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MIAMI VICE

SMUGGLERS' BLUES

Written

by

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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 in a 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 with a 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

23 INT. TUCKER SMITH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

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, tousels
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.

