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PROD. #59506
September 11, 1984 (Spec.Run)
September 14, 1984 (F.R.)
Rev. 9/17/84 (F.R.)
Rev. 9/19/84 (F.R.)
EN Rev. 9/20/84 (F.R.)
Rev. 9/22/84 (F.R.)
Rev. 9/23/84 (F.R.)
Rev. 9/24/84 (F.R.)
EN Rev. 9/26/84 (F.R.)
2nd Rev. 9/26/84 (F.R.)
Rev. 10/26/84 (F.R.)
Rev. 11/14/84 (F.R.)

MIAMI VICE

GLADES

(Formerly: Not Necessarily The Swamp Thing)

Written

by

Rex Weiner

MIAMI VICE

GLADES

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
SWITEK
ZITO
CASTILLO

JOEY BRAMLETT
DA
ATTORNEY
JUDGE
COURT REPORTER
AGENT PRICE
TWO LADY BOXERS
HARRY
ELLA

DINK
CASSIE
BILLIE JOE
FLOYD
WENDELL
SWAMPMAN
MAMA
FIRST TOWNIE
SECOND TOWNIE
VARIOUS TOWNIES
PAUL
EMCEE
JENNY
MAN
LUKE

SETS

INTERIORS:

MIAMI MOTEL ROOM
MIAMI FEDERAL COURTHOUSE
COURTROOM
MOTEL BATHROOM
NORTHEAST MIAMI METRO
O.C.B.
CASTILLO'S OFFICE
HARRY'S HOT SPOT
HARRY'S OFFICE
FERRARI
BAIT & TACKLE SHOP
SHACK
CABIN
CELLAR
BAR
CASSIE'S CABIN

EXTERIORS:

EVERGLADE ROAD
DINK'S BEER BAIT
TACKLE SHOP
SWAMP
TINY ISLET
SHACK
GLADES
OKACHOBEE TOWN
SWAMP BAR
AREA BEHIND BAR
WOODED AREA
CABIN
TRAWLER DECK
OKACHOBEE STREET
WHISKEY ISLAND
TUMBLE DOWN SHACK

MIAMI VICEGLADESTEASER

FADE IN

1 TV SCREEN ACTION - ON DEPUTY DAWG 1

with the set's volume cranked up to the maximum as he chases Willy Wabbit through a cartoon rerun. We pull back to reveal the TV set chained to a cheap veneer dresser, typical decor of a ---

2 INT. MIAMI MOTEL ROOM - JOEY BRAMLETT 2

long hair, T-shirt, jeans, boots and prisoner's stubble on his rough, not unhandsome face, as he sits sullenly in a chair intently watching the cartoon, as next to him ---

3 TUBBS 3

slumps in his chair, trying to hang on to dreamland.

TUBBS

Hey, Bramlett, you wanna crank that down a notch?

Bramlett just sits and stares at the cartoon. Tubbs stirs and groans, reaching forward to turn down the volume when Bramlett's big hand stops him.

BRAMLETT

I'm watching that.

TUBBS

And I'm turning it down.

Bramlett studies him a beat, then lets go. Tubbs turns the volume down to an acceptable level and then sinks back into his chair, again trying for oblivion, under which ---

4 CROCKETT 4

enters from the kitchenette, balancing coffees and Danish on a tray.

CROCKETT

Gotta take it black. Out of milk.

CONTINUED

4

CONTINUED

4

Tubbs hauls himself painfully into the real world, as Bramlett snatches a Danish, takes a huge bite and makes a face.

BRAMLETT

(perusing the
tray of Danish;
unhappy)

Some low-rent program you guys got.
All I ever get is day-old Danish.

(X)

TUBBS

Beats eating fresh Colombian lead,
Bramlett.

CROCKETT

Do your bit in court Monday, and
we'll take you out for filet.

Under which, Tubbs checks himself in the mirror, putting his collar in, then out, fretting over a few stray wisps of hair ---

CROCKETT

You posing for GQ or that courtroom
reporter?

(X)

TUBBS

(breaks into:
Li'l Darlin')

...man wins twenty-four silver
dollars!

(X)

A brisk knock on the door cuts the conversation. Crockett and Tubbs whip out their hardware, and quickly switch off the lights, as in the TV glow ---

CROCKETT

(to Bramlett)

Get down.

Tubbs pushes Bramlett down behind the chair and then joins Crockett by the door.

CROCKETT

Yeah!?

VOICE

(in comic
tones)

Special De-e-e-livery!

Crockett and Tubbs exchange wary looks. Bramlett calmly gets back in chair, not giving a shit what or who.

CONTINUED

4

CONTINUED - 2

4

TUBBS
(whisper)
Watch it!

CROCKETT
(to Bramlett)
Stay down!

As Crockett flips the lock, slips the chain, and cracks open door to admit a ---

5

SHADOWY FIGURE

5

who, upon walking in, freezes as Crockett's pistol jams up his left nostril. The lights switch on, revealing Switek.

SWITEK

Whoa, Sonny!

CROCKETT

You want your sinuses cleaned out,
Switek?

(holsters gun)
What's with you bozos?

As behind, comes Zito, carrying a grocery bag.

ZITO

So? We're a little early!

Zito plants himself before the tube, switching from cartoons to a sexy aerobics show and unloads food from the grocery bag, under which ---

SWITEK

Just thought: Hey! Why not relieve
your good pals Crockett and Tubbs an
hour early!

TUBBS

(dubious)
Charity begins at home....

SWITEK

Yeaah!!!
(beat)
Good deeds, Albert Schweitzer, that
kinda stuff.

Zito tunes in what he was looking for, a sexy aerobics show, and reveals their real motive for relieving Crockett and Tubbs early.

ZITO

Just in time!

CONTINUED

5

CONTINUED

5

Zito, eyeing the calisthenic cheesecake, ignores Bramlett as he devours a greasy burrito.

BRAMLETT

I was watching cartoons!

(X)

Switek tosses Bramlett a small packet of letters. Bramlett quickly rips open an envelope and begins reading, under which ---

CROCKETT

C'mon, Tubbs, we're outta here.

But Tubbs is staring at Bramlett, whose face has paled as he holds the just read letter.

TUBBS

You gonna be okay with these guys, Bramlett?

BRAMLETT

(vacant)

Do I have a choice?

Tubbs walks over and switches the TV back to cartoons.

TUBBS

(to Zito)

He was watching that.

Tubbs follows Crockett out, leaving Switek and Zito alone with Bramlett. Zito waits a beat and then switches the TV back to aerobics as Switek shoots Bramlett a warning look.

CUT TO

6

INT. MIAMI FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON - TUBBS

6

in a sharp Armani suit, as he sits on the witness stand, answering questions put by the Assistant U.S. DA, while Judge takes notes and the cute Court Reporter types away.

DA

How did you know undercover Agent Zucotti was shot in the back of the head? To the best of my recollection, the incident wasn't reported in the media.

TUBBS

No, sir, I read it in the inter-agency report.

DA

So when Joey Bramlett, a small time dealer, mentioned Enrique Ruiz, what was your state of mind?

(X)

7

ANGLE ON ENRIQUE RUIZ

7

an expensively dressed Hispanic, as he leans over the defense table and whispers to his bald-headed Attorney to share a joke and laugh, under which ---

TUBBS

That he was just, y'know, blowing smoke, trying to cop a plea on an important dope supplier.

DA

And when Bramlett told you he'd seen Ruiz kill a cop in the Everglades, did you again think he was just 'blowing smoke'?

TUBBS

No, because of the details of the shooting: the kneeling, the shots to the back of the head; I took it seriously. Then it back-checked against the coroner's report.

(X)

DA

That's when you contacted Agent Price?

8

ANGLE ON DEA AGENT PRICE

8

as he sits at the government table next to Crockett.

TUBBS

My partner, Sonny Crockett, and I did, yes, sir.

DA

No further questions, Your Honor.

Ruiz smiles coolly as his attorney calmly shrugs.

ATTORNEY

No questions, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Court will recess until eight-thirty Monday.

Tubbs steps off the stand and moves next to the Court Reporter.

TUBBS

T.G.I.F., huh?

CONTINUED

8

CONTINUED

8

She smiles up at him and then ---

COURT REPORTER

F.O.R.G.E.T.I.T.

She gathers her things and walks off, leaving Tubbs staring after her.

CROCKETT (V.O.)

Sheer poetry in motion.

Tubbs turns, shrugs, accepting the deserved compliment, as ---

9

CROCKETT

9

steps over, leading a herd of six varied Federal agents.

PRICE

(begrudging)

You guys are doing okay with this case....

(X)

CROCKETT

Spare me the understatement.

(beat)

I'd say we're doing a helluva lot better than... 'okay'.

(beat)

Which agency are you again, Price?

(snaps finger, remembering)

DEA, right?

(points to another Agent)

And you're FBI?

AGENT

(shaking head)

ATF.

(X)

CROCKETT

Then you're FBI, and you're DEA.

(to another agent)

(X)

Agent shakes his head "no."

CROCKETT

(shrugs)

I always get you guys mixed up.

(X)

CONTINUED

PRICE

(looking
at Ruiz)

...we'll all get well if you can lock
up Ruiz.

(X)

TUBBS

Guy is taking the fall. Guaranteed.

(X)

Ruiz pauses on the way out and suddenly smiles toward them
like a serpent. His attorney nudges him forward, as ---

PRICE

(looking
after Ruiz)

Pretty smug under the collar for a
guy about to fall?

(X)

CROCKETT

Means nothing. He's keeping his macho
front jacked-up. After Bramlett's
testimony Monday? He's buried.

(X)

Ruiz and his lawyer disappear out the courtroom door, as
we ---

CUT TO

10 INT. THE MOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

10

A bored Bramlett sits playing aimlessly with a coat hanger, twisting it into different shapes. Zito sits nearby, sunk in TV soapland, as Switek gets off the couch, empties his Pepsi, and ---

SWITEK

I say Italian. Meatball wedge from that place -- what's the name?

As Switek disappears into the john, habitually leaving the door open ---

11 THE COAT HANGER

11

slithers around Zito's back and snags gun from shoulder holster. With surprising speed, Bramlett whips the gun on Zito's jugular.

BRAMLETT

(whisper)

Don't do nothin' 'cept move...real slow into the can.

12 ANGLE - BATHROOM

12

as Switek, with his back turned, is still talking, as Zito follows orders.

SWITEK

C'mon, y'know -- the place with the broad with the garbanzos instead of boobs...

(noticing Zito)

Hey! Wait your turn. You know I hate crossing swords!!

Bramlett slams the door on them, jams a chair under the knob, pockets gun -- and he's history.

13 THE BATHROOM DOOR

13

takes punishment, but refuses to give.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

14

INT. NORTHEAST MIAMI METRO O.C.B. - CASTILLO'S OFFICE -
AFTERNOON - ON SWITEK AND ZITO

14

as they squirm on the carpet before Lt. Castillo and DEA
Agent Price.

ZITO

I said he jumped me, man.

Under which, Crockett and Tubbs blow into the office.

PRICE

(disgusted)

Four and a half months down the
toilet.

ZITO

We were protecting him. Who'da
thought he'd take a flyer?

CROCKET

(to Switek
and Zito)

Great work, guys.

SWITEK

(defensive)

I hadda go to the bathroom, okay?
Ever happen to you?

TUBBS

Outstanding.

CASTILLO

(shouts)

Okay, everybody. Enough!..Let's get
down to business.

(to Crockett
and Tubbs)

It was Bramlett's idea to testify.
Why this?

TUBBS

(shrugs)

When we were leaving this morning, I
saw him react to something in his
mail. Like it freaked him.

CASTILLO

(to Switek
and Zito)

Did he mention anything about this
to you guys?

CONTINUED

ACT ONE

FADE IN

14 INT. NORTHEAST MIAMI METRO O.C.B. - CASTILLO'S OFFICE - 14
AFTERNOON - ON SWITEK AND ZITO

as they squirm on the carpet before Lt. Castillo (X)

CASTILLO (X)

Four and a half months of work down
the drain.

Under which, Crockett and Tubbs blow into the office. (X)

ZITO

We were protecting him. Who'da
thought he'd take a flyer?

CROCKETT

(to Switek
and Zito)

Great work, guys.

SWITEK

(defensive)

I hadda go to the bathroom, okay?
Ever happen to you?

TUBBS

Outstanding.

CASTILLO

(shouts)

Okay, everybody. Enough!..Let's get
down to business.

(to Crockett
and Tubbs)

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Why this?

TUBBS

(shrugs)

When we were leaving this morning, I
saw him react to something in his
mail. Like it freaked him.

CASTILLO

(to Switek
and Zito)

Did he mention anything about this
to you guys?

CONTINUED

14

CONTINUED - 2

14

PRICE
(low to Crockett
and Tubbs in
passing)

(X)

Ruiz' you-know-what-eating grin
was just a front, huh?

CUT TO

SWITEK

Not a peep...Spent most of his time
staring out the window.

CASTILLO

We have until Monday morning to bring
Bramlett in. Without his testimony,
Ruiz goes free.

(beat)

Also Ruiz is probably behind flushing
Bramlett out of here, and for one reason
-- to shut him up. For forever. So
you not only have to find Bramlett
by Monday....

CROCKETT

...We have to find him before Ruiz
finds him....

TUBBS

...or all we gonna find is one dead
body.

CASTILLO

You got it.

CROCKETT

The only safe harbor Bramlett knows
in town is Harry's.

CASTILLO

The place you busted him?

Crockett nods ---

ZITO

Look, we lost him, we'll find him.

CASTILLO

(to Switek
and Zito)

The only thing you two are going to
find for the next month is the chair
behind your desk.

(looks to Crockett
and Tubbs)

By Monday morning.

TUBBS

(nods)

We're out of here.

As Crockett and Tubbs pass through the door ---

(X)

CUT TO

15 INT. HARRY'S HOT SPOT - DAY (X)
15

as, on the cut, we pick up two voluptuous, if a bit muscular, women in the middle of an elevated boxing ring, wearing revealing leotards and pink boxing gloves, as they go at each other with more vigor than skill. The mostly male crowd cheers as the foxy boxers pummel each other, displaying decidedly unboxer-like pectorals, as we pick up ---

16 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 16

look on at the boxing match, the sleazy gathering ---

TUBBS

(doing Cosell)

This reporter hasn't seen action like this since the thriller in Manila. Never have I been witness to such a stubborn poking left as that of Alma Rickenbacher in the red leotards.

CROCKETT

(shakes his head)

Harry's turning into a regular Don King.

They walk past the ringside tables to a door in back marked "Personnel Only".

17 INT. OFFICE 17

as Crockett and Tubbs enter to see a foxy boxer wrapped in a post shower towel, as she pads by and they move past to ---

18 HARRY 18

a fuzzy-haired, elderly man is sitting counting a stack of crumpled bills as he lines them meticulously in a cigar box. In the b.g., scanty-clad boxers walk past and we can hear the showers and music blasting ---

CONTINUED

20 OMITTED 20
21 EXT. DINK'S BEER, BAIT, TACKLE SHOP 21

BOAT RENTALS says the askew sign on the tumble-down shack perched on rickety stilts over the swamp. Crockett and Tubbs pull up, get out of the car and take in the rustic surroundings, then head in ---

22 INT. BAIT AND TACKLE SHOP - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 22

enter angler's heaven, a funky room with stuffed fish, faded trophy photos, rods, reels, and fishing gear. A couple of old coots sit playing cards at one of several tables. Behind the counter sits Dink, an amiable-looking older man.

DINK

(continuing
to fiddle)

Ain't got any skiffs for hire.

CROCKETT

How about a couple of beers?

DINK

(invokes
cooler)

Help yourself.

Under which, we see a barefoot girl, her back to the camera, urgently talking on the telephone.

The girl with her back turned, slams the phone in frustration ---

-- then she turns to face our two guys. This is Cassie, twenty-eight, barefoot, with an earthy beauty.

CROCKETT

(to Dink)

We're a little lost. Maybe you could point us to Okachobee Springs.

No response.

TUBBS

We're looking for a business friend of ours. Name of Joey Bramlett. Seen him lately?

CONTINUED

22

CONTINUED

22

DINK

Man has business with someone, he
ought to know how to find him...

TUBBS

You seen him?

DINK

Nope.

He leaves. Cassie passes close by and says secretively:

CASSIE

I'll take you to Bramlett.

CROCKETT

(whisper)

You know where he is?

CASSIE

(nods)

..skiff's outside.

CUT TO

23

EXT. SWAMP - LATER AFTERNOON

23

The blue-green mangroves and hanging moss create an eerie grotto in which the putt-putt sound of an approaching outboard and human voices reverberate as in a deep tunnel.

CROCKETT (V.O.)

Know the Glades pretty well??

CASSIE (V.O.)

..guess so.

As Cassie pilots the skiff around the bend into view, with Crockett in the front and Tubbs sitting behind him looking uncomfortably out the mysterious surroundings.

TUBBS

(to Cassie)

How well do you know Bramlett?

CASSIE

(noncommittal)

Everybody in the Glades knows every-
body.

CROCKETT

Then you know he's in trouble.

CONTINUED

CASSIE

Mister, if people weren't in trouble,
they wouldn't be living in Okachobee
Springs.

Cassie abruptly shuts off the outboard, letting the skiff drift in sudden eerie silence. Crockett and Tubbs are clearly uncomfortable. As they coast under the low-hanging moss, the swamp wildlife is all around us: herons, hawks, gators.

TUBBS

Where does a guy get a hot pastrami sandwich around here?

The canopy of trees grows taller and filters out most of the sun. The surrounding plant life seems to be darker and more twisted with ferns and creepers. After an ominous beat ---

CASSIE

It's getting shallow. We'll have to portage.

TUBBS

Portage?

CROCKETT

Get out into the water and carry the boat.

TUBBS

In among the local flora and fauna?!
Man-eating plants? Reptiles? Spiders?
Cotton Mouths? Crocodiles and hideous
creatures mutated by atomic testing
in the fifties in 3D?!

CROCKETT

Get in the water!

TUBBS

(wet)
...yuk.

CASSIE

Just a few yards beyond those trees.

As Crockett and Tubbs step out of the boat onto the marshy shore, Cassie suddenly jams the engine into reverse, pulls back into the water. Before Crockett and Tubbs can react, she and the skiff speed off, leaving our guys in a state of shock, marooned alone, in the middle of the Everglades.

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED - 2

23

TUBBS

What the hell was that? Everglades
welcoming committee?

CROCKETT

(studies the
receding skiff)

I don't know....

24

FULL SHOT - THE SWAMP

24

stretching to what seems like the end of the earth in every
direction, as Tubbs and Crockett walk into it ---

TUBBS

Crockett?

CROCKETT

Yeah, Tubbs.

TUBBS

I just saw about ten of Elvis' cousins.

(X)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

25 EXT. KNEE-HIGH WATER - DAY - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 25

slogging through the swamp with Tubbs complaining bitterly as they pause on a dry hillock ---

TUBBS

Why don't we just stay on dry land and wait for a cab?

CROCKETT

We're not far from the road.

TUBBS

Yeah, which way?

CROCKETT

Water flows towards the ocean, right? So, we want to go inland. All you do is throw a twig on the water, watch which way it floats, and we go the opposite direction.

(beams proudly)

It's a fisherman's trick my old dad taught me.

Crockett demonstrates, by dropping a twig ---

26 THE TWIG 26

floats north...then east...then south...then west...drifting around again in a circle.

27 TUBBS 27

looks sourly to Crockett.

TUBBS

Your old dad still lost at sea?

CROCKETT

(sheepish)

Worked when he did it.

...and he wades off into the water.

TUBBS

Crockett. Right now, we don't know which end is up.

No answer from Crockett as he disappears into the foliage.

all alone in the swamp, shakes his head, follows after his partner, slapping at mosquitos.

As he comes around the foliage, he looks around for, but can't find Crockett ---

TUBBS

(spooked)

Hey, Crockett, if this is your idea of a joke, I'm sure not laughing.

As Tubbs takes a step forward, his footstep sinks deep into the mud. He tries to lift it out, but is unable to. He's stuck. Quicksand.

TUBBS

(freaked)

Crockett! Help!!

Tubbs is sinking fast, now up to midhigh, trying to grab at anything, when suddenly Crockett comes to the rescue ---

TUBBS

(warning)

Quicksand. Don't get too close!

Crockett whips off his belt, fastens one end around a pine tree, gaining the few extra feet he needs to grab Tubbs' outstretched hand. Crockett yanks out the yuck-encased Tubbs.

TUBBS

(leans against
tree catching
his breath)

I want to get outta here, Crockett.
Right now. I'm starting to lose it.
When I get freaked, I lose it. When
I lose it, I get angry!!!

(X)

CROCKETT

(soothing)

Calm down, man. I'll get you outta here!

TUBBS

How?

As Tubbs continues to gasp for air, Crockett, hearing something, shushes him ---

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

CROCKETT

Listen!

In the distance, we hear a woman's muffled scream. Crockett and Tubbs snap into action, move quickly through the foliage. As the female scream gets louder, they come upon a clearing through, which they see ---

29 TINY ISLET

29

Where a 350cc outboard is tied up to a rotting dock. Next to it, Cassie's small skiff. Beyond, a rundown shack, where the commotion emanates ---

30 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

30

move in ---

31 INT. SHACK

31

As, in the barren kerosene lamp-lit shack, Cassie is being held in a hammerlock by Billy Joe, as Floyd slaps her face ---

BILLY JOE

You mean to tell me he didn't stop at Dink's?

Cassie only clamps her mouth tighter and Billy Joe increases the pressure on her arm as Floyd pulls out a rusty fishing knife, wields it menacingly, before her ---

FLOYD

You damn well know where Bramlett's at, girl.

(X)

Cassie suddenly twists and turns, fighting like a wildcat to get free. She busts loose from Billy Joe, but Floyd grabs her and throws her back. She screams ---

FLOYD

We can keep this up all day.

He starts to slap her again, as ---

32 ANGLE - DOOR

32

as Crockett and Tubbs burst into shack ---

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

Fun time's over, bozo. Get away
from her.

Both Billy Joe and Floyd turn, startled, at the sight of
Crockett and Tubbs.

TUBBS

(smiles)
Let me anticipate the question.
(flashes his
badge; smile
falls off)
Po-lice.

FLOYD

We're just playing around...right,
Cassie?

He shoots a murderous look to Cassie, who doesn't respond,
then nods.

CROCKETT

Sure. Friendly game of mumbletypeg.
(beat)
Get out of here.

Realizing their lack of alternatives, Billy Joe and Floyd brush
past our guys and out. Crockett and Tubbs exchange a look
with a now sheepish Cassie -- Cassie steps to the open
door, watches as Billy Joe and Floyd climb into their
outboard -- and motor off. Cassie turns from the door,
faces our guys ---

CASSIE

If I'd have known you were cops, I'd
have never left you all out there like
that. I thought you were someone
else.

TUBBS

Ruiz Extermination and Pest Control.
Like your two friends back there?
(off Cassie's
slight nod)
Any idea where Bramlett could be hiding?
(off her
hesitation)
Listen, we're on his side.

CASSIE

Cops?

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED - 2

32

CROCKETT

Believe it. We're his only chance of
not getting dead.

(X)

CASSIE

(after a beat)

I haven't been able to find him yet,
but we could try Okachobee.

CROCKETT

Why are you looking for him?

CASSIE

Because I'm on his side, too. And a
lot around here ain't.

CROCKETT

This Okachobee. Could you take us
there?

TUBBS

For real this time.

CASSIE

Yeah, I could take you, but nobody
there's gonna help you. They ain't
too keen on outsiders.

CUT TO

33 EXT. GLADES - DAY - SKIFF

33

Cassie pilots Crockett and Tubbs upstream ---

CASSIE

The Glades used to be a good place
to live. Quiet. Peaceful -- till
Ruiz came in, with his dope and his
airplains and his money. Then
everybody went crazy...

(deeply
felt)

You don't know how crazy.

A tear wells in her eyes, which she quickly brushes away.
Crockett and Tubbs notices this spontaneous spurt of emotion.

CROCKETT

Then what keeps you here?

Cassie slows the motors to a quiet putt as they move slowly
past these things ---

CASSIE

This is all I know.

- 34 RACCOON - STOCK FOOTAGE 34
It sits in a tree, eyes aglow.
- 35 WATER MOCASSIN - STOCK FOOTAGE 35
wriggles elegantly through the water.
- 36 WHITE HERON - STOCK FOOTAGE 36
stands, long-legged, on the shore ---
- 37 BACK TO SCENE 37
Cassie turns to Crockett and Tubbs ---
CASSIE
There's Okachobee!
- 38 ANGLE - OKACHOBEE SPRINGS 38
A cluster of shacks built on an island or two story rundown buildings on a road. At the dock, a large fiberglass flatbottom boat is harbored looking out of place in these backwoods.
- 39 ON SKIFF 39
as Cassie angles the skiff into the dock. As Cassie, Crockett, and Tubbs disembark ---
CROCKETT
So, where do we begin?
CASSIE
You don't begin anywhere.
(off their look)
Nobody's gonna tell me nothin' with you two along...Lemme see what I can dig up on my own.
Cassie lifts two fishing poles out from the floor of the skiff, hands them to our boys....
CASSIE
There you go.
She heads off a few steps, then turns ---

CONTINUED

39

CONTINUED

39

CASSIE

(points)

(X)

My cabin's the first bank left off
the north shore. We'll meet there in
an hour.

She turns and vanishes into the pines ---

CROCKETT

Come on --

(holding up
fishing pole)

-- let's see what's biting.

CUT TO

40

EXT. OKACHOBEE TOWN - ON CROCKETT AND TUBBS

40

as they walk, fishing rods in hand, past townfolk stirring
on this dirt road lined with funky shacks, primitive and
backwater ---

TUBBS

(looking
around)

Check this out, man. Fifth Avenue,
swamp-style.

This referring to the wealth dope has brought to the Glades.

41

ANGLE - '84 ELDORADO

41

parked next to an outhouse, top down. Inside it, little
children play.

42

ANGLE - OLD WOMAN

42

doing her laundry beside her shack in a new, deluxe Kenmore
washing machine.

43

ANGLE - GAGGLE OF TEENAGERS

43

riding shiny new dirt bikes, toting oversized ghetto-
blasters, pumping out Michael Jackson, and wearing city
duds.

44

ON CROCKETT AND TUBBS

44

reacting to the incongruous wealth. The looks they get from
townsfolk say they're not wanted.

Barefoot, carrying a tackle box, falls into step with
Crockett and Tubbs ---

BOY
Goin' fishing?

TUBBS
(grins)
Sure are.

BOY
Need a guide?

TUBBS
No, thanks.

BOY
How about --
(flips open
tackle box)
-- some tunes?

The Boy proudly displays the box lined with cassettes ---

BOY
(a little
pitchman)
You got your early Elvis, best of
The Bee Gees, Velvet Emulsion...

(X)

CROCKETT
(over)
How about some Joey Bramlett?

The Boy squints, warily, up to Crockett and Tubbs ---

CROCKETT
Ever heard of him?

The Boy quickly shuts his tackle box, and hurries off,
without a word. Crockett and Tubbs trade a look ---

CUT TO

A run-down place at the edge of town decorated with brand
new, elaborate beer and soft drink neon. On the tin roof,
the ultimate incongruity -- a satellite TV dish.

head into the place past an exiting swamp girl with a
sprayed-on t-shirt that reads -- "HOW DO YOU SPELL RELIEF?
C-O-L-O-M-B-I-A-N". Tubbs double-takes before entering ---

48

INT. BAR

48

Off to the corner, on a propped-up stage, a half-dozen men that comprise a bluegrass band, warm up on their instruments. Making wonderful melody. A 4'8" Mama services a handful (X) of rickety tables where the rabid-looking swampmen watch USFL on a widescreen television. As, on cut, Crockett and Tubbs' entrance creates a temporary break in activity. As all heads turn, watch as they sit ---

49

TABLE - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

49

shifting uneasily in their seats, both men shooting weak smiles to the contingency ---

TUBBS

(under)

This is a terrible idea.

CROCKETT

(also under)

We have fifteen minutes to spare and we're looking.

Under which, a tattooed monster named Wendell turns to them from an adjacent table ---

WENDELL

You boys fishin'?

CROCKETT

(amiable)

That's right.

TUBBS

Know of any boats for hire?

Wendell reaches over, fingering the lapel of Tubbs' jacket ---

WENDELL

(to crowd)

Dunno. Anybody here like gaffin' snook for tourists in three-piece suits.

A chorus of hooting laughter. Mama sets a sandwich plate down in front of Wendell ---

MAMA

(nice)

Leave 'em be, Wendell.

(X)

SWAMPMAN

What exactly you guys fishin' for?
Snook Tarpon? Big-mouth bass?

CONTINUED

49

CONTINUED

49

WENDELL

(leans in)

Or big-mouth Bramlett, mebbe?

ANOTHER SWAMPMAN

Sure like to catch me one of those!

More laughter from the crowd ---

WENDELL

'Course you got to have the right
bait.

The room gets tense ---

CROCKETT

Bread.

Off Wendell's confusion, Crockett picks a piece of bread
off Wendell's sandwich, wads it up into golf ball size,
fastens it to the fishhook on his rod.

CROCKETT

Only bait for catching suckers.

Wendell stands, about to go for Crockett's jugular, when
4'8" of Mama slams him back into his chair ---

(X)

MAMA

Told you to Hold your water, Wendell.

(X)

(smile to
Crockett
and Tubbs)

fixing to close, boys.

(X)

TUBBS

We were just leaving.

50

CROCKETT AND TUBBS

50

Stand, exit under the collective mean-eyed gaze.

CUT TO

51

EXTERIOR - AREA BEHIND BAR

51

As, on cut, Crockett and Tubbs walk away from the swamp bar
to a wooded, deserted strip of the island ---

CROCKETT

(drawl)

'bout that time, Applejack?

(X)

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

TUBBS

51
(X)

(drawls
back)
'Bout that time.
(normal
voice)

-What are the chances of her having
something for us?

Under which, they find themselves walking toward an isolated
cabin.

CROCKETT

Somewhere between slim and none.

(X)

They step to arrive at ---

52 CABIN DOOR

52

Crockett knocks on the door. After a moment it opens --
standing before them is none other than ---

53 BRAMLETT

53

unshaven, more than a little jumpy ---

BRAMLETT

What took you guys so long?

54 ON CROCKETT AND TUBBS

54

Reacting to the sight of Bramlett. Thrown for a loop by
his unexpected response, as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

38 CONTINUED

38

TUBBS

You gotta quit those things anyway.
They'll kill ya.

(laughs)

If ya don't get killed before they
kill ya.

CROCKETT

I'm gettin' damn tired of feelin'
like I'm in a pinball machine.

(beat)

We're havin a beer in a hick bar.
Next thing you know we're suckered by
two yokels and end up in a swamp.
Three maniacs show up with shotguns,
don't say a word, march us through the
woods, now we're sittin' in a boat
goin' God know's where with a chick
that won't say anything either.

CASSIE

Why don't you just relax and enjoy
the scenery?

TUBBS

The lady speaks.

(beat)

Sounds like a good idea, actually.

Tubbs looks around at the Everglades as Crockett searches
his cigarette pack for a butt that might light. He finally (X)
throws the pack overboard.

39 ANGLES

39

of the surrounding flora and fauna.

40 THEN

40

Cassie cuts the motor and points it into a seemingly
impenetrable screen of foliage. Everyone ducks the branches.

TUBBS

What the -

The skiff breaks through the screen of bushes into a
small clean section of water. She beaches the boat.

CASSIE

Come on.

CROCKETT

(exasperated)

Why not?

They disembark and head down a narrow path.

BRAMLETT

It came in yesterday's mail...Ruiz is holding my little girl, Tammy, hostage so that I don't testify. I knew if I told you about it, you'd just shake your head and say, 'Sorry, boy, but we can't get involved'...
(looks up)
She's nine years old.

As the heartstrings begin to tug at Crockett and Tubbs ---

BRAMLETT

They've got her hidden somewhere here in the swamp. They'll kill her!

CROCKETT

(to himself)
Ruiz' smug smile...

BRAMLETT

I need your help. I made a lot of people angry when I blew the whistle on Ruiz.
(snarls)
The big provider.

Crockett and Tubbs exchange looks -- what to do next ---

BRAMLETT

You ship me back to Miami now, I shut up tighter than a tick in that courtroom Monday morning.
(pleads)
I'm begging you guys.

After a beat of consideration. Finally ---

CROCKETT

(putting away
the cuffs)
We got about twenty-four hours, Bramlett. Let's make 'em count.

BRAMLETT

(touched)
I won't forget this.

At which point -- Cassie steps in through the open door, sees Crockett and Tubbs. Then Bramlett.

CONTINUED

BRAMLETT

(emotional)

Cass....

She rushes into his arms. They hug each other.

Crockett and Tubbs look on, frown in puzzlement ---

BRAMLETT

(adamant)

We're gonna find her.

(to Crockett
and Tubbs
curious)

How do you know my wife?

TUBBS

She's your wife?

(to Crockett)

Know what I like about this place?
People are so straight forward.

CROCKETT

(to Joey and
Cassie)Do either of you have any idea where
Ruiz' people may have stashed Tammy?

CASSIE

(shakes head)

I've been looking for two days,
asking anybody and everybody...

(beat)

Ruiz has this whole town in his pocket.

Suddenly they are all riveted by a loud, pounding on the door ---

BILLY JOE'S VOICE

Cassie! You in there!?

FLOYD'S VOICE

Open up!

Everybody freezes ---

CASSIE

(under; worried)

Billy Joe and Floyd.

(off Crockett
and Tubbs'
lack of
understanding)Those two vipers who were all over me
this morning. They're Ruiz' right and
left arm.

CONTINUED

46

CONTINUED

46

An old refrigerator is on the porch also. Spanish voices, Spanish music from a ghetto blaster.

Several more men exit the house, including Floyd. They get in a 4 x 4 and drive off.

The boys have to lay flat, as the truck goes right by them.

TUBBS

That damn Floyd.

BRAMLETT

Tammy's in there.

47

INT. RYAN SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

47

Crockett, Tubbs, Bramlett, Cassie, the four other men, and Clem around the table.

CROCKETT

We need a diversion.

TUBBS

(to Crockett)

They got a load comin' in tomorrow night.

(beat; to
Crockett)

How 'bout we shoot up the off-load?

CROCKETT

Create a lot of confusion! Where and when is the off-load?

CLEM

Didn't catch that part.

TUBBS

We gotta know.

CLEM

(getting up)

Come morning, I'll jes' have to find out.

CONTINUED

48 OMITTED 48
49 EXT. TOWN - DAWN 49

The streets are deserted, except for Clem, who is walking casually by the expensive cars parked in front of the dilapidated houses.

He reaches a big Chevy 4 x 4 pickup and stops. Leans against the hood and casually surveys the town.

50 POINT OF VIEW - PANNING 50
No one in sight.

51 ANGLE - CLEM 51
lifts the hood on the 4 x 4 and extracts a wrench from his overall pocket.

52 INT. RYAN "SAFE HOUSE" 52
Crockett, Tubbs, Bramlett, Cassie, Pa Ryan and Paul at the table eating a big country breakfast. The other three boys are sitting on boxes, eating.

CASSIE

People here depend on each other.
Used to, anyways.

(X)

TUBBS

So you started running grass.

PAUL

(nods)

A man gotta feed his family.

BRAMLETT

In the beginning, oh, six, seven years ago, was jus' a bunch o' ol' long hairs runnin' a few bales on their sailboats. Nice guys really. No guns or nothin'.

53 OMITTED

53

54 EXT. STREET - DAY

54

Clem and Billy put bags of groceries in the back of Clem's beat-up old truck (the only old one in town).

BILLY JOE

'Preciate the help, Clem. Cain't figger it. The new Chevy of mine got only a few thousand miles on it.

CLEM

(re his truck)
Don't make 'em like this anymore.

BILLY JOE

(slaps
the side)
You gonna use this tonight, Clem?

CLEM

Don't reckon. Why?

BILLY

(slugs
some beer)
I have a mind to borrow it.

CLEM

(casual)
What time?

CONTINUED

54

CONTINUED

54

BILLY JOE

Late. 'Bout two in the AM....

CLEM

(grins)

Y'all got a load comin' in.

BILLY JOE

You know I ain't s'posed to talk
about that, Clem.

Clem pops open another beer and hands it to Billy Joe as
they get in the truck. Billy takes it and has a slug.

CLEM

Jus' curious is all, Billy. Hell,
my memory's done gone to hell anyway.

(pause)

What was we talkin' 'bout?

Clem fires the old clunker up, grinning to himself as
Billy Joe chugs the beer.

55

INT. RYAN "SAFE HOUSE"

55

Crockett, Tubbs, Bramlett and Paul sitting at the table.
The other three men guard the windows.

PAUL

Then Ruiz shows up with his money,
fast talk, and big loads.

BRAMLETT

We got sucked in real gradual.

PA RYAN

Next he's bringin' up his own little
army, makin' threats ---

BRAMLETT

And killin' people.