huge intricate masks and headdress. The revelers lay on bells, horns, and whistles as they dance. It is Mardi Gras and festive in Rio rolled into one. The masks are both beautiful and bizarre, a combination of frightening and fantastic, as the conga line weaves through the torch-lit seaside party where we pick up---

65 MASKED FIGURE 65

who is scanning a crowd.

CROCKETT

How we doing on backup?

TUBBS

I've spotted two of Albury's men on the docks and one behind the bar.

CROCKETT

I've made two in the dance crowd. See the girl yet?

TUBBS

No. We're supposed to meet at the barbecue pit.

66 ANGLE TO INCLUDE CROWD 66

A masked woman resembling Angelina is looking over at Crockett and Tubbs. She starts toward them and an island dancer jumps into her arms and they laugh and dance away.

CONTINUED

66

CONTINUED

66

Another masked woman resembling Angelina walks toward Tubbs. For an instant it looks like she will stop and then she simply walks past without a recognition..

TUBBS

(fidgety)

I don't like this, man. All these masks...it's hard to tell the players.

CROCKETT

Isn't that her?

67

WHAT THEY SEE - ANGELINA

67

wearing a beautiful mask as she stands near the barbecue pit, intently looking into the frenzied crowd for Tubbs.

TUBBS

(nods)

Keep an eye on me. I might be getting an introduction to Calderone real soon.

Tubbs sets his drink down and Crockett watches him weave his way through the crowd toward ---

68

ANGELINA

68

who has her back turned as Tubbs comes up behind her. She spins in delight and embraces Tubbs. Another conga line stomps by with the partners laying on the whistles, bells and noisemakers. A huge man with an evil-looking face mask suddenly leans close to Angelina. She jumps and the man good-naturedly laughs and dances away.

TUBBS

(looking around)

Is your father here?

ANGELINA

(shakes head)

Not yet. He's never anywhere on time.

TUBBS

I'm looking forward to meeting him.

The band suddenly shifts tempo and Angelina grabs Tubbs.

CONTINUED

68

CONTINUED

68

ANGELINA

Come on ---

-- and pulls him onto the dance area. As Tubbs dances, laughing, he bends his head over Angelina's shoulder, where ---

69

WHAT HE SEES - CROCKETT

69

wends his way across the dance area, disappears behind a cluster of people.

70

ON CROCKETT

70

about to turn back to dance area, when ---

MAN'S VOICE

Chief Albury would like a word with you.

Crockett glances next to him at a police officer who leads Crockett off.

71

DANCE AREA - ON TUBBS

71

as he tries to respot Crockett. Angelina, exhilarated by the night, pulls her mask back, embracing Tubbs ---

ANGELINA

I'm so happy right now. I wish this moment would last forever.

TUBBS

So do I.

As she rests against his chest, Tubbs registers concern, as he can't find his partner in the crowd ---

CUT TO

72

DOCK AREA

72

as Crockett follows the Masked Police Officer to Sidney Albury who stands spread-legged in the sand in front of the dock. The flickering torch light casts eerie shadows on Albury's face.

ALBURY

(nods)

Detective.

Crockett pulls off his mask.

CONTINUED



72

CONTINUED

72

CROCKETT

(off-handedly)

Any word on Calderone?

ALBURY

Not yet.

(cold)

But you'll be seeing him soon enough.

As two masked figures step up on each side of Crockett and press pistols into his kidneys, Albury steps forward and takes Crockett's weapon.

ALBURY

I'm sorry. You should have left the island when you had your chance.

The masked figure on Crockett's right pulls back his mask revealing:

73

GUILLERMO PINO

73

who cruelly smiles and prods Crockett forward with his pistol.

74

DANCE AREA - TUBBS

74

pulls Angelina away from the dance area, now intent on finding Crockett.

TUBBS

Can I get you something to drink?

ANGELINA

That would be wonderful.

TUBBS

Be right back.

75

BAR

75

as Tubbs accepts two cold drinks from the Masked Bartender, still looking around for Crockett. A motion catches his attention near the dock and Tubbs spots:

76

TUBBS' POINT OF VIEW

76

as Crockett is herded up the dock by Pino and Albury. Pino prods Crockett into a waiting speed boat and the boat speeds off as:

77

TUBBS

77

quickly sets down drinks and turns only to be stopped by the Masked police Officer's gun in his abdomen. Tubbs stops and looks down at pistol.

MASKED OFFICER

(prods him  
forward)

Move.

Tubbs begins walking through the frenzied crowd, when suddenly the huge Evil Masked Man embraces him.

EVIL MASKED MAN

(waving empty  
rum bottle)

Drink da rum.

Tubbs embraces him back and swings him around. The empty rum bottle smashes against the Masked Police Officer's pistol and Tubbs suddenly decks him. In the confusion, Tubbs spots:

78

TWO MASKED GUNMEN

78

converging on him in the crowd.

79

TUBBS

79

runs off weaving his way through to ---

80

ANGELINA

80

as Tubbs suddenly grabs her and pulls her by the arm through the crowd, using a conga line to help impede the converging gunmen.

ANGELINA

(being pulled  
along)

Richard! What is it?

TUBBS

(looks back)

No time to explain.

81

TWO GUNMEN

81

caught in conga line as people blow horns, jangle bells, rattle noisemakers and try to dance and drink with them as they try to push through.

82 TUBBS AND ANGELINA

82

as they break through the crowd and run down the beach, leaving the masked men far behind.

CUT TO

83 EXT. PRIVATE COVE - CIGARETTE BOAT - ON ANGELINA

83

reacting with shock to Tubbs' badge, which she holds limply in her hand ---

ANGELINA

(vacant)

It was all just a game. You were using me, this whole time.

The shock turns to rage and, as we pull back, Angelina whacks Tubbs across the face ---

ANGELINA

(through tears)

What kind of person are you?

Tubbs, resolute, grabs her forcefully by the arms ---

TUBBS

Listen! I'll have to wrestle like crazy with my conscience, when this is all over. But right now, you're taking me to your father.

ANGELINA

You can go to hell!!  
(pushes him  
away)

TUBBS

He kills people! He's got my partner.

ANGELINA

My father's not a killer. I don't know what you're talking about.

TUBBS

Open your eyes, for god's sake. The man is wanted in five countries. He's been an international crime figure for the past twenty years.

ANGELINA

That's a lie!

CONTINUED

Under which he pulls a stack of files, photographs, from a compartment -- leafing through them ---

TUBBS

(pulls a  
file)

May 7th arrest report -- possession  
and intent to sell one hundred  
twenty kilos of cocaine.

(shows stack  
of files)

DEA files, ranging from as far back  
as 1966 --

(re  
photograph)

Here's someone you might remember --

(shows her  
photo of  
Mendez)

Rudolpho Mendez. Curly-haired  
fella? Pops by the villa every now  
and then for a drink, leaves with a  
stuffed envelope ---

Angelina looks away -- now sensing the truth, not wanting  
to face it ---

TUBBS

Rudolpho was kind enough to tell us  
about seven murders your father  
commissioned in Miami last month.

ANGELINA

My father would never do that! It's  
all lies!

TUBBS

(shows photograph)

Here's daddy in Manhattan. New York  
was fun time for your old man. He  
had a cop shot to death.

Angelina lunges at Tubbs, claws out ---

ANGELINA

I want to go now. Just let m ---

-- Tubbs grabs her ---

CONTINUED

83

CONTINUED - 2

83

TUBBS

(hard)

That cop was my brother, Angelina!

She slumps, crying ---

ANGELINA

Please...leave me alone....

TUBBS

Take me to him. I'll show you who  
your father is ---

Off his fierce resolution ---

CUT TO

84

EXT. PRIVATE VILLA - NIGHT - ON CALDERONE

84

as he sits impassively at an outdoor poolside dining table,  
face eerily lit with aqua-blue, eating an elaborately  
prepared dinner with a somewhat perverse precision ---

CALDERONE

I'm looking forward to seeing Miami  
again. Nice scenery in that town.As he takes a sip of wine, we pull back to reveal Crockett,  
standing across the table from Calderone, his wrists  
restrained by rope and flanked by two Columbian bodyguards,  
both toting machine guns, in the backyard of this fabulous  
villa which overlooks a private cove.

CROCKETT

Miami's looking forward to seeing  
you.

CALDRONE

(derisive laughter)

What? Your local authorities? Your  
three hundred and fifty dollar a  
week bozos? For a couple of C-notes, I  
can get a cop to clean my toilet.

(laughs)

You don't get it, do you? DEA, FBI,  
city, county...all their computers,  
their technologies...can't catch one  
little man who didn't make it past  
the fourth grade.

CONTINUED

CALDERONE (Cont'd)

(turns to bodyguard;  
laughs)

The closest I get to a judge is when  
I tee off with them at the Luke and  
Dender Country Club.

(contemptuously;  
back at Crockett)

Forty-two million last year. Tax free.  
That why they call it the land of  
opportunity?

CROCKETT

A lot of fat cats fry, Calderone.

CALDERONE

Only mistake when they make mistakes.

Under which, a third bodyguard has stepped out from inside  
the villa and moved over to Calderone. He whispers  
something in Calderone's ear. Calderone finishes the last  
of his glass of wine and in one sweeping motion smashes the  
empty glass in the third bodyguard's face, shattering it,  
knocking the bodyguard down.

CALDERONE

(to bodyguard)

You worthless piece of garbage!  
Stand up!

Calderone grabs him by the shirt front, lifts him to his  
feet.

CALDERONE

(clutching  
him)

Find him.

(shoves him back  
towards villa;  
turns to two  
bodyguards;  
casual)

Shoot him a couple times in the head --  
(referring  
to Crockett)  
-- then dump him in the ocean.

ANGELINA'S VOICE

Father?

CONTINUED

84

CONTINUED - 2

84

Startled by the voice, Calderone wheels around to face Angelina, standing some twenty yards behind him beneath a tree towards the back of the yard.

CALDERONE

(concerned)

Angelina? What are you doing here?

ANGELINA

Somebody told me...things about you....

CALDERONE

(a dismissive  
laugh)

Who have you been talking to...?

Angelina looks back, expecting to find someone. There's nobody there.

TUBBS (O.S.)

...me.

85

ANOTHER ANGLE - TUBBS

85

appears from the broadside, ten yards away, startling both Angelina and Calderone by more than his presence. He has a sawed-off, double-barrel shotgun trained on Calderone.

TUBBS (Cont'd)

Tell your men to drop their weapons  
right now or I'm gonna kill you on  
the spot.

ANGELINA

No! What are you doing?

TUBBS

Get out of here, Angelina! You don't  
want to see this.

ANGELINA

(desperate)

Father!

CALDERONE

(paternal)

You heard the man, honey.

(off her  
hesitation;  
fierce)

Go!

- 86 ANGELINA 86  
moves off reluctantly past Crockett and the bodyguards  
towards the house, as ---
- 87 TUBBS 87  
stares down the length of his barrel at ---
- 88 CALDERONE 88  
who, after Angelina is clear, turns to his bodyguards,  
snaps his fingers, whereupon ---
- 89 THE TWO BODYGUARDS 89  
appear to be dropping their machine guns. As the first  
bodyguard's machine gun hits the ground with a thud, the  
second bodyguard spins quickly, levels his machine gun, and  
fires it at ---
- 90 TUBBS 90  
who drops to the ground immediately to avoid the fire,  
whereupon ---
- 91 CROCKETT 91  
swings his restrained arms and delivers an elbow into the  
solar plexus of the second bodyguard, knocking the machine  
gun from his hand, as ---
- 92 THE FIRST BODYGUARD 92  
seizes the moment to pull out a shoulder-holstered auto-  
matic, is about to blast Crockett, when he is blown aside  
by -
- 93 TUBBS 93  
now on one knee, covering Crockett with his fire, as ---
- 94 CALDERONE 94  
deftly whips his automatic from beneath his coat pocket,  
raises his arms and points it at Tubbs, who now has his  
back turned.

ANGELINA

(from  
periphery)

No!



95 TUBBS 95  
turns sharply, blasts ---

96 CALDERONE 96  
who is literally lifted into the air by the force -- thrown  
backwards, falling into the swimming pool. Dead.

97 ON TUBBS 97  
looking into the pool, in a suspended moment, smoking  
shotgun in his hand.

98 CROCKETT 98  
looks over to Tubbs. Their eyes meet.

99 ANGELINA 99  
her hands over her mouth, in a mute scream.

100 TUBBS 100  
slowly lowers his smoking shotgun ---

101 THE SCENE 101  
appearing before us like an eerie still life, as we ---

CUT TO

102 CROCKETT, TUBBS AND INVESTIGATOR 102  
the latter dressed in tropical-weight suit and tie as he  
closes his notebook, wrapping up his conference with ---

INVESTIGATOR

Chief Albury and Henderson will be  
held in detention until the prelim-  
inary hearing. We'll need you back  
from the mainland sometime next week.

Crockett nods, whereupon the Investigator moves off. He  
then turns to Tubbs, only to find him diverted, to the  
exclusion of all else, by the sight of ---

103

ANGELINA

103

standing some twenty yards away, hiding her pain beneath an unbowed, solemn dignity, as she answers questions from a second official. Under which, a government Mercedes has pulled up nearby on the lawn, whereupon the official ushers Angelina toward it, when ---

TUBBS' VOICE

It wasn't supposed to turn out like this.

Angelina stops and turns to lock eyes with Tubbs. A long terrible silence ensues, her look saying it all. Off Tubbs' glance, the official discreetly moves off. Finally ---

TUBBS

I...I had it all worked out, I thought...

(beat; a look)

All, except for you.

Angelina's silence makes the moment no easier. Off her cold, studious gaze ---

TUBBS (Cont'd)

(struggling)

I'm a cop. Angelina.

ANGELINA

(a sad, sarcastic smile)

That makes it okay for you, Richard?

(a look)

What brought you to this island was something far more than just your job.

Tubbs' face tightens, reflecting the truth of her words. She stares at him for one more terrible moment then turns and walks away. Tubbs watches as the second official helps her into the Mercedes, then ---

CROCKETT'S VOICE

You all right?

Tubbs turns, unable to focus on Crockett and then turns back, watching as the Mercedes pulls away on the lawn.

TUBBS

I thought once this was over, I'd feel -- I don't know -- whole again.

CONTINUED

103

CONTINUED

103

The Mercedes disappears behind the house; they turn wordlessly looking off toward the rising sun. Another idyllic island day is beginning.

TUBBS

I feel like I'm leaving a part of me  
on this island.

Crockett understands. A long silence, then finally ---

CROCKETT

(hand on  
Tubbs'  
shoulder)

Let's go home.

TUBBS

Yeah.

They start down the lawn toward the cigarette boat, the rising sun and beyond -- Miami.

FADE OUT

THE END