

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

PROD. #59514
December 10, 1984 (F.R.)

MIAMI VICE

SMUGGLERS' BLUES

Written

by

Miguel Pinero

MIAMI VICE
PROD. #59514
"SMUGGLER'S BLUES"

DUE TO PREVIOUS XEROXING IN MIAMI WE ARE SKIPPING
WHITE AND PINK AND RUNNING A FULL BLUE SCRIPT

#59514

MIAMI VICE
SMUGGLER'S BLUES

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
SWITEK
ZITO
CASTILLO
GINA
TRUDY

YOUNG COP
SAM
ESPERANZA DIAZ
AGENT

JONES
WATERS
TUCKER SMITH
JIMMY
WAVEY DAVEY
DRIVER #1
GROCERO
OFFICER
PRISONER
LT. TODO
BRUCE
SWAT

SETS

EXTERIORS:

METRO CONFERENCE ROOM
CLUB
SMITH'S CONDO
 BEDROOM
 LIVING ROOM
QUONSET HUT
CARTAGENA HOTEL ROOM
INTERROGATION ROOM
NIGHTCLUB
CONTROL TOWER
PHONE BOOTH

VEHICLES:

MERCEDES AMG
FERRARI
MOBILE HOME
VAN
YACHT
BOAT
TUBBS' CAR
GROCERO'S CAR
PICKUP TRUCK
SPORT'S CAR
JEEP
PLANE

INTERIORS:

BRIDGE
DESERTED PIER
DOCK
SMITH'S CONDO
STREET BEHIND SMITH'S
 CONDO
QUONSET HUT
MOTEL
BLACKWATER CREEK
AIRPORT
CARTAGENA HOTEL
CARTAGENA CAFE PATIO
CARTAGENA STREET
ALLEY BEHIND HOTEL
SIDESTREET
SOCCER FIELD
AIRFIELD
ROAD NEAR MOBILE HOME
SHORE

MIAMI VICE

SMUGGLERS' BLUES

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. FRONT OF CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT 1

a well-built, coffee colored man, ROBERTO MORALES, dressed like a mariel refugee and nervously holding a bait bucket, stands talking to two other well-dressed men. The low-rent clothes don't fit the manicured presence of this man. His colleagues receive orders and go back into the lobby.

2 INT. FERRARI 2

Tubbs and Crockett looking at a surveillance photo of Morales vacationing with his wife and kids in Puerto Rico.

CROCKETT

You sure we're looking at the same man?

TUBBS

Yeah, it's him.

(to radio)

Switek, how's it shakin?

3 INT. VAN 3

Zito and Switek taping through a light accumulator.

ZITO

(to mic)

We got it all.

SWITEK

What about backups?

TUBBS(VO)

Don't need 'em.

ZITO

Aren't we gonna bust this guy if the deal goes down?

TUBBS(VO)

No. Strictly surveillance. We don't want bits and pieces. We want his entire operation at one time.

4 RESUME FERRARI 4

CROCKETT

Why the low-rent disguise?

TUBBS

Who knows?

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

CROCKETT
DEA say how long this guy's been
a boss importer?

TUBBS
Long enough to grow a Zapata
personality and a Pancho Villa
dispostion.

5 INT. VAN

5

We ZOOM in on the men's lips as theyd o Morales' bidding.

6 EXT. CONDOMINIUM

6

Morales walks toward a green '68 Falcon as the men go inside.

7 INT. FERRARI

7

CROCKETT
(to mic)
He's travelling ... you guys hang
back there.

ZITO(VO)
Repeat...

TUBBS
(takes mic)
Take a chill pill; get motor
problems.

CROCKETT
He might really just be going
fishing. Maybe this isn't a deal
going down.

The Falcon pulls out.

CROCKETT
Here we go.

- 8 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 8
- Morales parks his car and carries the bait basket toward the middle of the bridge where some people are fishing. Crockett and Tubbs pull up in the Ferrari and watch as some fishermen try to sell Morales part of their evening catch. Suddenly, the roar of boat engines is heard and Morales throws the bait basket over the side.
- CROCKETT
- What's he doin, donating to the good and welfare?
- TUBBS
- First time I've seen a smuggler give up the goods without receiving the goodies.
- Crockett raises his binocs.
- 8-A P.O.V. - THE BOAT 8-A
(X)
- an ocean racer. A figure dressed in dark is at the helm. The figure shines a flashlight, waving it as if giving directions.
- 8-B RESUME CROCKETT AND TUBBS 8-B
(X)
- CROCKETT
- It's a cigarette. Sounds like twin 750's.
- TUBBS
- Our friend Morales is on the move again.
- 9 ANGLE - MORALES 9
- as he hurries to his car, screeches away.
- 9-A CROCKETT 9-A
- twists the Ferrari after him, feeling as if the situation's beginning to finally make sense --
- CROCKETT
- Must be goin to pick up the cash. (X)
- 10 EXT. DESERTED PIER - NIGHT 10
- Crockett and Tubbs watch as Morales hurries from his car towards --
- 11 A YACHT 11
- It's the only ship at the pier. A dim light glows in the cabin, where - through the hatch - a figure sits. It's a woman, gagged. (X)

12 RESUME CROCKETT AND TUBBS

12

CROCKETT

I don't know what the hell's going on.

TUBBS

Who's that in the cabin?

As CROCKETT aims his binocs:

13 CROCKETT's POV - THE BOAT

13

as Morales steps on board -- the boat erupts into a thunderous fireball as we --

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

14

CLOSE ON THE BURNED OUT HULL AND WATER - NIGHT- SLOW PAN

14
(X)

Red lights reflecting off the surface -- littered with debris, including a twisted, charred doll. We hear a woman wailing and voices:

CROCKETT(VO)

We initially had it scoped as a drug deal --

SWITEK(VO)

And this doesn't look like a ripoff -- I mean, why whack the whole family?

15

PULL BACK TO THE DOCK

15

where Castillo is staring down into the turbid waters. Behind him: Crockett, Switek, Zito, Gina, Trudy all pale with horror.

CASTILLO

Morales is still alive. Whatever it was, they didn't want to leave any witnesses.

As the last of the bodies, wrapped ina sheet, is carried past ---

YOUNG COP

(turns, runs)

Oh, God.

GINA

We don't need to see this.

(X)

She and Trudy leave.

TUBBS

Fumigar...Columbians. They even kill your cockroaches.

Sam, the Crime Lab Tech, approaches, sniffing a piece of debris.

SAM

Dynamite witha radio control device. If he'd put it in the stern he could have sunk the boat.

ZITO

(low)

Wish he had, man.

CROCKETT

(starts away)

I need to take a walk.

TUBBS

(following)

You don't have to shout, 'cause I do too.

16

CLOSEUP - ROBERTO MORALES

16

outside the lobby of his condo, talking to the men we recognize from the night before -- over which we hear --

ESPERANZA(VO)

The one on the right has a slight lisp, like an Argentinean -- the rest are all Columbian.

PULL BACK TO

17

INT. METRO CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

17

where we see that the above is a scene from last night's surveillance film taken by Switek, currently being watched by: Crockett, Tubbs, Castillo, Switek, Zito at the projector, Trudy, Gina, an agent, homicide Lt. Jones, Jones' assistant, (X) and Esperanza -- a middle-aged Latin lip-reader with a honeycomb harido and a kilo of make-up. Zito's at the projector as Esperanza continues --

ESPERANZA

The man is basically repeating himself, emphasizing the instructions ...he was told he must go alone... they want to go with to protect him... he orders they must not follow him... the money is in the bucket...he will call them from a boat where his family is...they wish him buena suerte.

(X)

The film ends. Off Castillo's nod, Zito rolls the projector out of the room.

CASTILLO

Thank you, Senora Diaz. Muchas gracias.

DIAZ

No es nada; Adios.

Tubbs opens the window as soon as she leaves.

TUBBS

What kinda perfume was that?

SWITEK

Channel #1...

(X)

The rest of the group slowly stands as the meeting begins to break up. Crockett is glued to some police file photos on the desk.

CASTILLO

What we got here, gentlemen, is a kidnapping.

AGENT

Since the victim's drug-related, he's not going to talk to anybody about anything.

(checks watch)

Jones, when you file your homicide report send me a copy...

(X)

JONES

'S matter -- Bureau bowling tournament comin up?

They share a smile. The agent leaves.

(X)

JONES

Only place the homicide report's getting filed is the lost and found.

(yawns)

These people have been kidnapping and killing each other since Capone's days...

CASTILLO

These days don't belong to the Capones and this isn't New York or Chicago.

JONES

(shrugs)

The politics of contraband.

Crockett shoves the photos at him with --

(X)

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

The politics of contraband doesn't include killing kids...what's wrong with you? You come across like some Facist --

(X)

JONES

(cuts in)

Facist pig, is that it, boy?

(X)

TUBBS

If there's a "boy" in here, I'm it! You wanna try me on?

(X)

CASTILLO

Jones -- Tubbs... that's it.

A tense beat between Jones and Tubbs, the former becoming increasingly more uncomfortable -- changes the subject --

JONES

Those Dolphins are really somethin', huh?

Jones abruptly moves out; Crockett gestures with a cigarette -- about flings it at him -- Castillo's look stops him. (X)

CASTILLO

Morales is paralyzed from the waist down. His smuggling days are over. His family just got wiped out. He may... "talk to somebody about something."

(X)

ZITO

Lieutenant, line three.

Castillo picks up the phone, his features registering the importance of the call; with a look, he dismisses everyone but Crockett and Tubbs -- to whom he hands a piece of paper with --

CASTILLO

Meet you guys there in 45 minutes. For you eyes only.

TUBBS

Like James Bond?

Castillo's icy stare cancels the grim on Tubbs' and Crockett's faces. They leave, as Castillo speaks into the phone --

CASTILLO

I don't know... but they're the best.

18
and
19

OMITTED

18
and
19

20

INT. CLUB - DAY

20

as Crockett and Tubbs walk to a table where they see Castillo, Trudy and ED WATERS, a patch-wearing no-bullshit type DEA man.

CASTILLO

Sonny, Ricardo -- this is Ed Waters from the DEA.

They shake hands and sit.

WATERS

(to Castillo)

They're your boys. YOU wanna run it down?

Castillo indicates that Waters will do the talking.

WATERS

(to Crockett and Tubbs)

Castillo and I go back a few years ...we worked in some... uh foreign places.

CROCKETT

I get the drift.

WATERS

I've been on assignment here for the past six weeks, which is why I called him and how you two got recommended. What we're going to ask you to do is strictly voluntary.

He hands them two files.

WATERS(CONT)

Look at those later. That little tea party you went to last night wasn't the first affair on that circuit. We've had at least five other massacres or kidnappings in the past three months -- Ft. Lauderdale, Boca, Key West -- all the victims were smugglers moving large loads into southeast Florida. We all know why they make great victims.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

Yeah. What are they gonna do, call the police?

WATERS

Exactly. When the first few bodies floated ashore, frankly, no one gave a damn. But when whole families start getting whacked-out it's so over the top it's in orbit.

(beat)

Now; every single victim had a jacket -- they were under current investigation by one of a half dozen agencies -- local, state, Federal, and that's why we believe that whoever is whacking these people is getting their information from...

(pause)

law enforcement files. The people killing these families come from our side of the fence.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

Who?

WATERS

DEA, FBI, Coast Guard, Metro Dade,
Broward County, a computer programmer
-- we don't have a clue.

CROCKETT

Where do we come in?

WATERS

We want you to hit Catagena like two
legit smugglers, make a buy, and
bring the drugs back in to Miami.
The whole smuggling operation from
A to Z. Meanwhile, we'll circulate
an interagency memo saying you two
are suspected of moving a major load
of coke.

CASTILLO

We're hoping the people we're
looking for will make a move on you...

CROCKETT

And that will bring them into
daylight.

TRUDY

(playful)

I'd better renew my passport.

WATERS

You're staying here -- you're the
family bait.

(beat)

You'll be set up in a motel as
Tubbs' wife. And you'll be wearing
a homing device.

CROCKETT

Why us?

CASTILLO

'Cause you guys don't work the inter-
national side of smuggling. You only
work Miami. So you're not known.

TUBBS

This seems like a pretty big
operation...moving people to
Catagena...

CONTINUED

WATERS

Not people -- just you two.
You get in a jam, you're
totally on your own.

CROCKETT

(incredulous)

We're goin' all the way to
Cartagena with no back-up?! C'mon...

TUBBS

Listen, I got this terrible vice: I
like to breathe when I get up in
the morning.

WATERS

You think that part's bad? It get worse.

They look at each other, then to Castillo.

WATERS(CONT)

You'll be lookin at Latin cops that
aren't big on due process, the Coast
Guard will try to blow you out of the
water if you go by boat, and there's
endless opportunities to get ripped
off and killed.

CROCKETT

Well, when you put it that way...

TUBBS

Who else knows about this?

CASTILLO

Switek, Zito, Gina and the five
of us. No one else.

WATERS

You get three things: one, Morales.

CASTILLO

This morning he agreed to cooperate
and identify Tubbs as his cousin to
his connection in Cartagena.

WATERS

Two: we've fabricated histories for
both of you; and...

(slides
briefcase
under table)

three's a million in cash.

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

What about transportation? Customs?

WATERS

You make your own arrangements. Even
I don't want to know what they are.

Crockett and Tubbs share a boggled look.

CASTILLO

What's it going to be?

CROCKETT

Guess we don't need these for awhile.

As Crockett hands over his badge and Tubbs does likewise and they take the briefcase and files

CASTILLO

You got a place to start?

TUBBS

As a matter of fact, yeah...

CUT TO

Tubbs knocks on the mahogany door, which is eventually opened by Tucker, a raggedy brother with food-stains on his silk shirt and brown, broken teeth supplementing the traditional gold ones. A zoned out grinning chick is on his arm.

TUBBS

Tucker my ace, what it be?

Off Tucker's extremely stoned incomprehension:

TUBBS

You remember me -- we been blood
nearly a week.

For a beat, Tucker is lost. A few ratty looking partyers drift up behind him. Then he cops:

TUCKER

Yeah, hold on, people. I know the
man. But who that dude you wif?

TUBBS

This my friend, Sonny. Who that?

CONTINUED

TUCKER

(re: girl)
This is Honey.

TUBBS

Honey, Sonny.

TUCKER

Sonny, Honey...

The rhyme tickles him half to death. He staggers aside. Tubbs and Crockett enter.

22 OMITTED

22
(X)

23 INT. TUCKER SMITH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

23

where a few people are snorting and refining coke for street sales. One guy has passed out on the floor, using an old barrell of Kentucky chicken for a pillow.

TUCKER

(completely
dazed)

So --

(beat)

-- uh --

TUBBS

That night we all got drunk you said to come over if I need to add some energy to my business. You told me you knew a dude that could fly. And I need to buy a plane so I need to know his name.

(X)

TUCKER

Thas a big favor.

Suddenly there's a pounding at the door --

24 INT. LIVING ROOM

24

As Switek and Zito burst in -- immediately dialing down at sight of a crowd too zoned to twitch an eyebrow in response.

ZITO

(loudly)

All right, everybody freeze!

The guests are too stoned to move -- except for Tubbs and Crockett, who are seen through the bedroom door dragging Tucker out the back way.

(X)

SWITEK

(loudly)

Uh-oh, they're escaping!

Complete silence descends.

25

EXT. STREET BEHIND TUCKER'S CONDO

25

Tubbs and Crockett look down at Tucker, who is barely conscious and lying on the ground.

TUCKER

Whoa, I have to lie down.

(beat)

What happened ?

CROCKETT

Cops busted your place, but we got you clear.

TUCKER

When?

TUBBS

Just now -- so we gotta split. Now, what's that pilot's name?

TUCKER

Oh yeah -- name is Jimmy.
Dude live on Bay shore in like a Quonset hut. Know what a Quonset hut is?

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

Yeah, I got a vague recollection.

26

EXT. QUONSET HUT -- ESTABLISHING

26

27

INT. QUONSET HUT -- DAY

27

walls covered with blacklight posters, peace symbols, except for one wall which is 20 grand worth of stereo. Jimmy Cole is sitting on a beanbag chair, grooving on his guitar along with Electric Ladyland. The music is too loud to hear Tubbs and Crockett enter.

TUBBS

Mellow kind of dude ain't he?

CROCKETT

Yeah. So was Son of SAM and Albert de Salvo.

Tubbs turns down the stereo.

TUBBS

Say blood take five.

CONTINUED

JIMMY

What to it, my man?

CROCKETT

Tucker Smith sent us.

TUBBS

To buy some transportation.

JIMMY

From where to where?

TUBBS

Columbia and back.

JIMMY

You guys packing?

TUBBS

What we're carrying is our
business, my man.

That said it all.

JIMMY

Here is my thing. I ask you no
questions, you tell me no lies...
right...

TUBBS

Dynamite, but like we ain't got time
for all that. Just run down your
numbers, man...

JIMMY

I'm good at what I do. I don't come
cheap. I take you where you want to
go. I wait so many hours, then I'm
a memory. I ain't John Wayne, and I
don't wear an S on my chest. I'm down
with you only if I got no choice and
the play calls for it...otherwise I
ain't into violence...So be brief
about your business, what it is, is:
...twenty five thousand up front,
my man.

(X)

CROCKETT

Okay, flyboy, just tell us where.
We'll tell you when.

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS:

- 28 EXT. MOTEL - DAY 28
Tubbs and Trudy drive up.
- 28-A INT. TUBB'S CAR 28-A
He hands Trudy a match book - sized homing device which she zips into one of her boots. He kisses her goodbye. She takes a small suitcase and gets out of the car, heading for the motel.
- 29 CROCKETT 29
-- transferring the money from the attache case to a soft satchel.

- 30 TUBBS 30
loading and checking a pair of automatic weapons.
- 31 BLACKWATER CREEK - DAY 31
Crockett scouting the drop site with binocs while Tubbs
adjusts something beneath the rear of his car.
- 32 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY 32
Crockett and Tubbs, each holding a bag big enough to hide an
automatic weapon or two, are waiting near the hanger for
Jimmy. Wavey Davey, in greasy mechanics overalls, stands
beside them. He looks like he was Spider Webb's scratchpad. (X)

WAVEY DAVEY

So you're big Papo's cousin, huh?
Nice guy...hate to have heard what
happened to his family. Too bad.

TUBBS

Leave my family out of this, okay
buddy?

WAVEY DAVEY

Sure thing. I should know better.

JIMMY

I see you met Wavey Davey.

CROCKETT

Hard not to.

JIMMY

(to Davey)
How's my little cow? Ready to jump
over the moon?

WAVEY DAVEY

Maybe not the moon, but definitely
PUerto Rico and shall we say points
south...

CONTINUED

JIMMY

We shouldn't say anything.
(to Crockett and Tubbs)
Trans-Love airways this way.

Jimmy leads them towards his plane. Wavey Davey drifts off.

CROCKETT

Guy needs some time on the
couch. (X)

JIMMY

Yeah his brain may need a tuneup, but
he treats an engine right.

They approach his plane: a twin-engine number with a
run-down fuselage but two monstrously supercharged turboprops.
It has a name on it..."La Vaca"...and has a lemon painted on it.

JIMMY

Nice, huh? Guy who sold it to me
thought I was buying a lemon. She
looks like a cow but she moves like
a stallion.

He then turns away from the plane and looks back the way they
have come, a strange expression on his face. Off Tubbs' and
Crockett's questioning looks --

JIMMY

I always like to take a goodbye
look at America. Just in case it's
the last time.

33 EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

33
(X)

The plane moves out onto the lonely runway. As it gathers
speed--

34 INT. AIRPLANE- DAY

34
(X)

Stripped bare, with seats made of aluminum which serve as
auxiliary fuel tanks. Jimmy's at the controls. Tubbs and
Crockett sit quietly in the passenger seats, grimly staring
into an uncertain future. Out of which Tubbs dredges a
lighter tone with:

TUBBS

Come on, partner. It can't feel that
bad to be a millionaire.

JIMMY

You might want to put those
parachutes on.

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

Why?

JIMMY

Because we're about to leave the
ground.

Off this less than comforting realization, as the engines
roar --

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The plane lifts off, and we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

36 EXT. CARTAGENA HOTEL FRONT - DAY 36

looking about as stylish as a Stateside welfare emporium. A taxi deposits Tubbs on the sidewalk. Five seconds later, as Tubbs' scarred and piratical driver trots around with his bag, Crockett and Jimmy arrive in separate cabs. Both stride into the hotel, taking no notice of each other or of Tubbs.

DRIVER #1

(cheerful)

Friends of yours?

TUBBS

Why say that, brother?

DRIVER #1

You're the only ones with money.

37 INT. HOTEL ROOM 37

as Crockett slides two chairs from the center of the room to one side of the window, out of view of the street.

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

You're on deck in five for the prenuptials...

(X)

Jimmy and Tubbs join him at the window as he points down at

38 EXT. POV - THE CARTAGENA CAFE PATIO 38

CROCKETT(VO)

...Right down there.

Spindly deck chairs and tables are scattered across an asphalt slab that bakes in the glaring sun -- at one of which sits

39 BENEFICIO GROCERO 39

fat, mustachioed, with a complexion like badly set cement. He's alone at his table, but at the table behind his are TWO MUSCLEMEN.

40 RESUME - INT. HOTEL ROOM 40

JIMMY

I gotcha a smooth view here, did I not?

Crockett, already sweating, walks over with the Mach 10, handing it to Jimmy with --

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

CROCKETT

In case you see something you don't
like --

(to Tubbs)

We'll go out the back --

41 EXT. CAFE PATIO - CLOSEUP ON GROCERO

41

GROCERO

So you are Roberto Morales' cousin, Ricardo...
his family...a bad thing.

42 PULL BACK TO INCLUDE: TUBBS

42

GROCERO

(laughs)

But that is what you Americans call
business...

A very pretty waitress sidles up, lingers at Grocero's side,
but gives Tubbs the eye. He ignores her -- all business.

TUBBS

The nature of the business, mi hermano
...que sera, sera...you must come and
visit my home some day soon.

(to waitress)

Un aquadiente, por favor.

GROCERO

Dos.

As the waitress moves away, Grocero stares at Tubbs in steely
silence -- Tubbs returns the favor --

43 CROCKETT

43

stares unblinkingly from a table on the periphery as the
waitress approaches.

CROCKETT

(without turning)

Bourbon.

His eyes are electronically measuring

44 THE MUSCLEMEN

44

who sit bolt upright at the table behind their boss, their
eyes locked on

TUBBS

22 a key. You deliver. We pay.
We're reponsible.

GROCERO

You must be from the artist's side
of the family.

TUBBS

No. I am from the money side of the
family.

GROCERO

With that kind of offer I just should
give it away.

TUBBS

Bueno todo tienes su cosa loca...if
that's what you think you should do,
do that...

The waitress returns with their drinks; a shiny eyed street
urchin follows her to the table. Without looking away from
Tubbs, Grocero picks up some coins form the table, touselts
the boy's head, and hands him the coins.

GROCERO

(spits)

Ricardo. It is the children of my
country, not you, who require charity.

The urchin is moving away, past Tubbs -- and now, in a motion
too quick to follow, the boy tears Tubbs' Cartier tank watch
from his wrist and sprints, evading Tubbs' grasp, past
Grocero's men -- who start but relax off Grocero's nod.

GROCERO

The world is hard, my friend, and
Cartagena is the hardest place in the
world.

TUBBS

Trick is to make it easy.

GROCERO

My friend's cousin who I don't know,
you are going to pay 30...and you
will be protected, secure and
everything will be nice for you when
you get to Miami Beach and live in
millionaire style...is that not what
you want?

CONTINUED

TUBBS

Si, to live in millionaire style...
but not at 30...25 is what I will
offer...and protection? Why would I
need protection, I have friends.

Grocero turns to stare at Crockett, and his bodyguards rotate
smoothly, as though in a prearranged routine --

GROCERO

(laughs harshly)

A blond. That is very good
protection.

(beat)

I only talk with you because I
knew Papo Morales...

TUBBS

You talk with me cause you want to make
a deal...

GROCERO

Deal?! Do you know how many gringos
come here looking to make deals?

TUBBS

Do you know how many Columbians are
looking to make deals?

GROCERO

(calmly dismissive)

If I talk with you again, we will see
if we can do the business.

Tubbs stands suddenly, as if he doesn't give a damn about
Grocero.

(X)

TUBBS

(casually)

Make it soon...time is money.

Grocero stares after him as Crockett falls in, covering his
back, heading for the far side of the cafe.

46 EXT. EDGE OF THE PATIO - DAY - WITH TUBBS AND CROCKETT 46

as theywalk towards the street, Tubbs rubbing his wrist where his watch was --

TUBBS

Probably sell my watch for nickel.

CROCKETT

Be glad they don't push fingers on the black market --

A hand touches Tubbs' arm. He swivels to see a pretty girl her eyes filling with tears, her lower lip trembling appealingly.

GIRL

(in Spanish)

Sir you must help me --

TUBBS

(murmurs)

Senorita, I can't --

As she leads Tubbs with Crockett following into the alley past:

47 ALCOVE 47

where two Banditos move out, hands diving into their jackets --

48 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 48

as Crockett pushes Tubbs forward -- a shot goes wild -- the girl disappears--

CROCKETT

Run!

and they dash for the street --

49 EXT. CARTAGENA STREET -- DAY 49

as Crockett and Tubbs charge across it through theblazing sun, with absolutely no cover, almost bowling over a crone dressed in black who has been carrying the same earthenware jar on her shoulder for the last 2500 years -- the jar explodes into a hail of grain, and Crockett and Tubbs slew sideways to avoid

50 DRIVER #1 - ROUNDING THE CORNER IN HIS TAXI 50

waving a pistol --

51 EXT. THE ALLEY BEHIND THE HOTEL - DAY 51

Tubbs and Crockett poinding ahead as the cab bears down on them. Crockett dives to the right as Tubbs leaps up into a boarded-over window to the left, and the cab slams the wall under Tubbs' heels, lurching to a halt. The door pops open and Crockett with a desperate lunge kicks the door shut

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

51

again directly on the emerging Driver, crushing him. The driver tumbles out, dropping his gun. Crockett stoops for it as

TUBBS

Crockett!

draws his attention to

52 THE TWO BANDITOS

52

who have been running full tilt towards them, now suddenly stopped dead in their tracks, their hands held high -- as Jimmy steps from behind a refuse barrel, the Mach 10 peeking from the jacket folded over his arm. Tubbs is lifting the Driver to his feet as Crockett runs forward to snatch the Banditos' guns. One Bandito is praying softly.

JIMMY

(icy)

Get the third one over here.

CROCKETT

What?

(as Jimmy releases
the sofets)

Jimmy, man, wait...

JIMMY

Two guys get the jump on you, you get the jump back. You take them out. Otherwise they get the jump again and do violence. I hate violence!

Crockett and Tubbs exchange a tense look. They're about to become accomplices to a homicide.

CROCKETT

Jimmy.

TUBBS

Why don't we talk about this...

JIMMY

Get him over here!

A police car suddenly roars into the alley behind Tubbs.

TUBBS

(screams)

Cops -- !

Jimmy, instantly realizing that he and Crockett have not been seen, pulls Crockett behind the refuse barrell. Tubbs dashes(X) forward, only to stumble over the collapsing driver, who

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

clutches at him half consciously. Tubbs desperately whacks at him with both hands, tries to crawl free, as he is surrounded by police boots. Hands lift him up, push him against the wall...

OFFICER

(spanish)

I'll take over from here.

52-A OMITTED

52-A

52-AA ANGLE - CROCKETT AND JIMMY

52-AA

hidden from view. Crockett starts to go back for Tubbs, is restrained by Jimmy.

JIMMY

Cool out!

CROCKETT

He's my partner!

Jimmy shoves the machine gun into Crockett's side.

JIMMY

And he's goin to jail without us.

Crockett stares with agonized indecision at...

52-B ALLEY

52-B

With no questions asked, the other police push Tubbs toward the squad car.

TUBBS

Look those guys were trying...

He doesn't get a word of explanation out. Someone slaps him as a rifle butt is jammed into his back. This is enough to tell him to be cool.

53 EXT. SIDESTREET - DAY

53

as Crockett and Jimmy rapidly round the corner, heading towards the hotel lobby... Jimmy's folded jacket once again covering his action...

JIMMY

(counseling)

Slow...slow, man...smile...
you're Mother Theresa and I'm
the flying nun...

54 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

54

as Crockett bursts in, strides to the center of the room, moving like a blinded bull in the ring -- Jimmy shuts the door.

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

(grating)

-- shouldn't have left him --

JIMMY

Wuddya think they were gonna do, give us
a key to the city?! We had no choice.

A moment of angry silence passes between them. With an
exasperated look, Jimmy rests the weapon against a wall,
takes out a cigarette -- Crockett's suddenly all over him--
jacks him up with--

CROCKETT

(hot)

Don't you ever point a gun at me!

Jimmy tries to struggle. Crockett jams him to the floor.

JIMMY

What the hell were you gonna do?
Take on the entire police force?

CROCKETT

Maybe.

JIMMY

This ain't no week-end cruise, dude,
this is combat. And if the guy next to
you goes down, you don't get blown away
over it.

(a hard stare)

Don't tell me you don't know what I'm
talking about.

They lock eyes -- Crockett can't stand the truth there.
He releases Jimmy and turns away -- a picture of frustration
and despair.

JIMMY

(gentle)

Hey, I'm sorry about your partner...
I've been around that block, too.

Crockett looks out the window. Jimmy squats on the floor,
lights his last cigarette. He crumples the pack and
unenthusiastically flicks it across the floor. A beat.

CROCKETT

(looking away)

Air cavalry?

JIMMY

Yeah.

CONTINUED

54

CONTINUED - 2

54

CROCKETT

You lose a lotta guys you were close to?

JIMMY

Yeah.

CROCKETT

How many?

JIMMY

I lost count.

CROCKETT

(squats beside Jimmy)

Me too... but this guy I gotta wait for.

Jimmy offers Crockett a drag. Crockett takes it -- and off them sharing the cigarette.

55

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

55

A battered Tubbs, is thrown onto a hard wooden chair. He tries not to listen to someone moaning in the next room, punctuated by an occasional slap. His arms are siezed and he's cuffed to the chair. He takes a slap in the mouth silently, like a champ. The Turnkey then opens a desk drawer and pulls out several grisly-looking implements. He wipes his hands with a handkerchief and shouts something irritably into the next room. A grunt Policero pushes a Prisoner -- naked to the waist, his hands over his eyes -- out of the next room.

(X)

PRISONER

(moaning-Spanish)

I killed Batista...I killed Allende
...Gandhi...

(X)

The Turnkey meanwhile has been unscrewing part of a wicked cattle prod, now spills the batteries out into his palm, squints at them. He stands and exits, leaving Tubbs alone. Then in walks a tall Lt. Todo -- a police officer who, if you couldn't count the dead men in his eyes, might pass for smooth, even polished. He uncuffs Tubbs and steps back, holding a file and a glass of water, which he hands to Tubbs.

TUBBS

This pass for a last meal out here?

Lt. Todo just looks at Tubbs. He does not appreciate the humor or understand it. He glances down at the file.

CONTINUED

LT. TODO

My name is Lt. Todo. In English it means everything...you understand?

(beat)

We receive ten minutes ago your file from America.

Tubbs stares.

LT. TODO

...I see you are related to one Roberto Morales...a notorious drug smuggler.

TUBBS

(insulated)

Porque soy familiar...soy Rico Morales. Don't insult my family...

LT. TODO

Born in Puerto Rico. You were in prison in Rykers Island, Attica. Two counts of attempted murder. Two assault and battery convictions in N.Y., Three counts of possession of prohibited drugs. Inter-agency alert on smuggling activities, Interpol, D.E.A.

(beat)

You are a very bad man.

He puts the file down, businesslike, lays one hand on either side.

LT. TODO

So...

(pause)

I tell Senor Grocero you are clean. And I certainly hope you will consider me your friend in Cartagena.

Big smile. He rings his desk-bell like a cashier, and the policero enters with Tubbs' clothes. Tubbs' Cartier tank watch is on top of the pile.

Tubbs smiles, as though to another man of the world.

TUBBS

Of course. This watch is from America. Perhaps one day you will return it to me.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED - 2

55

LT. TODO
(smiles, takes
the watch)
I am delighted.

56 INT. CARTAGENA HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

56

After a special knock, the key rattles in the lock and the door swings open. Tubbs steps into the room, now dim and shadowy. He does a full-circle dance step.

TUBBS
(exhulting)
Ricardo Morales is on the Victory
tour.

The smile vanishes as his feet hit broken glass. He stares.

57 HIS POV OF THE ROOM

57

The curtains stir in the breeze from the shattered window. What there was in the room -- admittedly not much -- has either been smashed to matchwood, cut to ribbons, or bounced off the opposite wall.

58 TIGHT ON TUBBS

58

as a gun barrel is set against his back,

CROCKETT
(tight)
Manos arriba!

A tense moment passes before Crockett recognizes that the intruder is his partner.

CROCKETT
(realizing)
Tubbs!

TUBBS
(turns)
Doesn't look like you got any rest.

A haggard Crockett lowers the gun, takes a last look at the hallway, then shuts the door and slams the bolt home. Only then does he let the smile of enormous relief crack through his haggardness.

CROCKETT
Well how was your afternoon?

CONTINUED

58

CONTINUED

58

TUBBS

You know the DEA gave us both dirty sheets a mile long?

(still amazed)

The cops loved it.

Crockett considers, reluctantly puts the gun on safety.

CROCKETT

If we'd shot down those three dudes in the alley, they'd probably have given us a parade.

TUBBS

(grimacing)

Hey, who's the new decorator?

CROCKETT

Local talent. Didn't leave his card.

Both sprawl out, exhausted, on the torh couch that is now slanted across the slanted bathroom door.

59

REVERSE ANGLE - SLOW ZOOM PAST THEM TO THE SHATTERED WINDOW 59

TUBBS

We getto check out a sample with Grocero in 20 minutes.

CROCKETT

Says who?

TUBBS

Chief of police. Gotta believe it, right? He said we could relax till then.

CROCKETT

Great. Let's call room service to wipe up the furniture.

As we slowly pan towards the window

TUBBS(VO)

Man, if I ever do a stretch in Hell, they better deduct out time here.

60

POV - CROCKETT AND TUBBS THROUGH THE SHATTERED WINDOW 60

pull back to reveal the driver and the two pistoleros lounging in the street below, smoking cigarettes, watching Crockett and Tubbs.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

61 EXT. CARTAGENA STREET - DAY 61

A ratty section of town. An Indian, wearing a suit and tie, but no shoes or socks, stands beside the entrance to Grocero's Disco.

62 TUBBS AND CROCKETT 62

stand across the street, gauging the situation. A beat passes.

TUBBS

I feel like a midget about to go one on one with Dr. J.

They give each other a high five.

CROCKETT

Piece of cake.

TUBBS

(sighs)

Let's bake it.

They cross the street, moving cautiously past the Indian, who barely acknowledges them -- as they enter ---

63 INT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY 63

An obscene marriage of high income and low taste. Grocero's two musclemen are waiting inside the door. They move to frisk Crockett and Tubbs, but are stopped by:

64 GROCERO 64

seated at a table with a small mirror, on which we infer he has just done a couple lines of coke. He flashes a smile as he commands his musclemen:

GROCERO

Llevarte la suerte.

(to Crockett
and Tubbs)

Mi amigos.

At the table Grocero looks up with a smile. Crockett suddenly yanks him backwards by the hair -- Tubbs holds his chin in one hand, pointing a derringer with --

TUBBS

How 'bout if I blow that coke right back out of you...amigo?

CONTINUED

The musclemen reach for their guns, but Grocero signals them with his eyes to stop -- seems unusually calm as he looks up at Tubbs.

GROCERO

You are angry?

TUBBS

Just a little.

GROCERO

(still calm)

I am a careful man, and your cousin would not want you to deal with a careless man.

TUBBS

Well, I don't like your technique.

GROCERO

If they didn't do their jobs, I wouldn't be here to do business with you -- and that is why we are here, si?

Tubbs stares at him, still playing macho.

GROCERO

You and I are businessmen. We have business to look forward to -- which we will never see if we close each other's eyes.

Tubbs looks to Crockett, lowers his gun as Crockett releases Grocero.

GROCERO

(polite)

Sit.

As they do, Grocero gives an eye signal -- and ten machine-gun-carrying Indians approach from the shadows. One carries a tray with an ounce of cocaine spread in the shape of a huge M. He places it before Tubbs.

GROCERO

In honor of your family.

Tubbs refuses with:

TUBBS

Business before pleasure.

Tubbs produces a vial filled with Clorox. A silent beat passes as he adds the coke, shakes the vial, and then watches as only a trace of impurities is left floating on the surface.

CONTINUED

GROCERO

Primo.

TUBBS

We don't buy samples.

GROCERO

The price is twenty-seven.

TUBBS

Our price is twenty-five -- and we'll test a key at random.

GROCERO

And I will count my money.

TUBBS

When we make the exchange.

GROCERO

Here. At five o'clock.

TUBBS

At three o'clock. And we'll tell you where....

CROCKETT

At ten before three when we call you.

GROCERO

That's not how I do business.

CROCKETT

Well here's how we do business: You will have two cars and two drivers. We will have two cars and two drivers. You will drive the car with the cocaine in the trunk. Ricardo will drive the car with the money in the trunk. You will park trunk to trunk and exchange keys.

TUBBS

After we call, you'll have ten minutes to get there. Ten minutes and thirty seconds and we're history.

GROCERO

(considers)

Perhaps...for my friend's cousin.

As Crockett and Tubbs stand to leave:

CONTINUED

- 64 CONTINUED - 3 64
- GROCERO
If you won't do business here, why
don't you stay and have a drink?
- CROCKETT
Because we're not thirsty.
- 65 EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY - SLOW PAN 65
- of the empty field.
Series of shots:
- 66 TUBBS' CAR 66
- driving onto the field.
- 67 GROCERO'S CAR 67
- approaching from the opposite direction.
- 68 CROCKETT 68
- watching from another car at the border of the field.
Tense. He sights down the car-15 with scope.
- 69 GROCERO'S BODYGUARD 69
- by a car on the opposite border.
- 70 TUBBS AND GROCERO 70
- parked trunk to trunk. They open their trunks simultaneously,
and cross.
- 71 GROCERO'S TRUNK 71
- In an ice chest, forty-one kilo plastic bags.
- 72 TUBBS' TRUNK 72
- Wrapped in a hotel towel, \$100 bills -- 200 bundles of fifty.
- 73 TUBBS 73
- quickly places a sample into a vial of Clorox.
- 74 GROCERO 74
- places a bundle of currency into a digital currency counter.

- 75 CLOSEUP - THE BOTTLE 75
A supremely successful test.
- 76 CLOSEUP - THE CURRENCY COUNTER 76
The digital readout whirring to a stop at: 10,000.
- 77 TUBBS AND GROCERO 77
exchange keys.
- 78 L.S. GROCERO AND TUBBS 78
driving off in opposite directions.
- 79 CROCKETT 79
takes a last look at the bodyguard, then falls in behind
Tubbs.
- 80 EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 80
Surrounded by thick sun-drenched jungle -- as Tubbs and
Crockett roar down it side by side, Crockett in a rented
convertible with the top down, with a blast of his horn
preempting the oncoming traffic lane at the expense of a
cyclist ---
- 81 CROCKETT 81
checks his watch -- then sees something in the rearview
mirror and honks to gain Tubbs' attention -- Tubbs glances
back, sees a small sports car rapidly gaining on them.
Crockett indicates he'll take the lead, points to:
- 82 A PICKUP TRUCK 82
lurching out of a side road ahead, with two pistoleros in
the back -- they take careful aim at:
- 83 TUBBS 83
ducking down in his seat as Crockett surges ahead, both
windshields suddenly scattering into fragments of sunlight
and noise. Then Tubbs hefts the Mach 10 in his right hand,
and:

- 84 THE TRUCK 84
- swerves as the blast of high-velocity heavy metal tears through the tires, forcing the truck to a stop. Crockett screeches around the truck, almost spinning out. Tubbs brakes sharply, manages the bottleneck, but now the sports car is five feet behind, the gunmen standing in the backseat, firing wild. Tubbs stays as low as he can, squints ahead at:
- 85 CROCKETT 85
- who is pointing left, toward the airport, which is separated from this part of the road by a wire fence -- which Crockett slams into and through. Half a beat later, Tubbs hurtles after him into the gap.
- 86 EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY 86
- Crockett fishtails wildly, out of control. Tubbs and the sports car flash past him. The sports car pulls alongside of Tubbs -- who brakes. The sports car shoots ahead, tires smoking, in a tight curve, almost immediately back on Tubbs' tail -- but Crockett manages to steam in at the last second, slamming into their front fender, heading them off one more time. Crockett and Tubbs converge on:
- 87 JIMMY'S PLANE 87
- door open, engines roaring, Jimmy in the cockpit hollering "come on."
- 88 TUBBS AND CROCKETT 88
- screech to a halt beside the plane. Tubbs slams another clip into the Mach 10 ---
- CROCKETT
(to Tubbs)
Load it.
(to Jimmy,
shouts)
Get movin'!
- and backs out, whips his car around face:
- 89 THE SPORTS CAR 89
- skidding to a halt twenty feet off, the doors opening, three gunmen about to step out -- as Crockett smashes his heavier car straight into it, flipping it, trapping one of the occupants, leaving him with one on either side.

90 TUBBS

90

hands the ice chest in to Jimmy, jumps in after it as Jimmy dashes to the cockpit. Tubbs turns and fires out of the open door as the plane lurches forward -- and blows away the pistolero about to shoot Crockett.

91 CROCKETT

91

crouching low, runs for it. Behind him, the last pistolero rounds the smoking wreckage. As Crockett, now barely matching the plane's speed, reaches for Tubbs' outstretched hands, both automobiles detonate in a gasoline explosion that sends the third leaping away from the blast.

92 INT. PLANE - DAY

92

as Crockett is pulled on board -- crouches in the doorway, gulping for breath ---

CROCKETT

(serious)

I'll thank you later.

He gently moves Crockett away from the door, and clamps it shut against the nightmare.

DISSOLVE TO

93 INT. PLANE - NIGHT - FIVE HOURS LATER

93

As Crockett's awakened by his wristwatch alarm. Quicksilver's "Who Do You Love" issues from a portable blaster. Jimmy hums along at the controls. Tubbs is in the rear, having taken the coke out of the chest, now wrapping it in a watertight package with a "firefly."

JIMMY

(to Tubbs)

When I drop under the radar, I'll give you two passes: one to get a look, and the second to make the drop.

CROCKETT

How long before we're over the creek?

JIMMY

About five minutes.

TUBBS

On the first pass, let's drop the box to get our bearings.

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

93

JIMMY

Get ready people.
(to mic)
This 45887 to control...

94 thru 96 OMITTED

94 thru 96

97 CLOSEUP -- RADAR SCREEN

97

JIMMY (VO)

Having a little electrical problem.
Losing altitude.

PULL BACK TO

98 INT. CONTROL TOWER -- NIGHT

98

Bruce, the Air Traffic Controller watching the screen, is clearly familiar iwth this ploy.

BRUCE

Yeah, I'll have 'em spread a
handkerchief for ya.
(over his shoulder)
They're about six miles southwest
of here.

Behind him --

99 WAVEY DAVEY

99

nods with silent anticipation. Then he picks up a phone,
dials.

WAVEY DAVEY

(to phone)
They just made the drop and they're
comin' in.
(listens, then hangs
up; to Bruce:)
We're on.

100 EXT. PLANE -- DAWN

100

as it dips over the creek, and the bundle of coke drops.

101 INT. PLANE --

101

Tubbs produces a nightscope and eyeballs the creek.

CUT TO

101-A A TUBBS' AERIAL P.O.V. - CREEK 101-A
Blackwater, nothing.

101-B RESUME INT. PLANE 101-B
on Tubbs, looking through the nightscope.

101-C TUBBS' AERIAL P.O.V. - CREEK 101-C
the firefly flashes beneath the surface like a strobe
(opt. effects).

101-D RESUME INT. PLANE 101-D
as they buckle their seat belts.

CUT TO

SERIES OF SHOTS

101-E EXT - RUNWAY - DAY 101-E
as the plane lands.

101-F EXT. - AIRFIELD - DAY 101-F
Jimmy, Crockett and Tubbs climb into Jimmy's jeep, with
Jimmy's plane parked in the background.

101-G ANOTHER ANGLE - AIRFIELD - DAY 101-G
Wavey Davey and Bruce, in a sedan, pull out after Jimmy's
jeep.

101-H EXT - ROAD - DAY 101-H
The jeep zooms along at 65.

101-I INT - JEEP - DAY 101-I
Crockett shows some concern at a pair of headlights in the
rear view mirror. Jimmy winks.

101-J EXT - JEEP - DAY 101-J
Jimmy douses the lights and the jeep suddenly turns off
the road, heading into rough terrain. In the distant back-
ground, the sedan passes by

101-K EXT - BLACKWATER CREEK - DAY 101-K
Crockett and Tubbs climb out of the jeep. They shake hands
with Jimmy. He gives them thumbs up and drives off into the
darkness.

102 OMITTED 102
thru thru
114 114

115 P.O.V. BLACKWATER CREEK - DAY 115

through the lens of a night scope, focused on the dark surface of the creek, illuminated from below by the silent strobe of the "firefly."

116 EXT. BLACKWATER CREEK - DAY 116

Tubbs lowers the nightscope as Crockett retrieves the bundle of coke with a gaffing pole.

CUT TO

116-A EXT - TUBBS' CAR - DAY 116-A

Tubbs and Crockett stand by the open trunk, looking down admiringly at the cocaine.

TUBBS

(long breath)

Talk about a hard day's night leading nowhere.

CROCKETT

Tell me about it! We smuggle 40 keys, almost get wasted by a half-dozen banditos, deal with Grocero and Captain Todo, set ourselves up as bait -- and for what? Has anyone from our side of the fence crawled out of the woodwork? No. As operations go, this one's a prize bustout.

As Crockett closes the trunk, a gun is put against his side.

116-B WIDEN TO INCLUDE 116-B

Bruce, holding the gun, and Wavey Davey, stepping forward from the shadows to offer:

WAVEY DAVEY

Welcome home, fellas.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

117
thru
124

OMITTED

117
thru
124

124-A EXT. - BLACKWATER CREEK - NIGHT

124-A

Tubbs and Crockett are spreadeagled against the back of Tubbs car. Bruce continues to cover them. Wavey Davey runs his hands down Tubbs' legs, more than frisking him.

WAVEY DAVEY

I bet you work out a lot.

Tubbs looks to Crockett, disgusted.

CROCKETT

Skip the gravy and get to the meat.

BRUCE

Mmmm, that one's tough.

WAVEY DAVEY

(of Tubbs)

This one's got a soft spot -- and we've got our finger on it.

with which he drops Trudy's motel key on top of the trunk. Bruce giggles. Davey steps away from Tubbs, casually yawns.

WAVEY DAVEY

We took your wife out of her motel this morning. We'll put her back for five hundred grand.

Tubbs looks to Crockett. Beat.

TUBBS

Take the coke. It's worth twice that.

WAVEY DAVEY

Uh uh. We ain't in the coke selling business. We're in the cash business. You got three hours to raise it.

JIMMY(VO)

Hold it!

He steps from the shadows, his gun trained on Bruce, who looks uncertainly at Davey. Davey coolly grins.

WAVEY DAVEY

Jimmy, my man.

JIMMY

Tell him to drop that gun, man.

CONTINUED

124-A CONTINUED

124-A

WAVEY DAVEY

(to Bruce)

Do it.

Bruce swivels and smokes Jimmy -- and in that instant, Tubbs snatches the gun from under the bumper and downs Bruce. Davey rushes for Jimmy's pistol but is wounded by Tubbs. Crockett kicks the pistol away and yanks Davey to his feet.

WAVEY DAVEY

I'm bleeding, I'm bleeding...

CROCKETT

Where is she?

WAVEY DAVEY

I don't know.

Crockett jacks him up.

WAVEY DAVEY

I swear. That's not my end of it.

TUBBS

(hot)

Then who does? Who knows where she is?

WAVEY DAVEY

I don't know the dude, I just wait for him to call.

CROCKETT

Where?

124-B PHONE BOOTH - EARLY MORNING

124-B

Davey, Tubbs, Crockett are waiting by the phone.

WAVEY DAVEY

(whines)

You know, the guy ain't stupid. He's got a mobile phone.

TUBBS

(level)

You just keep him on as long as you can.

A beat passes as in the distance, we see two patrol cars and a van approaching -- then the phone rings. Davey picks it up. Crockett stands close, listening.

WAVEY DAVEY

They'll have the cash in 3 hours...
and they'll be waitin for your call at
the motel.

VOICE

Good.

CONTINUED

124-B CONTINUED

124-B

The voice hangs up, just as Switek and Zito's van and the patrol cars arrive. Zito rushes out with wiretap gear as a disappointed Crockett moves to meet him.

ZITO

Got here as fast as we could.

CROCKETT

Couldn't trace it anyway, guy uses a mobile phone.

(beat)

Did they find Trudy yet?

ZITO

They're still working the triangulation.

Switek leans from the van.

SWITEK

Crockett -- Castillo's on the line.

Crockett moves to the van and takes the mic.

CROCKETT

Crockett.

CASTILLO(VO)

We found her.

CROCKETT

Great.

CASTILLO(VO)

Not so great. We can't get near her. Get over here.

124-C ANGLE - TUBBS

124-C

shoving a struggling Davey into a patrol car.

TUBBS

Take him to the hospital -- the long way. I don't want him anywhere near a phone for the next three hours.

WAVEY DAVEY

Man I'm bleedin real bad, that's police brutality!

TUBBS

(collars him)

Sucker, anything happens to that girl and you'll wish you'd bled to death.

CONTINUED

124-C CONTINUED

124-C

Under which Crockett passes, touches Tubbs' shoulder --

CROCKETT

Let's go. They found Trudy.

Tubbs glares at Davey for a beat, then drops him back onto the seat like a bag of wet garbage.

125 P.O.V. - ISOLATED HOUSE - A WINDOW - THROUGH BINOCULARS 125

where Trudy is visible from the waist up, leaning on the sill: tied, blindfolded, and gagged. She does not stir.

126 OMITTED 126

127 EXT - ROAD - DAY - A QUARTER MILE AWAY 127

Crockett lowers his binoculars. Behind him, Castillo, Tubbs, Sam -- also with binocs -- and a SWAT team leader look on. There is also a surveillance van with a laser listening device fastened to the roof. Switek leans out of the van.

SWITEK

I've scanned every front window and I don't hear any movement in the house. But I can't make any promises about the back rooms or the basement.

Castillo turns to Sam.

SAM

Well, I don't see any wires, but that doesn't mean anything. He could have a nuclear bomb in there and I wouldn't know about it...not to mention a dozen people with machine guns.

CASTILLO

(without turning)

What about storming the house?

SWAT

Not enough cover for a fast entry. If there's any one guarding the hostage...we'll lose her.

SAM

(deferential)

Lieutenant, we only have about two hours, and if I have to disarm something, I should get in there as soon as possible.

CONTINUED

#59514

44-A
(X)

127

CONTINUED

127

SWAT

(to Sam)

What kind of back-up?

SAM

I'd rather go alone.

CROCKETT

No way. I'm takin you in. If
someone's inside with her, I want
him.

Castillo silently considers this, then --

CASTILLO

Go.

128 EXT. THE BACK OF THE HOUSE - DAY

128

Crockett and Sam crawl to the back door. Sam's carrying a hard line phone: a small speaker and a spool of wire. He hands this to Crockett and quickly checks the door for wires.

SAM

It's clean.

(turns to
Crockett)

A word of advice: Walk very softly, don't touch anything or make unnecessary moves.

CROCKETT

That sounds real to me.

SAM

But if someone shoots at us, shoot back, please.

129 INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - DAY

129

Looking back at the kitchen door. We hear a scratching sound. Then, Crockett whips the door open with one hand, his gun aimed dead ahead from a crouched position. Silence. Sam trots in behind him. Crockett spins around, aiming into the kitchen -- nothing -- slides to the wall by the far door -- gestures to Sam to follow-- darts into the next room -- and abruptly halts ---

130 CROCKETT

130

freezes, his gun poised.

CROCKETT

(whisper)

Sam.

131 REVERSE -- OF THE LIVING ROOM

131

Trudy sits tied to a chair, blindfolded. She has worked her mouth free of the gag. The wire that trusses her legs is connected to

132 C.U. INSERT -- A LARGE CANISTER

132

with only two external features -- a metal antenna mount with a glowing redlight on one side, and a slender extrusion ending in a small blossom of wire on the other.

133 RESUME SCENE

133

as Sam steps in.

TRUDY

Is somebody there?

SAM

(quietly)

It's Sam and Sonny. Don't move.
Don't talk.

Sam carefully sets the speaker and spool on the floor.

SAM

(to speaker)

We're in.

CASTILLO (V.O)

What's it look like?

SAM

(to speaker)

We're looking at a contact switch on
the front door, a radio control
device and an anti-motion device.

Sam takes a roll of plastic from his backpack, all the while
explaining to Crockett and keeping his voice low:

SAM

They've got her tied to a vibration
sensitive device -- a trembler. Touch
it wrong, breathe on it, almost any
kind of movement, and we're all
wallpaper.

TRUDY

(shaking)

What's happening, Sonny?

CROCKETT

I'm right here.

SAM

So am I. This noise is just some
antistatic plastic that I'm unrolling
so I can come over to you.

TRUDY

What do you want me to do?

SAM

You don't have to do anything, just
sit real still.

(looks to Crockett)

CROCKETT

Trudy, I think Sam wants to be alone
with you.

SAM

That's right, I'm a very possessive man.

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED - 2

133

CROCKETT

But I'm gonna stay here and keep an eye on him.

TRUDY

(trying to maintain)

Okay. Just so he doesn't get any smart ideas.

CROCKETT

(low, to Sam)

Buena suerte.

133-A EXT. ROAD - DAY

133-A

On Castillo, expressionless, giving a cursory examination to an attache case full of cash. Then he signs a form presented by the Plainclothesman who delivered the case. The plainclothesman moves off. Pick up

133-B ZITO

133-B

sitting on the rear bumper of the van, talking into a jury-rigged phone.

ZITO

(to phone)

You'll be getting the call for Mr. Morales in

(checks wristwatch)

fifty five minutes. Just let it ring through your switchboard till we pick it up.

He hangs up and walks to Castillo.

ZITO

The motel's been notified. The call will ring through here.

Castillo says nothing.

133-C INT. HOUSE

133-C

Sam, still several yards from Trudy, slowly unravelling the plastic as he edges towards her.

133-D EXT. ROAD -- DAY

133-D

On Tubbs -- now sitting beside Castillo, watching. Waiting.

133-E P.O.V. -- THE TREMBLER -- THROUGH MAGNIFYING LENS 133-E
visibly vibrating. Pull back to

133-F INT. HOUSE -- DAY 133-F

Sam, motionless, his brow beaded with sweat, wirecutters poised in one hand, stares through a magnifying loupe at the trembler, less than a foot away, vibrating in synchrony with Trudy's leg. A tense Crockett watches from the edge of the carpet, several feet behind Sam.

SAM

Trudy, you think you could hold that pretty leg of yours still for just a second?

TRUDY

(nervous smile)

Sorry about that.

(pause)

How's this?

Sam watches for half a beat. Her leg continues to shake.

SAM

(with calm over his clear distress)

A little better.

133-G EXT. ROAD -- DAY 133-G

as Switek hands Castillo the hard line hook-up. Tubbs Zito, and the SWAT team stand by.

CASTILLO

(to hard line)

What's the situation?

SAM (V.O)

(quietly)

Small problem here -- she's shaking like a leaf. I can't cut the wires.

Castillo considers for a beat.

CROCKETT(VO)

(low)

I'm gonna try to talk to her, Lieutenant.

#59514

49
(X)

133-H CLOSEUP CROCKETT

133-H

CROCKETT

(solicitous)

How ya doin, kiddo?

PULL BACK TO:

133-I INT. HOUSE - DAY

133-I

Sam hasn't moved. Crockett crawls to a stop right behind him on the plastic.

TRUDY

All right.

CROCKETT

We're just gonna sit here and talk for a while.

TRUDY

(about to lose it)

Something's wrong, isn't it?

CROCKETT

No, I just thought you might want to hear about our trip to South America?

TRUDY

(cuts him off)

Sonny, I'm scared.

Beat. Crockett and Sam exchange a tense look.

CROCKETT

That's okay... that's why I'm here.

133-J EXT. ROAD -- DAY

133-J

On Castillo, Zito, Switek, all keyed. Tubbs is pacing anxiously. He faces Castillo --

TUBBS

Castillo, you know the guy's gonna have a radio detonator. And the second he gets what he wants, he'll blow the house -- with everyone inside.

CASTILLO

Right. So you gotta stall him. Every second gets us closer to getting Trudy out.

They stare at each other for a beat -- then the jury-rigged phone rings. Tubbs answers it.

CONTINUED

#59514

50
(X)

133-J CONTINUED

133-J

VOICE (V.O.)

Morales.

TUBBS

(stalling)

I can't hear you, man. Say again?

VOICE(VO)

Cut the stall. Put the money in an ice chest. Take it to the South Beach bridge. A boat will be there in exactly twenty minutes. Drop the money next to the boat.

The voice hangs up.

CASTILLO

(to Switek
and Zito)

Take three units with you and cover the bridge.

(to Tubbs)

You're on.

TUBBS

Hurry up and get her outta there, man!

133-K INT. HOUSE

133-K

Crockett's now soaked with sweat. Trudy's less shakey. Sam has moved a little closer to Trudy.

TRUDY

(nervously)

Was it pretty down there?

CROCKETT

Pretty?

He looks to Sam, who gestures to Crockett to continue as he moves closer to the wire.

CROCKETT

(swallowing
nervously)

Pretty? Oh yeah. Beautiful! Calm. Mellow. Quiet. Peaceful. ...and lovely people...

CONTINUED

133-K CONTINUED

133-K

As Sam with intense concentration takes out the wire-cutters ---

134
and
135

OMITTED

134
and
135

136

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY - ON TUBBS

136

waiting beside an ice chest. He's wearing an octopus: a small mouthpiece microphone and earplug -- both attached to wires hidden beneath his shirt. He checks a pistol in his belt, then suddenly starts at the sound of an approaching boat.

TUBBS

(to mic)

I see the boat, Lieutenant.

(beat)

You get her out yet?

CASTILLO(VO)

No.

TUBBS

What the hell do I do?

CASTILLO(VO)

If you don't give him the money, he'll blow the house.

TUBBS

If I give him the money, he'll blow the house anyway.

A beat as the boat closes in.

TUBBS

What the hell should I do man!!

The roar of the engines echoes beneath the bridge.

TUBBS

Time's up.

CASTILLO(V.O)

I'm here. You're there. It's your call.

Tubbs looks down over the side of the bridge.

137 TUBBS P.O.V. 137
 as the ripples yield to the bow of a cigarette boat helmed
 by a figure in black.

138 RESUME TUBBS 138
 He draws his weapon --

139 L.S. - BRIDGE - DAY 139
 as Tubbs leaps over the side, dropping into the boat --

140 INT. BOAT COCKPIT - DAY 140

The Kidnapper's in a wesuit with a ski mask -- raises a gun,
 too late -- as he sees Tubbs descending -- one shot goes
 wild as Tubbs lands on him. The gun clatters into the
 bottom of the boat. Tubbs takes two powerful rights before
 he knocks the kidnapper straight back into the bow of the
 boat and levels his own weapon with:

TUBBS

Miami Vice! Freeze!

The kidnapper produces a radio control device.

KIDNAPPER

(all business)

This is a dead man's switch. If my
 finger leaves this button, the girl is
 dead

Tubbs keeps his weapon aimed -- makes his voice as calm as
 the moment will allow --

TUBBS

It's over. Nobody has to get hurt;
 just turn the switch off and put it
 down.

KIDNAPPER

(ignoring Tubbs)

What I'm gonna do is climb over the
 side, get int he water, and we're gonna
 write this one off.

He's already moving for the side -- eyes locked with Tubbs --
 who cocks his pistol -- beads of sweat glistening on his
 forehead ---

TUBBS

That's not gonna happen. Look
 around you, man.

140-A ON SHORE -- ZITO 140-A

with a high-powered rifle aimed at the kidnapper's heart,
 leads five uniforms, weapons drawn, towards the waterline.

140-B ON THE FAR SHORE -- SWITEK 140-B
with a shotgun.

140-C THE KIDNAPPER 140-C
dives for his gun; comes up with it --
SERIES OF SHOTS -- INTERCUTTING:

140-D INT. HOUSE - DAY 140-D
Sam still unable to clip the wires. Shakes his head "No."

140-E TUBBS FIRES 140-E

140-F ZITO FIRES 140-F

140-G INT. HOUSE 140-G
Crockett and Sam helping Trudy out of her chair.

140-H SWITEK FIRES 140-H

140I INT. HOUSE
Crockett, Sam and Trudy on the plastic, starting for the door.

140-J RESUME BOAT 140-J
as the kidnapper's figure whirls like a windvane in the hurricane of bullets -- dropping the radio detonator as he falls into the water with a soft splash -- and the sound of a distant explosion.

140-K EXT. HOUSE - DAY 140-K
it explodes.

141 and 142 OMITTED 141 and 142

143 EXT HOUSE / SURROUNDING FIELD - DAY 143
as the debris settles. Crockett, Sam and Trudy come up out of the grass.

144 TUBBS 144
still in the boat, frozen for a moment -- eyes filling with numbed realization. We hold for a beat, as his frame sags with despair until he hears--

CROCKETT (V.O)

Tubbs!

CONTINUED

#59514

54
(X)

144 CONTINUED

144

TUBBS

(to mic)
Yeah! Sonny!

CROCKETT (V.O.)

We're okay. We're all okay.

Tubbs collapses with relief, does not move, as the boat
gently drifts towards shore --

DISSOLVE TO

145 EXT. SHORE -- DAY

145

A sea of units flashing in the background, behind Crockett,
Tubbs, Castillo, Switek, Zito, and D.E.A. Agent Waters --
all looking on as two soaked uniforms lay the lifeless
kidnapper out on the ground. An overeager paramedic checks
for a pulse and pupillary reaction, stops short at the sight
of the mask -- which Crockett steps forward to remove --
revealing the face of

146 LIEUTENANT JONES

146

CROCKETT

(shocked)
Lieutenant Jones.

147 REACTION SHOTS

147

of the cops silently registering their shock and resentment.

WATERS

Who is he?

CASTILLO

Homicide-lieutenant.

WATERS

(cynical)
Takes all kinds.
(beat)

I can smell em - but I can't
understand them.

CROCKETT

What's to understand?

WATERS

Reason -- motivation?

TUBBS

(sober)
Bucks - moola - dough - bread...
Bottom line is money.

CONTINUED

#59514

55
(X)

147

CONTINUED

147

CASTILLO

It usually is.

He looks to Crockett and Tubbs. MUSIC UP: "Smuggler's Blues"-
It's the lure of easy money has a very strong appeal..."

Crockett and Tubbs meet his gaze for a moment, then turn to
watch as Lt. Jones' body is hoisted into the ambulance.

FADE OUT

THE END