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MIAMI VICE

CALDERONE'S DEMISE

THE RETURN OF CALDERONE-part II

Written

by

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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

#59507

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 Columbian
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

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

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.

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

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT - CLOSE ON PAIR OF HANDS

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

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

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

-- starchy 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

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

