

EXEC. PRODUCER: Michael Mann
PRODUCER: John Nicolella
SUPV. PRODUCER: Liam O'Brien
CO-PRODUCER: Richard Brams

PROD. #59512
October 23, 1984 (Spec. R)
October 16, 1984 (F.R.)
Rev. 11/17/84 (F.R.)

MIAMI VICE

THE MILK RUN

Written

by

Allison Hock

and

Dennis Cooper

- NOTICE -

THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC. AND IS INTENDED AND RESTRICTED SOLELY FOR STUDIO USE BY STUDIO PERSONNEL. DISTRIBUTION OR DISCLOSURE OF THE MATERIAL TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS IS PROHIBITED. THE SALE, COPYING OR REPRODUCTION OF THIS MATERIAL IN ANY FORM IS ALSO PROHIBITED.

#59512

MIAMI VICE
THE MILK RUN

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
SWITEK
ZITO
CASTILLO

EDDIE RIVERS
CHEO MARTINEZ
AGENT
ANDY SLOAN

UNIFORMED POLICE PERSON
SAM
CONNECTION
WAITRESS
YUPPIE
ANGELA
DRIVER
SECRETARY
ZEKE
PEPE MOYA

SETS

INTERIORS:

MIAMI INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT
CUSTOMS AREA
TICKET COUNTER
CAFETERIA
DRUGSTORE
SQUAD ROOM
INTERROGATION ROOM
JET
COKE LAB
BOGOTA HOTEL ROOM
GYM
BEACON HOTEL
LOBBY
HOTEL ROOM
HALLWAY
ROOM OF NEIGHBORING HOTEL
MOTEL ROOM
PRECINCT STRATEGY ROOM
BOXING ARENA

EXTERIORS:

MIAMI INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT
AIRPORT - STREET LEVEL
COKE LAB
BISCAYNE BAY
JULIA TUTTLE CAUSEWAY
GYM
BEACON HOTEL
MAC ARTHUR CAUSEWAY
NEIGHBORING HOTEL
DADE JUSTICE BUILDING
HAMBURGER JOINT
NOUVELLE CUISINE CAFE/
PATIO
CAFE/BACK WALL
PARKING LOT
BOXING ARENA
PARKING LOT

#59512

(X)

MIAMI VICE

THE MILK RUN

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 1

as a jetliner floats in over the fence at Le Jeune Road and rolls onto the asphalt, glaring in the late afternoon sun.

CUT TO

2 C.U. - A SNIFF DOG 2

fighting its leash, flashing its canines as we pull back to:

3 INT. INTERNATIONAL BAGGAGE AREA - DAY - ON TUBBS 3

impatiently warning the completely unintimidated beast --

TUBBS

Get the hell away from me...before I
feed you one of my size tens.

As the dog's smiling master wrestles him away, hold on Tubbs, wiping his brow and wishing he'd rather be anyplace but this steamy unairconditioned section of the airport as we

CUT TO

4 A PAIR OF LEGS 4

beneath a hiked up skirt -- tall, tan and tight, and flaunted by:

5 A PASSENGER 5

bending over her luggage and offering a generous display of hamstring to the waiting area crowd, toward which she waves, and which includes

6 CROCKETT 6

parked in a chair behind the sports section of the Herald and his combat Vuarnets. He lowers the paper to wave back as:

7

TUBBS

7

drenched in sweat, wiping his neck with a handkerchief, stops in Crockett's line of sight with a frustrated:

TUBBS

Workin hard?

CROCKETT

Just tryin to give the taxpayers their money's worth.

TUBBS

I didn't realize passenger surveillance could be such a tough gig. I mean, if you're not careful, you could end up with eye strain.

CROCKETT

This is true...but I knew the job was dangerous when I took it.

TUBBS

(sitting)

Next time, cuz, you work customs.

CROCKETT

Don't get too comfortable; that kid just paid cash for a ticket to South America.

With which he nods at

8

OMITTED

8

9

TWO BOYS

9

both on the short side of twenty and dressed in street tuned garb. One's clearly nervous -- Eddie Rivers-- with a tight grip on an athletic bag which, rather than putting on the ground, he hands to his partner, Louis Martinez -- who offers an encouraging pat on the back while Louis adds the change from his purchase to a wad of bills as they move away from

10

THE AVIANCA COUNTER

10

where four beats behind the boys, Crockett and Tubbs arrive-- the latter searching for a dry corner of handkerchief as Crockett talks to the ticket agent --

CROCKETT

That kid that just paid cash for his ticket -- where's he goin'?

10 CONTINUED

10

AGENT

(punches
computer)Eddie Rivers... to Bogota --
in thirty-four minutes.

CROCKETT

Did he have a reservation?

AGENT

No.

CROCKETT

Thanks, Sheila.

(to Tubbs)

Paid cash to Bogota at the last
minute...no reservation, no baggage....

(X)

TUBBS

Fits the profile....

CROCKETT

(pats Tubbs' back)

Let's go to work, partner.

(recoils at
the wetness)You're all slimy...you got a hormone
problem?

Off Tubbs' look:

CUT TO

11 INT. AIRPORT CAFETERIA - ON EDDIE

11

near the register, tray in one hand, athletic bag in the other. Louis is seated at a table -- disengages himself from a passing stewardess to watch as Eddie nervously spills a handful of change onto the counter, hurriedly pays for his milkshake, then approaches under Louis's amused smile ---

LOUIS

Eddie, man, you need to chill out.

EDDIE

(daring)

I'll give you my ticket, okay?!
This ain't a damn joke.

CONTINUED

LOUIS

Did I ever joke with you? I told you:
"I'm goin to Miami; I'll call you in six
weeks with the money and the contacts." And
what happened? -- I delivered -- Louis
delivered.

EDDIE

Louis got lucky at the track.

LOUIS

That's right -- and Louis and Eddie are
gonna ride this lucky streak to the sky.

with which they exchange five and share a smile -- that
rapidly dies as Crockett and Tubbs slide into the two
empty chairs at the table with ---

TUBBS

So, what are we celebrating fellas?

LOUIS

Who the hell are you?!

CROCKETT

We're the guys who are gonna bust
you if Eddie here comes back from
Colombia with anything but dirty
laundry in that bag of his.

They're clearly shocked at Crockett's info; Tubbs lets it
sink in before he picks up the ball ---

TUBBS

That is, provided you don't have
to come back in the cargo section...
which is a reasonable bet since only
95% of these deals are rip-offs.

CROCKETT

Tubbs, you don't think that these two
obviously experienced professionals
would fall for a rip-off.

TUBBS

You're right; besides, how tough can
it be to shoot your way our of a foreign
country?...only thing is, I'm not sure
the Colombian police would wanna overlook it.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED - 2

11

CROCKETT

But they might be a real partyin group;
and they're into all those neat rehabil-
itative techniques -- like sewing your
fingers in your mouth; and letting ants
eat out your eyes.. 'course that's on top
of the usual more intimate procedures...

TUBBS

Now, how 'bout showin us some I.D.'s?

Off Louis' nod, Eddie obsequiously hands his license to
Crockett. Louis half stands to retrieve his wallet from
his pants. He coolly flips his license onto the table, but
instead of sitting, signals Eddie with his eyes. They
suddenly flip the table and bolt. As Crockett lunges after
them, hold on Tubbs -- dripping with milkshake as he
climbs out from beneath the upturned table. He takes a
moment to assess the damage then, with a silent curse, he
starts after Crockett as we:

CUT TO

12 THE BOYS

12

cranking out a 4.4 forty yards, dodging the concourse
traffic with moves that would make Walter Payton proud, as:

13 CROCKETT

13

ten yards back, elbows and knees pumping, veers sharply
toward --

14 A STAIRCASE

14

as the boys hustle down and, on a command from Louis,
separate at the bottom while

15 CROCKETT

15

reaches the top of the stairs, leaping down five steps at a
clip, then heading for

16 OMITTED

16

#59512

6
(X)

17 EXT. AIRPORT/STREET LEVEL - DAY 17

as Eddie springs out, stutterstepping momentarily to avoid a braking Buick, then bravely darting across three lanes of angry traffic, while ---

18 CROCKETT 18

every limb aching, lungs screaming, closes in as ---

19 A METRO COP 19

of the lineback-sized shit-kicking persuasion, drawn away from his traffic duties by Eddie's wake of screeching brakes, watches as

19-A A SKYCAP 19-A

unknowingly pushes a loaded baggage truck directly into the path of

20 CROCKETT 20

who slams full tilt into the cart, propelling bags and skycap, a good ten yards into the street, where Crockett collapses, heaving. Tubbs arrives just as the cop collars Crockett -- who covertly flashes his badge -- making the introduction between gasps ---

CROCKETT

Miami Vice.

Off Tubbs' amusement

SMASH CUT TO

Main titles:

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

#59512

7
(X)

FADE IN

21 CLOSEUP - A HOT DOG 21

drenched in mustard and relish, and about to meet its just fate across the street from:

22 EXT. DADE JUSTICE BUILDING - DUSK 22

where a weary Crockett leans against a hot dog stand; his dinner in one hand -- his appetite suddenly lost at the sight of:

23 OMITTED 23

24 ANDY SLOAN 24

at the wheel of a Corvette convertible which he arrogantly screeches to a halt in front of Crockett. Sloan's look is considerably more opulent than the average P.D., and his smug transparent smile is not returned by Crockett -- whose features betray not a little bad history between the two.

SLOAN
Crockett...dinner for one?

CROCKETT
Wuddya want, Sloan?

SLOAN
(inhales)
Don't you love that evening air?

CROCKETT
Surprised your nose still works

SLOAN
You still on the cotton about that Rojas case? Look, I'm a p.d., you're a cop -- just cause I had to play hardball in court ---

CROCKETT
(over)
Just cause your client paid for his witnesses and his counsel -- by the ounce.

CONTINUED

SLOAN

(a deep,
calm breath)

You're lucky I don't have time to
sue you for slander ---

CROCKETT

You're lucky I don't have time to
bust you -- but it'll happen.

SLOAN

'Scuse me while I take my pulse.

Beat -- under which Tubbs approaches from the justice
building, computer print outs in hand. He stops at the side
of the car opposite Crockett.

SLOAN

Sonny, we had a tough fight and you
lost, but, hey -- I'm willing to let
by-gones be by-gones ---

CROCKETT

You're scum, Sloan.

SLOAN

(to Tubbs)

Nice mouth on this guy....

TUBBS

(level)

He's my partner -- got a problem
with it?

during which exchange Crockett takes a bite of his hot dog,
then casually flips the remainder into Sloan's back seat;
Sloan's too self-absorbed to notice -- receives Crockett's
innocent smile with:

SLOAN

Very tough, guys, I'm impressed...but
next month at this time, I'll be in
private practice -- then you'll have
to put up a year's salary just to
make an appointment with me.

Sloan shakes off their stares -- puts on his shades ---

SLOAN

I'll send you my card.

-- with which, he leaves -- followed by Crockett's
lingering hatred.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

You bust a client of his?

CROCKETT

A dealer named Rojas; got most of his cash, too, so he couldn't swing an attorney. That slime got assigned the case, and out of the woodwork came a dozen witnesses -- and Rojas walks.

TUBBS

Professional witnesses?

CROCKETT

(nods)

One of 'em came in on a firearms charge six months later -- tells me on the sly that Rojas gave everyone two ounces of flake.

TUBBS

Sloan must've used his for a down payment on that ride.

CROCKETT

Sloan got a key.

They mull it over for a beat, then Tubbs moves on to more digestible fare -- indicates the print outs ---

TUBBS

Computer came up negative on those kids we chased at the airport.

CROCKETT

Figures. What about their licenses?

TUBBS

New York traffic says the licenses check out. They also told me that Martinez -- the wise guy-- applied for one down here. Probably planned on retiring after they made their deal.

CROCKETT

I've seen it a million times: teenyboppers from up North come down with their life savings, think they can make one quick buy and get out.

(sighs)

Wuddya say our two favorite heroes call it a day with a couple of Margaritas?

CONTINUED

TUBBS

Sorry, my man, but Castillo caught me in the computer room; says we got surveillance duty tonight.

CROCKETT

(pissed)

On what?

TUBBS

Coke lab in South Miami. Patrolman smelled ether fumes night before last, but the DA won't cough up the warrant unless somebody actually 'sees' some evidence.

CROCKETT

Like a fifty-five gallon drum -- conveniently delivered in the middle of the night.

TUBBS

Joo got it, mang.

CROCKETT

Tubbs, if you're makin' this up...

TUBBS

Wish I was ---

He hands Crockett the address -- turns to the vender --

TUBBS

Dinner for two please.

And off their enthusiasm, we

CUT TO

the former visibly anxious as he leans against the upper level railing, watching the runway traffic. Skycaps unload cars in the b.g. as Eddie shakes his head -- faces Louis ---

EDDIE

It's not gonna work, Louis.

LOUIS

It will; it's all arranged.

EDDIE

What about those cops?! Who arranged that?

CONTINUED

LOUIS

They couldn't do nothin to us;
they just wanted to spook us.

EDDIE

Well they did a good job...what if
some of that stuff happens -- what if
someone tries to rip me off --

LOUIS

(over)

Nuthin's gonna happen; the man's
cousin is gonna meet you in Bogota,
sell you the stuff, show you how to bring
it back... and we end up with four times
what we paid. Simple.

EDDIE

Louis, man, we're gonna get caught.

LOUIS

Greedy people get caught; we're just
gonna get in and get out...

(seductively)

...and open the hippest club in the
Apple:

EDDIE

I dunno, man...

LOUIS

Mirrors everywhere, light
shows, waitresses workin'
for us...that was the
dream, wasn't it?

EDDIE

We were kids when we dreamed that;
kids don't know no better....

Eddie seems resolved -- as the PA announces ---

PA (V.O.)

This is the final call
for Flight 12 to Bogota.
All passengers please
report to Gate 35
Concourse D.

LOUIS

Look, we're partners, and
if you're too scared to
make this deal, we're
still partners -- just
don't ever tell me you're
too scared to dream....

As Eddie takes a deep ambivalent breath:

CUT TO

A worn cottage, on the border of a working class Hispanic
neighborhood. The house is dark and silent in contrast to the
lively porch conversations of the other homes. There's still
plenty of pedestrian traffic, and not a hint of illegal
action, as we pull back to:

27

INT. FERRARI - NIGHT

27

Where Tubbs has observed the above through a pair of Zeiss 20x80's. Crockett's beside him -- eyes closed ---

CROCKETT

Nuthin' cookin', huh?

TUBBS

No...thought you were asleep.

CROCKETT

Been thinkin' about Sloan...he really is headed for the good life, you know....

TUBBS

Forget him, man...you did your good deed for the day...that Rivers kid's gonna wet his pants all the way back to New York.

(X)

CROCKETT

You really think we spooked 'em? You never know with kids like that.

TUBBS

Ants eating out your eyes?

CROCKETT

(groggily)

Read it in a comic book...have to think of somethin' new for next time...hate to use the same line twice....

TUBBS

(friendly)

Stop thinkin' and start sleepin'....

He already has. As a jet passes overhead, and Tubbs resumes his vigil:

CUT TO

28

INT. ANOTHER JET - NIGHT - ON EDDIE

28

sweating behind a pair of dark glasses; one arm locked around the athletic bag on his lap, the other tightly gripping the last of five rum and Cokes.

(X)

CAPTAIN'S VOICE (V.O.)

We are beginning our descent into Bogota. Please fasten your seat belts and extinguish all smoking material.

CONTINUED

- 28 CONTINUED 28
He continues in Spanish, as Eddie downs his drink and we ---
CUT TO
- 29 TUBBS 29
asleep. Crockett holds the binocs now, as he sniffs a suspicious scent, and aims them at:
- 30 THE COKE LAB - NIGHT 30
as an elderly woman, with a cane and a dog, stops in front. He pans past her to a back window where, suddenly, a slender thread of yellow light appears.
- 31 RESUME CROCKETT 31
shaking Tubbs with one arm, calling frantically to the woman ---
CROCKETT
Hey, lady -- lady! Senora!
Tubbs awakens as Crockett opens the door and rushes toward ---
- 32 THE WOMAN 32
who turns toward Crockett with a bewildered look, as:
- 33 THE COKE LAB 33
explodes into a thousand blinding splinters, forcing:
- 34 CROCKETT 34
back into the car, diving beneath the cash with Tubbs, as the windshield blows in; a beat passes before they sit up, horrified at:
- 35 THE SCENE 35
house burning, people screaming, neighbors peering out, as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

#59512

14
(X)

ACT TWO

FADE IN

36 INT. COKE LAB - DAWN

36

a smoldering shell. Sam, a crime lab tech, takes a reading on his explosivometer as he leads Tubbs through a maze of cracked heating lamps and melted plastic pails.

SAM

It's safe.

TUBBS

(sniffs;
dubious)

You sure, Sam?

SAM

That's not ether, that's the proprietor.

Beat. Sam sifts through the ruins, methodically detached, as Tubbs looks in amazement at a wall of microwave ovens.

TUBBS

Not exactly primitive equipment.

SAM

These labs are all state of the art. The room in the back's where they did their accounting...got a couple computers we might be able to salvage.

Under which Tubbs has brushed away the ashes from a small smoke-stained cabinet; inside are several identical small, brown figures wrapped in multicolored twine. As he carefully removes one of the statues, raising Sam's curiosity--

CUT TO

37 EXT. COKE LAB - NIGHT

37

surrounded by debris still glowing dull red in spots. The street in front is choked with police and fire department vehicles, photographers and body bags, uniforms and fearful onlookers, the latter keeping at a safe distance as:

38 CASTILLO

38

catches the tail end of Crockett's description.

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

...then I saw this yellow light in the back window, like a candle, and the next thing I knew, it was daylight.

CASTILLO

(weary)

I don't suppose any survivors were eager to talk.

CROCKETT

One guy mumbled something -- sounded like a name -- Moya.

It doesn't ring a bell. Castillo looks to the frightened crowd as Tubbs and Sam arrive with the artifacts.

CASTILLO

Neighbors seem real helpful.

TUBBS

This might be why --

(demonstrates)

Sacrificial rope; the Santeria use it in their ceremonies. They're probably afraid of the spirits.

CASTILLO

You two get some sleep.

Castillo moves off. Crockett moves closer to examine the statue -- of which he inquires ---

CROCKETT

Who's that?

TUBBS

That's Chango -- if you're Spanish speaking; Shango, of course, is the authentic pronunciation used by the Yoruba in Nigeria where the religion originated...

(off Crockett's

look)

Called culture, my man; stick around, maybe some'll rub off.

During which Sam has placed a scraping from the inside of a figure that has been cracked open into a test kit vial; as the mixture reacts, turns turquoise ---

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED - 2

38

SAM

Whatever religious significance that statue may have, it has a street significance of about twenty-five grand.

(off their looks)

Pure coca paste, sports fans.

As all eyes settle on the statue:

MATCH CUT TO

39 CLOSEUP - A STATUE

39

identical, but wrapped in a plastic bag; as we hear the sharp, final snap of a rubber glove fitted against flesh, pull back to:

40 INT. BOGOTA DRUG LAB - DAY

40

a cramped, dirty cell that would make the Y look like Helmsley Palace. Sheets stained brown from straining coca paste are strewn around the room, as are bags of coca leaves and large rubber garbage cans over which the fermented muddy paste is being strained. In one corner's a small stove on which the statue sits -- along with three others -- beside a pot of liquid plastic tended by:

41 THE CONNECTION

41

a thin, etiolated Colombian with rotten teeth and an evil smile. With rubber-gloved hands, he takes one of the statues, still in its bag, and dips it in the liquid plastic as:

42 EDDIE

42

looks on with all the fascination of a school kid at the planetarium.

CONNECTION

(instructing in a thick Spanish accent)

Joo put here...maybe ten, fitteen seconds....

The Connection coolly watches the bag, marking the time in his head as he's done a thousand times before, then he takes the now double-sealed bag and lays it on a piece of aluminum foil.

CONTINUED

CONNECTION

Then, joo let dry....

He studies Eddie, waiting for the plastic to harden.

CONNECTION

So, how do you know my cousin?

EDDIE

Friend of a friend.

CONNECTION

Who is jour friend?

(off Eddie's
hesitation)

Joo don't want to tell me -- dats
hokay; I already know enough people
in Miami.

He smiles confidently -- knows he's dealing with an amateur
-- doesn't really care as he turns back to the statue --
changing his gloves as he continues:

CONNECTION

Is dry, hokay? Now, joo take new gloves,
and joo put into one more bag, eh?

EDDIE

Seems like a lot of trouble.

CONNECTION

No, this is not trouble; pero, if
that dog like jour smell in Customs
-- that's trouble.

(smiles)

Then joo gonna get bake and shake.

He laughs, Eddie doesn't share it -- leans close to one
of the statues ---

CONNECTION

Wudda joo think?

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED - 2

42

EDDIE

Kinda evil lookin'....

CONNECTION

Like a beautiful woman; joo gotta be
real careful or --(grunts, makes
a fist as if
crushing
something)

-- they take joo by the wavos.

Eddie puts the statues in his bag, then turns to offer
a parting handshake -- the Connection defers, indicating
his gloves. Off Eddie, trying to muster a confident
look as he leaves...

CUT TO

43 EXT. ART DECO MOVIE THEATER - DAY

43

A punk hangout, the most striking fixture of which is
the ticket seller

44 ANGELA

44

a doe-eyed Latin beauty with as many biologically active
curves as an eighteen-year-old body can accommodate,
all of which are barely contained by a neon-blue
miniskirt outfit--as she straddles a Harley owned by

45 ZEKE

45

her burly boyfriend and boss, who presently sips from a
brown bag that he is sharing with several other beefy
punks all loitering beside the theater entrance as we
pull back to include:

46 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

46

taking in the above from a discreet distance.

CROCKETT

Hard to believe she's a high priestess
of any religion..

TUBBS

Probably grew up with it in the family...
inherited the title.

CROCKETT

'Course it does make a case for regular
worship.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

I particularly enjoy the Santerias colorful religious costumes.

CROCKETT

I'll tell her for you.

With which he starts toward her -- Tubbs grabs his arm ---

TUBBS

Hold on pal; her boyfriend doesn't exactly strike me as an equal opportunity conversationalist.

CROCKETT

That's the beauty of it, Tubbs. While I pump Angela for info, so to speak, you broaden her old man's mind. I mean, you get to be the noble public servant...

Tubbs has ignored this -- produces a coin ---

TUBBS

Call it.

CROCKETT

Heads.

Tubbs flips it. It lands heads.

CROCKETT

Remember: diplomacy first, my man.

As Crockett heads away -- off Tubbs' dread ---

CUT TO

perched on his bike, downing a beer as Tubbs approaches a big professional smile ---

TUBBS

Morning.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

ZEKE

Wrong neighborhood, shine-- tell
your story walkin'.

TUBBS

Just wanted to ask a question about
that bike of yours.

ZEKE

Like: what's gonna happen if you
take one step closer to it?

As Tubbs bravely plays hard of hearing and steps closer--

TUBBS

What was that?

CUT TO

48 CROCKETT AND ANGELA

48

She's in the booth, he's in line ahead of some freakish
and impatient movie-goers.

CROCKETT

C'mon, Angela, you owe me.

ANGELA

I can't talk now.

Her eyes flicker nervously toward Zeke.

CROCKETT

Forget him -- talk to me.

ANGELA

I can't.

with which she exits the booth, heading for the theater, as
Crockett intercepts her --

CROCKETT

Angela, one word from me to the D.A.
and instead of probation, you're
back to defending a narcotics charge;
not that it doesn't pain me to mention
this to an innocent soul like yourself...

ANGELA

(reluctant)

One of the boys mentioned a Diego
Moya.

CROCKETT

What about him?

CONTINUED

#59512

21
(X)

48

CONTINUED

48

ANGELA

He's got somethin' to do with the gym in South Beach.

CROCKETT

What else?

ANGELA

I don't know anything else.

They're both suddenly distracted by something O.S...

CROCKETT

I'll get back to you.

As he starts off.

CUT TO

49

TUBBS

49

surrounded by punkers, Zeke looming over him -- as we hear tires screeching O.S. --

ZEKE

You don't think I'll do it? I'll cut you right here.

with which he flashes a switchblade -- as Crockett whips the Ferrari against the curb. Tubbs pushes a punker into Zeke's path, hurdles the Harley, and hops into the car.

TUBBS

Edwin Moses taught me that.

CROCKETT

(to punkers)

Keep in touch.

CUT TO

50

EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - DAY - ON THE FERRARI

50

gracefully slaloming east on 395.

CROCKETT (V.O.)

'Diego Moya: probation for small time possession in '77; picked up again in '81 in a PCP lab bust, but walked on insufficient evidence.'

CUT TO

51

INT. FERRARI - DAY

51

Tubbs drives, Crockett's the passenger -- with rap sheets and mug shots in his lap. He continues reading ---

51 CONTINUED

51

CROCKETT

As did his brother Jose aka Pepe Moya.

He flashes the photo. Tubbs recognizes it.

TUBBS

Pepe Moya -- used to be a welterweight.

CROCKETT

Till he ended up in a methadone clinic.

TUBBS

Well, we don't have any other leads. Wanna smell some sweat?

CROCKETT

Let's hit it.

DISSOLVE TO

52 INT. GYM - DAY - MONTAGE

52

Some hard working music plays over a series of images which includes:

Six and a half feet of black powerhouse, air hammering a body bag.

Two old fixers, their once luxurious suits now draped over shrunken frames, arguing over their memoirs.

A cafe-au-lait middleweight, grimacing as he winds a string of white rag, only slightly longer than his rap sheet, around his knuckles.

A glistening skin-headed muscle machine, jumping rope at high rev.

A tightly wound flyweight, catching up on his backpedaling.

A crazed-looking, gigantic heavyweight, stalking the ring from corner to corner, like a caged animal, closing in on all of the ghostly opponents that stand between him and the crown.

Pepe Moya, an Omar Sharif look-alike, in a three-piece Pierre Balmain number, gliding through the gym under a barrage of friendly greetings.

The heavyweight, climbing out of the ring towards Moya, clearly intended on an impromptu event.

Pepe Moya wheeling to meet the heavyweight with a blinding flurry of jabs -- followed by a huge friendly smile as we

CUT TO

53 INT. GYM - DAY 53
as Crockett and Tubbs enter -- and immediately zero in on:

54 PEPE MOYA 54

surrounded by a small entourage, including a black kid shining his shoes.

CROCKETT

You Pepe Moya?

MOYA

No. Dr. Zhivago.
(over
laughs)

What can I do for you?

CROCKETT

My partner and I are thinkin' about investing in a fighter.

MOYA

That's a good thought. You know anything about fighting?

CROCKETT

Enough.

MOYA

That's good, too.

Moya suddenly fires an uppercut -- changing it midswing to a gentle stroking of his hair. Crockett doesn't flinch.

MOYA

You really wanna do some syndication, you gotta talk to my brother, Diego. I don't handle fighters -- only lovers.

CROCKETT

Where do we find him?

Moya gestures toward --

54-A A MIDDLEWEIGHT 54-A
putting a speed bag through its paces

54-B RESUME MOYA 54-B

MOYA

That guy's fighting here tonight; my brother will be here to watch.

Tubbs looks off to the side -- sees something that makes him antsy -- as Crockett continues to press ---

CONTINUED

54-B CONTINUED

54-B

CROCKETT

I'm not sure we can make it tonight.
Where is he during the day?

MOYA

He's around.

TUBBS

That's all right; we'll be there.
(moves off)
C'mon partner.

As a confused Crockett follows:

CUT TO

54-BB THE BALCONY

54-BB

where Diego Moya stands in silhouette -- his expression unreadable, but the menace unmistakable; as he fingers a santeria necklace...

CUT TO

55 EXT. GYM - DAY

55

as Crockett and Tubbs exit -- Tubbs explaining ---

TUBBS

I just saw one of those kids from
the airport go out the back of the gym.

They round a corner just in time to see:

56 LOUIS

56

climbing into a taxi half a block away.

57 RESUME TUBBS AND CROCKETT

57

hustling for their car, as we:

CUT TO

58 INT. FERRARI - DAY

58

racing down Collins. Tubbs is the passenger, his eyes trained on the hotel driveways. As he suddenly cries out:

TUBBS

There!

CUT TO

59 EXT. THE FERRARI 59

fishtailing to a halt fifty yards past the Beacon Hotel.
Tubbs announces as he jumps out ---

TUBBS

He went into the Beacon.

And we:

CUT TO

60 INT. BEACON HOTEL - DAY 60

A healthy tourist crowd, along with some unjaded representatives of the elderly permanent residents, are jammed around a patio bar where a limbo floor show is in progress -- featuring a ten-year-old dancer backed by three middle-aged musicians. As the kid clears the bar, a spinning tray in each hand:

61 PICK UP TUBBS 61

scanning the throng to no avail. He heads back toward:

62 INT. BEACON HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY 62

Where Crockett joins him, having just drawn a blank at the front desk. They move toward the lobby entrance.

CROCKETT

There's nobody registered under
Martinez or Moya.

(X)

TUBBS

Why don't we check out the address
Martinez used to apply for his Florida
license?

(X)

CROCKETT

(distracted)
I'll be damned.

Tubbs follows Crockett's eyes toward:

63 EDDIE 63

seen through the lobby's glass doors, exiting a cab, an athletic bag in hand, eyes wide as saucers, as he sees:

64 TUBBS AND CROCKETT 64

charging out of the hotel towards him.

65 RESUME EDDIE 65

diving back into the back seat of:

66 INT. CAB - DAY 66

The driver hasn't quite caught all the action, as a terrified Eddie orders him: (X)

EDDIE

Get the hell outta here.

DRIVER

Huh?

EDDIE

Just drive, dammit, drive!

DRIVER

(takes a
beat, turns
toward
Eddie)

Hey -- nobody talk to me like that
-- not in my cab!

EDDIE

Please ---

But the Driver's already out -- opens Eddie's door with ---

DRIVER

You get the hell outta here!

And he does as:

67 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 67

surround him -- his eyes fill with tears -- a mixture of panic and guilt, as he opens the bag, shoves it towards them. Tubbs reaches in it and pulls out one of the statues wrapped in plastic. His and Crockett's shock quickly turns to angry disgust -- as Eddie pleads ---

EDDIE

Please, man, I thought they were
just souvenirs -- I didn't know ---

CROCKETT

Save it -- you're under arrest.

As they cuff him:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

68 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

68

moving with Castillo and Crockett -- the former calmly carrying a cup of coffee as they head for his office.

(X)

CASTILLO

Do we know for a fact that the Moyas are involved.

CROCKETT

No -- but the statues in Rivers' bag are identical to the ones we found in the exploded lab -- and Martinez led us straight to him from Moya's gym.

CASTILLO

Get some surveillance on that gym.

CROCKETT

I sent Gorman and Dibble -- but the Moyas were already gone.

CASTILLO

(stops in his doorway)

How do you wanna do this?

CROCKETT

Let the kid make the sale as planned in Colombia and see who shows up.

CASTILLO

How old is he?

CROCKETT

Old enough to do fifteen years mandatory.

(off Castillo's concern)

It's our best lead -- and his only way out.

CASTILLO

All right. See if he'll cooperate.

(X)

CROCKETT

Hell, right now he's probably scared enough to roll over on his grandmother.

CONTINUED

68

CONTINUED

68

Under which Switek slides up with the news ---

SWITEK

Guess again --

(off Crockett's
angry query)

Sounds like the co-host's having a
little trouble convincing the guest
star.

(informing)

They're in room two....

As Crockett shoulders past:

CUT TO

69

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

69

Tubbs leans over Eddie, who sits, staring straight ahead --
clearly scared but trying to maintain a good front ---

TUBBS

A pound and a half means mandatory
time! Unless you help us, you don't
have any choice -- boy!

EDDIE

Get outta my face.

Tubbs holds his ground for a beat, then turns to the door as
Crockett enters -- all business ---

TUBBS

Thinks he's tough; maybe a visit
with some lonely cell mates'll
soften him up.

CROCKETT

Uh-uh. No more games.
(to Eddie)

Stand up.

Eddie reluctantly obeys as Crockett approaches -- stops in
Eddie's face ---

CROCKETT

Where the hell do you come off
askin' us to beg for your help?!

EDDIE

I ain't askin' for ---

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

(over)

Shut up when I'm talkin'! Now you
either play ball or you do the time
-- starting right now!

Eddie is a picture of confusion and despair. He turns away
as tears well in his eyes -- Crockett swivels him back ---

CROCKETT

That's the way it's done in the big
leagues -- which is where this little
escapade puts you -- forever! Now
what's it gonna be?!

EDDIE

I wanna help...but the lawyer said
you'd use me and chump me off.

CROCKETT

Who -- which lawyer?

EDDIE

(sad)

Mr. Sloan.

Off Crockett's angry look to Tubbs ---

CUT TO

EXT. NOUVELLE CUISINE RESTAURANT - DAY

as Crockett and Tubbs climb a staircase

CUT TO

INT. NOUVELLE CUISINE RESTAURANT - DAY

Sloan sits at the bar with a couple of yuppies, half in the
bag, as the curvy bartender points to his glass with:

BARTENDER

Wanna do it again?

SLOAN

Jeeze, I must be gettin old; I don't
remember us doin it the first time.

She wipes the bar with a bored look.

SLOAN

C'mon, it couldn't a been that bad.
Didn't I talk dirty to ya?

CONTINUED

BARTENDER

Hey, it's the middle of the afternoon--
gimme a break, huh?

SLOAN

You want a break? You wanna cop a plea?

(smiles)

You know, they're makin sex a misdemeanor
-- cause da more you miss it, da meaner
you get.

He howls, reaches for his glass -- when a large hand grabs his
wrist -- and he looks up to see a just-arrived Crockett
glaring down at him. Before he can speak, Crockett's yanked
him from his seat, half-dragging him across the room by his
tie; as Tubbs explains to the staid lunch crowd ---

TUBBS

Just part of the floor show.

CUT TO

EXT. CAFE - BACK WALL - DAY

Sloan struggles vainly as Crockett jams him against the
wall.

SLOAN

Take your hands off me.

CROCKETT

Where do you come off tellin' Eddie
Rivers that I back out of deals?!

(an extra shove)

Huh?!

SLOAN

It happens all the time.

CROCKETT

Not when I give my word, not to a
nineteen-year-old kid lookin' at a
dime-and-a-half mandatory.

SLOAN

Who said he's guilty?

TUBBS

It's an open and shut case.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED

71

SLOAN

So I'll file a motion to suppress --
on the grounds it was a bad search.
search.

(X)

CROCKETT

That's a load; the kid's so green he
practically handed us the evidence.

SLOAN

That's for the judge to decide.

(X)

TUBBS

There's not time, the deal for the
statues is goin' down right now.

SLOAN

There's always time, and if one judge
doesn't like it, there's always time
for an appeal.

CROCKETT

Yeah, while the kid's in a cell some-
where, bendin' over like a palm tree.

SLOAN

Hey, I'm his attorney, not his
guardian.

CROCKETT

(jacks him up,
all business)

You maggot! You wanna settle our
score? I'm available any time --
but not at the expense of this kid.

Beat. Crockett just holds him against the wall --
seething ---

CROCKETT

I can guarantee him a free walk; now
you're gonna tell him to his face,
in front of me, that you can do the
same.

And with a lethal stare, as Crockett shoves Sloan toward
the stairs.

(X)

CUT TO

Eddie is seated, Switek and Zito standing behind him. Crockett and Tubbs stand beside Sloan, who half-sits on the table facing Eddie. A long, uncomfortable beat passes ---

SLOAN

How ya doin', Ernie?

EDDIE

It's Eddie.

SLOAN

(apologetic)

Eddie.

(swallows
nervously)

Look, I been talkin' to the
detectives here...about your situation
that is....

CROCKETT

Tell him.

(beat; louder)

Tell him. Tell him that I lied to him--
that I'm out to hurt him -- that you're gonna
get him off on a bad search --
tell him!

Sloan studies Crockett's intensity -- faces Eddie -- opens
his mouth to speak -- but the words won't come. He suddenly
starts off; Tubbs moves to stop him ---

CROCKETT

Let him go.

(to Eddie)

Do you believe me now, Eddie? We're
on your side.

Eddie nods, bursting into tears.

TUBBS

I'll tell Castillo.

Tubbs leaves. Off Crockett, hugging Eddie:

CROCKETT

That's all right; you made the right
choice.

CUT TO

as the Ferrari races east along Government Cut, leading a
couple of unmarked units toward the rendezvous.

