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PROD. #59525
January 30, 1985 (F.R.)
Rev. 2/ 7/85 (F.R.)
Rev. 2/14/85 (F.R.)
Rev. 2/19/85 (F.R.)

MIAMI VICE

THE HOME INVADERS

Written

by

Chuck Adamson

#59525

MIAMI VICE

THE HOME INVADERS

CAST

(X)

SONNY CROCKETT

SWITEK
ZITO
CASTILLO
GINA
TRUDY

NICK ALBRECHT
MRS. TAYLOR
MR. TAYLOR
CHERRY DE STEFANO
LT. JOHN MALONE
SGT. HUGH HERATY

DETECTIVE
2ND DETECTIVE
ERNIE URSITTI
PETE ROMANO
ANGELO
BEN COHEN
OFFICER
LANA KING
SHA SHA MARRONE
MARGARET
MR. DARRELL
WOMAN
MRS. GOLDMAN

SETS

INTERIORS:

TAYLOR RESIDENCE
OCB
ROBBERY OFFICE
RESIDENTIAL GARAGE
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
COFFEE SHOP
PRISON VISITING ROOM
NORTH MIAMI BEACH
JEWELRY STORE
MIAMI BEACH RESIDENCE
MIAMI HOTEL CORRIDOR
HOTEL ROOM
ELEGANCE COIFFURES
STUDIO APARTMENT
RESIDENTIAL HOUSE

EXTERIORS:

PALM ISLAND CAUSEWAY
BRIDGE
TAYLOR RESIDENCE
PARKING LOT - ROBBERY
UNIT
MIAMI BEACH STREETS -
RESIDENTIAL AREA
MIAMI BEACH RESIDENCE
ELEGANCE COIFFURES

VEHICLES:

FLORAL DELIVERY VAN
PIZZA DELIVERY VAN
VARIOUS CARS

#59525

MIAMI VICE
THE HOME INVADERS

TEASER

FADE IN

1
thru
4-A

OMITTED

1
thru
4-A

4-B

INT. TAYLOR RESIDENCE - DUSK

4-B

A six-year-old boy busies himself on a computer in his loft office. His attention is broken by his mother's voice.

WOMAN

Tommy, time for dinner.

TOMMY

Okay, Mommy.

The boy stands, puts away his papers, turns off the computer, puts his chair in its place, puts his shoes on and walks down the stairs.

CUT TO

4-C

INT. BEDROOM - TAYLOR HOUSE

4-C

A blonde four-year-old girl, sitting on her bed is talking to her dolls. The door opens revealing her mother, Mrs. Taylor.

MRS. TAYLOR

Linsey, supper, baby.

LINSEY

Okay, Mommy.

(to doll)

You stay here and I'll come right back.

She picks up her doll, kisses it and puts her away.

CUT TO

4-D

EXT. TAYLOR POOL - NIGHT

4-D

Mr. Taylor gets up from his lounge chair, walks to the sliding glass door at the kitchen.

4-E WIDE SHOT - FIRST FLOOR OF HOUSE - NIGHT

4-E

Mr. Taylor is sitting down as a young Spanish maid serves a salad. As they settle in at the table, the doorbell rings. Seeing the maid with her hands full:

MRS. TAYLOR

I'll get it, Rosa.

Mrs. Taylor rises and walks to camera. She calls out ---

MRS. TAYLOR

Linsey, Tommy, supper's ready now.

The doorbell rings again.

MRS. TAYLOR

Who's there?

ALBRECHT (V.O.)

Flowers from Kay-Den.

Mrs. Taylor, smiling, anticipates a gift and looks back over her shoulder at her husband. As she turns the knob to open the door, it is kicked open. Three men, silk stockings distorting their faces, brandishing guns, rush into the house. Albrecht, still holding the flowers throws them in Mrs. Taylor's face, grabs her by the neck and throws her onto the floor. Ursitty and DeStefano race to the table.

DE STEFANO

(to Mr. Taylor)

Who else is in the house?

MR. TAYLOR

(terrified)

No one -- no one!

DeStefano, using his gun hand, clears the table by smashing the dinner dishes to the floor.

DE STEFANO

Shut up -- get on the floor!

Ursitti knocks Mr. Taylor off the chair onto floor, the maid cowering in the kitchen, De Stefano approaching her. As Albrecht holds Mrs. Taylor on the floor, he handcuffs her hands behind her and laughs menacingly.

ALBRECHT

Like your flowers baby?

4-F INT. BEDROOM

4-F

Linsey Taylor, sitting wide-eyed on her bed, clutching her favorite doll. From the other room we hear screaming and crying.

DE STEFANO (V.O.)

Where's your jewelry?

4-G ANGLE - DOORWAY

4-G

Ursitty opens the door, enters the room, hesitates, then begins walking toward Linsey.

FADE OUT

END OF THE TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4-H C.U. - A MUDDY CUP OF COFFEE

4-H

as a meaty pair of hands surrounds it, PULL BACK TO

5 INT. OCB - NIGHT

5

where Zito, eyes closed, in a night shirt and trousers, has just recieved a cup of coffee from a frazzled Switek. Trudy and Gina are bothe slumped over desk tops, eyes closed.

ZITO

I'll take a danish, two eggs scrambled,
juice...and about four more hours of sleep.

TRUDY

(moans)

I feel like someone yanked me out
of a coffin.

SWITEK

I, for one, cannot tolerate these
viscious interrruptions of my sleep
cycle. I happen to be a very delicate
person.

TRUDY

You knew the job was dangerous when
you took it.

GINA

Maybe we should call Tubbs.

TRUDY

Absolutely. I'm sure he feels left
out...tucked away in some quiet
corner of Manhattan...sipping
champagne with Valerie...

ZITO

Hey, you can't knock a guy for knowing
when to take a leave of absense.

SWITEK

(looks to the
entrance)

Heyyy. Quiet night at the monastery?

His remark directed at ---

5-A CROCKETT

5-A

wincing despite his sunglasses -- bearing a rumpled coat and a blood alcohol level somewhere in the high teens -- lipstick stains on his collar -- as he staggers in with --

CROCKETT

Thanks for the party, guys, work on the timing.

(beat)

What the hell is so important at ...

(checks

watch)

three o'clock in the morning?

GINA

(points to
lipstick stain)

Just the start of another beautiful day...

during which words of encouragement Castillo exits his office -- carrying several sheets of paper and a serious look --

CASTILLO

(urgent)

The Deputy Chief wants all available detectives assigned to the Home Invaders investigation immediately.

(to Crockett,
Switek and Zito)

As of tomorrow, the four of us are working robbery.

(to Gina and
Trudy)

And I want you two up-to-date. As soon as you finish the Hernandez case, you're coming aboard, too.

(hands out papers)

SWITEK

What's this?

CASTILLO

Notes from a home they just hit on Palm Island. Read them before you report in the morning.

CROCKETT

What's been the M.O.?

CONTINUED

5-A CONTINUED

5-A

CASTILLO

Varies. But every home they've hit has been occupied -- and they're brutalizing the families. Tonight they put a five year old in the hospital with electrical burns.

(beat)

Lt. Malone's holding a full briefing at eight A.M. I understand you know him.

CROCKETT

I came up under him. He taught me everything I know about working Robbery. He's one terrific cop.

CASTILLO

He's after some bad people. Let's help him out.

CUT TO:

6
thru
7

OMITTED

6
thru
7

8

EXT. ROBBERY UNIT PARKING LOT - DAY

8

The Ferrari and the bug van pull up.

9

INT. ROBBERY OFFICE - HALL - DAY

9

Standard municipal issue: formica desks; wanted posters; and about twenty detectives--some strangers, some old acquaintances-- clustered around the desks. As Crockett, Castillo, Switek and Zito enter, Crockett spies an old buddy -- Ebersole--a burly, drably dressed homicide man-- who winces at Crockett's threads with --

EBERSOLE

Uh-oh, circus is in town.
(grins, shakes hands)

CROCKETT

Ebersole, just cause you work homicide doesn't mean you have to dress like a corpse.

EBERSOLE

Must be rough over in Vice: clothing, cars ...

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

(taps
Ebersole's
gut)

You ain't exactly starving. Better
lighten up before you need your
own zip code.

EBERSOLE

Ah, this stint oughta take off a
few pounds. I hear the press is
coming down real hard.

CROCKETT

Don't worry. You got the best and
the brightest here now, pal.

VOICE(O.S.)

Where've I heard that before?

at which Crockett wheels to find that the voice belongs to

9-A

LT. JOHN MALONE

9-A

a husky, silver-haired no bullshit type, whose smile merely
polishes the steel in his eyes -- and whose good humor does
not warm the cold currents in his voice.

CROCKETT

(warm handshake)

Hey, John -- how ya doin?

MALONE

Probably still got enough left to
run you around the block.

CROCKETT

(calls to Castillo)

Lieutenant...

(to Malone)

This is my boss, Lt. Manny Castillo --
Lt. John Malone.

CASTILLO

Glad to meet you, Lieutenant.

MALONE

Done much robbery work?

CASTILLO

No.

MALONE

We can use the help, just the same.

CONTINUED

9-A CONTINUED

9-A

MALONE

We can use the help, just the same.

CROCKETT

So what the hell's been happening with you, John?

MALONE

Thought some of you were gettin soft. Needed some real work.

CROCKETT

Hear that, Ebersole?

MALONE

It's good to see you here, Sonny. We'll talk later.

(hollers)

Let's get this drill started.

9-B INT. ROBBERY OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

9-B

with a clatter of chairs being dragged into position, the detectives hunker down to get the bad news. Malone stands in front of a map of greater Miami that is peppered with colored pins.

MALONE

All right, here's the long and short: we've been host to some six home invasions in the past eight weeks... involving just under two million in stolen property...and leaving five unarmed citizens hospitalized. Location and sequence of the scores is on the map. You're here because this situation cannot continue.

(beat)

Sergeant Heraty will be coordinating your reports and ramroding the operation.

Sgt. Heraty, a dour, late-thirties hulk, takes his cue and begins to circulate a pamphlet -- all business --

HERATY

This pamphlet summarizes everything we know as of this moment. We're dealing with a crew anywhere between three and five-handed. They're packin shotguns, automatic weapons...

(ominous)

and other implements. One child victim described what appears to be a cattle prod.

CONTINUED

9-B CONTINUED

9-B

Beat -- during which some of the cops silently register their disgust. Castillo is avidly scanning the pamphlet.

DETECTIVE #1

Got any descriptions. Or composites?

HERATY

Hockey masks.

DETECTIVE #1

What about vehicles?

HERATY

They've been stealing commercial vehicles which they paint and then use for a delivery ruse. We haven't seen a work car.

EBERSOLE

What kinda scores are they puttin down?

HERATY

Cash, jewels, and a couple of coin collections...similar to some recent scores in Chicago and New York. There's a little on that from the FBI in the pamphlet.

CASTILLO

So you think these are out-of-towners?

HERATY

Could go either way.

CASTILLO

Have you been giving your local burglars a call when these scores are reported?

HERATY

(looks to
Malone)

For what?

CASTILLO

(obvious to him)

Because if they're home in bed, they didn't rob the house.

MALONE

As a rule, Manny, we don't tuck in our local suspects.

CONTINUED

-- which prompts a few laughs--but fails to disturb Castillo's perennial equanimity --

CASTILLO

(cool)

Seems to me, that is exactly the kind of information a robbery unit should have...

Beat. All eyes turn to Castillo, as he calmly gestures with the pamphlet --

CASTILLO

This has next to nothing in it. There's not even an M.O. sheet. My understanding is method is everything to these Home Invaders. They work on a clock. But there's not a word in this pamphlet about how long the crew is in the house.

-- under which we have noted Crockett's growing uneasiness with his boss' accusatory tone --

MALONE

(defensively)

Fine, we'll work on that. Anything else?

Beat. The room's stone silent as Castillo sits back.

HERATY

Let's go on.

As the question and answer resumes, Ebersole leans to Crockett--

EBERSOLE

(low; of Castillo)

Where's he speaking next week?

But Crockett ignores this, his eyes riveted on Castillo -- off whose silent intensity we

CUT TO

as Crockett and Castillo lead the other detectives out of the conference room.

CROCKETT

With all do respect, Lieutenant, you came on pretty strong in there.

CASTILLO

(sharp)

Detective, I've seen more information in dog bite reports.

CUT TO

11 EXT. HOUSE - DAY - TIGHT ON A SECOND STORY WINDOW 11

ALBRECHT (V.O.)

The box is on the telephone pole.

as a polaroid camera clicks and whirrs O.S. ---

11-A TELEPHONE JUNCTION BOX - DAY 11-A

URSITTI (V.O.)

There it is -- juice goes right
through the phone lines.

more clicks and whirrs and ---

11-B EXT. HOUSE - DAY - FULL SHOT 11-B

of the front of this elegant two story home.

ALBRECHT (V.O.)

(concerned)

I dunno. I'd much rather see a
circular driveway.

as the camera clicks again, the front door of the house opens
and the beach bound 14 year old daughter of the house steps
out in her bikini. Romano's camera goes wild -- at least
four shots as she puts on a pair of roller skates --

URSITTI (V.O.)

Oh, man, check daddy's little girl.

11-C REVERSE - INT. THUNDERBIRD - DAY 11-C

Pulls out subjective camera as car pulls out as it passes
security van.

CUT TO:

11-D EXT. STREET DAY 11D

as the Thunderbird pulls away.

CUT TO:

12

INT. A RESIDENTIAL GARAGE - DAY

12

Cherry DeStefano and Pete Romano busy themselves placing an array of equipment into attache cases and several dark-colored gym bags. We see sawed-off shotguns, automatics, revolvers, silencers, silk stocking masks, coveralls, elevator shoe tape, walkie-talkies and assorted burglary tools.

As the garage door opens Ernie Ursitti pulls the Thunderbird in alongside a 1975 Pontiac GTO that has its backseat removed. As Ursitti and Albrecht get out of the car:

DE STEFANO

How'd it go?

URSITTI

Shaky -- I don't know -- it's a
crap shoot.

DE STEFANO

Why?

ALBRECHT

I don't like the layout! Too far
from the highway --
(beat)Private security patrols -- it doesn't
look as good as I was hoping.

ROMANO

Yeah, but for this one maybe we take
a little extra draw -- there's maybe two
hundred large in there -- our end!

DE STEFANO

Can we prowl it?

URSITTI

(negatively)

I counted three different alarms
going in off the pole plus, you
gotta figure people like this gotta have
panic buttons under their pillows.

ROMANO

Come on, man -- there's gotta be a
way! We put too much time on this
already. We go like -- ah -- heavy,
and ah -- ba-ba-boom -- knock 'em
down and we'll lamm in three minutes
time!

(tempting)

Two hundred grand, man!

CONTINUED

12

CONTINUED

12

DE STEFANO

(to Romano)

Forget it. We got no way to monitor their radio.

ROMANO

So what about the patrols? We got a ram car.

DE STEFANO

We can't prowl with all that juice goin' in the house.

(beat)

We got to pass.

ALBRECHT

I agree, there's other good scores out there where we won't have near the heat!

ROMANO

(upset)

Pass it! You guys, gettin' a little soft in the head? There's a diamond in there that looks like the Rock of Gibraltar! I saw it on her finger!

DE STEFANO

(to Romano)

I ain't takin' no draws if I don't have to -- in case you don't remember -- there ain't a whole lotta social life in stir --

(beat)

I ain't goin' back! Fifty G's, my end or no fifty G's. We're passin like Nicky says -- the town's loaded with marks!

13

OMITTED

13

14

INT. TAYLOR RESIDENCE - DAY

14

Mrs. Taylor, seated on a couch, Crockett and Castillo opposite her in this elaborately decorated home. We see gauze and tape on her neck and hands; her face reflects the horror she has experienced.

(X)

MRS. TAYLOR

Animals!

(beat, sobs)

What they did to our children --

(pause)

My son may never be able to use his hand again.

CONTINUED

She turns away for a beat during which Crockett and Castillo exchange sympathetic glances.

CASTILLO

Mrs. Taylor, to catch these men, we need your help.

MRS. TAYLOR

(dries her eyes)
I'm sorry, gentlemen.

CROCKETT

Was there anything even slightly familiar to you about any of these men?

MRS. TAYLOR

Nothing.

CROCKETT

Speech, walk, build ---

MRS. TAYLOR

No, nothing at all.

CROCKETT

Any accents that you recognize?

MRS. TAYLOR

No.

CASTILLO

In the last four or five days, did anything unusual happen around the house -- hang-up phone calls -- solicitors -- vendors --

Shakes her head "no."

CASTILLO(CONT)

Any jewelry appraised recently?

MRS. TAYLOR

No -- no -- nothing.

CROCKETT

Did they ever call one another by name in your presence?

MRS. TAYLOR

No.

CONTINUED

CASTILLO

What was the first thing they said to you when they came in the house? Try to remember.

(X)

MRS. TAYLOR

I believe it was, 'Is there anyone else in the house.'

(beat)

The kids were screaming and crying so I didn't hear everything that was said, then this man started to burn me with his cigarette....

Her voice trails as she suppresses a sob. Crockett places a hand on her hand with a reassuring look.

(X)

CROCKETT

I promise we're gonna do everything we can for you.

Then Castillo hands her a questionnaire ---

(X)

CASTILLO

Mrs. Taylor, as soon as you feel up to it, I'd like you to look at this questionnaire. It's just some simple questions about your daily routine.

(beat)

We'll come back for it. It's important to us.

(X)

As Mrs. Taylor takes the single sheet of paper, she looks away in the distance, remembering, then takes a cursory look at the paper and starts to cry again:

MRS. TAYLOR

I can't believe this has happened to us -- my son -- don't let it happen again -- please -- please -- catch them.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

15 EXT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT- MONTAGE 15

Crockett and Castillo enter a crowded South Beach cocktail lounge. They hesitate by the door, their eyes dancing across the room. They walk to the service bar where we see them engaged in an intense conversation with a waitress. After a few moments, we see her shaking her head negatively. As Castillo heads out, Crockett lingers to slip a ten dollar bill into her cleavage.

CUT TO

16 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT- MONTAGE 16

Their dinner dishes pushed to the side, Crockett and Castillo pore over reports. As they leave the table they walk into the kitchen and lead one of the cooks through a back door into the parking lot. The cook responds to their questions with an "I didn't do anything, I didn't see anything and I didn't hear anything gesture."

CUT TO

17 and 18 OMITTED 17 and 18

19 INT. NORTH MIAMI BEACH JEWELRY STORE - DAY 19

The glitter of the high-fashioned jewelry flashes through the room. Crockett and Tubbs showing the strains of a sleepless night are met by a saleslady. A bodyguard moves toward Crockett and Tubbs.

WOMAN

Can I help you?

CROCKETT

We want to see Benny.

WOMAN

Benny ain't here.

CASTILLO

Then find him -- we'll wait.

WOMAN

Find him? What do I look like -- a tour guide?

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

Just find him -- save yourself
a whole lot of grief.

Ben appears in the doorway of the showroom -- recognizes
Crockett --

BEN

Wuddya want ?

CROCKETT

(charmingly)

Benny.

BEN

You here to buy a piece of jewelry?

CROCKETT

No, Benny, I'm here to buy you a
little "peace of mind."

The two cops move toward Benny -- who nervously gives
Castillo the "once over" as they approach.

BEN

I got nothin to say to you.

CROCKETT

I think you do. Lotta action around,
Benny. Lotta jewelry goin' down.

BEN

So -- I squared my beef with you guys!
You don't want to remember that?
Look, go talk to my shoes -- get outta
here! I have customers...

As Ben turns to leave. Castillo grabs him by the shoulder --
deadly serious --

CASTILLO

You don't know who you're talking to.
I am not a Vice detective, I am a
Vice Lieutenant.

BEN

I don't care if you're the damn vice-
president. I don't have to answer your
questions! I'm legit. You don't think
so -- you arrest me. My lawyer'll have
me back in business in 15 minutes.

CONTINUED

CASTILLO

(in Ben's face)

Let me tell you about your business. There's a crew in this city hurting families and children -- and they're scoring exactly the kind of merchandise you move. Now I give you my word, there will be someone with a badge standing in front of your "place of business" twenty-four hours a day, if I find out that you even breathe the same air as these people.

BEN

(smug)

You're not gonna find out. You know why? Cause nobody's gonna talk to you. Cause these guys are more dangerous than you are.

(hollers)

Angel!

(to Castillo)

Now get the hell outta my store.

Castillo locks eyes with Ben as Angel rushes in -- only to be seized by Crockett -- who spins him -- grabbing what little vestige of Angel's manhood remains as he slams the shrieking ambiguity against the wall -- then turns to find Castillo's "What the hell are you doing?" look. He immediately releases Angel-- offering Castillo an embarrassed shrug -- as we

CUT TO

20

OMITTED

20

20-A

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

20-A

on a burned-out cocktail waitress as she transits the smoky bar, passing a phone where Castillo is finishing a conversation. We stay with the waitress as she moves past

20-AA

A TABLE

20-AA

where Gina, Trudy are about to desert a haggard Crockett, who's wearily dragging on a Lucky. Beside him is a stack of case reports and Castillo's empty seat.

GINA

For someone who's devoted his career to the Vice Department, Castillo's really getting into this robbery investigation.

CONTINUED

TRUDY

(to Crockett)

Yeah, looks like he's running you ragged.

CROCKETT

(weary)

You know how thorough he is.

GINA

Must be fun.

Castillo returns as the girls are about to leave -- doesn't sit --

CASTILLO

(to girls)

If you hear about any young hookers being beaten up by their tricks tonight, I want to know about it right away.

TRUDY

Will do.

They leave.

CROCKETT

Who'd you call?

CASTILLO

Just following up on Chicago and New York.

Castillo peels off a few bills for the check as he continues --

CASTILLO(CONT)

I found a detective in Hyde Park who says they had a rash of batteries on young prostitutes that coincided with the home invasions. It's a long shot, but he's gonna send me his paperwork.

CROCKETT

(stands)

At least we'll have something new to talk about at Robbery.

CASTILLO

You tell them.

CROCKETT

Aren't you going to the meeting?

CONTINUED

CASTILLO

No. I'm going back to my office to review a few more case reports.

CROCKETT

(surprised and uncertain)

Well, Malone's expecting you there. What do I tell him?

CASTILLO

(collecting his papers)

Whatever you like.

Beat. Crockett starts to move away, then turns back -- awkwardly -- finding the words --

CROCKETT

Lieutenant, I have the utmost respect for you. But I also have tremendous regard for John Malone. And I'm getting the feeling that this investigation is going to put me in a difficult position between the two of you.

CASTILLO

Then don't put yourself there.

(beat)

Your job is to catch this crew -- not worry about my assessment of Malone or anybody else. You're not an advocate, you're a cop.

(pedagogic)

Just do police work.

CUT TO

20-B
and
21

OMITTED

20-B
and
21

22

INT. MIAMI BEACH RESIDENCE - NIGHT - BLACK

22

An elderly couple asleep in their bedroom.

DE STEFANO (V.O)

Wake up!

He's startled into consciousness; shielding his eyes from the blinding light, he finds himself staring into the barrel of a combat masterpiece with a silencer (and behind it, the figure of a man in a ski mask). DeStefano grabs the old man by the hair and pulls him out of bed to the floor. As DeStefano snaps his head up, his wife awakens, screaming. Ursitti pulls her up in bed and backhands her.

CONTINUED

URSITTI

(menacing)

You want to live? Shut up!

Off the woman's totally terrified expression:

DE STEFANO

Who else is in the house?

MAN

No one -- no one.

DE STEFANO

Where's your jewelry?

MAN

(cowers)

There's no jewelry in the house.

DeStefano reaches down and slaps the old man on the back of the head.

DE STEFANO

You want to die?

WOMAN

(crying out)

For God's sake, Harry, give them what they want.

As Harry tries to scramble to his feet:

HARRY

I work my whole life for what? I ain't giving these bums nothing ---

CUT TO

22-A EXT. MIAMI BEACH RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

22-A

On Romano in the GTO, his eyes flash to the outside rearview mirror and rivet on a Miami uniformed officer getting out of his squad car. Romano watches as the Officer cautiously approaches the car. The beam of a flashlight ricochets into his eyes. From the rear left of Romano's car:

OFFICER

Step out of the car.

As Romano feigns sleep, the Officer steps closer:

CONTINUED

22-A CONTINUED

22-A

OFFICER

(louder)

I said step out of the car.

As the Officer reaches the driver's door, Romano, dazed, turns his head towards the Officer ---

OFFICER

What a you ---

His words choke off as Romano raises his gun and fires two quick shots into the Officer.

CUT TO

23 OMITTED

23

24 INT. MIAMI BEACH RESIDENCE - MORNING

24

Uniformed officers stand guard at the entrances while stone-faced detectives and crime lab personnel conduct their crime scene investigation. Fingerprint technicians dust for latent prints, photographers popping flashbulbs walk throughout the house. Malone is in the bedroom as Crockett and Castillo enter -- Crockett moving to Malone while Castillo, clearly distant, seems to be more absorbed with his own observation of the scene than with Malone's conversation.

LT. MALONE

(to lab tech)

Be sure you vacuum around the bed -- and take some samples of that blood from the carpet!

CROCKETT

How'd it go down?

LT. MALONE

Elderly couple -- got them out of bed -- wanted the jewelry and gold coins the old guy collects. Seventy-five years old, he decides to fight 'em.

CROCKETT

How is he?

MALONE

He's at the hospital -- they shot him twice.

CROCKETT

What's the story with the cop?

CONTINUED

MALONE

He couldn't of heard the shots
or he would have called for help.
My guess is he walked up on the
outside guy and he just let him have
it. Point blank in the heart.

CROCKETT

Where's the wife?

LT. MALONE

Sergeant Heraty's talking to her in
the other room ---

CROCKETT

Do we know how they got in?

LT. MALONE

Back door -- pulled the lock. The
Mrs. was taped -- she rubbed off the
gag and kicked the phone off the
table.

CROCKETT

How long after they left?

LT. MALONE

Five minutes.

CROCKETT

She hear the shots outside?

LT. MALONE

Sergeant Heraty's handling the street
scene, why don't you ask him?

CASTILLO

Why didn't you seal off the area?

LT. MALONE

(irritated)

Because they were long gone by the time we
got here and I didn't feel it was
appropriate to call in twenty squad
cars after the fact. And frankly, Lieutenant,
I don't have to explain my decisions to you.

CASTILLO

Even if you wanted to, I don't think you
could.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED - 2

24

LT. MALONE

We're chasing one, maybe two crews.

CASTILLO

(interrupts)

You're suggesting there're two crews
doing this now!

With a disgusted look, Castillo turns and heads out, leaving
an uneasy silence in his wake.

CROCKETT

(to Malone
quietly)

Let's go outside, John.

CUT TO

25 EXT. MIAMI BEACH RESIDENCE - DAY

25

Malone and Crockett are standing on the patio where initial
entry was made into the house.

LT. MALONE

I learned a long time ago, guys that
go heavy don't make good mechanics.
This isn't the same crew.

(warning)

And your Lieutenant is getting outta line.

CROCKETT

I know you're under a lot of pressure.

LT. MALONE

(immediately)

Don't patronize me, Sonny.

(pause)

I've been working these kind of cases
since Castillo was bustin kids for nickel
bags. So his kind of attitude I don't need.

CROCKETT

Now wait a minute. Granted, Castillo
may not have the warmest disposition
in the world, but he's a hell of an
investigator.

MALONE

There's two ways you beat these guys:
informants or wire taps -- end of story.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

CROCKETT

John, as a friend I gotta
tell you -- he's got a legitimate beef.
Your crime reports are paper thin.
Forensic's got their heads where they
don't see daylight. This isn't the
John Malone I used to know.

They lock eyes for a beat. As Malone moves away -- off
Crockett's painful realization that his hero's losing it ---

26 OMITTED

26

26-A EXT. CRIME SCENE - DAY - ON THE PARKED FERRARI

26-A

Where Castillo sits -- eyes dead ahead--as Crockett enters.
A silent beat passes during which Crockett's features
register the strain of his divided loyalties.

CROCKETT

(uneasily)

Look, he may be a little rusty on
the surface, but underneath he's a helluva
detective.

CASTILLO

(not listening)

This investigation's in real trouble
and we're going to have to pick up the
slack.

CROCKETT

(enraged at
Castillo's
intractability)

I know this guy a long time!

CASTILLO

Take me back to the office.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

26-B
and
26-C

OMITTED

26-B
and
26-C

27

INT. MIAMI HOTEL - NIGHT - CORRIDOR

27

Crockett and Castillo walk along a dimly lit corridor of a transient downtown Miami hotel.

28

INT. MIAMI HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

28

Gina, Trudy and two teenage prostitutes, Lana King and ShaSha Marrone, are sprawled out in chairs and on the bed. The room is furnished in art deco-sleaze, with a single bed, table and lamp, two chairs and peeling paint. A mattress is a make-shift bed on the floor of the roach-infested closet. Lana King, the younger of the two girls, is lying on the bed as Gina attends to her with damp towels. She has a black eye and other bruises on her face and body.

CROCKETT

(to Trudy)

You always pick the nicest places to meet.

TRUDY

A trick bounced her around pretty bad.

CROCKETT

How long ago did it happen?

(X)

TRUDY

I'll let her tell you ---

LANA

What are you going to do for us? Me and ShaSha don't do somethin' for nuthin'. We're business women -- we ain't dumb.

TRUDY

Show us how smart you are and tell them what happened.

LANA

See, ShaSha and me we're from Detroit. I moved in with her when my father started drinking a lot.

CROCKETT

Just tell us what happened when you got beat up.

CONTINUED

LANA

Hey, slow down, Stud, I'm gettin' to that.

(smirks to ShaSha)

Talk about a fast trick!

CROCKETT

Honey, I ain't your trick.

LANA

Ooh -- another tough guy. You wanna beat me up, too? You know I charge cops double.

CASTILLO

Talk to us here, or talk to us downtown.

(X)

LANA

(considers; then)

Okay. I meet this guy and he wants to have a party. So he takes me to a motel.

CROCKETT

What time did you meet him?

(X)

LANA

I dunno, about four or five this afternoon. Anyway we go to his room and when we get through, he doesn't let me leave.

CASTILLO

He check in -- or did you go straight to the room?

(X)

LANA

I saw him check in.

CROCKETT

Did he have any bags?

(X)

LANA

No.

CROCKETT

Did he say anything to you about what he did or where he stayed?

(X)

LANA

He didn't want a conversation. Can you blame him?

(poses)

I mean, if you were paying by the hour, how much time would you spend talkin'?

(X)

CROCKETT

What did he look like?

LANA

Real cute and looked like he had money, too -- If I had to guess, I'd say he was a Gemini.

CROCKETT

(impatient)

Yea, Okay -- Okay!

Castillo motions Trudy off to the side:

CASTILLO

Get a description -- then get the lab over to the motel.

(unenthusiastic)

Maybe they can match a specimen.

(X)

CUT TO

Sgt. Heraty, Crockett and CASTILLO are seated at a large conference table which is covered with reports. In the b.g. other detectives talk on the telephone, type reports and interview prisoners and potential information sources, as Malone approaches -- carrying a cup of coffee and a few bad vibes toward Castillo--

MALONE

(edgy)

Thought you got more work done in your own office?

CASTILLO

(unemotional indicates papers)

I came back to review these.

(X)

CONTINUED

29

CONTINUED

29

Beat. Malone's clearly uneasy. Crockett breaks the awkward silence--

(X)

CROCKETT

I notice in this first knock, ah, Christensen, they used handcuffs. Did you do any good trying to run them down?

SGT. HERATY

Japanese manufacture. Sold to a huge wholesaler in Chicago -- not enough time to run down all the retailers and mail order yet.

Castillo fingers a report and hands it to Sgt. Heraty.

CASTILLO

Here's a report I requested from Chicago --

(looks to
Malone)

-- according to the evidence recovered section, handcuffs were used on the victims. Apparently the same brand.

Heraty nods.

LT. MALONE

(defensively)

Yea, it's either handcuffs or tape in every score in Miami.

CASTILLO

(thinking
out loud)

Commercial vehicles stolen in every case -- victims tortured -- handcuffed or taped -- first words: " who else is in the house?"

(X)

For a few moments the men sit reading and dismissing reports.

30

CLOSE ON CASTILLO

30

He's intently reading a report; he puts it down and picks up another one. We see a shade of anticipation in his expression.

CONTINUED

CASTILLO

Set all the Miami reports
to one side.

(beat)

Did the D'Arcos belong to any social
clubs?

(X)

CROCKETT

Social clubs -- No.

Beat.

MALONE

Hear from the lab on the Feld case?

SGT. HERATY

The Feld lock was pulled --

(beat)

-- in another case there were scratch marks
on the tumblers -- but they couldn't
say it was a pick.

MALONE

How's Feld doing?

SGT. HERATY

Holding on.

CASTILLO

Look at Weinstein -- do they have a
gardener?

CROCKETT

(lifts report)

Yea -- Landscaping Specialties.

CASTILLO

How about the Taylors?

CROCKETT

(searching)

Taylor -- Taylor -- yea, Showcase
Services.

CASTILLO

Go back to Weinstein -- does she
have groceries delivered?

CROCKETT

No, pizza once in a while.

CONTINUED

CASTILLO

Where does she have her hair done?

CROCKETT

Hair Emporium.

CASTILLO

How about Golden?

HERATY

I have Golden , here. Pizza, groceries
or landscape?

CASTILLO

Landscape ---

HEARTY

Sunset Landscaping.

Beat.

CASTILLO

Go to Christensen.

LT. MALONE

What do you want?

CASTILLO

Hair.

LT. MALONE

(reads, then
looks up realizing)

Hair Emporium.

CASTILLO

(intense)

Give me hair on D'Arco.

CROCKETT

(searches)

D'Arco -- D'Arco --

(beat)

-- hair -- Hair Emporium!

CASTILLO

Hair on Shapiro.

(X)

LT. MALONE

Trades off -- Glorious Waves and --
(louder)

Hair Emporium!

CASTILLO

One more.

(beat)

Hair on Foreman.

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

I got it here.
(slams the table)
Hair Emporium!

Castillo's a picture of intensity as they all turn to him--

CASTILLO

The beauty shops. That's where it all starts...

CUT TO

INT. HAIR EMPORIUM - DAY

as the proprietor -- the carefully frosted, plucked and gowned Mssr. Cami -- bows from the waist and smiles respectively --

CAMI

(lilting falsetto)
And how's my favorite hot little number?

He picks "hot number" up into frame -- a fantastically curled and streaded Pomeranian. He cradles the dog passionately, kisses it firmly as it's mistress looks on --

CLIENT

Wonderful, but we're starting to look soooo ratty...We need a trim real bad.

CAMI

Ah well -- not to worry, we'll have her looking fabulous in no time. First shampoos for both of you. Nathalie!

Nathalie, young, slinky and fatale, silently leads the Client away. We stay with Cami, who promptly shoves the dog into an assistant's arms with --

CAMI

(suddenly a baritone)
Slap some number five on this mutt and throw it in the sink. Drown it if it bites you.

CUT TO:

32 OMITTED 32

32-A NATHALIE 32-A

who has just dropped off the client in the shampoo area and now moves to her stylist's chair where we find

33 GINA 33

eyes carefully taking in the surroundings as Nathalie runs her long nails through Gina's hair.

GINA

Well -- I'm ready for something new. I've just let it go for a couple of years, same old thing...But now I'm ready for some adventure, some excitement.

NATHALIE

Fabulous -- we can start with a new cut -- sort of punk but sophisticated and maybe a little cellophaning for...

GINA

(cutting off
Nathalie; anxiously)

Hold it -- Let's not get too crazy.

As Gina continues her survey of individual booths, seeing no telephones or appointment books--

33-A BEAUTY SHOP MONTAGE AS PER ABEL 33-A

34 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 34

Pete Romano, the day valet and night home invader watches Gina approach him. As she clutches her fur wrap, we see several opulent-looking rings on her hands. She hands him her ticket -- gestures ---

GINA

It's the Porsche...right over there.

Romano hands the ticket to an assistant -- all the while admiring Gina.

ROMANO

You look good!

GINA

What?

ROMANO

Your new do!

GINA

(brightens)

You think so?

CONTINUED

Romano hands Gina's ticket to his assistant who goes for the car.

ROMANO

I dig short hair myself.

(beat)

Your husband's gonna get a kick out of his lady!

GINA

(cynical)

When? In between board meetings?

As Romano's assistant delivers the car, Gina raises her hand to grip the door:

ROMANO

He must if he got you that!

GINA

What?

ROMANO

That ring -- it's beautiful.

GINA

(embarrassed;
pulls back
her hand)

Thanks!

As Gina enters the Porsche and pulls out of the parking lot, hold on Romano. His gaze follows the car. He turns, walks back to a shack where he makes a note on a piece of paper and places it in his pocket. With a very deliberate, menacing expression, we see him purse his lips and throw her a kiss.

CUT TO

LANA

I know that guy, too. He had a neat tatoo -- it stretched out..

Pull back to:

where we see that Lana's comments have been directed toward a mugshot book which she is presently scanning as a frustrated

CONTINUED

35-B CONTINUED

35-B

Switek and Zito look on. Sha Sha sits nearby, impatiently chewing gum as Lana continues her review---

LANA (CONT)	SHA SHA
And I know that guy-- and that guy...and that guy...	This is sooo boring.

SWITEK
(avuncular)
Lana, the point of this exercise
is for you to pick out the one
guy who beat you up -- most recently.

Lana gives what seems to be an understanding look -- then returns to the photos -- pointing at one with sudden enthusiasm --

	LANA
This guy!	

	ZITO
That guy?	

	LANA
	(angry)
Owes me twenty bucks.	
	(reads aloud)
Eddie O'Donnel. Make a note of that, Sha Sha.	

Switek and Zito share a look of incredulity as a wave of whistles and cat-calls heralds the approach of

35-C GINA

35-C

dazzling in her fur and new coif, oblivious to the heckling as she transits the room, heading straight for Trudy-- who is on the phone, on hold, wearing a bored look.

MALE DETECTIVE(O.S)	GINA
Hey, anytime you wanna work a night shift.	(urgent) Where's Castillo?

TRUDY
(unenthusiastic)
In with the Deputy Chief --
volunteering us for another week
on Robbery.

GINA
C'mon. I may have something.

Trudy hangs up and follows Gina, heading for:

35-D HALLWAY - OUTSIDE DEPUTY CHIEF'S OFFICE

35-D

Where Gina and Trudy wait as Castillo steps out of the office---

GINA

Sorry to bother you, Lieutenant, but I got a feeling about the guy that parks cars at the Hair Emporium. I'd like to have those two hookers take a look at him.

CASTILLO

(to Trudy)

Did you check out the employees?

TRUDY

I called the beauticians' license bureau and ran all the names through records. Clean. The owner, too.

CASTILLO

(to Gina)

Get the two girls down to the parking lot right away. And take Zito and Switek for surveillance. Keep me posted.

CUT TO

36 EXTERIOR - DAY - TRAVELING SHOT

36

Gina and Trudy have the two teenage prostitutes, Lana and ShaSha in an undercover car. Trudy maneuvers the car through traffic.

TRUDY

All we want you to do is take a look and tell us if it's the same guy.

LANA

(coy)

Well, if you really want me to identify him, why don't you get us a room?

GINA

(losing
patience)

Look, just tell us if it's him, okay?

SHA SHA

Is this one-way glass?

As they pass parallel to the parking lot:

37 GINA'S POINT OF VIEW - PETE ROMANO 37
walking between parked cars headed for the shack.

GINA (V.O.)
There -- the guy walking this way.

38 INT. CAR 38

LANA
He's too far away.

Gina reaches down under the seat for a pair of binoculars.

GINA
Here, look through these.

As Lana squints into the glasses through swollen eyes:

39 LANA'S POINT OF VIEW - PETE ROMANO 39

LANA (V.O.)
You won't hurt him, will you?

CUT TO

40 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY 40

Crockett, Switek, and Zito in a one-room studio, watching the beauty shop and the nearby parking lot below. Switek is at the window, surveying the area with a pair of field glasses.

SWITEK
(surveying)
This'll do just fine.

CROCKETT
I'll be back for the night shift.
Just don't blow any plates --
particularly beauty shop customers.

SWITEK
Hey, got the pros here, all right?

CROCKETT
(doubtful)
Maybe I'd better stay.

CONTINUED

ZITO

Get outta here.

under which the phone rings. Crockett answers --

CROCKETT

(to phone)

Crockett...

(listens with
growing excitement)

Dynamite.

He hangs up -- then announcing to the room as he hurriedly
re-dials --

CROCKETT

Gina says the girl fingered him.

(to phone; urgent)

Lieutenant Malone, please.

CUT TO:

40-A OMITTED

40-A

40-AA INT. ROBBERY - MALONE'S OFFICE - DAY

40-AA

where Castillo sits across the desk from Malone as the latter
uneasily hears the news from Crockett. A beat, then --

MALONE

(to phone)

He's right here, I'll tell him.

(listens, then
concedes)

Good work, Sonny.

He hangs up, squeezes his chin tensely as he looks across
at Castillo.

MALONE (CONT)

(sober)

Your guys fingered the parking attendant.

CASTILLO

(level)

Let's move on it.

(X)

MALONE

(sighs, nods)

I think an apology is in order, first.

CASTILLO

A cop with your record
doesn't need to apologize to
anyone -- even if we had the time.

(X)

CONTINUED

#59525

39
(X)

40-AA CONTINUED

40-AA

MALONE
(offers a hand)
Always time for a handshake.

CASTILLO
(shakes)
Let's get this guy.

CUT TO

40-AAA ROMANO

40-AAA

cool, smug, leaning against the shack of the parking lot
as we pull back to:

40-B STUDIO APT - DAY

40-B

On Crockett, riveted to the binocs --

CROCKETT
Nailed you to it, sucker.

41 OMITTED

41

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

42 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 42

where a charming Pete Romano has just accepted a key chain from Mrs. Goldman: a blue-coiffed overly made-up woman currently on her way to do battle with senescence at The Hair Emporium. Stay with Romano as he drives Goldman's car to the back of the lot. He quickly finds and reads the registration information in the glove compartment then, he uses a key gun to make copies -- all of which has been observed from ---

43 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY 43

where Crockett, Castillo, Switek and Zito are crowded at the (X) window, each with a pair of binocs.

SWITEK

What a guy -- not only parks your car, he makes a copy of your keys while you wait.

43-A RESUME ROMANO - P.O.V. SWITEK 43-A

walks to a pay phone -- hurriedly changing from parking attendant's jacket to a leather one as he talks ---

43-B INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY 43-B

as Castillo lowers his binocs with --- (X)

CASTILLO

Stay with him. We'll handle the woman. (X)

Crockett and Castillo head out, followed by Switek's binocs (X) as we:

CUT TO

44 thru 46 OMITTED 44 thru 46

46-A EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 46-A

as Mrs. Goldman exits into traffic, passing on the way ---

#59525

41
(X)

46-B THE FERRARI

46-B

parked in the lot. Crockett at the wheel. Castillo in the passenger seat. They wait two beats then ---

CROCKETT

No sign of a tail.

CASTILLO

We can't wait any longer.
Let's take her.

As Crockett guns it, heads out into traffic.

CUT TO

47 EXT. STREET - DAY

47

Mrs. Goldman pulls up at a red light. The Ferrari pulls up in the next lane, Castillo flashing his badge and leaning out with ---

CASTILLO

Miami Vice -- pull over.

She suddenly roars away -- leaving behind ten feet of rubber and a stunned pair of detectives. As they pursue ---

CUT TO

47-A FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

47-A

where a car is stopped in each lane at the subsequent red light. A frightened Mrs. Goldman pulls up behind one car as the Ferrari screeches to a halt beside her. Crockett and Castillo jump out, flashing their badges as they escort her out of her car ---

CASTILLO

Police officers, -- what's your name?

WOMAN

(hollers)

Someone help me -- my ex-husband is having me murdered.

CROCKETT

Easy, lady! We're detectives -- we have information that you could be the victim of a robbery -- tonight -- we need your help.

WOMAN

(feeling faint)

A robbery? Take everything, but please, whatever you do, don't rape me.

CONTINUED

47-A CONTINUED

47-A

Crockett has both hands to his head trying to contain his frustration.

CASTILLO

(X)

Lady, we just wanna ask some questions.
What's your name?

WOMAN

(X)

My name? How could you know someone
is going to rob me if you don't even
know my name?

CROCKETT

Your name, lady!

WOMAN

(proudly)

Mrs. Abraham Goldman!

(beat)

But if you're really detectives
you can call me Muriel.

CUT TO

48 EXT. RESIDENTIAL GARAGE - NIGHT

48

Pete Romano pulls the 1984 Thunderbird out of the garage. Nick Albrecht and Cherry DeStefano, carrying two gym bags, stand in the alley as Ernie Ursitti follows Romano out of the garage with the 1975 Pontiac GTO. Albrecht and DeStefano place the bags in the rear of the GTO and get in the Thunderbird.

CUT TO

49 EXT. MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT

49

A yellow cab and a tow truck are nosed together with the hoods up. Switek and Zito adjust cables that link the vehicles together.

50 SWITEK'S POINT OF VIEW - THE THUNDERBIRD AND GTO

50

pull out of the alley into the street. Switek talks into a microphone pinned to the inside of his coat.

SWITEK (V.O.)

Show's on -- they're rolling -- it's
the Thunderbird and a black seventy-
five or seventy-six GTO.

CUT TO

50-A EXT. PIZZA VAN- NIGHT 50-A
parked around the corner.

51 INT. PIZZA DELIVERY VAN - NIGHT 51
In the rear of the van we see Sgt. Heraty with a pair of walkie-talkies in his hands. In the drivers seat is a Latin detective wearing a head band.

SWITEK (V.O.)
(radio filter)
You copy? They're rolling!

SGT. HERATY
We got 'em!
(to driver)
Stay nice and loose on them now!

51-A EXT. VAN 51-A
As it lurches from the curb, Sgt. Heraty barks orders into the radio.

SGT. HERATY (V.O.)
All units -- we're moving -- east on Flager Street -- about thirty miles an hour. It's the Thunderbird -- same plate -- three men -- trailed by a black Pontiac GTO -- Florida plates -- one man in the GTO.

CUT TO

52 EXT. MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT - ZITO 52
in the tow truck, maneuvers through the traffic.

CUT TO

53 EXT. MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT - SWITEK 53
in the yellow cab is racing up residential side streets to get into position.

CUT TO

54 SGT. HERATY'S POINT OF VIEW - THE THUNDERBIRD AND GTO 54
in heavy traffic one and a half blocks ahead of them. Suddenly both cars turn right and out of view.

SGT. HERATY
Don't turn -- pull past the street
and let me out!

CUT TO

55 EXT. MIAMI STREET - NIGHT 55

Sgt. Heraty, running along a crowded street, reaches the intersection in time to see:

56 CHERRY DE STEFANO 56

opening the trunk of the GTO. He removes the bags and places them in a Railway Express step-in van.

CUT TO

57 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - NIGHT 57

The furnishings are comfortable, but not ornate. A few lights and the television are on to give the appearance of someone being home. Crockett's on the floor in the family room, out of sight from the street. Castillo sits quietly on the couch, two automatics at the ready. The deafening silence is broken by the ring of the telephone. Crockett's closer to the phone -- looks to receive Castillo's nod before answering it. (X)

CROCKETT

Hello. (X)

Intercut:

58 INT. OCB - NIGHT 58

Gina, Trudy and Mrs. Goldman are seated around Gina's desk.

GINA

(frustrated)

Sonny -- Gina -- they've lost them -- they switched to an REA van and lost them in traffic!

CROCKETT

(a pained expression)

Terrific! How long ago?

GINA

Ten -- fifteen minutes -- heading towards the beach. I'll send them to back you up. (X)

CROCKETT

Too risky. Tell them to cover the garage!

CONTINUED

58

CONTINUED

58

As Crockett replaces the receiver:

CROCKETT

They lost them.

CASTILLO

(forever cool)

We'll find them... when they ring
our doorbell.

CUT TO

59

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - NIGHT

59

The REA van proceeds as the Miami Beach hotels flow through
the b.g.

59-A

INT. REA VAN - URSITTI, DESTEFANO, ROMANO

59-A

The three guys are loading guns, preparing for their attack.

CUT TO

60

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

60

Crockett and Castillo continue their vigil. Castillo
tensely looks out of a window.

CROCKETT

They should have been here by now!

CASTILLO

Unless they already came -- and saw
something they didn't like.

Crockett crawls to the telephone, punches out a number.

61

INTERCUT - OCB - NIGHT

61

CROCKETT

Gina, put Mrs. Goldman on the phone.
(pause)

Mrs. Goldman, this is Detective Crockett.
Which lights do you normally keep on
at night?

MRS. GOLDMAN

Why?

CROCKETT

Just answer the question.

CONTINUED

61

CONTINUED

61

MRS. GOLDMAN

The living room... the bathroom
generally...sometimes the bedroom..
you know I like to watch...

CROCKETT

(cuts her off)

Where do you normally park your car?

MRS. GOLDMAN

You mean my daughter's car? I wouldn't
own a car that color!

CROCKETT

Your daughter's! Where does she
live?

MRS. GOLDMAN

Where she shouldn't. In that barn of
a house. I've been trying to talk her
into moving---

CROCKETT

(hollers)

The address, lady -- the address!

MRS. GOLDMAN

Eighteen Bal Drive!

The phone is slammed in Mrs. Goldman's ear. She delicately
replaces the phone at Gina's desk.

MRS. GOLDMAN

Rude young man!

62

EXTERIOR - NIGHT - TRAVELING SHOT

62

The Ferrari races through the Miami Beach streets:

CASTILLO(VO)

(to radio)

...units should approach with caution,
two plain clothes officers on the
scene.

(to Crockett)

How far is it?

CROCKETT (V.O.)

I hope not too far!

CUT TO

63 OMITTED 63

64 INT. GTO - NIGHT 64

Albrecht scans the streets ahead of him. An automatic rifle on and a walkie-talkie on the seat next to him. Castillo suddenly appears in the driver's side window, levels his weapon with:

CASTILLO
(soft; menacing)
Freeze.

Castillo opens the door of the GTO. They remove Albrecht, search him, lay him down on the ground, and handcuff him to the door handle. Crockett takes his rifle removes the clip and throws the rifle and radio over a hedgerow.

CROCKETT
One word -- I'll just get in and
drive it away!

In a crouching run they cross the street and take cover in front of the house. In the driveway we see evidence of the presence of children; a swing, bikes, etc. They quietly run to the rear.

CROCKETT
(whispers)
Where the hell's the back-up!

Castillo steals a glance through a sliding glass door on the back patio. (X)

65 CASTILLO'S POINT OF VIEW - SCENE OF CRIME 65

her hands, feet and mouth taped, lies on the floor in the dining room area.

CROCKETT
Wait or go? (X)

Both look at the kid's bikes, then each other --

CASTILLO
No choice. (X)

CUT TO

66

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

66

Pete Romano, a silk stocking mask distorting his features, stands over a terrified man. He sucks in air through his teeth, laughs as he places an automatic at the man's chest. Ursitti and DeStefano have a young girl on the floor; Over the girl's screams the window of the sliding glass door is smashed with a garbage can. Romano wheels and fires at the diving Crockett, as Castillo crashes through the front door firing, killing Romano. Crockett jumps to his feet, leveling his piece and blowing Albrecht back through the doorway into the family room. Castillo and DeStefano exchange fire, both being knocked from their feet. DeStefano, on the floor, levels his gun on Crockett as we go close on:

67

CROCKETT'S WEAPON

67

as the muzzle spits fire and smoke.

CUT TO

67-A

C.U. - A MAGNUM OF DOM PERIGNON

67-A

as the cork pops, pull back to:

68

INT. DINER - NIGHT

68

as Mrs. Goldman pours the champagne at a table occupied by Crockett, Heraty, Switek and Zito -- the last two already half in the bag from cocktails.

SWITEK

You really shouldn't have.

GOLDMAN

It's the least I could do. It's not often that I'm invited out to dinner by six exciting detectives. It's been at least a week.

ZITO

(toasts)

To a woman with class up the keezolie!

Ignoring the awkwardness of the remark, all toast enthusiastically -- after which Switek informs Zito:

SWITEK

(sotto)

For future reference, in the mature woman, the term is "wazoo."

GOLDMAN

(exhilarated)

My, I haven't had this good a time since I watched my ex-husband file for Chapter 13.

CONTINUED

MRS. GOLDMAN (Cont'd)

(laughs)

I don't mean to seem greedy, but weren't we expecting two more men?

CROCKETT

(stands)

I'll give them a call.

HERATY

(smiles)

Muriel, how can you think about other men?

CROCKETT

(whispers to
Mrs. Goldman)

He's not in your league, don't break his heart.

We FOLLOW Crockett as he crosses the room, looking for the phone but instead finding --

as they enter -- the former with a paper bag, and something more than a festive look in his eyes.

CROCKETT

(cheerful)

Where ya been? We've been waiting to start.

MALONE

(to Castillo)

Got a breathalizer on you?

CROCKETT

Seriously. In Vice, we get called up for review if we drink without the senior officer present.

MALONE

I stopped to pick something up.
(reaches in
bag)

Here.

with which he hands a small gift-wrapped package to a surprised Crockett --

CROCKETT

What is it?

MALONE

Open it.

(as Crockett does)

Consider it a graduation present --
from your former teacher.

It's a brand new fishing reel.

CROCKETT

(to both of them)

What's this all about?

MALONE

Just in case you wanna go fishing
sometime. You know, it's very
fashionable to spend a day on the
boat with a retired robbery
lieutenant.

(beat)

I turned my badge in yesterday.

CROCKETT

(suddenly
long-faced)John, you've forgotten more than ten
cops in this city have ever learned.
This was just one case.

MALONE

And the only sloppy one I ever want
on my record.

(warmly)

Sonny, you let me teach you when to
take your gun out of the holster --
let me show you when to put it on
the shelf.He looks first to Castillo, then to Malone -- his eyes filled
with admiration and compassion.

CROCKETT

(to Castillo)

You knew about this?

CASTILLO

(nods)

The Deputy Chief called this
afternoon. He was worried about
being able to fill those shows...

(genuine; to Malone)

and rightly so.

CONTINUED

MALONE
 (meaning Castillo)
 Depends...maybe they can talk
 somebody into switching departments.

CASTILLO
 (considers; then)
 I told him I couldn't think of anyone
 with a comparable track record.

They share a look of mutual respect. Beat.

MALONE
 Well, what say we teach this gal
 how to party?

CASTILLO
 You were in charge of the case --
 lead the way.

MALONE
 Don't mind if I do.

And as they head for the table, off their shared warmth --

FADE OUT

THE END

JAN 19 1960