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MIAMI VICE

THE MILK RUN

Written

by

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and

Dennis Cooper

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#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'?

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

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

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 representa-  
tives 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.

74

INT. BEACON HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

74

Switek and Zito crouch on either side of a door, pieces drawn, as Crockett and Tubbs help a shaky Eddie zip his coat over a bulletproof vest -- voices low ---

(X)

TUBBS

Remember, the minute that door opens, you jump outta the way.

EDDIE

You said you're not gonna hurt Louis.

CROCKETT

Eddie, we're not plannin' to hurt anyone -- but we don't know who else might be in there. So just do like we told you -- Okay?

Eddie takes a deep breath and nods. Crockett and Tubbs join the other cops as Eddie anxiously approaches the door, a fine tremor gripping his hand as he knocks. A beat, then ---

LOUIS' VOICE

Who is it?

EDDIE

It's me, man, Eddie.

Locks are unbolted -- Louis opens the door with ---

LOUIS

(angry)

Where you been, man ---

And is cut short as Crockett yanks him out of the way while Tubbs, both hands on his piece, jumps into the doorway of:

75

INT. HOTEL ROOM - ON TUBBS

75

standing in the doorway, his weapon leveled at:

76

REVERSE - THE ROOM

76

A table, a bed, a TV, a lamp, a dresser and no one.

TUBBS (O.S.)

It's safe.

77

RESUME HALLWAY

77

as Tubbs steps out of the room, receives a walkie-talkie from one of the other detectives now on their way in. Crockett is with Eddie and a betrayed-looking Louis.

CONTINUED

TUBBS  
(to radio)  
It's clean up here.

EDDIE  
(plaintive)  
They caught us, man.

LOUIS  
(bitter)  
Wuddya mean us?!

CROCKETT  
(grabs Louis'  
shoulder)  
Let's take it inside.

CUT TO

In the b.g. two detectives are positioning the table in the center of the room. Another is stringing wire for a bug to the lamp. Athird adjusts the venetian blinds. Crockett is in a corenr with a bitter, teary-eyed Louis and Eddie.

LOUIS  
So you had to snitch on me.

EDDIE  
Louis, they caught me with the statues  
what else could I do? At least this  
way---

LOUIS  
(over)  
Coulda kept your mouth shut.

Eddie is stung with guilt; Crockett takes over ---

CROCKETT  
You didn't really want your partner to  
go to jail, did you?

Louis begrudgingly concedes.

CROCKETT  
Well that's what would've happened.  
Now we're givin' you a chance to put all  
this behind you.

EDDIE  
They're for real, man.

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED

78

Louis takes a beat, realizes it's his only choice -- then,  
to Crockett---

LOUIS  
Wuddya want me to do?

CROCKETT  
You two just sit down for a few  
while we finish setting up.

At which a relieved Eddie offers Louis a hearty soul  
shake ---

EDDIE  
We're gonna make it, Louis.

Crockett gives a weary sigh as Tubbs enters from the hallway  
with a hand radio -- checks his wristwatch ---

TUBBS  
(to radios)  
We're lookin' at thirty-two minutes  
up here.

CUT TO

78-A HOTEL LOBBY - ON SWITEK

78-A

working the front desk, holding a hand radio.

SWITEK  
(to radio)  
Check.  
He looks out the lobby doors at

78-B ZITO

78-B

behind the wheel of a taxi, parked at the curb, also with  
a hand radio -- and a shotgun

ZITO  
(to radio)  
Front's covered.  
He watches as a:

78-C S.W.A.T. TEAM

78-C

piles out of a van and enters the neighboring hotel.

CUT TO

78-D INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

78-D

The furniture has been fully repositioned: the bed and lamp are  
on the left side of the room; Eddie's athletic bag is on the  
table in the center of the room. The blinds are open. Tubbs has

CONTINUED

78-D CONTINUED

78-D

Eddie and Louis positioned on the side of the table facing the window as he reviews the scenario -- Crockett standing by ---

TUBBS

Eddie will sit in the chair. There'll be a knock on the door...

(walking with  
Louis)

Louis will answer it, and bring them back to the table.

(to Louis)

When you're moving between the door and the table, remember to stay on the left side of the room, away from the window.

LOUIS

(reminds  
himself)

Left side.

Tubbs takes the bag of statues -- moves to the bathroom -- looks to Eddie ---

TUBBS

Keep the bag in the bathroom until they show you the money.

EDDIE

Right.

TUBBS

As soon as they touch the statues, you say:

EDDIE

(off Tubbs' nod)

We finally made it.

TUBBS

(encouraging)

Perfect.

CROCKETT

(hiding some  
disconcern at  
their naivete)

These people may want to chitchat before business. Keep the conversation short -- you'd like to talk, but you have other appointments.

They nod.

CONTINUED

78-D CONTINUED - 2

78-D

TUBBS

Last thing -- none of them leave this room; if one of them asks to use the bathroom, or says they forgot something in the hall, you give us the cue right there.

EDDIE

Gotcha.

TUBBS

All set?

The kids look to each other, nod; Crockett and Tubbs give them each a pat on the back as the cross-hairs of a sniper sight converge over the scene and we pull back to:

79 INT. ROOM OF NEIGHBORING HOTEL - DAY

79

where a sharpshooter has observed the above through the sight of a high-powered rifle. As he fine tunes his equipment:

CUT TO

80 EXT. BEACON HOTEL - EVENING - ESTABLISHING -WITH RAIN

80

peaceful, quiet, and watched by:

81 ZITO

81

In the taxi, waiting, while...

82 A PLAINCLOTHESMAN

82

stands calmly in front of the neighboring hotel where:

83 THE SHARPSHOOTER

83

checks his walkie-talkie -- presently issuing only static -- then looks across the alley at:

84 EDDIE AND LOUIS

84

sitting stiffly, at the table, while in the next room:

85 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

85

pace anxiously, keyed for action. In the b.g. an audio tech sits beside a small speaker which is connected to the bug. On the dresser is a walkie-talkie, as it crackles with Zito's voice; Tubbs and Crockett rush toward it ---

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED

85

ZITO (O.S.)

I think we're on.

And we:

CUT TO

86 ZITO

86

in the cab, on the hand radio

ZITO

Two men just exited a Ford --  
with an attache case.

CUT TO

87 EXT. STREET - EVENING - ON TWO MEN

87

One's a monster and carries an attache case. He gives an angry gesture as he steps in a puddle, then moves around the car to the second man-- whose face is hidden from view as they head for the lobby and we :

CUT TO

88 INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY

88

as the two men stop at Eddie and Louis' door.

CUT TO

89 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

89

crowded around the audio tech, pieces drawn, holding their breath.

CUT TO

90 POINT OF VIEW THROUGH THE SNIPER SIGHT

90

There is no sound. The huge man, seems to know Louis smiles as he and the second man -- now identified as Diego Moya -- enter. Louis quickly leads them to the table where they greet Eddie. A beat passes; then, off Moya's signal, the giant opens the case and pushes it toward the kids -- who are awestruck at the sight of the cash. Moya takes out a cigarette, as Eddie moves to retrieve the bag.

CUT TO

91 INT. HOTEL ROOM

91

A silent beat as Moya prepares to light his cigarette while Eddie nervously unzips the bag, revealing the statues -- at which the giant's look seems to question their authenticity; as he leans to inspect them, Moya drops his matches, bends to retrieve them.



92 INSERT - CLOSEUP - MOYA'S ANKLE 92

where, beneath his sock, a .38 is strapped, as he removes it ---

93 RESUME HOTEL ROOM 93

Moya springs back to standing position, his piece leveled at Eddie's chest -- and suddenly crumples to the floor behind the crack of breaking glass -- followed by a moment of stunned silence -- as Eddie looks from the broken window to a lifeless Moya, blood oozing from a head wound ---

94 THE GIANT 94

reaches for his piece, suddenly deferring as:

95 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 95

slam through the doorway -- weapons leveled ---

TUBBS

Freeze!

Several other detectives enter behind them, quickly cuffing the giant as Crockett moves to Moya's body -- checks for a pulse -- indicates there is none, as Tubbs joins him.

TUBBS

(says what they  
both know)

Diego Moya.

CROCKETT

(indicates Moya's  
beaded necklace)

More of that Santeria stuff?

TUBBS

(nods)

Looks like we're on the right track.

It's a small relief. They turn their eyes toward:

96 EDDIE AND LOUIS 96

the former leaning into a wall, blood spattered on his shirt -- freaked; the latter pacing, taking breaths.

CONTINUED

#59512

40  
(X)

96

CONTINUED

96

CROCKETT

Everybody okay?

Louis manages a nod. Eddie is in another world -- jumps as  
Crockett touches his shoulder ---

CROCKETT

Easy, Eddie, easy.

EDDIE

I get to go home now, right? I get  
to go home....

CROCKETT

Tonight, Eddie -- you and Louis --  
just like I promised -- all right?

He seems consoled for just a moment, then covers his mouth  
-- pushes past Crockett with a sick look.

EDDIE

Look out ---

As Eddie heads for the bathroom -- off Crockett's sympathy.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

97 EXT. BEACON HOTEL - NIGHT 97

fanned by placid sea breezes, bathed in a cherry-red staccato of light issuing from:

98 AN AMBULANCE 98

sandwiched between two unmarked units parked in front of:

99 EXT. HOTEL LOBBY 99

The paramedics paused in the doorway with Diego Moya's body (X) as Castillo looks it over -- notes the necklace. Tubbs is beside him.

CASTILLO

No way to avoid it?

TUBBS

(equally)  
disappointed)

He pulled a gun; it was a solid rip off. But at least we know Pepe Moya's the guy to look for. (X)

Off Castillo's okay, the paramedics move off with the body; they're followed by a group of detectives whisking out the giant -- prompting Castillo's query:

CASTILLO

Get anything from him?

TUBBS

His lawyer's phone number.

CASTILLO

What about Crockett's snitch?

TUBBS

He's lookin' her up right now. And I sent a guy back to the hospital in case any of those lab victims feels more sociable.

CASTILLO

Get some extra bodies watching the airport, and have the stakeout at

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED

99

CASTILLO (Cont'd)  
the gym start shakin' people down.  
If we don't find Moya before he  
hears about his brother, it's gonna  
be a blood bath -- and I can tell  
you where the first drops are gonna  
come from.

With which he casts an ominous look at:

100 EDDIE AND LOUIS

100

huddled in a corner of the lobby patio; visibly shaken.

101 RESUME CASTILLO AND TUBBS

101

as Crockett arrives -- on the move ---

CROCKETT  
C'mon, we're goin' to the  
fights.

(X)

CASTILLO  
(a hand in  
his chest)  
Fill me in.

(X)

CROCKETT  
Pepe Moya gave us a line on a middle  
weight who's fighting tonight --  
turns out my friend Angela's already  
there. If she can't tell us where  
Moya is, she probably knows someone  
who can.

CASTILLO  
You keep me posted.

(X)

CROCKETT  
You got it.

CASTILLO  
And get those kids outta town ASAP.  
I'll put the call in to the DA now.

Castillo moves off. Crockett and Tubbs turn to the kids ---

CROCKETT  
C'mon guys.

CONTINUED

101

CONTINUED

101

They usher them to Switek and Zito -- who are watching, as the paramedics prepare to load the corpse into the ambulance, before an aghast group of geriatric onlookers.

TUBBS

Switek and Zito here are gonna take you to a safe house until it's time to go to the airport.

(X)

EDDIE

(plainly  
worried)

Wudda you mean, 'safe house?'

(X)

TUBBS

That just means a motel. It's a precaution we take with anyone who cooperates with us -- just a routine.

CROCKETT

See, if Pepe Moya finds out you set his brother up, he might wanna do more than put you on the back.

(X)

LOUIS

How's he gonna find out?

Crockett and Tubbs share a look of mutual incredulity.

TUBBS

(to the cops)  
Take good care of 'em.

Crockett and Tubbs move off as Zito commands ---

ZITO

Let's go, children.

Eddie hesitates, eyes glued to the bloody sheet covering the corpse; Switek casts an arm around his shoulder ---

SWITEK

(avuncular)  
Not a bad way to go -- right in the temple...painless.

Off Eddie's horror:

CUT TO

102

CLOSEUP - A MIDDLEWEIGHT BOXER

102

The one previously touted by Pepe Moya -- his currently bloody face casting some suspicion on his future in the sport; as he grimaces from a body blow, pull back to:

- 103 INT. BOXING ARENA - NIGHT 103  
A largely hispanic and totally bloodthirsty crowd, not the least animated member of which is ---
- 104 A HEFTY GRANDMOTHER 104  
who, carried away with the action, floors a male spectator with a roundhouse right as:
- 105 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 105  
step over the dazed, confused party, Tubbs recommending:  
TUBBS  
Stay down -- she's outta your weight class.  
Under which Crockett's features harden at the sight of:
- 106 ANGELA 106  
surrounded by punkers, including Zeke; her eyes show her clear surprise as they lock on: (X)
- 107 CROCKETT 107  
who wills her away with a fierce look. (X)
- 108 RESUME ANGELA 108  
her eyes stating refusal as, with a final commanding look: (X)
- 109 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 109  
turn away from her and head towards: (X)
- 110 INT. BOXING ARENA - BEHIND THE BLEACHERS - NIGHT 110  
Crockett and Tubbs wait impatiently as a nervous Angela approaches. Crockett wastes no time --- (X)
- ANGELA  
I can't talk now ---
- CROCKETT  
I gotta have everything you know about the Moyas -- right now! (X)

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

110

ANGELA

I don't know anything; I told you, I heard the name from one of the guys.

(X)

CROCKETT

Which one?

(beat)

Angela, if your old man's in this, you gotta talk now if you wanna help him.

(X)

She doesn't respond.

TUBBS

(tough)

There were nine people killed in a coke lab last night -- and Diego Moya just bought it trying to rip off two kids; nobody's walkin' away from this case -- no way.

(X)

CROCKETT

I can't help you later if you don't help us now.

ANGELA

(a pained look)

Please -- Zeke's good to me ---

CROCKETT

I'll do the best I can -- but I gotta know everything.

ANGELA

(sobs)

All's I know, they buy these chemicals and this guy named Pepe tells 'em where to take it.

(X)

CROCKETT

We need the addresses, Angela; where are the labs?

Under which Zeke arrives -- on a head of steam -- grabbing Angela's hair with

ZEKE

Whud I tell you about talkin to strangers?

Crockett puts a hand on Zeke's shoulder -- who wheels and points a threatening finger with --

ZEKE

You and the porch monkey better mind your own business.

CONTINUED

at which Tubbs grabs Zeke's outstretched arm, twists his wrist, and brings him to the ground -- placing his heel on Zeke's neck with --

ANGELA  
(frightened)  
Sonny...

TUBBS  
Don't you know better than  
to interrupt a conversation?

ANGELEA  
Don't let him hurt him .

Crockett calmly squats to talk to Zeke -- covertly flashes his badge

CROCKETT  
We're lookin for Pepe Moya.

ZEKE  
Never heard of 'im

CROCKETT  
(an impatient look)  
Fella, we just put Diego Moya in a body bag; now unless you do some fast talkin', you and all your playmates are goin' in on conspiracy charges right now.

ANGELA  
(off his  
hesitation)  
Please, Zeke; who's gonna take care of me?

Zeke considers -- then, with a frustrated exhalation ---

ZEKE  
Hell, buyin' ether and acetone...I ain't done nuthin' that bad.

CROCKETT  
Then you've got nuthin' to be afraid of.

ZEKE  
I ain't afraid of you two -- that's for damn sure...but that Pepe Moya's a freak -- gets off on weird stuff...  
cuttin' up animals....

(X)

TUBBS  
Just tell us where he is and we'll take his piece off the board.

Zeke considers -- then yields -- ordering Angela away ---

CONTINUED



110 CONTINUED - 3

110

ZEKE

Go back with the boys.

Off Crockett's reassuring nod, she leaves. Tubbs lets Zeke stand. He brushes himself off with a resentful look to Tubbs.

ZEKE

I dunno where Moya is -- but I can tell you where to find the main lab.

TUBBS

I'm all ears.

Off Tubbs' winning grin.

CUT TO

111 CLOSEUP - A MONOPOLY BOARD

111

As a hand guides a piece across the board, hopping over Jail and landing on Kentucky Avenue, pull back to:

112 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - ON LOUIS

112

relieved at his close call with "incarceration;" Zito and Switek are also playing -- the latter's attention divided between the real estate transactions and a nearby box of pizza. Eddie sits on a couch in the b.g., silently turning back the pages in his mind.

LOUIS

That was close. Let's see, Kentucky -- who owns it?

Under which Switek reaches for the last of the pizza; Zito stops him ---

ZITO

(meaning  
Eddie)

Save it for him.

SWITEK

He said he didn't want any.

ZITO

(to Eddie)

You sure?

LOUIS

Eddie, man, it's good.

EDDIE

I'm not hungry.

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

112

Switek shrugs, bites in ---

ZITO

(back to  
the game)

My roll?

LOUIS

(X)

Wait -- lemme buy Kentucky.

As he counts out the cash, there's a rustle at the window -- Louis looks over -- Eddie's heart stops -- Switek's there first. A beat as he looks out, then ---

SWITEK

Oh, my God --

(spins around)

It's dark!

He smiles -- as the adrenaline surges in the kids ---

ZITO

C'mon, Switek....

LOUIS

That's not funny....

SWITEK

Just tryin' to lighten things up.

(X)

Under which the phone rings -- Zito calmly answering ---

ZITO

(to phone)

Zito....

CUT TO

113 INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT - ON A SECRETARY

113

on the phone ---

SECRETARY

(to phone)

Hang on Zito...

(X)

She heads away from her desk towards ---

114 INT. OCB OFFICE - STRATEGY ROOM - ON CASTILLO

114

at a blowup map of Miami; a young uniform and a frustrated Crockett and Tubbs standing by as -- over the radio ---

DETECTIVE'S VOICE

This is unit three. We're across from one-six-six Ninth Avenue.

CONTINUED

The uniform marks the position as Castillo barks into the radio mike ---

CASTILLO

Just hold your position; if any suspect vehicle leaves the premises, let a uniformed car pick it up.

DETECTIVE'S VOICE

Roger.

Under which the Secretary leans in -- prompting Crockett's final plea ---

SECRETARY

Zito's on line four.

CROCKETT

Listen, we found the labs -- we know the players -- let us in on the sweep.

CASTILLO

You were both up late last night ---

CASTILLO

And the last thing I need is a couple of shaky trigger fingers around a house full of ether.

TUBBS

We're big boys, Lieutenant.

Castillo's peremptory look closes the discussion.

CASTILLO

Now, go take those kids to the airport; and tell Zito and Switek to be ready to move out the minute you arrive.

CROCKETT

Terrific.

CASTILLO

(off their attitude)

Hey! -- I'm givin' you guys the milk run 'cause you need a break. You did a good job...damn good.

Beat. His compliment buys two weak smiles. As they exit:

CUT TO

glittering above the shiny black glass of Biscayne Bay.

116 INT. TUBBS' CAR - NIGHT

116

gliding west on 836. Tubbs drives, Crockett rides and -- per Castillo's orders -- both beginning to unwind. Eddie and Louis are in the back, the former finally feeling that the nightmare's about to end.

TUBBS

And if you chumps get into any mess up north, we will personally come up there and kick both your butts...you got that, Louis?

(X)

LOUIS

(cowed)

I hear you.

EDDIE

Hey -- I'll buy you the tickets.

Tubbs winks at Crockett ---

CROCKETT

What about that, Tubbs? When do I get to take your grand tour of the Big Apple?

TUBBS

Soon as I think you can handle it.

LOUIS

Hey, man, you come up anytime; we'll show you where it is.

TUBBS

Just look out for your sister.

He coasts toward an off ramp, heading for:

117 EXT. MIAMI AIRPORT - NIGHT

117

The car's at the curb, Tubbs and Crockett flanking the kids as they enter.

118 INT. MIAMI AIRPORT - DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

118

Crockett's just bought a pack of cigarettes as Tubbs hands over the tickets. In the b.g.'s a group of pay phones, toward which Eddie nods ---

TUBBS

You lose these and we make you swim home.

CONTINUED

118

CONTINUED

118

EDDIE

I need a dime.

CROCKETT

(offers a coin)

This is Miami, son, it's a quarter.

LOUIS

(as Eddie  
moves off)

No wonder people deal drugs here.

(off their  
look)

Just a joke....

CROCKETT

(lights a  
cigarette)

Don't be a wise guy.

LOUIS

Sorry.

(beat)

So, when do you think you can send  
me my stuff?

CROCKETT

(not exactly  
first on his  
list)

Your stuff...we'll get someone to  
your apartment as soon as ---

LOUIS

(over;  
suddenly  
screams)

Eddie.

At which they all turn toward

119

MOYA

119

wearing seen through the glass of the display window, wearing  
a sick smile and leveling a pistol at:

120

EDDIE

120

who recoils from a point-blank blast as:

121

CROCKETT

121

yanks Louis off to one side, Tubbs reflexively drawing his  
piece as he dives for cover while:

122 MOYA 122  
 empties his pistol into the drugstore; peels off down the  
 concourse as: (X)

123 CROCKETT 123  
 leaving the chase to Tubbs, rushes to Eddie, -- kneels  
 beside the bloody, motionless form -- yells to Louis:

CROCKETT  
 There's a traffic cop outside -- get  
 an ambulance!

It takes a second to get through to him -- then Louis  
 sprints away. Off Crockett, registering the hopelessness  
 of the situation ---

CUT TO

124 MOYA 124  
 tearing down the concourse, a glance over his shoulder at:

25 TUBBS 125  
 trucking, gaining ground as:

126 MOYA 126  
 rounds a corner -- passing a sign reading: "THIS SECTION  
 CLOSED" and racing toward:

127 A PAIR OF GLASS DOORS 127  
 that lead out to the street. They're electronic, and  
 presently locked as:

128 TUBBS 128  
 rounds the corner, drawing a bead on

129 MOYA 129  
 who crashes through the glass, his face and hands sparkling  
 with slivers of glass as he hits the sidewalk -- hard --  
 and rolls to take aim.

130 TUBBS 130  
 blows him away; then fires again -- and again -- and  
 continues until his weapon's empty. He simply stands,  
 expressionless, as a distant siren is heard and the airport  
 security crowds in.

CUT TO

131 CROCKETT 131

sitting on the concourse floor, soaked in blood, as the paramedics lift a lifeless Eddie from his arms -- load him onto a stretcher as ---

132 TUBBS 132

arrives; somewhere deep in his hollow eyes registering the results of the chase. Crockett just sits, staring straight ahead as:

133 LOUIS 133

leans over him, stricken; lost.

LOUIS  
Oh, my God; oh, my God.

CROCKETT  
(to Cheo;  
toneless)  
Get on the plane.

LOUIS  
Huh?

CROCKETT  
Get on the damn plane and go home.

Louis still freaked -- can't move -- Crockett springs to his feet and grabs him by the collar ---

CROCKETT  
You think this is a damn joke? Look!  
(pulls him  
toward the  
gurney)  
Look at your friend!

Louis covers his eyes -- as Tubbs pries Crockett loose ---

TUBBS  
C'mon, partner....

CROCKETT  
Now, go home -- just go home!

TUBBS  
(to Louis)  
Get on the plane -- go on.

Off his signal, a uniform helps escort Louis away -- as Crockett turns away from the scene -- squats on the floor. Tubbs kneels beside him.

CONTINUED

133

CONTINUED

133

TUBBS

We tried, man...we tried.

CROCKETT

I think I just wanna sit here for a minute...

(beat)

I'll meet you at the car.

Tubbs nods; no words will do. He turns to start away, then reconsiders -- leans close to his partner ---

TUBBS

(deferential)

Maybe I'll just sit here with you.

Off Crockett's permission -- a sad smile -- which turns to tears -- as Tubbs sits.

FADE OUT

THE END